



Filthy Fall

FLIRT

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHORS

GWYN MCNAMEE

CHRISTY ANDERSON

FILTHY FALL FLIRT

Gwyn McNamee
Christy Anderson

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BLURB

Dashing John “Juan” Demarco is *Definitely* trouble—with a capital D.

I know it the moment he approaches my stall at the farmer’s market.

His intent is clear.

So is the imprint of his massive package straining against his jeans.

He only wants one thing.

My hot, sticky pie...

Specially, to get into it.

With his tongue, fingers, and...

Other things...

The man is a shameless flirt.

And he’ll stop at nothing to succeed in his mission.

The way his hands roam over the soft, voluptuous peaches only make me crave them...

In my pie...

The peaches...

Not his fingers...

Okay, well those, too...

Who am I kidding?

He’s a filthy flirt and I’m falling hard...right onto his hard-on.

Enjoy this stand-alone hot and dirty insta-lust romantic comedy filled with fruit and pie shenanigans from USA

Today Bestselling Authors Gwyn McNamee and Christy Anderson.

Chapter One

MANDY



“**Y**ou don’t need to beg me to eat your muffin, Mrs. Fox.”

I snap my head to the right toward whoever just made the lewd comment to poor Mrs. Fox, but her display of crates, pumpkins, and fall flowers block my view of whoever said it to her.

Do I laugh or go over to make sure she’s okay?

This could go either way. The thirteen-year-old girl in me internally giggles at the reference to carpet munching, but there is no way Mrs. Fox has any idea of the level of innuendo that was just hurled her way.

I crane my neck to the side and listen for her response. Her light laughter floats over to where I work on setting up my stall. Clearly, she enjoyed the flirty compliment from whoever had the balls to say it to her—even though she undoubtedly didn’t catch the fact that he was talking about her box.

She extends her hand and gives him a muffin, but I still can’t view the pervert.

Mrs. Fox adjusts herself, pushing her chest out a little toward the man, and rakes her fingers through her shoulder-length gray bob.

Maybe she does want him to eat her muffin.

Good for her.

She's been a widow for a few years now. It's time for her to get right back on the horse and ride it—or this stranger, as the case may be—and it appears whoever the man is may be into that.

I snort a laugh at the vision of her playing cowboy with the mysterious flirt.

Way to get it, Mrs. Fox.

The only person who hasn't gotten any for longer than her is probably me...

Now isn't the time to linger on that depressing thought. If I do, my desert-dry, barren vagina might finally collapse in on itself and close up permanently.

I need to focus on getting my display as eye-pleasing as possible. Picture perfect brings in the tourists. And nothing is as Midwest small town as fruit pies in the early fall.

That's what I'm banking all my money on.

If today doesn't go well, I won't be able to pay my rent at the end of the month, and I might have to go back to working for Bobby at Sweet Home Kitchen. I much prefer being my own boss and having my own shop next door. It's the best of both worlds—autonomy, but I still get to see my good friend and bake for his restaurant while running Baker's Place.

Sell. Sell. Sell.

It's the name of the game today.

I rip open the next box and start putting out the jars of pie filling, doing my best to display them on the table as

beautifully as possible.

All labels facing forward so people can see the cute logo I had designed.

Each one in a perfect line—neat and meticulous, just like how I run my kitchen.

An even number of jars for each type of filling.

Delicious fresh pies right next to the pre-packaged filling if people want to try to make their own.

My hand shakes slightly as I adjust the peach pie.

Maybe my nerves are getting the better of me.

The Smalltownsville Fall Festival is always a huge money maker for everyone, and as it's my first year with my own stall, I want to make sure I optimize my table and display for as many sales as possible.

Today cannot be a bust. I can't afford it—financially or mentally.

The whole town square full of vendors bustles busily, most people just finalizing their setups, and tourists already begin to trickle down the street casually viewing the items and wares available.

Crap, I need to hurry up.

With the chill in the air and the smell of fall spices wafting up from my freshly baked pumpkin pie, it's really finally starting to feel like fall. Or, as I like to call it...cash season. If a baker can't sell pies at Thanksgiving and Christmas, they should shut their door, and I've barely had mine open for more than a couple of weeks.

I have one mission today.

Sell. Sell. Sell.

If I don't get distracted by the flirtations happening at the next stall over.

Speaking of, I glance over in time to see Mrs. Fox flip her hair like a high-schooler flirting with the captain of the football team and can barely contain my chuckle.

That man better watch out.

He might get attacked by a cougar at the fall festival today, and Mrs. Fox has some sharp claws. She's scratched me a time or two during our run-ins around town. The woman definitely isn't happy about having Baker's Place competing with her bakery. She acts like Smalltownsville doesn't have room for the two of us. And while it may be as small as the name suggests, there are more than enough residents and tourists with a sweet tooth to keep both businesses prospering.

Hopefully.

"I'll chat with you again, Mrs. Fox, and I'll definitely come back for more"—the deep sexy voice offers a low rumble of laughter that makes my stomach clench—"of your muffins."

I glance up again and find him meandering my way with a wooden crate propped under his bulging, muscular arm.

Holy shit.

Who the hell is that?

In Smalltownsville, everyone knows everyone. There's no such thing as secrets when you've all gone through school together from kindergarten to graduation, and even though I've only been here a few years, the old joke is true. You can't

fart on one end of Main Street and make it a block without the entire town knowing.

It takes some getting used to, but now, this tiny town in the middle of Illinois truly feels like home—and *most* of its residents are people I can call friends.

I know most of them as well as I know myself.

But I *certainly* don't know him.

Though, I'd like to...

In the Biblical way...

His inky, shoulder-length, wild hair flutters in the breeze, making him look like he just rolled out of bed in time to pose for a romance novel cover. He runs his free hand back through it, leaving it the kind of perfectly disheveled that makes you want to run your own fingers through it.

Mine itch to do the same.

God, I bet it's so freaking soft.

I'd wager it's one of the few soft things on his perfect body.

I examine the smattering of stubble across his strong, chiseled jaw. My thighs clench, imagining what it would feel like abrading them while he went to town on me.

His warm bourbon eyes meet mine, and my knees practically buckle as goosebumps spread across my skin.

Sweet mother of God.

He offers me a smile filled with perfectly white teeth, and I try not to fall under the spell his eyes are casting. I straighten and turn toward him, offering him a smile of my own that I hope doesn't scream, "Take me now," because, good God, that's what I want this man to do.

I let my gaze travel over him. The few buttons undone at the top of his white dress shirt showcase his tan, muscular chest. My eyes drift down his narrowing torso across thick, hard thighs straining against denim with each determined stride until they land on the massive bulge encased in the front of his dark blue jeans.

Holy hell...

Does he have an eggplant in there?

He clears his throat.

Shit, I was just gawking at his amazing junk like a lioness in heat.

Busted.

Embarrassment burns my cheeks, and I snap my head up to meet his eyes. A knowing grin spreads across his pillow-perfect lips, and the bastard winks at me.

Fucking WINKS!

My pussy flip-flops, practically dripping in my thong while I stand in the middle of the damn street, surrounded by half the damn town and a slew of potential customers.

No wonder Mrs. Fox was ready to ride this stallion.

Giddy-up.

Noel Carroll walks by and does a triple take of him in front of my stall, then mouths to me, “*Who the hell is that?*”

I offer a slight shrug because I don't have the fucking clue, and I can't blame her for gawking at the man with that ginormous dick print. Her eyes zero in on his ass, and I assume the view back there must be just as good as the one on

my side because she runs smack dab into the festive display at Mrs. Fox's table next door.

