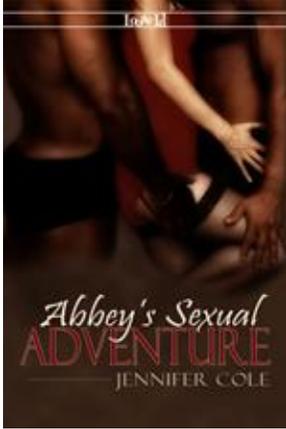


Abbey's Sexual Adventure by Jennifer Cole



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Where is a girl to go when in search of a mind-blowing, no-strings-attached sexual rendezvous? Why, to The Deli of course. The hottest singles bar in town, where finding a beefy Manwich or becoming part of a sandwich is definitely on the menu.

Abbey Dennis is looking for a good time...of a spicy, sexual nature. Dressed to entice, she heads to The Deli, the hottest singles bar in town, in search of a scrumptious male someone to scratch her itch. To Abbey's absolute delight, she finds two *someones*. A scrumptious sandwich is definitely on the menu.

Identical twins Tyrell and Trent are not on the prowl for a sexual conquest; they're only out for a night of drinking beer, shooting pool, and bonding like brothers do. But when opportunity knocks in the form of a petite, vivacious redhead, who are they to deny her simple request for a night of passion?

Publisher's Note: This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: Anal play/intercourse, ménage (m/f/m).

Excerpt

Abbey Dennis stared at her reflection in the hotel room mirror, trying hard to ignore the unease simmering in her stomach. Tonight, she was looking to get laid -- simple as that. Dressed to kill in a tight leather miniskirt, low-cut knit tank, and five-inch heels, in a few short minutes she was going to head to the Deli, the hottest singles bar in the city, to hunt for a good time.

Appropriately named, the Deli had become known as a meat market for singles in search of a consensual, no-strings-attached one-night stand. The popular establishment offered a safe haven for meeting people with a hunger for casual or unconventional sexual appetites, neither of which Abbey had ever dabbled in before.

"You've come this far," Abbey said as she swiped a layer of soft brown mascara across her lashes. "What have you got to lose?"

My self-respect maybe, she thought in silence.

"Don't be ridiculous," she told the niggling voice in her head. "Men have been doing this sort of thing since the dawn of time."

Over the past few years, her needs and desires had taken a backseat to, well, life. It had been two years since she'd felt the slick heat of a thick cock thrusting into her welcoming body. But even then, her past experience had been abysmal at best. With or without a partner, the only hand she had ever found release with was her own.

Although she enjoyed pleasure from it, her King Dong dildo didn't cut it anymore. With a fierce, burning need, Abbey wanted to feel the warmth and firmness of flesh, not slick polymers and rubber or vinyl. She found herself craving the physical contact of a lover -- the caress of warm, full lips, the gentle brush of fingertips.

At twenty-eight, Abbey lived a comfortable life -- one she had carefully planned out. After university she'd spent a couple of years traveling. When she returned home from abroad, she settled into a cozy corner office with a prestigious financial institution. She made a good living and derived satisfaction from doing her job to the best of her ability.

Having been on her own since finishing high school, she was set in her ways. She had a plan and, for now, was happy to stick to it. Just because she chose not to share her life with anyone at present didn't mean she wouldn't start searching for Mr. Right sometime in the future.

If she followed her schedule, in six years she'd find Mr. Right, fall in love, settle down, and begin work on the two children -- a boy and a girl -- who she'd determined would complement her career as a bank loan officer.

It had taken Abbey years to establish and maintain her present independence. She'd been raised with the philosophy that a woman's place was to stand behind her husband -- literally; a female's sole purpose in life was to support her man in his career, to keep a nice home, and to raise well-behaved children. One day that might be doable, but for now she was young and wanted to enjoy being single and unattached.

But even with that in mind, Abbey found herself plagued with indecision. Was there something so wrong with an independent woman seeking out physical pleasures without being involved in a committed relationship? She didn't think so, and that's what had inspired her to set tonight in motion.

Thinking it best, she had rented a hotel room so that, in the event any questions were raised, she could simply say she was passing through town. Because this would be her first experience with a one-night stand, there was no way she'd be comfortable taking her tryst back to her own home. In addition, the hotel room would provide neutral territory where she could be free to let loose and explore the unfamiliar desire burning within her.

