

Taming Alyssa

A BDSM Erotic Romance

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Chapter 1

Two thoughts occurred to Alyssa O'Neill as she slowly opened her eyes. One, she was naked and two, she was draped around a man. Through a foggy haze, she recalled flirting with the best man at her sister's wedding and ruby red screwdrivers, but the man beside her *definitely* was not the best man. Dismayed, she removed the muscular arm that held her and slid out of the bed, dragging the sheet with her, leaving him totally nude. Allie was horrified, not by her seemingly risqué behavior, but by the fact that she had obviously shared the night with none other than Matthew Jenson, her brother's best friend.

"*Damn!*" She muttered. Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror she ran her fingers through her auburn locks of what she could only call sex hair. It only made her more agitated.

"Wake up," she ordered while trying not to sound desperate. She threw a pair khaki dress pants at the still sleeping man, trying and failing to keep her eyes from following his happy trail leading to what her body recognized as paradise. She gave an inward groan and couldn't keep her eyes from wondering along the length of him. Matt was beautiful, from his olive skin to his dark brown hair. Every muscle was perfectly toned and rippled making her palms itch with the need to touch him. Allie felt her pulse quicken and warmth spread through her slender five foot seven frame. The tell-tale soreness of her body left little doubt that she had enjoyed him quite well the night before. Infuriated that she had made life more complicated in one crazy night, she kicked the mattress with her foot.

"Matt, get up out of that bed now." Matt rewarded Allie with two dimples as he opened his sleepy, dark brown eyes. He chucked the pants off of the bed, opting instead to cover his muscled thighs and morning wood with a white down comforter that had fallen to the floor during the night. Allie vainly tried to hide her disappointment as he covered all of his attributes. He gave her a naughty grin and rolled to his side and patted the empty space beside him.

"Come here," he teased, the movement of his strong hands tempting Allie. Matt's dark wavy hair was tousled and his warm, brown, bedroom eyes held hers for a heartbeat. She watched in amazement as those eyes darkened with want and she knew her own changed in response. She struggled to find a reserve of strength to refuse him.

"I don't think so," her voice wavered. Matt curled his finger, beckoning Allie to return to the warm coziness of her bed. Allie shook her head and tightened the grip on her sheet, as if he could remove it telepathically. The action seemed to inspire Matt as he stretched out to his full length and lifted a corner of the comforter, inviting her, fighting her resistance with every sinuous move. She gulped.

"Come on, you worked so hard to get me here last night, you wanted to be my Valentine," Matt said in a teasing tone.

"How did you...?" Allie awkwardly cleared her throat. "Uh...how did we?" Matt's eyes twinkled with amusement as he mentally stripped her of the sheet that covered her body. Allie blushed, realizing just how intimately familiar with her body he was. Her lost memory left her at a disadvantage and sent her imagination into overdrive.

"You don't remember anything?" Allie's eyes drifted towards her toes as she lowered her head, embarrassed.

"Well then, come over here and let me remind you." The silky tone of his voice brought her eyes to his and sent tremors through Allie's body and his frank appraisal proved how much he wanted her. Her breath hitched. She closed her eyes and tried to dampen the desire pooling between her legs before clearing her throat and forcing her voice to be steady and stern.

"Since when do you take advantage of women?" Matt sat upright and bunched the cover up around his middle, offended by the accusation, he huffed in disbelief.

"Ah, no, you took advantage of me, Alyssa." Her face filled with color as flashes of his strong hands helping her to her feet, his knee buckling smile, her mouth reaching for his, and asking him to stay. Her body went hot all over from the mental video that looped over and over in her mind.

"I did not," she protested weakly. "I wouldn't. *Fuck.*" Allie wished for the life of her that she could remember everything, and then maybe she wouldn't still want him so bad.

"Oh yes, you did, we did several times in fact. Just who did you want in your bed last night?" Allie reached for his khakis and threw them at him again. Matt easily caught them one handed before pitching them back to the floor.

"Get out," she demanded while pointedly ignoring his question. There was no way she was going to confess her hair brained idea of getting it on with the best man.

