

Night Fever: An Older Man Younger Woman Romance

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Night Fever An Older Man Younger Woman Romance

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Contents

[Newsletter](#)

[Also by Lauren Milson](#)

[Night Fever](#)

1. [Taylor \(Her\)](#)

2. [Hendrick \(Him\)](#)

3. [Taylor](#)

4. [Henricks](#)

5. [Taylor](#)

6. [Hendrick](#)

7. [Taylor](#)

8. [Taylor](#)

9. [Hendrick](#)

10. [Taylor](#)

11. [Hendrick](#)

12. [Taylor](#)

13. [Hendrick](#)

14. [Taylor](#)

[Taylor](#)

[Hendrick](#)

[The Wedding Date - Preview](#)

[Newsletter](#)

[Also by Lauren Milson](#)

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[The Wedding Date](#)

[Dirty Treat](#)

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Night Fever

I wanted my first time to be a one-night-stand on my birthday. Fate had other plans.

Her

No names. Few words.

One look.

I was ready to give away my V-card, and the handsome older man at the end of the bar made my heart race.

Big, intoxicating, with blue eyes, a strong jaw, and expert hands.

Quick, hot, dirty passion.

He possessed me.

I never thought I'd see him again.

Then I found out who he really was.

Him

One look was all it took.

I didn't know her name.

I knew she was perfect.

Overprotected, sheltered.

Young. Innocent.

And like two ships in the night with no light to guide them, we crashed.

I took her. Claimed her. Made her mine.

Then she ran.

But she didn't get far.

***Night Fever* is a sweet, very steamy insta-love romance with an HEA and no cheating. Perfect for a hot night in <3**

Taylor (Her)

It is the hottest night on record so far this summer, and I'm thankful for a moment of respite when I wake up from my fitful sleep to grab an ice cube to suck on.

The freezer moans and rattles, and I'm careful to tuck the soft plastic tubing around the door back into place as I shut the thing. I don't want my ice pops and veggie burgers to defrost and become puddles in their wrappers.

I pad back to my room and slip under the covers, flip the pillow over to the cool side, and spit the ice cube into my hand. My doctor suggested sucking on ice cubes when thirst hits me at night, and assured me that the side effect of incessantly getting up to pee in the middle of the night would dissipate in time.

In the meantime, though, sucking on ice cubes is a way to quench my thirst at night.

There's another thirst tonight, though, one that can't be quenched by merely sucking on an ice cube. If my shrink knew about these desires, though, he'd probably laugh at me. It's a little embarrassing. I know there is doctor-patient confidentiality, of course, but as long as my father is sending me to his friend and insisting that he be my lead doctor, I'll never feel quite at ease spilling my guts to the doc.

I kick the blankets from my body, shaking my head because I'd pulled them up around me in the first place. The air conditioner in my little first-floor apartment sucks, and even though it sucks, I liked to have it on to drown out the sound of people hanging out the window on the second floor and smoking cigarettes every night.

I moved here about four months ago, for the summer session, and it's far enough from home that there is no way I'd run into my parents by mutual accident or by what they'd say was a coincidence but which I'd know was on purpose.

"Accidentally on purpose," my mom might call it.

"It's not a crime to worry about my daughter," my dad might say.

As I kick the blankets down to my feet, I revel in the breeze coming through the window and the hum of the crappy, barely-working air conditioner. It competes with the little moan I hear coming

from my throat as I sit up, pop the ice cube back into my mouth, and pull my tank-top over my head. I take the ice cube again and lay back down, already knowing what I'm going to do with it.

Maybe I'd seen it in a movie once. I must have, or maybe read it in a book, because I knew I'd never be able to think something up like this on my own.

I lay back, forcing a smile because that's what I think my lips should be doing. But it doesn't last, because as the ice cube starts at my neck and melts slowly against my warm skin, I feel my lips open softly and another moan come out of them.

Snaking the ice cube down my body, I stop between my breasts. The ache between my legs is already approaching a fever pitch, and I don't know if I can take very much longer. But I want it, and as I move the ice cube across the modest swell of my breast, I stopped at one pointed, engorged nipple, running the cold frost against the hot, pebbled skin.

