



*Bestselling Author*

# BELLA ANDRE ECSTASY

"So hot it will melt your screen." ~ Romance Studio

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# Ecstasy

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*Candace, a newcomer to writing erotica, is thrilled when Charlie, a veteran of the industry, agrees to be her mentor. But neither of them ever expected that Charlie's lessons on new positions, using toys, varying locations and role playing would spiral from verbal instruction into hot, hands on education. Unfortunately, Candace's deception about the new erotic romance she's writing--where Charlie plays the starring role--is about to threaten their one chance at true love.*

## Chapter One

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Luke gave Claire one of his trademark smoldering glances, the kind that kept her and her vibrator company when she was alone in bed at night, dreaming of him. After ten years of platonic friendship, after a painful decade of hearing about every woman who had passed in and out of Luke's bed, Claire knew it was time for things to change.

Maybe her new confidence came from the three Manhattans she'd already gulped down. Maybe it was because they were celebrating her promotion to Senior Vice President of SF BankCorp, and she was giddy with her new found power. Whatever the reason, Claire simply didn't care about anything else tonight, outside of the promise she read in Luke's eyes.

Uncrossing her long, supple legs, and then re-crossing them slowly for impact, she scooted to the edge of her bar stool and leaned in close to Luke in the steamy bar. Keeping her eyes trained on his mouth, she found the courage hiding deep within herself and said, "If I have to look at your lips for one more second without tasting them, I think I'm going to go crazy."

Luke's eyes didn't widen in surprise. And he didn't make things any easier for her by leaning in to kiss her. Instead he raised an eyebrow, puckered his delicious lips slightly in a half-smile, and said "Prove it."

The heat between Claire's legs increased several degrees and her nipples grew hard beneath her sexy silk top. For once in her life it was time to feel, not think.

Leaning forward until she was so close she could feel his breath on her lips, she reached up with her thumb and gently stroked Luke's bottom lip. A shiver ran through her, and she felt as if her nipples were going to break through the fine silk of her top.

She wondered if anyone else in the bar had noticed how incredibly turned on she was, but she forced the thought aside. She wasn't going to ruin her one chance at seducing the only man she'd ever loved because of what some strangers thought.

She had imagined feeling his lips on her breasts so many times, just touching them with her fingers was almost enough to make her spontaneously come in her seat. His lips were almost rough to the touch, and she wanted to explore every square millimeter of skin, from the corner where his upper and lower lips met so exquisitely, to the incredibly sexy, yet masculine bow in the middle of his upper lip.

Part of her wanted to go as slow as possible, to savor the sensations already washing through her in waves. But the other part of her, the part that made her pussy lips drenched and hot, wanted nothing more than to straddle Luke, right then and there at the bar, to sink down on his cock one inch at a time until she was on the edge of the best orgasm of her life.

Lighter than a feather, Luke darted his tongue against her thumb. Claire groaned, practically in pain, her need for him was so great. Grasping her wrist with his strong, warm hands, he held the fleshy part of her palm up to his mouth and nipped at her sensitive skin.

Claire was shaking now and hornier than she'd ever been. Her pussy was soaked, all without one single kiss. Then again, just thinking of Luke had always been enough to bring her right to the brink.

She was so caught up in her need, she barely heard Luke whisper, "Taste me."

Trying to break out of her fog, she moved to obey his command as quickly as she could. Closing the distance between them, taking his breath as her own, she licked at the middle of his lower lip with the tip of her tongue, the same place she had already memorized with her thumb.

"What flavor am I?" Luke asked her, again so softly she could barely make out his words.

"I need another sample," she said, and captured his incredible mouth in hers, tasting every inch of him, relishing in the feel of his tongue against hers.

*In her wildest dreams, she never knew a kiss could be so hot. She'd give up her vibrator forever for a lifetime supply of his kisses. Lord knew, if he kept it up, she was going to be moaning so loud everyone in the bar would be forced to stop their conversations to watch the live sex show happening right in front of them.*

*Luke pulled away from her and threw a \$20 bill on the bar. Grabbing her hand, he pulled her off the seat and dragged her through the teeming crowd. Her skin was so inflamed, every time her breasts rubbed up against some stranger she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out. In the back of her mind, she wondered if she should be embarrassed that she was feeling so incredibly sexual.*

*No, she told herself. I'm going to take tonight as far as it can go. Tomorrow I'll go back to being the straight-laced banker the world thinks I am. Tonight, I'm a sex goddess!*

*Luke got them out the front door in record time and into the balmy summer night. Within seconds damp air made Clare's silk top cling to her like second skin. Luke promptly directed them down the nearest alley, nearly running in his haste.*

*Claire was breathing hard, but not from their quick pace. She knew what was about to happen, and on the verge of every single one of her dreams coming true, she was working hard not to hyperventilate in fervent expectation.*

*Turning down another alley, this one even darker and narrower than the first, Luke stopped abruptly and pushed her against the cool brick wall. Reaching his hands under her shirt, he cupped her full, high breasts and squeezed her nipples while he leaned his head down to devour the pulse of her neck with his mouth and teeth.*

*"Luke," she moaned, wrapping one of her long legs around him, trying to pull him in closer to her. "I can't wait another second."*

*He reached down to her short skirt and pulled the hem up to her hips. "You're not wearing any panties," he growled into her mouth, consuming her lips once again as he slid two fingers inside of her. "You're so wet," he said reverently against her lips, the bulge in his pants growing even more huge against her thigh.*

*Claire ground her hips into his hand and began to cry out as an orgasm ripped through her. Luke covered her mouth with his, taking in her scream, muting it with his tongue.*

*As wave after wave coursed through her, Luke unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. Wrapping her hand around it, he said, "Guide me into you. Now."*

*Claire's eyes widened. She always suspected he was big, but even in her wildest imaginings she couldn't have come up with this. His cock had to be at least ten inches long and two inches in diameter. What if she couldn't take all of him?*

*Luke must have sensed her reluctance, because he said, "Don't worry, baby. You're so wet I'm going to slide right in."*

*Grabbing her ass with his hands, he added, "Wrap your legs around me."*

*Doing just that, suspended in mid-air, she positioned the tip of his cock between her thighs. Wanting to remember the sensation of his cock entering her for the first time, she slid his head around on her lips, on her clit, until he was drenched with her juices. She could tell he wanted to plunge himself into her as hard and fast as he could, and she admired his restraint and the way he let her pace their lovemaking.*

*Slowly, painstakingly, Claire slid the first inch of him into her, and as she stretched to accommodate his cock, she felt herself on the verge of another orgasm. Right there on the edge, she slid in another inch while Luke held her up against the wall, poised on his cock as if she weighed no more than a fly.*

*Unable to wait another second, she let gravity pull her down onto the last eight inches. Nothing had ever felt so good to her in her whole life and she fell into the second biggest orgasm she'd ever*

*had as Luke squeezed her ass cheeks while lifting her up and down, sliding his cock in and out of her. —Pulling his head back to look deep into her eyes, he said, “I’ve always loved you,” and then pumped into her, all the way to the hilt, rocking back and forth rapidly as he shot his seed deep within her. Claire went straight from two orgasms into three, even as her heart filled with the deepest joy she’d ever known.*

Charlie saved his file and rubbed the tired muscles on the back of his neck with his hands. “Too bad real life can’t be like my books,” he muttered, trying to remember when the last time was he’d actually had sex.

