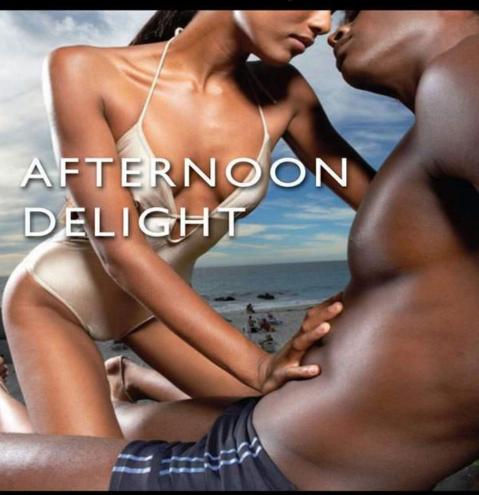
Kayla Perrin



SPICEBRIEFS

Afternoon Delight



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CHAPTER ONE

Free upgrade to Temptation Resort! See front desk for details.

"Now that sounds interesting," Dyanne commented after we both read the sign posted in the lobby near the hotel's reception desk. "What do you think?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with mischief. "Wanna say bye-bye to the Blue Bay Club and hit this adults-only resort?"

"I saw the brochure, Dy," I said, shrugging. Our first night in Cancún, we'd seen the brochure for the hotel's sister resort and had giggled over its contents. "Naked pool

games. Topless women everywhere. I'm not sure about that." I was even less sure that I wanted to leave this resort because I'd spotted a guy I was interested in, a guy I wanted the chance to get to know.

"You don't have to get naked, Marissa." Dyanne rolled her eyes as if to say I was a prude. "I think it will be a fun resort. A chance to be a little uninhibited, which we can't

do at this place with all the kids around." "This is a perfectly fine resort," I protested, my ulterior motive in mind. A child began to wail, as if on cue, and Dyanne angled her head in the direction of

the blond-haired toddler. "It's fine, sure—if you want to put your children in the Kids'

Club and spend a few hours getting wasted before you pick them up. But is it the best place for two single, hot women?" "Including one who wants to avoid Jimmy?" I teased.

My friend's pale brown skin darkened with a tinge of red. "Shut up."

"So I'm right."

"Maybe a little. But that guy is creepy."

Dyanne had gotten very drunk the first night we'd arrived, and ended up chatting at

Dyanne was convinced that because of Jimmy's presence, no other guys were approaching her. "I'm sure Jimmy is harmless," I said. "And you never know...he could be amazing

the bar with Jimmy, who was traveling alone from England. A bit of a geek, he had clearly become enamored with Dyanne and was now what we jokingly referred to as a stalker. I'm sure he was harmless enough, but everywhere we went, Jimmy appeared.

in bed."

"I'm going to pretend you didn't say that. When I came on this trip to get laid, Jimmy is definitely not the man I had in mind!"

I smirked. "I thought we wanted to escape the brutal Chicago winter."

Dyanne scowled at me. "Whatever. If I don't find a guy to eat my pussy, and soon,

I'm gonna lose my damn mind." I laughed aloud at that, at Dyanne's frankness. At least no one was within

immediate earshot. "You could use some of that, too, you know."

Now I was the one to roll my eyes.

deny her claim. "Besides, it's on the main Cancún strip, closer to all the hot clubs we've been spending a fortune in cab fare to get to...Look, we have five more days here. I say we change hotels. Spice things up a little." "All right, all right," I agreed. I'd just have to set my sights on someone else. "If it means that much to you."

"You know you need a good fuck. Something you're a lot more likely to get at a place called Temptation than here." She raised an eyebrow, as if challenging me to

the front desk and make sure we can still get that free upgrade." I sipped on the piña colada I was holding as I watched Dyanne head off. I knew

"Woo hoo!" Dyanne's excitement said she was ready to get a little risqué. "I'll go to

she was looking to find a vacation booty call, something she clearly felt she had more chance of doing at an adults-only resort. While I hadn't been sure exactly what I

wanted when I'd left Chicago, now that I was here, I knew. The sexy stranger I'd

admired from afar had gotten my juices flowing...and my mind off the jerk back home who couldn't commit. "Are you transferring to Temptation?"

At the sound of the deep, male voice, I turned—and drew in a sharp, startled

fantasizing about, was standing there smiling down at me. He was about six feet tall, his eyes even more striking now that I was looking directly into them. They were hazel, I noticed. Intense. So intense that each time our gazes had met in the last two days—from across the dining hall, or across the stretch

breath. The man I'd been thinking about over the last forty-eight hours, secretly

of beach—I'd looked away, too timid to engage in any flirtation. "My friend's trying to arrange it right now." I told him, wondering why now, when

Dyanne and I were likely going to leave, I'd finally made contact with this very sexy man.

