

His Gift

By Gillian Colbert

Copyright 2011 Gillian Colbert

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

Thank you for downloading this free ebook. You are welcome to share it with your friends. This book may be reproduced, copied and distributed for non-commercial purposes, provided the book remains in its complete original form. If you enjoyed this book, please return to Smashwords.com to discover other works by this author. Thank you for your support.

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

Other Titles by Gillian Colbert

[Coming Out of Her Shell](#)

HIS GIFT

She shivered in the dry coolness of the hotel room. Goosebumps erupted on her skin as she settled herself more comfortably on the bed. She was naked except for a black, silk blindfold that she'd knotted around her eyes as instructed.

She'd folded the scarf twice to make sure that nothing was visible before covering her eyes. Once before, she'd made the mistake of leaving herself the ability to see. The punishment had been sound and she'd not made that mistake again.

Maurina didn't like pain. Light spanking during sex was one thing, punishment was quite another. She went out of her way to avoid punishment and today as no exception.

She'd followed Owin's instructions to the letter. She'd showered and applied the lilac-scented body oil that he preferred. He liked her hair to dry naturally so she'd left it wet. After straightening up the bathroom, she'd blindfolded herself and arranged her body lengthwise on the bed as he'd instructed.

She lay on her back, legs pressed together and her hands resting lightly on her ribs, just under her full, round breasts. Her long, black hair spilled out over the pillow like an ebony curtain. Every thing was exactly as Owin had demanded.

She did her best to relax and be patient. There was no way to know how long she'd have to wait for Owin to come. Sometimes it was five minutes, sometimes it could be an hour.

The waiting was its own form of torture. Her body thrummed with anticipation at what he might do to her. Her nipples tightened and her core flooded as images of Owin's mouth and hands on her body raced through her mind.

She loved him. Loved the games they played. Her utter submission to him was thrilling. It was a release that she craved and one that she wasn't willing to live without. Only Owin had ever been able to claim her true submission and she was utterly devoted to him.

Outside of the bedroom she was Maurina Silver, Certified Public Accountant at one of the biggest global accounting firms in the world. She was one of the youngest executives in the firm and she ruled her division with an iron fist. She was fair and her employees enjoyed working for her, but she lived by one rule ... encourage good behavior and punish bad behavior. That didn't leave her many friends, but the competition was fierce and she couldn't let her guard down for even an instant or else be run out on her ass so fast she wouldn't know what hit her.

For years that attitude had followed her into the bedroom. She'd chosen men she could control. Ones who would do her bidding and let her walk all over them. It had been as satisfying as drinking flat soda. There'd been no life to the sex, no thrill or excitement.

Her dominance over her lovers had dissatisfied her and left her restless. She hated having to spell out everything she wanted. She despised them for seeking her approval rather than just taking her body and demanding her compliance. None had lasted very long. That had changed when she'd met Owin.

His looks had first attracted her attention. He was tall, six feet to her five, but lean with an athletically muscled body. His hair was a rich, velvety brown and close cropped. His lips were full and set

off even, white teeth. His blue eyes were unusually dark, more midnight than azure and when he smiled, his eyes smiled too. They were his best feature.

He'd attended her company's tenth anniversary celebration with his sister who worked in the Marketing division. He'd been laughing and joking with her and a few of the other Marketing employees when she'd walked up to the refreshment table next to them.

He'd spotted her and excused himself to come and speak to her. By then, she'd overheard enough of their conversation to know that he was a software developer and apparently a PlayStation junkie. In other words, he was a big kid and a computer geek. No, thank you. He was gorgeous, but she had enough geeks to deal with in her work.

When he'd introduced himself and suggested they go out for coffee she'd blown him off, been slightly rude actually, but he shocked her by telling her he wasn't asking, he was telling her when and where to show up.

She'd just stared at him dumbfounded, both by being given an order and by her body's reaction to it. The thong she wore was soaked and her nipples had hardened under the thin silk of her evening dress.

Before she'd been able to recover he'd stepped closer, leaned in and said, "I can see you're used to giving orders, but somehow I don't think that pleases you. I think you need someone to command you."

"You have no idea what you're talking about," she'd sputtered.

"Oh, I think I do," he'd smiled, shifted to position himself slightly in front of her and reached between them to lightly touch one distended tip. "I bet you're wet too."

Maurina had jerked back from him hard enough to lose her balance. She'd never been so completely unnerved by a man.

He'd grabbed her arm to steady her and before she could say anything else, he'd smiled and said before walking off and leaving, "I'll see you tomorrow. Don't be late. I'll be very disappointed if you are."

She'd been both furious and so aroused she'd barely been able to make it to the car before she'd brought herself to a screaming orgasm.

She'd argued with herself, convinced herself that she was crazy, but she'd arrived at Starbucks the next day precisely at 1 o'clock in the afternoon just as he'd instructed.

He had been pleased and her reward had been one of the most sensuous and raw sexual experiences of her life. That had been a year ago. During that time he'd mastered both her body and her heart. Owin had done things to her that she'd never have admitted desiring to anyone else.

It was more than his sexual dominance that captured her. It was his devotion to her and their relationship. He may be the master of her body, but she was his partner in all other things and she flourished within their relationship. Her life was complete in ways it never had been before and she was content.

In fact, today was the anniversary of the night they'd met, which was why she was now laid out like a pagan sacrifice awaiting her master on the bed at the Monaco hotel downtown. Owin had planned something special, but he hadn't been willing to share the details. He'd only promised her that she'd be pleased.

The suite was luxurious with a sitting area, a large, wall-mounted flat screen TV and, dominating the room, a plush, king-sized, bed. The coverlet was suede and felt like velvet under her sensitized skin. It was fluffy and soft and cocooned around her, wrapping her in its softness and lulling her into sleep as she waited.

#

Maurina awoke to warm, wet heat enveloping her nipple. A velvet tongue rasped around the tip leaving a trail of dampness in its wake. Her nipple tightened under his ministrations.

Warm fingers toyed with her other nipple. Tugging gently and then squeezing hard, just to the point of pain. Maurina gasped as pleasure spiked from her nipples to her pelvis. She grew instantly wet and arched into the moist heat surrounding her nipple.

She said nothing though. She wasn't allowed to speak unless Owin gave her permission. That was part of the game. She must submit to his will. Her body belonged to him completely to do with as he chose.

