



To
HAVE
and
To
HOLD

YVETTE HINES

To Have and To Hold

An erotic novella by

Yvette Hines

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Chapter One

“Brett is gone.” Patricia ran back out of the church sanctuary.

Kelli looked at her mocha-colored friend with her platinum frosted hair cut in a bob around her face. “What do you mean, Brett is gone?”

“G.o.n.e. Like as in not at the altar.” Patricia emphasized with a sassy tilt to her head.

Gathering the satin and tulle skirt of her wedding gown in her hands, Kelli brushed past her best friend and marched over to the open doorway. Glancing down the aisle to the altar, Kelli expected to see Brett, her fiancé and expectant groom, standing between the minister and his best man, Dan. Scanning the wedding party, who stood there with odd expressions on their faces, she saw two groomsmen, one bridesmaid, and the junior bride. The cute ring bearer and flower girl were making their way down the aisle to the pianist’s beat. Gloria continued to play as if she hadn’t been told that the groom was absent. But no Brett.

Kelli turned away from the packed church of two hundred guests and faced Patricia. “Where is he?”

Shrugging, Patricia said, “I don’t know. When I came out I didn’t see him. But everyone is standing around like he just walked away to go to the bathroom or something. When I look at Carl, he just hunches his shoulders.”

This is not happening. Kelli’s heart felt like lead as it dropped into her stomach. She and Brett had been planning this wedding for the last year. She sold her condominium, because they would be moving to Charlotte where Brett would be working with his father at their law firm. She quit her job, because Brett wanted a stay at home wife. He’d made a big production of her not renewing her birth control because he wanted them to start a family as soon as possible. Now she had less than a month before she would be out.

Anger boiled in her veins and poured out her heart like hot lava from a volcano. Brett had a lot of nerve to do this to her after everything she’d sacrificed for him. He professed to love her. But if this was his damn idea of love, she didn’t want any part of it.

“Weren’t Dan and Carl driving with him to the church?” Kelli asked, stepping away from the open doorway.

“When it became apparent that Brett wasn’t coming out, I signaled to Carl to check on him. When he came back out without Brett, Carl pulled me to the side and said that Brett was acting funny this morning and had decided he wanted to drive to the church alone. Said he needed time to think. Carl said Brett seemed fine while they were waiting in the minister’s office, but that Brett told them to go out first and start the wedding that he would be right out. He said that when he went back there to check on him, Brett was gone. When he looked out Father Riley’s window, Brett’s car was gone as well.” Patricia grabbed her hand and squeezed as she finished talking.

Carl was one of the groomsmen, as well as Patricia’s husband of four and a half years. They had met and married shortly after their college graduation. Unlike her and Brett who had decided to wait until after Brett graduated from law school and passed the bar exam. Now, to have this happen after years of her patience, it felt like a slap in the face. “I’ve heard of the runaway bride, but the groom...” Kelli could feel her throat become thick with emotions. She knew soon she would be in tears. “...this is a first.”

“What are you going to do, Kelli?” Letting her hand go, Patricia moved to a side table in the foyer area and grabbed a tissue and handed it to her.

She wasn’t going to cry. No way she would allow herself to break down in the church where she was supposed to be promising her future husband she would love, honor, and obey. *What a big joke.* Kelli figured she looked like she was about to cry. Swallowing hard and taking a deep breath, she shook her head, letting Patricia know she didn’t want the tissue.

“I don’t know.” Turning Kelli marched back to the dressing room she and Patricia had used to change into their wedding attire. She tossed clothes and other items around until she located her purse. “Where are my keys?”

“In my purse. Why?” Patricia sounded unsure of giving her the information. “Kelli, what are you doing? Why do you need the keys?”

Her eyes were beginning to burn as she clutched at pants, tops, and shoes, throwing them over the back of the couch. *I am not going to cry.*

When Kelli finally located her friend's purse on the cushion of a couch, she dug inside. She heard Patricia's voice waver with caution.

"Kel, you can't leave."

Swinging around, she looked at her friend who stood beside the open door. Kelli could hear the notes of Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* begin to play from the main sanctuary. Something else she had caved in, her entry song. Brett's mother had said that using a love song was trashy and it was best to stay traditional. She wondered if Brett's Aunt Gloria was deaf, dumb, and blind not to see what was going on around her. Over the wedding music murmurs and whispers were beginning to echo through the guests. "The hell if I can't, the groom didn't see an issue with doing it."

Gathering a handful of her dress in one hand and her purse and keys in the other, she brushed past Patricia.

Kelli felt the quick grip of her friend's hand as she halted her exit.

"Who's going to tell the guests what's going on?"

A bark of laughter erupted from her chest as Kelli looked at Patricia and said, "Tricia, if they haven't figured out by now that the wedding is off, not going to happen, then they're not as smart as I am." With that she pulled her arm away from Patricia and ran toward the door.

"Where does she think she's going?" Kelli heard Mrs. Cardwell, Brett's mom's commanding voice call out to Patricia in her wake. "She needs to talk to the guests."

Kelli shook her head at the woman's audacity and continued racing down the steps of one of the oldest cathedrals in Charlotte, North Carolina. Mrs. Cardwell wanted someone to speak to the people then she needed to locate her damn son.

Pushing all thoughts of Brett and his overbearing mother out of her mind, she sprinted by the black limo decorated with white ribbons and bows and a large sign that said "Just Married" on the back bumper. In an hour it would have been taking them to the reception. But not anymore. Arriving at her Carolina blue convertible Mazda MX-5 Miata with its soft top, she unlocked the door. Shoving the bulk material of the skirt of her wedding dress into the car, she closed the door, not caring if any of it got trapped in the frame. She would never wear this dress again.

Starting the car, she pulled out of the parking spot and shifted into drive as she pressed the control to make the hard top retract.

"Kelli!" Mrs. Cardwell bellowed, her face noticeably beet red even from the distance. "You get back here this instant!"

Ignoring her, Kelli drove away as the wind pulled her wedding veil from her head, signaling her departure. She watched her rearview mirror as the pearl headpiece that landed in the middle of the road and Brett's mom both became specks.

The feeling of water streaming down her face as she traveled along the street drew her eyes to her face in the mirror. *Damn, I'm crying.*

Will walked into the *Early Girl* as he did every Saturday. Most weekends he was in the office working on something, so he always treated himself with a down home southern style breakfast. His family lived hours away in Raleigh and he couldn't go home to get his mother's cooking every weekend, so he was happy when he'd located this place a few months after he took residency in Asheville. He was looking forward to some time off. This week with Mayor Tiffany Braxton on summer vacation with her family he was considering visiting his mother and father, whom he hadn't seen since Easter weekend.

The restaurant was filled with families and couples of all ages enjoying the food and atmosphere of the place. Seeing a table available next to the window, he headed toward it. Something odd and out of place with the normal casual diners caught his attention. Looking toward the back of the restaurant at the last table in the corner, he spotted a woman in a wedding dress. A few of the other diners were giving her side glances as well, all probably wondering—as he was—who the woman was and what had happened to place her there instead of at an altar with the man of her dreams.

Will chuckled to himself. It wasn't that he didn't believe in love—no, he'd loved once and loved hard. But, he knew his feelings for the woman were futile and he would never find a place in the woman's heart, so he had loved silently and from afar. Now, he was so consumed with his busy work schedule that he never found time to seriously date anyone outside of an occasional affair or two with women who wouldn't ask for more. To be in a more serious relationship would require him to reveal everything about his private life, and he hadn't met anyone he would be willing to share that level of trust with.

The woman's head was down as she sipped from her hot beverage. Frosted blonde curls in a wild and very unattractive array swarmed around

her head like an angry nest created by a blind bird. Will shook his head, wondering if the police had located the body of the hairdresser yet.

Arriving at his table, he pulled his chair out, preparing to sit down. His gaze was drawn once again to the mysterious bride. She lowered her cup and lifted her face, staring across the eatery with vacant eyes, not seeing anything or anyone. Will froze. The beautiful, sienna brown angelic face surrounded by that mess of a hairdo was one he would never forget. His body went on full alert. His muscles tensed, causing a bead of sweat to trickle down the center of his back, and his cock instantly began to harden. She was the only woman that had ever caused such an immediate jolt to his system. The hell of it was that he'd never even slept with her.

Taking a deep breath to calm his raging hormones, he rose and crossed the room to the woman dressed in what could only be described as a white cloud.

“Kelli Delaney.” He spoke to her once he'd reached her table.

Oblivious to anything around her, she turned at the sound of his voice. Will watched her light brown gaze go from expressionless to recognition. A smile broke the somber look on her face and stopped his heart.

Launching herself out of the seat, which had to be a feat considering the size of the skirt on her wedding dress, she threw her arms around him in a quick embrace. “Will Robertson! *Ohmygod...*”

He had no other choice but to wrap his arms around her and squeeze. The perfume, oil, or scented lotion that she used surrounded them. Will couldn't put his finger on the smell, but the sweet, subtle scent touched his senses like a caress. He cleared his throat and stepped back. If he hadn't broken contact with her his body would let everyone in the restaurant know how he felt about her. In a bold way.

Her hand rose to her mouth, in shock. “It's been so long.”

“Do you mind if I join you? Or are you awaiting the groom?” He could feel his heart beating against his ribcage as he awaited her answer.

“That's doubtful.” Waving her hand in the air, she resumed her seat. “Please, sit.”

Will claimed the blond wood chair across from her as he watched her push and finagle the puffy material under the table away from her drink.

A waitress with the name tag that read Vera stepped over to them. “Can I get you something, sir?”

Peeping across the table into the porcelain cup, he asked, “What are you drinking, Kelli?”

“Their natural ginger tea with cream and sugar.” Kelli told him.

Raising an eyebrow at Kelli, he refrained from commenting, but instead turned to Vera and ordered, “A carafe of the tea and coffee as well.”

The waitress jotted down the information on a hand pad. “I’ll be right back with it, sir.”

When she walked away, Kelli was the first to speak. “So, Will, how have you been?”

“Let’s discard the elephant in the middle of the room, first.” He leaned back in his chair, making himself comfortable on the hard seat. “What brings you to Asheville?”

Raising her cup, she sipped from it again. He noted she didn’t return it to the saucer, but instead clutched it as if the item was her sole salvation. “I’m not really in Asheville, I’m just passing through. I needed some gas so I got off the interstate. After two hours of being in the car I just wanted to sit still somewhere and think.”

Gesturing toward her dress, he questioned, “So, am I to assume you’re on your way to your wedding?”

Her teeth seized her bottom lip. The plumpness of it didn’t escape his notice. Redirecting his gaze back to hers, he waited.

“From is more like it.” She pulled the cup toward her, but didn’t drink. For a brief moment she just inhaled as if the smell of it aided her in some way.

“The runaway bride?”

“The dumped bride.” The sullen look returned to her eyes as she glanced past his shoulder for a moment.

“Who’s the fool?” He vocalized his thoughts.

She set the cup down. “The one and only Brett Cardwell.”

Damn. Will had observed his fellow baseball teammate’s relationship with Kelli and had always hoped that after graduation she had come to her senses. Apparently it had never happened. “I always knew he wasn’t a smart man.”

“You would never be able to convince his mother of that fact. Brett made them proud the day he passed the bar, now he’ll be holding the firm’s reigns with his father.” She pasted a broad smile on her face.

“How is Mrs. Cardwell?”

“As bitchy as always.” She took a deep drink of her creamed tea mixture.

The waitress chose that moment to bring the two carafes and another coffee cup for him. “There’s cream and sugar in the bowl. Let me know if you need anything else.”

“Thanks, Vera.” Will said, as he filled his cup with coffee. Raising the cup, he tasted the bitter smooth blend. “I guess that means there’s no love lost there.” He responded to Kelli’s comment.

“Not.” She glanced off in the distance then returned back to his face. “Not having her as a mother in-law is something I’m very happy about. With that woman, there was no pleasing her.” She paused and gave a dry laugh. “Unless she got it her way.” She added more tea to her cup. “Then she’s happy as a dog with a damn steak bone.”

Laughing, Will watched her add two creams and four sugars to the small cup of tea. He wondered if the tea was just used to heat up her cream and sugar. Syrupy sweet. The words played in his mind as Kelli took a healthy sip of the drink. He didn’t have a sweet tooth and rarely did he indulge in deserts, but he had a weakness for Kelli Delaney that went beyond rational thought. When her pink tongue slid out of her mouth to take away a small drop of tea from her bottom lip he almost groaned out loud and his dick awakened for the second time that day. An urge to lean over the table and kiss her just to see if the flavor was captured on her tongue caused tension to curl at the base of his spine. If his arousal heightened any further he’d need to undo his pants so he didn’t pass out from blood flow constrictions.

This woman had the power to bring him to his knees. He wondered what she’d do if she knew.

Over the years he’d been around her and since, he’d learned to master his desires. It had become a survival skill to him. Distracting himself from his thoughts, he rubbed his hand across his chin as she continued.

“Everything always had to go how she wanted it. No one else’s opinion mattered.” She grabbed a napkin from the holder on the table and began picking at the corners in frustration.

“Like what?” He encouraged her, seeing her irritation and wanting her to talk through it.

She made an unladylike snort. “The entire wedding. I wanted to have the wedding at an old church in Fayetteville, where my grandparents married, because I wanted to feel like they were there. A part of it. Since my mother died while I was in middle school, they were all that I had until

they died while I was in college.” Her eyes filled with water, and she used the napkin to dab at the tears.

By the jet black smudge underneath, Will could tell it wasn’t the first time she cried that day.

“Mrs. Cardwell put an end to that. She said that the church wasn’t big enough to hold the guests who were coming. *Their* guests, is what she meant. One hundred and seventy-eight people she had to invite, to be exact.” She focused on her hands as they started plucking at the corners of the napkin. “I wanted cream and Carolina blue—”

“Your favorite color,” Will chimed in.

