

ESCAPE

The book cover features a tropical island scene. In the foreground on the left is a close-up of a blonde woman with sunglasses. In the background, there are palm trees, a sunset, and two muscular men. One man is standing and holding a whip, while the other is lying down. The title 'ESCAPE' is at the top in a stylized font, and the subtitle 'For A Good Time Call' is in the center. The author's name 'Amelia Elias' is at the bottom, along with the publisher's name 'Changeling Press'.

For A Good
Time Call

Amelia Elias

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For A Good Time Call Amelia Elias

Ava's a serious businesswoman, a high-level executive in charge of her world... and dear Lord, would she like to cut loose and just relax for once! The male-dominated nine to five world takes its toll on a girl. Hence her vacation to the Heaven On Earth women-only spa in the Caribbean for some much-needed stress -- and man -- free downtime.

But when she overhears two of her fellow spa-goers raving about a mysterious man who appears after a mystical verse is chanted, satisfies their deepest sexual cravings, and vanishes, can she unwind enough to believe in magic?

For A Good Time Call

“... and then, after I’ve come about a hundred times already, he flips me over and pushes my ankles up over my head and keeps on going! I swear I thought I was going to die, it was so good. And God, girl, I haven’t even mentioned what he does with his tongue...”

Ava rolled her eyes and stabbed the cherry in her drink viciously with her swizzle stick. This was supposed to be a relaxing drink at the spa bar before her massage appointment, and she really wasn’t enjoying the blow-by-blow -- ha! -- replay of Mr. Super Dick’s fucking skills from the two bimbos only a seat away. She stabbed the cherry again and told herself firmly she wasn’t jealous, and that she could ignore their X-rated conversation.

But it was impossible to tune them out. Apparently their volume-control depended on sobriety, and they’d left that state far behind.

“God, I’d kill for a night like that,” Bimbo #2 sighed. “You’ve got to give me his number. I’d ride him hard and put him up wet.”

Eww. And Ava had thought sharing details was tacky!

Bimbo #1 leaned closer to her friend, dropping her voice to what might’ve been a conspiratorial whisper three martinis ago. “Well, Bunny, here’s the weirdest thing,” she said. Ava tried not to gag. Bunny? Really? “A weird lady gave me this piece of paper with some weird words on it and said I should read it out loud for a great time. I thought she was totally flipped, of course, but anyway, whatever, right? So I said it and he showed up that night! Totally weird, yeah?”

“Ohmygod! Totally!” Bunny cried, hanging on every word. “And he was really ten inches?”

Ava motioned to the bartender, who set another drink in front of her. "Totally weird, yeah?" she muttered, trying not to laugh.

"What-eve," the bartender murmured back in a fake Valley-Girl accent as she picked up Ava's empty glass. "I think he literally fucked her brains out, don't you?"

"Doesn't look like it'd take much."

Bimbo #1 was scribbling on her bar napkin while Bunny literally bounced on her barstool. In her excitement, she knocked over her last martini glass, spilling it across the bar and forcing her friend to grab another napkin to write on.

"Oh, Trixie," Bunny gushed, shoving a folded napkin into her enormous purse, "thank you for this! I haven't been fucked like that in years. I can't wait for him to show up tonight! I'll give you all the juicy details tomorrow... if I can walk down to breakfast, that is!" Giggling, the two stumbled out of the bar. In one corner, a pair of women clapped as the door shut behind them.

Ava sighed in relief at the blessed quiet. That's what she needed -- quiet, stress-free relaxation... and no more reminders of her current, long-lasting, much lamented celibacy.

She'd booked the weekend at this women-only spa months ago and had been eagerly counting the days until she arrived. Two whole days and nights with no pressure, no one asking anything of her, no men around to remind her what she didn't have, no deadlines and no stress... quite literally, Heaven On Earth.

The bartender smiled at her as she wiped up the drink Bunny'd spilled. "Look at this," she said, nudging the damp paper napkin toward Ava. "Have you ever seen anything so ridiculous?"

