



*Heart's*  
SURRENDER



EMMA WEIMANN

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Little did I know that the project that started years ago as a short story would evolve into two short stories only to end up as a novel. Those two ladies sure have come a long way and taken a special place in my heart.

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# CHAPTER 1

“BUT YOU’RE A WOMAN.”

This guy really was one of the most obnoxious building managers Sam had ever encountered in her life. She lifted the gray shirt away from her body and stared down at her bra. “Yes, I am. All woman.” She looked up again and ignored the way Mr. Hayes clenched his jaw. “I’m here to paint the Wallace’s apartment.”

The guy stared at his calendar. “But I was told a Sam Freedman had been given the job.”

Sam fought the urge to knock him over with the dusty loudspeakers on his desk. “Sam is short for Samantha. And that would be me. We’ve already been through this twice. Why don’t you simply call the Wallace’s and ask them?” She pushed down on her urge to groan out loud. How could a guy like this get a job in one of these expensive apartment complexes?

He browsed through the diary on his desk. “I can’t. They’re on vacation.” With a frown he

gazed at the paint, the brushes, and the ladder she had brought with her. "All right. I'll show you to the apartment. But I'll check up on you from time to time. Just so you know." With those words he left the room.

*Sure. Asshole.* Did he think she would steal thin air out of an empty apartment? Shaking her head, Sam picked as much of her stuff up as she was able to carry. The handles of the buckets cut into her fingers. She would need to come back for the ladder.

Mr. Hayes stood in the hall, arms akimbo and with a frown that would make children cry. "The service elevator isn't working. We need to use the other one. Try to behave as low-key as possible."

Following him through the high-ceilinged foyer, Sam tried her best to be quiet. This building emanated the atmosphere of a church, built to impress and show off to visitors. It certainly worked on her.

They passed a gurgling fountain with slate-stone water steps. Sam didn't even want to guess what that thing had cost. She miraculously managed to get all of her stuff into the glazed elevator, the buckets firmly planted between her and Mr. Hayes, who glared at her with narrowed eyes.

Seconds felt like hours. Finally the elevator dinged.

“Here we are.” With a sneer on his face he watched her struggle to carry the equipment out of the elevator.

Sam set the buckets down on the floor. The hall was empty. “So which number is it?”

“Apartment seven,” Mr. Hayes spit out behind her. “Down the hall, last door on the right.”

Before Sam had a chance to respond, the door to her left opened. A woman with long dark hair, dressed in a bright red pantsuit appeared in the doorway. “Gillian, honey,” she called back into the apartment. “Hurry up.” She turned toward Mr. Hayes. “Hold the elevator, will you?”

“Sure, ma’am.” He nearly fell over himself to make sure that he pressed the elevator button in time.

Sam barely stopped herself from rolling her eyes. The same man who hadn’t thought twice about letting her do all the heavy lifting was now nearly killing himself to make sure that the elevator’s doors stayed open for the femme fatale. It was always the same. When a woman had boobs the size of watermelons, a waist like a wasp, and the brain of a dodo, men went crazy. Sam grinned. Well, on the other hand...she cast a glance at pantsuit woman. *She really has nice breasts.*

A second woman stepped out of the apartment and closed the door behind her. “All right. I’m ready.” She glanced at Sam before gazing down and walking past her toward the elevator.

*Yeah, that's how insects must feel when being gazed at by a mantis with green eyes.*

"Wow, those two were hot." Mr. Hayes was almost drooling all over his shirt.

*This guy really is a living cliché.* Sam crossed her arms over her chest. "Do you have the keys for the apartment?"

"Yeah, yeah. Come on." He walked away, again leaving her to carry everything.

*What an asshole.* She hoped he would leave her alone as soon as she was settled with her stuff. But first, he would probably tell her exactly how she was supposed to do her job.



Sam sat on the floor and leaned her protesting back against the wall behind her. A long, hot shower was in order tonight. And a cold beer. And a pizza.

Satisfied, she looked at the fresh white walls. As much as her back hurt after eight hours of painting, she'd done well today. The two smallest rooms were finished. The big room was left, which meant one more day of manageable and well-paid work. The apartment owners had been so happy about her willingness to start right away that they didn't even try to argue about her hourly rate. Which had been a nice surprise. Rich people were often the most annoying clients.

It was her luck that the apartment owners were relatives of one of her oldest and nicest

customers. Old lady Henderson had probably not only put in a good word for her but also taken care of the payment negotiations. Which was just fine with Sam.

She opened her water bottle and took a sip. Working in a building like this was unusual for her. Often they were occupied by high-earning professionals with jobs that demanded they stay overnight in the city while their shiny, happy families lived their shiny, happy lives in not-so-little houses in the suburbs. Her take on this was: boring jobs, boring neighborhood, boring lives, and more money than anyone needed. She sighed. A life that could well have been hers.

