

His Unlikely Lover Novel Chapter 6

CHAPTER SIX

She let herself into the house, annoyed to find that the alarm was off. She sighed at her father's carelessness. There were security guards all over the premises, and the property was surrounded by a large electrical fence, but he had to do his bit too. As she headed for the stairs, she heard the explosive noise of an action movie coming from the den and changed course, meaning to give her father a piece of her mind for his negligence.

"The alarm won't just set its . . ." Her voice trailed off when Gabe's tall figure rose from one of the large leather recliners.

"You're back," he stated unnecessarily. She didn't respond, and a quick glance around the room confirmed that her father wasn't present.

"Where's my dad?" she asked.

"He's asleep."

"Then why are you here?"

"I was waiting for you to come home. I was concerned about you."

"You have no right to be concerned about me." She tossed her bag onto one of the chairs and folded her arms across her chest, trying to appear in control despite the fact that her stomach was swarming with butterflies.

"So what did you and that Kyle guy talk about this afternoon?" he asked, choosing to ignore her last statement, as he took a step toward her. She maintained her position, refusing to step back even though the distance between them now seemed too close for comfort.

"Not that it's any of your business, but he asked me out." Her voice was starting to sound shaky; he took another step toward her and Bobbi started to feel like prey.

"You're not going out with him," he murmured confidently, his third step bringing him to within an inch of her. She kept her gaze trained on his chest, refusing to meet his eyes, hating that he knew her so well.

"What makes you so sure of that?" She tried to sound strong but instead her voice emerged on an uncertain whisper, and he used his forefinger to angle her chin until she met his eyes.

"Because you want me."

With just four words one of her deepest, darkest secrets was out in the open. It lay exposed and writhing like a wounded animal between them and Bobbi was absolutely helpless to deny it. She knew that the truth was there to see, on her face and in her eyes. He could hear it in her ragged breathing and feel it in her racing pulse when he reached down to cup her fragile neck in the palm of his hands. He used his thumbs to stroke the underside of her jaw, sending shudders of pure sensation through her already trembling body.

“Gabe . . . ,” she whispered, wetting her lips as her eyes fell to his mouth. She watched that mouth stretch into a beautiful smile and then form the most miraculous four words in the world.

“I want you too.”

“Oh.” The sound was a gasp of wonder and disbelief. How was this possible?

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about that kiss,” he went on to say. “Or how your hands felt on me. How in the hell have I not noticed your gorgeous body before?”

“Stop,” she whispered, and his eyes darkened in confusion.

“What?”

“Stop talking . . . ,” she clarified, before going on tiptoes and plastering her mouth to his. His breath was half gasp and half groan as he leaned into the kiss and took control of it. His hands left her neck and buried themselves in her hair, tugging her head back so that he could deepen the kiss. She parted her lips and his tongue swept in, bringing with it a tidal wave of sensation. She savored every taste, every smell, every sensation . . . She didn’t know how her hands had gotten under his shirt but they were on his hard chest, exploring the contours, the firmness, the dusting of hair, then around his waist up his strong back until her fingers were digging into his wide shoulders.

She was vaguely aware of him shifting her until her back was braced against the wall. He lifted his head, his eyes glazed, his cheeks flushed, and his mouth swollen.

“Okay?” he asked, and she nodded. He barely seemed to register the movement before his lips were on her neck, licking and sucking their way down to her collarbone and nuzzling aside the strap of her tank top.

“These damned tops of yours drive me crazy,” he said thickly, bringing a hand up to assist with the task. Bobbi watched in a daze as he pushed the strap down her shoulder, around her bent elbow and then picked up her wrist to slip it completely off. He repeated the process with the other strap, until just the slight slope of her breasts held the garment up. He paused to inspect his handiwork for a brief moment before manacling both of her wrists in one of his hands and pinning them to the wall above her head.

“Forget what I said this afternoon.” His eyes ate her up, lingering hungrily on her breasts. “Never wear a bra.”

