



DARK EDEN PRESS

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# THE **P**leasure **IN** READING

A Dark Eden Press Publication



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Edited by Gretchen Neeley  
Cover art by Missy Hanson

Electronic book Publication: August 2007

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# The Pleasure in Reading

Bonnie Clarke

*He looked at me like I was a rare steak and he was a starving man.*

*I closed my fist around the solid length of his shaft, pumped it a few times while I gazed up at him, shamelessly allowing him to see that I was very pleased. The set of his jaw was tense, solid, just as he felt in my hand. A man's pulsing desire was the object of my affection, and this particular man required a lot of it. He was magnificent, stiff like a board yet silky as a scarf. I couldn't wait to feel him gliding in and out of my aching body. Moving closer, the puckered tips of my nipples grazed his chest, I traced my pointer finger over his Adam's apple, watching it bob as he swallowed.*

*I took one of his nipples in my mouth and suckled it, eliciting an aroused moan from him, towering above me. I didn't even know his name. An image of his cock thrusting in and out of my mouth, my teeth lightly scraping on the silky texture of his foreskin drew forth my own shudder of excitement. I touched his burgeoning dick, gently squeezed his head until a dribble of pre-come beaded out. I pressed my finger against it and brought it to my mouth. Suckling the heady taste, I closed my eyes, played my fingertip across my lips. The deep rumble of his groan vibrated through me, warmed my body in readiness for what we set out to do. Fuck.*

*The pillows shifted as I knelt before him, ready to take his length into my mouth. I shuddered when his calloused hands pressed against my back then moved down until his fingers gripped both ass cheeks. I dipped beneath his cock, nuzzled my nose against his balls and licked his taint, humming as I caressed, rocking back and forth with more pressure against his quivering nuts.*

*"Mmmmm... those boys are sensitive, you better be careful," he groaned.*

*I grinned wickedly, gazing up into his eyes as I flicked his head with my tongue, twirling it around very slowly. His eyes followed every movement. Down, my tongue slid along the underside of his slick shaft, then back up to poke his hole lightly with my tongue ring. Wide and unyielding, I took him into my mouth, flexed my throat around his bulbous head, my lips stretched lewdly around his fat length. Wet and tight and vulnerable to me, my middle finger circled his anus, the puckered hole quivering as I began to slowly work it inside. My mouth impaled, back and forth with growing force, hungry speed, I could feel his thighs begin to tremble—*

Nina slammed the torrid novel down on the table. If she read any further she'd be coming in her proper white panties, and suddenly wished she'd picked a more secluded place to read. Why the local pub of all places? She removed her reading glasses and began cleaning them with the bottom of her t-shirt, suddenly catching the intent stare of a man seated directly across from her. She fought the urge to blush, realizing the corner of his mouth curved in an *I caught you* smile, and swallowed the embarrassing lump in her throat as the handsome devil grinned like she was the rare steak in that book. Did he watch the entire time? She wondered if her face revealed how she felt. Hot and powerful like the woman in that book.

Torrid thoughts came to mind as her gaze traveled from the rustic hardwood floors, to the clean lines of the black leather chair he sat upon, then up and over his body, following his one leg hooked over the arm of the chair. Considering they were seated in a pub, no more than three feet away from each other, she still had a hard time accepting how he sat there like an open invitation. The intimate view of his crotch made her blink. As much as she tried to ignore it, she kept returning to the bulge visible through his tan-colored cargos. Any warm blooded woman would notice something so... alluring.

"Are you reading a mystery?" His gaze raked over her slowly, showing no sign of being ashamed of her gaze locked on his cock, in fact, his grin widened.

"Uh— no. It's nothing special." She could damn well feel her cheeks warming.

"A reaction like that must be from something special. May I?" He leaned forward to grab the novel.

"No!" she cried, realizing her bookmark was nestled between the pages. Oh, God, she couldn't let him see what she was reading! Nina tried to grab it before he did, but wasn't quick enough. He snatched it away from her and opened it right where she didn't want him to look. If only the chair could swallow her up, she thought, placing a shaky hand over her eyes. Maybe a good swallow of beer would give her some courage. Hell, getting drunk might be a better solution.

A slow grin formed on his lips while his eyes darted across the page, then they connected with hers over the book. Nina thought for a brief second that he would either laugh at her or worse yet, think she wanted something. Then as if to taunt her further, the

stranger flipped the page and began to read aloud, the deep sensual tones of his voice loud enough to make her pulse race, and turn a few near-by heads.

*“I sucked his cock with fervor, jerking his meat while my tongue slurped and sucked until he creamed all over my lips.”*

“Please, you don't need to read any further. I'm sure I can imagine what happens next.” Nina averted her gaze when a few people looked their way.

