



TESSIE BRADFORD

*Pampering
Jessica*

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By Tessie Bradford

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

For my husband, the inspiration for every romance I write.

I love you with all my heart.

*And lots of hugs to my dear friend, fellow author, and critique partner, Katalina
Leon.*

Chapter One

“This sure beats the hell out of my normal lunch experience eating a sandwich and banana at my desk,” Jessica said with enthusiasm as she took another bite of chicken Caesar salad. “I’ve been so looking forward to this all week, Barb. Do you realize, we haven’t seen each other in almost three months?”

“I know. Things have been so crazy since the twins were born.”

“You’d better have pictures with you.”

“But of course,” she said, reaching into her purse and pulling out an envelope. “Us grannies are always prepared to show off our babies.”

“It still is bizarre as all get out to me that you’re a grandmother now.” Jesse smiled as she looked through the photos.

“Oh, your time is coming, sweetheart, what with Carl being married almost a year and Laurie moving in with her boyfriend.”

“No way! Every chance I get, I remind both of them that kids are expensive little pains in the ass that’ll suck the life right out of you for at least eighteen years.”

“Very nice mothering technique,” Barb laughed uproariously.

“It’s my job to teach them the truth of things, and they love me for it. Most importantly, they need to understand I’m way too young to enter that particular phase of life yet.”

“Speaking of your advancing age, how are you planning to celebrate being on the planet for a half century tomorrow?”

“Jesus, that sounds awful!” Jesse rolled her eyes and shook her head. “It’s bad enough that every card I’ve received so far has fifty printed prominently all over it.”

“So what? It’s just a number, plus I read that fifty is the new thirty-five.”

“Yeah right, tell that to my grey hairs, extra pounds, and less than perky boobs.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Jesse. Those minor issues are why the Lord created hair dye, properly tailored clothes, and sexy yet supportive bras.”

“Amen,” Jesse agreed with a chuckle.

“Seriously, what are you doing this weekend? You better not be having a party, since I didn’t receive an invite.” Barb raised an eyebrow.

“To my knowledge, nothing is going on. The kids all have other plans, so we got together last weekend to celebrate. I’m hoping David and I will go out for dinner or something, but we haven’t really talked about it.”

“Excuse me?”

“He’s working six days a week, ten or more hours a day, Barb. I’m working at all kinds of weird times so that I can be available for Mom when she needs me, and David is helping Carl build his addition on Sundays. I’ll be thrilled if we can steal a bit of alone time.”

“You guys need to *make* time for each other. What you’re describing is the perfect recipe for marital disaster.” Barb reached out and squeezed her hand, concern more than evident in her eyes.

“Wait, no, things are fine, Barb. It’s just another hectic phase. Hell, after twenty-five years together, we’re pros at dealing with whatever life throws at us.”

“Glad to hear it, since you’re my hero in the marital longevity department. I swear my next husband is going to be ‘the one.’”

Jesse raised her water glass in salute. “You go, girl.”

They’d been best friends for almost thirty years despite their lives taking very different paths. Barb had been married three times, changed jobs constantly, and loved moving around the state. Jesse had recently marked her twentieth anniversary at the accounting firm and still lived in the same home David had built early in their marriage.

Ignoring her feeble protest, Barb ordered a big slice of chocolate cake at the end of the meal for them to share and sang a wonderfully off-key rendition of Happy Birthday.

“Touch base with me about the birthday happenings on Monday morning, okay?” she asked as they hugged goodbye in the parking lot.

“What if our celebrating is of the personal, naked kind?”

“Then I’ll need a complete, detailed reporting!”

A little flutter of anticipation danced in her tummy when Jessica pulled into the driveway and parked behind David's truck. She was early—it was only a little after five o'clock. "This is a good sign." Jesse hopped out of the car and hurried up the front steps. She opened the door and froze with only one foot in the house.

"Happy day before your birthday."

Her jaw dropped as she tried to take everything in. A vase full of red roses sat on the coffee table next to two glasses and a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. Soft music was playing. The scent of her favorite pine cleaning liquid wafted through the air, and the carpet had obviously been vacuumed. David stood in the doorway of the kitchen, barefooted, in a black T-shirt and faded jeans, a towel in one hand and a bottle of window cleaner in the other.

"What?" he asked. His ruggedly handsome face lit up with a mischievous grin.

"You've never looked more handsome to me," she giggled. "Give me a sec to enjoy the picture."

"If you'd been here a half an hour ago, you'd have found me on my hands and knees on the kitchen floor."

Jesse closed the door and dropped her purse on the side table without taking her eyes off of David.

"Ooo, yeah baby, tell me more." She practically ran across the room. David put down his cleaning supplies and gathered her close when she threw her arms around his neck.

"There's not a speck of dust on any surface." He gently squeezed her ass cheeks. "The refrigerator has been cleaned out." He shifted his hips forward. "Dinner is in the oven." When he flexed forward, Jesse moaned.

"You took time off to do this for me?"

"We both live here, and I'm well aware that I haven't been helping much lately, and I'm sorry, Jesse." The stark emotion reflected in his eyes warmed her to her toes.

"Kiss me, you sexy cleaning man, you." He cradled her head and took possession of her mouth. He nipped and teased before sliding his tongue slowly past her lips to do wonderfully decadent things to her. Desire raced through Jesse as she met him stroke for stroke and rubbed herself against him wantonly. They were both gasping when David lifted his head.

"Keep it up, woman, and we'll be on the squeaky clean kitchen floor."

“Okay,” she agreed instantly. David gave her a playful swat on the bum.

“Although I appreciate your enthusiasm, I have a plan and can’t allow you to sway me with your feminine wiles...yet.” David took her hand and led her to the couch. “Sit down, Jesse. Take your shoes off and get comfy. How was your lunch?”

“Great, um, what are you doing?” David was digging around in her purse. He came back holding her cell phone. “These are off limits for both of us until Monday morning.” He powered it off and opened a drawer in the coffee table. “See, mine’s in here, too.”

“David, what about the kids and my mom and your work?”

“They will all survive without us for a couple of days.” Jesse flashed a doubtful frown. “Don’t give me that look. Rob’s on call for the crews, and Laurie and Carl are on call for your mom.”

“The kids have stuff going on, remember?” David grabbed the champagne and sat down.

“Yes they do, and it’s helping us to have uninterrupted time together.” The cork popped noisily. He filled both glasses and handed one to Jesse. “This weekend is all about you. There’s going to be pampering and a whole bunch of lovemaking and a few surprises.” David wiggled his eyebrows, leered, and clicked her glass. “Are you game?”

“You didn’t make that face when you talked to them about this, right?” God, it had been so long since she’d seen David at his devilish best. Her nipples hardened.

“Don’t be ridiculous. I told them we were going antiquing up North.”

“What happens when they ask where we went and what we bought?”

David pulled a folded piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. “I knew you would ask me those very questions. This should help with the authenticity of our alibi.”

Jessica couldn’t believe her eyes. It was a typewritten list giving the destination, the hotel name, a couple of restaurants, and some antique stores.

“You researched a trip that we’re not taking so we can convincingly lie to people?”

“Yes I did. Adds intrigue and mystery, don’t you think?” He casually crossed his legs and rested an arm along the back of the couch. The relaxed position accentuated his impressive hard-on beneath the worn denim.

“Without a doubt,” she replied, staring pointedly at his crotch. “But be careful, old broads like me have to start taking things easy. Too much excitement is probably not good for my aging constitution.”

“Give me a break, Jesse.” She squealed with surprise when David hauled her back into his strong embrace. “You’re turning fifty, not ninety.” He gently kissed her forehead. “This is a great time for us. We’ve raised two well-adjusted adults who have finally left the nest to live their own lives. We are more than reasonably financially secure, can enjoy some of the finer things, and after all of our years of practice, we’re smokin’ hot in the sack.” He flattened her hand against his chest. His heartbeat pounded wildly underneath her palm. “Feel what you do to me.”

“I love you so much,” she whispered, snuggling closer. David slowly caressed her hip, sending heat racing through her body. “Can we just stay here like this for a while?”

“There’s no place else I’d rather be, sweetheart.”

Jesse was in heaven as they chatted, sipped champagne, and cuddled. She was a bit surprised at how much there was to catch up on, things that were happening in their jobs, stories about friends and the kids, even current events in the news. It had obviously been much too long since they’d spent quality time simply being together.

David started telling a story about having to teach the new guy on his crew about jacking up the floor joist and installing load-bearing walls. With his deep, baritone voice, he could read the phone book and it would sound sexy. She traced lazy patterns across his chest and along his ribs. He was a big man, almost six three, and his muscular build came from years of hard, physical labor, not a gym. Jesse closed her eyes and let her mind wander.

