



## One Naughty Night

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ISBN Not Assigned

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Published by:

Whispers, 107 Clearview Circle, Goose Creek, SC 29445

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## Chapter One

Dressed in a T-shirt and panties, Cecile lay sprawled on her back across her bed. In one hand she held a paperback novel, the latest collection of short stories by her favorite erotica author. As she read, she caressed her left breast through the thin white material. Her pink nipple was deliciously hard. She gently pinched the little nubbin, rolling it between thumb and forefinger.

She paused to turn the page. The story was a compelling one, the sex scenes steaming. She eagerly read every word, her own hand mimicking on her body the moves the hero was putting on the heroine. Her hand slid lower. Lifting and bending her legs, she spread them and brushed the fingertips of one hand across the cotton crotch of her panties, stroking her clit through the material. Tremors of pleasure coursed through her as her fingers massaged gently. She drew in a deep breath, closed her eyes, and laid the book aside. It hadn't been her intention to masturbate in bed while reading but imagining the hero's fingers awakening her sexuality, his mouth suckling at her breasts, and his scent coming directly from his naked skin was simply too much.

Sliding aside her panties, she traced her fingers along her silky lips, the tips becoming moist with her own creamy juices. Unable to resist, she slid two fingers

deeply into her vagina. Slowly she began to pump her fingers in and out, enjoying the feel. A soft moan escaped her lips. Liquid warmth spread through her veins and pulsated between her thighs. Air weighed heavily in her lungs. Her heart raced. Aching need quivered through her. Her climax came swiftly and fiercely, and she gasped from the heated depths of its throes. Letting her hand go limp between her legs, she felt an irrational need to cry and laugh at the same time.

*How pathetic that I'm laying here alone on a Friday night diddling myself to nasty stories,* she thought.

A long sigh escaped her. She sat up and closed the book, putting it aside on the nightstand. Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed, she straightened her panties and padded into the kitchen. Sex always gave her an incredible appetite even if it was the help-yourself kind. Her eyes grazed over the items living inside her fridge. Typical single-woman's selections. Skim milk, limp pre-cut salad, some cartons of leftover take-out Chinese, and wine coolers. Nothing looked worth reheating and eating.

She hopefully checked the freezer. The same old stacks of Lean Cuisine boxed meals. Well, at least those were fresher than what was below. Choosing one, she ripped open the box and set the tray in the microwave. While she waited for it to cook, she popped open a wine cooler. She was way too fond of wine coolers. They were almost all she drank when she got off work.

She glanced at the clock. Eight-forty. The first evening showings were about to end, and the last late round of movies at the theater would soon begin. Were she at work, she would be refilling her cup with soda, munching a quick handful of popcorn,

and heading toward the second-floor projection room where she worked as a projectionist and film cutter. Technically she was the second assistant manager at the theater, and usually she would not have a weekend off. But her name had come up in the weekend-off rotation that allowed managers to take the coveted Friday and Saturday nights away from work.

She had plenty of time to kill until Monday morning. She'd never understood the need some people had to have those specific days off. Any two days in a row suited her just fine. In fact, she preferred having weekdays off. She could run her errands and do her shopping and banking with no problems. Friday and Saturday night meant nothing to her. Maybe it would have if she had a personal life.

She took a sip of the melon-flavored cooler. "A personal life," she repeated aloud. "What's that? Shit, I don't have a personal life." She had a tiny little nothing for a life. Go to work, come home. It didn't get much less significant than that. A gnat had a more interesting routine than she presently did.

She supposed that she should enjoy having the coveted weekend slot off. Along with her usual Tuesday and Wednesday, it would be like having two mini-vacations. At least, she hoped she still had her regular days off. On Monday morning, a new manager would be coming in and taking over. If he were a family man, he would probably be taking the weekends to spend time with the wife and kids. That meant the assistant managers would probably be shafted with the weekend work.

No telling how her comfortable work routine was about to change. For all she knew, they'd all be out of a job Monday morning. The new manager might want new

blood, and that could spell pink slips for all of them.

The microwave beeped. Her food ready, Cecile retrieved a fork and carried her meal into the living room. Sitting down on the floor in front of the coffee table, she picked up the remote and flipped on the television. None of the shows were familiar because she was never home to watch them.

Her nights were usually spent in the theater, playing for audiences those celluloid fantasies that people paid seven dollars each to see. And she was right there, too, behind the scenes, watching from the projection room. In a way, that was her work up there on the giant white screen, each film cut together so that nary a splice could be detected between the changing reels. She had twelve projectors under her watch, all operating simultaneously. Patrolling the huge machines, making sure that each was humming along smoothly was part of her job. Was the film dragging because a platter was sticking, had the screen suddenly gone black because a loose douser fell, was the sound too low or too high? There were dozens of things that could go wrong with those temperamental monsters at any given second. A projectionist had to be Johnny-on-the-spot to fix the problem as soon as possible before the people in the theater below started complaining and asking for their money back.

Even as she peeled the plastic cover off the microwave dish, she could imagine one of those asshole junior managers mangling her carefully cut films with bad splicing, their bare fingers marring the film with dirt and skin oils.

She winced and stabbed her fork into the food, lifting it to her mouth, hardly noticing what she was eating. Lately it seemed that she was eating to live and



*definitely* drinking too many wine coolers when she got off work at night. Her routine was the same old shit, different day. It had been that way since Roger had packed up and left. She'd simply quit living.

She chewed her food, some kind of beef-and-rice combo with broccoli. It tasted like what it was—prepackaged food reheated. It had been months since she'd eaten anything fresher than a candy bar.

Twelve months, one week and three days. That's how long it had been since Roger had abandoned her. That's how long it had been since she'd had sex. Did calling off the wedding a week *before* the wedding count as being left at the altar? She thought so. It had certainly been humiliating enough having to cancel all the plans and send back the presents. Last-minute cancellations cost more than the actual event would have.

"I think I'm in love with Cindy," he'd told her as an excuse.

Her stomach tightened. The food tasted like grit under her teeth. *Cindy DeWitt..* Her former best friend from high school. Now Mrs. Roger Simmons.

Appetite suddenly gone, Cecile dropped her fork. The food was tasteless.

She took another drink of her wine cooler. "Bitch," she muttered. "And fuck Roger for wanting to fuck you instead of me." A single tear rolled down her cheek. She clenched her eyes shut and angrily wiped it away.

*It's past, it's gone, it's over,* she silently reprimanded herself. *Get over it! Most people don't mourn the dead that long.* Deep in the back of her mind, though, a thought kept niggling in the back of her brain.. What had she done that had sent

Roger's eye roving? Wasn't she pretty enough? Smart enough? A good enough fuck? It was frustrating not to know. Roger had never said, and she'd never had the courage to ask.

Moreover, she just hadn't gotten over the fact that her best friend and her fiancée had betrayed her. She doubted she ever would. What Roger had done had torn a hole right through her heart. She'd tried to patch it, replacing love and trust with a deep mistrust and dislike for the male sex. Since he'd left, she'd tried to convince herself she did not need a man around. Stay away from men and she wouldn't get walked on, wouldn't get lied to, and wouldn't get hurt.

So far, the strategy appeared to be working. She had a good job, made a good living. Her house would be paid for in ten more years, her car in another two. She had the material things she wanted.

Money, however, could not buy happiness, and material objects just could not replace what she was missing most in her life. A warm body in bed next to hers, companionship... *Oh, hell, admit it.* She missed sex.

*Oh, God. Sex.* The feel of a man's body pressed against hers, his hips between her spread thighs, his cock pressing against the lips of her vagina. Reading dirty stories and masturbating just wasn't satisfying the needs of her young body. For God's sake, she was twenty-five, not sixty-five, yet she was living like a shriveled-up old spinster.

"I need to find a man," she said aloud. "Nothing complicated, just a one-night-stand to scratch this itch."

She picked up her fork again, stabbing at a slice of beef and taking a bite.

*That's not a half-bad idea*, she mused. She didn't want to get involved with anyone right now, but what about a single night out? Find a good-looking guy, have wild sex, and say good-bye? Men did it all the time, adding more notches on their bedposts. Do that and he's a stud. A woman does it, and she's a slut.

She nibbled her lower lip. It's not as if she'd be prowling all the time looking for someone. She just needed to feel a warm body lying on top of hers for a few hours.

Excited by the idea, Cecile quickly forked a few more bites into her mouth. She wouldn't have to give a name or even bring the guy to her house. They could get a hotel room. Everything could be completely anonymous. Did they really need to know each other that well? Sex was pretty much a cut and dried affair. What was wrong with two adults consenting to mutual pleasure? People indulged in one-night-stands all the time.

She'd never had one, but there was a first time for everything.

## Chapter Two

An hour later, Cecile stepped out of the shower and wrapped her wet body in a thick towel. She'd done something she hadn't done in a long time—shaved her legs. Amazing how lazy a woman became when there wasn't a man in her life. Since Roger had left her, she'd given up on the rituals of beauty most women found mandatory. Hairy legs? No problem. No one was touching them. Plucked eyebrows? Who cared if she had a mono-brow? She wore glasses to work anyway. Nobody glanced twice at the tiny little woman wearing thick black frames with her hair in a bun so tightly wound the comb marks were clearly seen. In a way it was as if she'd been retaliating by making herself as unattractive as possible, as if admitting to the world that Roger left her because she was a dried-up old shrew.

She shook out her long hair. *Time to let myself get a little wild.*

Damp blonde ringlets fell around her shoulders. It had been a long time since she'd worn her hair down. It was more convenient to wear it up at work so it wouldn't get in her eyes when she was cutting films. Because the projection rooms had to be kept cool for the massive projectors and the heat they generated, she also wore heavy sweaters and slacks. Her co-workers called her 'Ice Princess' since she dressed

like it was winter every day, no matter how hot the temperature might be outside. The heavy sweaters also gave her a boyish, unisex sort of look, another way to play down her female sexuality.

She wiped the steam off the mirrors. Everything remained blurry, though. She didn't wear her contacts very often, but tonight was going to be a no-glasses zone.

"Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," she muttered, retrieving a fresh pair of disposable lenses. She popped them in, blinking hard. She had hazel eyes, the kind that changed colors depending on what shade of clothing she was wearing. It was better than having colored contacts.

Now that she could see clearly, Cecile let the towel drop to the floor around her feet.

Reflected back was a body that definitely was not boyish when naked. At five foot two inches, she was far from being the big busty Amazon she wished she was—the kind of wow-type woman that captured attention just by drawing breath. She frowned and cupped her breasts, lifting them. All she had was small and firm, like apples on a surfboard. Damn it, why couldn't God have seen fit to give her more tits?

Cindy had a C-sized rack. Was that what Roger had seen in her? Tits that wouldn't quit? The asshole knew that the damned things were as phony as a three-dollar bill, courtesy of husband number one. Ok, so Cindy's breasts were manmade. Hers would never sag when she was sixty.

She turned to the side, hands sliding lower. She had a nice flat belly and gently flaring hips, unmarred by any stretch marks. Cindy had recently given birth.

Pregnancy had not been kind, and she'd gotten as big as a cow, a big fat bovine. Roger had never liked big women. She wondered how he liked fucking a fat woman.

"I bet he doesn't give her the old sausage anymore." She turned around to inspect her ass cheeks, going up on her tiptoes. Thank God nothing jiggled too badly. Her thighs were firm from hours of walking around the projection room. Spend eight hours walking that circuit, and you've walked a couple miles.

Slightly mollified that she was definitely in better shape than Cindy DeWitt, she slipped on her robe and bent closer to the mirror, inspecting her skin. Thankfully clear, just a smattering of freckles. Like the average woman, she had plain features that could be helped toward beautiful when makeup was correctly applied.

Reaching under the cabinet, she retrieved her makeup case. Opening the lid, she stared balefully down into its depths. How long did makeup last? She hadn't put on a single bit since Roger had dumped her. She wondered if she even remembered how to put it on. She'd never been able to wear it much anyway because she was allergic to most of it, even the kind that was supposed to be hypoallergenic.

Reluctance nagged. *Do I really want to do this? Get ready and go out?*

What if she didn't find a man she was attracted to? What if she did find a man and he wasn't attracted to her? Was she just setting herself up for another humiliation?

"It won't hurt you to go out and look around," she admonished herself. "Get out of the house and do something! If no one turns up, nothing's lost. Have a drink, shoot some pool, and go home. Just do something that doesn't revolve around work for a single night. It's been a year now. Time to move on."

She drew a deep breath and set to work with the tweezers, plucking out the stray hairs that made her resemble a Neanderthal woman. *Ouch! Damn it!* That hurt. It took a full thirty minutes to shape her brows back into a decent arch.

Smarting from the self-inflicted pain, she pressed a cool washcloth to her forehead. Why did beauty have to be so painful? Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. By the time she got ready to go out it would be almost midnight. For a moment, she thought of giving up and going back to bed. It was just easier to go to sleep when she was depressed. That's what she'd done when she'd gotten off work at five today. Having nothing to do with her Friday night, and seeing only an endless black void stretching out, she'd come home, stripped off her clothes, and gotten in bed with a book. Sometimes it was just easier to stay in bed and do nothing.

It occurred to her she was sleeping her life away, but who cared? When she wasn't at work she had nothing to do. Nothing. How many hours could she play online, surf the Net? Even that got boring after an hour or so. On her days off, it was not unusual for her to get up at ten in the morning and go back to bed by two in the afternoon. It was just easier to sleep away the hurt and loneliness. Since her phone rarely rang, she didn't have to worry about being disturbed, certainly not by friends. She'd let her friendships lapse, promising to meet for coffee or lunch, but never following through. It still embarrassed her to show her face in public, and she didn't want other women feeling sorry for her. It was better to stay away from people as much as she could. She just could not bear the thought of running into Roger and Cindy either.

