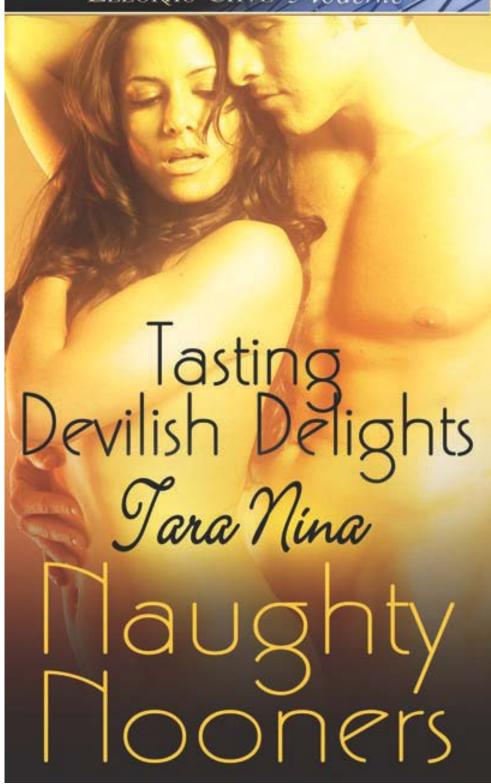
# ELLORA'S CAVE Moderne



### **Tasting Devilish Delights**

Tara Nina

When Antonio promises an anniversary present she'll never forget, Livia's imagination takes flight. Blindfolded, she awaits their next erotic adventure with high expectations. When her eyes are uncovered, she discovers a world of toys and adventure as she stands in the middle of Devilish Delights, a sex toyshop.

He knows she loves having sex in public. She knows he loves hot, sexy lingerie. The store sets the perfect setting to fulfill both their fantasies. The dressing room will never be the same after Livia and Antonio taste devilish delights in the form of an erotic anniversary escapade.

#### Ellora's Cave Publishing



Tasting Devilish Delight

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Edited by Grace Bradley Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book Publication March 2011

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# TASTING DEVILISH DELIGHTS

Tara Nina

## **Chapter One**

"I'm not so sure I like being blindfolded."

Heat brushed her skin, letting her know he stood near, though they did not touch. His breath tickled her ear. "It's part of the surprise."

"Umm, I like surprises," she purred. Livia loved his thick Latin accent.

"I know." The ominous tone of his teasing added to the mystery and made her insides tingle. "Trust me, Livia?"

"Yes," she answered breathlessly.

She sensed his hand move before he cupped her elbow and led her away from the car. *Always the gentleman*. It was one of the many reasons she loved him. That and the way he rocked her world on a daily basis. Livia smiled, still lingering in the afterglow of the quickie they'd had before they left the house.

Antonio promised her an anniversary gift she'd never forget and she knew he wouldn't let her down. He never did. When he'd blindfolded her the moment they got in the car, her imagination roared to life. Where was he taking her? Curiosity upped the anticipation brewing in her core. He had a way of making *everything* special.

A bell jingled and the scent of lavender filled her nose. Coolness coated her and she knew they'd entered an air-conditioned place. His lips brushed her ear as he untied the blindfold.

"We're here, my love. Choose your gift."

She blinked for a moment, adjusting her eyes. Soft lights glowed, giving the place a romantic appeal. Hues of purple shaded the store. Glancing around, excitement warmed her throughout at the sight of all the shelves and rows filled with sexual gadgets and gifts. A woman and man stood behind the counter helping another

customer. Gorgeous hot-and-naughty apparel lined one side of the room. Floggers, paddles and assorted BDSM devices hung on racks along the back wall to the right of a closed door. So many wonderful items, she couldn't decide in which direction to walk first.

How? Where? When his job relocated them to this Southern town smack dab in the middle of the Bible belt, she doubted they'd find a new playground for their sexual needs. But somehow Antonio accomplished the impossible.

Livia turned, tiptoed and captured his mouth in a quick, passionate kiss. Her heart pounded when she held his face in her hands and asked on a whisper, "How did you find this place?"

