



Brief
Encounters:
Tales of Fast Love

Various Various Brief Encounters

Аннотация

Sexy random opportunities so often arise when a girl is on the move with things to do and places to see. But sometimes, a passionate escapade is actually the journey's ultimate destination. Original erotica stories of women who took a chance to misbehave, from Rose de Fer, Primula Bond, Kathleen Tudor, Mina Murray and many more. Kelly embarks on a whirlwind romance in Paris, but the most intense passion was always waiting for her in a hotel room. Suzanna is the best sales rep in her company, and she chooses her thrills where she finds them on the road, but there's one guy in an airport who makes a lasting impression. On a Greek Island, Vicky discovers that competing with a seemingly perfect woman for her boyfriend's attention, produces the holiday of a lifetime.

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Brief Encounters Tales of Fast Love



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Sanctuary!

Rose de Fer

So far nothing had gone according to plan. They'd nearly missed their early flight because of traffic that made them late to the airport. They were the last ones on board and the plane took off into a churning black sky like a ship into rough waters. The short journey was filled with gut-wrenching turbulence that made them wonder if they would even make it to Paris at all. By the time the plane had yawed and pitched and finally thumped down onto the tarmac, Kelly was a nervous wreck.

Jake put his arms around her and gave her a reassuring squeeze. 'Everything's fine now,' he said soothingly. 'We're safe. The plane didn't crash. And hey – we're in Paris!'

She curled into his arms, feeling instantly comforted. 'Paris,' she murmured, smiling.

Except that it didn't look like Paris. The taxi ride was anything but the romantic journey they'd envisioned. They might have been driving through any crowded industrial city in the world but for the French signs and billboards. They frowned though the windows of the car, watching the ugly landscape whiz past and wondering if the driver had misunderstood their destination. After all, he'd merely acknowledged it with a surly grunt. But they could see the address of the hotel they had given him

displayed on the satnav, and the motorway signs did seem to suggest they were heading for the city centre.

Their fears evaporated once they left the urban sprawl and graffiti-covered tower blocks outlying the city and entered the Paris they recognised from countless films. Extravagant baroque façades and Romanesque columns shared the crowded streets with charming little cafés where people sat outside eating crêpes and croissants as the city gradually woke up around them.

Kelly heaved a huge sigh of relief. ‘Thank God! For a while there I thought maybe the plane had been blown off course into the Twilight Zone.’

‘I think the only gremlins we’ll see here are the ones on Notre Dame Cathedral,’ Jake said with a smile.

The hotel was compact, with an irregular floor plan that could best be described as ‘resourceful’. The space had obviously never been intended for anything as ambitious as a hotel and the shape of the room was disorientating. Still, it was cosy enough and the bed looked plush and inviting. After the hellish journey all Kelly wanted to do was put the NE PAS DÉRANGER sign on the door and tumble into bed with her husband.

Even after fifteen years of marriage things still showed no sign of getting stale. Her body was as hungry for him as it had been when they’d first met. His deep, authoritative voice could still make her weak in the knees and it only took the slightest touch to make her wet and ready. The mere act of packing her sexiest lingerie the night before had sent a parade of wild fantasies

through her mind.

She saw herself stripped and bound to the iron legs of the Eiffel Tower, on display to the hordes of tourists. Chased naked through the Tuileries Garden, pinned down and fucked among the flowers. Splayed across the gothic tombstones of Père Lachaise and teased to orgasm. Handcuffed by burly security guards in the Louvre and forced to confess her naughty intention to steal the Mona Lisa ...

‘Where’s the Eiffel Tower?’

Startled out of her lewd reverie, Kelly joined Jake at the window.

The hotel’s website had promised that every room had a view of the famous landmark, which didn’t seem possible without altering the laws of physics. After several minutes of looking, they discovered that by clambering onto the two-foot-wide balcony and craning dangerously out over the street, they could just about see the tip of the spire in the distance.

Kelly laughed. ‘Oh, who cares? Honestly, the only hotel view I care about is the one inside the room.’

She returned to the bed and lay back, stretching like a cat. At least the bed was spacious and comfortable. It took up nearly the entire room. She rubbed her bare thighs together, imagining all the ways Jake could have her. She’d worn a red silk dress with a flirty skirt, intending to top the sexy ensemble with a red beret from some naff tourist shop. Then, when they’d exhausted themselves with sightseeing and gorged themselves with rich

food and wine, they could make love with Kelly wearing nothing but the red beret.

