



KARI GREGG

YOU MELTED ME



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This work contains graphic language and explicit sexual content between two men. Intended for adult audiences only. Not intended for anyone under the age of 18.

"You Melted Me" was originally written as a free short story for the Goodreads M/M Romance Group's 2010 Stuff My Stocking event. Group members posted pictures with their perv of choice...er...I mean story prompts!...which writers were free to snag to write the stories readers wanted. A group member posted the picture & prompt for which "You Melted Me" was written. This story posted to the group in December 2010, and was included in a free anthology: *Stuff My Stocking: M/M Romance Stories that are Nice . . . and Naughty* available at: ARe:

<http://www.allromancebooks.com/product-stuffmystockingmmromancestorieshatareniceandnaughty-509944-144.html> and Goodreads: <http://www.goodreads.com/ebooks/download/10104297-stuff-my-stocking>

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http://www.goodreads.com/group/show/20149.M_M_Romance to participate in fun events like the Stuff My Stocking event! The group will also clue you in on the latest news as well as discounts/sales. For book discussions, reading challenges, contests & giveaways and just plain fun hanging out with great folks, don't hesitate -- JOIN NOW!

Kari Gregg lives in the mountains of Wild and Wonderful West Virginia with her Wonderful husband and three very Wild children. Once Kari discovered the fabulous play land of erotic romances at RWA's National Conference in 2009, the die was cast. Finally! A market for the smoking hot stories she loves!

When Kari's not writing, she enjoys reading, coffee, zombie flicks, coffee, naked mud-wrestling (not really), and . . . coffee!

If you would like to catch up with Kari, caffeinate yourself and head on over to <http://www.KariGregg.com>.

Friend Kari on Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/home.php?#!/Kari.M.Gregg>

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You Melted Me

Leland Whitacre--*the* Leland Whitacre--bent over my cock. The weight of his shoulder pushed me beneath him, down and into the mattress. My head spun; my pulse thundered in my ears.

My boss.

The man who signed my paychecks, or rather paid Bess Starkey in Personnel to handle the payroll that included my salary.

Leland fucking Whitacre.

Skating his mouth down my chest.

And heading straight for my dick.

Oh Christ.

"Shh, Brian," he said at my broken moan. My stomach clenched at the heat of his breath on my skin. "Let me take care of you."

Sure.

Like he'd taken care of me for the past two months? Sweaty groping in empty offices after hours and stolen lunches in discount hotels? My own fault for flirting after I caught him checking out my ass once I'd been promoted from data entry to the secretarial pool on the executive floor. My fault for giving into him again and again after my please-fuck-me smile had resulted in me bent over his desk with my Dockers around my ankles that first night in his office.

My fault for mistaking sex for something more.

God knows the girls had tried to warn me. Not that I'd needed office gossip to confirm the wicked glitter in his dark eyes was the mark of a player. I didn't need anyone to tell me that fucking one of my bosses was every conceivable level of stupid, either.

It hadn't mattered.

One look from him had wiped every iota of common sense from my skull. And it still did. Evidence A for the Prosecution: I was needy, naked and squirming for more under the heavy press of his body when I'd sworn it wouldn't happen again. When I'd promised to be stronger. That this time, I'd resist.

Two minutes of his kisses under the mistletoe in the break room was all it'd taken to disintegrate my resolve. Even now, writhing and sweating out my arousal, I was proud of that. Two minutes. Not one. *Two*. I hadn't crumbled under the first kiss, when his tongue had traced the crease of my lips, or even the next, when his sharp white teeth had nipped my bottom lip the way he knew I liked.

I'd fallen just the same, though. Hard. Like the fat snowflakes that plummeted from the gray sky to blanket the city. I hadn't spoken a word in protest when he'd guided me from break room to parking lot, nor had I refused the branding warmth of

his hand on my thigh as his Laredo had crunched through acres of snow to reach this empty, echoing condo on the other side of town.

I was such an easy slut for him.

And damn it, Leland knew it.

I yipped when he bit down on the tender skin between my thigh and groin. "Stay with me, sweetheart." His lube-slick fingers dug into my hips like talons to hold me still as I wriggled. "Did you miss me?" He buried his nose in my bush of blond pubic hair and sucked in a deep breath. "I know you did. Tell me you missed me."

No.

God, no.

I trembled, senses whirling as he rooted through the springy curls to tongue the base of my cock, but no matter the torture of his mouth on my dick, I wouldn't say it. Not that I needed to. We both knew the truth.

