



*Twelfth Night:
Light My Fire*

By Alisha Rai

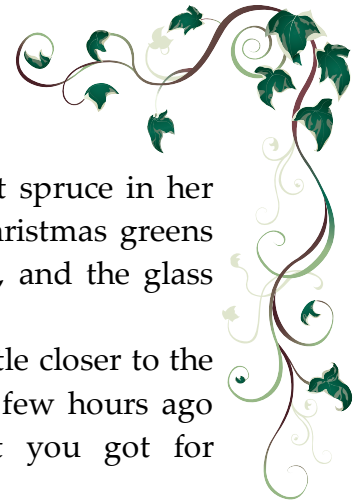


Twelfth Night: Light My Fire

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Lisa Alvarez added the final ornament to the giant spruce in her living room and stood back to admire it. The scent of Christmas greens surrounded her, the candy canes were bright and festive, and the glass balls glinted in the light of the fire.

Such a pretty picture. She shivered and moved a little closer to the fireplace. Now if only it wasn't so cold. She'd realized a few hours ago that the blasted heat had quit working. That's what you got for purchasing an old home...an ancient furnace.

Thankfully, it wasn't too cold yet. She'd put in a call to a repairman, wincing a little at the thought of what the guy would charge for a service call a week before Christmas. No choice, though. A storm was forecast for the next couple of days, and she wasn't about to suffer through God knew how long in freezing upstate New York just so she could save a bit of dough. Maybe he'd be able to do a patch job. A new furnace wasn't in the budget yet.

The loud, authoritative knock on the door startled her. Well, that had been fast. The bored dispatcher had told her it would be a while before a technician would be able to make it out to her.

Lisa walked out of the living room and down the hallway to the front door, begrudging every step that took her away from the only source of heat in the place. The closing for the house had taken place only a few months ago, and the drafty windows were on her long list of things to tackle. In hindsight, she probably should have fixed those before the cabinets.

But the cabinets are ever so pretty.

The knock came once again, a little louder, as she stepped into the foyer. "I'm comin', I'm comin'..."

She opened the door and stared at the dark haired man in the snug dark blue uniform shirt, unzipped jacket, and jeans. Oh, Holy God. She must have been a good girl this year. "Um. Hi."

The tall man lifted his head and flashed her a smile, a dimple accenting a set of sinfully full lips. "Hello there. Are you Ms..." he

consulted the clipboard in his hands. "Alvarez?"

Her fingers clenched the doorframe. "Yup."

"Great. I understand you're having trouble with your heat?"

She opened her mouth and then closed it again. The desire racing through her blood effectively rendered her speechless. She settled for nodding and held the door open for him. His brawny arm brushed against the front of her body as he entered. Her nipples tightened in anticipation, the little buggers unaware that it had been an innocent touch.

Her gaze traveled over his broad shoulders where the jacket stretched tight, down his wide back. He turned around, and her vision was filled with his wide chest, his flat stomach. A thick belt emphasized the narrowness of his waist. His jeans were old and snug, faded at the crotch and knees.

The sound of his throat clearing brought her back to the moment, and a slight flush covered her cheeks as she realized she'd been staring. His dark eyes sparkled with so much mischief, she couldn't help but smile back, owning the fact that she'd totally been checking him out.

"You're pretty fast. I just called the problem in a little while ago."

"I live to serve."

He made the four words sound like a seductive threat instead of a company slogan. She cleared her throat and tried to keep her eyes on his face instead of drifting down. She closed the door. The rush of cold wind was halted. "I'm certainly grateful..." she glanced at the name scripted on his jacket. "Joshua?"

"You can call me Josh."

Lisa resisted the urge to pat her hair. She'd swept it up quickly after her shower in the morning and hadn't had a chance to do anything more. Her tight jeans and bright green sweater had been a lucky choice though, flattering to her curvy body and auburn hair. "Josh, you don't know how much I appreciate it. It's not too cold yet, but I didn't want to find out how low it could go."

