

*Wishful Thinking*

**Beverly Rae**

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Wishful Thinking  
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## Chapter One

Cassie Bryson held up one of the sex toys that lay scattered on the bed around her. "I don't know what I was thinking when I signed up to be a sales consultant. I'll never learn about this in time for my first party the day before Valentine's Day." *If I had a boyfriend—a sweetheart of my own—this business wouldn't have attracted me so easily.*

Laurie Walters, her best friend, carried a bottle of wine and two glasses in from the kitchen. "Take it easy, Cass. You're going to be fine."

"Hell, I don't even know what most of this stuff is used for. How am I supposed to sell Sweetheart Parties bedroom products to other women?"

Laurie picked up a toy and wiggled it, making the two rubbery rings jiggle like gelatin. "Look, I know you're a simple country girl and all, but come on. Are you telling me you've never seen a cock ring before?" She thumbed the top ring and pulled the other ring back, then shot the toy at Cassie.

Cassie squealed and caught it. "Hey, I may not know what a cock ring is or what's it's for, but I do know it's not a rubber band to shoot at friends." She fingered the contraption, then flung it into a plastic tub filled with other sex toys. "And the only cock ring I know about is the one used for rooster fights." She held up her hands to ward off Laurie's horrified assumption. "Not that I've ever been involved with one of those either."

"I should hope not."

"Shit, Laurie, do women really need all these accessories to have fun in the bedroom? I mean, it's been a long time since I had a man, but I don't remember having to resort to battery-operated extras to have fun."

Laurie squinted to read the directions on a purple and red bottle. "I guess it can't hurt to spice things up. Especially if you had a man, ready, willing and able to be your test subject. You know, as research for your future clients."

"Yeah, that'd be nice." Cassie scowled at her bed. *Especially with Valentine's Day coming up.* She silently sent a prayer skyward. *Please don't make me go through the holiday of love without a sweetheart of my own.* She scowled at the items next to her. *And I want a man who won't need any toys to help him satisfy me.* Cassie shook her head at her wish, then chugged the remainder of her wine. Letting out an exasperated *pff*, she glared at her reflection in the dresser mirror across the room. *Great. I'm turning thirty, single and lonely and, to top it off, my hair is a red hot mess. Red as in a bad home dye job. Why*

*didn't I stick with my regular mousy-brown color?* Running her hand through her curly orange-red locks, she poured herself another drink.

Laurie snatched up a vibrator, jumped off the bed and began wielding it like a sword. "Beware, all you men, I have a massive vibrator. I will render you impotent with my trusty anatomically correct weapon." She giggled and inspected the toy. "This thing is huge. No wonder men get intimidated. What's it called again?"

"That's Big Boy." Cassie studied the cue card that came with the toy. "Big Boy is the ultimate in women's bedroom accessories. Not only does Big Boy stimulate both the clitoral and the vaginal areas, but it thrusts, too, for deeper penetration."

"Really? Let's see." Laurie punched the buttons on the control panel and a mechanical whirring sound filled the room. "Holy shit! It does. Look at that sucker go."

Cassie stared at the dual action stimulator, then blinked in disbelief. Big Boy sped up, growing increasingly louder. The life-like shaft circled in first one direction, then the other, while moving up and down in a mesmerizing thrusting motion. "Wow, oh, wow. I am so out of my comfort zone." Again, she wondered why she'd signed up to do sex toy parties in ladies' homes. Granted, she'd been unemployed for awhile, but was this the only way to earn money?

Laurie turned the vibrator off and dropped it on the bed. "Gee, I'm sorry, Cassie, but don't worry. You'll get the hang of it." She examined one of the many bottles of lotion. "Didn't they include a help line number? Maybe you should give that a try."

Cassie couldn't give up. Not after spending what little money she had on the start-up kit. "I think so." She held up the brochure and flipped it to the back side. "Yeah, here it is."

Laurie was already handing her the phone. "Then call them. After all, what do you have to lose?"

*After already sacrificing my dignity? Not much.* Cassie gathered her resolve and called the number. A recording answered and she followed the directions, entering her consultant ID and answering all the questions. *Come on. Let me talk to a real person.* Instead, a resounding click echoed in her ear. "What the hell?"

