

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

KIT  
TUNSTALL

*Semipro*

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

**Semipro**  
*Kit Tunstall*

A chance encounter and a misunderstanding have Jake thinking Sandra is a professional escort. She should be angry. She should set the record straight. She should definitely not be accompanying him to his hotel room for an erotic night of fun.

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***SEMIPRO***

**Kit Tunstall**

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Craigslist: Craigslist, Inc.

## **Chapter One**

The tall, muscular man walking into the hotel's lounge drew Sandra Cho's gaze like a magnet. His sheer size would have caught her attention anyway, but it was the way the chandelier accented the golden highlights in his sandy-blond hair that held it. She couldn't look away from his solid frame encased in a sports coat and a pair of khakis. His sleek, handsome features were equally compelling. He was the kind of man women wanted on sight, and she was no exception. Everything about him screamed that he was a perfect specimen, except for the slight limp impairing his gait.

Aware she was staring, Sandra forced her gaze back to the drink in front of her. The half-melted ice cubes had diluted the scotch to something undrinkable, but she toyed with the cork-and-mahogany coaster as the man neared. She caught her breath with a sharp inhalation when he sat down at the bar near her, leaving just one seat between them.

Her heart skittered, and she almost asked if he was Barry, though the picture of the man she was supposed to meet bore no resemblance to the man beside her. Had he been Barry, she could have almost forgiven the fact that he was an hour late. As it was, she had already written off Barry as a no-show and had been prepared to close out her tab and leave just seconds before the intriguing man had entered the bar.

Instead, she leaned forward to order a new drink that she didn't really want, just to have an excuse to linger near him. As the bartender approached, he leaned closer, evidently prepared to order at the same time.

She smiled at him, trying to indicate he should order first. When he deferred with a wave of his hand, she asked for another scotch on the rocks.

"I'll have the same," he said.

The bartender poured their drinks quickly, sliding the cut crystal glasses to each of them with an expertise born of practice. "Shall I put these on your tab, miss?"

"Yes." Sandra's affirmative echoed the man's refusal, but she nodded, saying more firmly, "Yes, please."

"Well, thank you," said the man. He lifted the glass in a half salute toward her before tossing back the contents as easily as some would swallow water. The glass met the teak bar with a little more force than necessary, and his brown-eyed gaze raked over her. "I insist on reciprocating."

"No, thank you. I'm sure I won't be drinking another." Sandra sipped the scotch, wrinkling her nose at the aftereffects. She had never acquired a taste for alcohol, so any kind was as good as the next. Fortunately, she happened to drink what he was drinking, which had precipitated an opening to speak with him.

"That hardly seems fair." He motioned to the bartender for another, adding, "Start a new tab, please."

"What's unfair about it?"

He grinned, adding appealing lines around his mouth and eyes, along with an adorable dimple. "It isn't right for me to take a drink from a beautiful lady and not give something in return."

Sandra smiled, finding his grin infectious. "You can give me the pleasure of your company. My intended companion didn't show up."

"I'd be happy to."

In one smooth motion, with only a hint of pain in his expression, he twisted and slid across the chair. She caught the slight tightening of his leg, but quickly looked away. Clearly, the man wanted no attention directed toward his injury, and she didn't want to sabotage what might end up being a pleasant meeting with unwelcome questions. As he settled, she extended her hand, "I'm Sandra."

"Jake Reynolds." His hand engulfed hers, sending darts of electricity arcing down her arm. He retained it a few seconds longer than polite, but she made no effort to pull away. When he let go, his fingers slid across her palms in a deliberately sensual manner. She shivered at the touch, surprised to have such an instant attraction to him. As a rule, she was more reserved about dating and men. Not one to jump in without looking, it was only recently that she'd ventured forth from her protective cocoon and began internet dating.

As though he'd read her mind, Jake asked, "What happened to your companion?"

Sandra shrugged, causing the spaghetti strap of her little black dress to slide halfway down her shoulder. Before she could correct its alignment, Jake pulled up the strap with a casual finger. He seemed unaffected by the action, and she tried to calm her racing heart rate. "I have no idea. I guess he stood me up." A rueful smile curved her lips. It was ironic that she had forced herself to look past her misgivings at meeting in person someone she had known merely through email, only to have Barry decide not to show.

Jake shook his head. "Unbelievable. He must be an idiot."