More fallout from her aborted nuptials.

She was presently suffering from lingering depression that just would not go away. She functioned, but nothing she used to do, like dance or play pool, was any fun any more. She knew the people at work only on a casual level, and she was never invited to go drinking and partying after work. Could she blame them? Who wanted to hang around with a stick-in-the-mud? She supposed it was because she felt like she had been branded with a great big scarlet 'L' on her forehead.

*'L' for loser. 'L' for left behind.*

"I've gotten really good at feeling sorry for me," she said to her reflection. Her chin lifted a notch. "Maybe it's time to change that."

Deliberately putting all derogatory thoughts out of her mind, she continued to get ready. Time to make up her face, put on the war paint. Almost timidly, she selected a cover stick in a medium shade. Sliding off the lid, she dotted the tip under her eyes and smoothed it out with the tip of her finger. The slight dark circles under her eyes vanished. Pleased, she picked up a bottle of foundation. Giving it a good shake, she used a sponge to smooth it over her reddish cheeks, evening out her skin tone. She used it sparingly, not putting it over her whole face, just enough to cover the flaws..

"That doesn't look so bad." Feeling more confident, she finished up with a light blush, eyeliner and shadow, and lipstick the shade of fresh cherries. Blotting her lips, she smiled. She looked pretty damn good. For a final touch, she spritzed on a light body spray, a pear scent that made her feel good all over.

Fetching the blow-drier, she brushed her hair out into a lion's mane of shimmering gold. Her hair had a natural curl, not too tight and kinky, but just enough to give it a



nice lift. It was perhaps the one thing she was proudest of—her long, naturally blonde hair. She was a real blonde, even her brows and hair down below. Speaking of pubic hair, she'd trimmed it down to a short sexy length. She loved oral sex, giving it and receiving it. No reason to overwhelm the poor guy with a bush that looked like her panties were full of long-legged spiders.

What to wear was the most important choice of the night.

Walking into her bedroom, she opened the closet door. Her wardrobe was mostly a sensible one, slacks and sweaters for work, a couple pairs of jeans, and blouses. Definitely not what you would call an eye-catching selection.

Pushing her gray and black slacks aside, she dug toward the back of the closet. The yield was five dresses: a couple for special dress-up occasions, the others for funerals. She tossed them aside and dug a little more, looking for her sexiest outfit. Ah, there it was! Triumphant, she pulled it out, still freshly pressed from the last time she'd had it cleaned. Did it matter that it had been three years ago?

Ripping the dry cleaner's plastic covering, she arranged the outfit on the bed. It was a skirt, blouse and vest set, but not a demure businesswoman's suit. The vest and matching skirt were black and gray striped, the blouse a silky shimmering black. Picking up the skirt, she held it up to her hips.

*Does it still fit?* Her tongue worried a hole in the side of her cheek.

Dropping it on the bed, she hurried to her dresser for a pair of hose. One thing she always had plenty of was panty hose. She hated panty lines with slacks, thought they looked cheap, and always wore control tops because she didn't like that poofy look

that slacks gave a woman's stomach. Every woman looked three months pregnant in slacks, no matter how thin. She preferred a smooth, seamless look. Selecting a new pair in a silky ebony shade and a black bra and, she sat down on the edge of the bed and slid them on.

Now for the test. The skirt. She didn't think she'd gained that much weight since she'd last worn it, but women often liked to tell themselves that as they shoved another cookie in their mouths. She was no exception. She rarely denied herself comfort foods when she craved them, not that she craved them very often. Some days she rarely ate more than crackers and a glass of milk.

Unzipping the skirt, she stepped into it and lifted it around her hips, then zipped it. A little snug, but not ridiculously so. Hardly of a demure length, it was designed to show thigh— a lot of thigh. A mini that bordered on barely legal, it was the kind of skirt that made a woman think twice about how she bent over. Skirts like these were sometimes called 'jet' skirts, because they showed the entire cockpit.

She put on the blouse next, fumbling with the tiny pearly buttons. Like the skirt, the blouse was low-cut, showing lots of cleavage. Not that she had that much to be showing around. Even with an under-wire push-up bra with padding, she just didn't have a lot of chest on her. For a mad moment she thought about stuffing her bra, but reconsidered when she thought of how embarrassing that would be. If a man actually got her naked, he would be wondering where her boobs went. Better to present the real package and see if anybody cared to shop for her wares. She decided to forego the vest. She didn't want the poor guy to have to fight through too many layers of

clothing to get to her bare skin.

The last selection she made was the most important one. Like the outfit, these hadn't been worn in a long time. It was dangerous, not to mention painful for a woman to go trotting around in heels four inches high. Nevertheless the black stiletto-heeled sandals perfectly finished her outfit. With delicate straps that wrapped around the ankle, these were the kind of shoes that screamed one thing: *Fuck me!* When she was making the dating rounds, these had been her favorite nasty shoes to wear. When she'd become engaged to Roger when she was twenty-three, she certainly hadn't been a virgin.

She tottered around on the heels, getting the hang of walking on stilts again. Not only did the high heels make her legs look long and endless, they gave her a rolling sexy walk. Still, she hoped she wouldn't be wearing them long. They pinched the hell out of her toes. More pain for beauty. Women must be masochists to endure the aches of preening for the male sex. Why, why couldn't a man love a plain woman? Next to Cindy's peacock, she'd been a little brown wren, and men never stayed with wrens. Of course, at the time she hadn't thought she had anything to worry about. Cindy was her dearest friend, her bridesmaid-to-be at her wedding.

Cindy was also a lying bitch and a back-stabber to boot. She didn't know whom she blamed more. Roger for being led astray—or Cindy for leading him astray. In the end, she supposed they deserved each other. But while they had each other, she was alone. Always alone.

*Not tonight*, she resolved.

## One Naughty Night

She stopped and stared in the mirror. With the makeup, clothes, and heels, she looked like an entirely different woman. She almost didn't recognize plain old Cecile behind the glitter.

*There was once a time when I knew what fun was, she reminded herself, giving her lipstick a final check. Tonight it's time to remember what that was like.*

## Chapter Three

It was almost midnight when she walked into McGee's Bar and Grill. Nervous, she checked her reflection in the glass door before she opened the door and walked in. The skirt showed off her legs to good advantage. Over all, she believed that she looked smashing, dressed to seduce.

She'd almost chickened out, driving her car around the block several times before she'd finally gotten up enough courage to pull into the parking lot. The hours were passing by, and she was fiddling around, torn between wanting to go out and have a good time and simply giving up and going home. Despising herself for her insecurity, she cursed the anguish and turmoil she felt inside. She'd finally beat herself up enough mentally that she needed a drink just to calm down. God, getting back into the dating world was hard. After a year, her social skills were really rusty.

Inside, she paid the cover charge, had her hand stamped, and walked into the main lounge. The bar she had chosen wasn't the largest in town, nor was it the most popular. She wasn't a fan of deafening music and bodies packed wall to wall and tried to avoid those places specifically aimed at the twenty-something party crowd.

She wanted a comfortable atmosphere, one that was easy to navigate through and

laid back, a place where you could talk and hear a person's answer. McGee's fit the bill just fine. It had only a single small dance floor and a slightly larger recreation area where the pool tables and dartboards were. The rest of the place was tables, arranged wide enough that you didn't have to bump someone's back every time you got up. Candles on the tables and country-and-western music playing in the background gave the place a feel of non-threatening intimacy. It was too nice for trash to hang around in and too staid for the party hearty crowd.

Rather than choosing a table which would have screamed *woman alone*, Cecile walked up to the bar and slid on to a stool. Seeing her, the bartender sauntered over. She gave her best smile.

He slapped down a napkin and nudged a bowl of peanuts her way. "What do you want to drink?"

"White wine—" she started to say then paused. Why not have her favorite beverage for a change? "No, let me have a sloe gin fizz." If she were going to have a night out, she was going to have at least one good drink.

The bartender nodded and set to mixing her drink, a shot of reddish-colored sloe gin mixed with Sprite with a lime twist on the side. He set it down in front of her.

"That'll be four dollars and fifty cents."

She winced but paid with a twenty. When had going out for a drink gotten so expensive? She should have tried Happy Hour when the drinks were half price. "Can I have an extra dollar in quarters?" She was thinking about the jukebox.

"Sure." He gave her the change.

“Thanks.” Letting the money sit by her glass, she squeezed the lime into her sloe gin, gave it a stir with the straw, and took a sip. The drink tasted wonderful, better than she remembered. She took a larger sip. Immediately she could feel a loosening in her shoulders, an easing of the tenseness at the base of her neck. Glass in hand, she swiveled around on the stool to take a look around. Her gaze skimmed the room for good-looking, available men. The whole bar was open, allowing every corner to be seen from the vantage point she’d chosen.

To her disappointment, there didn’t seem to be very many. For a Friday night, the place was barely half-full.. At this hour, most were already with their partners for the evening or didn’t meet the criteria of the fantasy lover she was looking for. It didn’t look like a promising night for picking up a sex partner.

She turned back to the bar and propped her elbows up. Sighing, she took another sip of her drink. The tangled emotions of a sad and lost woman flitted briefly across her face. How long should she stay before giving up and going home? She decided to nurse her drink. Why waste a hard-earned four bucks? Sit back and enjoy it. Hand snaking out, she dipped into the salty peanuts. Popping them into her mouth, she chewed.

*No wonder women turn to food for comfort. There never seems to be a man around when you want one.* She pinched up some more peanuts with three fingers, chewed. *Gee, these would be better if they were chocolate-covered.*

Sitting at the bar listening to the soft country and western music playing in the background lulled her into a philosophical frame of mind. For the first time she began

to see a light at the end of her romantic tunnel—and it wasn't the oncoming train. Even though she'd been dumped, she was still young, a healthy and attractive woman. Even if she didn't meet a man tonight, she'd at least managed to pull out of her deep funk and actually get out of the house for a destination other than work. It was certainly a small victory. She was proud of herself.

Thinking about it, she actually believed that she could bounce back from the romantic doldrums, come back stronger from the experience. The heart wanted what the heart wanted, and Roger's heart hadn't really wanted her, or he wouldn't have been eyeing Cindy. What would have happened if he'd decided he wanted Cindy *after* they'd married? That itself would have been a bigger fiasco. All in all, she was lucky she'd gotten out with only minor scorch marks around her heart.

Caught up in her munching and thinking, she didn't notice the man walking up behind her. Passing her, he leaned into the bar and dropped a ten.

"Beer, please. Bottle not tap. Anything light."

The bartender nodded and flicked the cap off a cold bottle he drew out of a small fridge. "Three bucks." He handed over the beer and seven dollars in change.

Trying not to be too obvious, Cecile turned her head and let her eyes flick over the man standing beside her. Her heart pounded as she took in every inch of him. She liked what she saw in this piece of eye candy.

Leaning against the railing, he looked like a large cat, relaxed, but ready to pounce at any time. Tall, rangy, and muscular, he was all angular features and testosterone, dressed in faded black jeans, band T-shirt, and boots. He was lithe,



slender, and strong without being brutish—though he certainly looked like he could take care of himself if the need arose. The arms had been cut out of the tee, all the better to show off the black tattoo inked into his left bicep to good advantage.

A multitude of chains hung from his belt, the style favored by hardcore bikers. One of the chains held a circle of keys. Five o'clock shadow on his face. Sandy brown hair brushed his shoulders, a wild uncombed style that gave him the look of a feral man—a dangerous man. Assertive jaw, sexy mouth, His eyes were a flinty gray, his strong jaw determined.

*That's a man*, her mind filled in as she watched him talk with the bartender. *Oh, how yummy. I could eat him up with a spoon.*

She shook her head slightly, finding it difficult to banish the thought. Still, a slight smile brushed her lips. That man had a chest a woman could bite a hole through. Realizing that her once-over was turning into an out and out stare, she fished a piece of ice out of her drink. Holding it between thumb and forefinger, she gave it what she hoped looked like a sexy suck.

Kissing him would be extraordinary, she suspected, wondering how he'd put his tongue to use on a woman's lips, breasts, or clit. She imagined falling in love with him then squelched that idea. It was way too soon to think about love. She cautioned herself to be careful if she was going to try to play the field that was the mating game between men and women. Giving any man the upper hand with your heart was a mistake—scary stuff. She didn't need any more mind games. She'd just use a man for sex, just the way they used women. If she didn't put her emotions on the line, she

wouldn't get hurt a second time.

The stranger ignored her and pushed back two dollars. "Two in quarters."

The bartender handed over eight quarters.

"Thanks."

The stranger turned his head, and his eyes flicked over her in a flash quick assessment before turning into a longer, more probing look. His gaze lingered. For a brief second something as intense as white bolts of lightening crackled between them. The next instant, he'd shuttered the sheer force of that look. Cecile wondered if she'd imagined the whole instant-attraction thing.

The stranger offered a brief smile. "Hi."

She lifted her hand and gave a flirty little wave. "Hi, back." She smiled.

Just when it looked like he might stay and talk to her, he scooped up his beer and change and headed toward the bank of pool tables at the rear of the bar. Shaken, she watched him saunter away, his stride long and easy, his ass—oh, that fine ass she longed to kiss and lick... She could see that his belt read "Ross" in bold black lettering across the back.

