

Rescue Me

By

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Table of contents:

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two.....	11
Chapter Three.....	15
Chapter Four	21
Chapter Five.....	31
Chapter Six.....	37
Chapter Seven	44
Chapter Eight	53
Chapter Nine	58
Chapter Ten.....	62
Chapter Eleven.....	69
Chapter Twelve.....	75
Chapter Thirteen	81
Chapter Fourteen.....	87
Chapter Fifteen.....	91
Chapter Sixteen.....	96
Chapter Seventeen	102
Chapter Eighteen.....	109
Chapter Nineteen	121
Chapter Twenty.....	125
Chapter Twenty-One.....	128
Chapter Twenty-Two	131
Chapter Twenty-Three	134
Chapter Twenty-Four.....	139
One year later	145
Ebook Offer	147
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	148
Blushing Books.....	149

Chapter One

Alyssa had the dream again. This time it started with her knock at his front door.

“Where are you going?” Sam asked. He stood in the doorway. She had just begun to retreat to her apartment when he’d opened the door.

He had obviously just come out of the shower. Her gaze started at the hair between his nipples and followed the trail down to the perfectly sculpted V that disappeared below the waistband of his designer jeans. He lifted a towel to dry his hair and smiled at her. Alyssa jumped, mortified that he had caught her checking him out.

“Like what you see,” he asked.

“I . . . uh . . . I saw your car in the parking lot and figured you were home,” she said, trying her hardest not to look down again. “I wanted to talk to you.”

“Well, don’t just stand there. Come in,” he said. He moved out of the way for her to enter.

Sam closed the door.

Alyssa stood there, frozen. She had come here to seduce him but it seemed that the roles had reversed. *Damn it!*

“Did you come here for something in particular, Alyssa?” After a moment of silence, he added, “Am I supposed to guess?”

“No. I don’t know how to do this. I’ve never done this before.”

“Done what?”

He gripped her hips and pulled her to him. Alyssa looked up and saw her desire reflected in his blue eyes. Leaning down, he took her mouth. At first it was a gentle touch like a butterfly kiss. Soft and sweet. But then he gently grabbed her ponytail and pulled it down so that he had full access. He slipped his tongue in, darting it back and forth.

Alyssa groaned and gyrated her hips against his bulging erection. Alyssa wasn’t a virgin but she had never been kissed like this before. Who was she kidding? She’d never responded this way to a man like this before. She wanted to tear his jeans off – *what was wrong with her?*

Alyssa ran her hands through his wet hair and inhaled the scent of him. He had obviously sprayed himself with cologne once out of the shower. He smelled of citrus and certain woods she couldn't name. There was a hint of musk that seemed to compliment the other two ingredients very well.

He smelled divine.

Sam shifted and grabbed both her legs.

"Wrap them around me," he said, breathing heavily.

She did as he instructed and cried out as his erection pushed against her wet center. Sam laid her down gently on the couch. Her legs were spread.

"I want you, Sam!" she moaned. "I want you inside of me."

"Sam stepped back. "Are you sure, Lys?"

"Yes I'm sure!" She removed her panties and threw them on the floor.

He stood there for a moment looking at her. Blushing, she started to close her legs when he stopped her.

"No. You are beautiful, Lys," he said, looking into her eyes. "I want to see all of you."

Feeling brazen once again, she reached for him. Once free of his jeans, she cupped his cheeks and brought him closer to her aching center. She heard the tear of a condom wrapper. He entered her. She cried out as he plunged into her depths.

"Lys, you are so wet, baby," he groaned into her neck. He gyrated his hips with hers, managing to stimulate both her pleasure spots at the same time. Alyssa began to see stars.

"Sam . . ." she panted. "Don't stop! Please don't stop!"

"I don't intend to!" he promised.

Alyssa woke with a start. *What the hell?* She looked at her alarm clock. 1:30 am. Great! *Are you fricken' kidding me?* She lay there, remembering her sex dream. Then she heard what had obviously woken her up before she could orgasm.