The ringing of her cell phone brought Sam out of her musings. “Yeah?”

“Hi, Sam, this is Linda. How are you doing, good-looking?”

*Ugh.* A call from her friend and co-worker usually meant more work or a shopping spree for something that was on sale somewhere. “I’m doing all right. What’s up?”

“I’m just on my way to Mr. Zimmer’s for the electric installation. Say, are you coming tonight?”

*Shit.* “To the party?”

“What other event do you think I’m talking about?”

Sam raked a hand through her hair. She had totally forgotten about the invitation. “I don’t know. I only have two days to paint a whole apartment.”

“Aw, come on, Sam. You owe me.”

*Yeah, and you remind me of that every single time you want something.* “All right. But I can’t promise that I’ll stay for long.”

“Great. See you tonight, love machine.”

Sam let her head fall back against the wall.  
*Shit. So much for a nice, relaxing evening at home.*

## CHAPTER 2

SAM SIGHED AS ANOTHER ONE of these sterile, electronic songs started to play. The music sure fit this place. Both were boring and superficial. With a sigh she shifted on her barstool.

“Here you go.” The bartender set down a glass of something that looked a lot like liquid clay in front of Sam.

“What’s this?”

“The beer you ordered.”

“Ah, shit.” She couldn’t believe this. What was wrong with a normal beer? “Come on. I ordered a beer not some chemical experiment.”

The bartender wiggled his fingers goodbye and turned his attention toward another customer.

With disgust Sam stared at the microbrewery crap in the glass before her. Who drank beer out of a glass anyhow? This party was even worse than she had feared. She cast a glance at the group in the corner. Linda was hanging all over the latest object of her lust. *I bet she won’t be going home*

*alone tonight. Maybe I should just leave and head over to The Labrys.* Her favorite lesbian bar was like a second living room where she spent time with friends who shared her view and lifestyle whereas this crowd was clad in Brooks Brothers, Vineyard Vines, Hilfiger, and other expensive brands. The Pulse was the kind of LGBT club that attracted the rich, the beautiful, and the androgynous. Or at least those who wanted to be like that. So not her kind of place.

Sam glanced at the huge clock on the wall behind the bar. Nearly nine. The Labrys was already open. Linda wouldn't miss her here. On the other hand...Sam sighed. Her friend would hunt her down tomorrow if she just disappeared. Not that sitting alone at the bar, several feet away from where the party was actually happening, was so much better.

Sam gripped the glass. At least the crap was cold. She took a gulp. A fruity taste spread over her tongue. *Yuck.* How could people drink stuff like that? Disgusted, she set the glass down.

A leg brushed against Sam's as someone climbed on the stool beside her. Expecting Linda's wrath, she turned her head and was mesmerized by a pair of intense green eyes. A pretty blonde with skin as pale as porcelain held her gaze. *Where have I seen her before?* Sam couldn't remember and somehow it really didn't matter at all. This woman was a beauty. *Pale and perfect.* So perfect that one didn't dare to

touch because running hands over skin like that could easily become an addiction. Sam's mouth was dry. She licked her lips. Some addictions were dangerous...but worth the risk. *And that black dress...oh boy, if that wasn't the epitome of tailored understatement. This woman was beyond classy, probably in her late thirties and way out of Sam's league. The stranger looked very much like the Chanel No. 5 type with a white picket fence around her house. Sam cast a glance at the other woman's hands. No ring. Flirting couldn't hurt much. Right?*

"Hi there." Sam put on her best pick-up smile, a mixture of confidence and interest that she hadn't used in a while. She held her breath. Either the other woman would get up and leave or...

Green eyes narrowed, assessing her. "Hi."

Yes. Now the next step. "My name is Sam." She held out her hand.

"Hello, I'm Gillian." The stranger took the offered hand.

A shiver ran down Sam's spine. Gillian's hand was soft and warm. If the rest of her body had the same quality...

Gillian leaned over, giving Sam a throat-clenching view down the front of her dress.

*Oh, yeah. Great tits. Sam admired firm breasts, cupped by a lacy bra. I think I'll skip The Labrys. This could be real fun.* "Would you like something to drink?"

“Wine would be great. White, please.”

Sam hadn't missed the slight hesitation. Still, being allowed to order something to drink was definitely the next step on the way to a hopefully promising night. “White it shall be. Is Chardonnay okay?”

“Yes.” This time the smile reached those incredible green eyes.

Gillian obviously wasn't a talker but she was beautiful. Conversation wasn't what Sam had in mind for later anyhow. Two women could have fun without speaking. There were other things one could use a mouth for and she was very much looking forward to exploring those kinds of possibilities...if Gillian was up for it.