“Ancient history,” he grunted as he got up to take a shower. He had another blind date tonight, but he didn’t have any higher hopes for this one than the multitude of other dates he’d been on in the past five years.

In fact, he wouldn’t be surprised if all of the single women in San Francisco had been spreading the word about him, to warn each other off, in a show of female solidarity.

He let the scalding stream of water pulsate against his chest as he tried to shake off his depression. “She’s out there. She’s got to be.” His words reverberated against the tiled shower walls. Drying off and dressing quickly in chinos and a polo shirt, he slipped on his watch and grabbed his wallet and car keys.

Right on time he pulled up to the café and was pleased when he saw the cute blond sitting alone in a booth by the window. Getting out of his car, he walked up to her and held out his hand in greeting.

“Hi. I’m Charlie. Are you Sophie?”

The blond nodded happily. “I sure am,” she drawled in a light Texas accent.

They ordered white wine and chatted as they sipped their drinks, beginning the process of getting to know each other better. Charlie could tell that Sophie liked what she’d seen so far. She wasn’t so bad herself, and he hoped that she would be more open-minded than the last thirty or forty women he’d dated.

“So,” she asked coyly, “what do you do all day? Your friend Bob didn’t tell me much about your line of work. Is it something top secret?” she asked hopefully, all the while eyeing the platinum band of his watch, taking in the expensive label on his shirt, and the faded leather of his \$500 Italian loafers.

Charlie smiled engagingly. “I’m a writer.”

“Ooohhh,” she said. “How exciting. What do you write? Mysteries? Action?”

“Actually,” he said, striving for a confident tone, “I write erotica.”

The silence was deafening. Not bothering to hide her sneer, his blind date said, “You’re a porno writer?”

Charlie cleared his throat. “No, I write sensual romance. Women make up 99% of my audience. It’s really quite...”

But before he could get another word out, his date stood up, said “You pervert!” and splashed her entire glass of ice water on his face. Then she grabbed her purse and stomped out on her four-inch heels, her tight little ass wiggling in outrage all the way down the street.

Charlie wiped the shards of ice off of his face and chest, while the waitstaff openly laughed at him.

“That’s a first,” he muttered to himself as he stood up and headed for his car.

Usually his blind dates were satisfied with looking scandalized and making excuses about getting home early because the babysitter called with an emergency. At the very least, he had to give Sophie points for originality.

But no matter how he tried to frame the situation, he was sure of one thing: he wasn’t getting



any closer to finding the woman of his dreams.

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## Chapter Two

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Evan laid Sara against the silk sheets and stood back to admire the way the firelight danced off of her creamy skin. She was the sweetest girl in the world, and he'd been waiting years for this moment.

Sara's cheeks were rosy and she nervously licked her pink, delicious mouth. "Are you going to take your clothes off too?" she asked him innocently.

Evan smiled and kneeled at the side of the bed between her legs. He didn't want to frighten her any more than she already was, but he was having a hell of a time trying to rein in his passion.

It pleased him immeasurably to know that Sara was a virgin, and that she had been saving herself for him, for their wedding night. He had waited so long for this night, for her to finally grow up. Of course, even though he had spent the past several years walking away from their chaste kisses and straight into cold showers, he had been with his fair share of women. But he always knew, no matter how good the sex was with these other women, he was simply releasing pent-up steam and honing his skills for the one woman who really mattered.

"I am, sweetheart," he said, stroking her hand lightly with his own. "But first I want you to experience deep pleasure."

"Oh, I have Evan. Your kisses are incredible," she sighed, trying to sit up so that she could kiss him again.

Getting up onto one knee, he leaned towards her and captured her mouth in a passionate, scintillating kiss. "Kissing is only the beginning," he said, promise in his eyes.

Sara opened her mouth into a darling "o" and blushed prettily. "Should I be doing anything?" she asked hesitantly, and Evan was touched by how much she wanted to please him.

"Oh my darling," he said, pushing his hands into her silky blond hair. "Just lay back against those pillows and I'll do the rest." Kissing her again lightly, he said, "And remember, there's nothing to be afraid of, because I love you and this is how I want to show you my love."

Sara followed his instructions and lay back against the pillows. He ran kisses down her neck and got caught up in worshipping her breasts.

He marveled at the sensual picture she presented. Her nipples were rosy and had formed into tight buds as he neared them. Even the swell of her breasts had a delicate pink flush, proving that she was as aroused as he was.

Cupping her breasts gently in his large hands, Evan ran his thumbs over her taut nipples and blew warm air across them. Sara gasped and he bent down to rain soft kisses all over the soft, sweet flesh, making sure he stayed away from the place she needed him to touch most. It wasn't until she was writhing on the bed in torment that he took pity on her and slowly took one nipple into his mouth, swirling the nub with his tongue, tasting her on his lips.

At that moment, Sara arched her back into him, pushing her breast even more deeply into his mouth. He nearly lost control of himself, more ready than ever to rip his clothes off and mount her like a stallion. Pulling from a deeper well of control than he knew he possessed, he continued to give loving attention onto her other breast, making her moan with pleasure.

Moving lower, he nipped and kissed her flushed skin across her tight belly, while running his hands up and down her quivering thighs.

His attention was soon wholly focused on the soft, wet mound before him.

Her blond, curly pubic hair was wet with her juices, and her scent was intoxicating. He ran his open hand down her stomach. Lightly, he slid his finger between her lips and then slowly into her.

"Evan," she moaned, her head thrashing back and forth on the bed.

"Oh baby," he said, his voice thick with lust and emotion. "You have the sweetest pussy."



