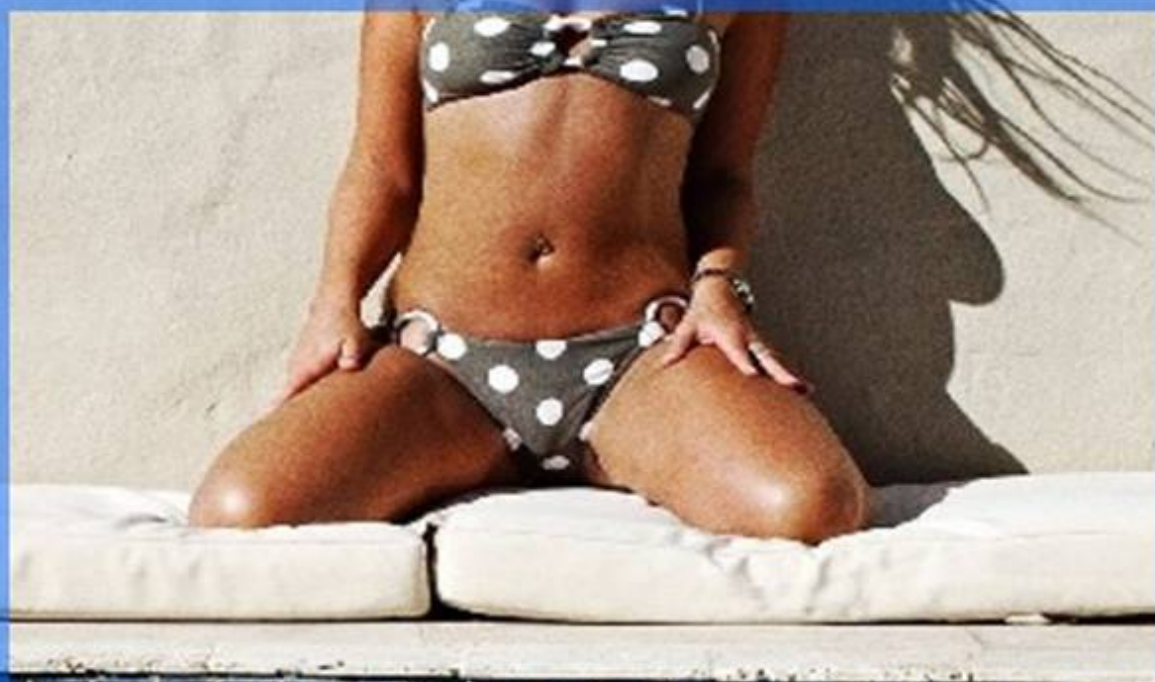


# PEEPING TOM

RACHÈLLE LE MONNIER



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# Peeping Tom

**By Rachelle Le Monnier**

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From somewhere in the distance, I could hear children splashing and yelling as they played, but the thick vegetation that grew along the boundaries of my terrace muted the sound. This screen of fragrant foliage afforded me privacy while I relaxed around my pool and I was thoroughly enjoying the opportunity to sunbathe nude.

I knew the villa next door was occupied but, so far, I hadn't crossed paths with my neighbours. Once or twice voices had filtered over, but it appeared that the people staying there spent most of their time out rather than soaking up the sun as I was doing.

Sight seeing was fun, but since this villa belonged to me, I had pretty much exhausted all the possibilities for local amusement in the last few years. I was happy just to lounge around anyway. My everyday life was busy enough for me to appreciate the quiet time I had here a few times a year.

Since I arrived a week ago, my only real conversation had been with Rosa, the girl who cleaned for me. I had even shoved my Blackberry in a drawer, much to the annoyance of my business partner, Chris. He had tried ringing me a few times, but I always rejected his calls. Sometimes work needed to come second and I hoped that one day he would learn that valuable lesson, as I had.

I rolled over on my sun lounger, deciding it was time to add some more sun lotion to my already bronzed body. I was naked as usual – something I found very exhilarating. White tan lines were never very attractive and it would be nice to go home with an all over golden tan from head to foot.

Not that anybody will see it, I thought dryly. Following my acrimonious divorce, my world had been a man-free zone. Now, almost two years later, I was beginning to notice the lack of male attention in my life, but I still wasn't ready to throw myself back into the dating pool just yet. Oh no, I was happy to enjoy my single status for a while longer. Men were hassle and I was too busy to notice most of the time anyway.

The thick oily lotion squirted out in globs all over my tanned belly. It felt warm and sticky as I slowly rubbed it on to my hot skin, enjoying the

sensuous way my hands glided across my golden flesh like a lover's caress. Once again I was potently reminded that it had been too long.

I knew it would be all very easy to dress up and hit the bars in the resort a few miles up the coast. Picking up men was something I had excelled at before my marriage, but now I was a little older and wiser, I saw the danger inherent in such a risky activity. As much as I would have enjoyed an anonymous sexual encounter, I wasn't willing to put my safety on the line for the sake of a quick fuck

Several men from the nearby village had eyed me up appreciatively upon my arrival, but for the most part I had ignored their blatant invitations. I wanted to spend my future holidays here guilt free – not avoiding the fall out from any unsuitable liaisons.

My eyes drifted shut as I rubbed the remainder of the oily cream across my breasts, paying particular attention to the deep valley between them. My nipples grew harder as I tweaked them and I enjoyed the sparks of sensation that fluttered deep inside.

In my mind's eye, I pretended that it was a sexy young hunk caressing me. Rough, calloused hands stroked my heated skin, bringing pleasure as they moved around the curves of my breasts. I was almost on the verge of losing myself in the erotic fantasy when a faint sound interrupted my lustful imaginings.

Abruptly I sat up and stared at the place in the foliage where the noise had emanated from. I couldn't see anything, but then the bushes were thick and covered in fleshy pink flowers. Only the sounds of insects and distant voices were carried on the salty breeze that cooled my skin.

Maybe too much solitude was having a bad effect, I reasoned with a rueful smile. Paranoia was obviously setting in. Settling back down again, I finished rubbing the cream in and closed my eyes against the glare of the sun.



Before long I was nodding off, but despite the soporific heat, I still had the sense that I was being watched. I probably should have been worried, but the thought that someone was surreptitiously spying on me was actually a turn on.

Yes, it had definitely been way too long.