"No, not until you tell me who you wanted." His voice lowered and lost all of its playfulness. Allie watched fascinated by the desire in his eyes and the havoc it wreaked on her body. Determined not to be bothered by the heavy scent of sex in the air, his rumpled hair, or the scruffy shadow of a beard, she planted a foot firm, just shy of a stomp. She was not aware of how close she stood next to him, or how he was like a magnet, pulling her towards him.

"Get. Out." Allie emphatically pointed to the door with growing hysteria. She cursed whatever had possessed her the night before. Of all people to end her sexual sabbatical with, she had somehow managed to screw that up and cross the line with her brother's best friend, a record screw up of epic proportions.

Ignoring her demand, Matt grabbed her arm and pulled her to him, rolling her beneath him as he covered her mouth with his, drowning out any protest. Allie wanted to struggle, but when his lips touched hers, she forgot all reason and kissed him back with a passion that nearly overwhelmed her. Matt ran his hand along the sheet that covered her, letting his fingers trace the outline of her breasts. She softened against him, opening her legs, urging him closer.

"Tell me who you wanted in your bed last night instead of me," he whispered hotly against her ear as he stroked the curve of her neck with his finger and then followed with his lips sending thousands of tiny ripples of pleasure through Allie's body.

"Tell me." His breathy voice tickled her neck. Allie wasn't going to tell him anything. Her mind had ceased to think about anything that didn't involve moving the sheet and having Matt's naked body surround hers. She arched her back, urging him closer and Matt nipped her neck with his teeth, sending ripples of pleasure through her.

"I know you didn't intend to hook up with me last night, but you were on the make. Who did you want in your bed last night instead of me?" The thought of Matt in her bed had never occurred to her. He was her brother's best friend and by association, that made him off limits. She couldn't imagine what had ever made her consider him the night

before, but the delicious things he could do with his teeth and tongue made her believe she had made the best choice. The hum in her womb became an all-out brass band as she shifted her legs, putting him where she needed him most.

“It doesn’t matter,” Allie said against his lips before she buried her fingers in his hair, pulling his mouth to hers and kissing him until they were both breathless. Matt nipped her ear and Allie’s hips arched in response.

“The only thing that matters is who do you want now?” Matt lowered his hand between them and cupped her breast. His thumb stroking her nipple until it stood begging for more attention. Her pussy clenched and she groaned.

“You,” Allie groaned into his ear. She shifted the angle of her leg, pleading silently with her eyes to ease the ache.

Matt lowered the sheet more as he treated himself to her full breasts. His eyes feasted on the stainless steel barbells that adorned her nipples. He lowered his head and gently nipped a taut peak with his teeth. With a gasp, Allie twisted with frantic movements, trying to remove the sheet from between them. Matt lifted his mouth to hers and kissed her hard one last time before he touched his forehead to hers.

“Do you still want me to go? I’ll leave right now, just say the word.” Allie looked into his eyes and saw the honesty. He would leave if she wanted him to, but instead of asking him, she threaded her fingers into his silky dark hair, pulling his lips to hers.

“Stay,” she murmured against his lips just as she had the night before. It had been so long since she had belonged with anyone, and Matt or not, she wasn’t going to let it end now, not when she had just set her libido free.

Matt moved away just enough to remove the rest of the sheet. With no barriers between them, he let his gaze linger on her body that was primed and waiting for him. Allie groaned as Matt entered her by slow degrees. She didn’t remember sex with him the night before and marveled as she wrapped her legs tightly around Matt’s hips, pulling him in all of the way. Allie tried to avoid his eyes but they bored into hers, demanding she look at him as he took her, until there was no room for her to think of anything other than Matt as he filled her.

Chapter 2

The loud rapping on the door brought Allie fully awake. This time, though still wrapped up in a beautiful male body, she was fully aware of her romp with Matt. Still questioning the wisdom of it, she grabbed her robe and went to answer the persistent knock, leaving him sleeping sound in her bed. The living room clock told her it was just a little after one in the afternoon. Her head still pounding from her hangover, the rest of her felt sated, if not just a little bit sore as she opened the door to find her twin brother, older by five minutes, looking annoyed for having been kept waiting.

“Andy, what are you doing here?” He took one look at his sister’s disheveled appearance and burst through the door, shoving Allie aside.

