

A short story

Mardi Gras:

CAJUN

HEAT

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Blurb:

Shaken by her boyfriend's betrayal, Stacey dons a mask and goes to Mardi Gras, determined to seduce a gorgeous hunk and prove to herself that she's just as desirable as she's always been.

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Stacy tugged her mask into a more comfortable position and took another sip of her drink. Her gaze followed a masked man across the floor, rocking his hips in time to the heavy beat of the Creole music. His dark good looks made her mouth water. Wavy jet-black hair brushed the collar of his crisp white shirt while his sexy dark eyes flashed with unrepentant joy behind the colorful Mardi Gras mask that hid the rest of his face. Wide muscular shoulders gave way to an impressive chest before narrowing to lean

hips and a tight butt. She felt her cheeks heat as she imagined how that butt would look naked.

The combination of orange, pineapple and blended whisky in her King Cole cocktail had her head spinning. She didn't drink often, but she needed something to help ease her inhibitions. After her boyfriend dumped her for that skinny blond bimbo, she'd lost her self-confidence. When her girlfriend had talked her into this, it had sounded like a good idea. A night of fantastic sex with a masked stranger to prove to her that she was still a desirable woman and John was a fool for letting her go.

She took a long look around the ballroom, but couldn't see her friend anywhere. Not surprising. Leila had probably grabbed the first available male and dragged him back to their room as an appetizer. Stacey giggled at the mental picture of Leila nibbling on a naked man, and took another sip of her drink.

"Bon sour, mademoiselle."

Stacey jumped and looked up into the masked face of the dancer she'd admired earlier. Relaxing, she smiled flirtatiously and batted her eyelashes. After all, this was what she'd come here for. "Hi there."

The man bowed low over her hand before placing a warm kiss in her palm, closing her fingers over it in a wickedly suggestive way. "Would you care to dance?"

The low, sexy voice combined with a smooth Cajun accent caused little flickers of heat to lick there way up her spine. What was it about a man with an accent? Her gaze traveled his lean, figure, pausing to admire the bulge in the tight fabric of his pants. Or one with a massive hard on?

"I'd love to." She discarded her empty glass on the table and bravely offered her hand.

The man clasped it firmly, pausing for a moment to run his gaze over her in a blatantly sexual appraisal. Leading her onto the dance floor, he pulled her tight into his embrace. "Are you familiar with the Cajun two-step?"

Stacey nodded, her eyelids closing as she let the music flow through her and her body responded to the heavy rhythm. She could feel the slide of well-developed muscles beneath the hand she rested on the man's shirt.

"What's your name?" She couldn't very well call him "the man" if she planned to let him have his wicked way with her. She leaned in to rub her hips over the massive bulge at his groin. Oh yeah, she definitely needed to get herself some of this.

He looked down into her eyes, a wickedly dark smile curving his lips. "You can call me Dionysus."

Stacey arched her brows at him. "The Greek god of wine and fertility?" Not just another pretty face, this one. "I guess that makes me Aphrodite."

"Well, then." He lowered his head to sear her lips with a practiced kiss. "Perhaps you'd like to continue this dance in a more private setting, Aphrodite?"

Stacey grinned happily, nodding her approval. Now this was exactly what she'd had in mind when she planned this little trip.

"This is gorgeous." Stacey looked around the penthouse suite. The muted tones of the plush carpet, combined with the elegant furnishings and designer paint job gave the impression of decadent luxury. Masses of fresh flowers in cut crystal vases gave off a heady aroma and she inhaled deeply.

"This is nice, too." Drawing her into his embrace, Dionysus cupped her chin in one hand, tilting her head back as he slowly lowered his mouth and ran his tongue across her lips before nipping at the lower one, silently demanding entrance.

Stacey closed her eyes and let her body lean into his embrace, opening her mouth for his invasion. She wanted this, wanted to be possessed by a stranger. Wanted, just for once, to be the bad girl.

He molded her hips to him, grinding his massive erection against her while his tongue swept in to tease, feathering along the roof of her mouth to engage her in an erotic duel that left her panting, wanting more.

“This is Mardi Gras,” he murmured against her lips. “A time to enjoy, have fun...” he nibbled his way to the sensitive hollow of her throat. “Take a chance.”

Before she had time to do more than wonder, fleetingly, what he meant by that, he flicked his fingers and music filled the room, the beat heavy, evoking imagines of wicked nights under the sultry New Orleans moon. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he led her into an intimate dance, his sinfully tempting body shimmying in time to the beat.

Stacey threw her head back and followed his lead, letting the music guide her. Catching his gaze with her own, she brought her hands up and slowly unbuttoned her shirt, her fingers toying with each pearly button before slipping it open and moving on to the next. Without missing a beat of the sinfully slow dance, she shrugged the silk off her shoulders and let it slide to the floor in a pool of color. The long skirt followed in a leisurely strip tease that had his eyes darkening with lust as he followed her every move.

