

EXCERPT

Indiscretions

A NOVEL

JESSICA TILLES



XPRESS YOURSELF PUBLISHING

INDISCRETIONS. Copyright © 2024 by Jessica Tilles.

All rights in accordance with the U.S. Copyright Act of 1976, the scanning, uploading, and electronic sharing of any part of this book without permission of the publisher constitute unlawful piracy and theft of the author's intellectual property. If you would like to use material for the book (other than for review purposes), prior written permission must be obtained by contacting the publisher at publisher@xpressyourselfpublishing.com. Thank you for your support of the author's rights.

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, establishments, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Xpress Yourself Publishing
eMail: publisher@xpressyourselfpublishing.com
www.xpressyourselfpublishing.com

ISBN: 978-0-9852484-9-9 (paperback)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024938764

First Xpress Yourself Publishing trade paperback printing June 2024
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Editing, Book Cover, and Interior Design by:
TWA Solutions & Services
www.twasolutions.com

Ordering Information:
Our books may be purchased in bulk for promotional, educational, or business use. Please contact us at publisher@xpressyourselfpublishing.com.

Worldwide Distribution by:
Ingram Content Group
www.ingramcontent.com

Acknowledgments

When I began writing this book in 2015, its title was *Trespassing*. My rough draft was far from perfect, and I nearly abandoned it—several times. Honestly, I was ready to give up.

However, two people refused to allow me to do so. Their input proved to be a turning point. Bill Holmes and Ann Jeffries—thank you, thank you, thank you! Your suggestions were invaluable, helping me refine the manuscript into something that felt like a book and showed my growth as a writer.

Your encouragement and insights were crucial in bringing this story to life, and I am deeply grateful for your unwavering support. This book is as much yours as it is mine. Thank you for believing in me and in *Indiscretions*.

I'd also like to acknowledge Cinnamon, Chelsea, Chanel, and Piccachu—my beloved furbabies. Thank you for keeping me company during my late-night writing sessions. Your gentle snores and dream-induced twitches under my desk were music to my ears, providing comfort and companionship throughout the process. Your presence made those long hours more enjoyable and less lonely.

To you—the one holding this book—thank you for reading my books over the past twenty-four years! Your support means more to me than words can express. I appreciate you more than you will ever know.

Love,

JT

May 23, 2024

2:03 p.m., EST

ALSO BY JESSICA TILLES

Raven Ward Series
(in paperback and ebook)

Anything Goes
Sweet Revenge
Unfinished Business

The Howard Sisters Series
(in paperback and ebook)

In My Sisters' Corner
Crossing Sisters

Standalone Books
(in paperback and ebook)

Apple Tree
Fatal Desire
Loving Simone
Loving You
Native New York
(with Adrienne Lilliette Harris)

e-Short
(in ebook only)
No One Has To Know
(with William Fredrick Cooper)

Anthology
(in paperback and ebook)

Erogenous Zone

On Audiobook

Loving You, narrated by Kelley Hazen
Loving Simone, narrated by Kelley Hazen

Indiscretions are the proofs of weakness.

PROLOGUE

Entering the dimly lit pub, she exuded an undeniable beauty. Flowing chestnut tresses cascaded down her back in gentle waves with curled ends, complementing her ivory complexion perfectly. Azure blue eyes twinkled, while her high cheekbones and full lips formed a soft, welcoming smile.

Gliding gracefully through the room, the knee-length hem of the floral print Diane von Furstenberg wrap dress swayed as leather peep-toe platform heels emitted a soft click with each step, turning the heads of the few men sipping drinks.

With a pleasant and inviting expression, the bartender turned toward the approaching woman, a friendly smile stretching across his face. The sparkle in his eyes twinkled with anticipation, ready to offer a delightful experience. Pausing for a moment to observe her presence, as she hiked her curvy hip on the swivel stool, the bartender spoke in a congenial tone. “What can I get for you?”

Behind the counter, a symphony of bottles stood tall against a wall-to-wall mirror, showcasing an array of spirits waiting to be crafted into delectable concoctions.

Tucking the strands of her hair behind her ear, she warmly smiled. “Cabernet Sauvignon.”

Observing her surroundings, her gaze landed on a man seated at the bar a few stools away.