Of course, I'd missed him.

With every beat of my broken heart.

He had not, apparently, broken my dick, though. I fisted my hands in the sheet covering the sparse mattress and groaned out wanton lust as he worked his way up the length of my cock, lips skimming over me so good I fought against his grip to push closer.

"Brian?" he rumbled, voice tight in warning.

Fuck pride.

I didn't need pride.

I need his mouth on me. "Please."

He traced delicate circles around the head of my cock.

If he didn't wrap his lips around me, soon, I'd lose my fucking mind.

"No more dodging my phone calls." His tongue darted out to lap pre-cum from my slit. "No running away when I look for you at work and when I knock on your apartment door? You'll damn well open it. When we have problems, we'll talk them out. No more hiding. Do you understand?"

His hands held me in place, exactly where he wanted me, but my back arched, fiery sparks shooting through my body with each taunting lick. "Jesus!"

He kissed the tip of my dick. "Say 'Yes, Leland, I understand' and I'll suck your brains out through your cock."

I slammed my head back to the mattress, wiggling in earnest now. "I--We--broke up."

"And now we're un-breaking up." He flashed an evil grin. "Baby, if you didn't still love me, do you think you'd let me do this?"

He lowered his head.

Wet heat engulfed the head of my cock.

I cried out, my orgasm already tingling at the base of my spine. No. Hell no, I wouldn't let him suck me if I didn't still...but he raised his sinful mouth, blowing on my sensitive dick so that I shuddered and groaned anew.

"Tell me you understand, Brian."

I panted. "I understand Brian."

He laughed against my dick.

God, I hated his laugh. Loved it. Longed for it. I'd ached for the teasing sparkle in his eyes and dreamed of his smile the two weeks we'd been apart, but I'd missed his low, husky chuckle most of all. "Smartass." He grinned at me. "Play nice, honey. Or you won't come for hours."

He swallowed me down in one gluttonous gulp.

My breath locked in my chest.

My eyes slammed shut.

Holy shit, that was good.

There was no point fighting him; that train had left the station when I'd lapped at the tongue he'd pushed into my mouth in the break room as though he'd offered me a tasty treat. So I didn't fight it. He'd have his way, as he had so many times before, and I'd let him because no matter that my head shrieked that I shouldn't--couldn't--be with him, my dick disagreed and my heart, my poor fool heart, needed him more than I needed my next breath.

His head bobbed over my dick, working me deeper. Jesus H, he scrambled the contents of my skull. The only thing that could light my fuse faster was his tongue in my ass or his cock sliding in and out of... I groaned and his feral moan echoed mine, shivering down my dick to set me on fire. "Leland," I whimpered, working my hips against his grip and gasping for air, begging him now.

He released my hip, giving me free rein to pump into him. "Oh God, Leland, please." His throat tightened around me at the same moment his slick finger glided up my crack to tap my hole and I suddenly couldn't stand it any more. "Fuck, yes. In, in, in."

His finger thrust inside me, crooking to find my prostate.

I screamed.

I spurted what must've been most of my brains down his throat. He licked away my cum--at me--long minutes while my head whirled in the giddy, electrifying chaos.

A second finger joined the first plundering my hole.

I grunted, shifting my hips now to escape his suckling, slurping attention to my over-stimulated cock. Instead, I rocked in time to his pumping fingers to bury him in my ass as far as he could go. Empty. I was so unbearably empty without him.

I shook.

He sucked my spent dick, sending equal measures of pleasure and splintery pain to my balls. "God, you taste sweet." I whimpered when he deep-throated my softening cock. "Been chugging pineapple juice by the gallon, I bet. You knew I'd chase after you."

Hoped.

I'd hoped.

But with his fingers in my ass and his mouth punishing my overtaxed dick, all I could do was whine mindlessly.

He pulled off my cock with a rude, wet pop. "I'll never give this up." He smiled up at me, his lips obscenely swollen and red. "Never give you up." His free hand found my balls, kneading them gently. "C'mon, sweetheart. Tell me how much you want me."

His fingers pegged my prostate, sending insistent jolts of pleasure through my trembling body. "Need..." I tossed my head side to side on the mattress, lost in what he was doing to me. Lost in everything that was our sex--Leland's musky smell, the silky press of his skin on mine, the wondrous magic of his fingers dancing inside me. "Fuck me, Leland. Missed..." I gritted my teeth. "You."

