



Committed

AN EROTIC VALENTINE TALE



LISSA MATTHEWS

Committed: An Erotic Valentine's Tale

by Lissa Matthews

Smashwords Edition

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Matt paced in frustration. He was as far inside the airport as current security regulations would allow. Once upon a time he could have met Grace at the gate, but those days were long gone. Now he had to rely on a text message from her as to when she got off the plane and where she was in proximity to him. It didn't help that her flight was late. Twenty three minutes to be exact and he hoped the churning in his gut was just nerves. Flying in winter could be dicey, especially since she was flying into Denver and a fresh blanket of snow had fallen over the last eight hours.

He also hoped he hadn't made a mistake. The idea for her to join him on his business trip was a big deal and he'd booked a flight for her before he could change his mind. He'd told her it was a Valentine's present when she questioned him, and in so many ways, it was. It was also scaring the shit out of him.

He and Grace had a unique relationship. Open. They had rules, especially around their emotional commitment to one another, and neither had broken them in the years they'd been together. He loved her completely and would for the rest of his life, but something was happening to him, something was changing inside him and the nature of their relationship had begun to bother him, especially since he was the only one that had taken advantage of the freedom in the last couple of years.

He'd never understood why she changed, why she stopped playing, but then, he'd never asked.

All he knew right now, in this moment, was that ever since he'd left Grace's bed earlier in the morning, he hadn't been able to stop wanting her, thinking of her. It was different this time too, this want. It wasn't going to simmer while they were apart. No, it was going to burn a hole in his gut until he was with her again.

The need for change had been building for months and today was the day it seemed ready to boil over. It was now or never.

A chance glance up at the monitors revealed that her flight had finally landed. "Thank God." His cell phone vibrated a few minutes later with a text telling him that she was on her way to meet him. He texted her back with his location and then stuffed his hands into his pockets. Waiting.

The first thing he saw when she rounded the corner was her uncertain smile. She scanned the area, and while he thought to go to her or wave or call out, he just stood there, rooted to the spot, but the minute he moved into her line of sight and she saw him, her smile widened and his cock grew another inch.

She was breathless when she stepped into his arms. "I can't believe I'm here with you."

"I'm glad you are though." And he was. Every doubt he'd had in the previous ten minutes faded with each new second that ticked by.

Ever so slightly, she nudged the V of her thighs against him. "Yes, it seems you are."

Matt laughed. The light in her eyes made him wonder what was going through her devilish mind. Did she think he'd brought her out to Denver just for sex, for more fucking? Not that he didn't plan on doing it all night and well into the morning, but that wasn't all.

He growled against her neck. "Come on before I take you right here in the middle of everyone."

"Oh we haven't done that in a long time," she teased.

“True, but, I’m not in the mood to be on display right now.” He palmed her ass in his hands, lifting her on her toes, pulling her tight into his body until he could feel the head between her legs through both their jeans. “I want you all to myself.”

She purred and nuzzled her nose under his jaw. “You might want to get us out of here then.”

He bit back a groan when she licked his neck before lifting her head. Her green eyes sparkled with a whole lot of lust and an equal amount of love. He was amazed each and every time they were together at the open way she took him into her life, her heart, and her body.

“Right. Let’s go.”

He slid his fingers through hers and they walked toward the entrance of the airport. The smell of her perfume, some little flowery coconut scent she always wore, teased him. He’d be lucky if he made it back to the car without putting her against a wall. In fact... Halfway between baggage claim and the walkway to the parking garage, he detoured and pulled her into a unisex bathroom, locking the door behind them.

“Matt?”

“Changed my mind. Again. Bad damn habit I seem to be developing. Not waiting though. Get your jeans off,” he said, unbuttoning his own and pulling his cock out. He advanced and backed her up to the counter and as soon as she got her jeans down, he was helping her onto the edge.

“It’s wet, Matt.”

“So’s your pussy, darlin’.” He pushed inside her and the only thought in his mind was that he was going to fuck her forever. He’d never possessed anything or anyone before, but this woman... It was one thing to know he possessed her, but quite another to actually feel it in the way she surrendered, to believe it.

“Mmmm.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his mouth to hers. They locked lips and locked eyes and his hips pounded against hers.

A knock on the door brought their heads up.

