

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE

Quickies
Naughty Nuptials

*Groom's
Gift*

BETH KERY

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Groom's Gift

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GROOM'S GIFT

Beth Kery

This is dedicated to my very dear friend D.J.C.

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Chapter One

"This is an inspiration. I'm going to use this in my summer line," Malcolm exclaimed as he walked around Libby and inspected her. "Talk about the gift of sex! If I were straight, I'd be on the floor in a sex-induced seizure right now. As it is, I'm considering proposing, Libby."

Libby blushed for the hundredth time that evening, causing her cheeks to turn the same shade as the cerise ribbon she wore—the cerise ribbon with not a stitch else. Unless one counted the black sheer thigh-highs and the stiletto heels...

"Ced will be thrilled to hear it, I'm sure."

"Not to mention my mother," Malcolm said.

"Quit joking around, Malcolm!" Libby squawked, scandalized that he had the audacity to tease her at *this*, of all moments. "I'm about to *do* this! Talk me out of it before I make the biggest mistake of my life."

"The groom is the one who is about to make the biggest mistake of his life by marrying Estelle. You're the best thing that could happen to him," Malcolm said calmly as he fluffed the confection of a bow that he'd created around her breasts.

"Thanks, Malcolm," Libby murmured with shaky gratitude.

"Think nothing of it."

"Malcolm!" Libby squealed in protest a second later. She slapped her friend's hand away from where he'd been tweaking one of her nipples which peeked out coyly between the cleverly arranged ribbons.

"Sorry," Malcolm said cheekily. "I had a little pot of nipple cream that I was ready to use on you, but you don't need it, Libby. Rosy as the ribbon, aren't you? And talk about responsive! John isn't going to know what hit him."

"I've lost my mind," Libby grated out.

"For seducing the man you love—even though you technically don't know him—before he throws away his life by marrying a silicone robot?"

"No, I'm *obviously* as sane as the church lady for that. I'm nuts for stripping down naked in front of you and letting you pinch and poke at me like I'm one of your mannequins. And just for the record, I doubt Estelle's breasts are silicone. John's too much of a naturalist to go for that. They don't even use silicone anymore for fake boobs, do they?" Libby asked distractedly as she turned in the three-way mirror and inspected her ass. Malcolm had worked his magic there, as well. It must be magic, how else could he have managed to make her ass look like a firm, plump, gift-wrapped piece of sex-fruit?

"I wasn't talking about her boobs. I designed Estelle's wedding dress, so I would know. Those puppies are the real thing, all right. I meant that I think there's a computer chip behind Estelle's ginormous breasts instead of a beating heart. And crazy or not, Libby Taylor, you know you did the right thing in coming to me to prepare you for your little sex ambush of the gorgeous Johnny." Malcolm matter-of-factly rearranged the bow that topped her ass so that even more of her bare buttocks were exposed. He shook his head in wonderment.

"I'm a fucking *genius*."

Libby frowned into the mirror. She hated to stroke his already gargantuan ego, but Malcolm was right. As a clothing designer who had his own shop on Oak Street, an exclusive shopping area in the Gold Coast of Chicago, Malcolm had not only the talent but the materials necessary to pull off her little plot. He had been the perfect person to run to in her desperation...well, along with Nathan and Ced, that is. Or assist her in her madness...however you wanted to state it.

As the days that led up to John's wedding loomed closer, Libby increasingly felt like she was watching the train wreck that was her life from a distance, immobilized by horror. The fact that Ced—Malcolm's partner and her other dear friend—had been

hired to cater John and Libby's wedding and that Malcolm had designed the bride's fabulous wedding dress made the nightmare all that much more close and real.

The funny thing about the whole situation was that it had been *her* – Libby – that was the spoke of the wheel bringing together Nathan – John's father – Malcolm, Ced, Estelle and John. She had no one but herself to blame for this ridiculous mess she found herself in. If it wasn't for *her*, Nathan would never have become friends with Malcolm and Ced. The three of them wouldn't have conspired to set up John and Libby, and Ced and Malcolm would had never hosted the party that was thrown with the sole purpose of introducing her to John, and, most of all, John would never have met that blonde bimbo that had proceeded to ruin Libby's life!

Of course, when John and Estelle became engaged, it had been Ced and Malcolm they'd hired as their wedding caterer and gown designer. They'd accepted, of course, because John had become a good friend. And since Libby lived down the hall from Ced and Malcolm, she had become the unwilling witness to all the intimate details of the marriage of the man she loved to another woman.

Talk about the definition of a nightmare.

And now, that awful wedding was only three days away!

She *couldn't* let John Waite get married to someone else – not without ever having at least kissed his lips once, smelled the scent on his neck, heard him say her name, seen the expression on his face when he came...

If she at least did that, she would have had her rare, special moment. She wouldn't die knowing she was the lamest, most gutless woman on the planet.

Oh God, she *was* out of her mind.

John Waite didn't know Libby Taylor. John Waite didn't care about Libby Taylor. What were the chances that Libby Taylor could talk John Waite into sleeping with her tonight when he was on the verge of marrying a drop-dead gorgeous heiress who was stacked like the wedding cake Ced had created?

Slim to none, no doubt.

Still...she had to try. Didn't she? He *was* the man of her dreams, after all.

The whole bizarre odyssey—the latest chapter of which involved down-to-earth, girl-next-door Libby standing stark naked—with the exception of a cerise ribbon—while her best friend poked at her nipples and ass—began a year and a half ago. That had been when Nathan Waite, John's father, had started treatment at the Low Vision Rehabilitation Center where Libby worked as an occupational therapist.

Nathan had quickly become one of her favorite, but most challenging patients. As a former partner in a law firm and active sportsman, his initial reaction to his functional blindness due to a stroke had been anger and depression. As an occupational therapist, it had been Libby's considerable challenge to help Nathan to accept the cards that had been dealt him so that he could move on to functioning as independently as possible by adapting his environment and habits to his new disability.

Nathan had spent his first two weeks of intensive daily therapy being as rude and uncooperative as possible toward Libby. But Libby hadn't wavered in her mission. She was used to dealing with all kinds of emotional reactions to newly acquired disabilities and figured it was actually best if people got it over with in their first couple weeks of rehabilitation so they could move on to the pertinent stuff in the last six weeks. She'd acquired thick skin over the years when it came to surliness.

Besides, she'd immediately liked the silver-haired, handsome man, despite his sour glares and vast stubbornness.

She'd finally gotten through to him one day when she'd set him up on a computer that magnified print and pictures so that Nathan could see them. He'd only scowled when she'd equipped him with a high-contrast watch, remote control and telephone, saying that he looked like an old coot using them out in public. But the computer...now that was something *of use*, according to workaholic Nathan Waite.

His mood had notably brightened the first time that he'd read out loud an article from *Newsweek* to her. He'd immediately asked if he could bring in some of his own items on disc for the next day. Libby had agreed, glad to see her patient showing some

enthusiasm for once. Libby figured it was well worth it, even if she did have to listen to Nathan practice using the program by reading out loud boring legal briefs.

But what Nathan had brought with him the next day had rocked Libby's world. He hadn't only exposed Libby to legal documents on that day, he'd introduced her to the man who would become the love of Libby's life—Nathan's only son, John Waite. She'd learned about John in depth, not only through a loving father's eyes, but through photos, videos and, most crucially, John's own words.

Nathan had read to her every single thing that John had ever written as a reporter for *Xtreme Sport*, in addition to the more serious pieces he wrote as a freelance writer. As a gifted athlete, John not only *wrote* about exciting, death-defying sports such as skiing down vertical drops from mountains previously uncharted by man or kayaking Class VI whitewater rapids, John *participated* in them.

Libby knew she'd fallen hopelessly in love with him when she read his piece about becoming an accidental hero in the high, inaccessible mountain regions of Zarand in the Kerman province of Iran.

John had become an accomplished helicopter pilot during his stint with the Air Force in his early twenties. He had been doing a piece about skiing on some uncharted peaks on the Turkish border when the lethal quake had occurred. John had immediately responded to the emergency when he heard of it, flying casualties with his helicopter in and out of the remote mountain villages and bringing in much-needed supplies and food.

Libby had realized early on that John was a gifted writer, but this particular piece—which had since gone on to win several journalistic awards—had emphasized not only his courage and humanity in the face of trauma and death, but his talent for conveying those same characteristics in the village people that he'd helped save, despite their vastly different cultures and way of life.

John Waite wasn't only a grade A hottie, he was a brave, compassionate, complex man and Estelle Gish didn't deserve to stand in his shadow.

Before she'd "met" John, via Nathan's computer, Libby would have scoffed at the idea of falling in love with someone solely through the means of technology. But it could happen. Oh yes, it could happen in spades.

Malcolm's voice brought her back to the present jarringly.

"When I left John's bachelor party at midnight, Ced and Nathan said that they were going to deliver John to his loft by two a.m."

"Oh my God, what time is it?"

"Calm down. It's only one-thirty. You'll have plenty of time to make it."

Malcolm shouted out in protest a moment later when Libby pulled on her coat.

