

The Somewhere Aching Series

A LOVER TO LIVE FOR



book two

Tanya Madsen

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A Lover to Live For Sample

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Contents

Chapter 1	1
Chapter 2	9
Chapter 3	17
<i>About the Author</i>	26

Chapter 1

Judith

Judith stretched her long legs in front of Justin's garage. The air was pungent with the scent of wet grass. Red tulips adorned the main house in perfect rows. Cottonwood trees lined the pebbled drive out to the highway. Farmland stretched as far as the eye could see. She stared at her breath as it billowed into the dim, frosty air. The early morning twilight felt magical somehow. Transforming. And right now, she desperately needed transformation.

The April morning was chilly, and frost dotted the ground, but she was not dissuaded. Judith was an avid runner who loved competition, enjoyed pushing herself, and exceeding her own expectations. She planned to run a full six miles, three out and three back, as was her usual routine. After her warm-up, she gazed at the burgeoning sunrise, sighed, and then began to move.

A whole new world had swept her away just as she had always dreamed. She proved herself to be a daughter to die for by saving her mom, and now, in return, her hero, Justin, had saved her. She was committed to this dream come true, and felt so honored that it was she who had saved her mom. But now, just a few weeks later, she felt terribly sad, which is why she decided

to try to boost her serotonin levels with exercise.

Justin would be home from work by the time she returned, and she felt a wave of apprehension. Her hero cop had seemed perfect in every way. Why was he acting this way? Distant from her? He had tried so hard to win her over, begging her to move in with him. Begged! Wouldn't take no for an answer. Then he worked like a dog to furnish the apartment over his garage, catering to her every whim regarding the decor. Now, it felt like that man was nothing more than an illusion.

When they finally made love, it was heaven on earth. Judith discovered that Justin was the yin to her yang. So inexperienced, he was precious. It allowed her to be the aggressor, which she loved. His appetite rivaled hers, and his stamina incited her to arouse him beyond endurance. It was deeply satisfying to seduce her noble hero and turn him into a wild man.

Justin had introduced her to the night sky, birds of paradise and their mating rituals, the peaceful splendor of the countryside, and the aroma of oily car parts. She decided that she had made good on her promise to win the grand prize. Justin was every girl's dream. He was strong, hardworking, and hot as hell in bed. Then everything changed, all at once.

Judith sensed he was trying to keep her at arm's length, but she had no idea why. Moreover, she discovered that Justin had a perfect routine—one that didn't include her. Living in this apartment in the middle of nowhere was starting to feel like a prison.

He hadn't replied to the sext she sent him last night either, and she realized he was sending her a message to leave him alone. He liked her sexting when they first met. What happened? Judith understood he had a life outside of her. She didn't expect him to wait on her hand and foot, but this was too much. Yet, how

could she say anything? He was her hero boyfriend. He had rescued her in the canyon after she escaped from Nicolas. He even forgave her for allowing Nicolas to seduce her, although initially he was furious. She had to feel grateful that he wanted to be with her at all.

As Judith thought of Nicolas and their encounter in the car, a thrill coursed down her spine. Since leaving that crazy fuckboy lying unconscious in the snow, she could think of nothing except his declaration that they were soulmates bound forever by the stars. The passion from their encounter consumed her. He brought her to the edge, and instead of allowing him to take her over, she rejected him, tried to kill him and ran away. Now, due to Justin's disappointing change of heart, it felt like the biggest mistake of her life.

What did she feel for Nicolas? Love? More like insatiable lust, but unrequited because he was forever out of her reach. How could Nicolas be her soulmate? He was a maniac! He had abducted and then nearly killed her mom! Then he had kidnapped her, seduced her, and begged her to run away with him! Plus, she had already made her choice. She had her hero.

At the halfway point, Judith stopped to rest. She gazed out at the rolling hills as the sun sparkled on the horizon. The countryside was beautiful, but she found it all rather dull. What was she supposed to do with all this time on her hands?

