

DETERMINED TO MASTER

FIVE BOOK SET



BJ WANE

BLUSHING BOOKS

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BJ Wane
Determined to Master

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BLINDSIDED



VIRGINIA BLUEBLOODS, BOOK 1

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PROLOGUE



Eve gasped as Bobby's penis filled her with one hard push. Grabbing his shoulders, she blinked against the tears his painful entry wrought. Damn, no one told her the first time was so uncomfortable. Still, she gritted her teeth as her boyfriend of one year grunted above her in the cramped back-seat of his old Chevy. Bound and determined not to start her first year of college a virgin, she relented to Bobby's cajoling pressure to consummate their relationship. With both her eighteenth birthday and high school graduation behind her, she was now comfortable taking this next step.

"That's it, baby, lift for me. God, you feel incredible," Bobby muttered into her neck.

Well, Eve was glad he was happy. She, on the other hand, was ready for this experience to be over and done with. Really, she thought, the pressure between her legs was anything but pleasurable; what was the big deal her friends have been talking about? Bobby's thrusts kept banging her head against the side panel, his heavy breathing on her neck doing nothing for her and with her skirt rucked up to her waist and her top wadded up around her neck, she was anything but comfort-

able. With her panties lying somewhere on the floor and her girly parts exposed to the sultry summer air, she felt good at first. Her nipples peaked at the exposure and her vagina became puffy and damp, which she knew were signs of good things to come.

Maybe if Bobby had taken a little time touching her girly parts after exposing them before going for the gold, she might be able to join him in the victory lap. All the teasing touches she allowed him when they went parking had hinted at more to come, promised deliverance into the land of ecstasy she'd heard so much about, but as his hips picked up speed and his shaft jerked off inside her, she knew she would not be joining him in that pleasure.

With a sigh of relief, she felt him pull away from her, his sweat slick chest rubbing over her nipples and sending a wave of pleasure straight down to her sore crotch.

"Mmm, that was so good, baby," Bobby whispered before bending to her breasts and taking one turgid nipple into his mouth.

Eve's vagina spasmed emptily from the rush of pleasure his lips evoked, making her swear silently. Why the heck couldn't he have lavished attention there beforehand? If he had, maybe some of the pleasure he was giving her now might've been reciprocated between her legs. Still, it was difficult to be irritated with him, especially when he released her nipple and kissed her like he couldn't get enough of her. Her nipple puckered even tighter when the warm air caressed its dampness. Eve shuddered under him in response, tightening her arms around his shoulders.

"You're so sweet, Eve. I'm going to miss you."

"I'll miss you too," she told him, liking the way he was in no hurry to get going now he had gotten his pleasure. They'd been a couple for their entire senior year, and she'd been the envy of her friends for landing the most popular, cutest boy in their

class. The old cliché of the head cheerleader and the football captain hooking up certainly was true for them. Despite the letdown of her first experience with intercourse, Eve was glad she'd let Bobby be the one to rid her of her virginity. He had always been solicitous of her feelings and had a romantic streak rare in a guy his age. She had a drawer full of cute cards he snuck into her locker, a pretty birthstone ring he'd given her for graduation and the memories of dates, dances, games and hangout sessions to take with her when she left for Juilliard next week.

No one was more surprised than she when she received the acceptance letter into the prestigious school of music and Bobby had been nothing but supportive of her leaving Virginia to follow her dream of studying music at the renowned institute in New York even though it meant leaving him behind. "Thank you, Bobby, for everything." She hugged him tight, blinking back tears at the thought of leaving him.

Bobby pushed up, grinning ruefully down at her in the dark. "You're thanking me even though I know I fucked up tonight?"

"You're a guy," she said, patting his chest. "It's expected that you'll screw up often."

"Still can't say the 'f' word, huh?"

Ignoring the amusement in his voice, Eve reached to the floor in search of her panties. "I thought guys didn't like girls with potty mouths."

"I like you just the way you are, and that's all that matters. Here." He handed her her panties then opened the door to slide out and adjust his own clothes, bending over and wiggling his ass at her first.

"Get back in here before someone drives by and sees you," she laughed.

