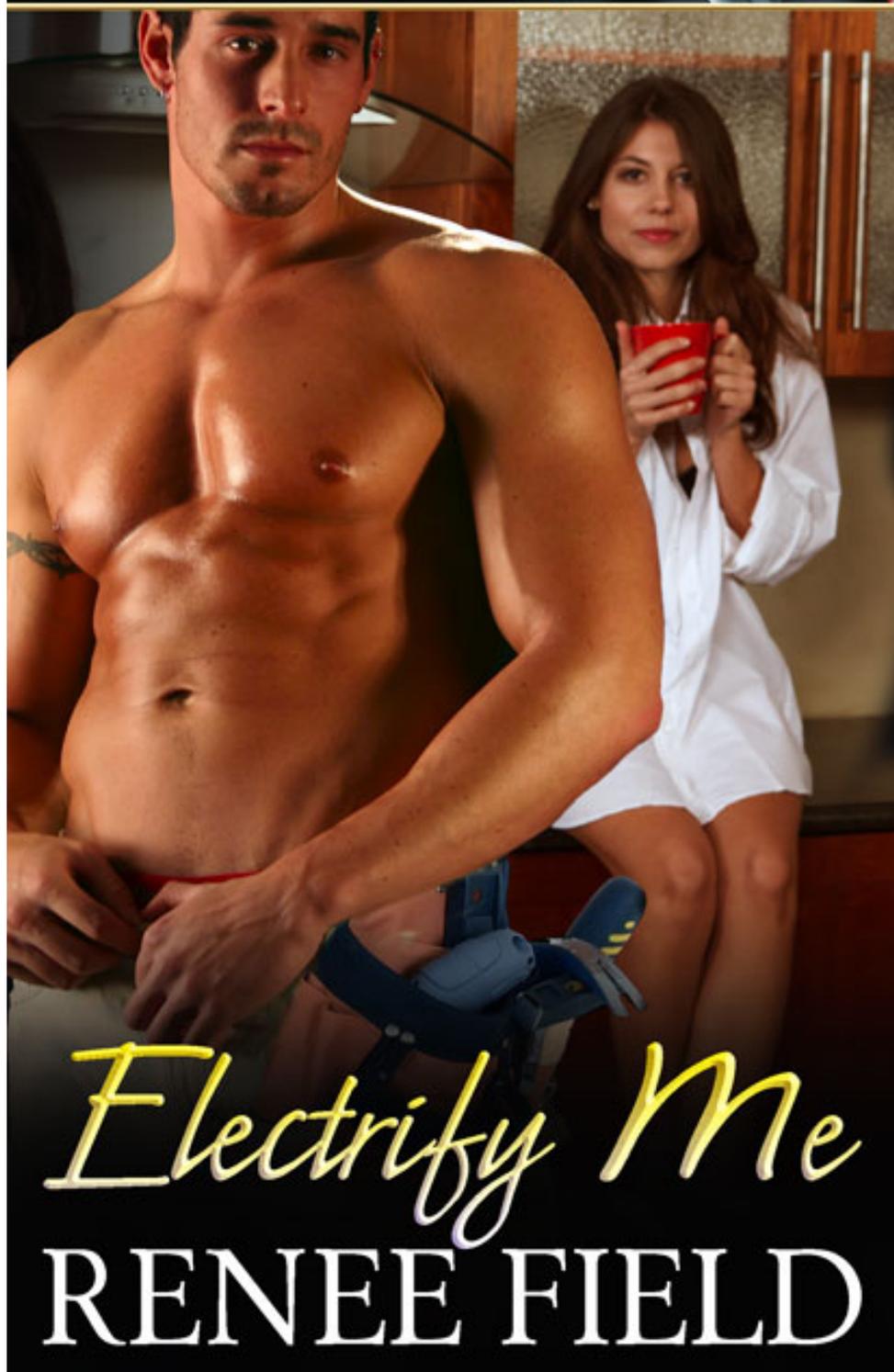


ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



*Electrify Me*  
RENEE FIELD

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Electrify Me

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# *ELECTRIFY ME*

**Renee Field**

## *Dedication*

For all the woman out there who yearn for a young man to fulfill their fantasies.

## *Acknowledgements*

To the love of my life—ever young, Brian. Special thanks to Briana St. James who is a great editor.

## *Trademark Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Jaguar: Jaguar Cars Limited Corporation

Old Spice: The Procter and Gamble Company Corporation

## *Author Note*

All mistakes in this work of fiction are mine alone. If we didn't make mistakes we wouldn't take any risks. Live life to love your life.

## Chapter One

Krista Jolly knew she was drooling. Her mouth hung open, her heartbeat sped up and sweet Jesus her panties were wet. Heck, if she looked at the hottie any longer there would be a puddle of desire pooling between her legs. Krista looked down self-consciously at her legs in the knee-length skirt she was wearing. *Legs that most definitely need a good shave. Ugh!*

She tried hard to look away. It was no use. I deserve this. Just like I deserved all that double chocolate fudge ice cream last night. Yup, there's nothing wrong with ogling. Her eyes scanned the man getting out of Ed's Cheap Prices, High Quality Electrical Services van. It wasn't Ed.

She knew that because Ed was a sixty-plus man who spent more time in her bathroom than anywhere near an electrical socket when he was at her place. But he had been her electrician for the past two years and more than that, she could afford him.

Krista held open the kitchen door. "Hi." *Pleeeeeease don't let him have blue eyes.*

"Hi. I'm Ed's nephew, Vance. Ed's not feeling well. He asked me to cover for him. Hope you don't mind."

*Mind. Mind. Hell no!* Krista said a thank you to the *Big Momma* in the heavens as her eyes tallied every delicious inch of Vavavooooommm. Looking at least six-foot five, he had dark wavy hair and baby-blue eyes...*so not fair*...long lean legs and by the look of his tight t-shirt a muscular chest. And his voice. A deep baritone gravelly timbre that made her knees weak with longing. *Soo* not what she needed in her life at the moment when she hadn't had sex in over six *long* months.

It wasn't like she tried not to meet men. She loved men. It was simply the fact that when she did meet a man of interest she usually ended up tongue tied and became a clumsy bumbling person. Not at all like the sophisticated women she wrote about.

“No, I don’t mind at all. Come in and don’t mind the mess.” Krista opened the door more for Vavavooooommm to enter her domain.

Vance stepped into her kitchen. “Not a problem. So, what exactly is the job?”

*The job is you have to fuck me so hard I won’t ever want to walk again.* That thought screamed in her head while her pussy muscles clenched eagerly as the man’s large frame filled her kitchen. *Too bad he isn’t filling me.*

Then his scent, Old Spice, sailed to all those erogenous zones on her traitorous body and her nipples puckered tight against her white cotton shirt...sensitive, yearning for his spicy aroma to be slathered all over her body.

Krista gulped, immediately ashamed at her body and racy mind. Trying hard to get a handle on her immediate reaction to Vance, she walked over the piles of magazines, old newspaper clippings and boxes of file folders that hadn’t made it to her temporary office yet.

Slightly terrified she had drool dripping from her mouth from her physical reaction to him, she said, “The job’s in the basement.” She showed him the stairs to the basement, which were to the side of the kitchen.

“Kids?” he asked.

His large, tanned hand picked up a remote control car off the first step of the basement stairs.

“What? Ohh, no...that’s my nephew’s car. He comes over regularly and still hasn’t learned how to clean up. Then again, from the looks of things we all know where he gets that genetic glitch,” she answered, realizing she was starting to ramble. *Okay, stop babbling.* Krista swallowed as her eyes savored the sight of his firm ass in the faded blue jeans while he sauntered down the basement stairs in front of her.

The sway of his tool belt hugging his lean hips was almost hypnotizing. *How I wish I was one of those screwdrivers clamped tight next to all that muscle. That’s it!* Mentally she kicked herself. Her Vavavooooommm man looked to be in his mid-twenties, a good decade out of her league.

