



HOT FOR TEACHER

Hot for Teacher
by Paris Dixon

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Hot for Teacher  
*by Paris Dixon*

## **DEDICATION**

*To the one special teacher in my life who influenced this  
story...*

## PROLOGUE

*When Vinnie Scapuletti's blood-engorged cock entered her yearning vulva, Babette Hendrick arched her back on the hardwood bench and unleashed a savage howl. What seemed like a hundred answering cries pounded her eardrums, her voice rambunctiously rebounding through the cavernous aisles of the boy's locker room.*

*"Hush, Babe, hush," cautioned Vinnie, halting his hips mid-thrust. With dusky blue eyes, he scanned the ill-lit room, the smoked-glass windows valiantly battling to keep out the blazing sunlight. His handsome face creased in apprehension. "We'll catch holy hell if anyone finds us!"*

*Babette tossed back her head and giggled. "That's half the fun, silly. Now fuck me with your huge cock or I'll scream some more."*

*"You wouldn't dare!"*

*No one dared Babette in any way, shape, or form. She pulled a deep breath, gathered strength, and scrunched up her face. Vinnie's hand closed over her mouth just as the shriek began.*

*"God damn it, Babe, you know what getting caught with you could do to me! Do you want to see me get kicked out of here? Or worse?"*

*She clamped her vaginal muscles around the inflated phallus she enjoyed so much and wiggled her hips, knowing she would drive Vinnie insane with animalistic need. "Then why did you start screwing me in the locker room?"*

*"You followed me in here. You're the one who started this."*

*Too true. She had spent the previous day plotting and anticipating this daring romp, knowing just where to find this muscle-bound stud on Saturdays.*

*Waking up wickedly horny with her scheme in mind, Babette had hurriedly showered, tossed her mother a lame "going to the library" story, and sailed out the door. A half-hour later, she had steered her sleek and spiffy cherry-red 'Vette—an early graduation present from her ever-absent father—into Savannah's Gordon High School parking lot and stopped near the gymnasium. No sooner had she killed the engine and pulled off her sunglasses, then she spotted Vinnie, jogging from the deserted football field toward the gym entrance, his battered Reeboks kicking up small puffs of dust from the dirt path.*

*Under the blazing sunlight, his tanned, sinewy torso glistened with perspiration, matting the wealth of chest hair to his firm pectorals. As she ogled his magnificent physique, following the trail of hair that led over his flat belly and into his waistband, she knew she would have to fuck him or die. His tight, sweat-soaked running shorts left little to Babette's vivid imagination; the mound at Vinnie's crotch bounced mesmerizingly from side to side, like a hypnotist's pocket watch being dangled before the eyes of a willing subject. And Babette, ever since meeting the captivating and sinfully handsome hunk at the beginning of her senior year, had been more than willing to fall under his spell.*

*And fall, she had. Hard. As hard as the cock now fully occupying her drenched, clenching pussy.*

*More giggles burst from her throat. She ran her hands through his forest of chest hair and pinched his pointed nipples with her thumbs and index fingers. "No self-control, Vinnie? All you had to do was say 'no' to me."*

*"Say 'no'? After you caught me bare-assed naked in the shower and flashed those beautiful tits at me? After you fell to your knees and sucked my fuckin' dick until I nearly exploded?" He rammed his immense, uncircumcised cock into her tunnel. "How could any red-blooded male say 'no' to you, Babe, especially one who's experienced the heaven of your hot mouth and tight pussy all these wonderful months?" He stabbed into her again and again with renewed determination.*

*Babette tightened her muscles around his thick erection, enjoying the way she could actually detect its throbbing pulse. His mouth engulfed one of her nipples; his tongue painted circles around the hard peak, sending shivers down her spine.*

*God, she loved fucking Vinnie Scapuletti, almost as much as she loved the young man himself. From the moment he had whisked her out of virginity to this day, just two months before her graduation, she couldn't imagine life without his hard body, his huge cock, at her disposal.*

*The roar of the shower they had neglected to turn off echoed through the locker room, sounding like a distant waterfall. Only her lover's grunts and her accompanying whimpers of pleasure at being so wonderfully ravished punctuated the steady drone. The subtle aroma of used jockstraps hidden away in the rows of gray-toned lockers, along with this hunk's musky outpouring of perspiration and*



*raw maleness, acted as an aphrodisiac to Babette. She urged Vinnie to fuck her even harder...*

*Harder...*

*Harder...*

*Until a galaxy of stars exploded behind her eyelids and her body writhed in satiation beneath his rutting form. Moments later, his hot seed pumped into her gushing canal in a seemingly endless flow of passion.*

*She ran her fingers over her lover's backside, drawing rivers of sweat on the landscape of delectable muscles, and plying his chest, shoulders, and neck with fevered kisses. Laughter eventually spilled from her mouth as prurient memories of the morning's fuck session filled her head. She hadn't lied earlier—the threat of being discovered had indeed added to the fun. Babette had always enjoyed being naughty, daring, brazen—a combination of traits that drove her parents to distraction as well as the bottle. Those traits only intensified once she had met Vinnie and discovered the joys of sex.*