"For you, my love, I would have built one myself. But as luck would have it," he said as he gathered her hands in his, "I didn't have to. Sexual desire is everywhere."

She didn't miss his meaning when he pressed his pelvis tightly to her lower abdomen. The solid cock in his jeans let her know this little adventure had him turned on and she didn't plan to fail at pleasing him. Not in their five years together had she refused him anything and she wasn't about to start now.

He turned her in his arms and subtly rubbed his cock in the groove of her lower back. Instant moisture formed in her pussy and a tremor shimmied up her spine to pearl her nipples. He had a way of igniting her libido with just a touch, a look or a well-spoken word. It's what landed her in the bed of this younger man. "Umm..." she sighed under her breath. She may be twelve years his senior, but there wasn't a day that went by that he didn't teach her a new sexual trick.

The female store clerk moved from behind the counter. She walked in their direction. Livia took a deep breath in an attempt to still her overanxious need to plunder the store for a new thrill. She stood, shoulders straight, and hoped her loose-fitting sundress hid her taut nipples from view. Not wanting to draw attention if it didn't, she held her chin tilted and didn't check to see her nipple-protruding status.

"It's good to see you again, Antonio," the woman said as she greeted him, then extended her hand to Livia. "You must be Livia."

Livia returned her pleasant handshake. "Yes, and you are?"

The gorgeous brunette dressed in a low-cut top and jeans simply smiled and announced proudly, "I'm Emma Jean Dupree, owner of Devilish Delights. Welcome. If you don't see what you're looking for just ask. If we don't have it in stock, Earl or I will order it for you." She nodded in the direction of the man behind the counter, who politely returned the nod.

"Thank you, Emma Jean," Antonio replied. "I am sure we can find something to suit our tastes."

"Enjoy the search," Emma Jean quipped with a smile on her face as she turned and walked away to help another customer.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Livia quirked an eyebrow and asked teasingly, "So you were here already and didn't say anything?"

"It would have ruined the surprise." He lifted her hand to his lips and brushed a heated kiss to her knuckles. Her mouth watered in anticipation from the tender connection. She loved the way he kissed, but he didn't taste her lips. Instead, he lowered her hand, held it in his and guided her to the first aisle of items. "As you can see, there are so many choices. I couldn't decide."

He released her and picked up soft leather wrist restraints. Livia touched his hand as she said on a low, husky breath, "I can see you strapped to our bed with those while I tease and taste you unmercifully."

Slowly she brushed her breasts against his biceps as she eased past him to browse the wonderful selections. His deep inhale couldn't be missed, followed by the sound of the cuffs landing in the handbasket he'd picked up from the end of the aisle. Livia smiled. *Oh the possibilities*.

The scent of new leather filled her olfactory senses. Several things caught her eye. But one in particular piqued and held her interest—a long, penis-shaped handled

flogger with a multitude of sensuous soft leather strips. She lifted it and feathered her fingers through them.

Chills slid up her arm at the image this created. Closing her eyes, she saw Antonio's hand wrapped around it, swiping her ass over and over with those thin tassels until she begged him to fuck her. His soft touch grazed her forearm and she opened her eyes. From the hot look in his dark-as-midnight gaze, it seemed as if he read her thoughts. He laced his fingers around hers.

"What do you like most?" he whispered close to her ear. His accent thickened as it usually did when he became sexually aroused. "The size of the handle or the softness of the leather?"

She tilted her chin and stretched to come as close as she could to his lips. Livia watched his eyes narrow with desire as she replied on a heated breath, "Both."

He didn't say a word. He took the flogger from her and dropped it in the handbasket. Her smile couldn't help but broaden. The image her six-foot, dark-haired, handsome lover portrayed at the moment reminded her of a kid given a free day in a toyshop. Looking around, she realized Antonio was an oversized kid in a whole new kind of store. Big boys and better toys. She sighed as the desire to play increased the growing ache of need in her pussy.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of something she couldn't resist. A glance in his direction let her know he perused the aisle behind her. In a casual manner, she made her way to the clothing racks along the far-left wall. The sexy lingerie called to her libido. So many styles and materials, some short, some floor-length and all created to entice romance. The main thing she'd learned with Antonio was sex with him was all about the romance.