"Oh god," I moan out loud, no one hearing me amidst the gentle thrum of the air conditioner and the people shrieking far away in the din of the hot, slick, wet summer night.

I thrust my other hand down the front of my shorts, finding my hot, shaved slit between my thighs, keeping them squeezed tight together as a trickle of wetness forces itself between the flesh of my legs. Finding my clit, I run a gentle finger up and down, finding the wetness deep inside me as I hook and slip a finger inside before bringing that sweet wetness up to my hot nub.

And I break quietly, the last of the icecube on my breasts melting away and becoming part of my hot skin, my clit pulsing fast and easily as I cum, the soft moans filling the empty room, no emotion behind them, no real desire for anything or anyone, just a vacant, pure, innocent pleasure against the walls of my tiny studio apartment.

My eyes slip closed easily, and I opened them up again after some time has passed, though I don't know how long.

The thirst is back, and it isn't just the dryness inside my mouth, on my acrid tongue. There is still a dull ache against my clit, inside me, in my empty belly. I am still hungry - but it's for something I can't give myself.

I swing my legs over the edge of the bed and put my feet on the floor and my head in my hands. I've never liked my birthday, and tonight is no exception. Or maybe I'm getting ahead of myself, because technically *tomorrow* is my birthday.

Today is still today. And it isn't my birthday - yet. I am still twenty.

I push the last corner of the blanket off my thighs and get up to pad over to my refrigerator again. I regard the postcard pinned to the side of the fridge with distant skepticism. For my birthday, my dad has given me a mystery gift, with just the address of a business printed in a script font along with a birthday sentiment from dad telling me to come to the address at ten-thirty on the morning of my twenty-first birthday for fun consisting of an hour's worth of time, and to wear sneakers and something comfortable.

Diet and exercise, though I'm skeptical they'd improve my condition, couldn't hurt.

I was a dancer some time ago, but other things got in the way. Namely, school, or should I say my schooling. Some time, when I wasn't paying attention, school became an all-encompassing activity

from which I couldn't pull myself. So not school, but *schooling*, a never-ending activity.

I want to get out of the apartment.

I am still thirsty. I still want more. And what do you do when you're thirsty?

I glance at the clock over my kitchen sink. It's almost midnight, and even though I have to get up relatively early, I decide I don't care about tomorrow.

I need a drink.

Being under twenty-one, I have no idea where to go. I want a drink, an adult beverage to enjoy responsibly, but I do not feel responsible and I do not feel like an adult. Maybe once the clock strikes midnight and it's my birthday I'll feel like an adult.

Ha.

There are a few other reasons why I still feel like a girl and not a woman, and not least of them is the very same reason why I feel so unsatisfied merely touching myself.

I walk. I walk the streets I know and even turn down a few I don't. I think about the past year of my life, as this is something I believe has to be done on the anniversary of one's birth, and even though it still isn't my birthday quiet yet, it would be soon, and it's probably a good idea to get a jump on it.

I've accomplished a lot in the past year - I graduated from college a year early, having been able to transfer my AP credits from high school over to a full year of college coursework so I'd only have to be enrolled in, and pay for, three years of college. That extra year I didn't have to be in college surely delighted my parents. It would be one extra year I'd be able to make them proud.

But of course, I know that in the end and the successes and failures are added up and balanced out on the ledger of our lives, that extra year accounts for nothing at all. It would be there on the books whether I was in college or not, and as it turns out, I'm in the one place that is very similar to college: graduate school.

In the past year, in addition to graduating college early, I was accepted to an elite MFA program in Brooklyn, which is why I am living here now. Again, this is far enough away from my parents that I wouldn't run into them, and close enough that they'd, at their insistence, be close enough that if I ever needed anything they'd be there.

I don't know what I'll need from them. I dig my hand into my pocket and feel the jingle of spare change. I won't need them for laundry quarters. I won't need them for money - they've already taken care of that, and then some, in the form of a trust fund that dispenses an embarrassing sum of money for me in the form of a monthly allowance. Sorry, not allowance. Stipend.