The first time she’d seen him had been on a construction site across the parking lot of her apartment building on a steamy hot August evening. She was leaving to go out with friends, and the sound of male voices caught her attention. David was loading stuff into the back of his truck. Jesse stopped and watched as he lifted what appeared to be very heavy equipment with no difficulty. One of the other guys walked up and said something, making him laugh. In one fluid motion, he pulled his T-shirt over his head and used it to mop his brow. Jessica had lost the ability to breathe as she stood mesmerized by the play of muscles in his arms and chest. When he met and held her gaze then winked, she’d thought she might melt into a puddle on the pavement. Embarrassment at being caught gawking had her hopping into her car and practically racing away.

Over the next week, she’d made sure she had lots of reasons to come and go. She’d never run so many errands in her life! He started to nod or give a little wave when he saw her, but

nothing more. Jessica didn't have the nerve to make the first move, and by the second week, she'd resigned herself to the fact that the gorgeous construction worker would never be anything other than the star of her fantasies.

One Friday night, after a particularly shitty day at work, Jesse parked in her spot as the skies opened up in a near torrential downpour. She had a week's worth of groceries in the trunk. She'd darted out of her car and loaded herself down with every bag so she didn't have to make a second trip. In the mere seconds it took to get to the front door of her building, the paper sacks had gotten soaked. The bottom fell out of one of them, sending cans rolling. She'd been swearing a blue streak and fumbling to get her key in the front door when, all of a sudden, David was at her side. He looked down at her with the most beautiful grey-blue eyes, flashed a killer grin, and took the bags.

Jessica grinned at the memories. She repositioned herself to lay her cheek against David's stomach. She gave his erection a tiny squeeze before tugging open the top button of his jeans.

"I don't think you're paying attention to me," he chuckled.

"On the contrary," she disagreed and slid down his zipper. "You're the only thing on my mind at the moment." She reached in and freed his penis. Jesse wrapped her fingers around the base and gave a playful lick to the swollen head.

"Hold on there, baby, it's supposed to be all about you, remember?"

"Then let's get these damn pants off so I can do this properly." She sat up and grabbed the waist band. David lifted his hips, and Jessica quickly shoved his jeans down his legs. Her nipples hardened and heat rushed to her pussy at the sight of David's fully erect cock. "God, you're beautiful."

She took him into her mouth. David moaned and grabbed a handful of her hair. Jesse ran her tongue along the edge of the crown and sucked gently, her reward a taste of spicy pre-cum. She rubbed her breasts against his thigh.

"Shit, yes," David hissed. He let go of her hair and reached beneath her. The first pinch on her nipple sent electricity straight to her core. Jesse flexed her pelvis in time with the movements of her hand and mouth. She loved sucking David's cock, having him pump into her, fill her to capacity. She palmed his heavy balls and lowered her head until he touched the back of her throat.

“Yeah, Jesse, like that, take all of me.” His fingers tightened wonderfully around her breast. She stayed still, teasing him, until she felt his legs begin to tremble. She slowly rose up, almost allowing him to spring free, then slid back down with increased pressure. Usually, she leisurely played with him until he let go of his control and came in her mouth, but it had been weeks since they’d made love.

“I’m sorry, David,” she panted, nearly bouncing up off the couch. She hiked her skirt up and peeled off her pantyhose and panties. “I’m so horny, I have to fuck you right now!”

“No apology necessary,” he grinned and grasped his cock at the base. “Hop on, sweetheart.” Jesse climbed onto his lap, and together they guided him into her cunt. She clung to his shoulders while he frantically unbuttoned her blouse and shoved up her bra. She leaned forward, and David eagerly kissed and nibbled each breast in turn. She ground herself down, trying to get more pressure against her aching clit.

“Help me,” she whimpered. David’s strong hands grasped her ass cheeks. She wrapped her arms around his neck. David lifted her ever so slowly. “No, no, harder, faster, please.” She punctuated the demand with a flex of her inner muscles.

“With pleasure, Jessica,” David growled. He powered into her, lifting and lowering her with ever increasing speed. She threw her head back and rode him with all of her might. Jesse cried out when her orgasm exploded through her with the force of a nuclear bomb. David let loose an answering shout and held her tight to his groin. Jesse rocked back and forth as his warm cum filled her.

“Mmmm, that was fun.” Jessica kissed his neck. “All of a sudden, I’m starving. Didn’t you say something about dinner being made?” In a flash, she found herself flipped onto her back on the cushions with David looming over her, his cock still in her body.

“Wham, bam, thank you man, is it? What happened to a little afterglow?”

Jesse laughed at his attempt to pout. “I’m sorry, baby,” she hitched her legs around his thighs and squeezed. “We can stay like this as long as you want.” Her stomach growled loudly. She looked up at him with a sheepish grin.

“How did you make that happen on cue?” he asked with a shake of his head. David eased away and sat up.

“You know I always want to eat after we have sex.”

“Yeah, it’s your cigarette.” She punched him in the arm. “Hey, I take it as a compliment, you needing to refuel due to strenuous activity.”

“If I smoked, I’d probably be thinner.”

“You’re perfect the way you are,” he responded adamantly. Jesse hugged him tightly and reached for his dick. He wrapped his fingers around her wrist, stilling her. “A quick shower sounds good to me. Can you survive a few more minutes before we enjoy heaping bowls of my famous chili?”

“David, you haven’t made chili in ages!” Jesse licked her lips in anticipation. “Getting all soapy together, however, is quite appealing, too.”

“You’ll be using Laurie’s bathroom,” he said, standing, bringing her with him.

“Why, you didn’t get to clean ours yet? It’s okay, I forgive you. There’s always tomorrow.”

“Keep up the disrespectful attitude, Jessica. Makes what I have planned for later all that much more realistic.” A shiver skittered down her spine in response to his forceful tone. “Your robe is hanging on the back of the door, your supplies are in the shower, and you’ll be bathing alone.”

“Why?” It was her turn to pout. Being steamy, wet, and sudsy with David was a favorite pastime, one they’d not indulged in for far too long, in her opinion.

“Because our bedroom is off limits to you until I tell you otherwise.” He guided her down the hallway. Her curiosity kicked into overdrive. “Be grateful I built this house with multiple bathrooms.” He took a step back when they arrived at the doorway to Laurie’s room. “Meet me in the kitchen when you’re done.”

“I think I may need to get something out of our bedroom first,” she teased, swaying forward and resting her hands on his hips.

“So a good paddling is what you’re looking for this evening?”

“I can take anything you want to dish out, mister.”

“Good to know.”

Chapter Two

David showered with lightening fast speed in order to have dinner ready and waiting when Jessica returned. He put the loaf of garlic bread in the oven and set out place mats and silverware on the coffee table. The sci-fi movie they'd both wanted to see but hadn't found time to get to the theater for was waiting in the DVD player. He poured the last of the champagne into their glasses and carried the bottle and ice bucket to the kitchen. His dick stirred as he thought about their quickie on the couch and what he had in store for the rest of the night and tomorrow.

Jesse was one hell of a passionate woman—his woman, the mother of his children, and the only woman he'd ever been in love with. Over the last few months, shit had gotten so crazy, they'd barely spent any quality time together, and it sucked. It certainly wasn't the first time that other people, obligations, life in general had taken over their personal time, and it probably wouldn't be the last, but David was well aware she was having some issues with getting older, and he was going to do his damndest to remind her of how much he loved her and their life.

Their twenty-fifth anniversary was coming up, a milestone David was more than proud of. It hadn't always been easy. They'd had their share of problems to work through over the years like everyone else. He and Jesse were equally matched in the temper and stubborn departments. They didn't fight often, but when they did, it could be one hell of an event, but so were the making up sessions afterwards.

When he'd turned fifty, Jesse and the kids had thrown a party. People brought gag gifts, and "over the hill" decorations had been everywhere. They'd had a ball, but David had no doubt that type of celebration was not what she wanted for herself. He'd contemplated surprising her with a trip to some exotic locale until she began making off-handed little comments about her appearance and the inevitability of how advancing age would affect her. Despite the use of her

trademark sarcastic humor, David recognized that Jessica was really worrying about it and had started coming up with ideas on how to make this birthday extra special almost immediately. The fact that she'd started the festivities off with a bang confirmed for him the perfectness of his plan.

"Nice ass, Mr. Wharton."

David stood up from the oven and set the pot on the stove. He then pulled out the bread before turning to her. He questioned his choice of wearing only sweat pants when his cock hardened noticeably. Jesse's hair was still damp, and soft waves were forming around her rounded, flushed cheeks. The robe he'd picked out was a favorite of his, a past Christmas present he hadn't had the pleasure of seeing her in for quite a while. It was royal blue, semi-sheer, and barely covered her luscious ass. "I have a vague recollection that there's a nightie that goes with this," she said, looking down at her body.

"Couldn't find it," he lied with a shrug of his shoulder. Jesse's questioning grin left no doubt that she was on to him.

"I'm pretty sure I know where it is. Want me to go get it?" she asked.

"No, really I don't, sweetheart." David laid his hand against the tented fabric of his sweats. "How about helping me carry stuff out to the living room?"