"What'd they say?"

"They—or should I say the machine—hung up on me." She tossed the phone on the bed. "Talk about lack of support."

"You mean, they—it—didn't say anything at all?"

"Just that a representative would get in touch with me. I'm thinking that means the old don't-call-us-we'll-call-you bit." Cassie didn't know whether to scream or to cry. Her decision, however, was made by a knock on the door.

Groaning, she snatched up her wine glass and trekked her way to her apartment door. "This had better not be the landlord telling me to pay last month's rent or get the hell out. If so, I may have to offer him another form of payment."

"Cassie! You wouldn't." Laurie's feigned shock was quickly replaced with her usual easy grin. "Of course, if he's cute, then maybe..."

"Uh, eww. Besides, I was just kidding." She paused, searching for yet another excuse for her late rental payment and opened the door. "Look, Mr. Wallis, I promise you I'll have the rent by next—. *Holy shit. This is so not fat old Mr. Wallis.*

"Are you Cassie Bryson?"

Cassie froze, locked onto his gorgeous blue eyes and gripped the door to stay upright. The man was simply devastating. His voice was a deep masculine timbre laced with an exotic accent. The voice matched his tall, tanned appearance and dark hair curled temptingly around his neck. High cheekbones accented a face any model would kill for while full, yet manly lips looked right at home with the strong angular chin. She blinked, breaking the tantalizing hold his eyes held on her and let her gaze slide down the toned form. His black silk shirt couldn't hide the muscles underneath and the belt at his waist only highlighted his lean hard body. Perfectly tailored black slacks and expensive Italian leather shoes completed his suave look. She brought her gaze back to dive into his incredible ocean-blue depths. *He's the most amazing man she'd ever seen.*

"I'm sorry. What?"

"I asked if you're Cassie Bryson?"

Laurie's hand on her shoulder jump-started her voice. "Uh, yes. I'm Cassie." *Invite him in. All the way into the bedroom.* A pinch on her arm brought her back into reality. "Ow! I mean, this is my friend Laurie." His smile warmed her heart and melted every other part of her body. "Can I help you?" *Oh, please, let me help you right out of your clothes.* Desire struck her in the gut and sent shudders outward.

"Thank you. You're very kind. But I am here to help you." He stepped by her, brushing against her arm and setting off a heat wave that burned through her body.

*He makes me feel shy and sexy all at the same time.* "Me?" *Why would this hunk of a hero want to help me?*

"Cassie," whispered Laurie, "could he be from Sweetheart Parties?"

Taking her eyes off the yummy man for the first time, she gaped at her friend and matched her lowered tone. "But how? And how did he get here so fast?"

"I don't know, but I say don't question it. Why else would he be here?" Laurie shot her a get-him-and-get-him-now look.

"I don't know." *And I don't care.* "Laurie, I hate to be rude, but—"

“But how about I get the hell out so you can be alone with him?” Laurie licked her lips, tipping her head to the side, then watching him as he strode toward the bedroom. “Wow, he’s already heading for your room. And yeah, I’ll leave, but I want every last detail later on.”

*Why is he going into my bedroom?* Cassie nodded at Laurie, then took off after her mysterious guest. She found him, standing by her bed, studying the bedroom accessories scattered over the comforter. *Uh-oh. Can this be any more awkward? Then again, if he’s with the toy company, why should I be embarrassed? I’m sure he’s very familiar with these things.* “Um, excuse me, but I don’t know...”

“Who I am? Please excuse my rudeness.” Elegantly, sensually, he lifted her hand and placed a kiss on her palm. “My name is Valentino and, as I said, I am here for you.”

## Chapter Two

*Valentino. What an awesome name for a Sweetheart Parties associate.* "I didn't think the company had any male consultants. Not that I have a problem with the idea." Cassie resisted the urge to lick her lips. *Nope. No problem here.*

"Do you enjoy these items?" He waved his hands over the toys and lotions. "Do you feel they are necessary to have wonderful sex?"

*Wow. He gets right to the point.* She swallowed and struggled to adopt a professional attitude, but the place where his lips had touched her hand still tingled, distracting her. "Uh, I guess so." *I need to say yes, right? After all, a consultant should believe in her products.* "I mean, yes, of course."