"Perhaps, but maybe I should be grateful." She looked up at him through half-closed eyelids, hoping the look said sexy instead of sleepy.

A deep chuckle shook his chest. "Maybe I'm the one who should be grateful. Next time you see him, thank him for me."

Sandra took a sip of the scotch. "I won't be seeing Barry again. We've never met, actually. Tonight was supposed to be our first date." She cocked her head to the side. "I suppose that term covers it."

He lifted a brow. "How's that work?"

"He answered my ad on Craigslist. I seemed to be what he was looking for, at least for tonight." She grinned. "Apparently, he found someone else he wanted more."



"His loss." He was examining her with an unreadable expression, one that made her squirm. Abruptly, his grin returned, and he gestured for another scotch, having finished his second while she talked.

Sandra watched with a fair amount of hesitation as he downed that drink almost as quickly as the previous beverages.

Her uncertainty must have shown, because he gestured to the empty glass. "It's strictly therapy, and very occasional."

"Ah." Did all alcoholics say that? Until the day he died, her father had never admitted he had a problem. She could feel herself withdrawing from Jake and began looking for excuses to leave.

"You haven't asked, but I'll tell you why I'm here. It's related to the scotch." His lips twisted. "I was having dinner with my ex-agent. I thought it was going to be a strategy session to plan out how to attract a new team after my knee heals by next season. Turns out, it was his attempt to let me down easy." His eyes darkened as his gaze settled on the ice cubes in his glass. "At thirty-nine, with an ACL injury, he doesn't think I'll find a new team. I'm no longer viable, so he dropped me."

Instinctively, she reached out to place her hand on his. "I'm sorry. That must be awful."

Jake shrugged. "Not as bad as when my ex-fiancée, who broke it off with me while I was still in the hospital, called Pete's phone when he was in the bathroom. I answered, she thought I was him, and spoke pretty intimately. All in one night, I found out my ex-agent – who used to be my best friend – is screwing the bitch who left me when she saw my NFL career coming to an abrupt end."

Sandra winced, unable to imagine how low Jake must feel after learning that. "Can I get you another?"

Jake laughed. "Nah. There's no answer to what I'll do with my life in the bottom of the scotch bottle."

"No, definitely not." Her hand was still on his, and she squeezed again. "Would you like to bounce ideas off me? I'm a good listener. I usually charge by the hour, but I'll give you a free pass." Sandra was thankful he hadn't walked into her office for therapy sessions, which would have precluded any kind of relationship besides doctor-patient.

His eyes gleamed with a strange glint as he shook his head. "Honestly, I don't want to think about the future at the moment. I just want to think about tonight."

The way his pitch lowered an octave raised the hair on the back of her neck and had her nipples tightening with excitement. Jake seemed on the brink of propositioning her, and she planned to accept. A one-night stand had never appealed to her, but that had changed from the moment she saw him. She ached for Jake with a desire she'd never experienced before, the intensity of which made her willing to go against her typical behavior. She licked her lips, leaning closer to him.

"How much for the pleasure of your company this evening?"

Sandra's mouth dropped, and she almost slapped him when it penetrated her brain that he thought she was a prostitute.

He continued, clearly oblivious to her reaction. "I've never done this before. I imagine you hear that a lot, but in my case, it's true." He winked. "I've never needed the services of a pro before. I probably don't tonight, but I want you."

She cleared her throat, not certain how to answer. Her anger had faded to stunned disbelief. A groan almost escaped, but she stifled it. Mentally reviewing their conversation, it was no wonder he'd come to that conclusion. Craigslist had a certain reputation for connecting whores and clients, though she definitely hadn't posted her dating ad in that section. She'd even said she normally charged by the hour! It was on the tip of her tongue to explain just where he'd gone wrong in his assumptions, but she closed her mouth with a click.

The taboo of the scenario appealed to her on a deeply sexual level. The thought of having no inhibitions, of surrendering her normally cerebral existence for one of pure

carnality, made her pulse race. Was there any harm in allowing the fantasy? She didn't actually intend to take his money, but surely it wouldn't hurt to indulge in a night of sex with him, to their mutual satisfaction.

"You know what? I don't care what it costs. I have a feeling you'll be worth it."

Sandra touched the tip of her tongue to the corner of her mouth. "I'm sure you'll be completely satisfied."