“Yeah.” The look in her eyes became warm, appearing more golden than brown. “You remembered. Brett never did.”

One day they’d talked for an hour while he walked her back to her dorm room when Brett had been too drunk after a winning game to do it. She had told him that her grandparents didn’t have much money and could only afford for her to attend an in state college. So, she had chosen University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill because of the colors. “I remembered a lot of things about you,” he said, his tone low as he gestured for her to continue.

“Like how stupid I was to stay with Brett, especially considering he made cheating his minor.”

Will raised his eyebrow at her.

“I knew. Everyone thought I was oblivious, but I wasn’t.” She shook her head, then pushed the curls away from her face. Determined to stay put, the curls returned.

He would have laughed if the moment wasn’t so serious.

“Brett and I got into a big fight the next day after he was too drunk to get me home. I’d had it and I was going to break up with him. Then the dean called me to tell me that he’d been notified of my grandmother dying in a car accident and my grandfather’s heart attack.” She stopped talking, closed her eyes then took a deep breath.

When she opened her eyes, Will could almost feel the intensity of her pain.

“Brett was there for me. For once in all the time we had dated, and he was all that I had. So, I stayed.”

“People have done the same thing for less.” He wanted to pull her into his arms and comfort her. He could tell that losing her grandparents was still a deep hurt for her.

“Five years, four months, and three days...to end up with a hairstyle I wouldn’t give to my poodle and a dress that looks like a ballerina’s tutu gone wrong.” She started laughing.

He joined in. He always loved the sound of her laugh, even though in college she had done it rarely around Brett. He had to agree with her, the dress was ridiculous looking in all of its layers and mass, not to mention the puffy sleeves made it down right hideous.

“Tell me, Will, who picks apple and citrus?” Her words were still filled with mirth and the light had returned to her eyes.

He was almost afraid to ask. “For a fruit basket or a wedding?”

“A fruit basket...only if. I don’t know if you remember Patricia Hargrove.”

“Your crazy best friend who would attend the games and yell at the umpire and make silly comments about the other team’s players.”

She laughed harder. “That’s her. Well, let’s just say that citrus doesn’t compliment her platinum colored hair at all.”

“The blue would’ve looked good.” He told her.

Kelli graced him with one of her sweet smiles. “Yeah, it would have.” She sighed. “I will agree with Mrs. Cardwell that Barrington’s restaurant would have been nice.”

Nodding, he agreed. “I’ve been there before, it’s very nice.” He finished his coffee and refilled it. “So, where are you headed?”

She pushed the shredded pile of napkin away toward the wall side of the table. “A cabin in Gatlinburg. The only thing I did get to chose was the honeymoon.”

“Gatlinburg. My family did a few summer vacations out there.” He drank from his fresh cup of coffee and returned it to the saucer. “Isn’t it going to be weird being at the place you and Brett planned to start the rest of your life?”

“No. Brett couldn’t be bothered with the arrangements because of school and studying for the bar, so I got to do everything on my own.” A sly smile graced her mouth. “Outside of Patricia, he was the only person who knew where we were going and I made him promise not to tell his mother.”

“I’m sure it will be a much needed rest. It’ll be a great place to rejuvenate yourself.”

“Yes, it will.”

They both sat quiet for a moment. There was an awkward silence at the table. Will knew it was the moment he was supposed to politely say ‘have a nice trip’ and leave, but he couldn’t push himself to say it. He didn’t want to end this time with Kelli. He thought about her over the years and had wondered what she was doing, if she was happy. Pondered a million what if’s in his mind. Now, to have her close once again, he didn’t want to let her go.

“Come with me.”

Chapter Two

He wasn't sure he'd heard her correctly, believing his imagination was playing a wicked trick on him. "Excuse me?"

Leaning forward as if she didn't want him to miss her words, "Come with me, Will."

Nope, he'd heard right. "Kelli, you just had the love of your life stand you up on your wedding day. The last thing you need is an old college friend intruding on that time." Damn, those were the hardest words he had to say. "Besides, Brett may come there looking for you."

"If Brett wanted to look for me, he could've started at the altar today." She pushed her cup over to join the paper pile. "You're right, Will, this has been an embarrassing day. But *the last thing I need or want* is to sit in that cabin and have a pity party."

"Meaning?" He encouraged her to say the words he needed to hear. Even though he knew he must turn her down, once in his life he wanted to know that Kelli wanted him. Needed him. "I'm not sure I'm the one that should be up there holding your hand. Maybe Patricia can meet you there."

For a long moment she just stared at him, as if she were contemplating the state of the world. Then her hand glided across the cool wood surface and held his. "What I need, Patricia can't give me."

Electric currents leaped from the contact of their skin and warm heat radiated under her hand and snaked up his arm, but he never ventured away from her gaze. "And that is?" *Tell me you want me.* Will's inner voice pleaded.

"I want you," she confirmed.

Will's heart sang. He felt like Gene Kelly in *Sing in the Rain*. He wanted to run outside and yell at the top of his lungs. But, he resisted the urge. Kelli didn't know what she was asking. She didn't know what being with him would truly entail. "I don't think it will be wise—"

"Why, are you seeing someone? Is that the issue?"

He noticed a shadow moving across her eyes. *Did that mean that it would hurt her to know someone else was in my life?*

“No.” He looked down at her hand, a classic sienna brown, resting on his light tan one. “Kelli, there’s more differences between the two of us than the color of our skin.”

She pulled her hand back and cool air replaced the warmth that was there from her touch.

“What do you mean?”

His eyes met her light brown ones. “There’s things about me you don’t know. Things I’m not sure you’d be ready to find out or could even handle.” Lifting his cold drink to his mouth he sipped, giving her time to process his statement.

“Will, are you gay? Is that the problem?” she whispered.

Swallowing quickly, he assured her, “No, I’m not gay.” He had to laugh. If Kelli could read his mind, she would know that he was a very heterosexual male. “Why would you think that I was?”

“I’ve known you for years, and while we were in college I’ve never known you to date anyone. Hell, Patricia said she asked you out before and you turned her down.”

Yeah, her best friend had asked him out, but he knew Patricia wasn’t serious. Not to mention he couldn’t find anyone to take his mind off of Kelli long enough to date anyone. “That’s because Patricia only wanted to go out with me to make her boyfriend jealous. Did she and Lee finally marry?”

“No, they broke up shortly after graduation and Patricia met and fell in love with a wonderful guy name Carl, who was an officer in the military, and she married him in traditional Patricia way, fast.”

They both smiled and nodded their heads in agreement. He and Patricia had a few courses together and the exciting, smart black girl with the platinum hair always provided entertainment.

“So, if it’s not a relationship, then I guess your job won’t let you off.” She sighed and slumped down some in her seat. “I’d say that I can understand that, but since Brett made me quit working over a month ago...” Her words drifted off.

“My job is not a problem. I actually started my vacation today. I work for the mayor and when she takes time off with her family during the summer, she makes the office do the same.” I take it you didn’t want to give up your career.” It wasn’t a question, but a statement of fact he’d gathered from her tone.

“Nope, but where Brett is concerned you don’t get much choice.” A half-hearted laugh came out of her mouth then she fell silent. “Will, I know you think that I’m just having some random spur of the moment decision. And you know what, you’re right. But, over the last two hours alone in my car I had a lot of time to think.”

Will noticed the water beginning to fill her eyes again, and the sight caused his heart to ache.

“I’ve spent the last years of my life living it how Brett wanted. Maybe, because I didn’t have enough backbone to tell him no or because I just wanted to hold onto someone since my grandparents left. I don’t know. But, I did it. Now, I want something for me.”

“Honestly, Kelli, I care a lot about you.” He pushed his pride aside and revealed part of the truth to her. “I always have, but I will not be your rebound.” His cock leaped in disagreement with his words. It would have been happy for any reason to slide inside of Kelli Delaney.

“You won’t. You’ll be my freedom. Being with you will be my declaration of independence.” Reaching across the table, this time she clasped his hand in both of hers as if imploring him to understand. “Not from Brett, but to myself. Brett was the only guy I’ve been with and, if I have sex with you, I’ll be able to cut all ties forever.”

Squeezing her fingers, he intertwined them around his. He looked down at their hands once again, giving himself time to think. *Can I do this? Can I go away with Kelli and make love to her?* He refused to listen to his libido that was roaring loudly to commit, say yes. A clear mind was what he needed. Over the years he fantasized about all the things he wanted to do with and to Kelli. He wondered a million times over how she would respond to his dark passions. The side of himself he had only revealed to a few close friends.

But, his heart pushed him to be honest with her. If she truly wanted to spend the time with him at a cabin made for lovers, then she’d have to know what she was in for. Then, if she wanted to change her mind, they would part as friends and walk out of each other’s lives once again.

Please let her agree. The small voice inside of him made a supplication as he pulled his hand from hers. He could feel sweat sliding down his back again and he was afraid his hands may have been next.

“Kelli, let’s go outside. What I have to tell you isn’t for family diners’ ears.” His life was private and over the years of being the public relations person for the mayor he had learned to maintain an impeccable public

appearance. He wasn't ashamed of his fascinations, just didn't want them publicized and reflecting negatively on his employer.

When she agreed, he tossed enough money on the table to cover their beverages and then some. Standing, he waited until Kelli maneuvered the bulk of her dress out of the seat then, placing a hand on the small of her back, walked out the restaurant with her. He had to admit he was impressed. Kelli was the only person he knew who could walk around in a wedding dress, making it appear to be a sophisticated fashion statement. As if people dressed that way every day.

The bright afternoon sun beat down on them as they strolled in silence until they reached her car and stopped. Will wasn't surprised at all at the color.

"Kelli, before I accept your offer I need you to understand some things about me." Taking a deep breath he then released the air from his lungs and began, "Have you ever heard of BDSM?"

He watched her brow furrow.

"Yeah, I've heard of it." She paused and gazed at him, her expression unreadable. "Are you into that lifestyle?"

With a dry chuckle, he said, "I don't think you can call fantasies and a few parties with friends, being in a lifestyle. Hell, I don't even fully know all that it entails outside of my own research and experimentations here and there. I told you that so you have some foundation of understand of what I'm interested in."

"Wow," she said and sank back against her car.

Will could feel his heart pounding. "Kelli, you said that you wanted to be free of Brett and find yourself, I want to help you do that. Sexually, at least."

"So, you want me to agree to let you tie me up, spank me, beat me with whips, chains and let you fuck me in the ass all while I'm wearing a collar around my throat and calling you Master?"

All at the same time, his heart stopped beating and his dick went rock hard at her words. Images and scenes flashed before his eyes. Her expression was blank and he couldn't tell how she felt about the idea. "Yes...yes...yes...no...maybe. I'm not into collars around the neck." His voice sounded thick to his own ears.

This time he caught the subtle rise and fall of her breasts above the heart shape cut of her bodice. His gaze trailed from her full breasts up her neck and watched her skin begin to flush. When he reached her eyes he

noted the constriction of her pupils. He was shocked to see that Kelli was having a reaction to her own words. *But was it positive or negative?*

"I've never been in any position beside missionary," she replied openly with a slight timber to her words. "You're asking me to be your slave for four days?" She spoke in a hushed whisper, almost breathless.

"Not a slave, more like a sexual submissive." Stepping toward her, he cupped the side of her face and stroked her cheek with his thumb. "Can you do that, Kelli? Can you trust me not to bring any harm to you? Believe that everything I plan between us will be done in a rational manner." He lowered his hand to her neck, caressed down the soft side to her shoulder, and watched her eyes shudder and close. "Nothing will happen between us that we both don't agree with." Moving his body closer to hers, he placed his lips next to her ear and whispered, "Say you want this, Kelli. Say you want me. Touching and tasting you. That you want to feel me buried deep inside of you. I want to imprint your flavor on my tongue. Smell your prefect essence for the rest of my days. Hold you in my arms and feel your soft skin against mine. Tell me what you want, Kelli."

He could hear her soft panting, and didn't know if it was from excitement or anxiety, but either way her response was setting him on fire. The desire to peel the wedding dress from Kelli's body piece by piece and make love to her with his mouth overwhelmed him.

"I want it, Will. I want you." Turning her head, she brought her lips in contact with his and sealed the deal.

Momentarily stunned by her actions, it only took him seconds to join in the kiss. Remembering they were in public, he kept himself on a tight leash but made sure Kelli understood the level of passion she would be getting once they arrived at the cabin. Using his hand at the base of her neck, he pulled her against him as he deepened the kiss. He began with what he had wanted to do since he'd watched her sweep the droplet of tea from her mouth. He glided his tongue along her bottom lip, lightly tasting her. When she opened for him, he slipped into her hot mouth and stroked her tongue, coaxing her to play with him orally. With a moan she joined in and suckled his tongue into her mouth. His cock became hard as images of her mouth wrapped around his stiff shaft played in his mind, but he refused to give into his dick's demands for him to grind his hips into hers, seeking her heat.

This was neither the time nor the place. *Soon*, he promised his erect member.

When they parted, they stared at each other with their heavy breathing echoing around them. The sound of applause and whistles jolted them out of their trance. Turning they saw customers and employees in both the windows and standing outside cheering them on.

“I think it might be time for us to leave,” he said, refocusing on her.

“I think you might be right.” Kelli still appeared a little off balance but there was an air of anticipation around her as well. Or maybe he was just hoping there was. Whichever the case, he would make the most of the next few days showing her a level of passion she would remember for the rest of her life.

“Follow me to my house. Do you need anything?”

Kelli pulled her keys from her purse. “No, my suitcase was still in the trunk for this trip. Patricia was going to put it in the limo at the reception.”