Jesse walked up and covered his hand with hers. "Yeah, we don't want you spilling food on the clean floor. I bet it's hard to walk around with something this large between your legs." Jesse made him feel as if he was the biggest stud on the planet, and he couldn't help but love it. "Why aren't we using the kitchen table?" she inquired as he handed her a plate of garlic bread.

"We're going to watch a movie," he answered, picking up the bowls. "I rented *Somas Prime*."

"Cool, Barb said it was really good. I wonder why it didn't stay in the theater longer."

"It was out for a while, Jesse. Your mom was having a rough time, and I was working seven days a week to get the warehouse project done on schedule, remember?"

"Oh, yeah, that's right," she agreed. They sat down, and David hit the remote.

The film was action packed, visually stunning, and well-acted, and David had a devil of a time paying attention. How was he supposed to concentrate on anything but the swell of Jessica's breasts beneath the soft fabric of the robe, her shapely legs tucked against him, and the delicate fragrance of lilac shampoo? Every now and then, she turned to him, flashed her killer smile, and

made excited comments about something happening in the movie. Her enjoyment warmed his heart.

“For a second there, I didn’t think the Admiral was going to make it. I would have been royally pissed if there hadn’t been a happily ever after ending.” Jesse stretched her legs. David shut off the TV.

“My little romantic,” he said, gliding his hand along her thigh.

“This has been great David—the movie, dinner, everything.”

“You make it sound like our evening is over.” He collected their dishes. “Stay here while I put these in the sink.” David had to make a conscious effort not to jump up and run to the kitchen. He settled for moving really fast. “Are you ready for your first present, Jessica?” he asked when he returned.

“First? There’s more than one? Yes, please!” She clapped and giggled.

David took both her hands and helped her up off the couch, using just enough strength to cause her to lean against him. He tilted her chin upward and kissed her, hard and long. Jesse moaned when he made certain she felt how aroused he was. “To the bedroom,” he ordered after ending the kiss. Still holding her tightly, he felt her heart rate increase.

“It’s going to be difficult to get there in this position.”

“Good point.” David easily swept her up into his arms and carried her to the master suite.

They’d worked with an architect to design the house. He’d been in charge of construction and she’d been in charge of interior decorating. One of her many talents was having an impeccable sense of style. The entire home was welcoming and comfortable, but his favorite room was their bedroom. She achieved a perfect blend of masculine and feminine elements. The furniture was cherry wood, stained a deep rich brown with brass hardware. The thick comforter and various sized pillows on the king size four poster bed ranged in color from light to slate grey. She’d chosen paintings with complimentary themes of ocean, beaches, and boats. Plush area rugs were artfully placed on the hardwood floor.

David slid her down his body until her toes barely touched the ground. Jesse held on tightly around his neck. He supported her with his hands cupping her naked butt cheeks. Her full breasts were crushed against his chest, her nipples poking him. He shimmied her across his cock and groaned loudly when Jesse lifted her legs to rest on his hips. Spread open, her wet heat

seared through his sweats. She raked her fingernails across his shoulders, sending a shiver down his back, straight to his balls.

“So hot,” he murmured, backing up toward the bed. “I’ve got some nasty ideas in my head right now. Are you ready to play with me, Jessica?”

Ready? Jesse was fighting to keep from coming before they got to the bed! She might not be clear on exactly what he had in mind, but she knew the signs when her husband was in the mood to be masterful. She drew shallow breaths as he set her gently on the mattress, next to a metallic gold gift bag. She looked from it to him, waiting for his direction.

“Good girl. I was hoping it hadn’t been so long that I’d have to refresh you about the rules.”

“I hear it’s like riding a bike, you know, once you learn...” She let her voice trail off.

“Maybe your ass should be warmed before gift opening?”

“Whatever you think is best, David,” she said with humility while staring boldly at him. They had a number of sexual games in their repertoire, but this was by far her favorite. It was incredibly freeing for her to give up control, trust her man to lead her to the heights of pleasure. She just couldn’t give in too easily; where would the fun be in that?

“I think you want it too much at the moment.” He crossed his arms over his chest. “Show me what’s in the bag, Jesse.”

She set the bag in her lap and dug into the tissue paper. The first thing she pulled out was a wide piece of black satin, a couple of feet long. She twined it between her fingers. It was cool and ultra smooth. She laid it down and looked to David. He gave a slight nod of his head. She removed two more identical pieces. A layer of tissue had to be moved to continue. The next item was a tube of warming lube. She made a production of reading the front and back label. The final item was wrapped in tissue. When she touched it, she froze and flashed him a knowing grin. Her clit throbbed, and cream coated her pussy lips. Jesse attempted to slow her rapid breathing as she unwrapped an eight-inch-long vibrator. The flesh colored latex was magnificently crafted. She closed her eyes and stroked it, imagining how the large head would feel penetrating her, how the life-like veins and small ridges along the shaft would tease her inner walls.

“I’m going to fuck you, Jessica.”

“Yes.”

“My dick and that bad boy are going to fill your cunt and your ass.”

Jesse whimpered at the visual.

“As hard and as often as I want, you’re going to take whatever I give you.”

“God, yes!” She threw her head back and dragged the crown of the toy between her breasts and around each areola before rubbing it against her distended nipples. She gasped when David grabbed the lapels of her robe, jerked them open, and proceeded to fondle her breasts with restrained forcefulness.

Jesse kept her eyes shut, floating on wave after wave of physical sensation while anticipating how David was about to fulfill all of her decadent, dark desires. He was an intense lover, whether they were in the mood for gentle and slow or hard and fast. Neither of them had had a great deal of experience before their relationship, and they’d had one hell of a wild ride discovering together what turned them on.

David let go of her right breast and fiddled with the sash of her robe. “What’d you do, double knot this thing?” Her eyes snapped open when he gave a firm tug. She stopped teasing herself and pushed away his hands.

“Stop, you’ll tear it.” She slowly undid the tie. When the ends fell loose, David grabbed one, yanked, and sent it flying over his shoulder.

“Stand up,” he ordered. Jesse hopped off the bed, leaving the robe lying on the mattress. David swept it onto the floor. He picked up one of the pieces of satin, wound it around her waist, and tied it. He stepped back and surveyed his handiwork.

“This is different,” she said. “What’s it for?”

“Leverage,” he answered, pushing his pants down and kicking them aside. Jesse stared at his engorged cock. She reached for it. David frowned and she dropped her hand to cover her mound.

“Fine, I’ll play with this, then.” She wiggled her hips and cupped herself.

“You must be a mind reader, sweetheart. Lay down, here, with your legs hanging off the edge.”

Flat on her back, legs dangling, it wasn’t the position she was looking for. She huffed loudly. David spread her legs and stood between them. His eyes were dark with passion. Starting at her neck, he caressed her upper body, the calluses on his fingers and palms raising goose

bumps along her sensitized skin. Jesse wanted to scream her frustration when he bypassed her pussy and continued his journey down the inside of her thighs.

“Open for me.” He tickled behind her knees then pushed upward until her heels were on the edge of the bed. He spread her wide. “Perfect,” he murmured. “Pink and swollen...touch yourself, Jessica.”

She tapped her clit. David’s grip tightened. She slid one finger down her slit and swirled it around her weeping entrance. He was studying her every move, his jaw clenched, his breathing rapid. She dipped inside, barely, then retreated. David hissed. She repeated the action once, twice, feminine power flowing through her as his hands began to tremble. She lifted her finger and moistened her bottom lip with her cream.

“You are such a fucking tease,” he groaned.

“You love it,” she said, darting her tongue out for a taste.

David disappeared from her field of vision. Jesse’s butt came up off the mattress at the first puff of warm breath across her cunt. He let go of her legs and parted her folds. He nuzzled her soft curls. Jesse grabbed two handfuls of his hair and shifted around in an attempt to get him where she needed him to be.

“What’s the matter, Jesse, I’m not doing something right?” he chuckled. Her juices trickled down the crack of her ass.

“Lick my pussy, damn it.” She propped up on her elbows. David rested his chin on her pubic bone and met her frustrated gaze.

“I don’t think I like your tone,” he said with a wicked grin. She knew that wasn’t true. David got off on her talking dirty as much as she did.

“Sorry, sorry,” she panted, thrilled with the game they were playing. “*Please*, David, I’m going crazy. I need you so badly.” She wholeheartedly meant every word.

Jesse fell backward when David licked her from anus to clit with one powerful stroke. She writhed in complete abandon as he expertly used his tongue, lips, and teeth to worship her cunt. Holding back her release was out of the question—she was strung too tight, wanted it too much. She ground up into his mouth.

“Oh my God!” she cried as spasm after spasm wracked her body. It went on forever, yet not long enough. David continued his ministrations until her legs fell limply to her sides. Jesse idly fondled her breasts and yawned dramatically. “I could have a nap.”

