

FEEL THE FIRE

By

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Chapter One

“What are you wearing?” The rich drawl on the other end of her phone slipped into her ear with a silken curl that made her smile.

Maddie stretched out on the couch, pressing herself into the fluffed pillows behind her. Her heart sped up hearing his voice again. She loved these little fantasy games between herself and Rob. They did, at least occasionally, break up the monotony of her singleness. “Are you in a leather or lace mood?” she asked.

She heard his breath grind to a halt across the miles and imagined the slow heated burn in his eyes, the half drop of his lashes that would cover his gaze. He had these brown eyes that could make her melt into a puddle at a glance. Too bad she never got the chance to find out just what it would take *to* make her melt.

“How’d you get to know me so well?” Rob asked her, his playful grin evident in the tone. She shivered a little at the heightened sense of his teasing. *Was there a huskier note in his voice tonight?*

She and Rob had gone out a couple of times when he’d been in town for a friend’s wedding. He lived five hours from her hometown of Granier Falls, and with him in town for only a few short days, both accepted that something deeper wasn’t in the cards for either of them. Trading phone numbers as friends was as close as they could get under those circumstances. Then one night a couple of weeks later, he’d called to rant about his latest girlfriend breakup. After consoling him and stroking his wounded ego, they’d started talking about an outfit she had been wearing because she’d been fighting with the jacket portion all day and frustration had made her testy. A few teasing quips about not wearing the jacket, or much of anything else, and that one conversation had playfully deteriorated from there. Ever since ... she grinned in memory. The teasing was harmless. A few words, something to take the stress of the day away, and it was usually just fun enough to fuel her own sexual fantasies. Playful and never anything too deep or serious. It had been a long dry spell before and since Rob had been in town. Sadly, she never got to do more than kiss him goodbye when he left. A chance lunch and shared coffee in a crowded shop doesn’t lend well to leaping across tables to attack delectable lips and the male package attached to them. Lost opportunities and water under the bridge. But that was then, this is now.

“Let’s just say that I’ve gotten good at listening for it in your voice.” She paused and narrowed her eyes, listening for the deeper nuances in his words, then told him, “You’re in a leather mood. Did you have a hard day?”

“The worst.” This time his sigh was full and he groaned. “Getting comfortable,” he explained. “They dumped another full schedule on me this week.” She heard the sound of a car door. He must’ve just gotten home.

Noting the time, she shook her head in sympathy. “They really need another manager for that office.”

“Tell me about it,” he grouched. “I’m sick of doing the job of three and getting paid for one. At least make it fair and pay me for the work of two.”

She laughed when he did. “Poor baby,” she murmured. She lifted a leg and rested her hand on her thigh, sitting in the corner cushions of her couch. Lass, her cat, jumped up to the back of the sofa, lying down like a large fur throw pillow.

“Want to kiss my boo-boos?”

“Not if I’m the one in leather,” she answered him firmly. A shiver rocked her. What she’d give to really play with him. Why muck up such a good friendship with sex? Well, real sex anyway. “You need to relax, Rob.”

He breathed an affirmative. “I want to,” he replied. “I’ve been working late all week. I think I’m going to take a break tonight. A long, hot shower or something.” He purred suggestively into the phone.

She closed her eyes and envisioned his naked chest dripping wet and licked her lips. It was a wondrous sight indeed. Not that she’d ever seen him without a shirt, but she could certainly imagine it. She was not lacking in imagination.

“I’ve changed my mind,” he said a minute later, his voice dropping to a seductive, teasing tone. “I definitely want you in lace tonight. Something sheer.”

Her lids lowered to half mast and her chest heaved on a breath. “Oh?” Her heart skipped a beat. “Why?”

“Because tonight I’m going to make love to you.”

Her breath slammed to a hard stop in her lungs. A shiver of excitement collided with a jolt of nervousness. “Rob, we talked about that. We have a good friendship. You live too far away. We’re too far apart to make it feasible.” She put all the arguments out on the table that they’d agreed to in the beginning. They’d always skirted away from actually going so far as to have phone sex. Their conversations stayed above that line. Not that she didn’t have her fantasies about the man. They’d actually formed a very solid confidant sort of friendship out of it all, but they’d never gone so far as to relieve their tensions over ol’ Ma Bell.