Her skin tingled with anticipation as Jake took out his card to settle his tab. The bartender soon returned with both their slips. Her hand shook when she signed, making her penmanship terrible. As a matter of pride, she always deviated from the stereotypical doctor's handwriting by writing clearly and legibly. Tonight, she didn't care.

When they had both put away their cards, Jake slid out of his seat, and put his hand on her lower back as she did the same. On her feet in front of him, Sandra felt more petite than usual. At five-two, she was more than a foot shorter than he was. Jake towered over her, but it left her feeling protected and secure, rather than intimidated or overwhelmed.

"Shall we get a room?" asked Jake as they exited the lounge.

Sandra nodded, trying to appear confident. "That sounds like a good idea." The tightening of her stomach made her question whether any of this was a good idea, but she ignored the attack of nerves and accompanied him to the lobby. She lingered behind him as he booked the room, and they walked to the elevator, hand in hand. When they stepped onto the car, the metal doors closing behind them, she realized there was no turning back. A quick search of her conflicting emotions yielded no pressing desire to change her mind. She wanted this, wanted Jake, and nothing was going to stand in her way—not even her own annoying voice of reason that grew ever-quieter as the elevator whisked them to their room.

## **Chapter Two**

The room was as elegant as the rest of the hotel, though she barely noticed the luxurious furnishings, dark cherry wood and silver-and-mauve color scheme. Instead, her attention shifted and remained glued to Jake. As soon as the door had clicked shut behind them, he unbuttoned his jacket and dropped it carelessly across the wingback chair nearest the door. Her mouth watered with anticipation as she waited for him to finish undressing.

Apparently, Jake wasn't in that kind of rush, because he contented himself with undoing the first button of the polo shirt he'd worn underneath. Her stomach dipped with disappointment, even though the idea of just jumping into nakedness was a bit daunting.

He sat down on the sofa, patting the cushion beside him. "Come join me, Sandra."

She laid her purse on the chair he'd chosen as a coat rack before walking over to him. Licking dry lips, she sat on the cushion beside him, wondering why she was so nervous. It was her first one-night stand, but not her first time having sex. She had lived a somewhat monk-like existence the past few years while establishing her therapy practice, but had her fair share of experience in college. There had even been time for an occasional, short-lived relationship over the years. Sex wasn't a mystery, so why was she so anxious?

Perhaps it was knowing she was about to explore the enigma of Jake Reynolds that had her nerve endings thrumming and her palms sweating. She blotted them discreetly on the satin dress.

Jake's mouth lifted in a half-grin as he pulled her back against the couch, while angling her closer to him. "Damned if I don't feel like a virgin."

A startled laugh escaped Sandra. "Me too," she admitted.

He seemed surprised. "I'd have thought you'd have more confidence, this being your line of work."

She shrugged. "Let's just say that I'm still a semipro."

It was his turn to laugh. The husky sound faded as he moved closer, lowering his head. His mouth was inches from hers. "You have the most beautiful lips. What's that lipstick called?"

"Ripe Cherry."

He exhaled raggedly. "Perfect."

"What is?" Sandra found it difficult to drag in a deep breath as his mouth edged closer to hers. Waiting for his lips to settle on hers was killing her. She curled her hands into fists against her legs.

"You." Finally Jake bridged the distance still separating them. His lips teased hers with a gentle stroke as he tentatively tasted her.

Sandra twined a hand in his thick locks, bringing him closer to deepen the kiss. His mouth curved to hers as though made by design. Heat sparked where their lips fused, spreading through her like a wildfire. She parted her lips to welcome his probing tongue. It swept into her mouth, searching the depths while eliciting shivers that raced up her spine. Lost in the moment, she had no concept of time or space. The kiss was unlike any before, burning her to the core.

Her nipples pressed against the silky lining of her dress, in turn aggravated by the friction with the material when she shifted to move closer to Jake. Sandra gasped when Jake grasped her hips to lift her onto his lap. Her thighs straddled his, and her breasts pressed against his chest. It relieved the abrasion from the lining, while the pressure from his body added a new level of sensitivity, heightening her arousal.

Jake broke the kiss to slide his mouth down her chin, across her throat, and to the bend at her neck. He caught the delicate flesh between his teeth, nipping her gently. She moaned, arching her back. He placed a hand between her shoulder blades, holding her taut against him. "You taste like ripe cherries, baby," he said against her ear. His tongue

traced her lobe, making her squirm. "So good." He drew the lobe between his teeth to graze her. Sandra clutched his hair with one hand, anchoring herself with the other around his neck.