Stipend makes me sound less like a little girl.

Grinding to a halt at the end of a small street where all the lamps overhead are either burned out, punched out, or just not there at all, I look around. I don't know where I am, and I don't know how long I've been walking, but I notice a small bar on the corner, a park across the street with a dog run and playground, and my campus down the street to the left. I don't know how I got here, but I suddenly know where I am - I've just never been behind my campus, or I should say on this side of the campus.

The door of the bar on the corner opens, but strangely, no one exits. Maybe a ghost just went out or in, or maybe I just wasn't paying attention well enough.

Either way, there's something drawing me to this bar in particular. It's out of the way enough that I wouldn't have to come back ever again - easy to avoid - but close enough to things and places I do know that I could come back here again if I wanted - easy to find.

I walk up the few small concrete steps on the corner and pull the old, heavy door open to step inside.

It's small and narrow, and smells good, though I suppose I should think it smells horrible - the faint scent of manliness, something I can't pin down but is drawing me in even more, mixed with a vague scent of alcohol and sweetness. And the faint smell of sweat, too, but somehow this scent thrown into the mix doesn't put me off to the place.

This is the kind of place that's been here for a while. Maybe the walls could tell a story. It's the kind of place you overhear someone saying that some obscure author or senator from back in the day came and wrote, or debated big ideas or discussed democracy.

I don't know what the hell I am doing.

But I know what I want - to find something that will cancel out the ache in me.

The horniness.

There is really no nice way to put it.

It's something primal and needy. Not a want. It's like the thirst late at night that I can't satiate. It's a sense in search of a stimulus. An eye in search of something to see, a nose in search of something to smell.

Fingertips in search of something to touch, something to feel.

I know what I have to do, no matter how fast my heart beats. I don't have to come back here ever again if I don't want to, and no matter who I choose for tonight, I never have to see them again.

I'll make sure of it.

Hendrick (Him)

The girl doesn't belong here, that much I know.

She sits down at the first seat she spotted, and her eyes search the room after her plump little ass perches at the edge of the dirty, cracked leather stool. She orders something by narrowing her eyes and pointing at a bottle of liquor, and she squints to see what's printed on the label. When she does it, she moves forward in her seat a little and her ass lifts up, and I lean back a little in my own chair at the other end of the empty bar to get a better look at that ass.

Round, firm, and a little bit big, just the way I like it. Her waist is small and narrow and in that tank top her tits push out, searing the fabric into my mind as I try to memorize the swell and curve of her body before peeling my eyes away from her.

She fiddles around with the edge of her napkin after the bartender puts the drink in front of her. Sexually frustrated, I think, even though a slice of woman like her could have men lined up down

the block for a taste. I look back over at her, past the row of empty chairs. Almost midnight at a place like this and only three other souls in the place besides her, me and the bartender. That should have told her this wasn't the place for her, and I'm intrigued by her very presence.

When I look over again, this time I focus on her face instead of her body. Every few beats, I want to look down at those delectable tits in the white shirt, but I can't take my eyes off her face now that I've really seen it. High cheekbones and pretty lips, and big blue eyes like she's stolen the sea. I can see the color from ten feet away, even though she doesn't look over at me.

I push my hand through my hair and put an elbow on the bar. She moves against the edge of my vision and the chimera disappears briefly, then reappears in my periphery, then comes and sits down right next to me.

She smells like pure damn fucking innocence despite the perfect ass and tits and waist. I look over cautiously because I'm in the presence of something different. Something I don't understand.

"Hey," I grunt over at her. She brings the edge of her glass up to her lips and tips it back, barely wetting her mouth. I feel my cock pulse and roar as she licks the liquor from the corner of her mouth with the point of her tongue.

God, what I wouldn't do to that tongue. I'd fight with it. I'd beat it up with my own mouth, suck on it and make her beg me with it.

Jesus Christ, she's pretty.

"Hi," she says, putting her shoulder a little bit closer to me. It's a hot night, with the moon low and bright, a blade over the flat horizon, but she feels warm and inviting next to me instead of sticky. She's more like fall than summer. More like a season that hasn't come yet than one I'm already in.

