

Raine Weaver

ROSEWOOD

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ROSEWOOD

It never fails to happen, right after sex.

I always get a craving for food. *Immediately.* As if my body needs to replace the energy it's lost.

So, even if the guy's staying for Round Two, I don't want a cigarette. I don't want to cuddle, don't want reassurances that I'm 'the best he ever had'.

I want him to get up off his ass and get me something to eat.

Kaz knew that about me. That's why he volunteered to go pick up the Chinese instead of waiting for delivery. Plus, getting food always made me grateful, and gratitude always helps when you're going for Round Two.

Wallowing in the luxury of pure white satin sheets, I reached for the champagne bottle and poured the remnants into my glass. Two more bottles remained sweating on ice. Kaz was a class act. The best to drink, four-star hotel, their finest suite. He knew I was high-maintenance, and didn't mind providing for it. It got him what he wanted.

Me.

So, I was a little surprised when I heard his card key click in the door. He'd only been gone five minutes, and the Chinese place was at least fifteen round-trip. "What'd you forget?" I called out, smoothing the sheer gossamer nightgown that had gathered between my thighs. "Remember—no food, no extra nookie for you."

"Damn. I was really hoping to hit that."

I nearly broke my neck jumping up in that bed. Kaz was often full of surprises. I liked that about him. But the one surprise I *never* expected was hearing Booker's voice.

Booker Stern, the man I'd been married to for the past three years.

He entered wearing his favorite black cashmere coat and wraparound shades, despite the night. Moot point, I thought idly. Book never drove *anyway*. Somewhere outside the hotel, a chauffeur in a nice silver Benz waited patiently.

"Booker?" I knelt on the mattress, gaping and tempted to reach for the sheet. "Wha-what are you doing here?"

He tossed the card key on the nightstand, pursing his lips. His other hand remained in his pocket. The pocket that bulged slightly as if something was stashed inside. "Nice digs," he murmured, looking around. I resisted the urge to pull away as he reached for the hem of the gown, sliding the material between his fingers. "This is new. Cost me much?"

“Two-twenty. And change.” Expensive, but not nearly as much as it was going to cost *me*. The fact that he was here meant he’d probably hired a detective. Had pictures taken. Thrown around a bit of all that money he had. And I’d signed that damned prenuptial agreement. With this evidence, he could leave me without a cent.

I decided to be brazen about the whole thing. What’d I have to lose now?

“Kaz likes it.”

“Kaswell. Yes.” He took a slow walk around the room, that hand remaining securely wrapped around something in his pocket. I still loved the way he moved.

Long and lithe, he drifted through space like a specter. Soundless. Sure. Sexy.

“Kaswell, my lazy-assed employee. He’s too incompetent to get ahead at work, so he decides to get a little head from...the boss’ wife.” He paused before the burnished Brazilian Rosewood sliding doors on the opposite side of the room.

“Walk-in closets. Very nice. Come here often?”

For the first time in our relationship, I was beginning to feel afraid of my husband. That quietly authoritarian voice of his was making me nervous. Book had always been gentle when it came to me—but he had a reputation for being a cutthroat investor. And I didn’t think that bulge in his pocket meant he was glad to see me. It was beginning to look more and more like a small pistol. “Twice a week. Every week. But then, you already know that.”

He managed a wry smile. “Money can buy many things. Including information—and keys to any hotel room you want.”

Book was one good-looking man when he smiled, all boyish charm and insincerity. It was one of the things that had attracted me to him most. That, and the large, persuasive weapon he carried between his legs. As good as Kaz was in bed, I wouldn’t have given him the time of day if Book hadn’t started neglecting me. If he hadn’t started cheating on *me* six months after we were married.

“How long have you known?”

He sat on the bed beside me, one leg folded up on the mattress. I couldn’t see his eyes behind the glasses, and he kept that deadly hand in his pocket. “You cut your hair.” He reached out to touch it, and I instinctively shuddered away.

“Knowing how much I loved that long, thick hair of yours, you cut it short. An act of rebellion. Fucking around had to come next.”