"My buddy and I are transferring," the man said, and my heart rate picked up speed. "I'm looking forward to it."

I flashed him a knowing smile. Topless women, naked pool games..."Oh, I bet vou're looking forward to it."

"You're not?"

I shrugged, my ego deflating. With gorgeous, half-naked competition, I might never

get the chance to know this guy the way I was suddenly aching to. Something about him had my pussy throbbing, just by the way he was looking at me. Never in my life had I felt such an intense physical attraction to a man, the kind that had me thinking

about getting naked with a stranger.

"I think my friend's a little more interested than I am," I told him. But if you're

going... The man extended his hand, and I found myself checking out his arm. The way the

muscles bulged without any effort. The strain of his veins against the back of his hand.

He exuded strength, and I could only imagine the feel of his thick thighs between my legs.

"I'm Trevor." I swallowed. Tried to steer my thoughts back on track. I accepted his hand and

shook it. "I'm Marissa." Trevor's touch electrified my skin. Damn, what was it about him? He didn't have pretty-boy good looks, but he was attractive in a ruggedly sexy sort of way, with the

kind of muscular build I loved. His skin was the color of milk chocolate and looked good enough to eat. Each time I'd seen him over the last couple days, I'd noticed him at the resort with another man, presumably his brother given their resemblance.

Dyanne's main objective on this trip was to get laid, and she was certain that's

what I needed, too. As I stared at Trevor, I couldn't help thinking that if I were looking for a man to make me forget about home—and my problems in Chicago—he certainly could do the job.

His eyes lingered on my face, and not only did my pussy pulse with excitement, but wetness also flowed onto my panties. My ego was restored, because I knew without a

"It's all set." The sound of Dyanne's voice had me turning away from the sexy man

doubt that Trevor liked what he saw. Did he realize that I liked what I saw. too?

in front of me to look at her. Her eyes narrowed in speculation as she eyed me and Trevor.

"We're transferring?" I asked, hopeful.

Dyanne made her way over to us. "Yep. Right now."

"Now?" Lasked.

"Well, in an hour. We have to pack, then we're on the bus to Temptation. I'm sorry,"

Dyanne suddenly said, turning to Trevor with a sweet smile. "I'm Dyanne. You are...?"

"Trevor. And I'm on my way to Temptation as well. With my brother."

Dyanne raised her eyebrows. "Oh. Interesting." Her tone said she thought Trevor

and I were making a love connection. Rather, a lust connection.

Dyanne's eyes suddenly widened with alarm. "Oh my God. Jimmy's heading this

way." She tugged on my arm. "Sorry, Trevor. We've got to go." "It was nice to meet you, Trevor," I said as Dyanne ushered me in the opposite

direction from where Jimmy was now approaching. "I guess I'll see you on the bus." "Oh, no doubt," Trevor replied.

His tone—and his hot gaze—told me that I had a whole lot to look forward to once we got to Temptation.

CHAPTER TWO

Two hours later, Dyanne and I were changing into our bikinis in our new room at the Temptation Resort and Spa. I barely had my wrap secured around my waist before Dyanne was yanking on my elbow, dragging me to the door.

"Girl, what is wrong with you?" I asked as she ushered me into the hallway. "I'm ready to get downstairs, too, but—"

"I am past ready to get lucky," Dyanne said frankly. "Come on." "Five more minutes won't kill you. I want to make sure I look good."

"Why wait another minute when it's already been nearly a year for me? Besides, I

already have my eye on someone. I want to make sure no one gets to him." The elevator opened, and we got on. Since we were the only ones occupying the elevator, I asked, "Who do you have your eye on?"

Dyanne made a face. "Trevor's brother, Jason," she replied, as if the answer

should have been obvious. "Mmm mmm mmm."

your eyes off of each other. Trevor is clearly hot for you."

"Jason?" "Of course, you probably didn't notice—not the way you and Trevor couldn't take

"That's what I'm hoping."

"You think so?" I asked, but I knew. I wasn't stupid. We'd talked nonstop during the ten-minute trip, my lust for him growing with each minute that passed. I'd watched the way his mouth moved as he'd talked, wondering how his lips would feel on my pussy.

