

## Excerpt from *Sex Drive*

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(Kensington Aphrodisia; Dec 2009)

*[This is Susan's full-length version of the scene excerpted in Cosmopolitan, May 2010, as their Red Hot Read.]*

**Warning: This excerpt contains adult content. 18 and over only, please.**

*[Sociology professor Theresa Fallon and thriller writer Damien Black find themselves seated side by side in business class on the long flight from Sydney, Australia, to Honolulu. They don't remain strangers long. Damien, who'd started his journey by flirting with the flight attendant Carmen, soon finds shy Theresa far more intriguing. Though she tries to concentrate on work, and on planning for her little sister's wedding, he's having none of it. He chats her up, charms her, and, when the cabin lights go off, persuades her to engage in a little sexy play under the blanket. After, they both doze off, then wake in the middle of the night and talk some more.]*

Her grin reminded Damien of something. "You still haven't told me what you do for fun."

Theresa's eyes widened. She was quiet for a few seconds, then she gave a small smile, showing that appealing touch of vulnerability. "To be honest, this is the most fun I've had in a long time."

Touched, he curved his palm along the side of her face. "It's the most fun I've had too."

She went from vulnerable to skeptical in an instant. "Give me a break. You can't expect me to believe that. I'm sure you've had better –" Her voice had been rising and she broke off, then continued in a whisper. "Better *sex* – real sex – with a dozen women in the last year."

Yeah, he'd had plenty of real sex. But, there'd been something particularly erotic about fooling around with Theresa in the darkened plane. Besides . . . "It's not only about the sex. It's everything. Critiquing silly wedding dresses, the way you talk to yourself, those billabong eyes –"

"Those what?" she interrupted. "Did you say billabong eyes?"

"Yeah. They make me think of a pool of blue water reflecting the red cliffs overhanging it, the green leaves of gum trees rustling in a warm breeze." He broke off, disconcerted at the words that had come out of his mouth. It was one thing to write this kind of shit in his books – and the truth was, it didn't come easy for him – but it was something else to say it to a woman. "It's a compliment, honest."

Her lips curved. "And a poetic one. Hey, you could be a writer."

He smiled back. "Anyhow, on the subject of fun. You're interesting, different, challenging. Being with you is fun."

"Yes." She ducked her head, flushed. "That's what I meant too. Not just the uh, almost-sex, but being with you. Even when we disagree." She darted a look through her lashes, eyes twinkling. "Looking at you's no hardship either."

"Back at you."

She raised her head. "You make me feel female."

"News flash." He touched her unconfined breast through her top, felt the nipple harden. "You are."

"I don't normally feel that way. I'm the professor. You know, gender neutral."

"You may be a prof but you're most definitely not gender neutral." His cock wouldn't respond this way to anyone who was less than 100 percent woman.

"Short hair, no makeup, tailored clothes, always wear pants. Always working."

He shook his head, then ran his fingers through her hair, separating the silky auburn strands.

“Sexy hair that shows off your long neck and pretty ears.” He rimmed an ear with his index finger and felt her tremble. “Perfect features, billabong eyes, rosy lips.” His fingers traced down her face to rest on her very kissable lips. “Why the hell would you need makeup?”

Her mouth curved under his touch.

“Tailored clothes? Yeah, have to say, I’d like to see you in a skirt.” He dropped his hand to her shoulder, caressed it, then drifted his fingers down her arm. “This top is good, though. Shows off those nice shoulders and arms, and the V-neck is classy. Low enough to give a guy ideas, but not so low that it’s tacky.”

“I –”

“Hold on, I’m not finished.” Threading his fingers through hers again, he continued. “As for always working, well . . . Sometimes you’re critiquing wedding dresses – or novels. Sometimes you’re squabbling with your sisters, and sometimes you’re doing your little sister a very big favor.”

He clicked off his seat light and, in the sudden darkness, tugged her hand toward him. “And sometimes you’re turning me on something fierce.” He pressed their joined hands over his erection, which jumped eagerly.

“I do like doing that.” Her voice caught, then she gave a husky giggle. “Touching you turns *me* on.”

“Hate to think it was one-sided.”

She stroked him through his jeans. “Want to get under the blanket again?”

“You know what I really want? I want to get into you.”

There was a pause. Damn, had he been too crude?