It didn't take long for the barkeeper to set down the glass of Chardonnay in front of Gillian and from her expression the wine's quality was satisfactory.

*Good.* Sam decided to up the game a bit. She rubbed her knee against Gillian's. When the other woman didn't shy away from the contact, Sam moved her hand to Gillian's leg and leaned closer. “So, what brings you here tonight?”

“I was looking for company.” She put her hand over Sam's.

Sam's stomach did a slow roll. *Wow. Score.* “Really?”

“Yes, really.” Gillian's voice shook a little. She took a piece of paper out of her handbag and pushed it toward Sam. “But not here. I own

an apartment nearby. Here is the address and my name.”

*Holy cow.* This woman really did know what she wanted. “Sounds good to me.”

Gillian beamed. “Great.”

Sam glanced at the piece of paper. “How far from here is your little love nest?”

“It’s a ten minute walk to the apartment. I’m going to leave now but I’d appreciate if you could wait a bit before following me.” She scraped a hand through her hair. “What is your last name?”

Sam raised one eyebrow. “Why?”

“I need to give the doorman a name.”

*No way I’m going to give her my real name.* Sam looked at the beer label. “Sam Cellar.”

“Sam Cellar?” Gillian furrowed her brow.

“Yeah, something the matter?”

“No. That’s fine. Sorry.” Gillian shook her head and got up from her stool. “See you in a few minutes.” She slowly withdrew her hand, tickling Sam’s wrist before letting go.

Heat shot through Sam. “You will.” With a grin she turned her attention back to her beer and took another sip of the awful brew. Now, this was going to be a hell of an interesting night.



## CHAPTER 3

“GOOD EVENING, MRS. JENNINGS.”

Gillian smiled at the elderly doorman. “Good evening, Thomas. There will be a visitor arriving within the next ten to fifteen minutes. A friend. Her name is Sam Cellar.”

Thomas’ face showed his standard expression of polite indifference. “Yes, Mrs. Jennings.”

“Thank you, Thomas.” Gillian’s high heels echoed loudly on the marble floor. She stepped into the elevator and punched the button for her floor.

Excitement tingled through her when she thought about the night that lay ahead. Part of it was the thrill of having sex with a stranger—a female stranger—in her deceased husband’s apartment. The other part was the thrill of danger. Sex with strangers was never totally safe—something she was well aware of. So far luck had been on her side. Meeting women at the city apartment was as safe as encounters of this

sort could get. Most of them had been at least pleasant. *Let's hope the new conquest will be as hot as she looks.*

The elevator dinged, and the doors opened. There was no one to be seen in the short hallway as Gillian fumbled with the key for the apartment. Finally, the door opened, she stepped inside and slipped out of her coat. Her new conquest would be here soon—if she hadn't chickened out. For a short moment back in the bar, Gillian had been sure that Sam wouldn't agree to her offer. Hooking up with the butch looking woman had been a spur of the moment decision. Gillian's other "dates" had been chosen more carefully and been more...sophisticated. *I just hope this one doesn't bite me in the ass.* She grinned. *Well, at least not more than I want her to.* Sam's cocky smile had done funny things to Gillian. And that body certainly had looked hot. *Really hot.*

Gillian kicked off her shoes and for a moment reveled in the quiet surrounding her. No outside sound invaded the apartment. It was the perfect refuge, a sanctuary of peace amidst an avalanche of noise in the busy city of Springfield. However, she very much doubted that this had been the main reason why Derrick had chosen this place. He had probably gone for the anonymity and luxury it provided. Which suited her just fine.

She went over to the sideboard, opened a drawer, and took out a silver-framed photo, staring into the eyes of the man she had married a long time ago. A man who had betrayed her.

Cheated on her. “Well, here you go, Derrick. Hot date number seven. It’s a shame you can’t be here to witness it.” She took a deep breath. “Rot in hell.”

Straightening her shoulders, she pushed the photo back into the drawer. Time to freshen up. She wanted to be as sexy and desirable as possible when Sam arrived.



Sam looked up at the apartment complex in front of her. More and more of those glass and steel things had appeared over the past years. Springfield nowadays was a rather busy town. And people living in places like this certainly had enough money to spend their nights in clubs like The Pulse. Probably every night. Sam wrinkled her nose. *Let’s hope she’s worth my time...*

A uniformed doorman appeared from inside the building.

Sam strolled over, nodding her head in greeting. “Hi, I’m here for Mrs. Jennings.”

The doorman squinted. “Are you Mrs. Cellar?”

“Yes, that would be me, and a good evening to you.” *Snobby little man.*

His gaze intensified. “Samantha?”

