



Lust Bites

SAVING SARAH

Lacey Thorn

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Saving Sarah

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

Lottery Brides

SAVING SARAH

Lacey Thorn

Dedication

This one goes out to all the fans of erotic romance. May you always find just the story you want, just the escape you need...

Chapter One

"So what's it gonna be, girls?"

Sarah felt the sheriff's eyes on her and trembled where she stood over the body of her father. She glanced up and met the stares of her sisters and knew that they were out of options. She only prayed that God wouldn't be so cruel as to deliver them from one hell into another.

Sarah took a deep breath and slowly nodded at the man who stood before them holding their lives in his hands.

"I'll do it. You can put my name in the lottery." Sarah's voice faltered for the barest of moments before she straightened her shoulders and firmed her reply. "I'll marry. How soon will it take place?" How long would she spend in the jail cell in town? How long would her sisters remain on the farm alone?

"You'll only spend tonight in the jail, Sarah." Sheriff Duckett looked sad when he nodded towards the waiting horse but they all knew that he would do his job. "I wish I could spare you that, but it's lucky that I already have another woman to be lotteried off as a bride tomorrow. We'll have you draw a name from the men who sign up for the wife lottery."

She knew he saw the shudder that went through her but could do nothing to prevent it. She would only be granted one more night before she was once again under the thumb of a man. And this time, this man would expect an entire other set of obligations from her. Wasn't it just her luck that the old bastard she'd called Dad would finally die and still get the best of her? Who would have guessed that he would have been so drunk that he would trip and fall impaling his chest deep onto the ax he had left in the middle of the yard? And what were the chances that the sheriff would ride up to speak with him just as she was trying to pull it out? Somewhere the old man was cackling and enjoying what was happening to her now. She could only pray that it was really hot where he was and growing hotter by the moment.

"Come along, Sarah," Sheriff Duckett took her arm and guided her towards the horse he'd ridden in on. "We'd best get going if we're to make it back to town before nightfall." He glanced back to her sisters and shook his head sadly. "You girls go on in and lock yourselves up good and tight in the house. Don't open the door to just anyone either. I'll send word to

your uncle as soon as I get to town, and I suspect he'll send someone out right away. In the meantime, I'll send Riley James out to keep an eye on you all. You'll be safe with him until someone shows up, probably tomorrow at the earliest.

Riley James was some relation to the sheriff though no one knew just what. Both men were tall and rugged looking, drawing the attention of even the most matronly women in town. They were quiet spoken, slow to rile, but when pushed, they could more than hold their own in a fight. No man had ever pulled a gun on one of them and walked away unscathed. Sheriff Duckett and Deputy James might not always shoot to kill, but if the situation called for it, they had no problems.

Sarah was a little infatuated with Riley if the truth be told. He was her secret fantasy of what the perfect husband should look and act like. Tall and broad shouldered, he wore his guns well, and the way that man sat a horse should be a sin. He rode like he was a part of the big white animal he called Brutus. But what she loved the most about him was the fact that often he could be found reading.

It was uncanny that such a rugged man could seem so content to read a book. And it wasn't those penny novels they carried at the mercantile either. He read real books, like the ones she had hidden. The ones her mother had carried all the way to the west with her and taught all of her daughters to read from. Wonderful books that contained beautiful poetry and stories of exotic places that existed far outside this small town.

Sarah was snapped from her random thoughts when she felt the sheriff's hands at her waist as he lifted her into the saddle before climbing up in front of her.

"You girls remember what I said. Riley'll be out shortly so don't worry. You'll be safe until your kinfolk get here." With that and a tilt of his cowboy hat, he headed down the dusty trail towards town.

Sarah glanced back at her sisters and knew she was doing the only thing she could to protect them. Thank heavens it had been her that attempted to pull out the ax when the sheriff showed up. Her sisters were too young to share the fate she now had. Their uncle was a good decent man, and they would be safe with him. The youngest brother of her father, he'd always lived in fear of his older brother. He just hadn't had the strength or courage to face her father. With a small wave and a brave smile, she turned back and looked straight ahead. That was where her future was. And God only knew what it would hold for her.

The bride lottery was very common in a west where women were far and few. Often considered the more delicate sex, men had started objecting when women were brought to trial with the intent to serve jail time. Why all a woman really needed was a firm hand from the man in her life. She couldn't be held responsible for actions that could have been prevented by the right man.

Thus the lottery was created and religiously adhered to in some small western towns. Sarah's being one of them. She could only pray for the day when women were more than possessions to be passed from father to husband, and if her spouse died before she did, then to a son or son-in-law unless she was young enough to marry again. She wanted more than that. But for now there was nothing she could do except wait for the lottery to begin.

Sarah paced the inside of the cell scared out of her mind as she viewed the constant parade of men who kept coming in with hopes of persuading the sheriff to add their name to the lottery drawing. Some of them looked downright scary and mean like her daddy. Some of them looked like they had no idea what it meant to be clean or even attempt such a feat. And some of them looked to be around the age her grandfather would have been. At least she knew that her sisters were okay. Deputy James had come in earlier with the news that their uncle was there and taking care of the girls. Riley had been talking to the sheriff, but she'd listened in as she was sure they both expected her to. Deputy James casually said that her uncle would be heading into town to see Sarah as soon as possible, and she wondered if anyone had informed him about the lottery.

Just the thought of what would take place in the next few hours had her stomach in knots again. Soon she would be walking out of here with one of the men whose names were written on the folded papers on the desk. And tonight, God help her, she would be expected to play the part of wife.