"Watch what you're doing! You're squashing my creation!"

"Malcolm, I'm practically stark naked here! Surely you didn't expect me to walk out on Oak Street and catch a cab wearing nothing but a pink ribbon," Libby scolded.

"Sit on one hip," Malcolm ordered irritably a few minutes later as he held open the cab door for her.

Libby rolled her eyes but complied by tilting uncomfortably on her right side in order to protect the lush confection of a bow above her ass. She looked up at Malcolm desperately, realizing all too poignantly that the one chance was nearly upon her to touch John, to pleasure him, to love him as only she could before he became a married man.

She didn't allow herself to dream of the possibility of actually changing his mind about marrying Estelle. To succeed at that, she would have had to begun her mission at least a year ago. That had been when Nathan, Malcolm and Ced had plotted to introduce Libby and John at a party. Unfortunately, not only Libby's lack of nerve but Estelle Gish herself had backhanded Libby's dreams of a future with gorgeous John Waite.

Libby had stared on in rising horror from the distance as Estelle moved in like a lethal storm and proceeded to blind John with a flash of sex-lightning.

Damn Cedric straight to hell for becoming superficial friends with the socialite, even though Libby couldn't really blame him. Estelle Gish was a valuable contact for Ced to have for his catering business.

Despite Nathan's, Malcolm's and Ced's pleas, Libby had left the party that evening without saying so much as an "*it's such a pleasure to finally meet you*" to the man of her dreams.

Her chicken heart back then made her plans tonight all that much more desperate, lunatic and ludicrous.

"Wish me luck," she begged Malcolm wildly before he could shut the cab door.

"I wish you luck, phenomenal sex and everything else you deserve, Libby Taylor. Love you," Malcolm said as he gave her a quick kiss.

"And whatever else you do, don't you *dare* squash that bow until John has the chance to unwrap you!"

Chapter Two

John Waite was just tipsy enough to have to set down on the floor the bag of sex toys and gag gifts he'd received from his bachelor party so that he could fully concentrate to get his key through the lock the first time around. It surprised him a little that the door to his loft swung inward after the first turn of his key. He usually double locked.

It wasn't too shocking he'd forgotten, though, as harried and flustered as he'd been when he'd left for the airport two days ago. He'd pretty much gotten into the rhythm of commuting back and forth between Chicago and the offices of *Xtreme Sport* in New York. That hadn't been what had made him so distracted as he left his loft earlier in the week for the airport. It had been the fact that Estelle had been furious with him for leaving Chicago the week before their wedding.

John had been relieved to be gone, though. Estelle's wedding plans were becoming so extravagant and bewildering to him that he felt as though he would be an outsider at his own marriage ceremony.

For the most part, John was glad he'd moved back to Chicago so he could be closer to his dad since his stroke. John was Nathan's only family now. His father and he had gone through some rough spots in their relationship when John was younger, but he figured they'd pretty much weathered the storms of his youth.

The problem was that both he and Nathan were fiercely independent men and their opinions clashed way too often. His father was always insufferably confident that he knew precisely what was best for John and John had spent way too much energy throughout his life trying to prove him wrong.

John hoped they were past that now, although there was the whole situation with Estelle. When Nathan had become functionally blind from his stroke, John had insisted

that he move in with him when he relocated to Chicago. Nathan had refused and his protests had become even more forceful since John had proposed to Estelle.

John scowled at the thought as he flung his keys on the entry way table. His dad's staunch independence was only partially responsible for his refusal to move in with Estelle and him.

The fact of the matter was Nathan disliked Estelle with an almost alarming intensity, given the fact that she was going to be his daughter-in-law. And despite Estelle's bright smiles, John had occasionally seen the glitter of ice in her eyes when Nathan was in one of his irascible moods—which, when she was around, was pretty much all the time.

John closed his eyes briefly in mounting frustration before he determinedly headed back toward his bedroom. A hot shower would help him unwind. He'd been having far too many doubts and uncertainties about his marriage to Estelle over the past several months and the strained relationship between Nathan and her was only one ingredient in his boiling emotional brew.

But it was normal for a guy to have doubts before he took the final plunge into marriage, right?

So why did John get the feeling that his uncertainties weren't normal at all? Why did he feel like someone who was about to undertake an important, long journey only to get the nagging feeling that they'd forgotten something behind...or left something crucial unfinished?

The nipple clamps Ced had given him at his bachelor party fell out of the bag when John tossed it distractedly on the floor next to his bed. They weren't in a cardboard box like the other gifts but were, instead, encased in a luxurious velvet box like fine jewelry came in. John wondered why his friend had dropped so much cash on a sex toy.

Was it John's imagination, or had there been a curious *knowing* look on Ced's face when John opened the box earlier tonight and inspected the surprisingly delicate nipple clamps and silver bell attachments?

Of course, Ced and Malcolm made no secret of the fact that they enjoyed an adventurous sex life. Maybe Ced had noticed John's doubtful expression of longing and guessed the clamps would end up eventually with the rest of the sex toys he'd received tonight, gathering dust at the back of John's closet. John scowled as he whipped his shirt over his head.

Estelle may have breasts that, at first glance, seemed like prime male fantasy material, but John knew firsthand that her nipples weren't that sensitive.

Silly to use nipple clamps to increase the sensitivity of a part of her body when that particular portion of her wasn't that responsive to begin with.

Just like the rest of her.

John actually cursed out loud for allowing that ungenerous thought to pop into his mind.

He turned the water in the shower to extra hot in order to scald the thoughts from his brain. While he stood under the jets with his eyes closed, the nipple clamps inadvertently popped into his brain again. He pictured himself placing them on a pair of nipples that were already stiff and pointed just from the lightest brush of his fingertips. The clamps would make the peaks unbearably sensitive. John imagined the woman lying on his bed naked, her expression tight with arousal, her shining mahogany-colored hair spread upon his pillow.

He felt his cock stir. He unconsciously stroked himself. Why not? It was as good a way of any of getting his mind off his doubts about getting married.

About getting married to Estelle.

His erection became full and tight under the ministrations of his imagination and his hand, but the temperature in the shower became unbearably hot. He'd jerk off in the comforts of his own bed, he thought hazily as he exited the shower along with a cloud of steam. He toweled himself off, sprayed on deodorant in a perfunctory manner and padded into his bedroom nude.

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And abruptly came face-to-face with the sexiest woman he'd ever seen, wearing nothing but a pink bow and a becoming blush that matched it to a T.

Chapter Three

For a full ten seconds, they just stared at each other, both of them speechless.

“Hi,” Libby eventually said throatily.

She mentally rolled her eyes, but quickly forgave herself for not giving a wittier greeting. Who could be glib standing in the face of all that glistening muscle and tumescent male flesh? She’d known John Waite would be a beautiful, sexy male animal, but this was...

She shook her head slightly to clear it as her gaze drifted from the golden skin covering a flat, ridged abdomen to his crotch. His cock looked full, aroused and unbelievably potent where it sprang from a thatch of light brown hair.

Her mouth went dry. Perhaps her body required every last bit of moisture from the periphery in order to adequately respond to the phenomenal surge of lust that flooded her sex.

That had been when she had croaked out her clever greeting.

She watched as his spiky, wet lashes narrowed over his green eyes, as though he was trying to bring a hallucination into clearer focus. To see those striking eyes up close in reality, instead of on a computer screen, felt surreal to Libby.

“Hi,” he finally replied. “Who are you? And what are you doing in my loft?”

Libby cleared her throat, more affected by the sound of his deep, resonant voice than she’d prepared herself to be.

“I’m Olivia,” she replied.

Nathan, Cedric, Malcolm and she had all agreed that John had heard the reference to “Libby” on too many occasions in the past, so she resorted to her given name. She bit

at her lower lip nervously before she forced herself to plunge, once and for all, into the abyss.

“Cedric and Malcolm sent me as a gift.”

She couldn't help but smile at the way his eyes popped when she spun around for him slowly, giving him the full benefit of Malcolm's genius.

“I'm yours for the night, John,” she said when she finally faced him again.

John was still in the process of questioning his sanity and searching for something rational to say – difficult to do when his brain was inundated by animal lust when she smiled. His heart thudded madly in his chest. He'd already been far too affected by the sight of the lovely, luscious, near-naked auburn-haired woman that stood in his bedroom wearing nothing but a bow and stockings, but the sound of her low, husky voice and the sight of her full lips curving into a smile that was both shy and the essence of pure sex at once made some kind of powerful chemical reaction to cascade from his brain to his blood and straight to his crotch.

Against his will, his gaze dropped to where two of the prettiest, most pert nipples he'd ever seen in his life peeked out flirtatiously at him between the ribbons.

Until his dying day, he would swear that they were the precise nipples that he'd just been fantasizing about not two minutes ago in the shower. Well, not exactly the same. Olivia's nipples were even more perfect, because they pebbled and darkened in color from just from the stimulus of his gaze alone.