Ava read the unsteady scrawl. "*Xat nesha maol felye osta*," she said aloud. No sparks flew, and no gorgeous sex god fell from the sky. "What's that, 'For A Good Time Call' in Martian? Poor Muffy, I said it first. I suppose she'll have to entertain herself."

The bartender laughed at her sarcasm and moved away to serve another customer. Ava checked her watch and hurried to finish her drink so she wouldn't be

late for her appointment time. Oh, she needed this -- two hours of bliss in the form of a full-body massage and facial, to be followed by a nice long turn in the sauna.

Her appointment was set in one of the small pagodas surrounding the central sauna building. She slipped through the door and sighed happily at the sight of the massage table surrounded by candles. Soft music played through hidden speakers and the screens were drawn shut for privacy. The instructions said to undress and wait on the table for her masseuse, and Ava wasted no time in shedding her cover-up and bikini.

The sheets on the table, cool and crisp, sent shivers over her bare breasts, belly, and thighs. Fragrance from the scented candles teased her senses as she closed her eyes and relaxed, resting her head on the padded face-rest. She could already feel her tense muscles unknotting in anticipation.

The soft opening and closing of the door announced the arrival of the massage therapist. Ava caught a whiff of... no, that couldn't be men's cologne?

What the hell? No way she would've shucked her swimsuit and lain prone on this bed if she'd known a man was coming in. Her cellulite was displayed for no man, ever. Period. Surely it was just an unusual perfume that she smelled -- that was the only logical explanation. This spa served, and employed, women only.

Footsteps neared the table and she heard the click of a lighter. The warm scent of sage from the newly-lit smudge bundle filled the room with an exotic, almost intoxicating scent.

"Hello, Ava. Relax and I will see to your needs today."

The deep, masculine voice confirmed her suspicions. "I thought Heaven On Earth had a strictly female staff," she said, her accusatory voice slightly muffled against the face-rest as she twisted her fingers tightly in the sheet.

"Normally, that is so," he replied. His voice was closer now, right beside the table. "However, you called me, and I came."

"I most certainly did not request a male massage therapist!"

One large, warm hand was gently placed upon her shoulder, and the contact stole her voice. Not threatening, not restraining, but utterly breathtaking just the same. The warmth of his palm on her bare skin sent a shivery jolt of sexual awareness to settle between her thighs.

"You did not request me for your massage." If his touch was sensual, it was nothing compared to the erotic promise in that soft, deep voice. "But you called me, just the same. Don't you remember, Ava?"

Those strange words she'd just spoken in the bar came back to her in a rush. "You -- you --" She couldn't seem to make herself say it.

"You summoned me," he finished for her. "You spoke my invocation, called me to you. It is my pleasure to take care of you."

For an endless moment, Ava lay there, silent and stunned. This was... it was beyond belief. It was impossible. It was absolutely insane. There was no way in hell she was going to have sex with a man she didn't know -- whose face she hadn't even seen! She had to be off her rocker to even consider it.

And yet the touch of his hand stirred all the urges she'd been denying for the last year.

Maybe it was the smoke from the herbs he'd lit. Maybe it was the combination of those before-lunch drinks and hearing that explicit, erotic conversation in the bar. Maybe it was just that she was horny as hell and needed release so badly she didn't care. Or maybe she really had completely lost her mind. Whatever the reason, she didn't want to carry this unfulfilled ache any longer.

If he was offering, by God, she was accepting.

"Take care of me, then," she whispered, and felt the hot blush cover her entire body.

His hand moved at her words, stroking the length of her spine and sweeping the sheet down. His other hand joined in at her waist, slick with fragrant oil. Both palms swept over her hips. "Mmm, I like what you're not wearing," he said, those big hands slipping lower, caressing her buttocks, kneading and teasing.

The massage table shifted slightly as he climbed up to straddle her. Ava fought the need to squirm with the intensity of her arousal. Somehow, not knowing his name or what he looked like only heightened the forbidden sensuality of this moment. He slid his hands up her back again, over her shoulders, rubbing with just the right amount of pressure, relaxing her.