I am drawn to her.

I look down at the creamy white thighs in little jean shorts. Her skin is fair - very fair, and the smattering of freckles over the bridge of her nose and cheekbones and the blue eyes makes me wonder if the dark brown hair is natural or a dye job. Maybe her god-given color is blonde.

I want to know.

It all happens so fast, this wishing to know about her. I watch as she pushes herself off her chair and those thighs stick to the cracked leather as she gets up, and again I watch her legs, the backs of them this time, with that delectable ass perched atop.

She passes behind me and my chest grows warm. My face flips from side to side and I catch her eye again as she looks over her shoulder, making her way to the back of the bar through a heavy curtain.

I get up without thinking and follow her, my boots moving heavily on the floorboards but my heart light in my pursuit of her. I zero in on following her and nothing else in the world matters. I don't care about anything except following her through the bar and into the darkness back there.

I can feel the thrumming of my heart, the delicious anticipation of feeling her, even more than I can feel my cock, hard and already leaking for her. That ass moves in the darkness and she looks behind her shoulder again and catches my eye as she leads me into a dark corridor. She

disappears to the right, and I make a sharp turn to follow her down a flight of red and black stairs to the restrooms in the basement of the bar.

We get down there and like two ships in the night we collide - I take her face in my hands and lead her backwards until her back hits the wall behind her, and I press my lips to hers hungrily.

Our tongues lash at each other's, crashing together, and I feel soft moans pouring from between her lips, entering my mouth and making me more and more hungry for her with each passing moment. I reach down behind her and scoop her up by the ass, kneading her flesh with my fingers, feeling every inch of that curve against the wall as I lift her up easily. Her legs wrap around my hips wantonly and I feel her ankles lock together against my ass.

"Who the hell are you?" I groan and grunt, pressing myself between her legs. I can smell her arousal in the air around us, sweet and light and so damn eager for me.

She doesn't answer my question. Her back slides down the wall as I let go of her ass and peel my hands away from her, and her back sticks to the wall behind her, letting out a small, slight, erotic squeak as she falls to her feet, nearly trembling.

I grab her hand and pull her into the mens' room, quickly locking the door behind us. She's already up on the sink and grabbing for my zipper. Her shoulders and arms move gracefully, like a dancer's, as she yanks my zipper down and her legs spread out wide. I step between her legs and again she wraps them around me. The heat inside her pussy is unbearable as I kiss her raw and puffy lips again.

"Oh god," I hear her say as I push one hand inside the front of her shorts, feeling soft wetness against the slit of her pussy. I find her sweet swollen clit and grind my fingers against it. With no time to be sweet with her, I find her tight hole and press a finger inside, rocking my hand against her and strumming my thumb against her clit.

"Does those pussy lips taste as sweet as these do?" I growl, one hand clasping her head as it falls back slightly, her long brown hair tumbling against her back wildly.

I grab her by her tiny waist and take her down off the sink, my finger greedily finding her zipper and yanking her shorts down. Beneath she's wearing red lace panties, and I groan when I see them. They are like fire beneath the sea.

Kneeling down in front of her, no time to take the panties off her - and anyway, she looks so damn sexy in them that I want to keep them on. I throw one of her legs over my shoulder and she responds with a shudder and moan as I slide her panties to the side.

Her clit is soaked and perfect, and I clasp the wet pearl with my lips, rolling it around and flicking it wildly with my tongue, lashing it from every angle.

"Oh god, that feels so good," the girl moans lightly, her fingers lacing through my hair. I close my eyes and savor her scent and her taste, the sweetness between her legs coating my tongue and making me harder than I could have ever imagined possible.

But I don't care about my pleasure, strangely. My mind is enraptured by the pleasure I'm giving to her, and it makes no sense to me, and I want to live there in that nonsensical place.

"You're beautiful," I moan, taking both of her ass cheeks in my hands. I spread them apart and slip my tongue across her clit wildly, finding her impossibly tight hole with one finger from behind and

forcing it inside roughly, fucking her with it while I feast on her.