*But a part of her wondered what her parents would think should this secret affair ever come to their attention. After all, it was one thing to have wild sexual escapades with a fellow student; it was quite another to have them with Gordon High's assistant track coach and hottest English teacher—hottest "any" teacher, for that matter—Mr. Vincent Scapuletti.*

*Then again, Babette reminded herself, crushing Mr. Scapuletti's muscular, furry body against hers and imprisoning his fat cock in her tingling, grasping hole, that was indeed half the fun...*

## CHAPTER 1

"Don't stop reading now!" vehemently protested a middle-aged woman from her seat in the classroom. Her whitish-blond hair looked like a tangle of brittle straw, thanks to what had probably been a lifetime of over-bleaching—and probably with Clorox, at that.

"Yes, what happens next?" chimed in another woman, heavily rouged and breathlessly clutching her bosom as if the excerpt from *Confessions of a High School Seductress* held some life-altering significance. The would-be author was obviously new to the world of erotica and had known very little on the subject of writing it, let alone her teacher's first successful novel. "Do they get caught in the locker room? Do they marry after she graduates? What happens to them?"

"Read the damned book and find out, Sylvia," answered the woman's friend, elbowing her and winking. "And don't let Henry deter you from reading the fun stuff at home! Just tell him you're doing *personal* research!"

Laughter and other questions soon cluttered the air, growing in greater volume than many of the "hair-dos and don'ts" meeting Paige Gillette's eyes. She set down the hard cover book from which she had been reading and squinted at the packed classroom.

Even after writing a string of fun and adventurous yet hardly literary novels, all of which had remarkably ridden the wacky roller-coaster up and down the *N. Y. Times* Bestseller List, Paige still felt uncomfortable with her success. She

probably always would, she decided, yearning for the day when she could return to writing the serious historical epics she loved most of all. The same painstakingly researched and cherished prose that, unfortunately, still languished on her office shelf as "unmarketable gems," according to her agent, and wouldn't have even come close to paying the bills.

Paige crinkled her lips in a wry smile that usually hid her frustration with the publishing industry. She gestured to the classroom's wall clock, where the large red needle jerked upward toward the final seconds of the latest "Erotica Writing for Women" class, an adult continuing education course held in one of Richmond, Virginia's, more progressive community colleges several times each year. "As you can see, ladies, we're out of time for the evening, otherwise I would have loved to read more."

She had lied just then. Paige truly detested reading her work—or her "smut," as she secretly deemed it—in public. But since this was the last night of the eight-week course, and she'd finished the final lesson early, her audience had respectfully and enthusiastically demanded to hear some of what had made her a literary star.

Or rather, what had meteorically launched Antionette Pope—Paige's *nom de plume*—into fame, making "her" a household name throughout America and most of the free world within a two-year period.

Happily, no one in this class or even in her "adopted Virginia" knew "Antionette's" true name—hardly anyone aside from her publisher and agent did either—and for that, Paige thanked the heavens.

So with her fans' wishes in mind, she had reluctantly surrendered to the verbal arm-twisting, swallowing her chagrin and hoping to please them, knowing they dangled on every four-letter word that poured from her mouth.

Not that a part of Paige wasn't proud of her achievements in the erotica world, or thrilled that her agent had sold her books to Blistering Press, an imprint of the monolithic New York publishing house, Chesterfield, or ecstatic with the foreign language rights signed, sealed, and recently delivered. Although a few critics had labeled "Antionette Pope" nothing short of "a porn peddler" and "an amoral hack," the majority had touted her "the X-Rated Jackie Collins" and "the most exciting new talent in twenty years." Madison Avenue had deemed her "a money-maker" and "a female gold mine," erotica fans had called her "utterly brilliant" and "a breath of fresh air in a stale genre," and that, Paige supposed, was all that truly mattered. Not only had *Confessions of a High School Seductress* just gone into its tenth printing—with the two sequels not far behind—but was currently being developed for an adult soap opera to eventually air on HBO. Certainly, Paige had every right to be proud, and she counted her blessings at every opportunity!

A seven-figure deal that found its inception during a frustrated author's drunken whim? The American dream come true...

But never in Paige's wildest fantasies had she ever envisioned vocalizing to strangers the purple prose she had typed several years earlier in the privacy of her home. Had she been able to predict the success that would result from

her half-hearted foray into erotica writing, she might have prepared herself better, or at least, toned down the language. Ironic, she thought, since the crude language is what had helped catapult "Antionette" to fame.

"Miss Pope?" asked another would-be writer, scooping up her notebook, capping her pen, and burrowing into Paige's musings. "When does the next book in the series come out?"

"In a few months, if my publisher holds true to its promise."

