

TEMPTING TABITHA

A FIRST TIME SHORT STORY

DAKOTA DAVIES

TEMPTING TABITHA



B^{eth}

“DANG IT!” I groan, hitting the hood of my useless car for good measure. I stayed late at the pool because my loser of a boss ordered *me* to sterilize the deck after a kid puked right before closing. It’s his job but whatever. And now I’m screwed.

The country club where I work as a lifeguard every summer has long since closed for the day. The pool parking lot is empty except for my POS Kia. And my phone battery is dead so I can’t call my parents—not that they’d be able to help because they’re on vacation in the Bahamas. So, looks like I’m walking the ten miles home in flip flops and my red guard outfit—obscenely short shorts and bikini top. At least I have my white tee-shirt with GUARD written on it to throw on, so if someone starts drowning on my route home they’ll know I can save them.

I start my long hike home when I hear the engine of a car. I turn, seeing a BMW coupe exit the golf course parking lot, but instead of turning and accelerating up the hill, it heads my way.

I realize that I probably look like I need a ride, but my parents warned me that girls who hitchhike end up in someone's basement. So I'm tense and wondering if I should run when the car stops and a familiar face in sunglasses leans out.

"Tabitha?" he asks.

It's one of my dad's business associates, James Freer. He's come around to our house for dinner a few times, or to meet with my dad. I think my dad helped him get started—like a mentorship or something, though now they're more like colleagues.

I also remember the crush I've always had on him. He's younger than my dad, and well, seriously handsome. He's also a former state swim champion, and won some kind of medal for butterfly. Butterfly is my favorite stroke, too. Sometimes he would talk to me about swimming. He even offered to coach me, if I wanted.

Oh, I wanted, but I was too shy. The thought of him in the pool with me, guiding my arms as he instructed me just how to move them, makes me shiver.

He hasn't been over to our house in a while, but I've seen him in passing at the club. He swims laps sometimes, and I can't help but watch his muscular body move like a bullet through the water. I'd be lying if I said I didn't have fantasies of him walking in on me while I'm in the locker room showers, and kissing me all over.

"Hi," I say, already a little bit nervous. He's even hotter than I remember. Dreamy blue eyes, tanned face, and arm muscles that practically ripple when he leans one of them out the window. I notice the edge of his bicep tattoo peeking out from under the sleeve.

"Car trouble?" he asks, spotting my car abandoned in the lot ten feet away.

"Yeah," I say.

"Let's take a look," he says, and parks his car next to mine.

He steps out of his car. "Aren't you here a little late?" he asks, flashing me a warm smile that has my knees knocking.

"Yeah, I had to stay late to . . . finish something for my boss," I say, not wanting to bring up the puke.

“Ah,” he says, ducking into the driver’s side of my car to pop the lever for the hood. I get a perfect shot of his backside when he does, and I have to look away quickly before he catches me.

Get a grip, I tell myself, though being this close to him has my fantasies blooming all over again.

“You’re here late, too, huh?” I ask.

He’s checking something in the engine. “Yeah, I had a work call and it was easier just to take care of it in the parking lot.” He gets behind my wheel and tries to start the engine but nothing happens. “How old is your battery?”

“I don’t know,” I say, realizing that I probably should.

“Well, whatever it is, it’s nothing I can fix here,” he says. “Do you need a ride?” he asks, shutting the hood with a *thunk*.

“Uh, that would be great. My phone’s dead,” I say. “And my parents are out of town.”

“No problem,” he says, dusting his hands.

I grab my bag and slide into the soft, leather seat of his car, strapping the seatbelt over my lap.

“Friday night,” he says. “Any wild parties planned?”

“No,” I say, knowing this makes me seem like some goody two shoes. The truth is that my two best friends are busy tonight—Sarah’s boyfriend is taking her camping, and Melody works as a nanny and the family needed her for the weekend. Otherwise they would be coming over—though no parties. I’ve never been into that.