"Really?" Valentino examined a bullet vibrator. "Then you don't think a man can do everything a woman wants? Fulfill her every need? Or that he can arouse her with only what God gave him?" He frowned, belying the glint twinkling in his eyes.

A shiver born of lust ripped through her. "Well, when you put it that way..." Without thinking, she ran her hand down the front of his shirt. The silk was exquisite to touch, but the rock-hard abs underneath captured her focus. *Oh, man, he feels good. So hot. So manly. I bet he's even harder down there.* She slid her gaze over the belt to the bulge in his black slacks. Her hand followed her gaze. *I wish he'd give me what I want. Hell, what I need.* Suddenly aware of what she was doing, she jerked her hand away. The heat rushed to her face. "Holy shit, I am so sorry. I can't believe I did that." She lurched backward, but he grabbed her.

"You have no reason to apologize."

She looked down to where he held her, his big hand easily encompassing her arm. A lump formed in her throat and she kept her head lowered.

"Cassie, look at me."

His tone, commanding and heavy with lust, brought her head up. The intensity in his eyes threw her and she inhaled sharply. His mouth crushed to hers and welcomed her exhale. Moaning, she angled her head for a deeper kiss and fell against him, slipping her arms around his torso. His arms enveloped her and he lifted her off her feet. He swept the toys, bottles and plastic-wrapped items onto the floor. He tore her shirt from her, then pushed her jeans and thong to the floor.

"Omigod." Cassie frantically unbuttoned his shirt, then his slacks. Soon he lay on top of her, his olive-skinned body fitting against hers in every wonderful way. "Valentino, I don't know. Maybe we—" *Shut up! You know you want to.*

"Shh. Don't spoil the beauty of this moment." He placed his finger on her lips halting her next words, then trailed it along her mouth, exploring its fullness. With a soft smile, he brought his lips to hers. Where his kiss had been rough and demanding before, now it was tender, almost sweet. Slipping his tongue between her lips, he touched the tip of her tongue, then swept lazily around, taking in her taste. The low rumble in his chest quivered through her.

Valentino touched her breast, making her shiver, then tweaked her nipple. She arched upward, giving him silent permission to grip harder, take more. He did, fondling her breast and rubbing her nipple with his thumb.

"Ooh, suck on my tit."

Chuckling, he traced a path around her breast with his tongue. Taking her tit between his teeth, he changed to the other breast and repeated the temptingly torturous move.

Cassie closed her eyes and ran her hand down his stomach, thrilling at the firm abs. Surprised at her own boldness, she ran her fingers through the curly mass of hair and over his massive dick. His heat warmed her skin and she tightened her hold on his still-growing shaft.

"Stroke me." His deep voice feathered her breast with soft wisps of desire.

*Take me, Valentino. I need you. I've waited for you.*

He pulled and sucked on her tit and she renewed her grasp on his shaft. His pre-come wetted her hand and she pumped him, wanting to bring him all the pleasure she could. Mewing, she continued sliding her hand up and down his length. His heat, his need pulsed inside his great shaft, readying for the explosion ahead.

*I can't wait to get him inside me. He's so big. So hard.* She worked her hand over his purple-veined shaft and imagined her tongue sliding over the slick shaft. "Let me taste you. I want to suck on you."

"I would love for you to do that. But later. Right now, I want to feast on you and make you come. Without anything to aid us."

Pushing his body along hers, he skimmed his tongue along the hollow between her breasts. She let go of his dick with a mew of protest, but the sound transformed into moans of joy when she realized his destination.

"I want to make you scream." His sexy chuckle matched the huskiness in his voice. The sound flowed inside her to mix with her own hot juices. Cassie spread her legs, opening to him. She tried to make her breathing more regulated, but failed, and bit back the words she wanted to say. *Eat me. Lick me.*

"I know what you wished for, my love. I know what you want. You want a man to eat you and fuck you until you scream. You want a man to take you as a man should take his woman. As I will take my woman." His warm breath cascaded over her and she trembled with anticipation. Positioning his hands under her legs, he pulled them over his wide shoulders.

