

Tracie Sommers



TONIGHT, MY LOVE

Spice BRIEFS

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Spice

“Tonight, my love, the choice is yours.” Andrew Campbell leaned over and claimed his wife’s soft, rich mouth as his hand burrowed beneath her skirts to find her welcoming cunt.

“Oh, you spoil me so. But how shall I choose?” Isabelle breathed, opening her thighs wider to give him better access. Thank God she hadn’t taken to wearing those awful drawers under her petticoats.

“With your eyes and your cunny.” He flicked the sensitive nub at her core with the pad of his thumb as he slipped two fingers inside her. “Just look out the window and take your pick.”

Her eyes closed and a moan escaped as she slid down the leather seat, forcing him deeper inside.

“What did you say this place was called again?” she asked, her breath coming in pants.

“Whitechapel.” He worked two of his fingers in and out, varying the rhythm, playing her like a fine instrument.

“Such a pretty name for such a filthy place, don’t you think?” She screwed up her face, and he couldn’t

resist dropping a kiss on the tip of her button nose.

“But every now and then, you can find a diamond in the dirt. Now choose, my love,” he said.

Isabelle leaned forward a little and sighed. The movement changed the angle of his penetration, trapping his fingers in her hot, wet quim. She pushed aside the red velvet curtains just enough to see, while he bent to run his tongue over the swell of her breast before looking out the window himself. Outside, the carriage mist swirled low to the ground, caressing the skirts of the whores peddling their bodies for a few meager pennies.

“There, that one.” Her cunt clenched around his fingers.

Andrew reluctantly pulled free of her warm folds; his fingers glistened in the carriage lamplight. He ran them over her lush mouth and kissed away the juices from her lips before sucking the rest from his damp digits. He closed his eyes briefly and savored her taste on his tongue. Even after several centuries together in this world, he still couldn’t get enough her.

Half hidden in the shadows of a doorway, the girl Isabelle picked was much younger than most. The older, haggard whores were bolder, lifting their skirts to passersby and offering the promise of heaven for a price of a few coins. Andrew tapped the carriage wall behind the driver, and a few seconds later, their young footman opened the door.

“Yes, sir?” the lad asked.

“That girl over there, give her this as a token.”

Andrew handed over a sixpence—twice what she'd usually get for a quick back-alley fuck. "And tell her there is more to come if she comes with us tonight."

"Yes, sir."

When the boy approached the girl and handed her the coin, she looked at the carriage he indicated, and Andrew got a good look at her face. He gripped his cane; under the grime-smudged cheeks she was beautiful. His already rock-hard cock bucked under his kilt.

He leaned forward and kissed his wife's cheek. "My love, you have excelled."

He dropped his hand to trace the edge of the rich, red silk of her bodice. Isabelle clapped her hands together and smiled. But the street girl shook her head and handed the coin back, and the footman returned alone, his face solemn.

"She's scared, sir, they all are. This Jack the Ripper lark has 'em spooked."

"I must have her, my love," Isabelle whispered, the light shining brightly in her eyes.

She grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him to her hot mouth, her breasts pressing against his chest and her nipples burning him even through the layers of clothing. Reluctantly he pulled away from her kiss, then took out a handkerchief from his pocket, and blew across the cheese and bread contained within.

Andrew handed it to the servant. "Give her this and promise her there will a hot meal and more."

The boy approached the girl once more and when

she saw what he offered, she eagerly stuffed the morsels into her mouth. Her glances remained cagey, but her hunger was stronger than her fear. Finally, she followed the servant back to the carriage and climbed inside, only to pause when she saw Isabelle sitting opposite.

“Hey, I ain’t into no funny stuff.” She eyed them with suspicion.

Isabelle swapped sides and pulled the girl down beside her. “We will not hurt you, and I promise that you will be taken to the pinnacles of ecstasy before we are done.” All the while, she stroked the back of the girl’s hand. “Now, tell me your name, my sweet.”

