
CONFESSIONS OF A BAD BOY GAMER

CATHRYN FOX

Cathryn
FOX
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

COPYRIGHT

Confessions of a Bad Boy Gamer
Copyright 2018 by Cathryn Fox
Published by Cathryn Fox

(Formerly Wild Night, Mari Carr's Kindle World)

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise) without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, brands, media, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of various products referenced in this work of fiction, which have been used without permission. The publication/use of

these trademarks is not authorized, associated with, or sponsored by the trademark owners.

This e-book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This e-book may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite e-book retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Discover other titles by Cathryn Fox at www.cathrynfox.com.
Please sign up for Cathryn's Newsletter for freebies, ebooks,
news and contests:

<https://app.mailerlite.com/webforms/landing/c1f8n1>

ISBN: 978-1-928056-92-8

Not this again!

Christ, I am so sick and tired of everyone mistaking me for my twin sister, Saralynn. I'm not her. Don't want to be her. Ever. I mean who would want all the media attention, every hot guy in the universe drooling at your manicured toes, all the women in the world dressing like you and singing your songs. Certainly not me.

Yeah right.

We might look alike, but my sister clearly has a spark that I lack, a spark that has brought her fame and fortune in the music business, reaching double platinum with her last album. Me, well, I couldn't carry a tune in a bucket. The last time I tried to sing, one of my neighbors knocked on my door. Apparently they thought I was inside torturing a cat. What the hell, right? I love cats. Which is a good thing, because the way my love life is going, I'll soon be collecting them.

I stopped trying to hone my voice after that, leaving the stage to my very talented sister, who I love truly and dearly. I'm better off sticking to my day job, teaching work/life

balance to stressed-out, overworked employees. It's a job I love, and while I resigned myself to the fact that I can't sing, it doesn't stop me from belting out lyrics in the shower every now and then. Where no one can hear, of course.

"Saralynn, wait up," the man across the street screams out, frantically waving what looks like a restaurant napkin in the air.

I should just stop and give him an autograph, pretend to be my sister, who is currently back home here in Baltimore, taking a show business break at our folks' house—hence the frenzy of fans on the streets looking for her. Then again, we hadn't played the switcheroo game since we were kids, and if I stop for one man, soon enough I'll be swarmed, drawing unwanted attention from hundreds of guys. Unlike Saralynn, I'm on the shy side and prefer to keep a low profile, and all that male attention would be horrible, right?

Yeah right.

Then again, she did have a stalker a couple years ago, and that was pretty damn scary for all of us. A shiver skips down my spine, and the hairs on the back of my neck tingle in warning. Since I'm not one to ignore my intuition, I pick up the pace and round the corner.

"Look, it's Saralynn," another guy yells, and when I hear numerous footsteps pounding the pavement behind me, I panic. *What if it's another stalker?* My jog turns into a full-on run—a difficult task in a pencil skirt and heels. I scan the street, eager to find a place to hide out before I get bombarded—or kidnapped. Yes, I do have a wild imagination.

I glance up in time to see Pat's Irish Pub. I used to go to high school with Sean Collins, whose family owns the place. What would Saralynn do in a situation like this? I try to think like her, and instantly an idea takes form. I pull open the

door, steal a quick glance around until I find the biggest guy, then rush up to him.

“There you are,” I say, as the door flings open behind me, my sister’s feverish fans racing after me.

As the guy sets his motorcycle helmet on the table, and peels a leather jacket from his hard body, I go up on my toes, slide my hands over his broad shoulders, and kiss him right on the lips.

He goes still, his lips frozen in place, as I steal a sideways glance and take in the men at the door. I look back at my pretend boyfriend; catch the flicker of familiarity in his blue eye. He blinks, angles his head to see the men who’ve followed me in, then turns back to me. Understanding dances in his eyes, and I’m grateful that underneath a hard, inked body, the guy has a brain.

He slides his big hands around my waist and drags me to him. Wow, that probably shouldn’t feel so nice.