For being such a large man, David could move damn fast. He lifted her up by her armpits and playfully bounced her toward the headboard. One flip and she was face first in a pile of pillows. Jesse laughed with pure joy as David knocked her thighs wide with his knees and moved close enough that the head of his cock nestled against her pussy. Her attempt to impale herself was met with a swift swat on her ass. Jesse gasped at the sting then whimpered when her cunt pulsed. He shoved pillows beneath her, raising her ass high.

“I think I’ll make you come again by spanking your incredible ass.” They both knew he could do it. “Grab onto the headboard, Jessica.” He went about securing her wrists with the other pieces of satin. She had no idea when he’d grabbed them up, and she didn’t care because the process caused him to lie across her back and rub his dick between her legs. “I contemplated picking up a new flogger, but decided against it.” He rubbed her cheeks, separating them on each pass from hip to thigh. “I want the pleasure of feeling what I’m doing to you.”

He began slowly but, thank God, not gently. Jesse squeezed her eyes shut. Her knuckles whitened in an iron grip on the headboard each time his massive hands made contact. He alternated from left to right, top to bottom; she had no way to predict where the next spank would occur.

His pace increased and Jesse still wanted, needed more. She bucked and spread her legs as wide as physically possible. She desperately needed some kind of pressure against her clit, and the pillows were definitely not doing the job.

David reached forward and shoved her sweat-dampened hair off of her brow. She turned her head to the side and kissed his palm. He slid his thumb into her mouth. Jesse sucked wildly, imagining it was his cock, wishing his cock was in her body somewhere, anywhere.

“Fuck yes, baby, you’re on fire,” he coaxed, pulling back and landing a steady stream of slaps on her ass.

Her orgasm was wonderful, magnificent, toe curling, but not enough. She wasn’t going to settle for anything less than being stuffed full of cock, both real and store-bought, and she was completely confident in the fact that David felt exactly the same way. Her breathing hadn’t returned to normal when the popping noise of the lube tube being opened confirmed how well she knew her husband. The gel was surprisingly cold as he squeezed a generous portion at the top of her crack. Jesse flinched.

“Relax, baby.”

She opened her mouth to explain her reaction, then closed it with a sigh as the liquid quickly warmed. With agonizing tenderness, David prepared her. He circled her anus, stimulating the tight rosette without breaching it, and slid onward to dip into her channel. He moved in and out, first with one finger then another, setting a leisurely pace that drove her mad.

“Daaaviiidd, please,” she pleaded shamelessly.

Instantly, his hand was replaced with his cock. He entered her and surged forward, without hesitation, until he was seated to the hilt. Her pussy welcomed him with a fresh wave of heat. David grasped her with one hand at the juncture of her hip and pumped rhythmically. Jesse felt him lean to the side a second before the low hum of the vibrator sounded. She held her breath.

Obviously, his intent was to drive her completely out of her mind. He rolled the toy down her spine and drew lazy patterns with the head across her ribs, all the while fucking her with steady strokes. He let go of her hip and slid his fingers underneath the satin at her waist. His knuckles pressed into her back as he tugged once and placed the vibrator against her rear entrance. She held her breath and tensed.

“Easy, sweetheart, I’m gonna take real good care of you.” His voice was low, sexy. The crown penetrated her. Jesse held perfectly still as the tight ring of muscle stretched and burned. They both groaned when his cock twitched in her pussy. “Ready for more, Jessica?”

“Slow, slowly, it’s so big, you’re so big, might be too much.” Her mind balked a bit at the reality, but her body throbbed with anticipation.

“Trust me, you can handle it.” The vibrator inched in. “You’re fucking gorgeous, baby, with a toy in your ass and my cock in your cunt. I’m the luckiest man on the planet to have such a sexy, hot wife.” A flush heated her skin in response to his compliments and the love evident in his tone. She lifted her butt to him in silent invitation. “Ah, that’s my girl.”

Jesse smiled into the pillows as David whispered words of encouragement and extremely entertaining descriptions of what he was doing, seeing, and feeling until she was completely impaired by both cocks. Her heart pounded erratically.

“Now,” was the only warning she got.

Jesse cried out as David proceeded to fuck her within an inch of her life. The headboard banged against the wall and the mattress squeaked loudly as he set a feverish pace. When his

dick pulled back, the vibrator went deep, and vice versa. He used the satin around her waist to maneuver her body into his thrusts with expert precision. She felt him swell impossibly larger.

“Come with me,” he shouted, and Jessica did exactly that. She burst into a million pieces, shuddering uncontrollably with every blast of his release.

David remained deep in her pussy while he removed the vibrator and untied the silks at her wrists. She tightened her inner muscles when he started to ease out of her cunt. “Shit, Jesse, you milked me dry, stop that.” He rolled off her onto his back. Jesse laid her cheek on his chest, her leg over his hip, and hugged him fiercely.

“That was amazing,” she enthused, planting little kisses along his damp skin.

“Indeed,” he agreed, throwing an arm across his eyes. Jesse nipped one of his nipples playfully.

“Hey, old man, you’re not thinking about going to sleep yet, are you?”

Chapter Three

Jessica woke up with a grin. She stretched, taking note of various sore muscles, and her grin evolved into a full-blown smile. Last night had been one hell of a love session. Actually, it had continued into the wee hours of the morning and had flowed around the house. They'd made love in the shower, on the clean kitchen floor after having a snack, and in the recliner before making their way back to their bedroom.

Jesse rolled toward David's side of the bed, surprised to find it empty. On his rare days off, he enjoyed sleeping in a bit. She blinked a few times and focused on the clock.

"Are you kidding me?" She couldn't believe it was almost ten thirty. Jesse threw back the covers and swung her legs over the edge of the mattress. "I've wasted half the day," she said, standing up. Then she remembered exactly what day it was.

Fifty-years-old, half a century, grandmother territory, over the hill; *shit*, didn't this begin the golden years? The magnitude threatened to overwhelm her for a moment until more memories of the night before flitted through her mind. Despite her advanced age, she'd been able to get her freak on pretty damn well!

Jesse grabbed a T-shirt and sweats and headed into the bathroom. Instead of jumping right into the shower, she studied her reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door, something she never did. Turning side to side and almost backwards, she assessed herself from every possible angle. Was it the body of a twenty-year-old? Not hardly. There were jiggly parts and some parts that were beginning to succumb to the forces of gravity, along with some extra padded parts. Being five foot seven was a blessing since she loved food and despised working out. Jesse giggled. Who was she kidding? She'd never been to a gym in her life, and the treadmill she'd splurged on a few years ago was collecting dust in the basement.

Refusing to waste any more time dwelling on her imperfections, Jesse went about her morning routine quickly so she could go find David. She couldn't imagine what he had planned for today, but whatever it was, as long as they were together, it would be perfect.

"Happy birthday, baby. I was about to come and check to see if you were okay," David said when she walked into the kitchen.

"Oh very nice, you were worried that the old lady hadn't survived the night?" Jesse was horrified when a touch of red appeared on his cheek bones. She rushed over to him and wrapped her arms around his middle. "I'm kidding, honey." She squeezed and raised her chin. "Kiss me." He stared down at her, searching her face before claiming her mouth. Jesse giggled against his lips when his erection nudged her tummy. "What's gotten into you?"

"Are you complaining?"

"Not at all," she smiled and stepped back. "I feel like a sex goddess, loved and cherished, and what was your word yesterday? Oh yeah, pampered, by my man. I should have turned fifty years ago."

"It doesn't make a difference what age you are, Jesse, as long as we're together."

"Romance, too?" Her voice quivered, and tears welled in her eyes.

"No, no crying, *shit*, you know I'm not good at saying stuff. What I meant..."

"You said it perfectly." She swiped the back of her hand across her eyes. "These are tears of joy, you big lug." Jesse playfully swatted his shoulder. "Hey, I smell coffee."

"Mugs are on the table. Go sit, I'll pour." Jesse turned. Her mug indeed was there, along with a gold gift bag.

"What in the world?" she asked, sitting down and eagerly fondling the present. She couldn't feel anything, and it was as light as air. David took his sweet time filling the mugs, returning the pot to the machine, and sitting down. He then shook a packet of sugar about a hundred times before slowly ripping. Jesse tapped her fingernails on the table.

"Ever hear the saying 'patience is a virtue'?"

"After all these years, you should know it's one of the ones I don't possess, so deal with it." She grasped an end of the tissue paper sticking out of the top. "May I?"

"Absolutely, this particular gift is time sensitive."

Jesse removed the tissue and peered into the bag. It was empty. She looked at David, and he focused on the tissue paper lying on the table. Jesse separated the sheets and discovered a blank card. She picked it up and flipped it over. *Aida's 12:00pm* was embossed in gold letters.

"I don't get it," she admitted honestly. David's excitement was palatable as he beamed at her.

"You, Mrs. Wharton, have a date today at the swankiest spa in the tri-county area. You're going to be massaged and oiled and yes, *pampered* for an entire afternoon."