\* \* \* \*

The sun was sinking low in the sky as I stepped out of my shower. Water dripped all over the tiled floor and I grabbed a thick towel and padded through the bedroom and out on to the balcony. Far below, lights glittered along the harbour and I knew the bars and clubs would be revving up for a busy night, as it was Friday.

The scent of flowers was strong in the warm night air and I breathed it in deeply. It was what I loved about this place; the scents and sounds of a life so different from my own. It was why I kept returning year after year; that and the sun of course.

I rubbed the excess water away from my skin as I stood watching the distant horizon. It was so peaceful up here. My neighbours did not overlook my balcony and I could stand on it with no fear of being watched. With that in mind, I dropped my towel carelessly and was about to walk back inside to grab a slip, when I thought I saw movement in the shadowy garden of the next-door villa.

Curiosity made me move back over to the railing, uncaring of my nudity. I stared out into the darkness and wondered if my neighbours were having drinks outside, but disconcertingly, there were no lights on.

Once again, I had the vague sense that somebody was watching me, but this time I felt a shiver of fear shoot through me like ice. Regardless of my previous relaxed attitude, I knew I was very much alone out here and the thought of some crazy stalker watching me was unsettling to say the least.

For the rest of the evening, I stayed inside with the doors locked. I wasn't taking any chances.

\* \* \* \*

Before too long, I had pretty much convinced myself that I had imagined the whole thing and I soon reverted back to my habit of sunbathing nude. It seemed silly to start wearing bikini's when I had never done so before. If some guy wanted to get off watching me sunbathe, then who was I to spoil his fun?

It was late afternoon a couple of days later when I heard knocking on my front door. I pulled a tee shirt and shorts on before opening the door to see who my unexpected visitor was.

"Hi there," grinned a tanned man with tousled dark hair and dazzlingly blue eyes.

"Hi," I said warily. I had no idea who this guy was and I wasn't in the mood for polite banter – I was looking forward to soaking in the bath before heading out for my evening walk along the harbour. "Is there something I can help you with?"

"Oh sorry," he laughed engagingly, "I suppose I should explain who I am!"

"That might be helpful?"

"I'm Tom," he said, "I'm staying next door with my parents – Villa Velasquez."

I nodded agreeably, but I was still wondering why he was here - although the fact that I found him rather attractive was a distraction.

"That's nice," I said, folding my arms across my chest. Then I saw him looking at my cleavage and I dropped them to my sides.

“Well, since we’re neighbours and all, we were wondering if you fancied popping round for a drink one evening?”

I considered his proposal silently. I was on my own here and some company might be amenable. Besides, it seemed a little rude to refuse their invitation.

“Okay, I guess that would be nice,” I replied with a faint smile.

“Excellent!” he said cheerfully. “How about tomorrow night, about eight?”

“Fine,” I said, already regretting my rash decision. No doubt they would expect a reciprocal invitation. Suddenly my peaceful holiday seemed in danger of being hijacked by well meaning busybodies.

I pasted a bland smile on my face and waved goodbye to Tom as he sauntered back down the path. The only thing that improved my mood was the way he looked in denim cut off’s. He was definitely very sexy and a part of me was tempted to test the water.

But I opted for a tepid shower instead. It was safer, if not as satisfying.

\* \* \* \*

My neighbours’ wine was highly agreeable and I was beginning to relax as we sat around their table on the terrace. Stuart and his wife, Jane, were nice people and I felt slightly guilty for thinking any less of them. Their son, Tom, was more of an enigma, but definitely one I was itching to explore further. Annoyingly, however, he remained somewhat quiet as the three of us talked and reminisced about good ol’ England.

“I’m sure as hell not missing the rain!” remarked Jane with a laugh as she topped up my glass with some more wine.

“Nah, me neither,” I agreed. “Although it’s annoying when you go home with a tan and nobody ever sees it because the weather is so dismal.” I grinned ruefully.

“No boyfriend, then?” Tom asked innocently.

I turned to face him. “No, I don’t have time,” I said.

Stuart stood to fetch another bottle of wine and Jane jumped up to follow him, the empty dinner plates stacked in her hands.

“I should help,” I stated, suddenly remembering my manners, but she waved me away and I decided not to push the issue. I was feeling rather drunk anyway.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Tom staring at my cleavage.

“All work and no play isn’t much fun,” he commented after a moment.

“It pays the bills,” I said, taking another sip of my wine. “Anyway, what do you do for a living – you haven’t said.”

“I’m a photographer,” he replied.

“Oh – what kind of pictures?” My interest was piqued now.

“Family portraits, weddings, the usual stuff to pay the bills.”

“And for fun?” I sensed that he was skirting around something.

“I enjoy the female form,” he said slyly. “So I photograph it.”

Now I was definitely intrigued. “Glamour stuff?”

“Not exactly,” he hedged. “More arty than that.”

I laughed throatily. “Bet that’s what all the pervy photographers say to justify their obsession with tits!”

He chuckled, taking no offence at my insult.

“Ever done any modelling?” he asked in a deceptively friendly tone.

I nearly choked on my wine. “Now you’re just flattering me!”

“No, I’m not,” he said emphatically. “You’re very attractive and you have a lovely figure.

“How can you tell – I’m wearing a loose dress,” I pointed out reasonably.

“I’ve seen you without your dress on,” he whispered just as Stuart and Jane reappeared with another bottle of wine and some cheese.

My senses were on a knife-edge as the conversation changed tack and Jane started asking my advice about the local shops. I managed to find the wherewithal to helpfully point her in the direction of the best bargains to be had, but half of my brain was still trying to work out what Tom was playing at.

His veiled insinuation implied that he had been watching me, but I couldn’t be certain. I felt like he was playing games and despite my annoyance, I was unavoidably aroused by the thought that he had been spying on me when I sunbathed.

By the time the evening wound down, I was so wound up I could barely say another word. I managed to politely mutter my thanks to Jane and Stuart for a lovely evening, and promised to take Jane shopping in a couple of days.

“See you again, soon!” said Tom as waved me off down the path towards my villa.

I shivered in delicious anticipation.

\* \* \* \*

The following morning dawned hotter than an oven and when I finally opened my eyes far later than I was intending, my head was throbbing dully

from too much wine. Groaning heavily, I dragged my weary body into the shower.