If she argued or disobeyed him, she was punished. Usually that meant a spanking, but sometimes it meant she wasn't allowed to come and she hated that more than anything. So, she remained silent.

His mouth grew more urgent, sucking harder, biting at the tips and pulling each one over and over until her nipples were swollen and aching.

She bit her lip to keep from crying out in pleasure. She could feel the warmth of his body stretched out along her right side. He felt different though, smaller, leaner. Owin wasn't a small man by any means, but he felt solid. Today he felt lighter, less substantial. She wasn't sure what to make of that.

His hand left her breast and stroked down her belly stopping just short of her mound. His fingers played in the curls at the juncture of her thighs. Over and over he stroked, but he stayed to the edges of her nether lips and ignored the tight, aching bud underneath.

She squirmed and pressed her hips up. She wanted him to touch her fully, she hated to be teased.

"Eat her pussy," Owin said in the darkness. His voice came from the left side of the bed. She hadn't noticed with the pleasure overwhelming her senses, but the bed dipped slightly there.

Maurina froze. If Owin wasn't the one touching her, who was? She struggled to sit up then, reaching for the blindfold.

"Maurina," Owin said her name, nothing more and she relaxed back onto the bed. She knew that tone. It was his "master" voice. Whatever was going on here, he expected her obedience.

She heard him whisper to the unknown man to wait and then she felt him stretch out next to her. The length of his body was warm and solid, just as she remembered. The silky hair on his legs rasped down her smooth ones as he settled in. He was naked. She could feel his erection jutting out and pressing into her hip.

He nuzzled into her neck, licking at the base of her ear and nipping at her earlobe.

"Relax, baby," he soothed. "I told you I had a surprise for you. Don't you remember?"

She nodded since she didn't know if she had permission to speak.

"I made you a promise once, that I would fulfill *all* of your fantasies. Do you remember?" He asked as he squeezed her full, round breast.

She nodded again.

"Did you think I meant only the fantasies you were willing to admit to?"

She went very still, barely breathing.

"I saw how you reacted at Faron's party. The scene where the woman was mastered by two Dom's had you so hot you practically came in your chair."

She shivered as she remembered that evening. The woman had been played to perfection by her two lovers. She'd been screaming and writhing in ecstasy before they were done with her.

Maurina had been fascinated, but hadn't even considered actually doing it. Owin was extremely possessive and she didn't need anyone other than him. It had been a pleasant fantasy for her, nothing more.

Now, it looked like that fantasy was about to become real. Guilt flooded her. Owin meant everything to her. She never wanted him to think he wasn't enough. Tears flooded her eyes at the possibility of causing him any pain.

Owin stroked her trembling lower lip with a gentle fingertip. "What's wrong, darlin? Don't you want to do this?"

Taking his question for permission to speak, Maurina whispered, "You're all I need Owin. I never needed more, that's why I didn't say anything."

He chuckled softly, "Darlin, you're forgetting the most fundamental rule of our games. Now, tell me what I'm referring to."

Maurina thought for a moment and said quietly, "My body is yours to do with what you want."

"That's right. And, that includes share you if I desire. Tonight, for our anniversary, I wanted to fulfill one of your secret fantasies as a surprise."

She shivered again as his warm breath blew across her nipple before he sucked the tip into his mouth. Maurina arched up into his mouth, straining to get closer to him.

For long moments, Owin tongued the pebbled tip, softly rasping its circumference with his tongue then flicking it gently. Her nipples had always been very sensitive and Owin was using that to his advantage now.

She whimpered and moaned as he played.

Suddenly, he shifted and pulled her to a sitting position. Positioning himself behind her, he pulled her against him. She reclined along his hard, abdomen as if he were a chair.

She felt his erection press into the softness of her buttocks. He rode the cleft of her ass, pressing against her as she relaxed into him.

He reached around her and cupped both breasts, massaging them firmly. He stroked her nipples, teasing them both into tight points.

He nuzzled into her neck as his hands dipped lower. His warm, callous-roughened palms stroked her belly.

"Bend your knees and open your legs for me. I want you spread wide."

Maurina complied letting her legs fall open over his taut thighs.

Owin continued his exploration, stroking the sensitive flesh of her inner thighs with light fingers, raising gooseflesh with each touch.

"Open your pussy for me, baby," Owin murmured in her ear. "It's time to eat your cunt."

Owin's words shivered through her. She loved it when he spoke so graphically. She complied, spreading her pussy open and exposing her clitoris.

The bed dipped and rolled as their guest settled between her thighs. Soft lips nuzzled warmly against her core followed by a slow, wet lap up her slit.

He played with her for long moments. Kissing and nuzzling before finally settling in to suck and nibble at her clitoris. His lips and tongue were velvet soft and silky facial hair tickled her thighs.

Small bursts of fire flowed through her body starting at her core and ending at her toes. Her feet literally burned. She squirmed and writhed as he dallied with her pussy.

While He, she thought of him with a capital H, ate her pussy like candy, Owin tortured her nipples with gentle tugs and firm squeezes. He plucked and played, thumbed and teased relentlessly.

Her nipples were hard to the point of pain. Owin's touch was a rapturous torture. She arched into him, silently begging for more.

Between Owin and Him, the pleasure was overwhelming. She began to writhe under their dual assault.

"Owin ..."

"Silence."

His tone was gentle, but brooked no disobedience. She'd intended to ask who joined them, but he clearly didn't plan to tell her. The mystery intensified the pleasure. With no clear picture of the person touching her, she could only focus on the sensations He evoked.

Lightening bolts of pleasure shot through her body. She was riding a wave of ecstasy so high, that she was afraid she wouldn't survive when it broke.

Between her legs, He began to suck harder. He engulfed her clitoris with his lips, gently tugging and pinching the sensitive bud.

Maurina cried out as new waves of pleasure coursed through her.

"Finger her. Do it hard." Owin commanded Him.

To Maurina, Owin said, "I want you to come for me, baby."

As He began to vigorously thrust his fingers in and out of Maurina's cunt, Owin squeezed her nipples hard, rolling and tugging them over and over.

Maurina climbed higher and higher as pleasure built within her. She gasped and writhed, groaning and whimpering as He assaulted her pussy with tongue and fingers.

