

## MASTER OF BLACKMOOR - EXCERPT

They stood there for a long time, holding each other without speaking. Until, finally, Anthony loosened his arms, and looked down at her, one eyebrow raised. "Edward is running a tub full of hot water. I've been riding all over the estate today. Mustn't greet my guests smelling like horse sweat."

"I thought that was part of your charm." She smiled.

"Would you care to join me?" He gave her a wicked grin. "You could wash my back...and other parts, if you are so inclined."

She frowned. "Is that one of the activities on the official Duchess Duty List? I don't recall seeing it."

"I believe it's number four."

"Oh?" She let him turn her and guide her into their bedroom. He stepped up behind her and began unhooking her gown, bending his head to nuzzle his mouth against her ear, nibbling, kissing, licking, making her squirm with breathless delight. "I'm curious," she managed to squeak when she could catch her breath. "What's number one?"

He moved around to kiss the back of her neck, making her shiver. "I think you already know the answer to that one," he said, his breath stirring the fine hairs at her nape as her dress and petticoats pooled at her feet. "But I'll give you a hint." Her corset and chemise quickly joined the rest of her garments and he lifted her over them and turned her to face him. She reached for his breeches and began sliding the buttons through the buttonholes, the backs of her fingers brushing against the hard ridge of his erection. "It begins with an F."

"Oh. An F, you say. Fishing?" she teased. "I must confess I know nothing about handling a rod and reel."

"Oh, I don't know. You seem able to handle *my* rod well enough. And, no, it's not Fishing." She tilted her head and batted her eyelashes. "Flirting?"

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"No, although you do it very well."

"Oh, please tell me it's not Fencing," she said, pretending to give a delicate little shudder. "Such violence."

His lips quirked. "I think you can safely eliminate Fencing."

"Well, then." She closed her hand around the base of his cock and pulled upward, wrenching a groan from his throat. "There's only one thing it can be." Slowly, gracefully, she sank to her knees in front of him and placed her lips to the ruddy, mottled head of his erect manhood, digging the tip of her tongue into the slit, making him groan and arch his back.

"Say it, wife. I want to hear that word coming from your lips. That decidedly nasty, exquisitely delicious word."

"Fucking." In one swift movement, she lowered her head while simultaneously sucking, a move that had him uttering a sharp cry of pleasure as his hips jerked forward, driving himself deep into her mouth. Twisting her hand around the base of his cock, she began bobbing her head up and down on his rod, making him suck in a hissing breath.

Placing both hands on her head, he gripped her hair, stilling her movements. Then, holding her head in place, he took control. Flexing his hips, he began fucking her mouth, slowly at first, gradually increasing speed until he could feel his cum boiling up out of his balls, ready to explode. He would have pulled out then and finished himself off with his hand, coming all over her face. But she tightened her grip around his base, giving him no choice but to release his load down her

throat. He cried out as jet after jet of hot cum burst from him, splatting against the back of her throat.

She kept him in her mouth, sucking and licking and simply holding him there until he softened. Then she released him with a smacking sound and looked up at him. Bending, he placed his hands under her elbows and lifted her up off her knees.

“Thank you, my love. You have honored me by swallowing my seed. As much as I would love to return the favor, I fear we don’t have enough time right now.” He shoved down his breeches and stockings, then pulled his shirt over his head. “But believe me, dear wife,” he murmured, indicating that she was to precede him into the bathroom. “I will more than make up for it tonight.”

“See that you do,” she said with an imperious flick of her fingers as she sailed past him, making him laugh. “I would hate to be a widow after only one day of being a wife.”

Shaking his head, he followed close behind her, murmuring ruefully, “’T would seem I have created a monster.”