The warm water washed away some of the fuzziness and once I had eaten some breakfast, I felt much more human again. I took my second cup of coffee outside onto the terrace and sat in the shade, sipping the strong local brew and thinking back over the previous evening.

Tom's suggestive comments had left me wondering if he had been winding me up, or if he really had been surreptitiously spying on me. Somehow I suspected the latter. It would certainly explain the feeling I had had of being watched.

It was highly arousing and I could hardly wait to get outside and strip off once again. I knew that Stuart and Jane had gone out for the day – they had discussed their plans last night, and I also knew that Tom hadn't mentioned going with them. This suggested that he was around for the day, sun bathing, reading...or potentially watching me.

By midday I had done my quota of housework and reluctantly scanned some work emails. Now I was ready to catch some rays and read a few more chapters of my latest trashy novel.

Carrying my tanning oil, I nonchalantly sauntered outside, brazenly naked and exhibiting absolutely no concern about my nudity. The pool twinkled invitingly, but I wasn't in the mood for any swimming today, so instead I stood and contemplated which sun bed to utilise for maximum exposure. Literally.

There were several, but I picked the one that stood close to the boundary with Tom's villa. It was not facing in quite the direction I wanted, so I nudged it with my toe until it faced the bushes. Since the sun was directly overhead, it was perfect.

Now I just needed some juice and I was all set for some relaxation. I ambled back inside and poured a jug of orange squash, then carried it back

out, along with a glass. I settled down on the lounge and began to apply tanning oil to my already golden skin.

My ears were straining to hear any sound that might indicate I was being watched, but I heard nothing beyond the sound of insects and distant music. Eventually I stopped listening and started concentrating on my novel. It was rather more engrossing.

After a while, the sun began to have its usual soporific effect, so I dropped the book and turned over on to my stomach to cook my back. The warm breeze lulled me into a trance like state and I was almost on the verge of nodding off when I heard something from the other side of the bushes.

Immediately my senses sharpened and I tensed up. For long seconds I listened, trying to work out if I had actually heard something, or whether the sound was a product of my over active imagination.

Then I heard it again - a distinct clicking sound.

At least now I was fairly certain I had an audience. This dark knowledge sent my libido soaring into the stratosphere and I made an instant decision to have some fun at my voyeur's expense.

It was time to apply some more tanning oil. I sat up and grabbed the bottle, making sure I was facing the bushes. Pouring some into my palm, I began to rub the oil into my skin, taking my sweet time as I reached my breasts. I squirted some more onto my cleavage and slowly massaged the oil in.

My nipples were swollen and sensitive, but I managed to resist the urge to moan out loud as my arousal grew. Pulling the hard nubs with oily fingers, I closed my eyes and surrendered to the sensations flooding my heated body. Almost instinctively, my legs parted and I dropped back down on to my towel.

The hot sun was doing nothing to cool my ardour and my hands crept lower, sliding across my belly until they reached the apex of my thighs. I hadn't intended to go this far – my plan was to simply play the tease a little. But a

wicked impulse blasted that plan out of the water, and I decided to satisfy the urge that had been lying dormant inside me for the last couple of days.

I could feel the moisture bubbling between my legs, oozing out of my slit like warm honey. The subtle scent of my arousal, mixed with the coconut tanning oil, was very intoxicating and I shuddered with anticipation. Part of my brain registered a few strange noises from the other side of the bushes, but for the most part I was concentrating on my own pleasure.

With one hand, I brushed across the narrow strip of blonde hair that hid my feminine secrets, and delved into the slick heat of my pussy. It felt so good to touch myself. The idea that somebody was watching my lewd show added even more of a spice to the familiar act. Eager fingers slid inside as I wantonly opened my legs.

My clit was begging for some attention and I eagerly touched it, my fingers sticky with juices. How I wished I had a lover here, lapping me with his talented tongue. I had really missed that – my ex husband may have been a total louse, but he had his uses at times. This time, unfortunately, I was forced to rely on my imagination as my fingers flew across my throbbing pussy, relentlessly pushing me towards a climax.

I writhed helplessly on my sun lounger, one hand between my legs, the other massaging my tits. Small sounds of pleasure escaped my parted lips as my mind painted all kinds of depraved scenarios. I only hoped that if it was Tom watching, he was enjoying this as much as I.

The tension built inexorably and I bit my lip as I came, the rush of pleasure so intense that for a moment I saw bright stars behind my eyelids. Right at the pinnacle of my ecstasy, I thought I heard a groaning sound, but I was too lost to pay much attention. My whole body shuddered with the force of my orgasm and I could do nothing but lie there, shaking as the aftershocks slowly faded away.

I stayed motionless for a while, sated, my secretions drying to a sticky residue on my inner thighs as the sun continued to bore down on me relentlessly. It was one of those moments when life felt good, although if I



were being totally honest, I would have enjoyed a male body to enjoy the afterglow with.

But sadly that wasn't to be. I just hoped that my voyeur was suitably worn out from my lascivious show. It wasn't as if I would ever find out if it really was Tom anyway - I couldn't imagine him casually admitting to spying on me. He didn't know me well enough to take that risk.

\* \* \* \*

I was half way up the stairs that night, heading for bed, when I heard something slither across the tiled floor in the hallway. Immediately I stopped and listened intently. Whilst the light was on above me, I had already switched the downstairs lights off and the hallway was in inky darkness.

There was no choice but to go and investigate. I padded back down the tiled steps and switched the hall light on. I saw it straight away. A large manila envelope had apparently been shoved under the miniscule space beneath my front door.

I was mystified. Since the hour was late, it was obviously not a post delivery and besides, there was a box on the wall outside for any post I might receive. Consumed with curiosity, I picked the envelope up and opened it. Three photographs slid out and fell on to the floor.

My cheeks burned when I realised what – or rather who - the subject was. The photographs had obviously been taken this afternoon, whilst I was lying in the sun, pleasuring myself.

The first picture showed me, my face clearly visible, applying oil to my breasts. The second showed me lying down with my legs parted, my head thrown back as I masturbated. The third, and easily the most explicit, was a close-up view of my fingers, deep inside my open pussy as the moisture glistened invitingly.

My body was on fire, uneasily caught in a place somewhere between ashamed embarrassment and white-hot excitement. But I still didn't know for sure who had taken these pictures. Whilst the obvious suspect was Tom, he hadn't exactly left a business card inside the envelope.