She shuddered as she watched another man come in and talk to the sheriff, sending casual glances towards the cell where she and the other woman were. The rank smell of horses and sweat that he carried with him was already stinging her nostrils, and she prayed that fate wouldn't deliver her to him. Riley James shook his head, threw a sad look her way and walked out. If only she could walk out of here on his arm then she had no doubts that she would at least be well taken care of.

She paced the length of the cell again not wanting to sit like the other woman was doing. The sheriff had called her Daisy, and Sarah thought she looked like one with her blonde hair and brown eyes. Daisy was tall and willowy in her calico dress, and Sarah wondered for the hundredth time what the woman could have possibly done to end up here, in jail, about to be lotteried off as a bride to a stranger. But then again she'd done nothing herself and here she stood awaiting the same fate.

Sheriff Duckett rose from the desk and walked to the opened door. "The lottery will begin in five minutes." He took his watch out and opened it to check the time before slipping it back in his pocket.

Sarah gulped as she watched him remove his hat and start placing the folded papers inside. In a few minutes she would pluck one of those papers and give it to him. He would read whatever name appeared on it and...and then she would be given to a man, married by the reverend who should arrive any moment. She'd be a wife by nightfall to a man that she wouldn't know anything about. She dropped her head to her chest, closed her eyes and prayed to God for mercy.

Sheriff Duckett took the paper from her trembling fingers and slowly unfolded it. Sarah was so terrified that she thought she might faint before he even had the chance to read the name. There was a roaring in her ears and black spots danced around her eyes. This was it. This was the beginning of the rest of her life. She blinked rapidly to ward off the tears she could feel stinging. She refused to cry in front of a roomful of strangers. Especially when one of them would be her husband in just a few minutes. Finally, she just squeezed her eyes tight and took a deep breath. Good or bad this was the hand fate had dealt her.

Sheriff Duckett read the name and she froze. She blinked once, twice then opened her eyes wide with disbelief. The sheriff smiled down at her, and she shook her head back and forth in confusion. She hadn't seen him put his name on one of the papers as the others had. But then he entered the room and came towards her. The sheriff asked him something and he agreed. They stepped over before the reverend and, in a blur, she was married.

Her husband took her elbow and led her from the jailhouse. She glanced up still not sure of how this had happened. Her husband was tall, at least a foot taller than her, with wavy black hair and piercing blue eyes. He was clean shaven and always smelled clean, so she knew he bathed.

"Where are we going?" she asked hesitantly.

He glanced down at her briefly before letting his eyes continue their constant scanning of the street around them. "Home."

"You live in town?"

"Just past Mackenzie's stable." Another brief reply was all she got.

She was almost running to keep up with him but he didn't seem to notice. He seemed in a hurry to get them home. She wondered if he was dropping her off before he headed back to work. She had no idea what hours he kept or even what duties his job entailed. Sarah was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she didn't realise they were there until she was pulled to a stop in front of the house she figured would be her new home.

He scooped her up in his arms, making her gasp, before he headed up the steps to the front door.

"Welcome home, Mrs. James," he said as he set her on her feet just inside the door then reached back, closing it behind them.

"Are you going back to work?" It was the only thing Sarah could think to ask as she watched Riley remove his hat and hang it on the peg beside the door.

"No," he said as he took her hand and led her across the open space to the only closed door. She knew it was the bedroom even before he opened it, had no doubt exactly where he was taking her. Still, it took her breath away when he sat on the bedside and leaned down to remove his boots.

He stood in his stocking feet and began to unbutton his shirt before pulling it free of the pants he wore leaving it opened down his chest.

"What are you doing?" she whispered as he reached down to carefully remove his gun belt from his waist then casually placed it on the table beside the bed within easy reach. His chest was covered with a smattering of black hair that trailed in a thick line down to disappear under the waistband of his pants. His shoulders were broad and strong. Her eyes followed the line of his arms down to his hands where they were reaching to undo his pants. There was a bulge there that seemed to be growing even as she watched.

"I'm going to bed my wife," he stated and her eyes flew to his.

There would be no easing into being his wife, no day to get adjusted to the idea. Tonight, he would claim her as a man claimed his wife. Tonight, she would truly become his. Mrs. Riley James.

“Take your clothes off, Sarah.”

She knew it wasn't a suggestion. He stood there in front of her, the bed looming large behind her. She took a deep breath and slowly released it. She was his now, legally, and there wasn't a thing she could do but comply.

Chapter Two

Riley watched her as he had for so long. He'd always had his eyes on Sarah and the old man had known it. Riley had been angry when Duckett brought her into town to be part of the bride lottery. He knew she hadn't killed the vile bastard she'd been stuck with as a father, and he knew the sheriff knew it as well. He'd been ready to throw her over his shoulder and fight off anyone who tried to stop him when the crazy son of a bitch had unfolded the paper Sarah chose and read Riley's name from it.

Riley had almost faltered. He knew he hadn't put his name in the drawing. And yet there was no doubt that it was his name Duckett had called. And who was he to question how such a gift had been given to him? He'd never figured on getting married, not with his past occupation as a Texas Ranger or his current job as sheriff's deputy. Neither occupation usually allowed for family, or, hell, even long life expectancy for that matter. But if marriage was the only way he could have Sarah then he would take it.

