

[PDF] One Taste (Strebor Quickiez)

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Description:

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CHAPTER 1

Regina Wheeler brushed her hand against the expensive bronze metallic leather clutch and shivered as instant euphoria coursed through her body. Designer handbags, clutches, totes, and shoulder bags were her passion -- an obsession of monumental proportion. She could eye spy a knockoff with just a glance. Her designer collection hung on the backs of three of her closet doors, were stacked in

boxes on shelves inside closets and drawers in the spare bedrooms, and there was even a secret stash in the basement.

She couldn't resist fondling and inhaling the soft leather once more before paying for the stylish clutch.

Unfortunately, she wouldn't have the luxury of putting her latest acquisition on display in her bedroom where her eyes could feast upon it. Not wanting to hear the words "Another expensive bag?" from her husband's lips, Regina would have to conceal her purchase. This new beauty would have to be hidden in the basement with the rest of her prized possessions -- dozens of colorful bags covered with protective plastic.

And when she decided to carry the metallic clutch, Matt would roll his gaze to the ceiling. "Is that new?" he'd ask suspiciously. Regina would reply ever so innocently, "No, honey. I bought this last year." He'd frown and mumble in dissatisfaction, but her denial would quash an endless sermon about frivolous spending and how they needed to tighten their budget. At that point, Regina would solemnly agree to cut back on spending and the bronze metallic clutch would join the other beautiful bags displayed in their bedroom.

At home, Regina clicked on the basement light and bounced down the stairs. One of these days she and Matt were going to invest in getting the basement remodeled to give it a finished look -- add a powder room, plasma TV, pool table, the works. Matt always complained that if it weren't for all the money Regina spent on her obsession the basement could have been refinished years ago.

She stood for a second at the cedar closet, ran her hand across the surface in reverence. Treasured possessions that had belonged to her son -- his favorite toys and items of clothing that she'd cherished and was unable to part with -- were stored inside the cedar closet, which was kept padlocked.

She kept her collection inside that sacred place, also. It was a good hiding place; her husband would never go snooping inside the cedar closet. Too many painful memories were locked within.

In fact, her husband hardly ever descended the basement stairs. He didn't have the time to fiddle with the manly tools and gadgets that occupied the basement. Working a full-time job, running a business, and training employees was more than enough work for one man, he'd told his wife. So Regina, finding herself unable to fit another item inside the cedar closet, figured she could hide the narrow box containing the bronze clutch in the storage area where her husband kept his neglected tools.

She rearranged some of the gadgets and pushed the box to the back of the shelf where it would be undetected. Though the box was small, she couldn't push it out of view; something was in the way. Standing on her tiptoes and stretching her arm as far as she could, she used the tips of her fingers to retrieve a package that crinkled as she pulled it out of its hiding place.

It was a shiny bag with a T-Mobile logo. Regina snatched open the bag. Curious and slightly disturbed, she scrutinized the packaged cell phone. The state-of-the-art device came equipped with internet access and a host of features. Matt must have intended to give the phone to his seventeen-year-old nephew, Eric.

Regina frowned in thought. Matt had already given Eric a cell phone. Granted, the manufacturers came out with newer models at a rapid rate, but she and Matt didn't make the kind of money required to keep up with modern technology. She was surprised that Matt, usually frugal to the point of being obnoxiously stingy, would go behind her back and secretly give his nephew a more

expensive, upgraded model. Sure, Eric was his favorite nephew but it wasn't as if he were their own son.

Our son. Regina's eyes watered instantly. Her little boy -- her baby -- would have been close to Eric's age now. He'd be in high school. She wondered how he'd look -- how he'd behave as a teen. Would he have remained as sweet, as good-natured as he'd been as a child? Frowning, she shook her head, trying to rid her mind of painful memories. But it was too late -- images of her little boy's face began to flash like a fast-moving slide show.

"*Devon*," she cried aloud as she was hit by a pang of yearning so severe it was almost disabling. Clutching her heart, Regina slumped against the storage bin.

Though she was alone in the house, Regina wept quietly. Her tears, like her designer bags, were kept secret. Crying over a son she'd lost ten years ago was considered unhealthy. "Life goes on," well-meaning friends had told her.