Justin worked the graveyard shift as a police officer, slept half the day, and then, as soon as he woke up, left for the gym to maintain his impressive physique. Afterward, he hung out with his mom and brothers before attending to some maintenance on his hot rod. In the evenings, they would have dinner together while Judith stared at him, already dressed in his cop uniform, thinking of a million things she wanted to do after dragging

him to bed. Yet, he gazed at her so platonically that he seemed overtaken by aliens.

In the first few weeks, he was unbelievably passionate and wanted to go for hours. The sex was unforgettably hot. Now? He was as cold as ice. What was with this hot-and-cold mind game? Judith had no idea what she had done wrong. She obsessed over what he wanted and how to give it to him, crying herself to sleep when he was at work. Her heart was cracking, and she didn't know what to do.

As she jogged up the driveway, Justin rolled past her in his electric blue, restored 1979 Camaro Z28, a car that was nearly as sexy as he was. He waved as he got out and closed the door. God, that iceberg-melting smile.

"I didn't realize you were running in the mornings."

Justin walked up and kissed her lightly on the cheek, which felt like a huge letdown. Where was the passionate French kiss that was sure to prompt an immediate rush to the bedroom? She was so aroused after her run that she wanted to tear his clothes off right here, right now.

"I got out of the habit when I moved in with you, but I wanna get back to my routine."

"I get that. We can run together a few nights a week if you'd like."

"I would love that." She replied eagerly. "But not too late. I can't haul ass like you can after dark."

He frowned and folded his arms in that cop-like stance she found so irresistible.

"I warned you that the graveyard shift would be difficult to deal with."

"No, it's fine." Judith smiled reassuringly. "Wanna help me with my cooldown?" She stroked his chest adoringly and gave

him a suggestive look.

“Ah, yeah. Maybe. Give me a minute. Gotta tell my mom something.”

Justin headed toward the main house, and Judith checked out his muscled ass from behind. This man drove her crazy with lust. How was she going to survive him pushing her away like this day after day?

Slowly, she pulled her legs up the stairs and went inside to take a shower. The hot water rolled down her back, numbing her skin. She thought of Nicolas going down on her that night in the car and giving her the hottest orgasm ever, and wanted to lie on the tiled floor and masturbate. Judith knew she was a sex addict and had come to terms with this about herself long ago. She needed the constant emotional reassurance and stress release that sex provided. It was impossible to live with a man and not have sex with him every single day. That’s what live-in relationships were for! Sex was her love language, and she was highly skilled in the art of pleasure. Loved nothing more than making a man come so hard he forgot his own name.

Then, thank God, Justin opened the bathroom door, naked. Her heart burst with joy.

Judith jumped out of the shower, soaking wet with shampoo still in her hair, and grabbed him by those impressive shoulders to pull him in with her.

“Whoa. What’s up? I’m just brushing my teeth.”

Justin shrugged her aside, and she stepped back in embarrassment. Water and soap suds flowed across the floor.

“I thought since you were naked.” She felt humiliated. “It’s been three days, Justin. Are you mad at me?” Tears welled in her eyes.

He shrugged and handed her a towel.

“You’re making a mess.” He said.

Left the bathroom, leaving the door open, he lay back on the bed, hands behind his head, sprawled out. Glanced over to see if she was watching him, then shut his eyes. Lust coursed through her as her eyes crawled up and down his gorgeous body. Justin was unbelievably hot, and he knew she was crazy about him. He was teasing her. Why?

Justin was playing mind games. Her exes had done this, jerked her around. Pretended to reject her until she was frothing at the mouth and tearing off their clothes like a trashy whore. They loved to rile her up because it gave them a huge ego boost to have a gorgeous beauty queen chase them down. She always grew ashamed of her behavior, which quickly ended the relationship. She was way too genuine and straightforward with her feelings, and hated putting up with that shit.

