



# GETTING *Frusky*

A Sapphire Falls short story

By

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Kate Leggot's heart was hammering as she faced the inside of her front door.

Levi Spencer was on the other side.

The man she was pretty sure she was madly in love with.

The man she'd met eleven days ago.

She'd met him when she'd visited her friend's hometown of Sapphire Falls, nestled in the middle of Nebraska. She'd been head over heels in a matter of hours.

Which would have been fine. She could have just kept that to herself and returned to San Francisco with a little heartbreak and a wonderful Christmas memory.

But Levi had fallen for her too. And had told her.

And he had a private plane.

So, even though she'd returned to California on the twenty-sixth, she'd talked to him twice a day, texted a dozen times a day, and had phone sex twice since then.

When she'd asked him to join her in San Francisco for her company's New Year's Eve party he'd said, "it's about time you asked me."

And now he was on the other side of her front door and she was nervous. Her stomach was filled with butterflies and her palms were sweaty.

What if things weren't the same? What if part of their connection was Sapphire Falls? The little town had a magical feel. It had a way of pulling people in and making them believe that anything could happen. Even falling in love with two days.

But that was crazy. There was no way that she and Levi could really be in love. They probably wouldn't even have the same chemistry.

With her stomach swooping and swirling and her heart pounding, she took a deep breath and swung the door open.

It might have been the two dozen crimson roses that he held. Or maybe it was the bottle of champagne in his other hand. Though it was probably the tux. She'd always been a sucker for a tux.

Whatever it was, everything in her went hot and soft and seemed to strain toward him.

"Hi," she said simply, not sure where else to start. *Marry me tonight* seemed a little too much.

"Uh, Kate?" Levi asked.

“Yeah?”

“We’re going to be late for your party.”

His gaze was hot and hungry as it swept over her from the top of her head to the toes of her gold shoes.

She wore a pale gold dress that left one shoulder bare and hit her just above her knees. It sparkled, which she loved, and fit her curves like a second skin... which Levi seemed to love.

She wasn’t used to dressing like this. She didn’t do lots-of-skin typically. And she kept the heels to two inches or less.

But since meeting Levi she was feeling this incredible sensuality. Kate actually felt like she might be glowing and she was aware of her body in a way she never had been before. Every one of her senses seemed to be heightened and she was relishing things like long bubble baths, and decadent body cream, and shimmery body powder and a dress that showed off all the places she’d dusted that body powder.

“I’m—”

Levi stepped through the door, tossed the roses to the floor, kicked the door shut and reached for her all in one fluid movement.

He pulled her up against him and covered her mouth in a hot kiss that she felt all the way to her toes.

She’d missed him so much. Five days. It had only been five days since she’d last kissed him, and she was instantly hungry for him, as if she hadn’t touched him in five years.

She ran her hands up into his hair, holding onto his head with both hands and arching into him. Levi ran one hand down her back and cupped her butt, bringing her up against him. As she stroked her tongue over his bottom lip, he groaned and turned her, putting her back to the door. She felt the zipper on the back of her dress give and Levi stepped away to strip the garment from her.

In only a strapless bra and a tiny thong, Kate leaned against the door, trying to catch her breath.

Okay, so maybe the chemistry was still there.

The spark between them had been instantaneous in Sapphire Falls and now it seemed the flames were even hotter and stronger. She should have been appalled at herself and how easily

she'd fallen into bed—or rather, how easily she'd climbed into his lap—the very first night they'd met. But from the first moment, she'd felt safe and desired and cared for. And desired. The way he wanted her was addictive.

Sure, she'd thought Levi was someone else. And he'd thought she was someone else. And their entire meeting had been an accident. And they hadn't discovered any of that until he'd already seen her partially naked and she'd had her first of many orgasms.

Still, it had felt somehow right from the very beginning.

“I won't get champagne on your dress but anything else that you don't want wet and sticky—” He gave her a wicked grin. “—should probably come off right now.”

He still held the bottle of champagne in his hand.

Kate felt her eyes widen. “That bottle had to cost a hundred dollars.” He wouldn't pour it out—

“Oh, I brought this bottle with me for the sole purpose of pouring it all over your body and licking it up one drop at a time. I just thought maybe it would be later in the night.” His grin said that he was hardly disappointed about her being naked within five minutes of him walking in the door.