Life goes on? Maybe so for other people. Even Matt had found a way to cope. He seemed to have replaced Devon with his nephew, Eric. He played surrogate father to Eric, participating in all his academic and sporting events. Regina was fond of Eric but she couldn't bring herself to dote on him as Matt did. It seemed unfair to Devon.

It took an hour for the sobbing session to end and when she finished crying, feeling purged, she straightened her shoulders and dried her eyes. She glanced at the T-Mobile package and shrugged. She'd pretend she didn't know about the phone and wait until Matt was ready to reveal why he felt the need to indulge Eric with yet another hi-tech phone.

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Matt had been employed at Boeing Helicopters in Ridley Park, Pennsylvania, since he was eighteen years old and right out of high school. Now, a year shy of his fortieth birthday and feeling that life was passing him by, Matt had invested his life's savings and had even taken out a loan, for which Regina had co-signed, to start a commercial cleaning business. He had a staff of four -- three men and one woman -- all recovering substance abusers.

Every evening at five-fifteen, Matt pulled up in his van and picked up the foursome on the corner of Ninth and Central Avenue in Chester, Pennsylvania. From there, he transported them to various commercial businesses in the tri-state area, where they were on a tight schedule to get the work done and then move on to the next building.

He usually dragged back home around midnight and was up again at six in the morning to start his day job at Boeing. It was grueling, but having his own business gave him a sense of purpose and seemed to brighten his life.

Though Regina had little faith in Matt's ability to succeed in the cleaning industry his renewed zest for life was worth every dime of their joint life savings that he'd sunk into the business. She could sleep easily at night because her pension at her job as a marketing manager at an insurance company, as well as her 401K account, were the back-up plan.

With Matt working such long hours, Regina's life had become a little more tolerable. The best part of having a husband who worked sixteen hours a day was that he was too exhausted to harass her at night. Well, at least not as often as he used to. For the first few years of their marriage Regina -- having had only one sex partner in her life -- thought Matt's undersized penis was normal.

Early in their marriage when sparks didn't fly, she'd hoped that in time and with a little more experience, their love life would escalate to hot and steamy instead of remaining lukewarm. And boring. He'd been a premature ejaculator from the beginning of their marriage, but Regina had learned to accept that as well.

It took two years for her to even admit to her husband that she'd never achieved an orgasm. He looked at her with utter shock. "Why not?" he asked accusingly as if there was something wrong with her. The sudden tension in the atmosphere caused Regina to back down. Sparing her husband the humiliation of being told that his equipment as well as his bedroom skills were lacking, Regina mumbled that she didn't know why she had never reached a climax. Protecting her man's ego, she took the fall, which resulted in the unspoken conclusion that she, and not Matt, had a problem.

Over the years, Matt did nothing to improve their sex life. He continued to rush through foreplay and never bothered to experiment and find her pleasure points. After one sloppy kiss, he'd run his hands impatiently over her breasts, squeeze her thighs, and then penetrate. After a few thrusts, he'd ejaculate. His body would jerk spastically. He'd groan so loud and for so long, Regina often feared that neighbors would think Matt was being attacked by a violent intruder and consider it their civic duty to call 911. With all that post-intercourse commotion, one would have thought Matt had been stroking her long and hard.

Now he had a new dysfunction. In addition to being undersized and prone to pre-ejaculation, Matt could not maintain an erection. He'd urge her to "play with it." And when her halfhearted hand job failed to keep him hard, he'd straddle her, rub his little dick on her tits, turn her over, and try to stuff it between her buttocks. When he finally became semi-erect, he'd quickly turn her over on her back and pant like an animal as he desperately tried to force himself inside her. His semi-erect dick would slip out of her opening and Matt would quickly, desperately, stuff it back in.

She supposed her husband's dick problems had desensitized her. Since he couldn't deliver the goods, it would seem the decent thing to do would be for him to go on about his business and leave her alone. Sex with her husband had become worse than just an unpleasant chore. It was torture.

Until six months ago. That's when she'd finally put her foot down and threatened to move into another bedroom if Matt didn't get treatment. He needed Viagra or something for erectile dysfunction. "Go see a doctor or leave me alone," she yelled, putting an end ... --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

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