

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

City of Sin
Rena Marks

Naughty
Nooners

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Kelly Morgan takes her best friend Vince on a vacation to the City of Sin to recover from the breakup of his marriage. But sin, lust and alcohol don't mix, especially when you're sharing a room with a sexy, hard-muscled bodybuilder. One who dances part-time and has moves Kelly can only wonder about. One who shows a vast amount of tanned, smooth skin as he wanders around the motel room in briefs...and nothing else.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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City of Sin

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Edited by Helen Woodall

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication September 2010

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Barbie: Mattel, Inc.

Chapter One

“Would you like a double shot in that?”

The attendant behind the counter of the frozen beverage stand asked the question as if he’d be surprised should Kelly say no.

The petite blonde tilted her head slightly as she pondered the question, taking her time, as if she and her friend were the only ones standing in line.

The friend nudged her, his hugely muscular biceps flexing easily with the movement. “Don’t be such a wimp. We’re on vacation, remember?”

Kelly Morgan rolled her eyes, acknowledging the point they’d made on the plane earlier. They’d had quite a bit of time to talk, as they’d missed their early morning flight and had to catch the next available. Since then they’d arrived at the hotel, found their room, and had gone back out to the lobby for frozen drinks.

Vince was a good friend to have—even if a recent divorce had left him slightly bitter. The attitude he’d taken on lately was what made her suggest meeting up in Vegas for the weekend. She’d been through her own divorce a couple of years earlier and understood the emotional ups and downs he was having. But funds were tight so they’d agreed to share a room.

Of course, she hadn’t banked on being without a sexual partner for so long that her hormones would be raging beyond control. And she hadn’t banked on the gorgeous bodybuilder being comfortable enough around his “buddy” to walk around in underwear and nothing else.

Not that the man needed clothes. God meant for that piece of perfection to have nothing masking the luscious, tanned flesh stretched taut over beautiful muscles. Just thinking about him naked made her female parts moisten and swell deliciously.

At the counter, Vince released the glass vial that dumped the extra vodka into his drink. His back was to her, so once again she allowed herself to appreciate his ass. The one she'd just seen outlined in tight, skimpy underwear.

But then she flushed guiltily. Lord, how would she like it if he ogled her?

Actually, she would like it immensely. Problem was, to Vince she was just a good friend. Buddy-ville. Sexless.

He spent his time cavorting with plastic dolls, bodies as perfect as his, even though theirs were touched by a surgeon instead of being natural.

Vince turned around, straw in his mouth as he tasted what he'd just stirred.

Kelly eyed his drink. He sighed and handed it over. She held out her own. After the trade-off occurred, each sipped the other's.

"Oh good, I chose the better one," she teased, taking hers back.

"Whatever. Everyone knows a pina colada is the drink of choice," he retorted.

"Pina colada is for decoration only. Kinda girly. I have the High Octane—the drink...of power."

He laughed and turned for a napkin. Kelly's gaze strayed back to his rear. The man made old, faded jeans look sinfully sexy. And there was a tiny hole beneath his right buttock that showed gleaming, perfect flesh.

She focused her attention down, studying her feet. Vince was her friend, nothing more. This was a no-strings-attached vacation. She shouldn't be looking at his rear. How many times did she have to remind herself? But goodness, the man must have been devoting all his extra time to working out.

"Shall we make our way back to the room before we decide what to do?" he asked. "I can't believe the amount of people who'll gather in a desert. This place is packed."

It was his first time in Vegas and she was eager to show him everything on the strip. But his incredulous tone made her grin and agree. "Yeah, foolish people. What are they thinking?"

His drink was nearly finished by the time they reached their room. Hers was only half gone.

"Hurry up, wimp. We could have grabbed another before we even reached the room if you'd quit nursing that one," he teased.

"Shut up," she laughed. "How many times did you slap your head with brain freeze? I'm drinking this the proper way." Truth was, she'd begun feeling the effects of the double shot already.

They entered the room and she turned for the bathroom, handing him her drink to hold. He locked the outside door to their room.

When she left the bathroom, she found him lounged across the bed she'd claimed, watching music videos. She lay down behind him and stared at the ceiling. Not mentioning that she could hardly see the TV from over his huge shoulders.

"Been working out much?" she asked sarcastically.

"Lots of free time lately."

"Have you started dating?"

"Oh yeah. Been there, done that."

