

Flaming Hot Tango

Steamy Contemporary Romance Novella

(extract only)

By

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Content Warning: this extract contains graphic sexual content and strong coarse language, it is intended for an adult audience.

Chapter 1

Adam, buried his head under the pillow, trying to block out the sounds of his flat mate Chris having very loud sex with his new girlfriend Bella. The headboard of the bed was thumping the wall rhythmically, accompanied by the squeak of the mattress springs, Bella's loud moans and Chris's colourful language.

“Fuck babe! Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!” chanted Chris in time with the thumping and squeaking.

They'd been at it for at least an hour. Each time Adam thought they'd stopped, the short hiatus would be broken by a resumption of moans, swearing or thumping, or as now, all three at once. Chris had first brought Bella back to the flat about a month ago and since then, they'd been fucking like rabbits every chance they got. Adam had walked in on them twice, once on the lounge room floor; Chris's pumping bare arse, had sent him bolting for the stairs before he saw anything else, and once in the kitchen, when Chris had her up on the bench, with her legs round his waist. Even when they weren't fucking, they had their hands all over each other and seemed to be barely aware of anyone or anything around them.

The atmosphere of pheromones was driving Adam up the wall. He was glad for them, really, he was, but it was fucking hard to live with. A frantic thumping of the headboard and a particularly loud groan and scream from next door, made Adam hope that they had finally reached their joint peroration. A cessation of noises allowed him to think so. Letting out his breath slowly he relaxed, rolling over and punching the pillow into shape. He was just drifting off when a groan through the wall jerked him awake. Fuck! He swore under his breath. *Enough already!* He sat up flinging off the bed clothes and groped for his jeans. Hauling them on and grabbing a tee shirt out of a drawer, he pulled on socks, shoved his feet into a pair of converse and grabbing a jacket, his phone, and keys he left his room and ran down the stairs. He let the front door slam behind him, with only a mild cringe. He was a bit pissed, to put it mildly.

It was one am. He walked up the street to his car, an old holden. Getting behind the wheel he wondered where he could go at this time of night on a Sunday, well technically it was Monday

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morning. He had classes in the morning, he'd be falling asleep in the lectures again. He could probably skip the class and listen to the recording instead. He turned the key in the ignition and headed up the street, with only a vague idea of where he was headed.

An hour later he was nursing a drink in the dim corner of a pub in Broadway. They'd be calling last drinks soon. The band had packed up and gone some time ago and the crowd, of mostly Uni students, had thinned. He hadn't seen anyone he recognised, but then he hadn't been looking either. He was tired, he'd rather be home in bed, but the thought of listening to part five of Chris and Bella's sex fest, kept him where he was.

"I said stop that!" A sharp voice behind him jerked him out of his semi doze.

"Come on, one kiss!" a male voice interrupted.

"That's enough!" Continued the voice. It was female, husky, with an edge of panic. A scuffle in the booth behind him and a gasp, brought Adam to his feet. A woman in a tight dress and high heels was attempting to fend off a big guy with a beer gut. He was bigger than Adam and older, he was also obviously drunk.

"Come on sweetie, give us a kiss!" he said swaying.

The woman, who was closer to the man's age than Adams, backed away. "I'm leaving don't follow me."

The guy lurched after her and came up against Adam's hand on his chest.

He looked down at Adam, blinking in the dim light. "Whaddya think you're doing?"

"The lady said no. Are you hard of hearing?"

The guy guffawed and belched beery breath. "Get out of my way, squirt!" he put up a beefy hand to belt Adam out of the way and Adam blocked him with his forearm. The guy was unsteady enough that it threw him off balance and he stumbled backwards, sitting down with a thump.

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With a growl he surged to his feet, his fists coming up and Adam side stepped as a big guy loomed out of nowhere and grabbed the drunk.

“Time to go, big fella,” said the bouncer, hauling him off.

Adam nodded as the bouncer jerked his head indicating that he should leave too but acknowledging that Adam didn’t need escorting. Adam turned and found the woman still standing there.

“Thank you,” she said.

Adam smiled. “Pleasure ma’am, do you want me to call you a cab?” He walked with her to the door, skirting round the bouncer who was warning the big guy that if he didn’t move along, he’d keep him there until the police turned up.

Out in the street she said, “I only live in the next suburb, taxi drivers tend to get narky with such small fares.” In the light from the streetlamp, he could see that she was probably in her forties, but with a tight, athletic figure. She moved like a dancer. Without her heels, she’d be shorter than him.

