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HOT SUMMER SHIVER

RAE LYNN BLUE

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For lovers of books who are lovers of life
—RaeLynn

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CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.

CHAPTER ONE

“Damn, it’s hot,” Shauna said, using her forearm to wipe the sweat from her brow.

The heavy temperature draped over their shoulders. An invisible cloak of Texas misery opened its cracked and weathered hands and dumped the tremendous blanket of roasting fire on them. The damn clouds had even retreated, nothing above but the cornflower blue sky and heaven’s spotlight.

The spiral of smoke wafting up from beneath the hood of the truck seemed to agree. The vehicle managed to roll a few more feet off into the gravel strip off the main road before giving up completely. Hissing and sizzling, it seemed to slump in complete and utter defeat.

She tucked her brunette strands behind her ear, and sighed. Twisting in the passenger seat, she couldn’t fight the smile that emerged on her face when she took in her husband-to-be. Dressed in a stunning white polo shirt and khaki cargo shorts, Dillon made *her* engines run hot. His honey blonde hair was cut to a boyish feathering on the sides with a part on the left.

He searched the parched landscape outside the truck’s tinted windows. His hands rested on the steering wheel as if any moment the truck would

change its mind and start up again. Already the Texas heat seeped into the cab, and the cool blasts of air conditioned air warmed with the temperatures outside. All around them was a deserted wasteland of parched earth baked under the afternoon sun.

“I can’t believe our luck,” she added with a puffy sigh that made her bangs flap up, “broke down out here.”

“Well honey, this is it. There doesn’t appear to be any traffic on this road at all.”

“We’re only what, fifty miles outside of Austin? There must be someone who travels it,” she said, searching behind them to the black strip of pavement that stretched back as far as her eyes could see.

“Damn truck!” she said and turned around. Irritated, she folded her arms in a huff.

Dillon shot her a wide smile, his teeth white and perfect in his kissable mouth.

“Don’t blame the vehicle. It’s your mother who sent us out here,” he said, pulling out his iPhone® from around his tapered waist.

Shauna shook her head. Her momma wanted a more diverse menu at *Thelma’s Eatery*, so she sent Shauna and Dillon out to Austin to get the info on good ole Texas barbeque. It sounded so simple when seated in the front seat of the truck, heading west. But oh no, not even a good half an hour before they

reached their destination, the truck has a meltdown and overheats!

“It is the truck’s fault. Silly GPS said to make a left,” Shauna said and folded her arms over her yellow cami. She wanted someone to blame for this disaster and it sure wasn’t going to be her.

“That’s what happens when you don’t update it regularly,” Dillon said, and dodged one of her playful punches. “I hate to tell you, but I told you so.”

She stuck her tongue out at him and tossed herself back hard against the leather passenger seat. He was right. She should’ve downloaded the updates to her GPS, but with her momma rushing her off and the wedding plans that still needed to be finalized, she forgot. No other way around that.

“I’ll get the triple As on the line and have them come out and tow her to the closest auto shop,” Dillon said and got out of the cab.

He left the driver’s side door ajar and walked around to the front of the truck. Strips of steam obscured her view of him, and she restlessly got out of the truck too. She didn’t like not being able to put her eyes on him. Maybe she’d watched too many scary movies, but in a blink of an eye, anything could happen.

Puffs of dirt rose as she landed on the ground. Pits of crushed pebbles and debris crunched under her

feet. She leaned back against their ivory dust speckled truck, relishing the shade it provided and waited. She had a wedding to plan, a restaurant to run, and this. Had it not been for the soft economy, Thelma, her momma, would've kept doing what she'd done for the last 25 years. But like every other industry, they had to diversify. Changing the menu would reign in new customers to replace the ones who couldn't afford it any more. Her momma still sent around meals to the elderly and those who couldn't get to the restaurant, but even those loyal customers were tapering off due to death, illness, and relocation.

Pushing aside her brooding, she heard Dillon say "Thank you."

In seconds, he came around to the passenger side, and gave her an apologetic grin. He replaced the phone back to his waist and said, "The good news is there's a town about fifty miles from here, called Lauréa. They said someone would be here in the hour."

She followed his pointing finger and saw, faintly, a town to the east of them in the distance. A little ways off in the distance, the town of Lauréa glittered like diamonds tossed carelessly in the sand.

"An hour! They want me to sit here in this blazing ass heat for an hour?" she balked.

Dillon smiled at her. “You know how sexy you look when you get all mad, fussy?”