He glanced across the room at his wife. His wife. And marvelled again at how beautiful she was. Her red hair was in a braid down her back that hung below her waist, and he couldn't wait to unravel it and feel her hair on him, around him, brushing over his chest, his thighs, his cock. He almost groaned aloud at the thoughts racing through his mind. He felt his body tighten further with desire and need.

He must have made some small noise because Sarah looked up, her green eyes showing her uncertainty. He knew she was afraid, but he had no choice. He had to bed her, claim her fully before someone questioned his name in the lottery. Someone had to have noticed that he never put his name on one of those little papers. Sarah was a beautiful young woman, and he'd seen mobs formed over less. She had to be his and no one else's.

She appeared so small almost a foot shorter than his six-foot-one-inch frame. But her chest filled out the blue gingham dress she wore, and he couldn't wait to see her out of it. Her pale skin was the perfect contrast to the fire of her hair with just a dusting of freckles across her face that made him wonder if she had them on other parts of her body. Her waist was small, easily spanned by his hands. Her green eyes dominated her face, easily the most beautiful eyes he'd ever seen.

Her hands worked the buttons on the dress so slowly that he thought he might embarrass them both if she didn't hurry. He'd waited so long, wanted her for what felt like an eternity. And now, tonight, he would finally have her. Every delectable inch of her. His. She was his now for the rest of their lives. He prayed they would live a long time. Heaven knew that he would never get enough of Sarah.

He kept his pants on even after he unfastened them. No sense in scaring her further with the sight of his hardened cock. He knew it was flushed with his desire, could feel the swelling of his balls as the last of her clothes finally fell to her feet. He caught his breath. Sheer perfection. That was what she was. He did groan this time, loud and long. He prayed he could keep his control long enough to make sure he didn't hurt her more than was normal for a first time.

More than anything he wanted her to enjoy their lovemaking, to desire sex with him. He wanted to make it more than good for her.

"Come here." His voice was gruffer than he intended, but his body was so filled with lust that he was lucky to still be able to speak in coherent words at all.

She was afraid. He could see it in her eyes, but still she straightened her shoulders and moved across the small space towards him. It tugged at his chest the way she faced whatever came her way with courage and a strength that he had rarely witnessed in men much less a young woman. There was fire in his Sarah. He'd always known that there would be. He hoped that he would be able to ignite the flames higher and not put them out for good.

She stopped just in front of him, and it was all he could do to keep his hands from reaching out and touching her. His eyes touched briefly on the curve of her shoulder, the full globes of her breasts, the softness of her stomach, the red curls that covered her mound. They all called to him begging for his touch.

"Undo your hair."

She looked surprised by his request but there was no hesitation as she reached back for her braid to do his bidding. Her firm breasts lifted with her arms as she reached back to pull the tail of her braid over one shoulder, and he couldn't mask the hungry sound that left his throat. His hands lifted of their own accord until he held that glorious weight in his palms. His thumbs reached up to rub across the pink puckers of her nipples, and his mouth watered with anticipation.

Sarah gasped and trembled beneath his touch. But she didn't pull away. Her hands had stilled on her hair. She seemed as lost in the sensations of his hands on her flesh as he was. She felt perfect, her skin soft and warm. His thumbs continued to rub her hardened nubs, back and forth, before circling around them.

"Finish your hair, Sarah," he whispered to her. He couldn't wait to see all that fiery colour swirling around them. That was her crowning glory, and he wanted to bathe in it, wanted to feel those curls all over his body.

She hesitated another moment, a shudder wracking through her body, before letting her hands continue to unwind the braid. She worked quickly until finally it was finished. She shook her head gently, and her hair fell in waves to lick at the top curve of her buttocks. Some poured forward over her shoulders, slipping over and around her breasts and his hands. She was beautiful, everything that he had known she would be. And if he didn't feel her skin on his, taste her flesh with his lips and tongue soon then there would be no gentleness in his touch. His lust was too strong, too powerful and consuming to wait much longer.

"I need you, Sarah." His voice shook with that need. "I've wanted you for so long. Tell me you're not afraid. Tell me that you won't hate me. Because, God help me, but I can't go much longer without feeling you on my skin."

Sarah caught her breath. His fingers on her breasts were like nothing she had ever known. Sensations were rippling through her body, so many new vibrations under her skin that she felt strange, her body heavy. Her breasts ached for more of his touch, for more of anything that he would give her. And between her legs she could feel a liquid slicking her thighs. She ached there to.

She knew the basics of what was going to happen between her and Riley. Her mother had been sure to tell all her daughters when they turned thirteen about the happenings between a man and his wife. But that talk had been long ago. And knowing what was supposed to happen and experiencing it were two different things. She was scared, of what he was making her feel and of what she knew he expected from her. But a part of her was eager as well. She was a very lucky woman to be experiencing her first time with a man like Riley James. Funny thing was that when she had dreamed of her first time, he was the man who always filled her fantasies. How was that for a twist of fate?

“Sarah.”

His groan pulled her from her thoughts, and she realised that she had not answered his plea. She reached out tentatively towards his chest. A soft moan left her lips when her hands found purchase on his flesh. The hair was rough against her palms, and the thought of how it would feel against her nipples had more moisture coating her sex and thighs. She let her hands slide up his chest to his shoulders, and she pushed his opened shirt off and down his arms so that he stood in just his unfastened pants and stockings. He looked so rugged and masculine.

“No, I won’t hate you,” she whispered, moving closer into him. “I’ve thought about my first time, Riley. I’ve dreamed about it. And, in every fantasy, it was always with you.”