“I’ve waited my whole life for this,” he whispers, the deep rumble in his voice doing ridiculous things to the dormant spot between my legs. He grins and plays along, obviously having put two and two together—I’m famous singer Saralynn Walker, trying to deter a group of men from swarming me. His lips find mine again, and he picks me clear off the floor as he kisses me, letting the men in the room know I’m off limits and they better back off, or else...

The door slams shut, and I feel a measure of comfort. With the mob gone, I should break the kiss, put an end to the charade. Yeah, I should probably stop touching him, kissing him back, imagining what his lethal body would feel like naked, lying over mine.

So why aren’t I?

Oh, probably because I haven’t been kissed like this in... ever. His tongue slides into my mouth, tangles with mine, and a groan I have no control over crawls out of my throat. Is he

even aware the guys are gone? That we no longer have to put on a show?

God, I hope not.

He angles his head, the kiss deepening, expanding, and my traitorous nipples harden, press against his chest through my blouse, alerting him to my arousal. When someone nearby clears their throat, and mumbles something about getting a room, he breaks the kiss, but continues to hold me against his rock-hard, solid body.

"They're...gone," I say breathlessly and gesture with a nod toward the door. "Thanks for...help...ing...me." What is going on with my voice? Singing might be out of the question, but now I can't even talk? Good lord. His hands slacken around my rib cage and I slide down his body, enjoying every glorious inch as he sets me back on my feet.

"Anything for you," he says.

More like anything for Saralynn.

He angles his head, that spark of familiarity back in his eyes. He opens his mouth to say something, and I blurt out, "I'm Saralynn Walker."

OMFG. What the hell am I doing?

He frowns, and looks down for a moment, like he's trying to piece something together. When his gaze lifts back to mine, and black pupils expand, bleed into his gorgeous blue irises, my stomach flutters.

What the ever-loving fuck is going on with me? Inked biker dude is hot, drop-dead gorgeous for sure, but no man—a stranger at that—had ever turned my knees to Jell-O before. I pulse deep between my legs, and I'm sure if I squeeze them together I'll orgasm right on the spot.

"I know who you are," he says, and for a second it seems like he can see through me, right to my lie. But that's impossible. We don't know each other. "I'm Nate."

"Nate..." I say, trying it out on my tongue, wondering how

it would sound when I'm pinned beneath him, scoring his skin with my nails as he fills me, bringing me to sweet release. The only time I'd ever been able to climax was with Mr. Right—the man-made boyfriend I keep tucked away in my nightstand drawer. Damned if I don't want to give this guy a chance to try though. I just bet he's very familiar with a woman's body and how to send her freefalling without a net.

I give a shake of my head as my thoughts run away from me. Jeez, it's clear I've gone too long without a man's touch, if I'm standing here drooling over a complete stranger.

Get it together, Rae.

A sexy grin reveals a dimple on his left cheek. Despite just silently lecturing myself, I take him in, let my gaze roam over his face. Do I know him? Nah, I'd never forget a guy like Nate.

"I'd shake your hand, but I think we're well past that, don't you?" he teases.

"Yeah," I reply. "Thanks for that."

"Hard, huh?" he says.

I falter backwards slightly, and my gaze dashes to his crotch. Holy shit, what am I doing? He's not talking about *himself* being hard, although he does have a very nice bulge happening in his current un-aroused state. What the hell is he working with down there?

I dare you to find out.

Wait! What? No. No. No. I silently chant to hush that inner voice.

Why the hell am I thinking about this guy's cock?

Oh, maybe because Mr. Right just isn't cutting it anymore, and this guy—Mr. Wrong in so many ways—has dirty sex written all over him. Dirty sex like my sister probably has all the time. Yeah, that must be it. And that must be why I'm pretending to be Saralynn. Because I want some headboard-banging love, too, dammit.

"Are you okay?"

"What...oh, hard. Yeah, hard." What is he even talking about?

He rocks on his feet, his body swaying toward mine. "Here you are, back in your hometown to rest and relax, and you can't even walk down the street without getting accosted."

I should go. Pretending to be my sister can only lead to trouble.

"Thanks, Nate. I've taken up enough of your time."

"Wait." His hand touches my arm, and when the sexy grin materializes again, a fine shiver race down my spine. "You kissed me, and well, believe it or not, I never kiss on the first date," he says.