Sam’s heart stopped beating for a moment. *Shit! Thomas.*

“Girl, is that really you? I nearly didn’t recognize you with that short hair and,” he looked her over, “those clothes.”

For a moment, she considered turning around and leaving. Surely no sex, no matter how good, was worth this kind of trouble. Sam forced herself to calm down. Thomas had always been kind to her. It would be rude to leave without a few words. “Thomas, right?” She held out her hand. “How are you?”

“Good, good. Getting older every day.” He gripped her hand. “How are you?”

It was true. He was a lot older than the last time she had seen him around...*wow, twenty years or so. I must have been around seventeen back then.* Now gray dominated his hair, and he sure didn’t stand as straight as he had back then. The wrinkles on his face looked as deep as the Grand Canyon, but the kindness in his eyes was the same. Sam returned his smile and winked at him. “I’m all right. Thanks. But I’m getting older as well.”

“Oh, come on.” He took a step back and looked her up and down. “Look at you. Healthy as a horse and as beautiful as a blazing sunset.”

Sam chuckled. “Thanks. I’ve never been compared to a sunset before.”

“How is your family doing?”

Sam pushed her hands into the pockets of her trousers. *What am I supposed to say? Haven’t seen the bastards for ages?* She simply didn’t want to talk about it...about them. Not with Thomas. Not with anyone. “Maybe we can chat another time? I have an, ugh, appointment.” Gosh, that sounded

so lame. She wondered whether he had any idea why she was here.

He laughed. "Sure, no problem. I'm off in half an hour. So I'm probably not going to see you again tonight."

Relief flowed through her. As nice as Thomas was, she just wasn't ready to be drawn into memories of their shared past. "Maybe another time. It was nice seeing you."

"Likewise. Give my regards to your parents."

"I will." *When hell freezes over.* Sam crossed the hall, feeling his gaze following her. Shit, that had been weird. Weirder than weird. She couldn't even remember when she had last met someone she knew back in what she called nowadays the "dark ages". *Well, you knew it would happen one day. Just be glad it was Thomas instead of your father or brother.*

The elevator dinged its arrival.

Sam stepped inside. She leaned her forehead against one wall, letting the cold of the stainless steel reach through her brain. Her mood for sex had been pulverized. However, the prospect of spending the night alone in her flat, haunted by memories of the past, wasn't appealing either. She had about two minutes to make her mind up. Go home? Drive to The Labrys and get drunk... and most likely end up in a stranger's bed? The stranger and sex part was something she could have here and now as well. Without getting drunk first. Sam raked a hand through her hair. She

would stay, try to get in the mood again, enjoy a night of hedonism and be out of here in the morning. Determined, Sam stepped out of the elevator and walked down the hall. Apartment 241. Taking a deep breath, she knocked.

“There you are,” Gillian said with a smile when she opened the door.

For the second time tonight, Sam felt herself drawn into those unbelievably green eyes. They reminded her of the emerald earrings her grandmother used to wear for special occasions. As green as Ireland’s hills, the old lady had always said. Sam swallowed. “Hi, yes. Here I am.”

“Please, do come in.”

Wide-eyed, Sam stepped inside. Dark brown and black leather furniture dominated the room. *This is her place?* Everything was practically screaming “testosterone”. Sam could envision a stuffy lawyer or a banker hit by his midlife crises choosing this interior. But certainly not a woman like Gillian. Sam crossed her arms over her chest.

“Do you...would you like something to drink?”

“Yes, please, a beer would be great.” Sam followed Gillian into the stainless steel kitchen. Speechless she looked around. All the latest gadgets were assembled in this room. Not a single speck of dust seemed brave enough to hang around. This is *a showroom. Beautiful but sterile. Oh please...don't let her be like that kitchen.* Sam needed to let off steam tonight. She wanted to

forget and to get lost. If this kitchen reflected its owner's attitude...then this evening was destined to be a disaster.

Gillian removed a bottle of beer from the Subzero refrigerator. After twisting off the cap, she handed the opened bottle over.

Sam mentally gave her a point—the beer was a pricy brand but acceptable. Not the same kind of shit as in the club. Raising the bottle with a thankful smile, she drank deeply, enjoying how the smooth, cold drink went down, before focusing her attention again on Gillian, who had poured herself a glass of white wine. Sam cleared her throat. “Live here long?”

“No.” Gillian frowned. “I don't live here. It's just a place I use from time to time if I want to stay in the city.”

“So, you don't own it?”

“Oh, yes. I do.” Gillian must have found something very interesting at the bottom of her glass because she continued to stare into it.

