



Friday Night Delights
by Selena Blake
Part One

She could feel his eyes on her. That knowledge emboldened her, made her want to put on a show that he'd be thinking about for weeks. She hooked her thumbs under the sheer thigh high stocking. Knowing he'd be able to see every movement and not touch...perhaps she was being wicked. But it certainly felt good to be wicked.

Slowly, she pushed the hose down her thigh. Over her knee. Down her calf until it pooled at her ankle. Tilting her head to the side, her hair fell in a dark curtain. She didn't dare glance out the window. But the hammering next door had stopped, a sure sign she had an audience.

Lifting her foot, she tugged the silky garment off, straightened and tossed it over her shoulder in the general direction of the clothes hamper.

She turned her back to the window and unbuttoned her shirt. Naughty, naughty girl, her conscience whispered. And how right her conscience was. But no one was getting hurt. She couldn't even see the road from her bedroom window. And the dense line of spruce trees across the back of the lot provided ample privacy...not that she could see those either.

No. The only thing she could see was her bathroom mirror and the reflection of the darkened window of the house next door. And the man who stood there. Watching her.

Desire pooled low in her belly. With the last button undone she pushed the scrap of fabric over her shoulders revealing her bare back. She stared straight ahead, grinning at herself. God had given her small, perfectly round breasts which were a blessing on a hot day like today. No bra to suffocate her while she sat in a stuffy meeting. That stuffy meeting had lasted three long hours...but she'd used most of that time to think about Briar House...that's what she called the old home next door. The backyard had been lovely years ago. Full of roses and lilies. But after the elderly woman died, all the roses took over and it became a scary mess.

She reached back and slid the zipper of her skirt down. So, she hadn't thought *only* of Briar House. She'd been thinking of the ruggedly handsome man who was finally renovating the old beauty. He'd been there every day for the past week, naked from the waist up, toolbelt slung low on his hips. And oh, what hips they were. She would have loved to get her hands on them. On him.

What a little tease. Zach leaned against the window frame and watched her little show. The skirt slipped low on her hips giving him a tantalizing look at the dimples above her luscious little ass. Her sensual movements heated his blood and he suddenly wished he'd brought a portable fan.

Then the material gave completely and he was staring at the most beautiful heart shaped ass. Oh to be that thong...clinging to her most intimate places.

She swept her hair over one shoulder and started toward her bathroom. Was she adding a strut to her walk? Was she trying to make him come in his jeans?

She flipped on the light.

Perfection. Delicious perfection. He reached down and adjusted his straining cock.

“Hey boss, the back’s done. I’m heading out.” Zach’s attention jerked downward to the head of his landscaping crew. He leaned out the open window but Thompson was already halfway down the driveway. Zach couldn’t blame him. It was Friday night. What man in his right mind would wait around the job a second longer when there was potential for a cold beer and a hot woman?

He retrained his focus on the window across from his, and the beautiful brunette who was...holy shit. She leaned against her countertop, her right hand beneath the lace of her panties. Her breasts were bared to him, but he didn’t notice. He couldn’t stop watching her hand and how it moved so slowly, precisely. Up and down.

So much for finishing the drywall in this room today. He stepped back from the window and unleashed his cock. Staring straight at her, he met her gaze, wondering for a moment if she could see him. See what she’d done to him. What she was driving him to do. He felt like a love sick high school brat who couldn’t control his hormones, must less a raging hard on. It made him wild. And hot. And so fucking hard.

He pumped his cock in his fist a few times, as he watched her. He tried to keep time with her hand, the rise and fall of those perfect little tits. Damn how he wanted to cup them. Suckle them. Did she have any idea what a dangerous game she was playing?

Did...were... He couldn’t believe his eyes. Her lips parted. She was the most erotic sight he’d ever seen. So inviting.

Cherie let her head fall back as her eyes drifted closed. So good. So very good. She’d watched him pumping that glorious cock in his hand, unable to control himself. The sight had made her blood boil and her skin flush with heat. She knew she should stop. It wasn’t nice to tease. But she was so close. So very close.

