

Forbidden Fruit - Chapter One

Two Months Later

“Thanks for taking me to the movies. I know romantic comedies aren’t your thing, but I really had fun.”

“They’re usually not my thing, but I actually liked it. Don’t tell anyone, though. I’d lose my manly-man badge.”

Lucy laughed. “Your secret is safe with me.”

Rand held the door to the cab for her, slid in beside her, and gave the cabbie his address. Then he turned to her. “Good. Now, back to us.”

His softly whispered words slipped down her spine in a gentle caress. “Us?”

“Yeah. It’s been two months since we first met.”

“Yes.”

He placed his hand on her thigh and caressed her. She could barely see his midnight-blue eyes in the dark confines of the cab. His shaggy sandy-blond hair and muscled torso had her body spinning out of control. He was incredibly rugged and so very male. Her pussy flooded with heat every single time she looked at him.

“I care about you, Lucy. More than any woman I’ve ever known.”

Her heartbeat accelerated. “It’s the same for me.”

He leaned toward her and Lucy’s flesh heated up at his nearness. When his lips were mere inches from hers, he murmured, “I want you. I wanted to give you some space, I swear I did, but that just doesn’t seem to be the smart thing to do anymore.”

It was now or never. In the two months she’d dated the wild man, he’d shown her things she’d never known existed. In her heart she knew he was way out of her league. He lived on the edge, always pushing the limits. When he wasn’t careening down the highway on his Harley, he was skydiving off some jagged cliff in Taupo, New Zealand. He was so worldly, and she was just a girl from Ohio. She’d never understood what he saw in her. But questioning it to death had gotten her exactly nowhere. It was time to act like a woman, not a child.

“I think the only smart thing to do is kiss me,” she murmured.

“Mmm, yeah, good idea.” He groaned, and then his lips covered hers.

Lucy melted. He was so tender, so warm, and she badly wanted it to last forever. As his tongue coasted over her lips, she let out a sigh and parted for him. He took his time, dipping and tasting her as if he had all the time in the world. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him in deeper, edgy all at once for everything. He groaned and suddenly his warm palm was against her bare midriff beneath her tank, inching upwards until the caress of his thumb had her breast vibrating with need. When she whimpered, Rand lifted his head, his gaze zeroing in on the cabbie. Lucy flushed with embarrassment. She’d all but forgotten they weren’t alone.

With both of them trying to catch their breath, Rand was the first to recover. “I think we’ve gone as far as we can without being arrested,” he whispered for her ears alone.

Her cheeks heated over her hedonistic reaction to a simple kiss. She sat away and smoothed down her tank with shaky fingers. “I think maybe you’re right. I should get home, anyway.”

Strong fingers cupped her chin and coaxed her gaze back to his. “Home with me or home alone?”

This was it. Her chance to back out. That he was even willing to give her an out made her decision easier. Instinctively Lucy knew he would never hold it against her if she left him hard and aching. The first night they’d gone out, they’d both gotten carried away, but he’d backed off as if content to let her come to him. For two months he’d been sweet and patient. Now she didn’t want him to be either of those things. She craved him in a way she’d never craved a man.

“Home with you,” she answered as a new determination filled her with strength.

Rand leaned over and branded her lips with his possessive heat. Neither of them spoke for the rest of the drive. Her nerves fairly vibrated with the energy pulsing through her veins, and her mind reeled at what she was about to do. She knew by the way he clenched his fists that he was just as wildly turned on, which gave her the power to shove her last few worries away.

Within minutes they were cocooned in the privacy of his apartment. She’d had sex with all of two men and neither of those experiences were anything to brag about. Anxiety welled up and threatened to consume her. Damn, she might as well be a scared teenager for all the experience she possessed. Rand didn’t appear to have the same reservations. The passion in his gorgeous blue eyes was all the evidence she required.

“I want you, baby,” he said, “real bad.” He turned the lock on the front door and moved toward her. “But I need to know you won’t regret a single minute of this. Tell me.” Rand paused inches away from her. “I want to hear it from your lips.”

Hearing him say it and seeing the raw ache etched into his harsh features effectively caused her own daring confidence to surface.

