

Unwrapped Bonus Chapter

By Callie Harper

Jack

Maui. I'd thought it was paradise when I'd bought my beachfront bungalow. But I'd been wrong. Back then, it had just been nice. A pretty destination. Now that I had Hannah here with me, it was paradise.

I watched her out the kitchen window, enjoying seeing her enjoy herself on the lanai. She had such an inherent sexuality, luxuriating in her own body. I loved how comfortable she was with herself. The way she loved her own curves made me love them all the more.

I mixed us some cocktails, not in a rush. It wasn't that I wasn't eager to join her out there, watching the sunset over the ocean. I couldn't imagine anything I wanted to do more. But watching her was a pleasure in and of itself.

We'd only known each other a few weeks now, but already it felt like she'd become a permanent part of my life. It felt like I'd been waiting to meet her for years on end. Now that I had met her, everything made sense.

We'd spent that crazy week in New York, sharing an apartment, then a few days apart seeing our families for Christmas. I'd hated being away from her but we'd filled our time with silly texts and photos exchanged and phone calls that went into the late hours of the night. And then, she'd met me at SFO to fly down to Maui together.

When I'd seen her walk toward me at the gate, I'm not kidding I couldn't breathe right. She had on one of her signature dresses, wrapped around her luscious curves like she was a present for me alone to unwrap. With fishnet stockings, a peek of a tattoo at her neckline and a streak of scarlet in her hair, I could see that hint of naughty I'd fallen in love with.

Yeah, I said it. Love. Who would have thunk? Overnight, practically. I'd never felt that way about anyone else.

But we hadn't done too much talking yet about What Next. We'd taken the big leap to head to Maui together, sure, but that didn't exactly create a bridge to sharing our lives together. Unless we moved to Maui. Now that was an idea.

I sauntered back outside, holding our drinks in my hands. Eighty degrees with a gentle breeze playing in my girl's hair was a whole lot of all right.

"So, Redwood Bay?" I asked, hoping I sounded relatively casual as I brought up her hometown. "You've said it's a pretty long drive from San Francisco?" So far she seemed just as gone as I did with what we had between us, but she was a strong, independent woman—one of the things I loved about her. But that didn't exactly mean she was ready to drop everything to be near me.

"Ugh, it's pretty off the map," she admitted, taking the drink I'd fixed her with a smile. "I mean, I love it. It's home. But it's about an eight hour drive from SF."

"That's far." I was frowning now.

“Come here,” she called to me, patting the railing next to her. “Come stand next to me and look at the sunset. You can’t frown like that and look at the sunset in Maui at the same time.”

“Yeah, that’s a fact,” I agreed, coming up next to her with pleasure. She had such an easy way about her, so generous and fun I couldn’t help feeling good just being around her.

“You know we’re going to keep seeing each other, right?” She looked at me, frank and open. “I mean, you might try to get away from me but I’ve got some claws.” She bared her nails and gave me a snarl.

“I love your claws.” I set my drink down and moved closer, wrapping those claws around my shoulders. “Dig right in, because I do not intend on letting you get far away from me.”

“So possessive.” She shivered, with some arousal if I wasn’t mistaken. And just like that, I was hard as a rock. It happened all the time around this woman, what with her supple curves and her responsiveness. Could I be blamed?

“Got that right.” I cupped her head and kissed her deeply, tasting her sweetness, our tongues mingling and dancing. “You OK with that?” I had to ask. I wasn’t actually a caveman, however much she made me feel like one.

“Hell yeah,” she made my day by agreeing. “I feel the same way.” We kissed again, our touch deepening, becoming more urgent, and I reached around and found the tie to the top of her bikini at the back of her neck. With a swift tug, the tie came undone and her large, glorious breasts spilled out into the air for me to enjoy.

She sucked in her breath and covered her hands over her chest, looking furtively to the side as if nosy neighbors were peering at us.

“Total privacy, baby,” I reminded her. There was a price for it, of course, but I hadn’t been a rockstar for a decade for nothing. I’d managed things right, too, made a few good investments and so, yeah, I owned a couple acres of beachfront property in Maui. Enough so my girl could take her top right off. Hell she could take it all off and no one would ever know but me.

“Right,” she nodded her head, letting her arms go down at ease again. “Sometimes I forget you’re a mega rich rock star.” She gave me a teasing smile.

“Add that to the list,” I murmured, dipping down to kiss and lick my way along her bare skin, starting at the throat, then the collarbone, then moving on down.

“What list?” she asked all breathy.

“Most girls never forget the mega rich rock star part,” I admitted. “That’s the big draw.” I’d let myself get more vulnerable with Hannah than I had with any other woman, might as well keep up the trend. “But you, you’re here with me because of me. So that’s on the list.”

My lips made their way slowly, slowly down to her breast. I took my time, savoring the smoothness of her skin, enjoying the way her breath started coming faster, the way her nipples hardened in anticipation. I’d get to them in due time. I enjoyed watching her arousal too much to rush it.

“You still haven’t told me what list,” she panted, gripping the railing with tight, white knuckles. I liked the look on her. I’d have to see how far I could take it.