Livia stood rummaging through the rack, looking for the perfect item while thoughts of Antonio filled her head. From the moment they met, he'd ignited her sexual curiosity. Those large dark eyes lined with thick black lashes gave him a sensual appeal that always held her attention. She couldn't help but cut a glance across her shoulder at

that set of hot eyes. When he looked her way, his smile melted her inhibitions and set her sexual desires free.

She turned her attention back to the rack, but the damage was done. Just thinking about his body made her even wetter between her thighs. Tall and lean-muscled, he was a health nut who taught her to eat better and exercise. The memory of his words whispered through her thoughts and warmed her insides.

"Let me guide you to a life of health and sexual well-being. I promise you'll never regret a moment in my arms." And she hadn't. Not one second had she been disappointed. Nope. Antonio was built to please and he never failed.

Soft leather graced her fingertips and she tugged the sexiest thing she'd ever seen from the rack. It combined a black leather bustier with a silky, layered ruffle over the breasts and around the hips, which acted as a miniskirt. A bow hung at the center of the top ruffle. After she examined it further, she noted it was designed to easily untie and cause the ruffle to drop. With this design, she envisioned the silky material cupping her in a sensual invitation. Both breasts tingled from the imagery in her head of Antonio worshiping her nipples with his mouth, teeth and tongue.

"Umm, I'd love to see you dressed in that." Antonio's heavy accent teased her senses. "Try it on. See if it fits."

She met his hooded gaze and couldn't miss the slight nod of his head toward the dressing room. Glancing around, she took a quick count of the room. Three other customers milled about, while Emma Jean and Earl spoke with someone at the counter. Livia moved toward the dressing room. With a look from Antonio, she knew he hungered to see her in this hot little item.

The dressing room was designed differently than any she'd ever seen. The door was solid with a sound lock. The inside was roomy with a cushioned bench. Brass penisshaped handles were embedded in two of the walls, one on either side of the bench. A mirror hung across from the bench and another was on the ceiling. Livia's eyebrow

cocked as a thin smile upturned her lips. This room was definitely styled with sex in mind.

Quickly she stripped to her thong. As she slipped her arms into the straps of the bustier, the miniskirt ruffles brushed the backs of her thighs, sending a surge of shivers to her core. She liked the feel of the silky fabric caressing her breasts as she fastened the tiny hidden hooks down the front of the bustier. Livia tugged the ruffles down, but they barely covered her pussy. Looking in the mirror, she liked the image of her butt cheeks peeking from under the ruffled edge. A light tap on the door made her jump. She wasn't quite ready to show it to him yet.

### **Chapter Two**

When she cracked the door, he stood behind it with his hand extended through the opening. The items dangling from his fingertips made her nip her lower lip as her eyes widened. On an excited whisper, he said, "Here, try these on with it."

She took them and closed the door. When she put the items on, she stood in front of the mirror. The illusion of length was added to her legs by the black leather stilettos. Studying her reflection, heat sizzled through her veins and the need to fuck made her pussy muscles tighten. The woman staring back at her was the picture of pure, unadulterated sex. The bustier, cinched tight, gave her waistline a thinner appearance and made her breasts push upward and together, making them look bigger and fuller.

The black color presented a stark contrast to her smooth, lightly tanned skin. She wouldn't have a tan at all if it weren't for Antonio's love of being naked in the privacy of their backyard. She smiled. The extended height of the fence surrounding the back of the house was the deciding factor in their recent search of homes.

Livia shook her head and took notice of the excited sparkle in her green eyes. She brushed a loose curl of blonde hair from her eyes and tucked it behind her ear. Before she met Antonio, she'd kept her hair short. But he'd convinced her to grow it long. It gave him something to run his fingers through when she loved his cock with her mouth. His sexy admission floated through her memories and made her shiver.