Her confession barely left her lips before he crushed her to him, his lips staking a claim, possessing her. He swept her up into his arms never breaking the seal of his mouth over hers. She barely registered the cool feel of the bed beneath her back before the heat of Riley hovering over her consumed all of her attention. Somewhere along the way, he’d shed the rest of his clothes so that nothing kept his flesh from hers.

He was hard and thick where he rested against the inside of her thigh. She could feel him there, larger than she had imagined, but his kiss possessed her to the point that rational thought was beyond her. How could one man unleash so many conflicting emotions in her? She felt fear and anxiety, but it was all overshadowed by a need for something more, something that would change the person she was.

His hand stroked over her flesh until his fingers reached the curls between her legs. She was embarrassed by the moisture that coated her and now him. But the groan that left his lips made her think he enjoyed the dampness there. His mouth left hers to blaze a trail of heat down her throat to her collar bone. His teeth nipped at her flesh, and his tongue touched every inch of skin on his mouth’s journey. His lips hovered over her breast. His tongue glided around the puckered centre, and her breasts grew tighter, heavier, until she felt a tingling that streaked a trail straight to her womb. She wanted his mouth there, wanted to feel his lips close over her nipple and suck greedily from it as a babe would its mother. Was it so wrong to desire such a sinful pleasure? Did it make her a whore to want such things even if they were from her husband?

A scream tore from her throat as he bombarded her senses with too many sensations. His mouth did what she wanted and closed tight over her flesh sucking greedily from it. His

teeth nipped at her then his tongue soothed and enflamed before the suction began again. It seemed to pull an imaginary string that linked her engorged nipple to her secret woman's place where his fingers were doing naughty things that felt so right.

His fingers spread the lips of her pussy wide so his thumb could stroke over the swollen bud of her clitoris. He applied a gentle pressure that had her arching into his touch, screaming from the pleasure that wracked her body. One finger slipped inside, rubbing against the walls of her channel, stretching and teasing her. He caressed until the finger was deep inside her then he wiggled it, igniting a blistering heat that felt like it might kill her. In and out he glided his finger, thumb never stopping its sensual attack on her pleasure bud. His mouth moved from one breast to the other until both felt swollen from his attention.

Something was happening. Something scary and unnerving. It felt as if she were close to bursting, a pressure growing tighter and tighter in her womb until she felt she might splinter into a million pieces if he didn't stop what he was doing. And yet it felt so good that she never wanted him to stop what he was doing. And then he did. His mouth left her breasts, and she cried out at the loss of Riley's mouth against her. He caught her glance for a moment, and she felt drowned in the passion that lit his eyes. He wanted her. And, right or wrong, she wanted him more and more with every breath she took.

He bent his head and his tongue flicked over her stomach, dipping into her belly button before journeying further down her body. Then the ultimate pleasure was taken from her as his thumb left her.

"No," she cried but the words had barely left her mouth when he was there. His mouth closed over her bud, sucking on it as he had her nipples. It was too much. The invisible cord pulled taut then snapped sending her not falling but flying, soaring through the air in a million pieces. Her hips arched into his face, her hands fisted in the covers on the bed. She threw back her head, her mouth open as incoherent sounds left her. Never had she imagined such pleasure could be found in the marriage bed.

Slowly, she came back to herself, a lethargy consuming her body that made her wonder how any woman could handle such satisfaction on a daily basis. And oh how she prayed that Riley would want such devilment daily. She felt him shift above her, felt his mouth and fingers leave her. He used his hands to press her legs wider, to push her knees up and out, opening her still further to him. His shaft pressed into the opening where his fingers had just been and slowly he began to push inside her.

This was it. This was the moment that Riley had been waiting for. He had Sarah's juices on his face, on his tongue, and he had never tasted anything sweeter than his wife. She had exploded for him, holding nothing back from him. It was what he had always hoped for in a wife, on the rare occasions when he thought of taking one. He wanted a woman that was unafraid of the pleasures a man could give her, could share with her. He'd seen the passion in Sarah's eyes but even he hadn't imagined how uninhibited she would be.

He glanced down at her, taking in the relaxed posture, the flushed glow of her skin and knew that, from this moment on, he was hers as much as she was his. He pushed her thighs wide and eased his body up over her. Without thought, he manoeuvred her knees up and out spreading her as wide as he could without hurting her. With one hand he braced his weight up while he reached down with the other to guide his shaft to her opening. She was wet, so wet from his oral ministrations that he prayed it would not hurt her too badly. He'd never bedded a virgin, but he'd heard stories and would give anything to spare her the pain that was inevitable with a woman's first time.

He pressed in until the head of his cock entered her slick pussy. When the dazed look didn't leave her face, he began rocking his hips, sliding a little deeper with every thrust. When he was halfway in, she panted bringing his full attention to her face and the tears that swam in her eyes.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked afraid of her answer, afraid that either way he wouldn't be able to stop though God help him he would try.

"It's starting again, Riley," she whispered as if she were afraid to give voice to what she felt. "Every time you move, the tension builds higher, and I don't think I can survive that again so soon."

Riley caught his breath. She was feeling pleasure from him, enough that she was building to another release. Yes, Sarah was definitely the woman he had always dreamed of, hoped for.

"Just relax, sweetheart," he urged her. "It will feel a thousand times better this time, because this time we'll be riding it together."

She caught her bottom lip between her teeth, and he had to lean down and lick it. He took her mouth with his, nipping her bottom lip with his teeth until she opened for him. His

tongue invaded, explored and claimed. And in that moment when she was so wrapped in his kiss, he thrust home, seating his cock in her.