“I’d like that too.”

Tentatively, he said, “There’s always the loo. It’s not romantic, but it’s private.”

“Could we sneak in there without anyone seeing?”

“Everyone’s asleep. Course we can.”

“Really?” Her hand clutched him tight through his jeans.

Oh yeah, Theresa was turned on too. She only *thought* she was a stuffy professor.

“I’ll go first, make sure no one’s watching. If the coast is clear, I’ll leave the door open a crack and you’ll see the light.” He removed her hand, adjusted his swollen package inside his jeans, and headed up the aisle.

No one else was stirring in the business class cabin.

He eased open the door of the loo and glanced inside. Yeah, it was an airplane john but it was clean and neat. Hoping Theresa wouldn’t lose her nerve, he stepped inside and slid the door partway shut. Then he took a paper towel and wiped drops of water from the sink and counter.

A few seconds later, the door moved and she was there, squeezing in. Damn, there wasn’t much space. Neither of them was huge – him at six foot and her at maybe five six – but they weren’t tiny either.

He shifted one way to close the door behind her just as she moved in the same direction, and she stomped on his foot. Hurriedly she stepped back, only to lose her balance and crack her elbow against the sink. “Ouch.” She rubbed it. “Funny bone.” Even in this ugly artificial light, her eyes sparkled with laughter.

“This isn’t supposed to be funny,” he grumbled in a teasing tone, finally managing to close and lock the door. “It’s supposed to be sexy.”

“Sexy would be, mmm, a brass bed, candles, romantic music.”

Trust a female. That sounded more like *romantic* to him. “Sexy would be you naked.”

“Both of us naked. But I don’t think we could ever get our clothes off in here.” Doubtfully, she gazed up at him. “This probably isn’t going to work.”

“Course it will.”

“Oh, you know that, do you?” She raised her eyebrows. “You’ve done this before?”

“Uh . . .”

“You have!”

“Well, yeah. Is that so bad? I mean, you know I’ve had sex with other women.”

“Of course. I just didn’t realize you’d done it on a plane before.” She cocked her head.

“How many times?”

“Uh, twice. Once with a flight attendant, once with another passenger.” Discomfited, he shrugged. “Long flights and all.”

“Oh, yes.” Her eyes narrowed dangerously. “Passing the time on a long flight. I’m quite aware of the phenomenon.”

Too late, he realized that had been one of his come-on lines to her. Damn, he didn’t want her to think she was an interchangeable female. “I chose you over Carmen.”

Her eyebrows rose.

Okay, maybe that hadn’t been the most brilliant thing to say either.

Then she shook her head vigorously, as if to banish troublesome thoughts. “Right.” Her voice was brisk. “You did. And the truth is, we’re in this for mutual pleasure, right? So, since you’ve done this before, you must have worked out the logistics.”

True. Before, he’d yanked his pants down and sat on the john. One girl had hiked up her skirt, the other had pulled down her own pants, and they’d sat on his lap. Quick, efficient.

Meaningless. Superficial.

He damned well didn’t want his and Theresa’s mile-high club experience to be superficial. And right now, all this talk was ruining the sexy mood. “Oh, damn.” He caught Theresa’s head in both hands and bent down to kiss her.

She didn’t move for a moment, perhaps deciding whether she really wanted to go ahead with this. Then, in a rush, she stretched up so the fronts of their bodies pressed together tightly, wrapping her arms around his back. At first her lips were shy, her body tense, but he seduced her mouth and soon she loosened up and threw herself into the kiss.

Kissing her standing up was a revelation. Their bodies fit together perfectly. He’d been wrong about her height. She must be five seven, five eight. Tall enough that, when she rose up on her toes, her soft breasts pressed against his chest, her pelvis cradled his hard-on.

Earlier, they’d talked about dancing, and now he could imagine it. Her out of her tailored clothes, wearing a swirly skirt and heels, him leading with a hand on her back, a little hip action. And speaking of hip action, what the hell was he doing, thinking about dancing?

He reached down, finding the hem of her sleeveless top, easing away from her so he could pull it up her body and over her head. He tossed it toward the sink.

Naked breasts. Oh, man. They looked as good as they’d felt when he’d groped them under that blanket. Her skin was creamy, her nipples the soft pink of a rosebud. Totally, utterly, beautifully feminine. Reverently he caressed a nipple, circling her waist with his other arm.