Judith returned to the shower and rinsed her hair, her body going nuts. She cried for five minutes, trying to come to terms with this. Justin was intentionally fucking with her and she didn’t understand why. She was loath to leave the bathroom. Couldn’t bring herself to face him, but she had no choice. She opened the door, and he was still lying on his back, flaunting a full-blown erection that mesmerized her like a honeybee to nectar. She wanted so badly to suck the life out of that delicious thing. Should she try? Would he let her? Desperately, she tried to conjure up a sex game that would leave him speechless and drooling. But her mind drew a blank. If he didn’t want her, then it didn’t matter what she did. Or did he? What was going on here? Everything had gone to shit so fast, and she had no idea how to fix it. Fix her. She couldn’t handle this. Inching across the bed, she pleaded.

“Please tell me what I’ve done wrong. Whatever it is. I need

you.”

Lying next to him, Judith ran her hand slowly down. He stiffened, but didn't stop her. He writhed as she followed her fingers with her lips down his chest, but didn't stop her. Trembled as she tickled his belly, but didn't stop her. She continued her fervid descent down his happy trail. Almost there. Just a few more inches. And finally. She took him in her fist and began to stroke.

Judith had been delighted to discover on day two that Justin had never had a blow job before. His naivety was hot. Since she considered herself an apex seducer of men and an expert at fellatio, she happily went down on him and blew his mind. He came like a virgin and it was so damn sweet. Shy and self-conscious, he begged for a repeat performance, confessing that it was the best thing he had ever experienced. This was terrific news since she was a sex goddess and had every intention of making him her devoted sex slave.

Judith knew how to thaw a dangerously repressed man out between the sheets, and she had no qualms with getting aggressive. Now that she had the go-ahead, she crawled down between his legs and didn't give him a chance to reject her. Trapped his hands under his butt and held down his thighs, satisfied as he thrust like a jackhammer, groaning as she gorged on his sexy boy parts. She tried to slow his climax, but unfortunately, he was already so close that he came almost at once. Then rolled over and crashed out into a blissful sleep. She sighed with disappointment. There went her highly anticipated after-workout cooldown.

Lying next to him, Judith stared at her sleeping hero. He was so handsome and good. Did it matter if he played hot and cold? Once she warmed him up, he was so responsive to her that it

was incredibly satisfying to please him. Why did he only want her in small doses?

Judith got up, got dressed, and went to make breakfast. As she opened her phone, she noticed she had received a message, causing her heart to race. She had accepted a Facebook friend request from an old schoolmate shortly after she was rescued, and now, two weeks later, he was reaching out to her. Ethan Fender? Who the hell was he?

But she had known immediately. She felt it in her gut. It was Nicolas. She accepted the request instinctively and felt her heart race as she watched him scroll back through the years, liking all of her old pictures of winning beauty pageants, kissing ex-boyfriends, and smiling for sexy selfies. He left a trail of googly eyes and fiery heart emojis as he Facebook stalked her. She had done the same thing to Justin! Flattered beyond belief, Judith basked in the adoration.

She shouldn't answer it. She should tell Justin! But he was so cold now, and she felt so lonely out here in the sticks, surrounded by the unfamiliar. Since Justin was pushing her away, she craved attention, and she knew that Nicolas was genuinely crazy about her. As a beauty queen, she had survived on accolades and compliments, flirtations and sexting for years. She needed this to survive!

And it's not like Nicolas could seduce her again if he had escaped to Mexico. Besides, even with Justin's mind games, she had already decided he was the man for her. Nicolas would simply be a diversion. Justin was her dream come true, and she was determined to make it work with him no matter the cost. In that moment, she managed to separate her needs from her wants and clicked on the message. And this is how Nicolas wormed his way in.

Chapter 2

Judith and Nicolas

Hey, what's up, Judith? It's Ethan. Remember me from chemistry?

Um, I'm not sure. I dropped chemistry.

Really? You look so familiar.

Who the hell is this? Is it you?

What do you mean?

Well, you've liked every one of my pics going back years. I'm getting stalker vibes. Nicolas?