“Great, then after I pack we’ll be on our way.”

She nodded her agreement, still looking a little unsure. Pulling her into a hug, he kissed her on the forehead than waited for her to get into her car before he walked over to his own. The rush of his blood pumping in his ear felt like ceremonial drums being beaten inside his head. The thought that within a few hours he would be buried deep inside Kelli Delaney, the only woman he had ever loved, made him almost dizzy with anticipation.

Chapter Three

“This place is even more beautiful than it was a week ago when Patricia and I brought the groceries here.” The cabin stole her breath as she glanced around the blond wood interior, taking in the vaulted ceiling with its skylights. The room was comfortable and homey looking with the fireplace and taupe leather furniture.

“It is something. This cabin is nothing like the big eight room family house we rented when I was younger.” Will said from behind her as he carried in their suitcases. “Point me in the direction of the bedroom and I’ll put these down.”

“It’s the door to the right. The other door goes to the kitchen and dining room,” she explained.

Will headed into the room with their luggage and Kelli used the moment to escape onto the back porch. Stepping into the balmy night air, she walked over to the railing and gripped it. She couldn’t believe she was here with Will Robertson. Tall, broad shouldered, tanned Will with the sexiest hazel eyes she’d ever seen. Kind, sweet, and intense Will from school. He had always kept to himself in college, never giving into reckless behavior like the rest of the guys on the baseball team, Brett included.

She had promised to allow him to do things to her body that she probably couldn’t even name. Would he want her nude now? Bow to him and call him Master? Turning around, she stared into the cabin through the glass door and wondered what secrets the place would be able to tell once they left in a few days. Her hands began to shake and, shifting back around, she gazed out at the woods and the Great Smokey Mountain view. It had turned to dusk during their drive west, up Interstate 40 from Asheville, and now she could see the twinkling of cabin and house lights off in the distance. The town of Gatlinburg was close enough to get to by car, but far enough away to render couples privacy. She knew other cabins were hidden among the trees like theirs. For a moment she pondered how many other women had come to this place to renew and find themselves.

Do I really want to go through with this? Her heart questioned.

At that moment, she felt Will step up behind her and slide his arms around her waist. His embrace was strong and his body warm. She felt secure and protected, a feeling Brett had never given her. Yes, she wanted to do this. When this trip was over she and Will would go their separate ways, but she would have memories to last her for a lifetime.

For once in her life she didn't want to live vicariously through Patricia and Carl's passionate sex life. No, she wanted to experience one of her own.

"Neither of us ate at the restaurant. How about I start dinner while you get out of this get-up?" He placed a light kiss on her cheek.

"Are you sure?" *Wasn't I supposed to be serving him?* She looked over her shoulder at him, seeing if it was some kind of test. But he just smiled at her.

"Positive." Squeezing her waist he turned her around to face him. "I can cook if that's what you're worried about. I've made it a practice of surviving on my own for years now."

Smiling, she said, "Good. Then I'll go shower and change and be right out to help you."

Before she could step away, he pulled her back against his body and gave her a kiss that caused her thighs to quiver. Moving away from her, he gave her a slight push toward the door.

"Take your time."

With lips tingling and legs shaking, Kelli gripped her dress and headed toward the room. Reaching the bedroom, she pushed the door closed and leaned against it. Placing a hand on her trembling stomach, she wondered how she'd gone through four years of college and not *really* noticed Will Robertson. Sexy...panty wetting Will Robertson? That was for sure. She didn't have to check her underwear to confirm that fact; she could feel the swollen lips of her sex pressing against the drenched fabric. That was another first. Sex with Brett never got her wet like this. Never this soon. Usually he was in such a rush, because he was horny after sports, too drunk to get her excited or needing to study for law school and due to that fact it was halfway through their lovemaking session before her body lubricated its self. Which meant she spent the first few minutes in pain.

She didn't think that was going to be an issue with Will. Stepping away from the door she moved to her suitcase in search of some comfortable clothes. Glancing over at Will's bag, she was tempted to open

it and see what he'd packed for their sexual adventure, but decided that most likely snooping into the master's bag of tricks was a big no-no for a *sexual submissive*.

"Oh my God, this feels good." Kelli purred as she sank into the hot tub on the back porch. Her eyes closed when she was chin deep in the water.

"I thought you might like it. You've had a rough day." Reaching down, he grabbed her feet and placed them into his lap. He felt her slight flinch, but she yielded to him. Skittish wasn't the word for Kelli. She went from smiling to a bundle of nerves within seconds. Lifting one foot, he pulled it out of the water and massaged it. "You needed to relax, Kelli."

She settled back against the side and sighed.

The night insects and animals serenaded them as they sat in silence for a moment. He alternated treating one foot after the other. Will watched her through the night as they had eaten dinner and talked about his job with the mayor and her old interior design work. He could tell by the way she spoke and the light in her eyes that she had enjoyed her work a lot. Brett had been so many kinds of fool, Will had lost count. If his old teammate had really loved this woman, he would have never asked her to give up what she'd worked hard in achieving.

When she came out of the room, he had been glad to see she'd taken the time to wash the poodle out of her hair and flatten it. Now, her hair was fashioned in normal Kelli style with her straight, dark brown hair with honey-blond highlights hanging in layers around her face ending below her shoulders.

Pressing his thumb in a circular motion in the arch of her foot, he commanded, "Sit up and take off your top." He wanted to see her and begin to learn every shape and curve of her body.

At first she didn't move, she lay in the water still, and he thought Kelli would pretend not to hear him. But slowly she opened her eyes, looking at him with irises darker than light brown now. Rising out of the water until its small waves lapped below her breast, she reached behind her and unclasped the hook of the peach colored bikini top that looked good against her sienna brown skin. Her arms slid from the straps. Keeping her gaze locked on his, she peeled the wet material away from

her body. She sat still and poised, revealing the cinnamon brown tinted areoles that complimented the skin tone of her breast to his gaze.

Beautiful was the word that came to mind as he admired one of the sights he'd dreamed about over the years. He took note of how her nipples responded to the soft breeze in the air, they beaded up perfectly like two delectable treats.

He began a conversation as if it were perfectly normal for her to be around him with her bosom bare. By the time they left the cabin it would.

"So, tell me, Kelli, do you normally orgasm during intercourse or only by oral stimulation?"

It was quite the sight to see the blush move from her breast, up her neck and into her cheeks. Whoever thought black women didn't blush evidently had never met conservative Kelli Delaney.

Will grinned at the colorful display. He would miss her blushes when they stopped appearing.

She cleared her throat. "Umm, during...I...umm...think. Yes, during." She finished with an attempt to sound more confident.

"You don't know what sexual act has given you an orgasm in the past?" he questioned, raising an eyebrow at her, letting her know he wasn't convinced. "If you've never had one there's nothing to be ashamed of. Amazingly there happens to be a narrow percentage of women who achieve orgasm before they're in their late twenties and an even smaller number who can have one during sex."

Kelli guffawed, trying to sound outraged. "Of course I do. I've only come during...at the end to be exact." Tossing her hair over her shoulder, she said, "I guess I'm just one of those women who likes to hold onto hers until the end."

Liar. Will had no doubt that she was lying about her orgasms. All of her mannerisms and pretentious words just clarified that fact stronger the longer she spoke.

"What about by masturbation?" His voice was calm and steady, not giving anything away.

"Brett never masturbated in front of me, so I don't know if the sight of his act would have caused me to orgasm." She continued her nervous chatter as she waved her arms around in the water. "Probably not, because women usually aren't prone to visual stimulation like men."

"Is that it?" He hoped he was wrong about his impression of her sexual experience, because that made Brett even more of a jackass. Will

knew from personal experience of his fellow teammate's freakiness. A few times in college he and the rest of the baseball team had shared some of the party girls on campus. Brett had always claimed he kept Kelli on a pedestal as the perfect wife. Evidently the dais was so high even Brett couldn't reach it to properly love her.

His gaze drifted down to her ripe full breast. The way she deserved to be loved, thoroughly and often.

He had a plan for tonight. He was going to take his time with Kelli. Tonight he would make love to Kelli and show her the sensual side of herself.

"Thanks for the info on Brett, but I was talking about you." Lifting one eyebrow he let her know he wasn't fooled by all of her babbling.

"Oh." Biting her bottom lip, she gave him a direct look and said, "Then to answer your question...I've never masturbated."

The air became charged with the desire rising between them. He wondered if she was as aroused as him. Releasing her feet, he instructed her, "Go get ready for bed, Kelli."

Without question, he watched her rise out of the water looking slick, graceful, and stunning. If Aphrodite were looking down from the sky, she would have been jealous. The view of Kelli's bikini bottoms conforming to the shape of her full ass was enough to make his hands itch to touch her.

"When you put the towel on, don't cover your breasts."

Nodding, she climbed out of the hot tub and grabbed one of two white fluffy towels on the wooden chairs. She quickly dried the top of her body, then wrapped the towel around her waist and paused so he could see that she had obeyed.

Her decision to trust him warmed his heart in a way he was speechless to explain. Beckoning her over with a single finger, he watched the subtle swing of her hips accentuated by the white towel. When she reached him, he leaned out of the tub, cupped one breast, and then captured the cinnamon brown peak in his mouth. He wanted to groan as her erect nipple stabbed against his tongue. For a moment he drew on it until he felt her body begin to tremble. Allowing it to pop out of his mouth, he caressed it with his thumb, then let go of her supple skin and told her, "You're now dismissed."

"Thank you," she whispered and left the porch.

Slipping back down into the water, he looked out into the night. The cabin was secluded and on a hill, allowing them privacy and an awesome

view of the area. He looked forward to all of the things they would be able to do here without the curious eyes of others.

Taking a deep breath, he decided to wait a few minutes before following Kelli in. Rock hard, he needed time to get himself under control. Soon he would find himself gloved inside of her wet heat and he had no plans of rushing the night in response to the demands of his impatient cock.

During the ride up they had discussed protection and he'd learned that Kelli was on the Pill. He'd also discovered that she and Brett had not had sex in the last year leading up to the wedding, because supposedly the groom was under a lot of stress from law school. Kelli suspected that he'd been sleeping with someone else and, even though he denied it, she'd insisted they get blood tests before applying for their marriage license. Will had reassured her that he'd been tested a few months ago during a blood drive the mayor was sponsoring and he'd been celibate a while before and since. That bit of knowledge had placed both their minds at ease for the coming days.

After several minutes he pulled his body out of the water and dried off briskly, pulled his trunks off, and wrapped the towel around his hips. He deposited both his trunks and her top on the back of one of the wooden chairs to dry. Walking into the living room, he shut off most of the lights on his way to the bedroom. The door to the master suite and only sleeping area in the cabin was open. That made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up seeing Kelli hadn't closed it for added privacy. She was getting comfortable with him.

Stepping into the room, he saw the only lights shining were the one nightstand lamp and the bathroom light that illuminated her body in a seductive pose in the archway leading to the bathroom.

The sight of her stopped him in his tracks like someone had cemented his feet to the floor. "Take it off or I'll rip it off," he barked.

Kelli couldn't believe the anger in his words. Was this the same sweet, gentle Will who'd cooked her dinner and massaged her feet just moments ago? "What's wrong with it? You don't like it?" She could hear the nervousness in her own voice.

He hadn't moved from the doorway as he pierced her with his intense hazel eyes. "Kelli, there's no way I'm going to make love to you in a nightgown you purchased for your wedding night with another man." His words growled across the room.

Shit! He had a point. She'd never considered he would react in that way to the outfit. She'd just thought it was pretty and wanted to show him this night was special to her. Raising her arms to loosen the satin halter ties from behind her neck, she allowed the bodice to fall and gather at her hips.

Pointing toward her suitcase, he said, "If you've any other lingerie with you that you bought for this weekend don't wear it."

She saw the tension lines around his mouth and could tell that he was hurt and upset. "I'm sorry, Will. It wasn't my intention to offend you." She pushed the gown down her legs and stood before him naked and shaking. Sticking her chin out, she feigned bravado. Before this weekend was out, there wouldn't be a place on her body Will wouldn't see, she might as well begin now and brazen it out. "What would you like me to wear instead?"

His gaze heated her flesh as it traveled the length of her body, pausing for a moment at the triangular cut hair covering her sex. Her pussy pulsed in response to his stare. Then Will's eyes continued to her feet still surrounded by the pool of satin on the floor.

"I want you just as you are." His voice was now husky, rich and intoxicating like a select blend of cognac. Returning to her face, he continued, "From now on, when I tell you to get ready for bed, you will come into the room, disrobe, kneel in the center of the bed with your hands clasped behind your back and your knees spread apart."

Not waiting for him to ask her if she understood she showed him she did. Stepping over the gown, she moved swiftly to the bed and assumed his requested position.

He advanced toward the bed and she noticed the rise and fall of his chest. As he stood with his shins pressed against the side of the bed, she could see his eyes darken with lust as the green took over the amber in his hazel eyes.

"Wider," he commanded.

She complied. Pressing her knees out along the comforter, she could feel the air caressing her wet pussy. Will hadn't even touched her and she

was more aroused now than she ever recalled being with Brett their whole relationship.

“Good girl,” he complimented her actions as he strolled around the bed observing her position. He walked over to his suitcase and unzipped the outside top pocket.

For a moment her heart began to accelerate wondering what he would pull from his bag. *Is this my initiation moment? Will he spank me now?*

She noticed her clit began to throb at her own thoughts. Before she had time to analyze her response, Will turned around with a long gold chain in his hand. Approaching her, he wrapped it around her waist and fastened it. Twisting it to get it how he wanted it. She could feel the light weight of the chain as it hung low on her hips.