She took a deep breath to calm her nerves. It didn't help. Excitement made her hand shake as she opened the door just enough to peek out through a narrow crack. Antonio stood waiting. The moment his gaze met hers, a wave of pure desire washed over her. There was no missing the wild passion in his eyes. Quickly and stealthy, he entered the dressing room, locking the door behind him.

"Did anyone see you?" she asked breathlessly, looking up into his face and seeing nothing but lust in his expression. If looks had the power to make her come, she would have at that moment. He stood towering over her five-foot-two-inch frame, surrounding her with his warmth. Desire thickened the air between them, making her insides quiver and her breasts heavy with need for his touch.

"Doesn't matter if they did," he practically growled against her lips as he devoured her mouth in a heated kiss. Strong arms wrapped around her waist, tugging her close. The length of his cock pressed against his jeans caught her attention when his pelvis crushed the miniskirt ruffles. He broke their kiss, his heavily accented words coming on a ragged breath. "My god, Livia, you look ravishing. I can't wait to fuck you. I need you now."

"But there are others in the store. They'll hear us," she said, the thrill of possibly being caught exciting her even more.

"Not if we're quiet."

His lips trailed her jaw to her neck in a series of nips and kisses. Warm hands caressed her body and seemed to be everywhere at once—her back, her hips, up the curves of her waist to cup her breasts in the silky ruffles. Livia held on to his shoulders for support as their erotic dance took precedence. They clung together, pressed tight, pelvis-to-pelvis, moving to an imaginary band only they could hear. His hard cock rubbed up and down, causing the miniskirt to climb slowly above her hips.

"Open your legs, let me play with your pussy." His graveled words made her even wetter. She loved when he spoke forcefully and in such a graphic manner.

Antonio's magnificent fingers shoved her thong to the side and splayed her lower lips wide as he nuzzled her neck. He applied a mixture of hard then soft pressure to her pussy, finger-fucking her with first one then two then three fingers. Livia swallowed the moan that threatened to escape.

Hot breath caressed her ear and hardened her nipples to perfectly rounded points. "You're so wet. I need to fuck you. I need to fuck you now," he insisted.

She heard the phenomenal sound of his zipper and knew there was no stopping this—not that she wanted to. She wanted him as much as he wanted her and she didn't care if the whole store heard them.

Antonio lifted her against the dressing room wall, entering her in one swift motion as she wrapped her legs around his waist and grabbed the handles for support. With his teeth, he untied the bow that held the ruffles in place over her breasts. Just as she'd envisioned, the silky material fell beneath her breasts, cupping them in an erotic display of flesh and fluffy black silk. Her nipples pouted as if begging for some action, which wasn't lost on Antonio.

Hot moisture surrounded her nipple when he gathered the left one in his mouth. He tugged the sensitive tip gently with his teeth and her insides quaked, coating his cock with even more of her juices as he continued pounding into her. God, she loved this man. Livia bit her lower lip to keep from screaming in ecstasy.

His hands cupped her ass, massaging it in rhythm with the terrific fucking motion. Fast flicks of his tongue from nipple to nipple made her press her head back against the wall as she gasped for air. Harder and harder, faster and faster, his pace increased.

"Don't stop fucking me, Antonio," she whispered on a ragged breath. "Make me come."

"You like this. You like the way I fuck you. You like my cock inside you," he growled against her nipple. Looking down, she met his fiery gaze.

Livia let go of one of the handles and fisted her hand in his dark, wavy hair, tugging his mouth from her breast and forcing his face to tilt upward. "I love your cock," she gasped. "I love the way you fuck me balls-deep, over and over. Now give me everything. I want it all."

"Let go of the wall, Livia."

She did as he commanded. Releasing the other handle, she locked her hands in his hair. He spun them around and took a seat on the cushioned bench, his jeans around his

ankles and Livia perched on his cock. He cupped her cheek and guided her gaze back to his.

"Fuck me, Livia. Show me what you want."

A thrill shot down her spine all the way to her toes. She was in the driver's seat—literally. Slowly she rocked on his cock and smiled. Antonio gathered her breasts in his hands and thumbed her nipples. They'd made love in public places before. He was right. It turned her on immensely. But somehow, this was different.