He brought his free hand up between their bodies and lightly traced the outer edge of one breast with his fingers. Bobbi’s breath caught and held as she watched that large hand, fascinated by the stark contrast between his dark flesh and the whiteness of her top. One long finger brushed across the sensitive skin above the cotton and Bobbi’s knees weakened.

“Please,” she whimpered, but he was concentrating so fiercely on the task at hand that he barely seemed to hear her. After forever his hand ever so softly closed over one of her breasts, and he squeezed gently, testing the weight and learning the shape of it. The barrier of cotton between his skin and hers added an element of erotic frustration that drove Bobbi wild. She pushed herself into his hand but he released his hold almost immediately. His hands switched tasks and the other breast received the same tormenting treatment.

“Gabe . . . more,” she begged, and this time he listened, and his thumb flicked her excruciatingly sensitive peak—the friction of thumb and fabric against the engorged tip made her arch against him, and he hissed when she pushed up against his straining erection.

“God,” he groaned, releasing her wrists and sweeping her toward the recliner that he had been occupying when she’d first entered the room. He sat down and arranged her on top of him until she sat straddling his lap, her wet core very firmly wedged against his hardness—the denim of her shorts and the fabric of his suit doing nothing to disguise either’s arousal.

He dragged the tank down to her waist and then just stared at her naked breasts for a long while.

“Jesus, they’re perfect,” he said reverently, bringing his hands up to cup and explore, tease and torment. He plumped one up and brought it to his lips, laving the tortured crest gently with his hot tongue before sucking it roughly into his mouth. The combination of tender and tough felt amazing, and when he repeated the process with her other breast, she was helpless to prevent the inevitable from happening. She had wanted him for so long that she was primed for an explosion, having his mouth on her breasts while she instinctively rode the ridge of his erection was more than enough to send her spinning into the biggest orgasm of her life.

She was coming! The knowledge nearly propelled Gabe down the same blissful path but he somehow managed to keep himself under control. Barely.

She was so damned hot. Her body tensed, her breath hitched, and the already sexy back and forth movement of her hips became a deep, slow grind as she pushed herself

against him, taking her pleasure like a woman who knew exactly what she wanted and how to get it. He tried to prolong it, sucking the hard bead of her nipple into his mouth and flicking it with his tongue to maximize her pleasure, while his free hand played with her other breast, stroking the swollen tip with his thumb.

She came quietly—with a held breath, a series of soft moans, and then a long exhalation. She wasn't a screamer, his Bobbi, and damned if he didn't find that a huge turn-on too. He gave her nipple one last, regretful kiss before grudgingly releasing the firm globe of her breast. She slumped against him with her face buried in his neck.

He could feel her wet heat against his aching penis and it was all he could do to prevent himself from thrusting against her to achieve his own satisfaction. He wrapped his arms around her waist, allowing his hands to drape over her firm, curvy bum and held her trembling body against his.

He wanted her more than his next breath, but he wasn't going to allow this to go any further until they'd established a few ground rules. If push came to shove, their friendship was too important to mess up, and if she felt that it wouldn't be able to survive a temporary affair then this "interlude" would have to be the extent of it. He figured that it should be relatively easy to return to normal with Bobbi, whom he already cared for deeply, after they'd gotten this craziness out of their systems. He just needed to know that she would be on board with the mutually beneficial arrangement he had in mind for them.

After a few painfully long moments, her breathing finally regulated and her limp, sated body started to grow tense as awareness returned to her. She brought her hands between their bodies and pushed against his chest until he loosened his grip around her waist enough for her to slide into a sitting position on his lap. He bit back a groan at the movement, still unbearably turned on and she grimaced apologetically.

"Sorry," she murmured, tucking the damp hair of her fringe behind an ear.

"It's okay," he said.

"Doesn't feel okay." She deliberately slid herself up and then down against the hard column that she was straddling. "Feels rather uncomfortable to me."

"Stop that." His fingers dug into her flesh when she did another sinuous up and down shimmy. Where the hell did this seductive minx come from? He would never have taken Bobbi for such an accomplished tease.

"But I want to take care of it." She pouted, and he couldn't resist kissing that pout away. He kept the kiss short and sweet, not wanting to get carried away again and this time when she leaned back, he took the opportunity to—quite regretfully—drag her top back up over her pert breasts.