He stopped abruptly on the last step and she plowed straight into his back. Muscles bunched under her hand as she unconsciously placed a palm on his back to stop her descent onto the rec room floor.

"Here, I've got you," he said, maneuvering her quickly from the last step to the floor.

So much for poise. "Sorry about that. I think my foot slipped on another toy." Krista reached down and there sure enough was the culprit. A tiny blue and white police car.

She forced herself to breathe as she brushed past Vance. "The dryer's blown another fuse and Ed said that I might need to replace the entire box the last time I called him." Krista stepped into her messy laundry room.

Vance smiled, his eyes twinkling mischievously as he stepped forward to examine the decades old fuse box. "Lady, I'm surprised your house hasn't burnt down. This is a mess."

"Well, what else is new in my life?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean, but really, in all seriousness this needs to be fixed."

Krista bit her lower lip. Fixed meant money and most of that was currently being used to cover the renovations to the basement, which did not include upgrading the electrical needs of the entire house. "How much?" she blurted out.

"Let's worry about that once I take a look at it. I'm sure we can manage something," he said. "Are those cookies I smell?"

"What? Oh my God, I forgot all about those. I'll be right back."

Krista, was racing back up the stairs before Vance could say another word. He grinned, hearing her mutter something about damned cookies, chocolate and Vance could have sworn he heard the word sex.

The word sex caused his cock to speak up on its own accord. It went from quiet to obscenely loud in one huge sweep. *Christ, I can't believe I have a fucking hard-on.*

Vance so didn't need this. Even as he maneuvered his body around a mound of dirty clothes lying on the concrete floor next to the washer his eyes zoomed in on what was on top of the heap—a red bra. Immediately fantasies leaped to life causing his cock to buck its own happy reply. *Down boy.*

Krista Jolly wasn't at all how he'd pictured her. His uncle Ed had made her out to be goofy, aloof and an old time spinster. The way she eyed him while trying hard to keep her eyes downcast made him smile. There was nothing remotely spinsterish about her.

Vance thought she might be in her early thirties. She had the nice round curves a woman should have, breasts that bounced when she walked, and he loved the sway of her heart-shaped ass that hugged the tight fabric of her short jean skirt. Chestnut colored hair was casually swept into a ponytail and she wore a white simple cotton top that had pink flowers edging the sleeves. But the best thing was she was barefoot. Tantalizing red painted toenails and cute small feet he had noticed immediately.

Why couldn't she be wearing running socks or have large ugly duck feet? Nope. *She has to have cute painted toenails and small toes that I'd love to nibble on.* Just where those thoughts came from Vance wasn't certain, but one thing was for sure, he was hotter than he'd been in a long time just thinking about Krista. His balls bunched tight in the confines of his jeans as lust poured through his veins. And his cock was so bloody hard that he didn't dare crouch down for fear of it breaking in half.

Vance tried to calm his raging hormones. Then he remembered the creamy color of her skin and long elegant neck, and the flash of her hazel eyes made him want to grasp her oval-shaped face with his hands and kiss her senseless.

*What the hell am I thinking?* He tried hard to ignore the red laced bra that was in his view plane. Realizing it was a losing battle, he went over to her large pile of laundry and picked up the bra, hoping to stash it underneath one of her shirts.

"What are you doing?"

Krista's voice slammed into him and for the first time in a long time, Vance felt heat rush to his face. He'd been caught in the act. Mortified he blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"Ahh, sorry. I couldn't concentrate seeing that red bra of yours in my view plane. I was just going to stuff it under a shirt. You know, out of sight out of mind."

"Oh my God, I am so sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you...heck, I'm such an idiot when it comes to men...oops, disregard that, please."

Vance chuckled watching Krista deftly scoop up the pile of laundry. She shoved the red bra and everything else into the washer.

"You know you really should hand wash that." He attempted to disclose that bit of wisdom with a straight face.

"What?"

Crouched down on her knees to gather the clothing from the heap, Vance watched as Krista raised her hazel eyes up at him. She was sexy, beautiful and available, if the rumors Uncle Ed spouted were true.

"Four sisters and me the baby brother...trust me, I know all there is to know about bras. Once I discovered all of my sisters' bras in the bathroom sink. Thinking I'd do them a favor...actually, when I think about it I owed them a favor. Anyway, stupid me, I put them all in the washer and well, you can't begin to imagine the sound that reverberated through the house the minute they found out. Guess all the wiring and stuff broke apart. Took me six months of allowance money to pay them back and then to top it off, they made me come with them when they bought new ones. You can't begin to imagine how embarrassed I was," said Vance, chuckling again.

"But I know my bras," he added with an exaggerated wink.

Krista looked at him and then laughed, a real genuine belly chuckle that completely transformed her enticing face into a beautiful, luscious woman.

Clutching her tiny belly while her breasts bounced with each breathless chuckle, she asked, "How old were you?"

"Sixteen," he said. "And you can stop laughing now."

Vance watched as she chuckled again while reaching into the washer to pull out her bra.

"So you like my bra?" She teased him while twirling the red devilish material with her finger.

Vance nodded, a little unsure how to proceed. "Yup. But..."

"But what?"

He watched as Krista playfully pouted her eyes full of mischief.

"I'd like it better on you."

Krista didn't know what to do. She felt Vance's lust for her fill the room as his bright, intelligent eyes assessed her reaction to his provocative words. If only she could stop the erotic visions popping up in her head, she'd be able to get through this. If only she could become like the sensual powerful women she wrote about and fantasized about becoming.

"Um, thank you. By the way, how old are you?" Talk about adding an ice cube to the room.

"Twenty-four." He stared straight at her.

"Uh huh," she said.

Vance unclasped his tool belt to lay it on the floor and then ran a hand through his black wavy hair. "Now it's my turn to apologize. I shouldn't have said that. I'm making you uncomfortable and that's not what I intended."

"No, that's okay...it's just that...it's... I'm thirty-two, you're twenty-four and well, why don't we leave it like that," said Krista, taking a step back out of the laundry room.

She watched as he gave a slight nod and bent to pick up a screwdriver from his tool belt.

“Okay, for now. I think I’ll get to work and then we’ll talk about rewiring the entire house.” He turned providing her with a view of his back.

Fleeing the scene, she mumbled her want. “Sure. If you need anything I’m upstairs. Ohh, and by the way my cunt is wet with need and just maybe my pussy muscles have forgotten how to work a man’s cock. Can you fix that Vance, my man?”

“Did you say something?”

Krista turned scarlet eyeing Vance’s form standing on the bottom step. Shakily, she stepped from the last stair on the steps into her kitchen. “Nope. Nothing at all.”

“Really, are you sure –”

“Absolutely sure,” she blurted loud and clear. *Can this day get any worse?*

Krista tried recalling the last time she’d had sex with a man and not her plastic vibrating toy she kept hidden upstairs in her room on the top shelf of her closet. A weird thing to do when you considered she lived alone.

Two years ago she’d bought her dream house with the money she’d saved while working as a legal secretary. A year later she quit her job to write erotic romance full-time and didn’t once regret it. While it was a solitary job, the income was now steady. Plus her old legal firm still used her on an as needed basis and it was that money she squirreled away to pay for the repairs on the fifty-five year old cedar shingled bungalow and the current renovations in the basement. The fact that the basement had three large windows, was above ground and contained an old but usable washroom had sold the house for her.

The last man in Krista’s bed had been the new paralegal from Sam Reno’s Legal Firm, the firm where she used to work. That was half a year ago. *No wonder I’m horny and eyeing the twenty-four year old like I’m starving. Starving all right for a lick of his cock, the feel of his cum on my breasts, the invasion of that pounding rhythm of a man on top of me,*

*holding me down, pounding and pounding into my pussy. Oh my God! Stop it, stop it. You are not some fictional character in one of your erotic novels.*

*You're Krista Jolly who simply hasn't been laid in a long time. Get over it. He certainly has.* She listened to the sounds coming from below knowing Vance was hard at work, something she should be doing.