"The list of things to love about you," I whispered, blowing softly on her exposed, stiff tip.

"Oh," she cried out, tipping her head back, her glorious black hair with the scarlet streak streaming down her back. I sucked her nipple, licking, blowing on it, teasing it lightly with my teeth.

"Jack!" she cried out, loving every second of it. But it was time to switch things up. I always liked surprising her.

"Turn around," I commanded and her eyes flew open in surprise. I motioned with my finger for her to face the beach. She'd have a nice view while I had my way with her. Slowly, she turned and positioned herself as I'd told her.

"Now spread your legs." Taking her time, moving so sensuously, she slowly stepped one foot to the side, then the other, arching her back slightly to offer her ass to me. Oh, she knew exactly what I liked. What we both liked.

She had an island-style wrap skirt on, easy on, easy off, and Bless Her Soul no panties.

"That's my girl," I exhaled as the skirt dropped to the floor and she stood before me completely naked.

"No use bothering with panties when they're just going to come right off," she teased.

"I like how practical you are." I grazed my palm along her lower back, then down to caress the swell and curve of her buttocks where she had just enough plumpness to make me want to sink my teeth into them.

"Bend over, baby," I told her, my other hand at to her upper back, guiding her down so she'd be angled just right. She sighed softly and did as I instructed, leaning down over the railing, exposing herself to me. I lifted up her ass cheeks and could see her pussy glistening with arousal. As I stroked her sweet wetness, she moaned with pleasure.

"So wet already," I murmured. "You are so naughty. What were you thinking about while you were sitting out here all by yourself?"

"Well, I wasn't wearing any panties," she admitted breathily.

"Naughty," I agreed, caressing her ass, keeping my hand light and teasing as she arched back into me, asking for more.

"And I was hoping you wouldn't take too long fixing our cocktails. Because I do love your cock."

Smack, my hand came down hard on her ass, making her cheek quiver and her gasp with intense pleasure. I brought my hand down again, her groan driving me on as I knew how much she loved it.

"So you were out here thinking about my cock, getting all wet?"

"Yes," she admitted in a moan. Whack, my hand came down again hard on her other buttock, leaving a pink mark against her pale, creamy skin. I drew my fingers down to her pussy, pushing them into her, exploring her dripping wetness.

"Were you hoping I'd find out how wet you were?" I asked, fingering her, thrusting in and out, slow and torturous.

"Yes," she panted.

"So I'd find out how much you wanted to get fucked?" I withdrew my fingers and raised my hand again to give her a sharp spanking.

"Oh!" she cried out, her eyes closed with pleasure/pain.

"Keep your legs spread wide!" I ordered and she shivered, then did as she was told, spreading her feet further apart. "Ass out for me!" I barked at her, loving the sight of her stretched out in front of me, hands clasped tight on the railing, breasts down and exposed with firm tips, ass out for her spanking just the way she needed it.

I brought my fingers down to her inner thigh and stroked, finding a trail of arousal working its way down.

"So wet," I growled, spanking her again, sharp. A few more hard whacks and she was moaning and grunting and already drawing close. I knew how much she could take, and how much she liked waiting to come.

Stepping back and watching her quiver, I pulled my shorts down and stepped out of them. My cock stood out hard and full, ready for action. I palmed it, stroking its length, and stood behind her with the tip right at her entrance.

"You ready?" I asked, knowing the answer but loving hearing it anyway.

"Yes!" she cried out, apparently completely embracing the privacy of our couple of acres. She could scream all she wanted.

I impaled her in one long, strong thrust, the sensation so heady it made me pause for a moment getting my bearings. Deep inside of her I almost felt like I lost myself, so connected with her, intensely bonded. But then I started moving, slow, savoring every inch in, every inch out as I held her hips in a tight lock.

She quivered and moaned, her legs shaking with need and pleasure as I hit that deep spot in her with each thrust.

"That's it," I encouraged her. "Let it build. Let it build, baby." Slowly, torturously I increased my tempo, not going fast yet, just faster in and out, in and out. Her moans grew in intensity, crying out for more until I couldn't hold out any longer. I had to fuck her like an animal and that's exactly what I did, pumping into her fiercely, mercilessly, slapping against her again and again until I could feel the release demanding to come out.

"Come, baby! Come for me!" I growled as I began coming in her, deep inside in what seemed like an endless force, pumping her full. She screamed and pushed back into me, wanting every bit of sensation she could get. Her appetite as ferocious and now as sated as mine, she sank down onto the railing, panting and sighing with release.

"Ugh!" I cried out with one last thrust as my come ebbed and I curled down over her, my chest to her back, cradling her into my arms. Picking her up, she leaned into, everything relaxed and limp. I brought her over to a deck lounge and cradled her, curling her into my lap and stroking her hair, her legs, her arms, kissing her face. I wanted her to know deep in her soul that though we might play at dominance and force in our love making, all I ever wanted was to bring her pleasure and take care of her.

"Jack," she sighed. "I don't know what you do to me."

"You're amazing," I whispered as I worshipped her curls. "I'm hope I didn't get too rough with you."