His eyebrow arched. He nodded at my prick. "Show me."

I unknotted my fist from the sheets and reached for my soft, wet cock. I folded my still-tingling dick into my palm and began a mind-blowing, near-painful stroke.

"That's it, honey. So sexy." He lifted up to kiss my hip and then he laughed again, the bastard. "God as my witness, I'll keep you with me all weekend, too fucked out and happy to move anything except your hand on your dick at my say-so."

I blinked at him.

The weekend?

The whole weekend?

My dick jerked in my grip, stiffening at just the thought of entire days alone with him, but...

What about Leland Whitacre, Senior?

What about the Board that had banned fraternization among employees?

What about my job?

His thrusting fingers nailed my prostate again, shooting a bolt of pleasure from my ass to my dick. I bucked my hips, riding his palm so that his fingers tunneled deeper into my ass.

To hell with it.

Shitty job, anyway.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I chanted, but none of my pleading would sway him. He simply batted my hand away from my cock and wrapped his fingers around me. He stroked me. So hard. So good. My heels dug into the sheets, my toes curling.

His mouth slammed down over mine, his tongue spearing inside. I tasted myself on him, the citrus sweet bite of my spunk flavored with the pineapple juice that--he was right--I'd chugged down every morning for him.

"That's right, baby. Get hard for me," he panted against my lips. "I want to watch you come when I'm inside you."

I lifted my head and kissed him, so hungry for Leland I'd promise him anything. Give him everything. I wrapped my arms around his sweat-slick body and pumped my hips to fuck his fist, mewling into his mouth like a freaking girl as his fingers played wanton and wicked in my ass.

He jerked his mouth away. "Enough."

I stilled against him only when he reached for the condom.

I, not Leland, ripped the wrapper open and rolled the latex down his beautiful dick. My hands shook so badly, I fumbled the lube.

"If you touch me again, I'll blow. Let me do it." He licked his own cock.

I rolled to my stomach, rising to my knees --

"No."

Chest heaving, I stared over my shoulder. "Wha--"

"On your back, sweetheart." He shook his head. "Knees up."

I gaped at him.

He'd bent me over his desk, the office copier, cheesy motel room beds and once, the front bumper of his Laredo. He'd never fucked me face-to-face, though. Ever.

Then again, he'd never called me sweetheart, baby or honey before, either.

"Leland?"

He nudged me to my side. "It's okay, Brian. Just do what I say."

My pulse pounded in equal parts arousal and panic as he positioned me as he wanted, flat on my back and staring up at him. I tucked my knees close to my shoulders and held them there. He shifted into place.

My eyelashes drifted down at the kiss of his cock to my hole and I groaned out my mind-shattering relief when he pushed inside. I focused on relaxing my muscles, desperate to take him inside me as fast as I could. Farther. Deeper. The stuttering slide of his cock into my ass settled something in my heart. In my head. "God, I missed you," I whispered.

He bent low to brush his lips over mine. "Look at me."

I reluctantly opened my eyes, terrified to see gloating or worse, pity in his stare. But I didn't. His dark eyes shone with warmth. With--God I was turning into such a girl--something that bordered on adoration. "I missed you, too."

My throat tightened. I gulped.

Fortunately, Leland saved me from myself by rearing his hips back and fucking his way back into me.

My heart stopped.

I swear I saw stars.

His belly dipped to rub my dick and whatever was left of my mind wiped clean.

"Missed your sweet ass," Leland said, grunting as he fucked me. "Missed your smell, your taste." His fingers dug into my hips. "Missed your fuck-me-Leland smile teasing me at work." My back bowed when he pegged my gland. "Missed your ugly ties and the lousy country crap you play on your iPod. And your car that won't start." He rubbed his nose along my jaw as I panted and gasped and groaned. "I missed your stupid jokes." He skimmed his lips back to mine to kiss me, sweeping his tongue in and out in crude mimic of what his dick was doing to my body so that I quivered and shook, teetering on the edge. "I even missed this." Another kiss. "Smart." Playful bite. "Mouth."

I wailed in protest when he ripped his away, lifting over me to stare down, eyes stark and predatory.

And hot.

Oh my fucking God.

And then he froze.

Just stopped.

That evil son of a bitch!

If I'd had the sense left to cuss him out or deck him, I swear I would've, but all I could do was pant and stare. My body throbbed, aching to come. "Leland?"