Hurriedly I shoved the photos back inside the envelope, anxious not to leave them laying around in case anyone saw them. I had no idea what might happen next, but I hoped that something would.

\* \* \* \*

"I thought we could catch some lunch after shopping," said Jane as she grabbed her purse.

"Good idea," I smiled, already looking forward to a cool glass of wine. Shopping wasn't my favourite pastime, but since I had promised to show Jane around, I was resigned to a morning of credit card bashing.

"Is there room for one more?" asked a voice from the doorway.

We both turned to see Tom lounging there, a tight tee-shirt showing off his muscular physique to perfection.

I managed to resist the urge to drool and threw him a polite smile instead.

"Why on earth would you want to wander around shops, darling?" asked his mother with a frown. "I thought you were heading down to the beach."

He shrugged. "Just thought I'd buy a few things, souvenirs and stuff – but if you'd rather I didn't come..." His voice trailed off and he pulled a mournful expression.

"Okay, if you really want to come, I'm sure Stella won't object." She looked at me with one eyebrow raised, but I nodded agreeably.

"He can carry all the bags for us," I said flippantly and she smiled with relief.

We headed outside and piled into their hire car, leaving Stuart with his pile of English newspapers and a beer.

\* \* \* \*

The picturesque old town was crowded with tourists, all seeking out elusive bargains, their flesh painfully pink from too much sun and sangria. I was cool beneath my large hat and my eyes remained hidden behind dark shades.

Every once in a while I caught Tom staring at me as we wandered through the narrow streets, but mostly he stayed annoyingly silent as we dragged him in and out of endless clothing and jewellery shops.

“Nice camera,” I commented as we browsed inside a leather goods boutique while Jane haggled over a fake designer handbag.

He looked down at the expensive digital camera that hung loosely around his neck. “Yep, it is,” he said. “Takes excellent close up shots though.”

His eyes held mine for a few seconds longer than was polite and I felt my cheeks growing pink as I recalled the detail I’d seen in the photographs of me.

“Not much use if you’re taking pictures of the pretty scenery,” I said as I picked up a rather cheap looking belt and examined it with far more interest than it deserved.

“I guess that depends on your definition of pretty scenery.” He gave me a slow smile as his gaze slid down my body like a hot flush. My nipples hardened instantly and the air choked in my lungs. I couldn’t breath, my pussy throbbed with delicious anticipation...and I wanted him.

“What a bargain!” Jane trilled happily as she thrust her new handbag in my direction.

Tom turned away and pretended to look at some purses while I fought to contain my arousal. “It’s...lovely,” I said with fake enthusiasm.

Fortunately Jane was too excited to notice my flushed cheeks. “Come on,” she said, “I think it’s time for some food.”

“Excellent plan,” Tom agreed. “I really need to eat something.” He licked his lips suggestively as Jane examined her receipt, and I nearly fainted.

They walked outside, chatting, leaving me in the cool air-conditioned shop trying to recover my sense of decorum. It wasn’t easy.

\* \* \* \*

By the time we been shown a table on the terrace of a quiet café-restaurant, I had resolutely brought myself back into the land of the living. Jane took a seat opposite me while Tom chose the seat beside me. I would have found it easier had he not taken a seat at all and disappeared, but it seemed he had every intention of teasing me some more.

“What do you fancy?” asked Jane as we scanned the menus.

“I have a few ideas,” murmured Tom in a low voice. “Maybe some fish,” he said brightly in response to his mother’s question. “They have grilled sea bass as a special.”

“That would be nice,” Jane agreed with a delighted smile. “What about you, Stella?” she then asked, turning in my direction.

My appetite had mostly deserted me, but it would look odd if I ate nothing. So I agreed to have the same in the hope that a bottle of chilled white wine would help the food go down swimmingly.

We ordered our food and sat making light conversation. Tom kept his distance and after a while I began to relax, thinking that maybe I had imagined the whole thing. When the wine arrived, he politely poured me a

glass, then sat back and listened to his mother relating amusing stories about their previous holidays.

I was acutely aware of Tom's muscular thigh pressing against my own. Although there was plenty of room between the chairs, his chair had somehow been pushed right up against mine. His close proximity was causing me continuous palpitations and I began to feel more than a little claustrophobic.

Eventually the food arrived and although it looked delicious, I could only pick at mine half-heartedly. Fortunately, Jane seemed oblivious to my inattention and she continued to hold up our conversation single-handedly. I did manage to say a few relevant things here and there, but for the most part I just nodded and made the occasional interested noises and murmurs.

"Isn't this nice!" she exclaimed cheerfully as I drank the rest of my glass of wine.

"Isn't it?" agreed Tom with a sly look in my direction. He pretended to drop his napkin on to his lap and when he reached down for it his hand briefly caressed my bare thigh.

I jabbed a fork into a piece of fish and looked out of the window, resolutely trying to ignore the insistent ache that radiated out from my beleaguered pussy. With his own plate finally empty, Tom pushed it away and casually leaned back, one arm innocently snaking along the top of my chair.

Immediately I tensed up. The fine hairs on the back of my neck prickled as I felt his fingers teasingly stroking my skin, just in the place where his mother couldn't see. Or at least I hoped that she couldn't. Somehow I felt certain she wouldn't be all that impressed if she knew what was going on. She struck me as a rather over protective mother, one who vetted every woman her son even so much as looked at, before declaring them 'wanton hussies'.

When Jane had cleared her plate, she dabbed her lips with a napkin and stood, announcing that she needed to go and find the toilets. As soon as she was out of sight, I turned to Tom.

“Don’t start what you can’t finish!” I warned him. I had had enough of this teasing. It wasn’t funny any more. Oh no. It was too damned frustrating.

“What makes you think I’m not going to finish it?” he asked innocently.

“I’m not looking for a holiday fling,” I hissed in a low voice. Although I had to admit the idea was mightily tempting.

“Neither am I!” He looked highly aggrieved at the suggestion.

I turned away, my confidence inexplicably deserting me for once. I suddenly realised I wasn’t sure if all this dangerous behaviour was worth upsetting the equilibrium I had fought so hard to attain. It had taken me nearly two years to come to terms with the horror that was my divorce, and I still bore the battle scars.

Although I had found out in passing from Jane that Tom wasn’t much younger than me at thirty-two, he was still an unknown quantity. For all I knew he was married or otherwise attached. The subject had never arisen in the time I had spent in their company.

