

Devyn Quinn



Makin' it *Hot*

Red Rose Publishing

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By

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"Why in the world did I try to do this by hand?" Gina Simmons grumbled as she mixed the ingredients; sifting into a bowl a measure of flour, a bit of salt, sugar, then adding the milk and butter.

Using a spoon, she mixed the makings of the piecrust together until a big doughy lump had formed. Feeling a trickle of sweat between her breasts, she paused briefly to wipe her damp forehead and glanced toward the kitchen window. It was blazing hot outside, over ninety degrees. Inside, with the oven going, it wasn't much cooler. To make matters worse, the air conditioner was on the fritz. Long blond hair up in a high pony tail, she was dressed in a pair of butt-cheek-hugging shorts and a sleeveless white blouse that she'd knotted around her waist. Despite her scanty clothing, she was still burning up. Her husband, Ron, was outside working on the air conditioning unit, but by the blazing temperature in the kitchen, he wasn't making much headway.

Putting aside the spoon, she began to knead the dough with her hands, feeling the mixture squish between her fingers.

I told him to call the repairman, she silently fumed. He knew I had baking to do for the church bake sale, and I'd be up to my elbows in work today. Thinking he can tinker with the damn thing and make it work just isn't going to cut it. I need some relief from this heat.

"I could have just bought pre-baked pies and been done with it," she sighed. "Throw some ice cream on it and no one would have cared." Her forehead wrinkled in thought. No, that wasn't right. *She* cared. There was a fierce competition among the neighborhood women to excel and she was determined that she would make the best

Dutch Apple pie to be seen in these parts, bar none. It was her great-grandmother's recipe, and it didn't matter that she'd had to spend hours preparing the apples from scratch. She wasn't going to cave in and start using canned ingredients. This pie was going to be home made, and she was going to be damn proud to see it sold to the highest bidder.

She was concentrating on getting the consistency of the dough just right when the screen on the back door opened and then slammed shut. A few minutes later, Ron appeared, sweaty and dirty from wrestling with the air conditioner. Going to the fridge, he pulled out a bottle of water, uncapped it and took a long drink. Giving her a grin, he sauntered over and planted a cool sloppy-wet kiss on the back of her bare neck.

"How's the baking going, honey?" he asked, taking another sip of his water.

Gina smiled, receiving a faintly shocking charge of awareness in the contrasting hot alien scent of her man. He smelled of the heat and the muskiness of a man who had been working with his hands. Without lifting her hands from the dough, she glanced behind her. Ron was dressed casually in tight jeans and a T-shirt. Though he wasn't the tallest man on earth, he was slender, lithe and strong as a bull. Without her willing it, the tips of her nipples grew hard, rubbing against her blouse. Just looking at her husband of five years always aroused her. The passion they shared hadn't been dimmed by marriage. Rather, it had grown and flourished. Just looking at him now, several X-rated thoughts ran through her mind.

"Would be nicer if I had some air conditioning to cool me down," she replied, secretly glad that her cheeks were already flushed by the heat in the kitchen. That way he wouldn't know what was on her mind.

Ron grinned, his eyes crinkling at the corners, the only real sign he was in his later thirties.

“Maybe this will help.” He ran the plastic bottle across the back of her neck, then pursed his lips and blew at the moist trail he’d left behind. “Is that better?”

“That’s hardly the kind of cooling down I need,” Gina giggled. “All you’re doing is heating me up.”

She could feel herself getting warmer at the thought of his hands all over her body. Her chest was heaving slightly, her breasts rising and falling beneath her thin blouse as her hands gripped the dough.

“Well, since it’s hot enough to do some cooking in here, maybe we should do some of our own.”

Putting down his water bottle, Ron slipped his hands down to her waist and pulled her against him. His hands were callused from the hard work he’d been doing around the house and she liked the sensations of his hard skin against her softness. Like a cat, he started rubbing sinuously against her, grinding and teasing her with his cock. Gina moaned, cursing the fact that her hands were covered in dough. She pressed her thighs tightly together, as her hips rocked back and forth slightly. Eyes closed and lips slightly parted, she tilted her head back onto his shoulder and moaned a little louder.

“Damn you, Ron,” she gasped, body beginning to tremble as sweat drenched her. “I’m trying to finish my baking.”

The fine white fabric of her blouse did little to conceal the duskiness of her pink nipples, swollen and hard, aching for the relief of his lips to suckle them.

Reaching around her body, he began to unbutton her blouse, untying the knot around her waist to bare her skin to his touch.

“You do what you need to do, honey, and I’ll do what I need to do. And right now, I think my wife could use a little cooling off.”