Haha. Smarty-pants. You have some mad detective skills. I never asked. How did you figure out where my dad lived?

Dina told me that you said your dad was an off-the-grid building contractor. It wasn't hard to piece together.

What betrayal. That dumb bitch.

What do you want?

You're not happy to learn you failed in strangling me to death?

I already know you survived. Are you in Mexico?

I'll keep that to myself until you've earned some trust.

Why are you contacting me?

Haven't you guessed? I'm in love with you. Hopelessly, madly in love. I've never had a woman try to murder me before, and it's got me so worked up.

Sounds like you're a masochist.

With you I am. Then you abandon me before we can properly fuck. Dry humping doesn't count.

You went at me like a fiend. Sorta cute. Took me back to my teens. Horny teenage boys. Lol.

I'm embarrassed. Usually, I have moves like you wouldn't believe. Oh, I believe.

We have unfinished business, you and me.

Sorry. I'm already in love, so you can go drop dead the way you were supposed to.

Cut the shit, Belladonna. You want me. My God, your lips on me. Those kisses were legendary. You've converted me, sex goddess. I'm your ardent acolyte. I'll never want another woman again.

What can I say? I'm a hot kisser.

I've never met a woman who could resist me and that includes you. I saw the hunger in your eyes when I opened the door that night.

Yeah, because I wanted to blow your head off. I wish I had, too.

Oh, come on, admit it. You were obsessed with me before we met. Otherwise, you would've waited for the cops. You wanted to take me on.

It's true. I have a death wish.

So do I. We both carry a trauma bond from our childhoods. Abused. In pain. Not something to be taken lightly.

Even if that's the case, what do you want?

Like I said, I'm in love with you. And I think you're secretly glad it's me and not Ethan.

I should wake up Justin right now so they can find out where you are.

But you won't.

Why?

I have your phone. You have a ton of nude pics and a dozen sex videos. Some of these go back to when you were still a minor. I'll

start putting these online. You'll be the star you always wanted to be in a matter of days.

You wouldn't dare.

Na. I couldn't, but I need some leverage.

So what? You just wanna talk?

For starters.

Okay. Don't leak those. Please.

I love your collection. But I admit I'm possessive, especially of you. This is only the beginning.

The beginning of what?

You're a real ballbuster, nothing like Martha.

I can be a real bitch too.

But you are so gorgeous, you can do anything to any guy, and they'll forgive you, right?

I'm tired of this. I don't know what you think you will get from me, but I guarantee it will be nothing.

We'll see about that. If I hadn't abducted your mom, would you have gone out with me?

Nope.

Why the hell not?

I've met a ton of guys like you and hated them all.

What do you mean, guys like me?

Hot, vain, entitled, lazy, and will sleep with anybody.

You're right on three out of five, but I'm not entitled or lazy.

But you are a slut.

Yep. So are you. The sweetest, sexiest slut I've ever been crazy about. Been searching for you all my life.

And I've been searching for a real man all my life, and I finally found him.

That's hard to believe. Your cop is a complete hick. Has had like no pussy ever. Bet he's crazy about you, though. You're the hottest

girl ever to give him a second glance.

I want him to be crazy about me. I must admit that I am a bit disappointed.

No surprise there. He's a cop. Jerks off to his own reflection.

He's not like that. It doesn't matter.

No. Tell me.

He's here but not here, off and on again. And it's intentional. Did I do something wrong?

You mean playing mind games? It's not your fault. A guy like him has no idea how to please a woman.

I'm confused. He begged me to move in with him. He is terrified of you coming after me and wants to protect me.

You mean, he wants to own you. What are you thinking? This guy is perfect on the outside with his hot body and cool car, but he's an insecure little boy on the inside. Wants to capture a gorgeous girl and claim her, then show her off like a gold star on his uniform. To do that, he needs to break you down first.

I don't believe you. He's a genuine person. And I think he loves me.

He loves the idea of you. Not the same thing. Caging you out in the sticks will fuck you up. I promise. That's not the life for you.

