

Ruby's Awakening – Yes, Master Anthology

Chapter One

“You want the truth?” Ruby shouted into the phone. “Because you have a small dick! There, feel better?” Ruby cringed at the angry tone on the other end of the line. They’d dated for close to two months and Ruby still wasn’t sure why she’d let it go on as long as she had. Bryan, like all the other men before him, just didn’t light her fire. She was starting to wonder if there was something seriously wrong with her when she looked forward to having alone time with her vibrator more than she did a flesh-and-blood man.

As Bryan went from angry to downright mean, spewing out nasty things about her body, her job, even her mother, for crying out loud, Ruby pulled the phone away from her ear and clicked the End button. She placed the phone on the railing and let out a sigh of relief.

As she stood on the deck of her two-story home in the burbs and looked out at her freshly cut lawn, Ruby took a mental tally of the number of relationships she’d ended in a similar fashion. Okay, it wasn’t a big number, thank God for that. Still, it made her wonder if she’d ever find a man capable of satisfying her. Hell, it wasn’t as if her expectations were over the top. A nice guy with a good job would be welcome. A decent-sized cock and a cute smile would be a plus. Preferably someone who wasn’t living in his mother’s basement. So, why was it so hard to find Mister Satisfaction Guaranteed?

Pondering that ever-present question, Ruby lifted her glass and swirled the dark red liquid before taking a sip. It was good. Slightly pricey, but when she’d purchased it she thought it was going to be worth the money. It was Friday night and Bryan was supposed to be there celebrating with her. She’d finally landed the job as director of operations. It was a big deal, and yet she stood on her deck in the dark, alone. She should’ve taken her friend Carol up on her offer to hit a few nightclubs. Dancing and loud music would’ve at least taken her mind off her orgasm-starved body.

The sound of splashing water caught her attention, and Ruby looked to her right. Her neighbor, Drake South, and his latest sex kitten, had apparently decided to go for an evening swim in his pool. She rolled her eyes as the woman’s naked breasts bobbed in the water. “Fake,” she muttered as she watched the pair of lovers. When Drake caught the woman around the waist and pulled her up against his hard, wet chest, Ruby froze. Whoa, was he naked as well? It was too dark out and the water hindered her view of the lower half of his body.

Ruby had often wondered about the dark-haired hottie with the scruffy facial hair and the lightning bolt tattoo that traveled down his right bicep. He was big and muscular, not an inch of fat on him thanks to his landscaping business. His tanned body could make a nun drool. The harsh features of his face could never be considered handsome, but there was something primitive about Drake. Something rough and wild. It appealed to her on a level she generally chose to keep hidden.

Unfortunately, Drake lived life on the edge, and Ruby had always steered a wide path around him. She’d seen his type. Her own father had been an adrenaline junky. He’d never taken life seriously. His need for adventure had eventually killed him. Ruby could still remember that moment as if it were yesterday. It’d been a perfect summer day. A nice breeze, warm sun shining down. She’d been twelve years old and already more of an adult than her father. She’d heard her parents arguing that morning right before her dad had stormed out of the house. He’d sworn to be home in time for supper. Only he’d never returned. Ruby had learned later that her father had died in a skydiving accident. Ruby’s heart still ached when she thought of the sadness in her mother’s eyes. The knowledge that it all could’ve been prevented had her dad stayed home that day. It still made Ruby angry enough to see red. Her father’s drive for that next big thrill had been the only thing on his mind that day.

Ruby was the exact opposite of her dad. She prided herself on her well-ordered life. She had goals and was determined to meet them. She liked men who were responsible and stable. To Ruby, common sense was more attractive than empty promises. The Drake Souths of the world had no place in her world.

So, why was she watching him kiss a petite blonde as if it were his last day on earth?

Just then Drake's gaze lifted, and suddenly Ruby was caught in his snare. All the blood left her face. She froze in place, unable to look away from the heat in his eyes. Unable to give the lovers a measure of privacy. Ruby clutched the deck railing and watched the erotic display playing out in the pool next door. When Drake lifted his head and his lips curved upward, Ruby's heart nearly stopped beating. Oh crap, he knew she was watching! Her pussy flooded with liquid warmth and her nipples pebbled. Go inside. Simply turn around and walk away.

Ruby didn't move. Could barely think as Drake lifted the woman to the edge of the pool and sat her down on the hard cement. As his head descended between her thighs, Ruby's own clit throbbed and her panties grew damp with arousal. "Ah hell, this is so freaking wrong," she mumbled as she let her hand travel downward to the hem of her black skirt. As she lifted the material and touched the soaked, silk panties beneath, the muscles in Ruby's legs quivered. At that moment, the blonde's legs widened and she let out a loud moan.

"Ah, screw it," Ruby said to herself. It wasn't the celebration she'd anticipated, but a live show was better than her vibrator, any day of the week.