I winced at the words, but could hardly deny them. He was right on the mark. Astonished to find I still had the champagne in my hand, I emptied it quickly, suddenly dying for a cigarette. I’d quit two years ago to please him. Right now, I’d kill for one. “So, what happens now? Gonna slap me around a little? Play the irate husband? Be Mr. Civilized, and let me get dressed and leave?”

“Oh, Jasmine, you don’t want to do that.” He flapped his pocket slightly, and my heart stopped. “Kaz and Jazz. Sounds so *cute*. A real romantic twosome. Wouldn’t you like to save your lover’s life?”

I dropped the goblet right on the bed, stunned. Watching as he pulled his glasses off, I recognized that cold, merciless gleam in his eye. The one that possessed him whenever he was about to make a killing in the market. “You can’t be serious. Book—”

“I could blow him away as he walks in the door and, with the best lawyers money can buy, receive a minimum suspended sentence. Crime of passion, temporary insanity, the old unwritten rule that says a man has the right to defend what’s his.” He grinned, and I swear to God it looked like he had a hard-on in those perfectly tailored trousers of his. “Listen! I think I hear the elevator now.”

“What?” I grabbed the lapel of his coat. He was scaring the shit out of me. “What do you *want*?!”

He leaned forward, whispering. Even now, my stomach fluttered when he drew near. He was a gorgeous man, with skin the color of clover honey, short black hair, and a cut body toned by concentrated hours in his exercise room. “I want a show.”

I went absolutely still. Listening. I could hear the threat in his voice as well as Kaz’s footsteps coming down the carpeted hallway.

“Show me your lover’s worth all you’re going to lose, Jasmine, and I just might let him walk out of here—with his balls intact.”

I’d heard him wrong. I’d had too much to drink. I’d fallen asleep waiting for Kaz, and this was my nightmare. Even as my mouth dropped, I watched him rise and saunter toward the closet.

“*Sshhhhh*,” he whispered, pressing one finger to his lips.

He stepped inside just as the key clicked in the lock. The Rosewood doors slid soundlessly closed, leaving a small, virtually undetectable gap.

“Hey, baby. I’m back.”

I was, for the first time in my life, stunned into silence. He couldn’t be serious. This was some kind of sick joke. Had to be.

He wanted to *watch*?!

“Jazz?”

My husband was lurking in the closet—*watching*?? What kind of freak wants to watch his wife screwing around? No yelling, no tirade, no anger?! He just wanted to watch, or he would—

“Baby? You okay?”

Finally forcing myself to turn away from that gap in the doors, I blinked hard and Kaz came into focus. His arms were full of bags, and he was giving me a puzzled smile. “I got back as soon as—”

“I’m not hungry.”

“What? Oh c’mon, Jazz. You always want to eat after we—”

“I said I’m not hungry!” I snapped. “Put the damn food down, get out of your clothes, and let’s get busy!”

Kaz slowly placed the bags on the nightstand. He didn’t even notice the extra card key lying there. Book would’ve picked up on it in a second. “You sure you’re feeling okay, baby?”

He was laughing softly as he unzipped his jacket. Black jeans and leather jacket.

All of my men were wearing black to my funeral.

“No. I’m not feeling okay. I need to get laid. You gonna do the job, or—”

“Alright, alright!” With a loud whoop, he began shedding clothes at warp speed, tossing them right on the floor.

“Lights. Give me some light.” I vaulted from the bed, nearly tripping over his shirt, and turned the knob on the wall to bright. When I looked back, he was gaping at me.

“But Jazz, you always said you like the light nice and dim, very romantic.”

His clothes littered the floor, but he was still wearing briefs. Dammit, the man was getting on my nerves. With an impatient tug, I yanked them down to his ankles, stretching and pulling until he stepped out of them, eyes wide. “Did I ask

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for romance? No. I said I wanted to get *laid*. Did I stutter when I said it? No.

Now let's go!"