*Ross... Ummm, nice name.* A strong name. Erotic thoughts flitted through her mind as she toyed with the fantasy of what making love to him would be like. Between her thighs she could feel the moist warmth spreading, wetting the cotton crotch of her panty hose. If she reached down and touched her clit, she was sure she'd climax on the spot.

*God, he's sexy,* the little voice in her head whispered. A tattooed biker. Usually

Cecile wasn't attracted to the '*dangerous*' type of man, but something about this one ignited those tingly feelings all over her body.

Other mixed couples played among the three tables. Being able to play pool in a bar was almost a prerequisite for this area. If you didn't know how to, you were about as accepted as a three-headed alien. The stranger set two quarters on the edge of one table and waited to challenge the winners. He made a little small talk with one of the ladies standing with cue in hand. She smiled and seemed interested until her boyfriend stepped up and claimed her by putting a hand around her waist and drawing her away.

Cecile nodded, more than a little annoyed that he was on the prowl, but didn't seem to be looking her way.

*He's interested in the ladies, she thought craftily. Looking... definitely looking.*

Finishing the rest of her drink, Cecile turned to the bartender. "One more, please."

The bartender obliged, taking another four dollars and fifty cents out of her stack.

Tucking away the rest of her change, she picked up her drink and wandered toward the pool tables. Each step was hell. Her shoes were pinching her toes and rubbing the back of her foot unmercifully. It had been a mistake to wear the damn things. Tomorrow she would have a huge blister to deal with.

The game had just ended, and the stranger was slotting his quarters into the table. As the challenger, he had to win the game to keep control of the table. If he lost, he'd have the option of rematch, or he could go one to another table and

challenge its holder.

Not wanting to be stuck at the table after him if he lost, Cecile didn't immediately put up her quarters. She took a seat at a nearby table. She wanted to see how well he played pool. If it looked like he was going to win, she could challenge. If not, she would be there to commiserate. Either way she was determined he would be the man she'd be fucking later tonight.

Ross racked the balls in a triangle at the foot of the table with the eight ball in the center of the triangle, the first ball of the rack on the foot spot, a striped ball in one corner of the rack, and a solid ball in the other corner. That done, he selected a long slender cue from the rack on the wall then chalked it.

*Standard eight-ball*, she observed knowingly. The rules were pretty simple. One player must pocket balls of the group numbered one through seven, which were the solid colors, while the other player has nine through fifteen, the striped balls. The player pocketing either group first and then legally pocketing the eight-ball won the game.

The winner of the table had the option to break, which he took. He took the option to break, pocketing both a solid and a stripe.. He chose solid, calling the six-ball and pocketing it. He pocketed two more balls before losing control of the table.

To her delight, Ross wiped the floor with his opponent. Not only did he pocket all his striped balls, he called last and sank the eight-ball, and won the table.

Cecile was quick to slam down two sets of quarters when it became clear that Ross knew how to play pool. Not that she needed to hurry. The hour was creeping up

toward one in the morning, and soon the bartender would give the last call for alcohol. No one was eager to challenge the guy who was obviously well skilled above the casual weekend players. The guys shook hands, and the loser took his girlfriend and went on to another table.

Her turn.

Cecile smiled at him across the table.

“You play well.” She put down her drink to feed the table her quarters before she moved to rack the balls. “This is going to be interesting.”

Brow arching, he eyed her tiny frame. “Thanks.”

She put away the triangle and selected her own cue. It was almost as tall as she was. “My name’s Cee-Cee.” Tonight was not a night for giving real names. She’d probably never lay eyes on him again anyway. She walked around the table and casually offered her hand.

His unabashed stare lapped over her from the top of her head to the tip of her toes. A lazy smile tugged at one corner of his mouth.

“I’m Ross.” He gave her hand a firm but not overpowering shake. His bear-sized paw practically enveloped hers. If he wanted to, he could crush her hand with a single squeeze.

“I know... your belt.” She reluctantly drew her hand back. She liked his big warm hand, his sure clasp. “You play a lot?”

“Here and there.” He shrugged. “You?”

“Oh, I haven’t played in a long time,” she admitted, sauntering off to take a

quick sip of her drink. She set it down where it wouldn't be knocked over during the game. "I'm sure I'm more than a little rusty."

"Well, if you're willing to lose the quarters, I don't see any harm in beating you," he said.

Cecile picked up the cue chalk. "Who says I'll lose?" she countered slyly, feeling wicked. She wanted to see interest spark in his cool gray gaze.

He picked up her bait, his eyes narrowing. "So want to bet me you won't?" A smile plowed across his strong jaw.

She pretended to think a moment, flicking her long hair off her shoulder with a playful hand. The music coming from the jukebox was low, a seductive George Strait song. It only served to help bolster her daring mood. If she didn't say what she wanted now, she never would.

"Sure, I'll bet." She leaned forward, just a little, to show a bit of cleavage. Sex could let a woman tease, give her power over a man.

"What do you want to play for, little lady?" He claimed his own beer from the edge of the table and took a hearty sip, finishing it off. "Drinks? I could sure use another beer." He flagged down a barmaid and ordered another. She passed on ordering another one of her own. Two drinks was her limit when she was driving. Besides, she wanted an absolutely clear head when dealing with this tall drink of water.

"Sure," she countered, while he was paying for his beer. "I win, and you buy me another drink."

“It’s a deal.”

He nodded and positioned the white cue-ball behind the shooting line. Bending over, he drew back the cue then thrust it forward in a quick smooth movement.

Eyes following the bulge of muscle when he bent his arms, Cecile smiled. A man usually fucked like he handled a stick.

*Ah, Ross, she thought, you’re going to be very good in bed.*

The multi-colored balls scattered across the green felt. Whether it was out of nerves or bad luck, he didn’t sink a single ball. The table was open, hers for the taking.

Positioning herself most advantageously, she bent over the table. As she did, her skirt lifted to reveal her firm ass cheeks and well-toned legs. She called the seven and sent the cue ball on its way with a firm jab. Seven was her lucky number. She sank it into the pocket, and the game was on.

Twenty minutes later, Cecile pocketed the eight ball. It had been a hard game, with Ross almost besting her until he reached his last ball then failed to sink it. After that, the game was hers to take.

“Looks like I win,” she crowed a little smugly.

Ross picked up his slack jaw, clearly impressed by her skills. “Yes, looks like you did,” he mused. “Where did you learn to play like that?”

“My uncle owned a pool hall when I was a kid,” she answered breezily. “He taught me all about pool. I spent more time there than in school.”

“I’ll remember that.” He motioned for the waitress. “What you drinking?”

“A sloe gin fizz,” she said to the waitress. “Extra lime.”

“Want to play again?”

She tipped back her head and batted her lashes. “A little nervous about losing to me?”

“Maybe I was just warming up. Best two out of three?”

“I’m game. But we’re going to have to play for more than drinks.”

Curiosity was alive in his voice. “Oh, yeah?”

“Why not make it more interesting?” She let her tongue trace her top lip, waiting until the barmaid was out of earshot. “Have you ever played for sex?”

Lines of disbelief puckered his forehead. “Excuse me?” he asked, as if he hadn’t heard her correctly.

“Sex.” She looked him straight in the eyes then dropped her gaze suggestively to his crotch. “One night of pure uninhibited sex.” She worked to make her smile saucy, seductive, composing her words to sound blithe and sophisticated.

He swallowed, swearing softly under his breath as if he didn’t comprehend her words. A single muscle jumped in his cheek. “You’re kidding, right?”

She shook her head.

*Am I being too forward?* She decided she was, but what the hell could she do now that the words were out there? She couldn’t very well back off and take them back, pretend she was joking. He would think she was an idiot.

“No, I’m not.”

His brow furrowed as he considered her proposal. “You’re serious?”



“Absolutely.”

Interest sparked in the depths of his rocky stare. “So if I win the next two games,” he started to say, “you’ll sleep with me?”

“Yes. And if I win, you’ll sleep with me. Kind of a win-win situation, don’t you think?”

Sauntering round the table in her sexiest come-hither manner, she gave him a light poke in the stomach with her pool cue. “Now rack those balls if you want to play. You’ve got some catching up to do, punk.”

He racked the balls. “Yes, ma’am.”

## Chapter Four

Ross won the second game hands down but scratched the third and lost.

Cecile set down her cue. "Looks like you lose."

A bashful half-embarrassed look crossed his face. "Looks like I did just that."

He put his own pool cue away. He seemed a little nervous, like a crook caught in the spotlight. He picked up his beer. His strong throat rippled as he tipped back his head and swallowed a swig.

He lowered the bottle. "So did you mean it? The bet? Because if you didn't, that's okay with me. It was fun playing. I liked it."

Her mouth tilted into a wicked smile. Ross was practically babbling like a bashful schoolboy. She wouldn't have thought this man with his tattooed body and biker's attitude would turn out to be shy.

"Whether we do or not is up to you, Ross," she said. "I meant what I said. I never make bets I won't follow through on. How about you?" She left the question hanging. It was up to him to make the decision.

A sly grin tugged at his mouth. It was clear he liked the idea. "Of course. I never welsh on a bet with a lady."

“Good. I’d be disappointed if you did.”

With a mutual nod, they abandoned the pool tables and began to weave their way through the bar, heading toward the exit. They walked in silence, passing other couples also on their way outside. Several times, Cecile had to restrain herself from reaching out and taking his arm, as if she feared he would suddenly change his mind and bolt. To her relief, he didn’t abandon her. To guide her through the maze of tables, he’d put his hands on her shoulders. Their weight felt good, solid.

She wondered what it would be like to be wrapped in his arms, his hard body pressing down on hers. She could feel her nipples rasping against the silky material of her bra as she walked. Between her legs, her clit pulsed with the excitement of anticipation. How would his finger feel probing her most secret places? Would he be rough with her, demanding, or would he be a gentle giant? God, how she wanted to find out.

Before they reached the exit, Ross stopped to claim a heavy black leather jacket from the coat check girl. Throwing it on, he reached out and pushed open the door for her. Stepping past him and out into the parking lot, Cecile drew in a deep breath.

Dressed too lightly for the brisk May night, she could feel the chilly fingers of winter still lingering. She hadn’t bought any kind of coat or jacket. Goosebumps quickly pimples her arms and legs.

She shivered. “My car or yours?”

Ross lifted his arm and pointed toward the motorcycle parked nearby. “Depends on which you want to take.”

“Mine,” she decided. It would be too damned cold being swept around on that monster this late at night.

Holding her purse close to her body, she trotted over to her car. Heading toward the driver’s side, she unlocked the door, slid inside, and reached over to unlock the passenger’s door.

Ross opened the door and got in. Like anyone getting into a strange vehicle, he looked around, checking it out. He seemed more than a little uncomfortable, linking his hands across his lap.

She put the key in the ignition but didn’t start the car. “What?”

He sighed. The wheels were turning in his mind, and he was trying to decide how to say the words. Finally, he just spat them out. “Be straight with me, okay? I want know how far you’re going to take this.”

She decided to be blunt. “You mean, how serious am I about having sex with you?”

“Yeah.”

Into his silence, she said quietly, “I’m absolutely serious.”

His glance razor sharp, he asked, “Why?”

Cecile’s heart began to thud heavily in her chest, so loudly that she was sure he could hear it. “Does it really matter?”

“Yeah, it does.” He sounded as if she’d just suggested he stomp a small animal to death.

“Well, maybe I find you attractive,” she hurried to say. Even through her haze of

anxiety, she had a fleeting twinge of awareness of how close he was to her, so close that she could smell his musky male scent. She wanted to reach out, run her hand over his strong thigh, over the obvious bulge in his pants. His narrow hips and firm ass filled out those tight jeans very nicely. She had the feeling that he was more than adequately hung, and she wanted to see that cock of his hard and straining.

“Is it so wrong for a woman to want to sleep with a good-looking man?” she demanded, stung. “You know, just have sex for the hell of having sex?” *Goddamn him.* He was making her feel like she had to grovel to get a man to fuck her.

“Nothing wrong with sex,” he countered, his own voice growing edgy. “I like having it myself. But, what I’m asking is how do you know I’m not an axe murderer or rapist, or something?”

She felt a spurt of panic but quickly quelled it. She doubted an axe murderer would be announcing the fact. He was certainly big enough to overpower her if he wanted to. But it wasn’t as if he was trying to force her to have intercourse and she didn’t want to. Hell, that was what she was after, too.

She lifted her chin a notch. “How do you know I’m not?” she shot back defensively. “I could have a gun in my purse for all you know.” The wrong thing to say, but she didn’t care. She knew that she should be batting her eyelashes not being a disagreeable bitch.

He looked her over with the same curiosity that she’d given him earlier. She could literally feel him thinking through the silence that followed. “What if I have herpes?” His mouth twisted. “Or something worse?”

Cecile opened her purse and pulled out a box of condoms. “Will this make you feel better?” she asked. “Don’t think I didn’t consider all the options.” She tucked the box away. “Look, if you want the truth, it’s that I haven’t had sex in a really long time. So long that I’ve almost forgotten what it’s like to have a man touch me.”

“Sorry.” He sounded cautious.

She bristled, that single word annoying her as much as his attempts to put her off her plan. Why wasn’t he cooperating? She was practically throwing herself at him. What else did he want her to do, strip naked, and spread her legs? She’d be more than glad to do that if only he’d give her the chance!

“Don’t be,” she retorted icily. “It’s not like I can’t get a boyfriend or something like that. I just want sex, you know? No entanglements, no problems.” The quiver in her voice briefly changed the timbre of her voice, making it harder, brusque. “It’s not like I’m looking for a relationship or anything.”