Oh, how aware she was. His most recent bed partner was Michelle, a leggy brunette who was a silicone, life-sized version of Barbie. Not much of a face, however. And Kelly felt it was within her rights to be catty. Vince wasn't at his most intelligent with all of his dark divorce emotions cluttering his brain so she'd have to be smart for him.

"I sort of fell into the dating trap. I felt like if I wasn't dating constantly, I'd be a loser for not trying," she said, trying to find out if he truly cared about who he dated or was doing it out of boredom.

"Not true."

"Technically, I know. I'm definitely okay with my life now. It was just a difficult adjustment period."

"Getting any sex?"

That was the thing with her and Vince. They'd always talked about anything and everything. One of the things he knew about her was she was horny as hell. So it was time to change the subject.

"I broke things off with him, it wasn't working for me. Hey, I'm exhausted. That's a lot of walking, isn't it? I mean, just getting here. All that airport trekking, then to the casino, then all the way up to the room, not to mention the five-mile hike to get drinks. Hey! Give me that back."

He was casually sipping her drink. She took it from him, and gulped. The frozen drink felt good as it slid down her overheated throat.

"You exaggerate," he said. "Five-mile hike?"

"Felt like it," she mumbled.

"Are you slurring your words?"

"No."

"Yes, you are! You are slurring, lightweight."

She sat up. She wasn't feeling so great.

"Oh my God," Vince said. "Are you going to get sick?"

She inhaled deeply, trying not to think of how the room was so warm.

Vaguely, she was aware of Vince's laughter. "You are! You're such a girl, sick on a slushee."

"Shut up. I am not sick, I have a germ phobia. That kid at the slushee fountain didn't wear gloves."

He laughed harder, but Kelly left him, heading for the bathroom. She stared at the toilet bowl, desperately trying to concentrate on anything but heaving.

Dropping to her knees, she zoned, her head on her arms as they rested on the toilet seat. Unaware of how long she was there, she was surprised when behind her, hands gathered her hair up out of her face. "Here, I'll help you," Vince said in a gruff voice.

"I'm not sick, I'm just dizzy. The heat," she tried to explain.

He continued to hold her hair back anyway. "You've been like this a long time."

"Have I?" she murmured.

"You feel okay?"

"Yes." How did one explain it was more embarrassment than anything else? In a room with a hot guy and her hormones raging, stoking internal fires? Why did he have to get better with age?

"Why do you have so many layers?" he complained, as strands of hair escaped his hands. Using two hands, he grabbed all the escaped pieces.

"I'm a girl. Girls have layers. You are not complaining about my hairstyle, are you?"

"I'm just saying."

"Shush. Your talking is gonna to make me hurl."

But there was nothing in her stomach. All she'd had was one frozen drink.

"You need a distraction," he decided. Before she knew it, he pulled up and whirled her around to face him.

To stare at him blankly.

He was standing very close, and it was still hotter than hell in the small bathroom. She couldn't take a step back, she'd just be pressed against the countertop.

But she wanted to step back. Knew without a doubt if she didn't, she was going to start rubbing against him. She could feel his body heat, smell the scent that wafted from his skin.

He was lickable sex.

Lord, she was close enough to run her fingertips over the tight pecs exposed by the loose tank he wore.

His hands were on the counter behind her, locking her in place. He whispered in her ear. "Are you sure you feel okay?"

"Yes. Just...overheated."

"Then let me help you some more." He grasped the edge of her shirt and whipped it over her head.

"What...are you doing?" she gasped, feeling helplessly exposed in her strapless bra.

"Helping you cool off." He nuzzled the sensitive area above her neck, right below her ear, as he unsnapped her jeans.

Her hands caught and held his, but she paused. Did she want to stop him? His finger rubbed the skin of her belly, skimming right beneath the edge of her waistband.

He teased her flesh, dipping his index fingers low, lightly stroking the sensitive area of her hipbones, then bringing them back up.

Her decision was made.

Her hands reached for the biceps before her, skimming the surface, squeezing the muscle beneath. He tugged her jeans down and pushed them off her hips. She kicked them away.

She looked up to find him watching her, eyelids heavy. Ever so slowly, he ground his pelvis into hers. His rock-hard erection pressed against her tight clit.

Her eyes widened. "Oh!" she gasped.

She had to see more of him. She pulled at his shirt, raising it enough for him to know she had to get it off right here, right now.