*He saw her eyes widen and slipped his finger back out, and stood up partway to kiss her again.*

*“You’re so beautiful. Am I making you feel good?”*

*Blushing again, Sara replied, “I’ve never felt like this before. Is it normal?”*

*Evan laughed softly and brushed the hair out of her eyes. “What we have is amazing, baby.*

*Trust me and I’ll take you all the way to heaven.”*

*Sara swallowed, and then said, “I do trust you.”*

*Laying her back down, he knelt between her legs again. This time, he couldn’t help himself, and he leaned in and tasted her wetness with his tongue.*

*She nearly bucked off of the bed, and he held her thighs firmly with his hands to keep her pussy right where he wanted it.*

*He plunged his tongue into her several times before focusing on her swollen clitoris. Taking it into his mouth, he swirled his tongue around once, slowly. Then, taking the utmost care, he swirled it again. At a snail's pace, he teased her clit, savoring every moment of his fantasy becoming real.*

*Sara grabbed his head to push his face down harder into her mound and he knew she was on the verge of coming. He abruptly changed tactics and flicked her clit rapidly and firmly until she was crying out with joy, her spasms taking over her body for a long while.*

*Evan stood to remove his clothes as quickly as possible. He was greatly pleased when Sara pushed herself up into sitting position and began to rip off his clothes in haste. But once they had pulled off his slacks together and were taking off his boxers, she stilled.*

*Looking up at him, she said, “I’m afraid, Evan.”*

*Cupping her face in his hands, kissing her thoroughly, getting her used to her own sweet taste, he said, “I promise you, it will only hurt the first time. Only until you get used to having me inside of you.”*

*Sara nodded and slowly reached for the waistband of his boxers, pulling them down his hips with excruciating slowness. When his shaft sprang free she gasped.*

*“You’re so huge!” she exclaimed.*

*Evan chuckled softly, thrilled that she was so impressed with his cock. “And I’m all yours,” he said as he took her small, soft hand in his and wrapped it around his shaft.*

*“Mmmm,” Sara said. “You’re hot too.” She ran her hand up and down his length, getting used to the feel of him.*

*But Evan couldn’t take any more teasing, so he gently pushed her back into the silk sheets and leaned over her, careful not to put too much of his weight onto her. Placing the head of his cock between her pussy lips, he gently probed her wetness.*

*The way Sara was writhing underneath him made him want to ram into her without waiting even one more second, but he wanted her first time to be perfect, so he governed his lust. Pushing in no more than an inch, then two, he heard her swift intake of breath and felt the barrier that guarded her most precious gift.*

*Poised above her, gazing deeply into her eyes, he said, “I never want to hurt you again,” and then forced himself to push past her barrier, until he was practically touching her womb.*

*She cried out softly in pain, but within moments he knew her virgin’s muscles had adjusted to the feel of him as she began to rock her hips back and forth in an age-old rhythm of love.*

*Her body eagerly swallowed his cock and Evan lost all control, pumping hard and fast into her. Beneath him, Sara met every thrust and together they cried out in a magical simultaneous orgasm.*

*For Evan and Sara, their wedding night was the beginning of a lifetime of love, better than anything they could have ever conjured up in their dreams.*

*Candace finished reading the final words of her chapter and looked up at the faces of her new*

writing group expectantly. The silence was heavy in the library meeting room. She couldn't miss the shocked expressions on the faces of her fellow writers.

Several people cleared their throats, and to get the ball rolling Candace said, "I'd love to get some feedback on the ending of my story. I just wrote it yesterday, so it feels pretty fresh to me."

Sixty long, painful seconds ticked by before one of the older ladies spoke up. "Candace, I'm not sure about the, ahem, appropriateness of the passage you just read us."

"The appropriateness? It's erotica. I'd say a sex scene is pretty appropriate." She searched the eyes of the other members of the group for some support, but found none.

Exasperated, she said, "I thought I made myself very clear with all of you before joining this group. I write erotica. Explicit romantic fiction. That means there's sex in it. And you all said you were okay with it."

Right as a man and woman excused themselves from the room, a forty-ish man spoke up. "I thought it was an excellent passage, Candace. You perfectly captured your hero's deep feelings for the heroine."

"Thank you," Candace said, flashing a smile at him, but before she could feel better about her evening, an old biddy who had just contributed a story about her cat said, "I will not stand for such smut! I think we should take a vote right now. Who here wants to listen to this trashy porn?"

Only the middle-aged man half-raised his hand, giving Candace a sheepish grin, and she had the awful feeling that he was only voting for her because he thought she was easy.

Looking smug, the ringleader asked, "And who wants her to leave immediately?"

Everyone else raised their hands while their eyes shot daggers at her.

"Fine," Candace said, calmly slipping her papers back into her leather satchel. Swinging it up onto her shoulder she stood and left the room without a backwards glance.

She was none too surprised when she heard footsteps behind her in the hallway and turned to see her one supporter hurrying to catch up with her.

"Candace," he said, slightly out of breath. "I feel terrible about this."

"I'm sure you do," she said, a slight twinge of bitterness lacing her words.

"Even though this didn't work out, I was hoping that, ah, maybe I could take you out for dinner next Saturday."

Candace acted like she was considering his words carefully. Forcing a coy look onto her face she asked, "Is that all you want from me?"

Giving her a sleazy smile, he leaned in until she could smell his bad breath, and said, "I'm gamine for helping you try out some of your new scenes, any time you want."

Candace worked hard to keep her hands firmly at her sides. He wasn't the first guy she'd wanted to slap, and he wouldn't be the last. From between gritted teeth she said, "I don't know why every guy who meets me thinks all I want to do is fuck his brains out simply because I write erotica. Because I wouldn't have sex with you if you were the last man on earth."

Clearly upset by her slam, he looked her up and down and disdainfully said, "Then maybe you should stop begging for it, you slut," then ran back down the hall to the meeting room, slamming the door behind him.

Standing in the hallway, stunned by her latest bad experience, Candace heard the distinct sound of lovemaking coming from the women's bathroom. A minute later, the two people who had left the room right after she read her chapter emerged, clothes in slight disarray, and sneaked back off toward the meeting room, thinking no one was the wiser.

Candace smiled momentarily. "I guess that means it was a good chapter," she said. But then, falling despondent again over the difficulties of her new writing direction, she added, "At least some people are having a good night."

Trying not to be too down about the events of the evening, she headed out for her car and another lonely night curled up on her couch with a paperback, where she could dream about having a perfect life, like the characters in her favorite books.

## Chapter Three

---

Candace stood underneath the huge “Sensual Writer’s Conference” banner and took a deep breath. As soon as she walked through the double glass doors she would officially be entering into her new life. Instead of continuing to write young adult stories, where sex was never allowed to enter into the storyline, today she was officially going to make the jump into the world of erotica, where the only limit was how far a writer wanted to go. Practically nothing was forbidden.

Now, if she could just muster up the nerve to walk through those damn double doors.

She tried not to be too hard on herself. After all, anytime anyone made a career change they were bound to have some butterflies in their stomach. Unfortunately, what Candace was feeling went far beyond butterflies. More like huge ravens flying around inside of her, picking at her innards.

A middle-aged woman brushed past her and hurried inside the conference hall. Candace knew it was now or never—time to either bite the bullet and commit to doing the work she loved, or to wimp out by continuing to write the same old stories she’d been pumping out since college.

“If she can do it, I can do it,” Candace told herself firmly. She squared her shoulders, fluffed up her orange curls with one hand and set off for the door.

Candace was so focused on her goal, on making it past the threshold of her current comfort level, she didn’t see the attractive, muscular man who was just about to step through the doorway. They collided as Candace bumped into him in a particularly graceless way, the full-body impact knocking them both to the floor. Candace tried to catch her breath as she lay in a heap atop the stranger.

