

A photograph of a person's legs from the waist down to the knees, wearing a light pink, flowing skirt. The text is overlaid on the skirt. The background is white.

Trick  
or  
Treat

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ANARA BELLA

Trick or Treat  
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*“Omigod. He’s here! He’s really here!”*

Thea’s intense excitement about exploded through her skin. There was no way she could keep the high-pitched squeal out of her voice. And as embarrassed as she was by that, she counted herself lucky that she wasn’t actually jumping up and down like a loon. But how could she help it when the man of her dreams was here. Hell, she could hardly believe her eyes as they hungrily drank in every yummy inch of him.

*Hot damn.*

She fought the urge to pinch herself to be sure she wasn’t dreaming. The guy she’d all but stalked around town ever since she’d first spotted him a few months ago was now within her reach. It was no wonder she could barely contain herself.

She’d had a minor, okay so a *major*, crush on him ever since that day, and had made a determined effort to find out who he was. And now here he was, at the very same Halloween costume party as her. This was her best chance to finally meet him, and she wasn’t going to miss it.

“Where?” Her best friend Asia craned her neck trying to spot the guy Thea was freaking out about.

“Right there.” Thea surreptitiously pointed at the gorgeous dark-haired hunk decked out as a pirate. The costume, complete with a rakish eye patch, suited him perfectly, the cotton billowy-sleeved shirt emphasized his broad chest and narrow waist, while the tight breeches showed his lean hips to perfection. They also drew her eyes to the impressive bulge in the front. God, he made her horny just looking at him.

Asia gave a long heartfelt sigh. “Wow. He really is gorgeous, isn’t he?”

Thea bit back another squeal. If she wasn’t careful she’d look like some crazed teeny-bopper who’d spotted her favorite movie star, instead of the mature twenty year old she actually was. She didn’t know why, but he brought out in her that same kind of knee-melting fervor.

“Isn’t he? I *have* to meet him. I’ve waited too long for this chance.”

“Calm down. We’ll figure something out. Just give me a second to think.”

Thea elbowed Asia. “Don’t take too long. The vultures are circling.”

And she wasn’t exaggerating. There were at least three other women checking Cain out with looks ranging from interested speculation to outright lascivious intent. There wasn’t a moment to lose.

Thea chewed her lip as she contemplated her options. But time ran out when the playboy bunny across the room started towards him. Thea jumped to action. She was *not* losing her chance to some other opportunist.

She took off, not even pausing to answer Asia's startled "Where are you going?"

Forging ahead, determined to have him to herself, Thea motored her way through the crowd, all but shoving past anyone in her way. If only she had a clue what she was going to say to the guy once she got there. She rather doubted the wisdom of saying, "Hi. I've been lusting after you from afar for weeks. Please take pity on me, and ravish me now."

Of course, it was sure to get his attention. Straightforward and to the point. He'd also think she was nuts. Then again, maybe she could make it work. If she phrased it just right. She was nothing if not inventive.

Reaching her quarry before the other woman, Thea didn't hesitate. She couldn't. There wasn't a moment to lose.

She latched onto his strong arm, leaned into him, getting nice and close. Then, she peeped up at his startled face, doing her best to look helpless. She considered batting her eyelashes, but held back at the last second, worried it would be too much.

"Could you please help me?"

"What?" His shocked expression wasn't encouraging, but then she was pretty sure he wasn't used to having half-naked belly dancers asking for his help.

On the plus side, out of the corner of her eye, Thea saw the other woman come to a screeching halt, scowling and muttering as she turned away.

*Yes.* Thea grinned at the woman's retreating back, only just stopping short of pumping her arm in victory, which would have looked really odd to Cain. Not to mention the way it would have undermined her damsel in distress act.

She gazed up at Cain in what she hoped was an attractive, but defenseless, fashion. "That guy over there won't leave me alone. He keeps following me around." Thea shoved down her feelings of guilt. Lying was probably not the best way to start a relationship but she was desperate.

Cain glanced at the guy she'd indicated. Lucky for her, the guy was frowning in their direction. Probably because he was wondering what they were staring at, but hey, it was working in her favor so what did she care.

She pushed her advantage. "He really gives me the creeps. Maybe if he sees me with you he'll take the hint and go bother someone else."