Giving him a hard shove, I waited until he landed on the mattress before I pounced. Shit. Not even completely erect yet. The damn dick was making stabbing motions in the air, as if checking wind direction, or to see if it was safe to come out and play. I expected it to form a question mark any minute.

Kaz's feet were facing the headboard, so I indulged in something I rarely did. I assumed the sixty-nine. It wasn't my favorite position; I always found it hard to focus on anything else while I was being eaten. But having a gun trained on me was a real attention-getter.

"Well damn, baby!" Kaz grabbed my butt, the tip of his tongue tasting me. "Don't know what got you going, but I'm loving it!"

He hardened up quick, but it wasn't enough. I didn't want Book to have any excuses. And, whether it was his tongue delving in and out of me, or the thought of rubbing Book's face in it, I was starting to *enjoy* my little chore. Kaz wasn't as big as my husband, but he was eager and had the stamina of a stallion—could fuck like an Energizer bunny with a long shelf life. He tasted like hot-blooded man and strong, musky sex. With fluid already seeping out of the quivering tip, I took as much of him as I could into my mouth. Dragging oh-so slowly away, I lingered on the head, swirling my tongue around and under until he groaned into my sex.

By the time he was hard as granite and rocket-ready, I realized I had to slow down. Kaz was already beginning to thrust, and it wouldn't do to have the 'show' end too quickly. I had to keep reminding myself I was doing this to save my lover's life—not because the thought of my husband lurking in the dark, watching another man's tongue curl in and out of my cunt, was making me squirm with excitement.

Grabbing the neck of the beast, I pushed the soft, wet skin down, effectively keeping him still on the bed and heightening the sensation. Popping the breadth of the head back into my mouth, I alternated between sucking hard and gently, making appreciative humming noises. *Loudly*. Loud enough to be heard in the closet.

Kaz quaked as I scored my teeth gently under the rim, then raked them across the feverish bulb. His hips pushed upward just as his thickest finger bored into me, as his lips found my clit and nipped.

The effort of trying not to come too quickly sent me over the edge. Gritting my teeth until I thought my jaw would break, I held the sound of my orgasm to a muffled squeak, even as my body screamed and shivered in release.

He grabbed my legs as I fell away from him, and I laughed hysterically, without knowing exactly why. "Come back here," he grinned, dragging me back by my ankle. "*My turn.*"

I licked my lips. The taste of him was still there, briny-hot. I nearly forgot about *the closet*, imagining the feeling of him gushing inside me. Hell, I wanted it more than *he* did.

He tugged on my arm, trying to pull me into his lap. It was his favorite position—face-to-face, me sitting astride his hips as he ground out his climax, suckling my breasts to the point of bruising.

But not now. Not tonight. Tonight there was a show. Tonight I had other plans.

I didn't want Book to see a bit of swaying back, a gentle coming. I was paying big-time for this one, and I wanted him to get the full effect.

Disengaging myself from his eager grasp, I got down on all fours, facing the closet with a smug smile and wiggling my ass temptingly in front of Kaz's face. Glancing back just once, I grinned, hiked my gown up to my waist, and spoke just one word.

“Woof.”

Kaz howled like a drunken cowboy. He was on his knees in a split second, grabbing my hips to snuggle in as close as possible. “Damn, baby. If not eating gets you in a mood like this, we’ll have to starve you a little more often!”

The rounded spear of his shaft broke quickly through, and I clenched tight. I wanted to feel every bronze, gloriously hard inch of him. I bowed my back,

purring as he took the hint. Ever so slowly, with exacting ecstasy, he slid onward, inward. Groaning, playfully slapping my butt cheeks before prodding further, grasping my hips for leverage.

I released a long, lingering sigh, as if I'd waited forever for this. And my eyes stayed focused on that closet. I knew I was crazy, that both of our lives were riding on how well Kaz rode me, and that should've been my focus. But the thought of Booker watching his subordinate take me made me cream.

"That's it." Kaz's knees furrowed deep into the mattress as he growled the words. "Home." He breathed deeply, supporting himself with one arm, the other pulling my waist back. Hauling me hard against him until I was completely stretched and his balls brushed my butt.

