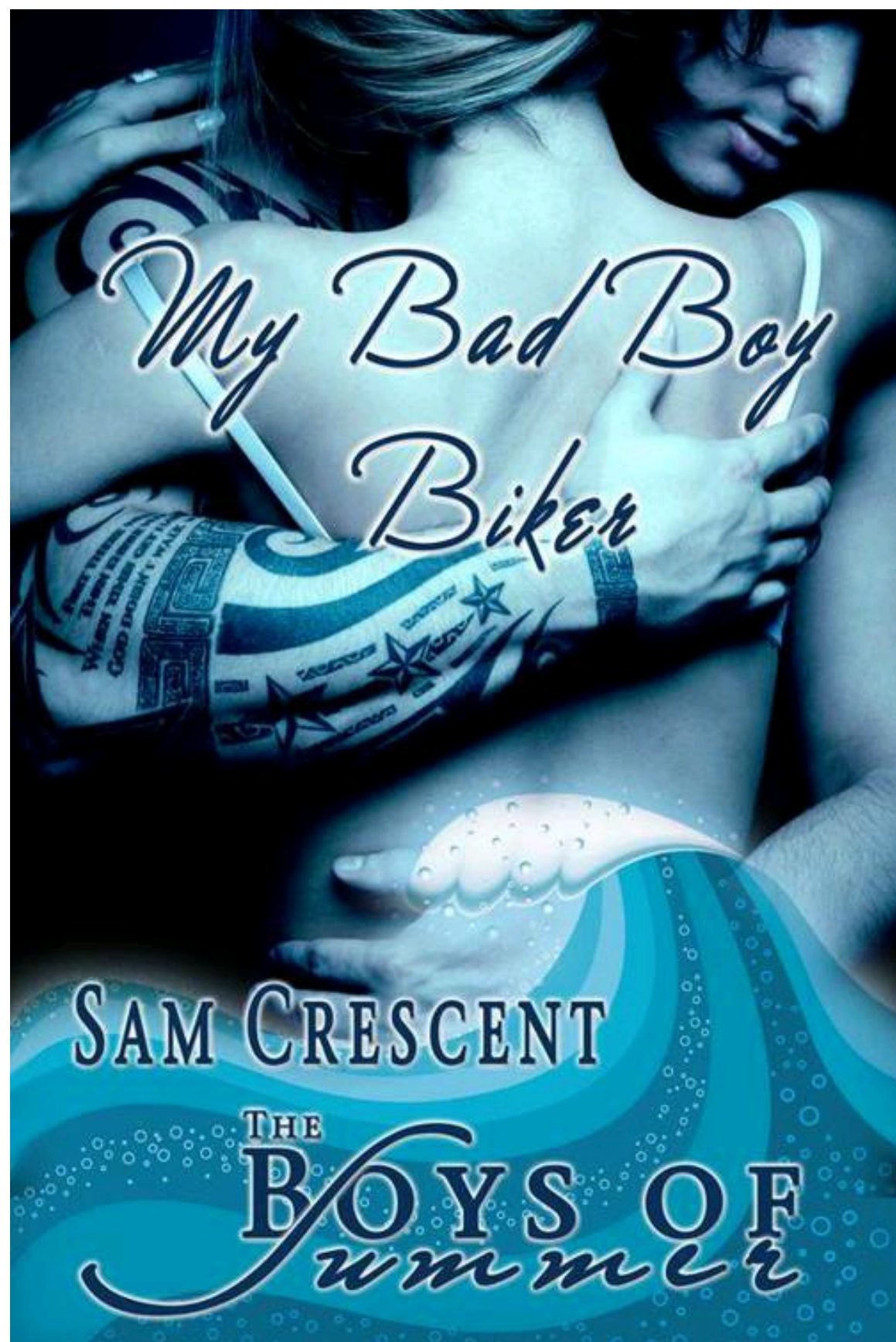




*My Bad Boy
Biker*

SAM CRESCENT

THE
BOYS OF
summer



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Also by the author

Dangerous Place For Love (in the *Dangerous Men, Dangerous Places* anthology)

My Bad Boy Biker

Sam Crescent

Chapter One

Mandy Straus slung back another shot of vodka and slid the glass to the bartender. "Fill her up," she said and tapped her hands on the bar. Tonight was special. In the last five years since leaving high school, she'd been working for a lecherous snake of a man who'd done nothing but hit on her and make her uncomfortable. After all this time, she'd stood up to him in front of his wife and told him to keep his wandering hands to himself and to stick his job up his ass.

"You're looking a little out of sorts," Bill, the barman, said.

"Not at all. I'm out of a job, but I don't have to deal with sexual harassment anymore." She raised her glass and gave him a salute. Mandy intended to get pissed, maybe do something completely out of character like screw the first man she saw. At least a man she could stomach first thing in the morning.

"I'll get you another one. On the house this time," Bill said to her. Mandy gave him a dazzling smile and flipped her long hair over her shoulder. The straight brown locks were a nightmare to keep tidy but she loved having long hair. When she sat on her bed brushing out the strands, the motion gave her a sense of peace not many people could find.

Bill came back with her drink.

"Thanks." She took sips rather than knocking it back. Mandy glanced at the reflection in the mirror and wondered what the hell she was going to do. Yes, she'd quit her job and felt liberated for her trouble. What was she going to do about work?

A commotion behind her made her turn around. Bill cursed. There wasn't anything of interest that she could see, and she went back to her drink.

"Tonight's going to be a fucking nightmare," Bill muttered.

Sighing in frustration, she turned back to the scene. A large man stood just inside the doorway with his arms folded. Tattoos ran up and down both arms, the muscles the same size as her legs combined. He looked cocky, arrogant and dangerous. All three were a combination she despised in a man. Having no interest, she spun in her seat and drank down her shot. Bill stood near her, glaring at the man.

"What's with you?" she asked.

"He causes trouble wherever he goes. A biker. A thug and a pain in my fucking ass," he growled.

"Never seen him before."

"That's because you're a good girl and never come to this part of town on the rowdiest nights. Give it a few hours and you'll see. Dan Sawyer is a royal fucking pest. I hate the summer. Brings all the fucking criminals out." Bill handed her another drink and walked away.

He's so dramatic.

