



**Stroke It**  
**Cassandra Curtis © 2006**

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Excerpts from *I Put a Spell on You* and *Cup of Fate*

Laris hunched over her keyboard, determined to complete another chapter. With any luck, she'd be finished before her friends found her holed up in her room, instead of sunning herself by one of the resort's many pools. She'd allowed herself to be talked into this mini-vacation, but she never promised them she wouldn't bring her laptop.

Writing under the pen name, Lydia Best, she wrote sexy thrillers about smart, kick-ass heroines and barely reformed bad boys. Not that she had any real experience kicking ass or rehabilitating a sexy bad boy. Although she'd like to try—if she had the energy. Book tours left her drained, but helped fill her bank account. This last one cooked up by her publicist and her publisher, had her crisscrossing the country. Since she wouldn't fly, she'd been forced to either bus it or drive.

Her friends had decided to charter a boat rather than drive through Baja. She mentally added another form of transportation she'd never do again. Her stomach churned at the thought of the return trip back to the States. Better not to think about it. Maybe she could just stay here indefinitely...

She rolled her shoulders, and wished she'd brought her little shiatsu machine. Only three more pages to go, then she could quit. Minutes later, the scene was done, ended with a cliffhanger. Laris hoped her fans would appreciate the effort. She saved her work.

Maybe she would go out to the nearest pool—soak up the sun. She reached forward to hit the shutdown key, while she rolled her head in an effort to stretch her neck muscles. She heard a distinct snap. *Oh no. Oh hell no!*

\* \* \*

He rolled up the sleeve of his T-shirt and flexed his bicep, admiring his newest tattoo in the mirror. Part-gothic, part-tribal, the cross represented his own struggle between what he used to be and the man he was now. Alejandro Maranta no longer owed loyalty to the “handlers” who trained him.

His days as a Shifter Ops Alpha member were five years in the past. He spent his time now as a professional masseur and his nights as a sometime bouncer for his friend Manuel, who owned most of the local clubs.

He pulled the sleeve back down, hiding the upper portion of the tattoo. The body art now resembled a dagger more than a cross. Didn't matter. At least it covered his SOA tattoo and the bullet scar.

His cousin Enrique left a message on his machine. The fancy resort near Dolphin Cove had need of his special services. Enrique worked at the resort. He listened to the message. His cousin mentioned something about a guest with a sore neck and lots of tension, along with the “code” and the room number. He grinned, “special services” meant the guest was a woman. Perhaps she'd heard of the enhanced techniques he'd developed for releasing feminine stress. He finished tying the drawstrings of his white cotton slacks and grabbed his case.

\* \* \*

Whoever heard of a luxury resort not having an on-site staff masseuse! She needed help right now! She tried once more to straighten her neck, but it was frozen in place, tilted to the left. The courtesy desk reassured her they did have someone on-call and he'd been notified.

Her girlfriends had stopped by to invite her to a late lunch with some hot guys they'd met at the beach. One look at their friend with her head bent to the side, convinced them for once she wasn't faking. Their offer to stay with her was sweet, but she didn't want them to miss out on any of the fun.

The knock startled her. She'd waited so long, she'd begun to think the service desk had lied about calling someone to see to her needs. Nothing prepared for what she saw when she opened the door.

Corded muscles stretched the fabric of his clothes. He flashed her a sexy smile as she stood there, head tilted to the side. Tall, she thought. He had to be at least six foot two or three. Thick, wavy hair, the blue-black color of a raven, begged to be tousled by a woman's fingers.

She could see the edges of black tattoos on his biceps. An insane urge swept over her. Made her want to rip off his T-shirt—see the rest of the artwork. Explore every inch of the smooth copper flesh she knew she'd find beneath the material.

"You ordered a masseur?" He had the faintest of accents. A voice had a rich and decadent quality that rolled off his tongue like warm coconut oil, seeping into every hidden place, making her slick.

She shuffled backward so he could enter. And got to feast her eyes on the tightest set of buns she'd ever seen. Figured. A seriously hot guy in her hotel room ready to give her a massage, and her in pain, neck bent like a flamingo.

"My name is Alejandro. I understand it is the neck bothering you today?"

"Yes...my neck. Forgive my manners, I'm Laris."

"I will warm your neck to loosen the muscles first, Laris. If I do something that hurts, you must tell me."

He unlatched the case on the floor and took out a folding massage table. She watched him set it up, his muscles rippling with each movement. Would it be considered poor manners to drool? She imagined tracing her tongue over his jawline, flicking the small gold hoop in his earlobe.

He stood, patted the table. "Do you need help?"

"Uh...what? I'm sorry." Oh hell, did he know she'd been ogling him, and not paying attention?

"I thought perhaps you might need my help to get onto the table."