The whore blinked several times and relaxed. “It’s Franny, ma’am.”

Isabelle cupped Franny’s cheek with her hand and placed a chaste, tender kiss on the whore’s lips. Andrew smiled and tapped his cane twice. The carriage moved forward, and his groin swelled in anticipation of the night ahead.

Isabelle was already wet and they hadn’t even started. She clenched her thighs together, enjoying the throb of her clit.

The fire crackled in the hearth, casting a warm glow. Shadows were chased to the corners of the large bedroom suite of the main house on their estate by the many candles placed around the room. Electric lighting was far too harsh for this seductive mood.

The girl’s eyes continued to dart between Isabelle

and Andrew as she ravenously stuffed her mouth with hot beef stew and bread at the small table.

Andrew watched silently from a large stuffed chair near the bed, his knees spread wide under his kilt, eyes gleaming with a far different hunger than the whore's.

Isabelle stood up from the large four-poster bed and bent to kiss his cheek before moving closer to the girl. Again, her groin clenched at the thought of tasting such a delicious young thing. She squatted beside Franny and ran the back of her hand across the girl's cheek. It was soft and downy even under the street dirt.

But the whore pulled away. "I told you, I ain't into no funny stuff."

"Shhh." Isabelle smoothed back Franny's surprisingly clean hair. "I just want to prepare you properly for my husband."

Franny closed her eyes, enjoyment chasing away the creases on her sweet brow. Isabelle ran her fingertips down the silky cheek, over the front of her dirty street dress, and kept going until she reached the girl's ankle. She lifted Franny's foot onto the rich, fine gown covering her own knee, unlaced the filthy brown boot and dropped it to the floor. She did the same to the other.

Isabelle looked up at the girl. "You can call me Mistress or ma'am." And she pointed at Andrew. "And this is Master or sir."

The girl nodded and locked eyes with Isabelle, who ran her hand up the inside of the girl's leg. This time the whore didn't complain; she even opened her thighs

a little wider. Her clothes smelt of soot, grime and sweat: the odors of the street. A bath would wash the filth away and leave behind the girl's sweet natural scent. Isabelle's fingers crept further up the leg.

Just past the knee, Isabelle encountered bare skin. Like her, Franny wore no drawers. Isabelle pushed on until she brushed the springy curls of Franny's bush. Color flooded the girl's cheeks. Isabelle had never made a prostitute blush before.

"You're a dollymop aren't you, Franny? You're just a part-time whore," Andrew rumbled from the corner.

Isabelle could tell from his tone alone that he was just as turned on as she was. The crackling fire was the only sound above the girl's indrawn breath.

The girl's blush deepened. "This is my first time."

"You are an innocent?" Isabelle asked, half hoping she was and half dreading it. A virgin would be too unsure and afraid.

"No, ma'am. The master where I was kitchen maid took me nightly when the mistress had gone to bed. Until she found out and chucked me onto the street a week ago. I figures I could make me a few coins doing what he had took for free all those years."

No wonder she'd been stuffing down the food, living on the street for a week, with no money. Isabelle turned to Andrew. "And this is her first night. Aren't we lucky to have found her, my love?"

"Very," Andrew growled and shifted in the chair, his kilt tenting between his thighs.

“Well then, let’s get you bathed and you can earn more than a few coins.” Isabelle stood up and held out her hand. “How about five pounds?”

Fear briefly skidded across the girl’s face and was quickly replaced with wonder. Five pounds was nearly half a year’s wage for a kitchen maid and she took Isabelle’s offered hand and was led to the pretty little enamel tub edged with painted pink roses. Extra water in matching enamel cans was being heated by the fire.

Franny’s blue dress was made out of fine material, probably stolen or a hand-me-down from her former mistress. Isabelle moved aside the girl’s shaky hands and began to unbutton the bodice. Each button led her closer to discovering the delights that lay within. When the bodice hung open, Isabelle slid her hands inside to the surprisingly clean cotton chemise underneath.