She paused at the heat burning through his rather casual phrasing. With her eyes on him, she shot back a grin of her own. Already, the tingle down her lower back looped around to her clit and a warm heat—that had nothing to do with the smoggy ass hot of Texas—spread through her—just from the lust-filled, I-wanna-fuck look Dillon gave her.

The intensity threatened to steal her breath, and after three years she thought she was used to it, but it had the same effect on her every time. Sweet, sweet surrender.

“You can’t be serious,” she said, breathless and a little shocked at how husky her voice had become.

He snatched her into his embrace and lowered his lips to hers. He hugged her to him and she inhaled his scent, sweat and beneath it, the musk of his cologne. She breathed him in deeply, and exhaled slow—wanting to retain as much of him inside her as possible.

With those blue eyes lowering to half-mast, he rumbled in a desire soaked tenor when he broke their kiss, “When am I not serious when it comes to you?”

“Good point” she said softly and despite the stickiness of the heat, she felt refreshed when his lips covered hers again.

There was more than one way to quench a thirst.

CHAPTER TWO

Dillon let go of the moan pressing against his throat. It bubbled up from his lower belly and hummed through his lips. Lips locked over Shauna's delectable and sweet mouth. A mixture of peach flavored sweet tea and spearmint gum, her mouth beckoned him to taste all of her. His arms pressed her closer to him, and his arousal whipped up like it always did when she kissed him like this. Like air to breathe and like medicine, her kisses soothed the stress that came with being a private investigator. For the last four years, she meant more to him than anything. Their wedding day awaited and he couldn't wait to make her his wife. Her arms circled around his neck, pulled him closer still, until she moaned and whimpered a bit, when he reluctantly released her lips.

The sound of a car roared from the distance, renting the quiet and stuffy air.

She opened her eyes slowly, and grinned sheepishly. Shauna's dimples appeared each and every time she smiled. Dual delights, he liked to call them. A slight flush crept up her exposed neck, turning her light-skin a deeper rose tint. Shauna's Hispanic half blushed easily. The cami exposed her tanned cleavage, and the perspiration dotted those

delectable apples. Her small breasts fit perfectly in his hands, right in his palms and oh, if only he had more time.

“What is that?” she asked, and twisted out of his embrace to see the road. Her voice came out hard like the burnt ground, and annoyed—probably because of the interruption.

He chuckled and then kissed the top of her ponytail. Her raven hair held soft waves that rippled through the midnight velvet of her hair like ripples across an ocean. He liked the way her cheeks puffed out, just a little when angry. She had incredible eyes that flashed like lightening when pissed off.

“Looks like our tow truck,” he said.

“You said an hour,” she said and shot him a glance over her shoulder.

“They said about fifteen minutes, but I figured out here it would take an hour,” he explained and released her.

She tutted at him and put her hands on her full hips. “You got my feathers all ruffled for no reason.”

“There’s a reason. You’re so damn sexy.”

“Uh huh,” she said tightly. “Now, I’m horny and hot.”

“I know baby, I know,” he said and adjusted his belt. Thankfully the cargo shorts ran big, so his partial erection didn’t show. They had time, but because the

land was so damn flat, he couldn't quite judge how long it would take the tow truck to reach them.

She watched his face and her dimples appeared again. "How long you think we got?"

"Quickie?" he asked, voice hoarse and his throat dry as the landscape. Please let her say yes.

"Yeah, if we have time," she said, already getting the blanket from the rear cab seats. "I mean, we have what? Fifteen minutes?"

"Maybe," he replied, already hoisting her up to the truck bed.

She felt so good in his hands, her soft buttocks, and lush body balanced in his palms. With a toss, the blanket covered the truck bed, and she glanced at him over her shoulder. On her knees, her ass toward him, she wiggled it and grinned wider.

"Come on, hurry up!" she purred, and began unbuckling her belt. She slid her shorts down, leaving on the soft yellow thong that separated her glorious caramel buttocks into two delightful halves.

"God, I love you."

The heat blazed on, cooking everything in its reach. Glistening with sweat, he leaned into the truck, and ran his index finger along the path of her already wet thong. Dipping beneath her pussy, he pushed the fabric aside and slipped inside her tender folds. She cooed in response, opening her legs wider, her shorts

down to her ankles. Leaning on her forearms, she rested her head on her hands. Her eyes closed, she pushed back onto his finger.

“More,” she purred.