Sam, her neighbor, was currently having gorilla sex with the "flavor of the week." She pulled her pillow over her head, waiting for them to climax and feeling resentful that she hadn't. Unfortunately, these late night encounters happened quite often. And unlucky for her, their bedrooms were adjacent to each other so she got to hear everything. She wasn't going to think about why it was him in her dream. Nope. She wasn't going to analyze that one.

She'd moved into the condo complex six months after her fiancé of three years decided he wanted someone barely out of high school with ginormous boobs. It's not that Alyssa's were small but they were natural. Jack's floozy had man-made double Ds. Alyssa was not by nature a vengeful person but if she were truly honest with herself, she'd admit that she secretly wished one of the chick's boobs would pop.

She had met Sam the first day of moving in. He had introduced himself and the pretty brunette next to him. Alyssa couldn't remember her name but it didn't matter anyway. She hadn't seen her again after that day. Her neighbor had apparently moved onto Miss blonde and busty. Then there was blonde and anorexic and then ebony with junk in her trunk. It went on and on. He certainly didn't seem to have a preference where women were involved.

It was obvious to Alyssa within the first two weeks of living there that Sam was a man-whore. He'd attempted to put the moves onto her but she had quickly and gently turned him down, explaining to him that she was still licking the wounds from her previous relationship. What she failed to mention was that she never had any intention of getting close to him, no matter how sexy he was. She didn't want another heartbreak and Sam McKiernan had heartbreak city written all over him!

She hadn't seen him much after that encounter. He was a firefighter who worked twenty-four hour shifts. She guessed he slept during the day since he was up all night when not at the firehouse. He was actually a decent neighbor if you didn't count the late night sex fests.

She had asked him once to water her flower gardens the one time she had gone away on a long weekend beach getaway with her best friend, Kat. She had expected to come home to find them withered or dead, only she hadn't. He had actually taken great care of them, blushing as she teased him about his green thumb.

Alyssa sighed when the noise next door finally came to an abrupt end after a few climatic cries of passion. She silently found her own release and willed her body back to sleep.

Alyssa moaned when the alarm shouted her awake at 5:30 am. She didn't need to be to work until nine, but Monday through Friday she woke early for a three mile run. At first it was a weight maintenance plan since she had a love affair with food. Now, it had become her Prozac. This morning, however, it was going to take every ounce of energy just to get out of bed. She might have had six hours of sleep but it felt like two.

Once outside, she locked the front door and began fiddling with her iPod, placing earphones in her ears.

“Good morning.” Sam’s overnight guest greeted Alyssa as she unlocked her car door. “I hope we weren’t too loud last night.”

Alyssa mumbled a greeting and glanced at Sam who stood in the doorway with just jeans on, grinning devilishly. He looked sexy as hell.

“No worries,” she lied. “I slept like a baby.” She rolled her eyes at him and ran.

* * * * *

Later that day, after the sun went down and their work shifts were over, Alyssa and Kat sat outside on the back deck catching up over a couple of beers. Admittedly, this was Alyssa’s favorite part of the day in the summer months. Her most recent purchase for the house was four sets of 20 solar powered LED butterfly string lights that she had entwined in and out of the vertical rungs of her deck railing. At night, eighty illuminated butterflies surrounded her when she sat outside. It was peaceful.

“So the cops bring in a drunk this morning,” Kat said. “Apparently he was walking in the Callahan tunnel during morning rush hour flipping drivers the bird. He comes in kicking and screaming and swearing at the top of his lungs.” Her hands moved as fast as she spoke. Kat was 100% Italian. Like the rest of her clan, family always came first, she talked fast and never ever put up with anybody’s bullshit. Ever! Kat and Alyssa had both been in Allied Health Sciences but had taken separate career paths. Kat had decided to be a nurse whereas Alyssa had turned towards Dental Hygiene.