He raises an eyebrow. “Really? Man, when I was your age, anytime my parents left town my friends and I raged.”

I shrug. He accelerates, and shifts the gear stick with his confident fingers. I shift in my seat, feeling the beginning of something stirring *down there*.

Thankfully he doesn’t seem to notice that I’m practically panting. My mind has started imagining him turning onto some forgotten country lane so he can park the car and kiss me. I imagine his strong hands running down my body.

“You’re a good girl, Tabitha,” he says.

“It’s Beth, now, actually,” I say.

He looks at me again, and his eyes seem to take me in differently. “Oh,” he says. “I didn’t know, sorry about that.”

“It’s okay,” I say. “Tabitha just seemed too babyish,” I explain.

He gives me a quick sideways glance, and his lips part just a little. “You’re right,” he says. “You really have grown up.”

I blush.

“I’ll bet you have to beat back the boys with a stick,” he says with a grin. He turns down my street.

“I guess,” I say, though this is a total lie. My boyfriend dumped me last fall for one of my teammates. I’ve been too brokenhearted to want to get serious about anyone else, though I’ve been on a few dates. It’s become something of a worry for me because I’m still a virgin. Both Melody and Sarah have done it plenty of times and it just makes me feel awkward that I’m the only one who hasn’t.

“I placed second in the 100 meter butterfly at champs,” I say to move the conversation away from my fantasies. My shorts are starting to feel damp. I suppress my groan.

“Congratulations!” he says, pulling into my driveway.

Dusk has fallen and the house looks dark and lonely. “I have it on video,” I say, pulling out my phone. Then I remember it’s dead. “I can plug it in, and show you,” I add, before I realize that this means he’ll have to come into my house, where we’ll be alone.

“Sure,” he says.

“If you have time,” I add, afraid he’ll feel obligated.

“No, I would love to see it,” he says, turning off the car.

We walk up to the house and I unlock the door. The house is quiet and still, and our footsteps sound extra loud in our dark entryway.

“Can I get you something?” I ask. “My parents have beer, or you can make a drink,” I say, pointing to the small wet bar in our living room.

“Maybe a Coke, if you have it,” he says, and follows me into the kitchen. I open the fridge but the sodas are way at the back. I think I feel his eyes on my ass but when I stand up he’s not looking my way. I

hand him a Coke then plug in my phone. After a pause, it finally chirps to life.

“It’ll just take a second,” I say.

James pops the can and takes a drink.

“Are you training right now?” he asks.

“Yeah,” I reply. “My coach sends us weekly workouts. I really want to qualify for fall Divisionals.”

“You’re certainly fit enough,” he says.

I practically swoon at the thought that he’s even noticed how hard I work out. “Really?” I say—though my voice comes out so high it sounds like a squeak.

My phone lights up and I scroll through my videos. I find the one taken by my coach and tap it, then lay the phone in front of James so he can see. I hear the sound of the buzzer and our splash as all of us hit the water. The sound of the crowd cheering and my coach’s rhythmic whistling brings me back to the pool that day, and it gives me a little thrill. I love the intensity of big meets, and this was one of my best.

James watches with interest. On the screen, pairs of arms reach out of the water and feet kick, filling the pool with splashes as we turn the first length and head back to the blocks. “Nice, tight turn,” he says.

At this point in the race, I’m tied for second. We get to the blocks and I remember this turn because I was able to edge ahead a fraction. It’s my third leg of the race that I really shine—it’s something my coaches have always marveled at. When most swimmers start to lag, I’m just getting going. Maybe that’s just the way I am—sort of a late bloomer.

I blush, thinking about how perfect it would be if *James* was my first. *No*, I think. *He wouldn’t dream of touching me. He sees me as just a kid.*

He touches my arm—just slightly but it’s enough to send tremors up my skin. “You really know how to turn it on,” he says, giving me a grin.