A rare occurrence indeed, Jessica had no idea what to say or how to react. The fact that David had set up a spa anything was definitely surprising. She'd never considered spending the money or taking the time for such a luxury and wouldn't have the faintest idea of how to select a spa or what to schedule. How did he?

"I'm going to go out on a limb and guess that your silence isn't a good sign," he said quietly, raking his hand through his hair.

"David, this is a wonderful gift, really thoughtful and special..." Jesse hesitated again, searching for the right words. That last thing she wanted to do was hurt his feelings.

"There's a huge 'but' coming, isn't there?"

"I was hoping we were going to spend the whole day together," she whispered.

"Aw, Jesse," he scooted his chair close to hers, laid his arm across her shoulder, and kissed her cheek. "That's so sweet. I promise to miss you every second you're gone."

"A smart-alecky comment probably isn't the best approach right now," she reprimanded with a squeeze to his thigh. "This is just so coming out of left field. My insecure side is questioning the motivation."

"Now I don't get it. What are you talking about?" Jesse stared at her lap and fiddled with the hem of her T-shirt. "Jessica?"

"Maybe you're thinking I need maintenance, a tune-up of the appearance kind?" No matter how much lightness she infused in her tone, she was honestly concerned. *Why did I pick today to do the full body search in the mirror?* she wondered, trying to stop her lower lip from quivering.

"Look at me," he ordered. When she didn't immediately comply, he tilted her chin up with his fingers. "I love every inch of your gorgeous body, baby."

"And there's a lot of inches there to be loved," she said with a snort.

“Quit it, that’s not what I meant and you know it. Obviously, I didn’t present this correctly, let me try again.” She couldn’t help cracking a grin when he inhaled deeply before continuing. “Jessica, you’re constantly doing things for other people—me, the kids, your mom, your work. You never complain.” Jesse sputtered, having chosen that particular moment to take a swig of coffee.

“Or nobody is paying attention when I do,” she coughed out.

“Exactly,” he said with vehemence. “I know I’m guilty of not always listening and not telling you often enough how much I appreciate you, and I’ll bet other’s don’t either, but this is about you and me. You deserve to be taken care of, to be the center of attention, and that’s what this weekend is all about.”

“There’s some baby oil in the bathroom and you’re a damn good back-rubber, that would be more than fine with me,” she said with a wink.

“But ‘fine’ isn’t what I’m going for, sweetheart.”

“As evidenced by last night’s porn movie worthy activities,” she agreed, fidgeting in the chair when her body heated with the memory. “At the risk of sounding like a nympho, David, staying locked in this house making love until we have to go to work on Monday would be an incredible way to usher in my next fifty years.”

“Damn, I’m a lucky man,” he chuckled. “I promise there’s a lot more loving to come, Jesse, but the theme for today is new experiences.”

“My birthday has a theme?”

“Yep, and it begins with getting you to Aida’s at noon.”

“I have no clue what an afternoon at a spa includes, David, what services are offered or anything.”

“No worries, everything has been taken care of. You just need to enjoy.”

Nervous excitement fluttered in Jesse’s tummy when they arrived at Aida’s. David parked out front and came around to open her door. He gave her a hug and quick kiss.

“Have fun, baby.”

“You’re not coming in with me?” she asked.

“I think you can handle it,” he laughed, walking around the car. “I’ll see you later, Jesse.” He hopped in and pulled away from the curb.

“Well, of course I can handle it,” she mumbled.

Quiet tinkling of bells announced her arrival when she opened the door. The reception area of the spa was gorgeous. A stone fireplace dominated one wall, richly upholstered arm chairs were arranged around low, round tables, and a stunning crystal chandelier cast subtle light. A woman stood next to a massive mahogany desk.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Wharton,” she said, coming forward and extending her hand. “I am Aida.” She spoke with a lyrical, European accent.

“Nice to meet you, Aida. Please call me Jesse.” They shook hands and Aida smiled warmly.

“Happy birthday, Jesse. I’m thrilled to be a part of your special day.”

“Thank you. I’ve never been to a spa before.”

“Your husband explained this to me when we met. We had a wonderful chat while I showed him around. I promised him that we would take very good care of you.”

David had actually come here to set this up? She’d assumed he’d looked it up on the Internet and talked to them on the phone, not done it in person or taken a tour to boot. He sure was full of surprises.

“Let’s get started, shall we? This way, please.” They left the reception area through a curtained doorway. “To your left is our salon, where hair, makeup, and manicures are done. These rooms on the right are where clients enjoy saunas, mud baths, and such. This room, Jesse, is yours today.” Aida opened a door and, with a sweeping gesture, indicated that Jesse should enter first.

“This is incredible,” Jesse said, turning a full circle. In one corner of the space was a rock sculpture extending to the ceiling with water flowing slowly down it. There was a sitting area with two plush chairs, and on the coffee table was a porcelain tea set on a silver tray. Across the room were a massage table, a salon chair, and a doorway that was partially open, revealing an attached restroom.

“I’m very glad you like it, Jesse.” A light knock sounded at the door. “Please meet Amanda, your masseuse.” They greeted each other, and Jesse instantly felt comfortable. Amanda was middle-aged, a bit on the plump side, and extremely personable. “I will see you in a while, ladies.” Aida took her leave.

“We’re going to begin with a full body massage. I understand this is your first. You’re going to love it, Jesse.” Amanda pulled a plush robe out of the closet and handed it to her. “I’ll be right outside. Let me know when you’re ready.”

For the next hour, Jesse thought she’d died and gone to heaven. Amanda’s touch was pure magic. She expertly worked out muscle kinks that Jesse didn’t realize she had until they were gone. The gentle scent of the massage oil and the soothing sound of the fountain added to the hypnotic experience.

“Amanda, I guarantee you and I will be getting together again in the future,” Jesse said, getting up off the table. “I feel like a million bucks.”

“Told ya so,” she laughed. “You need to hydrate and have a bite to eat.” She pointed to the table. A plate of finger sandwiches and a crystal pitcher of ice water now sat next to the tea service.

“Wow, how’d you do that?”

“Another member of the staff brought it in.”

“When? I didn’t hear anything.”

“If you had, it’d mean we weren’t doing our job right. Excuse me for a moment while I wash my hands.” Amanda walked to the door.

“Um, there’s a bathroom through there.” Jesse tipped her head in that direction and smiled.

“For our client’s use,” she replied.

“It’ll be our little secret,” Jesse said, pouring a glass of water and choosing one of the little sandwiches. It was by far the best egg salad she’d ever tasted. When Amanda returned, she began preparing things on the table next to the salon chair. “So what else is on the docket for me?” Amanda appeared extremely surprised by the question. “I’m completely in the dark about this whole thing, Amanda. My husband planned it all and chose to give me no details.”

“That’s so romantic. What a great birthday present.”

“It’s not the first or the last for that matter, from what I gather by his hints. Yesterday, I came home from work to a cleaned house and dinner in the oven.”

“I stand corrected. *That’s* romantic! Maybe he’d call my husband and give him a few pointers?” They both laughed. Jesse popped another little sandwich in her mouth and nearly groaned out loud with appreciation. The salmon mousse was pure yumminess. “To answer your

question, a facial is next, then a manicure and pedicure, a hair styling, and makeup. He set you up for the works, Jesse.”

“Damn, I guess he did,” she agreed.

The rest of the afternoon was amazing. The facial was glorious. Afterwards, Amanda brought her to the salon and Judy did her mani/pedi. Jesse selected a pale, sparkly shade of pink. Hair was next. Cora kept Jesse turned away from the mirror during the process. When it came time for makeup, Jesse was the only client in the salon. Aida arrived and the other stylists stopped whatever they were doing and formed a half circle around her chair.

“Jesse, your husband was adamant about his appreciation of your natural beauty. I agree wholeheartedly,” she said, resting her hand on her shoulder. “What we’re going to do is simply accentuate.” Aida explained every product and application. In no time at all, she stood back and smiled. “Are you ready to see yourself?”

“Yes, please.”

Jesse was speechless as she stared at her reflection. Cora had done a spectacular job of styling her wavy, shoulder length hair into a sophisticated “up-do,” and Aida had accomplished exactly what she promised. Jesse’s eyes appeared larger than normal, smoky, and sultry. Her cheekbones seemed slightly more pronounced, and her lips had a subtle sheen. She looked like herself, only better.

“I love it. Thank you,” she whispered.

“You’re more than welcome, my dear.” Aida checked her watch. “It’s been a pleasure having you with us today, but your husband will be here soon.” She escorted Jesse back to the door of her room. “I’ll wait for you in the reception area.”

Jesse opened the door. On the coffee table was a gold gift bag. Her heart pounded wildly as she rushed over to it. Wrapped in each piece of tissue paper were undergarments. There were black silk stockings, not pantyhose, with the seam running up the back, a red garter belt, lacy, sheer red bra, and what she assumed passed for panties.