I allowed him to set the pace. It didn't really matter to me at first. I couldn't stop staring at the small opening before me. Wondering what Booker Stern thought of Kaz's long, hard rod. Wondering how he felt every time it sank inside me. Wondering what he was doing in there. Was his anger building up, ready to blow us both away? Was he getting off on it? Would he let both of us live afterward?

I flattened my upper body against the bed and propped my behind higher in the air, and higher still. I wanted him to see every stroke, hear every grunt, watch

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every grimace on Kaz's face, and the demonic gleam I felt burning in my own eyes.

It was, after all, my own special way of fucking *him* over.

Time was completely lost to me. It might have been hours, days, forever. Kaz was, as I said, *very* good at lasting *very* long. And I had no problem cruising right along with him. I thought of Book, and I oozed sex, ground my ass hard against my lover until his thighs trembled, shaking the bed. My body hurtled to the edge of orgasm again and again—but something held me back. *Fear*, if I had any damn sense.

Kaz dove deep again and again, occasionally stroking my throbbing clit, pinching a hard, sensitized nipple, nipping at my back with his teeth. I could feel my juice on his thighs when he gyrated against me, my eyes glazing over so I could barely see.

But it wasn't enough, still not enough. I couldn't seem to get to the big *O* that I knew was right there, waiting for me. And there was no way I was risking everything without coming away with at *least* an orgasm. I was ready to scream in frustration, until I finally realized what was wrong, what I needed...

“Stop!!”

“*Stop?!*” Kaz held me fast as I tried to straighten. “Aw, c'mon Jazz—I was just getting there! Another minute or so, a few more strokes, and—”

“Not here. Not this way.”

“What d’ya mean, ‘not here’?” I pulled away from him, and turned to find his expression bewildered, his face gleaming with sweat. “Where are we going?”

Kaz was not only a blade in the bed—he was a fairly quick study. And he didn’t ask unnecessary questions. A moment later, I found myself pressed against the smooth, cool Rosewood of the closet door, wrapping my legs around his hard body and sighing as he sank inside of me.

He paused for only a moment before he began again. With eyes screwed shut, he held my rump in an iron grasp and began pistoning in and out of me with a savage intensity I’d never seen in him before.

I knew this round would be brief. It didn’t matter. Within a few seconds I was coming, my arms locked around his neck, heart hammering against his. A flush of heat pulsed from my cunt throughout my body, and did not end. I shivered into a mind-numbing climax, wrapped myself even more tightly around him, and moaned as the tension began to build again.

I laughed, even as I clung to him. I knew the why of the excitement, and the knowing only enhanced the thrill of it.

Booker was right in the closet behind me.

Now I could be *sure* he was getting the full effect, getting exactly what he asked for. *A show*. Now he couldn’t miss the thumping of my body against the

door as Kaswell humped, hard and fierce. Book had to detect the smell of my sex, hear the way each thrust forced the breath from my lungs, Kaz's feverish rants punctuated by primitive grunts.

“Well damn, baby. Damn. We got it workin' tonight. Shit, Jazz, never felt *anything* so hot and wet.” His knees bent slightly, forcing me higher as he pounded happily away. My back buffed the wood so hard, I swear I could smell the scent of roses seeping through. “C'mon, baby. C'mon. Let it go...”

God. Dear God. Our wild motions had brought us to the edge of the opening. With the slightest movement to the side, I could have Book in my rear with Kaz in the front.

That was the thought that made me come, and come hard. My entire body became one raw, aroused nerve as my legs stiffened and locked around Kaz. His fingers gripped my ass, spreading my cheeks as he stiffened and poured molten heat into me.

It was too much. Too powerful. I had to sink my teeth into his shoulder to keep from screaming the suite down.

Even his flesh tasted good.

I was still convulsing moments later when he sagged against the closet door. “Well damn, baby. Damn. You're trying to *kill* me.” His hot breath left a fog on

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the glossy surface of the wood. “Come on. Let’s hop into bed, catch our breaths, and enjoy a little Chinese food before—”

“No!!”