Ouch.

Pumpkins and crates clatter to the pavement, and she raises a hand and rubs her forehead.

Oh, God! Is she okay?

Soon, several other vendors surround her to assist, and I return my gaze to the Greek god, who smugly grins at the chaos apparently caused by his presence.

Likely something he experiences everywhere he goes.

“Hey, there, beautiful.” He rests the box of peaches on the edge of my table, a little too close to the pie for my comfort. “I heard you're the woman to see about delicious, hot, sweet, and sticky pie.”

I scoot the pie away from the box, trying to keep my pie—and my *pie*—safe from this man's hunger. “Um”—I clear my throat—“hi. Let's be careful with the baked goods, okay?”

He glances down, as if noticing for the first time that there are items on my table. His eyes meet mine again, and a lazy grin tilts his lips. “Oh, don't worry. I'm an expert at handling pies, especially ones so beautiful. I'd love to taste yours.”

Is he talking about the pie or me?

I'm too busy drowning in his gaze to follow his innuendoes anymore.

“What flavor?”

“Hmm?”

His lips twitch. “I asked you what flavor?”

“Oh...uh...”—I smile proudly and peek down at it, my brain suddenly vacant of anything but the image of his dick pressing against the denim—“peach.”

While my pumpkin, apple, and pecan varieties get lots of love from the patrons at Sweet Home Kitchen, this new peach pie recipe is going to take Smalltownsville by storm. Once I—hopefully—win the festival contest, no one will be able to resist its sweetness.

“I picked them myself, ensuring I only got the best Jones Farm has to offer. They have the most delicious peaches in Smalltownsville.”

Firm but not hard.

At peak flavor, this time of year, just before the cooler weather finally settles in.

The corner of his lips quirk. “Maybe second best.” He motions toward the crate his hand still rests on, and I might let my focus briefly flick down to that massive dick print still on display. “*These* are the best peaches in Smalltownsville.”

My eyes cut back to his wares. Vibrantly peachy, soft, and luscious, they definitely appear picture-perfect, but I know looks can be deceiving—when it comes to fruit *and* men. This flirtatious Casanova may be smooth as butter, but he may burn like ghost pepper.

I grab one of his peaches, bringing it to my nose to inhale the scent. My eyes drift closed, savoring the rich, fruity aroma that invades my lungs and makes my mouth water. “They *do* smell delicious.”

Our eyes lock, and the longer I stare into his bourbon eyes, the more I become dickmatized by this peach-and-pie-loving stranger.

He leans in slightly across my table, locking his gaze with mine intently.

My stomach does somersaults at his proximity. “You have no idea how succulent they really are. Sweet. Juicy. Absolutely delectable...”

Does this man only know how to flirt?

It certainly appears so.

He hasn't said a word that wasn't laced with innuendo since he appeared at Mrs. Fox's stand next door.

His gaze stays trained on mine, and I'm momentarily distracted by his tongue, just barely darting out to touch his bottom lip before his teeth rake over that very spot.

Sweet holy hell, is that hot.

But I can't let myself take it personally after seeing the way he drooled over Mrs. Fox's muffin.

This sexy stranger is a huge flirt—regardless of who his naughty banter is directed at.

I hand the fruit back to him, and his fingers brush against mine, sending a little jolt of electricity through my body and straight to my core. He slowly raises it and takes a bite, his perfect teeth sinking into the luscious, juicy flesh, luscious lips pressing to the soft skin. The mystery man issues a low groan that makes my pussy clench and pulls the fruit away from his mouth, his lips glistening.

Shit.

Why is that so damn sexy?

He locks his eyes with me and darts his tongue out to gather every last drop, then chews slowly while he devours me

with his gaze. “It’s what peaches are best for”—he leans in —“eating, right?”

I swallow thickly, trying to remember how to speak, but I’ve suddenly lost my ability. “Um”—I clear my throat —“yeah. Or to put in pies.”

He shifts even closer, so close most would deem it inappropriate, but my body craves more, and I find myself leaning over the table toward him. I couldn’t stop myself even if I wanted to. He’s like the Pied Piper of sex, and I’m helpless to resist his siren song.

“Oh, I can’t wait to eat your pie. I bet it’s absolutely divine. I’ll devour every single fucking inch of it and lap up all the juices.”

Sweet mother of God. Is this man for real?

My thighs squeeze together against the throbbing of my clit, and I clear my throat again awkwardly. “Um, you can have this one if you want it. I have plenty more.”

He winks at me again, then takes another bite of the peach —so close to me that I could sink my teeth into the other side of it. His Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows. “Oh, I definitely want your pie—hot, sticky, and sweet. It calls to me on a deeply *primal* level.” The words roll off his tongue like pure honey. “So, tell me, darling, what’s your name?”

Shit, do I have a name?

“Amanda...Mandy...Baker.”

He chuckles deep and low, the sound making my core weep. Everything he does, every move, every word, every look, even his scent, is laced with sex. I’d follow his tune right off a cliff. “Mandy Baker and her delicious baked goods.” He glances down across my display, then raises the peach to his

lips again to take another juicy bite. “I have to tell you, Mandy, I definitely never expected to find something as sweet as you at this market in Smalltownsville. My name is Juan DeMarco—though I go by John—and I want my peaches in your pie.” He winks again. “Along with a few other things.”

Chapter Two

JOHN



A red flush spreads across her pale cheeks, making her the color of the perfect ripest peach, and Mandy Baker shifts uncomfortably on her feet, twisting her hands in front of her like she's looking for something to do with them.

I can think of a thing or two...

One of them is straining against my jeans more intensely the longer I flirt with this stunning woman. It's surely a form of torture because I'm assaulted by a barrage of images of Miss Baker and the things I want to do to her pie.

My time in Smalltownsville suddenly got a whole lot more interesting.

Who knew I'd find such a beautiful woman at a festival hocking her pies?

I'd love to do nothing more than bend her over this perfectly displayed table and get a taste of her peach.

Mandy seems to struggle to find a response to my innuendo. "Well, um, John, I, uh..."—she glances at the half-eaten peach in my hand—"already have a...supplier...for my peaches."

I take another bite and let the sweet juices flow across my tongue, imagining what her release would taste like there

instead. Almost as if she can sense my thoughts, she shifts restlessly on her feet again, and I swallow and offer her a grin. “Not as good as mine.”

She narrows her eyes at me. “And just where are your peaches from? I’ve never seen you before. And I know *everyone* in Smalltownsville.”

It’s hard not to when you live somewhere with such a small population. Everyone is up in everyone else’s business. But I don’t want to get into anyone’s *business* except Ms. Baker’s.

I tip my head back toward Aunt Betty’s stand. “Betty Beasley is my great-aunt.”

Mandy’s eyes widen slightly. “Really?”

Her reaction isn’t unexpected. The small, frail, white-haired woman certainly doesn’t hold any family resemblance since Dad’s DeMarco genes overpowered Mom’s much fairer complexion shared with Aunt Betty.

I chuckle and take another bite of the peach, chewing slowly as I let my eyes rake over the magnificent woman in front of me. Her long blond hair blows slightly in the fall breeze, which does nothing to cool my libido. While I enjoy flirting with beautiful women, with Mandy, it’s something else entirely. I’m drawn to her like a bee to a flower, and while my original intent heading over here was to try to arrange a business relationship between my peaches and her pie, now I can’t stop thinking about something else that would be just as sweet.