“Does the idea of sucking a stranger's cock turn you on?” he asked, raising an eyebrow in question. Nina's heart began to pound; it felt as though her t-shirt would rip apart from the tightness in her chest. She shook her head wondering where that thought came from, so she focused on his shaved head. Bad move. New images of his head between her thighs formed in her flustered mind. She exhaled deeply. Would his head be smooth to touch, or feel like rough sandpaper? What an erotic sensation that would be.

“I...why would you ask that?” Although the thought of running out of the pub crossed her mind, the warm pool of arousal building in her cotton panties was hard to ignore. She was turned on by the deep sound of his voice, the sensual darkness of his eyes that reminded her of melted chocolate. His amused grin did something inside her, gave her courage she didn't think she had.

“Better yet, why do you want to know? Are you looking for a cock-sucking?” Nina felt strange talking like a floozy, but enthralled at the wickedness of it. His throaty laugh caused her own giggle to escape. Their eyes connected and no words were needed to confirm the sexual tension building between them. Books must do that to people, make them consider the possibilities.

Nina focused on his hands. Big, smooth hands, perfect for handling a woman. She shuddered at the recollection of a conversation she had with one of her girlfriends, on the notion that the skin on a man's hands resembled the texture of his penis.

He swirled the clear contents in his glass around, she guessed it was straight vodka. When the glass touched his lips— the drink wetting them— Nina suddenly wanted to be the glass.

She cleared her throat, abruptly stood up, wondering what he must think of her. But she knew enough about men to know they thrived in any sexual situation. Hell, he probably wouldn't say no if she asked him to follow her. When she excused herself to the

ladies room all he did was quirk an eyebrow. She sensed his eyes on her ass as she walked away.

\* \* \*

Nina gazed into the large mirror in the washroom. The fluorescent glow of overhead lights made her skin look pale. God, what did the man think of her? And was he the kind a woman could take a chance with and leave with a smile, or did he pursue anything in reach? Men wanted youth, fire. Well, she had the fire— grinning at her reflection— but she wasn't the image of youth. Long past her thirtieth birthday, she accepted younger and thinner women were what most men preferred, but this man had made it obvious she caught his eye, and that knowledge excited her. Any man with half a brain should know the difference between a classy, experienced woman, and a foolish young girl. Nina lifted her breasts and let go, they bounced twice from the effort. If only they were a bit more perky, but she wasn't going to let that minor thing upset her.

The stranger wasn't young either; maybe that's what had caught her attention. He had to be in his early fifties, she guessed, and in excellent shape. A man who took care of himself was surely worth her time. Patience and a hidden knowing of his worth beamed in the depth of his eyes, and the tilted curve of his smile. She wanted his opinion of her to be a damn good one. Wanted him to want her right now and she would take him in a very dirty, sweaty way, just like in the novel. She tweaked her nipples, watching them pucker through the t-shirt, turned to gaze at the curve and sway of her hips when a light rap on the door killed the silence.

"I'm almost done," she called out, turning back to the mirror. Another knock. "Hang on."

She opened the door and looked up at the tall shadow, instantly recognizing the shaved head. His heated gaze zeroed in on her chest after briefly meeting her eyes. When she followed the path of his gaze, Nina realized her nipples were still hard and proudly puckered against her shirt. She looked back up and grinned. He didn't come for a conversation, and if he had enough balls to make the destination of his gaze obvious, then he was a man on a mission.

"Very nice," he murmured. "You forgot your book."

He wasn't even holding the damn book, yet she didn't try to douse the insinuation. The stranger took a step through the doorway...then another...and another, until she was jammed between him and the sink. The door closed and the outside world disappeared.

"How far did you read?" she questioned through hooded lashes, feeling the sweet sensation of warmth flooding through her by his dangerous proximity.

"Never mind. I want to kiss you," he said, leaning close so their foreheads nearly touched. Nina nodded her head finding no reason to deny him— not that she could think clearly anyway. His lips descended upon hers, teasing, tasting, coaxing her to let him lead the way. The wonderful press of his lips staggered her, the smooth glide of his tongue along hers made her groan against his mouth, while she fiercely gripped his shoulders with her fingers. He tasted her with a slowness that felt agonizing and tantalizing at the same time. From the corner of her eye she watched him lock the bathroom door, felt the arousing knowledge of what was about to happen. Heat streaked through her body when the words resurfaced... *"I didn't even know his name."*

He pulled back briefly to look at her and she captured the wonder and arousal in his eyes. She allowed her head to fall back as he nuzzled her neck, nipping his way down to her breasts and belly, all the while slowly lifting her shirt. The heat of his breath sent a shudder through her body as he worked his way down, igniting a burning flame deep inside. He kissed her taut nipples through the bra, gently nipped the aching peaks with his teeth. She could feel it right down to her pussy. His hands moved down her hips and her thighs, gripping the material of her pants. The smooth strength of his fingers weakened her knees, made her imagine how they would feel gliding in and out of her wet pussy. He found the snaps of her tear away pants and she found the heat stifling in the bathroom with each snap echoing in the tiny space. Flesh on flesh ensued, his fingers massaged up and down, tantalizing every nerve-ending, making her breath short and sharp. Nina trembled. Public fantasy came to life, the last snap gave way and her pants slid down to the floor.

Nina had forgotten about her ugly white underwear until that moment. She closed her eyes wishing she could have at least put on a pair of thongs. He continued moving his way down her torso, lifting her t-shirt to tease her flesh with his searching mouth, lightly



penetrating her navel with his tongue as though he didn't want any part of her body untouched. Next thing she knew, he set her onto the counter.

“Very innocent looking panties, for a naughty woman,” he breathed, kneeling between her legs. She flushed wildly, never taking her eyes off him. He hooked his fingers in her underwear and pulled them off, spread her legs wide. Seeing herself, open and vulnerable, turned her heat up to a startling degree. The stranger gazed up at her with hungry eyes twinkling, looking like a man about to eat a savory meal. She breathed deep, felt the shudder of excitement race through her again when his head dipped below.

“So fuckable. The perfect pussy,” he whispered, the daring words making her pulse with need. His tongue tasted her while his eyes watched hers, she saw the arousal, the hunger in his gaze. She gripped his shoulders, kneaded the working muscles while he kissed the junction of her folds, darted his tongue lightly in her hole, mimicking a cock. Nina's hips rocked automatically back and forth followed by a hushed moan. He pressed his hands harder against her thighs, spreading her wider, while his tongue slid up and down from the bottom of her triangular patch right down to the puckered flesh of her asshole. It felt dirty, naughty, and dangerous with a man between her legs in a public washroom. She was open, trembling, and so close to release.

He moved his hands to grip her ass, raise her body higher. She moaned to the ceiling when his fingers moved down to her pubic hair, exploring her velvet heat until his fingers reached her throbbing clit. Nina cried out when his tongue inched its way inside her pussy, fucking her harder and harder, she had to force herself not to scream.

“I thought you were going to ask me to suck you off,” she moaned. “I wasn't expecting this.”

His chuckle sent slivers of electricity through her body; she pulsed violently from the feel of it. He pushed harder, deeper inside, the smooth glide of his tongue putting pressure against the rigid walls of her vagina, right at her g-spot. Any moment now, Nina thought she would squirt all over his face. She grasped his head holding him there, not wanting his mouth to move an inch, the swelling sensation of an orgasm neared. A fantastic burn flooded through her, making her thighs tremble around his head. His movements were in unison, patient, yet eager, tapping her clit with his finger while his tongue did the rest.

Nina gripped the edge of the counter to steady herself when he wet a finger and rubbed it around her asshole...gently working it inside. She whimpered, tossing her head back and forth, trying not to scream from the intoxicating rush ready to explode. His finger continued to tap against her clit, his middle finger worked in steady thrusts in such a dirty, exciting way inside her ass. She groaned at the same time as he groaned, working his way so possessively inside her body.

Suddenly, she tensed, her fingers tightened on his shoulders. Nina knew she wouldn't be able to stop the scream that drew near. Just as the orgasm began to drum through her body, he stood up, and captured her mouth with his to swallow her scream. She shuddered against the hard swell of his cock lodged tight against her. She wrapped her legs around his waist riding out the explosion of her orgasm. The washroom lights blurred above her as Nina blew out a very shaky breath when he released her from the kiss.

"I'm afraid I got your crotch wet," she whispered. His hands roamed up her body under the t-shirt, fondling her tits. Desire bloomed in her belly and lower, she didn't want him to stop, not when the chemistry between them couldn't be denied.

"You taste sweet. Makes me want to stay and plow into you right here, and have everyone in the bar wondering if I'm raping you," he teased. With a contented sigh, he pushed away from her, yanked his shirt from his pants to let it fall conveniently over the wet stain on his crotch.

She giggled at his quick fix, and then decided to ask him what was weighing on her mind. "So, do you come here often?"

He looked as though he didn't want to leave, but the stranger unlocked the door, and turned back to her. "Every day at the same time. You know, now that you've asked, I wouldn't mind reading more of that book if you'd care to bring it. We could see where it takes us." The man winked, sending that familiar rush of excitement through her body. They both knew they'd be back in this room again. And next time she'd be giving as well as taking. Why couldn't she have met him sooner? The looks he gave her alone made her blood boil and her pussy twitch in excitement.

"You forgot something," she called out. When he came through the doorway again, confused, she extended her hand. "I'm Nina, it was a pleasure meeting you."

“John, and I'm glad it was. See you soon?”

She nodded.

John left the room, she closed her eyes recalling the moments just past. Never before had she made such a bold, careless, and dangerous decision in her life. It was by far the most satisfying decision she ever made.

Nina composed herself staring at her reflection. Looking back at her was a woman who looked ravished and very pleased. She cupped her breasts, puckered her lips and thanked her lucky stars she bought that torrid book.

The End