On my nipples. Making their way up my inner thigh. By the time I'd arrived at the hotel, I'd had to change my panties, that's how wet I'd gotten. "Oh, come on," Dyanne said. "You must have noticed. You're not still thinking about

Let's-take-a-break Owen—are you?" Was I still thinking about the man who had broken my heart with his inability to

commit? Surprisingly, I wasn't. I had a new object of affection. "No," I told Dyanne. "The only man I'm thinking about is Trevor. How do I look?"

Downstairs, we headed right for the pool. It was an eye-opener for me—literally.

"Hot." She grinned. "Ooh, girl. He won't be able to keep his hands off of you."

Even in a two-piece bathing suit that showed more skin than it covered, I suddenly felt overdressed.

"This certainly isn't Blue Bay," I commented to Dyanne as we got to the pool's deck. Female breasts jiggled as women played volleyball in the shallow end of the water. Nipples of various sizes and ages were exposed to the sun by women lying on

bartenders' content. "Not Blue Bay at all," Dyanne agreed, and promptly loosened the tie at the neck of

lounge chairs. And many of the females at the bar flaunted their bare breasts to the

her bikini top.

"Dyanne!" I admonished in a hushed tone. I stared at her in shock as her small

"When in Rome..." she said, and chuckled. I'll admit, there was a small part of me that was tempted to take off my top too. If for no other reason than to excite Trevor when he saw me. But when I got naked, I

"Oh, look," Dyanne said. "There's Jason." Her face lit up as though she'd never

seen a cute guv before. "And Trevor." Dyanne waved. Trevor and Jason, who were standing on the pool deck watching the water volleyball game, waved back, the smiles on their faces surely a little larger

because of Dyanne's naked boobs.

Trevor and Jason were half-naked, too, their T-shirts gone. They started toward us,

and I allowed myself to shamelessly drink in the sight of their sexy torsos through my

dark sunglasses. Well-defined arms, strong pecs and washboard abs. Both were attractive, no doubt about it, but my sexual connection was with Trevor. Something about him excited me. Maybe it was the way he looked at me, so brazenly, his eyes telling me that he wanted to get me naked.

When Trevor and his brother reached us, Dyanne promptly threw her arms around Jason's neck. I found myself watching the way her breasts flattened against his naked chest. Did the close contact arouse her, I wondered? The intimate skin-to-skin touch with a hot stranger?

I flinched when I felt Trevor's hand on my arm, and then I felt a rush of desire. Maybe it was this place, where everyone was a little uninhibited, that had me tempted to do something I'd never considered doing before. Living out the fantasy of sex with a stranger.

Sure, I needed a distraction. But as far as forgetting about Owen went, I couldn't think of a better man to take my mind off of him than Trevor.

As if he sensed the direction of my thoughts, Trevor lazily trailed his palms up the length of both of my arms, letting his hands rest on my shoulders. Damn, his touch turned me on.

Glancing over my shoulder at him, Trevor smiled, drawing his full bottom lip between his teeth. A simple action...or a desture meant to seduce? Dyanne's laughter had me jerking my head in her direction. Jason's lips were

close to her ear. He'd clearly whispered something to her. And by the devious look in Dyanne's eyes, it was something naughty.

"What do you say?" Jason asked.

his thighs, dig my fingers into his skin.

breasts came free. "What are you doing?"

wanted it to be for Trevor's eyes only.

Dyanne turned to me, an embarrassed smirk on her face. "Will you be all right on

your own for a while?" she asked me. Trevor's hands went from my shoulders to around my waist. He pulled me against him, the small of my back resting against his cock. "She won't be alone. She'll be with

me." The deep timbre of his voice, his warm breath tickling my cheek...I wanted to grip I wanted to squeeze my thighs around his face as he ate my pussy. "Go have fun," I told Dyanne.

She and Jason walked off arm-in-arm, and I was pretty sure they were heading somewhere they could fuck. Dyanne wasn't being shy about what she wanted, not in the least. Trevor didn't release his hands from my hips, not even as I turned in his arms to

face him. There was that sexy grin again, those beautiful eyes.

"So," I began, a little nervous. "Wanna get a drink?" "If you're buying."

eyes said he wanted to be biting my ass.

I laughed. The resort was all-inclusive, meaning neither of us would have to open up our wallets to buy any alcohol. But I went along with the joke. "Anything you want,

it's on me." "Anything?" Trevor asked, the question ripe with sexual innuendo. He lowered his

hands to my butt. Somehow I managed to pull myself out of his arms, when what I really wanted to do

was raise myself up on my toes and give him a kiss, all tongue.