“She’s my mother’s aunt, and unfortunately”—I offer a sad smile—“I’m the only living relative she has left.”

Mandy frowns slightly, glancing down the street toward Aunt Betty's stand, where she sits in her chair with Toto on her lap, petting the little white dog with her frail hand. "Her health isn't very good, is it?"

I sigh and shake my head. "She's eighty-nine years old, so"—I offer a half-shrug—"it's about as good as can be expected, but she can't operate the farm anymore. At least not on her own. I came last week to see what I could do to try to find someone to help her run it so she wouldn't have to sell, but..."—I lock eyes with Mandy—"now I have a reason to stay and do it myself."

There isn't any point in beating around the bush.

I want Mandy Baker...

In a multitude of ways...

But I want to ensure she knows this is more than just a simple flirtation. I want Miss Baker spread out before me like the finest damn feast, and I have every intention of seeing that dream come to fruition. I bet Aunt Betty's peach farm that Mandy is on the same page, and we'll be acting out my fantasies by the end of the day.

She swallows thickly, that flush creeping up her neck and over her cheeks again. "Oh, you're staying?"

My cock twitches at her question.

I really hadn't planned on it when I arrived, but after spending the last several days around the farm, helping pick the ripe fall peaches and making sure all the essential tasks are completed, the place is really growing on me. It might just be the change I didn't know I needed. And now that I've met Mandy Baker, I have even more reasons to give Smalltownsville a chance.

It's a far cry from sitting in the office, reviewing contracts day in and day out. But after almost a decade as a lawyer, something about the fresh air and manual labor on the farm here in Smalltownsville calls to something deep in my soul.

So does that spark in Mandy's green eyes and the flare of blush on her cheeks...

"It appears so." I lean across the table slightly toward her slowly, to gauge her reaction, but she doesn't move away. In fact, her body leans almost imperceptibly toward me in a way I'm sure she doesn't even notice. "What do I need to do to get into your pie?"

Her eyes dart to the half-eaten peach in my hand, and I raise it to my mouth and take another big bite, letting the juice drip slightly down my lips and chin so I can watch *her* watch *me* lick it off.

This is almost too easy.

The woman is mesmerized by me the same way I am by her.

She squares her shoulders like she's preparing to do battle. The first sign of her finally starting to find her footing after being unnerved by me initially. "I don't know, Mr. DeMarco. What do you suggest doing to my pie?"

I offer her a sly grin, shifting until my semi-hard cock presses against the front of her table and I'm as close to her as the impediment allows. The pressure on my cock does nothing to alleviate this need—no, this *ache*—to be balls deep inside Mandy's sweet pussy. "A partnership of sorts."

One of her blond brows rises. "What kind of partnership?"

"The kind where we both benefit greatly and walk away panting."

“What?”

Her eyebrows fly up, and I chuckle and lick the last speck of peach juice from the corner of my lips, wanting it to be something else entirely.

“I think you know what I’m getting at, Mandy.”

She practically chokes, trying to take a breath, and glances at the tables around her. “But I just met you, and...you can’t be *serious*.”

“Oh, I’m *very* serious, Mandy. I don’t joke about these types of things. I take them very seriously. And I have years of experience negotiating multi-million dollar contracts for my corporate clients before I came to this beautiful town, so I’m willing to go toe to toe with you to meet your demands.” *Or any other body parts she may let me touch.* I lock my gaze with hers, ensuring she sees the heat simmering there. “I promise you that if you let me, I will shower the kind of love and attention on your pie you have never experienced before.” Pushing up on my tiptoes, I lean across the table and peek at her ass encased in skin-tight jeans. “And I will absolutely devour *your* peach the same way I just did this one.”

I take the final bite and revel in seeing her entire body tense before my eyes. She clenches her legs together, squirming in a way that ensures I’ve hit my mark.

And I will not fail in my mission to get her off. I am going to fuck Mandy Baker forty ways to Sunday.

Good God, she’s just scrumptious.

“Ahem...”

Someone clears their throat behind me, breaking the spell and bringing a wave of annoyance, tightening my skin.

I shift back from the table and glance over my shoulder at Mrs. Fox from the stall next door.

The older woman eyes us suspiciously but flashes a smile. “John, I thought you might like more of my muffins.” She holds out a paper box toward me, then glares at Mandy. “I see you’ve met Mandy. She is a *brand-new* bakery in town.”

Zing.

It seems there may be a bit of not-so-friendly competition between the woman with the delicious muffins and the beautiful blonde with the exquisite pie.

Mandy returns the dirty look. “I’ve actually been here in Smalltownsville for years as a sous chef and pastry chef at Sweet Home Kitchen. I went to culinary school with Bobby Sweet before I went to art school, and when I was looking for a job, he begged me to come.” She flashes a smile that doesn’t quite reach her eyes. “I just opened my own place right next door so I could provide the whole town my delightful baked goods without them having to always go through the restaurant. But I have quite a long track record—”

Mrs. Fox offers a smug grin. “Oh, I bet you do, the way you ‘traveled’”—she actually uses air quotes—“around the world.”

Mandy’s jaw drops, and I chuckle as I look between the two women.

I hold up a hand to each of them. “Now, now, ladies, let’s play nice.” I accept the box from Mrs. Fox and offer her a little half-bow. “Thank you, Mrs. Fox. I will certainly enjoy these.” I turn back to Mandy. “But right now, my focus is on Mandy’s pie.”

Every delicious fucking bite.

Mrs. Fox offers a little huff, then turns back toward her table, casting another annoyed look at us before disappearing behind the display of fall wares. I wouldn't have been surprised if the older woman didn't shoot us the bird once she was out of view.

Mandy watches her suspiciously, a muscle in her jaw ticcing with her arms crossed defiantly over her ample chest. "Do all women act like that around you?"

I bark out a laugh that draws the attention of a few people meandering down the street, then lean across the table and grip Mandy's jaw in my hand. A slight gasp escapes her pouty lips as I draw all her attention to me and away from her anger at the older woman.

That shit isn't important. Nothing in Smalltownsville matters right now except getting my tongue into Mandy's pie.

"I don't care how other women react around me." I shift my thumb across her plump pink lips, and I can't help but imagine how exquisite that beautiful mouth would feel wrapped around my cock. "All I care about is you, peaches, and getting into your sweet pie."

The sooner, the fucking better.

She gulps, her eyes never leaving mine, and her lips begin to tremble under the pad of my thumb. "Um..."

I grin at her. "Why don't we further explore the potential for mutually beneficial collaboration after the festival tonight?" I shift forward and stop a mere hairsbreadth from kissing her. If this isn't a testament to my willpower, nothing is. She smells fucking delicious, and I bet she tastes just as sweet. "When we can truly savor everything."

Mandy offers a slow nod, her face still firmly in my grip, and her response draws a slow grin from me.

“Excellent.” I release her and pull back, savoring the way her chest heaves with her hard breaths. The heat radiating between us cuts through the biting chill of fall and makes my cock twitch. I grab the box of peaches, remove one, then reach across the table to hold it out for her to take a bite. “While you’re waiting, why don’t you enjoy one of these so you can see what I’m talking about?”

She leans forward, her heated gaze still locked with mine, and sinks her teeth into it. The little moan of approval she releases as her eyes roll back in her head almost makes me come in my jeans.

Down boy.

Later.

Mandy licks her lips and chews slowly, her eyes meeting mine once again. “They are incredible.”