He rubbed the back of his neck with one hand and cleared his throat. “Gotcha.”

She sniffed and sneaked a glance of herself in the rear view mirror and almost groaned at the expression of desperation her face reflected. There was something else in her eyes, defensive, even scared. She almost groaned aloud. *I’m a desperate, stupid fool. He’s not looking for a woman like me.*

Accustomed to feeling graceless and unattractive, she said, “Look, if you don’t want to, I can’t force you...” Despite herself, her body trembled, and her eyes shuttered, her lower lip beginning to quiver. She wrapped her fingers around the steering wheel, feeling the need to steady herself. Crying made her feel weak, and

she was determined not to show him that he could reduce her to tears.

“I’ll find someone else.” Dismay sounded, clear as the cry of a wounded lamb. Why was she letting this man turn her into an emotional wreck? She didn’t even know him!

He looked surprised, which also irked her. There was a long silence between them. Then, Ross startled her completely by reaching for her hand.

“I want to,” he said softly, pausing just long enough to be sure she got his point. His strong face lost its impassive expression, and he studied her with those penetrating, flinty eyes. “More than you know. And I’m not looking for any complications either. I just moved here and got a new job, and I’m nervous as hell about Monday morning. A night of ‘just sex’ with a pretty woman would be nice.”

Feeling his gaze, she turned to meet it. She sniffed, letting the air out of aching lungs, turning to look at him in surprise. As far as she was concerned, the temperature outside was now summery warm. “You think I’m pretty?” A rush of relief filled her, infusing her voice. She was so used to being rejected that she’d forgotten what it felt like to be accepted.

He reached out and stroked her cheek. “Yes. Very.” His voice softened. “But I only want to do what you want to. If you’d rather just have a cup of coffee, that’s ok, too. I haven’t got anything else to do.” He was doing his best to be soothing.

She shook her head. Past a sudden lump in her throat, she said, “No, I’m serious about having sex...with you.”

## Chapter Four

The hotel room was a nondescript affair, having the usual arrangement of desk and chair set, a table, bureau, entertainment center with a twenty-four inch color television and, lastly, a king sized bed. Pictures hung on the walls were faux prints of popular old masters. It was slightly more expensive than what she'd had in mind, but Ross had insisted on choosing the hotel and paying the tab. She didn't know whether or not she liked him making that decision. This was supposed to be her night—she was supposed to be the one in control of events.

Snapping on a bedside lamp, her eyes grazed the room. Ross closed the door, locked it then turned to face her, toying with the key in his hand.

“This all right?”

She nodded. “Fine.” Her voice sounded brittle, even to her own ears. Nervous butterflies took flight, and she pressed a hand to her stomach to steady them. In her fantasy, she'd imagined herself being more in control of the situation. The last thing she felt, though, was like a woman in control of her own sexual gratification. She felt like a fumbling fifteen-year-old, sneaking off for the first time with her boyfriend to have illicit sex.

*For God's sake, she thought. I'm a twenty-five-year-old woman. I know what having sex is about. So does Ross.*

Still, now that it had come down to the wire, she wasn't quite sure that she could



have sex with an almost total stranger. Yes, she found him attractive. Yes, she desired him. But in the back of her mind, she found herself wondering what it would be like to get to know him, first as a friend, and then as a lover.

What did he like to do for fun, what did he like to eat, what movies did he watch? She could imagine him laughing as they walked hand in hand. The thousands of questions she wanted to ask him zinged through her brain at a furious speed, though she knew she wouldn't ask a single one. She hadn't gone out tonight with the intention of meeting someone to form a relationship with.

"Guess we should get started." Briskly putting down her purse, she reached up to unbutton her blouse. Her hands shook slightly. Suddenly she wasn't so sure about what she was doing here with this man. At all once, she just wanted to get it over with so she could go home.

Tossing aside the key, Ross stepped up to her.

"Whoa." He caught her wrists. "Slow down. We're not in any hurry here."

Feeling his strong hands holding her, Cecile gulped. Her breathing grew shallow at his nearness. His male scent teased her nostrils.

She swallowed, gasping for air. "We're not?"

He shook his head. "I'm the kind of guy who likes to take things slow with a woman." His eyes raked over her body. "If you could call what we're going to be doing slow." Amusement played a lazy deep note in his bass voice.

She smiled. She couldn't help it. It felt so...right having him hold her back. When she'd started the car and driven to the hotel, she'd imagined he would be all over

her, eager to get her out of her clothes and into bed—wham, bam and thank-you ma'am. She hadn't expected that he would want to take his time. The idea that he'd be a thoughtful lover intrigued her.

"What are we doing?" she whispered.

Ross let go of her wrists. His hands lifted, and he smoothed her long hair away from her face then ran his thumbs over her high cheekbones.

"I don't know," he whispered, his voice taking on a husky tone. "But I want it to be right." His hands moved lower, and he pushed her hair off her shoulders, moving to massage her. Her blood heated at the touch of his fingertips at the nape of her neck. Tipping back her head, he bent until their mouths met. His kiss was subtle, a whisper rather than a shout.

Closing her eyes, Cecile gave herself to his control. Her own arms rose, encircling his neck, mouth parting slightly to allow the tip of her tongue to tease his. He nipped at her lower lip, tracing it with his own tongue before sucking it gently. His hand found her breast, cupping its weight and squeezing lightly. His fingers began to tease, making slow circles. Her nipple came to instant attention under his fingers, the pebble-hard nubbin poking through her bra and blouse. She sucked in a breath, arching her body against his. A small moan escaped her lips.

"That feels so good," she gasped, brain fogging deliciously.

"That's only the beginning of what you're going to feel tonight," he promised then paused. "If you don't want to do this—"

She quickly shook her head. "No! I mean— Yes, I want us to."

“Are you nervous?”

A quiver coursed through her though she wasn't cold. Her voice was high and breathy. “Yes. It's been a long time since I felt someone's skin against mine.”

He smiled and kissed her again. “Let's do something about that.”

Leading her to the end of the bed, he pushed down, sitting her on its edge. Shrugging out of his heavy leather jacket, he tossed it aside. Bending, he parted her legs and dropped to his knees between her thighs.

She stared at him anxiously. “What are you going to do?”

Reaching her foot, he undid the strap of her high-heeled sandal, sliding it off her foot. “These things look painful,” he commented. The pinch and pressure around her toes was instantly relieved. She sighed when his fingers caressed her instep then worked over her toes. Enjoying the massage, Cecile leaned back onto the bed, supporting her weight on her elbows, head lolling back.

“I've died and gone to heaven.” She practically drooled, spreading and wiggling her toes. “A man who knows how to give a massage.”

Ross moved his attention to her other foot, taking off the cruel sandal. “I can do that,” he grinned, “and a whole lot more.” His strong fingers dug into the softness between the ball of her foot and her toes. “But it would feel a whole lot better if you weren't wearing these hose.”

“So take them off.” Arousal washed through her body, her clit pulsing against the cotton crotch.

“Gladly.”

His hands began to slide under her skirt, pushing it up around her hips-not that there was that much to push up. Hooking his fingers in the top of her panty hose, he began to peel them over her hips and down her legs, helping her shed them the way a snake sheds an unwanted skin. The shock of his touch on her bare skin stole her breath.

He caught her left foot again and began to work it over, sliding his hands over her slender ankles and working over the back of her calves. His touch was firm, assured, as his hands kneaded her skin, finding every knotted muscle. “You have great legs.”

Cecile smiled, feeling her tension ebb away. She felt spineless, as if her body had taken on the consistency of jelly. Her thoughts were turning to mush. “Thanks. I do a lot of walking where I work.”

His fingers brushed the pit of her knee. “So where do you work?”

“At the thea—” she started to say, then stopped. This wasn’t supposed to be a date, a getting-to-know-him occasion. This was a casual fuck, nothing more. Once they did the deed and parted company, she’d never lay eyes on him again.

“I can’t say,” she finished awkwardly. “I don’t think we should get personal.” She wasn’t aching for conversation. She was aching for sexual release.

“Fine with me.” His hand slid up between her parted legs. When his fingers made contact with her the crotch of her panties, she jumped. She moaned and shifted slightly, opening her legs wider, inviting his invasion.

“You don’t think fucking is getting personal?” Fingers delving past elastic, he explored her, rubbing softly back and forth against the hard little nubbin.

Cecile closed her eyes as the vibrations from his touch lapped through her body. She sucked in her breath through her teeth. “It’s just casual sex. Two people taking pleasure in each other.”

Ross laughed softly. His fingers brushed up and down her dripping slit. “So you’re just going to use me for my body and dump me?” His finger teased her opening but didn’t enter her moist depths. She wiggled, trying to press her hips down, entice him to go deeper.

“Uh, huh,” she gasped. “And I intend to use you well.”

“Do you?”

“Mmm, yeah I do.”

He removed his hand from between her legs. “And do you want me to use you?” His earnest expression made her want to laugh.

“Any way you want, baby,” she whispered. “That’s what tonight’s all about, fantasies coming true with no repercussions.”

“Then your wish will be my command.”

He reached out and caught the top button of her blouse, undoing it with surprising ease, as if he were accustomed to manipulating women’s clothing. His fine mouth turned up at the corners when he undid a second, and then a third, finally reaching the last. Parting the gossamer material, he smoothly teased it off her pale shoulders. The blouse whispered off her skin as it fell away. His gaze fastened on her cleavage. Her breasts were firmly cupped in a push-up bra, black trimmed with delicate lace. The tips of her nipples poked through the silky material.

She looked down, eyes following his hands as he reached for her breasts, fingers circling her nipples. He looked up at her for a second then leaned into her to draw one hard peak into his mouth. He lashed his tongue against the material, teasing the nubbin behind it. He sucked harder, tugging at the material with his teeth then sucking again.

Voice trembling, she gasped, “Don’t stop!” She let out a little cry when he hooked a finger in one of the cups and caught her bare nipple between his teeth even as he teased the other with his fingers.

He quickly found the hook on the front of her skimpy bra, chosen with great care for this fantasy occasion. Cecile felt her cheeks heat when he bared her creamy breasts to his searching, hungry gaze.

“Nice.” He cupped them, testing their weight.

“Not too small?”

His grin was fierce, masculine. “More than a mouthful is a waste.”

Sliding his hands around her slender waist, he leaned forward, giving the hollow at the base of her throat a soft kiss. His head dipped, and his mouth closed over one erect pink nub. His tongue danced over her nipple, circling it, before he drew it deeper into his mouth. With a sigh that came out as a whimper, Cecile tangled her fingers in his thick brown hair, guiding his head to her other breast. Exquisite tension coiled in her gut, turning her blood to liquid fire. White-hot pleasure was starting to throb around her swollen clit, threatening to shatter her body into a thousand pieces.

“That feels so good.” Mind whirling, body shaking, she felt the ache far down

inside her body. She wanted to squeeze her thighs together, but couldn't because Ross was positioned right between her legs. "My pussy's so wet."

In response, Ross suckled a little harder, letting his tongue explore her breasts. "Why don't I find out just how wet?" he murmured against her breast. He gave her nipples a squeeze, pulling and rolling the hard pebbles. The tips were tingling when he released them.

Pulling her to her feet, he reached around and unzipped her tight skirt. Tugging it down her hips, he helped her step out of it. She stood naked before him, anticipation building. He ran his palm over the flat plane of her belly.. He followed with a trail of soft kisses, his lips brushing just above her Venus mound. "Is this what you've been waiting for?"

"Yes," she grated, feeling his fiery breath against her own flushed skin.

She trembled when his hands caught her hips and guided her back down onto the bed. He looked at her and smiled before draping her legs over his shoulders. He licked and nibbled at her inner thighs, teasing her unmercifully. Then his head dipped between her thighs, and his talented mouth went to work. He started gently, tracing her silky lips with the tip of his tongue. She groaned and arched her back against the mattress, enjoying the long soft strokes as he lapped up her creamy juices. She felt the muscles of her pussy tighten when he pushed his tongue up inside her. A shudder was beginning to build inside her.

Sensing her need, Ross brought one hand up between her legs. With two fingers together, he moved his mouth and shoved them inside her cunt in one smooth motion.

He began to pump slowly in and out of her.

Cecile closed her eyes and gasped as her head started to spin. Her pussy clenched his fingers and tried to draw them deeper inside. Her whole body began to shake when Ross slammed into her harder then pressed his knuckle against her pulsing clit. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to draw out the wonderful feeling of her pending orgasm, but he was pounding her again, faster, harder... Her cries and gasps echoed through the room when the powerful vibrations of her climax began to overtake her, pulling her into a pool of sheer pleasure. He had her weak and helpless by the time he was done.

Orgasm subsiding, she gave him a hazy smile and moved to the center of the bed, laying her head on a pillow. The thunder of her heartbeat was slowing, ceasing its relentless hammering against the walls of her chest. She felt giddy, as though she'd inhaled some potent drug. Through heavy lidded eyes, she watched him sit down on the edge and take off his boots. Next, he peeled his tight T-shirt off his body. His back and chest rippled with muscle, and when he stood up she could see a hard bulge pressing against the front of his tight jeans. He rubbed one hand over his cock, cupping it.

Molten heat unfurled in her stomach, going lower and settling between her legs. Solid with muscle, but not the kind sculpted in a gym. Nor had the dark hue of his skin come from a tanning salon. A dusting of dark hair covered his chest, vanishing into the waistband of his low rider jeans. Seeing her face, he smiled with the arrogance of a man who knew when a woman was thinking carnal thoughts.