“My cars over there, I’ll drop you, if you like,” he said, waving at his beat up holden.

“Are you sure?” She hesitated, frowning at him.

“Yes.” He smiled. “My names Adam.”

“Gretel,” she said offering her hand. Her nails were well manicured and natural, her hair was caught up on top of her head, and her make up light. She didn’t appear to be drunk.

He led the way towards his car and opened the passenger side door for her. She hesitated a moment and he said, “You’re safe with me Gretel.”

She flushed. “Of course, I didn’t –“

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“It’s okay. You’re right to be wary, its late and I’m a stranger. You’re a dancer, aren’t you?”

“How did you know?”

“Takes one to know one,” he quipped with a grin.

“You dance?” she gaped at him and then as if realising it she shut her mouth with a snap.

“Yup. I’m also a Uni student, hence the ah, condition of my vehicle,” he waved at his beat up holden.

She eased into the passenger seat and he closed the door, going round to the driver’s side and climbing in. “Where am I taking you?” he asked.

She was running her eyes over him in a way that made his cock twitch. The atmosphere inside the car had suddenly got thick enough to slice. Her dress was sexy without being slutty. He wondered what she had been doing at the pub alone at this time of the night - morning -. She had the kind of body he liked, tight, slender, small breasted, a dancer’s body.

She licked her lips nervously, which made his cock twitch again and he wondered what she would do if he leaned over and kissed her. The expression in her eyes was hard to read, nervous, wary, interested? He wasn’t certain enough to risk it. He’d told her she was safe with him, was he going to make a liar of himself in the first two minutes?

She gave him directions and he drove. Five minutes later he drew up outside a two-story terrace in Petersham.

“Thank you,” she said.

“You’re welcome,” he said with a smile.

She hesitated and he watched her, looking for a clue as to what he should do.

Finally, she said, “Would, would you like to come in?” She flushed, looking nervous.

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He let out a silent breath, only now realising he'd been holding it. "Sure," he said striving for casual.

She smiled, relief washing through her eyes. She'd been afraid he'd turn her down? He got out and came round to help her out of the car. They stood close enough that he could smell her perfume, something light and fresh.

He clicked the automatic lock and stuffed the keys in his pocket. She fished out her own keys and lead him through the low ironwork gate. She shoved the key in the lock, jiggled it and shoved the door to open it. He followed her inside, she flicked the old-fashioned light switch which bathed the narrow hall in a pale golden glow. She shut the door and he turned, fixed her eyes with his, watching the nervous lick of her lower lip and planting a hand on the door behind her head he leaned in and kissed her. She gasped, her lips parting, returning his kiss. He slipped his tongue between her teeth, she tasted of cranberry juice. Her hands came up to rest on his chest, he waited to see if she would push him away, but instead she slipped them up round his neck. He walked her back until she was up against the door and proceeded to kiss her thoroughly. His cock was already hard and he pressed against her, making sure she could feel it. She made a noise in her throat, and he broke the kiss, still pressing his pelvis to hers. They were both breathing hard as a result of the kiss.

"You want this?" he asked.

She stared at him her eyes dilated, wide, her expression stunned. She licked her lip and nodded.

"Sure?" he asked again.

"Y-yes." Her voice was croaky.

"Upstairs?" It was barely a question. More of a command. Why older women made him get all dominant he didn't know, but it always happened. With the ones his own age or younger, he was hesitant and shy. But with the older ones, he just took charge, once he was sure it was what they

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wanted. He scooped her up and carried her up the stairs, which made her give a little shriek and hang on to him.

“The first door on the left,” she gasped as he pushed the door fully open, strode up to the king-sized bed and laid her down on it. The bedside light was on, giving the room a soft golden glow. She dropped her purse off the side of the bed while she kicked off her cream heels and pushed herself up the bed a bit watching him bend down to remove his converse and then straighten to pull off his shirt and unbutton his jeans. He didn’t take them off though. Instead, he knelt on the bed crawling up beside her and leaning over her, he kissed her again. Her mouth opened under his and she began to eat his mouth with a voracious appetite that got his pulse thumping and his cock throbbing. This was why he liked older women. Once you got them going, they were bold and insatiable, hot as fuck. His hand ran down her dress to grab her arse and squeeze it, then back up to her breast. He sat back and nodded at her dress.