Circling around to the back side of her, he said, “Lift your hands.”

When she raised them, he adjusted the waist chain, until she felt the extra links fall along the crease of her ass. Then she had to bite down on the inside of her lip so as not to move as Will’s finger caressed the length, following it down. Both of his hands palmed her bottom briefly.

Once he was in front of her again, he placed his hands on her waist. “Lower your arms, and look at it, Kelli.”

Replacing her hands behind her again, she looked down and saw his strong hands clasping her and the roped chain with a small heart that dangled against the top of her pussy. Gazing down, she gasped at seeing the heart so close to her sex; it was the most erotic view she’d ever observed.

“You will wear this while we are together, Kelli. It will signify that you’re mine and you willingly submit to me.”

Glancing at his face, she said, “I won’t take it off. I trust you.”

“Excellent. From here on out, I want you always to respond by saying, ‘Yes, Will.’” He stared at her waiting.

It’s begun. “Yes, Will.”

He climbed on the bed with her, kneeling in front of her. At first he didn’t touch her any further than his hands where he’d placed them on her waist and just gazed into her eyes, causing her heart to thump with anticipation. Then he pulled her body flush against his and began to kiss her. She gave into it fully, proving she wanted him as much as he wanted her.

Opening her mouth to him, she felt the silky glide of his tongue as it caressed hers. As the kiss continued, she gripped her fingers together to

keep herself from wrapping her arms around his shoulder and pulling him closer to her. The tips of her breasts tingled as her erect nipples brushed the well defined muscles of his chest.

On and on, their mouths took and received from each other. One of Will's hands palmed one of her ass cheeks and squeezed as his other hand ventured lower. It moved along the outside of her thigh then back up the inside. He paused when his fingers glided across the wetness coating her thighs evidence of how he was making her feel.

Ending the kiss, he leaned back and looked at her. She panted in expectation as his seeking hand continued upward until it reached her pussy. Biting down on her lip, she attempted to stifle her moan.

"You're quite the wet little kitty, aren't you?" Humor laced his words.

His finger grazed her sensitive clit and she pressed herself to his hand. Accepting her offering, Will stroked her more.

"Yes, Will."

The urge to spread her legs wider bombarded her system. She could smell the heady scent of her own sex perfuming the air between them. A part of her wanted to feel ashamed at her level of excitement until Will said, "I can smell you, Kelli, and your scent is driving me wild. I need to taste you."

Still with his hand idly playing between her thighs, he guided her down to the bed. Flat on her back against the comforter, she had an unobstructed view of him kneeling between her wide spread legs. The erection tenting the white towel knotted around his hips let her know he wanted her.

The feel of his hand's continuous stimulation of her pussy made her want to close her legs and trap him there for a lifetime. If asked, she would have said it was the most wonderful sensations, up until the moment Will bowed his head and licked her.

Her hips launched off of the bed at the initial contact. Will showed her no mercy. He slid his tongue up and down her slit. Alternating between suckling her clit and flicking it fast, then back to slow precise strokes. When he dipped his tongue into the needy opening of her sex she began to whimper and moan as the talented appendage began to fuck her as he held her ass in the palm of his hands keeping her fused to his mouth.

Will pulled out, then guided his tongue up and along her aching lips and swirled around her clitoris then back inside of her again. She thought she heard moans of satisfaction other than her own, but she wasn't sure

because after one strategic lick as soft as a butterfly kiss across the tip of her clit and everything shattered inside of her.

Bowing her back from the bed, she screamed and bucked uncontrollably as Will continued his sensual assault. When she could see beyond the stars in her eyes she felt the weight of Will's body as he positioned himself between her trembling thighs. Looking into his passionate gaze she reached her hand up to his face. The heady scent of her aroma was more obvious with him lying above her, but it didn't revolt her, it warmed her heart to know that he would give her pleasure in that fashion. In a way Brett never had time for.

"Are you back with me, beautiful?" he inquired.

"Yes, Will," she confirmed breathlessly.

"Good, because we've only begun." Giving her a quick kiss, he snatched the towel away from him and flung it toward the side of the bed not caring where it ended up. Tasting her sweet pussy had nearly been his undoing, and watching her climax had been the most beautiful thing he'd ever witnessed. She let go completely, without skilled restraint used by women who'd been having orgasms for years. Without a doubt, Kelli had never climax before, he'd seen the look of wonder clearly apparent in her gaze as she'd opened her eyes. He was glad he'd been the one to give it to her. But, he wouldn't confront her, he'd keep her secret.

Needing to be inside of her, he took hold of his hard length and guided to her moist, heated cunt. Her wetness coated the sensitive tip of his penis. Groaning, he pushed forward and slid inside of her. She was so tight, his breath hitched as he felt her walls encase him. Pulling back, he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt.

"Will...*ohmyGod*," she chanted, her sex gripping him as her nails dug into his shoulder.

Rotating his hips to seat himself deeper, he said, "I know, baby, it feels good." Beginning to pump his hips in and out of her body, he finished with, "You feel good."

Then all speech ceased as Kelli wrapped her legs around his hips and met him with every movement. They moved as one and it felt like heaven being with her. Will couldn't believe his fortune to have his dream

wrapped in his arms. He attempted to keep it slow and gentle until Kelli began to call out.

“More, mo—” Breaking off her own speech, she spread her legs wider trying to take more of what he was giving her.

She placed kisses on his face and neck, then pulled him to her and gave him an open mouth kiss that made a frisson of heat race down his spine. He could feel the quivering of her stomach and the twitches along the channel of her pussy, letting him know she was near release. Hooking her legs up over his arms, he raised them toward his shoulders and buried his knees below her perfect ass as he propelled his hips forward repeatedly.

He must have angled correctly and massaged her in the right spot inside of her delicious cunt, because her vagina muscles clamped on to his shaft as she shook underneath him into an orgasm that had her arms flailing against the bed and clutching him, as if searching for an anchor.

“Yes, Will, *yeessss!*”

As he watched the glorious expression of wonder that crossed her face as she entered into sexual bliss, something happened to him. He joined her in ecstasy and the earth shifted like he’d had sex for the first time. Correction: *made love* for the first time.

His groan was almost barbaric as he held her tight and filled her with his hot seed.

Once his heart returned to normal, he rolled over onto his back and brought her with him. Exhausted she draped her body over his with her head on his chest as he lightly brushed his fingers along the length of her spine from her neck to her ass feeling her heart beating in time with his.

“You know, Will, I didn’t lie to you earlier when I told you I’d had orgasms before. I thought those little tremors I got after sex was over were my way of climaxing.” She rested her hand on his chest, a platform for her chin so she could look at him. “But, after what I just experienced with you, tonight. I can honestly say I’ve never climaxed before.” Leaning forward she kissed him. “Thank you.”

Touched by her honesty, he said, “You’re welcome, sweetheart.” He brushed her hair away from her face. “You know, Kelli, most dominants use withholding orgasms as a way of teaching their submissive control and obedience. Seeing you reach your peak is the most breathtaking site, so with me I’ll give you a million just to watch you get fulfillment.” Stroking her back again, he continued, “Never hold back with me.”

“Yes, Will.”

Chapter Four

Feeling a tickle along the crease of her ass cheeks, she opened her eyes in search of what had awakened her. Last night had been wonderful, and she wouldn't have minded a repeat performance. Opening her eyes, she turned to her side, still bare, and saw Will seated on the bed beside her dressed in sweatpants and no shirt, with a long red feather in his hand. "Is the sun even up yet, Will?"

"Soon. Good morning, Kelli."

Glancing at the pale orange, yellowish sky through the bedroom window, she refocused on him and smiled. "Yes, Will, good morning."

"Ahh, she learns quickly," he said.

Stretching, she asked, "Shall I cook you breakfast this morning?"

Standing, he slid the feather from her shoulder to the back of her knees, making her squirm on the bed. Her body was so sensitive with heightened awareness of Will that even the light touches were making her body respond.

"We'll do that later. For now, get up and take care of whatever you need to in the bathroom and I will meet you on the back porch."

"Yes, Will." Sliding out of the bed, she strolled toward the bathroom feeling an extra spring of contentment in her steps.

"Naked, Kelli," he informed her.

Stopping, she pivoted toward where he stood, but he'd already headed out of the room. Turning back in the direction she was going she felt butterflies fluttering around in her stomach wonder what he had in store for her this morning.

Leaving the bathroom after a quick shower, Kelli walked through the living room and stood at the porch door. Will stood at the wooden banister looking out in the distance, his body silhouetted by the rays of the rising sun. The muscles in his back were well defined, tapering down to his narrow waist, making her want to touch him and run her tongue over his

skin. She sighed and noticed along his shoulder blades were half moon nail marks and small scratches. The warmth in her cheeks let her know she was blushing, she didn't know what had come over her last night. She never felt so wild, but at the same time free. With Brett their sex had always been quick, no time for foreplay, except where he was concerned, and even in that she was rushed. Brett always made the excuse that she excited him so much he couldn't wait, but now she knew he didn't want to take the time to make it enjoyable for them both. But, no more. Being with Will was showing her that she deserved more.

"Join me, Kelli," he entreated, his voice rich and steady, giving nothing away.

She took a deep breath; being out bare-chested at night was one thing, but now he wanted her to stand on the porch naked in imminent broad daylight. *Can I do this?*

Will glanced at her over his shoulder, and his hazel eyes assessed her as if to see what she would do, if she would balk.

"Yes, Will." Pushing her shoulder back and lifting her head, she took her first tentative step out onto the porch, then another. Before she knew it she was standing beside him. He smelled like mint and *Lever* soap and his own male blend.

Smiling, he leaned toward her, kissing her on the lips. Without deepening it, he pulled away. "Now, turn towards the cabin and assume the ready for bed position, but don't kneel."

Her sex went on instant notification. Desire and need began to flood her system, mingling with her blood headed south toward the apex of her thighs, where her nether lips began to pulse as if awakening. *Hell, two orgasms and my body's starting to act like it can't live without them.* "Yes, Will." She turned, spread her legs shoulder width apart and placed her hands behind her back.

Walking over to the small table between the two wooden chairs, Will retrieved some items he must have placed there earlier, and came back to her. Between her legs, he placed a large bowl filled with water, her razor, a small cloth, a small pair of scissors, shaving cream and an oil of some kind, then he stood in front of her with a rope in his hand. Stepping behind her, he worked the rope around and between her hands. The bands bonds were snug, but not tight.

When he moved back in front of her, she tugged her hands slightly but didn't have much leeway and assumed he'd fastened it to the railing.

Thrills of excitement caused goose bumps to pop up on her body. She would have never thought she enjoyed being tied up, but her heart began to thump as if someone was playing ceremonial drums inside of her.

“First things first.” His fingers brushed her lightly between the legs. “I don’t know how attached you are to this...” He winked at her. “But, I like it bare. After the weekend is over, you can let it grow back if you choose. Who knows, you may even grow to like it.” He grinned.

She laughed at all his little puns. “Yes, Will.”

He walked away and grabbed one of the chairs and set it beside her. “Place your foot on the arm.”

Swallowing down her nerves, she raised one leg and put her foot down on the flat wooden arm. She could feel the rising sun warming the length of her backside and the cool breeze of the remaining night air playing across her exposed pussy.

Kneeling in front of her, Will discovered her secret. “You’re already wet and I haven’t even started, yet.”

Looking down, she watched his hand disappear between her legs and, at the first glide of his fingers across her slick slit, she couldn’t help pressing her hips forward, chasing his hand. His touches always made her want more.

Bringing those two glistening fingers to his mouth, he licked them clean. As she observed him, more of her sex juice began to flow at his intimate action.

“I will never get tired of your taste, Kelli.” Adoration weaved in his words as he stared at her, the sun reflecting in his eyes making them appear more amber and sincere. Gazing down, he lifted the small cloth and dipped it repeatedly in the bowl, then pressed it against her accessible sex.

He did that several times until water ran down her thighs, then he draped it over the side of the bowl. Picking up the scissors he pulled firm, but gently on her hair and snipped the longer pieces then set the scissors back on the wood planks. Shaking the can of her shaving gel, Will sprayed a small mountain into his other hand then set the can aside before pressing the foaming substance to her mound.

Biting down on her bottom lip to keep herself under control, she watched Will’s focused movements. He coated the skin between her legs, leaving no area with hair untouched. She even saw him lean down and apply the cream to the hairs between her ass cheeks.

Rinsing his hands, he picked up the razor, glanced up at her and smiled. He looked like a kid in a candy shop given permission to buy his favorite treat. She was amazed at her calmness as she stared at his hand with the blade, and wondered where Kelli Delaney went. A week ago, if someone would have told her that she would be allowing a man to shave her, she would have thought that person had lost their mind. But here she was being shaved by Will Robertson with no fear or embarrassment cloaking her. Nothing but exhilarating arousal as she felt each meticulous swipe of the razor around her sex.

Her sex started to bloom from the stimulation. She was becoming more turned on by the minute as Will lathered, shaved, and touched her pussy. Each breath became heavier and beads of sweat popped up on the back of her neck. She would have liked to blame it on the sun's rays as they beat down on her, but she knew that wasn't it. It was all due to Will's attentive skills.

Sliding his fingers over her lips and ass, he searched, then said, "Well, I think I've got them all."

Glancing up at her, she could see his hazel eyes had darkened to green. He was just as affected.

"You okay, sweetheart?" his voice husky.

"Yes, Will." Her voice was breathy.

"Good. Now all I have to do is rinse you." He gave her a sly smile.

She didn't have time to wonder what was behind his smile, because he rose and walked to the other end of the porch and grabbed the water hose and turned it on.

He advanced toward her with the clear water streaming out of the end of the hose, then squatted before her with it flowing like an arch between her legs, not touch her yet.