Immediately, Krista marched into her makeshift office, which was really her dining room. She flicked on her laptop and opened the latest story she was working on. It was another paranormal but this time it centered on a fallen angel and a woman who was a veterinarian and it was hot. So hot that reading the last chapter made her squirm in her seat with need.

“His cock pounded into her, the rhythm rough in its intensity. She ached to tell him to stop but she couldn't form the words. She knew it was wrong. He knew it was wrong, still that didn't stop the devilish slow progress of his hand as he moved it to her pebbled nipple and tweaked it hard.”

Once again Vance knew he was in deep shit. He hadn't intended to sneak up on Krista but it was so quiet he thought she might have gone out or taken a nap. Clients would do the weirdest things, he'd discovered in the past couple of years working off and on as an electrician. But this. This was the last thing he'd expected.

Krista Jolly's fingers were flying across the keyboard. Her back was to him and he knew she hadn't heard him come up from the basement. And there before him in bold letters was the word cock, which awoke his own shaft. He devoured the rest of the top paragraph and every vein in his body expanded. Blood surged to the head of his cock and he had to wet his lips, his mouth going dry with longing as his nipples pebbled tight against his shirt.

He knew Krista was an author, because Uncle Ed had said something of the sort but Vance just knew his uncle had no idea what she wrote. Shy, beguiling Krista Jolly was an erotica writer with a hidden wild side to her. Vance decided right there and then that

he would do whatever it took to make her go thrashing wild all over him, preferably right on top of his cock while he plunged it into her cunt.

"All done." Vance leaned in close to Krista's back, amazed at how fast she could slam her computer screen shut.

"You shouldn't do that so hard," he said, grinning.

He watched her twist her head around, her long ponytail whipping around her neck as she looked up at him with lust filled eyes. *Yup, she's affected by her own writing. Hot damn!* thought Vance. Immediately, he wondered if her panties were wet with desire, if her nipples were puckered and her clit achy for the feel of a man's fingers tweaking it back and forth...back and forth. *Shit, if I keep thinking this I'm going to explode in my own pants and that's not going to impress her.*

"Did you read any of that?" Her voice quivered.

"Oh yeah...so you're an erotica writer. Man, your boyfriend must love you," said Vance, waiting and hoping at the same time.

"That's funny. If I had a boyfriend he just might appreciate what I write," she said, giving into a grin.

"So, no boyfriend." *Gotta be my lucky day,* thought Vance. He placed his hands on the back of the chair she sat in, making it impossible for her to move or flee this time from his advances.

Krista nervously ran the palms of her hands along the top of her thighs, which were drawn tight in her jean skirt. "Nope. Just me."

"So let me get this straight. You write erotica but you won't go out with me because I'm younger than you?"

"What?" she squeaked, attempting to move the chair back a bit from the table.

"You heard me." Vance reached down and tucked a stray hair behind her cute ears.

"I don't remember you asking me out."

Vance moved the chair back a bit for her and watched as she moved to stand next to him. She wasn't particularly tall but she had long legs he'd like to caress with his tongue, which would then move to her pussy, her breasts and then her toes. *Stop it*, thought Vance, feeling his heart rate increase while more blood pooled to his already engorged cock, which was starting to feel very constrained in his jeans.

"Look, let's make a deal. We're two responsible adults. I'll re-wire your house for you if you'll read me what you're working on."

"What?"

It was a shy squeal that erupted from her startled lips.

"I like erotica. I like women who write erotica and Krista, I've been charmed by you from the minute I walked into your cookie-scented kitchen. So is it a deal?"

He watched as her hazel eyes assessed him.

"How long will it take you to re-wire my house?"

"Two weeks or there about...It's hard to commit when I don't know the full extent of what I have to work with behind some of your walls." *But boy, honey do I plan to discover all those dirty little secrets you're hiding behind those walls.* Vance attempted not to grin with his own thoughts.

She angled her head more to look at him and placed both hands on her hips. "Let me get this straight. You're willing to re-wire my entire house and all I have to do is read my erotica stories to you?"

"That's it," he said. *Hell no!*

She drew her bottom lip inside her mouth, not realizing how sexy she looked.

"Just me reading and you wiring, right?"

He nodded, not wanting to come out and lie to her. "Unless –"

"Unless what?"

There was a wide innocent look in her eyes and a beguiling lust-filled smile on her face. "Unless you say otherwise. So is it a deal?" he asked, noting how husky his voice sounded to his own ears.

"Deal," she said, holding out her hand.

*If she thinks I'm about to shake her hand she's in for a sexy awakening.* Vance moved without hesitation to claim her slightly parted mouth. He tasted the chocolate from the cookies on her lips and fought not to groan with need. He was pleased when Krista didn't object to his kiss. Instead she opened her mouth wider for him, allowing him the access he needed to plunge his tongue in for a small taste of her. He felt her gasp when he stroked the top of her roof with his tongue, and still, when his tongue deftly teased her lower teeth.

It was Vance's turn to gasp when she returned his stroking, probing tongue with her own, dueling with him with an expertise that caused his cock to expand even more. Vance knew when he checked his shorts later he'd have pre-cum drops all over them.

Finally finding the willpower to break the heated kiss, Vance eased back. Then he forced his aching passion-induced body to take a step back from Krista, whose face was flushed a cute, delicate hue of pink.

"See you tomorrow, bright and early."

Before she could say anything he opened the kitchen door and left, counting the hours until he'd see her again, hoping like hell she'd be wearing that red bra that had set his cock on fire. Maybe just the red bra. Vance wondered how many days it would take before Krista would peel off those shy layers she wore to hide her wild side. One thing was for certain, Vance planned to stash a pile of condoms in his jeans the next time he visited, thinking it was always wise to plan ahead.

## Chapter Two

Krista hadn't slept. She'd tried but her body had been so tantalized that the lure of sleep eluded her. Even after she'd climaxed twice, once with her own fingers and once with the use of the vibrator, it wasn't enough to get the thought of Vance's offer out of her head or the feel of his lips erased from her memory.

"He said it. We're both adults. It's not like we're doing anything wrong," she mumbled into her coffee mug. The warm hazelnut-flavored liquid slid down her throat, reminding her of the hot feel of his tongue pressing into her wet mouth. She gulped when his van backed into her driveway and cursed when her heart sped up in anticipation.

She waited until he knocked twice on the door before willing her legs to move. "Do it, just do it...I can handle him," she muttered opening the door.

"Good morning," she said, noting he carried a large electrical wheel in his hands. *He really did come to re-wire my house.* A twinge of disappointment bumped into her consciousness. *Well, what did you expect. Sex, that's what.* Krista hated that'd she'd jumped to that ridiculous conclusion.

Vance dropped the large reel of wire gently onto her kitchen floor. "Is that hazelnut coffee I smell?"

"Yup." *Small talk. I can do this.* She took another sip of her hot brew for added caffeine strength.

"I'll do whatever you ask if I can get a cup of that," he said, staring straight at her, his bright-blue eyes intense.

It was a blatant challenge and she was smart enough to know it. *Whatever I ask? Now, let me see. How about take your shirt off, then your pants and let me take that big cock of*

*yours into my mouth for the rest of the morning.* Krista mentally kicked herself again. “Not necessary. You bring your gear in and I’ll get you a cup. Not a problem.”

“That would be lovely, but my offer still stands...anything you ask.”

Those were Vance’s parting words as he moved his gear to the basement. Once she’d delivered his coffee as promised he went straight to work. Needing to keep busy, Krista turned on her computer and made herself get back to the story she was working on.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I brought lunch,” he announced, startling Krista out of her writing.

“What?” Krista attempted once again to close the lid on her laptop.

He stopped her. “Don’t shut it. You’re going to read it to me...remember?”

She gasped, delighting him. “Are you really serious about this? I mean, I’m sure I can find some money to pay you.”

“Krista, you and I had a deal. I re-wire and you read.”

