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A photograph of a very muscular man, shirtless, holding a large cardboard box. He is standing in what appears to be a gym or fitness studio, with a barbell rack visible in the background. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his physique.

Special Delivery

Marissa de A'mor

Marissa d'Amor

SPECIAL DELIVERY

By

Marissa de A'mor



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Dedication:

Thanks to my FANTABULOUS editors, JJ and Tracey, for inspiring me to create this short. I couldn't have done it without them

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Chapter One

Tracey Marigold looked at the stack of invoices in front of her. Today was delivery day. She knew Sam, her regular UPS driver, would be there at any time with her weekly packages. Selling 'Magnifique' cosmetics had turned into a full-time job for her. The demand had risen over the last year and now she couldn't get her products in fast enough. Her delivery schedule had quickly changed from once a month to once a week. It was amazing.

Tracey's house was the last stop on Sam's route. At five-thirty on the dot her doorbell rang. Smiling as she stood from her desk, she went to answer the door.

"Hey, Sam, come on in," she welcomed immediately before actually looking outside her door. The routine was so normal that she didn't think anyone other than Sam was out there. The appearance of an extra driver startled her and she took a step back. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a partner today, Sam."

A partner indeed! The man was a sun-kissed Adonis. He was tall with tanned skin and long hair pulled into a ponytail at the nape of his neck. His shirt looked two sizes too small with enough buttons undone to leave nothing to the imagination. Even his shorts were a bit short, but he had the sexiest legs Tracey had ever set eyes on. Speaking of eyes, his were a piercing green that cut right through her.

"Miss Tracey," Sam interrupted her lustful daydream of taking the dark stranger to her bedroom and doing naughty things to him. "This is Carlos Garcia. He's going to be my replacement, so I'm showing him the route."

Tracey suddenly snapped completely out of her trance, hoping Carlos didn't notice her glassy eyes and drooling. "You're what? Where are you going?" The shock was evident in her face and tone. She noticed Carlos' smile at how flustered she had become.

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"I'm retiring. Carlos will take over the route starting next week." Sam shoved his hands in his pockets as he spoke. There was a combination of disappointment and relief in his eyes.

"Oh, Sam, I'm going to miss you." Tracey was being sincere, but she was also considering how distracting it would be to see tall, dark and sexy every week. She shuddered at the thought.

"I'll be leaving you in good hands, Miss Tracey." Sam patted Carlos on the shoulder--his very broad shoulder. "He's a quick learner and much stronger than I am," he chuckled as he squeezed the protruding muscles on the man's arm. Sam's fingers barely fit around the massive expanse.

Tracey wanted to crawl under a rock and die. Carlos sent strange quivers through her entire body. She couldn't explain what it was, but she knew she liked it. "I'm sure he'll do fine. I mean--he has you to show him the ropes."

"Well, Miss Tracey, I promise to live up to Sam's standards." Carlos gave her another flashy smile and winked.

Dear God, his voice carried right through her. His voice was deep and had a subtle Spanish accent. It made him seem even more exotic to her. Tracey could feel herself melting.

"Don't worry, Carlos, I'm sure you'll do great." Turning away quickly before her face turned a bright red, she showed Carlos the way to her home-office so he could put down her boxes. She and Sam had developed a relationship and since she was his last stop for the evening, he didn't mind bringing her packages in. Besides, those boxes were always too heavy and she usually had a cold drink waiting for him as well. Sam always seemed to appreciate the gesture.

Keeping her nerves and lust at bay, Tracey went through all the motions of a usual delivery day. There was no need to let on that she had the hots for the new United Package Service guy. He was just another guy dropping off her packages. Yeah, that was it. As long as she kept repeating that to herself there was a slight possibility she would actually believe it... or maybe not. *Keep your cool, Tracey, keep your cool.* Talking to herself was not usually a good sign, but in this case it was almost necessary.

The men placed her boxes in a pile inside the office and then drank the cold lemonade. Tracey told Sam once again how she was going to miss having him around, but that she was sure Carlos would be a good replacement. If nothing else he would

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definitely be good to look at. His muscles tightened with his every movement. Watching him sent tiny shocks all through her. Her body wanted to ravish him, but her mind kept her libido in check. *Damn that mind--no fun at all.*

Sam and Carlos said their good-byes, leaving Tracey with naughty little mental images as she closed the door and tried to get back to her invoices. It was an impossible task at that point. Carlos had invaded her thoughts once again. Realizing that no work would get done that evening, she closed the file and went upstairs to her bedroom.