His frown was concerned and thoughtful. "Yeah, these winters aren't much fun when it's as cold inside as it is outside."

"I can't imagine they are. This is our first one here. Just moved up from Texas."

"I thought I recognized that accent. That's a change, I bet."

"A nice one, though. So far."

"Glad to hear it."

They stared at each other in silence for a minute, his dark eyes studying her with clear interest and admiration.

Lisa licked her lips. "Well. Why don't I show you where the furnace is? Follow me."

As he trailed her down the hallway to the basement door, she could practically feel his gaze on her hair, her back, her ass, leaving a trail of fire in its wake.

"The stairs are a little rickety," she murmured and hit the switch. A small glow lit the unfinished basement. A bit wobbly, she ignored her own warning and stumbled on the first step. She would have pitched down face-first if a large arm hadn't snaked around her waist and jerked her back.

She gasped. His warm body was plastered right back against hers. It was a little bit like pressing up against a radiator. The buckle of his belt pressed into the small of her back, the bulge of his sex perfectly lined up against her ass. The wide expanse of his chest made her want to turn around and snuggle right in.

Josh's breath rustled the fine tendrils of hair near her temple. "Whoa, there." His voice was husky, and she knew, by the growing size of that intriguing bulge, that she wasn't the only one affected.

"I-I'm okay." She swallowed. "You can let go now."

"You first."

Lisa realized she was squeezing his arm where it was wrapped around her middle. With more than a little regret, she released him. He withdrew his hand slowly. Her heart was pounding as they continued down the stairs, Lisa taking care not to stumble again. God, it had been a while since she'd felt this kind of crazy desire. The Big Move had kept her sex drive firmly under wraps for a couple of months. She welcomed the return of lust, welcomed the chance to feel like a woman.

And what a man to bring it back to her. She blew out a small breath. She'd always had a bit of a repairman fantasy. How could he have...

"When did the furnace call it quits?" He moved past her toward the big black machine, his brisk, businesslike tone a stark contrast to her thoughts.

It took her a second to recover. "I, uh, don't know exactly. I realized the heater wasn't doing its job earlier this afternoon."

He dropped his toolbox next to the furnace and leaned down to examine it. "So you don't know exactly how long it's been out?"

"No." She moved closer, until she was standing by his side.

He looked up at her from below long lashes. "What about your husband? He doesn't know either?"

"Ah, my husband? I'm not married."

"You said it was 'our' first winter here."

"Did I? I don't know why I said that."

His grin was decidedly naughty. "Hmm."

She waited for him to make some sort of come on or drop a lascivious one liner, but her repairman did neither. Instead, he turned to the big machine and started fiddling with it. Actually, she didn't mind that at all. While he was occupied, she was more than happy to take the time to study the way the fabric of his worn jeans clung to his firm ass, the way his muscles flexed with every movement. His dark hair was cut short, and her fingers itched to give up this pretense and sink into the rough silk.

"It's even colder down here."

Not where I'm standing. When she actually stopped thinking about his wondrous body, though, she realized how right he was. She fought the urge to shiver. "Heat rises, I guess."

His eyes drifted over her breasts. She knew there was no way he could see the way her nipples had peaked, but the knowing expression he wore made her think differently. "Why don't you go on upstairs, where it's warmer? I'll meet you there once I finish diagnosing."

But, but, but, I want to stare at you a while longer...

She reluctantly took a step back. "Sure. I'll be in the living room."

She made her way upstairs, her body in turmoil. Since she was human, she took a second as she passed the hall mirror to check her appearance. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes a deeper green than usual. After she had unclipped her hair and fluffed the red curls around her face,

she felt like she was looking at a woman she hadn't seen in ages. This wasn't the same crazy, harried lady who had been packing, moving, renovating, and rebuilding for the past few months.