I feel a gush of heat move into my most private place, and I nearly gasp. Even though he didn’t mean it that way, there’s something

happening to my body. I'm suddenly eager for him to leave so can go take a very long shower. I start to groan but catch myself. I wonder if once I lose my virginity if I will stop having these thoughts.

The last stretch of the race is a flurry of splashes and arms arching over the water, and then I'm touching the wall and looking up at the scoreboard. My jubilant smile lights up my face. We can hear my coach's whoops.

James puts down the phone. "Well done," he says, looking impressed.

I can't help but soak up his praise. "Have any critiques for me?"

He frowns, thinking. "Core strength is so important for butterfly. What dryland training are you doing?"

I list the series my coach has prescribed—it's pure drudgery but I know it's critical so every morning I'm on my back in the living room with my medicine ball and my yoga mat.

"That's good," he says. "It really helps add power to the coiling phase of your kick," he says, making the fluid motion with his body.

He places his fingertips on my left oblique. "See, it's all connected," he says, though my skin is tingling so much I can't really focus on his words. "From here," his fingers slide to my lower back "to here."

I am now so turned on that I feel like I might faint. I look at him, at a loss for words. But I can feel a thrumming, intense energy moving between us.

He pulls his hand away, slowly, and steps back, a strange look on his face. "Thanks for sharing this with me," he says.

"Don't go," I say, suddenly desperate to keep him here.

He pauses. "Look, I'm attracted to you, Beth, but, hell, you're my friend's daughter."

"I'm not a kid anymore," I say, my voice firm, though I have no idea where this comes from.

"That's certainly true," he says, giving me a slow glance.

I have to shift my legs because now my guard shorts are practically soaking.

His expression hardens, and I realize that he wants to stay. He steps close. "You sure?"

I nod, my body pulsing with heat.

He steps closer and lowers his lips to mine. Our mouths are tentative at first, but the kiss grows hotter, deeper. His fingers stroke beneath the waistband of my shorts to caress my bare skin.

An intense shiver ripples through my body.

“I’ve sort of had...a crush on you,” I say, unable to stop myself.

His thumb strokes my skin, making my thighs clench. “Oh yeah?” he says with a smile. “What kinds of things do you imagine me doing to you?”

A jolt of electricity explodes in my sex.

“Um...” I say as my cheeks heat. Like I could actually answer that.

He brushes the side of my face and kisses me. I give into his strong lips and his flicking tongue, feeling suddenly wild with desire.

He pulls off my tee-shirt and his polo, then grips my waist and draws me to him. We kiss again, his tongue swirling with mine. I wrap my hands around his waist, feeling his warm, smooth skin. He’s so firm and strong, like a statue, or a Greek God.

He slides the straps of my bikini down my shoulders until I feel the fabric slip over my nipples. *Oh wow*, I think as his fingertips stroke me there, coaxing my peaks into hard, aching points. He breaks from my lips to kiss down my chest, so slow and sensual. A soft whimper leaves my lips.

“Do you think about this?” he asks, lifting both of my breasts to his mouth. He swirls his tongue over each nipple. He takes me into his mouth and the sensation of his warm tongue and lips teasing me, making my blood thump deliciously in my ears, makes me arch to him.

“Yes,” I breathe, grabbing the countertop for support.

He kisses back up to the side of my neck. His tongue makes little licks on my skin that are sending tingles of ache straight to my core.

He caresses down my waist and then over my aching mound. He gives me a sly look. “This?”

I bite my lip. “Yes,” I answer. It’s like he’s got this power over me and I can’t resist him, or lie to him. I breathe slowly, trying to stay in

the moment, but the way he's touching me over my shorts is making it hard to think.

His mouth slides over my other nipple while his fingers follow the crotch hem of the built-in panties of my shorts. Any second he's going to feel how wet I am and get grossed out.

"I've thought about you too," he says.

