

Velvet Seduction

Dawn Montgomery

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2008 Dawn Montgomery

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Kara tore at the ties of his cloak, letting the heavy material drop to the ground around them. She slipped her fingers through the midnight silk of his hair, tugging his head forward. A dark chuckle was his only response before tasting of her skin. His lips did wicked things to her neck and her pussy ached. The sound of her heartbeat had to sound like drums to someone like him.

His teeth scraped against her skin and she moaned, arching her neck to give him better access. Velvet gloved fingers tracked the swell of her breast to the thin scrap of costume they'd called a corset and tugged, tearing the thin backing. Her breasts spilled free from the constriction into the velvet heat of his gloved hands.

Their harsh breathing and the roar of blood racing through her body overwhelmed the sounds of masque revelry inside. They were alone, for just a moment.

Nerveless fingers fumbled with his shirt buttons, trying to pull it apart without sending them flying into the darkness. She jerked the last one free and slipped the palms of her hands against the warmth of his chest. Smooth ridges covered in a light fur. She moaned and he moved his talented mouth to her breasts, laving first one nipple then the other, teasing and tasting her into abandon.

Sweet heat smoldered in her center. His body molded to hers, pressing her back into the brick of the courtyard. The rough rock dug into her shoulders but she couldn't think past his teeth nibbling at the underside of her breast. A gasp escaped her lips at

his delicate nip at an extremely sensitive spot. Her fingers slipped through his hair again, caressing it, pressing his head against her body.

His hands tugged off the remainder of her corset and let it fall in a pool of pseudo silk. She winced at the price tag fluttering to the ground until he pressed against her. The hard ridge of his cock had enough heat to burn through the Renaissance-inspired skirt. Naked from the waist up and not giving damn, Kara arched against his body, lost in the thick and sensual heat of the night. He straightened and she wished again for him to take off that damn masque. Gold eyes didn't exist, not outside some fairytale. Did he wear contacts?

He grabbed her hands and held them against his chest, guiding them down his sides to the firm muscle of his ass. His head dipped to kiss her lips. The slow trail of his tongue was like heaven. She scraped her nails against the leather of his pants and he laughed against her skin.

He pulled her hands away and set them against the brick wall on either side. "Don't move." His warning gave her chills of danger and excitement. Every time he spoke her pussy tingled with raw need.

She trembled at his command but knew if she disobeyed, he'd leave her there, alone, trembling. He'd done it before. Her body stood ready, dripping with need and a fine sheen of sweat forming on her skin.

"You're a goddess tonight." His words were tinged with an emotion she couldn't identify.

Heat flushed her cheeks and she wondered if he was making fun of her.

He dropped to his knees and grasped her around the ankle. Before she could move he had her skirt pushed up to her thighs and his mouth tasting the inside flesh. She trembled under his touch, her pussy begging for his lips. He slipped his shoulder under her thigh and pressed his face against the moist heat of her slit.

Kara inhaled a shaky breath and clenched her fists to keep from wrapping her fingers through his hair. Gods she was thankful she hadn't worn panties.

His tongue swiped against the moist heat.

Kara moaned and pressed her pussy against his mouth.

He growled against her, and she remembered, but it was too late. His lips latched onto her clit, tasting and swirling around it until she felt the draw of orgasm tighten her muscles. He licked again, pressing her lips open without touching her with his hands. His tongue speared her core and she cried out, desperate to come.

He tasted and thrust, alternately teasing her clit and spearing her core, driving her to the edge of insanity. She gasped and moaned, becoming mindless under his wicked mouth. Her orgasm burst over her like a wave of heat and fire. A hoarse cry tore from her throat and when she came too, she was clutching his hair for dear life.

Suddenly embarrassed, Kara let him go, smoothing his silky hair with soft touches. His face was slick with her lust and she dropped to her knees. With the scrappy remains of her corset she wiped his face. She couldn't stop the smile of bliss from stretching across her face. Her tender touch moved to caress him and he grabbed her wrist, turned it and nibbled across the tender skin. Kara shivered under his velvet hold and waited. He released her wrist and reached for the cloak.

He grabbed it, wrapping it around her shoulders and tying it off to cover her chest. His hands smoothed her skirt and she tried to hide her disappointment. He gave her a soft kiss on her lips. His lips tasted of dark liquor and sex and she was addicted.

"Tomorrow?" The same question. Every night.

Kara cleared her throat. "Yes." The same answer.

* * *

"You let her leave?" A voice growled from the darkness.

Corban stared at the moon and waited for it to show him a reason to continue this existence. Kara's bewitching smile eased the ache of loneliness. For a moment. "Of course I did."

"She won't return." The menace in the other's voice grated on Corban's nerves.

"She will."

"How can you be so sure?"

“She’ll have to return the cloak.” He turned away from the dew dampened ground and lustful scent of Kara. His dick throbbed with a rare ache and he realized he had no interest in taking any of his guests up on their open and willing charms for the evening. What was it about that woman?

I don’t understand. The other’s mind voice intruded on Corban’s thoughts.

You don’t have to. He shoved the other’s mind back to the abyss and focused on his next move.

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=100>