Looking mildly bewildered, Cain looked down at her. "You want me to go over there and have a word with him?"

*Good God.* She hadn't even considered he might do something like that. "No! No. Don't do that. I don't want to cause any trouble. I just want him to think I'm here with someone else. Now that he's seen me with you, he'll probably just give up and go away."

His gaze shifted back to the other guy. "You sure?"

Mr. Wrongly-accused lifted a brow, and started in their direction. Alarm shot through her. *Oh shit! What the hell do I do now?*

Panic-stricken, she tugged on Cain's arm and tried to pull him in the opposite direction. "Let's get out of here."

But Cain resisted her strenuous efforts to move him, and dug in. "He doesn't scare me."

*Oh great, now what? This guy wants to be a hero.* "I'm sure he doesn't, but let's not ruin the party with a fight."

At first Cain stood firm, but he finally gave in, letting her lead him away. She wove through the crowd of costumed partiers with hotfooted alacrity and no clear idea of where they were going, dragging Cain along in her wake. There was only one thing on her mind, and that was to stay as far away from the guy following them as possible.

She glanced back. *Shit*, he was still coming after them. She'd obviously picked the wrong guy to use as her pretend stalker since he seemed as determined to catch up with them as she was to get away.

*Damn.*

The last thing she needed was for this guy to expose her lie. She'd look pretty stupid if Cain found out what she'd done. Not the best way to make a good first-impression, that's for sure.

Where could they hide without Thea losing her chance to get to know Cain better? Scouring every which way as they went, she led Cain through the house room by room, each one filled to the brim with reveling party-goers seemingly bent on getting in her way. Her gaze finally lit upon a door in the far wall.

A quick peek behind told her the guy was out of sight, thankfully engulfed by the crowd. Perfect timing. She had no idea what that door led to but she was going for it.

Grabbing the knob, she yanked it open and shoved Cain inside, scampering in right behind him. Relief washed over her as she quickly slammed the louvered door, and slumped against it.

And then she saw where they were. Or to be more accurate, almost saw, because it was pretty damned dark in there. It was, in fact, a small enclosed, somewhat claustrophobic, area with not much wiggle room to speak of.

Well, she'd wanted to be alone with him.

“Nice closet.”

Cain’s sexy, humor-laced voice was her undoing. The adrenalin rush of getting away from Mr. Pseudo-stalker, coupled with her already strung out nerves got the best of her and she burst out laughing.

She was clearly becoming hysterical.

Things had gone from awkward to ridiculous in a heartbeat, and she had no one to blame but herself. She was an idiot. She should have looked for a bedroom or something more appropriate for them to hide in. That at least could have led to a much more interesting interlude between them. Now she just looked stupid.

*How the hell did she come back from this?*

Her self-recriminations came to a screeching halt when Cain’s laughter joined hers, immediately setting her mind to rest. He was not only a hunk, he had a sense of humor too. The guy was perfect. “Guess I should have looked first before I hustled us in here.”

“Oh, I don’t know. It’s nice and cozy.”

The hint of wicked suggestion in Cain’s voice got butterfly wings flapping like mad in her stomach. All of a sudden, the last thing on her mind was laughing because she couldn’t focus on anything but the sexual tension sparking between them.

She cleared her throat. “It is at that.”

But she wasn’t thinking about the closet anymore. Pretty much plastered up against her hunky pirate in the super-cramped space she suspected was a very small pantry or linen closet, she couldn’t think about anything but how great it felt to have his hard body touching hers from chest to thigh.

Off the charts intimacy hit her with the force of a Mac truck. Unexpected heat and lust welled up within her, and it was so unlike her, she took a moment just to absorb it.

She generally didn’t react to guys this fast, but Cain was obviously the exception to the rule. No doubt helped along by the fact that she’d been fantasizing about him since she’d first set eyes on him.

Or maybe it wasn’t that at all. Maybe it was just him, or their private little cocoon, or both. Whatever it was, she felt reckless and sexy and daring. It was time to relax and have some fun with the rather interesting situation her impulsive actions had landed her in.

As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, awareness of the big male in front of her assailed her senses in the most delicious way. Freeing hands that had somehow become trapped between them, she spread her fingers against the soft cotton of his shirt, loving the way his muscles flexed and rippled beneath her questing fingers. She took her time, feeling her way up his hard chest until she could rest her hands on his shoulders.