She looked up at Jake and smiled. 'I love you madly, you know.'

He kissed her. 'Happy anniversary, darling,' he said.

A breeze ruffled the curtains, bringing with it the smell of freshly baked pastries. Kelly's mouth began to water and she could almost taste the cinnamon and chocolate and rich buttery croissants.

'Is it too early for champagne?' she asked.

'Never. Let's get a bottle and drink it on the way to the Louvre.'

Several hours later, the champagne buzz had worn off and Kelly's feet were killing her. They had underestimated the walking distance from the hotel to the Louvre and, like many first-time tourists, had also neglected to factor in the miles and miles of corridors within the gigantic museum itself. By lunchtime they had seen so many paintings, statues, sculptures and sarcophagi that everything had started to bleed together. And now Kelly was sure her feet must be bleeding too.

'I can't take any more,' she gasped, sinking onto a bench. She wrenched off her shoes with a hiss of pain. Why hadn't she thought to bring her hiking boots? Even trainers would have been a better choice than the battered old ballet flats she'd worn. They were her most comfortable shoes and generally the kindest to her feet, but not for this kind of route march. At least she'd had the sense not to wear heels. 'I also think I'm about to die from art

overload.’

Jake gave her a sympathetic smile and sat down next to her. ‘You poor thing. Here, let me see.’

She stretched out her legs and he cupped her bare feet in his hands. Kelly sighed with pleasure at the contact as her feet throbbed beneath his warm fingers. He bent his head down to kiss her burning toes, making her moan.

Kelly leaned her head back against the marble wall, relaxing into his touch. The sensual relief felt so good it was almost worth the pain. Already her feet felt invigorated. ‘That’s nice,’ she purred.

‘You really should have told me you were tired, you know. I’d have stopped.’

‘How can you not be tired?’ she asked, bewildered. For the past hour she’d been marvelling at his stamina, trying desperately not to complain herself and hoping that any minute Jake would suggest they break for lunch. But he was as indefatigable a tourist as he was a lover.

He looked thoughtful for a moment. ‘I guess I am a bit tired now you mention it.’

‘Now you mention it.’ She had to laugh. It was one of the things she loved so much about him. He was capable of losing himself absolutely in whatever he was doing. He would focus on a task to the total exclusion of the outside world, oblivious to any distraction. And when she was the task he was focused on, nothing existed at all but the two of them.

‘Well, I’m knackered,’ she said. ‘And starving. And dying for a glass of wine. No, make that a bottle.’

Jake laughed. ‘Fair enough. I’ve probably seen enough art myself for one day. Can you make it to a restaurant or shall I carry you?’

‘Mmmm, there’s a nice idea,’ she said, slipping her shoes back on. Her feet tingled pleasantly from the attention, a sensation that travelled up her legs to where she wanted him most. ‘But I wouldn’t want to waste all your energy.’

‘Of course not. Not when there’s still the Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame and the Arc de Triomphe yet to see.’

‘I was actually thinking more about when we get back to our room.’ She’d been craving his touch all morning, despite being tired and hungry and fed up from the awful flight. But the lure of champagne and *pain au chocolat* and the attractions of Paris had convinced her to wait. Sights first, then sex. Now, however, her body was getting impatient.

Jake gave her an indulgent smile. ‘I’m sure we’ll both have plenty of energy for that,’ he said. ‘We always do.’

Kelly squirmed, chastened. He had all the discipline she lacked. His resolve was incredible and she knew he enjoyed tormenting her by making her wait. If he kept it up she was likely to ravish him in the street.

They expected the restaurant they found to be touristy and overpriced, with snooty waiters who would pretend not to understand their pathetic attempts at French. But they couldn’t

have been more wrong. They ordered a bottle of Bordeaux and a platter of oysters and langoustines, a messy sensual feast that had Kelly sighing with bliss at each mouthful.

The waiter had suggested they visit Notre Dame after lunch, as the clear sky promised a spectacular view of the city from the towers. And she wanted to see it, really. But the insistent throbbing heat between her legs kept distracting her. Good food in lush surroundings was a sexual experience in itself and she couldn't stop the barrage of fantasies.