"I've read *Confessions of a High School Seductress*, *Confessions of a College Vamp*, and *Confessions of a Corporate Siren*, so I can hardly wait to see what happens to Babe! Will she win back her modeling agency?"

"Screw the modeling agency!" interrupted another fan. "Will she ever get Vinnie the 'Italian Stallion' back into her bed?"

Paige smiled as she listened to the outpouring of similar questions, and she answered them as if by rote. Since her success, she must have heard these queries and responded in kind at least a thousand times before. The *Confessions* series detailed the ongoing sexual escapades of Babette Hendrick, from the time she lost her virginity at seventeen to the steamy frolics played out in the boardroom of her highly successful modeling agency in Beverly Hills. A "small-town girl makes it big" story—or rather, a "small-town girl sucks and fucks her way to success in the business world" story. Although subplots of corporate espionage, drug addiction, blackmail, cheating spouses, and murder had sped the series toward book number four, the focus of the series still

remained on Babette's various sexual romps. The fans couldn't seem to get enough of Babe's continuing carnal education, her quest to satisfy her many lustful desires, and to recapture some of what she felt for the character of Vincent Scapuletti, the teacher who had taken her virginity in high school and stolen her heart, the proverbial "man who got away."

"I won't say too much about the next book, ladies," announced Paige, arching an eyebrow, "but I think the title should give you a hint of what's in store. It's called *Confessions of a Vengeful Vixen*, and, yes, it details Babe's struggle back to the top of the corporate ladder and her battle to regain her lost fortune. But will she prove victorious, even convince Vinnie to return to her bed yet again?" She paused for effect. "Oh, well, I guess you'll just have to wait and see."

Several women groaned in faux anger, then giggled and applauded as only generous and eager fans could do. A few bawdier comments cut through the clapping as students speculated as to just how the fictional Babette would retaliate against her many female enemies and the numerous male lovers who had stripped her of not only her clothing on many occasions, but her hard-earned success. Since the course had started all those weeks ago, each student had been quite vocal regarding their love for Paige's heroine and their hatred for the plethora of villains who destroyed Babe's career and love life.

Just as the bell rang to dismiss the class, another student raised her hand. Paige nodded toward the woman. If anything, she did enjoy encouraging students to write and

loved to see their enthusiasm, so she ignored the few that dashed from the room toward their waiting cars, their families, or the lovers in their real lives.

"Your male characters are always so damned hot," said the student, an older woman with the insouciant giggle of a schoolgirl. "I've just gotta know ... do real men in your life inspire you to write your heroes?"

"Sometimes, yes."

"Then could you share their names and phone numbers with us? I should be so lucky to meet any of them." The woman blushed when her classmates laughed, and started to get up from her desk. "Seriously, did you base Vinnie on a real person? I'd just die if I ever met a handsome and sexy stud like him..."

As always, the question about her most famous male character and the man who inspired him brought an ache to Paige's heart. Even after a full decade, those fleeting memories had an enormous affect on her. All those nights she had spent in lonely torture, attempting to forget the one man who had stolen her heart—her own proverbial "man who got away."

But had she even had him in the first place? If only...

Her stomach tightened. Unwittingly, she glanced toward her purse, the receptacle of everything in the free world, it sometimes seemed, including the stupid letter she had received only that morning from her best girlfriend in her hometown of Savannah, Georgia.

Frowning her consternation, she gathered her thoughts. "Yes, Vinnie is a 'real man,' although he would never know it."

"Huh?"

Paige slammed back to the moment. "Oh, never mind..."

The student gave Paige a look that basically said, "Fine—keep all the hot men for yourself, and fuck you," then left the classroom, a gaggle of jean-clad, buxom, big-haired women behind her.

The moment the classroom emptied, Paige reached into her purse and snatched the envelope, the letter that, upon its arrival, had whisked her back in time. The letter that had made her feel, at least for an instant, like the moronic schoolgirl she had been a decade earlier.

Initially, the letter had done nothing definite to persuade her to return to Savannah, Paige recalled, and she had tucked it in her purse just seconds before leaving for this evening's class. The final line, however, held more than marginal sway. Indeed, it had given her pause earlier, and more than a hint of ebullience now...

*In attendance at the reunion will be the teachers voted "Most Popular" by the class, Mrs. Cassie Penobscott and Mr. Vincent Martinelli.*

...and Paige couldn't seem to shun the luscious memories.

Vincent Martinelli? Paige's inspiration, her muse since high school—the sexy teacher who had unknowingly become the lead character in all of her novels, playing the character of Vinnie Scapuletti—would actually be in attendance at her ten-year reunion?

In the empty classroom, heat emblazoned her face. God, if this man from her past only *knew* what he had inspired...



Who would have thought that licentiously detailing for strangers all she had sinfully fantasized about doing to Mr. Vincent Martinelli would strike a familiar chord within the hearts, and groins, of so many erotica readers worldwide?