Leaving her for a moment, he opened the freezer and cracked a couple of cubes out of the ice tray. A moment later, his cool, damp hands cupped her breasts, causing her to shiver when the ice made contact with her hot skin. He rubbed the ice over her nipples, making them even harder, more sensitive to his touch. The cubes melted quickly, trickling over her skin, down her belly and into the top of her shorts. Ron had often told her that she was an unbelievably sensual woman, and when he said it his eyes would darken with a desire that told her how much he enjoyed the sexual aspects of their marriage. It was as though their love gave them the freedom to explore each other without reserve.

Now, as he nuzzled the back of her neck, she felt that familiar tension hardening his muscles, caught the familiar small sound he made in the back of his throat that said he would stroke her, kiss her and pleasure her until she was crying out for release.

“Does that feel good, Gina?” he asked, rubbing himself harder against her as his hands teased the bead-hard tips of her nipples, tugging the tips and then rolling them gently between his fingers. Between her legs, her pussy was soaked, her cream wetting the crotch of her panties. She could feel his hard cock pressing against the front of his jeans.

“Oh, yes,” she moaned, clenching fingers squishing the soft dough, making thousands of little white snakes.

“Right now I'm thinking about pulling those tight shorts down and bending you over this counter. When your bare little ass is sticking out, I can't help but think how much you'd like me to give it a couple of long licks before I grab your hips and drive myself deeply into you. Can you imagine it now, my body slamming against those cheeks of yours, your cream dripping all over my cock and down your thighs?”

She moaned again as his hands massaged her breasts. The way he had her trapped against the counter, up to her elbows in dough, she couldn't resist him as he made love to her. She willingly went along for the wonderful ride.

Ron's hands moved down over her flat belly, giving her a little tummy rub before he expertly undid the button and zipper of her shorts. As he kissed her shoulder, he started pushing them down over her hips, sticking his thumbs in the waistband of her panties and pushing them down, too.

Gina stood very still, enjoying the feel of her clothing moving over her hips and down her thighs. Then, Ron's mouth was kissing down her back; hands skimming over her thighs as he eased her shorts down even further. She lifted each foot and stepped out of her shorts, now almost totally naked to his touch.

Ron knelt behind her and gave her butt cheeks a light nip with his teeth before he ran both hands up between her legs. Gina shivered under his touch as he bent her over the counter and his finger moved between her pussy lips. He was touching her with hands that knew her body, and she had no defense against that. Her desire was as much of a bond as if he had tied her spread-eagled to the bed. Her clit was intensely swollen and wet, and she had to control herself from coming right on the spot as he began to probe her moist depths. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and leaned forward until her

open pussy pressed hard against his mouth. His tongue moved in long strokes, tasting her sweetness as he slid it back and forth.

She gasped, a long primal sound escaping from deep within her throat. "That feels so good!"

Forgetting the dough, she began to play with her breasts, smearing flour around her nipples as she fondled the hard tips. Warm sensations worked their way outward from the center of her groin, shimmering through her body like waves lapping against a tropical beach. Moving her hips in slow motion, she rocked against Ron's mouth. She felt her pussy contract when he pushed his tongue inside her. His tongue was hot and hard as it drove in and out.

Grasping the edge of the counter, Gina's body was shuddering. Her stomach muscles clenched as Ron all at once pulled away and brought his hand up between her legs. With two fingers together, he thrust them inside her in one steady motion. She cried out, moaned as her cunt clenched his fingers and held them. She forgot all about the crust, all about that perfect pie she was trying to bake.

"I love to hear you whimper," he teased.

"Damn you, Ron," she shot between clenched teeth. "I need to get this done. I have to get the pies there this evening for the sale in the morning."

Nevertheless, she began to move her hips in time to Ron's fingers as he fucked her faster, hammering into her pussy. He slammed his fingers into her one more time, causing her to cry out as orgasm rippled through her body. His free hand massaged her ass cheek while her body slowly relaxed again. He had ignited a burning lust inside her, and she wasn't going to be satisfied until she felt that cock of his ramming into her.

Turning her around, he stood up and cupped her face in his hands, then kissed her lips softly. She tasted her own sweet fragrance as his mouth pressed harder against hers. Gina opened her mouth, letting him slip his tongue between her lips. His hands moved to her breasts, cupping and squeezing them as he kissed her neck, nipping lightly with his teeth. She enjoyed the feeling of her breasts filling his hands. Her dough-covered hands were busy working on the buttons of his tight jeans. He sighed once the front of his jeans opened, alleviating some of the pressure around his cock. In a smooth motion, she pushed his jeans down as far as she could as he sucked on her earlobe.

Gina wrapped her sticky fingers around its long hard length. She squeezed a little and felt him jump. He growled as his hands left her breasts and slid down her stomach to her hips. Lifting her, he set her down on the counter, her bare butt splatting right into the center of the pie dough. The feel of the cool dough against her warm pussy was an enticing one.

She half groaned, half giggled, feeling a little stab of guilt. "Uh, I don't think we'll be using this pie crust for the bake sale."