“That's a very...sweet gift on Malcolm and Ced's part,” John muttered huskily, unable to remove his eyes from the delectable vision of the rosy crowns of her firm breasts, “but I'm afraid I'm going to have to refuse your offer, Olivia.”

“I'm not a hooker, John,” Libby said impulsively.

His eyes darted up to her face. Libby swallowed heavily at the impact of being the focus of his intelligent, penetrating gaze. She felt her knees weaken. God, was Estelle's last thought before falling asleep and her first upon awakening that she was the luckiest woman on the planet?

“If you’re not a prostitute, why would you agree to come and have sex with me for one night only?” John challenged.

For a panicked second, she floundered.

“I saw you once in the distance at one of Ced’s parties. I thought you were very sexy. When I heard Ced and Malcolm talking about sending you a prostitute on the night of your bachelor party, I volunteered to...pleasure you instead,” Libby explained in a rush of partial honesty and complete embarrassment.

She wasn’t in the habit of actually *saying* things like that, for God’s sake!

Her eyes widened when John came closer to her. She swore she could feel the heat waving off his nude body. He stopped only a foot way. He studied her through narrowed eyelids. Even in her high heels, she had to crane her neck slightly to look up at him.

“You’re that adventurous, Olivia? It’s normal operating procedure for you to put on a getup like this,” his eyes swept hotly down over her body, “and seduce a complete stranger into a single night of raw sex?”

“Oh, *yes*,” Libby lied straight through her teeth. When she felt the heat begin to burn her cheeks, she boldly reached out and placed her hand on his chest, desperate to do something to distract him from noticing her embarrassment.

She felt a jolt of awareness shoot up through her arm.

He felt so hard. His skin was smooth and warm beneath the damp golden brown hairs on his chest. Instinctively, her sensitive fingertips sought out more of the exquisite sensation, rubbing against his skin in tight, small circles. She felt him inhale sharply. Her gaze shot up to meet his.

His green eyes glittered with simmering heat in a paradoxically rigid, cold face. She shivered in growing excitement when he raised his open hand and curved it around her neck.

“When?”

"When what?" Libby asked dazedly as she inhaled his scent. Her nostrils flared slightly, catching not only the obvious smell of the soap he'd used in the shower but the underlying, subtle scent that was John and John alone. Her pussy reacted by flooding with liquid heat. Much to her mortification, however, that wasn't her body's only reaction to the scent of John's body.

Tears also stung her eyes.

John's gaze sharpened. He tilted her jaw so that he could see her more clearly. Libby felt horribly exposed under his stare.

"When were we at the same party together at Ced's?" John asked starkly.

"Oh...it's hard to say exactly..." she stammered lamely.

His head lowered over her upturned lips.

"Make a guess then," he whispered harshly, his mouth just inches from hers.

Libby felt like she could barely inhale when she felt his breath, warm and fragrant, brush against her lips and nose.

"A year ago, maybe?" she squeaked out through a constricted throat. She watched him with huge eyes, her heart beating madly as he merely studied her features for several torturous seconds.

Finally, he sunk his fingers into the upswept hair at her nape.

"Okay," he murmured, "I'll be gracious and accept the gift wholeheartedly."

His mouth lowered to cover hers.

Libby felt as if every cell in her body vibrated with desire. How was it possible for a man to taste and feel so good? He shaped her lips with his own slowly at first, lazily, sipping at her, sandwiching her lips between his one at a time, plucking at them. He played with her until Libby lost patience and bit at his lower lip.

She moaned in triumph into his mouth a second later when he responded just as she'd hoped he would, practically falling on her mouth like it was a luscious piece of

fruit and he was dying of thirst and hunger. It was as if a simultaneous sex-bomb exploded in both their bodies. His tongue probed between her lips and boldly explored her mouth. The fact that he groaned and pulled her against his nakedness when he fully registered her taste gave Libby hope that he liked her taste as much as she did his.

That and the fact that the column of his penis surged and stiffened next to her belly even beyond the already impressive erection that he'd been sporting since coming out of the bathroom.

Her hands rose to eagerly discover what she'd only dreamed about before. His lean, defined, hard muscles fascinated her exploring fingertips and palms. She traced his shoulders and gently dug her fingers between the muscle and the ridge of the flat bones at the back of them. He responded by palming a bare ass cheek and pushing their bodies almost roughly together, squashing Malcolm's bow above her breasts in the process—not that either of them noticed or cared. Libby scraped her fingernails down the long length of his spine and finished her arousing tour by squeezing both his taut, muscular ass cheeks just as lustily as he currently massaged one of hers.

John pressed his mouth to the fragrant skin at the side of her neck. The hand that wasn't happily squeezing her sweet, firm ass cheek swept along the side of her waist and ribs. He'd never experienced skin so silky and soft in his life.

"Olivia," he whispered heatedly as he moved his mouth to the back of her nape, capturing even more of her exquisite scent and taste at the same time that his palm curved around a bow-encased breast. She fit his hand perfectly, filling it with firm flesh. The erect, pointed nipple that pressed into the center of his palm scorched his consciousness.

He gritted his teeth to stifle a curse of protest when he felt her back out of his arms. He blinked once, fully taking in how lovely she looked with her cheeks glowing and her large liquid brown eyes gleaming with arousal. He saw her reach up to the ribbon, noticed the way her slender throat convulsed as she swallowed.

"You're supposed to pull here," she said simply.

John reluctantly released her peach of an ass cheek from his palm and grabbed the end of the ribbon. He pinned her with his stare.

“You’ll give yourself to me for the whole night, Olivia?”

Libby nodded eagerly.

“And you’ll do anything and everything that I desire?”

“Oh, yes,” she promised.

He gave a small smile before he stepped back slightly and pulled on the ribbon, his eyes lowering in order to fully appreciate his gift as he unwrapped it.

Chapter Four

The bow melted away from her breasts first. John found himself staring at two high, pale breasts that thrust out proudly from the plane of her chest, capped by large, pink nipples. He experienced an almost feral lust at the sight. He perfectly envisioned himself licking and sucking on the pert beauties, knowing instinctively she would feed his hunger just as bountifully as she roused it.

He gathered more and more of the pink ribbon in his right hand as he pulled on it with his left. His eyes narrowed when he saw where the ribbon led next. It traveled between Olivia's ribs and smooth belly. At her crotch, the silk had been sewn to a patch of pink satin, a tiny tease of a piece of cloth that covered her pubic hair. Barely.

John's nostrils flared as he pulled up on the ribbon and she gasped. His eyes leapt to her face.

"Spread your legs," he ordered softly.

She spread her shapely thighs. He heard her stifled cry when he began to pull up with gentle pulsations on the ribbon, the action creating a firm pressure on her clit.

John watched her face as he stimulated her, fascinated by her expression of arousal.

"You have beautiful breasts. Touch yourself, Olivia," he rasped when she met his stare.

Libby responded just as much to the stark desire on his face as she did his verbal request. She cradled her breasts from below in an offering gesture, keeping her nipples exposed to his hot eyes as she kneaded her own flesh. The pace of his subtle tugging on the ribbon increased notably at her actions. She moaned. The pressure felt so good on her aching clit, but he was also stimulating all along her pussy, perineum and anus. She pinched her already erect nipples between her thumb and forefinger.

John jerked up energetically on the ribbon. She gasped in pleasure.

"Turn around," he grated.

He wasn't going to be able to take much more of this. His cock strained uncomfortably, stretching skin that had never been tested so sorely with this degree of desire. He made a muffled sound of arousal in his throat when Olivia turned, exposing her backside to him. The sweep of her naked back was elegant and sexy. His hands itched to run down the slope from her narrow waist to her hips. Her thighs were slender and lightly muscled and he couldn't wait to be buried between their silky softness.

And he forgave himself completely for his disloyalty to Estelle when he focused on Olivia's round, firm ass topped by the pink bow.

He came up behind her, the ribbon still in his hand.

Libby held her breath when she sensed John's body heat so close behind her. She glanced over her shoulder anxiously. He was staring down at her ass with a fixed, tense stare.

"John," she whispered helplessly when he spread his hands on the front of her thighs, caressing her lightly. The ribbon dropped to the floor while he stroked her for the next breathless seconds.

He then reached between her thighs from the back and recaptured the piece of pink silk. Libby leaned back into his solid chest, weak from desire. He pushed forward slightly on her hips so that he could continue with his mission, prying the piece of cloth from the folds of her damp sex and the crevice of her ass.

"You're soaking wet, Olivia."

Libby moaned as he ran his fingers over the ribbon where it had been buried in her sex. Somehow, the knowledge that he did so felt even more intimate at that moment than if he'd just plunged his fingers into her pussy.

He pulled on the ribbon once, then again more firmly and the bow above her ass collapsed. He made short work of the last, single strip that was affixed around her waist by ripping it savagely with both hands. Libby trembled when he pressed his hot, hard

body tightly to her from behind. His hands ran avidly across her hips and belly while his mouth scorched the side of her neck.

“You’re the *perfect* gift, Olivia,” he praised between kisses.

“I’m so glad you’re pleased,” she whispered over her shoulder as she craned up for him.