Settling behind the wheel, he grinned at her. "Don't worry; we're all alone out here. If you have time this next week,"

Bobby said as he pulled out of the secluded glen and onto the highway, "I'd like a chance to make up for tonight."

Eve laughed at the leer he sent her, not about to let a little soreness between her legs and disappointment over tonight's adventure keep her from giving sex with Bobby one more shot. "I'll make time."

Reaching across the gear shift, he squeezed her thigh, saying, "That's my girl."

The blinding headlights came out of nowhere, giving them no warning of the car's imminent collision. One minute, Eve was mentally reviewing her schedule for the next week and the next a jarring impact threw her sideways in the car, Bobby's curses ringing in her ears. Gripping the door handle, she couldn't look away from the sheer horror of their uncontrollable careen toward the embankment then crashing through the guardrail and becoming airborne, her last sight the deep ravine she knew they would not survive crashing down.

The car sat idling in the middle of the deserted road, the driver waiting until the orange glow from the other car exploding at the bottom of the ravine lit up the inky night sky before driving away, thinking without remorse that someone should call in the fatal accident.

CHAPTER 1



"*W*hat the hell, Camille? This isn't what I come to you for and you know it. I call the shots, not one of your girls." Nathaniel Radcliff III paced the plush carpeted floor of Camille's posh office in anger, his frustration evident in both his tone and the stiff set of his broad shoulders.

"She isn't one of my girls, Nate, not like you're thinking," Camille answered him from her seat behind her desk. "She has special needs this time of year, just like you do. Her reasons for wanting to meet you upstairs, the room kept dark, and you gone before morning are her own and, as you know, I don't betray confidences."

Nate turned to face the woman who had been his sister's best friend and whom he has known for twenty-seven years, ever since she was five years old. "Great. You're hooking me up with a head case, just what I need."

Camille sighed, rubbing the growing ache between her eyes. "She's the only one available tonight and she's waiting for my call. What do you want to do?"

Seeing the pinched look on her face, Nate reined in his frustration, reminding himself he wasn't the only one who

suffered on the anniversary of Leah's death. It was hard to believe it had been fourteen years since his kid sister died of an overdose stemming from a drug habit he had known nothing about until it was too late. The memory of Camille's frantic phone call that night was forever imprinted on his brain, along with the realization he'd let down the only person who had ever mattered to him. He was too busy hopping from bed to bed and finding new ways to irritate their snobby parents to pay attention to the signs of the destructive way Leah had found to cope with their constant demands. Eleanor and Nathaniel Radcliff II were more concerned with seeing that their prodigy followed in their footsteps and how their behavior reflected back on them in front of their snobby elite group of friends to care what he or Leah wanted. They had even used Leah's death as another reason for him to stop his wasteful philandering and go to work at Alliance, the family founded Fortune 500 financial institution he had absolutely no interest in.

Nate still blamed himself for Leah's death. Barely eighteen when she died, she had always been timid around their overbearing, condescending parents. Seven years older, he'd had no problem running interference between her and them while growing up, but he also wasted no time leaving their prestigious, five-acre mansion in an exclusive country club community as soon as he turned eighteen.

"Nate?" Camille asked, seeing the haunting memories cloud his sky blue eyes, eyes so much like Leah's. She had no idea if pairing these two together for the night was the right thing to do, but she was taking the fact they both suffered a tragic loss on the same day as a sign.

"Fine. No meeting for a drink beforehand, lights off, except for the bathroom night light and I'll be happy to get out of her bed before dawn. What's her fee?" he asked sardonically. He always used the time meeting with the woman in the bar to

negotiate payment for the night and it didn't sit well that he was walking into a hotel room not knowing who would be there and what her terms were.

"Nothing. She, like you, has her own demons to exorcise, and chooses this way to do it." Camille knew Eve from her nephew's school and had nothing but the highest respect for her. "Just knock on room 1125 and say I sent you. She usually leaves the door cracked so it won't be locked."

