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Interlude

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by

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WARNING: The contents of this book are intended for mature audiences only. Language, violence, and sexual situations may apply.

INTERLUDE

There were five of them, which were two more than I had been expecting. I looked up at the bartender, questioning with a raise of brow. He pointed to the end of the bar. My gaze shifted to the shadowed corner. The first thing that struck me was pleasant surprise; the second was the reaction of my cock in heated interest. Who was I to turn down a free drink, especially from a beautiful woman?

Without lowering my eyes, I picked up the first shot of liquid fire, raised it in salute, and then downed it with a quick gulp, followed by an immediate gasp. Match struck flint as it seared my throat. Eyes still watering, I picked up the second one and tipped it back just as quickly. A little smoother going down, it did not start to burn until it hit that bubbling cauldron of acid that passed for my empty stomach.

I should not have started this little game, but hell, I came here to get numb, and numb I would get. Finishing the last shot of tequila, I realized I would not be driving home tonight, that is, not if I wanted to live to see another day. By the time I downed that fifth courage-booster, I was shitfaced and bleary-eyed, but I was definitely numb. I did not often drink myself into oblivion, but this was an unusual circumstance.

“The Blood Pint” was across the street from the hospital where I worked as an intern. Make that slaved, because for the pittance I earned and the lack of sleep I received, that was certainly more descriptive of my job. Tonight there was a multi-car pile-up. A school bus had been involved. The pointless loss of life sickened me. I was not hardened enough, I guess. All those kids, all that blood. It had put me in a pretty foul mood by the time my shift was done.

I did not handle booze well. Guess it was not in my chemical make-up or something, so it wasn't a remedy I resorted to very often. I didn't like the morning-after results, but I needed to wipe away the sounds and smells of those agonized screams. *What the hell.* I signaled the bartender for another round.

After finishing the second round, and with what little sense I did have left, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my car keys. The sharp metal bit into my hand as I slapped them down on the bar. One thing I was definitely not going to do was add to the traffic casualties tonight.

Floating in a nice alcohol-induced glow, I jumped when a smooth, cool hand settled over mine. God, was the world ever fuzzy, but looking at those long

shapely fingers, well-manicured nails—polished a shiny hot-blooded red—my stiff rod reminded me of the vision at the end of the bar. A woodsy, cinnamon fragrance that reminded me of fire and earth assaulted me, surrounding me. I knew who stood behind me. A swift, chilling shot of cold air immediately supplanted by the intense blast of arousing heat stabbed through me.

“I’ll take care of those for you,” she whispered in a husky, strongly accented voice reminiscent of Greta Garbo. Chills ran up my spine. Anticipation zinged through my veins. I did not want to move my hand; if I moved it, she would move hers. Her touch sensitized my skin, accustoming me to her exotic flavor, hinting at forbidden pleasure—kind of like the taste and texture of those little red cinnamon candies you get around Valentine’s Day. She exuded a little bite of even amounts—hot, sweet, and hard—just enough to tease your senses. A mouthful of seductive taste wrapped in a tight little red package. Just thinking about what she would taste like caused me to salivate.

The shirt she wore blazed at me—it was a scarlet, silky long-sleeved thing that kissed her shoulders and caressed her breasts. It screamed expensive—like the woman who wore it.

Her long fingers stroked my hand, teasing those digits erotically. Her touch called to the cock that lay hard and uncomfortable against my leg. I was hunched over the bar like any nightly drunk already numbed beyond thought, but I sure as hell could feel her drugging presence. I sat up straighter. My pants felt a whole lot tighter than when I had walked through that door. Slowly, I swung around to face her.

She moved slightly back, giving me room to maneuver the barstool. I spread my legs, trying to get a little more comfortable without being too obvious about it. I leaned back with my elbows on the bar, studying her. I did not want to appear too eager.

She was even more beautiful up close than I had first surmised from across the dim, smoke-filled room. I wondered what she was doing here. This was obviously one classy, expensive woman. Her hair was a glossy black, short, sophisticated, and sleek, framing a faintly exotic, patrician face with large dark brown eyes slightly tilted upwards at the corners. Eyes that made you think you were free falling into heaven...or sweet hell. Her lips were a wet crimson—full and pouty—begging to be consumed. Her complexion was that of the finest porcelain, smooth and alarmingly unblemished.