He climbed into the cab, using his free hand to hoist himself into the bed. She groaned when he removed his hand, and stuck her hand between her legs and rubbed her clit vigorously.

“You want it baby?”

“Yes, oh, hell yes,” she said, her hips rotating slowly around in time to her fingers circling around her stiff love button.

His cock pressed against his shorts and he wanted to be buried balls deep inside her, but it may not happen. The tow truck’s rumble grew ever closer, and if he didn’t get involved soon, Shauna would come without him. That wasn’t going to happen.

He enjoyed how beautiful she looked swept up in the sensual fire of lust. Damn, he loved her so much. First one finger then another, and another, until four of his fingers were inside her damp fire. He wrapped his other hand around her waist and touched her clit, stroking it with his thumb, strumming the tight little bud.

Relishing the light thrusting against him, he laid his head against her ass and kissed it.

Her inner muscles latched onto his fingers and began milking them as her climax approached. He licked the warm skin of her buttock, and her rhythm increased. He replied in kind, matching her course and moving his fingers in and nearly out of her demanding pussy faster and faster.

The hot air scented with her arousal, smelled of feminine sex, and vanilla—her scent. It pressed into the stiff thick humidity. Shauna's moans grew louder and louder, nearly becoming harmonious with the thunderous roar of the tow truck.

He looked back at her and focused. She was close and he knew it.

"Please, make me cum. Dillon, make me cum!"

"Damn, I love you" he growled and leaned down and licked her ass, finger fucking her fast and in time to the furious strumming of her love button. He lost track of how long, how hot, how close the tow truck came-everything. The only thing that centered his universe was crouched in front of him.

"Oh fuck yes!" Shauna shouted as the orgasm ripped through her. Her inner muscles locked in ecstasy and held him in place for a moment, until she let go of him.

"Damn," she said and rolled over, and yanked up her thong and shorts. She buttoned them quickly and

with a naughty grin that fleshed out her dimples, she reached for him.

“You’re the most beautiful like this,” he said, and kissed her lips. Flushed from the throes of sex, and the robust burst of her orgasm, Shauna stirred his hunger again.

She met his gaze and blushed again. He kissed her again, harder on the mouth, just as the thunderous rumble of the tow truck came to a screeching halt beside them.

“You two call for a tow?” asked a sweat-stained woman in a tank top and overalls.

She shot him a knowing smile and a wink.

He cleared this throat, while Shauna giggled, and said, “Yeah. We’re overheated.”

Shauna’s body reverberated from the waning orgasm. Her blood rushed through her and her face felt hot. Fanning herself with her hands, she met the tow truck driver’s smirk. The air thickened by humidity and minuet bits of gravel and dirt from the truck’s quick stop off the side of the road. It stuck in her throat and she coughed it out discreetly behind her hands. The *beep, beep* of the reversing tow was the only sound that interrupted the hot moist afternoon.

“Nice timing,” Dillon said with a smirk on his handsome face.

Whether he meant her or the truck, she didn't know right off.

Even with the air cranked up on high the blast of arctic cold only served to keep Dillon cool a half a second after getting out of the tow truck. As it was, less than twenty minutes after his truck overheated, he and Shauna stood outside of Ortega's Auto Repair in Lauréa, perspiring like a hooker in an interrogation room.

"This is one hellva welcome," Shauna said as she stepped off the porch and onto the sidewalk. "That price is nothing short of highway robbery."

"Texas isn't known for its friendliness," he replied dryly, "though arguably the tow truck driver was nice enough."

She gave him a "*humph*" and folded her arms across her chest.

"You know I didn't mean it like that," he said, and hurried to her.

Her bottom lip, thick and shiny from her strawberry lip gloss poked out in defiance. Pivoting, she turned her back to him, and said causally over her shoulder, "Maybe you should stay here with *her*."

The glint of mischievousness in her eyes told him she wasn't at all serious in her jealousy of the tow truck driver. She wanted a little role play, and if that suited her, fine. He'd go along. Several times when they played this little game, Shauna would make him prove his love for her. Once they did it at Thelma's, in the office, in the lobby after hours, and other places.

"No Shaunnie, you're the only woman in the world for me," he said, laying on the thick slather of honey. He suppressed the urge to smile at how much this mock humility pleased her.

"Am I?" she asked with sarcasm so sharp it could slice steel.

"Yes. Hell yes!"

"Then prove it," she dared and laughed.