Sarah broke from him, pulling her mouth from him and crying out. Tears leaked from her eyes and only when he felt the ripples of her sheath around his cock did he know that it was from pleasure and not pain. Or perhaps from a mixture of both. Either way, he let himself go, pumping into her faster than he had planned. Then he was there with her, his scrotum taut where it lay beneath his shaft. He clenched his buttocks as fiery shards of pleasure shot from his cock to his sac then streaked up his spine. Never had he felt such pleasure with a woman.

It was in that moment that he realised something that it seemed the good sheriff must have already figured out. In the time Riley had been watching Sarah, he had gone and done the one thing he'd sworn he never would. He had fallen in love.

Chapter Three

Sarah awoke to the feel of Riley's mouth on her skin. He was licking at her shoulder and neck, his hands taking free reign to explore every inch of her that he could reach. It was still dark in the bedroom, and she had no idea what time it was. He lifted her arm that was closest to him above her head, and let his mouth kiss down her side to just under her breast. He licked the globe, letting his tongue explore the fullness of her without making one move towards her nipple. It was already hard for him. And eager. So eager for the touch of his mouth, his lips and tongue and the sharp sting of his teeth.

She moaned and turned into him, coming onto her side before him.

"I didn't mean to wake you," he said, but they both knew it was a lie. He wanted her again. She could see it in his eyes, feel the evidence of his renewed desire against her thigh.

"I'm glad you did," she whispered still a little uncertain of what reaction he expected from her. Was it okay to enjoy this with him? That was one thing that her mother had never said, referring to sex with a husband only as an obligation and nothing more.

"I want you again, Sarah."

Riley's eyes were right in front of her, and there was no missing the light of desire that shone there. His hand slipped down between their bodies to brush lightly against the juncture of her thighs. His fingers slid between the curls. "Are you too sore? I don't want to hurt you."

She was sore. Earlier had been her first time with a man. But she did want him again.

"We can do it again if you want to," she whispered, but she couldn't quite meet his eyes.

He tilted her head with his other hand while the first continued to play. "You don't ever have to fear me, Sarah. I'll never intentionally hurt you."

She nodded but that wasn't her greatest fear.

"And I'll never leave your bed for another woman's."

She gasped. How could he have known what she was thinking?

Riley grinned down at her. "It was written all over your face, sweetheart. Plus I know the man your father was. I won't ever be like that." He bent and brushed his mouth against

hers. "I want you, Sarah. I have for a long time. Earlier, making love with you was better than anything in this world. I love your passion. I love that you don't hold back from me."

"You're not angered by it? You don't think of me as a whore?" She had to voice the questions in her head, had to know where things stood.

"Never." His voice was hard, and there was a different fire in his eyes. "It makes me sick to know young women are taught that sex between a man and a woman is something to be done quickly and in the dark. Only for the purpose of creating a baby. There is no shame in what we do in this bed, what we do with and for each other. You're my wife now, Sarah, and I am your husband. It will be an awfully cold relationship if there is no passion between us."

"So what I did, the sounds I made. You're okay with all of that?" She was afraid to believe the sincerity of his words, afraid to fall even more in love with her husband.

"With all of that and so much more. There are so many ways that we can love, Sarah. So many ways we can find and share pleasure. I want to share them all with you."

He bent to her lips once more. His kiss was soft but no less passionate for its subtleness. He licked the seam of her lips until she opened for him then softly invaded her mouth. His tongue was slow and thorough in its exploration, and she tentatively moved her tongue against his.

Riley groaned. "Yes, that's it. Explore me. Learn my body as I'm learning yours. No fear, Sarah. There's no room for it in this bed."

Sarah stroked her tongue across his lips and, when he didn't open to her, she nipped softly at his bottom lip. He groaned and, shyly, she eased her tongue between his lips and inside the warm, wet cavern of his mouth. He let her explore for the barest of moments before sucking at her tongue and seizing control from her.

Both hands came up to cup her shoulders and draw her flush against him. Flesh to flesh, heat to heat. He was all hard planes and corded muscle, and he felt incredible against her. She pressed even closer crushing her breasts against his chest, trapping his rock hard arousal against her thigh.

She moaned around his kiss, wiggling her body in an attempt to get closer. She wanted to crawl under his skin and feel what he felt. It couldn't possibly be as good as what she felt, and yet his actions and sounds made her think otherwise. She twisted her body, trying to position herself just right for his possession.

Riley stopped her by sliding his hands down to her hips and moving his lower body away.

"Not yet, sweetheart," he whispered in her ear. "You're sore and I don't want to hurt you."

Sarah groaned and tried to move her hips, but he stilled her again.

"I want you, Riley. I can take it. Please," she begged. "I need you, Riley. I need to feel you like I did before."

Riley couldn't stop looking at Sarah. She looked unsure but he knew exactly what she was asking for. She was already burning for him and knowing that made his own arousal sharper. He eased her over onto her back and moved close to her side. Her eyes were filled with passion, a passion that he had ignited, one that burned only for him. He was a very lucky man.

He leaned down and sampled softly of her lips, torturing them both by waiting to sink deeper into the kiss, into her. But he couldn't hold back for long and soon they were both exploring each other with hands while their tongues rubbed and twined. She wasn't as shy now and whether it was his words or actions that released her from her inner fears, all he knew was that he was grateful.