I believe him...*not*.

"There are rules you know?" he says, mischief dancing in his gorgeous eyes.

"You don't strike me as the kind of guy who plays by the rules." As soon as those words leave my mouth, his grin is back, doing ridiculously delicious things to the needy juncture between my legs. God, why am I exchanging playful banter with a guy like this? He's probably in a biker gang, and if I knew what was good for me, I'd run a thousand miles the other way.

So why aren't I?

"You should at least buy me a beer or something," he says.

I put one hand on my hip. "You kissed me, too." Without thinking about it, I touch my lips, revel in the hot burn his mouth left behind. When I realize what I'm doing, I hold a finger up and circle it. "And this isn't a date."

He gives a causal shrug. "Then let me buy *you* a beer, make this official."

"Make what official?"

"This date. Since we already got the first kiss out of the way, have dinner with me."

“I...” I look around the busy bar, my mind going to Sean Collins when I see a few of his siblings. Last I heard, he was living with Lauren and Chad. He’d found love, and undoubtedly amazing sex, with *two* people, and dammit, I can’t even find it with one.

While I’ve given up on finding love—and certainly don’t expect to find it with inked biker dude—maybe I should stay and have dinner with him. Maybe a meal will lead to hot, straight-up dirty sex in a hotel room with Mr. Wrong himself. One wild night with a guy I’ll never set eyes on again.

Yeah, maybe pretending to be my sister wasn’t such a bad idea after all...

“Okay,” I say, and slide into the booth, hardly able to believe what I’m doing. This is so not like me, but right now I’m not me. I’m Saralynn.

He drops down across from me, his gaze latched on mine. “Since we already kissed, are we considering this our first date or second?” he asks, his voice teasing.

“What?” Lord, why can’t I keep a clear thought around him? “What does that matter?”

“It matters because of the rules.”

I arch a brow and wonder what kind of game he’s playing. “Maybe you should tell me what your second-date rules are before I answer.”

He leans toward me and I catch a whiff of his scent. Warm leather, hot man, and something uniquely Nate. He is seriously the hottest guy I’ve ever set eyes on, and I can’t help but want to check out the big-ass equipment he’s working with between his legs. His eyes races over my face, then he wets his lips as his gaze dips.

“Actually, I’d rather show you.”

OMFG...

I have no idea why Raelynn is pretending to be her famous sister, Saralynn. For the last forty-five minutes, she's not dropped the act, but the second she entered the room, I knew it was her. She has a definite sweetness about her, a shyness that drew me to her in high school. As a self-proclaimed gamer geek, girls like her sister never paid me a lick of attention. No, they were too busy with the boys on the football team. But sweet bookworm girls like Rae, well... they were always kind and thoughtful. It's hard to believe that twins raised in the same household could grow up to be so different.

Christ, I'd wanted to ask her out back in the day, make her my girl, but I didn't have the balls to do it. Now, well, my balls are plenty big and this time, there are a lot of things I want to do with her. It's clear she doesn't recognize me. Why would she? In college, I hit the gym, put on weight, lost the braces, and got a damn haircut. Underneath it all, I'm still a gamer geek though, and just transferred back to Baltimore to take the lead programmer position at Data Solutions' headquarters.

I take the last bite of my hamburger and wash it down with a mouthful of beer. Across from me, Rae sips her wine and nibbles on a French fry, all the while pretending to be someone she isn't. Why is that? In high school, she was always in the shadow of her flamboyant sister. How anyone could overlook her is beyond me. Is she tired of that? Pretending to be her sister because the good girl wants to be bad?

I mull that over for a moment, and my cock twitches, because yeah, I want to be the guy she gets bad with—at least this way, I'll know she'll be taken care of properly. Seriously though, how did I ever get so fucking lucky to be at the right place at the right time?

I want to know what she's been up to since graduation, and ask her what she does for a living, but then I'd be outing her. If she's determined to keep her real identity a secret, I'll play along. For now.

She wipes her mouth with her napkin and lick's her bottom lip as she set's the serviette on her lap like the proper little girl she is, and my dick throbs as she leaves a wet sheen behind.