She rubbed her thighs together regardless of what time and distance meant. She couldn’t deny the commanding notch in his voice thrilled her. She ached. Damn but she was going to have a hard time satisfying this itch tonight. So why had he said it? Why was he changing the rules?

“Are you alone?” His voice sunk decibels, surging through her ear, the same way her own blood pulsed.

“Only you and me,” she answered, hoping she didn’t sound as breathless as she feared she did. Her heart was pounding wildly against her ribs. She closed her eyes for a brief moment when she heard herself, unmistakable in the silence of her living room.

“Good. Open your door Maddie.”

She blinked. “My door?” Now that was unexpected.

“Your door,” he repeated while a ravenous growl layered his voice.

She stood from the couch then slid the chain free and turned the deadbolt. Her fingers shook. She warned him on the phone, “This isn’t a game, Rob.”

“It was never supposed to be.”

Her lungs ached as they fought for air. Why was he using that voice? It made her insides all hot and gooey.

She twisted the knob and opened her door. “Hello beautiful,” he said into the phone, the same one he held in his hand where he stood in her doorway. He was leaning on the jutting frame with an elbow, his other hand following the in-sweep of the door.

She swallowed, unable to say anything. God, he looked good. His brown eyes were glittering with desire, the fading sunlight heightening their intensity. He pulled the phone down in front of him and closed it with a snap. “I can’t do the long distance thing anymore.”

Sparks flared on her skin at his words. “What about your girlfriend?” He had one, didn’t he?

He shook his head, his hand rising, pushing her hair back, then scooping behind it to pin a loose wave behind her ear, causing goose pimples to rise everywhere. "I haven't had anyone other than you in months, Madelyn. I see them and they're just there, but I get you on the phone and I can't stop from getting a hard-on."

She gasped and quickly searched around behind him. There wasn't anyone outside or around her end of the apartment building. Clutching at his arm, she tugged him inside but he refused with a hard head shake. "If you bring me inside, there isn't a second chance for this Maddie. I want you." He leaned down and brushed a kiss to her lips. Slow and seducing. She felt liquid all over, hot and achy. "Tell me now because it's a long drive back to Ensen, baby."

She pressed the end button on her phone when it became obnoxious and beeped at her. "Just sex?" she squeaked. Even though her body was perfectly okay with that idea, she wasn't. Granted it would be wild and intense and oh-so-damn-good, but still... She didn't do 'just sex'. She needed more than that.

"You want the truth? Right now it's a 'fuck yeah, it's just sex'. I can't get you out of my mind. These phone calls kill me." He held up his cell phone. "Drop your eyes if you want more proof."

Like an idiot she did, and her mouth rounded. Blood rushed straight to between her legs and she felt a tremor hit her until she had to clench her thighs. If that ridge in his jeans was any indication... She swallowed and lifted her eyes.

"Tell me, baby." It was a hoarse plea.

"What about tomorrow?" Didn't he work weekends? She could've sworn he had in the past.

"I had to have the weekend off. I've worked sixty-hour weeks for months. Told them they can kiss my ass."

She smirked. "No you didn't."

He smiled knowingly meeting her gaze and they laughed. "No. But I sure wanted to, especially after the new schedule dump this week." His fingers wove into her hair again and shivers radiated down her spine beginning where his fingertips feathered through her hair as he caressed her. "Are you inviting me in or sending me home?"

She said what she was thinking. "Sending you home seems cruel right now."

He nodded, leaning on his shoulder once more. "It would be. Very cruel. A five hour drive and a boner from hell."

She smacked a hand over his mouth. "Stop that!" She hissed at him. "People live around me." Silence surrounded their conversation. Searching in all directions anxiously showed them to still be alone. Not a single door opened.

He clasped her wrist between tender fingers and swirled his tongue over her palm in languid, fiery circles. Shots of desire flared up her arm and stole down her spine.

"I'm not above begging Maddie," he told her when he finally released her. "I've come this far. Although I'd really love to see you in one of those outfits you described to me." A fresh blaze of lust and desire darkened his eyes. "But right now, you are just what I want. All that I want."