“Just giving you the chance to change your mind, that’s all.” She moved her chair back, and Vance was pleased she hadn’t bothered to tie her hair up. Her chestnut-colored hair cascaded around her shoulders and down her back, and it was very long. Undone, it came to rest at the small of her back. It was like a sable blanket, wrapping her in sensuality, and more than anything he wanted to wrap his hands in it.

“Thanks for bringing lunch but you didn’t have to.”

He took a step toward her, the ache to reach out and touch her silky hair arcing through his senses like a live wire. “Of course I didn’t have to. I wanted to. So once we’re done eating you can read to me, okay?”

Krista hesitated and then smiled, looking him directly in the eyes to answer him. “Sure.”

Ten minutes later they were finishing lunch. “That was the best cold pasta salad I’ve ever eaten.”

She licked her fingers. The move was entirely erotic and by the heat in her eyes she knew it.

“Let’s move to the living room. It’s more comfortable. I’ll get what I’m working on.”

Vance was surprised she wasn’t going to back down on their agreement. His cock immediately pulsed to life with her offer. He had to fight with his cock that sprang to life, walking stiffly to the living room, trying to find a comfortable position for his bulging member within the tight confines of his jeans. *She’s really going to go through with this.* Gutsy and sexy, two qualities he admired in a woman. Actually he admired a lot more than that when it came to Krista.

*“Eat me.”*

*He brought his cock head to her mouth. She shook her head. “I need you inside me.”*

*“I can’t.” Losing his virginity would mean he’d never get his wings back, but as a mortal he could fuck her other ways.*

*“Can’t or won’t?” she said, her breasts heaving with need.*

*He reached down and ran a finger over the tip of each rosebud-colored nipple, loving how they plucked to attention.*

*“I want your cock inside me so much I ache.”*

*He knew that admission had cost her, but as much as he’d love to slide his rigid cock into her tight sheath he would not damn them both. Before he could say anything, he felt her tongue flick over the tip of his wet shaft.*

*“I’m going to suck your cock so hard you’re going to die from the pleasure of it,” she said, pulling his engorged member straight into her mouth.*

*Her throat muscles relaxed as she let all of him fill her mouth. The pleasure of this act, the oral sex humans undertook was truly earth-shattering. And this was only a small taste of what he was allowed to sample. The knowledge of that was truly damning.*

Krista's body was hot with need. She always read her work out loud before sending it to her editor, but never with an audience. Never with a man who oozed sex and Old Spice out of every pore of his body. Her pussy clenched with need, a trickle of cream wetting her panties.

"Fuck," he mumbled.

"Excuse me?"

"Your writing is incredible. I love that he wants to have sex with her but knows he can't. Nice twist on that one. Sweet mother of mercy, I'm on fire from you just reading it to me."

She smiled. "Really?"

"Hell yes. So, do you have to do lots of...ahh, research?" he coughed.

Krista grinned openly as she leaned in closer to him on the sofa. "Sometimes."

"So is there anything you'd like me to do?" he grinned back, the blues of his eyes light and mischievous.

"What do you mean?"

"I said I wouldn't forget...for the coffee. I owe you. Anything you ask is yours."

Krista's heart thudded loudly in her chest. She crossed and uncrossed her legs, trying to alleviate the burn her cunt felt with the need of wanting him. *This is my cue. It's now or never.*

Placing his muscled arms over the back of the sofa in a provocative pose, with his shirt clinging to his chest, she eyed his dark arm hairs and fine form.

"Anything at all, Krista...I'll do it. Maybe you need to do some more research," he suggested.

"Take off all your clothes," she mumbled, her breath gasping for air.

"Now this I like."

Krista realized then she'd blurted out what she was thinking without thought, and that he was actually going through with it. However there was no way she was going to

tell Vance to stop stripping. The shirt was gone and his hands hovered on the fly of his tight jeans.

“Is this part of your research?” He gave his lips a lick as he stood up from the sofa.

“Sort of.”

“Sort of,” he repeated. His voice was now filled with that gravelly sound she had come to quickly love.

The only noise in her living room was the sound of Vance’s zipper slowly being pulled down. She shut her eyes.

“Oh no you don’t. Open your eyes Krista. I know you want to watch.”

*Bastard. He’s right.* Blinking wide, she stared as Vance stepped out of his tight jeans. His socks and underwear quickly followed. Totally naked, he stood proud before her. His cock was large and beautiful as it bounced up against his belly at an angle. The tip was flushed red with need and the veins stood out sharply. What was more impressive than his cock were his testicles. They hung large and heavy, the skin of the sac drawing tight around his balls. The urge to cradle them in both her hands and cup them to her face caused her nipples to peak. And when Vance instinctively stroked his cock, a pool of cream slid out of her cunt, causing her to squirm.

“Now what?”

“Have you ever had anal sex?” Krista tried hard to stop staring at his body and cock, or the way his hand moved up and down the large column.

“Please tell me you’re not kidding,” he answered, his voice rough with desire.

She shook her head.

“So you want me to stand here naked in your living room and talk about anal sex, that’s it?”

Krista couldn’t help but notice that a speck of pre-cum was sliding down his thick shaft. It was a speck she wanted all to herself and much more.

“Well, actually I was sort of hoping you’d help me with this—”

Krista didn't get the chance to finish her sentence. Vance moved and leaned over her body on the sofa. He grasped her tightly to his naked chest to demand a kiss. It was hot, controlling and filled with a man whose needs and appetites would demand the most of her.

"Honey, this conversation is moving to the bedroom. Now. We can talk and research to your heart's content but if you're asking if I'd love to have sex, any type of sex with you, the answer is hell yes. And if you want me to show you all you need to know about anal sex, then I'm your man. The idea of my cock filling your ass makes me want to explode."

"Ohh." She breathed into his mouth that was less than an inch from her wet lips. Krista's pussy muscles flexed their own answer. "Follow me."

Vance was hotter than he'd ever been. Even as a teenager he'd always been able to ensure a woman climaxed first before he did. Sweat trickled on his forehead as he fought not to come. His balls bunched tight with the need to climax. The thought of pounding his cock into Krista's ass had him drawn tight. Knowing he'd be the first...shit, he could barely walk, his balls were so heavy.

Her bedroom was painted a dark navy blue. A blood red duvet covered her queen-sized bed. She closed the blinds and sashayed around the room to light three small aromatic candles. He thought of all the things he wanted to do with her here in this room, making a mental note to add a few special red bulbs to his shopping list.

Once the candles were lit, Krista moved to the side of the bed. She hadn't said a word once she'd entered her bedroom and Vance knew she was starting to have second thoughts about her heart-felt admission. That wouldn't do. He moved toward her, holding his engorged cock in one hand.

"I have two things I need you to do." He gave his cock a good long stroke and watched her eyes follow his movement.

"They are," she replied, her voice husky with need.

“Strip and for the love of mercy suck me,” he said, need raking through him hard.

She didn’t say anything. Instead she whipped her shirt over her head and Vance sucked in his breath. There is was right before him. Krista in her red bra. She had a smooth stomach with curves, something he liked. She stepped out of her jeans and he groaned. Red bra with matching red panties. Then she turned, a slow seductive twist to provide him with a view of her ass.

*Wrong*, he thought, trying to think of some mundane thing like re-wiring to stop the spurt of cum leaking out of his cock. There before him stood a woman filled with erotic needs wearing a red bra with matching red thong. *I know I’ve died and gone to heaven.*

“Fucking beautiful,” he mumbled.

She turned toward him with a shy smile on her face. “Thanks, but I know I’m not beautiful.”

“Krista, I don’t know what idiot told you you weren’t beautiful but trust me they were dead wrong. Sexy. Erotic. Fucking beautiful.”

She took a tentative step toward him. “Thanks again, but you forgot old.”

“Old?”

“I’m a lot older than you, Vance.”