Absolutely mortified by her clumsiness, Candace scrambled to get up off the man, but not before she became aware of the firm muscles of his butt, back and shoulders rippling beneath her.

Overcome by both embarrassment and a rare jolt of lust, she blathered on and on without being able to stop herself. “Oh! I’m so sorry! I can’t believe I didn’t see you and then I walked right into you and then I fell onto you and now we’re on the ground and are you okay?”

Pushing himself up on his palms and then spinning around so that he was sitting on the cement floor, the stranger gave her a devastating smile. Brushing the dust off of his slacks, he stood up and said, “I’m just fine, thanks.”

Candace was bowled over by the dimple in his left cheek and could do little else but gape.

“Besides,” he added with a mischievous glint in his eyes, “who wouldn’t want to have a gorgeous woman lying on top of him first thing in the morning?”

Candace felt her cheeks turn pink, and she covered them with her hands, hoping to cool them down.

Looking slightly repentant, he said, “I hope I haven’t made you uncomfortable. I’m just joking around. You looked like you were heading into the Coliseum to face the lions.”

Candace dropped her hands from her face and gave him a small smile. “I feel like such an idiot for knocking you over.”

The blond hunk held up his hand to stop her from lambasting herself any further. “I can’t stand to hear you insult yourself. Especially since I don’t even know your name yet.” Holding out his hand he said, “I’m Charlie.”

As the warmth of his skin covered her cold hand, she relaxed for the first time since she’d parked her car that morning. “Candace. It’s nice to meet you.”

She could tell he was trying to put her at ease as he picked up her leather bag and handed it to her. “Is this your first conference? I’ve never seen you here before.”

Candace nodded. “Is it that obvious that I’m a newbie?”

“Nope, that’s not it. I’m just pretty sure if I’d ever met you before, I’d have remembered.”

Candace blushed again and silently admonished herself to cut it out. "I'm sort of new to this genre."

---

"To erotica, you mean?"

"I'm really excited about making the switch from young adult fiction to sensual romantic fiction, but I guess I'm feeling a little overwhelmed today by it all."

Charlie smiled. "I know exactly how you feel."

"You do? Are you new to erotica also?"

"Nope. I've been going at it," he stopped and cleared his throat. "What I mean is, I've been writing erotica for a little over five years now. I can honestly say it is the most enjoyable, challenging writing I've ever done. But when I first made the switch from crime to erotica, it was pretty daunting."

While he talked, Candace thought there was something vaguely familiar about Charlie, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. In any case, although she was greatly enjoying talking with him, she was worried about monopolizing his time.

Rather briskly she said, "Thanks for the pep talk, Charlie. But I don't want you to feel like you have to baby-sit me all morning. I'm a big girl. I'll be all right."

Giving her an enigmatic look that set her heart pounding like a drum in her chest, Charlie brushed off her concerns.

"You know what, Candace?" he said, her name rolling off his tongue like warm butter. "I'd like nothing better than to show you around the conference hall and to introduce you to some of my friends and colleagues." Leaning in closer to her he added with a wink, "Not that I don't think you're capable of taking care of yourself, of course."

This time, instead of blushing at his double-entendre, Candace laughed. "Thank god I'm starting to get your sense of humor," she said. "And by the way, if you're going to be my chaperone, why don't you call me Candy? The only people who ever use my full name are either my mother or my elementary school teachers when I really got into trouble for something."

Clearly unable to stop teasing her, in a rough undertone Charlie asked, "Did you get into trouble a lot, Candy?"

Candace swallowed and stared into Charlie's deep blue eyes. The flash of lust she had felt when their bodies had collided was jumping inside of her full-force now. Forcing herself to remember to be cautious, to remember how badly she'd been hurt, a shadow passed over her eyes.

Shrugging, she finally replied, "More times than I can count."

If Charlie noticed her swift change of demeanor, he didn't let on. Looping his arm through hers he said, "I'm going to take you in now. But I'm warning you to be prepared for lunacy. We're a naughty little bunch, you know, us erotica writers."

Shaking off her painful memories, Candy smiled up at Charlie. "Lead on, oh wise one," she said in mock subservience. "Lead on."

Charlie directed them into a crowded common room, which had at least a hundred different information booths set up inside. Candace gaped at the displays all around them and started to wonder if it was too late for her to make her escape.

Seeming to sense her growing embarrassment in that incredibly perceptive way of his, Charlie held firm to her hand. "Now just remember," he said, leaning down to whisper in her ear, "there's nothing to be embarrassed about with these folks. We're all in the business for the same reason—because we love it. No one's going to look down upon you or call you a pervert today, I promise."

Shivering as his breath gently blew against her ear, she looked up at him, a question in her eyes. "How did you know people have been giving me a hard time about writing erotica?"

Charlie gestured to the group of people in the room with them. "Every one of us has had to deal with misconceptions at one point or another." With a grimace he added, "And I'd be lying to you if I

said it's all a bed of roses, even after five years."

—Suddenly, Candace was overwhelmed by the clear picture of the two of them, entwined together on a bed of rose petals. As warm heat pooled between her legs, she forced the vision from her head.

Thankfully, he didn't wait for her response and led them up to the first booth by the door, which to Candace's dismay had the most comprehensive display of dildos she had ever seen amassed in one place.

Actually, considering she had never even gotten up the nerve to walk into an adult bookstore, they were the only dildos she had ever seen outside of a magazine ad.

"Candy, this is Albert. He's an old-timer around here, and frankly, without him, none of us erotica writers would be worth a damn."

Candy managed to muster up a smile for the gray-haired, bearded man, and reached out her hand to shake his.

"Don't be shy, missy," he barked at her. "Feel free to wrap your hands around any one of these babies to find out what they really feel like. I've got rubber. I've got really life-like skin. I've got hard dildos and soft dildos and dildos with vibrators attached. They come in a range of colors, including day-glo green with florescent pink stripes, if you're really looking for something to spice up a scene."

Candace wanted nothing more than for the ground to open up and swallow her whole. She had never been so uncomfortable in her entire life. What made her think she could write erotica, she wondered frantically. For god's sake, she had never even been able to have an orgasm during sex. And she certainly had never used a vibrator, or any kind of penis-like dildo to get herself off. Considering how naughty she felt when she used the stream of water from her hand-held shower head to bring herself to orgasm, she now had to face just how far over her head she was.

"Albert is a walking guru of sex toys. Thank god he's willing to share his knowledge or I'd look like an idiot in more books than I'm willing to mention."

Candace nodded mutely, knowing words were beyond her at this point. Not letting her run off, Charlie held fast to her hand. "We'll talk to you again later Albert," he said as he directed them to another booth.

At first glance, this one looked to be far tamer than Albert's booth, with a simple display of hardcover books for sale. Candace breathed a sigh of relief.

