

Encounter -- By the Numbers: Five Minutes

Riley Ashford

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2009 Riley Ashford

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Five Minutes

Tara Hayes and her boyfriend Devon McCray stood in the middle of the large outdoor gazebo, which was the crowning glory of Shades Park. Among the walkways were various Christmas scenes -- from battling snowmen to Santa's workshop. The multi-color lights draping the trees matched those winding around the gazebo.

Devon had invited her to Christmas dinner and the park excursion afterward -- a holiday tradition cherished by his family -- so he could break up with her. "No matter how good the pussy, no guy wants to date a control freak."

Tara opened her mouth to deny his accusation, but he was, unfortunately, correct. She very much liked order in her world, and did everything necessary to maintain it. As for being "good pussy," she supposed that Devon's version of a compliment. *I should be more heartbroken.* Only she wasn't. Had she somehow suspected their relationship wasn't all that solid? Or was it that she'd gotten used to being dumped -- all for variations of the same theme?

Control freak.

Well, she couldn't be somebody different. Maybe she'd organized his sock drawer and planned their dates, but she had never asked Devon to change his personality or give up his own annoying habits. She'd believed that love meant you

took the bad with the good, and that at the end of the day, no matter what, the one you loved always loved you back.

"I'll find my own way home," she said.

"I can't leave you here."

Only because his parents would notice she was missing. They were charming people, as were Devon's siblings. Oddly, she would miss them far more than she would Devon. "Tell them I ran into one of my friends, who offered to give me a lift home."

He looked relieved. "Okay." He actually looked jaunty as he exited the gazebo, and she heard him whistling "Jingle Bells." She laughed. Oh, God. He was thrilled to be rid of her.

"My brother's a jack ass."

Tara looked behind her. Kyle McCray was leaning against a post, staring at her with his odd dark eyes. He always looked too pale, especially with his shaggy raven hair framing the whiteness of his face. His lips were red as rubies, though, and sexy as hell.

"I guess you heard the drama." She frowned. "When did you get here?"

He crooked his finger at her, and she walked toward him, amused. The look in his eyes, suggested he wanted much more than to soothe her wounded ego.

"Kiss me."

"Kinda makes me a slut to start macking on my ex-boyfriend's younger brother."

He grinned, and those lips offered all kinds of sinful delights. He really was cute. And so not for her. The McCray men were out of her dating pool.

"I wanted you the first time he brought you home." He lifted a curl resting against her cheek and tugged it. "You ever think about handing over that control of yours, Tara?"

The very idea terrified her. She was organized and tidy, she kept every appointment, color-coordinated her closet, and hated odd numbers of anything. Hell, she should probably wed her PDA she was so attached to it.

"Give me five minutes," he said. "Do everything I say. If you don't, or you argue, I spank you."

She nearly choked on her outrage. "You're crazy."

"Never figured you for a coward." He patted her cheek. Then he straightened and walked away.

"Wait. You beg me for a kiss, tell me you want me, and then because I won't play your sick game, you're gonna go?"

He turned, and studied her. "You're really good at summing up."

She should tell him to keep on walking, but that coward comment annoyed her -- probably because it sounded like truth.

"Fine." She looked down at her digital watch and clicked through to the alarm setting. She glared at Kyle as she pushed down on the button. "Five minutes."

"Take off my belt."

Humph. He sure didn't waste any time. She unbuckled the leather belt and tugged it from his jeans. He took it from her. His face was impassive, and his lack of expression made her wary.

"Go stand next to that post." He pointed to the same one he'd been leaning against. "Put your back against it and put your hands behind it, crossed at the wrists."

Her mouth opened to protest, and he waited for her to argue. No doubt because he'd get off on paddling her behind. Jerk. She snapped her mouth shut and did exactly as he bid.

He smiled. "Very good."

His approving tone unlocked something within her, and she started to tremble. He noticed, of course.

"It's just the beginning, sweetheart." He drew his thumb across her bottom lip then leaned down and sucked on the tender flesh.

Her heart started to pound. He pressed against her fully, and she felt his erection against her stomach as he reached behind her and wound the belt around her wrists.

Being tied to the post wasn't comfortable. Her back pressed into the thick beam, and her arms protested the awkward angle. Panic bubbled. Oh, crap. She was trapped. And her release depended entirely upon Kyle.

She lifted her wide eyed gaze to him, shocked to feel the hot slide of tears.

"I understand," he murmured. "I can release you, and we can both walk away now. If you want to go, just nod."

Tara considered his words, and her own fear. Whatever was unfolding now begged to be explored. Kyle had uncovered an aspect of her own nature she didn't know existed. It was frightening, yes, but exciting, too.

"Tara. Sweet Tara." He kissed her, softly, slowly, and built within her a need she didn't think could be quenched. "I knew you were the one." His mouth trailed over her neck. "I want you. So much." His hands crept into her jeans, and his finger slid into her pussy. He shuddered, and she realized how affected he was by her submission. "You're wet."

She swallowed the knot in her throat. His finger worked her until pleasure coiled so tightly she thought she might scream.

"Lady's choice," he said. "My hand or my cock."

"Your cock."

"Hmm." He sighed, and pulled back, his gaze filled with trepidation. "I'm... different, Tara. My family doesn't know, but I'm a vampire. I have been for the last couple of years."

Tara blinked at him.

"Speak," he said.

"And?" she asked. "My sister is mated to a werewolf and a vampire."

His mouth dropped open. "What?"

"It's not something most of my family knows about," she said. "But Kirk and Jaron are really nice." The alarm on her watch beeped. She looked at him. "Five more minutes?"

“God, yes.” He pushed down her jeans, and his own, and guided his cock inside her.

Tara nearly came right then, but she tightened herself against it. Their mouths and tongues mimicked the rhythm of his cock, and Tara moaned. She could barely hold on to her own pleasure. “Please,” she managed to pant, even though she didn’t know why she was asking.

“Come on my cock, baby,” said Kyle, and then he sank his fangs into her neck, and her pleasure exploded.

Her cry of release echoed out into the snowy night, and then he went over, too, impaling her deeply as he came, his mouth sucking on her neck.

She sagged against him, and he held her close. He licked the wounds on her flesh, kissing the column of her neck before offering her a gentle kiss on the lips.

“There’s more,” he said. “So much more we could have together. Will you come home with me?”

“Yes,” she murmured. “Yes.”

<http://changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=125>