Intrigued by the man who'd gotten to Bill, Mandy grabbed her drink and walked over to a booth in the far corner. She wasn't up for company, and it gave her a decent view of the room. Men and women danced to a country tune as other groups played pool

or drank beer. Bill had been right. She didn't go out on Friday or most of the days that were high-risk for social interaction.

Growing up in a family with three older brothers and two prettier sisters, she'd felt like an outcast. Being the late arrival in the family, she'd never felt a part of it, as she didn't achieve as much as the others. Most of her family were high achievers who craved respectability of the highest order. Even though her family did everything to include her. She wasn't designed to crave attention as they did.

The only outrageous thing that happened in her family was with her oldest brother, Rick. He'd disappeared a few years back with one of his friends—she couldn't remember his name - only to return and settle down as best as he could. They'd stayed in touch via letters, and she recalled sending him some pictures to help him with his travels. That was the extent of her family's blackened name.

Most of the time, she was happy to lay back, read a good book, and let the world go by. The lecherous boss had been the only interesting thing to happen to her. She sighed and took another sip of her drink. The effects of the alcohol were warming her from the inside out. However, Bill had also been a good friend to Rick, and she'd seen him water down the strong liquor with water.

At least he didn't charge her the same rate as a full shot.

"Stupid," she muttered to herself.

"What's stupid, darling?" Dan Sawyer asked from his position against the booth where Mandy sat. He must have moved closer while she was away with her own thoughts.

"Nothing," she said. Putting the glass to her lips, she tossed the contents back with a flick of her head as if she had nothing better to do than get drunk. Without asking permission, Dan moved into the seat opposite her. His presence invaded every corner of her quiet booth.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

He didn't say anything and just stared, making her uncomfortable. Mandy glanced around the room, but everyone seemed oblivious to her. Even Bill.

"I wanted to come and sit with a gorgeous woman."

She ignored him and made to vacate the booth. Dan reached over and grabbed her arm, stopping her from leaving.

"Don't go," he said.

"I don't want you here," she said.

"I don't want to go anywhere else." The hand holding her arm moved down in a caress to entwine their fingers. "Your skin is so soft."

"Do you seriously think I don't see through this?"

"What?"

"The interest. I'm not the type of girl for you, so why don't you piss off and distract a different girl who's drinking?" The guy may be gorgeous and sinful but she wasn't in the mood to be a sloppy second. *Who knows where he's been.* "Let go of my hand."

"No. I like the way you feel, and I'm not ready to call it a night yet." He gripped her tighter.

Mandy glanced toward the bar, hoping to catch the eye of Bill, who was busy chatting up a beautiful blonde.

Typical.

“Look, I’m flattered you want to spend some time with me but really, I don’t want anything from you. All I want is to have a quiet drink and go home,” she said. As the seconds passed it looked less and less likely she’d be left alone.

“Can I come and fuck away all your troubles?”

“Excuse me?” Surely, she’d misheard him.

“You heard me.”

~* * *~

Dan watched the beautiful, full woman with long, luscious brown hair. He could see himself wrapping her locks around his fist as he fucked her from behind. She had the body that could take a good, hard fucking.

He moved to ease his cock, which was aching in the tight jeans he wore. Shit, his cock threatened to burst, he was so hard. Who would have thought a Friday night would see little Miss Mandy Straus in one of his places?

She didn’t know it, but he was best friends with her brother even though it had been some time since he’d last seen Rick . There was a ten-year age gap between them. Their friendship had remained a secret as the Straus family hadn’t wanted Rick hanging out with a ‘bad boy.’ Dan had been the guy who had always been in trouble, skipping class and chasing after the ladies. He doubted if Mandy even recognised him. It had been awhile since he’d last bumped into her in town. She tended to walk with her head down, always hiding away from any attention.

When Dan and Rick had turned eighteen, they’d hit the road. Two rebels on bikes with the intention of exploring the world. Mandy was the only one of the family to write and send pictures. Somehow, no matter where they were, letters would follow.

They hadn’t done much exploring. Dan recalled being broke half the time and needing to work to keep gas in the bike and food in his belly. At eighteen he was nothing more than a stupid, immature bloke who was too afraid to admit he liked being in his hometown.

In his head, Dan knew he should leave this little angel alone. Seeing her sitting all on her own and isolated had struck a chord deep inside him. He didn’t like seeing her like this. Strange, considering he was usually more the bang ‘em and leave ‘em type. He’d never cared about a woman’s feelings before.

“I don’t think you should be talking to me like that.” She sounded outraged, which only made her seem more adorable.

“What? You don’t want me to tell you how hard I am and how I want to bend you over this table and fuck you?” He watched as a flush appeared on her cheeks.

“How dare you? You don’t even know me.” her eyes scrunched up as she glared at him.

I know you, sweetheart. And I want you badly.

“Then why don’t I take the opportunity to know you now? Don’t you feel it? The need to do something fucking unbelievable?” Dan saw the small spark in Mandy’s eyes as she

latched on to his words and processed them. He understood what she was thinking because he thought the same. Mandy didn't want to spend her days living a lie. She wanted to live, and he wanted to live with her.

"What do you mean?" she asked. The interest was there, and she'd begun to relax against his hold.

"Why live half a life when you can live a full one? Come back to my apartment with me." A nigger of guilt assailed him. Why was he picking up his friend's sister? Dan could have any woman he wanted. He didn't need to pick on little Mandy. Shaking his head to rid his mind of the thoughts plaguing him, he smiled and drew her fingers to his lips. He ran his fingers along her knuckles and stared into her eyes. She looked so beautiful as she bit her lip, debating his proposal.

He saw when she gave in. She glanced toward the bar and then the exits.

"Let's go," she pulled on his hands as she stood.

His night was looking up.

Chapter Two

Mandy glanced over at Dan and couldn't believe what she was doing. "You want me to get on your bike?" Why had she agreed to spend the night with him? Agreed to do something outrageous and completely out of character with a total stranger. She wasn't this woman.

Accepting to go home with him was quite possibly the stupidest decision she'd ever made. Why then, wasn't she turning away and going back inside to call a cab?

Hormones. That's what it was. She finally wanted to live life to the fullest and experience some heart-stoppingly hot sex while she was at it. A bad boy biker should be able to meet all of her expectations.