"Baby, I told you I needed time," he said on a low snarl that made my body clench like a fist around his cock.

God, I loved it when he looked at me like that, like he'd never get enough of me and would shred any man or woman who dared to keep us apart. Including me. I'd kill him for stopping when I was so close to coming, yeah. That? Asshole maneuver of titanic proportions, but I lived for that look. Possessive. Greedy. His furious glare told me that I truly mattered to him, that I was maybe the only thing that mattered.

My orgasm clawed at the base of my dick, though.

Because Leland staring at me, all growl-y and demanding, was also pretty fucking hot.

"I can't change corporate policy overnight. Being the owner's son made it complicated. They called you into personnel to make sure I didn't sexually harass you; Dad said you cleared me. No flags in my file. Yippee. And Bess told you the Board had voted to rescind our fraternization policy, too. I asked her. Four times. As long as you never work directly under me, we can be together." He frowned down at me, brows beetled, scowl thunderous. *"But you still wouldn't take my calls."*

Why in the name of sweet baby Jesus was he still talking?

Yeah, I'd lived for him to look at me, just once, like I was the center of his world, but...He'd stopped fucking me and sorry, he couldn't eat me up with his eyes and not fuck me. There was a federal statute written about it somewhere. I was sure of it: No mind-fucking Brian Arthur Harte unless legitimate ass-plowing is involved. And if there wasn't a damn law, there should be. So I writhed beneath him, riding his cock from below. I needed. Just a little more. "Please, Leland. Please."

"Never going to leave me again. Say it."

I would've tried. I was pretty sure I couldn't manage more than pleading gibberish, but I genuinely would've tried. Except his lips slanted over mine again, hard. Punishing. "Say it."

He reared back and pushed his cock back into me.

I shuddered. Violently.

Close. So close.

His eyebrow rose in a cruel arc. "Brian?"

"N-no," I gasped, lapping in wild abandon at his unsmiling mouth. "Never leave you, never, ne--"

He retreated and when he spiked the rigid length of his cock back into my ass this time, he nailed my sweet spot.

I shrieked.

His mouth twisted to a feral grin. "You love me, Brian. I know you do."

Finally! Something I could hold onto. Something basic, perfect and true. "Yes."

He snorted. "Then say it. Tell me you love me, Brian."

My head bobbed up and down in a feverish, urgent nod. "I love you Brian."
He snickered. "Asshole."

But he liked my ass--a lot--and praise God, he set to fucking it in earnest.

Already wound tight, I came within heartbeats. Spurting thick and wet between us, I painted his chest and my belly with hot strings. He must've been as turned on as I was because when I lowered my legs and wrapped them around his pistoning hips, whispering dirty encouragement in his ear as he pumped into me? He threw back his head and roared, his dick like iron in my ass as he pulsed and shot.

He collapsed against me, his body too heavy, but he'd fucked me into a boneless puddle so it didn't matter. Instead of objecting, I threaded my fingers into his sweat-damp hair. I kissed his temple.

He grunted. "Mom's real estate firm handles sales for the units in this building. She says she can get us a deal on the condo and she'll do the closing, gratis, as our Christmas present. If we want it."

His Mom was twenty miles of Scary so my mind immediately leapfrogged to the living space I vaguely recalled Leland dragging me through on the way to the mattress I prayed to God that he rather than his mother had tossed down on the floor for us. For tonight. Our long weekend together.

Hell, I would've bedded down with Leland in a Sears shed, would've followed him anywhere. But his family hadn't rejected their hell-raising gay son, hadn't turned their collective backs on us. All those nights I wasted hoping Leland hadn't been feeding me a line when he'd promised he'd tell his family about me once he was sure it wouldn't cost me my job. The weeks I'd agonized over what his parents would think of me. Gold-digger. Office slut sleeping my way to the top. None of it was true, but one horrible scenario after another had played over and over in my head for so long, it'd paralyzed me.

Why is it always so easy to believe the bad stuff? Easier to believe Leland had been using me and was covering his bases in the office. Easier to believe what we had was a figment of my desperately hopeful imagination and completely impossible in the real world of corporate policy and parental disapproval.

So when Bess had called me into personnel...

Not one of my finer moments, but yeah, I'd run.

There was no running from him now. He'd made sure of that. Naked, still shaking from the twin orgasms he'd given me and impaled on his dick, I wasn't going anywhere Leland didn't want me to go.