“Later,” he promised. “But we have to talk, Bobbi.” Her eyes reflected concern as she leaned back to study his face.

“Yes,” she agreed. “We do.”

“Like I said before, I want you . . . very much. It’s weird having these . . . feelings for you but the attraction is so overpowering that getting you naked is pretty much all I’ve been able to think about over the last two days. But there are other factors to consider here, sweetheart.”

Bobbi understood that this was easier for her because she’d felt this way about him for years but for him it was brand new. He probably felt as weird as she had that first time she had looked at Gabe and saw someone other than just a good friend. She would never forget that moment, on her birthday six years before. Gabe had been out of town on business. He had rushed to get back before midnight and had come straight to the Richmond house to present her with his gift—a charm bracelet filled with tiny screwdrivers, cars, wrenches, nuts, and bolts. The trinkets must have taken him months to collect and it had been absolutely perfect. Wholly impractical since she couldn’t wear it to work but perfect nonetheless.

She had looked up at the man standing in her doorway, so uncharacteristically disheveled, with messy hair, skewed tie, and wrinkled clothing, and had fallen hopelessly in love with him. From one breath to the next he had transitioned from platonic friend and trusted confidante to the single most important person in her life, and she had wanted him with a fierceness that still shocked her to this day.

They would have to take things slowly. The transition from being friends into a couple would be strange for them as well as their family and friends, who would be blindsided by the match and possibly uncomfortable with it too.

“We’ll sort it out,” she assured him, linking her hands with his and squeezing encouragingly. She smiled and kissed him, happy that she was free to do so. He tasted faintly of whiskey and cigars. Delicious.

He returned the kiss, running his tongue over her lips and then sucking her lower lip gently into his mouth.

“Hmmm,” he groaned, the sound a masculine rumble that she felt against her chest. He dragged his mouth away from hers with obvious reluctance. “I’ve been wanting to suck on that juicy lip for a while now.” He ran a rough thumb over her lip and she caught it in her mouth, nipping wickedly at the pad.

“Come on, Bobbi,” he growled. “Time enough for this later. We need to talk.”

“Fine.” She rolled her eyes. He clearly needed to get this out of his system. “I’m all ears.”

“This is awkward because this isn’t a scenario I ever imagined,” he said. “The women I . . . the ones before, they knew the score. But you and I, that’s complicated.”

“What’s complicated about it?” she asked, a sinking sensation forming in the pit of her stomach. There was nothing complicated about this, they were attracted to each other and now that they had both acknowledged that attraction they were free to be together. Simple.

“We’re friends, good friends, when this ends—when we eventually get this thing between us out of our systems—what happens to our friendship? If there’s any danger of losing you, Bobbi, it just wouldn’t be worth it for a few encounters of meaningless sex.”

Meaningless sex? That’s all he wanted?

Bobbi almost laughed but she managed to bite back the impulse, knowing that the sound that emerged from her throat would be filled with disappointment.

Of course that’s what he wanted! She was such a dolt.

Be careful what you wish for. That was how the saying went and it had never been truer than at this very moment. Bobbi had always wished for him to want her as much as she wanted him, to look at her with desire in his eyes and that wish had been more than granted. There was so much heat in his regard that she felt scorched by it and his zipper was fighting a losing battle against the hard physical proof of his lust. She had what she had hungered for day after day for years but she wanted more than that.

All those years of wishing for him to want her, it had never occurred to her to ask that he love her too. Why would she wish for something she already had? Gabe loved her, he always had—but he wasn’t in love with her.

“So what do you suggest?” she asked, her voice sounding hollow even to her own ears, but he didn’t seem to notice.

“I was thinking we could come to an understanding. We keep this affair and our friendship separate . . .”

What? She didn’t understand what that meant. “I don’t understand.”

“It would be better if nobody else knew about it. If we kept it between us,” he said, keeping his face averted. She was thankful for that because she didn’t want him to see the pain in her eyes. “That way it would be easier for us to go back to being friends afterward. No unpleasant and intrusive questions from family and friends, you know?” She nodded absently in response to the question, feeling a piece of her heart wither and die with every word he spoke.