Hungry to feel him inside her, Cecile's mouth was suddenly cotton dry, throat parched. She could feel her internal temperature rising, flushing her cheeks. Her breathing had become ragged, needy. Her eyes drank in his size, the beauty of his male body.

Ross unbuttoned his belt and jeans and slid them down his slender hips. A mixture of amusement and arousal crossed his face when he freed his shaft from the cruel confines. Naked, he began to stroke his penis, hand going up and down its length. He was hung, very well endowed.

The lust flickering in the depths of his eyes was apparent. After a moment, he followed her down onto the bed, raising himself up on one elbow and brushing a stray lock of hair from her face. She could feel his erection pressing against her thigh, loving the sensation of a man's body next to her own. How she wished this night would never end, that she'd never have to leave this room. She wanted to stay in his arms forever, letting Ross take her over and over.

She smiled and looked into his eyes. She touched his stubbly face with her fingertips, tracing an invisible line down his jaw, his neck, to his chest. He didn't have a lot of heavy body hair and she liked that. She ran the tips of her fingers over his tattoo.

"Nice work," she commented, "what does it mean?"

He shrugged. "Doesn't mean anything that I know of."

She circled one dusky brown nipple. "I think I'd want to know what I meant if I inked it into my skin," she observed.

He gave a little shrug. "I was a kid when I got it. Probably shouldn't have, but you can see one was enough for me."

"Is there a story behind the tattoo and motorcycle?" she asked. "Living out some adolescent angst?"

His gray eyes narrowed for a second, taking on a flinty hardness. "Thought we weren't getting personal?"

She bit her lip. "Sorry, I had to ask."

He laughed, almost a growl, low in his throat. "Maybe you should do less asking and more fucking."

He pushed his hand beneath her head, lifting her slightly. He kissed her, letting her taste the musky juices still lingering on his lips. When his mouth left hers, he nibbled at her pale throat. His body shifted, and he planted his hands to each side of her, pinioning her between the mattress and his taut, aroused body. He was strong and lithe and long limbed. When his hips parted her thighs, her blood boiled at the feel of his shaft pressing against the soft nest of her belly. It had been so long, so damned long, since a man had taken her. She hadn't had sex in a long time. Even though she wasn't a virgin, she was built like one, her vagina small and tight. She had to wonder if such a large man would do any harm to such a tiny woman. Still, the sight of that delicious shaft made her cunt twitch.

Ross moved back onto his knees, gaze skimming her nude body. He was obviously taking great delight in her wet, throbbing pussy spread out like a succulent banquet. His own breathing grew ragged when he guided the tip of his penis against her pussy,

rubbing the purple tip against her clit. He moved his hand up and down his cock, knowing it was driving her insane—wanting him, needing him.

Her tongue snaked over her lips. “Condom,” she prodded, voice shaking. “Please.”

He groaned, but held himself back. “Get it now, damn it!”

Hand scrabbling for her purse, Cecile tipped it over and poured out its contents. Finding the box, she ripped through it and extracted one from the pack. Tearing open the foil pack, she sat up and rolled the condom down over his length with shaking hands. She could feel the eager straining of his erection under her fingers. She dropped back down onto her back.

“Don’t wait,” she urged breathlessly. “And don’t be gentle. I want all of you...now...”

“Good,” he grated, his own breathing hard and uneven. He let out a moan and rammed his hips against her, driving deep into her sheath in a single thrust. Fingers digging into her flesh, he helped her take his thrusts as he drove upward into her.

“That’s it,” he coaxed. “You feel so good. “Tight...”

Cecile felt shock and pleasure vibrate her bones. Her inner muscles gripped at him as fiercely as her hands did his thighs. When he slowed and withdrew his cock inch by inch, she whimpered, begging him with shameless words to drive into her harder. When he plunged back in, she lost the last threads of control, lifting her hips and arching her back so that he could penetrate her as deeply as he wanted. Climax building, her cunt rippled and squeezed around his penis, trying to suck it in deeper

even as he was grinding his hips against hers.

“God, yes!” she screamed when he pulled back before starting a steady rhythm of hard strokes.

Gasping for air, her hands flew above her head and clenched the headboard tightly. Ross also shifted his body, coming down on top of her, hands on both sides of her body. She opened her eyes and drank in the sight of him. His face was tense with need, a fierce, burning intensity. She watched his eyes grow dreamy, savoring the rough sounds he made when he pulled out of her before ramming his cock back in once more.

All at once his muscles tensed, his jaw tightening with his own carnal needs. Throwing back his head, he came hard, jerking against her as his hot semen spilled into the condom. The feel of him, that solid and heavy cock filling her was exquisite.. Her whole body trembled even as his violent shakes began to subside. Rippling to the core of her being, her climax seemed to go on forever, like nothing she’d even felt before.

And then it was over, Ross rolling off her body with a groan, his hand between their bodies to keep the condom from slipping off when he lifted his body off hers. He dropped it into the small trashcan between the nightstand and bed. Lying on his back, one arm crooked at the elbow, he slid his hand under his head.

“That was great,” he said after a long silence.

“It was.” The words sounded hollow.

Cecile rolled over onto her side. Her gaze crept toward the small digital clock at

the bedside. It was ten after three.. Less than two hours of bliss. Why did it have to be over so quickly? But under the delicious languor was the knowledge that she'd never have sex with him again. Fingers of regret scratched savagely at her heart, setting up a dull ache deep inside in her soul.

*I've enjoyed the moment*, she told herself, a bitter barbed hook around her heart.  
*But I'll never see him again.*

She pried the sharp prongs from her skin and tried to pretend they hadn't drawn blood. After all, tonight wasn't about a search for commitment. It was about crawling out of her shell and getting on with her life. Whether he knew it or not, Ross had helped her take the first steps toward healing.

A grunt escaped his lips when he got off the bed. He headed toward the bathroom, closing the door behind him. The sounds of urination crept into her ears.

Her nose wrinkled. When it was over, sex was a messy and unpleasant thing to deal with. Bodies coated with sweat, stinking of the odors created by intercourse.

All at once she felt dirty, as though she'd rolled naked in a pigsty. She didn't want his scent clinging to her skin. She would have appreciated a hot shower, but that would mean she'd have to stay longer, and she didn't want to be around any longer than she had to. She only wanted to get in her car and go home.

Without thinking about what she'd done, Cecile jumped up and pulled on her blouse and skirt, zipping it quickly around her hips. Not bothering with her hose, she stuffed them into her purse along with the condoms and other small items she'd dumped out onto the bed. Snatching up her sandals, she tried to be as quiet as a

## One Naughty Night

mouse when she shut the door behind her.

She didn't look back as she scurried to her car and got in.

## Chapter Five

Monday rolled around with a predictable sameness. Because the new manager was coming in today, Cecile would be going in to the theater a little earlier than her usual noontime arrival.

Pulling into the parking lot of the theater, she sat for a few minutes, watching the rest of the employees straggling into work. Most of them were teenagers—the kids who worked part-time at the ticket office and snack bars. The assistant managers were barely out of their teens themselves.

A big modern building, the theater was a fairly new one, a twelve-screen multiplex standing two stories tall. Going inside never failed to impress her. Passing the glass-walled ticket area, she passed through a second set of glass doors and entered the lobby. Stretching down the right and left walls were the concession stands, where massive amounts of people could buy their popcorn, soda, and candy, all outrageously expensive but something the public never failed to gobble up.

Following the others, she headed toward the theaters; an ingress divided six to the right and six to the left. Theater 1, the smallest, was used as an employee meeting room. Roughly fifty employees were seated throughout, those who would be coming onto duty dressed in the black pants, white shirts, and maroon vests that was the official uniform of the theater chain. Clip-on black bow ties and brassy gold

nametags completed the ensemble. All the assistants knew better than to sit at the front of the theater, and all had taken seats in the last row, letting the kiddies have the front rows.

Cecile sat with the assistant managers who were allowed more leeway in their clothing. The guys wore slacks and shirts, the women about anything that wasn't too short or too tight. Of the assistant managers, there were seven. She took a seat by Jessie Ramirez, the first assistant manager. He poked her and whispered that she was late.

"No such thing," she shot back.

All heads turned when the doors opened a final time to admit the outgoing manager and the one who would take over the job effective today.

Massively huge in height and girth, Jonathan Jefferson was the typical genial jolly fat man. Red faced, always huffing and puffing up the staircase leading to the second floor offices, Jefferson had known nothing about the theater business, working in radio advertising when drafted at age forty-four into working for the theater, breezing through the ninety-day MIT program. His job was easy because he came into the theater with an already trained staff in place. After a year, he was being transferred to Salt Lake and a larger theater.

Logically, Jessie Ramirez would have been slotted into the manager's job, but he had two things going against further advancement in the theater chain at this time. One, he was only twenty-two, and two, he had an attitude and authority problem.

To his left was Vince, her best friend, the kind of guy you could call the sweet



baby-faced lug. Standing well over six feet and carrying a considerable waistline himself, Vince was just marking time. He'd joined the Army and would be going into the service shortly. Working at the theater was just a way to make extra money and see free movies. He spent most his time spinning his keys around his finger and stalking the theaters looking for troublemakers to toss out. Despite his doughy body, few wanted to mess with Vince.

Beside Vince sat Angie, the fun-queen of the bunch, also twenty. Pretty, sparkly, slightly on the pudgy side, Angie was the kind of girl most girls wanted to be. She was whip-smart and college-bound.

The oldest of the group was Amy, twenty-seven, porcelain-fine, and hugely pregnant. Like Angie, Amy was pretty, though in a different sort of way. She wore too much make-up to cover bad skin, talked in a high teeny voice, and freaked if she broke a fingernail. She hated working with the projectors and mostly confined herself to the office work—counting money, keeping files current, and generally kibitzing with the manager's wife, her best friend. She would soon be going on maternity leave.

A few other junior managers-in-training sat with them: Brian, Jen, and Beth, all recently promoted from the ticket office. They were teenagers, and wouldn't last long.

Lastly was Cecile herself, second assistant manager. At twenty-five, she'd also worked in the theater since high school. At sixteen, she'd started as an usher, working her way through concessions, the ticket office and, after two years, into the coveted position that would allow her to cut film and run projectors. Her duties also included

overseeing the lobby, inventory control, and counting and making deposits between shifts.

With everyone having their favorite part of the job, Cecile was left alone to do what she did best: cut and run films. It was an arrangement that worked, and she hoped the new manager wouldn't ruin it.

When the doors opened, it was already ten-thirty, and Jefferson was late as usual. The man could not come to work on time and the loose schedule of the theater didn't really require him to. With him was another man. Heads turned as they walked together toward the front of the theater, locked in conversation.

At the front of the theater, Jefferson clapped his hands. "People," he said. "Let's come to attention."

The employees gradually quieted down. Like most kids, it was hard for them to contain their youthful energy. Horseplay and practical jokes behind the scenes were commonplace. It wasn't unusual to find the manager and his assistants shooting rubber bands at the wall, seeing how many would stick. In between films there was little to do and standing around for a couple hours was part of the job.

A lot of teenage romances were kindled in the theater—kisses stolen and hearts broken. Although the policy was to discourage dating between employees, there was really nothing that could be done to control it among the teens. It was overlooked unless it became a problem that affected their work. The theater did have a strict hands-off policy, so no groping of body parts was allowed.

"As you all know," Jefferson continued, "today marks my last day at the theater

as your manager.”

Groans and a few catcalls met his words, which he shrugged off with a good-natured grin. His hands went up in the air like a conductor overseeing an orchestra. “Your new manager is Ross Kincaid, who has recently joined our fine company. I hope you’ll all make him feel as welcome on his first day as you did mine—”

Jefferson’s words droned on, but Cecile did not hear them. His voice was no more than a buzz in her ears. There are very few times in a person’s life when their blood goes cold in their veins. Today was one of those days. Heart dropping to her toes, she sucked in a sharp breath. The air seemed to scorch her lungs.

*Oh. My. God. It can’t be him, can it? Is it?*

Almost in a panic, Cecile raised her body slightly out of her seat and squinted her eyes, trying to make out his features over the multitude of heads she looked over. The tall man she saw was clean-shaven, his brown hair cut into a short neat style. He was dressed immaculately in sharply pressed gray slacks, white shirt, jacket and tie. He looked nothing like that scruffy, tattooed biker she’d picked up in the bar Friday night.

Kincaid had assumed control of the floor. He was making some remarks, but she wasn’t listening to his words. She was listening to his voice. Hearing him speak, she immediately knew that Ross Kincaid was her Friday night fuck. Vaguely she recalled him saying in passing that he was new in town and had a new job.

A whirl of thoughts raced through her brain. *What the hell am I going to do? One look and he’ll know it’s me... He’ll think I’m a slut, a cheap whore. Wait a minute, I*

*didn't ask for money. Still, I picked him up for sex. Oh, jeez, why did I do that? Why does he have to be working here, now, today?*

Sure that she was about to melt into a puddle, Cecile scrunched her body down, hoping that he wouldn't see her.

Still stung that he'd been passed over for promotion, Jessie elbowed her over the armrest. "Looks like an asshole, huh?" he grumbled. "Why they are always recruiting instead of promoting from within is beyond me."

Cecile shot him a sharp look, not really caring that he'd been overlooked for promotion. "That's always the way it is," she commiserated, knowing damn good and well that Jessie did things his way, no matter how much trouble it got him into-even though he was usually right. Angie leaned forward, talking in sotto voice over Vince's massive frame. "Do you think he knows what the hell he's doing?"