Her skin puckered, the areola tightening as he watched, the nipple beading. A flush tinged her pale skin. Even the ugly light didn’t detract from the magic of watching her body become aroused by his touch. She sucked in a breath and her breasts lifted, thrust forward. Then, when she breathed out, they sank back. Had he ever seen anything as fascinating as Theresa’s breasts rising and falling as she breathed?

“I want yours off too,” she murmured, trying to pull his T-shirt up his back.

He yanked it over his head. Then he grabbed her in his arms so their bare chests pressed and rubbed against each other, her breasts soft and cushiony and unmistakably natural.

There was nothing in the world to compare with the texture, the soft weight, of a genuine breast. “God, woman, I wish we had the space and time for me to do justice to your breasts.”

“Do justice?” she asked huskily.

“Oh, yeah. And to the rest of you as well. This mile-high thing is going to be about as frustrating as it’ll be satisfying.” That hadn’t been the case when he’d done this before. He and the women in question had been more concerned with getting their rocks off than spending time on caresses and kisses.

“I’d like that too. But I’m nervous about someone catching us.”

She was right, but damn, he wanted time with her. “Honolulu,” he said, stroking the smooth skin of her back. Her soft hands moved from his shoulders down to his lower back where they lingered in a particularly erogenous spot. “I’m overnighing in Honolulu. Stay with me, Theresa.”

“I can’t. I have to get to Vancouver, start work on the wedding.”

He cupped her buttocks and pulled her closer against him, pressing his erection against her belly. “I’ve got a hotel room on the beach. A big bed. We’d have lots of time.” He dropped a kiss on her full lips. “Lots of privacy.”

She nibbled her bottom lip. “I have responsibilities.”

“All work? Come on, Prof. Give Theresa a day off to play. The woman deserves it.”

A quick grin. “She does. But her sister deserves a great wedding.”

He sighed. “How about if we compromise?” As he spoke, he punctuated his words with little kisses and nibbles, starting with her lips. “Stay over and we’ll both do some work, as well as have time to play.” He bent to kiss the hollow at the base of her throat. Her collarbone. “You haven’t speed-read that whole big bible yet, have you?” The upper swell of her left breast.

Her nipple. He laved it then sucked it into his mouth like a whole strawberry, swirling his tongue around it, squeezing it between his lips.

She moaned and tangled her fingers in his hair.

He released her breast and she said, “No, don’t stop.”

“Say you’ll stay over with me.”

“My luggage is checked through.”

“Honolulu has stores. We’ll buy you a sarong.”

She giggled. “I’m not the sarong type.”

“Could’ve fooled me.” He licked her right breast, sucked on her nipple, then pulled away.

“Oops. You haven’t said yes yet.”

“You’re going to deny me sex unless I say yes?” Her voice held humor and arousal.

“That’s pretty much the plan.”

“That would be blackmail.”

“Add that to the list of my sins. Glib, superficial writer, deceiver of women, and now blackmailer. Yup, I’m your basic scumbag.” He circled her areola with one finger and watched the skin tighten. God, the woman had to give in soon because he was dying to make love to her.

“A sexy scumbag though.” Her eyes gleamed and she ran her hands over his chest, pressing into his pecs, threading through dark curls of hair, teasing his own nipples. “I guess you’re not leaving me any alternative.”

“Really? You’ll stay over? Share Honolulu with me?” Was that really him, sounding so pathetically excited and grateful?

“Yes.” She still sounded doubtful. Then she repeated, firmly, “Yes. As long as I can get a flight to Vancouver tomorrow.”

“Awesome!” He leaned over to suckle her right breast.

Again she gripped him by the hair, but this time she hauled his head up. “Damien, if we’re going to have lots of time and privacy in Honolulu, I really think we should, uh . . .”

“Get on with it before we get caught?”

She nodded.

“Yeah, you’re right,” he admitted reluctantly. “I just want to make it good for you.”

“It’ll be good.” She gave a soft laugh. “As good as airplane lavatory sex can be.”

She deserved more. “It’ll be great in Honolulu,” he promised, capturing her hand, bringing it to his mouth and kissing it.