She hoped so. The only experience she'd gained while losing her virginity to Ned in the back of his truck on prom night was quite a bit of pain, some panting, and then it was over. Terrible on all points and even worse, Ned had thought he was some rock star in bed. She'd told him to fuck off.

"Yes, baby. Are you scared?"

Mandy came out of her negative thoughts as Dan handed her a helmet.

"I thought this was living dangerously?" She took the helmet and put it over her head. She felt like the most unattractive female ever.

"We can live dangerously but the point is in living through it." He tapped her on the head and pulled his own helmet on before straddling the heavy bike between his impressive thighs. "Get on, gorgeous."

Mandy stared back at the bar and knew in her heart the moment she got on the bike, she'd made the most reckless decision of her life. There would be no going back, and her only option would be to move forward.

Closing her eyes and sending a little prayer to whoever wanted to answer her, she grabbed his shoulder and swung her leg round.

"You've got to hold on to me," he placed her hands around his middle and secured her. Her pussy was pressed against his back and her skirt rode up, exposing a length of thigh.

Her heart was racing and her pussy creaming. Never in her life had she risked anything quite so dangerous. Dan revved the bike, and she felt the vibration through her body.

"Hold on tight," he warned and sped off.

She couldn't contain a squeal of excitement as the rush ran through her. Holding on

to him was easy. All she wanted to do was pull off her helmet and have the wind blowing through her hair.

Laughing and smiling, she embarked on the new adventure, feeling crazy at what she was doing.

“Do you like?” she heard him shout.

“Yes,” she said with enough volume for him to hear.

The feel of the wind against her face gave her a sense of freedom she hadn't known in a long time. Her legs were on either side of Dan, and she liked how powerful he was. Strength seemed to radiate off him in waves, along her thighs and to her pussy. The drive didn't last as long as she wanted. Too soon, he was pulling up at an apartment building just outside of town. Dan pulled into a parking bay and shut off the engine.

“Time to get off, gorgeous.”

Her heart pounded as she thought about what could happen upstairs.

Mandy pulled the helmet off, handed it to him, and climbed off the bike. Her legs weren't used to being in the same position for any length of time, and she braced herself on the nearest post.

“You've got to get used to the machine. Aren't your legs used to being open?” he teased.

She shot him a glare, and he shut up. Mandy watched him settle the bike. The muscles in his arms got bigger as he moved the bike without any trouble and put it away. A length of his hair fell into his eyes, but he left it. She wanted to reach out and push the strand of hair back. When he finished, he turned back to her. He took her hand and led her to the nearest elevator.

In no time at all, she was stood inside his apartment and the sound of his closing and locking the door echoed off the walls. She rubbed her arms. What the hell she was doing?

Mandy glanced around his small apartment. Nothing striking stood out, and she was shocked by how clean it was. The walls were a cream colour, which helped with the lighting of the room. She saw the living area with a small sofa and a chair in front of a large television.

“Welcome to my place,” he said. Dan took off his jacket, and the muscles in his arms bulged.

“It's a nice place.”

“Not what you expected from a bad boy?” The deep sound of his voice sent shock waves of pleasure to her pussy.

Mandy stared at him.

“I saw you talking to Bill the barman. He doesn't like me all that much.”

“You cause trouble,” she said.

“I don't go out looking for it. Trouble has a tendency to find me. Take off your shirt.”

Had she heard him properly? “What?”

“You heard me. Take off your shirt,” he said as took a step closer to her.

“Here?”

“No one else is in my apartment and if they are, they better get the fuck out now. I want you out of your shirt.” He gave her a smile that had her heart pounding.

Mandy couldn't keep up with his attitude. Did other women just take their clothes off and go at it with him like rabbits? She really was out of her depth.

"I think I should go."

"Do you want to go?" he asked.

She paused and thought about his question. Leaving would mean she wouldn't be acting impulsive. By not being impulsive, she wouldn't be having sex and tonight she wanted to have sex with Dan. For once, after five years with her awful, fucked-up ex-boss—knowing tomorrow she'd have to start looking for work—she wanted one night where she wasn't Mandy Straus, the innocent good girl. The doormat.

No, tonight she wanted to fuck—not make love—with a stranger. Dan wouldn't be in her life forever. The night was about loveless sex. No one would know, and tomorrow morning she could be out of there before he knew it.

"No. I don't want to go."

"Take your shirt off." His gaze fell to her breasts, encouraging her.

Taking a breath she began to unbutton her shirt. The conservative white blouse had been perfect when she'd been at work, but now her fingers shook, and she struggled to concentrate on the buttons.

"Let me help." Dan took hold of the opening and ripped the fabric apart. Buttons flew in every direction. He yanked the last little bit off her arms.

"What are you do—" She didn't get to finish what she was about to say. He fisted her hair, tilted her head back, and claimed her lips.

Mandy fought for a second and then gasped as he moved his other hand down her body and pressed against her mound through the loose skirt she wore.

Dan took full advantage, plunging his tongue between her lips. She responded. Pressing her body against his and moaning her surrender. She ignored the small voice inside her head to run as far as she could from this dangerous man. For once, she wanted to do something so outrageous. She wrapped her arms around his neck and she held on as he took possession of her mouth and made it his.

"You taste like vodka," he whispered as he pulled away.

"Bill won't give me full shots." Her speech sounded breathy and out of control.

"He better not be charging you full price."

"He isn't."

"You're one sexy woman." Dan pushed her skirt to the floor, "Anyone ever tell you that?"

She shook her head. Her boss didn't count. He was a leech and married, the bastard.

"I'm telling you now. You're fucking hot." Dan pulled his shirt off over his head and dropped his jeans to the floor.

"Shouldn't we talk or something first?" she asked.

Holy shit, he's got an anaconda in his jeans. Fucking hell. Is it possible to be that big without surgery?

Mandy knew she was staring and watched as he fisted the large shaft. The tip glistened in the light.

"I take it you like what you see?"

“You’re very big.”

He chuckled and she was amazed with how at ease he was with his own body.

“Thank you.” He walked toward her and she couldn’t help taking a step back. “So what do you want to talk about? I don’t feel like talking, Mandy. I want to fuck you.”

She frowned. How did he know her name? She didn’t recall telling him.