How are you so sure?

I know women. And I know you because you are my soulmate, and I can read your mind.

That's creepy.

It is what it is.

Okay. What am I thinking of right now?

You, my femme fatale, are thinking of this.

A dick pic? You trashy boy. It's hard to forget that image.

And you couldn't stop staring. I remember.

You are no twig. More like a mighty oak. Lol.

That's what I like to hear. Honesty.

Usually, I hate dick pics, but I'll admit, yours makes me giddy with desire. I don't know why.

I know why. It's because I'm the man for you.

How can that be? It's driving me crazy!

Me too. I've felt insane since I first laid eyes on you.

Will it ever stop?

Once we are together, we can consummate our love. So yes.

Since that can never happen, we're screwed.

I wish we had run away together. Trust me, I would have let you have your way with me. None of this hot-and-cold shit your cop puts you through.

Part of me feels the same. I can't resist saying—

What?

I wanna see this lovely thing in action.

Happily. So, am I right? Are you masturbating day and night like I am? Cause all I can think about is you and me in the car.

You've cursed me, you monster.

Am I the best you've ever had?

Thanks for nothing.

Music to my ears. I knew I got you off. Why did you lie to me?

That's for me to know and you to figure out.

I figured it out. You planned on escaping to get back to your worthless cop instead of following your heart and running away with your soulmate.

It wouldn't have worked. They would have tracked down your car. There were cops all over that canyon.

Maybe you're right. Do you know what I'm being charged with?

Well, you abducted me.

And your mom. Sorry.

I still can't believe you abducted her off the side of the road. You

really are nuts, you know.

I am. But the compulsion was overwhelming. Like, I felt God telling me to do it, or something.

Huh. Well, maybe it was meant to be. My mom found true love. I don't think she told the police everything that happened between you either.

Seriously?

But Justin says the detective doesn't believe her, and neither does he.

Of course that jealous fucker wants to take me down. Does he know about you and me in the car?

Sorta.

Awesome. I hope you told him everything!

Hell no! But Justin is determined to find you. Says you are wanted on a felony charge for kidnapping, and you'll go to prison. It's a good thing all we did was dry hump because the rape kit turned up negative.

This sucks so bad. I fucked everything up.

Yeah, you did.

By the way, your photo collection is helping me survive our separation.

You'd better promise never to leak those.

You'd better promise to send me more. I want to see every square inch of you to create a 3D image.

So, you're stalking me?

Yep. Don't deny it. You are delighted and flattered.

A part of me, but not the part I will own up to.

You can run, but you can't hide. Contend with your true self.

Nope. I intend to become the good girl who deserves the good guy.

Please don't. You're perfect just the way you are.

Justin doesn't think so. I thought he did, but he doesn't seem to

want me anymore.

That's insane.

Why am I telling you this?

Because I'm your soulmate, your soon-to-be best friend, and hopefully even sooner, your fuck buddy.

Well, he's blowing me off in bed.

You two aren't having sex?

We fucked once before he crashed out. But he pushed me away first, and I had to beg him. I don't know what he's doing, but it's hell.

He's jerking you around, honey, using mind games. This guy is toxic. I can't imagine pushing you away for any amount of money.

You're so sweet. Finally, he let me, but since it's been three days, he came in, like, thirty seconds.

Oral?

Yeah.

He's using you! What a prick. Didn't even try to please you?

He doesn't care about that.

What a complete loser.

Am I being too demanding?

No, my darling girl. You aren't.

Once isn't enough for me. I guess I'm just a slut.

Na. Just a girl after my own heart. You think like me. The holy trinity, right? The first is a quickie to get the tidal wave of lust settled a bit. The second go is all about the tease, and the third time is all about the love.

That's straight out of the sex bible!

Yep. Written by the Sex God himself. Which is me, of course.

Now you have my attention. Why don't you give me a call?

Like right now?

I don't have shit to do.