Matt grunted but didn’t slow his thrusting “Be out in a minute.”

“Maybe we should...” she started to whisper.

“Maybe we shouldn’t.” Matt fisted her hair and brought her lips to his again in a hard kiss. His other hand slid under her and gripped her ass, holding her steady as he pistoned in and out of her sweet, hot sex.

“C’mon, hurry up,” the man said from outside the door, banging on it.

Matt kept kissing her, kept fucking her until one, two, three and he was coming. He moaned into her mouth and came up for air as he pulled out of her. Looking down between their bodies then back up to her eyes, he grinned. “You got me all messy.”

Grace grinned back at him. “Yes, yes I did and you left me wanting.”

“I’ll make it up to you.”

“You better.” There was no heat in her voice though. She knew he was good for it.

The banging on the door resumed. “I’m gonna call security, man!”

“Why doesn’t he just use the men’s room?” Matt laughed and helped Grace to the floor.

On wobbly legs, he righted his clothes and helped her with hers. He gathered her bag which had ended up on the floor in their haste. They were once again hand in hand as they left the bathroom. Coming face to face with Mr. Impatient, Matt grinned. “It’s all yours. And, you might want to watch out, there’s a wet spot on the counter.”

Beside him, Grace hooted in laughter and squeezed his fingers. Not for the first time, something about that small gesture, that small connection touched him in a way words couldn't describe.

Outside the airport, Matt ushered her to the company car waiting for them. "Shit, it's cold," she muttered through chattering teeth, shivering beside him.

Matt reached under his seat and opened a hidden compartment. "Hold on a sec." When he sat up, he had a blanket for her. She snatched it with shaking hands and draped it over her legs.

"You got me all wet and then it's so damn cold..."

He pulled her close, hopefully adding another layer of warmth. "Thank you for coming to me," he whispered into her hair.

She snuggled against his chest and fit her head under his chin. "I have never been able to deny you anything, Matt. How could I start now? Especially, when you give me such delicious treats as public restroom fucks."

"Mmmm. I know." And he did. Whatever he asked, she gave. Whatever he wanted, she did her best to make happen.

"But since you brought it up, why am I here?"

"For delicious treats such as public restroom fucks."

Grace poked him in the ribs. "We could have done that when you got back home. What's the real reason?"

The truth. "I don't know yet," he said.

"Then I'll wait until you do know."

The rest of the ride to his hotel was made in silence. Grace relaxed in his arms, his cock was hard in his pants, and his heart kept skipping beats left and right. He couldn't seem to figure out what to do next, what to say. He was an emotional mess and no one in their right mind at this moment would believe he was the dominant partner in their relationship. He was tied in knots and nervous as hell. This was Grace, his Grace and though their relationship was an unconventional one, she'd never taken it that far without him and he was beginning to think, to feel, to know that it was time that he either let her go to find a man that would give her all that she deserved, or he needed to change, to make her the only one in his life. One on one, monogamous commitment scared the shit out of him for reasons even he didn't understand, but...compared to losing Grace? Well, was there really any comparison?

The city gleamed outside the windows as they drove through the streets of downtown Denver and she sat up to stare out at the lights and storefront decorations. Valentine's Day was tomorrow. "I had almost forgotten," she said absently.

They'd been together long enough that he knew what she was talking about. "I didn't."

"Is that why I'm here?"

Truth, again. "Maybe so, little girl. Maybe so."

Grace looked over her shoulder at him. "I don't know how you could top Valentine's from last year."

Matt grinned, giving a casual shrug of one shoulder. "I'm a creative sort."

"I can't argue with that."

Matt tugged her close for a quick kiss. The menage he'd arranged last year with his best friend, Max, had been a fantasy of Grace's for a long time. Matt had known for years that Grace had a crush, albeit a small one, on Max. He wasn't jealous of it, found it intensely arousing and was happy to blindfold Grace, tie her to their bed, and watch as Max touched and teased and tasted every inch of Grace's body.

She'd come twice and was on the brink a third when Matt stripped and climbed on the bed to join them, straddling Grace's shoulders and feeding her his cock. "That was quite fun."

"It was incredible."

"You haven't asked to have a repeat, though. Why not?"

"You haven't offered."

