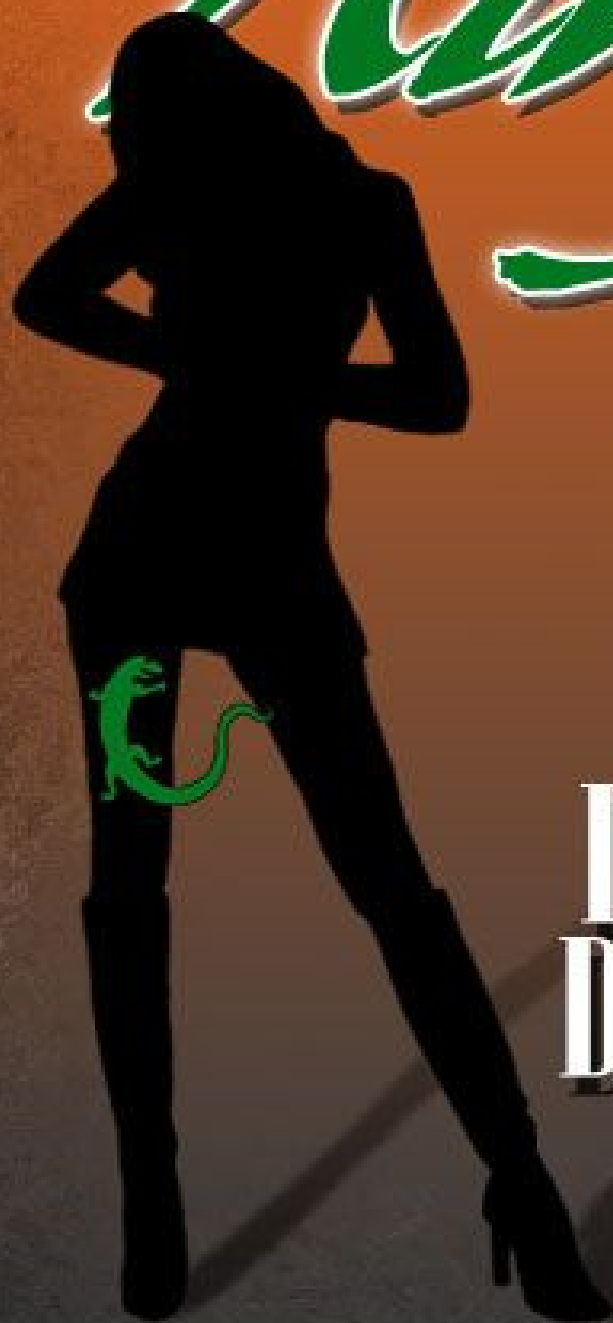


Loose Id *Fling*

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DOREEN
DESALVO



Praise for the writing of Doreen DeSalvo

Once a Thief

Doreen DeSalvo's *Once a Thief* is the most sensually erotic short story I have ever read. The foreplay between the two main characters in this book is absolutely scorching. I was glued to every page...In my opinion this book is a necessary sensual read.

-- Dianne Noguerras, Coffee Time Reviews

Once a Thief is both gritty and heartwarming. Doreen DeSalvo has written a very sensual story of redemption. The emotions are very real and nothing is held back as boundaries are crossed in this unique love story. If you like to push the limits, you don't want to miss this one!

-- Chere Gruver, Sensual Romance

Doreen DeSalvo has penned an intense short tale of attraction, sex and, ultimately, of learning to look beneath people's surface.

-- Angela Camp, Romance Reviews Today

Once A Thief is a very strong story that pushes the boundaries on just how much we are willing to trust someone to help us fulfill our most hidden desires. I was thoroughly caught up in the story and I took each step with Katherine as if it were my own. Phew, thank you Ms. DeSalvo for penning this read and please do grace us with another book soon.

-- Joy Harris, Fallen Angels Reviews

Once a Thief is now available from Changeling Press.