This is your last chance, Mandy. Get a grip and make a choice. Either get your clothes on and walk out the door and never experience that cock inside you, or grow a pair and follow him to the bedroom. Have a steamy night of sex and leave feeling more like a woman than you ever have before. In the last hour alone, he’s made you feel more like a woman with his demands than any other man throughout the whole of your life.

Dan held his hand out and slowly. Weighing up her options, she placed her hand inside his.

Chapter Three

Dan saw how skittish she was. He wasn't surprised. Her family had been one strict household in which to grow up. It's why her brother loved causing trouble. For a second, Dan wondered how she'd react if he pinned her against the wall and drove into her pussy in his sitting room.

Seeing how nervous she was, he settled on the bedroom. He'd take her against the wall as soon as he got her to relax.

And he knew the best way to get a woman to relax.

When they entered his room, he removed her bra and watched her large breasts sigh in relief. Her tits were full and would overspill his hands and the bra was too tight to fit her full-figured curves. She shouldn't be strapping them up so snugly.

He cupped their weight in his hands. Her large nipples were hard and erect

Dan didn't say a word. He had a feeling she'd run the moment he started talking. He'd already fucked up in speaking her name.

Picking her up, he enjoyed the feel of her as he held her to his body. He needed to cut off his thoughts. This was supposed to be a one-night stand. She couldn't remember who he was.

He placed her in the centre of his king-sized bed and climbed on next to her. First he started at her lips. Kissing and sucking while his hands roamed her body. Touching and testing to see where she loved being caressed. She cried out when he touched her breasts and nibbled her neck. Slowly, making her enjoy every second, he moved down her body. He laid a kiss onto each of her tits and sucked her tight little nubs into his mouth before moving down. She had a tantalisingly fleshy waist and full hips.

He gripped her hips and felt the strength in her body. Some men preferred women who were skin and bones. He hated them. A full woman with big hips, huge tits, and the ability to love got him every time.

Dan stripped the panties from her body. Mandy was so responsive. Did she know who he was yet? It had been a while since he'd last seen her, but he'd never forget the colour of her intensely dark brown eyes.

With her elder brother, Rick, he'd partied and caused a lot of trouble. The trouble they'd gotten into had worked up a storm. No matter what they did, trouble had always found them. They were like two magnets attracting the bad. With no choice left, they'd hit the road and would only visit home every few months. After some time away, Dan joined a bunch of bikers and travelled, doing odd jobs.

Rick had returned home first. Then Dan didn't have the letters she sent her brother,

and he knew he needed to go back home. When Rick had been with him, Mandy's letters had been the one comfort Dan had. Dan knew he needed to go back home to see the girl who'd developed into a mature young woman and who'd helped him during his hardest points with the reading of her lovely, charming letters. Now he was back home and had little Mandy Straus on her back.

She had the smoothest legs he'd ever felt. When he had the panties off, he threw them across the room. She wouldn't need them any time soon.

Her pussy was trimmed and her scent teased his nostrils. She'd be so damn tasty. Opening her legs he watched her lips part to show him her wet, juicy slit.

Her clit peaked out from its hood, swollen and red. Cream leaked out of her. She was so damn turned on.

Using his fingers, he slid them through her wetness, missing her clit and going for her cunt. With one finger, he tested her, pushing it inside her. Mandy was tight, soaked, and hot. Fucking her would be hard at first because of how small she was compared to him. Getting her to loosen up and accept him would take a little time. He couldn't wait to feel her.

He looked at her face. Her eyes were closed, and she lay so tensely. Her hands fisted in the pillow behind her head. He didn't like seeing her that way while in his arms. Didn't she know he'd never dream of hurting her?

She doesn't know who I am.

"I've got you, baby," he whispered. Dan wanted to taste her. To feel her cum explode on his taste buds.

Dan gripped her thighs and opened her wider. Not waiting for permission, he ran his tongue through her wet, creamy slit. She screamed, and he held her hips firmly in place.

"What are you doing?" she gasped.

Dan didn't answer. Instead, he showed her what he wanted to do with his tongue. He teased her clit and glided down to push inside her tight heat. Within moments, she was writhing with pleasure under his hands.

Cream leaked from her body, and he tasted her, her unique scent driving him closer to taking her. Never had he liked going down on a woman as much as he enjoyed taking Mandy to that peak with his tongue. She was so beautiful and innocent and sexy she drove him to distraction.

As she calmed down because his touch stopped to allow her to relax, he moved his fingers down her body to her pussy. He inserted two fingers and gently pressed them inside her tight channel. Dan wanted her wet and ready to take his cock. Pushing his fingers inside her, he tongued her clit, bringing her closer and closer to orgasm. He wanted her screaming in pleasure before he fucked her. To hear her soft little moans of completion.

Her pussy contracted around his fingers, and he felt the change within her and knew she was getting closer and closer. He nibbled her clit and pressed a third finger inside her juicy cunt, stretching her as much as possible without hurting her.

"Oh, my god," she screamed seconds later as her climax rushed through her. Her cum coated his fingers. He reached over to his open drawer and pulled out a condom. Dan pulled away and he fingered her clit with one hand as he grasped his cock, quickly aligned

his body with hers, and thrust inside her.

Mandy struggled, gasping for breath. He moved his fingers, took her hips, and slammed inside her. She was tight, wet, and he wanted to be seated so deep inside her.

“That’s it. I’ve got you,” he said. Holding her felt so right. He didn’t want her to be anywhere else. Luck must have been on his side this night, finally, after only ever imagining Mandy in his dreams. She was in his arms where she was supposed to be.

“Feels good,” she moaned. Dan smiled and kissed her.

Pushing in and out, he took her over the edge a second time, touching her tits and holding her full, voluptuous body.

Pulling out so only the tip of his cock remained, he swivelled his hips and slammed back inside. The force of his thrust caused her to be pushed further up the bed until she was holding on to the headboard for support.

Dan couldn’t see past his need. She climaxed a third time around his shaft. Her tight cunt hugged him like a fist. Unable to hold back, he plunged inside her again and again. His peak drawing nearer with each powerful thrust.

“Kiss me,” he demanded. Mandy leaned up, circled her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

Tasting her on his tongue and having himself surrounded by her scent pushed him over the edge.

With one final thrust, he climaxed, releasing his seed inside the condom when in fact he wanted his sperm to be deep inside her cunt. He collapsed off to the side. He didn’t want to hurt her.