She almost jumped out of her skin when he nipped the shell of her ear. The little sting was soothed at once by a hot sweep of his tongue, and the contrast of pain and pleasure heightened her arousal almost unbearably. Yes, she could believe this man was a sex god, because her clit throbbed and her thighs trembled from desire. And all he'd done was stroke her back!

"I can stroke anything else you'd like," he murmured in her ear, his lips brushing the sensitive skin. "I'll stroke everything else. Give yourself to me, Ava. Let me take care of you."

Slowly, she forced herself to breathe and relax the muscles she hadn't realized had tensed. "Perfect, lover. Perfect," he praised, and then those magical hands were sliding along her ribs, fingertips brushing the sides of her breasts.

At the same time, he lowered his body over hers. She hissed in a breath as the thick, hard ridge of his cock nestled between her oil-slick buttocks. God, he felt huge! Rocking his hips ever so slightly, his hands moving on the sides of her breasts, he nibbled his way down the back of her neck.

Slowly, so slowly she wanted to howl with impatience, he finally cupped both breasts in his hands. Ava let out a shuddering moan as he rolled her nipples between his fingers. "I want these in my mouth," he whispered against her skin. "I want them on my tongue, and then I want to lick my way down your body. I'm going to get my tongue inside you, Ava, and I'm not going to stop until you've had the multiples you've wanted for years."

This time, when that big, hot cock slid forward, she moaned and lifted her ass to meet it. God, she wanted him to make good on every one of those promises! She didn't

care how he knew she'd never had a multiple. All she cared about was finally finding out how they felt, and getting his tongue in a position to show her.

"Turn over, Ava," her lover murmured, and she kept her eyes closed as she obeyed, not wanting to break the spell.

He chuckled, but didn't ask her to open them. Instead, he cupped her breasts in his hands again, drawing teasing little patterns over her skin with his fingertips but bypassing her aching nipples entirely. "Do you want me to suck these pretty little nipples, Ava?" he asked, his low voice like a dark velvet seduction as he circled them with a fingertip.

"Yes," she breathed. Had she ever been this wet?

"Do you want me to lick your sweet clit?"

The mental image was enough to make her shudder. "Oh, yes."

"Do you want to be stuffed full of my cock, sweet Ava? Do you want me to fuck you until you come all over me?"

"Yes!" she cried, so turned on she was about to come before he ever got anywhere near her pussy.

"Good," he whispered. "That's very good, Ava, because I'm going to do it all."

Then quit talking and get started! she wanted to shout, but before she could draw a breath, he'd captured one nipple between his teeth and was suckling her like a man possessed.

She didn't even recognize the sounds coming from her own mouth. His tongue truly was magic, flicking and rubbing, licking and teasing, shooting pleasure through her body with almost unbearable force. Then he switched sides, subjecting her other breast to the same sensual assault. Ava moaned and whimpered, cried out and writhed beneath him. Nothing in her entire life had ever felt so damn good.

His hands weren't idle. Parting her thighs and slipping between them, he bathed his fingers in her moisture and traced erotic patterns on her softest flesh with the slickness. When at last he slid down her body, leaving a trail of kisses and bites, she was shaking with anticipation of feeling what he would do next.

He didn't tease her now. Thrusting one slick finger deep in her pussy and another pressing inside her ass, he licked her clit and moaned with pleasure at the taste. Ava bucked beneath him with the sudden sensory overload, unable to stop the movement. He moaned as he suckled her, and the deep vibration sent her over the edge into an almost violent orgasm.

He didn't give her time to recover. His tongue was never still, his fingers rubbing and thrusting, his broad shoulders wedging her thighs open for his feast, and Ava had barely stopped moaning with her first orgasm when the second one took her by surprise. "Oh, God!" she cried, both hands fisting in the sheet beneath her as wave after wave of pleasure erupted through her. Dear Lord, it was the most intense thing she'd ever felt in her life.