Camille ran a legitimate dating service that catered to out-of-town businessmen and women who wanted a date for a social function, but several of her employees, both men and women, were single parents or in need of extra income for other reasons. How they got it was their business and nothing, he knew, that she concerned herself with. Because of their close friendship and because she knew why he chose to escape his demons this time of year with a night of anonymous, mindless fucking, she offered to arrange a meeting with whoever was available that night then left the negotiations up to them.

"A freebie, huh? Does she know I can afford whatever price she names?"

"Honestly, Nate," Camille snapped, standing up, planting her hands on her desk and glaring at him. "Not all women are money grubbing whores or out to nab one of Richmond's wealthiest bachelors. Trust me when I tell you the only thing she wants is a night of uncomplicated, anonymous sex just like you. Now, do I call and tell her you're on your way or not?"

Nate's lips quirked at her show of temper. "Careful, Camie, that redhead temper is revealing what a passionate woman you are, belying the prim, proper image you present to your other clients."

"You're not a client; you're a pain in the ass," she responded with a smile knowing by the look on his face he was going to agree to Eve's unconventional terms.

Nate reached across the desk and yanked hard on a long red curl. "Call your girl. I'll be at the Hampton in fifteen minutes."

Nate turned his keys over to the valet as he unfolded his six foot two frame from his Jaguar. "Thank you," he told the eager to please college student who was ogling his car with lust. "Feel free to take the long way around to the parking lot."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, sir."

"Sure you wouldn't," he muttered under his breath. The cool fall night air felt good against the lingering flush of anger he was still struggling to set aside as he strode into the posh opulence of Richmond's downtown Hampton. He acknowledged the night manager's greeting with a nod before crossing the marbled floors under the gilded chandeliers to the bank of gold trimmed elevators.

He trusted Camille to pair him with a suitable bed partner for the night, but couldn't help disbelieving this woman wanted nothing more from their encounter, or from him, than she let on to Camille. People always wanted something from him. His parents wanted him to take an interest in the financial conglomerate he'd inherit someday and get on with producing an heir; society climbing women wanted to get him to the altar and to bear that heir; and the women he hooked up with when he got together with his friends for a weekend of sexual excess wanted to brag about fucking one of Richmond's most eligible bachelors as well as the titillating experiences of indulging in the decadent pleasures they couldn't get from their vanilla lovers. Acquaintances constantly dropped hints for him to either invest in their latest project or their favorite charity until it got to where he avoided contact with everyone except Dec, Fin and Wes. Friends since the first grade, the four of them spent their youth tormenting their teachers in private boarding school and the past seventeen years since college finding fun ways to thwart their parent's plans for them and fending off money grubbing women and acquaintances.

As the elevator came to a soundless, smooth stop and he stepped out onto brick red carpeting, he thought of how not even his three best friends knew how he dealt with his annual battle with his guilt ridden conscience on the anniversary of Leah's death. It was Camille who mentioned how a night of sex with a complete stranger who wanted nothing more than to escape reality for a few hours and then leave with no regrets or expectations had helped her cope after her husband's callous desertion after she gave birth to a stillborn son. Tonight would be the seventh night she had set this up for him, but it was the first time he wasn't even going to get a clear look at who he was fucking. He wasn't worried the woman waiting beyond the door he stood in front of was homely or disfigured or in any way physically unappealing. His main concern centered around her motive for this tryst since it wasn't money she wanted and she didn't know who he was.

Giving the door a light rap, he gritted his teeth when it shifted open. What kind of trusting idiot lied naked in bed with the door ajar, waiting for a stranger to fuck her? "Camille sent me," he called out, stepping in and closing the door with a tight click behind him, waiting for her reply before entering the suite.

"Yes, come in, please."

Her soft, hesitant voice told Nate she was as unsure as she should be over meeting a stranger like this. He reminded himself she had her reasons for being here and for her stipulations, just like he did, and they were no more his business than his were hers. The small sliver of light seeping under the bathroom door was bright enough to help him make out the shape and location of the king size bed and the small form lying in it.

Hands going to his shirt, he unbuttoned it as he walked across the room saying, "I'm Nate, sugar."

"Thank you, Nate, for agreeing to my terms for tonight."