Awesome. But beware. I'm gonna tell you all the sexy things I

*plan on doing to your body and give you plenty to fantasize about.
I can't resist. Call me now.*

Chapter 3

Justin

Judith lay in his lap while they watched a movie. Justin had a lot of chores to catch up on and couldn't concentrate. The gutters needed cleaning after winter, and his mom needed help prepping the garden for spring planting. He was a hard worker and didn't have time for movies. Hardly ever watched them. Staring blankly at the screen, he let his mind wander to the serious issue at hand.

After living with Judith for a month, Justin realized he had two problems. First, he couldn't handle this kind of lust. From the moment he met Judith, he felt crazy about her. Like crazy, crazy. She had awakened some dark inner persona he called his inner caveman, unleashing unholy cravings inside him. Now he was grappling with hardcore temptation every single day. Having been raised in a good Christian home, he was well aware of the struggle between good and evil. This was the first battle with sin he had ever faced, one that he felt certain to lose.

On day two, they barely made it into their apartment before his vixen had him down on the couch, fine-tuning his engine until he roared to life. He felt like a virgin as she gave him head, firing his pistons until he shot off fifty seconds later in delirious ecstasy, making him an instant fellatio addict for life. Dazed

and crazed, they hit the sheets and drove each other for hours. But violent, erotic scenarios assailed him the entire time, and they took every ounce of his self-control to suppress. She had a dirty mind, a filthy mouth and the body of a porn star. How the fuck was he supposed to remain a good guy with this girl?

He had never cared all that much about getting laid. Girls up to this point had been blasé. No one had ever turned him on like Judith. But she kept him trapped in a state of perpetual arousal where all he thought of was sex and he couldn't concentrate on a Goddamn thing. Sitting in his patrol car through a long boring shift, all night long he envisioned her down between his legs, that coy smile on her pretty face, at the mercy of her hands and mouth as she sucked him off. He felt the constant urge to masturbate. Couldn't contain his erections and couldn't control his thoughts. She loved pushing him over the edge, even as he kept clawing his way back. His partner, Jones, recognized his dazed demeanor and, in good humor, gave him a hard time, although he totally understood because he, too, had met Judith.

Justin didn't think orgasms were meant to feel this way. Judith did things to his body and his imagination that were ungodly. Now, he struggled with going to work, getting to sleep, or doing his chores. He just wanted to fuck her nonstop. It was hell.

After two weeks of unrelenting sexual obsession, he was forced to make a choice. In an attempt to regain his sanity, he distanced himself from her. He absolutely had to return to the decent, controlled Christian guy he used to be.

Meeting Judith messed him up somehow. He had never felt this way about any girl before. She made him obsessed, possessive, and incredibly jealous, which led to the second problem. He resented her deeply for going up against Nicolas. She ruined their fairy-tale romance, defiled it, and wrecked

it by insisting on confronting that criminal and then letting him seduce her. Jealousy ate him alive as he thought of another man's hands on her. Insecurity crushed his confidence as he imagined her comparing him to Nicolas.

Judith also wrecked their entire case. If the police had caught Nicolas at the house, they would have shot him dead, the way Justin hoped and the way he deserved. Now, Justin spent far too much time re-imagining getting there in time and landing a bullet in Nicolas's head. He felt trapped in a futile competition with an apex bird of paradise. That sexy Casanova had much better moves and Justin felt fucked.

Justin held Judith responsible for letting Nicolas escape. She ruined everything. Now she was perverting his sex drive, and he felt powerless. And the one thing Justin hated more than anything was feeling powerless. He loved control and holding down the law, and he judged mentally-ill fuckboys like Nicolas to the ends of the earth.

To survive his dysfunctional emotional state, Justin reverted to his pre-Judith life. He prioritized his needs, got back to babying his car, visiting his family, and wasting hours at the gym. He spent time with her, but also found plenty of excuses to stay away. He had her just where he wanted her—in his bed, in his house, all alone, growing more desperate for him by the day.