"No more than John did on his first day," Jessie said. "He didn't know his ass from a hole in the ground."

"He's been a good manager, though," Cecile said in his defense. "I'll be sorry to see him go." What she wasn't sure about was Ross Kincaid staying.

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While the rest of the assistants hurried to the manager's office to begin kissing the new guy's ass, Cecile headed upstairs to the second floor to the projection room. In the dim light it would be safe up there. She preferred to be up on the second floor, walking her concrete path among the twelve projectors that would run simultaneously throughout the day. The first showing wasn't scheduled to begin until one, giving her

plenty of time to warm the machines up, turning on the sound towers, warming up the projectors and threading the films.

As she walked, Cecile massaged the back of her neck with a hand. Holy shit. What was she going to do? The man she'd just spent a night with was now her boss. When she'd seen him again, all sorts of conflicting emotions had raged through her body. She exhaled sharply, feeling the tension within her ready to snap. God she wished she could run, just dash out the doors and run like hell. Maybe that would get her far enough away to forget the feel of his hands on her skin, the feel of his mouth on hers.

"God, this is bad." What was she going to do if he recognized her? Blow him off. Pretend it never happened? No, she couldn't do that. Just when she'd found a man who awakened that part of her she'd believed was immune to desire, Ross Kincaid turned out to be forbidden fruit. She'd wanted him then.. Knew it without doubt. And she wanted him now.

Impossible.

Cecile drew a deep breath, steadying herself. Okay. She'd just have to deal with the fact their one naughty night was all she'd get. She'd had no way of knowing when she picked him up that Ross Kincaid would turn out to be her future boss. What had happened was in the past. It would have to stay there if they both wanted to keep their job.

Professional. Be courteous but distant. No law said she had to be friends with the man.

*I just have to do my job.*

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There was a kind of Zen to running twelve projectors. Cecile set to work, having an hour to get all twelve ready to go.

She loved it all. Film was her life. She lived and breathed movies. Working in the theater gave her the unique opportunity to collect items that were not usually marketed to the general public, but that movie studios used to woo the theater managers. While she had no use for toys or other novelty items, she did have dibs on posters and cells cut from the films. Nothing tickled her more than cutting into a movie for the first time, knowing that she would be the first to splice the reels together.

It took only a few minutes to get the first projector set up, checking to make sure all the sound settings were correct, and the platters turned on. Just as she was heading toward the second projector, Jonathan came ambling through the projection room, Ross Kincaid in tow.

“Cecile,” Jefferson said, making a brief fluttering motion with his hand. “Come here and meet Ross.”

Cecile gritted her teeth, swore softly under her breath, but went over to the two men. Her eyes flitted over Ross, knowing perfectly well the body that was concealed under that staid suit of his. If she closed her eyes, she could see him naked across her mind’s screen, stroking that huge cock of his...

*Don’t think about fucking him, she warned herself. That was pleasure. This is business.*

She dutifully offered her hand. “Nice to meet you, Mister Kincaid.” Inside, her guts were pure ice, almost as if she expected Ross to point at her and announce to Jefferson that she was the woman who had picked him up and fucked him Friday night.

Kincaid did no such thing. He gave her hand a firm brief shake but didn’t seem to recognize her at all. His face was blank, bland. He obviously had other things on his mind, like taking in all the details of a huge theater. Friday night and sex were probably not on the top of his mental list at this moment.

“Nice to meet you, Cecile,” Ross said, doing the same thing every man did and looking straight through her. Most people usually did. What was interesting or attractive about a five-foot-two-inch woman with her hair in a tight bun, wearing no make-up, thick glasses, and dressed in a figure-concealing sweater, loose slacks, and sensible black shoes?

She gave a secret sigh of relief, glad that he didn’t seem to recognize her. The way he glanced at her, she might as well have been invisible. He certainly wasn’t giving her the *second over* glance that men gave women they were attracted to, either. Considering their recent past, maybe that was the best thing. It was going to be hard, working so closely with Ross, remembering the feel of his skin under her hands and knowing that she’d never be able to touch him again in that way. If she wanted to think about Ross in a sexual manner, that was fine. She must keep her fantasies and her hands to herself, though.

*It can’t happen again*, she warned herself sternly. Though there was no hard and

fast policy about the managers dating one another, she'd always felt that workplace romances were not a wise decision. If the romance went sour, the lesser partner usually got the boot, and she certainly wasn't about to jeopardize her career for a one-night fuck. Yes, Ross was good looking and would certainly be worth a second tumble but not at the cost of her benefits!

She winced a little when Jefferson smacked her on the shoulder with one giant paw. "This is the lady that'll get your films all ready to go. She's the best you'll have in a cutter. Hardly ever a bad splice."

Ross shrugged helplessly, eyeing the huge projectors like a knight eyed a dragon.

"I'm afraid I don't know about cutting a film," he admitted, a little bit sheepishly. "I hope you'll teach me, Cecile."

Hearing his words, she cringed, but what could she say? Certainly not, "No." Ross Kincaid was her new boss. She couldn't very well tell him to stay the hell out of her projection room. She could only hope he was like Jefferson, who had never touched a projector or film in his entire tenure as manager, and was perfectly content to leave it just that way and concentrate on the paperwork aspect of the business. And there was a hell of a lot of paperwork to do, daily, weekly, and monthly. Hopefully, that would keep Kincaid well occupied and away from her domain.

"I'll be glad to teach you, Mister Kincaid," she said, trying to sound gracious. She sounded squeaky instead.

"Call me Ross, please." He looked around the projection booth. "So how long have you worked here?"



She fidgeted. “About nine years.”

“You must like it.”

“Yeah, well, whatever pays the bills, you know?” As soon as the words left her mouth she wanted to slap herself on the forehead. *What a lame thing to say.*

“I understand you’re on salary.”

“Yes, I make the same no matter how many hours I work.”

“How many hours do you average?”

“A lot,” Jefferson cut in. “You’ll find you’re here morning, noon and night. Manager’s on call twenty-four/seven. We’re a business that never closes a single day of the year. Not even Christmas or New Year’s.”

“Roughly fifty,” she said. “Sometimes more if there are a lot of films coming out in the same week. I cut as many as I can myself. I earn every penny I make.”

“Just coming out of MIT training, I have no doubt. It’s mind-boggling. So much to learn in ninety days, and I don’t think I’ve gotten half of it.”

“You must have,” she said. “Or they wouldn’t have assigned you this theater.”

His face tensed, jaw tightening. “Right,” he agreed vaguely. “Guess I did all the right things.” He looked around. “What films are coming up this week?”

“Another Saw sequel, October release,” she replied automatically. “It’s going to be a busy weekend. The movie’s only in the SOS season.”

Ross’s brow wrinkled. “SOS?”

She hastened to explain. To non-movie folk, the expression meant little. “Season of sequels. All the major movies of a few seasons ago had sequels debut this year.”

She began to tick movie titles off on her fingers. As she talked, her hands flew like nervous sparrows and excitement lit her voice, giving it a gentler cadence. In a way it was wonderful to get to share her passion with him, however vicariously, since he didn't seem to recognize her.

Kincaid's face took on a blank look. Realizing she had lost him a few movies back, she stopped.

"I'm sure you get the idea," she finished. "All of those are coming out within weeks of each other. It's the best lineup a summer could have. We'll be busy."

"I'm sorry," he said, shaking his head. "I've never seen any of the original films, so I don't know anything about the sequels."

Her jaw almost dropped. "You're kidding?"

He gave a weak smile. "No, not kidding." He shrugged. "Guess I was doing something besides going to the movies back then."

Cecile drew back her shoulders. The way he said it made it sound like he had better things to do than hang around watching flicks. It didn't exactly endear him to her. She pasted her smile into place even though she'd really have liked to wipe that smirk off his face with a good slap. *Dumb asshole*, she silently cursed. *I can see you don't know jack about this business.*

"Well," she began carefully, trying not to let annoyance creep into her tone, "you're going to be seeing a lot of movies now, since it is part of your job."

Ross laughed, obviously impressed. "I can see I have a lot still to learn."

"The MIT programs don't prepare you for the half of it," Jefferson said knowingly.

“Come on. I’ll show you the office where the assistant managers work. The computer system there controls the marquee signs, as well as theater’s daily paperwork. It’s also where we handle the money—”

With Kincaid following, Jefferson set his huge body into motion, his rolling gait carrying him through the projection booth. Though Ross Kincaid was by no means a small man, standing a good five-eleven himself, beside the giant Jonathan Jefferson, he was literally dwarfed.

Cecile stared in the men’s wake, watching both walk away. Where Jefferson rolled like a sand bound whale, Ross glided, like a stalking cat. Graceful, smooth. She sighed.

“God, he’s got a fine ass.”

Too bad she couldn’t put her hands on it again.

## Chapter Six

Cecile was just about to go to work on the first reel of *Saw III* when a hand tapped her on the shoulder. With the multitude of sounds in the projection booth, it was difficult to have a conversation, much less hear someone walk up.

Cecile squealed, almost dropping the reel. Fumbling with the heavy thing, she savagely turned on the offender.

“What do you want?!”

Ross Kincaid held up his hands in a mock gesture of fending off a blow. “Hey, settle down. I just wanted to watch you put the film together. You were going to teach me, remember?”

“Oh—right,” she hastened to say. “Sorry, I forgot.”

Her words were true. She *had* forgotten. Over these last three days, she’d hardly said a word to him, going into the manager’s office only to let him know she had arrived before hurrying off to the haven of the second floor.

Ross had already proven himself popular, continuing Jefferson’s tradition of a full candy bowl on his desk. The girls were clearly ga-ga over a good-looking older man and literally flocked around his office, giving ten excuses to talk to him. Crushes were inevitable. Fact was their paths had rarely crossed this week. He was trying to settle into a new job, and she was doing her best to avoid him. It helped that her domain

was on the second floor, his on the first. It looked like the twain would rarely meet, and that was the way she wanted it.

It was hard enough to be around him as it was, harder still to go home at night. The dreams she'd been having about him were sexually vivid—dreams she longed to make a scorching reality. The erotica books that had once helped satisfy her untapped carnal desires were no longer enough. She wanted to feel flesh on flesh, spread her thighs, and open herself to the invasion of his cock again.

At home at night, she'd had to douse herself under cold showers, trying anything to get Ross Kincaid out of her head. It was amazing how much a chance encounter in a bar could change your life, turn your whole world upside down. Serendipity? Fate? The dumbest thing she'd ever done in her life? She wasn't sure yet. She only knew that she wanted him, damn it! And working in such close proximity with him, she wasn't sure that she could handle being so near him, yet unable to touch him, enjoy him.

God, just thinking about him caused a shiver to go down her spine, lit a pleasant glow deep in her soul. Was it possible to be in love after one night? She didn't believe in love at first sight, didn't give credence to infatuation. They'd had sex. Nothing more. Nothing less. Trouble was she wanted it to be something more.

*I can quit my job*, she'd thought over and over in a panic. *This isn't the only theater in town.*

*That's stupid*, another more reasonable voice broke in. *I can work with him, be totally professional and impersonal.* He didn't even seem recognize her. She was invisible. He hadn't looked twice at her.

A twinge, like fingers pinching into the soft tissue of her heart, spiked through her chest. Finding love in this world was hard enough without having the baggage of a former relationship dragging at your heels.

Was she ready to give love another try? Could she jeopardize her fragile heart a second time? The battle to meet and mate was just what it seemed—a battle. Men and women were hardwired so differently. Women were soft, pleasant. Men were hard, violent. Even sex between males and females seemed to be a fight for dominance of one body over the other—but, oh God, sex felt delicious.

Even as she was thinking of Ross, her thoughts were sneaking down between her legs, her clit beginning to pulse with a warm sensual sensation. If she closed her eyes, she could imagine that she and Ross could have more than one night together.

“No problem,” he said. “So where are you at?”

“Huh? At?” she repeated then remembered the reel in her hand. “Oh, right, first one. The previews are already done.” She was glad that he was oblivious to the images she was pinning to the bedroom walls in her brain. Actors were definitely out now. The images were of Ross. Naked. Aroused.

“How do we start?”

“Here.” She showed him the reel. “We look for the head.”

“The head?”

“Yes, the head is the beginning of the reel, whereas the tail is at the end. If it’s been put tail first, it has to be rewound to the beginning, or you’ll be showing the reel backwards.”

“Wouldn’t want that to happen.”

“It has,” she laughed. “Backwards, upside down, no soundtrack. I can tell you some stories that would raise your hair.” She positioned the reel on the cutting table where it would unspool.

“Fortunately, we don’t have to worry about that.” She let out the film, spooling it out. “We don’t cut the head off this one because it has the movie’s credits and so on.” She put the film on the splicer, threading it onto the sprockets so that it would perfectly butt against the last frame of the preview reel.

“No cutting here,” she informed him, “just some splicing tape.” She took a piece of splicing tape, which closely resembled Scotch tape, and joined the two frames, turning the film over and repeating the move. She held up the film, a long snake. “There. Now this reel is wound onto the platter.”

With Ross watching, she worked through the next four reels, acutely aware of how close he was standing. When she bent over to cut, he also bent. She could feel the heat of his breath on the back of her neck, smell his cologne as he looked over her shoulder. Watching the film wind up onto the platter, she lost herself in the blur of passing frames.

Her mind was not on the movie she would preview later. Instead, her eyes had fastened on the ring of keys Ross wore attached to his belt. They jingled enticingly as he moved. All the keys to the theater now hung there. She had an almost identical set herself. Except for one which only the manager possessed—the elevator key.