Kat had worked in the ER at Boston General for the past five years. She had seen everything from comedy to devastating tragedy. Alyssa admired how Kat could compartmentalize her job. She knew some of the shit Kat saw really got to her. How could it not? Hell, it was her shoulder Kat would cry on when something tragic happened. But she was always able to go back the next day, saying it’s what she was meant to do.

“Dr. Dick . . .” Kat continued.

Alyssa laughed. She loved the nickname the nurses had given the Chief ER Physician.

“. . . Storms out of his office, demanding the officers shut this drunk up which, by the way, didn't earn him any brownie points with the troopers. Well, they had just removed the cuffs because the mental health care worker arrived. Before anyone knew what was happening, the man pulled his wanker out and ran around the ER pissing everywhere.” She shook her head laughing. “Dr. Dick was furious! You should have seen the veins bulging from his neck. It was fucking awesome! Anything happen in the dental world today?”

“Certainly nothing as exciting as your day,” Alyssa said. “The early morning hours, however, were quite interesting . . .”

“Oh. Do tell.” Kat leaned towards her. Alyssa told her everything that happened. “And he just stood there in the middle of the doorway looking incredibly hot with that wolfish smile of his. I think he knew I had been lying.”

“Well, from the sounds of it, ‘the warden’ had to have heard her cries of passion as well.”

They both keeled over in laughter at the reference to Alyssa's neighbor in condo C. Her real name was Eleanor Crandle but the girls had nicknamed her ‘the warden’ because she was the president of the condo association and presided over the entire complex as if it were her own. That woman knew everyone's business.

“Can you see her face, waking up to somebody else's throes of passion? I bet she's never had an orgasm in her life.”

“Oh that's mean,” Alyssa said.

“Yea, but probably true. Anyway . . .” Kat waved her hand dismissively. “I want to know more about this dream you had last night.”

“Nothing else to tell.”

“I cannot believe you had a sex dream with Mr. Hot pants next door. You naughty girl, Alyssa McKenzie,” Kit teased. “Personally I think you two would be perfect together.”

“Oh yeah! The man whore and miss goody two shoes. I can see it now. It has disaster written all over it.”

“Oh. Come on!” Kat said. “He just hasn't found the right girl yet. And you . . . well, you could use more naughty in your life.” She winked.

“Can we please get back onto the topic we were discussing at dinner? This is serious to me.”

“I thought we *were* on topic,” Kat said. “You want a baby and Sam McKiernan would be the perfect baby daddy. He’s buff, soft on the eyes, and that ass . . . what I wouldn’t do to get my hands on that ass.”

“Everything’s always about sex with you.”

“Fucking duh!” They both laughed.

They went quiet when they heard a noise that sounded like someone was choking that ended in a cough.

Kat’s eyes went as round as saucers. “You don’t think Sam is next door listening to us?” she whispered.

Alyssa shook her head. “I don’t think so. His car wasn’t here when I got home from work.”

Shrugging her shoulders, Kat asked, “So what’s really going on? Why the big push for a baby right now, Lys?”

No one knew her better than her best friend. She and Kat, which was short for Katherine, had been best friends since the first grade. It was Kat who protected her on the playground when the other girls had teased her. It was Kat who picked up the pieces when Alyssa’s parents were killed in a car accident. And it was Kat who threatened to cut Jack’s balls off after devastating Alyssa the way he did. Everyone should have a “Kat” in their life.

Alyssa explained to her that when she’d held her colleague’s newborn a couple weeks ago, the desire was indescribable. She had suddenly longed to be part of a family again. Sure, she had Kat’s family and they were fantastic. But she wanted her own. After a few moments of silence, Kat said, “So the only thing in the way at this point is not having a willing participant?”

“Pretty much. With no husband or boyfriend in the picture, I have no choice but to go to a sperm bank. I plan on going next week to get information on the whole process.”

“You’re crazy girl. But you know I’m behind you one hundred percent.”

“I know, Kit Kat. I know.”