"This will be a little cold, Kelli. Let me know if you need me to stop. Okay?"

Nodding her understanding, she said, "Yes, Will. I'll tell you when I can't take anymore." She gave him a small smile.

"I'll try and be quick," he told her. Will's thumb slid over part of the spout causing it to spray out forcefully in multiple directions.

The first blast of the icy current to hit her pussy caused her to squeal—she wanted to recoil away from it, but held her ground. *Fuck, that's cold.* She could feel the frantic bursts moving up and down her sensitive cunt at Will's guidance. Amazement struck her as the frosty licks

of the water and the fierce jet streams began to heighten her arousal. Before she knew it her hips were arching towards it, wanting the sensation to continue. The trembling began in her legs and heavy sensation filled her abdomen. Widening her thighs she squatted lower to receive every chilly stroke.

“Like that, do you?”

Tossing her head back, she moaned and uttered, “Yes, Will. Don’t stop.” She prayed he’d never stop, it felt so good her toes curled into the wood flooring. Her movements became choppy and erratic as her climax built. The water began to flicker rapidly across her aching clit and she came hard and fast, making her body bow forward.

Her breathing came out rough and audible. When she opened her eyes Will’s face was before hers he leaned up and kissed her, deep and passionate, stroking his tongue along hers.

“Beautiful.” He went and turned the water off, then returned and began drying her lower body off with the towel. Carefully, he coated her freshly sheared skin with the oil. Pushing the supplies to the side, he stood up in front of her and pushed her hair back. “How do you feel? Can you take more?”

“Yes, Will, I can take more, I feel fine,” she reassured him in a breathless whisper. The smell of mint permeated the air, accompanied by a tingling sensation on her pussy lips, causing her to wiggle. She gave Will a curious look.

“It’s wintergreen oil. In a minute you’ll love it.” He winked at her. Sliding his hands around her waist, he untied her hands and then reached out and squeezed and rotated her shoulders as if he wanted to make sure she was okay. “Now, turn around. I want to see that pretty ass of yours.”

Giving him a sultry smile, she complied with his request and pivoted slowly until she was facing the mountain view as the high sun warmed her front. The old Kelli would have attempted to cover herself, but a new Kelli was emerging out of the ashes of the crushed heart Brett had left. She was going to embrace her wholeheartedly.

Will smiled to himself as he watched her sassy little turn. He stepped beside her and fastened her onto the porch rail again. Last night, he had purposely made love to her slowly to show her how it felt for a man to

care about her needs in bed. Today, they were entering a new level of sensuality and trust, one that would connect them on a deeper level.

Kissing her shoulder, he went to the small table and picked up the cat o' nine tails flogger he had purchased several months ago, but never found an opportunity to use, like the chain around her waist. When he ventured out to a few play parties with friends, he'd been taught the different ways of using it, but this would be the first time he used it in private on someone he desired. Holding the braided handle in his hand with the short leather straps dangling, he approached Kelli and noticed the trembling in his body, a combination of nerves and excitement.

Admiring the chain around her waist as it sparkled in the sunlight, he glided his hand from her shoulder down to her ass and cupped one cheek. Her complexion was smooth and unblemished. "I used to dream of how you would look standing before me naked."

She turned her head at his honest statement. "You di—" her words died off as she saw the instrument at his side.

His hands shook even more when he realized that she trusted him enough that she hadn't been watching his every move. "Are you ready? Or would you like to change your mind about this weekend?"

Kelli's gaze rose from the flogger to his face, shaking her head, she said, "Yes, Will, I am ready." Her voice quivered.

There was no doubt in his mind that she was sacred, but she was going to brazen it out. He prayed he didn't disappoint her. "Close your eyes and feel. Don't try and anticipate the hit, just relax into it. Let your mind and body receive every sensation."

Turning away from him, she answered as instructed, "Yes, Will."

Stepping back and to the side, he positioned himself at the proper angle, rotated his shoulders, took a deep breath and swung.

Th-whack!

The sound of the first stroke sent heat directly to his groin. He'd been semi-erect all morning, but his cock was on its way to being fully extended.

"Aw." Kelli flinched, paused for a moment, then settled back done.

His heart pounded in his chest at her action. He swung again. *Th-whack!*

"Hmm." She moaned. "It's tingling more."

He knew she was talking about the oil. The spanking was intensifying the effects. When a woman became wet and her pores opened up it

allowed the oil to seep into her skin. Sweat popped out on his forehead and a bead ran down his spine. He switched sides, not wanting to bruise her delicate skin.

Th-whack! Th-whack!

“Oooh,” she cried out and arched her back down so that her ass rose higher and stuck out further in anticipation.

Deep red cheeks, the color of rich wine, beckoned him to give her more. He was so hard the crown of his cock peeped out of the top of his sweat pants.

Th-whack!

On and on it went for long minutes.

“Yes, Will, give...I’m...me...want...” She never finished her gibberish, as he watched her body shake and her legs went slack as she came, crying out in ecstasy.

He could restrain himself no longer; dropping the flogger, he stepped toward her. Shoving down his pants, he gripped the brick of flesh extended out from his body and slid into her quivering, tight pussy.

“Yes.” His groan joined hers. She was dripping wet and hot, her cunt was on fire proving to him how turned on she had become with the flogger. “You’ve stolen my heart, baby,” he told her as he pushed her hair aside and placed his lips beside her ear. Wrapping one arm around her waist, he steadied her. His other hand clutched the railing beside hers as he thrust his hips against her tender ass.

The warmth of her supple backside pressed into his abdomen, elevating his arousal. Burying his face in the crook of her neck, he inhaled her sweet scent; she was a walking aphrodisiac to him.

“Spread your legs, baby. I need more.”

Kelli took action. Widening her stance, she lowered her chest toward the railing resting her breasts on both their hands. The move gave him deeper access and, grabbing her hips, he held her secure as he pumped into her. The sweet scent of wintergreen oil mixed with the spicy musk of her pussy fluid made him titter on the threshold of his own orgasm. Giving her one more spank with his open palm and feeling her skin tremble against his was enough to take him over the edge. Tossing his head back, he came hard and clenched his teeth to keep from crying out in rapture.

He and Kelli didn’t move for several minutes. When he slipped his semi-erect cock from her body, he admired the glistening of her juices on his skin in the sunlight.

Reaching around her, he untied her hands then brought her around to face him. He noticed the wet tips of her lashes. “Did I hurt you, sweetheart?” Had those been cries of pain, not joy?

She shook her head. “You were amazing. Yes, Will, absolutely amazing.”

Sighing, he stepped forward and placed his lips on hers. Licking her bottom lip, she parted them for him. Sealing his mouth to hers, he slid his tongue into her mouth tasting the passion of the morning. When she joined in, he deepened the kiss. It wasn't a kiss for arousal, but one to communicate respect and gratitude. Ending the kiss, he bent over and placed his arm behind her knees he picked her up, pulling her into his chest.

Kelli curled against him, burying her head in the curve of his neck and shoulders. Walking through the cabin, he didn't stop until he entered the bathroom. Setting her down on the toilet he ran the bath water, added some bubble solution from the side of the tub, placed there by the service staff. Thankfully, the staff only came after the guests left. Otherwise they might have walked in on a show. That was the last thing he wanted. What he and Kelli did together was just for them.

Once the tub was filled with warm water and bubbles overflowing, he assisted her into the tub. When she sighed, he knew the bath was just what she needed for her warm and tender parts.

“Call me if you need me, I'll be getting breakfast together.” He headed to the door.

“Yes, Will.” She sank lower in the tub, the bubbles almost covering her mouth.

He left and went to the kitchen to start breakfast. He washed off fruit and made pancakes out of some instant mix. Thirty minutes later he returned to the bathroom to check on her. With her head lulled to one side, she was asleep. Grateful that she hadn't slipped and drowned, Will released the valve holding the water and grabbed one of the terry cloth robes hanging on wall hooks. Groggy awareness was the best way to describe her as he lifted her from the water, stood her beside the tub, and wrapped the thick garment around her. Gathering her in his arms once again, he entered the bedroom and laid her on the bed. Returning to the kitchen, he placed the pancakes in the microwave and the fruit in the refrigerator.

“It will keep,” he said out loud as he moved back to the bedroom. Once in there he pulled off his sweats and took a quick shower. Done, he crossed the room to the bed, removed the robe from Kelli’s body and pulled the blanket up around them as he snuggled behind her and encircled her body with his arms and slept.

Chapter Five

They spent the day, eating, playing board games, and laughing. Neither of them wanted to venture out of the cabin. Kelli marveled how they were perfectly content solely in each other's company. She felt so at ease with Will, she could talk to him about anything and he just listened and never made her feel as if she were keeping him from something more important. If she didn't watch herself she would fall in love with her old college friend and not be able to walk away from him when it was over. But, Will had only agreed to a weekend and she was being presumptuous to think he'd want more. The way he touched her and the things he said to her made her believe that possibly his feelings ran deeper, but she didn't want to get her hopes up just to be let down by a man once again.

She'd asked Will to show her a new position. She wanted to learn everything. Insatiable, she couldn't get enough of him or sex; she felt as if she'd been living in a sexual fog all of her adult life and it had just lifted. Will had cleared it away with his smile and gentle touch.

"I want you to get ready for bed, Kelli, but in here," he said from the opposite end of the couch as he held her feet in his lap.

"Yes, Will." She felt firecrackers of excitement erupting inside of her just at his command. Wasting no time, she stripped out of her jeans and strapless green babydoll top. Her panties came down next. Pushing the heap of clothes to the side with her foot, she put her hands behind her back and lowered herself to her knees. Spreading her knees wide on the rug, she waited.

Will pushed the glass and wood coffee table out of the way, then removed his own jeans and grey t-shirt.

After he stood before her bare and his clothes combined with hers off to the side, she couldn't help feasting her gaze on his delicious form. The man was gorgeous and well hung...or not hung since it was rising high and proud under her watchful vision. She licked her lips. "May I taste you, Will?"

"It would be my pleasure to please you." He walked over to her, his thick shaft jutting out in front of her like it was eager to *be* pleased.

When he stooped directly before her, placing her at eye level with his cock, she paused and took a moment to close her eyes and inhale his scent. Will was a mixture of cologne and his own robust scent. He was quickly becoming an addiction to her. Sadness rested on her shoulders like a weight as she considered how her life would be without him, but she pushed it to the side and opened her eyes focusing on her task at hand...and mouth.

Giving head was something that Brett had required of her; with him it had always felt like a chore, but now flutters of excitement raced down her spine. Wrapping her hand around Will's dick, she allowed the warmth of his velvet skin to seep into her palm as she stroked him lightly down the sides. Purposely she disregarded her normal speedy method in which she would perform this act on Brett and took her time in pleasing Will.

Sliding her thumb along his length, grazing the underside from behind his engorged tip to his sacks, she felt his pulse beating through the large vein. When she heard his sigh, she glanced up for a moment toward his face and saw he was watching her. His hazel eyes intense, he waited patiently, even though the evidence of his restraint was clearly defined in the taut corners of his eyes. Rewarding his endurance, she brushed the tip of a finger on her other hand and slid the moist drop from his slit around his tip, then brought her finger to her mouth and tasted his essence.

"Hmm, delicious." Wasting no more time, she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the shiny head. She drew it into her mouth and swirled her tongue around and up and down the opening.

Will exhaled loud and audibly. She would have smiled if her mouth wasn't full with his thick member, instead she parted her lips further and consumed more of his length until she felt him against the back of her throat and she bumped into her fist holding him. As she began to suckle the part of him in her mouth, her hand pumped up and down the fist and a half of his remaining length. Drawing back, she circled the head again, then back down. Her hand began to rotate up, down and around his length, squeezing him at the base.

She loved the feel of him in her mouth, hard steel covered by satin. As she drew on him with her mouth, working the muscles in her jaw, she allowed her tongue to undulate along the bottom and sides of his cock. A growl came forcefully from Will as he slid his hands into her hair and began to pump his hips in to her eager mouth. She hummed her appreciation of his participation. Lifting her other hand, she dragged it up

the inside of his leg, passing his calf, knee, and paused at his thigh to scrape his sensitive skin. His legs began to tremble as she continued on her path, and once she reached his balls she held them gentle and massaged with her fingers and palm.

“Damn, Kelli, this feels good...but if you don’t stop I’m going to end right here.”

Giving his tight sacs a delicate squeeze, his cock a rotated stroke and suckling him one last time, she slowly drew away—not releasing him until she got to the tip. She licked his slit one final time, tasting the salty sweet evidence of his excitement. “Yes, Will.”

Releasing her head, he placed his hands on his hip and gazed up at the ceiling, his chest rising and falling greatly as he consumed a deep breath. Raising his hand, he wiped the beads of sweat from his brow and gazed down at her with a smile.

Assuming her submissive position, she returned his grin with one of her own full of satisfaction. She had enjoyed herself thoroughly, her mouth felt sore and raw from the avid attention she’d performed on him, but she would willingly perform the act on him from dusk until dawn. The feel of him in her mouth had aroused her to an almost unbearable level, for the first time in her life she wanted to place her hand between her thighs and get herself off.

Will lowered himself before her. Kissing her lips, he swept his tongue along the inside of her mouth. That act almost made her purr, knowing that he was secure enough to allow her to share his own taste with him.

Breaking the kiss, he said, “Enjoyed doing your little deed, huh?”

“Yes, Will. I relished doing it very much.” She gave him a coy smile.

“Then let’s see how you like riding.” Lying on the carpet beside her, he pulled her over his body, causing her breast to dangle before his mouth. “Hmm, just where I want them.” Cupping them he leaned up and took one erect nipple into his mouth.