'What's going on in that filthy mind of yours?' Jake asked, feeding her an oyster from across the table.

She blushed, swallowing the savoury morsel. 'Is it that obvious?'

'I'm expecting to hear the "I'll have what she's having" line from someone any minute.'

Kelly cracked open another langoustine and made a show of sucking the juice off her fingers. 'I'm just enjoying my food,' she said innocently.

He knew full well he was driving her crazy. Just being with him aroused her to a near frenzy and he'd been teasing her all morning, showering her with little treats like a cherished pet and surreptitiously stroking her when she wasn't expecting it. He'd cupped her breasts from behind in the anonymous crowd clustered around the Venus de Milo and she'd pressed her bottom against the bulge she could feel in his trousers. It had been some time before they were able to move on.

Their next course was roasted bone marrow, a succulent indulgence they both immediately fell in love with.

‘If only you could eat it off my naked body,’ Kelly said, not at all quietly. A couple two tables away raised their heads and then lowered them just as quickly.

‘We’ll go to Japan someday,’ Jake said, ‘and you can be my sushi platter.’

The image sent a surge of desire through her body as she imagined the cold delicacies arranged over her naked breasts and belly, Jake plucking them away one at a time with chopsticks while she did her best to hold still for him.

She couldn’t take it any more. She kicked her shoes off under the table and stretched her right leg out until her bare foot rested in Jake’s lap. Then she began to stroke him with her toes. His cock swelled in response and she ignored the warning look he gave her. She took a sip of wine as though nothing was going on. At last he was unable to restrain a small moan. So she wasn’t the only one hungry for more than Parisienne cuisine. Kelly beamed triumphantly at her victory. She was never disappointed to lose such battles of wills but the occasional win kept things interesting.

The waiter arrived to clear their table for the next course and Kelly took the opportunity to manoeuvre her other foot into Jake’s lap. It was tricky but she finally managed to anchor his zip between both big toes. Jake smacked her foot half-heartedly but she refused to be deterred. Finally he allowed her to slide the zip

down and he edged his chair in closer to the table.

Their main courses arrived just as Kelly wrapped her feet around Jake's cock, pressing the warm hardness between her tender soles. She used her toes as she would her tongue to tickle him just underneath the swollen head and he bit his lip to avoid making any sound as she slid her feet up and down along his length. She bumped the table with her knee and wine sloshed onto the white lace tablecloth. But she didn't stop.

They each took an occasional bite of food as Kelly brought him nearer and nearer to climax and when Jake dropped his napkin into his lap she knew he was almost there. He closed his eyes with a little gasp as she felt his cock begin to twitch. His seed dripped hot and wet over her insteps and between her toes. Her sex pulsed in response.

Jake was able to maintain his composure as he tidied them both up and Kelly glanced around at the other diners. No one had noticed a thing. She put her feet back down on the floor and smiled sweetly at her husband.

He shook his head. 'You're insatiable.'

'Are you actually blushing?'

'Just you wait,' he said archly. 'You'll be sorry.'

'Oh, I very much doubt that.' She took a bite of her truffled pheasant and moaned theatrically. 'I think what you mean is: I'll get mine.'

Jake nodded, his eyes narrowing into a stern expression. 'Count on it, bad girl. When you least expect it ...'

The sexy menace in his tone made her lower her eyes submissively. Their games of sexual one-upmanship gave her the same heady thrill she'd got as a kid whenever she reached the front of the queue for the roller coaster. She desperately wanted the payoff but at the same time she was terrified. She knew she'd love it but in the moments before the ride began she regretted ever daring to join the queue. And every time, without fail, as soon as the ride was over, she was ready to go again.

They rounded off the decadent meal with baked figs and a snifter of cherry brandy. Then it was time to go. Jake helped her into a taxi and told the driver to take them to Notre Dame Cathedral.

Kelly lay on her back with her head in Jake's lap and he stroked her throat lazily before sliding his hand down over her breasts. Her nipples stiffened instantly as he circled them through the silk with his teasing fingers. She gave a soft whimper as he pinched them one at a time. Then she caught the driver's eyes in the mirror. He stared at her intently and she blushed, writhing a little on the seat.