Slowly, he moved from her kiss, letting his lips edge out towards her cheek and over to the delicate shell of her ear. From there, he moved down the smooth column of her neck then over to spend some time at the base of her throat. She was soft, so soft beneath him. And he loved the taste of her skin, doubted if he would ever get enough of it. He lifted his mouth just long enough to let his eyes look their fill of her glorious breasts. They were perfect, just enough to fill his palms. She moaned and a shudder moved through her, seeming to make her nipples even harder and tighter than they already were. With a groan of his own, he dove back down, securing one of those sweet berries between his lips and sucking greedily from it. Back and forth he went between her breasts, giving both equal attention. He used his lips, tongue and teeth equally, drawing out the pleasure for both of them. When she arched and cried out, he paused unbelieving of what had just happened. Sarah had reached a release with only his mouth on her breasts.

He moved quickly down the rest of her body, spreading her thighs wide with his shoulders until his mouth hovered over the dewy centre of her still pulsing pussy. He could

smell the scent of her pleasure, and it drove him wild. He bent and licked her slit, eager to taste her desire. It was as good as he remembered, maybe even better, and he couldn't get enough. He drove his tongue as far into her channel as he could reach and fucked her with it, driving her pleasure higher and higher.

Sarah cried out, her fingers twining in his hair. She didn't know if she wanted to hold him there or shove him away. His tongue was driving her insane. The feel of his whiskers was making her mad with desire. How could something so pleasurable happen between a man and a woman and no one talk about it? How could she not have known how fantastic it would be, could be? She wanted to scream her happiness to the entire town, not caring who knew the pleasure she and Riley found with one another.

Riley's tongue and fingers were working magic again, and she could feel her body gathering for another explosion, a much bigger one. She didn't know if she could survive it.

"Riley," she cried out his name as she felt her body fly high. Higher and higher she flew until it felt as if she were shattering into pieces that took off in a million different directions. She couldn't breathe, couldn't catch her breath. Spots danced in front of her eyes, and she was afraid she was going to pass out. Then Riley was there, his face looming over her and the love in his eyes made her own water.

Air whooshed into her lungs and, as she gasped, Riley's grin came clearly into focus above her. The man was amazing, absolutely amazing. He shifted position and she felt the nudge of his erection against her thigh, a subtle reminder that although she had found her pleasure he was still aroused. She went to shift so he could find relief with her, in her, but he only smiled at her and rolled to his side beside her.

"No, sweetheart. You're still sore."

"But you still..." She motioned towards him with her hand, flushing at his laugh.

"It won't be the first time I've gone to sleep with a hard-on, Sarah," he told her.

An idea filled her head, and he must have seen it in her eyes.

"What's going on in that head of yours?" he asked her.

"What if I used my mouth on you?" she questioned him and was intrigued when his eyes lit up and a groan left his mouth. "Would you like it as much as I do?"

"Probably more," he told her then shook his head. "But you don't have to, Sarah."

“You didn’t have to either, Riley,” she whispered to him as she rolled to her side and pushed his shoulders to get him flat on his back on the bed. She laughed at how easy it was, and he grinned up at her. She let her hands wander over his chest and shoulders.

“Let me love you, Riley, like you do me. Let me give you the pleasure that I can.”

She held his gaze, unsure but eager, and only when he nodded did she let her eyes move over his body until they rested on the rock-hard penis between his legs. A dot of fluid appeared on the head, and it was pure instinct to lean down and lick it off. His smell was musky, his taste both salty and sweet. It was like nothing she’d ever tasted before, and when he moaned and gently stroked his fingers through her hair, she lost the last bit of fear she had.

She gently wrapped one hand as far around him as she could. She was awed by the softness of the skin covering such a rock-hard part of him. She licked over the head again and then again, hungry for more of his unique taste. All along the head, she let her tongue bathe him, taking particular delight in slipping her tongue into the groove just on the underside of the head.

Riley groaned, his fingers momentarily tightening in her hair. “Lord, woman. You’re going to kill me.”

She giggled at the tortured sound of his voice and looked up at him. His eyes were so dark and intense, the hunger on his face easily seen. He was enjoying her efforts at pleasuring him, and that only made her want to try even harder.

She bent again and licked all along his shaft, leaving no inch of skin untasted. Riley was moaning softly, his legs unable to lie still on the bed. She eased her mouth lower to glide her tongue along the rounded globes that rested just below his cock. They were tight, and she revelled in the taste that clung to them. It was the taste of him and her, of the sex they had shared earlier, and it was the most intoxicating flavour she’d ever experienced.

“Use more of your mouth,” Riley encouraged her. “Take it in your mouth.”

Eager to please, Sarah sucked one of the globes gently into her mouth. Riley’s hips shot up off the bed startling Sarah.

“Did I hurt you?” she questioned suddenly afraid that she had done something wrong.

Riley reached one hand out and caressed her cheek with his fingers. “No, of course not. You just startled me for a moment. I’ve never had anyone do that before.”

"But you told me to do it." Sarah couldn't help the blush that stole over her flesh. "You said to use my whole mouth," she whispered.

Riley grinned unrepentantly at his bride. "I meant on my cock, Sarah. Not on the sac beneath it."

"Oh." She could feel her skin glowing brighter and glanced down. But Riley wouldn't let her look away.

"Remember what I said, Sarah." He tipped her head back up to him and held her eyes with his. "There is no shame in what takes place between us in this bed. You're my wife and trust me when I say that I love how willing you are to please me."

Sarah smiled softly at him. "So can I try again?"

"Hell yes," Riley groaned.