The whore wore no corset; only this thin layer concealed her bare skin. Andrew shifted in his chair again, and she turned to see his hand disappear beneath his kilt.

“Don’t get ahead of us, my love,” she said over her shoulder.

“I can last all night, my love.” He lifted his kilt and stroked his straining cock in plain view.

A bolt of exquisite desire fired up her clit at the sight of his arousal. Even Franny sucked back a breath and quivered, unable to tear her eyes away from Andrew’s erection.

Isabelle moved behind the girl to watch Andrew’s

face, watch what he did to that cock of his. She pulled the bodice from the girl's shoulders and untied the outer skirt, letting it drop to the floor around her feet. Franny stood before them wearing only her underwear.

Instead of untying the petticoat, Isabelle reached around and pulled it up at the front, revealing Franny's quim to her husband. Fire danced in his eyes as they fixed firmly on the apex between the girl's thighs, and he licked his lips. Isabelle slid her hand around to brush the curls that lay there. Andrew looked up, and their eyes met. Her stomach flipped, and a groan escaped his lips.

Bathing first, then fucking. Isabelle untied the petticoat and it joined the outer skirt at Franny's feet, then she picked them up and laid them aside before turning to look at Franny's naked cunny for herself. Her mouth watered—she wanted to drop before the girl and kiss those nether lips like they'd never been kissed. Slowly, she had go slowly so she didn't terrify the girl.

Isabelle moved behind Franny again and lifted the thin garment over the girl's head, leaving her dressed only in her woolen stockings. The tub was only big enough to sit in, and Isabelle lowered Franny into the water.

"Owww." The girl's legs hung over the edge of the tub, but water lapped over her backside up to her waist. "It's hot."

Isabelle slid the stocking from her right leg. "You'll enjoy it in a minute." She worked the other stocking

off and skimmed her hand over the girl's soft leg. "I promise."

Franny sat in the tub, warmth seeping into her backside and thighs, not to mention her cunny. She felt vulnerable and awkward with her legs hanging over either side of the small oval tub. The woman stood up after removing Franny's stocking and the man joined her. Watching him play with the thing between his legs had been most exciting. Her cunny juices felt even hotter than the water she was sitting in.

He undressed the woman, quickly and efficiently, as if he'd done it a thousand times before. Soon Mistress moved towards her, as naked as the day she was born. The area between Franny's legs throbbed just looking at the way her hips swayed with each delicate step. Her perfect breasts were round and topped with hard cherry nipples that Franny wanted to pop into her mouth and taste. Her waist was tiny, moving out to the beautiful swell of her hips. Never before had Franny felt desire for a woman. In fact, she'd never felt desire for anyone.

Her virginity had been taken when she was only fourteen, without her permission, by the master of the house. Now at the age of three and twenty, this woman, this lady, was the most beautiful thing Franny had ever seen. The woman made her feel like she wanted to have her quim touched—and touched a lot.

Master sat back in his chair. All he seemed to do was watch. But even that was exciting. Franny liked

him to watch, wanted him to watch.

Mistress picked up a cloth and dipped it into the water between Franny's thighs. Then she began to wash her feet in turn, soaking and scrubbing them clean with rose-scented soap. Franny's skin tingled from the friction.

When her feet were done, Mistress took Franny's big toe into her mouth and sucked. An explosion erupted between her thighs, almost lifting her out of the tub. She never felt anything like it before and she wanted more. Mistress looked her in the eye as her pink tongue licked. Darting in and out. Tickling the sensitive areas between her toes.

Franny wondered what it would feel like if Mistress did the same to her quim. At that thought, Franny slipped her hand between her legs and touched herself. Franny's head rocked back as she flicked the tight, sensitive nub.

"Uhh-uhh," Mistress said, pulling her hand away. "Not yet, my sweet." She took Franny's arms and raised them above her head.