“So why are you interested in me?” I asked, deciding to come straight to the point.

“Because you’re a gorgeous and very sexy woman,” he said softly. “And you photograph very well,” he added.

“So it was you spying on me!” I said, outraged, even though I had enjoyed it in a twisted kind of way.

“It wasn’t intentional,” he said sheepishly, “At least not at first. But I promise I’ll delete the photographs from my camera, okay?”

I was slightly mollified by his promise. At least he had some morals.

“Do you make a habit of spying on strange women?” I asked.

“No, not at all, but how could I resist the opportunity to observe a naked woman pleasuring herself?”

I couldn't be too annoyed; after all I had deliberately set out to tease him in the worst kind of way.

He edged closer and I felt the room shrink until it was just the two of us, his blue eyes melting my inhibitions and obliterating any lingering doubts.

“Have you ordered any dessert yet?” Jane's strident voice caused us to jump apart as if we had been electrocuted and I wondered what, if anything, she had seen.

“No, mum,” Tom replied tightly. He shifted uncomfortably and when I glanced down, I noticed the way his cotton shorts had tented at the front. I smiled inwardly at the knowledge I wasn't the only one affected by our mutual attraction.

“Well I fancy something sweet,” Jane declared cheerfully and proceeded to discuss all the dishes that were on offer.

“I think I'll pass,” Tom said eventually. “I can wait until tonight for something sweet,” he added as he threw me a meaningful glance.

Hot desire shot through me like a bolt of lightening and I rubbed my thighs together, helpless to prevent the sudden gush of moisture that soaked my knickers.

I could hardly wait.

\* \* \* \*

Once back in the solitude of my villa, I paced around like a deranged woman. Tom had said nothing when we arrived back from our shopping expedition, although Jane had mentioned she and Stuart were heading out later that evening to meet some friends for a drink. She had hinted that I

would have been welcome to join them, but the thought of making more polite conversation with a bunch of strangers was abhorrent to me.

All I could think about was Tom. Even though I had a whole list of reasons why I really shouldn't even entertain the idea of spending five minutes alone in his company, my body was determined to ignore each and every one of those reasons. I was obsessed. What had started as a game had seriously backfired on me.

It was ridiculous – he hadn't laid a finger on me, yet I was completely consumed with lust. I just had to hope that for all his teasing, he really was going to finish what he started. If he didn't then I was screwed – or not as it happened.

\* \* \* \*

The shower blasted me with a million tiny needles and I stood, my head hanging as the water flowed over my head. The tension of waiting to see what Tom's next move was killing me. I felt like being a love struck teenager all over again, waiting for a crush to call and being practically chained to the telephone until they did.

I hadn't felt this paralysed for years and it was seriously un-nerving. I was a career woman with my own business; my life was my perfect in almost every way. Yet now, in the space of a few days, I had let a man under my skin and boy was I paying the price.

The water turned tepid and I switched the shower off, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around my dripping body. The hour was growing late and it appeared Tom was not going to show. Despite my disappointment, part of me was relieved that I was not going to be tempted with something so reckless.

And it would be reckless to have an affair with a man who was not only younger than me, but one who was currently staying next door. If it all went horribly wrong, I was doomed to hide in my villa until I went home - hardly an ideal finale to my relaxing holiday.



Rubbing my hair with the towel, I wandered out on to the balcony and gazed out across the bay. I couldn't help but glance across towards next-door's villa, but despite the terrace lights being on, it didn't appear that Tom was around.

Then I heard a faint rapping on the front door and I froze. There was only one person that it could possibly be. Acutely aware that my towel was not exactly covering much flesh, I tucked it around me regardless and hurried to answer the door.

"Can I borrow a cup of sugar?" he asked, his black hair curling beguilingly over one blue eye.

My heart thudded like a jackhammer in my chest, but I managed to fake an expression of bored indifference.

"Is that all you want?"

"Actually, no," he replied with a predatory smile. Before I could move a muscle, he was kissing me, his lips pressing urgently against mine, bruising me with his intensity. I felt myself being pushed backwards until we were both inside the villa and the door had closed of its own accord.

The sane part of my mind was screaming that I should stop this, now, but I was powerless to resist the sensual onslaught. I needed him like I had never needed anything or anyone so badly in my life.

Just once won't hurt, I thought, trying to justify my reckless abandonment of all things sensible.

My body was betraying me despite my lingering doubts. With no conscious effort from me, my arms had wrapped around Tom's neck and I was arching against him in a subliminal invitation. It was only his hands on my backside that were keeping my towel in place.

Sure enough, as soon as he broke the kiss and stared at me, his eyes dark, the towel began to slide south. He must have felt it move for he looked down as the fluffy cotton slithered lower, revealing the swell of my tanned breasts, and he grinned.

“Do you always answer the door like this?” he asked.

“No!”

“Then you should – it’s very sexy.” His smile faded as he traced the line of my neck and followed a solitary lingering droplet of water downwards.

The towel slipped even further and a pink nipple peeked out teasingly. My body ached and every nerve ending was screaming out for attention. But Tom seemed in no rush to finish what he had started. Instead he clearly had every intention of teasing me beyond all levels of human endurance.

Carefully watching my reaction, he drew a circle around the pink crest that was aching for his touch. He pushed me backwards until I was resting against the cool wall of my hallway. With a slow smile, he tugged the towel lower, revealing both breasts to his gaze.

“I like your all-over tan,” he told me.

“I’ve been working very hard on it,” I replied with a gasp when he squeezed my breast with one hand, before pinching the nipple painfully.

“And I’ve been very hard...watching you working hard on it,” he growled, before dipping his head and taking one taut nipple between his teeth, tugging on it gently.

I moaned incoherently. He had me now and he knew it. I could tell from the triumphant smile that lit up his handsome face as he looked up at me. The towel fell lower and he yanked it away from my trembling body.

The hallway was in semi darkness, but light filtered in from the kitchen and living area, casting a pale glow across my skin. Despite the air conditioning,

I was burning up with heat, my body damp with excitement and anticipation.

I could feel the ridge of his erection through the rough denim of his shorts, the hard length of him pressing into my thigh as he continued to suckle my breasts. My pelvis rocked against him and he slid one hand between my legs, finding me wet and ready for him.