“I do want you, Rand,” she softly confirmed, staring up at him, allowing the uneasiness to show on her face. “But I haven’t had a lot of lovers. I’m a little nervous.”

He closed the space between them and took her into the warm, solid comfort of his arms. “Don’t be afraid of me, Lucy. I’d never hurt you.”

He brushed his lips across the top of her head. The gentleness of his touch stirred her clear to her toes.

“We’ll take it real slow. All you have to say is stop, and we stop. You have my word on that.”

She felt childish in the face of his confidence. “The very last thing I want is for you to stop.”

It was way past time for a man like Rand to come into her life and teach her how to feel like a woman. She wanted his touch, his all-consuming desire. She was no fool. She knew their relationship was probably temporary. She feared she had already fallen in love with Rand, but that didn’t mean he felt the same way about her. Did she want to waste another minute worrying over it tonight? No, all that mattered in that moment, all she craved was to feel him sinking inside her, filling her, bringing her to the very brink of ecstasy and beyond.

Pushing her fears aside, she stepped out of his arms, gripped the hem of her tank and yanked it over her head. She dropped it to the floor and stood perfectly still, resisting the urge to cringe and cover herself while his dark gaze roamed greedily over her torso. It hadn’t been the first time he’d seen her breasts, but it was the first time she’d taken the initial step.

Her nipples hardened as the cool air hit her and she shivered. She’d gone without a bra because she hadn’t intended to do anything more than work on her finances, until Rand showed up at her apartment insisting they celebrate their two-month anniversary. Now Lucy was grateful she didn’t have to gracefully and seductively wrestle with straps and hooks. And the heated look in her lover’s eyes was enough to set her insides fluttering.

“Damn.” Rand couldn’t move or even breathe. She was perfect. His dream woman and then some. Her breasts were like large, soft, round pillows of creamy flesh. Christ, he could get lost for a decade playing with Lucy’s bountiful swells. He ached to taste her rosy nipples. Lick and bite and suck until his heart was content.

His hand reached out of its own volition and stroked one turgid peak. Her breathing hitched and she arched into his palm. He lost it. Stepping forward, he wrapped an arm around her lower back and drew her against his chest, pressing and flattening her pretty tits against his t-shirt, driving himself crazy with the feel of her as he took her mouth. At the sweet flavor of her lips, his sense of calm scattered.

He drank in her moan of excitement and licked at her full lower lip. He’d never get enough of her taste. He invariably went to bed thinking of her. He woke tormented by the hottest dreams he’d ever experienced. Holding back, waiting for the right moment hadn’t been easy, but it had been

worth it. Since the instant she strolled into his studio, she'd been his temptation. Like a gentle lamb teasing the big nasty wolf. Now she was here, in his arms, clutching at him with eager abandonment. She trusted him with something special. The thought gave him a possessive kind of pleasure, even while a trickle of fear rose up. He didn't want to disappoint her. He wanted to give her nothing but pleasure. Satisfy her every which way he could. Bring her to the very brink of orgasm before pulling back and doing it all over again until she begged for release. He'd touched her several times over the last two months. He'd sunk his fingers into her tight little pussy and he'd wrung cries of need from her. Now, knowing just how tight she'd be when his cock stretched and filled her made him swell painfully hard.

"Open those sweet lips for me, baby," he groaned against her mouth.

She did as he commanded. Rand took the advantage and slipped into the wet warmth, tasting and swirling his tongue over and around hers, sipping at her with a kind of crazy fever that went beyond anything he'd ever experienced. When she whimpered and drew her arms around his neck, he felt the last thread on his control snap.

Keeping his lips firmly against hers, he bent and hooked his arm behind her knees, then lifted her into his arms, cradling her nude torso close. He wanted her completely bare. He wanted to see all of her. From head to toe, so he could work his tongue over her, inch by slow, delectable inch.

As Rand laid her out on the comforter and broke the kiss, he got his first glimpse of Lucy's eyes. The light brown shade he'd drowned in countless times had darkened to almost the shade of milk chocolate. He could so easily drown in their mysterious depths. His jaw locked. He yearned to rip her shorts and panties down her legs and take her. Hard. Fast. Toss caution to the wind.