His wide shoulders relaxed as piercing hazel eyes complemented his butter biscuit brown complexion. He had an alluring ruggedness about him with a neatly trimmed beard and stylishly tapered dark hair. The fitted black Lacoste polo shirt hugged his muscular frame, paired with beige khakis.

As he sipped from the snifter, the tendons in his forearms flexed. His self-assured demeanor and magnetic presence exuded an aura of quiet power.

While he was sitting there, lost in his thoughts, she dismounted her stool, nodded toward the bartender, and moved toward him, taking the stool next to him.

He observed her features and offered a polite smile, revealing a row of pearly white straight teeth. Experiencing a flutter in her chest, her heart skipped a beat, and she looked away, feeling a blush creeping up her spine.

Setting the drink on the smooth surface, the bartender presented it with a sense of pride. With a warm grin, he gestured toward the beverage, inviting her to indulge. As a final gesture to their brief interaction, he casually flung the white towel over his shoulder, an emblem of his expertise and attentiveness. The bartender then gracefully stepped away, leaving her to savor the drink and the man beside her.

With a sideways glance, the stranger leaned over and struck up a conversation, asking her about herself and making her laugh with his witty comments. As the hours passed, they drank more and talked more, and shared stories.

As she spoke, her voice was reminiscent of music, smooth and melodic. Her radiant laughter flooded him with joy and warmth. He couldn't resist being drawn to her, captivated by her beauty and charm.

More than simply another pretty face, she had a kind heart and a sharp mind. Her range of conversation went from her beloved bulldog and peaked to the highest level of politics. Her demeanor caused him to feel comfortable in her presence, a sensation he'd previously experienced with someone else.

"I Wanna Be Closer" by Switch was the musical backdrop for this impromptu rendezvous. The lights dimmed more, casting everything in a subtle, romantic glow. With her eyes closed, she swayed and pursed her lips. She opened her eyes to see him staring at her.

"I love this song. Want to dance?"

He shrugged. "Sure."

Leaning, she extended her hand, palm up, and gazed up into his eyes.

INDISCRETIONS

Glancing down at her turned-up palm, he smiled. This was a first. With an inner chuckle, he placed his palm on hers and she led him to the middle of the empty dance floor.

The soft strains of the 1978 romantic ballad filled the room as they swayed, pressed close, falling into a gentle rhythm that felt as natural as breathing.

His hands were strong and warm as they encircled her waist, pulling her in closer. She felt his breath on her neck as he leaned in, and she shivered with pleasure. His scent was intoxicating, a heady mixture of cologne and cognac that made her vagina moist.

As they swayed, moving in perfect sync, she felt a sense of peace wash over her. The world outside faded away as they lost themselves in music—in each other.

He whispered sweet nothings in her ear, his voice low and husky, sending shivers throughout her. She turned her head to look up at him, and their eyes met, each gazing deeply into the other's soul. She parted her lips. He did not partake in tasting them. She felt a moment of disappointment.

The dance was languid. As the song ended, he held her close, and they continued to sway, unwilling to break the spell. The air grew thick with anticipation as they basked in a silent exchange of desire. They had been flirting all evening, and the tension between them had grown almost unbearable.

Stroking his back, her hands moved down to his buttocks, causing him to kiss her with a hunger that took her breath away. She responded to him, her heart racing as his hands roamed over her waist, down to her round bottom, caressing and squeezing. It was like nothing she had ever felt before, a mixture of passion and tenderness that left her dizzy with pleasure, and a moist panty crotch.

The world around them fell away as they lost themselves in the feelings, entwined in a dance of desire. The kiss was a revelation, a reminder that this was what it meant to be truly alive.

Looking into each other's eyes, she knew she had met someone special who made her feel alive, wanted, and desired.

With a tilt of her head and a frisky smile, she entwined her fingers in his and led him out of the bar and to the bank of elevators at the Hyatt Regency, as he watched her hips tease him with every sway. After she pressed the call button, they stood side-by-side, holding hands, him stroking her palm. The heat between her thighs was growing into a raging fire. She wanted him—badly.

He wanted her, too, as the throb in his groin was tightening and needed a release.

