

“Simply Sexual”

copyright @Kate Pearce

Kensington Aphrodisia January 29th 08

She lifted her gaze and met his eyes. Something urgent sparked between them. She fought a desire to lean closer and rub her cheek against his muscular chest. “I think I will make a far better spinster aunt than a wife. At least I will be able to be myself.”

His lazy smile was as intimate as a caress. “But what about the joys of the marriage bed? Might you not regret sampling those?”

She gave a disdainful sniff. “If what I have just seen is an example of those ‘joys’, perhaps I am well rid of them.”

His fingers tightened in her hair. “You didn’t enjoy watching me fuck your maid?”

Sara gaped at him.

His smile widened. He extended his index finger and gently closed her mouth. “Not only are you a prude, Miss Harrison, but you are also a liar.”

Heat flooded her cheeks. Sara wanted to cross her arms over her breasts. She trembled when he stepped back and studied her.

“Your skin is flushed and I can see your nipples through your night gown. If I slid my hand between your legs, I wager you’d be wet and ready for me.”

Sara’s fingers twitched in an instinctive impulse to slap his handsome face. She waited for a rush of anger to fuel her courage but nothing happened. Only a strange sense of waiting, of tension, of need--as if her body knew

something her mind hadn't yet understood. She let him look at her, tempted to take his hand and press it to her breast. Somehow she knew he would assuage the pulsing ache that flooded her senses.

As if he'd read her thoughts, he reached out and circled the tight bud of her nipple. Sara closed her eyes as a pang of need shot straight to her womb.

"Sara..."

His low voice broke the spell. She covered herself with her shawl and backed away. As soon as she managed to wrench the door open, she ran. His laughter pursued her down the stairwell.