I wink at her. “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

Chapter Three

MANDY



John's arms bunch and flex, lifting the boxes from my table, his biceps straining against the white fabric and his large hands easily gripping the wood.

God, he's hot.

What they say about men with large hands must be true. In John's case, the evidence has left a very definitive imprint in his jeans.

Looking that good should be a sin. A cardinal one that can damn your soul forever.

As it stands now, I might be the one burning alive in the nine rings for the things I'm imagining doing with and *to* him.

I pause, leaning my hip against my table, and openly gawk at this perfect specimen of manliness.

Heat sizzles across my skin, just like it has since the moment I first saw him this morning. Only knowing we're about to be alone—*really* alone—for the first time intensifies it tenfold until a bead of sweat trickles down my spine.

Letting him help me break down my stall and move everything back to Baker's Place may not have been the best decision if I have any hope of keeping my apparently hungry piehole from devouring him whole.

The man couldn't be any sexier. Even his over-flirtatious demeanor with all the women of Smalltownsville somehow only endears him to me more. Watching all the single ladies and widows in town approach Mrs. Beasley's stand to meet him all day gave me more than a few laughs. Their eyes lit up with appreciation, and when he spoke, they clung to every word.

Who can blame them?

This man just seems to cast a spell over you.

A damn horny spell.

But the way he looked at me from down the street set me stone-cold sober—because there was a promise there, simmering in his bourbon gaze. It raked over me with the same carnal intent it does now as he catches me ogling him.

A lazy grin spreads across his lips. “Like what you see?”

Absolutely, but no way I will admit that.

It'll only stroke his already inflated—rightfully so—ego, and there's something much bigger than his ego that I'd rather stroke.

You have to respond somehow, Mandy!

I force a smile I hope hides my lust. “Huh?”

Maybe if I play dumb, I won't have to admit I was imagining what it would feel like to have those strong arms and hands handling *my* box instead of the ones he's carrying.

A crisp fall evening breeze blows around me, bringing with it images of long, chilly nights wrapped up in that smoking-hot man.

He glances over at me and smiles before he leans closer while we walk the half-block to the shop and gently nudges me with his shoulder. “I caught you eyeing the way I handle your box.”

I choke on my own breath and have to clear my throat before I can speak. This man is full of innuendos. “It’s just nice to have some help.”

“Oh, I am more than willing to help ensure your box is handled with care. Wouldn’t want to spill any of these delicious pie fillings.”

This man is relentless.

“No, we wouldn’t.”

We finally reach the shop door, and I pull out my keys and unlock it. John watches me intently as I hold it open for him. He moves to step in, his shoulder brushing mine in a way that sends a zing through my body and straight to my core.

I blow out a long, slow breath and follow him into the space that has quickly become my home, even though I’ve only been open a few weeks. Nerves sour my stomach slightly.

Why do you care what he thinks about the shop so much?

His opinion shouldn’t matter. We’re mere strangers, but somehow, I find myself holding my breath, waiting for his reaction now that we’re inside.

John scans it, his observant gaze darting from the display case to the bistro tables, complete with wrought-iron chairs and white tablecloths. He takes in the quaint black and white penny tiled floors, then moves his attention to the mural on the wall, where he stops in his tracks.

He glances at me, then back at the mural. “Is this Psatha?”

I freeze at his recognition of the beach scene. “Yeah. How did you know?”

He grins. “I’ve been there. Many times. It’s one of my favorite beaches in the world.”

“Mine, too. I went to art school at the Athens School of Fine Arts, so I’ve spent a lot of time there. I painted that from memory.”

It would be impossible to forget that view—or anything else about my time there.

The history.

The people.

The food.

The art.

Athens was incomparable, but escaping the pressures of school to go and unwind on the sands of Psatha was heavenly.

I watch him take in the mural from the brilliant blue waters to the sandy beach. It’s truly my favorite escape.

One of his dark brows rises slowly. “A talented baker *and* an artist? I suddenly feel wholly inadequate.”

My laugh trickles through the space between us. “Yeah, right. Something tells me you’ve never felt inadequate about anything in your entire life.”

A man like this always excels at everything he does.

I nudge his very muscular arm playfully and have to stop myself from reaching out and squeezing his bicep.

John smirks as he sets down the boxes and approaches me slowly. “You aren’t wrong about that. But there are things I excelled at more than others.”

He stops a foot from me, which somehow suddenly feels far closer now that we're alone in here and don't have a table separating us. The scent of fresh, crisp fall air, peaches, and sunshine radiates off him.

My fingers itch to reach out and touch his exposed tanned chest, and I force my gaze back up to his. He smiles as if he can read my thoughts, but if he can, he—fortunately—spares me the embarrassment of saying it aloud.

“Anything oral...”—his lips twitch—“like arguments in trial advocacy—”

His words break through the haze of lust created by his scent and the mention of oral. “You're a lawyer?”

He grins and waggles his eyebrows playfully. “Surprised?”

I twist my lips, examining the man who seems so intent on unnerving me with his flirtation. The spark of humor in his bourbon eyes makes me smile and shake my head. “Not really. You do have a way with words.”

Just one of what is undoubtedly dozens of this man's talents.

“I've been told I have a silver tongue.” He inches closer and leans toward me, close enough that his scent invades every breath I take. “But I'm quite confident it's gold medal level.”

Sweet mother of God...

My clit pulses between my legs, desperate to ride on that gold medal-level tongue, and I clamp my legs together against the torturous feeling. I barely know this man, but my body is apparently completely ready for whatever he's willing to offer.

It's been so long, too damn long, since I've been pursued by a man, and none of them were even on the same playing

field as John. He could just give me that sexy grin of his and gently blow in my direction, and I'd pop off like a damn lit bottle rocket doused in gasoline.

The only thing I *do* know is that he's apparently a world-class flirt.

With a golden tongue...

Which happens to dart out across his perfect lips as his heated gaze rakes over me slowly, like he's mentally undressing me and memorizing every single inch of my body.

And I am freaking here for it.

He finally takes the single step still separating us and clasps my chin in his hand again, his fingers tightening and forcing my head up until my eyes meet his. "I would love to demonstrate my prowess by devouring your pie"—he dips his head to one side and looks down toward my ass—"and that delectable peach back there."

A full-body shudder rolls through me, and I reach up and grip the crisp white lapels of his slightly open shirt to keep myself upright when my legs quiver so badly.

Warmth radiates from his chest through my hands and straight to my core. It would be a lie to say it's been a long time since I've felt this level of attraction to someone because I've *never* experienced anything like this in my thirty years on this planet.

It's a primal charge, a powerful energy drawing me to him when the rational side of my brain says this is insane.

But he wants to eat my pie and my peach...

Who even talks like that?

Apparently, the tall, dark drink of water standing in front of me, gripping my chin like I belong to him and he doesn't want me to slip away.

God...

The possessive heat in his eyes is almost my undoing. I blame too many smutty romance novels for the places my mind is all too easily going.

And I am so *thirsty* all of a sudden.

I swallow through my dry throat and watch John's eyes dip to my mouth. My tongue darts out to wet my lips, and he leans even closer until his breath mingles with mine.

“Tell me, Mandy Baker, what do you think is sweeter? Your pies”—he slides his free hand down and grabs my ass—“or this?”

Fucking hell.

My full body clenches, and I sag slightly against him—literally putty in his capable hands.

“Um...” I try desperately to form words, but that suddenly seems incredibly difficult. “I-I don't know.”

What the hell is even happening right now?

I can't seem to wrap my head around the reality of this situation, but I won't waste my time trying. The only thing that matters is how fast I can get my pie and my peach into this man's mouth.