“Take it off.” She stared at him her lips swollen from their kissing. Then she sat up and reach behind her to pull the zipper of her dress down. The straps fell off her shoulders and the bodice fell to her waist revealing her braless breasts. The dress had small cups built into it. She wriggled the dress down over her hips and kicked it free, leaving her lower body in a pair of lacy cream knickers. Her legs were bare. There was a tell-tale damp spot on her knickers. She lay back and he took his time looking at her. He was right, her body was tight, her legs long and muscular, her tummy taught, her waist narrow with a nice flare to the hips.

“Very tidy,” he said leaning over her again. She licked her lip and swallowed.

“Thanks, so are you.”

“You can touch me if you like, I certainly plan to touch you,” he said, lowering his head so that he could lick her neck.

“Thank God,” she murmured, arching her neck, her hands running over his chest as he moved down to her collar bone and from there to her breast. She hissed when he suckled her nipple. He

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nipped it gently with his teeth, testing to see how hard she liked it. He sucked it hard and she let out a moan, arching her back. Yep, just like that. His hand trailed down her belly to her knickers, plunged under the lace. Spearing her folds with a finger he tested for wetness. Bingo! Fuck older women were the bomb. She whimpered as he fingered her, driving her hips up into his hand as he moved to her other breast. He moved his hand lower, sliding a finger inside her. His cock was getting harder and hotter in his jeans, he was glad he'd gone commando or his dick would be getting strangled by his jocks about now. He knelt up so he could fish a condom out of his jeans pocket and unbutton his jeans enough to release his cock. All the while he kept up his exploration of her pussy with his other hand. She opened her eyes and they widened at the sight of his rampant cock. He wasn't actually quite as thick as Kyle or as long as Finn, but he was still bigger than the average, and relative to his body size, he looked huge.

Her hand came out to touch him, stroke him, grasp him. He groaned as she wrapped her fist round him and jacked him, firmly.

"Jesus, its real," she murmured.

He laughed. "Yeah, it's real, Gretel." His fingers stroked her and she gasped, tightening her grip on his dick. He pulled his hand out of her knickers and tugged them down her legs. She kicked them free while he got rid of his jeans.

"Spread your legs," he said. She obeyed and he knelt between them. "I'm going to lick you and you're going to come."

Her head dropped back on the pillow with a puff of breath and she writhed. "Ohh." She moaned.

"Like that idea, do you?"

"Where did you come from?" she panted as he settled between her legs and speared her lips with his tongue.

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He laughed, licking her harder. She tasted sweet and musky, she smelled like floral musk, he breathed in her scent, enjoying the zing of pleasure that shot through his balls. He set to work on her, listening to her breathing, feeling her body respond to the strokes of his tongue, he licked lower, using his fingers on her clit, checking which sensations got the strongest positive reactions. He tried sucking her clit with his mouth and she nearly shot off the bed. Jack pot. He slid a finger inside her and sucked on her clit, alternating with a series of furious licks and her hips jerked as she pushed up into him, her legs spreading wider and her panting, alternating with grunts and moans. She shuddered on a loud cry and came hard, he felt her muscles contract and she moaned over and over. He licked her through it, slowing down until she was a twitching heaving mess and pleading with him to stop.

“Please, too much,” she panted.

He sat up and watched her, writhing around on the bed. “Oh God!” she said when she finally lay still.

“Good?” he asked with a confident smile.

“Under statement,” she moaned, squeezing her legs together. “You are every girls wet dream.”

He laughed, rather pleased with this compliment, and slid back up the bed. She propped herself up on one elbow and grasped his dick, jacking him firmly. “You want me to suck you?” she said.

He nodded and she made to scoot down the bed, but he grabbed her. “No not like that. Straddle my face. I haven’t finished with you yet.”

She hesitated a moment and he said, “Sensitive?”

She nodded. She licked her lip again, nervous. “I don’t usually come first, I get too sensitive to-“

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“You will with me,” he said gently but firmly. “I’ll be gentle. You’ll come again. Then I’ll fuck you.” Her eyes widened. “Trust me?” he asked, holding her gaze.

She nodded and straddled his face. He propped his head up on two pillows and lined his face up so that he could lick her all the way from her clit to her arse. She was plenty wet and swollen now. She leaned over him and licked the head of his cock. Hmm, he suppressed a gasp as she took him in her mouth. He was big enough to stretch her mouth and he knew her jaw would give out before too long. It felt good, but it wasn’t the main point of this exchange. He tried to block out what she was doing and concentrate on the task at hand. He began gently, very gently, with soft long sweeps of his tongue.