She wavered, swallowing the moan. Damn. His honesty was killing her, and she couldn't help herself. She wanted him too. "When do you go home?"

"In about forty-eight hours if you let me stay."

"Then we better use those hours well," she said, and stepped back.

He strode through the door and she shut it behind him, locking it with a decisive motion. She licked her lips, suddenly very self-conscious. All she wore was a pair of cut off jean shorts and a tube top. It was classified as indoor clothing for a reason. It was cool and nowhere near decent enough to step out her door while wearing it. She lowered her eyes, feeling a blush start to heat her skin.

He put his phone on the nearest surface and lifted her face with his hands. His chest rose and fell and she burned. Little quakes made her legs feel weak and she found his waistband with a tight grip to stay standing.

His thumb traced her lower lip. "You're sure, Maddie? This isn't just about me now."

She melted. She swore she did. His brown eyes were molten, so luscious. He would walk back out the door if she made him.

"Do you really think I'd be that cruel?" she managed, feeling and sounding breathless. "To either of us?"

He tipped her head up for his kiss. A hungry groan filled the air just before he found her lips with his. There had been only one fleeting kiss between them. This one obliterated her memory of it.

Maybe they'd been playing with fire. Maybe this had really just been inevitable. Either way, she didn't care. Maddie molded herself closer to his body and felt every inch of him as he warmed her skin. He pressed against her lips and she shivered when he slipped his tongue between them. He threaded a hand into her hair, dropping his other to her back to tug her flush against him. She whimpered. His arousal dug into her hip and stomach. He was several inches taller than her and the way he bent her, the way he held her, sent her heart racing inside her ribcage.

He coaxed her into a frenzy, suckling on her tongue then licking at her lips. He held her still, thrusting his tongue into her mouth. The ache between her legs grew with leaps and bounds.

His hot mouth drifted from hers to her ear and between panted breaths he said, "I've wanted to kiss you like that since the first one. It just wasn't enough." He sipped with hot presses to her neck. His hand traveled from her back and cupped her ass through the faded denim she wore and she trembled again. "I knew you were hot, but these kill me. Daisy Dukes," he breathed with a dash of longing then found her bottom lip, sucking on it.

He stroked her, his fingertips running along her ass then back up her spine. With no real warning he dipped down and put an arm behind her knees, scooping her up against his hard chest.

She squealed. "Rob!" Her hands reached around his neck in a flash.

The grin he gave her was pure, sensual devilry. "Yes?" He moved forward, carrying her the dozen steps or so to her bedroom after a quick search to find the open door around the corner. Her heart pounded in answer.

He set her back down on her feet, her entire body rasping down his front, sending shocks along every nerve. With a firm tug and little work the tube top inched free of her breasts and over her head. "Sweet," he said, forming a palm beneath each one. "I love full tits."

Maddie shuddered. Being a D-cup, she wasn't tiny by any means. Too large to ever be called perky naturally either. Rob didn't seem to care. "I bet they taste sweet too," he said, massaging them in warm, strong palms, skin to skin making her bones jelly. He dipped down and flicked one hard nipple with his tongue. She moaned, digging her fingers into his hair.

He wrapped the hard tip with his tongue then suckled it into his mouth. She felt the moisture growing between her thighs, her legs quivering as desire rocketed across her body.

Rob lifted from her and glanced around her bedroom. He backed her up, turned, then sat down bringing her between his knees. He delved between her breasts, licking upward until he reached her chin, biting lightly with his teeth, all the while his hands were on her breasts. "I better tell you now. I'm a breast man." To prove it, he found both nipples and rolled them lightly between his thumb and forefinger with each hand. A hiss of pleasure slipped from between her lips. Trembles shook her body. "You've got gorgeous tits, Maddie." He looked to where he was touching her. "Soft and full. Sweet and pink. You taste so good." He licked each one with a slow engrossed swipe. "Can you feel how they're swelling for me? Do you have any idea how much that is turning me on?"

