

All About Me

I awoke slowly, enjoying the pleasant tingling that calluses left on my belly. A man's rough hands smoothed over me.

Not every day did I wake with someone else sharing my bed. My heart skipped a beat. And then I remembered. *Craig*. That was his name. I was in bed with a stranger named Craig.

Daylight teased the edges of my eyelids, but I squeezed them shut again, not ready yet to end the bliss. I could pretend for at least a couple of moments longer that we meant more to each other than just a heat-of-the-moment fling.

Still, he'd stayed the night, and the heaviness of the cock poking at my backside telegraphed the fact he wasn't in any hurry to leave.

A kiss touched the corner of my neck.

"You awake?" he growled then licked the bottom edge of my ear lobe.

"Not yet. Do that some more," I mumbled and leaned back toward his heated skin.

His chuckle was warm, wicked.

I stretched my legs then snuggled my butt closer to his erection. "I'm awake enough," I whispered.

"And I'm interested, as you can tell," he murmured. "But you owe me something first."

I groaned and pushed my face into the pillow, wanting to hide because he'd risen on an elbow and was pushing my hair behind my ear to peer at my face.

He cupped a breast, thumbing the nipple. "You promised."

"I wasn't in my right mind."

"Coward."

I whimpered, and then turned onto my back to meet his gaze. "Why don't you go first?"

He shook his head, a smile twitching at the corners of his lips. “Now, see? That’s not what I want. And you said I could have anything I wanted if I made you come.”

I snorted. “How do you know I didn’t fake it?”

A sexy grin stretched across his face. “Baby, you came so hard you peed on me.”

His soft laughter made my cheeks burn. I narrowed my eyes. “And to think Bev said you were a nice guy.”

“Not too nice.” His eyebrows gave a waggle. “And aren’t you glad? Besides, you’re cute when you get embarrassed.”

I wrinkled my nose. “Didn’t seem to bother you a bit.”

“Why should it? I like you wet.” He came over me, sighing as he settled between my legs.

“What else do you like?” I asked, running my fingertips lightly up his back.

He dipped his head and bit my ear. “You’re stalling.”

His breath tickled my neck and I raised my shoulder. “Why not just fuck me?”

“Because this’ll be more intimate.”

“More so than fucking?”

His cheek glided up and down against my neck as he nodded.

I rolled my eyes, thinking hard, or at least as hard as I could with his cock sliding up and down between my folds. “Can I do it faced away?” I gasped.

“What do you think?” Abruptly, he pushed up then knelt between my thighs. “Need pillows?”

“Don’t be helpful,” I grouched.

“You really don’t like this.”

I felt like screaming my frustration. He was right there. I was open. Eager. And yet, he sat watching, his expression firming into that hard mask that had made me tear at my clothes the

moment he'd closed the bedroom door. "I might like this better if we were in the middle of something, but like this it feels—"

"Dirty?"

I nodded. At last, he understood. Now maybe he'd move closer.

"Do you know what attracted me to you first?"

I blinked at his awkward segue.

"How bold you are."

Liar. However, I didn't mind that he goaded me. His needling challenges had led us to this bed. Something I couldn't regret.

His hands soothed up and down my inner thighs, and his gaze dropped to my sex. But the exposure—my pussy to daylight—wasn't quite so embarrassing because he was arranging me again, lifting my knees, placing my heels just so. Like he was creating a picture for his pleasure. Then he laid his palms against my inner thighs and opened me further.

He could see right inside me. A blush swept my skin, cheeks to breasts.

His nostrils flared as he gazed down.

I was happier than I ever would have admitted when he'd allowed me to bathe after my "accident"—then relieved that he'd changed the sheets while I'd cowered in the shower. He hadn't let me hide there for long, jerking back the curtain, and joining me there to "wash" his dick inside me.

My modesty lay in shreds. Oddly, this engendered a feeling of deep, fierce elation. I'd never been with anyone like him. Someone who could make me laugh one moment, then shiver with anticipation with just a single, commanding glare. I didn't know him well enough to trust him. And yet, I was thrilled he was here even if he was busy staring at my intimate parts. "You just gonna look?"