But I liked foreplay. Liked extended teasing and flirting. I offered him a flirty smile as I made my way to the bar, and wiggled my butt, doing a sexy strut. His eyebrows rising, he bit down on his bottom lip. But the look in his

CHAPTER THREE

Trevor got a Scotch, while I opted for a strawberry daiquiri. After exchanging small talk for about ten minutes at the busy bar, Trevor leaned close and whispered in my ear, "This place is a bit crowded for me. What do you say we find a spot that's quieter?"

I felt a frisson of heat as Trevor spoke, and in my heart I knew that this was it. The moment that if I said yes, I'd be saying yes to more than conversation on a quiet stretch of beach.

Did I want to take our flirtation to the next level? Make out with him somewhere? Fuck him? As much as I was tempted, reality could be nowhere near as exciting as fantasv. And yet, something about Trevor-the sexual charge I felt just looking at him-

made me certain that our time together would be nothing short of spectacular. I placed a hand on his chest, trailed my fingers to his navel in a gesture meant to

seduce. "Sure. Let's go somewhere else." Trevor leaned forward and pressed his full lips against my cheek. Let them linger a

beat. Anyone around us would think we were a couple. Then he took my hand and led the way, and within a couple minutes, we were at one of the outside beds I'd noticed when I'd originally made my way to the pool area with Dyanne. The four-poster bed

was draped with a soft, cream-colored fabric that billowed in the gentle breeze. Trevor sat on the mattress first, then patted the spot beside him. They say that a woman knows before a man does if they'll end up in bed. But

something told me that Trevor already had a pretty good idea that we'd be getting naked. First, I placed my drink on the small table beside the bed. Then I eased myself

down onto the mattress beside Trevor. "So," I said, a shuddery breath escaping me.

"So," Trevor echoed.

A little nervous, I lowered my gaze. And that's when I heard it. The moaning. I moved my eyes toward the hotel building, following the sound.

"Oh my God," I uttered when I saw the couple. "Look at them."

The couple was five stories high, toward the side of the building farthest from the

beach and hotel's heaviest traffic flow. Clearly the man and woman were fucking. The woman was wearing a dress, but her passionate moans and the way the man behind her was moving against her made it clear he was giving it to her from behind. The woman's eyes were closed, her lips parted. One of the man's hands roamed over the woman's chest, squeezing her breasts, stroking the base of her throat. The woman

gripped the balcony's railing for support while her lover pounded into her pussy with fast and urgent strokes. "Do you like that?" Trevor asked, his breath hot against my ear. "Do you like watching those two fucking for the world to see?"

In the seconds it took me to start breathing again, I asked myself if I wanted this. Wanted him to stroke my skin. Stroke my pussy. Take off my clothes and fuck me the way the man was fucking his lover on the balcony. "Yes," I purred, not sure if I was responding to his question or the one I'd asked myself. He made circles against my skin, inching his fingers up my thigh as he did. "Do

I swallowed. And then I held my breath when Trevor's hand went to my inner thigh.

"Yes...Yes, I do." I looked up at him, into eyes that were darkened with lust. His lips curled in a warm smile, the kind that alleviated any guilt over having sex with a stranger. He wasn't the

you like that?"

kind of guy who was going to avoid me for the rest of the week once he'd had a taste of my body. And that was important, because while I wasn't interested in forever, I didn't want to feel used. I did, however, need to clear something up. "You've got your hand on my thigh," I

said, "and all I know about you is that you're from New Jersey." "Do you want to know more than that?" he asked. Translation: did it matter if he was a cop, a doctor, a lawyer, or a thug? Maybe the

less I knew, the better. "I do want to know if you're married?" That was the one thing that mattered.

"Hell no," Trevor said. "I got divorced two months ago, thank God. What about

you?" "I'm single," I said, and for the first time didn't feel the sting of Owen's rejection as I

said the words. "Good," Trevor said, still stroking my inner thigh. I glanced up at the balcony where the couple had been fucking, but they were no longer there. Facing Trevor, I placed my hand on his. "Maybe all that matters is that you want

me, and I want you."

My answer seemed to please him, as his lips spread in a wide grin. God, I really loved his smile. The smile didn't disappear, even as he lowered his face to mine.

I didn't pull backward. Didn't break our eye contact. The moment his mouth

touched mine, I purred, all my pent-up passion reaching a peak. Trevor's lips were warm, his tongue hot. It wasn't an easy, let's-get-to-know-each-other kiss. It was a

One of his hands tangled in my hair while the other skimmed the front of my bikini bottom. It was a light touch, and ever so brief, but it broke the dam of restraint inside of me. I gripped Trevor's chest, pressing my fingernails into his skin. I twisted my

deep, passionate, all-tongue kiss that I was certain had him hard.