While he whipped it over his shoulders, she was busy unfastening the button of his jeans, brushing the bulge beneath them with her knuckles. Finally she pulled them open, and he yanked them off.

No underwear. *That* was sexy. Apparently he'd taken them off just for her.

His cock sprang forth, as beautiful as the rest of him. Moisture glistened on the smooth head and she ran her fingertip over the drop, wiping it away.

Then she brought her finger up to her mouth, tasting him.

He leaned forward, mesmerized by her. "Let's get the hell out of the bathroom."

Somehow they made it to the bed, though she wasn't sure how. All she was aware of was panties and a bra being flung off the during the short trip. She fell on top of him, grinding her soaked pussy onto his cock. Electric shock wrenched through her core at the contact. She licked his neck and then bit gently before she kissed her way down his body. She had to get to the gorgeous cock she wanted so desperately inside her.

She kissed his groin, allowing her hair to rub over his silky cock. She nibbled on the inside of his thigh. The taste of his skin was tantalizing, deliciously spicy and male. Ever so slowly, she licked his balls, loving the small noises of pleasure he made.

But purposely, she ignored his jutting cock.

"Come on, Kel," he growled.

"What?" she murmured, sucking one testicle and moving to the other without touching his erection.

"I want you to suck me off. I haven't been blown in a long time."

She didn't move fast enough for him. He twisted a hand in her hair, forcing her to face his cock.

She stared hungrily at it. It was huge and thick, and numerous veins ran along the length. She began to kiss his balls.

"Take it in your mouth," he hissed.

All pretense gone, she laved his cock, sucking up and down rhythmically.

"Ahh, that's it, baby. Exactly."

She let his wet cock slide from her mouth, then took it back in. Releasing it again, she sucked the sensitive tip, lapping at the pre-cum that escaped, eager for the hint of salt. Opening wide, she let him control his movements, deciding if he wanted to be sucked entirely or licked and kissed.

His hips thrust upward as he slowly fucked her mouth. "You're going to swallow," he warned. "I want you to take it all."

She raked her fingernails over his thighs, her head bobbing up and down as she enjoyed his shaft.

“Kel,” he groaned. “I’m going to come.”

In response, she sucked harder. He exploded, shooting hot cum down her throat with a groan of relief. She eagerly swallowed his essence, the warmth and salty tang hitting her taste buds.

He panted a few minutes before helping her onto her hands and knees. “Rest your head on a pillow,” he said.

It forced her ass up into the air.

He parted her legs wide with an insistent hand between her knees. She was fully bared.

His finger ran along her slit, gathering her slick wetness and spreading it.

“Your inner lips are so swollen,” he said. “You’re dripping wet. I’m going to eat your pussy until I’m hard again, okay?”

There was no way she was going to refuse. Instead, she whimpered when he spread her lips wide, leaving them open and exposed. Then she felt an incredible tonguing like she’d never had before.

“Ohhh,” she moaned. His tongue was warm and confident, prodding insistently against her clit. Heat filled her when his tongue speared into her sheath.

“Like that?”

“Yes! Your tongue...deeper.”

He plunged his tongue into her vaginal entrance, rhythmically alternating in and out, and then used a fingernail to gently scrape against her clit. It tickled lightly.

“Oh, Vince! That’s so good.”

“I like when you tell me what turns you on. Moan when it feels good.”

She grasped her nipples, pulling on them to extend them. Instant hardness ensued, tipping them to fine points. Tingles hit from the erect points, reaching internally in trailing licks of heat down to her cunt.

"God, that's hot. I want to fuck you so bad," he admitted.

"Then do it," she said, desperate to come. "I want your cock in me."

"In a sec, I want to stretch your ass."

A wet finger gently pressed the rim of her sphincter muscles, dipping into the tight button. The muscles gave way on an exhalation and the magnified sensations rolled throughout her, triggering her adrenaline.

"Oh yes! Do that when your cock is in my pussy!" she moaned, bucking backward against his hand. In response, his tongue delved again into her soaking sheath, lapping up more of the sweet honey.

"Later, I'm going to fuck you everywhere," he promised.

She felt the movement on the mattress as he rose to his knees and added a condom. He pressed the head of his cock between her labia, just the barest inch inside. "Deeper," she demanded.

"Greedy," he chided, and shoved all the way in.

"Aaah, perfect. That feels so good!" She swung her hair back and looked over her shoulder. "Now fuck me."

