



Delilah Devlin

Textile Free

an erotic interlude

Textile Free
by Delilah Devlin at Smashwords
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Textile Free

I'd left my Berlitz book in the locker along with my street clothes, thinking I wouldn't need to translate anything I might find inside a sauna. However, as I started into the steam room, an elderly woman stopped me, shaking her finger in front of my face and pointing at a sign.

It read, "*textilfrei*". Textile Free? What did that mean? My German seriously sucked.

"I'm sorry, I don't understand," I said, jerking back my face when her finger wagged too close and feeling my face flush with heat.

Behind me a deep, accented voice said, "The sign says 'no clothing', *Fräulein*."

The woman nodded sharply to the person behind me, gave me a loud harrumph and headed into the sauna with her large, white towel tucked beneath her armpits.

I turned slowly, heat rising in my cheeks. The man behind me was tall, broad-shouldered, with a severely square jaw à la Schwarzenegger, blonde hair and crystal blue eyes. He wore only a thick white towel, knotted around his slim hips.

My blushed deepened. "Really?" I blurted. "No clothes? But it's coed."

"Sorry, miss. But Germans take their saunas seriously. Go remove your clothes and wrap a towel around you." And as though I was simple-minded, he placed his hands on my shoulders and turned me toward the women's dressing room.

When the door swung closed behind me, I took a deep breath. Part of me was angry because they'd both embarrassed me. The other part couldn't forget how heavy and strong the hands he'd laid on my shoulders felt.

The smart thing to do would be to shower in one of the stalls—the thing I'd come in off the streets to do in the first place—and leave without facing either one of them again. But I'd spent a night in a cramped, six-person sleeper car on the train and needed to wash away the smell and grime. Since I wasn't checking into my hotel until later, I'd thought the public fitness center I'd passed would be ideal. The promise of a steamy sauna to unloose my cramped muscles had been too delicious to ignore.

I opened my locker and stripped off my shorts, undies and sports bra, then wrapped myself in the fluffy towel the attendant had given me. Straightening my shoulders, I left the locker room.

No one hovered outside the sauna, and I felt a little bit of a letdown. Not that I wanted to see granny again, but the man had made an impression I couldn't shake. I pulled open the door and entered the steam-filled room. Except for lights running along the bottom edges of the benches, the small room was dark, vision obscured in cloudy mist. The smell of eucalyptus rising from the heated rocks at the center of the small, cedar-lined room was comforting—not unlike the sauna at my gym back home.

I walked to the back of the room and halted. The old woman who'd castigated me was completely nude and sitting on her fluffy white towel, her brown eyes glaring. I shifted my stare, but not before I'd gotten an eyeful of drooping boobs and dimpled flesh.

The door opened behind me, footsteps neared. Heavy hands turned me to the right. "You may use your towel if you wish. But it isn't the custom." The same man as before bent toward my ear. "You risk her wagging her finger at you again."

This time there was laughter in his voice. I turned slowly, my glance dipping quickly. His towel was still around his hips. I told myself I felt relieved, but couldn't deny a niggling of disappointment because I was curious about what little of his body I hadn't already seen.

He sat on the first level bench of the sauna and patted the place beside him. Not so much an invitation. The set of his square jaw made it a challenge.

I dragged my feet, pouting as a show of resistance, but I sat on wooden slats beside him. The steam thickened, hiding the old woman. I began to perspire.

“American?” he asked, tilting his head.

“Yes, from Arkansas—it’s near Texas.” I added the last because everyone knew where Texas was.

He nodded.

“You’re from around here?”

His lips pressed into a polite smile and he nodded again.

“Thanks for the rescue,” I murmured. More to fill the silence than because I really felt grateful. The man was arrogant.

I felt the top of my towel give and I retucked the end between my breasts.

My companion frowned at my towel, then loosened the knot at the side of his hips and laid the edges of his own towel open on the bench. He breathed deeply and leaned back, bracing his elbows on the ledge behind him and seeming completely unconcerned that his penis lay curved atop his left thigh.

I swallowed hard and darted a look at his face.

He caught me staring and one corner of his mouth curled upward. Then his gaze dropped to my towel and he arched an eyebrow.

I know he thought me prudish. I might have felt less so if it had only been him and I inside that tiny room. Still, I was tempted to prove him wrong. And to prove to myself that I was equal to the adventure I’d set out to enjoy. Sure, getting nekkid in a sauna hadn’t been part of what I expected on my solitary journey through Europe, but who was I kidding? The man was sexy as hell. How often did a girl enjoy an opportunity like this?