They crashed together in a ravaging kiss.

John groaned gutturally as he flexed his hips and ass, pressing his balls into the plump cheeks of her ass. His cock throbbed between the upper swells of her buttocks and along the silky skin of her back.

He broke their kiss, gritting his teeth at the effort of restraining himself from bending her over then and now and impaling her soft body with his cock.

Libby cried out in surprise when he turned her to face him abruptly and lifted her in his arms. Her shock was relatively short-lived, however, as her legs naturally found a home encircling his hips and John’s mouth was back on hers, making her forget everything but him and her sharp desire.

Their kiss was so wild and intense that Libby barely noticed that he’d moved to the bed. He sat down on the edge, her knees bent at his side as she straddled him. John fumbled in the nightstand for a condom. He moved so quickly that before she could catch her breath he encircled her waist and arrowed his cock into her pussy.

“Ohhh, *God!*” Libby muttered. She was wet and very aroused, but John wasn’t a small man. The fat head of his cock carved into her flesh, stretching her tissues, forcing her to accept his powerful presence.

John saw her look of surprise. “You’re my gift to do with as I please...aren’t you, Olivia?” he whispered tautly.

Libby felt her cheeks flush with heat as he watched her so steadily at the same time that he gripped her hips and moved her up on his cock, the thick, defined head creating a vacuum in her narrow, liquid channel. Libby trembled uncontrollably. He grunted his

pleasure as he pushed her hips up and then back down on him until she sheathed the first half of his straining erection.

"Answer me," John demanded.

"Yes...*God, yes,*" Libby moaned as they began to stroke each other in unison, using the first half of his cock. It hurt a little, but the pleasure of taking John into her body was so immense that the pain merely acted as piquant spice to her desire. She cried out when he thrust his hips at the same time that he gripped her ass, holding her steady as he sliced deeper into her melting depths, not satisfied until his balls pressed tightly to her damp hilt.

A groan tore at his throat. His arm, thigh and ass muscles bunched tightly as he struggled to keep his control.

He was encased in a mercilessly tight, hot pussy. It felt like heaven.

It felt like...*he'd come home.*

His eyes flashed open when he heard Olivia's muffled cry. He merely said her name, that's all, before he leaned forward and slipped one of her nipples between his lips.

Libby stared down at him in wonderment. He drew on her nipple hungrily, but so sweetly, it was as if a magical cord thrummed to life between where his tongue lashed at her nipple and where his cock throbbed near her womb. She whimpered helplessly. Her eyelids clenched shut as she rocked him ever-so gently in her body, giving herself the pressure that she needed.

John felt her begin to quake in his arms, heard her cry out in release. Her pussy shimmered around him, resonating heat into him, tractoring him impossibly deeper as she came...testing his control beyond his endurance.

He began to fuck her, loving the way her climax pulled and teased at his cock as he did so. He couldn't wait to sink back into her after each stroke.

Libby still convulsed under the power of the strongest climax she'd ever experienced. The fact that John began to fuck her in the midst of it only prolonged the indescribable sensation.

The realization that this was *John Waite* fucking her oozed into the modicum of consciousness that remained after her brain-frying orgasm.

"John," she muttered as she clutched at his head and then his shoulders and began to move over him, matching his demanding thrusts.

"That's right," he answered. "Give it to me. Fuck me, Olivia."

They mated with a wild, mutual abandon, their flesh pounding together in a forceful rhythm. Their cries and shouts and the protesting screech of the mattress springs became their background percussion.

Yet, throughout their stormy joining, Libby was aware of his glittering green gaze fixed on her. There were times when she had to shut her eyes in the face of the intense pleasure and the rapidly building pressure, but somehow she always sensed his stare on her...penetrating and hot.

The friction created by his pounding cock finally reached the point of eruption. She cried out when he held her down tightly in his lap. He encircled her hip with one hand and reached with his thumb, rubbing her clit.

She screamed when she came again, this orgasm even more profound than the former one because she felt John swell and spasm deep inside her as he found his release as well.

John clamped his eyes closed as he finally surrendered. He'd wanted to make it last, but she was too tight...too sweet. He growled harshly as he came at her furthest reaches and pleasure racked his flesh in sharp, crashing waves.

For a minute or two, only the sounds of their ragged breathing pierced the silence. Libby opened her eyes dazedly. John's forehead pressed at the juncture between her neck and shoulder. His short, golden brown hair was still damp from his shower and spiked out in various directions.

She smiled to herself and instinctively raised her hand to smooth it.

"Is it sticking up?" he asked directly into her neck.

Libby laughed softly at his muffled question. She felt like she was the Queen of the Universe when he pressed his lips to her throat, as though he liked the vibration of her laughter.

"Yes. You look like you have horns."

He leaned back and regarded her with a heavy-lidded gaze. His eyes ran with lazy appreciation over her mussed mahogany hair and flushed breasts.

"You bring out the devil in me, Olivia."

Libby swallowed. Another valuable lesson learned about John Waite. Before he had climaxed, his eyes had been fierce flames. After the edge was taken off, they were even more lethal in their impact on her.

Bedroom eyes, that's what John had.

Instinctively, she tightened around his cock where it still harbored snugly in her body. He went completely still at her unintentional caress.

"You bring out the devil in me, too, I think," she whispered. Her eyes rounded when he smiled. Oh, *yes*. This crazy escapade had been *so* worth it.

"The temptress, more like," he replied in a gravelly voice that made her shiver.

Libby licked at her lower lip in a mixture of anxiety, excitement and anticipation. John's green eyes sparked with fire as he watched the quick movement of her tongue.

"Would you let me tempt you, then, John?" she asked in a voice that was unintentionally throaty and sultry. She felt his cock surge inside her and gently rocked against him. His arms encircled her waist as he hugged her upper body closer to his.

"Put myself at your mercy, you mean?" John asked.

Libby smiled broadly as he pretended to deliberate on his decision.

"I don't know. A man could get into trouble putting himself into the hands of redheaded adventuress who doesn't think twice about seducing strangers," he said soberly.

"But then again, a man could end up regretting it sorely that he hadn't done every last thing that the redheaded adventuress demanded of him," Libby replied as she innocently batted her eyes.

"Good point," John admitted with a slashing grin and lascivious rise of his sandy eyebrows that Libby found utterly adorable. Nevertheless, she firmly stopped him when he spread his hands along her back and waist and began to move her up and down again on his cock.

"Uh, uh!" she warned gently as she rose on her knees and his cock slowly receded from her body. His absence felt terrible and when she saw John's expression of outrage, she momentarily relented and planted him back firmly within her...where he belonged.

For tonight, anyway, she reminded herself when her heart lurched unhappily in her chest at the unwelcome thought.

No time for feeling sorry for herself now. *This* was her moment. This was Libby's time, every precious second of it. She wanted to cherish all of it. She wanted to cherish all of John.

Libby may not be perfect, but she had some morals that she didn't waver on. One of them was that she didn't sleep with married man.

This night with John would have to last her a lifetime. She was determined to make it count.

"Lay back, John," she instructed as she withdrew and stood next to the bed. He looked like he was on the verge of arguing but seemed to think better of it when his gaze fixed on her breasts. She laughed softly.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"You. Hasn't anyone ever told you that you're pretty transparent?"

"Meaning what?"

Libby shook her head, grinning. Her shoulder-length hair loosened from the twist at the back of her head at the motion. She distractedly pulled at the loose pins and set them on the bedside table.

"You broadcast your thoughts loud and clear," she said as she searched her hair for remaining pins and studied him with a warm glint in her eyes.

"I'll have you know, Ms. Temptress, that I'm known far and wide for my completely indecipherable poker face," John said as he bent his arms and rested his head in his hands. He liked watching her take her hair down. He couldn't wait to get back to some hot, explosive sex, but her teasing smile and the expression in her big, brown eyes when she looked at him kept him satisfied for the time being.

His eyes lingered on the glory of her shiny, bouncing hair. It looked exactly like he'd imagined it would. Her hair reminded him of the rest of her, sexy, saucy...naturally, utterly beautiful.

Libby shot him a wry expression as she placed the final pin on the table. "You were just thinking that you'd put up with me having my way with you because then you'd get to return the favor and have me at your mercy in return."

Her soft laughter resumed when she saw his handsome face collapse slightly with disbelief that she'd read him perfectly.

"What's all this?" Libby asked.

John's tight abdomen muscles flexed slightly as he glanced down to where she indicated.

"Oh. The stuff I got at my bachelor party tonight."

Something in his tone made her glance up at him sharply.

"Sexy stuff?" she asked. Her pussy experienced another major meltdown when he treated her to that slow smile. Her eyes zoomed down over his considerable length as

he stretched out on the bed. God, she was so going to enjoy exploring every inch of his beautiful, hard, golden body.

“Well, I guess it depends on what you think is sexy,” John replied huskily.

You, any way I can get you, John Waite, Libby thought. Still, she arched her eyebrows at him coyly.

“I’m sure I could find something in here to pique my adventurous spirit,” Libby said with affected casualness as she began to rifle through the bag. The first item she held up was a pair of handcuffs.