Paige wiggled on the hard desktop, barely winning the battle over whether to touch her tingling crotch. Lustful recollections bombarded her mind like buckshot from one of her father's antique guns, X-rated pellets aimed straight at her aching heart—and her yearning clit.

Vince Martinelli, good God, yes—the "Italian Stallion," as Paige and her horny classmates had deemed him—a hot, dark, muscular stud with longish hair, snapping blue-gray eyes, and a perpetual five o'clock shadow. The type of man any woman in their right mind—their sensual mind—would fantasize about. A perfect beast of a man that any red-blooded female would repeatedly welcome into her bedroom, her fingers itching to explore his hirsute physique, her mouth drooling with hunger to sample every inch of his glorious flesh, her legs happily spread in lust, awaiting the most delectable invasion of hard, unrelenting meat!

In high school, Vince Martinelli, straight out of college and only a few years older than the students in his charge, would breeze down the hallways like some Biblical prophet commanding a raging sea. Both students and teachers, young and old, gleefully and breathlessly cleared a path for his stunning and muscular carriage, all the while panting in his wake. His smile could instantly melt any girl's heart as if it were a chocolate kiss left out in the equatorial sunlight. Each student's name would come readily to his luxurious lips as he

trumpeted a rousing "good morning," making the recipient of his greeting feel special and unique. And the man's eyes—damn, those eyes!—had the power to bore a hole into one's soul, could dig deep under one's skin, and make a person feel both vulnerable and stable at the same time. No other teacher at Trimble High School had engendered such a sexual reaction among the students, both female and probably—as Paige surmised all these years later—some males alike.

Vividly she recalled how she and her girlfriends would fantasize about Vince Martinelli. Indeed, on numerous occasions, Paige even masturbated while picturing him with her, or had envisioned giving his cock a vigorous suck when performing on her high-school boyfriend's cock. To her, Mr. Martinelli quickly became the epitome of perfect manhood, and no other man could stack up. She had never forgotten the first time he wore a shirt with a V-collar, advertising dark and curly chest hair. That chest hair had fascinated Paige all those years ago, and through the decade, she had come to prefer hairy men, real men, not the "dainty boys," as she liked to call them, who shaved and waxed their torsos and legs and armpits as if super-model stardom awaited them. Yes, in so many ways, she had never gotten over her crush on her hot teacher, and any men in her life had an impossible task competing with her memories of him. Was it any wonder she had spent most of her adult life alone and sexually frustrated?

Another bell rang, making her jump off the desk and back into the present. As she snatched an eraser and wiped her lessons from the chalkboard, her mind kept returning to the

days when she used to watch Vince Martinelli doing the same innocent gesture.

That firm ass, created for kneading, and those arm muscles flexing as he wielded the chalk. And who could forget that bulge in his groin? Damn, Paige could not have ignored that magnificent piece of beef just vying for attention at the crotch of his wickedly tight jeans even if she had tried. Many an occasion she had found herself chewing the stem of her number 2 pencil, her eyes glued to that bulge as Martinelli addressed the classroom. And how many times had he caught her ogling, then directed textbook questions at her, whisking her out of fantasyland and into a world where the laughter of her classmates reigned supreme?

She could still feel the heat enflaming her cheeks as if it had happened yesterday. Oh, not that she felt embarrassment for being made to look like the class dunce. That she had taken in stride. No, her chagrin had come from the way Mr. Martinelli's eyes twinkled on such occasions; he knew, without a doubt, what she had been thinking, and Paige had always felt, deep in her soul, that he, too, had visualized her in all her naked glory.

And as far as she knew, no one from high school had actually seen the man's genitalia—

Except for her.

More memories flooded her mind, and she spent a few moments with her eyes closed, recalling that single thrilling occasion...

She shoved aside the lush mental images and took another look at the envelope. Now, after a decade and at the height of

her literary success, the chance to see her English teacher had presented itself.

Coincidence? No, she decided, fate, pure and simple.

How could she *not* attend the reunion with a higher power pulling the strings?

Shivering with profound anticipation, she gathered her folders, books, and briefcase, then hastened out of the classroom, praying that when she returned to Savannah, she wouldn't be disappointed.

## CHAPTER 2

The metallic crimson Mitsubishi Eclipse crept southeast through shady suburban streets, heading away from the bustle of Savannah International Airport and toward the relatively calmer city.

"Wouldn't 95 have been faster?"

From under a mass of flaming red hair, Blythe Larson took her hazel eyes off the road. She cast Paige a comical look that not only said she questioned her friend's sanity, but also detested passenger-seat drivers. "Too roundabout. And with all the construction at rush hour? No way in hell, babe. Besides, it's been years since you've been home. I thought you might enjoy a bit of sightseeing."

"I suppose," said Paige, trying to relax, savoring the spanking breeze through the open car windows. With one hand, she held the end of her long blonde-streaked ponytail, keeping it from lashing the side of her face. The wind smelled sweet with lazy green foliage and multi-colored late bloomers, all underscored by the fishy and slightly salty tang pouring from the Savannah River to the east. She had indeed missed the wedded aromas, the nostalgic scent of home...