"Really?" I ask, shocked that he's even noticed me.

"Are you kidding? You're a gorgeous young woman. A strong athlete. Watching you grow into the amazing person you are has been a true joy."

He must see the look on my face because he tips my chin and gazes into my eyes.

"What, you don't believe me?"

I shrug. Nobody's ever called me those things before. "I had a bad breakup last fall."

He raises an eyebrow. "Teenage boys are idiots," he says. "Trust me on this. I used to be one."

I smile.

He kisses me again, a slow, deep kiss that makes my mind tumble end over end.

He guides my hand from his waist and places it on his bulge, which I notice suddenly feels *very* big. He groans.

I like that I can make him feel good like this. He guides my hand up and down over his rock-hard shaft. I get a little bit nervous. Maybe I shouldn't do this. What if we actually get close to doing it and I let him down because I'm a virgin? What if we actually do it and it hurts? I vow to not ruin this by acting like some scared little girl. *I want this*, I think, my breath coming faster. *Bad. Even if it hurts.*

I have to show him I'm not shy. I unbuckle his pants then slowly reach in and stroke him over his boxers. He makes a noise in the back of his throat.

James comes back up to kiss me, his hands unfastening my bikini top. When our bodies meet and it's just my skin on his, I can't help but sigh. He feels so good.

He caresses down my back and over my shorts. A tremble passes through me like I'm cold, but my blood is on fire.

James strokes to the front of my thigh then runs his fingers along the seam of my shorts.

I gasp, unable to control myself. He's so close to where I'm pulsing and so hot. Is he really going to touch me here, in the middle of the kitchen?

As he's reading my mind, he dips his fingers under the fabric. The sensation of his touch on my slippery, wet folds sends a jolt shooting through me, all the way to my cheekbones. He glides up to my most sensitive place and my hips buck in surprise.

"Has anyone ever made you come like this?" he asks, gliding back down, circling around my most sensitive place. He kisses along my shoulder.

"Standing in my kitchen? Uh, no," I say, releasing a nervous laugh.

His eyes dance playfully. He kisses me while his fingers slide up and down, his touch firm yet sensual, as if he knows exactly what I like.

He peels my shorts down and widens my thighs apart. "So wet," he groans, coming back to my folds. I'm so turned on that I don't care that my shorts are half off and I'm still standing at the counter where I eat breakfast every morning. I just want him to keep touching me.

Our kisses deepen. I'm gripping his shoulder so tight. Am I hurting him? He strokes me faster. My hips start to move with him, urging him on. The tension in my core pulls even tighter. My skin starts to tingle and I'm getting a pulsing, intense ache for him to move faster, harder. Then he slides a finger inside me.

Everything breaks free and suddenly, my hips are bucking against him and I'm making obscene noises into his hot mouth.

When at last my thighs quiver with fatigue, he removes his hand, smiling. "Fucking beautiful," he says, then inserts his finger into his mouth and closes his eyes.

My eyes practically bug out of my head. He *likes* the way I taste?

He takes my hand and guides me to rub him over the fabric of his

boxers he sucks on his finger. “Damn, you taste good. I’m gonna have to revisit that later.”

Watching his face fill with desire awakens some deep yearning inside me. You’d think after that orgasm he just gave me, I’d be satisfied. But it’s like he’s only got my engine warmed up.

“I want to touch you,” I say, breathless.

“I’d like that very much,” he says with a grin.

I feel the need to be honest with him. Just in case he doesn’t want this. “So...um...I’m...I’ve never...” I say but the rest of the words disappear.

He tilts his head, his eyes sparkling. “You’re a virgin?”

I nod. “Are you mad?”

He chuckles. “No, sweetheart,” he says, leaning down to take one of my nipples into his mouth.

I hiss from the exquisite, bright bolt of pleasure his tongue gives me. My grip on his shoulder tightens again. I swear I could come from just his mouth on me like this.