It definitely had my juices flowing.

tongue urgently with his. He got bolder, stroking my clit up and down through my bikini. Then he pulled the

fabric aside and touched me skin-to-skin.

"Oh, man," he rasped. "You're already wet. I'll bet you're a screamer." I sank my teeth into his neck. Not too hard that it would hurt, but hard enough to let "And you're a nibbler." That grin again. "Damn, I like that." I lowered my head and flicked my tongue over his chest, right above his nipple,

before gently biting his flesh. "You do that one more time and I don't think I'll be able to control myself. We might end up naked right here."

The idea was exciting. Very much so. But I knew we couldn't get naked outside, at least not in the middle of the day.

"Where do you want to go?" I whispered in his ear, the knowledge that I was turning him on empowering. I put both of my hands on his lower torso, feeling his

"My brother's probably in our room with Dyanne," Trevor said.

"Then let's head to mine." My pussy was throbbing; I was ready to get laid.

Minutes later, we were upstairs. No sooner than the door was closed behind us,

Trevor enveloped me in his arms and started to kiss me again. Though this time as

we kissed, his hands moved over my breasts, something he had refrained from doing

outside. He kneaded the fleshy mounds. Tweaked my nipples through the fabric of my bathing suit. My nipples hardened, and I moaned into his mouth.

and unclipped it. A raw, primal sound escaped Trevor's throat as I lowered the material, letting my breasts fall free. He stared at me, his eyes seeming to study every detail of my naked breasts. His gaze was hot. Luscious. And then, groaning, he lowered his head and drew my left nipple into his mouth.

I needed to be naked already. I reached for the fastener at the neck of my bikini

He suckled me slowly at first, his tongue trilling over my nipple. He gradually picked up speed, his teeth grazing, his lips pulling. Crying out from the pleasure, I gripped his shoulders for support. His eyes met mine as he moved his head to my other breast. I watched his mouth open. Watched his tongue protrude. Watched it

cover my nipple. Watched my nipple disappear into his mouth. A rush of heat flooded my pussy at the delicious view.

"Oh my God..." I moaned. Every cell in my body was alive with sensations.

Trevor bit down on my nipple. I gasped at the jolt of pain mixed with pleasure. "I love your nipples," he told me. He sucked one nipple more gently now while

tweaking the other one with his fingers. "Big and hard." He grazed one with his teeth, and my knees actually wobbled. "But your pussy," he said, lowering his hand to cup

me through my bikini bottoms. "I could eat pussy all day."

The words made my clitoris pulse.

him know I wanted wild sex. And lots of it.

powerful abs. He really did have a magnificent body.

It continued to pulse as Trevor lowered himself onto his knees and splayed his hand over my belly. I sucked in a breath and held it. Held it while I watched him press his lips to the top of my pubic area.

Only when he raised his eyes to mine did I release my breath. He grinned at me, that totally charming smile that could make a woman melt. Or come. And then he

slowly unclipped my bikini bottom on one side, then the other. The red fabric fell away

I stood there naked, exposed—and never feeling more turned on. I was naked in front of a stranger, vulnerable. And yet, I felt powerful. Trevor couldn't take his eyes off of my pussy. He stared, as though mesmerized.

with ease.

Trevor ran a finger along my clit. It was a light touch, but his finger may as well have been a live wire, that's how much it electrified my body. I gripped his shoulders, and just in time. Because next he touched me with hot tongue—hot, wet and hungry.

"Damn, girl, you are beautiful." He separated my folds, exposed my clitoris. "Jesus."

The pleasure was immediate, and intense, making my knees wobble. A groan rumbled in his chest. "My God, woman." He flicked his tongue over me

again. "Oh, yeah." A suckle this time. "Hell, yeah."

He rubbed my clit with his fingers, creating delicious friction. "Yes," I said, my moan loud and guttural. "Oooh, Oooh, baby!"