The contrast of her perfect pale complexion with her midnight hair and glittering dark eyes seized the breath in my chest. She played to my basic animalistic nature like no one ever had. My eyes traveled slowly downwards, and I noticed the top pearly button was open on her shirt, only a shadow hiding what lay beneath. I licked my dry lips. My mouth salivated with the need to bury

myself in that shadowy hidden valley. The hard thrust of her nipples against the scarlet silk hinted at paradise. Nicely curved hips and ass, covered by a soft figure-molding black suede skirt that ended at the tops of long shapely legs, had me aching to lick my way from head to toe. Waves of dense heat wrapped around me as I thought of those long legs wound around my waist as I plunged into what was beneath that soft excuse for a skirt.

As though in slow motion, I watched as she moved into the personal space between my legs. Her heat met mine. She fit there damn fine, almost too fucking fine, and fucking was sure as hell what I had in mind.

I was mesmerized as I watched her hot, pink tongue seductively circle her full red, wet lips. She brought her crimson-tipped finger slowly up to my lips and traced lightly corner to corner at the very inner-rim, then brought that same devilishly long finger back to her own lips, inserting it slowly into her mouth as she sucked.

“Mmm,” she moaned with a Mona Lisa smile on her lips. “I like the bite of tequila. It is fire, yes?”

I knew I was about to drool like an idiot. If I was not already, that is. I hoped that I did not embarrass myself by shooting a load in my pants first. Just watching her made me want to cum. The damn fabric of my pants was getting tighter and tighter. If I did not let my damn cock out soon, I’d be crippled for life, but I waited, she held me in her spell. I was eager for her to lead and I would sure as hell follow—with no problem.

As I looked into her dark, mesmerizing eyes, the rest of the world faded away, just like that. Nothing existed beyond the siren before me, surrounding me with her hot/cold earthy scent. My eyelids were at a lazy half-mast. I was in some sort of half-world—filled with a pure need to drive into her right there, not caring who witnessed it, but something held me back. Some invisible barrier kept me from reaching out for her.

“Who are you?” I managed to choke out. Maybe a little conversation would bank the fire that consumed me. “I’ve never seen you in here before.” Not that I frequented the place very often.

Again, that hint of a smile. God, those wet red lips were killing me. I needed to suck at them, eat them, taste them, and ravage them. My breath caught in my throat as her hand skimmed lightly across my crotch, then reached to catch my hand. A growl deep in my throat surprised me. A knowing smile on her face lured me.

“Call me Electra.” Her voice was finely aged cognac, smooth fire, not biting and primitive like the tequila, and I wanted a taste of that cognac. Actually, I wanted to down the whole damn bottle. I wanted to hold it up to my lips and

guzzle until I sucked it dry of every last drop. I wanted it like a drunk needed a drink after a three-day dry spell.

Gripping my hand lightly, her touch cool silk against my skin, Electra stepped back from the stool, silently urging me to follow. Like the children who followed the piper, I was eager to do so, too.

Anticipation poured through me. My prick was hard and ready—more than ready to give her whatever she wanted. Perspiration broke out on my forehead. I wiped at my sweaty upper lip. Finesse was undoubtedly not going to be on the agenda. I followed her sexy little skirt-clad bottom as she led me to the darkened back hallway, away from the main noise of the bar. I was a man held in the seductive arms of a trance—ready, willing, and able to do her bidding.

As soon as we reached the farthest, darkest corner, she turned with her back against the wall and pulled at my hand, urging me toward her. I needed no second request. I dropped my head and did what I had been aching to do—taste those red-hot lips. Cinnamon heat consumed me. Her teeth nipped at my lips, her tongue met mine, and we dueled in heat. Her small quick tongue overpowered and invaded, her scent mixed with the tequila was a potent aphrodisiac. I grabbed her hips and yanked her closer. Her arms snaked around my neck as she plastered her body to mine. My hands moved to cup her bottom, then slid beneath the skirt. *Shit!* She was not wearing any underwear. My cock beat hard, trying to free itself, demanding immersion inside her wet heat. My hands smoothed over the sweet, firm silk of her ass cheeks and kneaded, separated, smoothed, and cupped them as she twisted and ground her body closer to mine.

My hand moved up the arc of her ass, then around to caress her hip as it traveled down to teeter at the hot little entrance to her pussy. She was more than ready, her cunt dripped with her juices. I slipped two fingers into the heated channel. Tight, silky, welcoming, she suckled at my fingers just as her lips and teeth suckled at my tongue. Her moaning was a low animal cry of need deep in her throat as she thrust her hips against my fingers, becoming more aggressive, seeking release. I rubbed at her hot little nub with my thumb, urging her on and up, and when she came, it was long, hard, and throbbed as it flowed around me and through me. I milked her until the last spasm then slowly removed my fingers from her hot, clinging vagina with a sucking sound that almost drove me over the edge to my own climax.