He lunged for her, set to catch her in his arms and pin her to his side. She danced out of his reach, running across the two-way street to a well developed building. The biggest in town, from what Dillon could see. He pursued Shauna across the pavement. She stood beside a fresh copper fountain that sat dead center in front of the magnificent building. This place had been well maintained—updated green windows, new paint, and central air conditioning, unlike the window unit at Ortega's.

The sidewalk continued on east, but the pathway up to the place had red sandstone tile. From the tiled

pathway, two staircases, one on each side of the round structure, that led up to the two sets of double doors. Situated between those two staircases, a glistening fountain shaped like the state of Texas. The water poured softly from the panhandle. Across the state's width was the name of the building.

"The Lauréa Public Library," he read aloud and shot the beautiful woman standing beside it a questionable frown.

"Yes, a library," she said and ran her palms across her thighs. "Prove how much you love me."

"In there?"

She nodded and skipped up the stairs, batting her eyelashes and shaking her ass at him as she did so.

The sound of running water made him feel cooler, but his desire burned hot like the glaring eye of the Texas sun. Following her lead, he jogged up the stairs and went into the library. Quiet and comfortable, the library unfolded like any other, with rows of books set in neat bookcases. A bank of laptop computers sat in dizzying array of colors-fuchsias, amethysts, cobalt blues and fire engine reds.

"May I help you?" asked a woman, about his age. Hispanic with a good head of thick brunette hair that fell in soft waves to her shoulders, she wore discreet makeup and a floral dress. "You're new to Lauréa."

“Yes, I’m looking for my fiancée,” he said and peered behind the woman to see Shauna’s toffee shoulders slip down one of the aisles. “Oh, I see her.”

“You two tryin’ to get out of the summer shimmer?” she asked and before he could answer, she laughed. She winked at him and walked off toward one of the doors marked *Employees Only*.

Dillon sprinted down the short hallway to the aisle he saw Shauna turn down. She stuck her head around the last bookshelf and crooked her finger at him. She giggled and ran off. He followed. His adrenaline growing as he chased her. Once he got his hands on her, he’d make sure she never let him go.

This thought blinded him as he turned the corner and ran straight into her.

She pressed her index finger against those pillow soft lips and took his hand. Winking at him, she led him down another aisle, and around to the back toward the restrooms. He didn’t think she knew where she was going, but he understood what she sought out—a dark comfortable place, that would hide them from onlookers.

He hadn’t seen anyone at all, other than the librarian. Her hand, soft and smooth in his held it firmly. The cool breeze prickled the hairs on his arm. A round cutout from the wall had been created as a

reading nook. Three pillows lay at the bottom of the circle.

He met her scorching gaze. The wall that made up the restrooms jetted out and offered a partial blind for them. They'd hear someone walking up as the floor through the whole place was hardwood. Shauna hopped up on the pillows. She reached out and touched the edges of the circle. Her legs hung outside the circle, almost touching the floor.

"This is perfect for reading," she said breathlessly.

"It's perfect for other things too," he said, tone stripped down to the thread of need in his voice.

"Like?" she asked, trailing off.

"Like relieving this set of blue balls you gave me earlier."

She laughed. That robust ball of joy came straight from her heart. He loved that laugh, but she quickly slapped her hands over her mouth.

"Shush, we're in a library," he whispered, and crouched down between the open v of her thighs.

"Yes," she said soberly through parted fingers. "We are."

He pulled her into his arms, and kissed her passionately on the mouth. Damn he had to have more and his hold around her waist, tightened, until he could feel the waistband of her shorts. Tugging on the

band, his cock hardened to steel. Already aroused, it strained to be inside her, throbbed in its impatience.

“Kiss me,” she pleaded.

The sweet heat in her voice melted the tiny doubts he had of them getting caught.

His lips pressed to hers, his tongue slipping along the entrance of her mouth, seducing them to part. He couldn't ever really tire of kissing her delicious mouth. So sensual, her smile brought men to their knees. And though he could spend forever doing this, they didn't have the time.

Releasing her lips, Dillon dropped butterfly kisses from the corner of her mouth to his ear, and whispered softly, “Turn around and show me that ass.”

Her pure heat met his gaze when he straightened up. He unzipped his shorts and looked over his shoulder, scanned the ceiling for the Vegas style eye in the skies, but didn't see any. This quickie would be just that, bareback and fast, but the thrill of being here, alone in this place of learning, caused his whole body to tense in anticipation.

He had to be careful or he'd come from the thought of it.

Shauna cooed softly, “Okay.”