“Am I supposed to put these on now?” she wondered aloud, going to the closet to retrieve her shirt and jeans. The clothes she arrived in were nowhere to be found. A dress hung on the rod, and a pair of black pumps sat on the floor. She recognized the shoes as her own, but the gorgeous dress she’d never seen before. It, too, was black, but as she moved the garment around, it shimmered when it caught the light. It was knee length, with a low scooped neckline and cap

sleeves. It was stunningly beautiful in its simplicity. It had been a long time since David had bought her clothes, but he'd obviously not lost his touch. He knew what she liked and what looked flattering.

Jesse dropped the robe and slipped on the panties. The tiny triangle cupped her pussy and the satin string nestled in the crack of her ass. The bra was definitely designed for pleasure, not support. When she fastened the front clasp, the gentle scrape of lace against her nipples was incredibly stimulating. It took a bit of trial and error to get the stockings and garter belt on correctly, but she persevered and ultimately triumphed. For the second time in one day, she assessed her appearance in a full length mirror. A blush heated her skin at the sexy image reflecting back.

"Look at me," she giggled, first cupping her breasts, then tracing a finger along the garter belt. She turned and wiggled her hips, checking out her naked butt cheeks. Jesse then stepped into the dress and zipped up. It fit perfectly. She went to put on the shoes, her movements causing the free flowing skirt of the dress to brush against her exposed ass and the sinfully erotic lingerie to caress and tantalize her private areas. "Oh my God," she whispered when her pussy moistened. "He's one very clever man."

David was chatting with Aida when Jesse entered the reception area. His expression when he saw her made her knees weak. Lust, love, appreciation, and sensual promise were all evident in his eyes as he slowly raked her from head to toe. Jesse did some gawking of her own, too. He was stunningly handsome in a black suit, grey dress shirt, and black silk tie. His shoes were so polished, they gleamed under the chandelier light. With long, powerful strides, he came to her. For a few seconds, they smiled at each other in silence. David then gathered her close and kissed her with such tenderness, Jesse was afraid she might cry.

"You're the most beautiful woman on the planet, Jessica," he breathed against her ear.

"Today, I feel that way. Thank you, David." She claimed his lips again and pressed herself against his hard body. His hand slid down her back, hesitating along the garter belt before coming to rest at the swell of her bum.

"I'm going crazy picturing how you look underneath this dress," he admitted quietly. "Is everything to your liking?"

"Absolutely, and I guarantee it will be to yours also," she teased. David gave her a little pinch.

“We best be on our way, Jesse. We’re expected at our next destination in half an hour.”

“Thanks for everything, Aida,” Jesse said as David took her hand and led her to the door.

“Our pleasure. Have a wonderful time tonight.”

They walked outside. A black sedan limousine was parked at the curb. The driver opened the door when they approached.

“Are you kidding me?” Jesse stared up at David.

“Nothing but the best tonight, Jessica,” he said and helped her into the car.

Chapter Four

David waged an internal war not to pounce on his wife as soon as they settled on the seat. Romance, seduction, titillation was his plan, but damn it all, she looked so hot and smelled so good, and he was, after all, a mortal man. He reached for the bottle of champagne as a diversionary tactic.

“Hey, wait,” Jesse said, intercepting his hand. She laid it on her knee and drew it up her thigh. “Isn’t that incredible? The silk feels so sexy against my skin.” She snuggled against his side and rested her cheek on his shoulder. David ran the pad of his thumb along the lace top of the stocking.

“My God, Jessica, have mercy on me.”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean,” she whispered, guiding his fingers to her crotch. He felt her heat before he touched the scrap of fabric. His cock snapped to attention at the dampness he discovered.

“Vixen,” he growled, tapping her gently. “We don’t have very far to go, and I’d like to not embarrass you or me by getting out of this car with a tent in my dress pants.” Jesse brushed her knuckles back and forth against his erection.

“Very impressive,” she cooed. “I bet it tastes as good as it feels.” David squeezed his eyes closed. The restaurant would probably hold their table, or they could go someplace else, or... He blew out a ragged breath and brought her hand to his lips. He kissed her palm.

“Behave yourself, woman. I’m trying my best to maintain some kind of control.” David turned his attention to opening and pouring the champagne. He handed her a glass and raised his in salute. “Happy birthday.” David took a more than healthy swallow. Jesse laughed.

“Performance suffers under the effects of alcohol, you know.”

“This is for purely medicinal purposes,” he assured her after draining the small glass. “I’m so hot for you, I’m worried about my blood pressure. Why don’t you tell me about your time at Aida’s.”

Oh, his wife was in rare form this evening. Her eloquent description of the massage paled in comparison to her breathless, sexy, moment-by-moment recounting of the whole getting dressed thing. She was playing with him, and happiness radiated from her.

David was ecstatic. He’d been pretty fucking worried when he’d left her at the spa. She was so hesitant in the beginning, he was afraid he’d screwed up. Her worries about his motivation had really surprised him and had been positive proof that he’d gotten way off track in showing her how much he loved her. This weekend and her birthday were a special occasion, but David was going to make sure they remembered from now on to make time for themselves.

“I figure it probably cost an arm and leg for today, but I’d really like to go back there again sometime, David. The massage was heavenly.”

“What in the hell are we working our butts off for if we don’t use the spoils of our labor for some fun? Of course you’ll go back, sweetheart. I was thinking next time maybe I could watch, get some pointers on what makes you feel good.”

“You do realize that the point was relaxation, right? When you start rubbing me, I get all revved up. Aida might not appreciate us turning her place of business into a sex parlor.”

“Or she might see a huge spike in profits,” he joked, pulling her into his lap. “You know, the idea of taking you in this limo is really growing on me.” He nuzzled the side of her neck.

“You said today was about new experiences,” she said with a wiggle. “I’ve never done it in a car.” David swore under his breath when the vehicle stopped moving.

“Damn, our timing sucks.” He lifted Jesse off his lap as the passenger door opened. “There is the ride home though,” he said with a wink. They got out of the car.

“Oh, David, I’ve read about this restaurant!” she exclaimed excitedly. “Isn’t there a crazy long wait for reservations?”

“Yes, there is. Thank God your birthday falls on the same day every year. I was able to plan ahead.” He placed her hand in the crook of his elbow. “Let’s go find out what all the fuss is about.”

Barrino’s was known for its stellar service and designing an individual dining experience for every guest. The dining room was quite spacious. However, there were only twelve tables.

The atmosphere was casual elegance, a mix of traditional furniture and stunning table settings. Exposed brick walls, thick carpeting, and a roaring fire in the fireplace added to the ambiance.

“Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wharton,” the host greeted. “We’re honored you selected Barrino’s for your special celebration.” He escorted them to their table. A waiter was already there. “Please meet Andrew. He will be serving you this evening.” The host discreetly took his leave.

“Happy birthday, Mrs. Wharton,” Andrew said while filling their water glasses.

“Thank you very much,” she said.

“May I bring you a cocktail?”

“No, thanks.” When Andrew glanced at him, David also declined with a tilt of his head. Jesse grinned, and David was positive she was thinking about her comment in the limo. So was he.

“I’m so excited to be here tonight.” David’s heart skipped a beat when she met and held his gaze. Jesse’s eyes sparkled with joy, and he swore her smile lit up the room. “All of a sudden, I’m famished.”

“We’re ready whenever you are, Andrew. We can’t let the woman suffer, can we?”

“No, sir,” he replied.

“David, I didn’t mean we have to rush or anything.”

He took her hand across the small table.

“Sweetheart, we’ve been together for almost twenty-five years. One of my requests was that our service begins when we arrived. You haven’t had enough to eat today, and it’s essential that you build up your strength for later.” He raised an eyebrow and smirked. David watched with fascination and a whole lot of horniness as a faint blush colored her cheeks.

“You blushed just like that on our first date. I’m pretty sure I fell in love with you right then.”

“You made an inappropriate comment regarding my person.”

“I told you that you had a damn fine ass.”

“Exactly,” she laughed.

“If you didn’t want me to notice, you shouldn’t have worn those skin tight jeans.” For David, it was as if they were completely alone as they reminisced about that night. They’d gone

out for dinner and to the movies. After, they'd spent hours sitting on her couch talking. When he'd finally forced himself to go home, they'd had their first kiss at her doorstep.

A subtle throat clearing noise signaled Andrew's return. David noticed Jesse appeared as startled as he felt. He waited expectantly as she eyed the selection of appetizers with curiosity. It took only a few seconds for the significance to register.

"My twenty-fourth birthday, the first one we celebrated together," she whispered. Her hand trembled as she lifted her napkin and dabbed at her eyes.

"I had such big plans for that night, a fancy dinner, dancing, the whole nine yards, but that damn storm hit while we were on our way. How was I supposed to know that the power was going to go out all over town?" David placed appetizers on her plate as he continued.

"Remember that drive back to my place, with the roads flooding and no working traffic lights? It seemed like a good idea to land there instead of trying to go all the way back to your apartment until I stood in my dark kitchen, checking my nearly empty cupboards and fridge. You were such a good sport about the whole thing."