I've been semi-hard since she first pressed those soft lips to mine. Fuck, I want her. Always have, which is why I let her know I'd rather show her my date-two rules—her naked, beneath me, all night long. I'm not the shy kid from high school anymore, and when we kissed, I caught the spark of interest in her eyes, noted the way she melted into me. There's real heat between us, and that doesn't come along every day.

"Dessert?" I ask.

"No. I'm good, thanks. You go ahead and order if you want."

"I'm saving my dessert for later," I say blatantly, and her breath catches. We both know what's going on between us,

and I'm not about to hide my interest. Nope, I'm laying it right out there, no secrets on my end, and what happens next is up to her. "Want to get out of here?" I ask as she finishes her wine.

She steals a quick glance at the door, and I catch a measure of worry in her eyes. "Yeah, we should go."

"Do you think your mob is gone?"

She nods. "Probably."

I toss a few bills onto the table, more than enough to cover our meal and say, "Still, you should stay close to me just in case, and if you have to kiss me again, feel free."

Color moves into her cheeks. That sexy blush proves she's an innocent, not the type of girl who has a different guy in her bed every weekend, like her sister—or at least that's what the tabloids report. Not that I have a problem with girls like that. Each to their own, right? But the type of girl I'm really attracted to is sitting across from me, her cheeks a soft shade of pink, desire reflecting in her eyes.

"That's very kind of you," she says.

I grin at her. "I do what I can."

I stand, shrug into my leather coat, grab my helmet and hold out my hand. She slides her small palm into mine and I give a gentle tug and lift her to her feet. Her body collides with mine, and I stifle a hungry groan of want, far too many years in the making. She wets her lips again, and I slide my hand around her back and guide her to the door.

"You never did answer the question," I say, as she gathers her long chestnut hair in her hands and smooths it out. Fuck, what I'd do to see that unruly mess of curls spilling across my pillow.

"What question?"

I pull the door open as I say, "Is this a first date or second?"

Want dances in her mocha-colored eyes and she opens her

mouth, about to answer, when a fan starts screaming “Saralynn!”

Shit.

She curls into me, grips my shirt inside my open coat, and possessiveness flashes through me.

With the need to protect her firing my blood, I hold her to me, shielding her from unwanted attention on the sidewalk. “Back the fuck off,” I say as cameras flash. I hold her closer. “Come on.” With her tucked under my arm, I dart down the street, abandoning my motorcycle on the sidewalk.

Since my hotel is within walking distance to Pat’s Pub, it’s where I plan to take her to hide out—among other things—if she’s game. I’d gone for a cruise on my bike earlier, checking out old haunts, and stopped at Pat’s when hunger hit. My parents moved to the country after I graduated college, and I hadn’t been home in years. There was nothing really here for me.

Until now...

When we reach my hotel, the doorman opens the door for us, and we slip inside. “Welcome back, Nate,” Oliver says.

I nod to the elderly gentleman. “There’s a crowd chasing my friend here. Will you see to it...”

“No worries,” he says and gestures for security.

I turn to Rae, who’s breathing hard, her warm breath falling over my chest. My cock throbs, wanting that sweet mouth wrapped around it. But now is not the time, not when I see real worry in her eyes. Or maybe that’s not worry. I put my hands on her slim shoulders, and she blinks up at me.

“You’re safe here,” I say. “They won’t be allowed on the premises.”

She glances around, her expressive eyes taking everything in. “Are you staying here?”

I nod. “Yeah, for a little while.” I bought a townhouse, but my furniture hasn’t arrived yet, which means I need to camp

out in this hotel for a few more days. Not a hardship. The place is pretty upscale.

Her gaze settles back on mine, and I gesture to the hotel bar, not wanting to rush things or scare her off. Fuck, I waited six long years to see her again, and I want to do this the right way. I'm about to ask if she wants to get a drink, when she puts her fingers to my lips.

"Second," she whispers.

No. Fucking. Way.

Before I let my cock get too excited, I need clarification. "Second what?"