Kate felt her body heat and she pressed herself harder against the door to keep from launching herself into his arms.

Never before would she have stood in only her bra and panties and let a man look her over, in full light no less, like Levi was doing now. But she felt beautiful. And like having champagne poured all over her was the best idea she'd ever heard.

“Then I want to pour champagne all over *my* body and talk dirty to you while you lick every bit of it up.”

And that was definitely the second best idea she'd ever heard.

Kate swallowed hard. “I think maybe we're not going to make it to the party at all.”

Levi took her lips in another hot kiss, his tongue stroking boldly into her mouth, his lips demanding, just like she hoped he'd be with the rest of his body. She was a very independent, liberated woman—and when Levi Spencer told her to put her hands behind her back and not move them, or to get on her knees, or to turn around and bend over, she did it.

His hands remained on the champagne bottle as he kissed her however and a moment later she heard the pop of the cork and the faint splatter of champagne hitting her hard wood floor.

“You’re paying for the cleaning company, I assume?” she teased as he leaned back and brought the bottle up between them.

“Oh, and they’re going to have their work cut out for them.” He tipped the bottle slightly and a trickle of champagne splashed onto her shoulder and ran down the front of her left breast, into the cup of her bra.

She shivered, not from cold but from anticipation.

Kate reached behind her and undid her bra, letting it fall to the floor between them.

Levi’s mouth touched her collar bone, sipping the champagne from her skin, and he followed the sweet trail to her left nipple where he licked and sucked for only a moment before lifting his head.

A much-too-short moment.

“Levi—”

“And I want to be skin to skin, deep inside of you, as connected as two people can be when the clock strikes midnight and the new year starts.”

Even as every inch of her skin tingled with that, Kate also melted a little at the romantic sentiment behind it.

It was almost a new year and it looked like it was going to be a very good one. Maybe the year that changed her life.

She sucked in a deep breath. She couldn’t think like that. She couldn’t put those kinds of expectations on this. They’d just met, they were still getting to know one another, things were hot now but could quickly burn out. She needed to live in the moment, enjoy the nights and weekends she was with him and not worry about the future.

Still, starting the new year in Levi’s arms seemed just about perfect.

She shifted and started to kick one shoe off, but Levi’s big hand on her thigh stopped her. “Leave them on. I’ll buy you new ones if these get wet.”

She tipped her head and grinned up at him. “You like them?”

“I think they’ll look perfect propped up on my shoulders.”

Her grin died as she struggled to breathe. Damn. He could go from sweet to playful to hot in a millisecond.

“Give me that bottle,” she said. “And get out of that tux.” She grabbed for the champagne but he held it up out of reach.

“That thong needs to be on the floor,” he said.

“You’re still fully dressed,” she protested.

He reached up and undid his bow tie and the top two buttons of his shirt. The black silk tie hanging loose while the shirt, jacket and pants all still looked perfect was strangely hot.

“Now you,” he said, his gaze dropping to the scrap of silk that was her only remaining piece of clothing.

Kate hooked her thumbs in the top of the thong and shimmied it over her hips, letting it drop to her ankles. She stepped out of it on one side and started to kick it off her other foot when Levi tipped the champagne bottle again. This time the sweet liquid ran between her breasts, over her stomach and over the hot flesh she’d just bared.

Without a word he went to his knees and started licking the champagne from her skin, starting at the bottom and ending between her breasts.

His tongue had only brushed her clit for a moment and she was already wound tight and nearly on the edge of an orgasm.

Amazing.

How would she ever be able to let this man go?

Of course there was the chance that he would never want to go. He said that he loved her. He told her that she’d changed him. He declared that she was the best thing to ever happen to him.

And it had been eleven days. Only eleven days.