Vance grasped her small body to his and fell to his knees. Level with her crotch, he caught her musky, feminine smell. Inhaling deeply, he raised his head up to her. “Honey, you are not old but just to be sure, I’m checking for any gray hairs you might have *right* here.” He pulled her thong down to her ankles in one swoop giving her mound a playful pat. She giggled at his words and bold moves.

“Like I thought, no gray hairs. But again, just to be thorough, I’m going to double check.” Vance kissed her mound and then drew his tongue down to her pussy lips. No more giggles erupted from Krista’s mouth after Vance took action.

He let her step out of her thong and growled when she spread her legs for him while fisting her fingers in his hair to keep her balance.

“Thought I was supposed to suck you,” she gasped, a second before he forked his tongue between her swollen pussy lips.

The sweet taste of her cum electrified him. He licked her long, feeling her entire body shudder before he answered her. “I want your cream to slide down my throat then you can eat me. But that’s only after I make you come for me.”

“With pleasure,” she replied.

“Put your leg over my shoulder.”

Vance didn’t let her question him, he simply moved her leg as he wanted it, exposing more of her cunt, more of her creamy dew that was now coating his face and her thighs. Then he went to work in earnest.

Pushing his head between her spread legs, he used his wide shoulders to continually assault her wet lips with his mouth and lips. His face was as deep as it could go, but he needed more. Spreading her ass cheeks slightly with his hands, he maneuvered his head deeper and then his tongue licked her puckered hole. She groaned and the shudder almost toppled her. He gripped her ass harder, keeping her upright.

“That’s right Krista, that ass of yours is going to be mine.” Just to be sure she heeded his words, he let his tongue circle her hole again and again, then he swept it down to her cunt, needing more of her cream in his mouth. Again and again he repeated his actions. She was breathing heavily but he wanted her on fire.

Vance moved his hand lower from her butt cheeks and circled her asshole with one finger. She stilled.

“It’s okay,” he mumbled into her wet cunt.

He kept circling the small puckered hole until he felt her relax, getting used to the rhythm of his finger teasing her ass and his tongue licking her pussy clean. When he plunged his tongue deep into her wet folds, licking the inside of her cunt, he also plunged his finger up her ass. And then he repeated his actions. Tongue deep inside her

pussy, the muscles flexing around it greedily and a finger in her hole, rimming her body with sensations.

She gasped and yanked on his hair.

"I'm going to come," she groaned.

Before she did that he filled her ass with two fingers, widening her channel for the invasion of his cock. She shuddered her release, her climax pouring into his mouth as he lapped up all her cream. But he didn't remove his fingers.

"You like my fingers in your ass, don't you?"

"Maybe," she rasped out as she looked down at him.

"I want my cock in there so bad I might let you suck me later."

She moved her body so fast, his fingers pulled out of her ass as she playfully pushed him to her bedroom floor. Vance was thankful for the lush red carpet.

Then all thoughts fled when her mouth clamped tightly around his cock head.

"I need to suck you." The words were muffled as she moved her mouth completely over his shaft.

He let her have her way with him, vowing though to brand her as his before the day was done.

Her tongue played with the wet slit at the tip of his cock. The sight of her long hair draped over her body and round breasts which were swaying, calling for his hands, was highly sensual. Then she pulled all of his cock into her mouth, sucking him hard. Her mouth was stretched to accommodate his girth but she didn't seem to mind. He could feel her tongue lightly flicking over that one sensitive vein, which was throbbing with the need to explode. To get a grip on his hard-on, he moved his hands to tweak her nipples.

He felt her moan, the sound vibrating along his cock straight into his tight balls. Krista moved her head lower and licked his balls before stuffing one deep into her mouth. She rolled his testicle tenderly with her tongue while in her mouth and then

repeated the action with his other ball. Cum almost exploded out of him when she moved a finger to his asshole.

*Sweet mercy, no*, he thought. If Krista even put the tip of her finger in his ass he'd climax faster than two live wires.

Vance grasped Krista's head and forcibly moved her mouth off his cock. He let her take one more lick from the slit and then he brought her close to him. He needed the feel of those lips on his own. She didn't hesitate. Krista settled her wet cunt against his rigid cock, pushing her hips forward slightly so she could slick his column with her cream as he plunged his tongue ruthlessly down her throat. He growled. She moaned. He pushed his cock to her slick opening and waited for her to angle her hips slightly. She did, just enough to let the wide head of his cock slip inside her welcoming sheath.

"So wet for me," he rasped out, finally forcing his lips from hers.

"So hard for me," she echoed.

He kissed her smile. "I could slip all the way into your pussy, pump my cock into this wet cunt of yours, but then you wouldn't get your research done."

She leaned back, arching her breasts forward at the same time. He felt the silky skin of her ass cheeks tease the dark hairs on his thighs.

Krista moved her hands up to her own breasts, teasing him with her bold actions. "Well, that wouldn't do would it."

"Now, this I like. But if I watch you play with your breasts, honey that research will have to wait for later, and I hate to disappoint."

"Disappoint, seriously, I don't think it's in you." Her words and provocative actions were a deadly combination, as she disobeyed him to tweak her pebbled nipples into tight brown buds.

He moved her so fast she actually squeaked. Turning her onto her knees, he bit first one ass cheek than the other, quickly following that with two light slaps. She gasped but then jiggled her behind at him.

"I'm going to fuck your ass, you got that?"

Vance watched as she tilted her backside, providing him with easier access to her virgin hole. He laid his weight on her, letting her get used to the feel of him. Holding the tip of his wet cock, he used his own pre-cum to lube her tight hole. Then he pulled back and moved his face to the crack of her ass. He licked her from one hole to the other, strong laps that had her whimpering in delight. Then he brought his cock head back to her asshole and pushed the wide tip slightly inside.

She stilled. Vance waited a few more seconds then he pushed a bit more, while moving his other hand to reach her mound. He dipped his hand between her legs and found her clit, tweaking it hard with two fingers. He felt her muscles relax around his cock as more of her cum slid from her pussy. Judging she was ready for more he pushed his entire member deep, then took it out and repeated the action.

She oohed.

"You like?" he asked.

"More," she panted, her head down, totally caught up in the act.

Vance picked up his pace. Her hole was tight as the muscles squeezed his cock, and the friction was making him lose his mind. He knew he wouldn't be able to keep pounding into her ass much longer but sweet mercy she was going to climax first, he vowed, slipping a digit into her wet pussy.

"Now, I'm stuffing my finger in your pussy and I'm in your ass. Is this the type of research you were looking for?"

"Oh my God, it's so much...it's so...fuck me...fuck my ass!" screamed Krista, plunging back to meet his hips' movements as he now pounded mindlessly deep into her ass.

She came, her cunt clenching his fingers.

Vance could barely breathe. "I'm going to come," he rasped, loving the feel of his balls bouncing against her cheeks.

“In. My. Ass.”

Those were the blessed words he needed to hear. He came so fast that his eyes rolled back in his sockets. When he finally stopped shuddering his release, he eased out.

All he could do was roll to the carpet.

“That was unbelievable,” he said. “You’re amazing, Krista. Absolutely amazing.”

She turned her body into his, her fingers playing with his chest hairs. “Not bad for an older woman, right?”

He grinned at her. “For every time you say that word—”

“What word?” she asked, moving to her elbows to look down at him.

“Older,” he said.

“Yeah, so what...you going to punish me?” she quipped, licking her swollen lips.

“I’m going to fuck your ass so hard you’ll scream.”

“Umm.” She stood up, sauntering like a satisfied cat toward the adjoining bathroom. Placing her hand on the doorframe, she turned and looked at him. “Older, older, older.”

Vance growled with pleasure while his cock surged to life with her saucy retort. He stood up, advancing toward her. “I can see we’re going to have lots to talk about.”

“Maybe,” she said, stepping into the bathroom to turn the shower on.

“Maybe?” he asked, following her movement.

“Or maybe we can just have lots of older, older...sex,” she said, stepping into the large tub.