“Is that what you want?” he asks. “With me?”

I bite my lip and nod.

He eyes me while his tongue swirls around my breast. “Then I’m honored,” he says.

I close my eyes because the pleasure erupting through me is so intense that I need to focus on my breathing or I’m afraid I might pass out.

He slides off his pants and boxers. Eagerly, I reach for him. He’s so firm and warm and smooth. I’ve never been that into the whole hand job thing. I mean, I always pictured Eric jerking off in his grungy room when I touched him, and that wasn’t sexy. At all.

Something completely different is happening with James. He guides my hands to grip him tight. You’d think I would be hurting him it’s so firm, but his breathing gets faster in my mouth.

“Your hands feel incredible,” he says as I pump him up and down.

Nobody’s ever talked to me like this, and it’s making everything we’re doing that much hotter. I wonder if it means I’m some kind of bad girl. But I don’t care. He’s the delicious drug and I’m hooked.

“Let me feel your sweet mouth on me,” he says.

I drop to my knees, eager to please him. I don’t want him to think I’m not into this because I am. I want him to show me everything.

I don’t feel the hard floor on my knees or the tangle of my shorts still half off my hips. I grasp him and wrap my lips around him. There’s a salty liquid on his tip but this only turns me on even more.

James combs back my hair. “That’s it,” he urges as I lower further. He is definitely bigger than any guy I’ve been with, and, oh man, it is sexy.

I stroke him up and down, with James guiding my hand to squeeze and pump him at the same time. I lose myself in how incredible it is to make him feel so good.

Eric used to force my head to go faster when he got close. I hated it because I felt like I was trapped. James doesn’t do anything like that. It’s like he trusts me to listen to his body, his needs. It makes me feel like I’m not just some desperate kid.

Gently, he pulls me off him and urges me back to my feet, sliding my shorts the rest of the way off and lifting me into his arms.

I give a cry of surprise. “Where are you taking me?” I shriek, aware that we’re now both fully naked.

He grins as we walk, then he’s setting me down on the couch in our living room. The same living room we use for company and Christmas and my mom’s PTA meetings.

Messing around with James in this room brings on another case of bad girl urges.

He lowers to his knees and kisses up my inner thigh.

“Lay back, baby, so I can taste all of you,” he says.

I thought maybe he was ready for *the act*, but he wants more of this? I comply, eager and nervous all at once.

When I feel his lips on the top of my sex, a tremble passes through me. He strokes my slippery folds again, sliding back and forth. He urges my trembling legs apart and kisses lower, until I feel his tongue.

I exhale a shuddering breath and grip the edge of the couch. Before, when my boyfriend Eric tried to go down on me, it felt *nothing* like this. Not even close. James slides his tongue deeper into my folds

while his fingers stroke me. He circles my sensitive place, sending pulses of heat through my core and heating me from the inside out, like a wildfire beginning to rage. *Yes, I think. Please don't stop.*

I feel his breath on my skin and then, his tongue dragging over my lips that are spread wide for him. He sucks my folds into his mouth while his tongue flicks over my most sensitive place.

I can't even believe this is happening, and just thinking about the things he's said to me make my hips tremble with an aching need. I feel a slow, tingling pleasure start to rise from deep inside me.

He kisses back up my body that's practically vibrating with desire. When he kisses me, I taste myself on his lips—a mix of salty and tangy that gives me another case of the shivers. He strokes over my nipples, rolling my hard tips between his fingers.

I feel the firm length of him press into my thigh and reach down to touch him. I start to feel nervous again. What if it hurts? My friend Sarah told me it hurt her first time.

He pulls me closer, and his cock slides between my legs. I'm still so wet from what he just did that the sensation feels like slippery, hot silk. I hold onto his waist as he presses against my folds, creating a need so powerful my fingers are shaking.

"Are you on birth control?" he asks, his length pulsing between my thighs.