A long hot shower seemed like the best solution. It had been a long day of non-stop calls. Tracey stripped out of her clothes and walked into the bathroom. Once in the large, dimly lit space, she changed her mind and filled her jetted tub instead. She ran the hot water and pressed the button for the powerful jets.

Easing into the tub, she closed her eyes and drifted off into total relaxation. Seconds later, there was Carlos in all his naked glory. He was standing over her with a big smile on his face, admiring her body beneath the bubbling water.

Tracey looked up at the Latin God before her with longing and lust in her eyes. Licking her lips in anticipation, she watched as Carlos stepped into the tub in front of her. Settling himself in, he planted a leg on either side of her and pulled her close to him.

"Have you been waiting long, mi amor?" his deep voice purred into her ear.

"Too long," she replied against his strong chest. Her hands reached out to feel all the ridges of his abdomen.

Carlos placed a firm hand beneath her chin and raised her head to look at him. "I'm here for you now."

His voice and accent traveled to her innermost being. A low moan escaped her quivering lips as his mouth covered hers and took possession. His kiss was deep and demanding. He squeezed her closer, his erection poking her as the hunger within him seemed to grow.

Tracey moaned again as her center throbbed with need. There was no denying her hunger. It had been too long since she had felt a man inside her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling his rigid erection closer to her desperate and aching center. The tip of his cock nestled at the opening of her pulsing sex.

Her breath caught in her throat, but he never released her from his grip. The need within her grew stronger, and just as she wanted to scream out his name...the phone

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rang, waking her from her relaxed state of mind. She lunged out of the tub a dripping and shivering mess, trying to answer it before the caller hung up.

“Hello,” she answered nearly out of breath. “No, you have the wrong number.” Tracey slammed the cordless phone down in frustration, her body still yearning for the man in her dream. Shaking her head, she decided it was time to get out of the tub and into bed.

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Chapter Two

The dream of Carlos continued to wreak havoc on Tracey's mind and body. She just couldn't get him out of her thoughts. He had even managed to sneak into her deepest fantasies. The week flew by and before she knew it, it was Friday again. The UPS delivery was inevitable. Sitting at her desk as usual, she caught her reflection in the monitor. *Holy shit, I look awful. I can't answer the door looking like this.*

Her appearance had never bothered her before, but now that it was Carlos making the deliveries, she wanted to look more presentable. Darting to her bedroom across the hall from the office, she stripped out of her t-shirt and shorts. She stepped into her walk-in closet and rummaged through her clothes, but nothing seemed to catch her eye. One was too much, the other not enough. She didn't want it to be obvious that she had dressed up for him. Standing in the middle of her messy closet, hands on hip, she let out a sigh of frustration. *What the hell am I doing?*

Tracey finally decided on her slightly too-tight hip hugger jeans and a skintight, v-neck, cotton, lavender colored top. Looking in the full-length mirror, she nearly screamed at the condition of her hair. Her long, fiery red locks were in shambles. Grabbing a hair tie, she pulled it all back into a neat ponytail at the nape of her neck. That was as good as it was going to get so she forced herself back into her office and attempted to work. She was *not* waiting for the doorbell to ring, she sternly informed herself, trying to focus on her work.

Twenty minutes later the doorbell finally rang and Tracey's heart nearly leapt out of her chest. Her hands shook and her nerves were shot to hell. Standing slowly from her leather chair, she headed toward the front door to let Carlos in with her boxes. As she approached the door, she could see his large frame shadowed through the glass. Her pulse raced at the sight of him.

As she opened the door, she mustered the best smile she could, despite her nervousness. "Hey there."

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“Good evening, Miss Tracey. May I come in?” Carlos’ deep sultry accent floated in the very air surrounding her, sending pulsing shivers of desire down to her core.

“Of course.” She stepped aside to allow him entry. He walked past her and smiled. She caught him staring at her straining breasts in the tight top she wore nearly painted on. It almost made her a little self-conscious, but flattered at the same time. She followed him into the office as he set her boxes down beside the desk. “Thanks.”

“No need, Miss Tracey. It’s my pleasure.” The words dripped out of his mouth like honey. His bright smile added to the lust that swept through her.