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Doreen DeSalvo

Loose Id
www.loose-id.com

Warning

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This book is rated:

 SCORCHING

Substantial explicit sexual content.

Doreen DeSalvo

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I could never work in an office. Being cooped up in a little cubicle all day would drive me nuts. I'd rather be sweating at hard physical work than sitting behind a desk. That's why I'm a bike messenger.

I guess it's a weird job for a chick, but I like it. The money's good if you haul ass, and climbing those San Francisco hills the tourists bitch about really keeps me in shape. I go to the offices, hate the people, and thank god I don't have to spend eight hours a day with these boring desk jockeys. But last month one of these corporate types surprised me.

It was after six o'clock, and I had a rush delivery to a law firm. The place looked deserted, so I started wandering around the halls calling, "Hey, anybody home?"

A deep baritone answered, "Back here." I followed the voice to an open door and peered into the office. The guy behind the desk was on the phone, so I stood there and checked him out while he finished his call.

Now, normally I wouldn't have looked twice at a corporate lawyer, but I could tell this one was a rebel. He wore a suit, but not one of those boring blue "uniform" suits with yellow power ties that all the corporate clones wear; this guy had on a pin-striped, vested suit, complete with a bow tie and a gold watch chain dangling from the vest pocket. His skin was

swarthy like an Italian's, and his hair was black and wiry. But the greatest thing was his huge black moustache: the kind that curls up at the corners. All he needed was a cigar and he'd have been right at home in some 1930s gangster movie.

Mr. Moustache hung up and smiled at me. That was a shock. Not only did he have one of those lopsided, bone-melting smiles, but he *looked* at me, really looked at me. Most business types ignore messengers more than we ignore them; it's like we're beneath their notice. But this guy was really checking me out, and I liked it, even though he was a lawyer -- and probably almost twenty years older than me, too.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," that deep voice said. Another shock -- since when do people apologize for keeping messengers waiting? Mr. Moustache was some polite guy. I gave him the envelope and showed him where to sign for it.

"Thanks." He gave me another of those warm smiles. I stared at that glorious bush of hair on his upper lip and wondered how it would feel against my lips. Soft? Wiry? Would it tickle?

Static blared from my radio. "Twenty-two, you out there?" my dispatcher whined.

I dragged my eyes away from the moustache and fumbled with the radio holster. "Yeah, I'm clean."

Mr. Moustache looked amused, but "clean" is just messenger lingo for when you've delivered all your packages.

"You're free then. The board's empty," my dispatcher announced.

"Ten-four."

I looked up and found Mr. Moustache studying me. Then he smiled that incredible smile of his, and all of a sudden I wanted him. I didn't care that he was a total stranger. I wanted to feel that moustache on my neck, on my nipples; I wanted to feel it brushing against my pussy lips, tickling my clit. From the look in his eyes, I knew the odds were pretty good I'd get my wish.

He stood and slung off his vest, as if I'd told him. "I'm clean too."

That sexy grin had me drop my messenger bag and radio holster to the floor. He stepped closer to me and rested his hands on my waist, testing the water before he dove in. I shrugged off my leather jacket and put my hands on his arms. Damn, his muscles were solid and bulky under that tailored shirt.

He bent down and brushed his lips across mine. I felt the first stroke of that gorgeous moustache and my knees started to wobble, so I hung onto his shoulders. He led me to the leather couch in the corner and tugged me down beside him. Before I could say a word, his big hands framed my face, his head lowered, and he gently kissed me. He was real cautious, like he was afraid of rushing me -- reverent, that's the word.

Now, I've been treated a lot of different ways by a lot of different guys, but reverence was a new one. It was a real turn-on. He stroked my back, my arms, my face -- all the places guys usually forget about -- and he kept giving me these slow, deep kisses. I've never been with a guy so willing to take it slow. This high-powered lawyer touched me like the only thing he cared about was pleasing me. Every now and then he'd pull back and look at my face, making sure I was having a good time, giving me a chance to change my mind.