"No, no I can climb up there from the bed." She swung one leg onto table and braced herself before swinging the other leg in place. Her stomach pressed into the padded surface. She tried to place her head into the forehead rest and cried out.

"No, señorita, you must not move the neck until I've warmed the muscles first." She watched him as he took a pellet-filled, cloth pouch from the case and put it inside the room's small microwave. A few seconds later, after the machine dinged, he pulled it from the microwave and wrapped a short towel around the bag. He leaned close, and bent to lay it gently on her neck. From this angle and position, her face was mere inches from his cock. More than a few impure thoughts raced through her brain.

"If it is too painful, you must let me know, sí?" His hands began a slow, sensuous glide across her shoulders and back.

"Umm, sure...ohh, that feels good." She closed her eyes. After several minutes, he removed the heated pouch and replaced it with his hands. He inched his thumbs over the muscles in her neck, his fingertips a deep caress.

"Perhaps now you can move your neck? But carefully."

She placed her forehead against the padded rest, her face in the opening. She liked her old view better. A smirk twisted her lips at the naughty thought.

Twenty minutes later, the ache left her neck and shoulders. His hands stopped, and she sensed him step away.

“Please don’t stop.”

“You want more?”

“Yes.”

“How much more?”

“I—I don’t understand.” She tried to turn onto her side, but he placed a warm palm on the small of her back, stopping her.

“I have developed a special technique for easing the stress. Inside and out. But it takes much longer than a thirty minute session, and it would require you to take your clothes off.”

“You mean sex?” *Was he serious? Oh my...maybe dreams do come true.*

“Much more than sex, a special stroke that massages more than muscles.”

“Oh.” *Please let this be real...and my royalties cover whatever it costs.* She made it a fervent prayer. “Yes.”

The large male hand on her back slid under her waist and gently flipped her onto her back. She let him pull her blouse over her head. She watched as he tossed it onto a chair.

He skimmed the tops of her breasts with his fingertips before he unhooked her bra, adding it to the clothes on the chair.

He bent, covered first one nipple, then the next with his mouth. Her hands feathered through his dark hair and pulled his head up. She had to taste him, kiss him. He looked her in the eye, something dangerous flitted there—then it was gone. He crushed her mouth beneath his, thrusting his tongue between her teeth.

She whimpered deep in her throat, her nails pressed against his scalp as she helplessly arched her hips in need. When she thought her lungs would burst, he released her—both of them flushed with heat. His gripped the waistband of her capris and panties, tugged both down at once. She was still reacting to the almost preternatural speed with which he’d discarded the rest of her clothes, when she noticed him loosening a bar on the underside of the massage table.

“What...”

“Shhh. You will like this. But you must not touch me. I will need to center all my energy to perform this technique. I cannot afford to be distracted. Do you promise not to touch me?”

She shivered...in anticipation, or a bit of belated nervousness—she didn’t know. “Please.”

He stopped, slid a hand across her midriff to pinch one of her nipples. She gave a small yelp, bit her lower lip, and nodded. His slow smile made her quiver—all the way down to the bone.

She watched as he bent to pull the spring pegs on either side of the back flap of the table. The last third of the table swung down, forcing her hips backward and her legs to dangle on either side.

He took something from the case. She tried to see what it was, but couldn’t. She leaned up on her elbows. He spread her legs a little wider, pulled her hips down the surface, closer to the edge.

“I want you to open yourself completely to me. You must do whatever I say without question. Do you understand?”

“I’m yours. I’ll do whatever you say.”

“Touch yourself. I want to see your fingertips slick with your cream.”

She'd never masturbated in front of anyone before. She hesitated, her eyes connecting with his—and saw stark desire, molten hot. An ache pulsed in her pussy. Ever so slowly, she reached down and swirled a pattern over her clit with two fingers.

Her breath grew harsh, the movement of her hand, long and slow. She heard a groan and realized she'd closed her eyes. A fine sheen of sweat traced his brow as he pumped his own hand around his thick cock. She wanted him inside her—now!

“I need you.” Laris moaned, and reached out to him, desire tightened her belly. He grabbed her hand and lifted her fingers to his lips. He took each one in his mouth, licked her cream from them. She whispered, desperate, “Please...I want you inside me.”

He bent his head in answer and parted her damp folds with his tongue. Long, sweet strokes, that ended with a whip-like flick at her clit. Her thighs trembled, and she cried out, tears trailing down her cheeks as every muscle in her body quivered. He held fast against her squirming legs and hips.

“I...I...oh...yeess!” She came hard, back bowed in ecstasy.

He gave her no time to enjoy the curious lassitude that swept through her body, instead sliding his hands under her hips to flip her onto her stomach. He positioned her with her knees bent under her and facing away from him.