There was certainly an interesting story lurking behind those words. *Come on. She asked you here for a hot night. For sex. Either leave now or get on with it and find out if this is going to be fun or not.* “Well, here we are.” Sam took another gulp of beer before setting the bottle aside and stepping closer to Gillian. “Let's not waste more time.” Sam lowered her voice. “I can't wait to taste you, Gillian.”

Gillian's eyes were round as she looked up, away, then with a quick brush of her eyes, back at Sam.

*Like a spooked animal.* Sam bent her head and brushed her lips over Gillian's. Once, twice, enjoying their softness before breaking the contact again.

Gillian blinked, a slow smile spreading over her face.

Sam smiled. *All right. That is a good sign.* "I love the way you feel," she said, touching Gillian's face and brushing a stray lock of blonde hair out of the woman's eyes.

"I love the way you kiss," Gillian replied after a moment's hesitation. She nuzzled Sam's palm and pressed a tingling kiss to the center.

*Yes. This is going to be fun.* "Oh, the rest of the night will be more than nice, I promise you." She kissed Gillian again, this time no gentle brush of lips but a bit more roughly, more demanding. Missionary style or cuddling wasn't what she had in mind for tonight. Either Gillian would play along or not. Better to find out now.

To Sam's delight Gillian opened her mouth, her tongue touching Sam's. The sensation was wet and soft, sending shivers down Sam's spine, urging on the desire that all but vanished downstairs.

Sam sucked on Gillian's tongue until she let out a muffled moan, her body flexing and arching.

Gillian grabbed Sam's hand and brought it to her breast.

Sam cupped the heavy weight of Gillian's breast and let her thumbnail scratch at the nipple that was prominent through the light fabric. Gillian's jerk and sharp intake of breath encouraged her to take the sensitive nipple between her thumb and forefinger, rolling it gently while she bit down on the lush perfection of Gillian's lower lip.

It was maddening, how playing with Gillian's breasts increased Sam's own need and desire. She whispered in Gillian's ear, "You're going to be a good fuck, aren't you?"

Gillian gulped and stared, not speaking even when Sam took hold of her nipple and gave it a twist that had Gillian squeaking, but not pulling away.

"Want to play with me, Gillian?" Sam asked, releasing the abused nipple. "I wanna play a bit rough. Wanna play with me?"

Gillian flushed. She was obviously fighting inner turmoil as she regarded Sam with a mixture of curiosity and caution.

To Sam's satisfaction, there was not a shred of regret or fear in her expression. It seemed that so far, she had done and said the right things. Encouraged, she moved closer to Gillian until their bodies were touching in all the right places. "Tell me, Gillian," she said pitching her voice low. "How do you want to come tonight?"

"Excuse me?"

“I want you to tell me how you want to come,” Sam repeated. “What do you like? Do you want me to take my time, or would you like to come hard and fast? Would you like my mouth on you, or do you want me to watch while you take care of yourself? Do you like anal stimulation? Are there toys you want me to use? Tell me. I want us to make the best use of our time.”

Gillian’s eyes were dark pools of desire.

Sam tried to ignore her own rising hunger while Gillian nibbled on her bottom lip, clearly unsure about how to continue. But Sam remained silent until Gillian finally asked, almost shyly, “You really want to know what I like?”

Sam nodded and put some distance between them. “Yes. I want us both to have a good time, Gillian. Talking can be foreplay, too.” She tilted her head to show that she was listening closely to whatever Gillian chose to say. At the same time, Sam began to massage the crotch of her jeans, where the seam rubbed against her pussy, stimulating herself with a hint of pain, and a whole lot of arousal. “Like I said,” she went on, her voice getting rough, “I absolutely think it’s hot to hear you, to watch you telling me how you want to be pleased.”

Gillian’s gaze flickered down to Sam’s busy hand and remained there. Her breath hitched as the color rose in her cheeks.

Sam spread her legs wider, thrusting her hips a bit, really getting into it.

Gillian's pupils dilated, her blush deepened. "I want you to take me right here." She glanced up at Sam.

Sam groaned. The expression in those green eyes took her breath away. There was hunger and raw lust, mixed with shyness and vulnerability—the most endearing emotional mix. Thinking about getting Gillian off right here and now was a definite turn on. If she was only half as wet as Sam had become just by thinking about it...well, she would find out soon enough. Sam stopped stroking her denim-clad crotch and pulled off her jacket, holding eye contact as she draped the garment over the back of a chair. She slowly rolled up her shirt sleeves, showing off her muscular forearms. Keeping herself in shape was important to Sam and physical labor had given her a sturdy musculature that she knew most femmes found attractive. Gillian wasn't any different, if Sam read her admiring gaze correctly. She reached out to unbutton Gillian's dress. "Really thoughtful of you to wear a dress with buttons in the front. That way I don't have to rip it off."

Gillian's eyes followed the path of Sam's fingers.