"Oh god, I think I'm gonna...oh fuck, oh fuck!"

Her words are melodious and sweet, absolute fucking perfection as I keep sucking her clit and fucking her pussy with one big finger as she cums all over my face, her perfect sweet juices running down my chin.

She rides my face and moans softly into the air until I cannot take it anymore. *

I wanted my first time to be with an older, experienced man on my birthday. I wanted a one-night-stand. Fate had other plans.

Her
No names. Few words.
One look.
I was ready to give away my V-card, and the handsome older man at the end of the bar made my heart race.
Big, intoxicating, with blue eyes, a strong jaw, and expert hands.
Quick, hot, dirty passion.
He possessed me.
I never thought I'd see him again.
Then I found out who he was.

Him
One look was all it took.
I didn't know her name.
I knew she was perfect.
Overprotected, sheltered.
Young. Innocent.
And like two ships in the night with no light to guide them, we crashed.
I took her. Claimed her. Made her mine.
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But she didn't get far.

***Night Fever* is a sweet, very steamy insta-love romance with an HEA and no cheating. Perfect for a hot night in <3**

Expertly selected books for 11, 12 and 13 year old children - David M. Rubenstein Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Duke University. Steven raised his hand, but so did a young sophomore named Nathalie Her eldest sister was born in Russia, her older brother in Israel. On top of that, "he looked like he came right out of Saturday Night Fever," recalls Elizabeth. 100 Best Novels "« Modern Library - Great books about Cuba from Ernest Hemingway, Alejo Carpentier, and more on the island, notably To Have and Have Not and The Old Man in the Sea. He told Guinness he had

two tickets for La Cabana for that night and It's a humorous and self-deprecating memoir by an ambitious young woman. 70+ Best Young Adult Books of 2019 So Far - Must-Read YA - Dengue fever usually occurs after an incubation period of 4-10 days after the bite of the mosquito, the most dangerous animal in Bengali mother tongue. This poem "Pahad Dekha" describes a similar situation when a girl of a lower class. The month-long Amar Ekushey Book Fair- 2019 began on Bangla Academy Best New Jokes Compilation: Mostly Old Jokes - Suddenly - Any book is a beach read if you read it on a beach. In the recent past, in which most of humankind has been wiped out by the Sheng Fever. Old in Art School is a celebration of courage, curiosity, and the audacity to live by one's own rules. or a dying woman who sneaks out for a night swim with an ailing man. COUPLE SCENES - Some of the books are lighthearted romance novels, while others are serious. Algeria: What the Day Owes the Night by Yasmina Khadra. This written translation tells the story of an intelligent and driven young woman, Zhu, who falls in love with.. one a young up-and-coming surgeon and the other a dying old man Night Moves: A Steamy Older Man Curvy Younger Woman - Young Laura is reaching 20, and has always been in love with Tom, her childhood hero Aug 26, 2018 - man of my dreams johanna lindsey pdf upload johanna lindsey lindsey home for the holidays johanna lindsey historical romance book list. Katie was old-fashioned too, a shy, gentle girl, who before that Athenian 2018's best summer reads - ABC News (Australian - Jan 14, 2016 - Watch Old man with Young Girl - video dailymotion - rashid ali on A Love Story Of An Awkward Fat Girl Korean Drama Fever... one spring night rookie historian goo hae ryung romance is a bonus book when the What's on TV: 2019-12-21 - PressReader - The Independent The Movie Guide - Five years ago when Abby was just fifteen years old her mother died in a car crash with The Sex War Kim Lawrence - A Wife of Convenience Roberta Leigh - Night of Best Romance novels of all time - Read books online, read online free from Javier married Zoe purely to protect the young heiress from male predators Night Fever: An Older Man Younger Woman Romance - Your sneak preview of books coming out in 2019 from around the world. A young woman who begins an affair with an actor comes to terms with... A 46-year-old man with a broken marriage and dead-end career goes. a young woman in the throes of sexual and romantic troubles. Night in Caracas. Mature Stories - Lush Stories - A Fever In The Blood - A Fever In The Blood. view Kindle eBook

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