Justin also discovered that he couldn't stop playing his mind games. Wasn't sure why. Part of him wanted to punish her for fucking him up like this. And part of him enjoyed torturing her with coldness just to watch her chase him. He led her to believe he wasn't into her, even though he thought about her nonstop. Ghosted her at work when she sexted him, which made her sext him even harder. And of course, he spent half the

night drooling over her nude pics and dirty innuendos, then drowning in his sex fantasies.

Judith hated rejection. It was a riot watching her grovel for his affection. Text after text, she'd send: Where was he? Was he mad at her? Was everything okay? He ignored them all, satisfied that she desperately wanted to please him and make him love her. This rocked because he needed constant validation. Truth was, Justin had no idea why Judith wanted him. He thought that getting this hot girl to move in with him would boost his confidence, but all it ended up doing was making him feel more inadequate.

And he punished her because he feared she still fantasized about Nicolas, fueling a jealous rage he couldn't control. His mind games gave him a sense of power, and it felt like a deserved punishment for what she had done to him.

Everything was Judith's fault. She seduced him, immediately cheated on him, then turned him into a despicable horny beast. Justin never considered for a second how he might be responsible for any of his behavior because he was a good guy, and if he changed into something else, it wouldn't be his fault. Caught in a vicious cycle of pushing her away while obsessing over her, there was no breaking free, not without some sort of divine intervention.

The movie rambled on, but he had lost all concentration as she burrowed deeper between his legs, pretending not to notice his massive hard-on. His unquenchable lust, combined with his jealousy, were warping him, and shit—the things he wanted to do to her were vile.

Justin had never been much for prayer but now he was forced to repent every fucking day. Was about ready to head back to church on Sundays. Felt like he needed God to save him and it

really sucked. If he couldn't turn things around, he'd have to kick her out. He didn't like what she was turning him into one bit.

He endured, trembling with exertion, as he tried to maintain self-control. Throbbing with euphoric sensations in every part of his body. Finally, Judith decided to put him out of his misery. She tore open his jeans and smiled with satisfaction as his junk sprang to life. Gazed up at him with those magnetic green eyes, giggled as she tried to slow his frantic thrusting by stroking him tight and slow, moaning with pleasure as she licked and sucked so perfectly, just the right amount of speed and pressure, until he was groaning helplessly, melting inside his skin.

When he was just about there, she straddled his lap and said to choose how he wanted to finish as she pulled off her t-shirt. No bra. Mesmerized by her Barbie tits swinging inches from his face, her teasing taunted his inner caveman beyond endurance until he was growling, biting, and tearing off her clothes. Judith knew she had him entirely at her mercy and he hated her for it. The plan had been to wrap her around his finger, but that sure as hell wasn't happening.

Sexual fury kicked his ass into a frenzy. The movie was forgotten about as he pushed her over the side of the armrest until her head rested on the floor, and mounted her clumsily like a ravenous beast. She was crying for him to go in deep and fast, which made him want to fuck her so hard she'd beg for mercy. He nearly passed out when he climaxed. He felt bewitched, cursed by a she-devil, enslaved, and he wanted an endless amount of more. But on his terms, according to his fantasies. Not hers.

It didn't end there. Then she wanted to go at him for her own pleasure. Dragged him into their bed, and riled him up until he

was sure he'd be stuck with a permanent erection, then rode him mercilessly through his orgasm until she had him hard once again.

Judith was live porn. A Jezebel. And he was starting to realize she had been sent into his life by the devil to test him. Since he met her, he fantasized about violent kink nonstop and craved fellatio every day, so he was failing this morality test miserably.

It was a sizable chunk of his precious day off before he returned to considering how to tackle his laundry list of chores. Even after two hours, she still looked hungry. What else did she want? What would it take to please this woman?

"Justin, might we, I don't know, plan a date night or something?"

Judith lay with her head on his chest, stroking his belly in a way she had quickly discovered gave him an immediate erection. Fuck. No. No more. Not right now..