Looking straight ahead, I lifted my chin and pulled the end of the towel from between my breasts to let the terry cloth fall on either side of me. With my legs crossed, only my breasts were fully exposed.

“Nice,” he murmured beside me.

“Is it polite to stare?” I blurted, my voice a little choked because he continued to stare at my breasts.

“Only when one invites it. You stared first.” He laughed softly and scooted closer on the bench. *“Ich heisse Peter.”*

That much German I did know. “I’m Chelsea.”

Water hissed as more dropped from a spigot onto the stones. Mist swirled around us. His hand glided over the sweat slicking my back, then came to rest at the indent of my waist.

“No one can see,” he whispered. “And it is only Helga. Her eyesight isn’t very good.”

“It was good enough to point out the sign,” I said, stiffening inside his embrace. I felt it my duty to resist. As handsome as he was, no doubt he’d seduced many a woman inside the “textile free” zone.

Muttering sounded from the other side of the sauna. Footsteps shuffled toward the door.

“You know what she’s thinking,” I said. “Don’t you worry she might complain?”

He gave a devilish waggle of his eyebrows. “What do you think they will do when they find two naked people seated inside the sauna?”

Sweat trickled from my hair to my eyebrows, and I lifted a hand to wipe it away. I was completely wet. My hair, my skin, between my legs. My nipples hardened, the areolas puckering

as the tips extended. A droplet of sweat ran down my breast, curving over the slope.

Peter made a noise, somewhere between a snort and a groan. A thick, blunt finger traced the path of the droplet and brought it to his mouth. He licked it then smiled and crowded closer.

Ensnared, I didn't bother making a fuss when he cupped my breast, sliding a thumb over one bud. It felt too good. When he bent and suckled it with his lips, I squeezed my thighs together tighter.

A large hand landed on the top of my uppermost thigh then slid beneath it. I could have stopped him by continuing to squeeze, but I slowly opened my legs.

Maybe it was the heat that melted away my inhibitions, but I think it had more to do with the breadth of his shoulders and the size of his long-fingered hands—and certainly that thick, red cock slowly beginning to stir against his thigh. I'd never had sex with anyone as beautifully made as he was. Looking at his naked body was enough of a thrill to breach my defenses.

His hand glided up the inside of my moist thigh and cupped my pussy, one long finger entering the divide and sliding inside me. It swirled, slid deeper, pulled away then stroked inward again. When he drew it back, he glided his fingertip up to the top of my folds, circling over my clit.

A prickle of alarm, a final attempt by my conscience to assert itself, had me placing a hand over his to halt him.

He paused. His lips released my nipple and he smoothed them up my neck to caress my jaw then drop over my mouth. His kiss was soft, entreating. His tongue prodded the seam of my lips and I opened to him, but still clutched his hand.

"Do you want me to stop?" he said, kissing my mouth again then nuzzling my ear. "Is that what you really want?"

I didn't like that he was so practiced, so sure of his victory. But I shook my head anyway. "I don't want us to be interrupted."

Peter rose and left me, locking the wooden latch at the door to ensure our privacy.

As he strode back, I couldn't help but stare at his cock. Despite the wilting heat, it now stood perpendicular from his groin. It was red, veined, the tip round and broad. I swallowed hard and lifted my gaze. "Won't others complain when they can't get in?"

"Perhaps. But we won't be long. Will we?"

I snorted and shook my head. "I don't know what you think we're going to do—"

His hands curved over my shoulders, massaging me. His cock was only inches from my chest. "Only what you will enjoy. If you wish, I will open the door right now, and you may go."

But then he would have won. Would have proven me a mouse. And I wouldn't have the experience. Something to mark the beginning of my journey. I cleared my throat. "We don't have a condom."

"Do you think my being at the door was a coincidence? I followed you here from the street." He rolled out his fingers. A small latex circle was squeezed between two digits. "They are in a dispenser inside the men's dressing room," he said, shrugging.

"If someone looks into the window—"

He stepped twice backward, and placed his hands on his hips. Irritation tightened his features. "All they will see is steam. I opened the spigot." His eyebrows lifted. "Any other concerns, *Fräulein*?"

I cleared my throat. "Chelsea. I don't screw guys who don't know my name."