The sooner, the damn better.

One of his dark brows rises slowly. “I think it's time I found out.”

Holy hell.

He shifts his hand up to my face to brush a thumb across my cheek. My eyes drift closed, and I suck in another deep breath of his intoxicating scent.

“This is your chance, Mandy, to tell me to get lost. To tell me you’re not interested. That it’s time for me to take my ass back to Aunt Betty’s house to take care of *this*”—he rubs his hard cock, straining against his jeans, to my stomach—“by myself, while I imagine how sweet you must taste.” His head dips until his breath flutters against my ear. “But I’m telling you right now, I would much rather do it with you.”

I swallow thickly again and try to remember all the reasons this is a bad idea.

Because I haven’t had sex in a year.

Because that behemoth in his pants will undoubtedly ruin me in the best of ways.

Because I don’t know him

Because he could be leaving town very soon.

Or even worse, he could be staying, and I’ll have to look him in the eye, knowing he’s done whatever he’s about to do to me, and watch him with other women.

Because this is not a one-woman man.

This is the type of man who uses sex as a weapon. He sets his sights on a woman and wields his immeasurable charm and big pecker to get them to let down their guard, to get them to let him in.

And fuck...it’s working.

So, what if it’s just sex? So, what if I have to see him and look him in the eye, knowing where we stand? So, what if he

stays in Smalltownsville and makes me face my actions on a daily basis?

At least I'll get one hot night with a man who seems like he can live up to his promises.

That would be a first.

I push up on my tiptoes slightly, moving even closer to him, and he cradles my face in his palm.

“What’s it going to be, Mandy?”

I lean in and flutter a kiss over his lips. They’re just as soft as I thought that they’d be. Without a single hesitation, I give him my answer. “I would love to let you enjoy my pie.” I slide my hand down his taut stomach and flatten it across his erection. “As long as I get to enjoy your eggplant.”

There’s nothing wrong with letting down my guard and enjoying myself for one night, and I plan to do just that.

He chuckles against my lips. “Oh, Mandy, you have no idea what you’ve just agreed to.”

Chapter Four

JOHN



I crush my lips to hers, savoring the sweet flavor of peaches and lust on her tongue as it tangles with mine. She moans slightly and continues to cling to me, her firm grip on my shirt tightening the material around my heated skin.

My body craves her the same way Aunt Betty's orchards crave the sun. Her light draws me to her, makes me want to stay like this for as long as humanly possible.

I reach down and lift her easily to wrap her legs around my waist. She groans into my mouth, rubbing her core against my hard cock.

Fucking hell. This woman is hot.

I've been with a lot of beautiful women in my life, but there's just something about Mandy Baker that drives me wild, that makes me want to be reckless, that makes me want to take *chances*, that makes me want to stay in this small town when I really should be thinking about going home once Aunt Betty's help is all lined up.

Home to my sterile, cold condo, where there's no warmth. No light. No quaint, small-town festivals. No beautiful bakers with a delicious, juicy peach just waiting for me to sink my teeth—and my dick—into.

I don't know the first damn thing about farming and have no business taking over, but having this woman in my arms makes me want to learn, makes me want to be *here*, makes me want to do all the things I've always sworn I never would, like actually allow myself to care.

Mandy is sweet and spicy and fucking stunning, and she's just as needy for me as I am for her. The way she rubs her core along my length, her heat seeps through the fabric separating us, making my dick throb. I walk her back until her ass hits the glass display case behind her.

She releases a little yelp, and I catch it, chuckling against her lips.

“How do we get into the kitchen, Mandy?”

Her eyebrows rise. “Why are we going to the kitchen?”

I incline my head toward the floor-to-ceiling glass windows at the front of the store that will put anything we do on display to anyone who might be walking past outside.

“Because, as hot as it is to think about the people of Smalltownsville watching us engage in carnal pleasures”—I dip my head to her ear—“I want some privacy for what I'm going to do to you.”

A little shiver rolls through her. “Oh, God. Should I be afraid?”

I pull my head back and grin at her, brushing my thumb across her glistening lips. “Absolutely.”

She points behind the display case, and I carry her back through the swinging door to an immaculate kitchen where she must make all her pies and other baked goods. I lower her onto the cool metal prep table and instantly set to work on the button and fly of her jeans as she does the same to me.

But I capture her wrist and shake my head. “You first, Miss Baker. I have been fantasizing about what you would taste like since the moment I saw you.”

One of her blond brows wings up. “What about Mrs. Fox?”

I raise a brow and grin. “Jealous?”

She scowls at me. “No. She and I just don’t always get along...for obvious reasons.”

The Smalltownsville gossip train ensured I got the 411 on the animosity between them.

Mandy is younger. Incredibly talented—both with a paintbrush and a pastry one. Newer to town—while Mrs. Fox has lived here her entire life. And now, she has *me*.

No wonder the older woman was so bitter earlier.

I lean in and brush my lips over Mandy’s. “I was just paying the woman a few compliments. Harmless flirting.” I capture her face in my palm. “But everything I’ve said to you since the moment I got to your table is true. You’re the only one I want in Smalltownsville. And Christ, Mandy, do I want my face buried in your pie.”

More than I need air to breathe.

A needy moan comes from somewhere deep in her chest. I take her mouth again and manage to slip her jeans down over her thighs to her knees. She shifts a little, trying to buck her hips to get more friction where I stand between her legs, but the fabric at her knees inhibits her ability to move.

Excellent.

“Now, Mandy, normally I would take these off”—I tug at the fabric binding her movements and mine—“but I kind of

like you a little restricted. No way to escape what I have planned for you.”

Her eyes burn with passion, and I rub my fingers along the wet, thin strip of fabric between her legs. Knowing she’s already so wet for me makes me want to drive in to the hilt until I’m completely surrounded by this welcoming heat.

“This is the only thing keeping me from being inside you right now.”

“So, get rid of it.”

I lean in and chuckle. “Oh, have patience, Mandy. Soon enough, you’re going to be spread out as naked as the day you were born so I can taste your sweet pie. But first, I’m going to make you come this way.” I rub my thumb up around her clit, and her body jerks, unable to move away from the sensation with her jeans so tight at her knees.

She shakes her head. “You’re not going to.”

“Excuse me?”

“You’re not going to make me come this way, with your hand. No one’s ever—”

“I don’t want to hear about what anyone else has ever done to you, Mandy, or how anyone else might have failed where I will succeed. I want you to concentrate on what I’m doing to you.”

It might be absurd, but the thought of anyone else touching her, trying to get her off, stirs this caveman desire in me. A fundamental, base instinct to make her come so much and so hard that she forgets anyone existed before me.

I slip aside the thong and slide two fingers into her wet heat as I continue to work her with my thumb. “Fuck.”

So incredibly fucking soft and slick.

She gasps, and her eyes roll up in the back of her head as I pump into her slowly, working her up and building to the release I know is coming despite her protests.

“Oh, my God.”

Her head thrashes side to side like she’s fighting it, and I lean down and nip at her bottom lip.

“You need to let go, Mandy. You need to just enjoy this.”

God knows I am.

Every damn second.

She sags slightly, like she’s trying to force herself to relax, and it only takes a few more seconds before she finally tenses, her pussy rippling and clasp around my finger as I continue to pump into her through her orgasm.

Her jaw falls open on a gasp, and she clings to the edge of the prep table until she finally sags back and tries to bat my hand away, her overly sensitive clit unable to handle the intensity. She pants as she stares up at me, her hooded eyes filled with the need for something else.