No matter how badly she wanted to believe all of that, she had to be realistic. He’d gone to Sapphire Falls following a life-threatening car accident that had resulted in a serious concussion. He was looking to change his life. He’d fallen for the little town, and her, in a whirlwind of holiday spirit and the magical idealism of a community of good people who made the simple small-town life seem perfect. Not to mention intense physical chemistry with a woman who was willing to climb into his lap and take off her clothes within hours of meeting

him. It had been a pretty great Christmas break for Levi. But it was all one-hundred and eighty degrees from what Levi was used to. Okay, maybe not the nearly-naked-woman-in-his-lap thing. That was probably more usual than Kate really wanted to know.

She shook her head and all of those thoughts away. They had tonight. They had champagne. That was what she needed to focus on.

He handed her the bottle and, with his gaze locked on hers, went to his knees. His big hands went to her ass and he kissed her stomach.

Kate bit her bottom lip as she tipped the bottle, pouring a ribbon of golden liquid over one breast. It ran down her stomach and over her mound and Levi leaned in, catching the bubbly with his tongue as it dribbled to her clit. He licked, then sucked and she gasped, one hand going to his head and curling into his hair.

“Best champagne I’ve ever had,” he murmured, looking up at her and licking his lips.

She didn’t say a word, but poured more down her body to his waiting tongue. He caught the liquid at her clit again, sucking more than was really necessary to get it all, then licked his way up to her breast, where he thoroughly cleaned her breast and nipple. She poured more onto her nipple and his tongue while he was there and he lapped that up as well. The next pour resulted in liquid cascading down her stomach and over her hip and thigh. Levi followed the sweet path, licking up every drop, even lifting her foot, removing her shoe and sucking the dribble from her arch.

Kate was panting by this time, her whole body hot and throbbing.

And he’d only been there for about fifteen minutes.

Best New Year’s ever.

“I want some,” she said, pushing him back with a hand on his shoulder.

He’d been balanced on the balls of his feet, so the nudge set him to his ass on the foyer floor.

He looked up at her and wrapped a hand around her calf, pulling her forward.

“I’m still thirsty.”

He lay back and tugged her forward at the same time. Kate had to take a step to stay on her feet and she ended up with a foot on either side of his head.

A precarious position for a number of reasons.

It certainly wasn't modest. She was on heels at least one inch taller than she was used to. And the look in his eyes as he gazed up at her from the floor turned her knees to jelly.

"Levi," she said softly. But she didn't have anything else to add to that.

"Most gorgeous thing I've seen in forever," he said solemnly. His hand stroked up and down the back of her calf. "Let me have you like this, Katie," he said.

The jelly in her knees, the heels, her deep, pulsing desire for this man that seemed to get stronger every time they touched—or a combination of them all—sent her to her knees. She knelt over him, the most vulnerable part of her just above his mouth.

Without any instruction or even much thought, she tipped the champagne bottle again, watching the tiny bubbles course over her stomach, mound and clit to Levi's open mouth. His hands went to her ass again and he brought her down against his tongue. He licked and sucked, her desire coiling tighter and tighter in her pelvis. Then he thrust his tongue into her and she arched, crying out.

"That's my girl," he praised at the sound of his name. "More. Give me everything, Kate."

"I want you," she gasped as his tongue continued to torment her. "I want you inside me."

"Deep and hard," he promised darkly against her. "Soon. Not yet."

"Levi—" But that tongue was still at work and before she knew it, she was flying high, her climax crashing over her.

"Talk about appetizers," he said, letting her butt settle against his chest. He wiggled underneath her. "The floor's hard here."

"I hadn't noticed," she said with an admittedly satisfied grin.

He pinched her butt. "So this is the foyer. I assume that's the living room?" He nodded toward the back of her couch.

Her kitchen was to the left and the hard wood floor continued in there, but the living room area was just to the right and had nice, new, luxuriously soft carpet. They scooted, giggling and gasping as her sensitive lady parts rubbed against the crisp shirt he still wore.

The minute they were on the carpet she said, "Take your clothes off. Now."

She'd much prefer her sensitive lady parts rubbing against his naked chest. And other naked parts.



“I’d rather you did it, actually,” he said. “And maybe turn around to do it—” He showed her exactly what he meant, gripping her hips and pivoting her to face his feet. And the very obvious erection behind his tuxedo pants.

She wasn’t sure this was the best angle for his view of *her*, but she couldn’t resist. She pulled his shirt from his pants, undid his belt and opened his fly. The silk boxers were impressively tented and she ran her hand lovingly over the hard flesh, sliding the slick fabric along his length. She was hot and wet again instantly.