She had to place her hands on the floor to support herself. Panting and wiggling against his firm abs, she wondered if he could feel the wetness of her pussy. Her cream was flowing so freely from the intense desire he created as he moved from breast to breast with his attentive behavior.

Will placed one of his hands down between her legs and stroked her clit.

“Ooo, yes.” Bowing her head, she closed her eyes and gave over to his hand and mouth. She was going to come. She could feel the tension

building between her thighs. Grinding her cunt against his hand and stomach, she pushed herself closer to the avalanche prepared to roll over her. Slipping his hand further into her wetness, Will stroked down her slit and then slid a long finger inside of her and ground his palm against the stiff nub of her desire.

“Let go, sweetheart.”

Obeying his command, she pumped her hips, allowing her climax its release. Shaking and trembling, she buried her face in his shoulder until her muscle stopped quivering.

She became aware of Will tapping against her throbbing center with the tip of his cock. Lifting her head, she peeped at him. “Yes, Will.”

“You think we can finish this, sweetheart, before I burst into the air like a fountain?”

Giving a sultry chuckle, she leaned up and scooted her hips back toward his thick elongated shaft. “Yes, Will. Anything you need...or want.” Sitting up, she took hold of his manhood and without breaking eye contact with him, rose up on her knees, and maneuvered his cock inside of her. Pressing down against him and pushing his hard dick into her pussy made Kelli’s breath catch. He was long and wide in his size. Holding her hips, he permitted her to set the pace, not rushing her along. It always took her a second to adjust to his size. Rising a little, she swivel her hips as she descended down his length allowing her juices to ease the way until she took him in completely.

Spreading her legs wider beside his hips, she tucked her feet under his thighs and began to ride. Moving up and down as she gyrated against him. Will caught her rhythm and joined in with her. She set the cadence, flexing her thighs into his hips and she rode him hard.

“Damn, baby, you’re good,” he called out, lifting his hips off the floor to meet hers.

“Yes, Will,” she agreed, moaning. “I was...Four-H...club...hmmm...high school...”

“Really...?” He clutched her hips, halting her movement. Giving her a seductive smile, he said, “Turn around, let me see how your skills work in reverse cowgirl style.”

She wasn’t sure that she understood what he meant. “Turn around?”

The sting to her ass and Will’s lifted eyebrow let her know she hadn’t responded properly. She could feel her cheek begin to warm from the contact of his hand and it made her wiggle and squirm wanting more.

Sighing, she said, “Yes, Will.” Raising her hips so that he slid from her body, shifting, she now faced the opposite direction. This was a new experience for her. She never even considered that a woman could ride a man backwards.

Taking a hold of his wet, hard cock, she guided him back into her heat and moaned as he filled her once again.

She could hear Will’s groan of enjoyment as she slid his stiff member deep inside of her. Placing her hand on his brawny thighs for support, she started to wind, grind, and bounce her hips against him, up and down his shaft. “Hmm, Will, that feels good.” She oohed and ahed at the new sensation as the crown of his cock rubbed along the back wall of her sex.

“Yes...it does, baby.”

Will’s hand moved around her waist and swirled around her stiff clit, fondling it. She opened her legs wider to give him better access.

“Join...me...Kelli.”

Boldly, she touched his forearm, dragging her hand down past his wrist until her fingers intertwined with his. Her own sleek fluid felt warm and wet as it coated her skin. Under the guidance of Will’s hand, she learned different ways to touch herself and discovered which gesture felt good causing her to undulate her hips even more. When Will moved his hand, she amazed herself as she continued caressing her pussy, enjoying the feeling of him inside of her and her own touch.

She paused for a moment when Will began sliding his wet finger down the crease of her ass, but she was unable to deny the anticipation coiling in her stomach. Her movements became slow and controlled.

Will swirled his slick finger around her puckered hole, then pushed inside of her. Her first reaction was to tense her body. The finger felt foreign and wicked.

“Relax, sweetheart.” He pulled out, then returned again and pressed further repeatedly until she’d taken the entire digit.

Against her will, she began to notice her body relaxing and adjust to the exotic touch. She couldn’t help dipping her back, begging for more. Will gave it; arching his hips, he went deeper inside of her and added a second finger, pumping them both along her rear walls. Her toes curled, her hands became frantic in their stroking along her drenched slit and she started riding Will’s cock vigorously. She felt wild and free as she reveled in possession of the double penetration.

Tossing her head back, she didn't recognize her own voice as she cried out and cooed as her body tensed, her orgasm was imminent.

Biting down on her lip, her body began to buck and jerk as she came.

Hot liquid shot inside of her, filling her core as Will joined her in ecstasy.

Her muscles quivered like gelatin. Will eased her off him and turned her toward his chest. The two of them stayed that way until their heart rate slowed. Then he rose and stacked wood in the fireplace and lit it. Once the fire was roaring, he walked out of the room. When he returned he had the blanket from the bed and a warm wet cloth. Silently, he bathed her sex, then placed the blanket over her. He left the room, but quickly returned and slipped beneath the cover with as he pulled her onto his chest, holding her as they talked through the night.

She would truly miss so many things about him when this was all over with.

“Are you sure you want to go on a picnic, Will? It looks like it's going to rain.” Kelli asked, staring out the window over the sink in the kitchen as she washed the breakfast dishes. A couple hours ago they had awakened in front of the cold fireplace and made love. They had showered, cooked breakfast, and eaten.

He looked over his shoulder at her, she stood in the window in shorts and a t-shirt that rose seductively and revealed peek-a-boo shows of her brown, toned midriff. The sky did look grey, but he believed in good fortune that it would hold off until after their outing. Stuffing their lunches into a basket he found in one of the cabinets, he said, “We should be okay. Do you want to wait until tomorrow?”

She pulled the stopper out of the drain, picked up the towel, and dried her hands. Turning around to him, she smiled. “If you're game, so am I.”

Crossing the tile floor to her, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. As always the heat exploded between them, and he slipped his tongue into her mouth and stroked the inside of her lips until she sighed, giving a little shiver. He nipped her bottom lip then broke off the kiss. “Okay, then. I'll finish getting the things together and you go get dressed.”

“I think I can do that.” With a quick peck on his lips, she moved away and headed to the bedroom.

He watched the sway of her hips as she crossed the room. He admired the new confidence and assurance in her walk. It would be chauvinistic for him to take credit for it. Instead he put ownership of her assurance on who it belonged to, her. Out of the shadow of Brett she was coming into her own and he loved watching the changes. He just hoped that when this weekend of exploration was over she'd hold on to it. It brought out a deeper sensuality to her beauty.

“Kelli.”

“Yes, Will,” she said, her voice low and throaty as she pivoted slowly to face him.

His mouth watered. “Wear something short and sexy if you have it.”

Her gaze traveled the length of his body, as if he were undressed in his jeans and t-shirt, then returned to his face, a sexy smile adorned her lips. “Yes, Will. I think I can find something that fits that request.” Turning, she continued her strides into the room adding a more generous swing to her hips.

Playful. There was a playful side to her that he enjoyed as well. Grabbing some water bottles out of the refrigerator, he placed them inside the wicker case. There was one more thing he needed for their trip. Walking to the bedroom, Kelli was already in the bathroom as he went to his suitcase and pulled out the item he needed. Then he grabbed an extra blanket out of the linen cabinet and returned to the kitchen.

“So, what do you think, Will. *Will...I...do?*” she asked, drawing his attention to her as she stood in the bedroom doorway in an outfit that on any other woman would have looked casual and ordinary, but on Kelli it made a totally different statement.

She wore a light purplish colored Polo shirt that was snug to fit, but the blood racing part of the shirt was the fact that she had three of the five buttons undone revealing the swells of her breasts. The cotton material hugged her breast and made her nipples into two distinct pleasure points. Glancing lower, he noted the khaki cargo miniskirt she wore ended high on her sweetly toned thighs, more proof of her equestrian years. Lastly, he smiled when he noted the laceless white sneakers she had on. He should have known she would be smart enough to wear appropriate shoes for hiking.

“So, are we ready?” She began walking to him.

He eyed her outfit again. “Do you have on panties?”

She stopped mid-stride almost looking comical. “Yes, Will. I have on...underwear.” Her anticipation was becoming apparent in her breathy speech.

“Take them off,” he commanded.

Without question, she reached underneath and pulled them down. Cotton panties that matched her top lowered down her legs, she stepped out of them and held them out to him. As if trusting him to return them if the need arose.

Winking at her, he retrieved them from her hand and slid them into his pocket. “Now, we’re ready to go.” He grabbed the basket and blanket from the counter, opened the door and waited for her to precede him out of the cabin.

Chapter Six

“So, what are your plans for your future, Kelli?” Will asked, sitting beside her on their blanket beside the river.

She stared out into the clear water, watching it ripple as it passed them. What was she going to do? She’d been mulling that question over and over in her head since she had left the church. She knew there wasn’t any way she was moving back to Charlotte; she would have to collect her things from Brett’s house and she wasn’t looking forward to doing it. Patricia would have to go with her. Kelli would like to avoid a confrontation with her ex-fiancé if she could. She no longer cared why he had left the wedding. The only thing she wanted was to get on with the rest of her life...without Brett.

Glancing at the man beside her, as he chucked small rocks into the water, she knew the same wasn’t true for her feelings about him. Will Robertson was a force to be reckoned with in many ways. In three days he had revealed a side of herself she had never suspected was there. The passionate sexual side. But, sex wasn’t the only thing. Will had taught her what it felt like to be loved, honored, respected and cherished by a man. A man who saw her worth.

Repeatedly over the days, she’d wanted to rub her eyes and see if she was dreaming. But, she was wide awake. Even better, she’d removed the rose colored glasses she’d been wearing for years and she was seeing clearly. All those years she’d wasted with Brett she should’ve realized what a good thing Will was and approached him.

“I suppose I’ll get a job.”

He glanced her way. “In Charlotte? Or are you going to try and get your old job back in Chapel Hill?”

Shaking her head, she said, “No, I’m definitely not going back to Charlotte to live. And my position at my old job was filled two weeks after I left.” She looked back out over the water, then returned her focus to him enjoying the play of the sun in his dark, thick hair. “But, I’m looking at new perspective for my life.”

Wordlessly he reached his hand out and stroked her cheek, then sifted his hand through her hair and pulled her forward. She couldn't tell from his expression how he was responding to her words. His eyes were greener, matching the foliage around them. Leaning forward, she closed the small gap between their bodies and kissed him. Slipping her tongue into his mouth, she attempted to communicate her feelings about him. Passionately she tried to express how he'd warmed his way into her heart and was making her consider a more serious relationship with him. One that lasted longer than a few days.

Parting their lips, but not moving out of her embrace, he asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I'm famished. All this fresh air is making me ravenous...for something good." She licked his full bottom lip letting him know what she wanted.

A clever man, he asked, "Do you want *me*, Kelli?"

She noted the tightening of his pupils. He was becoming aroused. A frisson of heat skated down her back with the knowledge that she had the power to turn him on so quickly. "Yes, Will." She attempted to move closer to him for another kiss, but he shifted away from her.

"Prove it to me." Lounging on his side, he stretched out along the blanket a few feet away from her.

Giving him a saucy look, she made her voice seductive, husky as she said, "Yes, Will. How would you like me to prove it?"

"Masturbate," he told her as he rested the weight of his upper torso on his elbow.

Masturbate? Is he serious? Out here in the open? She knew that the bushes and trees protected them from anyone coming along their side, but as she glanced across the water to the other bank she couldn't see anyone over there. And with the smoky colored sky looming over their heads they hadn't seen anyone in the two hours they'd been out, but someone could decide to brave the weather as she and Will had. *Do I want to risk someone seeing me pleasing myself? Can I even get myself off?*

Looking at Will, relaxed and calm along the blanket, not rushing her, she saw he was patient. His gaze was hot and intense as he stared at her. For Will she could do this, with him she could be persuaded to do anything; for him she'd already done more than she could have imagined doing, why stop now?

“Yes, Will.” Maneuvering her body to give him optimal viewing, she unfolded her legs from underneath her hips. Rising to a kneeled position, she placed her hand on the sides of her skirt then pushed it up slowly. She didn’t think about the fact that she was about to fondle her body in the open and in front of anyone who passed by and all of God’s woodland creatures, instead she aimed all of her attention on seducing Will. She wanted to excite him to the point of blind lust. Make him want her like never before.

Inch by titillating inch, her skirt rose. The light breeze began to flutter across her throbbing sex. She wanted this... needed, this moment of ecstasy. She didn’t stop dragging her cargo skirt up her thighs until it was bunched high around her waist and all of her bare, hairless pussy could be seen by Will. Holding her hands at her waist, she gradually pushed her legs open, widening her stance and then leaned back until her ass rested against her heels and her knees dug into the soil underneath the blanket. The extra links of her belly chain tickled the skin of her nude derriere.

Will’s gaze lowered to her sex, and she noted the swelling of his cock in his pants and the rise of his chest as he took a deep breath.

“For you, Will. Only for you.” Dropping one of her hands from her skirt to her aching lips, she touched herself. She could feel the slight trembling in her fingers as they parted her puffy lips and began to caress her slick skin. Amazed how good it felt to stroke herself, she wanted to close her eyes and enjoy the feeling. But she didn’t allow it of herself. This pleasure was for Will’s enjoyment, as well as her own and she would share this moment with him.

As if he could hear her thoughts, she watched him glance up from her crotch to her face and winked at her. She smiled in returned with quivering lips.

Her hand became busy in its stimulation. Up and down, she glided her fingers through her warm, creamy juices. She became covered with her own essences as her scent wafted up to her nose. Flicking and swirling around her clit, like Will taught her the other night she felt the muscles in her spine tighten. It felt so incredible. She wondered why she’d never performed the act on herself before during so many years of being unsatisfied. But, looking at the tanned, hazel-eyed compassionate man, she knew why...she’d never been inspired before.