The hotel loomed ahead on the right, cutting their conversations short. The driver stopped the car in front where the valet rushed to open Matt's door.

He was soon escorting Grace inside the lobby and down a hallway to a bank of elevators. Inside the mirrored car with the top floor button pushed, he had her against the wall. Tongues and limbs tangled together, one body melted into the other. He couldn't get enough of her this time around and more than ever he was scared of how much he loved her, how much he needed her. He'd always known it, from the first moment he met her at that singles bar hop his roommates had tricked him into.

Grace had walked in ahead of him at the third bar. He'd told his friends it was the last one for him and that he would be going home instead of to bar number four.

He went home all right. With Grace. And he definitely hadn't gone to anymore bars that night. Within a few months, they'd moved into an apartment together, and just last year, they'd bought their first house. From the beginning, he'd planned to spend his life with her, but he never thought he'd be willing to give up the freedom of their open relationship.

He'd always thought being with only one woman forever would lead to boredom, routine and become lifeless and dull. His parents had had an open marriage and since he'd turned sixteen, had raised him on a steady diet of sex is sex is sex and different partners and experiences keep things alive and from getting stale. Sex didn't have to mean anything beyond that moment of pleasure. His younger sister was in an open marriage. His brother wasn't, but his brother was gay, so maybe it didn't translate the same way. Matt wasn't sure. He could only go on what had been a way of life growing up. But what had become boring was being with anyone other than Grace. For six months, he'd stayed not only emotionally faithful, as always, but sexually faithful as well. He was content to masturbate until he was with her again.

Was he ready to make the change permanent?

She was then, and was now, the most special woman he'd ever known.

Grace drug her teeth along his tongue when he pulled it back and ended their kiss. The bell on the elevator sounded and the doors opened. He took her hand and practically ran with her to the end of the hall where his suite was located.

Her eyes widened as she walked to the center of the room, twirling with her arms spread wide. "Wow. What a room. A shame it's so cold outside, though," she said as she moved toward the balcony doors.

She seemed so delighted that Matt was content for the moment to simply watch her. "And why is that?" The question didn't require a verbal response. The one in her eyes as she gazed over her shoulder at him was answer enough. His shirt and shoes were discarded first, followed by his jeans. He left the clothes in a pile by the door and padded naked across the room to press himself against her, crushing her against the glass.

"Mmm... Just because", she moaned, with a wiggle of her ass against his cock"

"I see." He stayed her teasing with a hand tight on her hip. "Well, you're overdressed and the curtains are open."

Grace laughed. "I am, and they are. At least one of those should be remedied immediately."

Chapter Two

Matt stepped back to give her room to turn around and she instantly missed his heat, the solid weight of his body.

“Sexy and seductive stripping, or efficient and to the point stripping? she asked, her fingers going to the hem of her favorite purple sweater.

“Much as I’d love a sexy and seductive strip, my patience is gone. I haven’t been inside you for at least forty-five minutes and that too damn long.”

The look in his eyes promised wicked delights and she pretended to consider his reasoning, then nodded. “Efficient and to the point it is.”

In seconds she was as naked as he and flush against his body. He backed her into the windowpane, which she barely registered as being cold, with his hands on either side of her head and his mouth insistent and hot on hers.

There was a new urgency in this kiss and it stole what breath she had left, stole the thoughts and notions and preconceived ideas she’d always had about him. He was raw and open, shaken by something that had to do with her, and sex, as always, was the only way he knew how to clear his head before he could deal with things.

Her fingers touched his face and he retreated a step. His stare was dark and hungry. She wanted to squirm but didn’t. She stood, accepting the way his gazed roamed her body, licking like flames, scorching her from the inside out.

Turning slowly, Grace faced the windows, faced the night where anyone in any of the windows facing theirs could see her.

It was one thing for people to see her ass pressed against the glass, but quite another for them to see her breasts, for them to see her bend forward and palm the window, bracing herself to spread her legs. It was quite another thing still, for them to see Matt move in behind her and slam into her, his cock buried balls deep, his push so hard that her breath fogged the cold, clear barrier.

With one hand on her hip and the other fisted in her hair, Matt fucked her. “Matt...” The whimper couldn’t be helped. It slipped through her lips without her even being aware it was going to.

“I know, darlin’.”