Sarah wrapped her hand once more around Riley's length and sighed as she let her head move up and down. He just felt so incredible to her. So hard and yet so soft. Then there was another drop of fluid, and she wanted it on her tongue again. She bent and let her tongue dip inside the slit to ensure she could savour every bit of liquid that rested there.

Riley moaned and wrapped one hand in her hair again, anchoring her to him and affording him some control of her actions. With a soft pressure, he urged her mouth closer and, remembering his words, she opened her mouth as wide as she could and let him guide her into place. The rounded head slipped past her lips and teeth, and she closed both over him until only the top most part of his cock was in her mouth. She sucked gently on him, letting her tongue move all over and around his flesh. His groan triggered one from her, which only seemed to excite him more.

"Take more of me inside, Sarah," he urged her and put movement into play. His fingers applied gentle pressure to her scalp, holding her head in place. Then his hips began a soft slow upward thrust that had her taking a little bit more of his length with every shallow movement.

Sarah wasn't sure what she was supposed to do. He seemed to enjoy the suction and tongue play so she continued them. Allowing her tongue to moisten every inch of new flesh that was introduced, she made sure that with every downward pull she kept his cock-head firmly in her mouth by applying suction. Every thrust brought more of him until she felt him push towards the back of her throat. She gagged against her wishes and Riley pulled some of his cock back out.

Instead of being upset, he seemed to have measured how much she could take of him and, wrapping his fingers around hers, he worked their hands over the inches left while thrusting the rest in and out of her mouth. Sarah sucked hungrily, eager for more of his taste. And she wasn't disappointed.

Riley tried to tug her away from him.

"I'm going to spill." He pulled gently at her hair but Sarah refused to relinquish her hold on him. "I can't stop, honey." He groaned and his hips thrust a little faster. "I can't stop!" he shouted and that was when it happened.

An explosion of taste washed across her tongue, filling her mouth with a flavour that was all Riley. He was smooth like the warm cream that floated to the top of fresh milk. She swallowed and sucked and licked eagerly for more until, with a groan, Riley urged her to ease up and let go.

"A man can only take so much pleasure, Mrs. James." His smile was that of a happy man or at least she hoped it was. "Come up here, honey," he urged her and helped her slide up his body until she rested comfortably at his side, her head cradled on his chest. "Your hair feels just as I imagined," he murmured. And with those cryptic words Sarah fell back to sleep.

Chapter Four

When Sarah awoke again, it was to the delicious smell of food. Riley stood in the doorway with his hands filled with two plates. As he walked closer to the bed, she saw that it was ham and eggs with fried bread. She could smell the aroma of coffee and was embarrassed when her stomach growled in hunger.

But Riley only laughed. "I'd be surprised if you weren't as starved as I am, Mrs. James. All that exercise we participated in worked up a good appetite I bet."

He handed her one of the plates complete with utensil on top. He sat beside her and, still grinning, dug into the food on the plate he still held. That was all she needed to see before she did the same. Who knew that sexual relations could work up such a hunger? Then she blushed because food wasn't the only thing she was hungry for this morning. She wanted Riley again. His kiss, his touch, and heaven help her, but she wanted to feel the wicked sensations he stirred when he was deep inside her.

"Thinking carnal thoughts, honey?" he asked her and laughed out loud when she blushed bright red. "You better eat then so that you have energy for the rest of the morning plans."

"Plans?" Sarah was a little nervous now that morning was here. It seemed that with the return of light came the return of all her fears and anxieties.

"First, a nice bath," Riley glanced through the door into the outer room. "The water should be almost perfect by the time you're done."

"A bath," she sighed at just the mention of soaking in a tub, washing her body and hair.

"I'll help you wash your hair," Riley continued. "Then we'll give you a nice rub down, make sure you aren't too sore." He grinned wickedly at her. "And then maybe we can make sure that last night wasn't just beginner's luck."

Sarah laughed. Riley just seemed to bring the joy out in her. "That sounds heavenly," she told him and settled down to finish her breakfast and start her day.

It was just as heavenly as he'd described. He soaped her from head to toe, stopping at all the interesting places in between and making sure she was very clean. Then he had

wrapped her in a towel, wrapped her hair in another towel, and made quick use of the water himself. Now, she sat between his legs on the bed while he brushed her hair.

He seemed fascinated by the different colours in it and kept commenting on how it shimmered like fire. She'd never felt so adored and treasured before. All her life, she'd been the practical one, the caretaker. Especially once her mother had passed on. But now with Riley, she was a woman. She prayed her husband's attentiveness would always remain.

Riley shifted behind her then his hands returned without the brush. He ran his fingers through her hair and turned her face back to him.

"You are the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen, Sarah." He seemed to breathe the words into her. His mouth lingered over hers, but he didn't seem inclined to close the space and kiss her. Instead, he glided over to her ear and let his tongue explore the tiny cavern there.

Sarah shivered at the sensations he stirred and shuddered as he continued. She felt her nipples harden and push against the towel she still wore. Then Riley traced a wet sensuous path down her neck to the top of her shoulder. She felt lost in him, lost in the myriad of sensations he easily created in her.

His hands slid around to the front and, with one tug, the towel fell from her so she sat naked between his legs. Riley had slipped his pants back on but that was the only clothing that lay between them. He tugged her until she reclined with her back to his chest. His hands ran over her shoulders, down her arms to her hands then over to her stomach. He rubbed small soft circles there for what felt like long moments.