In truth, Paige hadn't thought about sightseeing, or much of anything else besides Vince Martinelli, since receiving Blythe's letter the previous week. Upon initially learning of the reunion from her girlfriend all those months ago, she had rejected the notion of returning to Savannah. Why bother attending an event to reconnect with people she hardly liked

when she had publisher and agent deadlines to meet? Only Blythe's continual pleading since that time—first by phone and email, then by snail mail, then finally a frantic combination of all three—had pushed Paige to reconsider. Or rather, the snail mail that had mentioned Mr. Martinelli's name, Blythe's last-minute update to the reunion news, had proven the final straw.

"Besides, babe, nothing's cooking tonight, apart from two single gals partying up a storm at the old hangouts and catching up on glory days, huh?" Blythe giggled and turned down the radio, the retro-rock station currently playing "Feel Like Making Love" by Bad Company. "I mean, it's not like *he's* going to be with us tonight, so quit the bitch-in-heat routine and take it easy."

That got Paige's undivided attention. "Huh?"

"You heard me. Hell, the moment I saw you at the airport, looking about as jittery and as jumpy as a virgin at a prison rodeo, I knew thoughts of *him* were making you horny."

Paige smirked. "Fuck you."

"No, fuck *him*! Or at least, that's what you're hoping for, right?" More giggles spilled from Blythe's mouth as she steered the car through the suburbs. "Hoping to finally ride that handsome Italian Stallion into the sunset this weekend?"

What felt like a gallon of blood rushed into Paige's cheeks. Despite their recent years of separation, her best friend since grammar school still knew her too well, and Paige realized denying the truth would do no good.

"Just do me one favor, babe..."

"What's that?"

"When you ride him like the whore you *want* to be, please keep detailed notes and have 'Antionette Pope' tell all in her next smut book. Hell, after divorcing 'Dickless' two years ago, I've been living vicariously through your—oh, sorry—through 'Antionette's' stories, and I need some stimulation. And, if the truth be told, I had needed it even *when* 'Dickless' and I were shackled together. As I've told you countless times, his nickname said it all!"

Paige burst into laughter. Blythe had known about "Antionette Pope" since the beginning, and was her most enthusiastic and supportive fan, despite her former husband's protests.

"I won't have you running up phone bills talking to that porn peddler," Richard had once said, which Blythe, of course, relayed to Paige over the phone lines, infuriating him.

"Just the subject of sex puts the man into a royal tizzy," Blythe had stated into the mouthpiece, forcing Richard out of the room so she could gleefully continue discussing the developing plotline of Paige's second *Confessions* book.

How an outgoing party animal like Blythe Larson could have married such a straight-laced prude as Richard Quigley Whitaker—the man's name alone sounded like a stuffy law firm—Paige had never understood. Opposites did attract, Paige supposed, but her friend's brief foray into wedlock had always been a mystery. She hated the notion of someone attempting to bridle her friend's wild spirit, and even though she had never met the man face-to-face, she had hated Richard for trying.

In many ways, Blythe's high-school and college shenanigans with numerous boyfriends had inspired the character of Babette Hendrick. She continually called Paige "babe," and even that had contributed to the creation of the series' lead character. Paige had always loved to bounce story ideas off her friend, since Blythe had a good head for plotting and catching logic problems, so Richard's interference had irked Paige to no end. She hated to admit she had danced a joyful jig when Blythe called with the news of the divorce all those months ago, and it did Paige's heart good to see how her friend seemed unaffected.

"So what's your pleasure this evening, babe? The Thirsty Pelican off Chippewa Square?"

"Is that hunky bartender still working there after all these years?" asked Paige. "What the hell was his name? Manuel?"

"Maximillian. Max with the *maximum* bulge in his jeans."

"God, yes, how could I have forgotten?"

"Of course, he's still there! A bit gray around the temples these days, mind you, but that bulge is proudly displayed to drive me wild, and I need some eye candy this evening."

Paige smiled. Yes, despite her tragic marriage, Blythe had not changed one iota. Thankfully!

"And besides getting an eyeful of Max's scrumptious pecs and luscious bulge while pigging out on onion rings, cheese fries, and mozzarella sticks—along with getting smashed on strawberry margaritas, of course—we can talk about what we'll wear tomorrow. How we're gonna do our hair and chick-crap like that! Oh, man, I can't wait until tomorrow night!"



"You always hated high school, just like me. Why the sudden urge to reconnect with those people?"

Blythe smirked. "I can't wait to see who hooked up with whom, that's why. Or discover how the 'mighty have fallen.' You know damned well Jace 'I've-gotta-needle-dick' Preston, Mr. Football Jock himself, is likely a novelty salesman hawking plastic dog-poop from door to door—fat, bald, and living in a trailer under the turnpike with Crystal 'My-tits-are-uneven' Fetter, the Homecoming Bimbo from Hades." She laughed and swatted the steering wheel with her palm. "And I'll bet the airhead is preggers with their tenth brat and can't even afford a tit job to even them out now that they're dangling to the floor."