And he did. She knew he did. Every time he touched her, took her, the same electricity, the same power engulfed them as it had when he first kissed her four years ago.

Four years, three months, thirteen days.

Grace forced her head hard into his fist and thrust her ass into his groin. She rocked back and forth, fucking him as much as he was fucking her.

“That’s it. That’s my good girl...give it to me,” he rasped.

The glass shook against her palms. “We’re being watched,” she whispered.

“Mmm. Good.”

Grace stopped moving and glanced over her shoulder at him. “I’m serious, Matt. Look. The building on the corner, top floor. There’s a man, watching.” She turned her head back around and locked her gazed on the occupied window. She wasn’t embarrassed, or ashamed at being seen, at being leered at, at intense way the man watched she and Matt. Even from this distance, the way he stood against the glass of his own window, Grace knew, felt the focus of his gaze.

“I know. I saw him.”

“Shouldn’t we close the drapes?” She hoped not.

“No. It’s hot, Gracie. Let him see the pleasure on your face.”

She stared at the man who was staring at them. She thought she saw him smile and she returned it. Matt was right. It *was* hot to be watched by a stranger.

Matt let go of her hair and took both her hips in his hands. His finger dug into her skin and he rode her hard enough to lift her onto her toes.

Empowered at being the center of attention between two men, one touching her, one merely watching, she dropped a hand between her thighs and rubbed her clit, masturbating herself for all their pleasure while her lover pounded her cunt without mercy.

The orgasm crashed over almost without warning. It slammed her hips back and Matt grunted, then stilled. His cock pulsed inside her body as he came. She lifted her hand from between her legs and rested it against the glass, a wet smudge marring the pristine surface and Matt’s hands fell from her hips to cup her breasts. He lowered himself and kissed along her shoulders and spine.

They stayed that way until his cock slid out of her. She looked up and the man was still standing there, watching. He waved and raised a glass in their direction. Grace smiled and waved back, her face heating now that the heat of the moment had passed and she was momentarily sated.

“I need a shower,” Matt groaned.

“I need a bath.”

Matt helped her stand and walked her to the bathroom with an arm around her waist. She saw him look over his shoulder at the man and wave before swatting her on the ass. “Bad girl,” he growled in her ear. “Very bad girl for teasing that man. You know, he may not have a hot girl for Valentine’s Day like I do.”

Grace lowered her head, glancing up at him from beneath her lashes with mock chagrin. “Oh yes, very very bad of me. Will I be punished?”

“You have no idea, darlin’. No idea at all.” As the words left his mouth, there was a knock at the door. “Go on into the bathroom and I’ll be there after I answer this.”

Grace did as he told her, only instead of the bath, she ended up crawling into the most inviting bed she’d ever seen. More so than with the car service, she was impressed at how well Matt’s company took care of him. He didn’t stay in typical business class hotel and he didn’t have to rent the typical business class car. No, they provided him with a limo and five-star luxury accommodations.

She sank into the mattress and rubbed her body against the lush sheets. The door closed in the other room and she heard the lock click into place. Matt walked in, doing a double take toward the bed when she flashed him by spreading her legs. “Thought you were going to start a bath.”

“I was, but the bed whispered my name and I just couldn’t say no.”

“Ah. Yes, beds do seem to do that to you quite often,” he commented, setting the contents in his arms on the bedside table and sliding down next to her.

“What’s all that?”

“*That* is a gift from our friend across the street. He sent us some strawberries, some chocolate, some champagne.”

“Oh that was very nice of him.”

“Mmm. Yes. There was a note as well.”

“Wow. That was quick. I never saw him pick up the phone. How did he get it done?”

“Perhaps before we noticed him. Does it really matter, Gracie?”

“Nope. What does the note say?”

“It says that he would like to watch as we enjoy his gifts. Oh, and for us to have a very happy Valentine’s Day.”

“I don’t think that’s going to be very difficult. He wants to watch again, huh?” Grace rolled off the bed and went to the window, pulling back the curtains. There he was, still in front of his window, seated this time, one leg crossed over the other, a glass in one hand resting on the arm of the chair. “Well, we can’t disappoint him now, can we?”

Matt turned on one of the lamps as she joined him on the bed again. “No, I don’t suppose we can,” he murmured, leaning over and kissing her lips, nudging her until she was flat on her back. “This wasn’t exactly what I had planned for Valentine’s for you, though.”