Owin whispered naughty things in her ear. Telling her how beautiful she looked as she was pleased at his command. Telling her how he planned to fuck her hard and fill her with his come.

And then, just when she thought she couldn't bear another minute, He bit down gently on her clit. Maurina shrieked as her orgasm overwhelmed her. She rode wave after wave of pleasure. It was all she could do to hang onto consciousness.

She clutched the coverlet as she arched up into His mouth. Maurina thrust against His tongue and fingers again and again as she rode out the whirlwind.

Owin's fingers were clamped down on her nipples sending ripples of pleasure pain through her intensifying the ecstasy and drawing out her pleasure.

Maurina lay shuddering in the aftermath of the most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced. Owin stroked her gently, but her body had morphed into a single nerve ending. Every touch tingled almost painfully. She whimpered and cuddled into him.

He whispered to her, soothing, nonsensical words meant to comfort.

"You are so fucking beautiful," he growled. Strong fingers tilted her chin up and she felt Owin's tongue lick into her mouth. She kissed him with all of the passion she possessed.

#

Maurina must have dozed off briefly for when she was next aware of her surroundings, neither man was on the bed with her, but she heard them conferring softly and the sound of foil ripping.

The bed dipped as Owin reached for her, helping her to sit up.

"Come over to the chair, baby," he said. "We're not done yet."

There was a smile in his voice despite the urgency that underlay his words.

Owin guided her to where he wanted her. Warm hands, His hands, reached out and stroked her thighs and hips. He leaned in and placed a lingering kiss on her belly.

"Turn around and face me, darlin," Owin urged.

Maurina complied only to be engulfed in a deep, passionate kiss. Owin ravished her mouth. As he explored her with his tongue, his hands traveled down her back to cup her buttocks. Owin fondled the round globes, squeezing and then parting her gently, exposing her anus to Him.

She tensed, not sure where this was going. She and Owin had anal sex regularly, but he was the only person she'd ever done that with and she wasn't sure she wanted to do it with anyone else.

"Relax, baby," Owin soothed. "Trust me to take care of you."

She felt a cool wetness against her anus as He pressed lubricant into her opening. Owin continued to massage her buttocks, but he distracted her by sucking long and hard on her nipples.

Pleasure raced from nipples to clitoris and soon she was squirming between the men feeling empty and needing to be filled.

As if He heard her thoughts, He inserted a finger into her back passage. He pulled out and inserted another scissoring his fingers to stretch her.

Pleasure shot through Maurina. Her pussy convulsed as sensation flooded the underside of her clitoris. It was as if her asshole was connected to her clit. Every thrust of His fingers increased the pressure in her pelvis until she ached with need. She writhed between the men as He continued to fuck her anus with long, strong thrusts of his fingers.

Sweat broke out on her body as the pleasure built. Her orgasm was barreling down on her and she welcomed the release.

"Stop!" Owin barked. "You don't come until I give you permission."

Maurina froze, clenching her muscles as she strained to hold off the pleasure threatening to overwhelm her. She panted with the strain.

Owin gripped her chin and kissed her roughly.

"Not yet," he growled. "Baby, you have no idea what you are doing to me. I want my cock pounding into your pussy when you come again. But first, we need to get you situated."

Owin gripped her upper arms and pressed her back toward Him.

"Straddle his legs and take his cock in your ass," Owin growled, thickly.

Maurina could feel Owin's cock jutting against her belly as she moved to position herself over Him. Owin shifted and knelt in front of her. The moist velvet of his mouth engulfed her nipple. He suckled strongly as his fingers found the other tip and began to work it roughly. Maurina shrieked in pleasure as he ravaged her breasts.

Meanwhile, He was slowly working his cock inside her anus. He gripped her hips firmly and Maurina let gravity do most of the work. He controlled her descent and thrust in short, controlled motions as she opened and pushed against his invasion.

His cock was thick and long and she reveled as velvet steel filled her anus. She felt full and stretched as He worked her hole gently. Pleasure coiled in her belly and her clitoris throbbed with an urgent need for release.

In her blindness, every sensation was magnified. The hot pulsing of His cock in her ass. The silky scratch of His leg hair against her smooth thighs. His warm, calloused palms gripping her hips as he levered her up and down along his erection. She squeezed Him hard and felt him shudder as pleasure shot through her. She was rewarded with a deep, guttural moan.

"She's squeezing you isn't she?" Owin asked Him and chuckled. He must have nodded because Maurina heard no answer.

"Wait until she comes," Owin said. "She'll milk your cock with her ass."

Again, He shuddered underneath her. Maurina was writhing against Him as he fucked her. She wanted, needed more. She needed Owin.

As if he heard her, Owin leaned in and sucked hard one last time at each nipple before pressing her gently back against Him. She arched up towards Owin's mouth as she ground against Him.

"Relax, baby," Owin murmured against her belly as he moved downward.

Silky hair tickled her inner thighs and she plunged her fingers into it. Owin delved into her pussy with warm, wet laps of his tongue. He licked up her slit and around her clitoris over and over. Each velvety tongue-lashing increased the throbbing in her clit and brought the pleasure to a fever pitch.

The noises she made were inhuman. She mewled and groaned, wordlessly begging and pleading for release. The gentle strokes of Owin's tongue combined with the fierce pressure of His cock in her ass were a dual assault on her senses that she couldn't combat.

She fought her orgasm. Panting and writhing against it. She struggled to hold it at bay.

Her nipples were tight, hard buds jutting out from her breasts. They were so sensitive after His and Owin's pleasuring that she could feel the breeze from the air conditioner. The feather soft tickle against the pebbled tips was a gentle counterpoint to the ravishing hunger of Owin's tongue and the steel of His penis.

Sweat bloomed on her body and mixed with His. Their bodies rubbed slickly against one another. She could feel his stomach muscles clenching as she ground against him. She rode His cock in slick, slow circles as she thrust herself against Owin's tongue.

She felt her orgasm threatening. She didn't think she could hold it off any longer.

"Owin," she begged, no longer caring if she was punished. "I don't ... I can't." She panted and whimpered. "Please, Owin."

Without warning, Owin reared up and thrust himself fully into her. She shrieked at his claiming of her pussy. Owin was harder than she'd ever felt him. His girth was substantial on any given day, but today she felt as if he'd rip her in two.