She slides her tongue over her lip again. Jesus fuck she needs to stop doing that, or I'm going to take her right here in the main lobby.

"Second date," she says, her voice so quiet I have to strain to hear it.

My mouth waters, dying to take her to my room, taste every inch of her flesh, and give her a night she'll never forget. But as I take in the heat in her eyes, I fight an internal battle. Should I tell her I know who she is? She's obviously pretending to be her sister for a reason, but she's certainly not pretending she doesn't want something to happen between us. Fuck, I'm not pretending either. I put it right out there.

As I hesitate, debating on whether to tell her I know who she is or not, her eyes go wide and she falters backward. "Unless you don't want to."

I capture her elbow and haul her to me, until that soft body of hers is pressed against mine. A little flutter escapes her lips as I introduce my hard cock to her stomach. "Hell yeah, I want to. But there's something you need to know first."

"What?" she asks, sounding far more breathes than she did a second ago.

“There’s only one rule on a second date.”

“What’s that?”

My lids fall slowly as I envision her beneath me, and when I open my eyes again, she’s eagerly waiting to hear what I have to say. “All night, in my bed. You don’t leave until morning. Agreed?” Christ there are so many things I want to do to her—have dreamt about doing for years—that I’ll need her beneath me until sunup, a week from tomorrow.

She answers with, “Can we go to your room now?”

A grin splits my lips and I capture her hand. “I do love a girl who knows what she wants,” I say. Her body is practically vibrating as I lead her to the elevator. We climb on with two men in expensive business suits, briefcases in their hands, looking like they just came from a Friday night board meeting that ran late. I shift to stand behind Rae. The elevator climbs the floors quickly, but not quick enough for me, and I slide my hand around her body and tug her against me. She gives a small audible gasp when my thickening cock presses against her back.

In a bold move that takes me by surprise, she slides her hand around her body, presses her palm to my cock, and runs it along the length of me. Motherfucker. She’s sizing me up. I chuckle, and her hand freezes when the men turn our way. I ignore them and press my mouth to Rae’s ear.

“Like what you feel?”

A little noise catches in her throat and I chuckle again. The elevator doors ping open on our floor, and we step off. I lead her to my room, swipe my card, and usher her inside my suite.

“Nice,” she says, then turns to me, her eyes moving over my body, assessing me.

“What’s nice?” I ask. “The room or what you felt between my legs?”

She blushes. “I didn’t mean...I wasn’t thinking...”

I step closer. "You can touch me anytime, anywhere you want."

Her brow squeezes together as she gives another slow sweep of me. Is she finally realizing she knows me?

"This is really...nice. I just didn't expect this."

"What?" I tease. "I can't have nice things?"

"What do you..."

Her words fall off as I close the distance, trace her bottom lip with my tongue. She quivers, and it urges me on. I slide my hand around her back and pull her against me. I get why she's confused by me. I really do. The image doesn't make sense to her. I'm staying in a posh, downtown hotel designed for wealthy business people, yet I'm inked and driving a motorcycle. But underneath the image, I *am* a successful businessman. But since we're not sharing identities just yet, it's something I'll save for later. When my cock isn't throbbing inside my jeans.

"I want you naked," I say, and tug her blouse from her skirt.

She places her hand on my chest and splays her fingers, a soft exploration as her cheeks turn that pretty shade of pink again. But then something flickers in her eyes. Is it uncertainty? Fuck, I want her but I'm not about to lay a hand on her if she's having second thoughts.

"I don't normally..." she begins.

My hands still on her slim waist. "Don't normally what?" I get that she doesn't normally have sex with a stranger, but if she says that, she'll be giving away that she's not Saralynn.

She goes quiet for a moment, then her bravado is back in place. "I don't normally let a man undress me." I'm about to pull my hand away when her soft palms closes over my wrists. "But I want you to." closer

Fuck yeah.

Desire deepens her mocha eyes, as my fingers go to her

small buttons. I work them through the holes, but the little fuckers are giving my big fingers hell. "How much do you like this shirt?" I ask.

One shoulder rolls in a shrug. "I like it well enough."

"Can it be replaced?"

She gives me a confused look. "Yes."