He didn't have to worry. Those gentle touches were really getting me hot. He stroked my cheek, and I turned my head and planted my tongue in his palm. His hand shook. I guess he'd never done it in his office before, let alone with a messenger. To tell the truth, I'd never screwed a lawyer in his office, either.

His fingers poked gently at my braid; my hair's long and really thick, so I always braid it for biking. He teased my ear with his tongue, making me shiver. "May I unbraid your hair?"

So polite. I laughed and nodded, then sat up to make it easier for him.

His fingers were quick and nimble. As soon as my hair was falling down my back, he buried his face in it, biting my neck through the curtain of hair. The sharp edge of his teeth made me shiver. His hands came around and cupped my breasts, and my nipples perked to attention. I pulled off my T-shirt, then grabbed his hand and pulled him down onto that big black leather sofa with me.

His eyes stayed glued to my bra, like he'd never imagined someone like me would wear something so sexy. I always wear lacy bras and panties under my jeans and leather jacket. I mean, sure I'm a bike messenger but I'm still a woman, right?

He found the front hook of my bra and released it. I wish I could say my breasts "spilled out," but they're kinda small and pretty firm, so firm I don't really need a bra -- I just wear one to feel sexy. Anyway, Mr. Moustache didn't look at all disappointed by my little cone-shaped boobs. He took one in each hand and squeezed, then stroked his thumbs over the hard, tingling nipples.

His hands were just a little rough. Not calloused, but very...masculine. The pads of his thumbs had me writhing, pressing into those big hands.

"Can I taste them?" I was whimpering by now, so I couldn't believe he had to ask. I nodded, then felt the light brush of his moustache, tickling my nipples, teasing me into a frenzy. He kept switching between his moustache and his tongue, moving from one nipple to the other. Rasp. Lick. Rasp. Lick.

After a few minutes of this torture my pussy was soaking wet. I squirmed against him, rubbing my thighs against the bulge of his cock, but he seemed happy just sucking my tits. I managed to unbutton his shirt, which he shrugged off while I unzipped my jeans. He yanked off his undershirt. No doubt he worked out every day, because his chest and stomach were totally solid.

I kicked off my shoes, then he helped me wriggle out of my jeans. His eyes glowed when he saw my pink satin panties. He lifted one of my feet to the back of the couch, then pushed the other foot off the edge -- spreading me open.

He sat between my thighs and ran his hands up my legs, squeezing gently, then he held my hips still and tickled my knees with his moustache. My knees are real ticklish, and they jerked apart involuntarily. He trailed one finger down the edge of my panties, agonizingly close to my poor aching cunt but never actually touching it. I reached for his hand,

determined to rub it against my clit, but instead he dragged my hand to his mouth and sucked on each of my fingers.

All I could think of was how great that warm, firm tongue would feel on my pussy. I jerked my hand out of his mouth and tried to pull his mouth down to my crotch, but he turned his head and his lips landed on my leg instead. He gave a throaty laugh -- he knew he was driving me crazy -- and sucked hard on my thigh.

"You're so muscular," he commented. "An occupational hazard?"

"Can't bike without muscles."

"It's sexy." A raspy tongue slid up the inside of my thigh. He quit licking before he reached my panties, and I ground my teeth in frustration.

He chuckled. "Patience, baby."

I'd have kicked the ass of any other guy who called me *baby*, but it seemed somehow right for this dark, handsome stranger, half out of his business suit.

I closed my eyes, but I knew he was looking at my face as he slid his hand between my thighs. When his fingers discovered the wet satin clinging to my pussy lips, I moaned and bit my lip. He rubbed his knuckles against me, gently teasing my clit, pushing into my hole through the fabric barrier. Then he knelt beside the couch and pressed his lips to my cunt, kissing me through my panties and sucking my juices from the material.

The ends of his moustache tickled the insides of my thighs. Damn, I wanted that moustache on my clit. "Please, please."