She took a deep breath and hoped he didn’t notice her sudden lack of oxygen. “You can just call me Tracey.”

“Okay.” His smile grew wider, showing off his pearly white teeth and full lips.

“You must be tired and thirsty. I should still have some lemonade if you’re interested.” Tracey turned to walk toward the kitchen with Carlos following close behind. She could feel her blood boiling at the thought of his body so close to hers. They reached the kitchen and she offered him a stool at the counter.

Turning to the fridge and opening it, she groaned, “Damn, I’m out of lemonade. Sorry.”

“Actually,” he leaned forward and peeked around her into the open fridge, “you got any beer in there?”

“Yeah, but aren’t you still on duty?” There was an alarm sounding in the back of her head. *Danger, danger, bad boy alert!* Tracey did a good job of ignoring it. She’d always had a thing for the bad boys. The fact that he wanted a beer made her want him that much more. All she wanted to know now was if he had a tattoo on that fine ass and a shiny Harley to make out on. If that were the case, she’d ravish his sexy, tanned body in a heartbeat.

Carlos’s lips curled into an almost evil smirk. “One won’t hurt, unless you’re going to try to get me drunk.” He winked and threw that bedroom smile her way again. It was killing her.

Giving in to his hot body and sexy glance, she passed him a bottle of beer. “You didn’t get it from me if you get in trouble.”

He winked and raised the bottle to her in a toast, “But trouble is my middle name.” Chugging down every drop, he rose from the stool and placed the empty bottle on the counter. “I have to get back to the office to turn in the truck.” He walked around

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the counter and towards the front door. “Thanks for the beer.” He stopped and spun to face her, “And by the way, that top looks good on you.”

She felt her face flush a bright red, “Thanks.”

She closed the door behind him and thought for sure she was going to pass out. It did feel good to get a compliment though. At least he noticed. Not all men do that. It was actually refreshing.

The following week crept by. Tracey found herself counting the days until the next delivery. There was just something about Carlos that made her wild. She couldn't keep her mind off him and on her work. He was present in all her dreams, day and night. *I have got to relax.* Leaving the office and walking toward the bedroom, she decided a nap was definitely in order. The lack of sleep was wreaking havoc on her tired body.

Slipping between the silky emerald sheets, she drifted right off to sleep and found dreamland waiting for her. *There, in the distance of her subconscious, sweating with desire, was Carlos in all his glistening glory. He stepped down from his delivery truck wearing only his work shorts, nothing else.*

The sun reflected off his hairless, tanned chest. Tracey melted as she noticed the tattoos that graced his heavenly large build. There was a tribal band around his left bicep and an intricate design encircling his belly button. Every ripple in his six-pack bulged as he walked toward her with a smirk curving his lips slightly.

Mesmerized by his tanned skin stretched taut over well-developed muscles, her hot gaze traveled to the bulge developing in his shorts. With eyes wide as saucers, she realized just how tight a fit he would be. Her heart pounded in her chest as Carlos got closer to her. She licked her lips in anticipation, knowing his full lips would be covering hers in a matter of moments.

Not able to wait to clear the distance between them, Tracey began to move toward Carlos slowly. She raised her arms to embrace him when they reached each other... clunk!

“Shit!” In an effort to make her dream a reality, Tracey had managed to fall out of bed, waking herself too abruptly.

She sat herself up on the floor and had to laugh. The fact that she had fallen off the bed because she was dreaming was nothing short of hilarious. Shaking her head, she lifted herself up and onto the edge of the mattress.

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"I've *got* to do something about these dreams," she mumbled to herself.

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Chapter Three

It was obvious to Tracey that she needed to take action, but she wanted to be sure it wasn't a one-way street. Since she was a creative woman, she knew she could figure out whether or not Carlos was at all attracted to her. Once she knew that answer, she could make her move without being completely embarrassed. The plan had to be flawless and inconspicuous.

Friday rolled back around and Tracey was ready to put her plan into action. She already had cold beer in the fridge and was wearing a thin white blouse unbuttoned to her cleavage. Wearing a lacey push-up bra, she had more on display than usual. She knew she was cheating a little, but she had to get the big guns if she was going to reel him in. There was really no need to throw herself at the man. Just a little encouragement was all she figured he would need.