How stupid of her to think that he would want a proper relationship with someone like her and that she could show the world how she felt about him. How foolish of her to fantasize about actually staking a claim on him and keeping all those annoying blondes at bay by right of possession.

Her fantasies were completely laughable in light of that fact that Gabe wanted to hide the attraction he felt for her in a dark and moldy place where it would be unable to flourish. Instead it would shrivel and eventually die and they would walk away and carry on as if it had never existed.

Their family and friends would remain completely oblivious while Gabe slept with her in secret as if what he felt for her was something to be ashamed.

Gabe watched Bobbi closely but her expression revealed nothing—it was as if a porcelain mask had slid over her face—her features perfectly frozen. He was desperate for her to accept this agreement. He didn't know what he would do if she refused—she simply couldn't refuse.

“We could have everything, Bobbi,” he insisted. “The sex and our friendship. Nothing has to change; we just have to keep it under wraps. It's the only way to keep things normal. Once other people get involved, they'll start placing their own expectations on us. That wouldn't be fair on either of us. This is our business not theirs. It's the only way I can think of to protect you.” And he really wanted to protect her. He didn't want her friends forcing their opinions on her, didn't want her brothers or his to make her feel like she was doing something wrong by being with him, and, yes, he was protecting himself too. God knew, if her brothers, her father, and his mother—everybody would be horrified. They would insist he “do the right thing” and when he refused it could cause a rift between their families. He was on very shaky ground here and needed to tread carefully.

“So how would it work?” she asked, and he exhaled shakily, relieved that she had broken her silence. “Will we have some kind of secret password or handshake when we want to sleep together?”

He laughed uncertainly, not sure of her mood. Her words had been sarcastic but her eyes looked . . . sad. He swallowed past the lump that had formed in his throat. He didn't want to hurt her, he was suggesting this arrangement so that he could avoid hurting her—full disclosure was essential, that way she wouldn't form any unreasonable expectations.

“You'd come round to my place as you normally would and we'll see where the mood takes us.”

“So we won’t have to set up some kind of schedule then? Sex tonight, darts at the pub tomorrow . . . that kind of thing? I mean, I’ve never had a friend with benefits before, I don’t know how it works.”

“This is new to me too, Bobbi.” He wasn’t deaf to the cynicism in her voice but was unsure how to respond to it.

She pushed herself up and off him, rearranging her clothing to the best of her ability. He felt the loss keenly and leaned forward to brace his elbows on his knees—staring at her intently, not sure what to expect next. Her face still had a dewy, post-orgasmic glow to it and her lips were swollen from his earlier attentions. She was so damned sexy—he wanted her back on his lap, wanted to feel her tightness close around him as he pushed himself into her, but he needed her to agree to his terms before he could have her and waiting for her answer was excruciating.

“Well how does it usually work with your blondes?” she asked pointedly, sitting down on the chair opposite his—the one her father had occupied earlier.

He usually took his other female companions out to dinner, dancing . . . some kind of event. Followed by a night of sex at their homes—which insured a quick and easy getaway afterward. Bobbi wouldn’t be getting the fancy dinners; he acknowledged guiltily but then appeased himself with the reminder that it wasn’t her scene anyway.

“Our arrangement will be different,” he muttered.

“Oh yes, of course . . .” She snapped her fingers as if just remembering. “We won’t be seen together.”

“Bobbi,” he chastised miserably, hating her unpredictable mood. She clearly wasn’t receptive to his idea. “What do you want then?”

The question shut her up and she peered at him mutely before shrugging.

“Fine, let’s do this.” She held her right hand over her chest and the left hand up as if she was about to swear an oath. “I, Roberta Rebecca Richmond, hereby do solemnly swear to expect nothing more than sex from one Gabriel Andrew Braddock. I promise to not disclose details of our affair to any third parties, promise to not behave inappropriately toward him in public places and, once our affair has run its course, I promise to never speak of it again and to go back to being Gabriel Andrew Braddock’s bestest buddy. So help me God.”