Trevor covered my clit with his mouth and sucked it gently, exquisitely, until I was digging my nails into his shoulder and screaming his name. "I knew you were a screamer," he said. He slipped a finger inside my vagina, a groan of delight oozing out of him as he did. "Damn, woman, you feel amazing. And

your pussy—" He sucked me again, and my knees shook so badly, Trevor had to grip my ass with his free hand to keep me in place. "I love the way you taste. I could eat you all day." He withdrew his finger, and then immediately slipped two inside the walls of my

vagina. He moved his fingers up and down inside of me while moving his tongue up and down my clit. Good God, the feeling was exquisite. I couldn't contain my cries of passion as I threw my head back and savored the delicious sensations. Trevor's tongue moved faster. So did his fingers. With each stroke of his fingers and tongue, my head was grew lighter. The sight and feel of Trevor's hands and mouth pleasuring me, a man I barely knew, added to my pleasure. This was illicit.

Naughty. So damn unlike myself.

"Do you like this?" Trevor flicked his tongue over my clitoris in wicked fast movements up and down. "Or this?" He drew my entire clit into his mouth and suckled me gently. And that's when I came. My orgasm caught me by surprise, ripping through me

with the strength of a hurricane. My entire body grew taut, and I stretched onto the tips of my toes as I rode the wave of my orgasm. Trevor suckled me harder, heightening the blissful sensations, and I screamed until my body was spent. When my orgasm finally released me, my screams faded to whimpers, and my body went slack. Trevor

folded me into his arms, kissed me. I could taste my essence on his lips. "That was...amazing," I managed to say between uneven breaths.

"And I'm not near finished with you yet."

CHAPTER FOUR

Even though I'd just come, excitement tickled my clit at Trevor's words.

Trevor got to his feet, lifting me as he did. He carried me to the nearby bed and laid me down. "If you don't have a condom, Dyanne's got a box in the top dresser drawer." I

pressed the palms of my hands to Trevor's chest, enjoying the feel of his muscles. He'd given me a fabulous orgasm with his mouth, but what I wanted most was to feel his cock inside me.

"We'll get there," Trevor began, "but like I said, I'm not finished with you yet."

So he had something else in mind, something else meant to pleasure me. A tingle of desire shot through me at the very thought.

Trevor pressed his lips to my bare belly, and I thought he was going to go down on me again. But then he swiftly turned me onto my stomach, gripped me by the hips and pulled me onto my knees. He released me, leaving me with my ass exposed in the air. I could only imagine that he was enjoying the naughty view of my pussy from behind.

I heard Trevor groan. I lowered my shoulders to the bed, which had the effect of pushing my ass farther into the air. Trevor rubbed the palm of his hand over one side of my butt. Slowly. As though with admiration. I thought he would finger-fuck me, but instead he gave my ass a slap. Not hard enough to really hurt, but hard enough to sting a little.

When he slapped my butt again, I asked, "Trevor, what are you doing?"

"You've been naughty," he told me. "I think you need to be spanked." I angled my head to look at him. The lust in his eyes sent a hot charge through my

of Trevor like this, his eyes devouring my body. I could see his cock straining against his shorts and knew that when he fucked me, he was going to fuck me good. "Why do I need to be spanked?" I asked, my voice husky. I'd never been spanked before, but the idea turned me on.

body. There was something absolutely thrilling about being completely naked in front

"You just let a guy you hardly know eat your pussy." He smacked my ass, harder this time. "You came in my mouth." He slapped my ass again, and I moaned. "I say

you deserve to be punished." There was a mix of pain and pleasure and raw excitement as he spanked my ass

with a steady hand. Five strokes. Until my ass stung. And yet, it was all in a good way. I didn't think I'd ever be turned on by getting spanked, but I was.

It was erotic.

Trevor's breathing picked up speed, and his fingers found my pussy. He played with my folds. He fondled, slapped. Fondled. Slapped. Then he thrust a few fingers into my pussy and moved them in and out fast and hard. I was moaning shamelessly,

another orgasm building. Suddenly, Trevor came down onto the bed between my legs, sliding his head beneath my pussy and pulling me down onto his face.

"Oh...oh, God." Trevor swirled his tongue over my clitoris, dipped it into my wet pussy. He ate me hungrily, as if for sustenance, groaning as though this was the best meal he'd ever had. And when he grazed my clit with his teeth, I came. Came forcefully, my body shaking, my hips bucking. Again I screamed, absolutely shameless. People passing in the hallway might hear me, but I didn't care. Trevor drank my juices until the last of my orgasm had passed through my body.

"Where are the condoms?" Trevor rasped, his breath warm against my vagina. How fucking erotic it was to have him talking to me with my pussy still in his face. The warmth of his breath almost made me come again.

Instead of answering him, I moved my body off of his face and repositioned my body over his chest. Then I slid my body down his, easing my feet onto the floor so that I could position my face over his cock. I was weak from two fabulous orgasms, but

I wanted to please him the way he had pleased me. I wanted to feel this big, strong man weak and quivering beneath my tongue and fingers.