He thrust into her, pressing his cock deep, circling his hips like an exotic dancer. "Your pussy's so tight," he muttered. "It feels so good, gripping my cock like a wet glove."

When her movements became sporadic as she came closer to orgasm, he slowed down, forcing her to hold off her climax.

His thrusts slowed to the tiniest stroking within her, slow movements inching in and out. She tried to clamp her pussy on him when he pressed in, as if she'd hold that delicious cock in her and tempt him to start his hard fucking again.

Still, he gave it to her in slow inches.

“Please, Vince,” she begged, her hands gripping the sheets desperately. He inserted his fingertip soaked with her juices into her ass, dipping it playfully in and out.

Suddenly he slammed into her, his hard testicles slapping against her swollen labia.

On a deep exhalation, her orgasm rolled through her along with a sex-induced scream of pleasure, hitting every nerve ending in her body and triggering a series of explosions almost too intense to be real.

Chapter Two

The room was still dark when she awoke curled against a warm, hard body. She sprang away as if burned.

Yesterday...she and...Vince? What the hell? Did she have wild sex with Vince? Her friend?

By the looks of her breasts bouncing in the sunshine, yes.

He turned around. "Awake?"

She grabbed for the sheet, pulling it up to her chin.

Vince laughed. "Saw them, Kel. Squeezed them. Licked them."

"Holy shit."

"That's what I thought. Never realized what you had under there."

"I can't believe we had sex."

"Why not? You're a girl, I'm a guy. You're single, I'm single."

"But we're friends!"

"Yeah?" His blasé attitude confused her.

"Um. This interferes with that."

"Why? Was it enjoyable for you?"

"Well, yes..."

"Okay, then. Come here." His voice was a growl.

He pulled away the sheet, ignoring her yelp of surprise. She felt herself pulled back down to the mattress, and then her body was covered with his. The sight of the broad, tanned shoulders made her melt all over again.

Wait a minute. Had he said he was single?

"Look at how your skin looks against mine," he whispered near her ear, nipping the lobe gently.

Her skin nearly glowed against his deep tan.

"See how small your body is? Fits perfectly to mine."

Slowly he began to press and circle his hips into hers. His hardened cock hit against just the right spot, her tight little clitoris. He sought a rhythm, masturbating against her, faster and faster.

"Where'd you get these moves?" she asked.

"Just a couple of little dance moves I've picked up here and there. Like them?"

How could she not? The thick head of his hard cock was pressing insistently against her. Her labia were about to spread apart to let him in...

He moved aside to grab a condom from the nightstand. When he'd finished putting it on, he bent his head and took her erect nipple into his mouth. She squirmed when he bit gently, spreading her legs wider and trying to get his cock into her. But it was his turn to tease. With the slightest turn of his hips, the wet head of his cock slid from her eager entrance.

"I've always dreamed about fucking you," he admitted.

"Then do it already," she snapped.

He laughed, a low rumbling sound from deep in his taut belly.

"I'm trying to get all sensitive and touchy-feely here," he said.

"Later, sweetie. For now, just do me."

Instead, Vince rolled off her, lying flat on his back on the mattress. "Come do me, Kelly."

She felt empty and deserted as soon as he left. She looked directly at his challenging gaze, then crawled up to straddle him.

She sat on him, connecting him to her as easily as though they were made to fit together. Still, she marveled that this man beneath her was her best friend. A best friend who had recently been seeing someone else, she reminded herself.

"What about Michelle?"

"Done and over, Kel. Don't worry."

She began to roll her hips on him, slowly at first. He reached up, squeezing her breasts together, pinching her nipples until they stood erect. The pleasure-pain bit into her with a rush.

She caressed his chest, feeling his heart drum beneath the light touch of her fingers. A light sheen of sweat kissed his chest.

He was so deep within her, her insides liquified. She leaned forward, clenching her internal muscles around his cock. Her juices flowed freely onto the base of his cock. She aimed a breast at his mouth. He took it and sucked as much as he could. Deeply. She had no strength to resist the delightful fingers of pleasure that fanned the heat licking into her core.

"Next time," he gasped as she thrust deeply onto him, "sit on my face. I want you to grind and thrust like this onto my mouth."

She was so wet her moisture was seeping out to cover the base of his cock. He gripped her ass with his palms, jerking her toward him harshly.

The orgasm swept through both of them and she collapsed onto his chest, breathing deeply into his neck as it rolled from her core to her fingertips.