Nate followed the sound of that soft voice as he slid naked

into the bed and reached for her. "Don't I even get your first name?" he asked her, drawing the small, nude body next to him. Her startled gasp went straight to his cock, hardening his semi-erection into a full blown hard-on. Or maybe it was coming into full frontal, naked contact with her soft, petite body that had him up and ready to go with the speed of a teenage virgin.

"Oh, my God," Eve breathed when she felt herself surrounded by over six feet of hard male flesh. For the last five years, she had let Camille set her up here for a night of sex with a complete stranger, but the four men who came before Nate weren't nearly as hard, or as big as this man was. It was a strange but heady feeling to be enveloped and held close against such a rock-solid, huge body. "You're so... big," she whispered with an audible gulp when she felt his erection poking her stomach. His chuckle was as deep and dark as his voice and the room.

"And you're so small." His reason for being here reared to the surface when Nate recalled how petite Leah had been. The urge to sink into this woman's willing body and lose himself in mindless pleasure had him shifting over her, spreading her legs with his leg and running his hand down her torso to cup a small, incredibly soft breast. "And very soft," he murmured before dipping his head and finding her nipple.

Eve stifled a moan when his mouth closed over her breast. Getting here, getting naked and greeting the man Camille sent was the easy part. Nate was wasting no time getting down to business, which was fine with her and the way she preferred it; after all, sex was why they were both here. But this was where she floundered, where her independence and nerve ended, leaving her struggling with uncertainty. She made a desperate attempt not to come across as inexperienced to her lovers, but the fact was she was still green around the edges when it came to sex. The strong pulls on her nipple sent pleasure zinging straight down to her crotch, had her pussy creaming when she

turned toward his mouth, pushing her breast closer, a silent entreat for more.

"Like that, do you?" Nate murmured, releasing her nipple with a plop then nibbling his way over to her other breast. Lifting her breast, he suckled her nipple just as deeply, just as strongly as its mate before nipping his way up her neck to her mouth. "What else do you like, sugar? This?"

Slipping his hand between her legs, he slid two fingers inside her, finding her wet and welcoming and so tight.

She prayed he didn't back off. His deep voice made Eve shiver, sent heat crawling through her veins and had her shifting her hips against the stalk of hard, male flesh poking her stomach and the invasion of his fingers inside her. "Oh!" she gasped when he stroked a spot deep inside her that sent flares of heat shooting along sensitive nerve endings. "I like that."

Nate wasn't sure what to make of this woman. Small hands clutched his shoulders but seemed hesitant to explore further. Her moves against him were shy, a little clumsy, not the practiced moves of someone who did this on a regular basis or someone who knew what they wanted and liked when it came to sex. The tight clutch of her pussy clamping around his fingers distracted him from wondering about her, reminding him why they were both here.

"Then you'll like this." He found her lips and took her mouth in a deep, tongue exploring kiss, his fingers teasing the area that had her bucking against his hand.

Eve shifted against him, straining for the intimacy, the close bodily connection she craved so much, her body becoming engulfed in the fiery heat of pleasure. Nate hadn't even entered her yet and she was already experiencing more pleasure with him than she had with the other men when they fucked her. She didn't know if it was the way he kissed her with such thoroughness, the extended foreplay she'd never experienced, the

sheer size of him or that deep, guttural voice that gave her goose bumps and made her splinter apart already. Her tongue mated with his as she shuddered against him, unable to keep from whimpering as her lower body swelled in pleasure. Bright lights exploded behind her eyes as she jerked against his marauding hand, his fingers pinching her clit, rubbing that small, tender piece of flesh between them, setting off the most powerful climax she'd ever experienced.

Reaching under his pillow for one of the condoms he stashed there, Nate kept stroking her pussy while sheathing himself. He cursed the dark she insisted on, wanting to see her face, see if it reflected the pleasure she was feeling and maybe get an idea how far he could push her. Under normal circumstances, he didn't have a problem putting a lid on his more dominant tendencies during these interludes, but for some inexplicable reason, tonight he found holding back to be a struggle. Turning, he tucked her under him, replacing his fingers with his cock with one smooth move, her still spasming pussy clamping around him as he pushed past her tight resistance.