And he still didn't relent. "More," he growled, adding more fingers inside her, thrusting deeper in both her pussy and her ass, licking her nonstop and growling his approval with each new orgasm. Ava knew she was making too much noise, that people outside their little pagoda would hear her, and couldn't stop or make herself care.

She had no idea how much time passed before that incredible tongue left her. Ava would've protested its loss, but she felt his cock against her thigh. On impulse, she reached down and cupped him in her hands -- oh, Christ, he was huge. Eyes still closed, she explored his length and girth with her fingers, her anticipation warring with anxiety.

"You're too big," she whispered, rubbing her palm over his blunt head.

"Trust me," he said, gently disengaging her hands. "I'll fill you completely and you're going to love it."

Before she could tense, his cock pressed at the slick, swollen entrance of her pussy. She moaned at the heat of him sliding against her hyper-sensitive flesh. Pressing inside, stretching her, stuffing her full of the biggest cock she'd ever tried to take, he gave her no respite as he inexorably pushed inside.

And damn, he was right -- she loved it. She loved the thickness of him as he impaled her, loved the heat of him thrusting deeper and deeper. Within moments she had her legs locked around his waist, pulling him deeper still, but he set the pace. Only when he was seated to the hilt, so deep she could hardly believe she'd taken him all, did he pause.

"I want to watch you play with your breasts while I fuck you," he said, his deep voice making it a command, not a request.

Ava didn't even think of refusing.

When she cupped her breasts in her hands, he slid out and slammed back home. Moaning, she pinched her nipples, already feeling another orgasm building as he fucked her hard and fast. His hands tight on her waist, his hips slapped against hers over and over as he drove his full length into her again and again. She cried out, coming again, and reveled in his satisfied growl.

"Keep doing that," he said when her hands fell away from her breasts, and Ava moaned as she cupped them again. Suddenly his finger was back at her ass, pressing inside again, and the sensation of this double-penetration sent her crashing into yet another orgasm.

She lost track of time as she came again and again, lost all sense of herself as a businesswoman, all memory of stress, all thought of responsibilities. Now, in this moment, with this man fucking her like he'd die if he stopped, Ava was all woman, a sensual and powerful woman at the height of her sexual power.

And when he finally, finally came inside her, she caught him in her arms and held him until his body stopped shaking.

Long minutes passed as they lay there, bodies still entwined, breathless and limp with satisfaction and exhaustion. Ava didn't open her eyes. She didn't want this moment to end, not ever. She'd never felt anything like this in her life.

But suddenly, her arms were empty. He was gone.

Ava's eyes flew open and she sat bolt upright. Drawing a breath to call for him, she blew it out in frustration when she remembered that she didn't even know his

name. God, why hadn't she asked some questions first? To come across a lover like that and not even try to discover where she could find him again...

The merest suggestion of a breeze teased her ear, a caress almost like his tongue along the sensitive shell, even though the room's windows were still closed. "You know how to find me," it whispered softly. "When you need me again, sweet Ava, just call."

Amelia Elias

Meet Amelia Elias, mother of ten (okay, so some of her “kids” have four legs and a tail), home health nurse (which is great because it affords her so much time to sit and chat with her clients), and author of many stories (most of them written to shut up those persistent voices in her head -- though new ones always take their place). Amelia is slender, buxom, graceful, plays classical piano, speaks seventeen languages, is always immaculately dressed, and is titled nobility on an oilrig off the coast of England.

And the nobility thing is actually true.

Amelia writes about everything from genies in a bottle, to gods and goddesses, to gorgeous vampires and hot, sexy Fae. Her stories are set in such locations as Olympus, two versions of an alternate earth, vampire-owned nightclubs, and the really, truly crazy ones happen in the real world.

Some say she can be a bit scattered with her writing. Amelia disagrees, arguing, “No, not at all! I am very focused and... and... wait, do you have a pen? I just got a great idea for a romance between a shape-shifting ghost and an alien!”

Learn more about Amelia’s books, pets, and delusions at www.AmeliaElias.com, or join her mailing list at AmeliaEliasGroup.