"Yes," I manage. I've been on the pill for years, so that's covered, but what about *him* being covered?

"I never go without a condom, but I want to, with you, if you're okay with it," he says, again reading my mind. "It'll feel so much better for you." He strokes my nipples and kisses behind my ear.

"And for you," I half-tease.

He comes up on one elbow and grins. "Being your first is going to feel good no matter what," he replies. His eyes turn serious. "But really, it's about you. I want this to feel good."

"Is it going to hurt?" I ask.

He gives me a kind smile. "At first, it might pinch a little, but then I promise I'll make it all better, okay?"

I'm starting to arch my hips, so eager to share this with him.

He kneels between my legs, touching me while stroking his shaft.

I feel suddenly shy, now that I'm completely exposed to him like this.

He gently pushes my knees apart. "That's it," he purrs, stroking me with the head of his cock. Just this feels so good. "We'll take it nice and slow," says, arching his hips forward so his cock touches my opening.

I realize I'm gripping the cushions, and give him a nod. He swirls his thumb over my button and I shudder.

"Relax, sweetheart," he coaxes, still stroking me while his head starts to press inside me.

I gulp a big breath as he stretches me slowly. He glides forward a little more. The feeling of his thumb stroking me at the same time has me dizzy with desire. I try to relax more, breathing and telling my muscles to give in to him.

"There we go," he says, pushing a little farther inside. Suddenly, I feel the resistance and know what he's about to do.

"I'm scared," I say, then wish I hadn't. I swore I wouldn't be a coward.

His intense gaze connects with mine. "Don't worry, baby, it'll be over quick."

I bite my lip. "Okay," I say.

"Good girl," he praises, and then I feel him breaking through. A small ache pricks from inside me. James pauses, watching my face. But the pain passes in a second, and what happens next takes me by surprise: I want him deeper.

He thrusts forward slowly until he's all the way in. I can feel his cock throbbing deep inside me.

"Fuck, you feel good," he says. Slowly, he glides back, and I'm surprised by how much I want him back in. Is this how it's supposed to be? Because I've never felt anything like this. I've never craved the feel of a man inside me, sliding in and out and gripping me tight. Not until now.

James hisses with pleasure as he slides forward again, and this time, the feeling is so sensual and electric that I feel something shift inside me. I realize that it's the last piece of my girlhood, breaking

away. I realize now that I've given in to this new side of me, this side that's been waiting to be free.

James lowers his lips to suck my nipples as he starts to thrust, smoothly arching his hips to connect with mine. I tilt my head back and open my mouth, breathing in little gasps as he teases both of my nipples, licking and stroking. He groans, driving deep inside me, his hips pressing me into the couch.

He urges my legs up and I squeeze them around his waist. God, he feels amazing. Like fire and honey, mixing inside me and sending waves of pleasure outward from my thighs to my toes and fingertips. My head feels light with all the blood pounding through my veins. I never knew it could be like this, so dirty and hot and sensual, all at once.

I'm so slick now that I'm worried I'm going to leave a stain on my parents' couch, but my anxieties melt away when I feel him grip my hips so he can pull my body closer to him. It's so sexy how he grinds against me, filling me to the hilt. I start to arch against him, my climax rising from deep inside me.

I gasp as the feeling inside me expands and the room gets brighter. I'm floating higher and higher as the pleasure keeps building.

"Let me hear you come," James growls. "Let me hear how good I can make you feel."

That does it, and suddenly I'm rocking with him, my hips urging him on. Bombs of pleasure erupt inside me and I close my eyes and let them come, over and over, bigger and bigger until the final burst when James thrusts hard and deep and I'm flying, soaring.

When I open my eyes he's grinning at me.

I giggle, and he slides down to kiss my nipple. "That was beautiful," he sighs, sliding out of me.

He kisses down to my folds again and gives me a tiny lick. "I could spend all night right here," he says, sliding his fingers up and down and swirling his tongue gently against me. I squirm beneath him because the aftershocks of my orgasm are still flowing through me.