Grace touched his face with trembling fingertips. “What did you have planned?”

“Beyond my spur of the moment decision to fly you out, I hadn’t planned. Not really. I hadn’t forgotten, but I didn’t have a solid plan yet.”

“Are you sorry?”

“Only sorry that I hadn’t done it before now.” A shadow crossed his eyes for a brief second then disappeared. “Things need to change, Gracie. Between us, I mean.”

“I know, but not right this minute.” She winked at him and lifted one leg up to snake around his hip. “Okay?” Her heel pressed into the flesh of his ass.

“Okay,” he breathed as he took her mouth in a hard, crushing kiss.

She pushed the worry and fear his words brought about into a corner of her heart and responded with hunger and need when his tongue slid between her lips. With her arms wrapped around his neck and her other leg lifted around his other hip, she squeezed him tight against her body.

His tongue tangled with hers and the harder he kissed her, the stronger her hold. They needed to break apart for breath and it wasn’t until her lungs started to burn that she loosened her arms and legs and he lifted his mouth.

He nuzzled her neck causing her to giggle. “What about a strawberry? They are bright red, perfect, plump...and with the chocolate sauce...”

To mirror his words, Matt, reached over and took a strawberry between his thumb and forefinger, dipped it...no dunked it in the chocolate and quickly brought it to her mouth. Parting her lips, she waited...and waited...

“I think I’ll keep this one for myself,” he whispered and proceeded to decorate her nipples with the chocolate. A moan escaped her as he drew the end of the berry down her stomach. “Stay very still, my girl.”

Words failed her and she held her breath as he rested the piece of fruit above her mound and reached over, dipping his finger in the chocolate, bringing it back and coating her clit.

“God, Matt.”

Her nipples tingled with arousal. Food play was something they enjoyed from time to time and it had been a very long while since they had indulged.

He took a small bite of the inside of one of her thighs causing her to gasp. Her legs and belly trembled from trying to stay as still as possible and she tried to think of other things that might take the edge off her fast rising need for Matt’s mouth on her clit. Nothing worked. Not the weather, not the fact that baseball season would start soon, not that she likely needed to lose a few pounds. Nothing.

She took a shaky breath when he picked up the strawberry and squeezed it in his fingers. Cool juice and thick chocolate dripped on her skin and trickled between the lips of her pussy making her squirm.

“What did I tell you about staying still?”

“Oh you can’t be serious,” she whined.

Chapter Three

"I'm quite serious. Hold. Still." More juice dripped from the now hopelessly smashed piece of fruit. "Open," he said, holding the strawberry above her mouth.

She did and he dropped it between her lips. "Mmmm."

"Good?"

She licked her lips. "Delish."

Matt dropped his head between her legs, placing his palms on her upper thighs to hold them wide. He licked the flat of his tongue long and slow from the entrance of her body to her clit and back again. It was agonizing. It was wonderful. It was the most exquisite torture.

He blew cool air on her heated flesh then took her clit between his lips and teeth, sucking, nibbling, and driving her mad. She writhed against his hold and fucked his mouth with her sex. Her tits bounced and the people in every room on their floor had to have heard the scream that tore from her throat.

Matt didn't let up as the orgasm flowed through her, drawing spasm after spasm from her until she gripped his head and tugged at his hair, pulling him off her pussy. "You...you're going to...kill me..."

"No. I'm only going to drive you insane with pleasure, my love."

Grace let go of him. "I'm already there."

He licked and kissed and sucked the chocolate trail that had dried on her belly and chest, sliding his tongue into her mouth for a tender kiss. She tasted herself, the sweet melted chocolate, and a flavor that was uniquely Matt.

Wrapped in his arms, Grace's heart slowly calmed and her breathing evened out. She closed her eyes and savored the afterglow. Though they had started out intent on putting on a show for their voyeur across the street, Grace had quickly forgotten he existed.

"You okay?" Matt's voice was soft, just a murmur of sound.

"Yeah. My mouth is a little dry."

He shifted to get up. "Let me get you some water."

Grace fought to keep her muscles relaxed and grip him in panic. "No, don't go. Just open the champagne, it'll do for now."