Delightfully pale flesh was exposed as Sam slowly flicked the buttons open one by one until she was able to slide Gillian's dress from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor in a puddle of black satin, leaving her in a black lacy bra and matching panties.

*Holy...* Sam let her gaze travel over Gillian's body—the full breasts almost spilling from the bra's lace cups, the small waist and flat belly, the curve of hips that flowed into sculpted thighs. It was clear that Gillian worked out, probably with a private trainer or in one of those fancy studios. But wherever and however, the woman's body was perfect, and Sam had a hard time not drooling.

Gillian blushed brightly under Sam's scrutiny but remained where she was.

Sam whispered, "You are gorgeous, Gillian. Absolutely stunning."

Her statement brought a pleased smile to Gillian's face. She breathed a short, "thank you."

"I'm going to touch you now and I won't stop until you've come at least once," Sam said. She waited a moment to let her words sink in and to gauge Gillian's reaction before closing the space between them in a single step. Sam cupped Gillian's sex. Those panties were already as soaked as a wet sponge.

Gillian whimpered.

Sam increased the pressure slightly and purred. "I promise to make you come right now if you promise I can take my time with you later. Deal?"

Gillian nodded. The muscles in her thighs trembled.

"Take off your bra."

Gillian hesitated, but she undid her bra with shaking hands and let it fall next to her dress on the floor.

Sam licked her lips. Gillian's breasts were firm and round, the nipples pert and just begging to be touched.

"Good girl," Sam said. "Now your panties. Get them off." She took her hands away.

This time Gillian complied without hesitation.

Sam took a step back to admire the view.

Gillian stood naked, shivering in the cool air while Sam's gaze lingered on the short, damp curls between her legs.

*Definitely a natural blonde.* A memory of another blonde, equally beautiful, arose. Cheri. Sam's first love. And the chaos that had erupted after Sam's mother had found them in bed together. She shook her head, desperate to cling to the reality of this moment.

"Are you okay?" Gillian's soft voice cut through the darkness of Sam's memories.

"Yes, I was a bit lightheaded there for a moment." Sam plastered a grin on her face. "No wonder. Looking at you. You're exquisite, Gillian."

A shy, yet pleased smile crossed Gillian's face. "Thank you." She swallowed. "I think you are too. And very hot."

An ache of hunger settled in Sam's belly, replacing the knot of anger that had spread from her memories. *She's real. You're real. You're going to enjoy this night and forget about the ugly*

stuff. "So, two beautiful women. One naked. The other horny. What should we do about it?"

Gillian's lips trembled. "Fuck me."

Sam held her breath. Those words from the naïve-looking woman in front of her wiped every other thought and memory from her mind. "I will. The whole night." She took a step toward Gillian and touched those wonderful breasts, slowly stroking the nipples.

Gillian moaned and pushed against Sam's hands.

Fire surged through Sam. This was it. *Life. Joy. Fun.* Desire flared strongly inside her. She crossed the remaining distance between them and pushed a knee between Gillian's legs.

Gillian grasped at Sam's wrists to keep her balance.

Moisture seeped through Sam's jeans where the hot pussy was pressed against her thigh. Sam's arousal heightened. It was an itch that she was more than ready to scratch. She stifled a moan, not wanting Gillian to know how much she was affecting her. "Put your hands on the wall behind you and leave them there."

Gillian had to release Sam's wrists, but Sam took hold of her hips, steadying her until Gillian complied. Her body formed a graceful curve; skin and muscle tightened beautifully. Gillian's eyes drifted shut.

"Look into my eyes, Gillian. Look at me. I want to see your gorgeous green eyes when I fuck you."

Gillian's eyes opened.

Sam put more pressure on Gillian's pussy, knowing the denim fabric would feel harsh to the ultra-sensitized flesh. "Spread your legs wider for me."

Gillian shifted, making it easy for Sam to replace her thigh with her hand.

That was what she had been waiting for. Sam eagerly slipped her fingers through the slick folds. "You're so wet. I like that."

"Please," Gillian hissed, pressing harder against Sam's hand.

Sam didn't need more encouragement. Her blood pounded in her ears as her excitement surged. She rubbed her thumb around Gillian's clitoris, spreading slippery moisture, and leaned forward to take Gillian's mouth in a kiss. Her other hand found Gillian's breast. The nipple hardened instantly in her palm. She rubbed the wet clit more firmly.

Gillian's moan sounded more like a growl.

Riding the power wave that dominance gave her, Sam broke the kiss. "Want me to make you scream when you come?"

This time Gillian whimpered in reply.

Sam took that as a yes. She pushed a finger into the hot wet channel of Gillian's pussy and after a few thrusts, added a second. This felt so damn good.