She shook her head, enthralled in his seduction. No one had ever told her she was gorgeous. Maddie's best features had always been her eyes. With her rounded hips, larger than model sized waist, and breasts that filled a bra without the help of padding, she'd never thought of herself as gorgeous.

Her lips quivered when Rob sucked on her nipples, blowing air across their dampened skin. Her mind zeroed in on sensations, forgetting everything else.

"God, baby," he groaned. "That's beautiful." She blinked and watched what he was doing. His tongue laved at one peak melting her insides to liquid desire. She felt heat gathering against her panties. Feeling the sweet torture of his mouth as he drew the hard nub deep between his talented lips, unable to pull her gaze away, was unbearably erotic.

The button on her shorts popped free and with a single hand he nudged them down, stripping her panties with them. He looked long enough to follow what his hand was doing then his fingers froze right above her smooth slit. "That's sexy as hell Maddie. Do you keep it that way?" She nodded. He groaned and closed his eyes. A rolling shudder rocked his shoulders. "Damn. I'm an idiot."

"Why?"

"For waiting so damn long." Rob pressed a kiss to her belly. "I can't believe I kept talking myself away from this."

"I thought we both had," she said, her voice whispery, scared to break the moment. His touch and fingers were driving her insane. "You were dating someone when we met."

He made a crude noise. "I haven't had a date since she broke it off with me, and that was ages ago. I haven't had time for more than the phone calls we've had."

She tried to think back, but her mind was fuzzy, filled with sensations as he licked at her nipples.

"But we never went that far."

Hot breath sighed against her. "I thought it was the right thing to do at the time." His gaze was dark and impassioned. "Now, I'll never be able to look at a phone the same way again. You don't want me to tell you the nights I hung up and dreamed about you. Trust me on that one, Maddie."

He drew her closer and in the slowest, sweetest way possible, pushed her breasts together until her nipples were in front of his mouth. Like candy, he swirled his tongue over and around them, sucking and licking at the heated points. Her fingers dug into his shoulders and her head fell backward, noodle weak as he nuzzled her. Sensations cascaded from the nape of her neck to shiver over every nerve in her spine. Maddie hung on, waiting for the moment she'd float right out of her skin with pleasure.

Chapter Two

Rob was in heaven. He had to be. The best fucking pair of tits he'd ever seen were in front of his face. Maddie's soft whimpers and gasps against his ears kept his pace steady, working her into a hot meltdown. Not even the biting dig of her nails into his shoulders slowed him down. It told him more than she could possibly guess about what she was feeling. He knew she hadn't had any boyfriends in quite a while. Apparently the fools of Granier Falls knew her too well to think of her as the sex goddess that he held in his hands. Their loss. He was only too happy to take up that slack by pleasing her. He'd dreamt enough nights about her. Having the real thing finally to hold, touch, and kiss was heaven. She had luscious breasts and nipples that were perfect for his mouth, perfect to suck on, hard and thick. She moaned every time he drew her deep and he felt his arousal jump in answer.

Adding those luscious jewels to the waxed skin of her pussy made his blood surge with a heated force through his body. Only sheer force of will to please her first kept him from losing it entirely and tossing her on the bed to enjoy her charms the way he wanted to. His erection was pushing painfully against his jeans as it was. He loved a bikini wax. Just a small landing strip was the most fucking erotic thing on his list and damn if she didn't have one. The hair was as jet black as the thick wealth on her head. Her body was a luscious playground for him. Her plump breasts, hard nipples, her soft stomach that jumped when he hit a sensitive spot, the sweet curve of her ass... His list was unbelievably long. Maddie had every single item that he loved and craved checked off. The whole package of her was making him reel.

The day he'd met her, her seductive little smiles and easy laughter had made his day improve a whole hell of a lot from following his sister around to an impromptu lunch date with this gorgeous woman. They'd managed one more date after the wedding he and his sister had attended but he'd had to get back to work and regretfully all he'd tasted was one kiss. Every phone call since then he'd desperately wanted to try to get her to break that invisible line, to get down and dirty on the phone. He'd dreamed more than once of the way she would moan for him, but it had never happened. He couldn't take it anymore.

He'd left work early today, firmly arguing the reason for doing so with himself. He wasn't about to drive five hours across state lines just because he couldn't forget her.