He laughed, low and husky, but I got my wish. His fingers slid under the elastic waistband of my panties and stripped them down my legs and over my feet.

Instead of going down on me, though, he spread my legs again and watched as he trailed his finger down between my pussy lips, finally pushing it deep inside me. He leaned over me and sucked on my breast again, using the palm of his hand to rub my clit.

I was melting all over his hand, wiggling my hips around on the couch to get the best friction on my clit, when I realized he still had his pants on. That seemed unfair.

I reached for his belt, but he moved away and planted wet, sloppy kisses all the way down my stomach until he met his hand. Then he pulled his fingers out of my cunt and dug into me with his tongue. His moustache tickled my clit... Oh, God. So good, I could have screamed.

I can always tell when guys aren't into eating pussy, and it's a real turn off. This guy loved it. He licked my pussy lips, sucked on each one, then put his mouth around my clit and moaned a little. The vibrations drove me crazy. Then he backed off and brushed my clit with his moustache.

I was desperate to come. "Suck me again."

"Like this?" He put his lips on my clit and gently drew it into his mouth.

"And hum again."

He did, sliding a couple of fingers into me for good measure. I felt the ends of his moustache on the insides of my thighs, his lips on my clit, the soft vibrations of his humming. My legs tensed up, and I knew I was about to come.

I took a deep breath -- I come harder when I hold my breath -- and the tangy scent of the leather couch pushed me right over the edge. The spasms began deep inside me, where he couldn't reach, but he knew what was happening and pressed his fingers deeper. My cunt muscles tightened around his fingers and I lifted my hips off the couch, pushing hard against his mouth. He kept his lips around my clit and moaned a little louder, and the extra vibrations carried me through the most violent orgasm of my life.

He waited until I was still before he left my cunt. Then he lay next to me and pulled me close, pressing my cheek against his chest while I tried to catch my breath. We were squished so close on the narrow couch, it seemed like he was touching every inch of my skin. I felt hot, moist kisses against my forehead, and the smell of my juices on his lips reminded me of all he'd done for me, of all I hadn't done for him.

“Your turn.” I pulled open his pants and reached inside to play with his cock. It was hot, hard, and wet from leaking, and touching it wasn’t enough. I slid out of his arms and knelt next to the couch to pull his pants off. He kicked off his shoes to help.

He didn’t have the biggest cock I’d ever seen, but it was thick and the skin was silky smooth. I started getting horny all over again just looking at him.

I toyed with his balls, scratching them lightly with my fingernails. With my head on his rock-solid stomach, his cock looked bigger. And juicier. My greedy tongue snaked out to catch the drop of moisture at the tip, but one taste wasn’t enough. I opened wide and took his whole cock into my mouth, sucking for all I was worth.

He gave a growl of surprise, then his hands tangled in my hair -- not pushing me, just feeling my jaw muscles as they worked on his cock. He tasted great; a little salty, a little tangy. Exactly how I expected a big guy like him to taste. I looked up and saw him watching me, so I put on a show, sliding his cock in and out of my mouth and running my tongue around the head. I cupped his balls in my hand, left his cock and licked my way down until I was licking his balls.

His hips lifted against my mouth. “Suck, baby.”

I love it when guys talk dirty to me -- especially after they’ve eaten me to coming, when I’m still aching to be filled. I took him in my mouth like a good girl, giving him slow, steady suction. I’d ride this cock soon. Real soon.

He moaned out loud, and that turned me on even more. I pressed my tits against his thighs, rubbing the sensitive, stiff nipples against his crinkly leg hair.

My cunt was flowing again, my clit tingling. I tried to wrap my legs around one of his, but I couldn’t get a good angle. He must’ve known what I wanted, though, because I felt his hand slide over my ass. I squirmed around, moving my hips closer to his hand, until he could reach me.