The apex of her thighs ached and throbbed, but Franny did as Mistress bid. She lay back while the woman again dipped the washcloth into the water between her thighs. Whether by accident or on purpose, fingers brush the hair between her legs before the washcloth was run over her face.

"Stand up, Franny," Mistress said when she was done cleaning her cheeks.

Franny obeyed, no longer able to question. The

woman took Franny's hand and put it to her strangely hairless cunny. Franny had never touched another woman before, only herself. But this felt different. Nice. Soft, smooth and silky. Like the petals of the red roses her former employer grew in the atrium. Mistress leaned forward and placed a light kiss on her lips and groaned. Franny saw Master slide his hand up his cock, from base to tip, slow and steady. And she suddenly realized that he, too, was hairless between his legs.

The two women before him were as different as day and night. Isabelle was tall, lean and fluid like a cat, with her midnight hair hanging in soft ringlets down the graceful curve of her back, brushing the twin dimples just above her perfect tight, round buttocks.

The whore, Franny, on the other hand, was shorter, rounder and softer. Her breasts hung with delicious heaviness and were topped with large blush nipples. The springy thatch between her legs was wild, bushy and as a blond as the hair on her head. Andrew's mouth watered, aching to taste the slit beneath those curls.

Isabelle poured a little of the water heating by the fire into a bucket with some cold, then used a cup to dribble it over the girl's shoulders. She lathered some soap between her hands as Franny's wet skin gleamed in the light of the fire.

His wife applied the suds, starting with Franny's breasts. The nipples peaked under Isabelle's

ministrations, causing the whore to lean her head back. His wife's soapy circles slowly dropped until she reached the girl's soft round ass.

Andrew's cock bucked in his hand when Isabelle's hand appeared between the whore's legs and caressed the curls of the girl's cunt. The two outer fingers braced either side of the lips while the two middle ones disappeared into the slit. Franny moaned and bent her knees, allowing her thighs to open a little wider as Isabelle reached around with her other hand and exposed the glistening clit within. Steam rose from the bath, swirling and caressing their naked bodies with the sensuality of a lover's touch.

Andrew squeezed his balls. They constricted, the skin shrinking into a tight, sensitive sack cradling his testes. He cupped and rocked them gently, as he squeezed the head of his cock between his thumb and forefinger, watching a drop of pre-cum form on the end. Then he locked eyes with Isabelle. A slow smile spread across her beautiful face, and crimson flashed across her skin, making him even harder. She blinked once, and her eyes turned black; blinked again, and they were back to her startling blue.

"Do you approve, my love?" Isabelle breathed. "Would you like to ram your cock in this fine cunny?"

"Yes, my love, I would." He grabbed his cock to show her just how much. "Bring her to me."

She picked up the bucket and slowly washed the suds from Franny's body. Soap bubbles slid down the contours of the whore's skin, skirting around her

bellybutton, slipping over the womanly swell of her stomach to catch in the thick pubic curls. Others slid down her legs to be mixed with the water in the tub.

Isabelle quickly ran a towel over the whore's healthy pink skin, flushed from the bath. Then she took Franny's hand to help her step out of the tub, and finished drying her off.

Just before Isabelle and Franny reached him, his wife turned the whore to face her. "Did you enjoy your bath, sweet Franny?"

"Yes, ma'am," Franny said.

Isabelle took the whore's face in her hands and kissed her. Sweet rapturous torture. His balls boiled with need to fuck them both and fuck them hard, ram it home until they screamed out in ecstasy.

Isabelle led her closer. "I want first taste, my love. She must cum before you can fuck her."

"Hurry, my love, my cock is sure to explode," he said. "And I want to fill my hands with those beautiful round titties."

"That you can do, my love," Isabelle said and positioned the whore on his lap so her legs rested either side of his knees.