"Oh, if those church ladies only knew what we were doing on the counter, you think they'd still want to eat your pies?" He gave a devilish grin as he positioned his body between her spread legs. "Maybe a few extra ingredients would spice it up."

Gripping his penis in one hand, he stroked it a couple of times, then guided its swollen purple head against her clit. Her body began to shake as he stroked the little nub, sliding it easily between her soaked lips, but not entering her depths.

Throat tight with tension and need, Gina whimpered, trying to draw his hips into hers but she couldn't. He was holding back, torturing her. Even now she was completely

unable to control her body's physical compulsion for intimacy with him, unable to control the soft melting sensations within her soul.

"Gina."

As he whispered her name, the warmth of his breath feathered across her mouth, so that immediately her own lips parted and softened. When his mouth settled gently on hers, she closed her eyes. Her whole body was longing to melt into his, but he was tormenting her, savoring the taste and feel of her as though his only purpose were to pleasure her.

Beneath his mouth she made a soft little sound of need. Immediately, he responded to it. Hard with arousal, he thrust forward, hard and fast, driving his erection inside her. She cried out as his cock moved deep inside, stretching her. She moaned, feeling her pussy muscles clench his length.

"You're so damn tight," he breathed, chuckling in delight.

He pulled back, holding her hips as he began pounding into her relentlessly. Her hands were on his shoulders, her long fingernails digging into his skin. His eyes showed every emotion he was feeling, and Gina knew then that her husband was on fire with true passion. She could feel his cock pulsing. Her vaginal muscles tightened around it, making it harder for him to pull out of her depth. Her clit was swollen, poking between her lips, and she could feel it rub against him. Her legs tightened around his waist. A tiny frisson of sensation coiled through her, an ache she welcomed.

"Come for me, babe," he whispered, eyes focused on her face, watching her tilt her head back. One hand moved to her breast, squeezing, teasing the taut nipple into an

erect peak. His head dipped and he teased the sensitive little tip, circling it with his tongue.

Gina shuddered violently, her lips pressed tightly together as she struggled to make the sensations last just a moment longer. Her hands came up, clasping the back of his head, her body arching in fierce response. He slowed his rhythm. Pumping into her slowly, steadily, letting the tension between them build. Hips locked together, their bodies became one as he held himself against her. His cock surged, his whole body jerking as he released his seed into her waiting womb.

It was a fierce, short-lived coming together, a powerful explosion of sensations that left her feeling weak and dizzy, clinging to Ron while her body shook with the aftermath of her second orgasm. She smiled weakly, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand.

Ron grinned. "So, honey," he whispered in her ear. "What's for dessert?"

She laughed, kissing her husband. "Whatever it is, it sure isn't apple pie."

About the author:

Devyn Quinn is a huge fan of dark gothic literature, and read tons of books on history and biographies. She especially enjoys reading books on Hollywood before the 1960's.

Devyn debuted as a Kensington Books author with *Flesh and the Devil* in March 2007. Though she writes in both the contemporary and gothic genres, lately Devyn's attention has turned to very dark erotica. Most of her full length novels focus on the struggle of the ordinary person to accept extraordinary happenings in their lives-usually from a supernatural source. It is why she has recently tagged her writing "goth-erotica" and where she will focus her attention on her next single title releases with Kensington's *Aphrodisia* line. She currently has 8 more releases in the pipeline, including her *Kith & Kynn* books, *Sins of the Flesh* (Oct 07) and *Sins of the Night* (April 08), along with the multi-author anthologies, *Night Whispers*, Vol 2 (August 07) and *Eros Island* (Feb 08).

Visit her site: www.devynquinn.com

She has the following books out in Ebook:

Red Rose Publishing:

Makin' It Hot

Samhain Publishing:

The Keeper of Eternity

The Price of Eternity

MojoCastle Press:

Breaking Bonds

Whispers Publishing:

Biker Chic

One Naughty Night

Shadow Walk- Coming Soon

New Concepts Publishing:

Lost Hearts, Found Souls

Ellora's Cave Exotika

Three to Dance

The following are books out in Print:

The Keeper of Eternity

Flesh and the Devil- Kensington Aphrodisia

Sins of the Flesh: Kith & Kynn Book 1- Kensington Aphrodisia

Night Whispers, Vol II

The Price of Eternity

Eros Island-Kensington Aphrodisia/ Coming February '08.

Sins of the Night: Kith & Kynn Book 2-Kensington Aphrodisia-Coming April 2008

No Strings Attached~ Trio Anthology-Kensington Aphrodisia-Coming April 2008

Embracing Midnight- Kensington Aphrodisia-Coming December 2008

Also coming to print:

Dancing with the Devil (Kensington Books, TBA, title tentative)*

Delomelanicon series, Book 1: Possession (Kensington Books, TBA)*

Untitled Anthology, Paranormal BDSM. "Personal Possession" (Kensington Books, TBA)*