He breathed into her ear, making her cry out. Every nerve in her body sang with arousal, stirring her to a fever pitch. "Yes, please," she said, encouraging Jake when he undid the zipper to her waist. The bodice drooped and would have fallen if the straps hadn't held it in place. With impatient movements, he slid them down her arms, and she assisted with the removal.

"Absolutely perfect," said Jake, sounding awed, when the bodice was around her waist. He cupped her breasts in his palms, squeezing lightly. "The perfect amount, the perfect texture, and the most perfect pink nipples." He thumbed them as he spoke, teasing them so that they tightened almost painfully.

"You're pretty perfect yourself." Her voice was husky with passion, sounding unlike her. She framed his face with her hands, pausing for a long kiss before speaking again. "The minute I saw you in the lounge, I thought to myself that you were a perfect specimen."

His lips twisted. "Except for a bum knee and no future."

Sandra kissed him again, aware of the tension leaving him as she worked her mouth on his, her lips tracing his. She sucked in his lower lip to nibble on it, and Jake's body jerked beneath her. "Perfect," she said against his lips.

For the moment, he seemed to have forgotten his woes. Jake lifted her higher, breaking contact with her mouth, to bring her breasts closer. She closed her eyes, letting her head fall back when he lowered his head to taste one of her breasts. Exhaling through her teeth kept her from shouting her pleasure when he licked the contour of her breast, slowly swirling his tongue around the areola before homing in on her nipple. When he sucked the bud into his mouth, she couldn't stifle a whimper. Nor could she keep her hips from bucking against his stomach. Liquid heat pooled in her pussy, and her clit pulsed with need as he sucked.

Jake tested the contours of her breast with maddening thoroughness. His tongue swirled over every inch before his lips repeated the process prior to returning to her nipple. She moaned, once again thrusting against him in search of relief. He raked his teeth across the sensitive bud, and she grasped handfuls of his hair, not sure if she wanted to end the discomfort by pushing him away, or if she wanted to pull him closer, to encourage him to bite harder.

He made the decision for her by slowly, carefully applying more pressure with his teeth. A prick of pain accompanied the action, but it faded when he soothed the nipple with his tongue. The swipe of his tongue over the peak made her cry out. In an attempt to ease the ache, she tightened her thighs around his hips and lifted herself higher to push her pussy more firmly against his tight stomach.

The material of the dress chafed her skin, and she shifted restlessly, wanting to feel her naked skin against his.

Jake cupped her hips. "What do you want, babe?"

"I want to be naked." Sandra licked her lips, still tasting his essence on them. "I want you naked so I can touch every inch of you."

He chuckled. "That's doable." As he spoke, Jake leaned forward, hands at the hem of his polo shirt.

Sandra wriggled off his lap, deliberately rubbing her pussy against his thigh in the process. Liquid heat pooled between her lips when she stood up to kick off her shoes and push down the dress. The miniscule black panties and stockings followed, landing somewhere in the vicinity of where she'd tossed aside the dress.

"You're beautiful, Sandra." Jake shed the rest of his clothes, but his eyes never left her pussy. "I can't wait to taste you."

When he'd disrobed, Jake leaned back against the couch, palms splayed on the cushions. He didn't move, making it clear that she should take the initiative. While she could easily envision climbing atop him again and sliding her body against his, it took her a moment to stride forward. She was too taken by the mouthwatering sight of his

erect cock jutting upward, as if challenging her to look away. Long and thick, it curved slightly, angling the purple head in such a way that she could see it perfectly. A drop of liquid quivered on the tip before rolling down his cock.

She yearned to intercept the droplet before it disappeared into his curly, blond pubic hair, but it was gone even as the thought crystallized.

Finally, Sandra stepped toward him, kneeling in front of the couch. Jake's sharp inhalation and the spasm of his stomach muscles betrayed his assumption that she was going to take his cock into her mouth. She gave him a wicked grin and primly kissed the tip before moving lower. She let her hands wander freely over his muscled calves while alternating kisses across each thigh.

He stiffened when she reached the injured knee. The surgery incision was healing, but still red. Carefully, Sandra kissed the wound. Jake relaxed as she moved lower with her mouth, clearly relieved she had moved on.