His cock lay in the cleft of her ass as he pulled her back to lay against his chest. He reached around and filled each of his hands with her soft abundant flesh. Isabelle positioned herself between his legs and he widened his knees, forcing the whore's legs to open even further, giving his wife better access to the dripping cunt. He could smell the whore's arousal and

his darling Isabelle's.

Andrew went to work plucking and squeezing the girl's tight puckered nipples, watching as his wife's head descended. Her tongue came out and flicked the girl's slit. Franny bucked on his lap, a loud moan escaping her.

"Do you like my wife's tongue on your cunt, Franny?" he asked.

"Oh yes, sir," she breathed in reply.

Andrew looked down to see his wife looking back at him and licking the slit. "Fuck her with your fingers, my love."

Isabelle took her fore and middle fingers into her mouth and drew them out slowly again. His cock twitched. She slid the two fingers in and out of the whore's cunt. Slow at first, then fast, in and out, flicking the clit with her tongue, or with her free hand so she could watch what she was doing.

Isabelle caught her bottom lip with her teeth, her eyes glistening with desire. Franny groaned and pushed her hips forward when Isabelle replaced her fingers with her tongue.

Franny had *never* felt anything like this. The old master would come into her room at night and ram his wrinkly old cock into her cunny or asshole and it would be over in a few minutes. But *this*. This was heaven. This was bliss. Every time Mistress's tongue touched her slit, her thighs would twitch and tremble.

She closed her eyes, while Mistress went to work

and Master held her, his cock pressed against the cheeks of her ass, twitching in sympathy with her thighs. His hands roamed and played with her breasts. The sensations plucked invisible strings attached to her cunny, making it clench and throb even more.

Pressure began to build in her groin. The muscles in her ass, thighs and legs tightened, and her toes curled.

“You can scream, Franny,” Master said in her ear. “No one can hear you.”

Then all at once, the world exploded around her and she screamed out with the exquisiteness of it all. Wave after wave of pure pleasure ripped through her body, until slowly she started to come down from the ecstatic rush. Her heart hammered loudly in her chest, and her limbs felt boneless. Her cunny twitched with aftershocks, and her womb contracted and relaxed.

Mistress got up from between her legs and went to the bureau on the far side of the room. Master’s hands dropped to peel back the lips of her quim and insert his fingers inside.

Then he slid them out and put them in his mouth. “You’re so wet, Franny. And you taste so good. I want to eat your cunt. Do you want me to eat your cunt, Franny?”

“Yes, sir.” She’d never heard gentry speak so dirty. It turned her on.

“Tell me, Franny. Tell me what you want me to do.” One hand squeezed her nipple; the other flicked her clit.

“I want you to...” Franny felt her face heat up. She couldn’t say it.

“Tell me, Franny.” He buried three thick fingers in her this time. “Say the words.”

Franny swallowed. His fingers slid in and out. She was going to cum again if he kept going.

“I want you to eat my...” She couldn’t do it.

“Say it.”

The pressure built again. Then she was cumming and she screamed, “Eat it, eat it, eat my cunt.”

Mistress returned with a cock made of ivory and a tiny black glass bottle.

“Tell me, Franny, have you ever had a cock in your ass?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Excellent.”

Franny started to tremble. She’d never been fond of having her ass fucked. But then she’d never been fucked like this before either. Mistress knelt down between their thighs again and put aside the dildo, then lifted the glass stopper on the black bottle.

Mistress poured some scented oil onto her palms and rubbed them together. “This is going to help my husband’s cock to slide into you. Lift up your ass, my sweet, so I can prepare you both.”

Franny did as she was told, bracing her feet on the edge of the chair and lifting up her ass. Mistress took his cock in one hand and rubbed the oil up and down his shaft, paying particular attention to the tip. His chest stilled with a sharp intake of breath.

Then Mistress slipped the tip of her finger into Franny's asshole and began to work it in and out, slowly pushing more and more in as she went. Franny relaxed, it felt nice. Her clit began to throb again, and she felt sorry when the finger disappeared from her back passage. However, it was soon replaced with something much larger.