Jake said nothing but continued to caress her through the filmy material as the car made its way through the city streets. Kelly parted her bent knees, silently begging Jake to turn his attentions lower. He seemed determined to torture her, however. He swatted her inner thigh and she yelped in surprise and closed her legs, pressing them together tightly as she arched her back, offering her breasts for more than just superficial attention. She

didn't care if the driver was watching and in fact she felt even more aroused at the thought.

'Please,' she whispered, not daring to follow it up with any kind of specific wish. She was both desperate and terrified that Jake would grant it.

He squeezed her breasts with both hands, drawing the nipples into hard little peaks with his fingers. Then he slid his hands down the plunging V-neck and into the lacy bra she wore beneath. He stroked her nipples with his fingertips, each touch making her cry out. They stiffened almost to the point of pain and she panted eagerly, willing him to lower his head and kiss her, to rip open her flimsy dress, peel down the cups of her bra and expose her breasts. To flick his tongue across each little hard bud, to caress them with his lips, to close his teeth gently over each one.

'Oh, please ...'

But Jake merely gave a low throaty laugh as he cruelly drew his hands away from her breasts. 'Shameless girl. We're on our way to a church, you know.'

Kelly whimpered and grabbed his wrists, trying to force his hands down the front of her dress.

Just then the taxi braked to a clumsy stop and the driver said something in French. For a moment Kelly was disorientated. Had he said something rude? Told Jake to bare the little whore's tits so he could see them? Invited them to fuck in the back seat while he drove them all around Paris?

Ah, no. He'd merely announced their arrival and asked for his fare. He met Kelly's eyes boldly as she sat up and adjusted her dress. She blew him a goodbye kiss as she climbed out of the cab, her legs now even more unsteady. Her nipples stood out like pebbles and she crossed her arms over her chest in an attempt to hide them. A breeze lifted the hem of her skirt and she felt the cool kiss of air against the damp gusset of her knickers. Her flushed arousal would be obvious to anyone who saw her. The thought made her dizzy with lust.

As Jake took her arm and led her away from the kerb they got their first glimpse of the cathedral. The grand gothic façade was imposing and elegant. Intimidating. The towers seemed impossibly high.

‘Wow, you really think we can climb all the way up there? On my shaky little legs?’

‘You’re just trying to get me to take you back to the hotel,’ Jake said, guiding her firmly towards the line of tourists snaking its way along the side of the cathedral. ‘Come on. You need to learn some patience, my girl.’

‘But the queue –’

‘– looks to be moving pretty quickly.’

She knew there was no arguing with him. And she really did want to see the view from the top. She had an old sepia postcard at home showing the cityscape spread out beneath the leering face of one of the cathedral's famous chimeras. All her life she had dreamed of seeing the same view, of being close enough

to touch the strange stone creature that had perched there for centuries.

Jake was right; the queue was moving fast. Twenty people were allowed up at a time and there was clearly a different route down, as there was no two-way jostling through the door. It wasn't long at all before she and Jake were next. Their bunch included a group of Japanese university students who chattered animatedly behind them, snapping photos with their smartphones and exclaiming over texts they were apparently sending to one another.

It was a long, steep climb up a narrow stone spiral staircase. According to the notice outside, 387 steps was the official count and Kelly was panting for breath by the time they reached the gift shop at the halfway point. Jake was of course unfazed by the exertion. While the rest of their group took the opportunity for a break, he pulled Kelly towards the door to a further stairway.

'Let's keep going,' he said.

Kelly was about to protest but the gleam in his eye told her it might be worth skipping the Victor Hugo display and the souvenirs on offer. And getting ahead of the others.

'Yes, sir,' she murmured, wiggling her bottom as she mounted the steps ahead of him. As they climbed he slipped his hand up under her dress, stroking her bottom and sending jolts of pleasure through her every time his fingers grazed her sex.

Along the way she thought of the hunchback capturing the beautiful gypsy Esmeralda and spiriting her away to the top of

the bell tower. What wicked, delicious things he might have done to her in unprintable versions of the story.

At last they reached the Galerie des Chimères. As promised, the view was spectacular. A cage of wire mesh encircled the open gallery, as though to protect them from the fantastical creatures perched on the other side. One winged goblin looked bored, sitting with his elbows on the ledge, his head in his hands and his tongue sticking out. Others sat alert and eager, as though ready to leap from the tower.