She weaved in closer to him, the red lace chemise and matching thong revealing more than they covered. The high-heeled shoes that had cost her a month’s salary proved they were worth every penny as he licked his lips and dropped his gaze to the smooth length of her legs. She felt her cleft dampen and tiny flames of lust licked their way up her spine. The hunger reflected in his dark eyes and the massive bulge in his pants gave her the courage to put her hands on his shoulders and lower her mouth to take his in a sizzling kiss.

As he brought his hands up, she slipped out of his embrace and sashayed across the room. Grabbing the decorative column in one hand, she twirled around the post, her body moving in time to the hypnotic beat of the music.

That class she’d taken last spring in pole dancing paid off now. She writhed and twisted to the heady beat, making love to the column with her body while she threw teasing glances over her shoulder at Dionysus. As the music built towards its conclusion, drums beating faster and faster, she hooked her leg around the pole and

ground her pussy against the cool plaster, the lace of her thong growing soggy with her dripping juices.

Dionysus, his gaze riveted on her exhibition, growled low in his throat and started to strip off his own clothing with deliberate moves. The jacket, the tie, the tight pants that held back the evidence of his arousal. All discarded on the leather sofa. The expensive leather shoes, the socks, and finally, when he knew he had her full attention, when the music started to build toward its ultimate conclusion, his shorts.

Stacey bit down on her bottom lip and stared at the monstrous erection curving upwards from its nest of dark curls. She'd never seen such a huge shaft. No matter how much she wanted it, she wasn't sure she could handle anything that huge.

Dionysus took his cock in one large hand and slowly stroked the length of it. A knowing grin curved one corner of his mouth as she stumbled, and quickly recovered. He opened his mouth and slowly ran his tongue across his lips. His gaze dropped pointedly her swaying breasts, barely restrained by the scrap of red lace.

Stacey felt heat race through her veins to pool low in her belly. She couldn't believe that a hot stud like Dionysus had chosen her out of all the women at the ball. She wrapped one leg around the pole and wriggled her way to the floor, making sure he got a good view of her ass.

"Come here."

The bite in his voice sent a dart of pure lust straight to her aching pussy. She lifted chin and met his gaze, letting him see how badly she wanted him, how badly she needed him. Letting go of the pole, she crossed the space between them in a slow, sensuous crawl, loving the way Dionysus' gaze alternated between her butt and her breasts. Being naughty was so much fun!

She reached him, kneeling at his feet to look up at his turgid shaft, framed by the heavy sac. Running her hands up the muscular length of his legs, she cupped his balls in her hands, suppressing a smile at his swift intake of breath.

"That's it, baby." He ran his fingers through her hair, leaning forward to bring himself closer to her lips. "Open your mouth."

Stacey hesitated, not sure she could take the massive shaft, but he didn't give her a chance to protest. The moment she parted her lips, he thrust himself inside.

"Oh gods, yes. Use your tongue." Dionysus threw his head back, his dark eyes glittering with need.

Stacey experimented, flicking her tongue along the hard length of him, feeling his cock jerk, his hands tighten convulsively in her hair. She sucked greedily, lapping with her tongue, pausing to nibble at the underside of the plum-shaped head with her teeth.

Above her, Dionysus swore softly. His hips bucked, forced more of his delicious shaft into her mouth. Stacey tilted her head, taking him deeper, sucking so hard her cheeks hollowed. She used her tongue to trace the thick vein that ran the length of his immense erection.

A soft growl of pleasure rewarded her. "Harder. Deeper. That feels so good."

Stacey caught his gaze and smiled around the massive shaft. She felt sinfully, wickedly, wantonly desirable. She held this gorgeous man's pleasure in her hands and her mouth, and he was begging. *\$Begging her.\$*

This was the reason she'd come to the Mardi Gras. She needed to know, to prove to herself she could bring a man to his knees, have him beg her to pleasure him.

She closed her eyes and concentrated on the feel of his slick length sliding in and out of her mouth, the salty male taste teasing her taste buds. She licked and sucked and nibbled, reveling in her feminine power. She dipped her tongue into the slit in the plum shaped head, wringing a breathless gasp from him.

"Enough." Dionysus put his hands on her shoulders and withdrew, ignoring her cry as she tried to hold him. "I want to feel you squirming under me when I bury myself inside you." He stood, wrapping her in his warm embrace and drew her to her feet. Lowering his head, he seared her mouth in a kiss that spoke of barely suppressed lust.