She jumped when he began to suck her clit gently. He slid a finger in her, then a second when she bore back on him, letting him push right inside with his fingers and lick her more firmly with his tongue. She moaned letting his cock slip from her mouth as she hung her head, straining against him. She gasped, began to pant and moaned again as he latched onto her clit and flicked it furiously with his tongue. She jerked and spasmed with a groan and came.

She collapsed on him panting and moaning, twitching and he held her thighs, watching her pink glistening flesh pulse and twitch. Fuck that was so erotic, a shudder made his hips curl up. He really needed to fuck her now. She moved her head, her face inches from his cock.

She sat up and slewed round as he sat up and reached for the condom. Her face was flushed, her eyes wide, her breathing still quick. She lay back, spreading her legs as he dressed his cock with a quick practiced stroke of his hand and leaned over her, lining up on her pussy. He had his weight on his elbows as he lowered himself into position, she moved under him, telling him she was primed, ready for more.

“Hard?” The inflexion of the question was barely discernible, she nodded, licking her lip.

He smiled. “Don’t worry I’ll start slow. You’ll enjoy it. You’ll come.”

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She nodded again, her gaze fixed on him mesmerised.

He slid into her, she was wet and open, taking him easily. Heat and pleasure took his breath for a moment. She gasped as he bottomed out, sunk to his balls in her. He began to pump, steady even thrusts. He lowered his head and kissed her, pushing his tongue into her mouth with the same rhythm as his cock was plunging into her pussy. She moaned, lifting her legs to take him deeper, and slowly he sped up his thrusts, gradually harder, faster, deeper, until he was pounding her into the mattress and she was crying out and writhing under him. He moved the angle to ensure he was hitting her clit. He'd promised she would come. She clung to him, grinding up into him, as wild as she had been all night. He willed her to come, holding off his own release. Her breathing went crazy and she began to moan, her body jerked. Yes! He felt her body begin to pulse and he thrust frantically, chasing his own release. Pleasure zinged through his body, his balls sizzled, his tail bone crackled and the orgasm boiled out of him, making him groan and grunt repeatedly as he came hard. Fuck yes! He collapsed breathing hard, his skin slick with sweat.

“Whoa!” He breathed out on a laugh. “Oh, yeah, that was good!”

She gasped as he pulled out and rolled off her. He groped for tissues, removed the condom, and offered her some more tissues to tidy herself. Then he flopped back on the mattress. If he'd been tired before, he was now officially fucked.

She lay looking at him, her expression hard to read. “That was awesome,” she said softly. “If I close my eyes, will you disappear?”

He glanced at the clock. Fuck it was 4:00 am! “I've got a class at nine. I'll have to,” he said.

She looked over her shoulder at the clock and groaned. “Shit! My son's flight gets in in three hours!” She sat up. “Sorry I'll have to kick you out, I've got to get to the airport.” She stopped and leaned over to kiss him. “Thank you for the best sex of my life. You are a dream come true. I do not want to know how old you are, because I swear this is bordering on illegal. But it was fantastic. Thank you.”

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He pulled her down for a kiss. “You’re welcome. It was seriously good for me too. You’re one hot lady.”

“Thanks for rescuing me from that dick at the pub too. You’re a dead-set knight in shining armour. Whoever said chivalry is dead has never met you. I could seriously wish I was twenty years younger.” She sat up and swung her legs off the bed. He got up and hauled on his jeans as she reached for a robe. “I’ll show you out then I’ve got to hustle, sorry.”

He nodded. “It’s cool, Gretel.” He pulled on his shirt and picked up his shoes, he could drive bare foot.

She went downstairs with him and paused in the open door, it was still dark, out, but the sky was grey, not black, heralding the dawn, not far off. He kissed her and she slid a hand over his chest. “If you want to do this again.?” she licked her lip. Reaching behind her she grabbed a card off the hall side table and thrust it at him. “Here’s my number.”

“Thanks,” he said, taking the card.

She cocked her head and bit down on her lip. “I hope my sons learn to treat a woman the way you do. Your mum must be an awesome woman.”

“Thanks, she is,” he admitted. “And my Dad’d skin me alive if I disrespected her.”

“Country boy?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Shit! I have to get going,” she said hopping from one foot to the other and kissing him on the cheek. “Goodbye Adam.”

“Goodbye, Gretel,” he said kissing her back. She shut the door and he strolled back to his car. Well, that was an interesting way to finish the night.

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He missed his lectures.