Master's cock nudged her entrance. Pain shot through her when the tip opened her up, but then it didn't go any farther.

"Don't tense up, relax." Mistress began to brush her fingers over Franny's clit, and soon the pain was replaced with a sense of pleasant fullness. Mistress smothered Master's cock with more oil and continued to rub Franny's clit. Master eased her down, filling her all the way, his cock throbbing in her tight ass. Slowly he began to rock his hips, at first tiny movements and then getting stronger as he pumped her ass.

Mistress picked up the ivory dildo and ran her tongue from base to tip. Master groaned and surged deep into Franny. She gasped. It felt so damn good. When the dildo was glistening with Mistress's saliva, she took the tip and rubbed it against Franny's slit. Master grabbed both of her breasts and started to pump harder, and Franny wanted that ivory cock in her cunny.

"Please," she begged the woman.

Mistress put her out of her misery, sliding the ivory in all the way with a quick hard thrust. Now both her front and back passages were deliciously stretched.

Master pounded in and out of her back passage, and Mistress counterthrust the dildo. As Master withdrew, Mistress filled her with ivory and then withdrew as Master thrust in again.

Franny's eyes rolled back in her head as Mistress flicked her clit and Master plucked her nipples, sending her into a paroxysm of pleasure. Multiple luscious sensations hammered her body, overloading her brain. Another orgasm rushed towards the peak. Master's thrusts sped up, his groans rumbling against her back. He thrust harder, faster. Mistress matched him. Franny took it all.

She screamed so loud when she came that her throat was raw with it. Seconds later, she felt Master's seed pump into her ass, filling her, and she came again. Then a third time, as Mistress sucked her juices from her slit. She was done in—totally exhausted—and she lay back against Master's chest.

"Our little Franny is such a screamer," Mistress said. "Just as well our neighbors aren't nearer."

"And such a horny little bitch." Master squeezed her titties again as his cock twitched in her ass before he withdrew.

He stood, taking her with him and laid her on her back across the bed. "Now, I get to taste you, Franny, my sweet." And he spread her leg wide and up, so she lay open before him, hips raised and her feet nearer to her head.

Franny bit her lip. He had such hunger, such wanton desire, in his eyes. He was rougher than

Mistress, his tongue more harsh, his suck much harder. Just when she thought she couldn't possibly get aroused again, her cunny leapt to life.

His tongue entered her, deep and probing. He used his teeth to gently nibble her clit. Her thighs trembled with his almost violent treatment of her quim, but it just excited her more. Mistress climbed onto the bed near Franny's head and kneeled, watching Master lick and suck. She leaned over and gave her a tender kiss, before she placed her knees either side of the Franny's head, putting her cunny within reach. Franny didn't need to be told what to do next.

Isabelle groaned and squeezed her own breasts. The girl performed like a veteran cunny muncher. With Andrew's head bobbing up and down between Franny's thighs, and the whore's tongue working Isabelle's clit, she was soon in heaven. Tremors of bliss ricocheted up her spine, flooding her head with a roaring rush. Isabelle grabbed her own breasts, pinched her nipples and squeezed the mounds of flesh together.

She rocked her hips in time with the girl's tongue. The girl moaned into her slit as Andrew shook his head from side to side, his hands holding her legs as wide as possible.

Oh, clever girl. Franny locked her lips around Isabelle's clit and began to suck in earnest. The girl raised her head higher, sucking harder and harder. The dam of orgasm began to build and build, pushing

against the walls of her womb. Isabelle rocked harder, faster and then...the dam burst, flooding her body with rapturous tremors. She collapsed on her side as Franny cried out with her own orgasm and passed out for a second.

When she came out of *la petite mort*, her little death, she turned her head to catch her husband's eyes and smiled at the adoration they held for her. Their passion knew no bounds and would last forever across the ages. Her heart swelled with overwhelming love.