The scar didn't bother her, but she knew it bothered him. It didn't take a degree in psychiatry to know that. Sandra paused, moving her mouth to the knee. He started to stiffen, and she massaged the calf muscles of that leg. "It doesn't bother me."

He snorted. "You're paid not to care."

She blinked, having almost forgotten the pretense that had brought them here. Clearing her throat, she said, "You don't have to pay me for tonight, Jake. Being with you is reward enough."

He looked stunned, but she didn't wait for his expression to change. Sandra kissed the incision again, working her way upward with determination. Wanting his thoughts off the injury called for something that would definitely focus them elsewhere.

She cupped his shaft in one hand as her mouth neared the head. Sandra shifted slightly, to be more comfortable, and licked the tip of his cock. Jake jerked in her hand, and she pumped her palm up and down the length slowly, alternating between squeezing tightly and holding him loosely.

"Oh yeah," he said as she lowered her head.



Sandra detoured from the expected target to explore his balls. The soft curls posed little deterrent as she licked, nibbled and sucked him as her hand continued to work the length of him.

Sandra glanced up, pleased to see he'd thrown back his head. His eyes were closed, and the tendons in his neck had distended under the pressure of how tightly he'd clenched his teeth. In a flash, she replaced her mouth with her free hand and took his cock inside.

Jake pumped his hips in response, feeding more of his cock to Sandra. It took her a moment to adjust to the length, but relaxing her throat helped her accept all of him. While bobbing her head, she cradled his balls in her palm, stroking him gently. She tightened her palm around the base of his cock and pumped him to the rhythm she set with her head. Jake groaned and arched as she sucked him, making Sandra want to send him over the edge. It was about pleasing him, but also about asserting herself and establishing that she had the power to make him come. The idea of having authority over any aspect of a man as strong and virile as Jake thrilled her in a primal way, making her folds slicker than ever.

The convulsions from his cock pulsed against her palm, letting her know he was about to come. Sandra waited until his stomach was tight and his cock was stiffer than it had been. As he reached that moment, she slipped her finger behind his balls to massage the sensitive area there. The fluid oozing from him increased copiously, and she tongued the vee of nerves under his head.

He tangled a hand in her hair as he let loose with a shout of satisfaction. Sandra drank in his completion, milking him of the last drop as his cock spasmed several times. Even after he had stopped trembling and had gone semi-rigid, she held him between her lips for a few seconds longer.

Eventually, Sandra had to break the connection, and she met his gaze as she stood up to straddle his thighs. Satisfaction warmed his eyes, and his lazy half-smile bespoke of how much she had pleased him. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." It was such a formal response that was at odds with the intimacy of the act, but seemed appropriate. It seemed like Jake was thanking her for more than the blowjob. The therapist in her sensed he was expressing his appreciation for her acceptance of his injury.

"My turn." Jake wrapped his hand around her waist, lifting her higher.

"Um hmm." Sandra arched her hips, rubbing her pussy against his skin as he slowly dragged her up his body. The subtle changes in texture stimulated her in different ways, having her thrusting against his stomach, and then clenching her muscles when his chest hair tickled her sensitive lips.

After what seemed like an eternity, Jake finally had her where he wanted her. He had slid down while sliding her upward, and she was now kneeling on the sofa, knees on either side of his head. She held her breath when he penetrated her folds with his finger, working the digit deeply inside her. It was beyond her limits of self-control to resist thrusting against his hand. She cried out with relief when a second finger joined the first to fill her more completely.

"You have a beautiful pussy, Sandra." His breath washed over her trimmed hair, tickling and making her surge toward him, wanting to feel his mouth against her. "So tight." He wiggled the fingers inside her, as though stretching her. "I can't wait to feel this sweet, little pussy riding me."

She mumbled something unintelligible, trying to give her consent to bypass oral pleasure and just take her. Every nerve in her body sang, crying out for his cock.

"First..." He licked her slit. "Just a taste."

"More."

Jake chuckled, and her clit tightened at the rush of warm air it produced. "You sure are bossy. Ever thought about being a major-league coach?"

"My job keeps me busy enough." Sandra clenched her teeth when Jake licked her again, this time plunging his tongue inside her folds to swirl around her clit a couple of

times. When his mouth withdrew again, she could have cried with frustration. "Dammit, Jake, will you—"

When he engulfed her with his mouth, she broke off in mid-sentence, no longer capable of speaking as he sucked and licked her pussy. The heat of his invading tongue made her hotter than she'd been, and she bucked her hips, pushing down against his mouth as he sucked her clit. His fingers continued to pump into her, while he worked her clit and the surrounding area.