"You're such a bitch," offered Paige with a chuckle.

"Don't I know it! Besides, I wanna see the looks on their faces when we strut into the party together—sans escorts—in our highest heels, our poofiest hair, and our sluttiest dresses. We'll have those nimrods from Trimble High thinking we've been lesbos all these years."

"And you're incorrigible!"

"And you love me for it."

"I suppose I do, but what does that say about me?"

"It says you got taste, girl! Oh, we are gonna have such fun playing with their feeble little minds. I'm so glad I sent you the news about the Italian Stallion being in attendance. I *knew* that would get you back here."

"Please tell me he *will* be there ... that you didn't lie just to twist my arm?"

"Lie? And have America's number one 'porn peddler' in prison for the murder of her former best gal-pal? I know better than that! Besides, I copied that 'news bulletin' straight from the confirmation the reunion committee sent out. If you had bothered to provide them with your current address—like I insisted all those months ago—you might have seen it with your own eyes. Make no mistake, the Sexy Stallion *will* be there in all his well-hung glory for you to corral."

Paige released a sigh of relief; the pangs of sudden disappointment that had started to pinch her belly lessened.

"So tell me all about *Confessions of a Vengeful Vixen* ... how big did your editor allow you to make the peckers of your newest fictional studs?"

Sitting back in the passenger seat as the Eclipse pressed toward Savannah's historical district, Paige giggled and divulged all the details to her most devoted fan.

### CHAPTER 3

A stranger to Savannah might have easily missed the entrance to The Thirsty Pelican. Were it not for the redolent aromas of various edibles, luring zealots of fried foods off the street and into the tavern like a cholesterol-heavy siren, one might be hard-pressed to view the building as anything but a dignified old home. The three-story structure, standing on a high basement and fashioned of the brown-gray brick so popular in Savannah during the mid 19th century, lay partially hidden behind intricate black ironwork and several chinaberry trees, which spouted long clusters of purple-tinted flowers, their fragrance smothered in the scent of grease. Only a small wooden sign featuring the establishment's name, along with a pelican holding a beer mug within its wings, hung from the gate to give passers-by a final clue as to the building's true purpose.

After spanning the block from Blythe's condo on foot, Paige led the way through the tavern's gate and down the cobbled path she had known so well during her college days. "Glad to see things haven't changed much."

Behind her, Blythe's high heels clanked a counter rhythm to Paige's. "You might sing another tune later, babe, when we have to descend those damned stairs after drinking our weight in alcohol."

"Oh, yes, how well I remember the many times I almost broke my neck."

Like most homes built in the era when horses kicked up endless clouds of dust from the dirt streets, the building's main living area—which had housed the tavern since the early 80s—lay amid the treetops. With a nostalgic smile on her face, Paige scaled the long staircase to the porch, her stomach gurgling at the prospect of gastronomical delights. And when she opened the door, a battalion of arousing scents assaulted her with almost devilish enthusiasm. She planned to pig out and pig out big time, just like she had in the good old days before the treadmill, the stair-stepper, and countless diets *du jour* consumed her existence in order for her to maintain a toned and shapely physique. *Oh, to be a teenager again...*

With few exceptions, the Pelican's interior looked much the same as Paige recalled. Ceiling fans swirled lazily, keeping the cigarette smoke to a minimum, while cool blue lights cast a dim glow over the drinking, dart-playing, and dining denizens. Candlelit booths fashioned of thick wood and plush cushions lined the wall opposite the lengthy bar, while dozens of scarred-wood tables and a ruddy dance floor competed for equal space in the room's center. At the tavern's far end, beneath a row of opened windows, stood a deep stage that could easily support a decent-sized rock or country-western band. Although the stage now lay barren except for a tattered, duct-taped speckled carpet, memories of rollicking performances Paige had witnessed rushed back with almost dizzying speed to make her smile.

She also noted with approval the various changes. In one corner, a sleek new CD jukebox had replaced the old 45-

playing dinosaur she remembered. Near the dart boards, an army of newfangled video games commanded the space formally held by a line of table PacMans and their Ms. PacMan mates. Additionally, televisions now dangled intermittently from the ceiling, their pictures currently tuned to a video of Keith Urban, the blond Adonis, whose soulful voice seemed unable to breach the barroom din.

Like the Queen Pelican herself, Blythe shamelessly strutted past the bar, heading directly for "their booth," the one closest to the stage that they had zealously monopolized on Friday nights during the live shows. Thankfully, with the dinner rush over, the booth stood empty, although Paige wouldn't have been surprised if Blythe urged any occupants to another table, as she had been known to do from time to time.