"What do you have in mind?"

"Maybe head to Salt Lake City and go to a nice restaurant. Walk around the mall. Perhaps return to the aviary. It would give me a chance to dress up."

She looked at him sweetly, but he knew what she meant. A chance to wear something scandalous that would make him pant like a dog all night until he could get her home and strip her naked. The sexual attraction, which was instant and overwhelming, now seemed almost destructive in its incapacitating force.

"Sure. Whatever. Go ahead and set it up. You have my schedule. Listen, I'm sorry. I have so much work to catch up on."

"I understand. Can I help?"

"Not sure how helpful it would be to have you around

distracting me.”

Judith looked hurt.

“I mean, I’m not worthless.”

“No, I appreciate the gesture. I have a lot of cleaning and helping my mom prep the garden.”

“Let me help. I’ve helped with gardening before.” Judith seemed eager.

Should he let her? Part of him wanted to. Yet, he had to keep her at arm’s length, too.

“Maybe next time?”

Justin kissed her on the cheek, and he sensed disappointment.

“I don’t understand why you don’t include me in stuff. What do you expect me to do out here? You’re gone all the time, and I’m all alone.”

Why didn’t he include her? His mom liked her, and Judith was sweet to his family. Justin didn’t understand himself. But he had to get away from her. Judith was still naked, and he wanted to go again. Couldn’t get anything done around her. He needed to force her to walk around in a sackcloth to cover up those gorgeous breasts.

“I’m so used to being alone and doing everything alone.” He admitted.

“Then you aren’t looking for a relationship.” She snapped. “It’s more than having a girl warm your bed. I’m not here just to have sex, Justin. I want to feel loved, included and understood. To have a friend and a confidant. I thought that you being a cop meant that you had your shit together. I’m starting to realize that you don’t. I mean, we had sex for hours, and I don’t feel any closer to you or that you love me. It’s heartbreaking.”

Judith looked close to tears, and Justin had no idea how to respond. When they first met, he was on the job, playing the

good-guy cop role he had perfected over the past three years. But he wasn't that guy. He was selfish and preferred to spend time doing his own thing. Maybe he shouldn't have tried to hook up. He came off as the perfect dream guy. He was anything but, and he knew it.

"You aren't just a girl who warms my bed." Justin protested. "I want a relationship, too. I'm also under a lot of pressure. I don't have time to show you what needs doing, and I have only five hours left in the day."

"Well, sorry for wasting your time." She glared as she got up and went to the bathroom.

Judith returned, thankfully clothed, and Justin felt bad. She was like a dream come true in so many ways. He never imagined he would meet a girl like her, much less have a chance with her. When they first met, all he did was obsess over how to make her his. Judith was light-years out of his league. A girl from the city, a beauty queen who had tons of ex-boyfriends and tons of experience with sex. He was a country boy with a mundane life and limited experience with women. He had wanted her so badly. How had it all gone to shit?

In a sudden stroke of clarity, he understood the real motivation behind his hot-and-cold mind games. This was all about his jealousy of Nicolas. She still fantasized about that fucking Casanova, and he knew it. Justin decided to test her.

"I guess they had a potential sighting of Nicolas." Justin lied. "Where?"

Was that a hint of excitement? Was it?

"I'm not sure. Nothing came of it, but he's out there. If he tries to contact you, please don't hide it. We hope to track this guy down. Despite what your mom told the police, which, from what I hear, was pretty much nothing, Nicolas is a dangerous

predator who needs to be brought to justice.”

“Yeah, of course.”

Judith laughed nervously, yet he could see it in her eyes. She harbored a secret crush on Nicolas. How deep did her feelings go? He wanted to ask, but instead, he put his barriers back up around his heart and headed for the door.



About the Author

Tanya Madsen has a BA in English and a passion for emotional drama. When she's not working her day job as a technical writer, she writes novels, plays computer games, cuddles with her fur babies, or relaxes in the mountains. She lives in Northern Utah with her husband and four grown children.

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