"David, I didn't care where we were or what we ate as long as we were together."

"Believe me, when I described what I wanted for this course, the chef had a look of horror until I explained the significance and told him he could fancy it up as long as you could still tell where the inspiration came from."

"Canned ravioli, pizza rolls, and tater puffs. We ate by flashlight since you didn't have a damn candle in the place."

"Real men don't have candles."

"We have candles in our bedroom."

"Bought by you, for you," he reminded her while serving himself.

"Oh my God, these are lobster and crab ravioli," Jesse said with delight.

"Try one of these potato things. I'll never eat a frozen puff again." He held one to Jesse's lips, and damn if she didn't do a number on his fingertip with her tongue before accepting the bite. "You're playing with fire, baby. I could easily forget we're in a public place."

"Don't you dare," she said with a point of her finger in his direction. "I definitely don't want to commemorate this birthday with a scandalous article in the local paper."

"What's going through my mind would land us in jail, Jessica."

"Here, concentrate on this instead."

He tickled Jesse's wrist before taking the pizza roll she offered. *No wonder this place is booked solid*, David thought, savoring the bold flavor of Italian sausage and basil. It was definitely delicious, but nothing could completely deter his thoughts from making love to his wife. If they had the good fortune to spend fifty more years together, he knew without a doubt he would still want her just as much as he did at this moment.

The chef had been adamant about their meal having a salad course. David hadn't been able to think of any relevance of lettuce in their life, so he'd given him free reign. It was a unique blend of greens and dried fruit, and he was surprised how much he liked it.

David appreciated the time they had to talk before the main course arrived. Some of it was spent revisiting past events, but most was focused on the future. There were so many places they wanted to see and things still to do, the possibilities seemed endless.

"David, I'm so grateful for what we have and truly excited about what's going to happen next. Won't it be bizarre when our kids reproduce? I can't picture us as grandparents, can you?"

"Actually, I can. I'll buy them age-inappropriate toys and let them stay up past their bedtime, and you will be the voice of reason, stern yet nurturing, and they will love you the most."

"Laurie and Carl love us both equally, and you know it."

"Equally but differently, and I'm more than okay with that. I don't have the cojones to be a mom." David laughed when Jesse rolled her eyes in exasperation. "Perfect timing; look, here comes Andrew."

Andrew set the plates on the table. "Would you like fresh ground pepper?" he asked.

"I'm good, what about you, Jesse?" She shook her head in the negative while staring at the food in front of her. She didn't speak until Andrew moved away.

"I was the one that brought up the kids. We haven't talked about them for two days, how...?"

"I can't take credit for the current subject matter, sweetheart, only remembering some of your favorite foods."

When Jessica had been pregnant with both of their kids, she'd craved red meat, stinky cheeses of any variety, and the requisite pickles. On each of their plates was a filet mignon with a fragrant blue cheese sauce and an artfully placed, intricate basket weave design of cucumbers

and onions. The chef had explained that the cukes would be lightly dressed in vinegar something-or-another, but all David cared about was that Jesse knew they were like pickles.

“There’s no way this steak is going to taste better than the ones you cook on the grill.”

“The cut automatically makes it better, Jesse.”

“No, it doesn’t,” she said, picking up her fork and knife and slicing off a small bite. She trailed it slowly through the sauce before delicately taking it in her mouth. “This is delicious and spectacular, and I’m going to devour the rest with enthusiasm, but no piece of meat will ever taste as good to me as the ones you cook in our backyard after you’ve worked all day. I can’t count how many times you’ve stood out there in the dark, and during shitty weather conditions, so we could enjoy a fantastic dinner.”

David was now the one to be at a loss for something to say. It seemed to him that tossing something on a grill a couple of times a week was the least he could do. She packed his lunch every day, went grocery shopping, made side dishes, hell, she usually did the dishes, too.

“Hey, why so quiet?”

“Just thinking about how lucky I am.”

“Well stop it. It’s creeping me out.”

And there was one of the qualities David loved most about Jessica—her humor. It had gotten him, both of them, through a lot of hard times, not to mention the fact that she had a way of making everyday occurrences funny as hell.

“I’ll never forget the look on Dr. Bowen’s face when I told him I was worried I was carrying the devil’s spawn when I was pregnant with Carl.”

“Yeah, me neither. We’d only seen him twice, and you blurted that out in response to his ‘how are you doing this morning?’ question.”

“Once I explained my insatiable appetite for all things meat and pointed out the obvious horror movie scenarios for reference, he completely understood my concerns.”

“He thought you were a few sandwiches short of a picnic,” David chuckled.

“He needed to learn to lighten up. By the time Laurie arrived, I had him whipped into shape.”

“That you did. I think he was truly sorry when you told him we weren’t having any more kids.”

They finished their dinner slowly. By the time they laid down their silverware, laughter and silly stories had been replaced by heated glances and hand holding. Once again, Andrew was able to sneak up on them.

“Mr. Wharton, are you certain you and your wife won’t be having a desert this evening?” he asked skeptically. “The pastry chef has a number of delicious creations to choose from.”

“I’m sure they’re great, but I’ve got the last course under control.” David grinned broadly as Jesse stared at him with a fabulously sexy leer.

“Then I’ll be back momentarily,” Andrew nodded.

“You realize he thinks you’ve blown it by not having a cake or something,” she remarked.

“I’d hate for Andrew to have the wrong impression of me. Should I call him back and explain how you don’t have a sweet tooth, preferring all things salty as a treat? The three of us could have a nice long chat.” He casually reclined back in his chair.

“You’re such a smartass,” she whispered, standing up. “I’m going to go powder my nose.”

David appreciated the view as Jesse walked away. The gentle sway of her hips and the ultra sexiness of the seam of the stockings on her shapely legs had him breathing hard. As much as the evening had been beyond perfect, he was more than ready to have his wife all to himself. The bill was settled by the time she returned. They left the restaurant hand in hand.

Jesse threw her arms around him as soon as the limo door closed. “That was amazing. You’re amazing!” She reined little kisses on his chin, cheeks, and forehead. “I can’t believe, I mean, I can, but this was so romantic and special and *romantic* and all the planning it must have taken and...”

David loved her excitement and was incredibly proud of himself for being able to make her so happy, but he couldn’t hold back any longer. He grasped the back of her neck and claimed her mouth. They kissed wildly. He lowered the zipper of her dress. Jesse loosened the knot of his tie with a tug. They laughed against each other’s lips as she popped open the buttons of his shirt and he lowered her top.

“What about the driver?” The tinge of worry he heard in her voice didn’t slow her down from sliding her hands along his now partially exposed chest.

“The partition’s up,” he said, taking his first feel of her glorious breasts beneath the lacy bra. He leaned down and kissed the swell of one before greedily sucking through the fabric.

“Do you think he knows what’s going on back here?” She pressed herself into his mouth and raked her fingernails along his stomach.

“He’s going to when I make you scream.”

David took her by the shoulders and reclined her against the opposite side of the car. He groaned with appreciation when she lifted her left foot onto the seat and moved her right foot along the floor, somehow keeping the skirt of her dress strategically covering her pussy while displaying the tops of her stockings and the straps of the garter. She cupped her breasts and brushed her fingers across her nipples.

He ran his palm from her ankle, up the side of her shin, and along her inner thigh. He tortured himself by sliding his finger underneath the dress instead of immediately exposing her. David closed his eyes as he traced from the soaked triangle of the thong down her slit. He caressed her outer lips and toyed with the string. Jesse’s thighs quivered, but her soft whimper was his undoing.

He flipped up her skirt, pulled the thong aside, and buried his face in her pussy. Jesse’s hips came up of the seat. David grabbed her ass cheeks and moved her frantically against his mouth. She held on with both hands clenched in his hair and swung her right leg over his back.

“God, *yesss*,” she hissed. Her heel pressed down, and she started to buck wildly. David thrust two fingers into her as he lapped roughly on her clit. Jesse came apart, crying out as her sweet juices flooded his mouth. He couldn’t get enough of tasting and hearing her pleasure and continued to indulge himself in her until her hands fell away from his head and her body stilled.

Reluctantly, David sat upright. He reached for her, his intent being to gallantly re-adjust her clothing, but instead, they laughed and awkwardly fumbled around.

“In my head, I pictured this process being a hell of a lot smoother,” he admitted, trying to put her dress back in place as she remained focused on re-buttoning his shirt.

“You, mister, have nothing to worry about. I, on the other hand, am the one who’s going to exit this car looking a mess,” Jesse said, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear.

“You’ve never looked more beautiful,” David disagreed.

“So says the man who just had his way with me in the back of a limo.”

“So says the man who will love you for the rest of his life.”

About the Author

Tessie Bradford lives in Michigan with her husband of twenty-three years, two rescued pit bulls, a geriatric cat and a freakishly personality filled Parrot fish named Fred. When her youngest went off to college, she knew the time was right to pursue her passion for writing with the same fervor her characters pursue their passion for each other.