Owin gave her no time to adjust to him. He pounded into her. Her body rippled around him as her pussy worked to accommodate him. Behind her, He grunted and moaned as he pumped her in counterpoint to Owin's savage pounding.

Impaled between the two rigid cocks thrusting into her over and over, Maurina was pleasure itself. Her body thrummed and rippled with ecstasy at each thrust. Her toes burned and her intimate muscles clenched and unclenched convulsively against the onslaught.

The men groaned simultaneously, their pounding growing impossibly harder.

"Owin?" Maurina whimpered.

"Come, baby. Now!" Owin barked as he reached between her legs and pinched her clit hard.

Maurina wailed her pleasure loud and long. She screamed Owin's name, telling him over and over that she loved him. She arched and writhed and ground herself between the men as they pumped their own releases into her.

She felt Owin flood her with his semen. His warmth spurted into her filling her, marking her as his. She was consumed by the pleasure as her orgasm spiraled on and on and she was lost to it.

#

Long, long moments later, Maurina felt herself being lifted by Owin's strong arms and settled against his chest as he laid her down on the bed beside him. He snuggled her into his body and spooned himself around her.

How she loved this man. He was more than she'd ever imagined she would find for herself. He loved her, he respected her and he mastered her.

Maurina heard water running in the bathroom and the sound of cloth rustling. A few moments later, she heard a soft click as the door was opened and shut softly and she and Owin were left alone in the suite.

Owin gently removed the blindfold from her eyes and she looked up into the midnight depths she loved so deeply. He stared down into her eyes with an intensity she'd never seen from him before.

"You belong to me and me alone," he said. His voice was even, but his eyes burned. "I did this for you, because I will do whatever I am able to please you and fulfill you, but you belong to me. Do you understand?"

Maurina reached a shaking hand up to his face, she was utterly exhausted. "Yes, Owin. Never doubt it."

He turned and kissed her palm gently before murmuring, "Happy Anniversary, Maurina."

"Happy Anniversary, love," she sighed and stretched up to kiss his full, soft lips.

Owin deepened the kiss, his tongue sweeping inside her mouth to explore relentlessly. This was no tender kiss. This was a marking, an owning of her mouth.

When he finally released her lips, he squeezed her against him tightly and said, "Marry me, Maurina." Then, as if he realized his words sounded more like an order than a request, he added a gentle, "Please."

Tears swam in her eyes, threatening to spill as she stared in wonder at this gentle, dominant man she loved so much. He'd just given her the greatest present she could have ever hoped for. Not the crazy, indescribable sex she'd just been a party to, that was amazing, but no, he'd given her his trust to take care of his heart.

She was humbled and moved beyond words. She gripped his face in her hands and kissed him fiercely, ravaging *his* mouth this time. Claiming him for her own.

Only when they were both panting for air did she release him and whisper, "Yes, Owin. I'll marry you." And, this time, when the tears threatened, she let them fall.

###

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gillian Colbert discovered writing later in life, but is now addicted to words, syllables and phrases. She loves books and stories of all shapes, sizes and genres, but most of all, Gillian loves to write about

people overcoming their insecurities and finding their mate. After all, risk and passion are what make life worth living.

In her spare time, Gillian is a mother and dog owner. Her two Pitbulls have proven to be a love story in and of themselves. Every day, their affection and bond grows and deepens. In truth, their deep canine affection with its angst, joy, play and encouragement is inspiration for Gillian. Everyone should love so purely.

A sneak peek from Gillian's Colbert's novella [*Coming Out of Her Shell*](#) ...

When Susan Mallory decided to take up a hobby, she hadn't expected it to be a weekly, one-woman show for her sexy neighbor, Eric Tanner. When the teasing gets out of hand, however, Eric decides to take matters, or in this case, Susan, into his own hands.

CHAPTER 1

He was there. Susan could feel his eyes on her, even if she couldn't see his face. His balcony was in shadows, but she knew he was watching her.

The very thought that he watched her in such an intimate, vulnerable moment was both thrilling and shameful. She couldn't believe she was doing this. Again.

She should stop. Just get up go back inside the house and get back to her normal and predictable life. She was crazy to play this game. She knew nothing about him other than the easy going image he projected.

Sure, he was beautiful to her. Tall and lean with a natural athletic build. The kind of body that said he stayed active rather than pumping iron. His slightly shaggy, black hair gave him a lazy, relaxed appearance that belied the intelligence he sometimes let slip through his "don't take me too seriously" exterior.

If she had to catalog his features, she'd say that individually they were fairly ordinary. He had a broad chin, straight nose and perpetual five o'clock shadow. His eyes were the exception. They were otherworldly. Emerald green, they had captured her the minute she'd seen him at the neighborhood block party the first week she'd moved to Chester Park.

The sum of him, though, took her breath away. He had a casual grace when he moved that said, "I'm okay with who I am, so fuck off if you don't agree."

She hadn't spoken to him that day. Hadn't said anything more to him than "Hi" and "How are you?" since she'd moved in three months ago, despite living next door to him. She thought of him though. In fact, she was beginning to fear she was obsessed with him.

She'd learned his name from one of the neighbors ... Eric Tanner. Such a simple name, it rolled off the tongue beautifully. She savored its syllables, sucked them into her mouth like the cherry off the top of a sundae. She loved his name; she longed to use it intimately. To whisper it in his ear as she nibbled on the lobe. To scream it as she came around his cock and milked his climax from him.

A slight breeze stirred the air, feathering across her exposed breasts. She imagined the whisper kiss was his lips and was lost to the fantasy. Her nipples tightened painfully and moisture flooded her core.

She hadn't meant for him to see. This game they played hadn't been planned. It had been totally accidental. Truly. But, playing with Eric was seductive. Like dark chocolate, it made her ravenous and one bite was not enough. It was a heady mixture of power and vulnerability that she never wanted to end even though she knew she should stop. She *would* stop. She wouldn't do it again. She couldn't do it again. Not if she wanted to respect herself.

It had started so simply. She had decided that she needed more personal time and changed her schedule at work. Truthfully, she was bored out of her skull. She'd been a corporate shepherd watching diligently over her human sheep for over 15 years and she hated it more everyday.