Gillian cried out sharply, closing her eyes. Her head slammed back against the wall when Sam added a third finger.

The muscles in Sam's forearm began to burn as she pumped her fingers in and out, finding a rhythm that had Gillian's hips rising to meet her.

Sam had a hard time concentrating. The smoothness of the inner walls that gripped her fingers drove her own arousal constantly higher and higher. She thrust harder; increasing the pace until Gillian mindlessly ground her pussy against Sam's hand. The aroma of feminine arousal was heady, mingling with the fragrance of Gillian's perfume producing a scent that Sam found absolutely intoxicating. Withdrawing her fingers and ignoring Gillian's wordless cry of protest, Sam went down on her knees and scooted forward until she was positioned between Gillian's spread thighs. "You make me so hot, Gillian. I'm going to make you come now." She had to crane her neck as the position was awkward, but this was how Sam wanted to have Gillian. She pulled one leg over her shoulder. *Better*. Slowly, she licked and teased around Gillian's clit, enjoying the taste of Gillian's desire.

Gillian's moans intensified.

Settling her mouth over the nub of flesh, Sam flicked her tongue—first slow, then faster. When she heard the first moans she shoved her fingers into Gillian's heat; pushing them in as far as

they would go before drawing them out again, until her fingertips were poised at the opening.

Gillian's muscles fluttered, like a greedy little mouth trying to suck Sam's fingers inside.

Sam stopped licking and pushed her fingers into Gillian several times, the movements smooth and powerful. "That's me fucking you," she said somewhat breathlessly. A sense of triumph was growing, fuelled by Gillian's groans and the slickness that oozed from the wet opening. Sam fastened her mouth over Gillian's pussy and lapped at her clit.

Gillian's hands fell on the back of Sam's head, clutching her short hair, holding her in place. Gillian was trembling all over. "That feels so good."

Sam curled her fingers, seeking that special spot inside all women. She knew she found it when Gillian bucked wildly, almost spraining Sam's wrist.

Sam increased her tongue's pressure against Gillian's clit and was soon rewarded. Inner muscles spasmed hard around her fingers and she tasted a gush of slightly bitter fluid—sure signs that Gillian had climaxed. But Sam was far from finished. She gentled her licking at first, to soothe the heated flesh, and then smoothed the flat of her tongue over Gillian's clit.

Gillian stiffened and shuddered through a second orgasm, her hands still fisted in Sam's hair.

Breathless, Sam carefully removed her fingers before she pressed a light kiss against Gillian's pubic curls.

Gillian buckled.

Sam caught her and allowed her to slide down the wall. Cradling Gillian in her arms, she placed a kiss on her slightly parted lips, surprised at the feeling of protectiveness that bubbled up inside her. She sat with Gillian in her arms for some minutes, the quietness of the apartment only interrupted by the sound of their breathing.



Cradled in Sam's arms, stars danced before Gillian's eyes. Her whole body tingled. "Wow," was all she was able to mutter.

"Wow?" Sam chuckled. "Good wow?"

"Unbelievable wow." Gillian turned her head and nuzzled Sam's throat, planting a gentle kiss on the soft skin. She felt safe. And relaxed. And simply very, very good. "You are a wet dream come true."

"It is going to be a rather cold dream for you if we stay like this much longer."

"So?" Gillian smiled. "What do you suggest?" She hoped that Sam wanted to stay and go another round or two or three.

Sam cupped Gillian's breast and caressed the nipple under her finger. "I'm sure that somewhere in this apartment is a perfectly fine bed."

Gillian moaned. Sam's touch was driving her crazy. *I'm not going to survive this night.*

Sam kissed Gillian tenderly. "You're a very responsive woman, very sensual, very arousing. I love that. And I'd love to spend the whole night with you."

Yes. Yes. Gillian tried to gather herself to form a coherent sentence. "Thank you for asking me what I wanted. I...I really liked that, as you can tell."

"So, want to show me your bed?" Sam's grin was positively devilish.

"Hell, yes."

Sam laughed and took her hand away.

Gillian groaned in protest.

"Come on. We have to get up so we can lie down again."

It took a moment for them to untangle their limbs. Gillian took Sam's hand and drew her toward the bedroom.

Sam stopped. "Hang on a second. Would it be okay if I took a quick shower?"

Gillian nodded. "Sure." She pointed toward the door leading to the bathroom. "That's the bathroom. Help yourself. Towels are in the cupboard. And there's another door that leads directly to the bedroom, where I'll be waiting for you. Naked." She smiled. "Unless you don't want to shower alone?"

A smile spread over Sam's face. "Not this time. But hold that thought for later tonight. Now, off

you go, warm the bed and wait for me. Won't take long, all right?"