"I think Franny should bathe again," Isabelle said to her husband. The girl's thighs were sticky with saliva, cum and cunny juices. "Why don't you add some more hot water to the tub?"

"As you wish, my love." Andrew's shirt hung untucked at the front, and his kilt fell to cover his semi-erect cock as he moved to do as she bid.

Franny stretched, and a sleepy smile spread across her face as she looked up at Isabelle. She smoothed back the hair sticking to Franny's pleasure-dampened forehead and smiled back.

"Sweet, sweet, Franny." She dropped a kiss on the girl's forehead. "What pleasure you have brought us. You have more than earned your money tonight. Go sit in the bath and enjoy the warmth for now."

Andrew returned to the bedside washing himself with the cloth from the tub and looked down at Isabelle. "Now my bonnie French jewel, my love, my life." He shucked off his clothes, his cock rampant and ready. "Time to finish this."

She leapt into his arms. He buried one hand in her hair and he wrapped the other around her waist as he crushed her mouth with his. She wrapped her legs around his waist, his cock nudging her sopping entrance. She lifted her hips and flung both arms around his neck, pressing down so he entered her.

He placed his hands on her ass, supporting her weight and rammed into her. She used the muscles in her thighs to lift and drop herself onto him, matching his thrusts, grinding her sensitive swollen clit on the base of his cock. Faster and faster they went. Thrusting harder and harder. Their breathing synchronized, and soon they came together, long and shatteringly hard, triggering the change....

Franny sat in the water watching the action, still finding it arousing even in her exhaustion.

Master must be so strong to be able to hold Mistress like that and fuck her without the support of a wall. Suddenly the pitch of their orgasmic scream changed, becoming deeper and more animal-like. Their skin turned crimson, and black leather wings grew out of Master's shoulder blades. Mistress's fingers lengthened and her nails turned black.

Franny washed her face. With all this fucking, she must have fallen asleep and was dreaming. The temperature of the room heated—hotter than she'd ever been before.

Master and Mistress parted and turned to her, their eyes now completely black. Their fingers tipped with

four inch blade-like nails, and their mouth filled with long razor-sharp teeth as Mistress's wings unfurled behind her.

They advanced. She couldn't move; exhaustion trapped her in the tub with her legs hanging awkwardly over the edge. The pit of her stomach clenched and her skin grew cold as the scent of brimstone filled the air.

This was no dream. And just as there was no one to hear her passion, there'd be no one to witness her terror. Still, Franny screamed....

"Well?" the inspector asked, trying to keep the contents of his stomach from coming up.

"Can't say for sure, but I'd say it was another victim of Jack the Ripper." The doctor moved away from the autopsy table and dipped his hands into a bowl of water, clouding it pink before wiping his hands on a small towel. "Some of her organs are missing."

The inspector's stomach churned. "She was younger than the others and had only just taken up whoring, if the word on the street's anything to go by." The inspector looked down at her pallid unmarked face. He refused to look any lower or he'd lose the battle with his breakfast. "Why do you think he mutilates them like that?"

"Who knows?" The doctor pulled the sheet up to cover the head of blond hair and walked away from the table.

The inspector shook his head. "The sick bastard!"

"It's another fine warm night here in the City of Angels," the radio announcer's voice crowed through the car's speakers. "But the police still have no leads on the serial killer preying on downtown hookers...."

Andrew looked out the tinted window at the procession of street girls parading up and down Sunset Boulevard on impossibly high heels, wearing next to nothing.

"Hey baby!" A crass blonde in a red vinyl mini hitched her hip as the chauffeur slowed the long black stretch limo. "Ya lookin' for a good time?"

Andrew leaned over and crushed Isabelle's painted crimson lips with his own as his hand slid under the short silk skirt to find her welcoming cunt.

He broke off the kiss long enough to whisper, "Tonight, my love, the choice is yours."

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