“Possibly,” she said coolly as she tossed them on the bedside table.

“Definitely,” she murmured as she placed a bottle of lubricant next to the handcuffs. She smiled sweetly at him when she noticed the hot gleam in his eyes.

“Oooh, forget it!” she exclaimed when she took out a box containing the *Fist of Power*. Her eyelids narrowed suspiciously as she studied the impossibly large rubber fist. “Did Malcolm give this to you?”

John had turned on his side as he watched her, thoroughly enjoying himself. He merely shrugged lazily in lieu of saying *of course*.

“Figures,” she muttered with a scowl. “Hmmm...what’s this?” she asked with interest as she opened the next box and spilled out the contents. She examined a smooth, hard rubber protrusion that was about four inches long and nearly an inch wide with two curved handles at the end. The small dildo curved in and out, creating subtle bead-like swells on the surface.

“It says it’s a prostate stimulator,” Libby read. She noticed John’s doubtful expression and smiled widely as she set it on the table with the other toys. “Come on, John, where’s *your* sense of adventure?”

“Am I supposed to believe that you have everyday familiarity with prostate stimulators, Olivia?” John asked dryly. His eyebrows went up when he saw the pink

flush of her cheeks. His smile turned smug. And she had the nerve to accuse *him* of being transparent.

"I'm a medical professional," Libby said imperiously, turning away to hide her flash of embarrassment. Temptresses weren't supposed to blush. "You'll be in good hands."

"Undoubtedly," John murmured.

"What's this?" She bent and picked up the blue velvet box from the floor. She hesitated when she saw the pretty, delicate nipple clamps. They obviously were a personal, intimate gift. Her eyes flashed up guiltily to John when she sensed the almost imperceptible tension that entered his nude body.

His eyes were like burning embers.

"Put them on the table, Olivia," he said softly. "And come here."

Chapter Five

"John, I'm supposed to be taking advantage of *you!*" Libby protested weakly in dazed lust against his lips a minute later.

She'd been in the process of exploring his neck and chest with her fingers and tongue. He was delicious. Libby wanted to live off a diet of John alone. Her latest discovery had been how responsive his small, copper-colored nipples were beneath her lips, tongue and sucking mouth. She'd been in the process of gently nibbling the yummy nubbin with her front teeth when he growled her name, grabbed her shoulders and pushed her down to him. He kissed her with so much hunger, Libby had almost forgotten her desire to eat up every inch of him.

Almost.

The handcuffs rattled when she picked them up off the bedside table. Her expression told him clearly that he had no one to blame but himself.

"I'm going to have to force you to behave since you can't seem to do it yourself," she told him with mock regret.

His nostrils flared slightly as he stared at the dangling handcuffs. For a second, Libby thought he was going to refuse. She intuitively knew that John would much prefer to be cuffing her instead. But Libby wouldn't be denied unrestricted access to her sex playground on her one night with John.

His green eyes flashed up to meet hers before he held out a wrist.

"Okay. But this isn't my thing, Olivia. Just remember *payback is hell.*"

He watched as she fumbled clumsily with the handcuffs, only successfully getting him anchored to one of the wrought iron posts of his bed because he tersely instructed her.

"There!" she said cheerfully, obviously pleased as punch with her accomplishment.

God, she looked as bright and innocent as a spring day, John thought. She did, anyway, until one glanced down and saw her firm breasts and fat, rosy nipples, or her beguilingly curving, completely feminine hips, or her flushed, swollen labia that gleamed with her sex oils and peeked at him teasingly through her well-trimmed, auburn pubic hair.

His cock throbbed almost painfully.

He gasped in pleasure when she knelt over him, her fingertips detailing every one of his ribs while her lips and tongue discovered how exquisitely sensitive his skin was from a few inches below his armpit down to the side of his waist.

"You know I'm not that convinced that you're a seasoned libertine, Olivia," John taunted raggedly, trying to suppress his grunt of pleasure when she scraped her teeth along the side of his ribs, raising goose bumps on his skin. He was desperate to say anything—even the truth—in order to get her to touch his cock before he exploded merely from her tortuous torso kisses alone.

Her soft hair tickled his belly when she whipped up her head, making his muscles jump with excitement.

"Why would you say that?" she asked in a hurt voice.

John unconsciously pulled on the cuffs. He really wanted to hold her at that moment, dammit.

"Male intuition," he replied dryly instead. He watched in fascination as she straightened until she was looking down at him from a kneeling position. His eyes widened slightly when he saw the determined fury in her liquid brown eyes.

He realized the anger he'd ignited might have Amazon proportions. He blinked in surprise when she abruptly dove for the bedside table.

"Olivia...I just meant that...Olivia?" he asked in rising trepidation when he saw her retrieve the prostate stimulator along with the lubricant.

Libby didn't answer him as he continued to call her name. She briskly lubed up the rubber dildo, not making eye contact with him. How mortifying to know that he could tell by her lovemaking she wasn't anywhere near the femme fatale she was pretending to be!

John pulled on the handcuffs, this time with rising frustration.

"Olivia, take these things off."

"No," she said with unnatural calmness as she curled up next to him. She hoped John didn't notice the way her hand trembled when she reached out and wrapped her hand around the base of his penis.

Both of them went very still for a moment.

"Olivia..." John muttered hoarsely when she began to stroke him, slowly at first, but then with an increasing tempo and force. Her touch felt magical—sensitive and curious one second, hard and sure the next.

Libby didn't answer. She was too filled with wonder at the experience of finally touching John's cock. His skin was stretched tight over the iron desire beneath. Her breathing escalated to a pant as she petted and worshipped that long, golden spear. She was thoroughly entranced by the velvety smooth texture of the fleshy arrow-tip of the head.

She bent down to sample the fat crown of his penis with her mouth. It had given her so much pleasure before to have that defined knob pushing in and out of her body. She longed to return the pleasure.

She closed her eyes and rapturously bathed the head of his cock with her tongue, running it along the defined ridge below the head, beating it briskly against the sensitive slit, circling and teasing mercilessly. And when her arousal finally overcame her, she held him firmly at the base and pushed her lips down over him.

Libby sighed in sheer ecstasy. The sheer weight of his cock on her tongue was exquisite. Her lips moved over him hungrily. Her suction was steady and strong because she was ravenous. For him.

For John.

John gave up calling her name and just stared down at her, his face tight and glazed with perspiration. He groaned at the sight of her hollowed out cheeks as she applied an eye-crossing suction on his cock. Her dark eyelashes formed a spiky crescent on her cheek, making her look strangely calm and focused even as she increased her tempo. She gobbled him greedily, her head thrusting down over him as she crammed more of his stalk into her warm, sucking cavern. She briskly slapped the head and the sensitive sweet spot below it with the wet lash of her tongue on her upstroke. The fingers of the hand that held him at the root reached, cradling and caressing his balls almost lovingly.

Watching her created a strange feeling in him that only magnified his tremendous arousal. He forced himself to look away. He stared up at the ceiling, panting and sweating as she flayed him alive with her tongue and mouth. He'd never experienced a woman pleasuring him with such an obvious hunger or such sharp, precise focus.

Libby's ecstatic trance broke slightly when she heard John curse under his breath. She glanced up at him while his cock still tickled her throat. She had determinedly kept him deep a moment ago, thwarting her body's natural urge to reject him. Her gag reflex had vibrated into him, and that had been the reason for his tense curse.

She slid her lips up to his rim and licked him avidly while she took a deep, much-needed inhalation.

She took advantage of the fact that he wasn't watching her. He jumped when she parted one tight ass cheek with her left hand and pressed the lubricated stimulator to his puckered asshole with the other.

"*Olivia,*" John rasped, his head coming off the pillow.

His dense erection sprang against his belly when she released him from the ring of her tightly drawn lips.

"Shhh," she soothed softly.

The sound made a shiver of pure animal lust shimmer up John's spine. The cool lubricant and Olivia's sure touch felt unbearably exciting, but *dammit...*

"I was about to come," he protested as he watched her with fiery eyes.

"I know it," she replied huskily. "Let's see if we can't make it nicer for you."

He grunted when she pushed the first rubber swell into his ass. Libby watched his expression carefully as she continued to firmly feed the stimulator in until the front handle lodged against his perineum. She hazarded a guess from the sudden glazed, wild look that came into John's eyes that the pressure not only in his ass, but against the internal root of his cock was much appreciated.

Libby continued to watch him with wary fascination as she reached again for his cock with one hand. His eyes looked so fierce at that moment and his beautiful muscles were so tense and swollen with blood that Libby wondered with a thrill of fear and excitement if he was going to tear right through the bedpost to get at her.

"You're going to pay for this, Olivia," he hissed. He watched her with narrowed eyelids as she lowered her lips to his cock again.

Her only answer was an enigmatic smile before she took him again into her clinging heat. John closed his eyes and groaned gutturally as she sucked him deep and fast at the same time that she manipulated the handle of the rubber implement, stimulating his prostate from an interior and exterior angle.