I grabbed the sides of his shorts and shimmied them down his hips. His cock sprang free, standing at attention. It was large and thick and curved to the right. Moaning, I wrapped my palm around his delicious-looking cock. Semen

moistened the tip. I rubbed that wetness with the pad of my thumb, making lazy circles

around the tip of his shaft. I met Trevor's eyes. Saw that he was staring at me with anticipation. In fact, I wasn't sure he was breathing as he awaited what I was going to do.

As I lowered my head, I heard him groan. I gave him a taste of what I would do. Rather, I gave myself a taste. I laved the tip of his dick, tasting salty semen.

Trevor widened his muscular thighs, offering himself up to me completely. But I didn't give him what he wanted. Yet. I teased him, massaging his balls with one hand

while pumping his cock with the other. "Jesus, woman," he rasped. "I want those plump, beautiful lips of yours on me."

"So if I were to just get up and walk away...would you spank me again?" I asked,

messing with him. "Is that what you want—another spanking?"

"No, baby." I licked the tip of his cock again. "I just want to draw out your pleasure."

"Oh, woman-when your tongue touches me like that..."

"Like this?" I took the top of his penis into my mouth. Sucked him nice and slow.

"Yes, like that. That's good."

"What about this?" Slowly, I lowered my mouth as far as I could down the length of

his cock, until he reached the back of my throat. "Oh, shit. That's even better."

Up and down I moved my mouth, my tongue. I went at his cock as though it were a

Popsicle, with slow flicks of my tongue combined with juicy sucking.

Trevor put a hand into my hair, played with the strands as I sucked his dick. I ran my tongue from the tip of his cock right down to his balls. I sucked and kissed his

testicles until he was gripping my head with both hands.

"I need a condom," Trevor said. "And I need it now." "Are you sure?" I took his cock deep into my mouth again, played the tip at the back of my throat. "Yes, damn it. 'Cuz I don't want to come yet. Not until you're riding my cock."

I took my mouth off of him, but continued to pump him with my hand. Trevor took my by my upper arms and pulled me forward until my face met his. And then he kissed me hungrily, his mouth melded to mine as our tongues entwined with deep passion.

His cock throbbed against my pussy. I knew he wanted to be inside of me, which is exactly where I wanted him. He broke the kiss and whispered, "The condoms?"

"I'll get them, baby."

I eased myself up off his body, nice and slow, giving him time to check out my

breasts. When I was on my knees, I played with my clit, and he groaned. "You'd better get that condom." I got off the bed and strutted to the dresser. I arched my back, making my butt

protrude in a seductive way as I got the box of condoms from the drawer.

"You keep doing that," Trevor said, "and I'm gonna come before you get back to the bed."

"Doing what?" I asked, feigning innocence as I turned to face him. I spread my legs. Played with my pussy while he watched.

I wasn't sure where this bold woman had come from, but being with Trevor was bringing out a side to me I didn't know existed.

"Enough," Trevor said. Then, startling me, he jumped off the bed and stalked

toward me.

CHAPTER FIVE

In two strides, Trevor was in front of me, his eyes dark as he met my gaze. I drew in a breath, my heart pounding. Would he bend me over his knee and spank me harder this time?

Trevor gripped my upper arms. Brought his lips down on mine with force. He kissed me until I could hardly breathe. Then he carried me to the bed and placed me

there. "This is where I want you," he said as he took a condom from the box in my hand.

"Where I need you."

"Yes, baby." I spread my legs, stroked my clit.

"You know what you get for teasing me?" he asked. He pulled the condom from its wrapper.

"Uh-uh." I bit down on my bottom lip, put a fake-worried expression on my face. "No mercy." Trevor rolled the condom onto his penis.

"Oooh." I couldn't wait.

No sooner than the condom was on, Trevor lowered his body onto mine, held his cock in one hand and guided it to the opening of my slick pussy. With a hard thrust, he entered me. We moaned in unison. Trevor met my eyes as he hooked both of his arms behind my knees.

"My God, Marissa." He pushed his penis deep inside me. "You feel...ahhh." Slowly, Trevor increased his speed. I moaned with each stroke of his cock. "I promised you no mercy," he went on. He was moving fast now, so much so that I

could hardly catch my breath. "And that's what you're gonna get."

With speed and agility, Trevor fucked me hard. My moans escalated to screams.

All the while the friction of his body against my clitoris had another orgasm building.