She was 35-years old and her life was so routine it put even her to sleep. All she did was work. QuestCom ran like a well-oiled machine. Never let it be said she didn't do her job. She was efficient, organized and effective, but about as fun as a tax auditor.

She had no real friends, she'd never been married or in a truly serious relationship and had no children, though it could be argued that her Pug, Roxy, was her baby. She simply didn't know how to relax and be herself with people. Men especially.

Once "cold fish" had become a recurring theme in the bedroom, she'd sworn off men. What was the point? She couldn't relax enough to try some of the things they wanted her to do and she got tired of the complaints.

It wasn't that she blamed them. Even she got tired of missionary position. Nor did she think it would be very fun to screw a woman who could barely tolerate having sex with the lights on. She was repressed and she knew it, but so far there hadn't been anyone worth making the effort for.

So, to balance out her failure in the dynamic woman department, she'd made a point of being the best employee she could be. Her career had skyrocketed and she was the youngest Chief Operating Officer in her company's history. She was good at her job, but she hated it. She excelled in her role, but she was bored and it showed.

When she'd taken to just staring out the window of her office for hours at a time, she decided she needed a change. Hell, she needed a life. So, she had rearranged her schedule to take every Thursday afternoon off. Her plan was to take up a hobby. She just hadn't expected it to be masturbating for her sexy neighbor.

She hadn't known he was there that first time. She had simply gone out for a swim. After doing enough laps to leave her breathless, she'd put on her sunglasses and hat and stretched out on her favorite lounge chair to let the sun dry her off.

She'd lain there trying to remember the last time she'd had sex (two years) and fantasizing about Eric. Wondering if he was involved with anyone. Imagining him naked and plunging into her. Without any conscious thought, she'd begun to stroke herself - outside her bikini bottoms because she never touched herself directly - until she brought herself to orgasm on the sheer fantasy of Eric.

As she'd struggled to catch her breath, a sound like a chair being pushed back drifted to her from the direction of his balcony. She opened her eyes in time to see the object of her fantasy stand up and turn to go inside.

She'd been shocked. Mortified. Humiliated. She'd stumbled to her feet and run inside as fast as she could. After locking the door, she'd slid down the wall and sat there on the cold marble tile with her arms wrapped around her knees rocking as she tried to calm the nausea roiling in her belly.

He'd seen her masturbate. Watched her at her most vulnerable moment. She'd been imagining herself with him and he'd watched as she pleased herself. To her utter shock, as the idea sank in, rather than puke up her lunch, her nipples tightened and her pussy clenched.

The reality slammed into her. He'd watched her! Eric had seen her masturbate.

The thought was both electric and erotic. The idea of his eyes on her aroused her more than she thought possible. She broke out in goose bumps and her pussy throbbed. She refused to touch herself again though. She wanted to savor the memory of coming with his eyes on her.

And so it began. Over the weeks, she'd become more and more brazen. Touching herself in ways she'd never had the courage to before. Rather than feeling embarrassed by Eric's presence, she was emboldened. She didn't even bother with a bathing suit now.

One evening, after making sure his car was gone, she'd gone so far as to arrange the lounge chair so that the angle and distance would be such that, even though he'd have a good view, he'd have to pay close attention if he really wanted to see her.

She performed for him every Thursday afternoon at two o'clock without fail. Today was different though, today was her last performance. She'd promised herself she would stop this madness. She was becoming consumed by the fantasy of him and she couldn't take it anymore.

It was a lie and she felt like a cheat. She wasn't really this sexy, erotic woman. It was a game she was playing and it had to stop. So, today was her finale and she planned to make it good for him.

#

He was hard, so hard it hurt. Eric slowly, carefully opened the zipper on his Levi's to free his straining cock. What in the hell had made him think going commando was a smart idea?

Thank god his balcony was enclosed rather than one of those open grill-work types. Most people wanted sunny, open balconies. He didn't. He preferred to sit and ponder in the shade, his feet propped up on the railing with a cold Guinness in his hand.

His balcony was his refuge. No frilly patio furniture for him. He liked solid, comfortable furniture sized for a man, but only one chair and one side table for his beer. He didn't share his balcony. At least, not with other humans. Peanut was the exception, but even his Pitbull wasn't allowed out here when he watched Her.

Eric was never more grateful for the shadows than he was when she performed. He was hanging free for the world to see and he didn't relish the idea of being seen with his pants down, literally.

Despite being in the shadows, she knew he was there. Watching her. She had to. All evidence said that this was a private show just for him and he'd be damned if he wasn't going to watch. Hell, who was he kidding, he'd gone from watching to participating weeks ago.

As he stroked his erection, he wondered if that was truly her intent. Was this a show for him? Did she do it to torture him? Drive him to distraction? Tease him to madness? Or was his ego leading him off a cliff?

What if she didn't know he was there? Maybe she just liked the idea that she might be seen. It could just be the thrill of potentially getting caught that got her off.

Eric rejected the notion. Her performances were as regular as clockwork. Two o'clock every Thursday afternoon. He'd begun clearing his schedule in order to guarantee he'd be home when she performed.

Without fail, he'd find her next to her small swimming pool, stretched out on one of her blue and white striped chaise lounges. She always wore a straw hat and sunglasses with a fine, white linen cover up. In the beginning, she'd worn a barely there bikini, but over the subsequent weeks she didn't even bother and now, she was always naked under the cover up.

If there was no thought of him watching, why be so regular? Everyone knew he ran his dog training business out of his house. She might be new to the neighborhood, but his advertisements were

everywhere and most of their neighbors used him to train their dogs. She'd have to be completely self-involved not to know.

But still, maybe he was wrong. She'd never said more than two words to him when they ran into each other. In fact, she seemed to always be in a rush to get away from him. The few times he'd tried to engage her in conversation, she'd looked at him like he had two heads.

Eric had first seen her the day she moved in. Her long, brown hair had been pulled back in a simple pony tail. She'd worn no make up and had looked fresh and young. She'd glanced up at his house and he'd gotten a glimpse of clear skin, brown eyes and full, rosy lips. He'd instantly imagined those lips wrapped around his dick and he'd had to think of Roseanne Barr naked to force the sucker down, so he could go meet a client.

Only later had he found out that her name was Susan Mallory and she was some kind of executive suit at a local firm. He steered clear of those types. They always wanted to put you in a box and he'd had enough suits to last him a lifetime in his father.