“I believe you. But right now, let’s enjoy the moment.”

Her hands reached for the waistband of his jeans.

I struggled with the button of Damien’s jeans. It wasn’t like me to be crazy with curiosity over what a man’s genitalia might look like. But he had me so aroused, and all the sight and touch indicators had suggested his equipment was quite spectacular.

His erection was so big it pulled the fabric taut, and it was a fight to force the metal button through the rough denim, then another struggle to work the zipper. But I persevered, and the tab slid down, the teeth parted.

The swollen head of his penis thrust out of the top of black cotton briefs, glossed with precum. An image of pure masculine vigor and sensuality that made my body hum with need.

Vaguely, I was aware of him jerking the jeans down his legs, of the fact that the briefs were actually boxer briefs that hugged his balls and the tops of his muscular thighs, but then they were disappearing too, and I sucked in a breath when my gaze took in his full, rigid length.

I’d been right about spectacular. In comparison, Jeffrey and my other two lovers were . . . unimpressive was the most polite word I could come up with.

Fascinated, I curled my fingers around him, feeling a pulsing, tensile strength that made my sex throb in response. Throb, clench, and gush in response. I’d never felt so purely physical. All I wanted was to envelop him, sheath him, absorb him all the way into my core. Then feel him plunge back and forth, pressing against all the sensitized spots that were crying out for attention.

I stroked up and down his shaft, his soft skin and throbbing heat inside the curve of my hand, the backs of my fingers brushing the dark curls of hair on his lean belly.

His muscles tensed and he groaned.

My mouth watered, craving the taste of him, but not even Damien’s luscious penis was going to make me kneel on the floor of that lavatory.

He pulled away from me, sheathed himself with a condom he must have taken from his jeans pocket, and sat down on the closed toilet seat. Now it was his turn to unfasten my pants, to unzip them and work them over my hips, taking my panties with them.

If I hadn’t been so turned on, so focused on his hard-on and my aching need, I’d have felt self-conscious as, one foot at a time, I took off a loafer, slid the pant leg over my foot, then stepped back into the shoe. Then I tossed my pants and underwear on top of our shirts and turned to him, utterly naked except for a pair of navy loafers.

Damien’s gaze caressed my breasts, drifted across my belly, lingered at my groin. His eyes glittered. “Oh, yeah, you’re one hot woman. Now come here. Sit on my lap, Theresa.”

When I took a step toward him, trying to figure out how to straddle him, he shook his head. “Can’t do it that way. There’s not enough room for your legs.”

“Then how –”

Firm hands grasped my hips and he turned me.

“Oh.” My voice squeaked out. “Oh, right.” I’d never had sex this way, sitting so my back was to a man’s front. I regretted that I wouldn’t be able to see him, but mostly I just wanted him inside me. Whatever it took.

I sat gingerly, straddling his thighs, his erection sandwiched between his body and the curves of my bottom. What was I supposed to do next?

“That’s a girl,” he murmured, pressing a hot, moist kiss into the nape of my neck. One hand came around to stroke my breast and the other slid between my legs, finding my creamy, needy center. He gave a grunt of satisfaction and caressed me, stoking sensation.

Good as it felt, I was nervous about taking too much time. “We should do this now.”

“I’m sure as hell ready if you are. Lift up a little.”

His thighs were warm and strong under me. All I could really see of him was his knees, and I braced my hands on them as I raised my body. He struggled to tilt his rigid penis and bring it forward, then the crown probed between my legs, making me gasp. With one hand, Damien parted my slick, swollen folds, then he was easing in and, oh my, it felt so good.

And then it hurt a little, and I tensed. It had been so long since I’d had a man inside me, and never one who was built like Damien.

“Easy, Theresa,” he murmured, breath warm on my ear. “We’ll take it nice and slow.”

His words helped me relax, then his thumb was on my clit and the last thing I could do was relax. His penis pressed inside me an inch or two farther, a sexy hint of everything he had to offer. His thumb circled and stroked, and all the arousal that had been building centered and magnified. I trembled with desire – and anxiety – at the thought of him filling me.

I could feel myself get wetter as with each subtle motion he slid in farther. Oh God, I wanted, needed, to climax.

He took my clit between his thumb and index finger and squeezed gently. The pressure was so good, so intense, I came apart under his hand, barely managing to remember that I couldn’t cry out.