Lisa heard heavy footsteps coming up the basement stairs. Anticipation strummed through her veins. Unable to just stand there and wait, she went into the living room and stood in front of the fire. The front of her body was warmed.

And when he pressed against her from behind, there wasn't an inch of her that remained cold.

Strong arms came around her, mirroring their position when he'd rescued her on the stairs. This time, though, she sank back against him, tilting her head in submission. He took the silent invitation, his firm lips nibbling on the vulnerable curve of her neck. When she let out a small gasp, he opened his mouth wide and sucked the flesh hard, until she was certain he left a mark.

His hands on her hips grew sure, and he spun her around to capture her lips. He didn't bother asking for permission, just tilted her head and dove into taste her mouth. His tongue swept in, rubbing against hers, forcing her to accept his touch, his passion.

She matched his ardor and struggled to work her hands between them to attack his shirt buttons. Without breaking their kiss, he maneuvered out of his jacket and tossed it behind them. When he started to peel her sweater up, she ripped her lips away and took a step back to finish the job, throwing the sweater to the side. She paused with her hands on the clasp of her bra.

He slipped the last button free of his shirt. It hung open, revealing a slice of tanned, muscular heaven. A small amount of hair covered his chest, narrowing over his belly to a happy trail that led down into the jeans. He shifted to remove his shirt, but she stopped him. "No. Leave it on."

His dimple flashed. "Only if you take the rest of your clothes off."

Lisa shuddered at the stark demand in his voice. She made quick work of her bra, jeans, and panties, until she stood naked in front of him. Her nipples were diamond hard, partly from the cold but mostly from arousal.

He hadn't bothered to disrobe any further, seemingly content to watch her body be unveiled. His thumbs were tucked into the waistband of his jeans, in a deceptively casual pose belied by the tenseness of his body. His gaze skimmed over her breasts, her thighs, the bare mound of her pussy. "Nice."

She slid her hand over her naked hip, delighting in the fact that he was helpless to look away. "Just nice?"

"More than nice. So nice, I'm hurting." He tapped at the buckle of his belt. "Why don't you come on over and help me out?"

She stepped forward and sank to her knees, putting her face on perfect level with his crotch. The thick bulge of his sex strained against the worn denim. She traced a fingernail along the outline of his cock, and he hissed. "Don't tease, baby."

She gave him a slightly evil smile. "You don't know me at all, do you?"

Since she was as eager to release him as he was to be set free, though, she took pity on him and reached for the buckle of his belt. Her fingers felt just a little bit clumsier than usual as she slipped the belt free and unbuttoned the fly of his jeans. She didn't have to fish around with boxers or briefs; his hard cock fell into her waiting hands. Her mouth watered. He was long and so thick, she wasn't sure if she'd be able to fit him in her mouth.

His fingers sank into her hair. He didn't do that horribly rude thing that men sometimes did, pushing her head into his crotch. He merely waited, the pressure of his hand a gentle reminder of the leashed power of his strength.

She took her time, licking along the veins running up the side before flicking gently against the tip. He grunted, his fingers clenching in the strands of her hair. "Suck it."

She could have probably teased him a while longer, but, Lord, she was hungry. Her empty pussy clenched as she drew him between her lips, the fat mushroom tip stretching her jaw wide. He tasted so very clean and male.

She rubbed her tongue against the bottom of his cock, bobbing shallowly over him. Just the first few inches at first, giving them both a

taste of the pleasure to come. He smoothed one hand over the hair that hung down, pushing it to the side to give him an unimpeded view of her face. She glanced up at him to find him watching her lips with intent concentration. He smiled. "Is this making you wet?"

She nodded, her mouth still filled. She'd been ready since the moment she'd answered her door.

"Show me. Touch yourself."

Lisa slid her hand eagerly down her belly. She was wetter than she'd been in a while, two of her fingers easily slipping inside her pussy. His groan followed hers. He wrapped her hair around his hand and began moving his hips, actively fucking her face. "Make that sound again," he rasped.