Vance watched the spray of water slide down her body. It was one of the most erotic moments in his life. He watched her lather soap all over her body. She played with her breasts, her mound and her ass as she pretended the sponge was his fingers. He already knew she was toying with him.

“You like getting down and dirty, don’t you?” he said.

“Older...older...older,” she said, while applying the soap from the sponge to her breasts in a slow, seductive circle.

That was all the incentive Vance needed.

### Chapter Three

*Just where did he get this car from?* wondered Krista, stepping out of Vance's sleek black Jaguar to eye the stately décor of the town's top restaurant. "Oasis! We can't go in to that restaurant. You need to book reservations months in advance."

"Trust me, we'll get in," said Vance, grinning.

"Stop that."

"Stop what?" asked Vance, moving to Krista's side to take her hand.

"You know...grinning." She hesitated slightly before she took his offered hand. His fingers gave hers a gentle squeeze, which reassured and touched her on a deep level that was equally disconcerting.

"I'm grinning because I'm with a beautiful woman tonight," he said, moving in close to say the words, his breath fanning her cheek.

"Thank you, but you forgot to say beautiful *older* woman." Krista was aware of eyes watching her as Vance ushered her through the throng of people cued up inside the large front foyer of the restaurant.

"No, I forgot to say beautiful, sexy and did I mention that you smell amazing, and good enough to *nibble* on."

Before she could recover from those words, he calmly smiled and nodded at the head waiter. Then he leaned in close to her. "And I plan to punish you good for that word once we're home."

Krista knew he wasn't kidding. He'd made that clear earlier. He wasn't buying her older woman, younger man issues. Come to think of it, the idea of being with him out in public, knowing younger women were eyeing him like the yummy dessert he was empowered Krista.

Gone was the handyman who'd shown up at her house this morning and in his place stood one self-assured, sexy-as-sin naughty boy, who left her feeling breathless with flutters of excitement in her belly. The thought of what they did in her bedroom caused her cheeks to flush.

"What are you thinking now?" Vance's voice was slow and seductive. He cocked an eyebrow at her while maneuvering them to their table.

*He knows exactly what I'm thinking.* "Nothing," she replied, taking another long look at him. Tonight, Vance wore casual black pants and a baby blue cotton shirt. He'd left the top two buttons purposefully undone. Seeing those dark chest hairs of his peeking out at her made her want to run her tongue all over him, again and again. *The man looks delicious enough to eat. Wait a sec, I did that already.* She stifled her giggle.

After her "research" sex, they'd had sex in the shower, sex in her bed and then had come his proposal. A real date. That's what the man wanted from her and that's what she'd give him. Mind you, he had added a wickedly naughty proposition insisting she go commando tonight. So here she was wearing her best black dress, the satin material resting at the top of her knees with nothing covering her pussy. He liked the idea of her bare to his fingers. Those parting words of his had caused her womb to clench with need.

Krista fought not to blush more. *Maybe he ought to write erotica.* She felt completely tongue-tied.

"Your table, sir." The head waiter was all decked out in black. With his slicked back hair he truly looked Italian.

Meekly following Vance's lead, Krista said, "Geesh, what did you do, bribe him or something?"

"Something." He moved to help Krista have a seat. "Thanks Al, I'll take it from here. Please, pick out the best red wine."

"Al...you're on first name basis with the staff? Did you used to work here or something?" she asked, realizing for the first time they'd been placed in the best spot. In

fact it was a secluded enclave. They were on the middle level of the three-floor restaurant and they had their very own private table.

“Wow, this place is amazing. You know I read in one of the top national designer magazines that the owners of this place hired a professional designer and that they even imported a cook from Italy to oversee all the food.”

Krista’s eyes swept around the place to look at the patrons being seated on the first floor. “Honestly, I’m impressed. But you didn’t have to go to all this trouble for me. I’m just plain Jane and I’m not that picky with my food. We could leave now and grab something along the waterfront that won’t break the bank.”

Krista watched as Vance laughed. Then he moved his hands across the table holding his palms out. It was another invitation. The move was all hers. She could ignore his hands but she didn’t. Tentatively, she raised her hands up from her lap to place her somewhat sweaty palms in his. Another gentle squeeze from his large hands tugged at her heartstrings.

“You are the most refreshing woman I’ve ever been with. Any other woman would just be impressed with this place but you’re worried about my wallet and for that I plan to kiss you senseless before dessert arrives and then if you’re real good...I get to eat you all to myself later—”

“Vance, when Al told me you had someone special dining with you tonight I almost died. I just had to come and see with my own eyes,” said a woman who was stunningly beautiful. “I’m Maria,” said the goddess who was now holding out her hand to shake Krista’s.

“Krista this is Maria, my sister,” said Vance.

The black-haired goddess flashed a row of pearly white teeth, her blue eyes as startlingly clear as the painted ice blue walls of the second floor. *Did he just say sister?* Krista tried hard to not stare at the woman who was still smiling at her.

“Sister?” echoed Krista.

“One of four. Oh, prepare yourself, Krista, the tag team is coming our way.” Vance smiled up his beaming sister who was still clutching Krista’s hand. “And Maria, you might want to let go of Krista’s hand.”

“I’m so sorry...it’s just that he’s never brought any woman here to the restaurant before. Baby brother, you know how we don’t like to be surprised,” admonished Maria, turning her gaze to Vance.

Vance flashed an innocent look at Maria. “I thought you were all still in Italy.”

“We got back last night. Wait until you see what we bought...and the wines we’re going to order. Did you talk to Rafael? He’s discovered some new authentic dishes he’d like to try, and here I am rambling, and being a terrible hostess,” said Maria. “Gotta run. I’ll drop by later to chat.”

“Please don’t,” mumbled Vance, a second before Maria darted out and three other amazingly beautiful amazons stood before their table.

“Vance, please introduce us,” said the woman now standing at Krista’s side of the table.

All of Vance’s sisters were beautiful. One had long curly black hair, the other had short cropped black hair and the last one had straight long blonde hair.

“Krista, these are my other sisters. Olivia, Mia and Vera. Often called the troublesome threesome,” said Vance with pride.

“Nice to meet all of you,” said Krista, rising slightly off her seat so she could shake each woman’s hand in turn.

“The pleasure is all ours,” said Vera.

“Now, Vera before you get any ideas like joining us, which you all are not, we’re just here to enjoy some good food and wine,” admonished Vance.

Vera laughed, the sound gay and soft. “So true, baby brother. We’ll talk later. You will die once you see the stuff we brought back with us. Come Olivia and Mia, let’s go

bug Rafael in the kitchen. Don't worry, we will provide you with the best of everything tonight, baby bro," admonished Vera, sweeping away from them in one regal turn.

"I can't believe those women are your sisters. They are stunning," said Krista.

"They are also annoying and noisy," said Vance. "But they mean well."

"So you all work here," she said.

Vance grinned again while reaching out to take her right hand in his, again. "Krista, I tried to tell you before Maria found us...we own Oasis."

"Own Oasis? What are you talking about? You're an electrician," said Krista, clearly surprised.

"Yes I am an electrician and yes, we, as in my sisters and I, are the owners of Oasis. I had almost completed my journeymen papers to become an electrician when three years ago one of our uncles in Italy passed away. He left everything to Ma and Pop who in turned decided they didn't need the money so they gave it to us." Vance paused while a waiter served them red wine.

"It took us a while to figure out what to do with the money so while we were figuring it out I completed my trade and then two years ago we decided to start our own family business. Vera is the national designer you mentioned. She had been living in New York and working there but once we decided to open up a restaurant together, she came back to oversee all the details. Mia, the blonde and quiet one who didn't speak, is the cook in the family and she helps Rafael, our cousin from Italy, in the kitchen. And Olivia runs the place along with Maria," said Vance, taking another sip of wine.

"That's amazing and unbelievable. But why all the secrecy? I read in the article that the owners requested anonymity," she said, reaching for her own wine glass.