The tension in the air seemed to change and her eyes snapped open. Her heart skipped a beat. Standing in her bathroom doorway was the bare-chested hunk from next door. His eyes were hot, lusty. Her nipples hardened beneath his gaze and she smiled.

“How’s Briar House coming, sweetheart?”

His hands moved to the tool belt. It hit the floor with a thud. “Tease.”

Then he was cupping her cheeks in his hands and kissing her like he'd waited for years to do so. She wrapped her arms around his neck, always amazed at how big he was and so gentle at the same time. He thumbed her nipples, then pulled his lips from hers and stared down at them.

"You still are the prettiest little thing I ever have seen." He stole a quick kiss and then ducked his head to the aching peaks. His warm mouth covered one, then the other, then the first again. When the tip of his tongue flicked the taunt pebble, she tangled her fingers through his hair, moaning. His other hand slid between her legs. Until he pushed her hand out of the way, she hadn't noticed that her finger still rested on her clit.

His big callused hand took over the job. She sank back against the strong arm wrapped around her waist, losing herself in him, to the pleasure he brought.

"Spread those sexy thighs for me baby."

Cherie did as he asked and was immediately rewarded with a long thick finger. Her juices eased his way and he made a low groaning sound that turned her on even more. He smelled like sawdust, sheetrock mud, and Old Spice. And though he was still sweaty from a long day of hard manual labor, she wouldn't have changed a thing.

She ran her hand over the strong corded muscles of his back and reached down with her other hand to unzip his jeans.

"You do that and the show will be over before you can get him outta there, darlin'."

She smiled against his cheek and whispered in his ear, "What's so wrong with that?"

She felt his sharp intake of breath. He withdrew his finger, pulled her panties to the side, and released his cock almost at the same time. Then his big hard body was aligned with hers, his arms braced around her, her arms and legs wrapped around him and in one beautiful fluid motion, they were one.

They both sighed.

"Been waitin' for that all day." She could tell he was gritting his teeth, fighting for control.

"Me too," she agreed, her eyes closing at the sweet sensations. The earlier chill of the faux marble counter beneath her ass was gone and the only thing she could feel now was the rock hard length of him buried between her legs.

"Hold on sweetheart. This might be an eight second ride."

“I love it when you talk rodeo to me.” Almost as much as she loved it when he wore that big flashy belt buckle of his.

He pulled out. His eyes met hers for an instant and then the love making began in earnest. She opened herself to him, accepted his powerful thrusts. In and out, the movements were needy, desperate. Almost violent. His groans mingled with her own throaty vocals.

She bit down on her lip to keep from shouting. But what she really wanted to scream was “yes, yes, oh yes!”

True to his word, he gave one final thrust, every muscle tightening as he spilled himself inside of her. A perfect eight second ride.

He sucked in a ragged breath and leaned his forehead against hers. “Sorry ‘bout that.”

“About what?”

“You didn’t come?”

She kissed him on the nose. “Not yet. But I was planning on tossing you down on the floor in a minute and having my wicked way with you.”

He took another deep breath and laughed. “I love the way you think, sweetheart.”

“And I love you, Zach Marsden.”

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Did you enjoy Friday Night Delights? Remember, it's a free read, so the alternate version of payment is feedback to the author. So [email Selena](#) and let her know what you thought of the first part of Friday Night Delights. She welcomes comments, both good and constructive criticism.



Check out Selena's bestselling paranormal series, Stormy Weather.

About Selena

Selena Blake has been telling stories for as long as she can remember. So it's only appropriate that she write some of them down and share them with you. When she's not writing sinfully hot erotica or spicy paranormal romance she can be found watching movies, listening to music (and dancing around like a crazy woman), or cooking in her kitchen. She loves fruity drinks, the smell of coconut suntan lotion and exploring the darker side of things, looking for the light. She firmly believes that at the center of every anti-hero there is a heart of gold and brunettes actually have more fun. Visit her online at <http://www.selena-blake.com>

Selena loves, loves, loves to hear from her readers, so write to her at selenablake@gmail.com.

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