But maybe the bad stuff wasn't easier to believe, after all. With his weight pressing into me, his arms around me and his fingers skimming the sex sweat from my shoulder, I believed in him. More importantly, I could finally believe in *us*. He'd gift-wrapped my most secret, fertile fantasy--Leland and I, living together and loving each other--and presented it to me, mine for the taking.

I could have this every night.

When I shivered in anticipation, Leland must've mistaken it for something else because he cursed under his breath. "Sorry. I ordered dinner from Giuseppe's for later. I

brought candles, downloaded some of your Toby Keith on my iPod, wine and flowers, the works. I wanted to make up for the past couple of months, soften you up before asking you to move in, but...You melted me."

I chuckled. "*You seduced me,*" I reminded him, playfully tugging on his hair.

His mouth thinned. "So what's your point?"

I rolled my eyes. "*You melted me,* Leland. That's the point. It's not supposed to be the other way around."

He snorted into my shoulder. "You melted me from the first time you strutted into my office, before I ever laid a finger on you, and you've melted me ever since. All you have to do is breathe and bam! Game over."

Delight stirred my heart. Charmed and seduced me all over again. I grinned. "Really?"

He shifted to stare at me with one dark eye. "Really."

"Okay." I yawned, hoping he wouldn't notice the pleased blush I felt heating my cheeks. "I'll move in."

His lips, still swollen from my kisses, curved to a sinful bow. "My parents expect us for Sunday supper. We can tell Mom to start the paperwork then."

My nose wrinkled. The family thing still made me nervous. What if they thought I was a troublemaker and a slut? It didn't help that they were right on both counts. I'd certainly caused Leland nothing but trouble and I was so far gone for him, I made rent boys look like angels. Even so, his terrifying mother had offered us a home and his father hadn't fired me, either.

I sighed.

"Okay," I repeated.

"Good." His smile lit up his eyes like a freaking Christmas tree. "Tell me?"

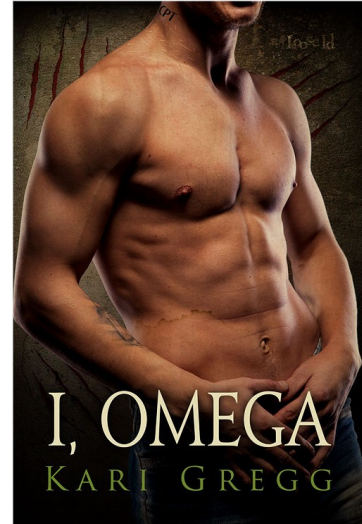
I elbowed him because why did I have to be the first to say it? When we both knew he'd owned me from the very first night? "You are such a girl, Whitacre."

He laughed. He kissed me. "I love you, too."

THE END

I, Omega

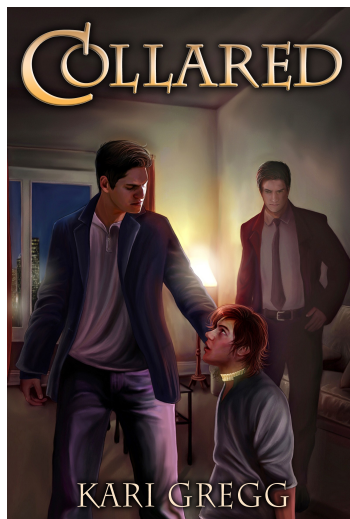
After one mind-shattering night with a stranger at a local leather bar leaves him forever changed, Gabriel lives on the streets as a vagrant to elude the master who hunts him, but the were shifter is a fierce, stubborn predator who reclaims him soon enough. Gabriel is carried away to the pack's home territory where his instruction on what it means to be the pet of an alpha begins. Gabriel isn't just any pet, though. He is the rarest among their kind: a human omega.