He shoved a hand through his hair and made one last attempt to take it slow, to make it good for Lucy. She was giving herself to him and he would cherish that if it killed him. He wanted to show her every kind of delicious pleasure imaginable. To addict her to him so she'd come back tomorrow night and the night after that. He never wanted to let her go. If he took her like a wild animal, she'd be disappointed or disillusioned. He would rather die than hurt Lucy. The notion took his ardor down a notch. Barely.

He watched her lick her lips and shift restlessly on the bed. Her nipples drew into tight hard peaks, begging to be nibbled on. Her long dark hair, the stuff of fantasies, spread out all around her, tucked beneath and partially covering her at the same time. Rand loved looking at her, but he was going to enjoy touching her even more.

He grasped the edges of his t-shirt and pulled it off. Then he moved to the waistband of his jeans, thrilled at the eager way Lucy licked her lips and stared in wide-eyed readiness at his fly.

Before he gave in to her silent pleas, he softly demanded, "Take off your shorts and panties for me, Lucy. Slowly. One at a time. So I can watch every inch you expose."

She stiffened and he feared she was going to balk at the idea of stripping for him. He'd taken countless pictures of her since their first photo session, but she still shied away from her own nudity. Finally, she slipped a single finger beneath either side of her drawstring shorts and tugged. She wiggled her hips and the shorts slithered downward, exposing a pair of cotton bikini panties with red hearts all over them. When she had the shorts down around her ankles, she kicked her foot outward and they flung to the floor.

“Christ, Lucy, you're so fucking sexy. I'm dying just looking at you.” His muscles tightened as he stood frozen, staring. He understood beauty. After all, it was his business to know how to get the money shots. Great lighting, the best cameras, and lots of experience. But Lucy tore him up. It was as if he'd been waiting his entire life for this one moment.

“Now you, Rand.” Her words feathered over him, effectively bringing him out of his hypnotic stupor.

“The panties first, Lucy. Take them off for me. Let me see that pretty pussy, baby.”

Her chest rose and fell with her rapid breaths. The little telltale sign proved to him that Lucy liked his little game. She was nervous, but turned on. He couldn't seem to help himself. It drove him wild to watch her capitulate to his orders.

She slipped her slender fingers beneath the elastic band of her panties and slid them down and off her long shapely legs. After waiting for what seemed an eternity, Rand got his first glimpse of Lucy's dark brown curls. She'd let him touch her, but always in the dark. As his gaze devoured her smooth creamy skin against his black comforter in the soft light from the table, he knew the wait had been well worth it.

Within a heartbeat he was free of his jeans and underwear and on the bed beside Lucy. Surely he'd died and gone to heaven. It was as simple as that.

Lying propped up on his elbow, he stayed silent as he watched her wide-eyed gaze wander over him. He wanted to grab her, slam her down on his heavy erection and pump her full. Time, he told himself. She needed time to get used to him first. To do that she would have to drop her shyness. He could tell she was still holding herself in check, uncertain. But he wanted to prove to her she could trust in him to give her pleasure and gentleness both, not just a quick fuck. First, he wanted her to open up a little. To face up to her desires.

“Do you like what you see?” he asked, his voice a hoarse whisper of sound in the quiet room.

Her gaze darted to his and she promptly nodded.

“Uh-uh,” he chastised. “Not good enough. Tell me what your body wants, baby. Be honest with me.”

He stroked a finger over her arm as her throat worked, as if mustering the courage. In a bare whisper she answered,

“Yes, Rand, I want you. I want everything from you.”

As her words sank in, his body vibrated. Fire licked at his insides. “I’m glad, Lucy, very glad.”

He lowered his head to her breasts and took one tempting nipple into his mouth, suckling and tonguing her with greedy delight. She gasped and arched helplessly against him. He slid his arm beneath her back and lifted her, pressing her heavy breasts against his face while he toyed with the hard raspberry tip. When she cried out his name, he lifted away and began to tease her other delicious tit with the same avid attention. Her fingers sifted through his hair and her lower body squirmed with little shocks of pleasure. She was close. Already so eager to come. He could feel the rising passion in the way her heartbeat sped up and her fingers tightened. Not yet. He wanted her mindless with it. Craving him the way he craved her.