~* * *~

Mandy didn’t know what she was doing. She’d had sex with a stranger and for the first time she’d orgasmed three times. Surely, she’d been doing it wrong in the past. Never had her body felt so alive. She took deep breaths as she tried to get her bearings.

Licking her lips, she turned her head and blushed. Dan was staring back at her.

“What?”

“You look cute when you come.”

He had the ability to say the crudest things. He reached out and cupped one of her breasts.

She gasped as her nipple tightened and a pool of pleasure grew in the pit of her stomach.

“How do you do that?” she asked.

“Do what?”

“Make me feel so good, so quickly?”

“Because I know what I’m doing,” he answered honestly. “I know your body better than you do.”

He skimmed down her body, over her stomach, and ended on her mound. She gasped as he used to fingers to tease her aching bud.

“You want to go again?”

“No, baby. I want you to feel good.” He got up from the bed and picked her up.

She held on, scared in case he would drop her. “What are you doing?”

“Taking you to my shower.”

He walked unhurried with her in his arms. Mandy liked the feel of his muscles holding her. Dan Sawyer was the first man to ever pick her up and carry her. She was having a princess moment. Her knight in shining armour was taking her away from her evil boss and the rest of life’s frustrations.

Get a grip, Mandy. One night stand, remember?

Dan placed her on the toilet seat and turned some dials before picking her up and placing her in the warm shower. “I can walk you know.”

“I know, but this is my place, and I get to do what I want.” He followed her into the shower.

Looked as if the night was going to hold a number of firsts. She’d never showered with anyone before.

Facing the shower spray she dropped her head and let the warm water wash through her hair. Her body was sore from sex, which never usually happened—breaking all of her first times with a bad boy biker.

“You’ve got such a nice ass.” He squeezed the cheeks.

Mandy didn’t know what to say.

“I want to fuck it.”

Frozen still, she waited for him to speak again.

“You’ve gone quiet. Has no one ever fucked this hot little ass?”

She shook her head.

“I can make every little dream and fantasy you’ve ever had come true. There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do,” he whispered against her ear. His breath fanned over her neck, sending her body into tight knots.

“I don’t want anything.”

His chest pressed against her back. The heat from his body wrapped around her like a glove. He moved her wet hair out of the way and kissed the column of her neck then her shoulder. He moved his hand down her arm and curled around her waist. His large cock seated on her ass.

“Do you feel how hard you make me?”

Suddenly, he grabbed both of her hands and laid them against the shower wall, palms down. “Don’t move,” he ordered.

Mandy stayed very still as his hands roamed her body. He went from her shoulders and down her back. Up and around, cupping her breasts in his hand. “I love your big tits. Your body is so beautiful. I’m hard from looking at you. You’re driving me crazy with the need to fuck you hard and fast.”

She loved hearing him speak so bluntly about what he wanted and what he liked.

Dan slipped his hands down to the top of her thighs and then moved her to open her legs wider. She moved without question. She was along for this sensual ride.

Next he placed his hands on the inside of her thighs until he was cupping her mound. He slipped a finger inside her as he used another to tap her clit.

Moaning, she fisted her hands on the wall. A riot of sensation coursed through her. She rolled her hips and pushed onto his hand, begging him to go deeper.

“You’re so fucking wet and tight. I’m big, baby, and I liked the way I had to fight to get seated deep inside your cunt.”

Mandy felt as if she was a different person. She wasn’t the young woman who was scared of the world. Mandy Straus would never dream of going to a stranger’s apartment and having sex with him.

“Don’t you have anything to say?” he asked.

She shook her head. She was more than happy for him to be in control. Her experience was very limited, and so far he’d given her more orgasms than she’d ever hoped to achieve with a man.

“You want me to be in charge? To take what I want and not care about anything as long as you get some pleasure in the process?”

Words failed her once again. She nodded.

A second finger pushed inside her. A cry of passion broke from her lips.

“I don’t want to be in charge, princess. I want to hear you beg and scream for your pleasure. I want you to tell me what you want me to do to you.”

“I can’t,” she said as his hands left her body. She whimpered, distraught that he’d stopped.

“Yes, you can or you can leave and don’t come back. I want a woman in my bed who knows what she wants. Not a girl pretending to be a woman.” He leaned over and turned off the water before leaving the shower.

Mandy watched him in shock as he dried and wrapped himself in a towel then left the room.

She stood looking at the shower stall in front of her, fighting with her inner demons. The scared woman inside her was cheering that she had an out. All she needed to do was get her clothes and leave. But the biggest part of her wanted to shove the fear away, walk naked into his room, and demand to be pleased. Living only half a life for so long was no longer good enough. She wanted everything he had to offer and more.

Licking her lips, she moved out of the stall, careful to make sure she didn’t slip. Glancing in the mirror, she was pleased she hadn’t worn make-up. Otherwise, she’d look a mess. Gazing down at her body, she saw the red marks from the bristle on his face. Her breasts looked large and her nipples flushed red. Her pussy ached and she loved the feeling. Being empty for so long heightened her experience now.

He’d said he could fulfil every waking desire. That there wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do.

Taking it step by step, she walked to his bedroom. Pausing with a hand on the door post and one pressed to her stomach, she closed her eyes and took the final step over the threshold.

She took several steps into the room before she saw him on the bed staring at her. He had a hand on his cock, masturbating the large shaft.

“You took your time.”

Chapter Four

Dan watched as she stood in his room, her gaze on his cock. She looked sexy as hell with no clothes on. He saw her nerves, and his heart constricted. He fought his rising feelings. Thinking about who she was and in the few short hours what Mandy had come to mean to him wasn't going to do him any good.

"I didn't know what to do," she admitted.

He took his gaze away from her and fucked his fist, bringing the attention to his cock. "But you're here."

Glancing up, he saw her nod. "Come here."

She walked slowly to the bed, climbed on, and knelt where he lay. Dan liked watching. Her tits bounced with every step and her hips swung. Reaching out, he took her hand, entwined their fingers, and pulled to bring her onto the bed.