Kelly squealed with delight when she finally found the one from her postcard. He had a single horn and long bony arms with claws. His back was hunched as he stared down at the tourists below and she imagined his little fanged mouth was drooling with hunger. Or lust.

Weren't the creatures meant to represent sins? In that case this little guy was definitely the personification of hers. And no sooner had the thought crossed her mind than she felt Jake's hand slide up under her skirt again, this time with more intent. A quick glance around reassured her that they were alone. The previous group had moved on and they had the narrow walkway to themselves. At least for the moment. She took hold of the mesh and bent forwards, arching her back.

'Good girl,' he said.

He lifted her skirt up to her waist and she trembled as he slid his fingers into the elastic of her knickers. They slipped easily down her legs and she closed her eyes, relishing the sensation of

being bare in such a prominent and public place. There could be CCTV cameras watching them right now for all she knew.

Jake wedged his knee between her legs, forcing her to spread them. She obeyed instantly, holding her breath as she waited for the touch she'd been begging for all morning. But he was in no hurry.

He slowly drew his fingers up her legs, making her shudder. Gooseflesh stood out across every inch of exposed flesh and she felt her sex moisten even more as he came nearer to the place that was desperate for his touch.

At last Jake's fingers reached her sex. She gasped as he stroked her pussy lips, carefully circling her clit. Kelly arched her back more, thrusting her bottom towards him. But he wasn't about to let her be so demanding. He brought his hand down sharply across her bottom, eliciting a yelp. The sudden bright pain faded quickly into pleasure and she moaned, wishing he would do it again.

Her desire must have been obvious. He laughed softly and steadied her with one hand in the small of her back before delivering a series of short sharp smacks to her cheeks. Kelly forgot herself completely and she cried out with each stroke, rattling the wire mesh like the bars of a cage.

When her cheeks were burning with pleasant warmth Jake returned his attention to her sex.

'My, my,' he said, 'someone's very wet.'

His words made her blush and soon her face was as crimson

as she knew her bottom must be. She squirmed, not daring to ask him to fuck her, knowing that was impossible. The rest of their tourist group would be along any minute. But he could make her come. He had to. Not even he could be so cruel as to leave her hungry after the hours of foreplay he'd put her through.

And he wasn't. He reached up underneath her and pressed his palm right against her sex, moving it in excruciatingly slow circles. He pinched her clit between his fingers and increased the friction, forcing her legs wider apart as he pressed harder and harder against her slippery crease. It didn't take long.

Kelly bit her lip to keep from screaming as a powerful climax ripped through her and for a moment she thought she might collapse. But Jake held her up with his hand firmly anchored against her sex. The pressure only intensified the spasms of pleasure that surged through her.

As the twinges began to grow fainter, Jake slipped his hand away and stroked her bare bottom. It tingled nicely where he had smacked her. She savoured the barrage of sensations as she stared out across the impossibly beautiful panorama of Paris, at the Seine winding its way towards the Eiffel Tower in the distance, at the thousands of people down there who would never guess what a naughty thing she had just done. Or rather – had done to her.

Just then they heard voices exclaiming brightly in Japanese. Kelly was about to jump up and cover herself but Jake held her firmly in place as she was, bending over, her bare bottom on display.

Kelly whimpered, blushing to the roots of her hair. The voices were silent now and she pictured the group behind her, staring wide-eyed at her rosy red cheeks. But the stunned silence was temporary. Moments later she heard the enthusiastic clicking of camera phones and accompanying giggles. She had never known shame could be so exquisite and she couldn't help squirming as Jake patted her bottom for their audience. She was almost disappointed when he finally smoothed her skirt down and let her stand up.

'May I have my knickers back, please, sir?' she asked meekly.

He held them up and pretended to consider for a moment before shaking his head with a smile. He tied them to the mesh where they fluttered like a little scarlet flag. 'I don't think you'll be needing them again.'

Kelly blushed and lowered her head, her sex already pulsing again at the thought of going bare beneath her flimsy dress for the rest of the day.

Once they were outside again she cast a final look up at the bell tower. Something caught her eye and she watched as a tiny flash of red detached itself from the gallery and drifted away like a bird into the Paris sky.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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