She lifted onto her elbows and saw the desire on his face. He ran his tongue over his lips, then lowered his head between her legs. The feel of him sucking her clit jolted her, but he held onto her legs, keeping his mouth to her pussy. Using his fingers to spread her folds wide, he sucked, licked, nibbled, and lapped up every drop. His teeth nipped at her, claiming her nub as a victorious man would claim his prize. She clung to the bedspread, holding on, yet wanting to soar into the blackness and ride the ecstasy overtaking her.

Darting his tongue inside her, he massaged her swollen clit, flattening his tongue against the throbbing nub. A whirlwind tumbled inside her, killing every inhibition, unleashing every wanton craving she'd ever had. She bucked under his touch like a bronco fighting to stay free, yet hoping to be ridden.

His fingers joined his tongue inside her, ratcheting the burn in her abdomen to a roaring flame. This was a man who could take her, expose her every inch to him and make her beg for more. Screaming his name, she released orgasm after orgasm. And still he continued to ravish her.

"Please. I need you." She reached out for him, her hands clawing the comforter. "Fuck me."

He stared at her, his eyes glazed and full of unspoken yearning.

*"Please."*

With her second plea, he grabbed her legs, pushing her knees toward her stomach and slammed into her. She gasped, delighted with the length of him. He thrust time and time again, banging against her.

"I want more of you, Valentino. Go deeper. Harder."

He pounded into her, his body tensing, holding back his release. Orgasms raked her, making her pants louder and harsher. Suddenly, he withdrew from her.

The separation broke her inside as though he'd somehow taken away part of her body's essence. The air dried the sweat on her skin, but couldn't dampen the raging fire between her legs. "No. Don't stop."

"Do not worry. I wouldn't. Not until you're satisfied." Lovingly, he wiped away the moisture clinging to her brow. With a wicked grin, he shoved into her again, the force rocking her body.

She grabbed the rungs of the slanted headboard and pushed back. With each of his thrusts, she tightened her legs around him, melding them together. He skimmed his hands along her inner thighs, coming to rest on the flesh covering her nub. She cried out as he worked his cock in and out matching the rhythm of his thumb on her clit. Yet another climax raced through her. Letting go of the headboard, she clutched his pecs and held on.

Puffing out her breaths, Cassie laced her fingers behind his neck, pulling him into another kiss. Their pants exchanged their breaths, their moans joining in a sexual melody.

A greater climax grew stronger inside her and she tensed, readying for the ultimate release. Waves of pleasure rolled outward from her core, spreading to the muscles of her stomach and on to her limbs. Grabbing his shoulders and digging in, she marveled at his control. At last, the peak of her climax washed over her and he paused, his body becoming taut again. He cried out, his own release shuddering through his body. Their voices joined in a song of rapture as their juices flowed freely.

Valentino fell to the side of her and hugged her close. They lay together, neither able to speak while they fought to catch their breath.

"Holy shit. That was incredible."

His husky laughter sparked another ember of desire. "I'm glad I could prove my point."

She smiled, keeping her face slightly averted from his. "And what point would that be?"

"That toys are wonderful, but they're no substitute for a good man."

She rolled on her side and studied his handsome face. "Yes, you definitely made your point. Although it seems a strange position for you to take. Still, I can't argue with the facts. But tell me. This isn't how all your appointments with consultants wind up, is it?" *Oh, please let him say no.*

"Consultants?"

The confusion in his eyes was all too apparent. She lifted onto her elbow, her brow furrowing in question. "Yeah. As in consultants for Sweetheart Parties. You're from the company, right?"

"I don't understand what you mean, my love." He caressed her cheek. "I came because you wished for me. I am Valentino and I am only for you."

A slice of panic zipped through Cassie and, for an instant, she started to flee. *Omigod. If he's not from the company, then who is he?* Yet when her gaze met his

tantalizing one, suddenly every ounce of alarm vanished from her. *I can trust him. I know I can.* "I did. I wished for you."

"Yes. And I came."

*I made a wish and he came.* For once in her life, Cassie accepted the unbelievable. "And now you'll stay?"

Valentino nodded and wrapped her into his embrace. "If that is your wish."

The End

## About the Author

Beverly Rae's witty, sexy, action-packed romances leave readers experiencing a wide range of emotions. As a multi-published author, Beverly is always working on her next book, taking the "usual" and twisting it into the "unusual."

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