“Bobbi, you’re making it seem . . .”

“Cold?” she finished, her voice so icy it nearly froze him on the spot and he nodded. “Cynical? Clinical? Maybe because that’s what it is.”

“Then tell me what you want.” He repeated his previous demand, not bothering to keep the exasperation out of his voice.

“Nothing more or less than you’re willing to offer.” She shrugged before sending him a seductive look that—despite his tension—immediately grabbed his attention.

She got up and walked to the door, and his eyes remained riveted on the deliberate swing of her tight behind. She threw him a look over her shoulder and combined it with a sultry smile.

“Come on, Gabe . . . I’ll walk you home.”

Bobbi didn’t know what the hell she was doing. This was going to end in heartbreak and she knew it . . . but she didn’t want to go through her entire life without being with him. She couldn’t force him to love her the way she loved him so she would take whatever meager substitute he was offering her, and when it ended she would try damned hard to keep her end of the bargain and go back to being his friend. She felt weak and stupid and while her brain screamed at her not to be foolish, her heart urged her to accept his sordid little arrangement and be grateful for it.

In the end her heart had won the fierce battle and so here she was, holding his hand in hers as she dragged him across the lawn toward the fence between their homes. There was a security gate between the two properties that their parents had had installed when the Braddock and Richmond children had still been small—it had been put there to stop the kids from creating shortcuts by climbing the trees that bordered their yards and jumping over the high fences, especially after Chase broke his arm. Once Bobbi had led Gabe through the gate and was safely out of view of her house and numerous security guards, Gabe stopped moving. Bobbi glanced back impatiently but all she could see in the darkness were the whites of his eyes before he tugged on her hand and dragged her into his arms.

She was enveloped in his scent, by his warmth, and then before she could brace herself, completely devoured by his hungry mouth. She moaned and gave herself over to him. There was no finesse to the kiss, it was a meeting of lips, tongue, and teeth, and it made Bobbi feel wanton, wild, and starved for more.

“God, sweetheart, you drive me crazy.” His voice sounded feral in the dark as he forced the words out between gasps. “Come on.”

This time he led the way as he tugged her to his house, up the porch steps, and into the foyer. His hands were all over her body as he led her into one of the rooms closest to the front entrance. A quick glance around confirmed that they were in his study and she had no time for any other observation before he sat her down on a large sofa and knelt between her legs.

“Gabe, I think . . .”

He held a finger up to her lips.

“Ssh, sweetheart, no more talk,” he begged gently. “There’s something I’ve been meaning to do all evening.” Bobbi grabbed his finger between her lips and sucked the tip hungrily, watching his face tighten as he moaned shakily. It was amazing how such a simple gesture was able to render a strong man like Gabe as weak as a kitten.

“Oh?” she asked huskily, after running her tongue up and down the length of his index finger before releasing his hand to fall limply to his side. “What could that be?”

“You’re killing me, Bobbi.” He laughed unsteadily. His trembling hands went to the hem of her top and dragged it up and off before she even had time to blink, and then he sat back on his heels and just studied the skin that lay bared to his gaze. She fought the urge to cover her breasts, battling her instinctive shyness and kept her arms down, enjoying the appreciative look in his eyes as they studied the slight curves of her body.

“I love these.” She drew in a sharp breath as he bent over to plant a reverent kiss on one pointed tip and then the other. “They’re absolutely perfect . . .”

“Small,” she lamented, and he glared up at her.

“Perfect,” he maintained before he lavished each tip with even more attention until she fell back onto the sofa and writhed beneath him, lost in the sensation of his mouth and hands tormenting the overly sensitive peaks. After what seemed like hours, he raised his head to study the wet, rosy crests in satisfaction.

“My turn.” Bobbi could barely get the two words out but he understood her well enough and his head jerked up, while his eyes narrowed in anticipation. She sat up and tugged his shirttails from his trousers before burrowing her questing hands beneath the expensive fabric to find the velvety warmth beneath. She unbuttoned his shirt leisurely, kissing each wedge of skin as it was revealed, marveling at how hard, muscled flesh could be so satiny to the touch. When she’d unfastened the last button, she parted the two sides and scrutinized his muscular chest in purely feminine appreciation.