I needed to taste her and slowly I raised my fingers to my mouth. As she watched with half-closed eyes and a smile on her lips, I sucked at my fingers. The taste of her hot/cold cinnamon flavor and the texture of her musky thick cream were beyond anything I could have imagined. Visions of hot, animal sex overwhelmed me. Amazingly, my need increased even more. I needed to pump my cock deep inside her, slamming her against the wall.

Then her hands moved down my chest then to my waist to unsnap my pants and slowly pulled the zipper down. I tightened further in anticipation. I felt her warm, nimble fingers as she released my straining cock from its prison. It sprang free, eager for attention. She looked at me with those heavy-lidded dark eyes and smiled before sinking slowly to her knees.

My fingers fisted in her silky cap of ebony locks, and when my cock sank into her hot, honeyed mouth, I growled low and deep in a bliss that grabbed and held me by the balls. I was unable to move. My hands in her hair tightened, dragging her closer still, sinking further into her wet heat. It was such overwhelming pleasure; I did not want it to end.

I brought one of my hands out of her hair to fist around the base of my cock, and I thrust forward. With one hand, she gripped and teased my balls, the other snaking around to knead my ass. Her tongue swirled about the head of my prick, her mouth sucked me into that sweet cavern of heat and moist pleasure. I felt the pleasure grab me and throw me. I bucked and my release was deep and long. I was the heated, musk-filled air that swirled around her, light-headed with the pleasure she milked from every ounce of cum that I spurted into her eager orifice. I expect my own face reflected a satisfied smile as I floated back into my body.

Somewhere in the distance, I could hear the high-pitched laughter and rowdy camaraderie, but it was on another world. My world had come apart in the paradise of Electra's mouth and I didn't care who knew it.

Surprisingly, it seemed she was not done with me. Slowly, she began to stroke and suck until I was hard again with the need for release. It surprised me because I did not usually come back that quickly, but there was something about her mouth, her aura of sensuality, her earthy scent, that made me want more and more of her, never getting enough. I looked down at her through glazed, hazy eyes. "What are you doing?" I whispered.

Then I heard a familiar crackle. Apparently, she came prepared because within seconds, she was efficiently sheathing my stiff, needy cock in a condom, ready for action. Slowly, she rose.

"What do you think I'm doing?" she whispered, her moist breath teasing my neck. Her tongue slowly licked along the breadth of my collarbone then up the side of my neck, sending electrical charges throughout my body.

"Mm, you taste so good. Take me, Doctor; fill me with that hot, stiff prick and we'll cum together. I'll take you to the precipice of pain and let you free-fall into pleasure such as you've never felt before."

By the time she was done talking, I was driven by blind lust—the need to pump into her and take everything she offered, and then some.

I poised myself at her hot, slick entrance, then grabbed her naked sweet ass, lifted her, and slammed in to the hilt with one thrust. *Shit!* She felt so good—tight and hot, silk and fire, and all for me.

“More,” she ground out throatily. “I want more of you, all of you.” She raised one leg and wrapped it around my waist, driving me deeper inside her. If there was a heaven, this was it, I thought.

I again felt the need rising, starting to peak, the heat swallowing me and I thrust harder, impaling myself deeper in long strokes, in and out. I felt her tighten; rising to her own climax, and together, we hovered at the pinnacle of release.

I opened my eyes just then because I wanted to see her face when she came. The otherworldly red fire I saw blazing outward surprised me. With a flash of pointed white teeth, she dipped her head forward to my neck, and I felt a sharp sting of painful pleasure as her teeth breached the jugular artery that throbbed, welcoming her. I felt the heat of her penetration, I felt the release of my cream into her, and I felt her release bathe my pulsing cock. I had no breath to yell. I closed my eyes; drowning in the ultimate climatic vortex of pleasure as the flame of Electra consumed me and I felt her collect my soul.

Unearthly, sublime ecstasy was my last conscious reality.

THE END

About the Author

ADRIANNA DANE

Adrianna Dane (who also writes as Tess Maynard) has been writing since the age of ten. She currently resides in the state of Washington and has been a member of Romance Writers of America and EPIC for the last several years.

The first defining love story Adrianna read back in junior high school was "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Bronte, and that set her on the road to her long standing love affair with the romance genre. Her inspiration in writing can often be found by listening to song lyrics and reading poetry by such poets as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Edgar Allen Poe, and Ranier Maria Rilke. But finding inspiration for her stories truly has no boundaries for Adrianna.

She freely admits she is a romantic by nature and adding sensual heat to romance with a dusting of suspense is her motto. "Esmerelda's Secret," released in 2004, was Adrianna's first published book, and with that story and her subsequent books has firmly established herself as a voice within the sensual/erotic romance genre.

Adrianna always looks forward to hearing from her readers. They can contact her here:

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