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COLLARED

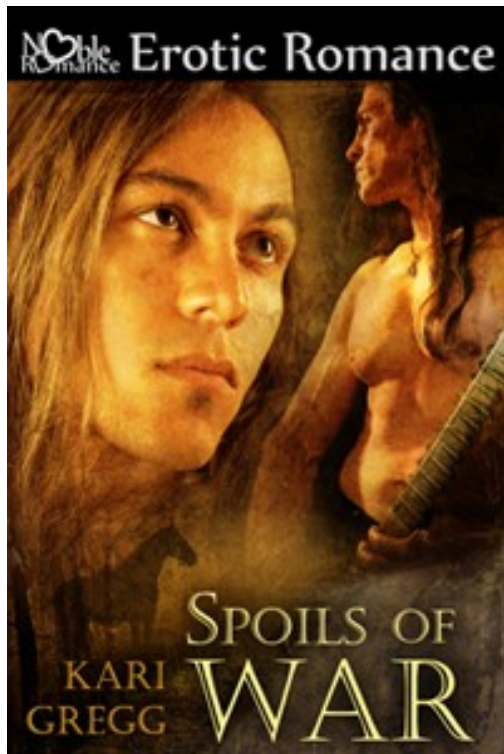
Trans-Global IT director Connor Witt is a rare and prized anomaly: the aggression centers in his brain have been suppressed rather than stimulated by the mutated crops that so recently took over the world's food supply. Bewildered by his physical changes and terrified of a world growing more and more predatory, Connor risks harassment and worse until Trans-Global CEO David Martin collars Connor to protect him against men like security consultant Emmett Drake. Men who stalk Connor as sweet, sexy prey. Men to whom the newly submissive Connor feels irresistibly drawn.

But David can't be Connor's master; David's straight. He promises to find a worthy man, though. One willing to court and appreciate Connor as more than just some rich man's toy.

While the world adapts to the biological disaster and new laws strip away Connor's rights, David's resolve to protect his boy slowly grows into something more. But can his new desires keep pace with Emmett's determination to claim Connor?

One man offers safety; the other is a safer bet. Problem is, Connor's never sure which is which. The one thing he *does* know? He wants them both.

<http://riptidepublishing.com/titles/collared>



Spoils of War

Amazon Bestseller:
Gay & Lesbian
Romance/Fantasy, Futuristic & Ghost

ARe Bestseller, Top Rated
Fantasy

Spoils of War has one of the most intense and lyrical opening chapters of any novella I've ever read. The prose is sparse but every word is measured for impact – an emotional avalanche that will leave your heart breaking...After having read Kari Gregg's last novel, *Lovely Wicked*, I can say that I see a common thread running through her books... – the idea that all souls are worth redeeming. That the resilience of the spirit will never cease to amaze you and that, in the end, there is always love. This is a novella I will read and re-read and it will continue to touch my heart for some time to come. Manic Readers, 5 Stars

<http://www.manicreaders.com/index.cfm?disp=bookDetail&bookid=8174>

Enslaved during the invasion of the rival King of Herra, Micah cut off his emotions and adapted to his new life in servitude. Xerxes, the Herran King, abuses his captive to keep the neighboring kingdom of Alekia under his yoke, but after Micah nearly dies when plague sweeps Herra, the Alekian King sends Eli to bring his beloved son home.

Institutionalized by his slavery, unable to cope with his freedom, Micah seeks to please the new master he's found in Eli throughout their harrowing journey to a homeland he no longer remembers. Eli protects the young man and introduces Micah to the pleasures denied him as a prisoner.

Will Micah accept his noble birthright when they reach Alekia, and more importantly, can he accept Eli as the devoted slave his father has given him rather than the master he's come to love?

Spoils of War is available at...

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Lovely Wicked



There are times when you sit down to read, and you instantly know you are experiencing something special. That's how I felt when reading LOVELY WICKED. This book is unlike any other erotic romance I have ever read. The deeply emotional plot rivaled with the extremely erotic and at times very carnal scenes and made this a highly intense read that captivated me from the beginning.
The Romance Reviews, 5 Stars



<http://www.theromancereviews.com/viewbooksreview.php?bookid=1252>

Atypical for the genre this is more than a ménage book with a little kink – it is an exploration of the resilience of individuals who rise above what they were to become what they want to be. Utterly authentic and compelling, read this when you want more than just a casual good read. Be prepared for a little shock, a whole lot of inspiration, and a different kind of Happily Ever After. Manic Readers, 4.5 Stars <http://www.manicreaders.com/index.cfm?disp=reviews&bookid=7996>

Mitch McAllister and Liv Winslow grew up in the same squalid trailer park, turning to each other for comfort as scared kids. When they meet there again while visiting their dysfunctional families as adults, Mitch and Liv escape the ghosts of their past in sexual excess. They ultimately include Mitch's neighbor Sam Lawson in their giddy, extravagant play. It was only supposed to be sex: hot, dirty, spine-melting sex.

None of them wanted to fall in love. If life has taught Liv, Mitch and Sam anything, though, it's that we don't always get what we want. But if we're very lucky, sometimes we get exactly what we need.

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