She had stumbled across the the Deli a few months earlier by accident. She'd ordered a drink, and within minutes, two men sat down, one on either side of her. Though neither man had said or done anything to make her uncomfortable, Abbey remained guarded while they conversed.

At the time, opening up to a complete stranger over drinks seemed a little too far outside her comfort zone.

As she left the bar that night, the playful flirting on the part of the handsome young bartender reminded Abbey she was a vibrant woman with needs. At the time, she'd been curious but apprehensive. Picking up a sex partner in a bar, or being picked up, wasn't an abhorrent thought; it just wasn't her style.

Over the following months, the more she thought about it, the more she realized that she didn't really have a style. Her body seized the opportunity to point out to her that she hadn't so much as had a date in two years. Prompted by that first visit to the Deli, she had done a little research and had soon become intrigued by the laid-back, casual concepts of the club.

The Deli would allow her the opportunity to fulfill her long-ignored carnal desires with a brief sexual encounter and without all the emotional baggage that went along with it.

Abbey had spent the past month planning out every detail of the night, and now her engines were revved. Her erogenous zones were delightfully stimulated and had been since the thought entered her mind months before to return to the bar for more than a drink. She knew if she walked into the bar alone, she would leave on the arm of a delectable male treat. The mere thought of it had been enough to make the tips of her small breasts turn to hard, tight nubs and her pussy damp most of the time over the last month. Her body quivered at the sexy thoughts that danced around in her mind.

As she approached the bar, Abbey spied a man dressed in a black suit and wearing a sexy smile. His fingers seemed to caress the polished brass handle as he pulled open the heavy glass door for her.

She hesitated on the threshold. Now that she was there, doubts flooded her mind. She wasn't certain she could actually step inside the bar. What had she been thinking? Was she seriously prepared to engage in a one-night stand? Would she be able to look at herself in the mirror the next morning?

"Good evening." The deep timbre of the man's voice made Abbey's flesh goose pimple.

"H-hi," she stammered.

"First time?" he asked, yet his smile told her he already knew the answer.

Embarrassment heated her cheeks. Abbey cringed for a split second and attempted to summon her courage. I can do this, she told herself. "Sort of," she replied aloud.

"Well, relax and have a good time," the man said. The heat of his hand pressed against the small of her back, urging her forward and stealing away her opportunity to turn and run in the opposite direction.

Inside, a slew of people mingled around the bar. When Abbey entered, all eyes turned toward her -- heated stares of the predators scoping out the "fresh meat." The hair at the base of her

neck stood on end.

I can do this, she thought in a more assuring tone. I am going to do this.

Dancing along to the rhythm of the music, she made her way up to the bar and ordered a tequila sunrise. Standing alone, she surveyed the present inventory that surrounded her. There were several tasty-looking specimens that met some of her criteria, but at first glance, no one made her body yearn for their touch.

The night is young, Abbey reminded herself, sipping her drink. Her eyes wandered over the crowd, never lingering too long -- just keeping her options open.

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A couple of hours later and still solo, Abbey let out a heavy sigh.

Earlier she'd been propositioned by two lesbians, separately. Although she was flattered, she wasn't into girls. As far as she was concerned, girls made terrific friends, not bed partners. To satisfy the ache between her legs, Abbey was looking for a hard, fat cock to stretch the snug confines of her most intimate flesh.

She had exchanged small talk with a handful of different men, but there hadn't been any pull of attraction with any of them. Three other men had also hit on her, all much older and very drunk. They were so much older that Abbey thought they had probably missed their rides back to the rest home.

Just because she was looking for a hard and fast fuck did not mean she didn't have standards. Either she wasn't giving off the right vibe or no one in the place was interested in a casual screw tonight.

It wouldn't have surprised Abbey if it was her. Hell, she had never done anything like this before so it was in all likelihood she was going about it all wrong. She considered herself attractive, but even though she was outgoing, putting herself out there for the "taking" was so far out of her character. Abbey began to wonder if what she was doing was even worth the effort.