"*God bless...it!*" he grated out in stark incredulity in the face of the exponentially amplified pressure.

He howled a few seconds later when the tight coils of his control powerfully sprang free.

He must have lost consciousness for a few seconds. When he came back to reality, he was still gloriously coming in Olivia's milking mouth. He abruptly choked on his pleasure when she yanked the first swell of the stimulator through the ring of his rectum and then pushed it in and out rapidly. Another shout of sheer ecstasy scored his throat as his orgasm shot up to its original, potent strength.

He blinked in disorientation a while later, blurrily taking in Olivia as she rose up over him. He noticed that she licked her lips in a satisfied manner as she placed the stimulator and lubricant on the bedside table.

The little minx.

"I think you liked that quite a bit, John," she said with a sunny smile as she knelt next to him. "It's a good thing I'm so innocent or you might have been downright overwhelmed."

John regarded her steadily as he willed his rapid heartbeat and panting breath to still.

"Time to unlock the handcuffs, Olivia," he finally murmured through rigid lips.

That increasingly familiar shiver ran through her at his tone and gleaming green eyes—the one that felt like some exciting combination of trepidation and anticipation. She bit her lip anxiously, but a deal was a deal, after all...

She reached for the little metal key on the table. Her heart beat pounded loudly in her ears.

He snatched the handcuffs from her fingers the second he was free. Her eyes rounded as he sat up abruptly.

"Are you going to handcuff me, too?" she asked shakily.

"No." He tossed the cuffs on the table carelessly. "I'm not going to need handcuffs to keep you under control, Olivia. Stand up next to the bed."

Chapter Six

Libby swallowed convulsively. She wasn't sure exactly what he'd meant by his subtle threat, but despite her anxiety, she was all too willing to find out.

"Put your hands behind your head. Elbows out," he directed briskly as he came to the edge of the bed.

When Libby complied, he grabbed her hips and moved her between his long, spread thighs. She whimpered in arousal when he took both her breasts in his hands. He squeezed her gently, and then more tautly, popping her nipples between his curving thumb and forefinger. She groaned unevenly when he leaned forward and took her into his mouth.

He agitated one nipple with his rough, wet tongue and then sucked her with a steady pressure that varied in intensity. Just when it would become strong enough to verge on pain, he would soften and draw on her sweetly.

Libby groaned shakily as he continued to treat her nipple like a piece of rare sex candy. By the time the crown of her breast popped out of his mouth, it was stiff and red, the center tip more than twice its normal length.

"God, you're sweet," he mumbled before he turned hungrily to her other breast. By the time he was finished torturing and teasing her other nipple, Libby was sure she might explode if he just breathed on her clit. Her sex felt unbearably tight and achy.

"John," she whispered tensely when his head moved back from her distended, pointed peak.

"Hmmm?" he asked distractedly as he reached blindly for the bedside table. He fumbled around for a few seconds because he couldn't seem to unglue his eyes from the sight of her breasts.

Libby's eyes widened when she realized he'd grabbed the velvet box. Oh, no. Not the nipple clamps. It was going to hurt!

John's eyes leapt up to her face when he heard her muffled sound of distress.

"There's a ring that adjusts the level of tightness, Olivia. I won't cause you any pain unless I think it will add to your pleasure. Do you trust me?" he asked her softly.

"Yes," she answered immediately.

He smiled as he drew out the silver clamps. The little bell on the end trilled sweetly as he adjusted the degree of pressure of the clamp on her nipple. It aroused him, that sound. It made him think of Olivia herself, so pure, delicate and sexy. Ced had known exactly what he was doing when he bought them. He'd had Olivia in mind and no one else, John realized as he slowly closed the rubber-coated tips on her rigid nipple.

Libby gasped. The sensation was much more subtle than she'd imagined, or at least it was on the adjustment setting that John had chosen. The clamp provided a steady, constant pressure to her sensitive nipple that was just below the threshold of pain.

It excited her greatly.

Besides, what sane woman wouldn't get excited at the hot look in John's eyes as he examined her once he'd affixed the clamp to her other nipple?

"*Oh!*" Libby cried out shakily when he abruptly reached up and jostled a bell. The weight of the swinging bell pulled on her nipple, creating a shiver of mixed pain and excitement to ripple through her. A sharp twinge of arousal bit at her clit.

John smiled at her responsiveness when he saw her instinctively clamp her thighs shut to alleviate the pressure at her sex.

"I told you payback was hell, Olivia," he murmured.

Libby merely moaned as lust stabbed through her.

"Back up, honey," John ordered.

Libby stepped back slowly, all too aware that any abrupt movement on her part would make the bells sway and pull on the clamps that tugged at her tender, sensitive flesh.

John stood up beside her.

“Bend over and put your hands on the bed.”

He watched her with a tight focus as she slowly, carefully complied. No matter how hard she tried to keep the hanging bells still, however, they still tinkled sweetly.

“Is it too much?” he asked her quietly when he saw her tight expression.

“No...I can take it,” Libby whispered.

As if to assure himself, he suddenly swept his fingers between her thighs.

Libby cried out in pleasure as he massaged her clit firmly before he plunged a finger into her pussy.

“You’re so wet. *Olivia!*” he muttered the last in a voice thick with arousal as he felt the walls of her pussy start to convulse around him.

What an exquisite torture it was to come so thunderously with John’s finger inside her while she tried to remain as still as possible. The bells shimmered in subtle sympathy with her body, nevertheless, trembling delicately, giving her ecstasy a song all its own. The pressure on her nipples added a sharp, forbidden edge to her climax.

“Okay?” John questioned a minute later when she’d finally caught her breath.

“Yes,” she replied breathlessly, resisting the urge to nod her head.

“Good, because I’m going to have to punish you for cuffing me to the bed and teasing me like you did,” he said gently.

Libby started at that. The bells rang and she grimaced at the taut pinch on her nipples. She forced herself to glance sideways using just her eyes.

“Hey!” she said in a miffed tone when she saw him draw something out of the bag that she hadn’t noticed before...a round wooden paddle!

"I've wanted to paddle your ass from the moment I saw it topped with that pink bow. What an inspired gift," John said with a flashing grin. "Come on, Olivia. Where's your sense of adventure?" he teased. He reached out and smoothed his hand across a smooth ass cheek. His cock jutted forward in excitement. Oh yeah, Olivia's firm, round ass was made for a good spanking.

Air rushed from Libby's lungs in surprise when he abruptly smacked her in the middle of the ass. The bells tinkled merrily. She gasped in pain.

"You're going to have to keep yourself very, very still," John admonished.

"Thanks for the advice. I think I get the idea," Libby replied sourly. No wonder he'd told her he wouldn't have to tie her up to control her! The clamps on her nipples assured him that she'd keep perfectly motionless while she got her butt blistered, just like a...

"Good girl," John muttered through a slashing grin before he proceeded to paddle her repeatedly.

After a minute, Libby was panting like she'd just run a sprint. And it wasn't from discomfort, although her butt did burn with a slow, hot pain. No, she panted in pure lust. Because John didn't just punish her, he pleased her in between the sharp smacks. He caressed and molded her burning buttocks in his palm, soothing her. After he'd subjected her ass to a particularly lusty round of spankings, he rubbed and stroked her very well-oiled clit until she begged him hoarsely for relief.

"Do you think you've had enough punishment, Olivia?" John asked eventually as he palmed and squeezed a bright pink butt cheek.

"Yes! *Fuck me,*" she whispered raggedly. Every shred of her pride and self-consciousness had been burned to ashes by the inferno of her desire.

John went very still behind her. "Excuse me?"

"Fuck me! *Please,*" she cried more loudly. She moaned when she felt his cock spring up and caress her tingling ass in response to her request. God, what it did to her to experience how much he wanted her.

“Okay,” John said with forced calmness as he tossed the paddle on the bed. “But if I do, I’m going to fuck you hard, Libby,” he said silkily as he moved behind her and grasped his cock. His erection throbbed in his hand.

He wouldn’t last for long, that was for sure. Paddling and stroking her had pitched him once again into a gratifyingly sharp arousal. He pulled back a rosy, plump ass cheek and presented his cock to the narrow entrance of her juicy pussy. He grimaced at the erotic sensation.

“You’re going to have to keep very, very still and be a—”

“Good girl, I know, I know!” Libby grated out through a frenzy of lust. “Just fuck me, dammit!”

“Well, since you asked so nicely...” he said grimly.

Libby’s eyes clenched shut when he grabbed her hips and impaled himself into her, his pelvis smacking briskly into her ass. The bells rang briskly, but she didn’t notice or care...because she was coming again.

His face was rigid with lust as he began crashing into her. He’d never felt anything so good...so sweet...so fucking *mandatory* to his existence as pounding his cock into this woman as she came around him at that moment.

Libby’s mouth hung wide open as she stared blindly while John thoroughly possessed her. He hammered his cock into her so hard that she whimpered in helpless pleasure, submitting to the power of his desire, becoming transformed by it as she fully submitted to her own.

She let the bells ring freely as she joined him in their frenzied mating, holding back nothing of herself from her lover.