"Are you gonna come?" Trevor asked, his breath hot against my ear.

I couldn't find the strength to speak, not with him fucking me so hard I could hardly catch my breath. "Or do I need to do this?" Trevor pulled out of me and buried his face between my

legs. He devoured my pussy, lapping at my juices and suckling my clit until an orgasm imploded inside of me. With my body trembling, Trevor thrust his cock inside me

again, giving new life to my orgasm. It went to the tips of my toes, the tips of my fingers, and right to the top of my head. Overwhelmed with dizzying sensations, my moans turned to soft sobs. True to his word, Trevor didn't relent, not even as I became a quivering mass of flesh and bones beneath him.

"Baby," I cooed. "You make me feel so fucking good."

The sound of Trevor's breathing changed. Became faster, more guttural. I knew he was close. Even though I was weak from another orgasm, I found the strength to tighten my vaginal walls around his penis.

That was his undoing. With a primal-sounding howl, Trevor drove his cock into me

And came. Our heavy breathing filled the air for several moments. I kissed Trevor's neck in the aftermath of his orgasm. Nibbled a little. He was still inside of me when his breathing slowly returned to normal. Then his lips found mine.

and held it there. His body trembled against mine as he came.

almost didn't make sense for people fucking only hours after they'd met. Pulling his head back, Trevor looked into my eyes. Smiled down at me. I returned his smile and framed his face.

We kissed tenderly this time. There was a level of casual intimacy between us that

He held the base of his cock while he eased out of me and climbed off the bed.

He checked out the condom, his eyes widening. "Holy, girl. That's a lot of cum." Now he looked at me. "Don't go anywhere."

I checked out Trevor's tight ass as he ambled into the bathroom. I lay on the bed with a stupid smile on my face. The man had blown my mind. And I wasn't ready for

our time together to be finished yet. After I heard the toilet flush, I made my way to the bathroom. He was at the sink,

and I walked right up behind him, circled my arms around his waist. "What do you say we take a shower together?" I suggested.

He turned in my arms, his eyes lighting up. "Sounds like a plan." In the shower, we fucked and sucked and brought each other to orgasm once

again. As we toweled off, I noticed the time. Two hours after we'd entered the room.

"I'd better head back downstairs," Trevor said while he got back into his briefs and shorts. "I'm a bit hungry—for food," he quickly added.

"And Dyanne might want to get into the room at some point," I acknowledged. With the lock bolted, her key would deny her access.

With only my panties on, I searched my drawer for something I wanted to wear. Nothing seemed right. After several seconds, I sensed Trevor's eyes on me and I turned.

I wasn't sure what I read in his eyes, but I suddenly felt a little insecure. I couldn't help wondering if he wanted to be gone already. If his mind was searching for a polite

way to say something akin to, "Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am."

This was a one-night stand. A vacation booty-call. An in-the-moment fuck. Nothing more.

"You probably want to head downstairs right now, don't you?" I asked. "You don't

want to wait around for me to get dressed. Go ahead," I went on, trying to hide my

disappointment. I knew this wasn't going to be a forever relationship, but still...

"Is that what you want?" Trevor asked. He took a step toward me. "For me to leave?"

Why was I being...being such a woman? Fucking Trevor had gotten my mind off of

Owen. What more did I want? Pushing any sense of disappointment to the back of my brain, I stepped toward

Trevor and placed my hands on his waist. My breasts brushed against his chest. "I

about to say. "We're on vacation. These things happen." I shrugged, as if the rest was self-explanatory. "I don't leave 'til Saturday," Trevor said. "What about you?" "I leave Saturday as well."

know how these things go," I said. My nipples were hardening, despite what I was

"That means we've got four and a half more days...." His voice trailed off, but his

tone was ripe with suggestion.

Suddenly, I was feeling a whole lot better. Every ounce of disappointment had vanished. "Are you saying--" "I'm saying, you're here. I'm here. And the way your nipples are getting hard right

now, I know you haven't had enough of me yet." I tried not to burst into a grin. "You think so?"

"Sweetheart, I know so." Trevor lowered his head and nibbled on my earlobe. "I

say we make the most of our time together." A smile erupted on my face. Even if all Trevor and I were to each other after this

trip was a happy memory. I knew that for right now, what we did meant something

more than a casual fuck. And I liked that, A lot. "I like the way you think," I told Trevor—right before his hands covered my breasts

and his lips came down on mine. Oh, yeah. I was going to enjoy the next four and a half days. This was shaping up to be the best vacation I'd ever had.

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