Fucking in a sex toyshop made her hornier than ever. Feeling emboldened and powerful, Livia kissed his lips then lifted from his cock to stand. The disappointment on his face intensified the empowerment she felt from controlling their passionate interlude. She leaned forward to within millimeters of his lips. His hands fondled her breasts tenderly.

"I want to watch us fuck in a much better position."

Livia turned around, her back to him, and seated herself on his cock. She leaned into him as she rode him up and down. Her face next to his, she cupped his cheek and knew he stared in the same direction as she. The floor-to-ceiling mirror gave a great view of the two of them. Her pussy gliding along his glistening cock, fucking him over and over.

"Oh, baby, that's so beautiful. My cock and your pussy," he admitted huskily. She increased the tempo. He palmed her breasts and plucked her nipples, causing her to moan. "That's it," he said. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me faster. I want to see your pussy ride me."

She loved it when he talked to her, telling her what he liked. Pleasing him gave her joy and got her off more times then she could remember, and this time was no exception. Livia pumped faster and harder, up and down on his cock.

"Tell me, Livia," he said. "Do you like watching my cock disappear into your pussy?"

His explicit question increased her desire "Yes," she gasped. "It turns me on."

"I know. You're soaking wet. You're pussy tells me what it likes. And I think it wants to be fucked harder."

"Yes." Livia couldn't take it anymore. Antonio's thick Latin accent talking dirty in her ear had her so excited she needed to fuck and she needed it hard and fast.

Antonio shoved up into her over and over. Livia met him thrust for thrust. Her breasts bounced wildly. Though it was a struggle, she managed to keep her eyes opened and focused on the mirror. Antonio's face in the throes of passion captured her heart forever. His eyes had darkened to an intense midnight shade and his gaze never left the reflection of hers. This man was everything she ever wanted in a lover.

"Oh god, Livia," Antonio gasped, as if he struggled to maintain control. His strained look let her know he was ready but refused to release his cum until she'd reached orgasm.

"Antonio, I need. I need..." she panted and he understood.

He pounded into her hard, sinking balls-deep as he reached around her and captured her clit in a heated massage. Her orgasm weakened her knees and rocked her to the core. Every ounce of her shook from head to toe as her pussy flooded his cock with her juices.

His strong arm remained around her waist, steadying her on his lap as she milked him of every ounce of cum possible. She leaned into him, turned and kissed his chin.

"Thank you," she whispered on a sated breath.

You're welcome," he replied. "Don't think your anniversary present is complete. I can't wait until we pay for that outfit and these new toys and go home." He paused, lifting the wrist restraints and flogger from the basket. He leveled a look of renewed sexual energy directly at her as he added, "The real fucking starts then."

She cupped his cheek and said, "So this was just the appetizer?"

"Oh yes, baby. The main meal is waiting for when we get home."

She couldn't help but smile, because she knew he meant every word. She bent over to unhook the stilettos and he gave her a quick love swipe with the flogger across her ass cheeks that drove an electric spark through her pussy. She met his gaze in the mirror.

"Umm, I like that." She licked her lips. "With the reaction this outfit received, I think I'll wear it every day. I love the way you fucked me in it," she said on a husky breath. His arm captured her around the waist and tugged her close.

"The outfit is simply the icing on the cake," he replied in a deep, sensual tone that made her insides tingle. "It's the sexy woman inside the silk and ruffles that makes me hot. Let's get dressed, pay for these things and go home, where we can fuck and get wild. Here you had to be silent. I love it best when you're vocal during sex. It lets me know I've pleasured your soul as well as your pussy."

Livia sighed contentedly, knowing with Antonio in her life, sex happened anywhere, anytime—and she couldn't be more satisfied.

#### About the Author

Tara Nina is a romantic dreamer whose dreams are now a reality through the publication of her romantic fantasies. She resides in Northern New Jersey along with her husband, two children, two dogs, and a cascade of supportive friends and relatives.

Tara welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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