"I'm waiting."

Fuck. He expected me to keep that promise. The one I'd given when he was laughing, holding me against him when we were both so wet, and I'd been desperate for a little privacy to groan at my lack of self control.

"I'm still waiting."

The texture of his voice, so firm, excited me. I couldn't get my head wrapped around the idea of how much I wanted him. Or that I needed him to be in charge. Of me.

From the first moment we'd been introduced at dinner by friends, I'd been caught.

All it had taken was one long, challenging look from his dark blue eyes and I'd felt instantly aroused, and then annoyed with myself because I wanted him and he knew it.

Just like he knew it now.

His fingers trailed from my clit straight into my slick folds. He swirled in moisture then licked his fingers, all the while holding my gaze. "Anytime, Heather."

"This'll be quick," I muttered, blushing again.

"Fast, slow—I don't care. But you have to come."

Lord, how'd he do that? Make me feel as though I was the main course of a delicious meal. "And you think you'll know if I come?"

He canted his head. "I know the look."

"I have a look?"

"Oh yeah."

"Can I close my eyes?" I bit my lip as I glanced at his knowing expression.

One dark brow arched.

I shook my head. "I didn't know you were such a control freak."

"Yeah, you did," he said softly. "Start wherever you want."

I swallowed, knowing I was through stalling because after all this talk, I was horribly aroused. I cupped my breasts, hoping that watching me would entice him to join in and end my

solo act. He'd said he liked my breasts, and the tips were sore from where he'd played endlessly—licking, flicking, sucking, biting...

My nipples hardened and I plucked and twisted them, pulling then letting them go to jiggle my breasts.

But he remained still, watching, with his hands on his knees as he knelt between my spread thighs.

What the hell? Why did I care that he watched? His intense stare and the color darkening his face said he was into it. That I was turning him on. His cock pulsed, jutting from his groin, hard and thick.

My hands smoothed down my belly; fingertips scraped through the short blonde hair on my mound. I used one hand to spread my folds, the other to tease my clit, swirling on the knot until it grew harder and stretched the hood, causing it to slide away.

Then I thrust two fingers into my pussy, curving my hips to deepen my reach. I let go of my folds and slid a hand beneath my ass, teasing my perineum while I thrust my fingers deeper and twisted them. My heartbeat pounded in my ears.

Wetness oozed from inside me, soaking my hand, slipping lower to trickle toward my asshole. And because his breathing was becoming louder, raspier, I dared more—using the moisture to wet a fingertip and stick it in my ass.

“Sure you don't want some of this?” I asked, my voice husky. I lifted my legs and curled my abdomen, the muscles of my belly burning to hold the cramped position, but now I could stroke both holes deeper and he could see everything I did.

My thumb twiddled my clit while I fucked myself. I tucked another finger inside my ass and gave up trying to look pretty, trying not to make faces or unattractive noises, and just let go. My orgasm bloomed, and my face screwed up into that expression, the one he knew meant I was coming—and I flew. My cry was soft and floated away.

Hands slipped over my knees to ease them down. I blinked, only just realizing I'd closed my eyes there at the end.

Craig came over me, waiting as I slowly pulled my fingers from inside my body. Then he fit his cock to my entrance and thrust deep into my moist, hot center.

We rocked together, me clutching his back, him growling as he thrust faster and harder. Another quick flash burn of pleasure swept me. He shouted, sharpening his shortened thrusts—until he made the face I knew meant he'd found his own orgasmic bliss.

I smiled, damn near purring as his breaths evened out. “You owe me now.”

He grunted. “Think I'll mind you watching me jerk off?”

“You'll mind, because I get to say when you can come.”

He blinked then barked a laugh. “You do know it's going to take me a little while.”

I wrinkled my nose. “I, on the other hand, suffer no such handicap.” I reached up and gripped his ears, then tugged him downward, showing him exactly how he could pass the time.