Paige also suspected Blythe's perfected "extra swagger," which drew one's gaze to the round derrière barely hidden by her tight crimson skirt, had been purposeful, considering that Max—he of the infamous "maximum bulge in his jeans"—governed the bar. And yes, despite the deeper lines around his eyes and the few strands of gray at his temples, the man did indeed look as hot as ever wearing those tight jeans and the black V-neck shirt. Blythe certainly had good taste in men—at least when it came to bartenders.

Once they settled into the booth, Blythe confirmed Paige's earlier suspicions. "Was Max watching me? Did his gaze stay glued on my wiggling ass?" Chuckling, she glanced across the room toward the bar. "That's right, hot stuff," she whispered, a lecherous sneer on her painted lips, "I've got something

over here beneath this slinky red number just for you and your hard salami, baby."

Paige laughed. "I think if Max ever *did* take you up on your oh-so-bold offer, you'd probably shit in that slinky red number."

"Hardly! What I wouldn't give to ride him through the night. Just as I'm certain you'd happily forfeit your growing book royalties for a single tumble with the Italian Stallion."

A sigh spilled from Paige's lips. It had been a whole ten minutes since Blythe had ceased her endless prattle regarding Vince Martinelli, and Paige had savored the brief reprieve. "Don't start..."

"Someone's gotta push you, babe, or you ain't ever gonna snare him."

"Snare him? Face it, Blythe, he barely noticed me in high school, so I doubt he'll even remember me tomorrow at the reunion."

"Don't bet on it. You always told me I was nuts, but I swear on Max's Maximum Bulge, Mr. Martinelli used to give you the hungry eye when you weren't looking. He was doing a hell of a lot more than whacking erasers after you left his classroom."

"Blythe, I—"

The sudden arrival of a buxom, bleached-blond waitress cut off Paige's chosen retort. She accepted the menu from the girl, then handed it back when she saw its haggard appearance and the smudged and faded pelican on the cover. Again, little had changed since her move to Virginia, including the menu. She could probably recite the offerings from

memory. As planned, she and Blythe placed an order for their favorites: fried mozzarella sticks, cheese fries, onion rings, and as an afterthought, a plate of nachos.

"And some toxic strawberry margaritas, honey," said Blythe as the girl started toward the kitchen. "And keep 'em coming!"

Before her friend could once again pester her regarding their former English teacher, Paige changed the subject. "Tell me about Richard."

"Why do you want to spoil a good evening and talk about 'Dickless'? I insanely married him, I wisely divorced him, I deservedly took half his money, and now I'm thankfully free of his hoity-toity ways and countless rules and regulations ... what more is there to tell?"

"The first part. Why *did* you marry him anyway? You never would tell me on the phone."

Blythe arched a carefully manicured eyebrow and flung lengthy, red tendrils of hair from her shoulders. "The truth?"

"I expect nothing less from you."

"I wanted to play the role of an adult, for once, to see how it turned out."

"And it didn't, I take it?"

"Hardly..." Blythe paused when the waitress arrived with a pitcher of margaritas and two frosted, salt-rimmed glasses. After the girl poured the drinks and left, Blythe took a long pull from her glass, then settled back in the booth, smacking her lips. "Unlike you, who's always been mature beyond her years, I'm still a wild gal at heart." She drew another sip from

her glass, then looked Paige square in the eye. "I suppose, no matter how much I try, I just *can't* be you."

The confession took Paige by complete surprise. "Why in the world would you *want* to be me?"

"Because you're settled into a comfortable routine. Lord knows you're successful, well respected, you know what you want in life. Richard might have been the perfect husband for a woman like you—all except for the 'dickless' part, that is." She giggled. "You're an actual living, breathing adult, and I envy you."

"Funny you would say that, Blythe, since a big part of me has always envied *you*."

"A groupie wannabe who hasn't held a steady job for more than a few weeks at a time? A tramp who majored in 'cock-tology' in college when she should have been studying the books? A recent divorcée with a reputation for sordid shenanigans who drove her father to an early grave? I suggest you seriously reconsider your role-models, babe."

"You're exaggerating, and you know it. I've always admired your zest for life, your free spirit, your directness when dealing with people. I need to hide behind a pen name to speak my mind and live out my fantasies, for pity's sake. And how can you say I'm settled when I can't find a man to keep me satisfied? I haven't had a date in months, damn it."

"No one's asked out a bombshell like you? Are all the men in Virginia blind, insane, or gay?"

"Oh, they've asked, it's just that none of them ... well, none of them interest me much..."



"That's because you're still hung up on Martinelli. Always have been, always will be."

"Here you go again—"

"Hey! You said you expected nothing but the truth from me, and that's exactly what I'm stating—the God's honest facts! In high school, you placed him on a pedestal, deemed him the epitome of manliness. You've said as much yourself. And not only did you compare every one of your college boyfriends to the Italian Stallion, finding them all lacking, but you became rich and famous writing about him—or what you *envisioned* him to be. Face it, babe, in one way or another, Martinelli has consumed your life, your real life *and* the one you create in your fiction."