The doorbell rang right on time. As soon as she heard it, her heart leapt and her nerves went into overdrive. Luckily she had poured herself a glass of liquid courage. Taking the last sip, she walked to the door.

Tracey opened the door to find her Latin God standing there, out of uniform, and his tan that seemed a little darker than usual. She was speechless and knew Carlos must have noticed.

His smile grew wider. "I see you started the party without me today." Carlos pointed to her empty goblet as he spoke.

She looked down at her hand and shook her head. Without realizing it, she'd absently brought her drink glass with her, still clutching it like a talisman in her hand. She had forgotten to leave it in the kitchen on her way to the door.

"It's been a long week," she offered with a weak smile.

"Well, I only have one box for you today." He held the small package up for her to see.

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Tracey tilted her head to the side. "It was a strangely slow order week." She stared at Carlos with a puzzled expression, wanting to know why he was out of uniform. She would have preferred for him to be naked in her bed, but there was time for that.

Carlos must have noticed her puzzled look because he gave her a wide smile in response. "Is there something wrong?"

"I was just wondering why you're not in your regular uniform." She tried to peek around him to see if the big green truck was there, but it wasn't. In its place was a big black SUV. It was definitely not the usual UPS truck.

Carlos gave her a hearty chuckle. "I can explain once I get this box to your office," he gave her a wink as his lips curled into what looked like a smirk. "May I come in even though I'm not in my UPS shirt and shorts?"

Her heart pounded in her chest. "Of course you can." Tracey stepped aside so he could get by. As he passed her, his arm lightly brushed her right breast. It sent a bolt of lightening straight through her. Breath catching in her throat, she couldn't form any words of protest. However, she didn't want to protest. It felt damn good.

Tracey was still shocked in the hallway when Carlos emerged from the office. "Got anymore of that wine you were drinking?"

Looking at him with a blank stare, she was almost frozen in her spot. It was as though she was mesmerized by him all over again.

"Umm, yeah, sure. I should still have some in the kitchen." Offering him a stool, she took out another wineglass and poured them each some wine. Tracey sat on the stool across from him. "So, what's the story?" She asked as she took a sip, gazing into his chocolate brown eyes over the rim of her glass.

"You cut right to the chase don't you?" He took a sip of his wine as well. "Mmm, that's good."

He paused to lick his lips, sending a shiver down Tracey's spine and a tingle to her hardened nipples.

"I was actually off today. I decided it was too nice a day to be driving that truck, so I went to the beach instead." His expression was serious as he took another sip of his wine.

"So how did you get my package to deliver?" Tracey was intrigued and totally turned on by his initiative.

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“I know the guy that loads the trucks. I asked him to set it aside so I could bring it to you myself.” He leaned forward over the counter on his elbows. “I hope you don’t mind that I wanted to see you.”

Holy shit! He wanted to see me. Tracey subconsciously bit her lower lip. She noticed the corner of Carlos’s mouth turn up into what looked like a snarl. It was the sexiest thing she had ever seen.

“I don’t mind at all. I’m flattered, actually.”

“I spent the day wondering what you were wearing today.” His tone had lowered to a soft, melodic baritone. It beckoned to her, called her name.

She felt her face flush and her throat go dry. The flirting was what she hoped for and now she was frozen again. Taking a deep breath, she threw caution to the wind and went with her hormones instead.

“So did I choose wisely?” she asked as she sat up straight on the stool to show off her barely-there white blouse.

“Mmm, very nice, but...” His voice rumbled in his chest. Lust sparked in his eyes as he drank in the sight of her full breasts exposed by the transparent top. He reached over and undid another button, revealing more than just cleavage.

Carlos moved so smoothly that she didn’t have time to react. Her breath caught as she gasped, but she didn’t want him to stop. It was now or never. She needed to make up her mind and take what she knew she wanted. She noticed Carlos licked his lips while he gazed at the opening in her blouse, which was just enough to let her white lace bra and dark rosy nipples out for air.

She drank the rest of the wine in her goblet. She had to make the next move if she wanted to keep him there longer. Besides, he looked hungry and she wanted to be the main course. Her uncertainty about his feelings melted away. The expression on Carlos’s face and the look in his eyes convinced her that he wanted her as badly as she wanted him. Despite these facts, she needed another glass of wine, but she didn’t want to be drunk either. The affects of the previous two glasses were beginning to hit her.