Being at his mercy was just as pleasurable as having him at hers, she decided. That was her last truly coherent thought as Jake alternated sucking, licking and nibbling her pussy. She rocked her hips, thrusting against his face. Tremors radiated from her womb, and she tightened her thighs in preparation of the approaching orgasm.

Sandra clenched her hands into the cushions of the couch, sobbing Jake's name as he sucked her clit forcefully, before blowing gently against the little nub. Waves of satisfaction crashed over her, sweeping her into the onslaught. Convulsions racked her body, and she was only vaguely aware of Jake slipping out from underneath her. She settled lower on the couch, still on her knees, and rested her forehead against the back of the sofa as her heart raced.

Before she had barely had a chance to recover and wonder where Jake had gone, he was back. He sat beside her, and she saw the condom sheathing his erection, which explained his brief departure. Sandra wondered if she had the energy to move to his lap. Maybe he sensed how thoroughly the climax had ravaged her, because he lifted her around the waist and settled her on his lap.

"There's a bed," she managed to whisper in a husky voice.

"Later." He dismissed the idea by aligning their bodies. Sandra's eyes widened when the head of his erection settled into her slick folds. It dawned on her that he was larger than any previous lover, but he'd already surged inside her before she could question her ability to take him.

Jake filled her up, stretching her completely, almost to the point of pain. Sandra thrust against him lightly, testing the depths of his cock, and found any hint of discomfort rapidly disappeared.

Jake set a slow pace, thrusting deeply into her before withdrawing almost completely before repeating the motions. Sandra circled her hips to rub her clit against his cock as he filled her. Time seemed to lose any meaning as she rode him, their gazes locked. She took his hands, and they thrust in sync. The moment was more than sexual, and the intimacy she was sharing with Jake, a total stranger, surprised her.

It was almost an afterthought when they came again. Sandra clenched around his cock as she climaxed, triggering his release. They continued to thrust against each other, their pace gradually slowing until they weren't moving at all. They remained joined, silence surrounding them. It was comfortable, and she felt no need to speak.

## Chapter Three

At some point, they seemed to consciously decide to move to the bed at the same time. Jake lifted her, and she locked her legs around his hips. Her head was still spinning from the force of her orgasms, and she briefly wondered if she could endure another round of Jake's tender mastery.

He set her on the bed and Sandra rolled away to allow him room. The soft mattress cradled their bodies and she sighed with contentment when he sprawled on his stomach, his chin resting on her stomach. She ran a hand through his thick hair, still awed at how completely they had come together—in more ways than one.

"I've never..." He trailed off, clearing his throat. "I have never had sex like that before."

She arched a brow. "Really? We didn't do anything kinky."

"You know what I mean." He squeezed her hip. "It was pretty amazing, and not just on a physical level."

She nodded her agreement while tracing his ear with the tip of her finger.

"Is it always like that for you?" He seemed reluctant to ask.

That was understandable, considering he still thought she was a prostitute. She briefly considered confessing the truth but decided to enjoy more of him first. "Never," she said truthfully, biting back a grin at the way he smirked with satisfaction.

Jake extended his tongue to lick her stomach, moving his way up her body. He paused for a moment to tongue her rib cage, following the line of her ribs up to the underside of her breasts. She held her breath when he nibbled the delicate flesh, tense with anticipation for him to put the nipple in his mouth.

"Are you into kink?" he asked against her skin, his warm breath flowing over the tight bud straining for his mouth.

Sandra blinked, uncertain how to answer. She'd never been with anyone who was particularly adventurous before. Doggy-style was the extent of her "kink" experience. That probably didn't qualify. She licked her lips. "Um, it depends?" Her answer sounded more like a question.

"On what?" Jake scooted a little higher, and his mouth finally settled over her nipple. He stroked it with his tongue and she thrashed, arching her back to offer him better access.

She muttered something incoherent, vaguely aware when he repeated his question. Her thoughts were almost collected when Jake moved his hand between her legs to stroke her lips. She cried out when he pressed his thumb against her clit and lifted her hips to get closer to his hand as he moved away from the slick nubbin. "Jake, please."