Annoyingly, her heart began to pound in her chest. Her nipples hardened,

deliciously rasping against the soft silk of her bra. Between her legs she could feel herself growing moist. How she'd like to feel the hardness of his body against her own.

She heard his body shifting, felt him step up behind her.

He drew in a breath. "I like that perfume you're wearing," he murmured in a low sultry tone.

Without turning, she said, "Thanks. It's my favorite. Vanilla musk."

"Nice." The single word was a sexy rumble. He was standing so close now that she felt his warm breath caress her skin. "You look sexy tonight."

Licking dry lips, she almost jumped when his fingers brushed the nape of her neck.

"You think so?" she asked breathlessly, wondering if her heart would burst out of her chest. She should put a stop to this flirtation immediately, but she didn't want to. It was too much fun having him making time with her.

"Oh, yeah," he breathed. "And I'd like to explore it a little more." His hands slid down her shoulders, down her back to cup her ass cheeks. He leaned in closer to her body, squeezing. "I wish you'd wear a skirt to work."

Cecile's tongue snaked out, tracing her lips, wetting them. The instant pleasure of his touch startled her, gentle, caressing. Her head was spinning. She liked the fluttery feelings that spread through her pussy.

"Don't you think you're being a little inappropriate?" she shot back boldly but didn't pull away.



“No, ma’am,” he murmured. His hands moved to her hips. He pulled her back against his body and began to move his hips. She could feel his erection pressing between the crack of her ass. Already his cock was rock-hard, looking for action. “In fact, I’m almost willing to bet that you don’t think so, either.”

Cecile closed her eyes, feeling the heat from his hands seep through the material of her slacks. Her breathing came a little faster. She started to grind her ass back against him. His hands moved to her front, one pressing against her flat belly, the other moving higher to cup her breast. A small gasp escaped her lips when his fingers began to pull at her erect nipple through the material of her sweater and bra.

“You know, Lois Lane always knew it was Superman under those glasses Clark Kent wore.” His breath was hot on the back of her neck.. “I haven’t been able to think of anything but you since Friday night. Fancy us meeting here at work.”

His words had the effect of cold water being dashed over her body. She twisted out of his hold like a wild cat; hackles up, claws at the ready. “What happened Friday night was a one-night thing,” she snapped. “It’s not going to happen again.”

Ross held off his hands as if warding off blows. “Hey, whoa! What’s the problem? I thought—”

Cheeks reddening in embarrassment, her chin shot up sharply. “Thought what?” she demanded. “Thought that just because we had sex one time that you could follow me to work and fuck me again?”

*He just thinks he can use me for a fuck toy, she silently seethed. Oh, she put out for me once, she’ll put out again.* Thinking about it infuriated her. Anger kindled in

the depths of her gaze, her nostrils flaring.. She stared at him through narrow eyes. How dare he invade her work and try to force himself on her!

He dropped his hands. “No, no, it’s not like that at all,” he said, running his fingers through his hair. “God, since you walked out and left, I’ve had nothing else on my mind. You just left, damn it, didn’t give me a chance to ask for your number or anything. I really wanted to see you again.”

“I left,” she said slowly, “because I didn’t want to see you again.”

His voice caught. “Why not? I thought what we did was pretty damn good, and I wanted the chance to do it again.”

“But I didn’t.” Her guts burned. She drew in a deep breath, forcing herself to speak crisply and concisely, as if she were fully in control of herself and this bizarre situation. “You were just a fuck, Ross, a stranger I picked up in a bar. It wasn’t meant to be anything more, and I don’t want an encore. Forget it happened and go on with your life.”

Before he could say another word, the final reel finished, making a loud snap. Catching the whirling spindle with a hand, she turned the dial that would stop the platter the completed film revolved on top of. The film already playing from the top platter was beginning to wind down toward the final reel. Another twenty minutes and it would be finished. Then she could begin tearing it down, a reverse of the process she’d just completed.

“This is ready to be previewed,” she said briskly. If she didn’t stamp out this little blaze before it got out of control, it could turn into a raging wildfire. She wasn’t

about to risk her secure job for him, no matter how attractive she found the man.

“Give me another hour or so, and I’ll be ready to run it.”

Disappointment flickered across his face, but he doused it. He shoved his hands down in his pockets and stared down at her. “Okay.” He took a step back and then another. Frustration roughened his voice. “Guess you know what you’re doing.”

## Chapter Seven

Forty minutes later, after tearing down the outgoing film, Cecile was ready to preview her work. Though she had no doubts about her abilities as a film cutter, a film had to be watched from beginning to end to ensure that it was ready to be shown to the public.

For now, she could relax and enjoy the film. Detouring downstairs, she filled her cup with soda and bought a box of her favorite candy—chocolate-covered almonds. Since the concession stands were now closed and the teens sent home for the evening, she simply put the money in the empty cash drawer with a note for the candy to be rung up the next day. Sodas and popcorn were free to workers, and plenty was left over at night for munching.

Strange that she should be the only one here getting snacks. She looked around the empty lobby. Usually the rest of the assistant managers were stocking up on snacks for the preview. She checked her watch. It was only ten past midnight. The late shows were over, and the general public had been herded out of the building, and the doors locked. Maybe they'd already gone to the theater. Of course, if everyone were settled that meant she'd be left to start the projector and then run downstairs

during the previews as well as run upstairs to mark bad splices with a soda bottle if any should pop up. Typical for everyone to have settled in, to leave the running to her.

Making her way past the usher's stand to the left and down the hall, she pushed open the heavy metal door and walked into the theater. The house lights were on, lighting every corner.

"Hey, assholes," she started to say. "if you think I'm running up and down tonight, you're all wrong."

She stopped dead.

The theater, with its rows and rows of stadium seating, was absolutely empty.

She squinted and peered into the darkness.

Wait a minute... Angie had come by and given her the thumbs-up a half hour ago on her way downstairs to lock the front doors. Vince and Jessie had been horsing around with the moneybags on their way to close the tills. Everything had been fine, and everyone had been going about the nightly business. Now, they were...gone?

She suspected a prank. Vince and Jessie were good at pranks. Like the time they'd taped all the light switches down and forced Angie to navigate her way through the building in the dark. Or the time they'd taken a packing crate and tried to ship Brian across town.

"Hey," she called. "It's late and I don't feel like—"

The door behind her opened.

"Don't feel like what?" Ross Kincaid asked.

Cecile whirled, almost slopping her soda over the edge of her cup. She could see that he carried a cup of soda and a large bag of popcorn, obviously ready for the movie.

“Nothing,” she mumbled, embarrassed. “Just ready to get the film started.” She looked around. “Where is everyone?”

“I’ve sent everyone home,” he said, “except Vince. He’ll start the projector and then he’s got orders to wander off himself.”

Her brow wrinkled in consternation. His bright grin annoyed her. Oh, why did men have to be so goddamned presumptive?

“Why?” She glanced up toward the rear of the theater. Not a foot above the last row of seating was a glass window that allowed the projectionist to look down into the audience as well as observe the film playing on the screen. As usual, Vince was making faces, pressing his lips to the glass.

*It’s a good thing people rarely look up that way, she thought, barely able to suppress a smile. They would see there’s a bunch of idiots behind the scenes.*

“Kind of just you and me,” Ross explained. “A first date, so to speak.”

Grip tightening on her box of almonds, she remembered she was supposed to be pissed not amused.

“Oh, God,” she huffed. “How silly can you get? This isn’t a date. This is work.”

He shrugged. “It can be if you let it.”

“I’m not dating you, Ross,” she said sourly. “You don’t even have to stay at all. You can go home, and I can handle the run-through. I doubt I’ve made a mistake in

the edit.”

Ross shook his head. “What? And miss my first after-hours preview? No way.”

She rolled her eyes. Did this guy know what a jerk he was making of himself? Probably not. Most men were clueless when they were being assholes.

“Let’s just watch the film, okay?” she huffed through flaring nostrils. “It’s getting late, and I’d like to go home before dawn.”

Turning her back on him, she walked up five rows and picked a seat near the aisle. To her annoyance, her boss followed, plopping down beside her. She thought about moving over a couple of seats but thought the better of it.

*What’s the use?* She doubted Ross would get the message that she wasn’t interested. Better make the best of it. After tonight, though, she’d make it a policy to bypass the movie previews. That way she wouldn’t be put in this predicament again. There were several other assistant managers just as capable of fixing a bad splice during the maiden run.

Seeing the two who comprised his audience were seated, Vince brought down the house lights and started the movie. A blast of sound filled the theater as the first preview began.

Ross offered his popcorn. “Want some? Extra butter.” He popped some in his mouth. “I love this stuff.”

She shook her head. “Now you can eat all you want for free.” She grimaced. “I’ve eaten all that I’ll eat in a lifetime. Besides, I have my own snack.”

Despite her words, she did not open the box. She usually liked to watch her

movies hunched down in the seat, feet up on the one in front of her, splayed apart. She'd feel weird doing that now, so she sat stiffly, not failing to notice that he rudely took the single armrest between their seats. How the hell was she going to enjoy the movie if she was so damned uncomfortable?

*Asshole*, she cursed in silence, crossing her arms across her chest and trying not to fidget. The only thing she wanted was for this flick to end so she could go home and enjoy a hot shower. Sitting so close to him, she was acutely aware of his body in such a close proximity to her own. Glancing out of the corner of her eye, she sneaked a peek at his strong profile. Munching his popcorn, he seemed absorbed in the events playing out on the big screen.

Feeling the tension in her shoulders, she tried to relax a little. She turned her head a little more, taking a longer, bolder look at his body. His legs were almost too damned long to fit in the space between the seats. By the flickering light of the movie, his skin had the unearthly glow of a sci-fi painting. Closing her eyes, she drew out the memories of the night they'd shared together as strangers.

Across her mind's screen, she could imagine she could see him naked, shoulders and chest bare, droplets of perspiration glimmering on his flesh. She knew what he looked like when his penis was erect, running his hand over its stout length, a droplet of pre-cum seeping from the tip. She longed to touch his cock, wrap her fingers and lips around that surging organ, feel it shift and tighten before climax... She remembered how he'd taken his time, stroking her body, massaging, trying to satisfy her before taking his own pleasure.



Licking dry lips, she almost had to restrain herself from reaching out and stroking his strong thigh. God, but she longed to follow his leg up to the vee of his crotch, stroke that cock of his until it became rock hard. They could do it right here, and no one would be the wiser.

Instead of feeling him up, she clenched her hands tightly in her lap. She tried to pay attention to the movie, but her concentration was shot. All she could think about was Ross; stripping him and having sex with him all night.

Putting aside his empty popcorn bucket, Ross stretched his arm out across the back of her seat. Almost like a whisper, he began to stroke the nape of her neck, fingers pressing against the taut muscles.

“Feel good?”

“Mmmm, yes. My weakness.”

Wonder of wonders, she was beginning to loosen up and unbend. Without thinking, she rested her head on his shoulder.. His hand dropped lower, hovering above, but not quite touching, her breast. Desire spread down to her clit, burning all the way as for one brief moment they meshed. Caught up in remembering how good his body felt against hers—regretting that they’d met under such strange circumstances—Cecile took a minute to snap back to the present. More than ten minutes passed before she remembered she wasn’t supposed to be welcoming his touch and shrugged his arm off.

“Do you mind?” Her words sounded hollow even to her own ears.

“Sorry.” He linked his hands across his lap and didn’t attempt to touch her through the rest of the movie.

Over an hour and a half later, the end credits began to roll, and the house lights came up, cued by the silver tape markers she'd set into the film.

Ross stood and stretched, yawning. "That was good," he enthused, "but long." He checked his watch. "Jeez, it's after two, and I'm wired. No way I can go home and sleep now."

Cecile stood up too, uneaten candy and soda cup in hand. Despite Ross bothering her, there hadn't been a single bad splice in the movie. It was perfect, ready to play.

"Get used to it. Sometimes we're previewing several films at a time. You can get stuck here until opening time previewing films."

"I won't want to do this all the time," he commented. "I'm not the late bird I used to be."

"No more party hearty, huh?"

He laughed, low in his throat. "God, no. I learned my lesson about that." He glanced around the empty theater. "So what do we do now?"

"We shut down the projector, turn off the lights, and go home," she replied. She knew that he was aware of exactly what needed to be done. He was just fishing for an excuse to hang around.

Ross trailed her upstairs, watching as she flipped off the switches to number twelve's sound tower, powered down the projector, and ran a brush over its lenses and sprockets to clear away the film dust. Good soul that he was, Vince had stayed long enough to shut down the other projectors and cover the films. Lastly, she covered the film.

“There. That’s it. Tomorrow, it all begins again.”

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She headed around the corner to the elevator so they could take the rear entrance out where their cars were parked behind the building. He hurried after her.

“How about a cup of coffee?” he asked, grabbing at her arm.

She tugged away. With eroding patience, she punched the elevator’s call button. “No. I don’t want to go out with you, Ross.” The silver doors slid open. She darted inside like a trapped gazelle. He stepped in beside her.

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t want to, okay?”

Ross reached out to punch the EMERGENCY STOP button. The elevator lurched to a halt between floors.

“What are you doing?” she demanded. She tried to reach around him to push the first floor button, but he stopped her. Reaching for the key that controlled the elevator, he shoved it into the lock, twisting it as he shot her an evil grin.

“Elevator’s now out of service indefinitely,” he announced, pocketing the key. “Until you give me one good reason why you won’t go out with me.”