He scooped her up while continuing to devour her lips and carried her to the king-sized bed in the next room. The mattress bounced under their combined weight as

he tossed her onto it and followed, pinning her arms over her head. His lips left her mouth and he licked and nibbled his way to her ear, stopping to nip the tender lobe before moving on to the sensitive hollow of her throat. Propping himself up on his forearms, he trapped one peaked nipple between thumb and forefinger and tweaked it sharply, causing Stacey to gasp as a dart of erotic heat streaked from her breasts to her groin. She moaned and arched her back while he lowered his head to pay equal attention to the other aching peak. He gave her a delightfully wicked grin before settling in to worship her aching mounds with his mouth and fingers.

Stacey whimpered in pleasure, twining her fingers in the dark mass of his hair as his warm tongue laved the tight bud of her nipple and he used his hands squeeze and mold her breasts. She'd never had a lover who paid so much attention to her wants and her needs. He seemed able to tell just when to nibble and when to lick, how to build the pleasure to a point where she writhed helplessly beneath him.

Then he ventured lower. His hands mapped the curve of her waist while his mouth found her navel and he dipped his tongue into the sensitive dimple, swirling briefly before he moved on to layer tiny kisses over her belly. Every nerve ending thrummed with arousal and she gave a little cry of surrender as his tongue skimmed over her mound on its way to her velvety folds.

He raised his head to grin down at her. "Like that, do you?"

Stacey smiled. "I think you may have the most talented mouth in New Orleans." She let her gaze drop to the massive shaft pressed against her thighs. "And I'm hoping you're just as good with other parts of your anatomy."

Dionysus raised his brows to give her a mock-severe look. "Is that a challenge?"

She wrinkled her nose, feeling a mischievous grin curve the corner of her mouth. "Maybe. If you think you're up to it."

"Oh, I'm up to it." He took his gorgeous shaft in hand and gave it a long, slow stroke. "I'm going to fuck you so long and so hard, you won't know which way is up." He lowered his head to take her lips in a kiss that left her gasping for oxygen. "How's that for a start?"

Stacey opened her eyes and gulped some air. “Good start.”

Dionysus gave a low, sexy laugh and dipped his head to nibble on the taut peak of one breast, palming her sex with his big hand. One finger circled the tight little nub of her clit while he slid another into her slick channel, giving a wicked laugh when her inner muscles clamped down hard. “It feels like you’re ready for me.”

Flipping himself over, he sat up and straddled her hips. His long shaft nudged her entrance and she felt herself cream in anticipation. Dionysus propped himself with his arms to either side of her and proceeded to stuff that enormous cock of his into her, one big meaty inch at a time. Lowering his head, he feasted on the tender globes and nipples of her breasts until she writhed under him in mindless lust. Bolts of liquid heat surged from her breasts to her belly to her pussy and back again.

Stacey felt her orgasm starting to build, gathering momentum as he shafted her with that glorious weapon of his. In and out. Harder and faster, until she thought she’d go insane from sheer pleasure. She whimpered and moaned as she squirmed beneath him, unable to form a coherent thought.

“Now!” He bit the word out in a low growl, withdrawing for a second before he slammed his rock hard cock back into her tight channel so hard his balls bounced against her ass.

The incredible feel of his hot seed spurting deep within her belly, her channel stretched impossibly wide, threw Stacey into her own orgasm. The world exploded into a million tiny fragments of light that rolled into one explosion of feeling after another. Even as she slowly started to drift back to reality, tiny aftershocks rippled through her. She wrapped her arms around Dionysus, burying her head against his muscular chest while she enjoyed the aftermath of the best sex she’d had in years.

“So did I win?” He held her close, his cock still buried deep inside her.

“Win?”

“The challenge. Am I as good with my cock as I am with my mouth?”

Stacey felt the corner of her mouth curve upwards in satisfaction. “Oh, definitely. No complaints here.”

Dionysus chuckled and dropped a kiss on the top of her head. “Glad to hear it. As the Greek god of fertility, I can’t be leaving unsatisfied partners behind.”

Stacey looked up into his classically perfect face. “No, I guess not. You need to think of your reputation.” She paused for a moment, wetting her lips with the tip of her tongue. “Although I’d think that you’d want me to be more than satisfied.”

“More than satisfied?” he echoed quizzically.

“Yes.” She pretended to consider the matter. “Now if you could do that two,” she grinned mischievously “or better yet, three times in a night...” She let her voice trail off suggestively.

Dionysus chuckled and brought his hand down to slap her playfully on the ass. “Wench. I can see I’ll need to teach you how to pay proper homage to the gods.”

Stacey reached down between them to cup his heavy sac, squeezing it gently. “Like this?”

He grinned and moved her hand to his shaft, the massive organ already starting to harden again. “That’s a good start.”

THE END