It’s now or never, Tracey. The mental pep talk seemed to help. Rising from the stool, she walked around the counter to stand in front of him. He turned sideways to face her. She felt her temperature rise as she moved closer to him and spread his legs to stand between them. A low rumble escaped him just as she leaned in to kiss him. His lips were so soft.

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Carlos seemed to be shocked at first, but took Tracey's aggressive lead away from her quickly. His strong arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her into his muscled chest. She gasped into his open mouth as their tongues began to explore.

The kiss became more intense and demanding as Carlos moved his hand to cup her bottom, bringing his other arm around to cradle her back. Pulling her closer still, he moaned at the feel of her body pressed against his. His tongue swirled around hers as their mouths melted together.

Tracey was the first to pull away. Not that she wanted to, but she needed a breath. Besides, she realized they were wearing too much clothing. She wanted him naked. The thought sent scalding blood rushing through her veins. Images of Carlos naked played in her mind and soaked her already damp panties.

"What's wrong?" asked an out of breath Carlos.

Tracey smiled tenderly, gazing deeply into his warm eyes. "Nothing, I just had a thought."

"Mmm, really, what kind of thought?" He reached out and pulled her back toward him.

Wiggling out of his long-armed embrace, she took a step back and began to unbutton her blouse. Never breaking eye contact, she saw his eyes widen in anticipation.

"I thought maybe we had on too many clothes. It's getting hot in here." She bit her lower lip as the blouse rolled off her shoulders and fell to the floor.

"Mmm, baby, you're gorgeous," he purred. He growled as she moved close to him. Dear God, it sounded good, giving her an unexpected adrenaline rush.

Tracey leaned in close and slid her hands to the waist of his pants, pulling his tight t-shirt out of his jeans. Her body screamed out in curiosity, dying to see his bare chest. Carlos lifted his arms, making it easier for her to pull the shirt off and toss it aside.

Carlos pulled her into another tight embrace as he kissed her more passionately than before, hunger and desire obvious in his actions.

Tracey felt her knees go weak at his touch. His chest was hard and rippled in all the right places. She ran her hands along that smooth expanse as he reached behind her, unfastening her bra. A moan escaped her lips, but was lost within the warmth of his hungry mouth. Her heart pounded almost audibly and echoed in her ears.

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Carlos pulled back, interrupting the kiss in order to get her bra off completely, freeing her full and straining C cup-sized breasts. He groaned aloud before lowering his head to take a puckered nipple into his mouth.

Tracey arched her back into him, her body tingling everywhere. The feel of his mouth wrapped around her breast was sending electrical surges through her aching body. It was a sensation she had not felt in far too long.

She moaned as he nibbled and suckled, and again when he moved to her other waiting breast. Her hands fumbled on his jeans, unbuttoning and unzipping in desperation. There was a low rumble as Carlos chuckled at her attempts to get him out of his pants.

“Patience, *mi amor*, we have time.” Rising from the stool, he lifted Tracey off the floor. She immediately wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. “Which way to your bedroom?” his deep voice whispered into her ear.

Without giving it a second thought she replied, “Across from the office.”

Recapturing her lips with his, he began to maneuver them down the hall to her bedroom, careful not to knock them into any walls. The need in their kiss was overwhelming. The further down the hall they moved, the hungrier and deeper the kiss. By the time they reached her room they were in a frenzy of moans.

Stepping into the dimly lit room, Carlos shifted and pressed her against the wall near the door. Pushing his hard strong body against hers, he held her up with one arm and unbuttoned his jeans with the other.

Seconds later there was an enormous erection poking her through her cotton shorts. Though strained in his boxer briefs, Tracey could feel his cock through the thin fabric and couldn't wait to feel him inside her. Her breath caught.

“Get me out of these shorts.” Her voice growled into his ear. “I need to feel all of you.”

“Mmm, you greedy woman.”

Still up against the wall, she unwound her legs from his waist and he lowered her to the floor. As she was about to reach for her shorts, Carlos stopped her. Her head shot up to look at him. Towering over her short frame, Carlos was a six foot four inch giant.

“What are you doing?” she nearly whined from the desperation she felt.