He rubbed my clit gently, but it was a little too gentle for me. I put my hand over his and showed him the rhythm and pressure I liked. He caught on quick.

Suddenly his hand stopped moving on me. I looked up to find him scowling, his eyes closed, and I knew he was ready to fire. But while I silently resigned myself to a one-orgasm session, he surprised me by pulling my head away from that luscious cock and grabbing for my waist. He was so strong, he lifted me right on top of him. I rubbed my pussy hard against his cock, sliding back and forth, bumping my clit against the head of his cock with each push. His hands pushed hard at my hips, pulling me back and forth, and his mouth twisted with a grimace.

Suddenly his eyes opened. "Fuck me, baby."

"Hell, yeah." I held his cock in one hand, he lowered me onto it, and I guided him straight into my throbbing cunt.

I started bouncing on him, but his hands slowed my hips to a grind so I could feel the sweet pressure of his pubic bone. God, he felt good. He pushed up into me, lifting his hips so high, I nearly lost my balance. The man had me primed. I came in a second, shaking and jerking, taking his cock even deeper.

He stayed with me, still hard, still lifting his hips in a furious, driving rhythm. I planted my hands on his solid chest and kept moving, kept moving, until he shouted -- so loudly that he hurt my ears. I watched his face as he came, watched him as he gasped and groaned, his lips stretching in an open-mouthed scowl that stretched his sexy moustache wide. I'd never seen a man come so hard, so fierce, as if every cell in his body climaxed.

I collapsed on top of him, breathless and panting, my ear pressed to his damp, hairy chest. The thump of his rapid heartbeat seemed oddly comforting. We lay there quietly, just gasping for air, winding down in each other's arms.

I expected him to leap up and get dressed as if nothing had happened, but it still pissed me off when he rolled me over and left the couch. I watched him walk to the door, naked and unselfconscious, and take his overcoat off the coat rack. He strutted back and lay down again, snuggling under the coat with me. I curled against his side. Looking out the windows, I could see a janitor cleaning offices in the building across the street.

He cleared his throat. "My name's Paul." He sounded a little embarrassed, like he'd never fucked a stranger. Hell, I never had, either.

"I'm Twenty-two."

That one stumped him. "Your age? Or your nickname?"

He must have remembered the dispatcher calling me Twenty-two. "Both, actually. But you can call me Jeannette." I don't know why, but I wanted him to know my real name.

We talked for a while -- just idle getting-to-know-you chat. He told me his wife had left him a year ago for a younger guy. That blew me away. Just one quickie with Paul had damn near worn me out. I told him she must not have liked great sex. He laughed and gave me a hug.

We slept for a little while, then he took me out to eat. I gotta say we made an odd couple, even by San Francisco standards -- me in my leather with him in a three-piece suit -- but we had a blast. We even decided to keep seeing each other.

I don't care when my friends tease me about my "sugar Daddy," 'cause I know they're just jealous. Yeah, he's almost old enough to be my father, but he doesn't act fatherly towards me at all. He's a nice guy and a great lover. And as long as he doesn't shave off that sexy moustache, I'm happy.

❧ The End ❧

Doreen DeSalvo

A lifelong daydreamer, Doreen DeSalvo sold her first short story at the age of eight. Her payment was a candy bar. Over thirty years later, her passion for writing -- and chocolate -- remain. Her work has received the National Association of Independent Publishers' *Fallot Literary Award* and the Doubleday Venus Book Club's *Best Book of the Year* award. She currently lives in a Victorian house in San Francisco with her husband of over 20 years, and considers herself fortunate to be writing stories that always have happy endings.

A denizen of the Internet since 1992, you can always find her at www.doreendesalvo.com.

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Read on for a tantalizing glimpse of

For the Heart of Daria

by Doreen DeSalvo

Coming from Loose Id in August 2004

For the Heart of Daria

Daria opened her eyes and found *him*—Gray...the target...God, the man who'd saved her life—gazing at her with a satisfied smile on his face.