She got down from the circle and turned around. She leaned into the circle, using the pillows to cushion her upper body. Bent over, she unfastened her shorts

and they slid down to her ankles. Already her feminine dew glistened against the overhead fluorescent lights. In some shadow, he had to swallow the moan in his throat.

“Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up,” she begged quietly, one hand already between her legs. And to further encourage him, she spread her legs wider.

She gazed heavy lidded as he guided his rock hard cock into her tight pus.

“Been waitin’ all damn day for this,” he hissed. “Fucking love you!”

“Shush!”

He nodded, but he knew she didn’t see it. Swept into the rhythm and the fire, she hadn’t heard a damn thing. With each thrust into her snug passage, he glanced around for the librarian or others. He pushed insistently into her core; her muscles massage his phallus like a thousand tiny hands. God, she felt like ice cream after your tonsils were taken out—just perfect, soothing and delicious for all of what ailed you.

She met his thrusts with gusto, and abandon, but the efforts to keep quiet called for constant vigilance on his part.

“Yes!” Shauna shouted and he swatted her ass to remind her.

She bucked back in response to the whack. Soon the only sound was the slick wet smack of two people who loved each other immensely. He let go of everything, and pumped harder, faster, as the lust that bound them tightened. So close, so damn close.

“Make me cum baby,” she demanded in a hushed whisper.

He didn’t trust himself to speak for fear it’d come out as a growl, a low primal thing that wanted to bend over to kiss her ass, smack it hard and make her shout for his cock. He wanted to hear her voice, but she showed him in so many ways how he made her feel.

She kept her head turned so he could see the pleasures spilling across her profile.

With a loud clap, he smacked her ass and she stilled. When she did that, he knew at once, she neared her peak. Her trembling thighs quivered.

His balls tightened at the base in warning. They were both so close, so damn close.

She whimpered for release and tried to steal his pace.

He whacked her again and kept his pace, only increasing slowly, so delicious slow, he knew it drove her crazy.

“Those of you who want to try something new, check out the latest titles at the front section in

Fiction,” came the deep throat of the librarian over the loudspeakers.

He rushed and adjusted his pace. Again and again, he plowed his love deeper and deeper. He struggled for control, but she burned through to his heart. He bit his lower lip to stem the boiling need to shout out.

“Shauna,” he groaned, low, it rumbled out against her spine. “Baby...”

She cast him one lustful look over her shoulder and said, “Here. I. Come.”

And his vision shattered as the sheer force of his unfurling passion erupted. Like a vice, Shauna’s pussy clamped down as she came too. Locked in this rush of overwhelming sensations, Dillon held her waist, riding out the wave after wave of passion.

The clicking of heels on tile brought him to his senses. Shauna heard it too and pushed back against him. She got to her feet and yanked up her thong. In minutes she dashed to the restroom and left him with his cock spent. He hurried and pulled up his boxer briefs the same time as his cargos.

He wished he had more time to spend being with her. Perhaps tonight when they got to Austin, he’d have time.

Shauna came strolling out of the bathroom and rounded the corner to him. She had the hot flush that

made her skin look rosy. She gave him a brief peck on the cheek.

“I love you,” she said, slightly breathless.

“You too,” he said and took her hand in his.

“Let’s go check out those new erotic titles.”

She laughed, fleshing out those adorable dimples. He hugged her and they started walking toward the front.

The librarian stalked right in front of them and folded her arms. She peered over her ebony-square glasses at them.

“You two the ones with the white Toyota truck being repaired over at Ortega’s?”

“Yes ma’am,” Dillon said with a sigh of relief that she wasn’t about to yell at them about sexing in the reader’s nook.

“Juan said it’s ready.”

Shauna nodded, unable to catch her breath. Dillon’s chest shook from his quiet laughter.

“Shush,” she whispered. “You’re in a library.”

“Yes dear.”



Thanks for reading. Stories related to characters in this series include: *Thelma's Eatery* and *Cook's Choice*
Both available from Mocha Memoirs Press at
<http://stores.lulu.com/mochamemoirspress>

RAELYNN BLUE

RaeLynn loves nothing more than long, hot baths, snuggling in front of crackling fires and sleeping in late on Sundays. She writes books that aren't your run-of-the-mill romance with sex under the covers and with the lights out—they're sensual and erotica romance. And that means lust, passion, and a whole lot of sex. Are you ready to join her on her latest fantasy? Out here in the west, imaginations run wild, and love knows no bounds.

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