His hands rubbed over the surface of her back. "Are you doing okay?"

"Mmm," she agreed. Every muscle in her body was relaxed and languid, like gelatin flowed through her limbs.

"I'll run us a bath," he said.

"Is the tub big enough for two?" She'd been in the bathroom, of course, but hadn't noticed.

"We'll make it," he promised, moving her onto the warm spot on the bed next to him. He pulled from her gently.

She heard the water run. After a while the sweet scent of vanilla wafted through the room. It tickled her nose and she inhaled deeply, letting it fill her.

"Ready, Kel?" he called out.

"Coming," she said as she stood and padded to the bathroom. He was already in the water and held out a hand to help her in.

"Here, sit in front of me."

Kelly leaned her head back against his chest. His heartbeat was strong and comforting. "We should probably call for food to be sent up."

"Good idea. You need to keep your strength up."

"Tell me you put the Do Not Disturb sign out."

"Of course I did. No worries, no housekeeping ladies will be barging into our bath."

He took the soapy pouf, and traced it over her breasts, allowing the suds to coat them. "Sex is good with you," he whispered.

"You take it how I like it," she teased.

"It helps to be friends first."

She stayed quiet. When it was all said and done...where would their friendship be then?

"Why so quiet?"

"No reason. Just thinking, we've been friends a long time."

"Yup. Through your marriage, then mine."

"Your wife was a fool."

"Your husband was an idiot."

"We still have healing to do, don't we?"

"I think we're working on that."

His comment gave her a glimmer of hope, but she didn't dare ask any more questions.

After the bath, they ordered room service. Kelly bent over to place the empty tray of dishes outside the door when Vince, from behind, rubbed his pelvis into her. Excited anticipation curled in her midsection at the thought of his erection pressing into her through the tight jeans pulled low enough to expose hipbones. Slowly she stood, turning to give him a sultry look.

"Is that a yes?" he asked.

In response, she reached around his neck with one hand, pulling him close enough to kiss. "What do you think?"

"I think you should get back inside and get naked."

He'd awakened muscles she didn't know she had, and still her body moistened with the thrill of excitement that rushed through her.

* * * * *

The weekend was over too fast. Checkout time for the hotel was eleven but they had several hours until the flight. Heading over to the airport to wait ensured there was no missing the plane this time.

It also meant there was plenty of talking, without the distraction of getting naked. Yet neither talked about what would happen to their friendship now that a line had been crossed.

Finally it was time to get on the plane and after hours of waiting boarding time passed like a blur.

Vince was looking out the tiny window as the plane took off, a white-knuckled grip on the arm rest.

Fear of heights, she remembered.

She slipped her hand into his, unsure how he would take it. Unsure even of how she meant it. Were they back to being friends only? Would they acknowledge what

they'd shared? With each foot the plane elevated, the magic of Las Vegas stayed further behind while reality loomed closer.

But he held her hand and suddenly, it didn't matter. It was just Vince. Twinkling blue eyes framed against his tanned skin and his hair curled slightly on the ends where it grew a little longer than he normally wore it. He turned toward her and rubbed his thumb against hers, comforting her as if he knew how confused she must be. This man was her best friend and her confidante.

There were no worries.

Except for one.

Kelly squeezed his hand. "We just spent a whole weekend in Vegas. Your first. In one room. People are going to want to know what famous sights you saw!"

"The hotel and casino of the Luxor," he said dryly.

She slapped her forehead. "Exactly my point. You saw nothing of Sin City. Quick, pull out your schedule. We have to plan the next trip."

He leaned close to her ear. "I think you're just trying to get into my pants, Kel."

About the Author

During my daytime job, I explore people of all types. At night, I love to read.

Why did I start writing? My favorite authors were all between books and I twiddled my thumbs until deciding, "Hey, I can do this for someone else out there who's waiting for a new release too!" My favorite authors in no particular order include: Kim Harrison, Laurell K Hamilton, Jim Butcher, Charlaine Harris and Kelley Armstrong. So obviously, I cling to urban-fantasy-type work with one difference—I'm a romance author at heart. I must have my happy ending with Prince Charming. And no, it doesn't matter if he has fangs. Or fur. As long as he's naked, we'll be just fine! Therefore, Ellora's Cave seems a perfect fit for my work.

Join me for a few hours and get lost in my worlds. For now at night, I love to write!

Rena welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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