"Please, what?" He chuckled, clearly enjoying her response.

"Will you please fuck me?"

He rewarded her by slipping his thumb between her lips to stroke lightly around the clit. "How?"

She grunted. "With your cock." His erotic torture was annoying, but she couldn't seem to marshal her reaction enough to tell him to stop. Not that she really wanted him to stop.

A full laugh escaped him. "I know how to fuck, baby. I meant, how do you want me to fuck you? Do you want it slow and sweet? Fast and hard?" His hand slid lower, away from her needy clit, and paused at her entrance. "Do you want me to put my cock in this delightful place..." Jake brought his hand lower still, probing gently at her back passage. "Or maybe here?"

She let an unintelligible groan be her answer. The idea appealed to her. She had never thought she would actually choose to let a man take her there, but with Jake, it

sounded like bliss. "You can do whatever you want to me," she said through her passionate haze.

His lips curved into a grin and he looked like a kid who'd just been given a long-awaited treat. "I was hoping you'd say that." Jake stretched upward to slant his mouth over hers, whispering, "I'm partial to anal. As tight as your pussy was, I can't imagine how snug you'll be around me."

Sandra parted her lips, sliding her tongue inside his mouth. She grasped his shoulders and arched against his hand. The tip of his thumb slipped deeper inside her, bringing pleasure and a little discomfort. When he withdrew, she stiffened and broke the kiss. "You don't have to stop."

Jake winked. "I'm not, baby. I'm just prepping you." He plunged two fingers inside her pussy, fingering her as she bucked against his hand. "That's it."

Sandra wanted to protest when he brought her to the edge of orgasm. She wanted him inside her. Before she could verbalize the thought, he circled his fingers like a corkscrew, rubbing against a particular spot that made her come. That he had done that so easily, and so expertly, might have shocked her if she hadn't enjoyed it so much. Clearly, Jake was a consummate lover, but it didn't matter who was in his past. She was his future.

She blinked at the thought, chastising herself. They were having a one-night stand. It wasn't the start of anything more—not that she would say no if he wanted to see her again. Of course, once he discovered her lie, he might want nothing to do with her.

Jake's hand shattered her concentration. He circled the hole of her backside, spreading her own juices around and inside. She gasped when he penetrated her with a finger.

"Easy. Just relax and let me stretch you." Jake slowly wiggled his finger, and she found herself going limp, overwhelmed with sensations. The discomfort was gone, replaced by tingling warmth that radiated deep inside her pussy.

With gentle motions, he opened her untried depths, easing in a second finger. Sandra accommodated his digits and pressed against them, wanting more. She winced when he withdrew his fingers, squeezing her eyes closed as she prepared for his cock to replace them.

The bed bounced lightly as he rolled away. Sandra opened her eyes and saw him retrieving a new foil packet. When he returned, his cock sheathed, she parted her legs and held out her arms. Jake settled over her like he was made to fit.

"Do you still want me to fuck you?" he asked, his cock poised to enter her pussy.

She frowned with confusion. "Yes. I thought you were going to..." She trailed off, blushing at her inability to finish the sentence.

Jake nodded. "I am. First, I need to get slick." He plunged inside her. "You are so wet, Sandra. I love how responsive you are."

"Only with you." She looked away from his gaze upon making the admission. "I've had orgasms with other men, but nothing like this. With them, it felt like work."

He pressed a kiss to her forehead as he thrust in and out of her. "It shouldn't be work to have sex."

Sandra nodded, having figured that out for herself. Her lackluster sex life had been unsatisfying enough that she hadn't been compelled to find a lover until her loneliness had grown to the point it was now. Even when she'd begun her search for a partner, she had resigned herself to finding a man who stimulated her intellectually and emotionally, though he might not provide much physical stimulation. With Jake, she could have it all.

He withdrew, grasping her hips to lift her buttocks off the bed. She tried not to tense up when the head of his cock sought out her puckered entrance. He eased inside, inch by inch, and she held her breath. At first, it burned, and she wanted to push him away. Before she could give in to the urge, he slipped his hand between them, finding her clit. He fondled her, stroking the slippery bud between his thumb and forefinger, and blotting out the temporary, sharp pain from his possession.



Sandra slowly exhaled as Jake buried himself inside her back passage. She looked up at him, her eyes wide with amazement. He smiled down at her while withdrawing and then plunging inside her again.