I pull my fingers from inside her, lift them to my mouth, and suck off her release as she watches intently.

“Fuck, Mandy. You taste even better than I imagined. I can’t wait to devour every fucking inch of you.”

But before I fully dive into her divine cunt, I take a moment to unbutton my shirt. Her approving gaze eats me up with each button undone until I pull it off and toss it to the side.

She gasps and reaches out to run her fingers across my abs. I tense.

Thank God for the hours I put in at the gym.

They're all worth it to see the way this goddess is looking at me.

Like she wants to eat me alive.

And I'm more than willing to let her.

After I'm done...

Scanning the small kitchen, I find exactly what I need.

Peach pie filling. Fucking perfect.

I grin at it, grab the jar, and return to her, slowly untwisting the cap. "Now you've gotten to taste my peaches. It's only fair that I have some of yours since you claimed they're better."

She smirks at me, and I stick my finger in and pull out a large piece of fruit covered in sweet syrup to slip it into my mouth.

Dammit, it is really good.

I groan at the delicious, sweet flavors dancing across my tongue and return to stand in front of her, where she's still laid out on the counter, jeans still holding her knees together.

"This is delicious, Mandy, probably the best peach pie filling I've ever had, even though you aren't using the right peaches."

I pull out another piece and lean forward, pressing it to her lips. She opens for me and accepts it, chewing slowly before her tongue darts across to get the last drop of syrup.

"I'd be willing to try yours to compare." Her gaze dips to my cock pressed painfully against my jeans. "It would only be

fair, right?”

Locking my gaze with hers, I continue to enjoy several more pieces of fruit while watching her squirm under my assessment. The thought of her taking my cock between her kiss-swollen lips almost makes me blow my load in an instant, but I have more willpower than that.

I set down the jar so I can pull off her tennis shoes and tug off her jeans. The thong still covers her, completely soaked now, and I slowly slip my fingers under it and brush them across her sensitive skin. She bucks slightly, and I chuckle as I slowly drag it down her thighs, letting my fingertips raise goosebumps the whole way.

“I would love for you to bake with my peaches, but right now, I want to eat yours.”

She squirms. “Hell, do you always talk like this?”

I grin, drop to my knees, and lean in to lick some of her arousal off her inner leg. She shudders and squeezes her thighs against my head.

Fuck, if that isn't the hottest thing a woman can do.

So needy.

Desperate.

The same way I feel in this moment.

I blow gently across her wet flesh, and she raises her hips slightly closer to me.

“You smell absolutely divine, Mandy, and I know you taste that way, too.”

I lean in and drag my tongue through her core, lapping up the remnants of the orgasm I just gave her, and she groans and

drops her head back against the metal, burying her fingers in my hair.

“Christ, your hair is so soft.”

I chuckle against her flesh, the vibration making her hips buck again. “Thank you.”

She tugs sharply at the long strands, and the slight bite of pain across my scalp only drives me to want to eat her more.

“Do that again, Mandy.” My cock twitches. “Keep doing it.”

Mandy pants. “Doing what?” Her hands twist in it again even though she’s completely unaware of what she’s doing to me, and I almost come like a damn teenager seeing a tit for the first time.

“Fuck.” I close my eyes just to savor this moment and to rein in my cock. “Pulling my fucking hair.”

I barely grit out the words before my restraint snaps and I dive face-first into her beautiful cunt as she tightens her grip, twisting the strands around her fingers harshly. My cock pushes painfully against my jeans, begging to get out while I lick and probe and drag my tongue across her engorged clit until she’s bucking on the table. My free hand, flat against her stomach, keeps her body from flying right off of it completely.

This is what I fantasized about all day.

Every time I glanced over at her stall.

Each moment our eyes connected.

Mandy Baker is perfection, and I intend to savor her. Waiting to do this all day was absolute torture to a starved man.

I shift closer to her, and she wraps her legs over my shoulders and drags me even closer, tightening her thighs on my head as her body starts to shudder.

Hell yes!

“You’re going to come again, Mandy”—I kiss her soft, wet heat—“and I want all your sticky juices straight down my throat this time.”

Mandy mutters something unintelligible as her hips roll to meet my face. She grinds on me, seeking it, reaching for it, yanking my hair as she rides my face, and fuck if I don’t almost come in my pants again.

I slip two fingers into her and curl them up to probe at that perfect spot inside her. And that’s all it takes before she detonates again, the orgasm rocking her body, making her twist like she’s going to snap my goddamn head off with her thighs.

“Fucking hell, Mandy.”

Her body relaxes slightly, and she shoves at my head to try to force me away, but I take my time, lapping up every last drop from her tender flesh until she’s shivering, her entire body quaking in anticipation.

I push to my feet and lock my gaze with her as I lower my zipper and free my cock.

Her eyes widen. “Holy shit.”

I stroke myself slowly as she watches.

“And here I thought you had just shoved an eggplant in there.”

I chuckle and lean in, dragging the head through her folds and pressing my lips to hers. “It’s okay, Mandy. I know you

can take it.”

She nods sharply. “Or die fucking trying.”

Chapter Five

MANDY



“Dying from pleasure isn’t a bad way to go.” He nips at my ear, sending a zing of pleasure straight to my hypersensitive clit. “And I plan to pleasure you, Mandy, thoroughly and fucking completely.”

This man is too damn much, but I can’t help relishing every last second of it.

Over the top.

Beyond inappropriate.

All of it is so wrong.

But it feels so damn right.

The mind-blowing orgasms he’s already given me have left me boneless and panting.

Can I even handle that mammoth beast between his legs?

I’ll be damned if I won’t try.

Dying from pleasure, provided by John DeMarco, seems like a good way to go.

My tombstone will say, “Here lies Amanda Baker. She was fucked to death by Don Juan.”

He presses the tip of his cock against my clit briefly, but that one little touch feels like an electric spark jolting through

every fiber of my being. My eyes drift closed, and a low, needy moan escapes my lips. I need every solid inch of him buried inside me.

Now.

I wrap one leg around his lower back, and he lifts the other, looping it over his arm. He drags his hard length up and down the most delicate parts of me before smacking my pussy with it.

“*Fuck!*” I thrash on the table, gripping the edges as hard as I can just to keep from bucking myself off.

He moves his arm and repositions my leg over it, and this shift in position opens me up to him even more. I pull him in tighter with my heel against his lower back, and he grunts.

“Is your greedy, sweet cunt ready for my cock?”

God, this man’s mouth! This makes up for every second of every year that I didn’t get laid!

“Yes.”

No sooner do I voice the word before he’s invading me. The delicious stretch bordering that line between pleasure and pain spins my head and sends heat searing through my body.

I hum my approval, biting my bottom lip to keep from shouting loud enough for anyone on the street to hear me. He pushes deeper until he fully seats himself and stops, both of us needing a moment to adjust.

“Damn, Mandy. Your pussy is tight as hell.”

Kegels for the win!

John leans over me, pressing his chest to mine, and gently flutters his mouth over mine. “Are you okay? I didn’t hurt

you?”

“Yes...I mean...no. You didn’t hurt me.” I shake my head slightly and try to suck in a breath between his kisses. “It’s perfect.”

So fucking good.

“*You’re* fucking perfect.” He draws back his hips, toying with me, leaving only the head inside. “Your tight pussy squeezing my cock might be my new favorite thing.”