She wanted to slap him. To slap that arrogant smile off of his face.

But it wasn't really an arrogant smile. He didn't look triumphant; he didn't look like a man who'd just made an easy conquest. No, his smile seemed...genuine. Tender. Like he was simply happy to have given her pleasure.

And he had.

Even his eyes were lit up with that smile, those stunning golden brown eyes, more compelling in person than in any of the holo-projections she'd studied. Amber eyes. And like amber, his eyes held secrets.

She knew most of them. But he didn't know it. And he didn't know that she had secrets of her own.

His fingers, the fingers that had brought her to a shattering climax, were still nestled between her legs. One finger was even partially inside her, a subtle invasion of her body, staking a claim. She felt unbearably exposed, looking into his smiling eyes while his hand rested on her most private parts. She couldn't think of a single thing to say.

She'd been prepared to fuck him to stay close to him. She'd steeled herself to endure it. To fake pleasure at his touch. To hide her revulsion, her hatred.

She hadn't been prepared to *enjoy* it.

Nothing could have prepared her for the way he'd kissed her. The way he'd touched her.

Why couldn't he have jumped on her like a horny space-sailor, fucked her quickly, and left her mildly disgusted? She'd expected him to treat her like a whore. Why did he have to treat her like a...like a lover?

He'd made a traitor of her body. And she'd gone down without a fight.

When he lifted his hand away, she almost thanked him for letting go. But he brought his fingers to her breast and rubbed wetness over her nipple. Even though she'd just climaxed, his wet fingers made her tingle.

His head dropped to her chest, his mouth closing over that nipple and suckling. Hard and deep. God, her breasts were excruciatingly sensitive. No one had ever played with her like this. Not after she'd climaxed.

She lifted herself against his sucking mouth and felt his chuckle deep inside her breast.

Enough. She needed to satisfy *him*. That was the whole point of sleeping with him. To make him want to keep her...just until she found a way to finish her mission.

She pushed at his shoulder. "I want to touch you."

He rolled off of her and settled on his side, facing her. "As you will."

An odd way to say, "OK," but that must be what he meant. She stroked his chest, let her hand wander down to his belly, felt his muscles tense. Leaning closer, she kissed his neck, then gave him a little bite. His breath caught; she felt it against her lips. She kept going, laying down a ring of nips and kisses on his neck. He'd have a few hickeys to hide in the morning.

His hand stroked her hair, holding her close. She moved her face down to his collarbone, ran her hand down his taut stomach, then back up again. Why did he have to have such a great chest? Tanned and broad, just enough hair to tease her skin with masculine roughness. Not too broad, not too muscled. Just...perfect. She followed the trail of hair down to his navel, dipping into his bellybutton.

She kept her face against his neck as she reached lower and found his cock. God, he was hot. Hot and hard...and longer than she'd expected. Not that she'd known what to expect. Her lips quirked up in a smile. That information hadn't been in the files she'd studied.

She wrapped her hand around him and gave a tentative stroke. Would he like it hard and fast? Soft and slow?

A firm hand caught her wrist before she could do more. “No.”

“Why not?”

He rolled her to her back and bent his head to her breasts, licking across a sensitive nipple. “Because you’ll make me climax too quickly, *dahsh’kara*.”

She didn’t know that alien word. And she didn’t care to. But she couldn’t muster up any outrage at him for speaking in that hateful alien language, not with his mouth on her breasts, planting sucking little kisses on her straining nipples.

She whimpered. God, she shouldn’t feel this good. Not with him. Not with a collaborator. “Stop. Let me...” She could barely think. “Let me touch you.”

“I’m not done touching *you* yet.”

“But I already...” Her face heated. Ridiculous, considering she was naked in bed with him. Even at twenty-seven, she still blushed like a nervous virgin. “I already came.”

She felt him smile against her breast, but he didn’t lift his head. “Yes, *dahsh’kara*, you certainly did. But only once.”