He released her nipple and kissed the delicate bud before lifting his head. “You want more?”

“Please, don’t stop.”

He let his hand drift down her body, bypassing her pussy, before smoothing his palm over her thigh. “Tell me what you want from me, Lucy. Don’t be shy, not with me.”

“I-I don’t think I can. Please, Rand.”

It was beautiful to watch her squirm restlessly atop the bed for him, so hungry and wild.

“Please what? Please suck you some more?” The intense blaze heating his blood grew hotter and hotter.

“Yes!” “Where would you like my mouth, baby?” he said, feigning innocence. “Your beautiful tits?” He pinched one turgid peak, then the other, the little touches eliciting another moan from his sweet Lucy.

“Or would you rather I suck you right here?” he asked as he let his finger travel a scorching path down her belly to her dark ringlets.

Lucy grabbed his hand and clutched it against her mound. “Everywhere. I need you so bad it hurts.” “Mmm, let me see if I can’t change that pain to pleasure,” he murmured, and then he drifted his way down her body, leaving tiny kisses along the sides of her breasts and her ribcage. Her belly button got extra attention. She had the cutest belly button he’d ever seen. He wanted it pierced so he could play with the little jewel with his tongue. Groaning as he came to the notch between her legs, he inhaled deeply, taking her tangy scent inside his body for all time.

“Damn, woman, you take my breath away.” It was the last thing he uttered before he spread her legs wide and tasted her.

He placed his lips against her clit and kissed the swollen and sensitive bit of flesh. A primitive growl reverberated inside his chest at the way her body began to move against his face. When he parted her with his fingers and sank his tongue deep into her hot opening, Lucy practically thrust him right off the bed.

Christ, she was so fucking responsive. The sudden burning thought of another man doing this to her had him nearly snarling. Rand had never felt such a powerful mix of tenderness and possessiveness for a woman. He wasn't sure he liked it one damn bit, either.

Aching to claim and mark her in some elemental way, he began sliding his tongue in and out of her, slowly, building her pleasure by small degrees, and then he used his thumb to stroke over her soft clitoris. He licked and nibbled, plying her flesh until all too quickly she screamed his name and buried her fingers in his hair, anchoring him to her as she rode out a wild and glorious climax.

As she slowly floated back down, Rand lifted himself off the bed and moved to his dresser to get a condom. No way could he take another minute of being this close to paradise without wanting to bury himself balls deep.

Lucy shifted on the bed. He turned and saw her staring at him. Oh, hell. He grabbed a handful of the packets. No way would one be enough. He went back to stand beside the bed, smiling down at her. Lucy's expression changed from that of a sweet innocent to hot, aroused woman. His throat closed with some unnamed emotion.

He tossed the packets onto the bed, keeping one for himself, and gazed down at Lucy. Her entire concentration centered completely on his cock, which had the same effect as a lick from her tongue. He held back the need to pounce on top of her, finesse be damned.

“Stand up for me, Lucy,” he softly ordered.

To his male delight, she didn't even question his motives. With a subtle kind of grace and fluidity that only Lucy seemed to possess, she did as she was told. Once she was in front of him, he placed the packet in her hands. “Put it on me, sweetheart.”

She fiddled with it at first, her nervousness plain. He waited until she had the foil ripped open and had to clench his fists at his sides as she lowered herself to a kneeling position in front of him. She grasped his cock in her warm, delicate hand, looked up at him with a siren's smile curving her plump lips, and licked his dripping tip.

“Goddamn.” He wrapped a fist in her hair and guided her over his aching shaft. “Suck it for me good, baby.”

She wrapped her arms around his hips and dug her fingers into his buttocks as she swirled her tongue over and around the bulbous head of his penis. Rand lost all semblance of control when she opened wide and slid his engorged cock between her pretty lips. Her moans vibrated along the length of his shaft and nearly had him coming then and there.