Even with disappointment slinking closer, she decided to give it one more hour to see if the tables would turn in her favor. Ordering another tequila sunrise, she turned and gave the growing crowd another thorough once-over.

In the blink of an eye, the hour flew by. With a sigh, nearing defeat, Abbey felt herself edging closer to yet another lonely evening all alone in her bed. Maybe it would be for the best.

When her personal time limit lapsed, she finished her drink and stood to leave the bar. Preparing to fight her way through the mass of grinding bodies on the small dance floor, she lifted her head and stopped dead in her tracks. On the other side of the bar stood a god among men. He was as black as night. A white T-shirt stretched across broad shoulders, taunting her as it hugged a well-defined chest. His firm pecs tensed with his movements.

In that instant, her self-control spilled. A delightful tingling pulsed between her thighs. Her nipples tightened beneath her shirt. The thoughts racing around in her head became teasingly X-rated.

Staring at him, Abbey suspected she'd died and gone to heaven. Frozen in place, a chill raced the length of her spine, making her shudder as she continued to take in the sight of the dark Adonis.

She licked her lips in anticipation of sinking her teeth into the delicious hunk of beefcake standing on the other side of the bar. She needed to touch him. Needed to. His skin looked soft. As he spoke with the bartender, his full lips baited her, promising utter satisfaction should they touch her tingling flesh.

As if sensing her body's reaction to his presence, the Adonis turned his head and his seductive brown eyes met hers. Of their own volition, the neglected muscles of her pussy spasmed with eagerness. Her nipples pebbled, as if begging him to take the stiffened peaks between his luscious, full lips. The mischievous glint in his dark eyes had her near creaming her panties right there on the spot.

Instinct told Abbey the Adonis would taste exquisite.

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Catching the eye of the petite redhead across the bar made his cock jerk in his jeans, as if begging for her attentions. Flashing his I'd-like-to-devour-you grin, Tyrell knew exactly what the look had done to the woman's panties. From across the room, he thought he could almost smell the scent of her feminine arousal.

Tyrell came to the Deli every Friday night to unwind after the workweek. The owner, Bobby, had been a friend since childhood. Trolling for a piece of ass had not been on the evening's agenda, but if the piece found him, who was he to deny a beautiful woman a night of passion aboard the "Tyrell Express"?

The redhead wasn't what he would consider beautiful, but she was classically pretty. There was an innocence about her that drew him in. Her smoky gray-green eyes sparkled with a pent-up desire he found himself eager to unleash. The way her tiny, pert nose turned up slightly was adorable. Her lips were full and inviting, and the thought of them sliding over his thick, dark shaft sent a jolt a little lower to his aching balls. Staring at her from across the bar, Tyrell imagined the feel of those soft bright red curls tickling his skin, and the thought was almost too much for him to bear.

If her attire was any indication, Tyrell held no illusions as to what was on the woman's mind. And if the opportunity presented itself, he would fuck her petite frame thoroughly until she screamed out his name in delirious sexual satisfaction. And he wouldn't stop there. His tongue slid out over his lower lip as he thought of licking every inch of her pale flesh. Tyrell was curious if she tasted as sweet as she looked.

Grabbing the two bottles of beer the bartender had placed in front of him, Tyrell winked at the woman and meandered toward the pool tables in the back.

In the back room of the Deli, four pool tables lined the outside wall and a half-dozen dartboards hung along the farthest wall of the spacious area. The music could still be heard, but wasn't as loud here as it was in the bar area and on the dance floor. Casual conversation was achievable, providing those carrying on the conversation stood reasonably close to one another.

"What took you so long?" Trent asked, accepting a longneck bottle from Tyrell.

Grinning, Tyrell replied, "I came across a little something I'd like to slip into."

"Very nice." Trent returned his grin with a nod. "Tell me all about her. It is a her, right?" he teased.

The brothers chuckled.

After taking a long pull of his beer, Tyrell glanced around as he set his bottle on the table beside him. With a subtle motion of his chin toward the crowd of people bumping and grinding on the dance floor, his grin grew broader. "See for yourself."

Judging by the heated look of arousal he had read in the redhead's eyes moments before at the bar, Tyrell had a suspicion the woman would follow him.

Just as he had predicted, she was sashaying toward them.

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