Her cry sounded incredulous when he reached around her and quickly removed one nipple clamp, and then the other. Pleasure and pain tore through her like lightning at the same moment that he drove his cock to the mouth of her womb.

“Come with me, Olivia,” she heard him demand tautly.

He pinched at her clit rhythmically and she complied...all too gladly.

Chapter Seven

Libby struggled wildly for air, but she loved the sensation of John bending over her and wrapping her in his arms. His embrace felt so sweet...so secure.

By slow degrees, a foreign, powerful emotion began to swell in her chest. It slowly segued to a feeling of panic. She forced herself not to groan out loud.

God, she was such a fool! She'd given herself so completely, so fully to him. She would never, *ever* be free of John Waite now...

And his wedding to another woman was in two days.

"Let's lie down," she said shakily.

John's heavy eyelids sprang open at her tone.

"Are you okay?" he asked as he rose up off her and put his hands on her waist, encouraging her to stand and turn in his embrace. "I know I was a little rough with you, but I thought you were enjoying it—"

"Of course I *enjoyed* it, John," she said with a shrill laugh, cutting him off. When she noticed how his sweat-glistening, handsome face pulled tight with concern, she took a deep breath, willing herself into calm.

She had no one to blame but herself. She had no right to subject John to her misery.

"I think I'm just exhausted," she said with a small laugh.

John's heart went out to her when he saw the mute apology in her liquid eyes and the tremor in her full lower lip. He sank onto the bed without another word, bringing her with him.

"Of course you are," he murmured hoarsely when she'd settled in his arms, her head resting on his chest. "Go to sleep, Olivia."

Tears flooded her eyes when she felt his lips on her ear, his hand tenderly smoothing the hair at the back of her head.

Oh, God, it was heaven.

And it would be pure hell to walk away from him in a few hours.

* * * * *

Libby stirred in John's warm embrace when the gray dawn light shone through the blinds. They were both turned on their left sides, his big, warm body spooning hers, his arm around her waist. It felt so good, but she was going to have to leave him soon.

Her night with him was over.

Her face pinched in misery. *No, don't let it be over, not yet*, she thought desperately as she twisted around and ate up the dim, shadowed image of his face as he rested peacefully.

John groaned deep in his throat a moment later, going from sleep to intense arousal in a matter of seconds.

"Olivia," he mumbled groggily.

"Yes," she whispered softly. Her arm moved between their bodies as she stroked his cock into hardness. The abundant lubrication she'd poured in her palm assured him a firm but slippery glide through her tight fist.

"God, that feels good," he murmured thickly. His hand came up to palm her waist and slid down the curve of a smooth, naked hip. "You feel even better."

Libby smiled, despite the full, heavy feeling in her breast. They were still both lying on their left sides, only her arm reached back between their bodies to stroke him. She twisted her neck, searching him out in the dim light. He raised his head. Their mouths found each others and fused.

For Libby, it was the sweetest kiss of her life—extremely hot, but slow and unhurried and...soulful.

She broke it reluctantly a minute later. John froze when she resituated herself, pressing the thick head of his cock into the crevice of her ass. Her hand remained on the base of his cock, guiding him to where she'd never embraced a man before.

"Olivia, do you know what you're doing?" he hissed in disbelief and sharp lust when she pressed the tip of his cock to her tiny hole. Because of the abundant lubrication and her steady, firm pressure back on him, the first inch of the head penetrated the tight ring of her anus.

His body and consciousness sprung into full, total wakefulness.

"Are you sure?" he managed to get out in a strangled voice. The rim beneath the head of his cock slipped into her incredible heat.

"Yes," she whispered on an outward gasp.

Time seemed to stand still.

Together they worked his penis into her body, neither of them hurrying the process. Both of them seemed aware of a desire to make the experience last. They whispered to each other softly...intimately. He placed his hand on her jaw and turned her mouth to meet his again and again. His hand explored her body thoroughly, pleasuring her just as he found pleasure in the sensation of her curves and silky skin beneath his fingertips.

But they were only human. The pleasure eventually overtook them...overwhelmed them.

The same hand that had stroked her gently now held her hip steady as he pulsed and surged into her. Just when John knew he was going to have to submit to the tall wave of pleasure that was intent on crashing over him, he felt Olivia tighten around him, heard her sharp cries of release. He thrust into her one last time, holding her fast against his pelvis, his balls pressed tightly against the soft, firm flesh of her ass.

His shouts of disbelieving bliss mingled with hers.

Who *was* this phenomenal woman? John thought dazedly a while later as he drifted into a satiated stupor. He could tell that Olivia was already asleep by the soothing sound of her even breathing.

His unconscious mind was active and busy, because he answered his own question as he fell into a deep, satisfying sleep.

"Libby," he muttered.

Chapter Eight

Libby was *furious* with Malcolm. She was never, *ever* going to speak to her best friend again, she promised herself.

"I'm never, *ever* going to speak to you again, Malcolm Dupres!" she hissed.

Of course, she only broke her original vow to ensure that the man who maneuvered his car through the crowded streets of downtown Chicago with such infuriating calmness and skill knew the consequences of his actions!

Malcolm merely wrinkled his nose and rolled down the window of his plush sedan.

"When is the last time you took a shower, young lady?"

Libby's jaw came unhinged. Of all the nerve! *He* was the one who had practically broke into her condominium that morning and then taunted and harried and forced her – yes, *forced* her – to leave with him.

"Malcolm, you know very well what I've been through for these past few days! You're the one who shoved me into the hallway and locked me out of my condo! How can you make fun of me for smelling bad, you jerk?" She surged against her seat belt wildly. "And I don't want to go anywhere, *you big shit!* Don't you know what today is?" she asked shrilly.

"Two days past the one where you should have taken a shower?"

"It's John and Estelle's wedding day, you fricking idiot!"

"I'm disappointed in you, Libby," he said firmly as he turned onto congested Michigan Avenue. "I never thought you were the type of woman to pull something like this. Don't you think you're being a bit dramatic, dear?"

Malcolm became unsettled by the ensuing silence. He thought he'd succeeded in bullying Libby out of the frightening zombie-like state that he'd found her in when

she'd finally opened her condominium door to him less than an hour ago. She'd refused to answer his, Ced's or Nathan's phone calls.

He turned and looked at her distractedly.

His strong, stern façade melted like chocolate on the dashboard in August when he saw the expression of pain on her pretty face.

A second later it turned to stark terror.

"Malcolm!" Libby shrieked in panic when he nearly plowed into the bumper of a cab changing lanes.

"Oh God, Libby, I'm sorry!" Malcolm exclaimed.

Libby gave another muffled scream when he abruptly began to fumble in his pocket and the car swerved into the right lane. A bus sounded its horn furiously, but Malcolm seemed oblivious as he frantically combed her mussed hair.

"You really don't smell *that* bad, honey."

Malcolm gave her a twisted, eager grin that was supposed to be reassuring, Libby realized.

"Malcolm, what the hell is wrong with you? Keep your eyes on the road!" she screamed when he failed to notice that the light had turned red. He braked to a screeching halt, missing the car in front of him by a fraction of an inch.

Libby blinked in disorientation at something she saw across the street. Her inhalation scored her throat.

Not only were she and Malcolm at the corner of Michigan Avenue where the church was located where John was supposed to marry Estelle in twenty minutes, but Ced was at the curb waving madly at them.

And there was Nathan standing next to him, looking very distinguished in his father-of-the-groom tux, his white walking stick held tautly beneath his arm like a saber.

"Malcolm, how the hell could you have brought me to *John's wedding*?" she asked in shuddering, sheer disbelief.

"Everything is going to be just fine, Libby," Malcolm mumbled desperately. Libby hardly noticed that he'd unfastened the glove box until he abruptly reached up and sprayed her several times with his expensive men's cologne.

"Arghhh," she choked as she waved her hands in front of her wildly, her eyes instinctively clenching shut over the burning pain of the alcohol. "What are you doing, you fucking loon?"

She never received a reply because the door sprang open next to her and suddenly Ced was pulling her out into traffic.

Libby blinked in disorientation as Ced herded her along, blinded by Malcolm's strong cologne and the brightness of the sunny June day. She instinctively dug in her heels and tried to turn the other direction when they approached Nathan.

"No!" Libby hissed under her breath as Ced shoved her up on the curb.

"Yes!" Ced replied just as forcefully, unfazed by the furious glare she hurled at him through squinting eyes. Libby barely made out Ced's handsome face through her burning, blurry eyes when Nathan spoke next to her.

"Is Malcolm with you?" he asked her bluntly as he inhaled and grimaced at the odor that accompanied her.

"No!" Libby said again, this time more sourly. "What the hell do you three think you're doing dragging me to John's wedding? Have you lost your minds?"

Nathan just shook his handsome, gray head patiently and held out his arm for Libby to take. She gaped at him in disbelief through squinted eyes.

It was Ced's voice next to her that finally stilled her sense of disoriented panic.

"Everything is going to be okay, Libby. Just go with Nathan."