She fingered her clit and moaned once more around her mouthful of cock. He grunted and thrust in so far, the tip squeezed into her throat. She swallowed, knowing that he would love the sensation.

He uttered a small cry, and then he was withdrawing from her mouth, his movements jerky and rough. Before her lust-soaked brain could comprehend what was happening, he had her pushed down on her back, and he was spreading her legs wide, settling between them.

He didn't bother with any other preliminaries. Catching her legs below the knees, he opened her up and sank his cock right in. A strangled scream left her mouth.

He paused about halfway in and they both waited a second for her body to adjust. "Christ, you're always so tight," he whispered.

Tenderness unfurled inside of Lisa's chest. She raised a hand and stroked the side of his familiar face. "Fuck me. Hard."

He turned his head, kissed her palm, and took her at her word, sinking into her all the way and then withdrawing to slam it back home. He shafted her in long strokes, using his grip on her legs to open her wider for him.

She welcomed the brutal pounding, particularly when he angled his body so that he rubbed against just the right spots inside and outside of her pussy. Her belly tensed, her hands seeking purchase over his broad shoulders. She knew he was close, could tell by the intense concentration on his dark, sweat-dampened face and the tempo his hips were setting.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes.

"Keep your eyes open. I want you to know who's fucking you." His harsh command cut through her haze of lust.

Lisa looked up at him.

He grunted in approval and readjusted his stroke so he went even deeper. "Good girl. Who's inside of you?"

"You are. Oh, God." She whimpered as he insinuated a hand between their bodies and massaged her clit.

"Say my name."

"Eric, I—"

He cut off her words by closing his lips over hers, kissing her deeply while his body hammered into hers with short, quick strokes. She cried out into his mouth when the tension broke inside of her. She felt the rush of his seed when he came inside of her. His shoulders stiffened under her hands and he groaned loudly, tossing his head back in pleasure.

He collapsed on top of her. The ease of long practice had him shifting to the side to keep from flattening her under his weight. They lay there for a while, both recovering. After a while, he turned to his back, adjusting her boneless body so she lay on top of him.

Lisa was still breathing hard when Eric lifted his head and surveyed the wreckage. "I didn't even take off my clothes."

She uttered a breathless laugh. "It was sexier that way."

"Mmm." He lay his head back down and smoothed a hand down her back. The sharp crack of his hand meeting her bare buttocks made her jump.

She yelped and reared up on his chest to glare at him. "What was that for?"

"You're not married, huh?"

She sniffed. "Well, I couldn't very well play the adulteress, now could I?"

"Hmph."

"If you'd given me some warning, darling husband, that you were planning this, I might have been able to come up with a better story."

"But if I'd given you warning, sexy wife, it wouldn't have been nearly as much fun."

"True."

Eric was rubbing the bottom he'd just smacked, and the rhythmic motion soothed her enough to settle down against his chest again.

She fingered a button on the worn blue shirt he still wore. "Where did you get the outfit?"

"Found the shirt and jacket at Goodwill." He paused. "Ah, there was this school uniform there, too. It looked like you might be able to squeeze into it."

Her lips twitched. She'd bet that "squeeze" was the operative word. "Did you buy it?"

"I put it in your closet. If you ever feel the urge to slip it on, that's fine with me. FYI."

"We'll see."

He yawned. "I don't want to ruin the mood, but it's really getting cold in here."

"Well..." She sat up, so her bare breasts were directly in his line of vision. "Why don't we get a little closer to the fire and share some body heat until the real repairman gets here? You can let me play with all your...tools."

Eric delicately pinched her nipple. "You have the best ideas, sweetheart."

The End

Author Bio

Alisha Rai has been enthralled with romance novels since she smuggled her first tattered Harlequin home from the library at the age of thirteen. Check out her sexy, emotional contemporaries and paranormals, currently available from Samhain Publishing.

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