“What...what are you...?” Laris tried to see what he was doing and got a smack on her ass for the effort. The sharp slap didn't hurt. Instead, it seemed to create a tight coil of tension in her womb.

She arched, feeling a sudden tingling and pressure at her tight rosette.

“Shhh. I have you well-prepared. I will go slowly as I give you my special stroke.”

Laris felt a second pressure at her pussy, as he teased her clit with the head of his cock. He slid inside her, then slowly pulled back out, all the while, the pressure at her anus increased without penetration. How could it be?

She whimpered, pleading, and was rewarded when he pushed completely inside her pussy, filling her with his massive cock. The swift stab of another dick in her anus, rubbed the thin wall between her passages, and created an erotic massage that vibrated throughout her body with each twin thrust.

Laris tossed her head back and felt his fingers squeeze into the flesh on her hips as he groaned. She shivered, the pleasure spiraling from her apex, and zinging through every muscle. Her lover dug deeper, pounding her with fierce strokes, until she cried out, sobbing as she came.

He growled, teeth sinking into her delicately arched neck, and joined her in release. She slumped onto the massage table, closed her eyes and before she realized, fell asleep.

\* \* \*

Laris yawned, snuggling back into the hard, warm body spooned behind her on the bed. Corded, muscular arms wrapped her in a cocoon of safety. She felt his breath on her cheek and his firm lips pressed near her earlobe. Alejandro's large palm cupped one breast, his fingers rubbed the nipple into a hard peak.

“I guess I have you to thank for moving us to the bed.”

“More comfortable cuddling on a soft mattress than a thinly padded wooden slab.” He took her earlobe between his teeth to nibble, licking the small hurt away.

She wiggled her bottom against the growing arousal. Then stopped in shock. Make that twin arousals. Time for an answer.

“I thought when I saw you pull something from your case, that you had a sex toy of some kind, maybe one that fit around your penis...”

“Ah...no. I took only condoms from my case.”

“Then how...?”

“I am Werekind.”

Laris had heard the urban legend sweeping the internet community...but didn't believe it. How could people be so gullible to believe that such a secret race of individuals existed? That they mixed and mingled every day with unsuspecting humans.

“Do not be afraid. I would not harm you...or perhaps you are horrified, sí?

“No! I just thought your people were myth. Do...do you *shift*?”

He got up from the bed and proceeded to show her, only allowing the transformation to reach halfway, before returning to his human form.

“What are you?” She touched his abdomen with shaky fingers.

“Half Were-Rhino, Half Were-Panther. I can take both full forms, or take a hybrid form.”

“So earlier, when we were...?”

He flashed her a grin. “Yes, in mid-hybrid form I can maintain two erections.”

“No wonder the desk clerk acted so strange when I demanded a specialist!” Her grin changed to one of wonder as he began to take on his hybrid form once more.

“The desk clerk is Enrique, my cousin.” A shudder racked his big body, silky black hair began to sprout along the ridges of his muscles. “I need you again, Laris. I want to show you the wild animal you release in me.” He widened his stance, allowing her to look her fill.

Her hands cupped him intimately, watching with wonder as twin shafts grew thick with need. She licked her lips and leaned forward to flick her tongue over one head. He jerked back, grabbed her hips and shoved pillows under her stomach.

She recognized the pleasure-pain as he penetrated her simultaneously, slamming into her in a frenzy of heat. He gripped her hip with one hand while the other snaked under them to pinch her clit. Laris cried out, pleading. He spread her thick cream over her nub with rough fingers. Heart hammering, she howled and arched back into him, a little light-headed, seeing sparkling stars. He growled with their dual release.

\* \* \*

She woke this time, famished. A quick glance to her side revealed an empty bed.

“Looking for me,” Alejandro said, moonlight outlining his beautifully muscled form.

“Hi.” A bout of shyness made her duck her head. Her stomach rumbled.

“I neglected to feed you. I would like to rectify that and take you to dinner.” He caught her chin and turned her to face him. “I want to know you.”

“I'd like that.” She should be exhausted, not giddy like a schoolgirl. But as he leaned in for a gentle taste of her lips, the rush of bubbly emotion threatened to spill forth.

She pulled back, just a little and looked up into his eyes—and saw the same bemused expression—like a happy discovery. The grin started slow, at the corners of her mouth.

His thumb rubbed over her lips, even as he matched her smile.

The End

## **Author Bio**

Cassandra Curtis spent her formative years traveling with her parents, learning a smattering of languages—usually just enough to get her in trouble. After college, she worked as a reporter and photojournalist, while continuing her love of art. Ms. Curtis now writes fiction full-time.