Then he dropped to the floor and I felt his tongue lap me, there, sending me into another place, a place of ecstasy and delirium. If it weren't for the wall, I would have collapsed into a pool on the floor. But instead I allowed his arms to hold my thighs while his mouth teased me and pushed me ever closer to where I needed to be.

He had talent. That was undeniable. My orgasm hit me hard and I was left shaking as the pleasure crashed over me in a wave of bliss. My fingers gripped his hair, clenching hard enough to cause him to wince with pain, but I didn't care.

Eventually the feelings subsided enough for me to be able to focus again. He slid back up my trembling body and kissed me, pushing his tongue between my lips forcefully. I could taste myself on him and kissed him back, grabbing his hips and rubbing against his erection.

He reacted with a low groan and I smiled inwardly. Now that the edge had been taken off my arousal, I was ready to tease him as he had teased me. Two could play that game after all.

I pushed him away and threaded my fingers through his, leading him towards the living area. A low leather couch was positioned along the back wall and I manoeuvred him carefully towards it. When his legs touched the edge, I pushed him so that he fell backwards.

As he watched me with a tense expression, I climbed astride his thighs. I ran my hands across the light dusting of hair on his chest, enjoying the way he shivered beneath my touch. His tiny nipples were hard and I pinched them, causing him to groan out loud.

“Teasing bitch,” he said through gritted teeth.

“Moi?” I replied with a low, throaty laugh.

He grabbed my waist, pulling me close for another kiss and I momentarily forgot that I was supposed to be teasing him when another surge of lust consumed me with sizzling fire.

Once more he found my tits with his lips and I arched my back, enjoying the sweet caress of his tongue. Still my hands continued to explore his body through the thin cotton tee shirt. When he broke away from me, I took the opportunity to pull his tee shirt off, wanting to feel his skin against mine.

He was tanned, although not as brown as me. Broad shoulders combined with strong arms and abs - pretty much my perfect man. I hated skinny men and Tom was far from skinny. But I itched to see more of him so I reluctantly moved until I was able to unbutton his shorts.

The tension in him was palpable as I unzipped them and reached inside. When my hand touched the throbbing shaft of his cock, he closed his eyes and groaned softly. Moisture coated my hand and I licked my lips at the thought of tasting him.

“Stand up,” I ordered huskily.

He obeyed instantly and I pulled the denim over his hips until his shorts fell at his feet and his thick cock sprang free. Small drops of pre-cum glistened on the end like pearls and I flicked my tongue out to capture some. Tom hissed as a shudder wracked his body, but he made no move to grab me. He seemed happy to let me take the lead now.

I took him in my mouth slowly, allowing his length to slide between my lips like a delicious Popsicle. Gradually I became accustomed to his girth and he reached the back of my throat. This was pure bliss. I couldn't remember the last time I had done this and enjoyed it so much.

Already I was throbbing dully between my thighs, my body anxiously anticipating Tom's cock filling me up. But I wanted to savour this moment - to extract the maximum amount of pleasure from the sensation of his cock in my mouth.

My fingers crept downwards and found my dripping pussy and I moaned around Tom's cock, the vibrations of the sound rippling through him and making him weep pre-cum all the more. I could feel him pulsing as I slid my lips up and down his shaft, swirling my tongue across the sensitive tip.

All the while my fingers stroked my clit, pushing me closer to another climax. When it came, I released Tom's cock and cried out helplessly. Almost immediately he grabbed my arm and flung my body over the arm of the sofa. I felt him part my thighs roughly and then he was inside me, filling me in one slick movement.

I could do nothing but grip the leather as he reached beneath our bodies and joined his fingers with mine, touching me as he fucked me. Sweat pooled on my skin as I felt him stroking my inner walls, stroking every sensitive inch of me, driving me utterly insane.

My second orgasm had never really faded away. Tom fucking me merely extended the ripples of pleasure that swamped me. I was left reeling as he pounded into me relentlessly, before he shuddered and thrust hard, digging his fingers into the flesh of my hip painfully as he came too.

Our erratic breathing blended with the sound of pool filter that drifted in through the open patio door. I was dimly aware of his cock sliding wetly from me and then he pulled me upright, spinning me around so that I faced him.

He kissed me, gently this time, the urgency gone, and I melted against him like ice cream in the sun. I tried to remember why I had thought this was a terrible idea – and failed miserably. Nothing this good could possibly be wrong...could it?

\* \* \* \*

Sunlight was hitting me squarely in the face when I opened my eyes the following morning. For a moment I smiled as I remembered the events of the previous night, but when I stretched my arm out, the bed was cool beside me and I tried to ignore the pang of hurt that ripped me apart.

He had been there when I finally fell asleep, our bodies locked together. He had also been there when I turned back to him a few hours later, eager for more love. Conversation had not exactly been high on my list of priorities, but I had assumed that he would still be here in my bed this morning.

Apparently he hadn't felt the same. That stung. More than I would have expected.

I curled up on my side and closed my eyes again. It did me no good to analyse the situation – if he had chosen to leave then I had to accept he had only ever been after some casual fun.

My flight was booked for three days time anyway, so soon I would be back in the real world. Maybe that wasn't such a bad thing. In the meantime, he knew where I was if he wanted me. I was too old to play games and I sure as hell wasn't going to chase him.

\* \* \* \*

“Oh he's flown home,” Jane told me when I casually enquired where Tom had disappeared to that evening.

I hadn't intended to, but when I bumped into her outside, the words slipped from my mouth before I could prevent them.

“Family problems,” she said with much rolling of eyes as she unpacked her shopping. “That bloody wife of his, I never took to her,” she fumed as oranges escaped from the paper bag.

Mindlessly I picked up the stray fruit and passed them to her.

“Thanks,” she said gratefully. “We’re going to a nice restaurant on the harbour tonight if you’d like to join us?” she asked as she closed the door on the car.

I shook my head, allowing my hair to shield my face from her quizzical expression.

“Thanks, but I’ll pass,” I said politely. “I need to pack.” I had just made an instant decision to catch the next flight home.

“Oh never mind,” Jane said. “Do come and say goodbye before you leave!”

I assured her I would as I hurried back into the blissful tranquillity of my villa. Or at least it would have been tranquil if not for the scorching memories of Tom that assailed me every time I closed my eyes.

Damn that man. I should have known better than to trust another member of the male species.