His features relaxed into a grin. "And are we going to...screw?"

I wrinkled my nose. "God, I hope so. But it's so damn hot. I can barely breathe in here."

“You need breath?” He laughed softly. “Keep your mouth open. Breathe through it, not your nose. Keep the breaths shallow.”

“Is that even possible?” I muttered. My heart beat fast. My breaths had shortened. Grew shorter the closer he came. When he stood directly in front of me, his cock level with my breasts, I couldn’t help but stare. His cock pulsed, seeming to dare me to touch it.

“He likes attention.”

Even German men talked about their pricks in third person. I glanced up. “I don’t think it’s wise for me to take him in my mouth without that condom.”

His nose wrinkled. “I understand. What about your hand?”

At home, if a strange man wagged his cock in my face and demanded a hand job I’d have screamed or twisted it off. But with Peter Schwarzenegger it felt safe. I’d never see him again. Never risk meeting him on the street or discovering he was the friend of a friend and have to worry about him exposing the fact I’d done this with him—a complete stranger.

I cupped his balls in one palm and gently squeezed.

A hand landed on my hair, curving over the top of my head. “*Gut. Sehr gut,*” he murmured. “Tighter.”

I wrapped my fingers around both stones and tightened them. Then I grasped his shaft in the other hand. My hands were sweaty enough, and his cock cloaked in a fine mist, that my fingers glided easily up and down his length. At the end of each pull, I swiped my thumb over the soft cap. Seminal fluid seeped from the narrow eyelet hole.

His breathing, through his mouth, slowed and deepened. The muscles of his thighs and abdomen bunched as he thrust his cock through my fist.

I swiped another pearly bead. I wanted to taste it. Had to take the risk. I brought my thumb to my mouth and sucked it.

His nostrils flared. He stepped away. “Up.”

Peter held out his hand and I slipped mine inside. He pulled me to my feet and wrapped his arms around me. “Will you risk another kiss, Chel-sea?”

I turned my head away.

A soft huff was followed by hands closing around my ass. “You would fuck but not kiss?”

“You don’t have latex wrapped around your lips.”

“You didn’t worry about it before.”

“I was surprised. Unprepared.” But not the real reason I demurred. I wanted to deny him at least one thing.

His gaze narrowed, but he shrugged. His hands slid up my sides, then turned me forcefully away. “Bend over. You may wrap the towel around the edge of the seat so not to burn.”

I did as he instructed, twinges of arousal causing my pussy to clasp and release.

His hands cupped my ass. Fingers slid down the crevice dividing them, paused to press on my asshole, but not long enough to make me nervous.

A finger grazed along the edge of my labia, then withdrew.

The snap and stretch of latex sounded behind me, and I gripped the seat harder, bracing my feet apart.

His cock nudged the top of my buttock. “Too short. Kneel on the bench.”

His short, rude command, free of any softening touches, should have angered me, but instead I hid a smile, layered both towels on the bench and knelt in front of him.

His hands smoothed over my ass, cupping, squeezing—parting. Then his cock pressed against my pussy, pushing through my folds then deep inside me.

I groaned and resettled my knees, easing backward to meet his jarring thrusts. He nearly toppled me and I reached for the ledge above me, gripping the hot, damp wood, but not caring that my palms burned. His girth stretched me, caused the tension in my belly to tighten. I tilted up my bottom to take him deeper.

The door handle rattled. My heart leapt.

“*Ein moment, bitte!*” he shouted, then whispered, “We must be quick.” His hand slipped around my hip and dove between my legs. He thumbed up the hood covering my clit and rubbed it.

He wasn’t getting it. I grabbed the end of his index finger and swirled it over my clit. “Like that,” I whispered. “Circles. Harder. God, faster.”

“*Vielen dank, Liebchen,*” he said, wry humor in his voice.

Fingertips traced a path up my chest to my breast. He plucked it, squeezing painfully hard. It was just enough to cause the tension inside me to begin the spiral.

I breathed too quickly. My nostrils burned. I pursed my lips and dragged air in only through my mouth.

His thrusts sharpened. My back sank. He grunted behind me, powering harder and I exploded, crying out.

As he slowed, I came back to awareness. My hands and nostrils burned. Sweat dripping from hair stung my eyes. I reached back and pushed his hips then waited as he disengaged.

When I climbed off the bench, he picked up a towel and wrapped it around me. Then he took the other and knotted it around his hips. He lifted his chin to me, unlocked the door then left.