Sarah tilted her head so she could glance back to his face. Riley's eyes were closed, a smile on his lips, and she wondered if he had fallen back to sleep. Then his hands slipped up to cup her breasts, his fingers plucking at her engorged nipples. Sarah caught her breath as his eyes opened and locked with hers. Such fire in their depths, such passion and desire. All for her. Her husband wanted her. It was enough to make any woman's head spin.

She made a move to turn, but his hands held her in place.

"Don't move, sweetheart," he whispered to her. "I want to hold you for a bit, touch you. Your skin is so soft. You stun me with your beauty."

Sarah blushed, unsure of what to say to such compliments. "Thank you."

Riley slipped one hand up to cup her chin and tilted her head further back to him, opening her to his caress. "I hope that you always stay this way, Sarah. I hope that you always find pleasure in my touch."

"I hope that you do in mine as well," she replied softly all of her insecurity and fears reflected in her eyes.

Riley smiled down at her before bending to close the distance between them. His lips were soft and gentle at first. A gentle touch followed by the slow glide of his tongue over her bottom lip, the soft nip of his teeth on her top one. She opened to him readily, eager to drown in his kiss. And Riley didn't disappoint her. He took her mouth, possessed and conquered it until she lay weak against him, panting for air.

"I want you, Sarah. I want to lose myself in you, have you lost in me." He ran one hand back down over her stomach and let the fingers sift through her dewy curls. "Can you take me again so soon? I don't want to hurt you."

"Yes," Sarah breathed out, nodding her head in agreement. "Oh, please, Riley."

He urged her forward just a bit, helping her until she was on her knees facing away from him. But when she went to turn to face him, he stayed her with his hand.

"I want to try something with you, Sarah. They say that this position can be very stimulating for a woman." He came up on his knees behind her and kissed her shoulder. "Will you trust me?" She turned her head, and he looked down into her eyes. "If you're uncomfortable at any time, I promise that we'll stop."

Sarah nodded her head. To be honest she would trust Riley with her life. She'd always been awed by him. Marriage and the marriage bed had only intensified those feelings.

"I want you to go down on your hands." He pushed gently at her shoulders, guiding her until she was in the middle of the bed on her hands and knees. He left the bed long enough to shuck his pants then rejoined her, moving onto the bed behind her on his knees.

He nudged her legs apart until he could comfortably fit between them. Then he placed his hands on the small part of her back just above her bottom and pressed until she arched down. She wasn't sure about this position, but she was sure of one thing. Anything that led to Riley doing more of what they had done last night was worth a try.

Riley caught his breath as Sarah moved into the position he wanted. She looked perfect with her ass high in the air. Her legs were parted and he could see the folds of her pussy flushed pink and coated with her desire.

He slipped a hand between them, and let two fingers slide inside her wet core. Their groans mingled and filled the air. He hoped hers was in pleasure. He knew his was. She was so snug and tight around his fingers, so wet and ready for him. He couldn't wait any longer. He had to have her right now. He withdrew his fingers and moved into place behind her using one hand to guide his cock into place.

He entered her, slow and easy, doing his best to be gentle with her. But the position was exactly what he wanted allowing him greater access to her. Her hips were flared before him, her hair a tangle of curls that flowed all around her. He cupped her hips in his palms and held her as he eased his cock in and out of her tight heat. She felt so good to him. Her pussy tugged at him, reluctant to let his cock slide out. It was as if they were made exactly for each other. Sex had never been this good for him, never.

He increased the speed of his strokes, riding Sarah a little faster. He didn't want to hurt her but Lord, he wanted to fuck his wife hard and fast. He was holding onto his control by a thumbnail, ready to break at any moment. Sarah cried out beneath him. Her hips arched deeper, and he felt her flood of pleasure on his next inward glide.

Control fled, unleashing the animal in Riley. He tightened his grip on her hips and fucked Sarah just as he had imagined. Hard fast strokes of his cock deep inside her pussy that had her screaming in renewed pleasure. He shook his head, fast approaching his own release, but trying to focus on what she was saying.

It was his name. His name on her lips as she fell head first into another sweet release with him hard on her heels. He pushed deep, lifting her knees slightly off the bed and holding her tight while he spilled inside her. He could easily envision a long life with Sarah by his side and hoped that was what fate had in store for them.

He lowered her slowly back to her knees but when he would have moved to separate them Sarah reached back and held his hip with her hand.

"Don't move yet, Riley," she stated softly. "I want to feel you inside me just a little bit longer."

He groaned again and almost laughed as his softening cock twitched with renewed interest. Instead, he eased them forward until she lay soft beneath him. He balanced his

weight on his hands, braced on either side of her shoulders but let his hips stay snug to hers giving her what she wanted. He bent to kiss one lovely white shoulder using his lips to nudge some of her red curls to the side.

Sarah sighed softly and turned her head to meet his eyes. "I think that I just might love you, Riley James."

His eyes flared with surprise then darkened with pleasure. "I reckon I just might be in love with you as well, Sarah James."

She smiled beautifully up at him and let her eyes slip closed, falling almost instantly to sleep. He eased away being careful not to disturb her with his movements. He had never really believed that he would find a woman to marry and spend his life with. But someone had felt otherwise. His uncle had always told him to never stop dreaming. And the old man had made sure that Riley got what he wanted even when Riley wasn't sure what it was.

He glanced back down at his sleeping bride and smiled tenderly. He was a lucky man indeed. He'd won the lottery and been given the best wife a man could ever hope for.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small town Indiana the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look.

So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending to do list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey. It's your world...unlaced.

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