\* \* \* \*

“What’s this meeting we have scheduled for half eleven?” I asked Chris, my business partner. My desk was overflowing with new work and judging by the list of things that needed doing, it was going to take me weeks to catch up.

“Tell me, did you actually check your fucking email while you were away?”

I blinked innocently at him and decided to ignore his bad temper. “Actually no. I was on holiday, remember?”

He swore profusely and I made a mental note to book him in for some ‘anger management’ classes.

“Well if you had bothered to keep in the loop, you’d have known about the new brochure I’ve instructed the graphic design agency to come up with.

You'd also know about the five new contracts I have taken on in your absence."

"Nice to see you've been busy," I grinned.

"Well guess what," he said gleefully, "It's my turn to piss off on holiday now so I'm leaving for Mauritius at the end of next week. Two weeks in the sun, shagging Erika senseless, will do me the power of good."

I was not so amused now. "Hey that's not fair!" I grumbled as I grabbed my briefcase and headed for the conference room. "I'll end up working twenty hour days while you're away!"

"Tough shit," he said, still grinning widely.

We both turned to greet our visitor.

"Stella, this is Tom, the photographer. The agency has hired him to do the images for the brochure," Chris said briskly.

I wasn't sure who was more taken aback – Tom or I.

\* \* \*

My contribution to our subsequent discussion about the artistic direction of the embryonic brochure was minimal. Chris repeatedly threw curious glances in my direction for it was completely out of character for me to be so passive during a meeting, but I ignored him.

Instead I drew complicated doodles on my notepad and sent repeated subliminal messages to Chris to hurry the fuck up and end this nightmare. Not that he was listening. Unfortunately, much to my annoyance, Chris insisted on going over every last detail of the pictures he felt were vital for our brochure.

"What kind of shots would you like of the two of you?" Tom was asking when I tuned back into the conversation.



“Oh informal I think – nothing too stuffy,” Chris said thoughtfully. “We’re not that kind of business.”

“I have a few ideas on that score,” Tom said. I saw him looking at me and I had a sudden recollection of the pictures he had taken of me beside my pool.

My pencil snapped loudly in my hand as I dug it viciously into the pad and Chris turned towards me with irritation written all over his face. “Do you have useful anything to add to this?” he snapped crossly.

“No,” I snapped back. “You’re doing a grand job. In fact, I think I’ll adjourn to my office and check my email.”

He stared at me in disbelief as I grabbed my stuff and strode out of the room. Once in the privacy of my office I poured myself a coffee and counted to fifty. I knew I was being utterly childish but I couldn’t help it.

I took a seat at my desk and buried my head behind my monitor. The idea of disappearing for the afternoon was tempting, but I knew Chris would kill me if I did. Besides, I had too much work to even consider such a move.

So I opened up my email and began to work my way through all the correspondence I had ignored whilst I was away. By the time I had answered several enquiries and dealt with a few problems, an hour had ticked by and I was beginning to relax again.

A knock on my door made me jump and I looked up. “Come in,” I said gruffly, expecting to see Chris with a flea up his backside again.

It was Tom. “Can we talk?” he asked. His blue eyes stared at me intently and I shifted uneasily in my leather chair.

“Like about what the hell you’re doing in my office?” I replied bluntly, my anger at his disappearance from my bed resurfacing with a vengeance.

“You’re mad with me,” he said perceptively.

“No, not at all,” I lied.

He pushed the door shut and walked across towards my desk. “I’m sorry for bugging off like I did – trust me I really didn’t want to.” He raked a hand through his dark hair and looked at me with something I couldn’t quite interpret.

“That’s okay - your mum explained that you had problems at home. Your wife, she said.” I made sure I placed extra emphasis on the word wife. Then I proceeded to type a reply to another email.

“For fucks sake!” Tom swore vociferously.

Maybe he can join Chris in those anger management classes, I thought nastily.

“Stella, my dear mum didn’t exactly give you the whole picture.” He still looked annoyed.

“And what cosy picture would that be?”

“My wife is soon to be my ex wife. We split up four years ago, but she has only just agreed to a divorce. The reason I left as I did was that our daughter was taken into hospital with appendicitis. Thank God she’s okay now.”

Now I felt truly bad although it still didn’t make complete sense.

“Then why didn’t your mother tell me that?”

“Because when I got Helen’s voicemail, I just left them a quick note with no details and drove like a maniac to the airport – the last thing I needed was mum and dad rushing home too. I rang them that evening and explained everything, but I guess by then you had me pegged as a no-good charmer whose only aim was to seduce sexy ladies before dumping them.”

I looked at my monitor and realised I had just blithely accepted a ludicrously low offer on a job which would probably have cost us our profits for the next year. Hastily I deleted my ill considered text before Chris lynched me.

Before I returned my attention back to Tom again I thought over everything he had just told me. Maybe I had jumped to the wrong conclusions. It was a little unfair to judge all men by the morals and behaviour of my darling ex husband.

“I never said you were no good,” I told him softly. My anger was melting away and I was left with a sudden sense that maybe all was not lost. Tom and I had been far more than great sex and I was very happy that he felt the same way.

“That’s a relief,” he grinned. He walked around the edge of my desk and taking my hands, he pulled me to my feet.

“Leaving you in bed was the last thing I wanted to do,” he murmured as his arms slid around my waist.

“You have an awful lot of making up to do,” I warned him before he kissed me lingeringly.

When we broke apart I was breathless.

“How about I pick you up from work later and we can make a start on that making up?”

Naturally I agreed.

I figured that spending lots of time with the photographer was the best way to ensure the quality of any photographs of me that might appear in our brochure. Chris was rather confused, however, when he saw me leaving the building late that afternoon with Tom’s arm around my waist. But he apparently thought better of suggesting I had schizophrenic tendencies.

Besides, if I was to have final say on the art work for the brochure - or so he politely informed me as I was leaving - he needed to be sure that I didn't pick the most unflattering photographs of him for inclusion. Not that I would do that of course. Ha. Ha.