She stamped her foot in frustration. “I don’t want to go out with you!”

“Why?” he asked simply. His expression was mulish, demanding a good answer.

“Why?” she echoed.

His flinty gaze fixed on her face. “Yeah—why? I’ve been trying to throw myself at your feet, and you keep stepping over me as if I’m a mangy dog. All I want to know is

why you won't give me a chance. I'm a pretty decent guy once you get to know me."

She gave a derisive laugh. Frustrated and angry, she blurted, "There aren't any decent men. Just liars and cheats who fuck you, lie to you, and then leave you."

"So you decided to do it first?" he countered. "The fucking and leaving? What happened, Cecile? Some bastard walk all over your heart?"

Hearing his words, shock almost stole her breath. To her surprise, she realized his words were true and that he had hit the nail squarely on the head. Was it that obvious? Did she wear her hurt like a matador waved a red cape, using it to punish other men the way she'd never had a chance to punish Roger?

Emptiness and loss welled up in her. There were a lot of complicated feelings she just wasn't prepared to deal with right now. She looked at him like a wounded sparrow, baffled by his insistence on pushing her into a corner, prodding her to find her weaknesses.

"That's beside the point!" There was a bite in her voice, a warning. She leaned back against the railing, giving him her best contemptuous glance; eyeing him up and down from the tip of his head to his toes. Her grip tightened on the cold steel railing under her hands, as though she were drawing strength from its solidity. "Maybe you're just not my type," she finished icily.

He moved then, taking a step toward her, lifting a hand and stroking the tips of his fingers along her cheek.. "I was your type Friday night."

"It was just supposed to be one night," she protested ineffectually. The words weren't very convincing even as they left her lips.

A groove in his cheek deepened as one corner of his fine mouth lifted. “It doesn’t have to end with that one night. Look, I don’t know the details of your past heartaches, but don’t let them get in the way of what could happen now—between us.” He sounded a little uncertain, but his gaze was fixed firmly on her face, looking her straight in the eyes and sounding sincere. Invisible tension held them both captive.

She tried to smile, faltered. Her lips tightened, and she couldn’t seem to say anything.

Damn it, instead of getting madder and shoving him away, she was becoming aroused! His own face was tight with need, his stare intense, refusing to be broken. This brand of desire was new to her, unsettling, but possessing an urgency that would not let her do anything but give in to him. She quit thinking with her head and let her instincts take over. Something that might be hope—but was most certainly desire—knotted beneath her breastbone.

“Promise me you’ll break my heart slowly before you walk off and leave,” she said softly.

The unhurried, dangerous grin Ross gave her was as suggestive as the cock pressing against the front of his slacks. He reached for her glasses, sliding them off her face, and tucking them into his shirt pocket. Cupping her face in his hands, he stroked under her eyes with the soft pads of his thumbs.

“I’m not a son of a bitch,” he said, so close that she could feel the vibrations of tension between their bodies. “And I don’t play the fuck ‘em and forget ‘em game.

You walked out before I had a chance to tell you that.”

Her bottom lip trembled. “You didn’t have to sleep with me if you didn’t want to.”

“I wanted to get naked with you,” he admitted. “But I want more than one night. Just give me a chance, Cecile.”

The hands that gripped her shoulders were sure but gentle. His head dipped, and his lips took hers, his tongue thrusting aggressively into her mouth. She felt a sensual stab of pleasure deep down in her belly, as if he had entered her more intimately. She circled his tongue with hers, tasting the salty, buttery flavor of the popcorn he’d eaten.

She melted against him. Her arms went around his neck, and she grabbed on tightly, kissing him as desperately as he did her, her breathless little sounds meeting and merging with his own. A groan shuddered through her when his hand slid down to grip her ass cheeks, lifting her so that she could feel his cock pressing, seeking, demanding.

“We’ll be having sex in the elevator if we don’t stop right now,” she said between gasps for air. She squirmed and writhed when he gripped her buttocks and lifted her up against the wall to cradle his painfully hard erection with her legs scissored around his hips.

He grinned. “Whatever you want.”

“Here?” she asked, desperate to have him.

“Here,” he said. “Now.”

Cecile nodded stupidly. What was she thinking, letting her manager, her boss make love to her in an elevator between floors? Still, there was nothing she could do. He had the master key to the elevator.. The keys to her heart would take a bit longer for him to earn.

Lowering her back to the floor, he pushed her back against the far wall. His hand moved to his back pocket, taking something out. Her eyes widened when he produced a pair of handcuffs.

“What are you doing?” she breathed when he slid one of the cuffs around her wrist. The heat of anticipation suffused her body. She didn’t try very hard to pull away.

“I was prepared to cuff you down to make you listen to me.” Looping the cuffs between the elevator’s rail guard, he pulled her free hand behind her and clamped the cold steel shut. Arms securely behind her, she was trapped to the railing and at his mercy.

“Besides,” he continued. “You left me without a ride home Friday night. I had to walk over two miles to get back to the bar.”

A naughty giggle slipped past her lips. “Sorry,” she said, feeling a bit contrite. “I didn’t think of that.”

He tweaked her chin. “I think a little payback is in order.”

A thrill washed over her.

“Oh, my God,” she started to say, almost babbling from the delight swirling through her veins. “What if we get caught?” Strangely, the idea intrigued her; the

danger of getting caught any moment was an exciting one.

Ross gave her a lazy smile. "This theater is locked up tighter than a drum, and you and I are the only ones here."

He chuckled knowingly. She held her breath, yearning for his touch. When his palms covered her breasts, she gasped from the pleasure, arching against the railing as she closed her eyes to concentrate on the sensations of lust stabbing at her pussy.

Slowly, teasing her, he began to push up her sweater, uncovering her sexy bra. His eyes grazed her body, lingering on the silky material of her bra peeking out beneath the bunched-up material.

"You wear way too many clothes to work." He briefly fingered the lacy covering then slid his fingers into one cup and peeled it down to expose her left breast. He began to tease her nipple, thumb circling the pink aureole. The tip hardened under his touch, growing instantly erect.

Fingers flexing open and shut behind her back, Cecile moaned. She was helpless to stop him.

"Looks like someone's a little horny," he said. Sticking a finger in his mouth, he sucked on it, making it wet. He then brought it to her nipple, rubbing his saliva around the hard nubbin. A shiver ran through her body when he leaned over and blew on her hot, wet skin. She could feel the ache between her legs, feel herself grow slick and wet.

He lowered his head and kissed her breast, circling his tongue closer to her thrusting nipple. When his mouth covered the nipple and suckled, she almost



exploded from the pleasure. Against the sensitive tip, his tongue felt like warm satin, sucking gently, then harder. After a moment, he eased down the other cup of her bra. He slicked the tip of his tongue over it before pulling it deeply into his mouth. He pinched the other roughly, causing her to cry out lightly in response.

She gasped. "Damn it. That feels so good."

He let her nipple slowly slip from his lips. "You like that?"

"Oh, yes."

He smiled. "I'll bet your pussy's just dripping by now." His slid his hand over her belly. He began undoing the buttons on her slacks, opening them in front so that he could push his hand roughly between her thighs. He placed his fingertips against her pussy, rubbing her through the thin material of her panties. She spread her legs wider. Her body shuddered, and she tried to push her crotch against his hand.

"Slow down." Giving her a lazy smile, he pressed his fingers more firmly against her softness, stroking more insistently.

"I can't," she gasped. "I'm so hot I can barely take it."

"Oh, you'll take it all right." She shivered when his fingers pushed deeper into the opaque material and found and rubbed her clit, pressing her body back against the railing. The closed atmosphere was redolent with the musky scent of her sex. The cuffs were biting into her wrists as she twisted her hands, desperately trying to free them so she could touch him.

She sucked in air. "I can't wait. I want you." She wanted him to have complete access to her, tease her pussy any way he wanted.

Kissing his way down her stomach, he went to his knees in front of her. He wrapped his hands around her hips and eased her slacks down, revealing her belly button, then her creamy, firm stomach. By the time his hands reached her ankles, she was lifting one foot to step out of her pants, giggling when he had to fight to get them over her sensible shoes. With a low curse, he slid her shoes off then finished undressing her. Just at the right level, he caught the elastic band in his teeth, easing her tight hose down over her hips. He helped her step out of them, tossing them aside. He ruffled her neatly trimmed bush. He stroked his fingers up and down her lips, tipping his head to listen to the soft mewling sounds she began to make. Then he parted her puffy lips, placing his mouth against her sex. His tongue snaked out, teasing the tip of her clit.

Not caring how ridiculous she looked, half dressed and handcuffed to the elevator's railing, Cecile groaned, grasping the railing as she tried to grind against his face.

"Oh, yeah," she moaned. She lifted her left leg, hooking it over his shoulder. His hands moved under her ass, bracing her body and tilting her up so that she was in the perfect position to be licked all over.

His tongue moved up and down between her swollen lips, teasingly flicked at her nubbin. Her creamy juices drenched his face as he turned his head to suck one of her inner lips into his mouth before his tongue slipped into her opening. The tip of his tongue circled her most sensitive spot for a second and then he pushed it deeper into her. Her thighs tightened against his head when he squeezed her ass cheeks, his

mouth working magic on her pussy. He tongued her hard, fucking her as she rubbed against his face.

“Oh, fuck, that feels soooo goood,” she cried out, voice quivering.

He moved his finger along her silky slit before he dipped it into her.

“Come for me.” He began to finger fuck her, faster and harder, his hand slapping against her dripping pussy. She bit her lip when her body started to tremble uncontrollably, closing her hands around the railing and holding on for dear life as her climax washed through her body, an uncontrollable tide that swept her away. When it was over, she closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the wall, her bare breasts rising and falling. He continued to rub her pussy until her body went limp.

“Oh, God,” she whispered, breath rasping over dry lips. “I can’t take much more.”

Ross climbed to his feet. His cock was hard against his jeans, straining for release. “We’re not done yet,” he warned. He began to unbutton his slacks, taking his time to free his erection.

Hands circling her hips, he pressed his cock against her stomach, letting her feel its length, its hardness. Taking his penis in one hand, he began to stroke it, bringing his fist up to the large purple head then back down. The wanting, the needing was driving her wild, yet he was holding back, making her wait. Leaning forward, his mouth captured hers, his tongue snaking between her lips. She took his kiss greedily, inhaling her scent, tasting her own creamy juices.

“Hurry up,” she demanded in a breathy voice. “I can’t wait any longer.”

Ross' mouth moved from hers to her cheek, then her jaw, to her ear. He nipped at the soft side of her throat, tasting her.

"Beg for it," he teased, his own voice shaking with need. He rubbed the tip of his cock against her swollen lips, watching her stand on tiptoes and spread her thighs wider.

"Fuck me," she whimpered. "I need you inside me, please."

"No condom," he warned.

"I'm on the pill, to keep my cycles regular," she gasped. "It's okay if we do. The other time...just to be safe, you know..."

"Good."

Sliding one hand under her hip, he lifted her leg to curl around his waist, lifting her as he placed the head of his cock against her slit. Pushing gently, his cock slowly disappeared into the depths of her cunt. The deeper he pushed, the more she could feel him throbbing inside. A cry escaped her lips when he rammed his hips up against her, his erection slamming against the walls of her vagina with incredible force. Leaning into her, he pressed her back against the elevator wall, pumping her hard.

"Is this what you want?" he growled in her ear. "A hard cock pounding your cunt until you scream with pleasure?"

"Just keep doing what you're doing!" She threw back her head and released a cry that would have brought the whole staff running had they been there to hear. "Don't ever stop!"

Her words seemed to fill his head. He moaned as he pumped into her, quickening

his pace, then slowing down, teasing her with a few slow strokes before he'd ram hard again. She was gasping for air, her hands clenched tightly around the elevator's railing, her hips grinding against his. She felt his cock being squeezed tightly inside her as her muscles constricted around his length. He caught his breath and began to thrust with new strength. Grunting, he gave one final jab, his body tensing as his hot semen filled her.

Neither said a word when their bodies broke apart.

Ross finally straightened his slacks, tucking his penis back in and buttoning. Then he fished another, smaller key out of his pocket. Reaching around her body, he unlocked the cuffs from around her wrists and pocketed them then retrieved her glasses and slid them back onto her face.

Drawing a steadying breath, she quickly put her hose and pants back on, shifting her bra back into place and lowering her sweater.

Turning the key, he punched the button that restarted the elevator down to the first floor of the theater. The elevator doors slid open.

Cecile slipped on her shoes and stepped out. "So, Ross," she said, hardly able to suppress her grin. "Are you still up for that cup of coffee?"

He pretended to think a minute.

"Yeah," he finally said. "I think I'd like that."

Reaching out, he took her hand, linking his fingers with hers. "What do you think the others will say when they find out we're dating?"

She returned his smile. "I hope they'll say we look very good together." She gave

his hand a squeeze. Maybe what they had right now wouldn't last past next week, but she was willing to try again.

*If at first you don't find love, she thought happily. Try, try again...*

And she intended to have a lot of fun trying.

## About Devyn Quinn

Award-winning author Devyn Quinn lives amid the scenic Southwest Texas plains with her many cats, her four ferrets, and a Shih Tzu puppy. A huge fan of dark gothic literature, Devyn is a recent Romantic Times Nominee and CAPA Award winner. Writing with a style that has depth, fire, and fiendish imagination, Devyn makes her New York debut and is currently working on her next goth-erotic title. Readers may visit her on the web at [www.devynquinn.com](http://www.devynquinn.com).