Apparently he'd lost the argument before he'd even started his day. He was on the highway right out of the parking lot. He didn't even stop by his own place. The only thing he'd done was when he'd stopped for gas, he'd picked up condoms and stuffed them in his front pocket. He wasn't going to leave for anything if she didn't kick him out. The rest was something he could deal with on a 'need to' basis.

And right now, the only thing he 'needed to do' was standing in front of him, totally absorbed in the moment. Flush lips were parted, ragged gasps rushing in and out as he attacked the pearl tips of her breasts. Large and sweet like cherries. He brushed one cheek lightly against them and she squealed deep in her throat.

"What was that?" She looked at him, dazed and weaving on her feet. He did it again, slower, not as hard and she moaned. He'd shaved that morning but he had a slight rough of stubble already.

"How does that feel?"

She groaned, then licked her lips. "I... I..." Her eyes rolled up and jet black lashes covered their sparkling depths. She was so sensitive to everything. A shiver of excitement coursing over her made him catch his breath.

With a teasing touch, he glided one hand down her stomach until he found the heat between her legs. She whimpered, clenching harder at his shoulders. A slow hiss escaped at the

bite of pain, raising his own blood pressure. It was like she already knew what he liked, and just how much it took to drive him crazy. Her legs spread for him and she kicked her shorts out of the way. He cupped her and felt the air in his lungs catch on a hard intake. She was so wet, so turned on, he groaned deep in his chest.

He glided his hand free, purposely pressing against her heat and skin to give her as many sensations as he could, then licked his palm, savoring her flavor, inhaling her scent. Her feminine tang sent his desires spiraling to new heights. There was something about that taste, that scent that spiked him like hard liquor. He shuddered as he savored the taste. "That is nice."

She stood before him staring at him, and when she spoke, the softness, the total absorption in arousal made him ache all over. Again. "I've never met anyone so vocal or sensual," she told him. Her eyes were wide, following his tongue as he licked his hand clean. Following. Every. Single. Lick. He was so hot, he burned for her. Those deep blue eyes of hers were pools of desire.

"I enjoy sex to the fullest," he told her, cupping her mound again, giving her a slow, rolling massage this time. Front to back. She shook with each roll. "There's more to making love than just the body's enjoyment. When all of your senses are involved, it's the most erotic, satisfying experience you can have."

"And your last girlfriend left you?" she managed with an amazed gasp, her lips pursing as pleasure escalated. Her head lolled back on her neck. "Stupid twit."

He grinned at her last gasped words. Rob wasn't missing Ana all that much. She was a walking ice cube compared to Maddie. The woman standing before him was scorching hot against his touch and he was going to keep her that way for as long as he could. Her excitement coated his fingers when he slid them along her folds. Breathing was getting difficult for him too.

"How does that feel?" he asked her, needing to distract his own hungers, teasing her lips with stroking fingers and the occasional flick of his thumb against her clit. He knew he wanted to feel her pleasure, wanted to hear her shout as she orgasmed.

She shivered hard and the bite into his shoulders repeated. He sucked in air. Electricity shot down his spine.

He teased a finger along her flush skin then moved it upward into the bliss of her channel and she moaned. Her head was thrown back, lost in the sensations, lost to his touch. Slick walls held him tight when he withdrew.

"Look at me Maddie."

She blinked, seemingly dazed at his hoarse command and swallowed, but obeyed him. He locked his gaze with hers then licked his finger, lapping up each side with slow sensuous swipes of his tongue, finding every hint of her cream where it covered his skin. Her chest rose and fell with a lusting shudder and her lips parted with deepening breaths.

He swept his other hand from her breast and formed it to the back of her head, pulling her toward him. He kissed her softly, with a sweet slowness that had her shaking on her feet. He was enjoying this too much to rush it. With her quivering lips touching his, he replaced his hand to her pulsating, swollen heat, and began rubbing the heel of his hand to her clit. She gasped as the fireball grew in intensity.