"Firstly, because we weren't sure the restaurant would fly. Don't forget this business was new to all of us two years ago and trust me, we've made lots of mistakes. Secondly, this is a small town and we didn't want people to think of us any differently. And thirdly you're the only woman I've ever told this to."

Krista gulped with his heart-felt admission.

“Why are you telling me?”

“Because I’m betting you don’t tell many people you’re an erotic writer. So I’m letting you in on one of my secrets.”

“Thanks,” she said, meaning it.

“So you’ve told me what your sisters do but what do you do?” she asked. “I mean when you’re not out on electrical calls for your Uncle.”

“I help out Uncle Ed whenever he calls. I like electrical work. As for the business end of things, I’m currently working on securing a second location. We’re thinking of opening up another restaurant across the harbor,” he said, smiling.

“That’s great news.” Krista toyed with her glass. Before she could say anything else their appetizers arrived and the aroma from the roasted red peppers made her salivate with longing, or maybe that was from the heated look Vance was sending her way.

“Come over here,” he said, rearranging their plates and wine glasses so she was forced to move to the small seat next to him.

*Not a good move at all*, thought Krista, annoyed, she did as instructed anyway.

“Are you always this demanding?” teased Krista, adjusting her dress. The night had been warm enough for Krista to wear her high-heeled open-toed sandals. Thinking of her sandals made her recall shaving her legs in the shower with Vance, who had liked watching so much that the minute she was done he’d hoisted her wet body up so that he could plunge his cock into her cunt with ease.

Krista also recalled how gallantly he’d left the bathroom after watching her shower. Thinking he was gone for good she’d closed her eyes, briefly savoring the hot water. However Vance had showed up within seconds, his hand full of condoms. His thoughtful actions, and for being a man who came prepared, had endeared him to her on the spot.

She'd let him take her fast and furious in the shower, and she'd loved every minute of it. After the shower Vance insisted on toweling her off, which had led to him nuzzling her sensitive sex again and again.

Krista was amazed at how easy it felt to talk with Vance. They talked about growing up in a small town, his first tour of Italy, his future plans for the business, and why he liked to keep his hands busy with electrical work. She babbled away about her renovation project, her house and nephew. When the main meal arrived Krista wasn't sure she'd be able to finish it, but the baked eggplant casserole slathered in a fresh basil tomato sauce topped with fresh parmesan cheese easily found room in her stomach.

"The food is delicious," she said, reaching for a second crusty roll.

"Rafael can really cook. Wait until you try one of his desserts, they are to die for."

"Honestly, I don't think I can squeeze another thing in to me."

"Really?" Vance cocked his eyebrows up at her while grinning wickedly at her.

"You did remember what I asked to you *not* to wear."

Krista gulped, feeling her skin heat. She nodded.

"That's good." He slinked a hand under the table. "Open your legs for me."

His tone was husky, causing her nipples to bud to life.

"I can't do this," she muttered.

He slid his large body closer to hers.

"Just pretend you're Veronica Flame."

Krista gasped. Veronica Flame was the name of the first female erotic character she'd ever written, in the book titled *Light My Wick*.

"I went home and did some research of my own. Let's just say I was *up* all night." A hot seductive grin stole over his chiseled face.

"I can't believe you read that."

His fingers teased the skin on her upper thighs. "Honey, I read every story you wrote with Veronica in it."

She gave a soft chuckle.

"So pretend you're Veronica. Open your legs for me, V."

Krista did as instructed, loving how he'd used Veronica's nickname to get her to accede to his wishes. The idea of his fingers playing with her pussy in public teased the wild side of her. *Tonight V is coming out to play.* Krista realized she was having the chance to role play one of her erotic characters. It was a wish come true for her.

As if he read her mind, Vance leaned in closer to her. Using one hand, he tucked a long hair behind her ear.

"I'm just expanding your research, V." He turned his face so he could nibble her lips. "I'm going to make you climax before dessert."

She turned her lips to better meet his. "We shouldn't be doing this."

He pushed his tongue deep inside her mouth before answering.

"Shouldn't," he chuckled softly into her mouth. "Honey, is that the right word V would be saying to me?"

There was that tender endearment of his—honey. It melted all her rational reasoning that said letting a man finger you in public was wrong. She licked his lips that were resting against her own, then she slinked her own hand under the table.

"V would be saying, 'Babycakes, I can't wait to get my mouth around that *big* cock of yours'...all with a Southern accent," teased Krista. She knew her voice was soft and husky, but if he thought she'd let him set the pace, he was wrong on that score.

He moved his mouth from her lips to nuzzle the sensitive skin of her neck, dangerously close to her earlobe. Krista's breath hitched. She stilled her hand that was advancing to the bulge in his pants. Vance had discovered Krista's key erogenous zones, her earlobes, from their earlier romps. Silently she begged him to move on and not nibble on that sensitive piece of skin. If he did that she was afraid the patrons below

them would hear her moans loud and clear over the soft background music that was filtering through the restaurant.

Vance gave her neck a tender nip and then using his other hand, took a sip of wine. "Let the games begin," he said, slipping his warm hand between her thighs.

It took all of Krista's control not to let on what was happening.

"Don't forget your wine," reminded Vance, a moment before he slipped a finger deep into her cunt. "Mmm, it's nice and sweet."

Krista knew he wasn't referring to the wine and she smiled bravely, angling her hand so she could rub his cock through his pants. She felt his shaft buck into the palm of her hand and heard a low hiss from his lips. His reaction spurred her on. She slid her hand down so she could feel the outline of his balls. Vance sat back more in his chair, providing her with a better angle to attend to his privates. In gentle strokes she teased her fingers from his sac to the engorged bulge of his cock, fingering the tip of his cock head that pressed tightly against his pants.

However, Vance wasn't done with her. He moved his finger out of her cunt and coated her swollen pussy lips with her own dew. Then using his thumb, he stroked her nub. A flame of ecstasy soared through Krista's body. He plunged two digits back inside her pussy.

"Care for more wine?" asked the waiter Vance had called Al.

"That would be lovely," replied Vance.

Krista hated how smooth and polished his voice sounded. *How can he sound like that when he's stroking my pussy and I've got my palm rubbing up against his cock? Talk about control.* She admired his determination.

The minute the waiter left Vance gave her slick cunt his one hundred per cent attention. She lost the ability to palm his hard ridge and had to bite her bottom lip to keep from moaning loudly as he pumped his two fingers into her pussy. Between his thrusts and his thumb rubbing over her pebbled nub, it was too much.

“Come for me, honey,” he drawled, twisting his hand slightly.

The motion hit an ultra-sensitive spot deep inside Krista’s cunt. She climaxed hard, feeling a gush of warm cum slide down her thighs. Only when the small shudders relaxed did Vance move his hand from under the table.

She gasped when he licked both fingers clean.

“If this table wasn’t here I’d go down on my knees to eat you alive,” he growled. “By the way, we’re getting our dessert to go.”

Before Vance could usher over the waiter, Krista turned her head, thinking she’d heard someone call her name.

“Krista. What on earth are you doing here?” said a deep male voice that caused all that wonderful feeling that had welled up within Krista to dissolve.

Krista looked up, hoping the voice would belong to someone else. No dice. There before her stood Derrick Chase, the last man she’d slept with. “Hi Derrick.” Krista hoped he’d get the hint and leave. Again, no such luck.

“I’ve been meaning to give you a call.” He leaned his frame against the table. “But, you know the firm...busy, busy, busy.”

“Yeah, that’s nice,” muttered Krista. She felt like slinking to the floor.

“Geez, this place costs a fortune and I had to make reservations months in advance. How did you get such a good table?”

“She had help,” answered Vance. “I’m Vance, Krista’s date and as much as we’d love to chat we’re heading home for dessert.”

Vance said the words—all smooth polish with a hint of steel vibrating them that any other male would have heard. Not Derrick. Krista felt her cheeks redden more.

“Date? Krista, you are kidding, right? Where’d you dig up this guy?”