I grip the material and tug until the buttons pop and scatter to the floor. She makes a little yelping sound that turns into a needy little moan as I spread her shirt to expose a pretty lace bra beneath. My eyes latch onto her cleavage, the way her chest is rising and falling rapidly. Damn, I can't wait to get my mouth on her.

I push her shirt from her shoulders and it falls to the floor. "I'll replace it," I say, and unzip her skirt. She wiggles her hips and it slides down her legs. She steps out of it, and stands before me in nothing but matching bra and underwear straight out of my fantasies.

Perfect. So fucking perfect.

I step back and take a long moment to look her over. "Nate," she finally says, and my cock pulses as my gaze travels back up the length of her to meet her eyes.

"Yeah?"

"I want you naked, too."

I grin at her, and shed my clothes in record time. I shrug out of my coat, peel my shirt from my body and grab a condom from my pocket before I drop my jeans. As I toss it onto the nightstand, my cock tents my boxer shorts and holds her attention. Dark eyes go big, and I grip the elastic and tug them off, freeing my cock. I stand there for a moment, let her get an eyeful.

"Done staring?" I finally ask.

Her throat works as she swallows. "I...I don't think that's going to fit."

I drag her to me, and her stomach presses against my

raging cock. With my head dipped, I press my mouth to hers and taste sweet wine on her tongue. “Your body was made for mine,” I say, somehow knowing we’re going to be perfect together.

I place my hands on her rib cage, and sweep my thumbs over her nipples, needing to ditch the bra because my mouth is eager to spend some time with her breasts. I slide one hand behind her back, and I unhook her bra with ease. A fine shudder goes through her.

“That was easy,” she says on a breathless whisper, as her bra falls away. A fire lights her eyes, and I can’t help but think she’s excited by my experience. What, hasn’t a man ever given her what she needs? Does she even know what she needs?

Fuck, maybe she’s more inexperienced than I thought.

“You’ve done this before, right?”

Her body stiffens. “Yes,” she says quickly—too quickly. “Tons of times. You see all the guys I’m with in the tabloids, right?”

“Yeah, right,” I say, as I let my gaze roam over her face. She’s an innocent, and the fact that she chose me to get bad with—putting herself in my hands—is a responsibility I take very seriously. I cup her chin, drop a soft kiss onto her mouth, and back her up until her knees hit the bed. Tonight, I plan to take good fucking care of her, treat her the way she deserves.

“Sit,” I say.

“Bossy much?”

I grin at her, as she does exactly what I tell her. Once again I stand back, just to take her in. “Open your legs. I want to see all of you.”

Slowly, she places her hands on her knees and spreads them. The light glistens on her pink heat. So fucking wet for me, it’s all I can do not to lose it. “Fuck, you are perfect,” I

say. She sits up a little straighter at my compliment, a little bolder, her eyes conveying what she needs.

“Mine, all night,” I growl. She blinks up at me, her breathing a little more ragged. “Say it,” I demand in a soft voice.

“Yours, all night,” she whispers, excitement backlighting her eyes.

I take my cock in my hand and rub from the base to the tip as I zero in on her hot pussy. “We’re going to fit just right,” I say as her gaze darts to my moving hand, eyes wide as I stroke myself.

“What? You’ve never see this before?” I ask as I move my hand faster along the long length.

“Yeah, yeah, I have.”

I chuckle at her blatant lie and drop to my knees in front of her. Removing her hands from her legs, I place them at her sides as I shimmy closer, until her silky thighs are hugging my hips. I push her hair from her shoulders and find her mouth again, dying to lose myself in her sweetness. A small moan escapes her throat, and I brush my lips over her cheek, a slow pass as I move to her neck. Her hands wrap around me, her nails dragging across my skin as she explores my body.

“Fuck,” I murmur against the hollow of her throat. “I love the way you touch me.” I trail my tongue over her neck, then dip my head to pull one hard nipple into my mouth.

“Oh, my God...” she expels on a harsh breath.

I flatten my tongue and give her a long, slow lick, and her back arches. “Like that huh?” I say.