Introducing her, Charlie said, "This is my friend Candy. Candy this is Steve Holt. He's pretty much a hero around here."

Laughing, Steve said, "Only second to you, buddy." Turning to greet Candace, he said, "Welcome to the wild and wacky world of erotica. Unbuckle your seat belt and enjoy the ride."

Candace laughed and gave silent thanks that everyone was working so hard to put her at ease. Of course, she knew that meant she was probably walking around with a panic-stricken look on her face.

And when she caught sight of the cover of Steve's latest book, she almost gasped aloud. Depicted on the cover were two women in sixty-nine position along with the title, *Sixty-Nine Kinds of Love*.

Knowing she was trapped in a full-body flush, with Charlie's hand tucked in hers, all she could think about was what it would feel like if his head was buried between her legs, his tongue lapping at her clitoris. No matter how hard she tried to clear the sexy vision from her mind, she just couldn't.

Fortunately, the two men were busy catching up with each other, and hadn't noticed her reaction to the sexy book cover.

"So, how's the new book going Charlie?" Steve was asking him.

"Pretty good," Charlie replied, running his free hand through his golden blond hair. "I'm having some trouble with my character's motivations, but I'll figure it out in time."

Steve laughed and said to Candace, "I swear to God, this is the only author I know who wants t

know what his characters ate for breakfast in high school. Most of us are content to be able to do a character sketch for their past couple of years.”

“Wow,” Candace said to Charlie. “You sound pretty thorough.”

The look Charlie gave her was so hot she felt seared to the bone. At least to her panties, which were beginning to feel distinctly moist between her legs.

“I am,” he said hoarsely and then blinked hard a couple of times.

Clearing his throat, Steve said, “Oh, I almost forgot. There’s a woman here from the Chronicle and she wants to interview you about *Morning Dew*.”

Candace gasped. “You wrote *Morning Dew*? You’re Charlie Gibson?”

A faint flush stole across his face. “That’s me.”

Too stunned to keep the words from falling out of her mouth, she said, “You’re the reason I wanted to get into erotica.”

Realizing her sentence had come out all wrong, she tried to backpedal, saying, “What I meant is that I absolutely love your books. They move me more than anything else I’ve read.”

Charlie looked incredibly pleased. “Really?”

Cutting in, Steve said, “You’re not the first person who became a convert after reading his stuff. At least half of the people in the room did the very same thing.”

Suddenly, Candace felt incredibly foolish. “And here I am, taking up all of your time, when so many people must be dying to get a word with you.”

Amazingly, Charlie refused to relinquish her hand.

An attractive, medically enhanced brunette, whose tits were each the size of Candace’s head, sidled up to Charlie. “I was just over at the mentoring table and they told me you don’t have anyone under you yet.” Licking her lips for impact, having stressed the word ‘under’ as if it was a magical spell she could weave around him, she pouted and added, “They said you had the final word on who you were going to work with.” Walking her long, polished nails up his arm she said, “So, are you free for some lessons?”

Candace wasn’t sure if her mind was playing tricks on her, considering her gut was teeming with jealous bile, but she thought she saw Charlie flinch and back away from the silicone Amazon.

Turning to her, with a cunning smile on his face, he said, “Actually, Candy has already snatched me up.”

“I did?” she said, before she caught the pleading look Charlie was pinning her with. Trying to recover from the shock of being singled out by the man she respected more than any other writer of erotica, she smiled and slapped him playfully on the arm with her free hand, trying to look like she was just joking around.

“Of course, I did. I’m just teasing you.” Then she turned to the Amazon-bitch and said with false syrupiness, “Actually, I tackled him the minute I saw him walking through the doors to make sure he’d be all mine.”

Glaring at them both with fire in her eyes, the Amazon spat out “Your loss,” at Charlie and then went in search of new prey.

Charlie led Candace into a semi-private corner of the room. “I’m really sorry about that back there. If you don’t want me to be your mentor, I understand perfectly.”

Candace blinked in confusion. “I don’t even know what my mentor is supposed to do.”

Giving her a reassuring smile, Charlie said, “All of the established writers sign up to work with a new writer. You know, to show them the ropes.”

Candace’s brain was assailed with visions of Charlie tying her up to golden bedposts, while she writhed underneath him and begged him to fuck her as hard and fast as he could. She shook her head, wondering when the hell she had started to have such incredibly vivid sexual daydreams.



Looking up at him, suddenly shy, she said, "I can't think of anyone I'd rather work with."

~~—And just like that, she leapt head first into the unknown, with the most sexually potent man she had ever encountered.~~

## Chapter Four

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Charlie paid the delivery boy from the *Love You With Flowers* floral design shop on Chestnut Street in the Marina and then watched him get back into his delivery truck and drive away. He picked up the surprisingly heavy cardboard box of red, pink, and purple rose petals, placed them on the floor of his foyer, and closed the front door with a soft click. He leaned his forehead against the back of his front door and closed his eyes.

At least a hundred times in the past week, ever since he had coerced Candace into letting him be her mentor, he had told himself not to fuck this up. From the first moment he met her, in the instant that she had landed atop him in the conference hall, he knew she was special.

Unfortunately, every time he thought about Candace he got lightheaded and his heart started beating to a heavy-metal rhythm within his chest.

He thought back to their phone call, the Monday after the erotic writer's conference and groaned, remembering how lame he sounded as he outlined his mentoring plan to her. He banged his forehead against the door several times as his words flooded back into his brain.

"Thanks so much for offering to work with me, Charlie," she'd said.

He'd said, "You know what? I think we're both going to get a lot out of this." But then as he realized how smarmy he sounded, he backpedaled. "What I mean is there's nothing more enlightening than trying to teach another person what you already know. It's a good chance for me to see if I actually know what I'm talking about, or if I've just been faking my way through my last eight books."

Belatedly, Charlie realized he was going on and on about utter nonsense so he added, "Does that make sense?"

His palms got slick and sweaty on the handset of his cordless phone as he waited for her response.

Clearly trying to put him at ease, she said, "I know exactly what you mean, Charlie. And by the way, I've been thinking we should probably be upfront about things."

"What things?" Charlie asked, so suddenly nervous his heart was going clackity-click and he could swear he heard a heavy metal soundtrack in his head.

"I want you to know that you don't need to worry about the vocabulary you use when we're talking about work. I know you're a complete gentleman and that everything we do during our lessons is purely professional." She cleared her throat and then added, "Even if we do happen to deal with things like dildos and kinky sex in our books."

Charlie forced a chuckle, but inwardly he felt like the world's biggest scum. Sure, his intentions were honorable. He was going to teach Candace how to write great erotica. But he couldn't deny the fact that in the privacy of his imagination he had already devised twenty different ways he wanted to make Candace scream with pleasure.

But no matter how strongly he felt about her, he had decided to put the lid on his desire until their mentoring sessions were through—jumping her bones during their lessons would be a complete betrayal of her trust. He only hoped it didn't kill him in the meantime.