I climbed down as if he were a greased pole, making a point of keeping my body between him and that deadly closet. “It’s time for you to go.”

“Why? Your old man’s probably still getting a nut over his latest stock reports, and—”

“I said *go*. Get the fuck out!”

“Well damn, baby.”

I stood there, impatiently tapping my foot, a jittery barricade between my husband and lover. If Booker was going to kill, he’d have to kill me first. And that was only fair. After all, I’d initiated the affair.

Kaz finished dressing and slipped into his jacket, frowning. “What about Friday? We still getting together? And the food is—”

“You want it? Here.” I shoved the largest bag into his arms as I pushed him out the door. “Take it. Call me. Or don’t. Whatever. Just go the hell away.”

The sound of the closet sliding open hit my ears as soon as I slammed the door. Booker stepped quietly forward and stood, legs spread wide, that hair-trigger hand still deep in his pocket. Watching.

I wanted nothing more right now than my clothes. The room grew cold as I waited for a sign, a word. A bullet.

“That was quite a show. Very...impressive.”

Shrugging with an indifference I was far from feeling, I reached for the leftover champagne, hand shaking. “Give the people what they want.”

“What I *want*?!” His left hand grabbed my arm, yanking me onto the bed. I was flat on my back with him on top before I could blink. “You look worried, Jasmine. Afraid?” His smile was bright, contrasting with the dark glasses. “You should be.”

His pocket was hard against my hip, his zipper cold, cutting teeth against my thigh. I had a fleeting last vision of him shoving his pistol up my coochie and coming in his pants as he pulled the trigger. Incredibly, he had a hard-on. I was going to die like a five-dollar whore in the most expensive hotel suite in town. “Book, don’t—”

I shoved uselessly against his broad shoulders, felt his hand wrench free of his pocket. Belatedly, it occurred to me to scream; but he was so heavy on me I could barely breathe.

His knees nudged my legs wide. “My Jasmine. My *wife*.” His voice was a whisper, as smooth as the satin beneath my struggling body. “In honor of your performance...”

Stiff and relentless, it slipped into me, and my hips surged to welcome it. His finger, the longest finger of his right hand, buried itself to the hilt in my sex, still wet with my lover's cum. I stared in disbelief as he withdrew, clenched his teeth, and replaced the one finger with two, easily strumming my clit with the pad of his thumb.

"Booker?" I gasped, gagged on my words as his fingers twisted forward, searching and finding my sweet spot. "I—I thought you had a *gun*. Thought you'd kill us both! You mean, you didn't mind—"

He shifted to his knees, quickly forcing his zipper down, and entered me with a groan. He was thicker, harder even than Kaz had been. And the old urgency was suddenly there, the need to fuck as desperately as possible. "I thought the sonofabitch would never leave. Could barely wait to watch him finish you."

My legs were up, locking around his back as he stretched me, deep and wide. I wanted to smile. Hell, I wanted to laugh my ass off. But not now. My husband was doing me hard and fast, and it was better than anything I'd felt in—well, in two years and six months.

"Twice a week won't be enough," he managed, tossing his dark glasses aside. He anchored his huge hands under my shoulders for leverage as the bed lurched beneath us. "I want it more than that. Let's see if Kaz can get it up three times a week, at least."

His words made me buck beneath him. There was a new, appreciative hunger in his eyes.

“I’ll keep busting his ass at work,” Booker laughed, “and you can let him bust yours in the bedroom. As long as I can *watch*.”

Both. I could have both, each wanting to outdo the other. And maybe one day, when I tired of Kaz, somebody *new*. Maybe even *hotter*. It was something to think about.

When I could think.

I gave in to a shuddering climax, even as Book kept feverishly stroking, pushing me toward the next one, already coiled in my cunt like a spring. Thank God, Kaz had left one small bag of food behind.

I was going to need all the nourishment I could get.

~END~

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