He looked down at her and she wondered if he could read the turmoil inside even though she didn't claw at him, didn't sound panicked, she just asked him calmly to stay. She never had been able to hide much from him.

"Grace?" His tender tone; the gentle caress of his fingers across her lips, and her tears fell. "It's time to talk."

* * *

Matt had been dreading this and yet at the same time, he had been looking forward to it. Time to come clean. Time to say it out loud because only then would it be real, only then would there be someone else that could bear witness to the decision and choice he'd made.

"Our relationship needs to change," he said for the second time that night.

Her tears fell harder, faster, and she nodded her agreement. This time she wouldn't put it off and he understood her fear. Promises had never been made by him to her. He hadn't expected to fall so completely in love and though he had, he'd selfishly thought to keep things as they were,

keep the status quo. Sure, they moved in together, lived as lovers, but the open and free to play and fuck others relationship they'd agreed to in the beginning remained unchanged.

"I love you. With all my heart. All my soul, Grace."

"I...I know, Matt."

He bent his head and licked at the tears that were still flowing. His lips moved against the softness of her cheek. "We can't go on like this. I know you don't take advantage of some of the aspects of our relationship anymore and over the last year or so, it's been weighing on me." When she didn't respond beyond a nod of her head, he continued, this time framing her face between his hands and looking down into her shimmering eyes. "I can't do it to you anymore. I..." It was now or never and the words were choking him. He couldn't seem to get them to spill over his tongue and out his mouth.

"M...Matt?"

She was trying to hold it together. She would accept whatever he decided, though if it meant letting him go, he knew she'd fight for him. She loved him that much. Her support over the years, both personally and professionally was everything any man could dream of finding in a woman. She deserved the very best from him. She deserved all of him.

He swallowed against the lump in his throat. He forced the words through. "I thought this was what I wanted, this freedom that my parents shared, and something similar to what your parents shared. I thought I'd finally found the one woman who I could share this lifestyle with, but I was wrong. I don't know why you said yes to me all those years ago except that you loved me and you wanted me, no matter the cost."

"I don't understand. Are you...leaving me?"

Fresh tears had formed in her eyes and he used his thumbs to whisk them away. He'd never been good with emotional conversations. It was one of the reasons open relationships had always worked for him. His heart's need for Grace was something he hadn't counted on. "No, Gracie, but I do want to change the nature and status of our relationship."

"To what?"

"Monogamous. Just you and me. No other women. No other men." Her eyes grew wide, disbelieving and was that...disappointment?

"Ever?"

"That was the idea, yes."

Grace worked her hands up from his sides to frame his face exactly as he framed hers. "Matt, I don't dislike playing with others, you know that. Valentine's last year should have been proof enough for you. The few times we've played with other people over the years should have told you that."

"You don't play on your own, though."

"No, not like you do. I tried it for a while, but it didn't feel right. Maybe that's how my growing up with swinger parents was different than the way you grew up. I like the newness and variety and fun of inviting others in, but only when we're together. I want to be with you. I want to see your pleasure and for you to see mine."

Matt was a little stunned. He'd never thought of it that way before, which honestly wasn't surprising. He was a brilliant business man, but he could be damned thick sometimes. This moment evidently being one of them.

He took one of her hands and pressed his lips to her palm, then slid off her body to lay beside her. He held onto that same hand and stared at the ceiling, his fingers entwined with hers.

"Matt?"

“I’m thinking.”

“Thinking?”

“Yeah.”

“Did you say all you wanted to say?”

“No, but you stumped me and now I’m having to rethink things.”

“Maybe that’s the problem. You think too much sometimes. In most everything, you analyze every piece and part to death. This really is simple.”

Matt turned his head to find her unwavering, steady, dry-eyed gaze on him. He was glad the tears were gone. He’d take her irritation with him any day over her tears. “You’re right. I do over think things. I’m guessing you have a solution?”

“I do.”

“Tell me.”

“We try a relationship my way for a while.”

She was taking it out of his hands, changing the tables, changing the game and he was letting her. The vice grip on his heart loosened. “I’m listening.”

“We, meaning you, don’t play with others anymore unless we’re together.”