"Oh, I loved it," she said, her voice full and throaty. "I don't understand it yet but I love it. The way I respond to you, I've never felt anything like it."

“Neither have I,” I admitted. “Neither have it.”

We rested together for a while longer, enjoying the warmth and breeze, until I thought of her possible soreness. “Let me give you a bath,” I suggested. “I want you feeling good.”

“Me too,” she agreed. “So you can spank and fuck me just like that all over again tomorrow.”

“I like how you think,” I admitted, kissing her yet again and wondering how in the hell I’d gotten so lucky. I never wanted to let her go.

Hannah

The next morning the sun rose as it always seemed to do in Maui, full and glorious and strong. We’d slept with the windows open, screens the only thing separating us from the great outdoors. I could smell the ocean and I took a deep, full inhale, stretching from the top of my hands over my head to the bottoms of my toes.

I was a little sore, but not bad. I kind of liked it, actually. Who knew I had such a kinky side? I guess I just needed the right partner. For all my one night stands, I’d never done much experimenting with spanking or power play. I guess you really needed trust established for that kind of thing. I’d always been out the door too fast to form any kind of intimate, trusting relationship.

Jack and I hadn’t even been together that long, but I already felt like he knew me better than anyone ever had. And I felt so safe with him. I never wanted our time together to end. But we were due to fly away in three days, back to our separate homes eight hours away from each other. Sure, we could visit, but I already knew that wouldn’t be enough for me. I needed more of Jack, and it seemed like he felt the same way about me. We had to figure something out.

Sighing, I decided to take a quick rinse. We had bathed last night but then after that we’d eaten and taken a long walk on the beach and then, of course, made love a couple more times. I could stand to shower off.

In the kitchen, I found a note from Jack. He’d headed to the store to buy me a fresh pineapple smoothie. I couldn’t argue with that. He’d introduced me to them and I didn’t know exactly what I’d been eating up until then that I’d thought was pineapple but this fresh Hawaiian variety was a whole new revelation. It made the things I bought in the supermarket seem like they were made of cardboard.

Glancing at my phone, I decided to bite the bullet. I hadn’t even checked messages in a couple of days, letting myself escape completely into paradise with the man of my dreams. Checking emails and voicemails, well, that would connect me to my to do list and I really didn’t want to feel any ounce of stress if I could help it. Still, I was running my own business and it made sense to check in if only briefly.

I had a message from a client, another from Caroline wishing me Happy New Year. And then The Message. The Big One.

The personal assistant to an investor had called me. It seemed that the investor in question had seen my work at the charity gala in New York. She wanted to know if I’d be interested in setting up a meeting with her next week to discuss opening up a boutique in San Francisco.

What. The. Fuck. My own boutique! In San Francisco! Of course I started whooping and dancing around, and of course that was exactly when Jack arrived home with our slices of heaven in the form of pineapple smoothies.

"Everything all right here?" he asked, smiling at my crazy display.

"Holy shit you're not going to believe this!" Technically I said separate words in that sentence, but the delivery was one fast smooshed-together string.

"Come again?"

"I just got a phone call!" I held the phone out to him with a shaking hand as if he could see the message. "From an investor! About opening up my own boutique in San Francisco."

"Really?" Now I had his attention. His smile got even bigger.

"Really!" I squealed. "She saw my work at the gala in New York and wants to talk to me about backing a boutique!"

"OK, now, though, you've got to look at the fine print before agreeing to any partnerships." Jack cautioned me.

"I have no idea how to do that!" I admitted

"I don't either, but I know people who do. I'll get some good people to represent you."

"You will?" Why did that sound like the most romantic thing anyone had ever said to me?

"It sounds like an incredible opportunity," he added, giving me a hug as my eyes filled with tears. "I'm not trying to rain on your parade. I just want to make sure no one takes advantage of you. You're incredibly talented and anyone who goes into business with you is lucky for the opportunity."

That just made me cry a little bit more.

"Am I saying the wrong thing?" he asked, tilting up my chin and kissing my cheeks.

"No, you're saying the right thing," I cried, nestling my head in his chest. "Thanks for looking out for me."

"Of course." He held me in his arms. "That's what you do when you love someone."

"I love you, Jack."

"I feel like I've been waiting to meet you my whole life," he admitted.

"I know what you mean. But if we'd met earlier we probably wouldn't have liked each other," I reflected.

"You think?" he looked at me, seeming a little hurt.

"If I'd met you when you were, like, 20. Surrounded by groupies."

"I was an ass," he recalled.

"So, I wouldn't have liked you."

"But maybe I would have changed if I'd met you? Maybe I would have taken one look at you and none of them would have had any appeal any more?"

"That's flattering," I admitted. "But the thing is, we all have to go through everything we've experienced to become who we are today."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Jack agreed. "It's tempting to think about going back and rewriting the past but neither of us would be who we are today without it."

“And how good is our right now?” I asked, smiling up at my man in a gorgeous Maui bungalow with the opportunity of my dreams now laid out before me.

“So good. And about to get even better.” Jack smiled as he handed me my fresh pineapple smoothie. So true.