Despite owning a successful business, his father had always treated him like a loser. The refrain never changed. His business was infantile, he dressed like a slob, he had no ambition. Their conversations consisted wholly of criticizing Eric and highly unwanted "suggestions" that were for Eric's "own good."

When his mother had been alive, Eric had tolerated his father for her sake. Once the cancer had taken her, Eric didn't even bother. He couldn't remember the last time he'd spoken to his father and that suited him just fine.

Nope, he stayed away from suits. He liked his life and he wasn't changing to satisfy anyone else's opinion of what he should be doing with himself. If someone didn't like him, they could just fuck off.

Which brought him right back to her. Maybe these performances had nothing to do with him and she just liked to masturbate in her back yard. Maybe she just wanted to pleasure herself in the open air with the sun heating her skin and drinking in her cries as she came. Sometimes, though, he could swear she said his name

Either way, she was going to kill him. Literally. It wasn't going to be an easy death either. No. She clearly planned to make it slow and tortuous. Killing him bit-by-bit, until he begged for death rather than submit to her torture.

As it was, he didn't think he could stand it even one moment longer. The ache was excruciating. He needed relief. He needed peace.

One way or another he had to end this madness, but when he did, it would be on his terms NOT hers. She'd be the one begging. She'd be the one screaming and writhing. She'd be the one under his power.

Today was especially intense. She'd gone slow, prolonging each moment. She'd started by rubbing some kind of oil all over her body that left her glistening from head to toe. She'd lingered over her breasts,

rubbing each one in turn, pushing them together and massaging the oil into them. She'd made sure to rub and play with each nipple until they were deep red and jutting out from her body before continuing down her stomach.

When she'd reached her legs, she'd lifted each one in turn. She'd massaged her calf and thigh for long moments as she exposed her pussy to him. He imagined he could see her moisture glistening, even from this distance.

After rubbing in the oil, she'd lain back and continued to leisurely rub her belly and breasts. As he watched, his impatience grew. He wanted her to continue, not leave him in suspense. He thought about standing up and demanding she go on, but rejected the notion before it was even a complete thought.

What was she doing? Why was she waiting?

Just when he thought he'd go crazy, she'd reached for her glass, some kind of blue, girlie drink, on the table next to her and sucked an ice cube into her mouth. She then slowly drew it out from between her lips.

He swallowed hard and imagined her sucking him in and out of her mouth like she'd done to that ice cube. His dick had gotten so hard at the thought that he was gritting his teeth as he worked to hold back his climax. He wasn't ready to come yet.

She began to slowly rub the ice over each rosy, nipple. He could see her belly clench and contract with each frigid touch. Her eyes were hidden by her sunglasses, but her mouth was parted slightly and he could see the tip of her tongue darting out periodically to lick her bottom lip. He wanted to feel that tongue darting out against his cock.

She continued stroking down her body with the ice cube until she reached her pussy. As he watched, she opened her legs and spread her outer lips and then inserted the ice into her pussy.

"Holy Shit," Eric groaned as he watched her fuck her pussy with the ice. His cock was jumping in his hand as he pumped his hips up and down in rhythm with her thrusts.

She strained against the chill, pushing her hips upward. Her thigh muscles flexed convulsively and she clenched her free fist around the end of the lounge chair as she worked her pussy. She kept thrusting the ice in and out until it melted and then she shocked the hell out of him by licking the moisture from her fingers.

She lay there for several moments, breathing hard. Her breasts rose and fell with each inhale. He drank her in as she lay there. The sun glinted off her skin in small flashes with every breath.

Soon, but not soon enough for Eric's cock, she resumed her ministrations to her pussy. Parting her lips and stroking her clitoris in small, lazy circles. She seemed to have all the time in the world today. There was no rush, no urgency.

She dallied over her pussy. Alternating between thrusting her fingers deep and then circling them around and over her clit.

Eric wanted to scream his frustration. She was killing him. He couldn't stop himself from imagining what her pussy would feel like wrapped around his dick. He barely held his climax at bay. He panted through clenched teeth as sweat began to dribble down his back. He seriously contemplated barging into her back yard, throwing her legs over his shoulders and pounding his cock into her until she screamed his name over and over.

Instead, he silently begged her to put him out of his misery. He wanted to watch her come. He wanted to hear her moan.

He loved watching her come. She was beautiful when she climaxed. Arching her back so that her pert, round breasts thrust up into the air. The fingers of one hand buried in her pussy as she plucked and squeezed her nipples with the other. Her moans were music to his ears and ultimately it was the sweet, sexy little purrs she made that sent him over the edge every time.

Today was no different. Her legs tensed and her back began to arch. Finally. This was it, she'd reached the end of her tether and she was going to come.

Eric gripped his penis more firmly at the base with one hand, while he used the other to work the head of his cock harder. He squeezed the head almost to the point of pain as he waited for her to go over.

"Come on, baby," he whispered. "Let me see. That's it. Don't make me wait any longer."

Harder and faster, his hand flew up and down his shaft. He wouldn't come before she did. He made sure they came together every time and today would be no different.

Eric groaned and cursed himself for a fool. He shouldn't do this. Every single time he promised himself it was the last time. Every time he swore he'd end it. He couldn't go on with this torture. He was becoming obsessed and he knew it.

Today's performance had been the most intense yet and if he didn't do something about it soon, she was going to drive him to drastic measures. He knew if he crossed that bridge there'd be no coming back ... for either of them.

Eric panted with the strain of holding back. She was close, but she seemed to be deliberately prolonging the show. His cock throbbed as sweat bloomed all over his body. He didn't think he could go on much longer.

"Now," he groaned. "Come for me. Now."

As if she'd heard his whispered command, she threw her head back as her orgasm claimed her. Gasping and moaning, she writhed through the whirlwind.

That was all it took. As the luscious sounds of her pleasure reached his ears, he broke and together they rode the wave.

CHAPTER 2

Susan couldn't stop thinking about him. It was almost worse than when she performed for him. The last three weeks had been focused on one goal, getting past Thursday without going outside.

She'd made sure to be away from home on Thursday afternoon by enrolling in a knitting class. She'd found a class at the local A.C. Moore. It was the only class that took place at exactly 2 p.m. every Thursday. Frankly, she'd have taken wood carving if it had been Thursday at 2 p.m.