As I rode the waves of orgasm, Damien eased farther inside me and my body loosened around him, took him in, clung to him with pleasure. When he was all the way in, he murmured, “All right?”

“God, yes.”

“Do what feels good. Control the action.”

Cautiously I levered myself up, then down, feeling the slide and friction of his flesh inside mine. His hands held my hips, helping me keep my balance, and I moved faster, riding him so it felt like he was pumping in and out of me. A soft moan of pleasure escaped my lips.

“You’re so sexy,” he said. “Your long, slim neck and back.” The words came out between pants. “Curvy arse. The cleft between your cheeks.”

“I feel sexy. You make me feel sexy.” I’d never controlled the love-making this way.

In some ways it seemed impersonal because I couldn’t see his face. I was staring at the back of a silver metal door and around me was the cold starkness of a generic airplane washroom. Better to look down. And, oh my. Each time I raised up, I could see his inner thighs where the skin was pale, almost tender looking. The furry roundness of his balls. The base of his penis and the way his shaft disappeared inside me.

Oh yes, this view was sexy, and so was the way he filled me, deep and hard. Both were a real turn-on, but the disadvantage to this position was that his penis didn’t brush my clitoris, and I usually needed that stimulation in order to come.

Damien’s hips were lifting, his penis jerking. He was close to orgasm.

“Touch yourself.” He gasped out the words.

Somehow, he knew this was what I needed. His hands were occupied, holding my waist, but he didn’t want to come and leave me behind.

Of course I masturbated occasionally, but I’d never touched myself when I was with a lover. I was too inhibited. And yet, here I was having sex in an airplane lav with the hottest guy I’d ever met. And my body was heavy, achy, on the edge. I really, really wanted that second climax.

“Come on, Theresa,” he gasped, for the first time sounding impatient.

To hell with my inhibitions. I lifted a hand from his thigh, feeling him grip my waist tighter so his heavy thrusts wouldn't unbalance me. Then I touched myself the way he'd done, stroking my nub, pressing, squeezing it a little. Remembering the feel of his much larger, rougher-textured hand.

Damien's hand. Damien's penis pumping into my slick channel, filling me deeply.

The orgasm caught me by surprise, and it was all I could do to choke back a moan.

He plunged again, hard, then again, and buried his face in my shoulder as spasms rocked through him and into me as he, too, climaxed.

After, I collapsed heavily on his lap, my whole body weak, trembly and totally satisfied. His arms circled me and I rested mine atop his. "Wow. If that's what it's like in an airplane lavatory, I can't wait to try a bed."

"Insatiable female," he grumbled against my shoulder.

"You're the one who—" I jerked upright. Someone was rattling the door.

"It's okay," he murmured. "I locked it. They'll use the other one."

So much for basking in the physical afterglow of great sex. My body was taut with anxiety. "We have to get back to our seats. Oh God, what if someone sees us come out?"

"They'll be envious. C'mon it's not a crime, like smoking in the lav."

"Well . . ." He had a point, but on the other hand, our behavior was awfully undignified. I was a Harvard graduate, a university professor. And he was a —

Oh. My. God. I, the esteemed professor, was screwing in the loo with a celebrity.

I smothered a giggle, then levered myself off his lap. When he bent to pull up his jeans, I shifted as far away as I could in the cramped compartment, to give him room. How on earth was I going to get dressed? Both standing up, we took all the available space.

Damien reached around my naked body to grab his shirt from the sink. "You sit on the toilet lid while I finish dressing, then I'll pop out and go back to my seat. Lock the door behind me, then you'll have some room and privacy."

"Okay." I spread tissues on the lid and obeyed, arms wrapped around myself.

After he'd pulled the shirt over his head, he bent to drop a kiss on my nose. "Whoever told you that you're all work?" Then he was reaching to open the door and I scrambled upright so I could slam it shut behind him and secure the lock.

When I was alone, I stared at my reflection. Pink cheeks, pink chest and breasts. I'd never seen myself this way. Sexy, tousled, embarrassed yet thoroughly satisfied. If sex with Damien was this great in such an unappealing, cramped environment, what would it be like in a real bed?

Oh my gosh, I'd agreed to stay in Hawaii with him. And I couldn't wait.