She knelt on the edge and with a bit of manoeuvring, he got her where he wanted her. Straddling his waist.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Kiss me," he instructed. He cupped her ass, massaging the flesh with in his palms. Her body was to die for, and he wanted to spend the rest of the night exploring every inch. She leaned over and laid her lips against his. He let her take her time. Learning his lips and building her confidence until she tugged on the hair at the base of his neck. Her kisses deepening and her tongue thrusting inside to meet his. He moved his hands to her hips, and he guided her up and over his condom covered cock.

Slowly, inch by inch he seated her on his shaft. Watching as he disappeared inside her body.

She moaned and curved her back, taking all of him. Her hands rested on his chest. With his help, he taught her how to meet him thrust for thrust, getting her to ride his body to seek her own pleasure.

"Touch yourself," he told her. Taking two of her fingers, he pressed them to her clit and helped her to bring herself pleasure.

Each movement was meant to further her arousal.

"Oh, god," she panted. Her movement became hurried as she took him. Riding the wave.

He gripped her hips with a tight, firm hold. "That's it. Come all over my cock."

He took her over the edge and he went with her until she collapsed in his arms.

Running his hands down her back, he held her, closed his eyes, and inhaled her scent. He wasn't good for her, but he didn't want it to end.

For the rest of the night, he answered her every sexual demand, taking her in ways she never thought possible. Her favourite was when he got her on her knees and rode her from behind. She felt controlled in a way she'd never been before.

Late into the night they fell asleep, exhausted.

A little after four, she awakened and knew it was time to go home. Even if her little apartment left a lot to be desired, it was still hers. Pulling the duvet off her body and then squirming her way from under his arm, she got the edge of the bed.

"Where are you going?" he asked, startling her.

"You made me jump," she pressed a hand over her rapidly beating heart and stared at him as he propped his head up on his hand.

"Where are you going?" he asked again like she hadn't said anything.

"I think it's time I went home."

"Why? I haven't asked you to leave. I don't want you to go," he said.

Mandy glanced at the floor and then looked at him. She didn't know what to do.

"Spend the weekend with me," he said.

"What?"

"Haven't you ever been propositioned before, Mandy? Spend the weekend with me." He reached out and took her hand, giving a little pull to get her to move forward.

"I thought this would be a one night thing."

"If you want it to be a one night thing then sure, whatever. But what I'm saying is there is a spot for you in this bed, and in the morning I'll make you some breakfast."

Mandy couldn't keep up with the quick turn of events. "How do you know my name?" she asked.

"The same way you know mine, precious," he answered.

She knew he was avoiding her question. "Could you stop with the angel and princess and precious? I don't like them." The terms of endearment weren't personal. She wanted to hear him say her name so she knew who he was thinking about.

"Sure."

Running her fingers through her hair, she climbed back into bed. Settling down and closing her eyes, she waited for sleep to claim her.

"I've fucked you senseless and you're still tense. Relax." He took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips. "Sleep."

Surprisingly, at his command and because she was still tired from the night of exhausting sex, she did.

Chapter Five

Mandy woke the following morning to the scent of bacon and coffee. Smiling, she stretched out the kinks in her body, wincing as muscles she hadn't used often protested.

Opening her eyes, she let her senses come back to her.

Mandy Straus, you little slut. Going home with a bad boy and being fucked until you forget yourself. Where is the boring woman I use to know?

Ignoring her inner worry, she got out of the bed, found one of his shirts, and put it on. She followed the path to his kitchen.

Dan was cooking in a pair of sweat pants and nothing else. "You're awake," he said as he turned.

Tucking her hair behind her ear, she took a seat at the counter. He handed her a cup of coffee.

"Is this what happens after a one night stand?" she asked and then wished she could take it back.

"No. Usually I wake up and the woman is gone. This isn't a one night stand." He plated up the food and brought it over to her. "I hope you're hungry. I've made plenty."

On her plate were bacon, hash browns, eggs and beans.

"I usually only have toast or cereal."

"Most of the days you aren't recovering from fucking with me for most of the night.

Would she ever get use to his gruff language?

Picking up her fork, she dove in, surprised that she finished it all. She stayed in her seat as he cleaned away the dishes. It felt odd watching him do all the work while she sat and did nothing.

"Right, do you want to take in a movie?"

Mandy smiled and followed him to his small sitting room.

Her morning started innocently enough. He put on some action movie with chasing cars and gun fights. She was bored up until he grabbed her and seated her in his lap.

"What about your film?" she asked.

"I've got a sexy woman in my lap. I don't care about the movie." He pulled the shirt over her head, leaving her bare for him to touch.

Dan took one nipple into his mouth and fingered the other. She moaned and arched her back.

"That's it, give me those luscious tits," he growled.

The movie was forgotten.

He turned her so he had perfect access to her chest. She watched every touch and lick as he attended her breasts.

Her nipples were sensitive from the night before and with each tug, it sent a bolt of lightning to her pussy.

“I’ve got to have you now.” Dan took them to the floor and pulled his sweat pants down in one smooth action.

Mandy was already wet from the attention to her breasts. He quickly pulled on a condom and ran his cock through her slick folds and thrust to the hilt inside her body.

They made love on the sitting room floor. The sound of guns blasting was drowned out by the moans and cries of their love making. Dan took her to new heights. Showing her and teaching her how her body could be used for the ultimate pleasure.

She gave him everything and in return, he gave her the weekend of a lifetime.

Chapter Six

All too soon, his weekend with her was coming to a close. Dan liked the fact she wore his shirts to walk round the house. They ordered takeout and pigged out in front of the television and spent the nights making love.

He wrapped his arms around her, nuzzled her neck, when his door suddenly opened and closed.

“Dan, where the fuck did you go?”

Dan cursed and pulled Mandy behind him. Great, not the best way to tell his best friend he was sleeping with his sister.

“What’s going on?” she asked, but he ignored her. He couldn’t deal with this right now. Having Mandy in his life meant more to him than a quick fuck, and he knew Rick would take it the wrong way.

“That’s my fucking sister, you bastard. This is how you’re getting revenge? By going and screwing my sister?” Rick demanded. He stood in the sitting room. His hands clenched into fists at his side.

Dan wished he’d told her the truth about who he was. Her brother barging in on their time together had twisted everything.

“What’s going on? Rick, how do you know him?” she asked.

