

"Please, she whispered. "I want to touch you."

He ignored her plea, instead parting her engorged folds with his thumb and finger, taking in the pink portal. His mouth filled with the desire to taste her, to taste them. Instead, he thrust two fingers deep inside her and twisted them around.

She moaned and instantly tried to close her legs, holding him inside her. He released his hold on her stomach and forced her knees back open, thrusting his fingers deep inside her again as she struggled against her own emotions and his touch.

His hard-on throbbed and burned with the need to bury himself inside of her. But he had no condoms on him. They were back in the bedroom where he had left her.

But she had come into the living room, invaded his longing for privacy, for space to put a name to what he was feeling, to find a way to control it.

She tried to sit up and he held her back down. But looking at her in her confused, turned-on state threatened to rip him to shreds.

He could carry her back to the bedroom. But he didn't want to wait that long.

So he pulled her forward, stripped her of his shirt and turned her over so that her bottom was lifted high in the air.

The position allowed him a different perspective. Her tight bottom. Her soft, fleshy womanhood.

He grit his teeth and grabbed her hips, hauling her to the edge of the piano.

This time when his fingers breached her, it wasn't in the place she was expecting. She tightened up on him and cried out. Caleb held himself totally still, leaving his finger where it was until he felt her muscles relax. Slowly he withdrew, moistening the digit with her own juices before returning to forbidden territory.

This time when he entered her, she was ready, her moan low and deep. She remained still, as if not trusting herself to move. Caleb flicked his thumb over the tight nub of her clit and she shivered. He moved his finger slowly in and out, then replaced one finger with two.

Dark desire filled him. A fundamental need to claim her in a way that no man had before. To stamp her in a unique way that would remain with her forever.

He undid the tie on his pants, letting the silky material drop down around his ankles. His member stood in hard relief. He grasped the base of his penis and rubbed the tip of his member along her slick flesh, and then positioned the head against her virginal opening. He gently pushed forward.

Her gasp was part pleasure, part pain as her tight muscles both invited him in and rejected him.

Using every shred of self-control he still possessed, he remained still. So very still. Waiting for her to adjust. For her to open to him. Accept him. Welcome the joining he sought.

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Holding her hips still with one hand, he reached round her with the other, slowly stroking her liquid heat. She relaxed almost immediately, opening the way for him to enter her further.

Finally he was in to the hilt.

Jesus...

"Ohhhhh." The sound coming from Bryna's throat was guttural, feral. It reached inside him, grabbing him hard, making his pulse pound, his lungs refuse air. He slowly withdrew and entered her again. She shivered all over, her right hand blindly grasping his hip, holding him in deep.

Her reaction, combined with his heightened sense of arousal, sent him careening over the edge of reason. But rather than hold still, allow the climax free rein, he withdrew again and entered, withdrew again and entered, drawing out his orgasm and causing hers....