Tessie loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.tessiebradford.com

Available from Resplendence Publishing
Carnal Reunions

***Training Randi* by Tessie Bradford**

Miranda Ellson graduated from college with a degree in design in one hand and a ticket to London in the other. Ten years, five job changes and three boring, unfulfilling relationships later she's back at WIU to re-connect with old friends, enjoy the campus activities and take a break from...oh who the hell is she kidding?

Jeff Briggs, former college neighbor and best bud, now successful gym owner, lives in town. He's the only guy she has ever known who could set her panties on fire by simply walking into a room and Randi is sick and tired of only hooking up with him in her dreams. This may be her only chance to discover exactly what kind of personal training he has to offer.

***Smokin' Ace* by Regina Carlisle**

A college reunion and seeing her best 'gal pals' is just the thing widow and single mom, Chloe Wells needs to put a little oomph back into her boring, routine life. For her, those carefree years and the friendships she made with six other women in the old Victorian were unforgettable and, hey, what's wrong with revisiting a past that was fun and full of laughter? But when she bumps into Michael "Ace" Banner other memories surface. Memories of hot nights and rumpled bed sheets. Memories of the loss of the one man who burned her to ash.

Former college tennis star, Ace Banner, now a renowned sports photographer, has just one chance to regain the love of pretty, sweet, very sexy Chloe. Yeah, he blew it years ago by walking away but he's a man now and not about to let her get away again. Ace is prepared to pull out all the stops in reclaiming what he lost all those years ago. It'll take a slow hand and an easy touch but he's up for the challenge.

***First and Ten* by Fran Lee**

What Fran Jamison and Jack Gerrard have in common, you could balance on the head of a pin. And to make things worse, Jack blew his chances to hell back in High School with the BBW.

Neither goes to their 10th college reunion expecting sparks to fly, but when they collide in the airport, painful old memories quickly evaporate to make way for two people desperately needing to scratch 12-year-old itches.

Jack royally blew it when he let other people's opinions stop him from pursuing the 5'11"

bombshell so many years back, and by the time he realized he was a jackass and tried to apologize, a traumatized and hurt Fran had shredded his ego in public, leaving him to lick his wounds and move on.

She thought she would hate him on sight. She didn't. She thought she could walk away. She couldn't. She certainly didn't expect to find herself making out like a madwoman on the hood of a borrowed car in the airport parking ramp. But she did expect one thing...she was not going to walk away again. Not when he was so damn good at scratching those itches...

Nailed by Cindy Spencer Pape

When shy scientist Karen Sikorski meets up with her college crush, Warner Beckett, sparks fly, but she knows the handsome contractor would never fall for a plain nerd like her. Warner, though, has other ideas. Smart, voluptuous Karen is everything he's ever wanted in a woman, and this time around, he's enough of a grown up to appreciate it. Now all he has to do is convince the lady he really does want her—in every way possible.

IOU by Paris Brandon

The morning after her final exams, Bliss Harper woke up in her own bed wearing only her underwear. She's never remembered how she got there or why she found an I.O.U. tucked into her panties for one night of "Bad Boy Sex," signed by her favorite pizza delivery guy, Nick Santucci. But she had a ten-year plan that didn't include any more bad decisions and handsome men. But all work and no play make for a dull life and she's headed to her ten-year college reunion with every intention of collecting on a debt that's long overdue.

Ten years ago, bad boy Nick hadn't usually looked twice at shy, thrift-store fashion reject Bliss Harper. He just hadn't been able to avoid it when she'd started doing a tabletop, drunken striptease at a frat party the police were raiding. These days Nick's not delivering pizza, he's delivering deals and he's headed to his ten-year college reunion determined to negotiate one night into many with the woman who holds the marker on his heart.

Prisoner of the Heart by Anny Cook

When Rebecca Iversen graduated from college, she headed home with nothing on her mind but wedding plans. Less than a month later, her plans were in ruins when she discovered she was pregnant the same week her fiancé was arrested for selling drugs. Anxious to provide legitimacy for her child, she married Tom while he was still in jail. Years later, Becky finally divorced him, resolved to make a peaceful life for her children and herself.

When the reunion invitation from Karen arrived in her e-mail, her Aunt Mary urged her to take the time to enjoy a little adult time at the reunion.

Young Joe Harris lived across the street from the old Victorian where Becky lived during college. He spent those years secretly yearning for the “older woman”. Now that Becky is back and single, Joe plans to do everything in his power to convince her that he’s exactly the man she needs.

***G-Spot* by Taylor Tryst**

Lily Sutherland—no—Detective Lily Sutherland, a title she worked her ass off to earn, has returned to Heartwood Indiana for her ten-year college reunion. An ex-Lady Hawk, and a star athlete on the volleyball team, Lily used her competitive edge to win on the court. She dove into the male dominated world of law enforcement where she once again rocked the foundation and shot up the ranks to homicide detective in record time. As far as Lily is concerned, she’s just one of the boys until she reunites with Dakota Reese, the love of her life.

Special Agent Dakota Reese has always been too smart for his own damn good. Specializing in serial cases, Dakota attends his college reunion at Western Indiana University for what he believes will be a reprieve, only to discover that his life just became much harder...literally, when he see’s Lily Sutherland at the grand old Victorian down the street. Dakota and Lily had split amicably ten years prior, each of them marrying for all of the right reasons. Unfortunately, they married someone else, and were now both divorced. There’s a natural animosity between the cops and the feebbs, but can Lily put their differences aside long enough for her ‘G Man’ to find her g spot and rock her world, forever?

Also available from
Resplendence Publishing

***Possessing Eleanor* by Tessie Bradford**

Eleanor Lewis is perfectly content with her comfortable, quiet, relationship free life until she finds herself on all fours at the feet of Jackson Royce. Eleanor is stunned by her instant and intense attraction to the power and confidence radiating from the devilishly handsome building contractor. He scrambles her brain and heats her body to the boiling point.

Jackson always trusts his gut instincts. The ultra sexy woman sprawled on the floor is a sexual submissive. How intriguing that the all-business, sensible shoe-wearing office manager has absolutely no idea. The moment he takes her into his embrace, he vows to possess her mind, body and soul.

From their first sizzling encounter, through a whirlwind courtship, Eleanor discovers being possessed by a man who loves her absolutely is what she had been searching for all along.

***Mr. Smith's Whip* by Brynn Paulin**

Librarian Olivia McKinnion's life rarely changes as she oversees the Brandywine community library and archives, but when Colin Smith takes up residence to research his latest book, everything changes. She's heard whispers of Mr. Smith's whip and his dominant ways—whispers that make her tremble with need for her secret wishes to be fulfilled. And more than anything, she wants Colin to show her the darker side of sex, bent over his knee and begging for more.

***Infernal Devices* by Abigail Barnette**

All Steamed Up: Book One

The Two Aces. Victorian London's most salacious secret, the club is a place where erotic fantasies are played out among clockwork automatons and aether powered machines. Where nothing is off limits and the pleasures are as wicked as the imagination will allow...

Permilia Deering goes to The Two Aces looking for the sexual excitement that she knows she will not find with the man to whom she is affianced, notorious cold-fish Wallace Sterling. On her first visit to the club, she meets the Ace of Spades, a masked stranger who drives her to heights of passion she's never dreamed possible—and makes her seriously reconsider becoming a mannerly society wife.

When Wallace Sterling first glimpses his fiancée standing outside The Two Aces, he assumes she's uncovered his secret identity—the Ace of Spades. But Permilia has no idea that her intended is living a double life, and Wallace worries that he'll be out of the picture once she gets a taste of what the Ace of Spades can offer her...

***Las Vegas* by Demi Alex**

Determined to spread her grandmother's ashes from the top of the Eiffel Tower, Angel embarks on a cross-country trip to Las Vegas. It's not France, but it's all her budget will allow. Too bad the screened observation deck hinders her plans, and when she attempts to slip her hands past the wire, the local authorities cuff her wrists.

With the last of her money used to pay fines and court fees, a complimentary food voucher leads her to a casino pub for a bite to eat. There, a late night proposition arises. Baring her breasts for a bit of cash seems simple enough, but three intriguing strangers change the odds and raise the stakes.

Angel discovers she doesn't need Lady Luck when she's got the Luck of the Irish. Laying all her cards on the table, she bets on a passionate night with Liam, Brody and Ryan. But come morning, the guys up the ante. The jackpot is tempting, but staying with the three men is the greatest gamble of her life and requires that she go all in.

Will Angel fold and leave Las Vegas as she arrived? Or will she add her heart to the pot and meet their ante?

***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

***Heart of Ice* by Brynn Paulin**

Kai is perfectly unhappy with his life. Cast into a role as shop boy and forced into marriage to save his family, he sees nothing good in his future. In fact, his betrothed, Gerda, seems to hate everything he enjoys. Especially winter and his attraction to dominating his partners. His prospects look grim...until the Snow Queen arrives.

Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

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