“I’m Thea, by the way.” Go, her. That sounded nice and casual.

“Cain.”

“Nice to meet you, Cain.”

“Likewise.”

She could hear the smile in his voice, and the huskiness of his sexy baritone was a turn on that fed the need growing inside of her with shocking speed. Her skyrocketing libido had her insides shaking with a combination of nerves and need.

She suddenly became aware of the heavy beat of the music as it throbbed through her in a primal beat, rhythmic and hard, driving and deep, feeding the lust that was growing by leaps and bounds.

It was crazy, but on some instinctive level she felt like she already knew Cain, had always known him. So when his hands stole around her naked waist, it felt completely natural. Necessary even. Because she wanted this kind of intimacy with him. The delicious goose bumps that raced along her flesh were as welcome as her next breath. In that moment, she felt ridiculously grateful she’d worn such a skimpy costume tonight.

“So, now that we’re here—” he leaned in and nuzzled her ear, then nipped at a sensitive spot just below it that she hadn’t even realized was an erogenous zone, “Got any ideas on how we should pass the time?”

She shivered. His warm breath, together with his suggestive question, arrowed straight to her sensitized core, making her hyper aware of his touch, his scent, his hard muscles flexing beneath her fingers. All of it coalesced and built, instantly making her hot and wet and needy.

Did she know how they should pass the time?

Oh boy. Did she ever.

\*

It didn’t get any better than this.

Only moments ago, Cain had been scouring the crowd looking for Thea. Then, as if reading his mind, she’d appeared out of nowhere, clinging to his arm, asking for his help. And now she was plastered up against him with his arms secured around her luscious body.

This was a fucking wet dream come true.

Just last week, he'd been in town and Thea had caught his eye. Her gorgeous red hair and sweet body had grabbed him so hard he'd felt it deep in his gut. He'd been desperate to find out who she was.

Fortunately, his best friend Jake had recognized her, and known she was coming to tonight's party. Cain had been chomping at the bit to meet her ever since. He sure as hell never imagined he'd be moments away from kissing her delectable lips this soon. How he'd lucked out, he had no idea, but he wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Not that he could see much in the dark confines of the closet, but that only enhanced the lush feel of her in his arms. His fingers itched to roam past the bare expanse of skin presently filling them. But he didn't want to overstep her bounds. So he held back, waiting for her lead.

"I can think of a few things we could do."

Thea's throaty voice was a tad shaky, but sexy as hell, and full of unspoken sensual promises. His cock immediately jerked to full attention, as did every neuron in his body. He didn't think he was imagining the invitation he heard there. In fact, he'd bet his last dollar she was just as into the moment as he was.

No way was he going to let that tempting offer pass him by. He leaned in and nipped the lobe of her ear. "So can I, darlin'. But is it the same thing as you're thinking?"

He felt her slight tremor of excitement, and elation whipped through him.

Her voice came out in a rush. "God, I hope so."

And so did he. Heat scorched through him at the desperate, breathy tone of her voice. "Why don't we see?" He brushed his lips across hers in a gentle lover's caress. "Am I on the right track?"

She sighed into his mouth. "Oh yeah."

"How about this?"

He found her mouth and kissed her more insistently, exploring boundaries, playing with her lips, seducing her into wanting more, nipping, teasing, tasting, until she groaned and pulled him to her so close there wasn't a microbe of air between them. He fell headlong into the beckoning abyss of desire, kissing her harder, more deeply, devouring her soft lips with his own, tasting her for the first time, needing to know everything there was to know about her.

She matched his passion and ran with it, sliding her tongue along his, eating at him, as he was eating at her, sucking his tongue deep into her sweet mouth in a move his cock desperately wanted to imitate.

God, he was so hard he ached. He fought the need to touch her more intimately, to touch her in ways he had no right to expect her to allow. His wants warred with decency, but he couldn't stop himself. They were like a living thing that grew with each breath he took, overtaking his



common sense, overtaking the moment.

Before he could think better of it, his hand glided down her curves to grasp her plump ass cheek and pull her tight into his erection. The pressure gave him only a momentary relief before it turned against him, worked him up even more, and then spiraled completely out of control.