“Yesss...” she hisses, and I chuckle. Discovering what she likes, all her little secrets, is going to rock my fucking world. Come to think of it, I hadn’t had my world rocked in a long-ass time. A different woman every weekend stopped cutting it ages ago, and the truth is, I’d been so buried in work and

moving, it hadn't even occurred to me until now that I'd gone without for a long time.

I clamp down on her turgid nipple, and her hips move. I groan, a desperate sort of need burning through my blood. I treat her other breast to the same tongue bath, then inch back to see her. A little thrill goes through me when I see lust-glazed eyes, lush lips slightly parted, and her chest rising and falling in an erratic pattern. I give her a little nudge and she falls back onto the bed. Her hair spills across my bedding, and she looks so damn sexy, pre-cum drips from my cock.

Have I ever wanted anyone as much as I want her?

"I need my mouth on you. Everywhere," I say, and she stills for a moment. "You good with that?" I ask. She makes a throaty little noise and nods, her breasts jiggling with the movement. I press my lips to her stomach and breathe in her sweet-smelling skin. Drawing it deep into my lungs, I hold it there for a few moments. I circle her belly button with my lips, and her hips rise, the telltale action letting me know exactly what she needs.

I go back on my heels and spread her legs impossibly wider, needing her wide open for me. Her inflamed clit beckons my tongue and when I catch her aroused scent, urgency roars through me.

I nestle between her legs, and my cock throbs. I put my mouth on her pussy and in that instant—I know I've found heaven.

Fuck. Me. Hard. She is the sweetest thing I've ever tasted.

"Nate," she cries out at that first flick of my tongue. I brush her clit, circle it, then apply a bit more pressure to gauge what she likes.

"Ohmigod, that feels...I can't believe..." Her words trail off, like she suddenly caught herself before she said too much, and I pause. Has no man ever given her oral sex before? Fuck man, that can't be right. Either way, I plan to make this so

damn good for her that she'll be coming back for more. Yeah, after one taste of her, one night isn't going to cut it.

I push a finger into her. Jesus, fuck she is so tight.

She goes up on her elbows to watch, and I steal a quick glance at her. "You do this all the time too?" I ask.

"Yes," she says fast, too fast.

Motherfucker. She is so fucking innocent.

I pull my finger out, and push it back in again. Her muscles clench around me. "You're going to come all over my finger, and in my mouth," I say, a statement, not a question. That look returns, the one that has worry all over it.

Jesus Christ, don't tell me she's never had an orgasm before.

"When I put my cock in here," I say, adding a second finger for a snug fit, "I'm going to fuck you so good, you're still going to feel me next week."

"Nate...yes..." she murmurs, her body practically vibrating beneath me. "I want that."

I take her clit into my mouth, and when her hips lift, I slide my hands under her ass and cup her sweet apple cheeks, lifting her higher, giving my mouth better access. I eat at her, slide my tongue inside her, then brush it over her clit, until she's a quivering mess.

"That's it. Let yourself go," I say from deep between her legs. I apply more pressure, and hold her with one hand while I put my fingers back inside her.

"Oh, yes, just like that," she cries out, still up on one elbow as her other hand reaches for me. She rakes her fingers through my hair, and I feel her touch all the way to my aching dick. I crook my fingers inside her hot channel, run the tips over that sensitive bundle of nerves as my mouth grinds down on her clit.

"Nate," she cries out, as her body shatters around my tongue and fingers. I grin inwardly, loving that I could make

her fly high like this. Her muscle clench, spasm, and moisture breaks out on her flesh as I continue the dual assault, prolonging her orgasm, her pleasure.

When her body comes back down, her tremors slowing, I put my hands on her legs and stay between her thighs. I lick her gently, softening my tongue and using a slow sweep from bottom to top. Her candy flavor dances on my tongue, and if I didn't have other things I wanted to do to her, I'd spend the night exactly where I am.

She has a small smile on her face when I finally climb up her body. I lay over her, brush her hair from her face. "You're the sweetest thing I've ever tasted." Her cheeks turn that pretty shade of pink again.

"You don't have to say that," she says, the Rae I've crushed on for years peeking out behind the Saralynn shield she's wearing.