He pumps into me, deep and slow, and I score my nails along his skin. It seems to spur his tempo because the more I moan, the faster he moves. The push and pull, the intrusion and retreat, the feeling of being truly full and then completely empty drives me mad in the most delicious ways.

Oh hell, he’s good!

John removes my leg from his hip and shifts it up onto his shoulder with the other, and this new angle allows the head of his magnificent length to drag against that perfect spot inside me, swiftly bringing me to the precipice of another cataclysm.

“Damn, you feel good.” He grits the words through a clenched jaw. “Come on my cock, Mandy.”

A few more thrusts finally gets me there, and another orgasm crashes over me like a tidal wave. Lights flash against my eyelids, and my pussy clenches around him as he fucks me through it, dragging it out impossibly long.

But I want something else.

Something I’ve been craving since I first tasted his peaches.

I pull my legs from his grip and off his shoulders, and John slips out of me, letting my release run down my thighs. He

takes a step back, giving me a moment to truly appreciate the full picture.

Holy shit.

This man is downright sinful.

His wild, messy, hair and tanned, toned chest practically glow under the kitchen lights.

Only one word comes to mind.

Perfection.

My gaze can't eat up those stacked abs fast enough, but the massive dick bobbing proudly between his muscular legs, covered in my release, is the true star of the show. My mouth waters, and I slide off the table to my feet.

His brow furrows. "What's happening? Is something wrong?" Concern darkens his eyes. "Did I hurt you?"

I shake my head and take a step toward him. "No, definitely not. I need to take care of something."

"What?" He glances around the kitchen, like the answer lies there, then refocuses on me. Warm bourbon eyes drink me in as I walk the few steps toward him. "Fuck, you're gorgeous."

I trace my fingers down his chest, over his abs that tighten and quiver under my touch, and wrap my fingers around his hard length. "Back at you, Juan DeMarco." I lock my eyes with his and slide to my knees, bringing my face right to his cock. "I just wanted to see what I taste like on you."

His eyes darken to an almost black. "Oh fuck, yes." He cups my chin, tilting my face up to his with one hand while sliding his fingers of the other into my hair. "Mandy, fuck, are you perfect."

A declaration I never knew I needed to hear so badly.

His words only make me want this more. I stroke him slowly and lower my mouth onto him without breaking eye contact.

“Fuck.” He hisses between clenched teeth. “Just watching you on your knees about to worship my cock is going to make me come before you even get started.”

I grin around his hard flesh, then open wider and take him fully to the back of my throat. I fight through the gag reflex to swallow him even deeper.

“Shit, Mandy!”

His hips buck, and that movement shoves him just a bit farther into my throat. I flatten my tongue and take his length, humming my approval around him.

He issues a low, strangled groan, and his fingers tighten in my hair. The sharp sting on my scalp brought on by him trying to rein himself in sends a powerful rush through me.

I control his climax.

I control *him* in this moment.

This brash man with an ego the size of Chicago is at my complete mercy.

The surge of pride spurs me on harder, and I start to work him with my fist, suctioning around his length as hard as I can, swirling my tongue on that spot just under the head of his dick that makes his whole muscled body twitch.

His hands tug at my hair like that firm grip is the only thing keeping him from collapsing. “Fuck, Mandy, you like tasting yourself on my cock, don’t you?”

Hell, yes, I do.

There's something mind-bendingly sexy about the flavor of this man and my release mixing together on my tongue. My clit throbs between my legs, and I press them together firmly to try to help ease the ache.

How can I possibly want more after he just made me come like that?

Somehow, it's possible.

The quicker our pace, the more I want it.

He fucks my face, hands clenched in my hair while I work the base of his shaft and balls with my hands. Each aggressive slam of his hips drives him deeper down my throat, banging against the back of it, making me want to swallow him all the way.

But I need more.

I move faster, pulling him closer to the edge and bringing my body to a damn near frenzy of need. I've never experienced such euphoria doing this to anyone before, but something about *this man* is just different. His every moan and groan of delight goes straight to my core.

Every drive forward he makes, I want to take him even deeper. And I want him inside me again more than I've ever wanted anything in my life.

I release his balls and move my hand to my clit, rubbing myself in time with our motions, trying to relieve some of the pressure building there.

So good.

"No, babe, I have plans for your next orgasm." He pulls himself free.

A small whimper of disapproval follows from between my lips. I was really getting into the moment, and even though I wanted him to come inside me, the thought of swallowing his release had me so close to coming.

I don't get to issue my verbal protest because John helps me up and lifts me back onto the table.

“Spread those pretty fucking legs for me.”

God, yes!

He grips my ankles and drags me to the edge of the table so he can guide himself inside—exactly where I need him. That feeling of completeness rushes through me again, and he grinds his pelvis against my clit, making my head spin.

“Oh, God.”

We move together fluidly, my hips bowing up to meet his as he pounds into me faster and harder. I cling to the edges of the table, my fingers stinging from the effort to keep myself steady. He hikes my legs higher, altering his angle slightly, allowing him to hit that spot inside me that starts the slow burn deep in my core.

This man is made for sin and pleasure, and I am happily taking both.

“I'm going to come.”

It's right there...

On the horizon...

Within reach...

Then he pulls out of me entirely.

No!

Why the hell did he stop?

He just flashes me a dazzling smile.

What the hell?

“Why did you stop?”

I want to rewind time and go back to the part where I was about to let all of Smalltownsville know exactly what is cooking in this bakery tonight.

“I already got to eat your delicious pie and taste your sweet filling, but I told you I wanted your peach.”

What the...oh!

He grabs my thighs and lifts my legs up high, bringing my pussy to his face. Powerful hands grip my ass, and he sucks my clit between his teeth and bites down.

“FUCK!”

I jerk at the slight stab of pain and pleasure that jolt through me. His tongue swirls and laves away the pain, then moves lower, plunging into my soaked pussy. He pays exquisite attention to detail—every stroke meant to bring me to the edge.

He swirls the fingers of his left hand through my pussy, soaking them completely in the evidence of the many orgasms he’s given me, then moves them lower, spreading my release around.

“Can I fuck you, here?” His words vibrate against my skin, and he swirls a finger against my asshole.

I inhale a sharp breath.

He wants to fuck my peach...

Holy hell...

This day certainly hasn't gone the way I had anticipated. I sold a ton of pies, tasted a delicious peach, and now I'm sinning in the best way possible with a man who was built for it.

Letting him go where no man has before seems like the next step in this night of debauchery in my kitchen.

"Please, John."

I barely breathe the words between the pants slipping from my lips.

A prayer?

Or am I begging?

Either way, the lecherous grin he gives me tells me he understands.

Since the moment he touched me, John has been on a mission to make me pass out from orgasms, and I am *so* on board with that plan. If that involves him sticking that monster cock in my peach, I'm all about letting him try.

Something tells me this man would never do anything to hurt me. He's all about pleasure—mine. And from the lust-soaked way his gaze rakes over me, his, too.

"Christ, Mandy, you've come so damn much, I won't even need to find any lube to slip right inside your sweet ass." He leans over me and presses his lips to mine, consuming me with long, slow, and deep sweeps of his tongue. Pulling away, he grins at me and flicks his thumb across my clit, making my body release even more of my arousal. "You're fucking drenched."

Oh fuck.

His finger stretches my rear entrance while he dips his head and returns his filthy mouth to my swollen core. I release a strangled moan that echoes around the kitchen and writhe on this damn table. The hard surface beneath me doesn't yield, and neither does John.

He sucks and laves at my clit, letting his fingers explore my tight hole. One slips fully inside...