He was gorgeous: all bronzed flesh, hard muscles, and downy cinnamon hair. Her slightly work-roughened hands entangled themselves in the sprinkling of hair on his chest before making their fluttering way to his flat male nipples. When she found the rigid nubs, she thumbed them experimentally and smiled in delight when Gabe sucked in a harsh breath.

“You like that?” she asked huskily, glancing up to meet his burning eyes. No answer was required . . . he seemed to have relished it! “Great, then you’re probably going to love this!” She dipped her head and drew one of the stiff crests deeply into her mouth. Gabe made a strangled sound and jerked violently before grabbing her head between

his hands and trying to drag her away from her task. Bobbi ignored him and continued to lick and suck seductively, relishing the musky taste of him.

She shifted her attention to the other peak and nipped at it sharply, before licking away the sting. Gabe's breath was coming in harsh pants and when he once again tried to drag her away, she complied and latched onto his mouth almost aggressively, relishing this new role of seductress. Gabe's helpless groan was muffled against her mouth and he allowed her to take the initiative, his tongue playing court to hers.

Eventually he began to dominate their love play, as she bowed to his experience. His fingers initially fumbled with the button fly of her shorts before he found a rhythm and seductively undid one after the other. He tugged at the waist once he had them all unfastened and Bobbi raised her hips allowing him to wrestle off the tight scrap of material. After he had tossed the shorts aside he leaned back to admire what he'd revealed. He shook his head in wonder as his scrutinizing look traveled down her slender torso to her concave stomach, her tiny waist, and the delicate flare of her hips.

“Dear God, Bobbi, you're . . . ravishing.” He breathed.

Damn him, she adored him. She wished she didn't but it was hard not to when he was staring at her with such reverence in his eyes.

Gabe smiled at the sight of the plain white cotton bikini panties she was wearing. Bobbi probably had nothing that could be labeled lingerie in her underwear drawer. His Bobbi was a cotton-panties girl through and through. Lingerie was not for the practical mechanic, but he figured she would look pretty damned sexy in silk and lace too and vowed there and then to buy her some lingerie. It would definitely drive him wild to see her in overalls and fantasize about what sexy confections she might be wearing beneath them!

The very thought now had him so revved up that it was difficult not to rip the aforementioned panties off and bury himself so completely within her that he would be lost forever. He was irresistibly drawn back to her breasts, bending to tug one of her raspberry pink tips into his mouth. She gasped and arched back, offering herself up to him. He maneuvered her until she was lying down on the sofa and he was on top of her with his hips cradled between the welcoming warmth of her thighs. Not once during the move had he lifted his head from her tormented breast and she was groaning and pleading with him to let up on his exquisite torture. He eventually did, but only to create havoc with the other, neglected nipple.

Despite her pleas for him to stop tormenting her, Bobbi was contradictorily arching her back and thrusting her chest closer to his mouth. He laughed triumphantly and claimed her lips for yet another hungry kiss. The kiss was torrid enough to leave her limp and breathless, and she watched languidly as he got up to divest himself of his already unbuttoned shirt, then his shoes, and lastly his trousers and socks. Soon he

wore only his black briefs, which did absolutely nothing to conceal his fierce erection from her. Her hungry eyes were riveted to the straining bulge between his thickly muscled thighs, and she was trembling uncontrollably when he settled back down between her spread legs. He smiled down at her before, without a word, lifting one of her legs and resting the slender ankle on his broad shoulder.

“Gabe . . . what are you doing?” she asked in confusion, but he merely smiled down at her, before kissing her inner ankle. His warm, large hands circled the ankle, then traveled slowly down the length of her leg purposely allowing the back of his hand to lightly brush against the warm wetness between her legs, his knuckles grazing the moist material of her panties, before his hand stroked its way sensuously back up to her ankle. He then repeated the whole agonizing process with her other leg, this time allowing his hand to linger longer at her sensitive core.