"I wouldn't say it if it wasn't true. That's the thing about me. You'll always get honestly. Always."

She swallows hard and for a second I wonder if she's going to tell me the truth, but the blood leaves my head when she moves her body, massaging my cock with the sexy movements. She pushes me hard, and I land on my back. She goes up on her knees.

What the hell? Is she leaving? Have I frightened her off?

I reach for her but she slips from my fingers and climbs between my legs.

"Ah, Jesus," I growl when she bends forward and takes my crown into her mouth, licking the pre-cum pooling on my slit. She moans, and the vibrations zap my balls. She cups them, gives a gentle massage, and I grip her hair, seconds from shooting off in her mouth. It feels fucking good, but I want my dick in her. Correction, *need* my dick in her.

"Goddammit," I growl, and it only urges her on. She takes me to the back of her throat, her wet mouth like a

tight, heated glove. "You're killing me," I say as my balls draw up to my body. Okay, enough of this. I pull her from me, and her eyes are wild and hungry as I flip her back over and pin her with my body weight. "I want to come inside you," I say.

"Yes," she murmurs and spreads her legs wide. My heart hitches at the way she's putting her body in my hands. "I want that, too."

I grab the condom from the nightstand, quickly sheath myself, and grip my cock. I rub it over her clit and tease her entrance, giving her only an inch and pulling out again.

"Please, Nate," she says, wiggling beneath me. "You're killing me."

"You want my cock inside? Fucking you hard?"

"Yes. I want to feel you, all of you."

"Still scared I won't fit?"

"No," she says, tossing her head from side to side, a woman in need. And dammit, I'm the guy who's going to give her everything she needs and then some.

I push into her, a long, slow seduction that seems to be driving her delirious with need. Me too, but I don't want to rush things. I want this perfect for her. Raelynn deserves perfect.

"Please..." she begs, her breath hot on my cheek.

"Is this what you want?" I power forward and give her every inch of me. She claws at my back, her body opening, taking all of me.

"That is perfect," she cries out.

"Yeah, perfect," I agree, and pull out. When I slide in again, seat myself high inside her, she moans and wraps her legs around me. She squeezes her thighs, locking me in tight, and it takes a second for me to remember how to breathe.

She moves her hips, and I move inside her, thrusting, filling her to the hilt, only to pull out and fill her again. She

meets and welcomes my thrusts like we've been doing this for a lifetime.

"You feel so good," I say, and bury my mouth in the crook of her neck. I kiss her and pound into her. I want to go slow, I try to go slow, but Jesus fuck, my cock is so snug, her hot pussy so wet and welcoming, I'm losing my shit.

"Fuck me, Nate," she whispers, as heat burns through my blood. "Harder."

I pound, reach a frenzied pace, and gasp for air as her sex tightens around me.

"Yes," she whimpers, and as soon as I feel her soaking-wet heat on my cock, the world shuts down around me, the only thing existing is this woman, the feel of her body beneath mine.

I throw my head back and let go high inside her. My cock pulses, throbs as I deplete myself.

"I feel you," she murmurs.

"Feel you too." My lips close over hers, and our tongues dance. We kiss for a long time, until my cock grows flaccid inside her. I slide out and she makes an *oob* sound. It brings a smile to my face.

"Nate, that was...I just, wow...I've never..." Once again she lets her words fall off, and I get the sense that she's hiding so much from me.

"You never orgasmed before," I say.

"No, I have...just not with..."

"A guy," I say, finishing her sentence for her.

"Yeah."

Two things hit me at once. Pride that I'm the first man to bring her to orgasm, and anger that no man had treated her the way she deserves. But then suddenly thinking of her with another man sits in my gut like a lump of oatmeal. Jesus, I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

I discard the condom, pull her to me, and rest her head

against my chest. “Sleep,” I say. “I plan to do this a dozen more times until morning.”

Will a dozen times even be enough to sate me when it comes to her? I get that she’s pretending to be her sister, and this is supposed to be a one-night thing, but after a taste of her, I’m not ready for this thing to end.

So what the fuck am I going to do about that?