With her body on fire, he penetrated her body again and groaned when her sheath clamped down on him. He flicked his fingers, twisting and pumping as his kisses grew harder, deeper. She shuddered, grinding against the thrust of his hand. Just as the first wave tightened her walls around his hand, he pulled his fingers free at the last possible moment. Playing her

body like a fine tuned instrument was delicious as well as intoxicating. Her demanding hungry moans of need filled the room.

“Do you want to come baby?”

“Yes!” Her fingernails impaled his skin, punctuating her need.

He leaned back on the bed, fully clothed and beckoned to her. She climbed up the bed with him and he positioned her until her hot slit was right over his mouth, her feet behind him. Her hands clawed at the buttons of his shirt. They ripped free with one impatient tug.

She flung her head back and howled at the first whip of his tongue. He clutched her ass cheeks, spreading them to give his tongue better room to thrust into her as her juices ripened within her body.

Her body quaked with her orgasm. He rubbed at her clit and she convulsed, lost in the moment as she climaxed. He licked at her pussy, swallowing every drop of her pure, wet heat. Dazed, he realized her fingers were working at his belt and he almost stopped her when he felt it pop free. First his belt then his zipper. He wanted to spend hours where he was, pleasuring her but she had other ideas. There was no stopping. Tipping up he found her clit and started the cycle again for her.

Except air whooshed out of his chest when the first touch of her hands on his body made him freeze with burning erotic pleasure.

“Is that okay?” she asked. He turned his face and gusted hot air against her silky thigh. Her hands stroked his length where she’d freed him. Shocks blazed outward from his cock. He lifted his hips and she pushed his jeans below his ass and he was free of all confines. Her hands were magical, weaving a spell of seduction over him now. “Has anyone ever told you you’ve got a big one?” It was a hungry murmur filled with awe.

He thought he was decent. If she was happy with what he had to offer, who was he to complain? Shudders raced up and down his body as her hands played him. He loved every second of it. Unable to talk with her hands on his flesh, he nipped at the soft skin of her inner thigh instead.

He almost had himself under control again and he started lapping at the sweet glistening lips over his mouth when his eyes crossed. His entire body hardened like a rod had been jammed up his spine.

Hot. Wet. Tight. Rasping. Her mouth was on his cock. Holy sweet hell! He groaned, long and wrenching. He had to think of something else. Really fast, or he was going to die by blowjob right then and there. Her lips encircled the head of his cock and she started sucking, sweeping up and down his length, literally riding him with her mouth. Shudders rocked his frame. His hips lifted automatically when he felt the constriction of her throat. *Aww shit*. She could go deep. His lungs burned with the effort to keep breathing.

He growled and started his impatient attack again, devouring her. She whimpered, grinding and quaking as he used his tongue and his teeth on her sensitive flesh. Her clit was as hard as a pebble and he found it easily, sucking it into his mouth. She groaned in answer and the vibration made his sac tighten.

“Oh shit,” he breathed, utterly lost in the moment. He was so close to losing it. He shoved his fingers into her soaked pussy again, slamming them into her body. She took the initiative and worked her hot mouth and teasing tongue over his throbbing flesh, both of them striving for the final moment. Utter completion.

His tongue lapped and whipped at her and her moans grew frenzied, feverish. Muscles shook. Air gasped. Moans carried. And then he felt it. Electricity hit his spine with a wild kick.

“Come with me baby,” he urged her. She whimpered and her walls tightened. Deeper, harder and wetter. He yanked his hand out of the way and clamped his mouth to her, delving as deep as he could with his tongue. When she came, her cries shot down his swollen cock to that place where his body connected and he exploded.

He drank from her as stars exploded on his lids. He poured into her waiting mouth, her tongue undulating against him to get every last spurt. Somewhere between breathing and euphoria, he realized he’d finally met the woman of his dreams.

The world eventually returned. He kicked his shoes and jeans off then rolled up onto the bed, tugging her languid body with him with gentle hands. He pulled his shirt free to wipe his mouth then lay back with Maddie on his shoulder. He pressed a kiss to her forehead, and for the first time ever, fell asleep with a woman in his arms, in her bed and felt absolutely nothing could be better for him.

I hope you enjoyed this excerpt of FEEL THE FIRE. For more about this story and others like it, please visit my website, or the locations below. Thank you!

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