He grinned down at her and he should have looked ridiculous with his face framed by her feet but instead he looked absolutely wicked and oh-so-sexy. He winked mischievously before hooking his thumbs in the sides of her panties and sliding them up over her hips with tormenting slowness. Bobbi was arching her hips impatiently and he bent to kiss her lips gently.

“Patience, my sweet,” he whispered against her mouth. “This is going to be so good. More than merely good . . . It’s going to be exquisite.” He’d completely removed her panties by now and had tossed them over his shoulder, uncaring of where they landed. He scrutinized her naked flesh raptly. A gentle hand found its way to her abdomen and down . . . to where the softest sprinkling of curls lay in wait of his touch. His long, blunt fingers entangled in the grasping curls and then moved down even farther, to where there were no curls and only a warm moistness that ached for his touch.

Bobbi cried out when his fingers found her sensitive clit and she went unbearably tense when he stroked her there. God, it was divine. She sobbed and tried to dislodge the tormenting touch.

“No, Gabe. It’s too much . . . ,” she pleaded, but he ignored her and that same finger slipped deftly inside of her.

“Oh Christ.” Gabe was groaning too now and his chest was heaving uncontrollably as he fought to breathe. “You’re so hot and tight, sweetheart.”

Bobbi’s hands were doing some exploring of their own; she was learning his hard curves and angles and kissing every inch of flesh accessible to her. She pushed impatiently at his briefs—needing to have him completely naked and open to her touch. Understanding what she wanted, he pushed the briefs down his hips and kicked them off.

Bobbi's eyes widened in awed disbelief at the sight of him. The last time she had seen Gabe in the buff had been on a skinny-dipping adventure when he was ten and she five and he had certainly grown a lot since then. The childhood memory reminded her of exactly whom it was she found herself naked with and she flushed unexpectedly, going crimson with sudden embarrassment. She may have wanted him for years but this was still Gabe and she was seeing him naked. What should have felt awkward felt comfortable and right and the embarrassment was fleeting.

Her eyes were focused on his erect penis and she shook her head in amazement. Yes, this was Gabe, and God, he was gorgeous.

"Oh Gabe," she breathed in awe, and he grinned, understanding and appreciating her tone.

"Oh Bobbi," he mimicked in the exact same tone of voice. His hand fumbled around on the floor beside the sofa before finding his discarded trousers and removing a condom from one of the pockets.

"You're ready, right?" he asked, his voice tight with barely restrained urgency, and she smiled.

"You have no idea how ready I am," she assured him, and he grinned in relief, before tearing the packet with his teeth. He efficiently donned the condom, the back of his hand brushing against her as he did so, and she bit back another cry at her almost unbearable sensitivity down there.

Without any hesitation at all, Gabe kissed her deeply and entered her with one long, sure thrust. Bobbi stiffened but when there was no further discomfort, she relaxed and began to follow his lead.

After that initial fast and economical thrust, Gabe began to move almost leisurely. He was hunched over her slender form and moaned whenever she lifted her hips to meet his gentle strokes. His tongue parodied the lazy movements of his body and Bobbi found herself rocking slowly to the edge of an insidiously looming pit. Her fingers dug into his back and both of them were soon sobbing each other's names. Their pace quickened abruptly and they soon began to fly out of control. They were melded together in more ways than the most basic, their chests were glued together, their lips were locked, and their arms and legs were inextricably entangled.

"Gabe," Bobbi whispered his name on a note of pleasure so intense, it almost resembled pain. It took her breath away and she shuddered quietly around him as she was catapulted headfirst into a frighteningly deep black abyss, where she felt herself free-falling to an end that she could not see. Gabe's thrusts were so fast now, one could barely finish before the other started, his face was contorted and dripping with sweat.

“Bobbi . . . ,” he grunted. “God!” He came with one final, massive thrust. He went completely boneless in her arms and was waiting to catch her when she floated to the bottom of the abyss.

He withdrew his still throbbing penis from her with a wince, while she sucked in a shocked gasp at his abrupt departure from her body. He immediately dispensed with their protection and gathered her into his arms