The groan of ecstasy ripped from his throat. He was hot, hard, and beyond ready for more.

Without thought, he slid his free hand along her bare midriff, stopping only when he felt the underside of her breast. Anticipation ate at him while he teased the soft, inviting mound, until he couldn't take it anymore, and cupped her full, sweet breast in his eager hand.

Her sweet moan was music to his ears, and a full on relief. She didn't push him away, didn't call a halt. Instead, like a miracle, she pressed the ample mound into his touch, the hard points of her nipples poking into his palm.

His mouth watered with wanting to taste her. "I'll take that as a yes."

She expelled her breath as if she'd been holding it. "Oh God, yes."

His blood sang with elation for one long moment, before what little of it still in his brain abandoned him in a mad rush to head straight to his throbbing cock.

He could hardly believe it. She was with him all the way. Most women would have played games with him, teasing him and then backing off. And while he had no problem with a woman saying no, he had no use for games.

Thea was a revelation. One he cherished, and planned to get to know a whole lot better.

He released her breast from the confines of her bra-like top, and gently kissed the turgid peak before taking it fully into his hot, greedy mouth. She gasped, and speared her fingers into his hair, keeping him firmly in place. Not that he had any intention of stopping. He didn't think he could if he tried.

Freeing her other breast, he suckled and worshipped each peak with single-minded attention, wanting to give her as much pleasure as he could. He must have succeeded because she pulled him up by his hair so she could kiss his mouth again.

But he wanted more, and there was only one way to find out if she did too. With teasing, seeking fingers, he slowly worked his way from her hip to the apex of her thighs, and waited there for her reaction.

Her breath held, her entire body froze. It was obvious she was torn.

"We can stop now, if you want. It'll about kill me, but we can." All the while he prayed she wouldn't.

His heart almost stopped when her hand circled to the front of his breeches and grasped his

steely dick through the fabric. "I don't want to stop."

His breath expelled in a rush. He hadn't even realized he'd been holding it. "Thank God."

His mouth smashed into hers. Their kisses becoming more and more urgent and desperate by the second.

This time when he sought her pussy, he didn't hesitate to touch her panties, and when he did, he found her already wet for him, so wet it had soaked the crotch of her costume. He teased along the edge, and then rubbed his finger back and forth across the soaked fabric in a touch meant to tantalize, meant to tempt her to go farther.

A whimper escaped her lips, and she squirmed as if restlessness rode her hard. And why wouldn't it? It rode him hard too.

Her fingers bit into his biceps, and when he still wouldn't increase the pressure, she dropped her forehead on his shoulder.

"Stop teasing me. I can't take it anymore. Just touch me already."

He kissed the top of her head. "Darlin', all you had to do was ask."

He worked a finger past the elastic at her crotch, pushing the fabric aside, so he could stroke her plump, wet folds. He wanted to see how pretty she was down there, but it was too dark, and there wasn't enough room to get down on his knees, but God, he desperately wanted to. Rich cream coated his fingers. God, he wanted to eat her out, taste her cream on his lips, lick her sweet pussy until she came all over his tongue.

Next time.

Next time he would do just that.

For now, he enjoyed using his fingers to play with her sweet flesh. She was so slick and hot, he almost went out of his mind with wanting to thrust his dick into her, wanting to feel her inner muscles fisting his hard cock, wanting to explode in her tight sheath.

He slicked over her clitoris again and again until she was gasping, gripping his shoulders with her fingers so hard her nails dug into his skin through his shirt. Then he lightly danced his finger across her entrance, almost, but not quite, dipping his finger into her hot core, smiling when she whimpered with need.

Again he teased her sensitive opening with the tip of his finger. "Do you want me in here, darlin'? Do you want it as much as I do?"

\*

*Yes. Oh God, yes.*

She wanted it. She *craved* it. Had to have it. Would *die* if Cain stopped now. She'd never wanted anything more in her entire life.

She lifted one leg and braced her gold-stiletto-clad foot on a shelf behind Cain. "Do it, Cain. *Now.*"

Cain's answering shudder set her insides on fire.

"Gotta love a woman who knows what she wants."

"Gotta love a man who knows how to make her want it."