If she were home, she knew she'd be out by the pool. This was the only way she could be sure she wouldn't cave in.

She'd seen Eric a few times as he was leaving in his Jeep with his Pitbull in the back seat. She ducked back inside every time she saw him. She couldn't stand the thought of being face-to-face with him after he'd seen her so exposed. She was just as afraid that he'd see through her charade as the coward she was inside.

She'd considered signing up for one of his classes simply to have an excuse to finally meet him for real. She'd chickened out though. She was afraid she'd throw herself on him as soon as he came near her and she couldn't bear another rejection. It would hurt worse coming from him.

She could just see it. He'd step up to her and say, "We're going to work on down" whereby she'd drop to her knees and proceed to suck him off. That would go over really well with the other participants.

Susan dropped her needles into her lap. Her fingers were cramping and she'd frogged so many stitches that in three weeks, she'd only managed to knit about two inches of the scarf she'd started.

This was supposed to be easy, not rocket science. She held an MBA from the University of Maryland, but for the life of her she couldn't figure out the difference between a knit stitch and a purl stitch.

Instead of neat rows, her stitches varied in size and the scarf wasn't even rectangular. She'd had high hopes that she could channel her frustration into scarves and sweaters in chenille and silk. Each stitch would be a testament to her self-control. Instead, the would be scarf was as ragged as her nerves.

Susan was frustrated and sick of herself, her agitation and her obsession with Eric. If she wasn't going to drum up the nerve to speak to him, she needed to simply forget about him. Right, maybe she could forget her name to.

She may not be performing for him anymore, but she was still fantasizing about him and masturbating to the fantasy. Just not where he could see. Her couch, her shower, her bed, her living room floor had all been witness to her obsessive fantasy.

With a sigh, Susan collected her needles and the rolls of yarn she'd so studiously wound into balls and threw them in her Le Sport Sac. Who was she kidding? Knitting was not going to happen.

What she needed was peace of mind. The bookstore was on the way home, she'd go check out their self-help section. Who knows, maybe she could meditate her way out of this bind.

#

She'd done it again. Disappeared on him as soon as he saw her. Eric whipped his Jeep into a parking spot close to the entrance. He threw the SUV into park and hopped out. She wasn't getting away from him today. He was going to run her to ground and force her to deal with him. If it had to be in the bookstore, then so be it. She'd have brought it on herself.

He'd spotted her while he waited at the light to make his turn. She'd been busy rummaging around in some kind of tote bag she was carrying and wasn't watching where she was going. She'd caught herself just as she was about to run into a pole and had glanced around quickly, her cheeks flaming, to see if she'd been caught out before ducking into the store.

Eric was determined to corner her inside. Susan may think she could continue this little cat and mouse game they were playing, but she was wrong. He was tired of her disappearing every time they happened across each other. If he were a less secure man, he'd think there was something seriously wrong with him.

He could handle rejection, but damn there should at least be something to reject first. He hadn't even so much as asked her out for coffee. She wouldn't let him get close enough. It's not like he was trying to marry her or anything, he just wanted to fuck her.

After all the weeks of torture, he'd had an epiphany. The months of teasing had gotten under his skin. It was like walking by a candy store and seeing all of the mouth watering candy on display only to realize the store was closed. Eventually, the longing would get so bad that you just had to get some of that candy and only gorging on it made the desire go away.

This led Eric to the only logical conclusion ... the fastest way to stop thinking about Susan, was to do the deed. Often. She was a suit after all, and eventually she'd irritate him enough with all her demands to change that he wouldn't want to see her anymore let alone screw her. 'Nuf said.

Decision made, he'd been trying to speak to her for the last three weeks, but she'd avoided him like the plague. He didn't even see her leave in the mornings anymore.

At first, he hadn't really thought much about it. It wasn't as if they'd been tripping over each other before, but there had been incidental meetings. When she didn't show up for her Thursday performance, he'd been surprised, then relieved and then seriously frustrated.

What made her think she could get him habituated to her weekly show and then leave him high and dry? Oh no, she wasn't getting off that easy. She was going to have to explain herself. Now.

He'd had his shoes on and his keys in hand before sanity had reigned and he'd realized he sounded insane. She'd probably have him arrested if he showed up on her doorstep demanding to know why she wasn't masturbating in her backyard.

Right. He'd end up in the psych ward quicker than you could say "bat shit crazy."

But his reaction had let him know one thing ... it was time to take charge of the situation. So, he'd begun waiting for her. He wanted to introduce himself, ask her out for coffee. Nothing serious, just start the process of getting to know her. No big.

Well, you can't get to know someone when you can't even manage to exchange two words with them.

When Susan didn't show up the second week, he'd suspected that it was over. She wasn't going to perform for him anymore. Two weeks in a row wasn't a coincidence. The third week clinched it though. She really wasn't going to come out again.

He'd decided there and then that he was going to have to run her to ground. If she wasn't going to come out of her shell the easy way, he'd force her out.

He hadn't spent months fantasizing about all the ways he wanted to fuck her to end it like this. When she'd been performing, he hadn't needed to press the issue. They had their weekly date. He could take his time.

Truth is, he'd scared off more women than he could count. Vanilla sex wasn't his thing and he didn't like to pretend. Sex for him was full-throttle, dominance and submission. He dominated, she submitted. Nothing else would do.

He suspected she'd be into it though. She certainly had a touch of the exhibitionist in her. He was willing to be that she'd like watching too.

He certainly planned to find out exactly what her limits were and then push her past them. Just thinking about her laid out before him, at his mercy, waiting for his touch had his cock leaping to attention so fast it was almost painful.

But, he'd have to get her into bed first and he wasn't having such an easy time with that.

She'd proven more slippery than an eel. It had almost become a game in and of itself. He'd see her; she'd duck back in her house.

He'd pull into his drive way; she'd be backing out of hers. Had she mapped out his schedule or something just to avoid him?

At this stage, his last nerve wasn't just worked, it was flayed beyond all recognition. He was frustrated and his temper was short. He'd had to cut his class short this morning after he'd hollered at Jalil, a sweet, little Rottweiler puppy, for not settling down quickly enough. Mike, her owner, had been shocked. Eric was known for his patience with dogs of all energy levels.