Fuck.

Who would have thought ass play would feel so damn good?

Not me.

With all the places I've explored, all the things I've done, the incredible opportunities I've had in life, letting a man bury his cock in my ass is one I've somehow missed out on.

But not tonight.

If anyone's going to do me right, it's John DeMarco. And after he gets done taking my peach, I'm going to make him the best pie he's ever had. It's the least I can do for him when he's making me feel like this.

Every nerve in my body flares with ecstasy, and my muscles clench around his finger in anticipation. He chuckles softly against my mound and pulls his digit from inside me, abruptly ending what was quickly about to become another orgasm.

"We're coming together this time."

Yes! Come inside me.

My body craves it.

Needs it.

Demands it.

“Yes, give me the orgasms!”

He laughs. “So fucking demanding. I love it.”

Shit.

I just said that out loud?

John wasn't even fazed. Maybe after being inside me almost everywhere, nothing *can* faze this man.

He wraps my left leg around his arm and uses his right hand to trace his heavy cock along my pussy, gathering moisture along the entire length, readying himself to plunge into the place I never thought I'd let anyone go.

“Mmm.”

Goosebumps pebble across my skin in anticipation of what's coming.

This is fucking killing me.

His heated bourbon gaze locked with mine while he coats himself in my release...

The firm, possessive grip of his hand on my thigh...

The absolute raw animal hunger with which he looks at me as his tongue darts across his lips...

God, why is that so hot?

The inability to look away even as he lines himself up and pushes his way in past the tight band of muscles that want to resist.

“Oh...fuck...” My breath catches at the pressure, and my body strains to accept the unfamiliar intrusion. “I don't think ___”

He stills and leans down to feather a kiss across my cheek.
“Take a deep breath and relax.”

Whew...

Relax.

I can do that.

John stands again and inches himself slightly farther, and I release a heavy breath, willing myself to stop thinking about how huge he is and just *feel*.

My fingers instinctively move to my clit.

“Fuck, yes, babe. Play with your pretty cunt for me.”

His eyes lock on my pussy, and the feral look there heats my body even more than having his cock rammed up my ass already has. I roll my fingertips over my hyper-sensitive nub, the wetness of my arousal coating it and dripping down to where he’s embedded inside me.

He pushes in more and grits his teeth. “Fuck, Mandy, you feel incredible. I can’t wait to come in your sweet peach.”

His palm smacks against my right butt cheek, jerking me slightly with the surprise of the sting on my skin.

But hell, did that feel good...

My pussy clenches along with my ass on his cock. He groans and withdraws slightly before he plunges back in again easily, my body finally willing to take all of him.

An inferno roars through me, scalding me from the inside out, only hotter every single place his skin touches mine. His right hand slips between us, and he easily glides two fingers into me while I continue to work over my clit.

“John, oh, shit.”

So fucking good.

Every part of me...full...stretched...phenomenal.

John DeMarco has fucked me so completely that I can't hold on any longer.

That inferno roaring through me finally reaches the point of full-blown eruption, and I detonate.

"Fuuuck!"

My completely un-ladylike scream fills the kitchen, my pussy gripping his fingers while my ass does his cock. He groans, and his grip on me tightens as he plunges impossibly deeper and empties himself inside me.

"So...damn...good."

He moans, thrusting slowly into me softly now, allowing both of us to come down from our high slowly before he falls on me, burying his face against my neck.

Boneless, limp, wrung out completely, John lies still, our chests both heaving with heavy breaths that mingle in the tiny space between us. He presses his lips against my damp skin and groans again, kissing his way across my cheek to my mouth.

"You're fucking exquisite, Mandy." He feathers his lips across mine, taking my face in the palm of his right hand. "And this"—he nudges his still-hard cock buried deep in my ass slightly—"seals the deal."

"What deal?" I run my fingers through his hair. "I don't remember making any other than giving you some pie."

He grins at me. "Oh, I've thoroughly enjoyed your pie... and everything else tonight, Mandy. And I've decided—I'm moving to town. I'm going to take over my aunt's farm."

I freeze. “You’re staying?”

John DeMarco doesn’t seem like the kind of man a place like Smalltownsville can contain, and he definitely doesn’t seem the type to settle down—maybe ever.

He nods slowly. “Nowhere has felt this much like home in a long time. And I’m hoping if I stay, you’ll keep letting me devour your delicious pie.”

I chuckle slightly and shift under him. As confident and cocky as he’s been since the moment he stepped up to my table, right now, he seems vulnerable—almost a little nervous as he waits for me to answer.

My filthy fall flirt has so much more to him, hidden beneath this façade he puts up.

“I’d like that.”

A dazzling smile curls his lips. “Good, because I am quickly becoming addicted to your pie and the delicious filling.” He pulls back, looking every bit the dashing, seductive Don Juan whose name he bears. “But I was wrong earlier.”

I scrunch my brow. “Wrong? About what?”

He gives me that megawatt smile that dazzled all the ladies today at the farmers market, including me. That one that does crazy things to my brain—and, if I’m being honest—my heart.

“*You* have the best peach in Smalltownsville.”



We hope you enjoyed this peachy pie-lovers story! For more food shenanigans from Smalltownsville, check out *Christmas*

Eve Casanova and *Spicy Spring Fling*, both available now!

Christmas Eve Casanova:

books2read.com/ChristmasEveCasanova

Spicy Spring Fling: books2read.com/SpicySpringFling

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Gwyn McNamee is an attorney, writer, wife, and mother (to one human baby and one fur baby). Originally from the Midwest, Gwyn relocated to her husband's home town of Las Vegas in 2015 and is enjoying her respite from the cold and snow. Gwyn loves to write stories with a bit of suspense and action mingled with romance and heat. When she isn't either writing or voraciously devouring any books she can get her hands on, Gwyn is busy adding to her tattoo collection, golfing, and stirring up trouble with her perfect mix of sweetness and sarcasm (usually while wearing heels). Gwyn loves to hear from her readers, and here's where you can find her:

Newsletter: www.gwynmcnamee.com/newsletter

Website: <http://www.gwynmcnamee.com/>

FB Reader Group: bit.ly/GwynMcNameeRG

Facebook: bit.ly/GwynMcNameeFB

Bookbub: bit.ly/GwynMcNameeBB

Tiktok: bit.ly/TiktokGM

Instagram: bit.ly/GwynMcNameeIG

Twitter: bit.ly/GwynMcNameeTwitter

Goodreads: bit.ly/GwynMcNameeGR



Writing with a whole lot of sarcasm and humor, mixed with a bit of Southern charm, Christy Anderson ain't no sweet tea kinda storyteller. As an author of romance, Christy believes it doesn't always have to be hearts and flowers; sometimes, it is dark and twisted, but romance nonetheless. She mixes terror, revenge, and a sliver of love and hope into stories about family, friends, struggles, blurred lines, and happily-ever-afters. Christy lives in the beautiful mountains of Eastern Tennessee with her husband and 152 cats (not really, but close), where she enjoys writing one twist at a time. Christy loves to hear from her readers, and here's where you can find her:

Newsletter: <https://www.christyanderson.net/newsletter>

Website: <https://www.christyanderson.net/>

Christy's Little Birds: bit.ly/ChristysReaderGroup

Facebook: bit.ly/ChristyAndersonFB

Instagram: bit.ly/ChristyAndersonInstagram

Goodreads: bit.ly/ChristyAndersonGoodreads

BookBub: bit.ly/ChristyAndersonBookBub