She grasped handfuls of the coverlet as she arched restlessly against Jake. He continued to stroke her clit in rhythm with the thrusts he made into her ass, his pace gradually increasing. Sandra moaned as he surged deeply inside her, his face tight with exertion. The feel of his liquid heat filling the condom inside her tight walls made her spasm, and she cried out as she orgasmed.

With exaggerated care, Jake withdrew from her, supporting his weight on his arms as he leaned over her to press a kiss to her mouth. She managed a feeble kiss in return, too exhausted to muster a bigger reaction. She was worn out, but it was a pleasant, boneless feeling, rather than one of frustration and physical exhaustion that usually accompanied her experiences with sex.

Jake settled beside her, tucking her under his arm. "I'm starving."

In response, her stomach rumbled. "I guess I am too," she said with a light laugh. "I'm not sure I can lift a fork though."

He smoothed his hand over her abdomen. "I'll hand feed you grapes."

She giggled. "Don't forget to fan me."

"Of course," he said with mock solemnity.

Jake stretched his arm and lifted the phone. "What do you want?"

"I don't care." She really didn't. Eating with Jake would probably even make pineapple, her least favorite food, taste good.

He placed a quick order for salads, chicken sandwiches, strawberries and champagne before replacing the phone. A moment later, he sat up. "I guess we should put on some clothes."

"Probably." She groaned with the effort of rising. "It wouldn't do to embarrass the room service waiter." She slipped off the bed, padding across the thick carpet in her bare feet. "I think I'll take a quick shower."

He leered at her. "Can I wash your back?"

She lightly slapped the hand he reached out to touch her breast. "If you do that, we'll never get the door opened." He sighed, looking disappointed, but brightened when she said in a husky voice, "There's always later, after we eat."

Sandra welcomed the hot spray of water from the hydro-massage showerhead, her mind conjuring wicked images of what she and Jake could do in the stall later. The thought spurred her to rush through her ablutions, eager to eat so they could resume their marathon lovemaking.

The hotel thoughtfully provided plush robes, and she slipped one on before padding out of the bathroom. Jake stood near the trolley that had just arrived, appearing to be in the process of tipping their waiter.

Sandra swallowed thickly when her gaze settled on the uniformed man who had brought their order. *Of all the luck...*

He looked up, his eyes alighting with recognition. "Dr. Cho, how are you?"

Aware of the way Jake's body stiffened, she managed a polite smile. "I'm fine. How are you, Danny?"

He grinned. "Better. My mom let me move in again, and I have a job."

"Good." She ran a hand through her wet hair, feeling self-conscious.

The tension was like a tactile object as Jake finished tipping Danny and the young man left with a cheery parting. Sandra swallowed thickly, turning to look at Jake as he spun in her direction.

"Doctor?" His expression betrayed his confusion. "What is going on?" His eyes narrowed. "Is he one of your *clients*?"

Slowly, she nodded. "Yes, but not in the way you mean. I know Danny from my volunteer work at the Eagle Eye Rehabilitation Center."

He frowned. "Volunteer? Aren't you a prostitute?"

Sandra shook her head. "I am a professional, and I do charge by the hour, but I'm not that kind of pro." Seeing his confusion deepen, she forced out her confession. "I'm a psychiatrist, Jake. I was in the bar to meet a blind date, not a paying customer."

Jake blinked for a moment, obviously unsettled. She held her breath, wondering if he would ask her to leave.

He surprised her with a hearty laugh. "I guess I'm lucky you didn't slap me and storm out when I asked to engage your services for a few hours."

Relief made her giddy, and she laughed too. "I guess I should have been offended, but the idea was just so sexy...so taboo... I'm afraid I misled you for my own pleasure, Mr. Reynolds."

He grinned. "That's okay, Dr. Cho. You have no idea how much I needed to feel desired again." Jake crossed the room to pull her into his arms. "Since we're not on an hourly basis, I guess I should ask what you're doing tonight?"

Sandra grinned at him, feeling mischievous and sexy all at once. "You."

## About the Author

Kit Tunstall lives in Idaho with her husband, son and dog-children. She started reading at the age of three and hasn't stopped since. Love of the written word, and a smart marriage to a supportive man, led her to a full-time career in writing. Romances have always intrigued her, and erotic romance is a natural extension because it more completely explores the emotions between the hero and heroine. That, and it sure is fun to write.

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

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