She used one talented hand on his balls, fondling and caressing, squeezing just hard enough to draw another groan from deep inside his chest. As he watched her cheeks hollow, sucking hard, he grappled for control. He was too close. Already he could feel his balls drawing up tight. The desire to fill her mouth with his come nearly overrode everything else.

He tugged on her hair and she released him with an audible pop, then leaned back and looked up at him, a secret smile lighting her face. Rand's entire body shook with pleasure as her fingers slowly rolled the condom down his pulsating shaft. It took her a few tries to get it all the way on, which only enhanced the fact that he needed to go slow with her. When she came to her feet, Rand prayed for the power to hold himself in check this first time.

"Was that okay?" she said.

"Are you serious?" He was ready to self-combust!

She looked away and closed her arms over her chest. "It's been—"

He placed two fingers against her lips. "Don't bring the past in here." He didn't want to think about her doing that to any other man. Not fucking ever. "This is about you and me, no one else."

She nodded.

"And I loved it. You just about had me losing it, baby."

"Really?"

"Hell yeah." Jesus, he was so far gone he could barely remember his own name.

He took her arms and nudged her a little, indicating he wanted her to turn around. "Bend over for me, hands on the bed."

She bent forward until her pert round bottom was thrust toward him like a juicy fruit. And he was hungry. Rand stroked his palm over her ass cheeks, then leaned down and bit the creamy flesh.

"Rand!"

He chuckled. "I couldn't resist. You look so tasty."

He wedged a leg between her thighs and forced her open wider. Her thighs trembled, and it cooled him down just enough to slip his finger inside her to test her readiness. He needn't have worried. She was so damn wet and slick there was no possible way he'd hurt her.

Clutching her hips in one hand, he guided his cock to her entrance. Careful not to hurt her, he eased inside her tight passage a few inches, and then stopped, allowing her body to become accustomed to the invasion. She whimpered and he smoothed his palm up her spine, relishing in her silken ivory skin. "Easy. We have all night."

"Oh, God, you feel so good. It's never been this way."

His chest swelled at the confession. "You fit me like a glove. I could stay like this forever."

She threw her head back and Rand watched as she reached a hand between her thighs and grasped his balls in one hand, squeezing. It was the sort of pleasure-pain that sent a man over the edge of control.

"Baby," he groaned.

"Fuck me, Rand. Please don't tease me anymore."

The breathless plea behind her words did him in. He thrust into her in one hard stroke, filling her completely. She cried out his name as he began to move in a rhythm that had her meeting him thrust for thrust. He lowered his body and covered her smaller frame with his own, cuddling and holding her to him as he pushed in and out. Hard and fast, then slow and gentle, playing and tormenting them both with the maddening tempo.

He touched her neck with his tongue and found a particularly sensitive spot that caused Lucy to lay her head to the side and give him access to the pumping vein. He sucked at her tender skin, marking her. Her inner muscles clutched him like a fiery fist as her body spun out of control.

He wrapped his hand loosely around her neck in a dominating hold while she came loud and long for him. Only him. No other.

When she quieted and slumped against the bed, he thrust hard and fast several times, fucking her, filling her so completely she roused and moaned along with him.

"Come for me, Rand," she murmured beneath him.

Her quiet demand was all it took. He lifted her hips and pushed into her tight cunt, fusing them together irrevocably. Arching his neck, he moaned her name as her inner muscles clamped around him, milking his cock. He burned alive as he slammed into her, flesh slapping against flesh. She cried his name and he thrust one last time, then emptied himself into her hot core. He slumped over her, exhausted and sweating.

Rand stayed still for several seconds, wrapped around Lucy, her pussy clutching him in a tender embrace. There was a moment of regret that he'd had to use a condom. He'd never gone without, but with Lucy, there was an overwhelming desire in him to feel her, skin to skin, with nothing separating them.

As he pulled out and stared down at her, his heart swelled. The beautiful, shy, intelligent girl from Ohio was sprawled across his bed, replete, a smile curving her luscious lips. If he had his way she wouldn't be leaving his bed anytime soon.

Fifty years from now, maybe.

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