“Where is he? I’m going to kill that son of a bitch. Did he hurt you? Matt, get your ass down here,” he yelled towards the stairs. Allie fastened her robe tightly around her middle while straightening her hair with her fingers she turned a worried glance toward the stairs.

“Andy, you can’t just barge in here anytime you want. This is my house.” Andy turned to his sister, looking for any signs that she had been taken advantage of.

“Where is the little prick, Allie?” Andy started up the stairs with his twin hot on his heels.

“Andrew O’Neill! You have no right to...” Allie tried to stop him as he forced open her bedroom door. Matt, startled awake by the disturbance downstairs, had pulled his khakis up over his hips. Fury blinded Andy as he marched over to his best friend and punched him square in the jaw. Matt took the punch gracefully, but that was all he was prepared to take. Standing light on his heels, he prepared himself for another assault from Andy. Allie grabbed her brother’s arm and twisted it behind his back. At six feet, Andy towered above her by more than five inches, but his fiery sister was well schooled in holding her hot-headed brother back. She twisted his arm a little harder leaving both men confident that the fiery red head could take them both down.

“Calm down Andy. This is none of your business.” Nostrils flaring, Andy took in huge gulps of air. While she understood Andy’s anger at Matt, she wasn’t going to condone it. Andy had never interfered in her love life before and she wasn’t going to let him start now.

Allie held her brother’s arm until she felt some of the tension leave his body, keeping her eye on Matt as he dropped his fighting stance and bent to retrieve his shirt. Allie nearly groaned out loud as Matt pulled his shirt on, covering the perfection that made her palms itch with the need to follow the path of his happy trail. Matt grinned sheepishly as he watched Allie’s tongue subtly lick her bottom lip and he raised his brow in amusement. Her skin took a pinkish hue as she closed her eyes to focus, taking a deep cleansing breath before she let her brother go.

“You wait for me downstairs. Now,” she ordered her twin. In defeat, he gave Matt one last warning glare before storming out of her room and down the stairs and Allie closed the door behind him. She moved straight to Matt and touched the deep red mark left by her brother on his jaw. He flinched slightly and covered her hand with his. His eyes held her eyes steady as he brought her fingers to his lips and pressed a soft kiss against the tips. Allie stood mesmerized by the heat of his lips against her skin and the

memory of what those lips could do. She pulled her hand away as if she had been burned and took two steps back, pushing her libidinous thoughts away.

"I can't believe he punched you. I'm sorry."

"That was my fault. He asked me to bring you home last night." More blank spots from the wedding reception came to Allie in flashes. She remembered her ruby red screw driver being empty and Matt bringing her a refill, just as she remembered the best man making the moves on one of the other bridesmaids and her outlandish flirtation with Matt. It was so embarrassing, and now her brother would tell her father. As if her dad needed another reason to think that she was unstable. Allie put her hands on her hips and put all of her frustration into the glare she gave her guest.

"This was a mistake, we can't do this again. I'll take care of Andy, but you have to leave." Matt shook his head and moved to Allie with a wicked gleam in his eye, backing her against the door and she wasn't sure if she felt threatened, or excited by his predatory side. He gruffly cupped her jaw in his hand and traced her lips with the pad of his thumb. Allie licked her bottom lip, not aware of the dark color her eyes had taken as moisture accumulated between her thighs. He grabbed both of her hands with one of his and raised them above her head, holding her in place. Allie was torn by the need to struggle and the desire for Matt to take her against the door. She breathed in Matt's heady scent and the combination was almost enough to send her over the edge.

"Alyssa, we are going to do this again, and again, and again. That's a promise," he whispered against her lips before taking her in a heated kiss. Matt looked deep into her blue eyes as he made her another promise that made Allie sink against him when he released his grip on her hands.

"This is only beginning. I'm leaving now, but I will be back. It is Valentine's Day after all, and you said you would be mine." Allie meekly nodded her head. Oh yeah, she was in big trouble.

Matt chuckled as he left her room and walked out of her bedroom, completely ignoring his best friend who sat fuming on the oversized sofa with his legs crossed. Allie nearly ran to the bathroom to take a very cold shower.