"Shit, woman, how long's it been since you've had sex?" he questioned her as he struggled not to hurt her with his size. Lifting on his elbows, he again cursed that all he could see was the shape of a pale body beneath him.

"I'm sorry," Eve whispered, mortified he found her so displeasing. "Just tell me what you want me to do, how to please you. I'm sure I'll catch on."

"God damn it," Nate swore when he finally embedded his entire length inside her snug sheath, taking a minute before moving to give her time to adjust to his size. "I was asking why you're so fucking tight, not complaining about your performance."

"Oh." Relieved, Eve relaxed and took a deep breath against the discomfort between her legs. It took but moments to accli-

mate herself to the taut, stretched sensation stemming from being filled so deeply, and even less time to discover she liked the feeling. "Uh, I'm okay now if you want to move." She didn't want to keep him waiting too long in fear of sending him away disappointed.

"Thanks for the permission," he returned dryly, once again noting the way she ignored his question. Didn't she realize he could feel the way she softened and stretched around him, the slick juices from her climax working to accommodate his size?

Nate started slow, thrusting with short, shallow strokes until she was lifting to greet each downward plunge. God, she was a responsive little thing, he thought when she dampened, easing his way and enabling him to go deeper, faster with each stroke. Slipping his hands behind her head, he lifted her face, whispering against her lips, "Wrap your legs around me," before swallowing her gasp with his mouth.

Eve did as he instructed, a new move for her and one she discovered she liked. Locking her feet above his buttocks, she let her hands roam down his wide back as his speed picked up. A low moan slipped from her mouth each time he rasped over her clit, her groin rubbing against his as she met each thrust. She loved the way he kissed her with such single minded intensity, the same way he was fucking her. Each stroke of his tongue matched each stroke of his cock, his lips moving over hers as his hips plundered her pussy over and over. Finally, she reveled with elation when the small contractions heralding another climax began. This was what she had been striving for, craving year after lonely year, and hoping to find each time she met someone in this room. But the four men who came before Nate hadn't given her what she needed, hadn't been able to take her to the heights Nate was driving her to, a place where she could lose herself in the moment and briefly forget her loss.

His mouth broke away from hers as she splintered apart with another powerful climax, the return of exploding colors

behind her eyes accompanying the pleasure and making her cry out. Her body jerked under him as he pounded into her, taking her with hip jarring, deep plunges, his upper body braced on his elbows, his low groans echoing in the dark room. The distinct sounds from their slamming hips and the slick merging of their bodies excited her, made her convulse in another orgasm as he stiffened above her, his cock jerking out his own release.

He took a moment, as if trying to catch his breath then gave her ass a squeeze and said, "I'll be right back."

Surprised, Eve sat up when he rolled off her, clutching the sheet to her neck. "You want to stay, have sex again?"

Nate smiled at the surprised pleasure in her voice. Sitting up, he could barely see her form, but it was enough to enable him to grab a handful of thick, soft hair at her nape and pull her toward him. "As long as I'm gone before dawn, right?" When she nodded, he kissed her hard then informed her, "Then yes, I want to stay, and yes, I definitely want to have sex again. Just let me get rid of this condom first."

Eve sank back down on the bed, a befuddled mess. Either there had been something wrong with the other men Camille set her up with or there was something wrong with Nate because she was the same person and no one had ever been eager for more with her except Bobby. Remembering Bobby and the sound of his terrified cry when they plummeted over the side of the embankment, she shook with the need to forget. It had taken years to cope with the tragic loss of that accident and even now, twelve years later, she still had nightmare visions of the car exploding, the sound of their screams still echoing in her head. When she heard the bathroom door open, she huddled under the sheet and waited in anticipation for Nate to join her again, couldn't wait for him to give her another mind numbing climax that was sure to ward off the darkness of the past. She couldn't escape the consequences of

that night, but these trysts afforded her the rare opportunity to hide from them for a brief time.