With a grin, he pushed first one, then two fingers into her, stretching her, thrusting in and out while his thumb worked her clit. It was glorious, it was amazing, but it wasn't enough. She needed his cock inside of her, filling her emptiness to bursting.

Enough with the foreplay. She'd never been more turned on and ready for sex than she was at this moment.

She fumbled with the fastening on Cain's breeches. He didn't need anymore encouragement than that. He brushed her fingers aside and took over. Shoving his clothing down his hips, he freed his cock.

And what a glorious cock it was. She could just see enough to make out his impressive hard-on. With eager hands, she closed her fist around it, enjoying the steel-covered-velvet flesh as it slid through her fingers. God, she wanted to suck on it, but there just wasn't enough maneuvering room.

Cain miraculously produced a condom from his wallet, and Thea almost sobbed in relief that he'd thought of it when she hadn't.

He pushed her fingers aside, and deftly rolled the protection on his granite-hard length. Then he pushed her underwear out of the way, and guided it to her pussy.

But that was as far as he went, tantalizing her entrance with the tip of his shaft. Driving her crazy with wanting him.

"Last chance, darlin'. You absolutely certain about this?"

*Is he kidding?*

For an answer she grabbed his ass with both hands and pushed his hard length into her empty, needy channel.

She gasped as he stretched her, filled her, stuffing her so full she swore she could feel him in

the back of her throat.

He groaned, and stilled. “Damn. Don’t move or I’ll go off like a rocket.”

She drew in a shaky breath. “You’re not the only one.”

Several deep, slow breaths later, he kissed her. “That had to be the best damned yes in the history of man.”

Thea grinned. “I’m glad you approve.”

He slowly rocked out and back into her. “Oh yeah, I definitely approve.”

Reaching between them, he started circling her clit with his long callused fingers, toying with her, ratcheting up the tension, higher, and then higher still, until she couldn’t stand it. Not. One. Second. More.

“Enough.”

She took the lead, and started moving on his hard length, trying to increase the delicious friction and satisfy her needy body.

He growled in appreciation. “Impatient little thing, aren’t you?”

She cupped his tight balls, and gave them a slight squeeze. “You have no idea.”

His hand contracted on her ass almost painfully. “I think maybe I do.”

Grabbing her other leg, he shoved it around his waist, and then began to thrust in earnest, plunging long and deep in strong, sure strokes, building the fire, fanning the flames, working them up until they were both panting with exertion.

She was so close to the edge. So close.

“I’m not going to last much longer.”

“Don’t worry, I’m almost there.”

She reached up and pinched her nipples. And that was it. The orgasm hit her so hard, so sudden, that she bit Cain on the shoulder to hold back her scream of release.

But Cain didn’t let up, continuing to pound into her, hammering her flesh with steely determination, until a second orgasm overtook her, until he finally growled out his own release, until they were both completely wrung out.

He collapsed against her, his arms shaking as he continued to hold onto her. How he didn’t drop her, she had no idea because she was dead weight. Her own legs were so shaky there was no way she could stand up.

They stayed that way, unmoving, for untold minutes while they both caught their breath.

“Oh, my God.”

Cain chuckled. “No one’s ever called me a god before.”

She snorted, and gave him a playful smack, not sure where she got the strength to do even that much. “No one’s calling you one now. Although, you were incredible.”

He kissed her briefly on the lips. “You’re the one who’s incredible.”

She was grateful he couldn’t see her blush. It would ruin her attempt at post-sex sophistication. “Let’s see if I can stand on my own two feet again.”

With a regretful sigh, he ran his hands along her thighs, and helped her to do just that. After which, they cleaned up as best they could under the circumstances, righting their clothing in the process.

\*

Without warning, the door flew open, and unwanted light filled their safe haven.

Thea was certain no one had ever had as much fun inside a closet as they’d just had, and she was loathe to leave it. Although, now that she could see it more clearly, she couldn’t believe they’d been able to pull off their little sexcapade in there.

“There you are.”

The hairs on Thea’s nape stood on end, while she prayed that the annoyed, and somewhat accusing, male voice didn’t belong to the guy she’d worked so hard to get away from. She forced herself to turn her head, and glanced over her shoulder.