Wait, had she really just thought that? Ruby was clearly out of her mind. "Do the right thing," she quietly scolded her inner bad girl. "Go inside and give the pair of lovers their privacy." The demand didn't do a bit of good, though. Instead, the fire sweeping over her raged wildly out of control. "Oh God, I'm going to hell," she whispered as she watched Drake, her neighbor, use his mouth and hands to pleasure his petite, blonde date. The woman wrapped herself around Drake's large, muscular frame and moaned. A niggling of jealousy crept over Ruby as she quickly took a step backward, slipping deeper into the shadows of her deck to keep from being seen. Drake tilted his head back, his gaze unerringly seeking hers in the darkness and a forbidden thrill ran through her.

"He can't see me." Ruby's breath caught in her throat. "Surely, he can't see me." "Do the right thing," she quietly scolded her inner bad girl. "Go inside and give the pair their privacy." The demand didn't do a bit of good though. Instead, the fire sweeping over her raged wildly out of control. "Oh God, I'm going to hell," she whispered as she watched Drake, her neighbor, use his mouth and hands to pleasure his petite, blonde-haired date.

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Ruby cupped her mound through the dampness of her panties and watched as Drake clutched the woman's hip in one hand, holding her firm while he smoothed his other hand up and down her bare, wet back. As his head once again descended between the blond woman's thighs, Ruby massaged and kneaded, running her fingers in little circles over her clit. In her mind, she imagined it was Drake's hands on her body. His fingers teasing and playing. As she slid the silky material aside and touched the slick and swollen folds of her pussy, Ruby heard someone moan. Her eyes shot wide, wondering for a moment if the sound had come from her. When she saw Drake cover the other woman's mouth with a palm, Ruby relaxed once more.

"What the hell am I doing?" she muttered, even as she slipped a finger inside her overheated pussy. Her gaze took in the erotic sight next door and a rush of moisture trickled down her thighs. Drake mumbled something, but Ruby couldn't make out what. The woman spread her legs wider and arched her back. Ruby thrust her middle finger deep and her legs quivered. As the blonde pressed her pelvis into Drake's face, Ruby's heart raced. What would it be like to have Drake's undivided attention like that? To be on the receiving end of all that untamed male hunger? She suspected he would easily have her begging for him with the slightest effort. There was just something about Drake. It was part of the reason Ruby had steered clear of him. From the moment he'd moved in next door earlier last year, Ruby knew she wasn't cut out to handle him. He was too intense, too extreme for her tastes. She preferred a man she could keep at arm's length. Drake struck her as the type who wouldn't be content unless he was snug and warm under a woman's skin.

Suddenly Drake lifted his head, tilting it sideways, and once more Ruby could swear the heat of his gaze was scorching a path over her body. It was impossible, of course, she was too well hidden with her back pressed against the siding. A large walnut tree provided a decent amount of cover too. Between the distance, the tree, and the darkness, she knew he couldn't see her.

When Ruby slipped a single wet finger in and out of her slick opening, teasing gently, she flattened her other hand against the cool wall behind her, desperate for the support. She closed her eyes and an image of Drake filled her mind. Suddenly she pictured him thrusting his long, talented fingers in and out of her, stroking her to a fever pitch. She could almost feel the brush of his body against her sensitive nipples. Each erotic image brought forth a moan and Ruby had to clamp her lips closed tight to contain the eager sounds.

She used her thumb to flick her clit and a cry tore free. Ruby thrust two fingers deep, but it wasn't enough. She needed more. She wiggled a third finger inside her, and the snug fit caused her to widen her stance. She pumped hard and fast. Her husky groans turned sharp with desire. Ruby coasted her other hand down her body and fondled her distended clitoris. At once, Ruby flung her head back and burst wide open. Her juices soaked her fingers and her pussy clenched and unclenched, making her ache to feel the heavy weight of Drake's hard cock. It would feel good; she knew it in her bones. Drake would fill her. He wouldn't be like Bryan, content with a quickie in the dark. Drake would take her all night long. Fuck her until she couldn't stand up.

As her body relaxed, her pussy softening, Ruby pulled free and opened her eyes. The pool was empty, Drake and the woman gone. Ruby sighed and stepped away from the wall, feeling more alone than ever. "I need a man," she muttered. Once more, Drake's sexy smile slid into her mind. The way he'd stared at her just moments ago. Her fingers itched to touch his big, powerful body. Ruby's heartbeat sped up and she cursed. Why had she watched? She'd tortured herself and now she would never get the man out of her head. "It's going to be a long, lonely night." She turned and headed back inside. Another glass of wine, that was what she needed. It'd relax her and maybe, just maybe put her to sleep.

As she tugged on the sliding glass door, a sound from behind her caught her attention and she froze. Please don't be Drake. Ruby turned. "Bryan?" She frowned when she saw him stagger. Was he drunk? Fear skittered up her spine. "What are you doing here?"

"Y-you hung up on me, Ruby."

Oh, he was definitely drunk. And pissed, judging by the ugly glare. His white-knuckled fists weren't giving her a warm cozy feeling either.

Wow, could her evening get any worse?

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