

Secrets: Vol. 25 - Chapter One

“You have such a gorgeous ass, Tess,” Kevin whispered into her ear. “So sweetly rounded, just full enough to fill my palms.”

Tess quivered as Kevin’s hands smoothed over her sensitized skin, his seductive words feeding her desire. His body was pressed all along the back of hers so that she could feel every muscular inch. Slowly, teasingly, she moved her hips back and forth, rubbing her bottom against the head of his jutting erection, before finally allowing him to slide between the globes of her buttocks. When she heard him emit a low growl, she felt triumphant. He clutched her hips between his hard, callused hands and began gliding his rigid length up and down in that smooth seam, sending them both into a frenzy of scorching need.

The cool water of South America’s Iguazu Falls poured down, drenching their overheated skin. The water, so crystal-clear and pure, pooled around their knees, oversized water lilies tickled her skin. Every sensation intensified the burning inside her aching sex. The wild plants and trees indigenous to the area grew high all around them, enveloping them, giving them the impression that they were the only two people on earth.

Tess wiggled and pleaded with Kevin to enter her, beyond caring how wanton she might sound. She was a sultry temptress, and she reveled in that sinful persona. He rewarded her with a lick against the leaping pulse in her neck, then shifted a hand around the front of her body to palm the flesh of her right breast. He licked and squeezed, but never once allowed his cock to move lower, to slip inside her swollen folds, where she needed him most. When he pinched her nipple, she lost it. Reaching back, Tess grasped his pulsing heat in her hand and squeezed hard.

“Christ, Tess. That feels so damn good.”

She exalted at his guttural words, but she wanted more from him. She wanted him buried deep, thrusting and filling her as he took her to heaven. “I want you. Inside of me. Kevin. Now.”

He chuckled. “Not just yet, baby.”

She moaned in misery, hating him at that moment for denying her what she craved. But then his other hand released her hip to drift around and cup her mound. She pushed against his hand, eager for something just out of her reach. She pumped him with fingers clenched with desire. Kevin retaliated—his thumb teased her clitoris. Sparks of sharp arousal zipped through Tess’s nerve endings, and she gloried when she wrung a bead of moisture from the tip of his penis. Tess’s body began the wild climb towards rapture, when suddenly she was jarred by a hand on her shoulder, shaking her. She blinked.

Suddenly her waterfall, her jungle, and her jungle lover were gone and Tess was left staring at a platinum blonde standing plastered against her boss.

“Tess, are you feeling okay?”

That question came from Kevin Haines, concerned employer and the foundation for every fantasy and desire she'd had for the past five years. was a God, maybe she'd even go out on a date.

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