Gently, he urges me to roll over. "But first, I'm going to make you come again," he says, catching my eye.

He places my hands on the armrest, then kisses down my back. His fingers dip between my thighs as he positions himself between them. I shudder. How can he turn me on again so fast?

“You let me know if this is too much,” he says, gliding against me. I can’t help it, I arch my hips to take him inside.

He slides inside me, slow but he doesn’t stop until he’s all the way in. I gasp in surprise. He feels bigger this way, but in a wicked, so good way. I’m a little sore from the first time, but having him inside me again feels like the perfect remedy.

I feel him tremble. “Fuck,” he groans, placing one hand on my lower back to guide me. I close my eyes and take it all in: the sound of his heavy breathing, the darkness of the room enveloping us, the way my heart is fluttering high and fast in my chest, and the pure ecstasy his body is giving me.

He grips my hip with one hand and then slides the other around to touch me from the front, and I nearly lose my mind. He starts to thrust inside me with long, full strokes. Coupled with the swirling, stroking sensations he’s doing, my mind is going blank with need. I feel another climax start to stir inside me.

He urges me on with his firm grip on my waist. We start to rock together. This feeling, like we’re one being, giving and receiving the most delicious pleasure, makes me feel free, like I can give into my desire. He’s stroking me in all the right places, as if he can read my body’s needs. The feel of him thrusting from behind brings on an intense yearning. I want it faster, harder.

James must feel it because he starts to urge my hips back to meet his. Soon I’m grunting and arching back to get more of him, all of him, my mind lost to the pulsing need running through my body.

I’m getting so close, the colors of the room swirl and my mind empties. James is breathing in tight grunts, our hips tapping firmly together.

My climax builds higher. My body is completely focused on getting what it wants—arching, grinding, gasping. James pinches my clit and I yelp as everything breaks free. I go crashing over the edge, crying out while he thrusts into me again and again.

He keeps going as I start to shudder. “I’m gonna come,” he groans, both hands now gripping my hips. He arches faster, harder, and then with a growl he drives into me. He pulses deep inside me while holding me so tight. He thrusts again, and the feeling is so hot that I start to wish this night would never end.

When it’s over, he pulls me onto our sides and we lay there, panting. He kisses the back of my neck while his hands stroke my thigh.

TURNS OUT, I get my wish because James carries me up to my bedroom.

He teaches me how he likes to be sucked. At first, he feels so big, but I love making him feel good, so get used to it and do everything he wants, even caressing his balls and swallowing when he comes in my mouth. I was surprised at how sexy he tasted, thick and creamy. He’s already promised me that I can do it again.

And then he makes me come with his mouth, and he laughs when I make him promise to do *that* to me again.

That he could spend the time taking care of my every need, being so attentive, so willing to show me how to love my body in this new way is such a gift.

“So, when do your parents come home?” he asks after I’ve come down from the stratosphere, pulling me close and snuggling down under the covers.

“Sunday night,” I say, shivering a little because I can feel his erection growing against my thigh.

“Good,” he says with a sigh, pulling me close and kissing me. “Because we’re just getting started.”

THE END

THANKS FOR READING TEMPTING TABITHA! I hope you enjoyed this dirty, playful little teaser.

If you're ready for more from me, visit my Amazon page where you can find out more about my books.

It's great to have you in my reader community!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Contemporary romance author **Dakota Davies** writes sexy love stories featuring hardworking, broken heroes and the feisty women who break down their barriers. She writes about the ways that love can heal us and help us find our true selves.

By day, she's a swim team mom and happily married to the love of her life. But behind the person packing kid's lunches and going for a run with the dog is an alter ego with a wild imagination.

If you like your stories steamy and action-packed, you're in the right place! dakotadaviesromance@gmail.com.

Don't be shy, follow Dakota on all platforms:



