MARILYN LEE



Tempting Meal

By

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Tasha stood in front of the mirror on her closet door, staring at her reflection. She pivoted slowly on three-inch black heels. Her only covering, a soft, apple-green chemise, with its scalloped lace trim, lace-up sides and spaghetti straps worn off her shoulders, highlighted her curves in all the right places.

Her smooth brown features turned up in a smile as she thought of Neal's reaction when he returned from his extended business trip to the West Coast and saw her wearing nothing but this sexy piece of lingerie. She had come home from work last week and found the box awaiting her. The moment she opened the box and saw what it contained, she had known he, like she, was ready for their relationship to move beyond the passionate kissing stage to a very intimate one.

Why else would he have sent her such a provocative and intimate gift? She imagined his big, warm hands intertwining with hers before he slid his pale palms all over her body. How sexy their ebony and ivory skin tones would look and feel meshing together as they shared the ultimate embrace. She shivered with anticipated pleasure. Oh, the coming night would be filled with delicious possibilities.



The hour drive from the airport to Tasha's condo seemed to take three times as long. Neal sat in the back of the cab, his thoughts centered on Tasha. Before his

job as a consultant had taken him away for six weeks, he and Tasha had spent three months getting to know each other. The night he left, they had spent hours lying on a double size lounge on her balcony under the stars, talking and exchanging heated kisses and caresses.

It had taken all his will power not to roll over on top of her and kiss her until they were both breathless and she wrapped her arms around his neck, welcoming him into her arms and in her pussy. Instead, he had kissed her and promised that he would send her a very special present while he was away.

At her condo, he paid the driver, took his suitcase, and bouquet of red roses, and entered her building. Ten minutes later, she opened her apartment door. He bit back a sigh of disappointment as he noted that the pink dress she wore completely covered her breasts and ended well below her knees, effectively hiding all her considerable charms. Apparently she wasn't ready for an intimate relationship with him after all.

Still, her smile was warm. "Neal! Welcome back! Dinner is ready. What lovely roses." She reached out and touched his arm, sending a tingle of desire through him. "Come in."

Although he would be heading home after dinner rather than spending the night, he at least would enjoy her company for a few hours.

During the meal, he ate without tasting, his thoughts turned to the night

they'd met at a mutual friend's house. They had looked into each other's eyes and something wonderful had happened between them. After locating a secluded corner, they spent the remainder of the evening talking. He had been pleased to discover they shared a mutual love for British mysteries, sci-fi movies, and classical jazz. At the end of the evening, Neal, divorced for two years, had known he had finally met a woman with whom he was interested in sharing far more than an occasional booty call.

"Did you enjoy dinner, Neal?"

Her question brought him out of his reverie. "Of course." He smiled at her.

"Good." She reached across the table and touched his hand. Another tingle shot through him. "Coffee in the living room?"

He looked down at her fingers. He'd spent weeks fantasizing about peeling off her clothes and slowly exposing her soft, warm, dark velvet skin. There was something undeniably sexy about an intelligent, sexy black woman with enough self-confidence to be willing to explore love across racial barriers.

This was going to be a long, frustrating night, he thought, following her down the short hallway. He paused in the doorway and glanced around the room. The blinds to the balcony were closed and a series of candles provided the only illumination in the room.

She turned to look at him. "Romantic, isn't it?"

He nodded.

The look in her warm, brown eyes along with her soft husky tone combined to rouse his passion. Just maybe the night held possibilities after all.

She stroked a hand down his arm. "Have a seat while I go slip into something more comfortable."

He nodded and walked across the room to sit on the loveseat.

Fifteen long minutes later, she appeared in the doorway wearing nothing but a lovely smile and the chemise he had spent an hour choosing for her.

The breath caught in his throat as he looked at her. She was a beautiful woman with sexy, lush curves. The cleavage of her full breasts peeked out at him from the green, lacy chemise. Her long, dark hair fell around her lovely smooth, velvety skin like a beautiful cloud. And the hint of her ample thighs and very well-padded ass made his cock stretch out along one thigh.

There were few things in the world sexier than a generously proportioned, confident, half-naked woman, ready to tease and then please him.

"So? What do you think, Neal? Does it fit?"

"Oh, yeah, baby." He rose and quickly crossed the room towards her. He took her in his arms, loving the feel of her voluptuous body pressed against his.

She eagerly lifted her face.

He kissed her slowly and deeply, drawing her exquisitely rounded body

closer to his as he swept his tongue into her mouth.

Her warm, sweet lips parted under his, her arms slipping around his neck.

He touched the tip of his tongue to hers and a jolt of pure heat shot through him.

Aching with need, he drew her down to the carpet, slipping between her lovely legs. Still devouring her lips, he slipped a hand under the chemise.



Tasha gasped as she felt Neal's fingers parting and reaching inside her pussy.

They felt as if they belonged inside her. She parted her legs in an open invitation.

Then moments later, he pushed his hard cock slowly into her.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him. He took her with a slow, delicious deliberation that gave her time for all her senses to become fully engaged in their lovemaking. She enjoyed each second of the wonderful physical stimulation his lips, cock, and hands provided.

Each leisurely push into her body seemed to touch and prod her emotions. Every warm, hungry kiss they shared contributed to her certainty that she wanted more than sex with him. His tenderness and consideration left her hoping he felt the same way.

By the time his hard, hot length slicing in and out of her, finally pushed her into one of the sweetest and most fulfilling climaxes of her life, she clung to him.

He held her close and whispered softly to her until she stopped shuddering.

Then he pushed back inside her and fucked her with hard, deep strokes until he shuddered and came.

When he stopped coming and rested his weight on her, she kissed his hair and held him close. Their lovemaking had touched her so deeply, she didn't complain when she began to feel crushed by his weight.

He suddenly rolled onto his side, facing her. "Tasha..." He stroked her cheek. "That was incredible."

She smiled, nodded, and burrowed into his arms. "Yes, it was."

He kissed her cheek. "I knew it would be like that between us the moment I saw you."

She didn't know if she believed that or not, but she did know she was pleased that they'd finally become lovers. And she was eager to explore the emotions he had aroused in her while continuing to sleep with him.

"It was really good, Neal."

He stroked his hand down her back to her ass. "Yes it was, but I want more than sex from you, Tasha."

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. The tiny spark of warmth his tender yet passionate lovemaking had ignited flared in her belly and rushed through her until she felt warm all over.

He palmed her ass. "Please tell me this wasn't just about sex for you."

"It wasn't," she admitted.

His chest rose and fell as he sighed with relief. "Good, but I hope that doesn't mean you're not in the mood to make love again."

She was decidedly looking forward to exploring their new relationship, both their sexual and emotional one. "No way, Neal. Give me time for a quick nap and I'll be ready for round two."

He slapped her ass, rolled onto his back, and urged her to lie on top of him. "Now you're talking, you sexy, beautiful temptress."

She smiled, pleased by his tender gaze before she pressed her cheek against his shoulder.

He held her close.

"I'm looking forward to showing you just how much of a temptress I can be, Neal."

He kissed her hair. "I'm more than ready to be tempted. I think tonight is the beginning of a beautiful relationship, Tasha."

"I think so too," she whispered and drifted to sleep in his arms.

The End

Marilyn lives, works, and writes on the US East Coast. She enjoys waling

with her dog, spending time with her family, and rooting for all her favorite

hometown teams. Other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels and

collecting Marvel comics (Thor and The Avengers.) She loves forensic shows,

westerns, and mysteries. She grew up watching vampire movies and loved Forever

Knight and Count Yorga, Vampires. She thoroughly enjoys interacting with

readers either through email or via her Yahoo web group.

You can find out more information about her and her work at the following

places:

Official Site: http://www.marilynlee.org/

Official Yahoo Loop: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/marilynlee

Contact Marilyn @ mlee2057@aol.com

Marilyn Lee's Books

Night of Sin

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Bloodlust series:

Conquering Mikhel Dumont

The Talisman

Taming Serge Dumont

Forbidden Desires

Nocturnal Heat

Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows

All In The Family

Night of Desires

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Teacher's Pet

Trina's Afternoon Delight

Branded

Moonlight Desire

Moonlight Whispers

Road To Rapture

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