“Do you want to come, Kelli?” Rich, baritone words poured from his mouth like melting chocolate as he captured her gaze.

“Yes...Will.” She was beyond breathless, she panted.

“Then do it. I told you I never wanted you to hold back,” he directed.

“Yes, Will,” she gritted out, as her hand moved faster, determined to take her to ecstasy.

She would have thought that Will would have returned his eyes to the activities happening between her thighs, but instead his eyes never wavered from her own. Watching him watch her, it made her eyes sting with the need to cry, to think that maybe this moment meant more to him than just visual stimulation. She dipped two fingers into her needy pussy and stroked as deep as she could reach as her thumb attempted to brush her clit, but she didn't have the skill for the feat. In frustration, she dropped her other hand down and began to caress her stiff peak between her legs. That did the trick, her body became taut then began to shake as her stomach constricted. She bowed forward into frenzy of blissful ecstasy.

Will caught her in his arms, lifted her hand to his mouth and began licking her milky pussy sap from her fingers. Sucking them between his lips, he swirled his tongue around each coated digit.

“Mmm, delicious and beautiful as always,” he spoke tenderly.

She kissed him, collecting her taste from his mouth, thanking him for his words.

“Lay on your stomach for me,” he said after he broke the kiss, his lips brushing hers.

Dreamy and compliant, she responded, “Yes, Will.” Lying down on her stomach she availed herself to him.

The touch of his hands was both strong and gentle as he caressed the length of her back down to her buttocks and spread her legs. He squeezed and massaged her derriere, making her sex begin to pulse all over again in expectation.

One of his fingers slipped down into her juices, making shivers dance up her spine. As he lifted that same wet finger up between her ass cheeks, she instinctively parted her legs wider. Last night she discovered how sensitive she was in that area and her own enjoyment of being touched there. Will performed the same act several times, causing her to wiggle against the blanket moaning. When she felt his tongue execute the same move, she had to bite down on her lip to keep from screaming, but the vigorous rotation of her hips should have clued Will into how much she relished what he was doing. But she wanted more. She pressed her lips

together to keep from calling out to him to put his thick finger inside as he'd done the night prior.

"On your knees, baby," he commanded.

"Yes, Will." The words rushed out of her, she was almost pleading, ready to agree to anything if he would squelch the fires of desire blazing between her legs. Inside of her was where she wanted him. Lifting her ass high in the air, she was practically shimmying it in front of him, begging him to take her.

The sound of a top popping open grabbed her attention, but before she could turn around to see what it was she felt the slick touch of Will's hands as he stroked her ass and cunt. Then he dipped low and played with her clit before moving back up, moving the dangling links of the belly chain aside and slid his finger inside of her furrowed entrance. Sparks of delight caused her nipples to tighten and the hairs on her arms and the back of her neck to stand up.

Will pushed his finger deeper, repeatedly fondling her until she was pressing her hips back against his adventurous hand.

"Do you like this?"

She couldn't deny it. "Yes, Will. I...like it. Very...much."

His hand continued its pleasuring as another oiled finger entered her, stretching her hole. "Tell me you want me."

"Yees, Will. I...want you," she cried out.

"Here, Kelli baby? Tell me you want me here." He sounded out of control as his fingers pressed along her sensitive walls. The sound of his zipper being released broke into the quiet sound of the forest.

That knowledge made her even more excited. She wanted him any way she could have him. "Yes, Will...there... fuck me there."

Will's fingers left her body, leaving a void until she felt the pressure of the tip of his cock. The initial moment of entrance gave her pause. Made her think she had possibly lost her mind in requesting he perform such a hedonistic act on her. A slight burning sensation began. She was a breath away from telling him to stop, but when he pulled back some then entered further, a lubricated glide, her pussy started to throb and her own juices began running toward her clit and down her thighs.

It was pleasure like she'd never experienced before. Out and in again. She couldn't help spreading her knees wider and pushing back toward him, but he controlled her movements by his hold on her hips. The urge to scream for him to let her go was on the tip of her tongue.

The fourth stroke finally buried him to the hilt in her ass and made her toes curl.

“Are you okay, Kelli?” His voice quivered. “Do you want me to pull out?”

She shook her head, she was speechless. Taking her hint she heard his sultry rumbling laughter as he began to pump inside of her.

Bucking against the hips that slammed into her ass, she began to cry out, not caring who heard her. Digging her nails into the soil and grass at the edge of the blanket, she repeatedly asked Will to give it to her harder. Give her more. *Don't stop.*

Will fucked her, spanked her firmly with his open hand to her cheeks and caused currents of gratification to shoot into her clit. Her movements became erratic and uncontrollable when he reached underneath her hips and rubbed her clit. She screamed out her release, sending birds screeching off into the distance.

The muscles of her ass clutched and sucked at Will's cock as she came and he joined her with a roaring orgasm of his own. Heaving and panting, they both collapsed onto the blanket. Lunch forgotten, disregarded and not missed.

Pulling out of her, Will turned her to face him, pushed her sweat slick hair away from her face. “Thank you, sweetheart.”

She wrapped her arms around him, fitting herself tighter against him. “No, Will, thank you. These last few days have been perfect and I don't want it all to end—”

“Shhh.” He placed his fingers on her lips as his other hand, still slick with her juices, tenderly caressed along the curve of her ass. “Let's not talk about it being over until we have to.”

Allowing her gaze to rest on his strong features, her heart swelled and she smiled. “Okay.” Laying her head on his chest, she permitted herself to relax as she listened to his calming heartbeat.

After a few minutes, the weather showed up just as she'd predicted. It began to rain, fat droplets of water came down upon them.

“Damn it, I guess you were right.” Will said, as they rose and straightened their clothing. He tossed the small lubricant bottle back in to the picnic basket, then folded the blanket and passed the spread to her.

They stood facing each other for a moment, then began to laugh as the sky opened up and showered down on them. Dashing back toward the

cabin, they held hands as they stepped quickly and carefully around branches and rocks.

Twenty minutes later they arrived back at the cabin. “I’ll hang the blanket from the canoe under the porch, you go on up and start us some coffee.”

Kissing him, she said, “Okay. Maybe I’ll make some soup with these sandwiches if they aren’t soggy.”

He swatted her on the butt. “A delicious idea, sweetheart.”

Her ass was still a little sore from all the attention it had received, but she still turned and headed toward the stairs pausing a moment to wiggle it at him temptingly. She heard Will groan as she trotted up the stairs. She was beginning to love him calling her sweetheart and baby. Brett had never given her endearing nicknames. Pushing the thought of Brett out of her head, she entered the cabin.

“There’s my wife. I was beginning to worry when it started to rain.”

Chapter Seven

Live and in blue-eyed, blond-haired color, Brett sat on the couch with his arms spread wide across the back of it. He looked too comfortable and arrogant for words.

“First off, I’m not your wife. You missed that chance when you walked out of the church. Secondly, what in the hell are you doing here?” Walking deeper into the cabin, water dripping from her hair and clothes, she was sure she looked a hot mess, but that didn’t stop her from confronting him.

“What do you mean, what am I doing here? This is our honeymoon suite, and when no one had seen you after the wedding I contacted Patricia to find out how to get here. I knew she’d know,” he answered in a snide tone, still not rising from the couch.

Patricia and Brett had never gotten along. She was amazed her friend had even wasted her breath in giving Brett directions. “Well, now that you’ve seen me, you can go.”

He rose from the couch; she hoped it was to head to the door but she had no such luck. “Listen, Kelli, I came here so we could ta—”

“Sweetheart, I hope the soup is ready because I am star—” Will’s words died on his lips as he came face to face with his old college teammate.

Kelli shifted her gaze from one man to the other. One man whom she had catered to for years and the other whom she’d willingly submit to for life. Before she could say anything Brett exploded.

“What in the fuck is he doing here?” He bellowed from across the room, looking from Will to Kelli as if waiting for an explanation.

Will stepped up beside her as if to protector her from Brett. “I think you need to decide to calm the hell down and we can all handle this like mature adults.”

Glancing at her knight in shining armor, she admired his calm and tact in such a volatile situation. She was sure that it was a skill he had honed and crafted through his job as the public relations man for the mayor. But

as reserved as he appeared, she didn't miss the muscle in his jaw leaping repeatedly, letting her know that it took a lot for him to restrain himself.

"Mature adults don't go around screwing their friend's girl." Angrily, Brett jabbed his finger in the air toward both of them accusingly. "Don't try and deny it."

Will spoke in low tones. "If you haven't noticed, Brett, she hasn't been a girl for a while now. Besides, we weren't friends, we were never friends, just players on the same team."

"You can try and twist this however you want to, Will, the shit is still dirty." Brett shook his head.

Crossing his arms over his chest, Will refused to answer the statement.

"Look, Brett—" Her words were cut off by the vibrating sound of Will's cell phone. Will retrieved it from his pocket and checked the mini caller ID screen that was lit up.

"I need to get this. Are you going to be alright?" She witnessed the concern clouding his features. She could see the war inside of him, the duty towards his job and protecting her.

"Who in the hell—" Brett began.

She threw her hand up toward Brett and spoke directly to Will, saying, "Yeah, I'll be fine. *Arrogant* he is, but violent he's not."

"Okay." Turning, he left the room, not before shooting Brett and threatening glance. "Robertson here."

She heard before he closed the bedroom door.

"Listen, Kelli, I won't hold this silly fling you had with Will against you." Brett approached her with his hands out as if he were going to touch her.

She stepped back out of his reach; after the time she and Will had in the forest she refused to allow Brett's touch to taint the intimacy she and Will shared.

He dropped his arms.

"Brett, the last thing I need is for you to forgive me for something. As many women as I've caught you with or found out about over the years...you have a nerve."

"None of those women meant anything to me. I've always known that you were the one."

"And that's how you show it?" She sighed, attempting to control her anger. Dealing with Brett was the last thing she wanted as the residual

effect of sex with Will was still pulsing through her body. “Can’t we discuss this in Charlotte?”

“I didn’t drive all this way not to talk about what happened with *our* wedding.”

Her head was starting to throb. She needed a break and a moment to get her thoughts together. “Brett, I need a second. I need to change. You can sit or you can leave, but give me some time.”

“I’m not leaving,” he declared. “You don’t have to change your outfit on my account. I think it’s hot and sexy. Of course you could never wear it around my mother, she’d probably think you became some kind of *whore*.”

Does he really think that I still care about his damn mother’s opinion? Shaking her head, she lengthened her stride to reach the room as fast as possible. Once inside, she pushed the door closed. Will still talked on the phone to someone, nodding at her as he continued to speak. Crossing the room to her suitcase, she pulled out a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. As she prepared to get undergarments she noted the lavender panties dangling in her view. Blushing, she glanced up at Will, who winked at her as he listened intently to the person on the other end. Grabbing them, she began to undress for a quick wash up. Conscious that Brett was waiting in the other room, she wasn’t trying to provoke him to come storming in catching her naked.

Leaving her clothes on the bed, she dashed into the bathroom.

Minutes later, she re-entered the bedroom with a towel around her body to find Will was hanging up his cell phone.

“Is everything okay?” she asked, crossing the room to him.

Stepping toward her, he brushed her hair back from her face. “No, they aren’t. I have to go. That was Mark Hamlin from the school board. Some middle school kids were smoking around the school grounds and started a fire. Only the gym caught fire, but a lot of the school has smoke damage. So, I’m going to need to call the mayor and meet with the school board and see what is the best course of action for the next few weeks until we can get the kids from that district back into their school.”

Her heart sank. She knew that her time with Will was over tomorrow, but with the arrival of Brett and now this, things were ending too fast. Swallowing past the lump in her throat, she said, “Give me a second and I’ll be ready to go.”

Will shook his head. Placing a hand under her chin, he stroked her bottom lip. “Sweetheart, I would love for you to come with me, but we both know that’s not what’s best.”

“What do you mean, not best? Will, these last few days have been amazing. I’ve neve—”

He kissed her. Sliding his tongue into her mouth, tasting her and sharing with her the same level of passion they’d brought out in each other many times while in the cabin. Ending the kiss, his hazel eyes captured hers. He remained silent, just stared at her, then said, “Kelli, baby, I will never forget this time we had together. As much as I would love to get in the car with you and not look back, I know this is something you need to handle and deal with.”

“But, there’s nothing left between Brett and me.”

He gave a dry chuckle. “That’s not what he thinks.” Stepping back, he looked away, then back at her again his eyes reflecting more amber than green. “If you’re honest with yourself, you and I happened in a spur of the moment decision. But, you and Brett have years.”

Her eyes stung and she could feel the tears beginning to well up in her eyes, she felt like the rain outside was pouring onto her soul. She loosened the towel around her and allowed it to drop to the floor, standing before him revealed, confident and proud, dressed in nothing but his chain. “Do you want your chain back?” Reaching behind her back with shaky hands, she was prepared to unclasp it.

“No.” The single word came out harsh, almost a bark. His chest lifted and dropped as he took a deep breath. “Just keep it. If you decide you don’t want it... then mail it back to me. I left my information on the pad by the phone.”

Quickly she released the chain and lowered her hands. “Yes, Will.” She allowed the submissive response to roll off her tongue like a cherry sliding down the side of a mountain of whipped cream.

One side of his mouth lifted in a half smile. “If you need, I can call a car to come pick you up or I’ll come back after I settle this stuff with the school.”

Turning, she grabbed her clothes from the bed and put on the pants, shirt, bra and the panties that had been nestled deep in Will’s pocket for hours while they’d made love in the woods. “There’s no need. As you said there’s a lot out in that living room I need to straighten out, so I might as well head back to Charlotte with him.” She didn’t want to say Brett’s

name. Her ex was enough of an intrusion right now without giving him more involvement.