After her newly awakened libido had been dampened by the freezing spray, Allie felt more in control as she dressed and went to face her brother. She was angry with him for barging into her house, but at the same time, acknowledged that it was nice to have someone looking out for her. The fact that she didn't need saving was beside the point.

"Andy, what was that all about? I don't need you to protect me, I'm a big girl and I decide who I will sleep with and who I won't, regardless of whom it is." Andy felt contrite as he absently rubbed the top of his head. His hair was the same auburn shade as his sister's but, he kept it cut very close to the top of his head, preferring not to fight for control of its curly waves as his sister was forced to everyday.

"I'm sorry Al. I asked Matt to bring you home last night because you had had too much to drink. I didn't think that he would..." She gave a nervous laugh, knowing that her brother preferred to think of her as an innocent virgin.

"He didn't. I did. Get over it Andy." Allie nearly laughed as she watched her brother squirm from her nonchalant description of what had happened.

"Allie, you were drunk, he took advantage of you. I'm going to kill him."

"You've already done more than enough. Matt didn't take any more advantage of me than I wanted. Okay?" Andy took a moment to really look at his sister. Her cheeks

and chin were reddened with beard burn but fact that she seemed to glow was enough to make him nod yes.

"If you say one word about this to anyone, I'll kill you. Now go home. I've got things to do, and today is Valentine's Day. Don't you have plans with Terri?" Allie hit her brother's weakness in the bulls-eye and Andy flushed guiltily. He jumped to his feet and threw his hands up in defeat.

"I'm going, I'm going." Allie waited until he stepped through the door before closing it and putting the lock in place. She leaned against the cool panel.

"How did I let this happen?" She said out loud to the empty space.

Allie was pulled out of her deep thoughts by the ringing of her cell phone. Glancing at the caller ID she rolled her eyes as her best friend Elizabeth's name flashed across the screen.

"Hey, Liz." Allie heard Elizabeth's hardy laugh over the line.

"Don't 'Hey Liz' me. I left your sister's reception early and I have to hear it from your sister Suzy that you left there with Matt Jenson?" The reality of her colossal mistake was almost enough to make her call him and cancel their date, almost. Matt spending the night at her house was going to be a hot topic on the small town grapevine for days. He was a hometown hero, a firefighter, and she was the quintessential flaky artist in their south Florida hometown. Two people who couldn't be more different.

"Spill it. I'm waiting." Allie sighed heavily, better to get it over with and swear her friend to secrecy.

"Yes, Matt brought me home, it's really no big deal," Elizabeth cheered through the phone.

"No big deal? What about his car being in your driveway this afternoon. I heard that Andy took a swing at him." Allie swore under her breath. Andy must have told the whole town in the twenty minutes since he had left.

"Alright, Matt spent the night and Andy came over and went nuts. It's no big deal and it doesn't mean anything, okay?"

"Was it good?" Allie smacked her forehead.

"Don't you have plans tonight?" Elizabeth had been her best friend since childhood and very happily married for the past few years. She had married her college sweetheart and had settled down as an elementary school teacher right after graduation. There were times when Allie was just a little bit envious of her best friend, but she wouldn't begrudge her that happiness she had found for anything in the world.

"You know I do. It's Valentine's Day. The question is, do you?" Allie swore under her breath again and looked at the hall clock.

"Matt asked me to dinner and I should have said no." Allie's tone was tinged with uncertainty as she nervously twirled a piece of her hair.

"I'm glad you said yes. Matt is a good guy." The hunky fireman was a good guy and as vanilla as the day was long. There would be no future with him, so why invest the time?

"I know he's a good guy," Allie snapped, instantly regretting it. "I'm sorry. I'm going to dinner with him and that's it. Then this whole wedding and Valentine's fiasco will be over."

“Allie, I think that he could be good for you, it’s time for you to meet someone great.” Elizabeth always had a way of zeroing to the point. Matt was great, he had great hands, great lips and a great tongue, and a great...

“I just...it’s a Valentine’s Day fever thing. Listen, I will call you later.” Allie squeezed her thighs together as she remembered the wicked things he could do with his tongue. She ignored Elizabeth’s knowing chuckle. Sometimes a best friend could know you too well.

“Sure. Whatever you say. Have fun.” Allie hung up the phone and looked at the time again. She had to find something to wear on her date.