Nate glimpsed the back of a black head before closing the bathroom door behind him and making his way back to the bed. His friends would enjoy tormenting him if they knew he was having vanilla sex with a stranger, sex in a bed, in the dark and, thus far, in the missionary position. Of course, he had no intention of giving them that information and he knew Camille was discreet. She shifted into his arms as soon as he slid in next to her and he tried again to get her name.

"Don't you want me to call you something other than sugar, sugar?"

"No, that's fine with me." She didn't have the nerve to tell him she liked the way he said the standard endearment in his slow, southern drawl and especially liked the way hearing it made her melt inside. To divert his attention from probing for her name, she explored his wide, granite hard pectorals, sifting her fingers through the crisp, springy hairs. "You either have a job doing hard labor or work out a lot," she told him, enjoying the way his muscles tightened under her hand.

"Neither, although I do work out once in a while." Her hand was moving so slowly over his chest that he wondered if she was trying to memorize his shape to recall later. Not that he minded in the least. Her hand was soft, but the tips of her fingers were a tad rough, the contrast stirring his lust. "I play a lot of sports, mostly with friends of mine. They keep me in shape."

"Really? Like what?" Eve found his right nipple and toyed with the small bud, smiling when it puckered like hers did when they were touched.

"You're making it difficult to concentrate, sugar."

His warning accompanied the jerk of his cock and Eve wanted to believe he was as affected by her touch as she was by his. "Well try." Reaching across him, she found his left nipple

with her fingers then did what he had done to her and closed her lips around the right one, stimulating both at the same time.

"Fuck!" Nate gritted his teeth, attempting to rein in the urge to pin her beneath him again and start pounding into her. Her lips were soft, her tongue tentative, as if she'd never done this before. That didn't stop the pleasure she was inducing in his nipples from heading south to his straining cock. "I enjoy skiing, both water and snow, skydiving, parasailing, zip lining, kayaking... son of a bitch," Nate groaned when she draped herself across his chest to put her mouth on his left nipple and moved her hand until it brushed against his straining cockhead, her own stiff nipples boring into his skin.

Eve had no idea where her bravado came from, why this need to familiarize herself with every inch of his body was driving her to be more assertive with him than she was with the others. None of them were as tall, as hard or as demanding in bed, and none of them had wanted her beyond one round. But that didn't explain her desperation to map out his entire body and imprint it on her brain as if it bothered her this was a one-time thing.

"I don't know what half of those things are, but they sound fun." She released his nubby nipple then ran her finger over the smooth crown of his penis. Recently, Eve decided to challenge herself in a way she never had before and she found the endeavors she was planning to attempt almost as exhilarating as the climaxes Nate gave her. "God, I can't believe you fit inside me," she whispered when her fingers took an exploring route down his cock before she wrapped her hand around him.

"You keep that up and you won't have to worry about me fitting. It'll be over before I get back inside you." But he didn't stop her. Tossing the sheet off of both of them, he could make out her form, the shape of her head resting on his stomach, the light grip of her hand squeezing his cock almost undoing him.

Where the hell was his iron clad control? It seemed to desert him as soon as he came into contact with her soft, petite body and heard that startled gasp ending with a small catch in her throat. She made that exact sound both times she came and his reaction to it had been the same each time.

Her quiet laugh reverberated right above his cock, causing him to jerk in her hand. He breathed a sigh of relief when she released him, only to have him gasping when she caressed her fingers up and down his ridged length, tracing each thick vein as she moved slowly upward. Normally he preferred a woman's mouth to a hand job, but there was something about the slow, meticulous way those fingers were exploring his cock that was highly erotic. When those calloused pads caressed his cockhead, boldly explored his slit, he had enough.

With an effortless move that left Eve gasping in surprise and disorientation, Nate lifted her and set her astride his hips. Reaching out, she breathed a sigh of relief when she found his broad shoulders in the dark and could brace herself. "Why did you do that?" she asked, shaken and unsure of this position and of what he wanted of her. She was getting the distinct feeling Camille paired her with a man whose sexual experiences and preferences were no match for her.