Krista felt the slow seductive sweep of Vance’s leg as he reached under the table and nudged her leg with his own. She felt the contact of his calf through his black plants all the way to her still pulsing pussy and for a moment she totally forgot about Derrick.

“Actually Dick, we just met this afternoon and I promised to show Krista a good time and while the evening’s young, ahh, here’s our dessert,” said Vance, catching the eye of the head waiter.

“It’s Derrick,” he said, his voice filled with contempt.

“Really, you seem like such a Dick to me,” answered Vance, taking the time to play with a long strand of Krista’s hair. Before Derrick could say anything else, Vance’s sister, Maria showed up.

*Thank god*, thought Krista, feeling awkward and embarrassed. Then it dawned on her that Vance was sticking up for her. He was letting Derrick the dickhead know he was scum.

“Sir, I do believe your table is ready. I am sorry for the delay and for your patience, a bottle of wine on the house,” said Maria, smoothly ushering Derrick away from them. The man cast one more hateful look their way but thankfully remained silent and started to move.

“I’ll call you,” Derrick mouthed, turning his eyes to follow the sway of Maria’s hips as she seductively waddled in front of him.

“Thank you,” said Vance, a moment later when their boxed dessert arrived. “Shall we?”

Krista rose, now desperate to leave. “That would be lovely.”

“So let me guess. Dickhead was the last guy in your bed. Am I right?”

“His name is Derrick,” she chastised, feeling playful.

“Sorry hon, that guy’s going to remain Dickhead to me,” he said, a moment before he swept her into his arms and kissed her, right there on the sidewalk next to his parked car. His kiss was hot, demanding and slightly wild. She let him tilt her head, loving the feel of his fingers burying into her hair.

“Your place or mine?” he breathed into her mouth.

“Mine,” she mumbled, reclaiming his wet lips.

## Chapter Four

"Let's eat our dessert in your bedroom. If you show me where the coffee is I can make it," said Vance. "You go in and get comfortable."

"Comfortable? We're eating dessert."

"Naked," he said, opening a kitchen cabinet to discover mugs.

He watched as Krista turned to quickly flash her naked butt at him.

"I'll make the coffee," she said, grinning.

"Tease."

He watched as she poured water into the large black coffee maker, scooped three spoonfuls of coffee into it and flicked a switch. Finally she turned. He loved the tight satiny black dress she'd worn for him tonight but he needed her naked, had to see those breasts again...the need to tease her nipples almost crippling him.

"Yup, naked. Now scoot," he demanded, guiding her out of the kitchen and swatting her ass playfully as she pouted.

"But that will get crumbs—"

"Hopefully everywhere...I like my crumbs to land in those hard-to-find places," he said, watching as she entered her bedroom.

"Voilà!" said Vance, opening the dessert box as he entered her bedroom.

*Definitely a red light bulb.* Vance vowed to buy at least one tomorrow morning.

A dozen small pastries, every one of them looking mouth-wateringly delicious, filled the dessert box.

"I think my sisters are trying to fatten me up. Hey, didn't I tell you to take all your clothes off?"

Vance set the box on her nightstand. Then he advanced until he stood between Krista's legs. "Now, I must admit I like the black bra, but honey if I don't see those breasts of yours soon, I'm going to rip that bra off you."

He watched as her eyes heated at his words. Then without a word, Krista reached around the back to unclasp her bra. With one finger she twirled it across the room.

"Much better. Come here," he commanded. "Now about that punishment," he said, trying to appear pensive.

"What punishment?" she asked, fighting the urge to cover her breasts.

Vance liked how her areolas were a darker shade of brown and how her nipples were taut for his attention.

Without saying anything Vance quickly stripped and sat on the bed. "On my lap," he ordered.

He watched Krista come to him, her breasts swaying and bouncing slightly with her movements. She almost sat on him but that wasn't what he had in mind. Maneuvering her so that she lay with her ass upended on his lap, he held her down.

"Strict discipline is essential," he said, eyeing her white mounds.

"Just what are you —"

She squeaked when he swatted first one ass cheek than the other. Then he worked her in earnest. One hard smack followed by a tender lick from his tongue and slight nip of his teeth. She started to squirm in earnest. He moved his smacks lower, nudging her pussy. She'd instinctively opened her legs wider for him. He gave her one hard smack and then darted a finger down the crack of her ass to her wet mound. He plunged the finger in, pumping it. With his other hand he kept up his assault on her cheeks, light taps while he finger-fucked her.

"I can't...I can't."

He ignored her muffled words. "Come for me, hon. I need to feel that cream of yours coat my finger. Then we'll eat dessert."

Vance used the hand that was tapping her ass to move to her crack. He played with her puckered hole, circling it, teasing it while pumping his fingers inside her. She ground her cunt into his hand, screaming his name as she came. This was what made Krista special. When it came to sex, she liked it wild. She liked it when he took control and allowed her to yield to that wild side of her nature.

Like a cat, he let her slink off his legs. His erection stood red and glaring before her. She was tired but he needed to ride her hard.

He positioned her on the bed how he liked and quickly donned a condom. Arms raised above her head, her legs open with her knees up, providing him with a great view of her glistening cunt.

“Open your pussy lips for me.” He grinned giving his hard cock a good stroke.

Obeying immediately, he gulped when Krista’s hand spread her lips wide. The skin inside gleamed with her cream. He nudged the wide tip of his cock inside, loving how his cockhead crammed her tight opening.

“Put your legs over my shoulders.”

Her long legs slid up his sides, allowing his cock to drive in all the way to almost touch her womb. Pulling his cock out slightly, he hissed.

“Ride me hard,” she said, urging him on.

This time it was Vance following instructions like a pro. He plunged his cock again and again into her, loving how she braced her body with her hands holding flat to the headboard of the bed. Her entire body bounced to meet his thrusts. With her legs over his shoulders his balls hit the back of her ass cheeks. When he finally came he too cried out her name, groaning as he grasped her small feet to his face, loving how completely she and he fit together.

They’d eat dessert later. His entire body was glowing from the most amazing climax of his life.

Reluctantly withdrawing from her pussy, he went to the adjoining bathroom and brought out a warm cloth. First he washed her cunt clean and then himself. Settling down next to her in the bed, he draped an arm possessively over her, letting his fingers tweak her nipples just for fun.

“So Vance, any more surprises about you I should be aware of?” she asked, her voice sounding tired and sexy.

“Maybe,” he mumbled into her hair.

“Like what?” She took his hand to draw a finger into her mouth.

“I’m charging you double-time for the work I’ll be doing in this house.”

His cock pulsed with renewed life simply from her mouth sucking a second finger. She squirmed her ass back, feeling his now slightly aroused shaft.

“Double-time, what does that mean?”

He moved his head to suck her exposed earlobe, feeling the shudders of desire course through her entire body. She moaned around his two digits in her mouth.

“It means, hon, double the fun, lots more wiring and I’ll be getting down and dirty a lot in this house.” Vance let his cock slide into her welcoming wet pussy. Within seconds his cock was once again as rigid as a pole.

“Really, but you do realize I’m older and much more experienced.”

She gasped when he pinched her nipple.

“That’s exactly what I’m hoping for and why I’m charging your double-time.” He thrust his cock long and hard into her pussy, loving how her muscles welcomed him home.

## **About the Author**

Vivacious by nature, I'm either baking or thinking up my next love scenes—talk about mixing ingredients. Trust me, the recipes are always delicious, especially if chocolate's involved. I juggle writing in between my demanding four children and have discovered some of my best plot themes while driving the mini-van to and from places. I love a good night out on the town where I can discard the mom profile and dance to my heart's content.

Writing has always been my passion. I strongly believe in soul-mates and feel eternally lucky that I snatched mine up. The wilder side of me comes out in my erotic writings where I fuse lustful fantasy with the paranormal edge. I thoroughly enjoy making up worlds, hunky men that cause me to go weak in the knees and intelligent women who can also let their hair down.

Renee 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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