“He’s the man I skipped out of town with. The one I was getting into trouble with.” Dan knew she hadn’t seen much of him, but the years away with all the letters she used to send to her brother had kept him sane. He didn’t want Mandy to hate him.

“Wait. You’re the guy who always caused trouble? Who caused so many problems?” she asked.

Dan didn’t want to answer. His time with Mandy was coming to an end, and he wasn’t prepared to accept it.

“You used my sister to get back at me for sleeping with the girl you wanted?” Rick demanded. “That’s a new low even for you.”

“Wait. Wait. What the hell is going on?” she asked. Dan glanced at Rick and then at the girl who’d come to mean so much to him.

“I swear this has nothing to do with that.”

“Right. I heard what happened from Bill. You went to the bar and zeroed in on Mandy. Took her home. Are you going to include that crap in your little black book?” Rick asked.

Dan wanted to hit him. That crap was behind him and had been for some time. He would never do that to Mandy. She was the only reason he’d come back home. Even if she had no idea who he was, he’d done nothing but think about the woman who wrote all the letters to Rick.

“What?” she asked and turned to look at him. Tears were in her eyes, and he felt like he’d been kicked in the gut. He hated being the cause of those tears.

“That was a long time ago.”

“Yeah? Do you want to tell her how you rated women on size and performance? How about the points system you use to rate them? They got a ten if they swallowed and a five if they didn’t?”

“Enough,” Dan shouted. He hated hearing about his old days. They were gone, and he wished he’d never done anything like it.

“Mandy, I swear I would never do that to you.” He went to touch her, and she pulled away. Tears streamed down her face.

“If you touch me, I’ll kill you,” she put her hand up to ward him off. “That’s why you came to my table? That’s why you took me?”

Dan knew she was going to hit him, and he didn’t fight it. The sound of her hand hitting his cheek echoed off the walls. His face stung and he knew there would be a red handprint.

“Will you take me home?” she asked Rick.

He had to watch as she gathered her clothes and left. She didn’t even bother to look back.

“I swear it wasn’t like that,” he said to Rick.

“I don’t care. Mandy wasn’t yours to take. She deserves better than to be fucked and dumped,” Rick closed the door behind him.

~* * *~

Mandy sat in the car and watched her brother approach. She couldn’t look him in the eye after the beautiful weekend she’d just spent having her world tossed around. Rick got in the car and started the engine.

“Don’t. I don’t need the stern talking to. I know what I did was wrong and stupid. Just keep your big brother speech to yourself,” she said as he turned to her.

She took one last glance at Dan’s front door as Rick pulled away. She stared at her hands, and in her mind, she replayed the weekend. Dan had made her feel like a beautiful, desirable woman.

The most significant memory was stripping in front of him. His poignant words struck

a chord with her.

“Maybe what you need to do is be outrageous. Do some sexy dancing in a skimpy outfit and see the men drool. I’d love to see you showing this body off.” Dan had played some music while she’d stood with nothing on but his shirt.

“Dance for me, Mandy.”

The music had brought her to life. Her body a conduit of energy. She’d danced, and they’d made love. He’d held her against the wall as he pounded her body into completion.

“What are you thinking?” Rick brought her out of her thoughts.

“Nothing.” Never would she tell her brother that her feelings for Dan had changed so drastically from Friday night through Saturday and Sunday and by Monday, she was in love with him.

She’d survive the humiliation she would feel in front of her family. She didn’t know if she’d survive the pain.

Chapter Seven

He couldn't think. He couldn't sleep. Dan was being driven mad by the image of a little brown-haired vixen. She avoided him around town and didn't answer his calls. Dan had never had to work at getting a woman before.

Mandy meant so much more to him than a shag. When Rick had closed the door, he'd watched them pull away from the street. Disgusted with himself, he found the black book and burned every page. Why did he ever think keeping a book of conquests would be a good thing?

It had been three weeks since he'd seen Mandy. Every week worse than the last.

He ordered a strong coffee at the diner and winced as the bright lights hurt his eyes. The only way of dulling the pain had been to drown his sorrows in a whisky bottle.

The waitress came back swaying her hips and showing an absurd amount of cleavage as she handed him his coffee.

"Hi, Dan," she said in a smoky voice.

Shit. He couldn't deal with this now.

"Go away."

"But..."

"Sweetheart, I don't care and I don't want to know. I want to drink my coffee in peace."

The woman walked away in a huff.

"Wow, I never thought I'd see the day you'd turn down a woman," Rick said, sitting down opposite him.

"If you're here to gloat or whatever, save it," Dan picked up his drink and took a gulp, not caring about the burn.

"Mandy is miserable."

"She won't take any of my calls, so I imagine she's getting over it," Dan winced.

"You're being an asshole. The bad boy biker strikes again and all that shit. But I've been thinking. You never gave me back those letters I left with you. Mandy means more to you than those other women?" Rick asked.

Dan didn't bother answering. Rick knew the answer.

"Open your wallet."

Frowning, Dan glanced over at his friend. "What?"

"Open your wallet and let me see the picture you keep there."

He growled at his friend. Rick had a point, and he wasn't going to listen.

"You've got the picture of Mandy there. I didn't know you felt anything more than friendship with her. I know you enjoyed the letters she sent. You love her, so why aren't

you fighting for her?”

Dan didn't answer and after a while Rick left. He finished his coffee and went back home, where nothing waited for him only the memory of Mandy being with him.

Chapter Eight

Several weeks had passed since the last time she'd seen Dan. Rick tried to console her as much as possible. She was caught between the ache of wanting him and the pain of what he'd done. All she wanted to do was drive over to his place and put all the horrible shit behind her so they could move on together.

Another part of her was scared. Was the pain she'd seen in his eyes false?

As the days passed, Rick became more and more insistent that she forgive his friend. Strange, considering he had been the one to cause the problem. The rumours surrounding Dan Sawyer had reduced, and she wondered if it had something to do with her.

"Sometimes we have to fight for the person we love," Rick said.

"What do you want me to do? He doesn't care about me, and he used me to get back at you," she argued.

"I don't think he did anymore. I was angry and there is a huge age gap between you, but I know Dan has been in love with you for years. Every letter and picture you sent me through the years...he asked to keep them. I think he fell in love with you on the road. I gave him the letters when I left. Please, go to him."

Mandy was shocked by his revelation. What was she supposed to do?