"Because this is where I want you right now." Nate saw her pale silhouette above him well enough to reach up and palm her slender shoulders before gliding his hands in a slow caress over her breasts, down her waist and around her hips to cup her surprisingly lush buttocks. Her cheeks were marginally bigger than a handful, but wonderfully soft and malleable, as he discovered when he sunk his hands in and kneaded them. "See, there are certain advantages to this position. Don't tell me you've never been on top."

"Okay, I won't," Eve mumbled under her breath. Unfortunately, his hearing turned out to be as acute as hers if his deep chuckle and gruff reply was any indication.

"Baby, you could be a lot of fun if we had more time together."

"Don't call me that!" Eve snapped, attempting to climb off of him when the simple endearment reminded her of the last time Bobby called her that. Much to her frustration, his hands tightened on her hips, effectively keeping her where he wanted her.

"Be still," Nate snapped back, his hand slapping her right cheek. Obviously calling her 'baby' pushed a button better left untouched.

The shocked surprise that had her doing just that didn't come from the startling smack he gave her, but from the way the slight stinging warmth from that slap made her pussy gush with more moisture, her nipples pucker without being touched. "I-I can't believe you did that. Why did you do that?"

"It got your attention, didn't it?" And the way she quieted in an instant told him she wasn't averse to feeling more erotic love taps. "I'm sorry calling you baby offended you, but since I didn't know about your aversion to that word, you have to forgive me."

"Oh, I do, do I?" She smiled, still too bemused over her body's reaction to that slap to argue with him. Besides, she really didn't want to leave her position now. His cock kept brushing against her slit, teasing her with what was to come and even though the minute sting from that slap disappeared along with the tingling warmth, her reaction to it didn't.

"Yes. Now take a deep breath and let it out slow as I enter you." Lifting her hips a fraction, he lowered her onto his dick, her small frame making it easy to control her descent. He had to admit there was something highly erotic about the darkness that kept him from seeing her features, making him more aware of sensations and the feel of her closing around him as he filled her an inch at a time. "Jesus, maybe this wasn't a good idea," he groaned, his efforts to go slow making him sweat. This position would take him deeper, and he was doing everything

he could not make sure she was comfortable with it, but feeling his cock being sucked in, the wet heat of her pussy egging him on as her swollen folds wrapped around him like a tight fitting glove was testing his control.

They both let out a sigh of relief when he finally had her seated on his groin followed by their soft laughter. "Fuck," Nate breathed as he resumed kneading her buttocks.

"Oh," Eve moaned when his large, hard hands squeezing her cheeks sent arrows of pleasure to her sheath. She never thought of her butt as erogenous, but she definitely liked what she was feeling now.

"I hope that 'oh' meant you're ready to move, because I can't hold back any longer, sugar." Nate lifted her up then pushed her back down then repeated the move again and again until she got the rhythm. It still baffled him she seemed unfamiliar with such a simple position, but he wasn't about to waste time or brain power pondering it now.

As soon as she took over, was riding him with slow up and down glides, he slid his hands up to her breasts, kneading those soft mounds of flesh before grasping both nipples and twisting them just shy of discomfort, wishing he could see her clearly to gauge her reaction. Fucking in the dark might enhance his senses of touch and hearing, but it deprived him of seeing her response reflected on her face, of knowing what color her nipples were or if her tight pubic curls matched the color of her hair.

Eve moaned when he pinched her nipples, attempted to move faster in order to set off the sparks he ignited, but she was out of her element in this position, unsure what to do or how to get where she wanted to go. She tightened her hands on his shoulders, digging her nails into his skin in an effort to stem her frustration then found herself flipped over in another sudden, disorienting move that had her pinned under him once again. Her gasp ended on a groan when she felt her legs looped

over his arms, her hips elevating as he brought himself over her, and then she felt nothing but his pounding strokes, heard nothing but his harsh breathing and saw nothing but the bright explosion of ecstasy when she came.

Nate felt her ripples clutching at him right before he heard that soft gasp ending with that small catch, a sound he knew he could become addicted to if he spent any more time with this woman. He let the pleasure of mindless fucking swamp him, take over all of his senses until the only thing he was cognizant of was the searing pleasure taking him where he didn't have to think about anything else.