In a way, I found his rudeness admirable. Neither of us had any expectations. His cold ending to our interlude was a clean break. No fuss. No overlong and awkward farewells.

Later, I passed Peter on the way to my hotel, seated in an outdoor café. He spotted me. His chin jerked up in an almost greeting.

I raised a brow.

He lifted a finger and crooked it, turning it to point at the seat beside him.

Arrogant fucker.

But feeling fluid and bonelessly relaxed, I laughed and passed him by. He’d offered what I’d needed, but he wasn’t my destination.

About the Author

Until recently, award-winning erotica and romance author Delilah Devlin lived in South Texas at the intersection of two dry creeks, surrounded by sexy cowboys in Wranglers. These days, she's missing the wide-open skies and starry nights but loving her dark forest in Central Arkansas, with its eccentric characters and isolation—the better to feed her hungry muse! For Delilah, the greatest sin is driving between the lines, because it's comfortable and safe. Her personal journey has taken her through one war and many countries, cultures, jobs, and relationships to bring her to the place where she is now—writing sexy adventures that hold more than a kernel of autobiography and often share a common thread of self-discovery and transformation.

To learn more about Delilah Devlin, please visit www.DelilahDevlin.com.

One adventurous little submissive is just what the bosses need...

Pleasing Sir

For purchasing details, visit www.DelilahDevlin.com

Raelie might be a submissive in search of just the right Dom, but she's not the kind to sit back and wait for the right man to happen. When she gets the chance to fill in as Bryce Caldwell's executive assistant, she decides some subtle seduction is needed to see if he dominates the bedroom the same way he does the office.

Bryce can't keep his mind off the sexy blonde sitting just outside his office. Especially not after the security cameras in the copier room catch Raelie "misappropriating" office property. A little disciplinary action leads to a whole lot of complication while he tries to find out whether she's the right assistant to fulfill a special vacancy. Add a second round of interviews, and suddenly, Bryce is finding out he's not the only one who's not sure who's really in charge.

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The little red button on the telephone blinked twice. And like a dog trained to recognize the shake of its dinner bowl, Raelie Wood's attention was arrested.

Deep within her core, her body began the steady ascent toward full-blown arousal. A thousand butterflies settled in her stomach, madly fluttering their tiny wings. Her breaths shortened to excited little gasps and shivered through her breasts. The juncture of her thighs swelled with lush promise—a pulse thrumming there, slow but insistent.

She'd waited two whole days for a summons. Two days while she'd quietly attended to the office duties, proving why she'd been bumped up from the floating secretarial staff to fill in for Bryce Caldwell's executive assistant while the woman was away on her honeymoon.

Raelie had seen to every duty on his EA's meticulous checklist. This morning, she'd already typed the scribbled notes he'd left in her inbox the previous night when he'd finally left the office. Not that she'd seen him leave.

Because she didn't want to seem overeager, she'd left her desk at precisely five o'clock each evening. Even though she'd wanted nothing more than to stay late, strip naked, and slip into her boss's office to show just how diligent a secretary she could be.

The thought of his shocked stare trailing down her nude body was a delicious one; however, she knew that wasn't the way to get what she wanted from her no-nonsense employer. For once, she'd exercise a little subtlety.

The light blinked again, and her gut clenched. Time to start the next stage of her campaign.

She gathered her pad and pencil and quietly strode to his closed door. Just before she opened it, she slipped the left side strap of her bra off her shoulder from beneath her neat white sleeveless blouse. Ready now, she gripped the knob with a sweaty hand.

Her boss sat behind his desk, his face tilted toward whatever report he scanned, but looking as yummy as ever. Remote, cool...in control. She wondered if he looked as effortlessly

powerful and together when he rolled out of bed in the morning, or if he donned that cool, professional persona the same way he did his designer clothing.

Watching the way his lips thinned into a firm, straight line as he read, she imagined that same stern look as he stood over her while she knelt with her hands clasped behind her back. A smile teased her lips. Heat pricked her nipples.

The restraint of the last few days broke. Despite the EA's note about him disliking meaningless chatter, her mouth opened and a breathless "How may I serve you, sir?" floated from her lips.

Bryce forced himself not to react to the tantalizing phrase which pretty much summed up exactly what he wanted from the woman—service. A month's worth ought to get her out of his system. A textile-free month where nothing but their sweat and his cum came between their bodies.