Libby stared back at Ced uncertainly as she took Nathan's arm.

"Ready, Libby?" Nathan asked with surprising gentleness.

Her heart quaked madly in her breast as she marched slowly down the pedestrian-crowded sidewalk with her handsome, distinguished escort.

Tears welled in her eyes that had nothing to do with Malcolm spraying her directly in the face with his cologne. The one of many of her emotions that surged uncontrollably was the fact that it had been Libby who had been the one who had first led Nathan when he was in rehabilitation after his stroke. She had guided him, at first with her touch and then with her voice, on countless occasions as they toured the neighborhood streets of the Low Vision Rehabilitation Center.

Nathan had become as dear to her as her own father was.

"Proud of me, aren't you, Libby?" Nathan asked gruffly as they progressed down Michigan Avenue, his tapping cane parting the crowd in front of him so efficiently that Libby never even considered caution as they moved along.

She swiped her cheek surreptitiously, even though she knew Nathan's vision was too poor to have actually seen the betraying tear. That was one of many characteristics that John had inherited from his father, she thought irritably. Both men were far too aware of emotions a woman tried to keep secret.

She looked up at the high-rises that towered over them blurrily, her lips frozen in a tense, insipid grin.

"Hmm? Proud? What'd make you say that?" she asked with in an unnaturally high voice.

"Ah, Libby," Nathan sighed sadly as he led her gently down a path to their right. He paused patiently when he felt her balk. She had just realized that he'd guided her onto the path of the lush, green, peaceful outdoor sanctuary of the church where John was to marry Estelle.

"Nathan!" Libby grated in protest.

But Nathan just pulled on her and continued on.

“You know there’s only one thing I’ve regretted more than never telling you how much I appreciate what you did for me back when I was in rehab. Libby, I’ve always sorely regretted because of *both* of our stubborn natures that I’ve never had the official opportunity to introduce you to my son.”

She gasped in surprise when Nathan suddenly shoved her in front of him.

“Olivia Grace Taylor, it is my great pleasure to *finally* present you to my son, John Maximillian Waite.”

Chapter Nine

Libby glanced up into a pair of stunned green eyes.

"*John,*" she mumbled incoherently as she stumbled forward on the impetus of Nathan's firm push and her own disorientation.

"Dad, what the...*hey...*are you okay?" John asked anxiously when she fell into his chest with a thud.

Libby squinted up at him in rising horror. Her cheek pressed into a shirt that covered the hard chest that she recalled all too well from their night of raw, uninhibited, extremely intimate sex. His familiar clean, masculine scent pervaded her senses. Her lower lip trembled uncontrollably.

Oh, God, please let this not be happening, she prayed fervently.

She was wearing a soiled T-shirt and rumpled jeans. She'd showered briefly after she'd stumbled into her condominium early Thursday morning, numb with grief after leaving John's warm embrace as he slept peacefully. She hadn't done much else since then in the grooming department, however. She'd been too busy staring at television shows she didn't want to watch through a blurry window of tears.

Libby gave a small shriek and leapt away from John's warm body as though his flesh had burned her.

"Libby...Libby, calm down." John did his best to soothe the struggling, soft feminine form in his arms.

"Oh...*don't,* John!" Libby expelled miserably into his chest when he held her head firmly against him. "*Malcolm said I smelled!*"

"You do smell sort of...well...unusual," John admitted.

Her liquid brown eyes flashed up at him, meeting his gaze squarely for the first time. John took heart in the fact that they looked like they'd been injected with venom.

"Let go of me, John Waite!"

She pushed away from his embrace with the energy of a wild, trapped animal, but he held firm.

"Uh, uh, Libby. I want to talk to you."

She stilled in her frenetic struggle.

John watched as she looked up at him with one eye, the other occluded by a swatch of thick auburn hair.

"You know I'm called Libby?" she asked slowly.

He exhaled with barely restrained impatience and frustration. "Yeah. You might have heard me call you that the other morning if you hadn't left my bed like some kind of...sneaky thief."

Libby gasped in outrage. "*Sneaky thief?*" Tears spurted out of the bottom of her eyes onto her cheeks, but she didn't even notice she was so discombobulated. John Waite was the one who had stole her soul so coldheartedly.

"I'd like to know just what the hell you think I took from *you!*" she challenged hotly.

She wasn't prepared for his expression of concern and compassion to melt so quickly into an anger that easily matched her own. His green eyes scorched so hotly that she inadvertently flinched.

"What, Libby? You own the rights to heartbreak, is that it?" he demanded.

She averted her eyes in confusion, but his hand came up to the side of her neck, tilting her jaw up in a familiar gesture. Libby's teeth ground together in frustration when she realized she didn't have anything smart or profound to say in the face of his harsh question and lancing gaze. Her eyes lowered over his broad, T-shirt-covered shoulders.

The obvious was her inspiration.

"Why aren't you wearing your tux?" she asked shakily.

He might as well have backhanded her when he answered calmly.

"For the same reason you smell like a dirty sock that's been sprayed with men's cologne, I guess."

He waited until her big, brown eyes darted up to his in amazement.

"I'm not getting married today, Libby," he said gently.

"You're...not...getting...?"

He shook his head solemnly. "No. I called it off yesterday."

"Well...that's...that's just..."

John caught her when her knees gave out beneath her. The next thing she realized was that she was sitting on one of the stone steps in the verdant courtyard of the church while John's long fingers massaged the back of her neck.

"Libby...Libby?" He slapped her cheek gently. "Don't faint on me, okay?"

"Of course I won't!" she assured him with a mysterious upsurge of energy. "I'm not a weak-willed, idiotic...how come Nathan was wearing a tux if you aren't getting married today?" she asked abruptly.

John sighed with relief when he saw some color return to her cheeks. She'd been so pale.

"Dad can't resist a little drama to make a point," John replied wryly.

"What point?" Libby asked when he sat down next to her on the step. Her brain must have begun functioning again at the news that John—*her* John—wasn't planning on pledging himself for a lifetime to another woman because for the first time, she realized that he looked a little worse for wear himself.

"You probably know just as much as me that my dad—not to mention Ced and Malcolm—have been trying to set you and me up for well over a year now," John began dryly. He glanced over at her apologetically. "I'm not too fond of set-ups, Libby."

Libby pursed her lips as she studied him. "Your stubborn independence makes it that way," she sighed and glanced around the pretty courtyard, taking it in for the first time. "It's some kind of weird knee-jerk reaction. Must be a Waite gene. Every time I wanted to get your father to do something in rehab I had to tell him he couldn't."

"And he'd be biting at the bit to get at it, right?" John asked with a small smile. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Dad and I sort of have a long history of clashing opinions and refusing to budge an inch on them."

"And so when Nathan told you that he'd found the perfect li'l redheaded gal for you, and then Ced and Malcolm set up a party for an introduction, you..."

"Fell for the first blonde that came my way? It was a bit more complicated than that, but yeah, there's probably more truth in that than I care to admit."

She gave him a withering stare.

"You can't put all this on me, Libby," John said in a hard tone. "You ran out of that party without meeting me first. I saw you that night, you know...not all of you. I looked up and saw the back of your hair as you flew out the door. '*There goes the mysterious Libby,*' I remember thinking. I was already used to your elusiveness. My dad tried to introduce me to you three different times when I came to the Low Vision Center. I really wanted to thank the woman—I *still* want to thank the woman—who was responsible for giving me back my father, but you were always mysteriously absent. Once I waited for you for almost two hours."

It was Libby's turn to look apologetic. "I was...in the break room watching you. I thought you never were going to leave."

John laughed in disbelief. "Why in the heck would you do that?"

Her eyes ran over his face anxiously. "I...I was afraid you wouldn't like me."

He gave a final bark of harsh laughter and shook his head slowly. His hand came up to cradle her jaw. Libby went completely still as he leaned in closer.

"Newsflash, Libby. I like you."

She experienced the now-familiar meltdown between her thighs when John smiled slowly just before he placed a soft, lingering kiss on her mouth.

"So do you want go out on a date with me, or what?" John asked a moment later next to her lips.

"When?" Libby asked, wide-eyed.

John shrugged as he stood and pulled her up from the step. "Now. Let's go to lunch."

"I have to take a shower first," Libby said as she looked down at herself miserably.

"Good. I'll take one with you," he said with a flashing grin. He grabbed her hand and pulled her after him eagerly.

Ced murmured something to Nathan when he saw John and Libby approaching, hand in hand.

"Everything all right?" Nathan asked good-naturedly.

"Everything's great," John said briskly. He tugged on Libby's arm and started to walk past the two men. "Sorry to run, but I've got to help Libby take a shower. Emergency hygiene, you know."

"John!" Libby sputtered in surprise, but Nathan and Ced just laughed as he pulled her past them.

"Go on, Libby," Nathan called out, grinning madly. "I know my stubborn son. He just doesn't want to have to stand around long enough to hear me say *'I told you so'.*"

About the Author

Beth Kery lives and works in northern Indiana, where she juggles writing, parenting, and maintaining a love life with varying degrees of success.

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