“Damn, girl, I’ve missed you,” he said behind her. His hands were still on her hips and he nudged her up onto her knees.

The position put her hot, wet parts right back where they’d been a minute ago and his tongue quickly resumed all of the delicious actions. But now she was in a position to give as good as she got.

She freed his erection from the boxers.

“Is this—” She gasped as he sucked a little harder. She cleared her throat. “Is this a rented tux by chance?” she asked, her hand around his shaft and the champagne bottle within reach.

“Own it. Rip it, soak it, do whatever you want. I’ll buy another one.” His words were clipped, as if maybe he didn’t have full control over his reactions.

She grinned. She did love dating a guy with enough money to fly to see her on his private plane, who would pay to redo her floors if they happened to “spill” too much champagne—not that much had made it to the floor—and who would just buy a new tux if they messed this one up.

“Yes, sir,” she said.

He growled at that. Levi was a fun-loving, laid-back guy for the most part, but he did like to be in charge of the fun. Of all kinds. Kate was hardly the submissive type, but the reactions she got from him when she followed his instructions or let him have his way with her—and why wouldn’t she? His way was damned good—were definitely worth giving up some control.

And she totally trusted him.

Maybe it was crazy to let a guy into her apartment after knowing him for eleven days—and actually being *with* him for only six of those eleven—and to bare her body and soul to him,

but she did trust him. On a deep, instinctual level that she didn't even fully understand. Nothing about her and Levi was rational. But it felt better than any other relationship she'd ever had.

It was like her immediate connection with Phoebe Spencer, Levi's sister-in-law and the woman who had talked Kate into spending Christmas in Sapphire Falls in the first place. They'd hit it off from minute one and Kate felt like she'd known Phoebe her whole life.

Like Levi.

She was in the most vulnerable, intimate position with him and it only felt right.

And naughty. And delicious.

She grabbed the champagne, took a drink and with it still in her mouth, leaned in and slid his cock between her lips.

The sweet liquid, the bubbles and the feel and taste of Levi all combined and she felt the immediate rush to her head. She wasn't drunk on alcohol. She was drunk on him. Lust, love, infatuation, a great delusion—whatever it was, it was amazing and she never wanted it to end.

"Damn," Levi breathed behind her. "*Damn*," he repeated as she slid up and down his length, coating his cock in champagne.

She lifted her head and swallowed the champagne, then immediately returned to licking and sucking the sweetness from him.

She felt his fingers curling into her hips and the way his butt tightened, lifting him closer. She let him slide deeper into her mouth, then lifted her head, sucking on his tip before letting him go.

She kept her hand around the base of his shaft, sliding her palm up and down the hardness and heat as her mouth continued to work him.

"Kate—" His voice was rough. "Kate. God, girl."

She loved that. Loved making him lose control, loved having that effect. She wasn't stupid. She knew Levi had been with a lot of women. More than she really wanted to know. But he was here with her now. He was hers. And pleasuring him made her own climax begin to build again.

Of course, that was helped by Levi slipping two thick fingers into her at the same time he brought her down more firmly against his mouth.

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The sounds that Kate made when she was giving him a blow job was one of the best things he'd ever heard. Right up there with how she sounded when she came. He wished he had recording of it. Instead, he had to be satisfied with replaying it in his mind, or calling her and making her come over the phone.

He moved his fingers deeper and faster. Two orgasms before he even got inside of her? Challenge accepted.

Of course, her fingers began moving faster on him as well and her sweet mouth continued to suck greedily and he felt his own orgasm building surprisingly fast.

It had been five days since he'd had sex with her. His own hand had kept him company while they'd been on the phone together twice—and maybe once or twice in the shower— but that was hardly a substitute for a hot, sweet, tight pussy pulsing around him.

Or a hot, sweet, tight fist and mouth on him.

He usually had more restraint, but this little blonde had shredded any sense of control he might have had from the minute he'd seen her. He'd never forget walking into the Come Again in Sapphire Falls and seeing her sitting there.