“So, I’m compromising?” He wasn’t, not really. It was more than he’d gone into this conversation asking for. He was happily willing to give up the spice and fun of playing with others for her. They were a very sexually creative couple. From food play to a bit of exhibitionism to sex in public or semi-public places to kink. There wouldn’t be boredom, not like he’d always feared. No. If he were really honest with himself, it wasn’t becoming bored with her that he was scared of. It was her becoming bored with him.

She’d never shown any signs of it, of being tired of him, but then he hadn’t ever been home long enough for them to see. He thought with the other women for him, and the freedom to play with other men for her, that the some version of the old ‘absence makes the heart grow fonder’ adage would keep them emotionally together.

Only he was the first one to crack, to need more in a way he hadn’t anticipated.

“Is it really a compromise?” She edged closer to his side. “I’ve known who you are from the beginning and I’ve accepted you without question. You’ve changed and grown and fallen in love with me all on your own. This is your chance to truly have your cake and eat it too.”

Maybe he needed to consider hosting a pub crawl for all his friends. Maybe they’d find a similarly amazing woman like Grace. He lifted his head so his lips could glance over hers in the softest of touches. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Good, because there is something else I need to tell you.” Confession was getting easier for him, but he spoke quickly before concern could flash in her eyes. “I’ve put in for a position in the home office.”

“What would that mean?”

He saw the hope in her surprised smile. “No more traveling and there would even be quite a bit of freedom for me to work from home.”

“You love the travel. Why would you do this? I’ve never asked you to stay home.”

“I know, but Gracie, I love you more than all the freedom and all the travel in the world. You’ve given me everything and I haven’t even begun to give you what you deserve. I want to make it up to you.”

“Wow, Matt. I...I don’t know what to say.”

He nipped at her nose, the peace inside, astonishing and welcome. “Think you can handle having me around that much?”

Her joy was palpable. “Without a doubt, but Matt, you’ve never...you don’t l—”

“I’m not saying there won’t be adjustments and times where I feel like I’m suffocating, but it’s only going to be until I get used to it. I want to try, Grace. I need to try. And losing you is not an option.”

“You can’t lose me.”

“I know. I’ll find out about the job when we get back to town and we’ll go from there. But Gracie? You do know there will be days where I’ll fuck you raw, don’t you? Probably more days than not.”

“Yes, Matt. I know. I’m counting on it in fact. I’ve always been enough for you. You just had to come to that conclusion on your own.”

“And I have. However, it doesn’t seem as though I’m enough for you.”

“How do you figure?”

“You are the one who suggested we still play with others.”

“Variety is the spice of life and you’ve been mine from day one. When does this change take place?”

“Starts right now.”

She lowered her head and kissed him. “Mmmm. Yummy.” And then, she crawled on top of him to straddle his hips.

Tongues tangled and her lower body rocked against his. It all felt different and yet, it all felt the same. He couldn’t have expressed his happiness if his life depended on it, but happy he was, thrilled beyond measure. She was good for him, always had been.

He was determined to be good for her, too.

She lifted her head and sat up, reaching for the champagne bottle as she did. Her head turned toward the window as she took a long, slow drink. Matt followed her gaze. Their patron of wicked delights was still there, watching. Could he see a difference in them, even from across the street?

A drop of cold champagne hit his chest, and he jolted in shock. Another drop followed the first, which was followed by another. He turned his attention back to her. “Grace?”

He sucked in a breath as she tilted the bottle. He knew what was coming. The glint in her eyes promised both heaven and hell freezing over. She scooted down his legs, the wetness of her sex leaving a trail over his cock which was quickly followed by the cold champagne. It pooled in the hair surrounding his penis and slid down around his balls.

The sensation was mind blowing. Bubbles fizzled along his skin. “Grace...” He choked the word out in warning. She simply grinned and lowered her head.

The celebratory liquid touched her tongue and her tongue touched his cock. “I told you I was thirsty.”

Yes. Yes, she had. And Matt, content and completely committed, yet far from sated, lay there thinking, *Happy Valentine’s Day to me.*

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About the author:

Living in North Carolina, talented, multi-published author, Lissa Matthews, has many loves in her life: Family, friends, NASCAR, football, music of all kinds, cooking, BDSM, and last, but not least, coffee. She loves it so much she and those who know her are surprised she hasn't floated away on a caffeine-induced cloud while giving life to feisty heroines and hunky heroes.

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