"Where would he be on a Friday night?"

Rick gave her a funny look. "On a Friday night, you can't figure where a man would want to be?"

Thinking about his answer, she came up with a cunning plan.

"Maybe what you need to do is be outrageous. Do some sexy dancing in a skimpy outfit and see the men drool. I'd love to see you showing this body off."

She picked the phone up and made arrangements. Rick was right. She should fight for the man, who in such a short time had made her love him.

~* * *~

Dan didn't know why he'd allowed himself to be forced inside Bill's bar, especially when the older man wanted his head on a plate. He tossed back a shot and ordered another. Waving off every woman was growing tiresome. There was a settled quiet in the bar that wasn't normal for a Friday night. Usually the pool tables were in full swing.

The dance floor was crowded with entwined couples, the music a morbid love song—one which left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Drinking another shot, he glanced at the clock and winced. Nine o'clock and he already wanted to go and curl up in bed. Life without Mandy was unbearable.

He drank down another shot and paused as the music changed. The song and tune he recognised instantly. Mandy had danced to that song for him. Swallowing down the lump

in his throat, he moved to stand. The lights went out. He sat in darkness, the only light stationed on the dance floor. Dan watched as couples parted.

His mouth went dry.

Mandy stood in the centre of the dance floor in a short, tight, black dress with the sexiest stiletto heels arching her calves. His cock jumped to life. Seeing her so close and untouchable killed him.

She moved with every pulse and beat of the music. Her hips swaying slowly and provocatively. Dan recalled telling her to show off her curves and gorgeous body. Fucking hell, she looked perfect—a handful—and he wished he was the only one to have her. She lifted her arms, and he watched as she danced

Everyone else at the bar didn't matter. Dan tuned them out and concentrated on Mandy as if she were dancing for him and him alone. He couldn't take his gaze off her as she moved across the dance floor, each move designed to be as sensual as the last. A great deal of skin was exposed but only enough to tease. She didn't show any personal parts.

Suddenly, she was stood in front of him. Dan stared at her as she took his hand and pulled him up. Like a zombie, he got up and followed her onto the dance floor. He couldn't take his eyes off her even if he wanted to.

Nothing else mattered as Mandy led him onto the dance floor. She grabbed his hands and wrapped them around her waist. He took her lead. Dan would do anything as long as she stayed in his arms.

The tune played around them, and soon he felt it through his whole body. She turned in his arms, and he inserted a leg between hers. Mandy further shocked him as she shimmied down. Her pussy dancing along his leg.

Holding her, he moved with each sway of her arms and body, driving himself further and further out of his mind.

"I'm sorry," he said. The thought of her moving out of his arms and leaving him forever was too much for him to deal with.

"Shh," she pressed a finger to his lips and continued dancing.

"If this is to torture me, then you're succeeding." He stopped talking as she pulled out of his arms and off his leg. Turning she pressed her back against him and slid down his body. Her back brushing his throbbing cock.

Fucking hell, he couldn't cope with this.

Glancing round the room, he saw they were the centre of attention. He didn't like it. Grabbing her arm, he led her and her heels out of the bar. She didn't fight, and he was pleased. Dan picked a secluded spot and pushed her back against the wall.

"What the fuck are you playing at?" he growled.

"Excuse me?"

Even in the dark, he could see how sluttish her dress was. Her tits were heaving out of the bodice, and the skirt only just covered her crotch.

"Dressing like a slut and dancing as if you're free property. You're mine," he snapped. Dan was done waiting for her to come to him. Mandy was his and if she wasn't prepared to deal with it, he'd make her see.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" she demanded. Hands on hips and heaving

breaths.

“I’m your fucking man.” He pulled her against his chest and slammed his lips down on hers. She wrapped her arms round his neck. Taking advantage, Dan ran a hand down her thigh and ass under her skirt. Moving her panties out of the way, he sunk his fingers inside her wet flesh.

“Um,” she moaned. Breaking away, Dan stared down at her drooping, lust-filled eyes. “I did this for you,” she whispered.

“And I thank you, but I don’t want any other man drooling over what’s mine.”

“Am I yours?” she asked.

“I’ve got my fingers inside your pussy, and I’m going mental over other men seeing this hot little body. What do you think?”

“I think you should take me back to your place.”

Dan pulled his fingers out of her cunt and picked her up, carrying her over to his bike. He helped her with the helmet and waited as she straddled the bike, and then circled her arms around him.

His future had never felt so good.

Epilogue

Dan stood outside in the waiting room. His nerves were completely fried, and he couldn't stand the wait. He knew Mandy had begged for him to stay but as soon as she'd started crying and whimpering, his resolve had gone. Seeing her in pain killed a part of him.

He'd been waiting for an hour. It didn't take that long to have one of the damn things.

He changed position from standing to sitting and then back to standing. Running his fingers through his hair, he knew his decision to mark their three-year anniversary had been a mistake.

After another thirty minutes, she came out of the room with a smile on her face.

"You wimp," she said.

"Well, how did it go?" he asked.

She turned and showed him her back. A plain, white bandage covered the base of her back. "I got it done. It's sore and tender, and they've advised me to keep it covered and gave me the after-care instructions."

Dan wrapped her in his arms. "Next time we'll have a baby instead."

"Why the hell would a baby be any different? I'd still be in pain."

For their three year anniversary together, Dan had gotten her name tattooed on his arm, and she'd gotten their names locked together in a rose pattern along the base of her back.

Dan didn't want children yet. It was bad enough sharing Mandy with her family, let alone another human being who'd take time away from him. When they were ready, he'd love to have a family. At the moment, he wanted her all to himself.

Taking her hand, he led her out to his bike. The sunshine beat down on them. She curled her body around his.

"Where to now, miss?" he asked in a posh accent.

"Take me to bed, you bad boy biker."

Smiling, Dan reeved the engine and pulled out. His afternoon was looking up.

About The Author

Sam Crescent passionate about fiction. She loves a good erotic romance and so it only made sense for her to spread her wings and start writing. She began writing in 2009 and finally got that first acceptance in 2011.

She loves creating new characters and delving into the worlds that she creates. When she's not panicking about a story or arguing with a character, she can be found in her kitchen creating all kinds of havoc. Like her stories the creations in the kitchen can be just as dubious but sometimes things turn out great.

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