Gillian nodded and watched Sam close the bathroom door behind her. The room felt empty and Gillian shuddered.

She walked into the bedroom and stared at the king-sized bed in front of her. Rubbing her hands over her face, she remembered the very first time she had set foot in this room. How surprised she had been back then about the huge bed, wondering why Derrick needed something like that in an apartment he used for only the odd night he had to work so late that he didn't want to disturb them at home. *How naïve and stupid I've been.*

A lot of her questions had been answered as soon as she had opened drawers and found sex toys she hadn't even known existed. And DVDs that had blown her mind. She had watched him with his sluts—and she had thrown up.

Running a shaking hand through her hair, Gillian sat down on the bed. What a stupid fool she had been. Setting aside her life for Derrick, supporting his career. "Your little housewife has changed, you bastard." Her voice sounded as raw as she felt. "And I'm going to be happy."



Sam couldn't believe her eyes when she entered the bathroom. A lot of money had been

sunk into this place. A free-standing, oval bathtub stood in the center of the room. It was light grey on the outside and white on the inside, matching the cool, understated, and good taste evident everywhere in the apartment. It could easily accommodate two people, and Sam smirked as possibilities came to mind. Well, a bathroom could become an amazing playground with a little imagination. And Gillian sure did seem open to possibilities. *Maybe later.*

Giving in to her curiosity Sam opened the glass and steel bathroom cabinet. Body Lotion, a toothbrush, aftershave...*aftershave?* Did Gillian invite men as well? Sam scowled and closed the cabinet. Time to shower. She shed her clothes and stepped into the luxurious separate shower enclosure. The teak beneath her feet was smooth and cool, and she noticed with delight that the high-tech showerhead was adaptable. *Come to Mama.* Within seconds, Sam was enjoying the hot water cascading down her body, imagining that it washed away all memories of a past that had left more than enough scars.

It was time for good memories. With a grin on her face Sam recalled Gillian's expression when she had let herself go, the feel of that soft skin beneath Sam's hands. She imagined flicking her tongue over Gillian's clit. A rush of arousal hit out of nowhere. *Yeah, that's it.* Slowly adjusting the water temperature, Sam guided the pulsating jets over her body, circling her breasts. She

growled. The powerful spray caused the most delightful sensations, and Sam would have liked to build up her arousal and savor the moment, but she knew she had to hurry because Gillian was waiting for her. Wasting no more time, she positioned the showerhead between her legs. The pulses hit her and caused a pleasure close to pain. “Yes. God, yes!”

She closed her eyes and imagined Gillian kneeling on the shower floor, licking her pussy, tongue-fucking her while Sam rode that beautiful face. A low groan escaped her. The orgasm built quickly, and it wasn’t long before a climax ripped through her.

Opening her eyes, Sam stared at her arm. Teeth marks indented her skin where she had bitten into her hastily raised forearm to stifle the noise. She touched the marks with trembling fingers. Fortunately, they were superficial. That had been one hell of an orgasm. She leaned against the tiled wall, breathing heavily through her nose, and let the hot water run down her neck. She needed a moment to come down from such a high. *Wow.*

With genuine regret, she got out of the shower. She dried herself with one of the fluffiest towels she had held in her hand in a long time and Sam found herself imagining drying Gillian with one of those later. Man, had she misjudged the potential of this date. She would have to thank Linda for dragging her to the party, although the

notion of showing gratitude had Sam grinding her teeth.

There were nicer things to think about. She laid the towel over the rack in the corner and walked to the door that led into the bedroom. There was no need to get dressed. *I hope she hasn't gone to sleep.*

Sam opened the door and stopped dead in her tracks.

Gillian lay naked on the bed, the fingers of her right hand placed over her pussy; the other hand busy playing with one of those tempting nipples. "I thought you would never come back. So I started on my own." Her voice was husky, with a slight tremor to it.

Heat shot through Sam. "Don't you dare." She crossed the distance to the bed. "Away with those hands. Now."

Gillian giggled. "Or?"

"Or else." Sam jumped on the bed and replaced Gillian's hands with her own. This was going to be a fun night.

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# ABOUT EMMA WEIMANN

Emma Weimann knew at an early age that she wanted to make a living as a writer. She knew exactly how and where she wanted to write the books that would pay for her house at the beach and the desk with a view of the ocean.

Even though she has had those dreams for over thirty years now, neither the house nor the desk exist. Not yet. But she's making a living producing books, not just as a writer but also as a publisher, establishing Ylva Verlag and its international pendant, Ylva Publishing, in 2011 and 2012.

Connect with Emma Weimann online

**Blog:** <http://emmaweimann.wordpress.com/>

**E-mail:** [emma.weimann@gmx.net](mailto:emma.weimann@gmx.net)