He'd known then that Susan's time had run out. He wanted her out of his head and riding his cock. That simple.

This was the first time he'd come across her in town. She had good taste in bookstores at least. Ex Libris, the local bookstore and hanging spot, was one of his favorite places. The front of the store sported a coffee bar with club chairs and loveseats for those patrons who wanted to camp out and read the *New York Times* or the latest James Patterson thriller.

Jack, the owner, made sure you could get a good, solid cup of normal coffee along with all of the fru fru macchiatos and lattes. Good coffee was important to Eric. He loved to walk Peanut down to Ex Libris, grab a coffee regular and sit on the patio with the daily paper.

The back of the store was the best though, rows upon rows of books. He loved books of all types. Fiction, non-fiction, self-help, you name the genre and he read it. Except for romance, he drew the line at romance.

He spotted her turning into self-help. That was perfect for him. It was the last row in the back of the store and he knew for a fact that she'd have nowhere to go once he got to her.

All of the stacks in Ex Libris butted up against the walls in order to create a walkway down the middle. That meant that once inside the aisle, you had to come back out the same way.

Also working in Eric's favor was the fact that the cases were closed with panels in between each side rather than the kind that were completely open so that you could see through them. He should be able to talk with her privately.

Eric stalked Susan down the aisle. She wasn't getting away from him this time. He rounded the corner on the self-help aisle and stopped in his tracks.

She was standing catty-corner to him paging through a book on Zen. She was concentrating on the book and hadn't noticed him yet.

He took in the sight of her. She was beautiful in a completely unaffected way. He'd never seen her wear makeup or revealing clothes. She carried herself demurely, but clearly that hid a wild side that he intended to explore.

She wore a red, cotton tank top that clung to her full breasts and some kind of work out pants that hugged a tight, round ass. The air conditioning kicked on and her nipples hardened in the cold. She wasn't wearing a bra.

He must have made some kind of noise because she looked up, gasped and promptly dropped her book. She scrambled to pick it up and rush past him, but he wasn't having any of that.

He caught her by the waist and pulled her back against him. Her breath whooshed out of her and he pressed her tightly against him.

"Slow down, now. There's no need to run off," Eric said quietly into her ear. "I just want to talk with you."

"What do you want?" her voice trembled slightly.

"Susan, I'm not going to hurt you," he soothed. "I've been trying to speak with you for several weeks now. I think you know that since you seem to be going out of your way to avoid me."

"I don't know what you mean," she protested as she tried to wriggle out of his grasp.

"Oh, I think you do."

Eric leaned down and inhaled her scent. She smelled of cinnamon and oranges. Susan went very still in his arms. Her breasts rested on his forearms and she was breathing very quickly.

"I've spent weeks wondering whether you felt as good as you looked. Watching you pleasure yourself. Imagining it was my cock between your legs instead of your fingers." He nuzzled her neck. "But, you already know I was watching you, don't you."

As he spoke, Eric brought his hand up and squeezed her breast while the other reached down and cupped her pussy through her yoga pants. Susan gasped and arched against him, but she didn't to pull away. He took that as a sign of encouragement.

Her breast filled his hand as he massaged and played. She moaned quietly and pushed herself harder into his hand. Eric slowly palmed her pebbled nipple, pressing hard before tweaking the tip with thumb and forefinger. Her head fell back against his shoulder as she bit her bottom lip to keep from making any noise.

Watching her small, white teeth nibble her bottom lip sent visions of her mouth wrapped around his cock running through his brain. Eric's cock twitched, hard. If he didn't wrap this up, he was going to bend her over and fuck her right up against the stacks.

Wouldn't that be a funny sight, the dog trainer doing it doggy style.

"I've decided that it's time to play a new game," Eric whispered in her ear. "One where I set the terms."

He continued to nuzzle her neck as he spoke, flicking his tongue along the sensitive skin.

"What are you talking about?" Susan said on a gasp as he tugged her sensitized nipple through the thin material of her tank top.

"You'll see in due time. In the meantime, you're going to answer my questions."

Eric released her pussy and thrust his fore and middle fingers into her mouth.

"Suck," he commanded. To his surprise, rather than obey him, Susan captured his hand and proceeded to lick up and around each digit before biting down gently. He felt the nip of her teeth right down into his balls. Eric ground his erection against the crease of her ass wanting desperately to plunge his cock inside her.

"Not so meek after all, are you."

Eric nipped her earlobe and then proceeded to thrust the fingers she'd just finished licking down her pants. He delved into her folds with no hesitation. She was unbelievably wet and so, so hot. He groaned at the thought of all that heat squeezing his dick as he pounded into her.

"Stop," Susan hissed as she futilely tried to push his hand away. "Someone might see."

Eric chuckled wickedly and just gripped her more tightly.

"Since when does that bother you?"

"I have questions, little one," he whispered against her neck. "Questions you're going to answer."

Rather than stop, Eric began to finger her right there in the middle of Ex Libris. As he set up a hectic rhythm on her clitoris, he tugged and squeezed her nipple.

Soon, she was writhing against him, rubbing her sweet little ass against his cock over and over. He was rapidly losing control of the situation. He'd planned to just ask her out, but when he'd felt her up against him all he could think about was getting some part of him inside her ... now.

"Did you perform for me or do you just like to get off outside?" Eric growled his voice guttural with lust.

She hesitated so long Eric didn't think she'd answer. She was riding his hand now, grinding her hips against him as he tortured her clitoris.

He wasn't letting her off the hook, though. He'd come for answers and he was going to get them. Eric pinched her clitoris until she gasped.

"Answer me."

"It was for you," Susan gasped. "I've never done that before."

"Did you fantasize about me while you masturbated? Did you imagine I was fucking you?"

Susan hesitated again. This time he tugged hard on her nipple causing her to groan.

"Yes," she elongated the word on a groan of pleasure.

Eric abruptly stopped his exploration of her body and set her away from him.

"I expect you to be at my house at exactly 2 p.m. next Thursday. Don't be late."

Eric reached down, picked up the fallen book and handed it to her.

"Oh, and one more thing. If you don't show up, I'll hunt you down and bring you to my house bodily, so save us both the trouble and be there."

With those words, Eric turned and left the store grinning from ear to ear.

###