**The End**

## ***ABOUT RACHELLE LE MONNIER***

**Rachelle Le-Monnier spent her formative years devouring a varied diet of romance and horror novels, whilst dreaming of true love ever after. Then she grew up and realized the happy endings were strictly fictional and hunky heroes were sadly lacking in her corner of the world. Not one to be daunted by cruel twists of fate and disastrous dates a plenty, she writes her own happy endings these days - in between juggling kids, work, fitness training and keeping her psychotic cat happy. When she isn't running herself ragged, Rachelle enjoys foreign language films, dark chocolate and arguing with her teenage daughter. You can reach her at [www.rachellemonnier.com](http://www.rachellemonnier.com)**

**If you enjoyed PEEPING TOM, you might also enjoy:**



[TANGLED ROOTS](#)

*By Giselle Renarde*

**Simone is having a bad day. Not only has she broken up with Toy Boy Toby, she's been fired from her high-powered job! Now, in hopes of raising capital to start a business of her own, Simone must sell the old family cottage. But the lakeside cabin rejuvenates her soul, and her wise neighbour Moses sparks a new flame. Only with the guidance of this tattooed man devoted to healing can Simone overcome humiliation. Passion comes easy, but is this power-hungry businesswoman ready for love of the compassionate variety?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*

Excerpt From TANGLED ROOTS:

“A Canadian is someone who knows how to make love in a canoe.”

~Pierre Berton

\* \* \*

“I love you, Moses,” Simone said in disbelief. “I love you.”

Kissing her forehead, Moses replied. “Maybe you do. And maybe you’re looking for something beautiful to counterbalance the pain. Either way, Simone, you are loved. You are worthy of love. I guarantee it.”

The tears she cried turned from tortured to awed, like when she used to cry in church, never knowing why. Running her hands across the prickly hair of his head, Simone pulled Moses in to take comfort in the warmth of his mouth. His tongue tasted of black licorice and of her. She kissed him hungrily, desperately, like she could consume his spiritual knowledge this way.

Simone expected him to push her away, ask her to stop, she was too emotional. He didn’t. No, Moses kissed her back, wrapping her body in his tremendous arms, leaning her down until her hair touched the pine needles. Hungry for love in any form, in all its forms, Simone pulled off her clinging

top. Firelight kissed Moses' skin, making him look like an angel in hell, while it warmed her naked breasts.

"I'm sure," she said in anticipation of the question he was probably about to ask.

Her eager nipples piqued in expectation, pointing up to the greener than green treetops. The bristle of his hair excited Simone's skin as Moses journeyed down to her breasts. There he worshipped, taking the luscious orbs in his hands as he pressed his beautiful face into them. Softly, he kissed the malleable flesh on either side of her cleavage, leaving wet lip marks in his wake. Slowly, he ran his hot tongue along the cleave, from the base of her round breasts up.

His soft mouth against her nipples sent a message, like an electrical current through her body. The feel of his wet tongue on the flesh of her breasts ignited her pussy, and that raindrop feeling came back to her abdomen. She was more than ready. She wanted this beautiful, sexy, tattooed man. So frickin' badly.

"Grab the boat safety kit?" Simone requested.

Moses threw her an odd glance as he reached out for it. When he saw what she'd packed, he chuckled and clicked his teeth like she was a naughty puppy. "You planned this," he accused, pulling a condom from the container.

Still sniffing, Simone replied with a laugh. "I only planned to have sex with you, not tell you my life story. Anyway, I told you I was feeling Canadian today."

"Maybe we should wait 'til we're back in the canoe, then," Moses suggested.

Simone giggled deep in her throat, pulling his bathing suit down with her toes. "Get these off!"



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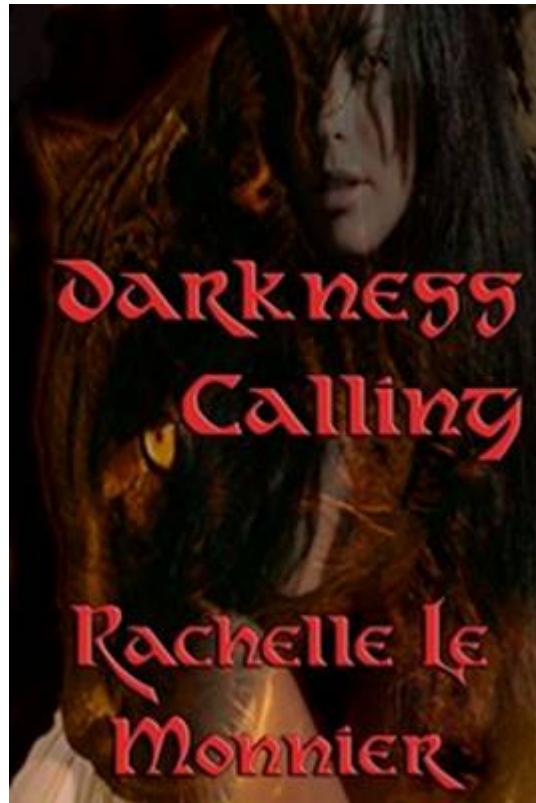


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Monnier:**



## [DARKNESS CALLING](#)

By Rachelle Le Monnier

**In the back of beyond, all is not as it seems. Alec only wanted a quiet life, but when he met Pandora, all hell broke loose. After he was caught in a terrible storm, Pandora saved Alec's life, but his brief taste of something tantalizing that night left him craving far more. It isn't long before they are both caught up in a whirl of passion and intrigue that threatens Pandora's life and Alec's sanity.**

**Can their love survive the shadows from her past, or will her true nature destroy them both?**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, and one non-consent scene.*



## **SHOW ME HEAVEN**

By Rachelle Le Monnier

**Mama might have said there'd be days like this – but weeks, months, years? Sara's life goes from pitiful to disastrous when her love-life hits rock bottom and her wicked, scheming co-worker Vera and their diabolically hypercritical boss Mr. Simpson seem determined to force her career to an even deeper descent – into the ninth circle of hell, perhaps?**

**When a handsome stranger and would-be rescuer shows up to save her from her latest calamity—stranded in a pub car-park—Sara feels an instant attraction to him, but she knows better than to put her eggs into that proverbial basket, no matter how sexy his particular basket might be.**

**Sure, Matt is funny and charming and well... damned hot... but Sara remains leery about this seemingly fortuitous change in her luck. While Nan's tea-leaf reading predictions only help to confuse matters, Sara's best friend, Natalie, tries to reassure her, but Sara is just waiting for the other shoe to drop – probably on her head.**

**When things get even more complicated, Sara wonders—will she be able to save her job?—while Matt just longs to save Sara from her own version of Dante’s Inferno and maybe even show her the way to a delightful paradise made for two...**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex.*