Yep. It had been too much to hope for, but she’d hoped with everything she had just the same. Thea’s guilty look clashed head on with the irate glare of Mr. Pseudo-stalker, confirming her worst fears.

He raised a questioning brow.

Sheepishly, she fluttered her fingers at him in a playful wave. “Hi.”

“Hello to you too.”

His gaze shot over to Cain, and he opened his mouth to speak, but Thea cut him off knowing the truth had to come from her. “This guy wasn’t stalking me. I just used that as an excuse to

meet you.”

Cain blinked, then looked from her to Mr. Wrongly-accused who broke out in a huge grin. His gaze snapped back to her. “Is that so?”

With a weak smile, she gave him a lop-sided shrug. “Trick or treat?”

*Trick or treat.* She couldn’t believe she’d just said that.

His eyes crinkled at the corners. “Seems to me I got both the trick, and the treat. Lucky me.”

All she wanted in that moment was to disappear through the floor. Cain probably thought she’d planned to seduce him all along. Oh God, he probably thought she was a slut. Mortified, she didn’t say anything.

He nodded as if he’d heard her thoughts, and with an unexpected twinkle in his eyes, he said, “Well then, I guess under the circumstances I don’t have to admit that this here is my best friend, Jake, and we had our own little plan set up to help me meet you.”

Her mouth dropped. “You’re kidding.”

“Afraid not.”

All of a sudden the tables were turned, and she felt mortified for a totally different reason. “Are you telling me you *planned* to seduce me?”

Her irate tone sobered him in an instant. “*No.* No. I’m telling you that I wanted to meet you and Jake was going to help me do it.”

“Oh.” Well, that effectively deflated her anger. “How?”

He grinned. “Nothing anywhere near as inventive as you came up with. And quite frankly, I like your plan *way* better than mine.”

Despite herself, the corner of her mouth hitched up a notch. She had to admit, she was rather happy with how things had turned out herself. How could she not be when he’d just given her the orgasm of her life?

Cain turned to Jake. “We need a moment.”

Jake nodded and headed off. Then Cain took her hand. “Let’s get out of here.”

She nodded, and led the way out of the closet that would forever hold a special place in her heart.

They spent the rest of the party alternately dancing and talking, quickly realizing they had a lot more in common than just their little tryst.

When it came time to leave, Asia had already left hours before, so he drove Thea home.

Once in front of her place, she turned toward him, determined to make him understand something about her that he'd probably have a hard time believing after what had happened tonight. "I want you to know that what we did tonight is really not my style. You may not believe it, but I don't make a habit of having sex with guys I don't know."

He caught a lock of her hair, and pushed it behind her ear. "I know that. Believe it or not, it's never happened to me before either."

Her eyes shot to his. "Really?"

"Really." He took her hand, and drew slow circles on the back of it. "That's only one of the things that made it so special."

Her heart started to beat double-time. "Only one?"

He nodded. "You're the most amazing woman I've ever met. Please tell me you'll go out with me tomorrow night."

The time on the dash caught her eye. "You mean tonight? It's two o'clock in the morning."

"Even better. Our first official date can't come fast enough for me."

"Me either." She leaned closer, and brushed her lips across his. "Just don't think you're going to get into my pants so easily again."

He shook his head in earnest. "Never crossed my mind. There's nothing easy about you, darlin'."

She nodded, satisfied with his answer, and with how everything had turned out. "Just be sure to bring plenty of condoms."

###

This isn't the end of Thea and Cain's story. As we all know, the road to love can be rocky, and a Happily Ever After can be elusive, and that's definitely the case for these two. Read how they find their way back to each other ten years later in [Back for You](#).

### **About the Author**

By day Anara is a mild-mannered writer pounding out stories on her trusty keyboard. But by night she's the Domestic Avenger, ready to take on any and all evil that gets in her way. Okay,

so the evils in question are only despicable dust bunnies and dastardly dirty dishes but they *are* evil. And diabolically prolific too.

In reality Anara lives a quiet life in the suburbs with her hubby and two adorable cats. To learn more about Anara and her books, please visit her [website](#), follow her on [Twitter](#) or check out her [Facebook](#) page. She loves to hear from readers, so feel free to drop her a line at [anara@anarabella.com](mailto:anara@anarabella.com).