“Allow me, *mi amor*.” Moving her hands away from the button, he began to trail butterfly kisses down her body. He started at her breasts and worked his way down her

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tight tummy to her belly button, then stopped at the waistband of her shorts. He undid the snaps and dropped the shorts to her ankles, revealing her lacy white thong. “Mmm, baby, you even shaved for me.”

Tracey was grateful for the support she had from the wall behind her because her body was melting beneath his touch. The sound of his voice along with his echoing moans was driving her mad. Stepping out of the shorts, she reached around and let his hair loose from the tie at the nape of his neck. She couldn't resist, besides she was dying to tangle her fingers in that mass of black silk.

Carlos was still down on one knee in front of her. Grabbing her hips with both hands he held her against the wall and kissed her belly button, swirling his tongue around it.

More shivers shot through her at the feel of his tongue on her bare skin.

His face inched its way downward, nuzzling and nibbling her damp pussy through the material of the thong. She moaned and arched her back slightly as she entwined her fingers in his long hair.

His hands moved to her bottom as he pulled her pelvis closer to him. Tracey's breathing became more erratic with every sensational movement of his tongue. “Take them off,” she muttered between gasps of breath. Her body ached for him, but her panties were preventing her from getting what she needed.

Carlos didn't need to be told twice. He hooked his fingers in the waist of her panties and pulled them off of her. There she stood, naked and horny as hell. As he rose and reached for her, she put her hand on his chest to stop him.

“Don't move,” she whispered in her bedroom voice.

Tracey ran her hand the length of his strong chest, down to his washboard abs. From the looks of his boxer briefs, those weren't the only hard muscles on his body. Stepping closer, she decided to give as good as she got. She kissed his chest and worked her way down from his belly button. She felt him tense as she hooked her fingers in his waistband and prepared for removal. With one fast jerk his underwear was around his ankles and his cock stood at full attention.

Despite herself, Tracey couldn't help but stare. She had never seen a cock that size before. The man was hung like a horse and she prayed to God that he knew how to use his equipment.

“Carlos, you're so big!”

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“Yeah, baby, and it’s all for you.”

Carlos pulled Tracey back up and lifted her into his arms so she could wrap her legs around his waist again. He didn’t know it, but that position made her crazy. Crushing her up against the wall, he maneuvered one hand between them and found her swollen bud. He rubbed gently with his thumb as she gasped for air.

She threw her arms around his neck and sank her fingers into his hair while her lips sought out his. There was nothing like a passionate kiss to enhance the sex. She moaned into his mouth while he continued to tease her clit.

When he felt her begin to drip with excitement, he raised her just enough to ease his cock into her. The sensation was pure magic. He was slow and gentle, making sure to get every last inch of his thickness inside her. He used the leverage of the wall to bury himself deep within her soft moist channel.

Tracey could feel herself being stretched to the limit by his massive erection, but it felt so good. She moaned in ecstasy as Carlos began to thrust into her. She held on for dear life as he pounded her against the wall.

“Yes,” she screamed. Her hormones had taken control. “Faster, Carlos, faster.” She could barely believe that it was her screaming like that, but he brought out the animal in her. She couldn’t get enough.

Carlos obliged her once again, pounding harder and faster into her dripping pussy. Her moans grew louder and turned to orgasmic screams as she felt herself begin to lose control.

“No, baby, hold it a little longer. I don’t want to come yet.” His voice begged her to wait for her release. His thrusting became faster and more demanding, as though he knew she needed to reach her end.

“Oh God,” she cried out as she began to feel the waves of her orgasm wash through her through her body. The thrusting slowed as she felt Carlos explode within her with a growl and a moan.

Their release was in unison and in her mind, it could not have been more perfect. He rested his body against hers for a moment, catching his breath.

Tracey ran her fingers through his sweat-dampened hair as she looked into his exhausted face. A smile curled her lips and she giggled despite herself.

Carlos looked at her with his eyebrow cocked in question.

“I just had a funny thought.”

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“What’s that, *mi amor*?”

“Does this mean you can’t be my UPS man anymore?” She laughed again, knowing it was a silly and childish thing to mention after such a remarkable moment.

Carlos had to laugh as well. “No, baby, it just means I’ll have a special delivery for you every time.”

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About the Author

Marissa de A'mor was born in NY, but raised in Miami, FL. She has been writing fiction since she was 15, but discovered erotica only 3 years ago. Marissa is married and has a wonderful 7 year old son.