From beneath his eyelashes, Bryce saw the tiny smile Miss Wood quickly suppressed and wondered what had amused her. He cleared his throat and turned his gaze to the young woman whose cheeks flushed a pretty rose as she took her seat in front of his desk.

Morgan hadn't been wrong. His business partner had been the one to suggest the slender blonde fill in for Kathryn. Miss Wood was competent enough, easy on the eye, but there was something a little extra, something intriguing about the woman whose body didn't fidget nervously beneath his stare.

Yeah, he had to hand it to Morgan—his friend could spot a woman ripe for a little training from a mile away. The chance to spend time subtly observing her, testing her, was one he hadn't been able to resist. He'd been without a woman too long. Procuring just the right partner had proven a little more complicated than he'd imagined. Who would have guessed that finding an unruly submissive would prove such a challenge?

His glance raked her from head to foot quickly and with discretion, because he wasn't ready to betray his interest. Straight California-blond hair was pulled into a loose knot at the back of her head, making her look like a high school girl playing dress-up for the prom. Cute and neat, professionally groomed, still he would have preferred to see her hair fall to the middle of her shoulders or in a sexy ponytail—a handy rope he could use like reins as he rode her from behind. He pushed aside that thought because he knew it might be some time, perhaps never, before he earned that privilege.

As he assessed her appearance for more hints of an ability to pay attention to the details, he admired the way her grey pencil skirt kept her knees pushed demurely together. The crisply pressed, white sleeveless blouse was barely creased, her nylons a pleasing skin tone, her shoes a demure dark pump. Everything in its place—except for the lavender band sliding down her arm. His gaze snagged there for a moment.

"Was there something you needed, Mr. Caldwell?" she asked in her breathy little voice, which had him imagining her whispering just like that in his ear when he shafted deep. His cock swelled, and he eased apart his legs beneath his desk, smoothed his expression into a cool mask, and met her wide blue gaze.

A glint of something sparkled there for just a moment. Long enough to warn him that not all was what it seemed with the delightful Miss Wood. Because he didn't think well when he was aroused and worse when he was sitting, he pushed off his chair and began to pace. "Have you arranged Cafferty's showing?"

"For four PM, sir. Rance Cafferty said the client was in town and would accompany him

this time to take a look at the office space.”

“Good, good.” He stepped around his desk to pace the length of his office to the door and back. “We’ll want his approval before we proceed with offering the rest of the spaces. His client has first priority.” He turned his gaze when he passed close.

She kept her head bent toward her notepad, white teeth sinking softly into the center of her bottom lip.

He strode closer on the second circuit and stopped beside her.

She glanced up, her baby blues skimming up his abdomen to his chest before reaching his face. Pink blossomed again in the center of her cheeks.

“Did you set the meeting with the plaza crew?” he murmured, enjoying watching her from above, envisioning more intimate moments when her face would be level with his hips. “We’re making changes in our suppliers and need to make sure it doesn’t affect our delivery date.”

She blinked once then dropped her gaze and turned her notepad over. She trailed a finger down the copy of the schedule she’d printed to have on hand, just as he insisted Kathryn always do. “The meeting’s set for Thursday at five. Morgan said he’d have the site foreman and the lead electrician there.”

She called his partner “Morgan”, but reserved “Mr. Caldwell” for him. He didn’t know if that was a good thing or not. His brain looped on the thought. Then his gaze fell again to the purple strap, and because he was becoming impatient with his lapses, he slid a finger up her arm and tucked the silky ribbon back inside her blouse.

Raelie froze as his finger trailed upward. Then she quivered when he slipped the strap beneath her clothing. He had to have felt it too, but he turned on his heel and resumed pacing, firing off notes which she jotted down, only half her mind employed while the other was giddy with delight.

He’d touched her. Corrected a mistake. And he’d done it without thinking too much about it, apparently, because he’d finished speaking and was giving her a steady stare that indicated she’d missed his signal to leave.

“I’ll just...um, go,” she said, rising and smoothing a hand down the side of her skirt to make sure it hadn’t ridden up.

She hurried out his office, wondering what had caused one corner of his mouth to curl. Her distraction? Had her eyes crossed dreamily as they tended to do when she faded into a daydream? Had he caught her staring overlong? Still, she thought everything had gone very well indeed. Her plan to seduce her sexy, formidable boss was well underway.

He’d touched her.