Sure, he'd thought she was someone else, thought she was the blind date his brother had set him up on. It didn't matter what he'd believed her name to be. The sight of her had filled him with, yes, lust, but also the immediate, intense desire to make her happy, to fix everything for her, to be important to her, and with something he'd almost forgotten how to feel—hope.

It was the damnedest thing. Still. Even after knowing her, having her, falling for her, it still kind of struck him stupid to think that the minute he'd seen her he'd felt things like hope and home.

Levi wasn't sure he'd ever felt those things in combination in his life.

And, as always, in the middle of hot, forget-everything-else sex, he still felt it. Yes, she was the hottest woman he'd ever had the pleasure of sinking deep into and making moan, but she was also the source of his optimism, his new lease on life, his motivation to change things and be the man he really could be underneath the money and the parties and the superficial bullshit he'd let fill his days... and nights.

He wanted to be someone she was proud to be with, someone she wanted for everything.

Oh, he knew she wanted him physically. He knew that he could bring her to orgasm faster than she could even do on her own. She'd told him as much. But he wanted her to want him for things like sharing work worries or a book that had touched her or a favorite song. He wanted her to think of him first in all things.

And the fact that any of those things could occur to him while he had his mouth on her clit was amazing in and of itself.

This had to be love. He never thought of sweet normal things during sex.

He felt the telltale ripples of her inner muscles and he knew exactly how to tip her over the edge. And he loved that he knew that.

Levi reached up between them and caught one of her nipples between his thumb and first finger. He rubbed, then tugged and pulled his mouth away far enough to say, "I'm not going to take you with my cock until you come for me like this, Kate."

She loved dirty talk. Which worked out well, because Levi had a tendency to run his mouth no matter where he was or what he was doing.

He felt her muscles clamp down hard.

"I know you want me deep, honey," he told her, moving his other thumb over her clit and feeling the way her grip tightened on his shaft. "I know you want me to take you hard and fast, but I need a little sweetness first. Give me some sugar."

She lifted her head from his cock with a gasp. "Levi."

Nothing had ever sounded better than Kate saying his name like that.

"I can't wait to feel your pussy milking me," he told her. "I can't wait to fill you up and take you over that edge again."

She moved against his fingers, her hand stilling on his cock. Levi grinned. She was almost there. She lifted herself, her neck arching, her hair spilling down her back.

She undulated against him and he had to put his mouth back where she needed him. He gave her clit a hard lick, then sucked.

He was rewarded with another gasp, then a cry and he felt her muscles grab his fingers as she came hard. Again.

He let the initial wave of her climax pass, but he needed her and couldn't wait any longer.

He rolled, taking her with him and tucking her underneath him. Her legs parted and Levi pushed up onto his knees between her gorgeous thighs. Her body was flushed, her nipples hard, the pretty pink flesh between her legs wet and swollen. He could almost feel the soft heat now.

He threw his jacket to the side and ripped his shirt off, scattering the tiny white buttons across the floor. He didn't take the time to fully shed his pants, instead just pushed them low enough to fully free his erection.

"Get those gorgeous heels up here," he said, patting his shoulder.

She gave him a mischievous smile, but lifted a sparkly gold heel to his right shoulder. The move parted her thighs further and he had to swallow hard and take a deep breath to keep from plunging in too fast and hard. He took her right ankle and propped that foot on his other shoulder, then with his hands under her ass he pulled her to him.

"I love you, Kate," he told her sincerely.

He didn't really know what that all meant, he hadn't done it before, he hadn't grown up with parents who had been any kind of role models, but he felt it. It was strange feeling something he didn't fully understand, but he felt it to his bones. That was the only way to explain the emotions that were so sharp and strong that sometimes they took his breath away. Kate was like a driving force that was lodged firmly in his chest. He wanted everything to be bigger and better and *more* for her. He wanted nothing more than to be the source of her happiness.

Beyond that he was a little lost, but as long as she was smiling and opening her arms... and legs... to him and doing things like sending him photos of the chair across from her at dinner with the caption *wish you were here*, he thought maybe he was doing okay.

He slid into her slowly, trying to savor the moment, eternally grateful that she was on the pill and they'd already talked about not needing condoms.