"Good," he'd said. "I'm glad we are being completely upfront about everything right from the start. I knew you were the right person to work with."

"Frankly, I was afraid that Sheba Queen of the Sluts wouldn't have left you in one piece by the time she was done with you. I had no choice but to save you by offering up myself."

Charlie let himself savor the vision of Candace tied and bound to an altar, naked and gleaming in sacrifice for him, before he said, "I appreciate that. More than you know."

"So, what's on the agenda?" she asked him, and just like that his entire body broke out in a

sweat as he unfolded the piece of paper he'd written their lesson plan on.

—Trying to keep his voice light, he said, "I've broken our mentoring sessions into five different lessons. Lesson one will be how to set a romantic scene."

"That sounds great. I love the way you paint pictures with words in your books."

"Thanks," he'd said, and then swallowed loudly as he prepared to continue spelling out his list of lessons. Lesson one was the easy one, and he knew things were only going to get harder from here. Especially if the rock-hard bulge in his pants was any indication.

"Let's see, for lesson two I thought we'd work on varying positions." He had to pause, clear his throat. "I mean, we'll take a look at...uh, you know study the different ways that..."

Suddenly he couldn't think of any way to rephrase the sentence that wouldn't sound like he planned on screwing her brains out the minute she walked through his door.

Thankfully, she reminded him in a gentle voice, "Charlie, you've got to stop worrying about offending me."

"Okay," he said, but his trepidation must have been clear in his voice, because she said, "Say fuck ten times to me."

"Huh?"

"Just say it," she demanded.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Good. Now say, 'I want to lick your juicy pussy.'"

Charlie choked on an intake of breath, but he did as she asked. He repeated, "I want to lick your juicy pussy." Even as he imagined how amazing she would taste, he braced himself for her disgust, expecting her to say, "You're scum and I never want to talk to you again."

"Feel better now?"

He took a moment to gauge his feelings and realized, much to his surprise, that his palms were dry again and his heart rate had returned to near-normal. Candace, in her sly way, had forced him over the hump of his anxieties. Yet again, he was impressed by what a clever little piece of work this delectable woman was.

"Thanks for that." He was glad to laugh. "You definitely have a knack for dialogue. And now that I've decided to stop being such an idiot, here are the rest of my lesson plans." He spoke quickly and didn't pause between lessons. "Lesson three – using toys. Lesson four – the joy of sex in exciting locations. Lesson five – how to use role playing to really up the ante."

He knew if he gave himself even a second to think about her reaction he'd start to make an even bigger ass of himself than he already had, so he barreled ahead. "So, how about we start next Saturday at my house on Lombard? Noon?"

"Great," she'd said and hung up as soon as he gave her his address.

Now here he was, on the big day, with noon quickly approaching. Through great force of will, Charlie stopped banging his head on the door, stopped torturing himself with thoughts of what a dweeb Candace must think he was, picked up the box of rose petals and walked into his guest bedroom to finish preparing the classroom.

Charlie had decided the best way to teach Candace how to set a romantic scene was to show her one in real life. He knew, however, that using his master bedroom for any of these lessons was a very bad idea. As it was, in the past seven days he had beaten off to the picture of her he had in his head so many times while lying in his bed and while showering, as soon as he walked into his master bedroom it was practically a reflex for him to reach for his cock and start pumping it in his hand.

Standing in the doorway of his large guest room, he surveyed the space with a critical eye. He had draped the four-poster queen-sized bed with Indian silk. In his writer's mind, he could see two lovers deep within their own world, sheathed in the exotic fabric.

He had covered the mattress in red plush velvet, and underneath the luxurious cover, he had put red satin sheets. To top it off, a dozen pillows fought for space near the head of the bed.

Charlie had never been particularly interested in interior design—although he felt that he had done a nice job with making his house a comfortable and cozy reflection of himself—but as he went from store to store in Union Square, as he ran his fingers lightly over the fabrics, he realized that he was, in fact, greatly enjoying himself.

His enjoyment, he thought ruefully, may have sprung from his intense desire to see Candace wrapped in the silks, velvets, and satins he purchased.

Or, more to the point, his even more intense desire to *unwrap* her.

He tried to shake the image of Candace naked with her legs spread wide open before him, begging for him to ram his cock inside her. He needed to focus on the task at hand.

He had draped the windows with shimmering translucent red fabric, shot through with gold thread. Then he'd brought light back into the room with candles of varying sizes and colors, which he had placed on every possible surface.

On the bare wood floor in front of the rock-framed fireplace he had laid a chenille rug. It felt so good to the touch in the store he couldn't resist buying it. If Candace lay face down on the rug and rubbed her breasts across it slowly, what would the soft fabric feel like brushing against her nipples?

The rose petals were the final touch. Checking his watch and noting it was a quarter to twelve, he bent down, opened the large box and reached into the mass of flower petals.

To his great satisfaction the scent of the roses wasn't overpowering. As he had hoped, the flowers lent an alluring air of sweetness to the room.

When the box was empty and rose petals beautifully littered the room, he started a fire in the fireplace and then painstakingly lit each of the candles. The room had a sensual vibe and fairly glowed with romance, just as he had hoped it would.

The doorbell rang, jolting him out of his pleasant trance. His palms went damp again and he half-laughed, half-groaned at how ridiculous he was being. All he and Candace were going to do was look at the bedroom, study its romantic elements, and then do a writing exercise using it as the setting for a story.

No big deal.

Charlie walked down the hall towards the front door and told himself to pretend he was working with Steve Holt. Why should he be nervous? They were just a couple of writers doing research for their craft.

He opened the door and all of his good intentions came crashing down upon him.

He instantly took in her smell, the pulse moving under the soft skin on her neck, the way the breeze was moving the tips of her red, curly hair around on the tops of her luscious breasts. An image of her pubic hair, red and curly and moist with her come and his saliva, popped into his head.

He was in deep, deep trouble.

By the time he remembered to say, "Hi, come on in," he had no idea how much time had gone by since he'd opened the door. Thirty seconds? Five minutes? Time was a blur.

How could he treat her like one of the guys when she was a walking, breathing orgasm waiting to happen?

\* \* \*

Candace walked into Charlie's foyer and tried not to betray her nervousness by giggling, babbling, or checking to see if her hair was out of place. Instead, she plastered a big smile on her face and squeezed past Charlie and through his front door. He hadn't moved aside very much to let her in.

his house, but she had to admit she didn't mind rubbing up against him, not one bit.

—He was just as gorgeous as he had been at the conference, with the highlights in his blond hair picking up the sunlight, that streamed in through the windows. She took in the snug fit of his well-worn jeans. She couldn't keep her eyes from straying to the light brown chest hair that peeked out through his long-sleeve shirt. Salivating at the thought of seeing his chest—which she knew she'd never get a glimpse of in this lifetime, but a girl could dream, couldn't she?—Candace wished he had left a couple more buttons undone.