An avid gardener and wildlife enthusiast, she enjoys the magick found in nature. Her interests include: art, antiques, astronomy, folklore, mythology, genealogy, music, eastern philosophy and collecting magickal artifacts.

A member of both the World Romance Writers, and Romance Divas, Ms. Curtis won the 2006 Amber Quill Press Heat Wave Contest with her novella, Cup of Fate.

Links to my sites:

Website: <http://www.cassandracurtis.com/>

Contests: <http://cassandracurtis.com/enter-the-fantasy>

Blogs: <http://www.cassandracurtis.com/blog>

<http://sensuouswhispers.blogspot.com>

<http://midnightmooncafe.blogspot.com/>

MySpace: [http://www.myspace.com/author\\_cassandracurtis](http://www.myspace.com/author_cassandracurtis)

Links to my books and publisher:

Cup of Fate

ISBN: 1-59279-558-7 (Electronic)

<http://amberquill.com/AmberHeat/CupFate.html>

I Put A Spell On You

ISBN: 1-59279-586-2 (Electronic)

<http://amberquill.com/AmberHeat/PutSpellOnYou.html>



## Excerpts

### *I Put a Spell on You*

by Cassandra Curtis

<http://www.amberquill.com/AmberHeat/PutSpellOnYou.html>

...Sebastian finished his search with one room left to go. The last thing he wanted was for Tess to catch him. Maybe he'd try to come back tomorrow, when she left for the shop. His hand hesitated on the doorknob. An agonized half-shout/half-moan came from inside. He rushed through the door, not knowing what to expect. The bed lay empty and her clothes were scattered over the edge of a hamper in one corner of the room. Another groan sent him to the open bathroom door. A large mirror, half-fogged from the steam, hung above the sink.

Tess lay in the bathtub, one smooth leg dangling over the rim, the other bent at the knee. The water lapped at her nipples. Those big blue eyes of hers were closed. Her lips parted and her neck arched backward as she moaned, just a little.

His heart drummed in his chest, mouth parched as he tried to swallow, his eyes glued to the image reflected in the mirror. One of her hands rose from the water to pluck at her nipples. His own hand crept down to the bulge in his slacks. He timed his strokes to synchronize with hers. His balls tightened, blood racing to his thickened cock.

She bucked once, twice, lifting out of the tub enough for him to see the glorious wet blonde curls between her legs, her hand parting the slippery folds with deft fingers. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock, and rubbed the glistening head, spreading the seeping pre-come over his shaft as a lubricant.

He pistoned himself in his hand, wishing it was her pussy grasping him tight. He'd lick her sweet juice until she begged for him to fuck her. He tried to suppress a groan, balls aching for release. His eyes closed, and he clenched his jaw muscles. No. Not here. He squeezed his rod until it hurt.

She couldn't know he'd invaded her privacy. That he'd seen her pleasuring herself. He forced himself back in his slacks and carefully rezippped.

The sound of splashing broke the sensuous spell.

Dammit! She was getting out of the tub, wrapping a towel around her breasts. She turned and bent to pull the stopper plug. He hurried from the room, practically tripping down the stairs in his haste. Pendragon sat at the bottom of the staircase, licking his paw, a feline smirk on his whiskered face. The cat stopped mid-motion, looked at the huge hard-on Sebastian sported, and meowed in question.

Hell, he wouldn't put it past the damn thing to attack his prized jewels. He cupped his groin and fled out the front door, feeling like an idiot...

*Cup of Fate*

by Cassandra Curtis

<http://www.amberquill.com/AmberHeat/CupFate.html>

“You’re dreaming again. All’s well. Breath slow and deep.” The voice was smooth as melted chocolate and reassuring.

The farmhouse faded and a new dream took its place.

The gentle scrape of an unshaven face on her shoulder finished the transition. But it was the warm male lips kissing the nape of her neck that made it seem all too real. A pair of strong arms snaked around her midriff and pulled her back against a taut, muscular chest.

It seemed so long since anyone had held her close and offered comfort. Bryn gave herself up to this new dream and snuggled, loving the warmth of his body. That didn’t make sense. How could a dream lover give off heat? She decided not to examine it closer, just simply enjoy it while it lasted.

The wet lap of a tongue licked her earlobe. She squirmed in his arms.

“Does that tickle?” he asked, whispering against the curve of her jaw.

“Yes...ahh,” she murmured as his lips kissed her throat and his hands began to wander. She gasped when his fingers tugged at her nipples, rolling them between thumb and forefinger.

She closed her eyes, savoring all the sensations he was causing throughout her body. She felt his hand slide down her hip to her thigh. He grasped the hem of her silky nightgown and slowly pulled it up until it bunched above her waist. He placed hot kisses on her hipbone and all along her thigh, before moving her so she lay on her back