The other way he knew he was in love... nothing had ever felt as good as sliding into Kate's body. He'd been with other women—sometimes a few at a time—, he'd drunk every kind of liquor, he'd even dabbled in some recreational drugs when he'd been really young and stupid and feeling particularly indestructible. He'd made millions of dollars. He'd bungee jumped and driven a race car and mountain climbed. He'd been to the best beaches and cities in the world. He'd had many high moments.

And nothing could ever compare to how it felt to make love to Kate.

He filled her completely, absorbing her groan, grinning smugly as she rolled her head back and forth and begged him to go faster.

He pulled out of her slowly too, loving every damned inch of her.

And then she opened her eyes and met his gaze.

“Please Levi. Please, more.”

He thrust a little harder that time, pulled out and thrust again. His strokes were long and deep and the rhythm seemed to build even without his conscious effort. Her body seemed to get hotter and wetter and deeper each time. Her breasts bounced, her breathing became ragged and Levi gritted his teeth, keeping his climax at bay until she’d gone over the summit again.

Then she took control.

There wasn’t much she could do in this position. But there was one thing that never failed to take him up and over the edge hard and fast ...

“I love you, Levi. So much. I love everything you do to me. I love everything—”

He growled and gripped her hips, pulling her against him as he pounded into her. The need to possess her, to take over every one of her senses, swept over him whenever she said she loved him. She took every stroke, dug her heels into his shoulders, dug her fingers into his forearms and hung on.

Her inner muscles clenched around him only a moment before he felt his orgasm rip through him. Feeling her coming around him, being connected to her like that, knowing that he was the last man that would ever see her like this, touch her like this, be with her like this made the waves of pleasure and the feeling of completeness go on and on.

Levi stayed like that, buried deep, breathing and absorbing everything about the moment.

God she felt good.

Like Heaven.

Like he never wanted to be anywhere else.

Finally, he rolled to the side.

“Happy New Year,” he said, running his hand up and down her side.

“Pretty good start I’d say.” She gave a happy sigh and snuggled in against him.

“And we haven’t even hit midnight. You just wait.”

She laughed softly. “I can’t think of anywhere I’d rather be... or anyone I’d rather be with.” She ran her hand over his chest, directly over his heart.

“Sorry about the party.” But he wasn’t.

“I’m not. Nothing this good ever happens at our office parties.”

He laughed. “Glad to hear it.”

She propped her chin on his chest. “But I am sorry we weren’t able to spend it in Sapphire Falls.”

He tipped his head so he could look into her eyes. He really wanted to see her expression when he replied. “We have a lot of new years ahead of us. We’ll spend plenty of them in Sapphire Falls.”

As he said the words out loud he felt the rightness of it right in the middle of his chest. Right where her hand rested.

It was complicated. Her home, family and job were in California. They’d just met. They’d been together for eleven days. This was all hard to believe. He got that.

But he really wanted to spend all the New Year’s Eves to come with her.

She didn’t blink. She didn’t look away. She didn’t shake her head or deny it. She wet her lips, took a deep breath and said, “The next holiday is Valentine’s Day.”

He nodded. “Most romantic holiday of the year.”

“Will you be my valentine?” she asked with a little smile.

“I’ll be your everything you’ll let me be, Katie.” He hugged her close.

So they would take things one holiday at a time. He could deal with that. He wouldn’t rush her. He wouldn’t do anything crazy like propose to her before then. Or move to San Francisco. Or beg her to move to Sapphire Falls.

Probably.

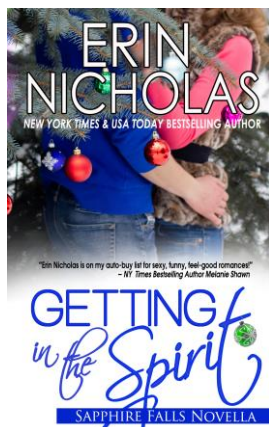
“That’s only six weeks away,” she said.

Six weeks. If she thought they weren’t going to see each other until then, she didn’t know him as well as he thought she did. He grinned. Plenty of time to show her.

“You’ve definitely got a date for February fourteenth, Katie.”

She gave a happy sigh and relaxed against him. “Can’t wait.”

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