Charlie's bare feet were the icing on the cake. Candace had never seen such sexy feet before. She had never even known feet could be sexy. Until now. His feet were tan, with well-manicured toenails and a light dusting of hair. Suddenly, she saw herself naked and ready for him, straddling his big toe and...

No! Candace stopped herself from taking her daydream any further. What was happening to her she wondered, as she swallowed past her dry tongue. Everything she saw made her think about Charlie's cock and fingers and tongue.

Her mind was turning into an X-rated pay-per-view channel.

Trying to force her thoughts away from the incredibly dirty things she wanted to do to each and every part of Charlie's body, she tuned into the details of his house.

It was crazy, but Candace felt that Charlie was even more potent, even more intoxicating when he was within the walls of his private environment. His home, like the man himself, was masculine and yet warm all at the same time.

"So," she said in a bright voice to break the awkward silence, "this is your house, huh?"

As the words left her mouth, Candace turned pink and had to fight the urge to run out of his front door, down his steps and back into her car. Could she have sounded any more like an idiot?

Charlie's eyes seemed to refocus in on her and he said, "Yup. Sure is. Glad you could come."

"It was my pleasure."

He smiled at her and she melted under his gaze. She knew she had a serious case of hero worship, but this was worse than she had bargained for. *Don't make a pass at him under any circumstances*, she told herself in a firm inner voice. *He's your teacher, and you should be grateful that he is taking any time out of his busy and illustrious schedule for you*, she added with a flourish.

She noted he looked a little uncomfortable as he said, "I've set up a classroom of sorts for us. It's down the hall." But when he comfortably added, as if she were a buddy from his baseball league, "Let me pour you a glass of chardonnay," she decided his discomfort was just a figment of her imagination.

Her mind was playing tricks on her. More likely than not she was projecting her own uneasiness onto him.

She followed him into his kitchen. "You have a beautiful home."

He turned to smile at her as he uncorked a bottle of white wine. "Thanks. It's a big change from my last one."

"How so?"

Candace hoped her question didn't seem like she was prying, although she acknowledged that she definitely was. By the time their lessons were through, she wanted to know everything she possibly could about Charlie Gibson. She was already tucking all the little details of his clothes and his furnishings away into her memory for safekeeping and leisurely review on lonely nights. Who knew, she might even buy herself her own personal dildo if she was feeling really brave.

"I got to design this house from the ground up. And I, uh, didn't have anyone telling me she hated my ideas this time around."

He handed her the wine glass and said, "That's probably a whole heck of a lot more than you

wanted to know, isn't it?"

—She laughed and patted his hand. "Trust me, I know exactly how you feel."

But as she felt a tremor pass through her from simply touching his hand, she immediately pulled back and said, in a shakier voice than she intended, "Should we get started with things, Mr. Mentor?"

He nodded. "I've set things up in the guest room. Follow me."

She followed him out of the kitchen and down the hallway. When he opened the door to the guest bedroom she was overwhelmed with the sweet scent of roses. Her heart started to beat double time so she joked, "Are we going to write a story about the florist and—"

Her words stopped altogether as she rounded the corner and stepped fully into the room.

She gasped. "This is amazing!"

Candace wanted to rub herself on all of the luxurious fabrics draped across and above the bed. She wanted to feel the rug under her toes. She wanted to wrap herself in rose petals.

Turning to Charlie, she said, "Did you do all this for me? For our lesson? You shouldn't have gone to all the tr—"

He smiled at her and cut her protest off. "I really enjoyed creating this room. And now that I've seen the effects of it myself, I think I'm going to leave it as a nice surprise for my house guests. Although, I probably won't see much of them 'cause they'll be so busy going at each other."

Candace forced a laugh and started worrying in earnest as Charlie sat down on the chest at the foot of the bed and motioned for her to sit next to him.

"I think you need to take off your shoes and socks to fully appreciate this bedroom."

She knew he was right and she was certain that he wasn't the least bit interested in her, so she set her wine glass down on the mantle of the fireplace, then sat down next to him and removed her shoes and socks.

Playfully she said, "Should I take anything else off?"

Charlie's eyes got wide for a moment and then he grinned wolfishly. "I suppose you'd better, otherwise, how are you going to write about the feel of the material brushing across your heroine's skin?"

"Oh, do you really think I should?" Candace said, some panic creeping into her voice. But then as she looked around the room at the candles and the fire and saw the velvet and silk beneath her, she decided, what the hell.

Not giving herself the chance to think, she pulled her v-neck sweater over her head, leaving on a skimpy tank top covering her torso.

"Okay," she said impishly, vowing to let herself be carried away by the mood for once in her life. "I'm undressed."

Charlie looked her up and down. "I'm not sure I'd call you undressed, but it's certainly a start."

Suddenly, something inside Candace clicked into place. Or broke down completely. She wasn't sure which. But the new voice inside her was loud and clear.

She spoke quickly, before she lost her courage. Before she came to her senses. "Charlie, you know how we agreed that everything that went on during on mentoring sessions was going to be strictly professional?"

"Yeah?" he said, drawing out the word as a question.

"Well, it has just occurred to me that it's one thing for me to appreciate this room as a writer." She paused and then said, "But it's another thing entirely for me to experience it as a woman."

She saw Charlie's Adam's apple move in his throat and clenched her hands into tight fists at her side. She didn't know how she was going to manage it exactly, but she wasn't going to be a wimp and back down. Not here. Not now.

For the first time in her life, Candace was going to go for what she wanted. She reached for the

button on her jeans and Charlie's hand shot out to grab hers.

“What are you doing?”

She half-grinned at him, but she knew she was far too nervous for it to look like a smile. More like she was baring her teeth at him.

“I'm taking off my clothes.”

He blinked at her in confusion. “Oh.”

Candace tried not to let his utter non-reaction to the idea of her taking off her clothes bother her. She wasn't here because he thought she was a sexy woman. She was here to learn about the art of erotic writing. And if she had to do it on her own, by god, she was doing it.

She stood up and unzipped her pants. As she lowered them to the ground, she looked up at Charlie, who was still sitting in stunned silence on the edge of the chest.

“The fact is, I have never experienced the sensation of silk sliding against my skin. I've never lain naked in front of a roaring fire. I've never rubbed my nipples against satin.” She looked at him imploringly. “These are all things that I have to do or I'll never be able to write about characters who know what these physical sensations feel like. Can you understand that?”

Charlie nodded.

She stood in front of him in her skimpy tank top, knowing her nipples were jutting out and she forced herself not to flinch, not to run, and not to cover up. She hooked her thumbs into the thin strap of her silk thong undies and said, in a soft but firm voice, “I won't pressure you into joining me, Charlie. I'm sure this is all pretty old hat to you, but it's all brand new to me. So I could sure use some help if you were willing to instruct me.” Lowering her eyelashes to cover her eyes, she licked her lips and then made eye contact with him again. “In a purely professional way, of course.”