When the elevator doors opened, they hurried inside, frantically groping each other before the doors could close. He slipped his hand under her dress and eased his finger inside her panty, playing with her moisture. *Damn*, he thought, as he was hard as concrete. He had one thing on his mind: blow her back out—nothing more, nothing less.

Clinging to each other for support, the pair stumbled out of the elevator, down the corridor, and into her hotel room. After having their fill of libations, they were beyond inebriation and feeling one another.

Almost unbearable was the prolonged anticipation, as they stumbled toward the bed, collapsing in a heap, fondling and kissing until he couldn't hold back any longer. Standing, he pulled up her dress and ripped off her panty.

The room was spinning, and she felt as though she were on a merry-go-round, watching him unharness his beast, his pants dropping to the floor. Her mouth fell open at the sight of the gargantuan penis. *Wowser*, she thought as he looked into her eyes, lay on top of her, pushed her thighs back, impaled her wetness, and began punishing her cave—humping and pounding with vigorous force. No kissing. No hugging. Straight sex. As the urge built inside him to explode inside her, he stiffened, released a deep growl, then his seeds, and rolled over onto his back.

Panting, he rubbed his abdomen, looking up at the ceiling. "Damn, I needed that."

She stared at the ceiling. "I didn't come."

"No?"

"No."

INDISCRETIONS

He rolled over onto his side and pulled up on his elbow. “Well, we can’t have that now, can we?”

She remained quiet.

He leaned in, tongue-stroked her neck, and vigorously rubbed his middle finger against her clitoris as if starting a forest fire until she came so hard that he quickly covered her mouth to keep the entire eleventh floor from hearing her cry of ecstasy.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he looked at the digital clock on the nightstand: 1:35 a.m. “I need to get some sleep.” He stood, picked up his trousers, and ambled toward the bathroom. He flipped on the light and stepped inside.

She looked up at the ceiling, unsure of how she felt. This was the first time in her life, she’d had a one-night stand, especially with someone years younger than she. However, she hoped for more. She was really digging him.

“You’re welcome to stay here.”

He turned on the water, washed his hands, and rinsed out his mouth. He pulled a clean washcloth from the metal rack on the wall, wet it, and cleaned himself up.

“Thanks, but I’m good.”

“Will I see you later?”

After putting on his pants and adjusting his clothes, he exited the bathroom and moved toward the bed.

She stood up and stroked his back. “Will I see you again, baby?” *Baby?* He smiled with an inner chuckle.

She smiled. “How about breakfast in the morning?”

“I can’t.”

“Well, lunch, maybe dinner?”

He twisted up his mouth, as if in contemplation, and then shook his head. “You get some rest.” He pivoted and walked toward the door. He faced her, blew her a kiss, and walked out of the room, allowing the door to close behind him.

Well, damn. With her head still spinning, and feeling a headache coming on, she pulled back the covers, climbed into bed, and felt

some kind of way—like a prostitute who'd given up the goods to a customer at no charge.

The next morning, she awoke to a bright new day, hung over and feeling a hot mess. She was not ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead. Thinking about the handsome man who had bedded her hours earlier, she desperately wanted to see him again. She wouldn't mind a repeat performance, either.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she thought of calling the front desk to inquire about him, then realized hotel policy would prohibit it.

Heavily sighing, she stood up and padded to the bathroom, silently beating herself up for sleeping with a stranger, with no protection.

Exiting the bathroom, she turned on the television and moved toward the bed, her eyes casting downward.

"What's that?"

Bending down, she picked it up and opened it.

A smile grew on her face. Happy as a lark, she sat down and perused his wallet: credit card, debit card, an upcoming appointment card for the doctor, and—her brows rose. *What's this?* A small photo of a beautiful woman who looked to be in her early twenties. *Sister maybe? He didn't mention a wife, and I saw no ring. Oh well.* She tossed the wallet on the nightstand.

Using the complimentary pad and pen on the desk, she noted the details from his driver's license. After showering and dressing, she gathered her things and left out of the room, heading for the lobby.

The front desk clerk saw her approaching. She wreathed a smile as bright as the sun. "Good morning."

She returned the smile, but not as bright, and set the wallet on the counter. "Will you please see he gets this? He left it in my room last night." With the tilt of her head, she winked, pivoted, and walked to the door, exiting the hotel.