Slipping her feet into her sandals, she said, “Are you about ready to leave?”

“Unfortunately.” He picked up his suitcase and headed toward the door.

“Will.” She called out to him as he placed his hand on the door.

When he turned she sprinted the few feet across the carpet to reach him and was caught in his embrace. He buried his face in her neck and he held her pressed against him. She wanted to tell him she loved him, but knew that he wouldn’t believe her and would probably think that she was just using him to fight her feelings for Brett especially in light of everything happening now.

He let her go and she slid down his body like melting butter.

“If you’re ever in Asheville...”

She grinned and attempted to keep her voice calm. “I know, look you up.”

Nodding, he took up his suitcase again and pulled the door open. She followed him out.

Brett was standing by the patio door, staring out. He turned at the sound of them entering the living room. She wondered for a moment what he’d say if she told him that Will had spanked her for the first time just a few feet from where he was standing. Or if he knew that in the forest straight ahead she’d taken Will into her ass and liked it. If Brett would regret all the years he’d waste treating her to his lukewarm missionary loving.

Shaking herself mentally, she realized that she didn’t care what Brett said or thought. The one person she cared for was walking out the door. Will Robertson.

“It’s about time.” Brett griped.

“Look, Brett, I’d love to catch up on old times, but an emergency calls me away. Can I trust you to get Kelli home safe?” Will asked.

Brett stepped closer to them. “Will, I’ve been taking care of Kelli for years now.” He scoffed. “I think I can manage *this* little issue.”

Will moved toward him, Kelli noticed his hand clenching tighter on the handle of his case. “Well, this time take care of her right,” he growled, his lips barely moving.

Shrugging, Brett responded off handedly, “Yeah, whatever.”

Facing her, Will said, "You know how to reach me."

"Yes, Will." She paused purposely, Will's eyes changing to a deeper green made her aware that he understood her. "I know how to find you."

He smiled and then walked out of the door. The urge to chase him was strong. Instead she turned around and faced her problem.

"So, Kelli, have you come to your senses, yet?"

"Yes." His sarcastic question irked her by made her decisions for the future even clearer. "Let me get my things and we can talk on the way to Charlotte."

Chapter Eight

“Good afternoon, may I help you?” the strawberry blonde woman in her mid-forties asked when Kelli stepped off the elevator on the third floor of the city hall building.

“Yes, I’m here to speak with Mr. Robertson, is he in?” Kelli questioned in her most professional voice. Today she was dressed to kill and impress, her outfit epitomized the trophy wife look she’d perfected over the years. She wore a dove colored stretch cotton suit consisting of a two pocketed blazer and matching fishtail knee length skirt with a pair of gray stiletto sandals.

She hoped that Will’s secretary believed she was just a spouse looking to get the mayor involved in a charity event.

“No, he’s in a meeting. I’m not sure when he’ll return,” the woman responded sweetly.

Kelli understood a “he doesn’t have time to see you at the moment” brush off when she got one. This woman was one of the best, never blinking or showing any hint of not being kind and biddable.

Showing no sign of being pushed aside, Kelli said, “I’ll wait for a few minutes and see if I can catch him. If not, I’ll come back tomorrow, maybe.”

“Okay, ma’am, if you’d like.” The woman gave her a professional sing-song voice.

I like, I definitely like. Kelli sat down in one of the two vinyl chairs in a side waiting area. She grabbed a magazine from the small table between the seats and made sure that she could still see the strawberry blonde out of the corner of her eye. Occasionally, she made sure to make sighing sounds as if she didn’t know how much longer she’d be able to wait for him.

“Excuse me, Ms...” Kelli faded her voice away, hoping the other woman would supply her name.

“Duncan. Mrs. Duncan.”

She gave her a sweet smile. “Mrs. Duncan, what time does Mr. Robertson leave work?”

“The offices close at five.”

Excellent receptionist, never give away more information than required. Kelli glanced down at her watch again and added a few taps of her feet. She had roughly an hour to go.

Fifteen minutes later, the moment she'd been waiting for happened: Mrs. Efficient Duncan got up and took some papers into Will's office, came back out and closed the door behind her, then walked down the hall towards what Kelli assumed were the restrooms.

Pretending not to pay any attention, Kelli focused hard on the magazine. When Mrs. Duncan entered the bathroom, she pitched the magazine back on the table, then walked briskly to Will's office. Praying his door was unlocked, she tried the handle. Fabulous, her heart screamed as she quickly entered the office and closed the door silently behind her. Glancing around, she took note of every available place to hide just in case the secretary came back in. The only area she saw with enough space to conceal her was Will's desk that thankfully had a front wood panel that touched the floor.

The only other furniture in the room was a couch and two metal legged chairs across from his oak desk. *Perfect.*

“Are you headed out now, Teresa?” Will asked his secretary as he moved closer to his office. Teresa Duncan had worked with him for the last four years. Her husband, Dennis, was his weekly racket ball partner.

“Yes, I'm gone. Stacy has her last ballet recital practice tonight and if I don't make it home on time I'll never hear the end of it.”

He laughed. Stacy was the oldest of their three children. “Well, tell her that I will be there on Sunday to see her in action.”

Teresa turned off her computer, grabbed her purse, and locked up her desk. “I'll do that. Have you decided who you're taking with that extra ticket?”

Stepping closer to his door, he said, “No one. I'm going it alone and I just bought the extra ticket for charity.”

“Well, Minni would love for you to invite her.”

He frowned at his soon to be ex-friend. Minni was a burly female security guard whose voice was deeper than his. She was more likely to

apply the flogger to him than allow him to treat her to the leather straps. “Bite your tongue and get out of here before Stacy starts calling.”

Laughing, she headed to the elevator. Once there she pushed the down button and waited. “By the way, a woman was here earlier looking for you. Probably volunteer work. I’m sure she’ll be back tomorrow or later this week.”

“Got it. Have a good night.”

Teresa waved as she stepped into the elevator.

Will grabbed his doorknob and advanced into his office. Closing the door behind him, he moved toward his desk with the stack of papers in his hand and froze. The smell of something floral caught his attention, pivoting he turned toward his couch.

“Hello, Will.” Kelli called out to him in a soft purr from her seat in the center of his couch, sitting cross legged and sexy.

It had been a month since he’d seen her last in the cabin with Brett. Walking out of that house had been the hardest thing he ever had to do. “Kelli. How’s Brett?” He could have kicked himself.

Rising, she asked, “Do you really want to discuss Brett?”

She began to take steps toward him. Slow, torturous steps, allowing her hips to swing dramatically draw his eyes to them. The suit she wore clung to her body like a wet kiss. He had to swallow twice to keep himself in check. “Is he still in the picture?”

He lifted his gaze from her hips to her face.

“Do you think I would be here if he were?” Stopping in front of him, she said, “No, Will. He is no longer a factor in our life.”

Our life. She’d said *our*. “Is that why you’re here? To tell me it’s over between the two of you?”

She laughed and light illuminated her light brown eyes. “I could’ve called to tell you that.”

Turning away from her, he moved toward his desk and leaned back against the front of it. He needed space to keep his head clear. Her body and scent were playing havoc with his senses. “Speaking of calling, it’s been a month since we parted that weekend. You didn’t even leave me a note when you picked up your car from my house.”

No guilt colored her features. “You’re right.” She glanced down at the carpet floor under her “fuck me” stiletto heels.

He stifled a groan. “So, now what? You had some time to kill and thought you’d swing into my city again.”

“No, Will. The day in the eatery weeks ago was totally out of character for me. You knew me in college; spontaneous is the last thing I am.” Shrugging a single shoulder, she continued. “But, I was hurting and sacred that day. I needed something or someone to help me forget.”

“So you used me.” His statement of fact had a bite to it, but he couldn’t help it. Even though he’d gone into that weekend with no promises and open eyes, he couldn’t stop the fact that he’d loved her for many years.

“I used you, to find myself.” There was a slight tremor to her voice. “Yes.”

“Are you expecting me to say you’re welcome?”

“No.” She approached him again. “I’m expecting you to say you love me.”

He blinked. There was no way he’d heard her correctly.

“Will?” Standing in front of him now, she reached out and touched his face.

Turning his face, he brushed his lips on the palm of her hand. “Kelli, you’re confusing sex with emotion.”

Pulling her hand back, her voice laced with pain, she said, “I’m not some teenage girl lost in false images of puppy love and infatuation.”

“How do you know for sure...that it’s love?” Shooting off of his desk he moved to the center of the room.

“Over the last month, I’ve pieced my life back together. For me. I found a job that I love and an apartment in Asheville. I’ve resumed horseback riding and a lot of other things that I’ve wanted to do for myself, but was too worried about if Brett and his mother would approve or if it would fit into their plans for me.” Her voice sounded thick and gritted, as if she were holding back tears.

She’d been here and he hadn’t even known. Glancing at her, he noticed she stepped out of her shoes. “And?”

One button of her blazer came undone. Then the second and third followed. When she parted it, Will saw that her breasts were bare underneath and his dick received instant messaging from his brain. The jacket dropped soundlessly from her arms to the floor.

“And, Will, every moment of everyday I thought about all the things you made me feel.” Reaching over to one hip, she unzipped her skirt. “I remembered all your words of encouragement and your confidence that I

should never have to give up the work I love.” She pushed it down her legs. “The way you touched me and held me at night.”

Two things he noticed simultaneously, her bare pussy lips and the chain around her waist. His chain. “Kelli.” Her name slipped from his lips in adoration.

Stepping out of the skirt at her ankles, she crossed the carpeted floor until she was a few feet away from him and, like a beautiful bare sienna goddess, she lowered herself to her knees. “I didn’t come to Asheville that day looking for love, but I found it.” Her hands went behind her back. “I found you.” Tears spilled down her smooth brown cheeks. “The first time you kissed me by my Carolina blue car, my world shifted and I felt complete.”

“Sweetheart,” he whispered, his heart was swelling so much with each of her words that he could barely breathe.

She spread her knees wide and continued, “Will, you told me to return the chain when I wanted to. Did you mean that?” Her voice quivered.

The thought that she had done all of this just to give him his chain back made his heartache with the thought of losing her, but he answered truthfully. He would never hold her if she didn’t want to stay. “Yes.”

“Then I’m now returning it...the only stipulation is that you have to take it back with me inside of it. Or not at all,” she whispered.

Staring down at her, he asked, “For how long, Kelli? A week this time...maybe two?”

She shook her head. “As long as you want me.”

He dropped to his knees before her. “That’s for life, sweetheart. I love you. I’ve always loved you.” Placing his hands on her hips, he brushed his thumbs across the chain that marked her as his. “Do you think you can plan your perfect wedding in six months?”

“Oh, yes, Will.” A broad smile graced her lips.

“Good, then let me lock the door and I’ll show you a little of what the honeymoon will entail.” He quickly turned the lock and began stripping out of his clothes.

“Can we go back to the cabin for our honeymoon?” Her eyes caressed his skin as she watched him reveal his body to her.

“And every year after that.” He confirmed as he strolled toward her bare and ready for the woman who held his heart. Placing kisses along her collarbone, he said, “By the way, are you busy Sunday? I think I need a date?”

“I might be open to you performing a little volunteer work in exchange for my time,” she whispered coyly.

“Let’s see how well I can convince you,” he said, moments before his hand soundly met her ass cheek.

Kelli moaned in anticipation of his persuasive methods.

Epilogue

Kelli heard the first few notes of *Always and Forever* by Heatwave. It was a classic love song that she'd always favored and wanted to walk down the aisle to the man she loved to it. Now, that moment had finally arrived. The doors opened, showcasing her standing in her strapless Chantilly lace dress, simple modern and chic with a Carolina blue sash around her waist. The same color of Patricia's maid of honor dress and the groom's and his best man's tie and vest.

Besides the minister, there were only three people present. Patricia, Carl, who had become close to Will over the last six months and was his best man, and Will. Will. She'd never doubted for a moment that he would be standing there waiting for her at the altar. He was that kind of man, dependable, committed and strong.

She took the first step that would lead her to the man she loved. A man who respected her and her choice to have a career. In a weekend he'd helped her to free her sexuality and rejoice in her own submissive nature as he guided her through the secret part of his lifestyle. Over the last six months he'd helped her to build her confidence in herself. While they planned their small, intimate wedding, he'd allowed her to be a partner in everything that affected their life, like waiting three years before they started on a family so she could build her career again.

Taking the final steps to him, she admired his stride as he moved to her. Leaning into her, he kissed her on her cheek and whispered. "You are beautiful, sweet, and you have made me the luckiest of men."

Lifting her hand, she caressed his cheek and stared into his hazel eyes. "I love you, Will."

"I love you, too." Taking her hand, he led her to the minister.

As the officiate began the vows that would make her and Will husband and wife before a small group of their closest friends, her heart leaped for joy as she finally married the man she was meant to spend the rest of her life with.

About Author

Yvette loves romance and writing it is one of her greatest and guilty pleasures. She enjoys creating happily ever after stories with lots of HEAT. The hotter the better! Life is busy, it would be great to have a chance to sit down and enjoy a long read. Since that is often not the case, she brings you Short and Sexy, Sensual Erotica. Just long enough to help you meet the *need*. She was talking about your reading need...where's your mind? As an erotic romance author, she tries to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in their life. Whether you like to see them spanked, tangled in a ménage or simply falling in love, she's got it. So, if you like diversity and a good read, check out one of her books. Then send her a few words through e-mail about it so you all can chat. She runs a newsletter group where she posts contests, excerpts, blurbs, covers and news about where she is and what she's doing.

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