“Whatever happens inside the classroom stays in the classroom?” he asked in a calm, detached voice.

A little shiver worked itself up Candace's spine. Trying to sound as unaffected by her near-nakedness in an incredibly romantic room with the most potent man she'd ever met, she said, “You got it.”

In the blink of an eye, Charlie replaced her hands with his on the sides of her thong.

With a new gleam in his eyes he pulled her closer to him, so that her muff was mere inches from his mouth.

“Let the lessons begin.”



## Chapter Five

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Charlie hooked his thumbs under her panties and slowly pulled them down to her thighs. Her pussy was pink and so hot he could feel the heat emanating from it, practically scalding his face. Her auburn bush had been waxed and trimmed into a Brazilian style—mostly smooth and glistening skin with just the barest patch of hair in the middle. Her lips were plump and he was more glad than he could ever say that she had just given him permission to touch her, to taste her, to spread her legs wide open and plunge into her until he had quenched the sexual need that had ridden him hard from the moment he'd met her.

Pushing her panties down around her knees, he pushed her thighs apart and her lips separated slightly. He slipped the index finger on his right hand into her tight, dripping cunt a couple of inches. She moaned and wiggled her pussy against his finger, so he pushed it even further inside her until his palm was cupping her entire vulva and his thumb was covering her swollen clit.

He lifted his thumb and blew softly on the swollen flesh. Her vagina clenched around his finger and he wondered just how close she was to coming. He blew on her clit again and slid his finger in and out of her pussy. Just as he had suspected, she was a powder keg waiting to explode. Sensitive to each spasm of her slick yet powerful pussy muscles around his index finger, he bent his head down an inch or two and barely touched the tip of his tongue to her firm, throbbing flesh.

She pressed against him, begging for a tongue fuck. Grasping the back of his head with her hands, she ground his face into her pussy, crushing herself against his lips and teeth.

Charlie knew what she wanted, even as she thrashed onto him. Slipping his middle finger into her pussy to join his index finger, he continued to slide his fingers in and out of her in a slow, steady rhythm. He gripped her firm, round ass in his left hand and pointed his tongue so that all she felt against her clit was the hard tip. As if he were typing the same letter over and over on a typewriter, as if she was the page he was making his mark on, he moved his tongue steadily up and down on her clit as she cried out with pleasure.

Finally, the pulsing of her muscles around his fingers slowed and Candace's body went limp. The muscles in her back and butt cheeks tightened up as she tried to pull away from him, but he wouldn't allow it. She might not have known what she was getting into when she made her "let's get naked because we're professionals" comment just minutes earlier, but now, whether she liked it or not, he would decide when they were finished.

After all, he was the teacher.

And she was the very promising new student.

Quickly, he put his arms around her trim waist and threw her onto the plush bedding, face down. As her body hit velvet, it was as if flowers rained from the sky. Several rose petals landed on her ass, thighs, and calves. Charlie moved to straddle her on the bed, blowing each of the rose petals off one by one until all that remained before him was her naked, creamy skin. With every breath, Candace whimpered her pleasure.

She started squirming, but when she tried to turn around, he quickly moved to straddle her, leaning over her back to cup her full breasts in his hands through her tank top. He whispered in her ear, "I'm going to take off your shirt now so that you can feel the velvet rubbing against your nipples."

She stopped squirming and in a voice so quiet he could barely hear her she whispered, "Okay."

Charlie sat back up with a leg on each side of her thighs, the huge bulge in his Levis pressing into the curve of her ass. He grinned as he slid his fingers underneath the hem of her tank top.

He liked hearing her quick agreement, liked running the show.

After years of women making him feel like he wasn't worth their time due to his choice of profession, after years of women using him only for his huge bank account, Charlie savored the

sensation of being in complete control of a woman's body and soul.

~~Knowing he had already given her intense pleasure so quickly only served to up the ante.~~

Her breath quickened as he slowly rubbed his fingers underneath the hem of her shirt, along her rib cage. With infinite precision he dragged her cotton shirt up her ribs until it caught on her breasts, which were much larger than he had thought a week ago at the conference.

If someone had asked him to guess her cup size he would have confidently said she was a B-cup given her small frame. But now, having held her globes in his hands, even only for a moment through her thin, damp cotton shirt, he knew himself for the fool he was.

Candace was definitely at D cup. At least.

Slipping his hands between the plush velvet coverlet and her shirt, he hooked his thumbs up under the hem of her shirt and tugged it up over her tits. As he pushed the shirt past her nipples and the tips of his fingers covered her tits, he heard her rapid intake of breath and almost came in his jeans. He was already breathing like he had run a marathon.

"Put your arms up," he whispered into her ear and as she obeyed him he slid the tank top off of her body and threw it to the floor.

Candace turned her head to face him, but he already had a plan of action and was not going to let her deter him. Putting his hands on her rib cage, he lifted her torso slightly off of the bed so that her nipples were just barely touching the velvet.

"I'm going to rub your tits against the cover and I want you to focus all of your attention on how good it feels."

She nodded, just barely, showing him she understood. He pressed his groin into her ass, which pressed her mound into the velvet. He separated her legs with one of his and her juices soaked through the denim covering his legs. Roughly, so she could feel the coarse fabric pull and tug against her tender lips, he moved his thigh up and down against her.

Tightening his hold on her ribcage, he lifted her torso up just high enough that her nipples floated just above the velvet cover. "Your breasts are the only thing in the world that matters, Candy. Forget about my thigh rubbing between you legs. Forget about how much you want to turn around and wrap your legs around my waist."

She groaned and tried to protest, so he squeezed her ribs tighter in his strong hands.

"Do as I say," he said forcefully. "It's for your own good."

Candace's body tensed underneath him for a split second before her hips started to buck wildly against his leg. She was coming again, convulsing helplessly against his leg. His mouth curved up into a steamy look of satisfaction as he drove his thigh against her pussy and gave her what she wanted.

The fierce rocking of her lower body blew dozens of rose petals off of the bed, into the air and onto the floor.

The mingled scents of her pleasure and the rose petals were a fragrance he knew he would never be able to forget.

But he still hadn't forgotten his goal. Before they left the room, before lesson one had come to its incredible, unforgettable end, he wanted her to realize just how sensitive a woman's breasts were, so that she could write powerful sex scenes in her books that left no part of the female body unexplored.

He almost laughed aloud as he realized what a poor job he was doing of fooling himself that he cared one whit about her writing skills at this moment as he lay over her, his fingers mere inches from her tits, his leg practically jammed up inside her cunt.

They could offer him the fuckin' Pulitzer Prize right now and he wouldn't care. Frankly, what he was doing in his guest bedroom—what he and Candace were doing together—had nothing to do with writing and everything to do with sex. And he wanted Candace to experience sex in its most

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