Unable to construct a rebuttal to the blatant truth, Paige gulped down half of her strawberry margarita, imagining her cheeks sharing the drink's ruby color. Blythe had hit the nail on the head, and Paige could no longer deny it, either to her friend, or to herself.

She dabbed her mouth on a napkin, leaving a lipstick-like imprint, and shook her head. "Okay, I guess I was—I *am* obsessed. But what can I do about it?"

"Live out the damned fantasy, that's what!"

"But, Blythe—"

"But nothing!" She set aside her margarita and slammed her fist on the table, rattling the silverware. "Tomorrow night, I order you to strut right up to Martinelli, bat those pretty eyelashes at him, shake those big tits in his face, and drag his studly ass to the nearest bed, car, or alleyway!"

"I can't do that."

"You can, and you will! Face it, you won't ever get rid of the obsession until you sample the goods. If he sucks between the sheets—and *not* in a good sense of the word, mind you—the fantasy will die, freeing you from the obsession. And if he *is* God's gift to pussy as you have always imagined, then hot damn! All you have to do is enjoy it, gain additional fodder for your next smut book, and..." She picked up her glass and polished off her margarita.

"And ... and what?"

"Consider sharing him with your best gal-pal, that's what." Blythe laughed. "If he proves too much of an Italian meal for you to handle, I'll be just a phone call away."

"Even if I could drum up the courage to seduce him as you suggest—"

"Order."

"Okay, as you *order*, there might be obstacles."

"Name one."

"What if he's married?"

"He ain't. I already checked my sources." She waved a dismissive hand before Paige could question her. "Moving on..."

"A girlfriend, then. He's bound to show up with someone."

"Maybe, maybe not ... but I doubt it."

"How can you be certain?"

"I sense it." Blythe smiled knowingly. "Trust me when it comes to men. He'll come stag."

"Even if he does, you know all the girls from our class will be vying for his attention and—"

"You call those bimbos obstacles? I'll just run interference for you, keep any bitch from monopolizing his time, thus giving you, my number one gal-pal, a better opportunity to score the big whopper."

"I couldn't ask you to do that for me."

"You ain't asking, I'm offering. Hey, desperate times call for desperate measures, and your mental health is at stake."

"And—and what if he's gay?"

"Not likely, the way he used to ogle you. So do you surrender now? Or are there any other phantom barriers you'd care to concoct?"

Her friend's single-mindedness, her refusal to acknowledge any possible dilemmas to the proposed scenario, might have aggravated Paige to the point of anger. But Blythe's optimism proved contagious, and the prospect of getting close to Vince Martinelli became much more delicious and ferociously more intoxicating than the strawberry margarita ... and close to impossible for Paige to dismiss.

She tossed out a final argument, one that might indeed make a big difference in what happened the following night. "And what do you suggest I do, Sheena, Queen of the Slut People, if he's fat and ugly? Hmm? Ten years is an awfully long time, you know."

Blythe presented her with a smile of superiority. "He's not. Again, trust me."

"And how would you know?"

"Think about it, nitwit. Those wide shoulders, those pecs, those abs? Yummy! You could actually count every hard ridge of that six pack through his tight shirts. That wasn't all

Mother Nature's magic wand, you know. He worked at maintaining that luscious bod, and from my vast experience with the male animal, the habits they pick up early in life change very little. Besides, even if he has developed the hint of a spare tire, no big deal. That face, those eyes ... they can't have changed that much for him to have been renamed Quasimodo."

"I ... I suppose you're right."

"Damned tootin' I am!" Blythe filled her margarita glass from the pitcher, then lifted it in a toast. "Here's to tomorrow's trip to the deli."

"Huh?" asked Paige, raising her own glass.

"'Deli,' as in, 'the place where you can pick up an Italian sausage.'" She giggled. "God, babe, for America's most famous 'porn peddler' and 'amoral hack,' you sure come off like an idiot virgin at times. What would you ever do without me directing you?"

"Hell if I know..."

## CHAPTER 4

The following evening, they arrived fashionably late in the crowded and festive grand ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel. Another slinky crimson-colored number hugged Blythe's curvaceous frame, and she had marginally tamed her wild, flaming red curls by sweeping them upward and fastening them at the back of her head with a bejeweled comb. Despite her better judgment, but surrendering to her friend's endless badgering, Paige had shunned the conservative slacks, blouse, and jacket she had packed for the reunion, donning one of Blythe's outfits instead—a skin-tight, black-satin dress with a revealing slit up one side of the skirt and a neckline that plunged lower than she preferred.

"You've got the legs and the milk jugs to pull it off, babe," Blythe had said earlier at the condo when Paige started to protest, "so don't be afraid to show the hunky Stallion where his nourishment lies."

"But Blythe—"

"You want to grab and hold his attention, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then you have to show him you're a secure woman who gets what she wants, and what she wants most of all just happens to be his big, stiff pecker! And you've got to admit, that outfit certainly suits the objective."

"I suppose," said Paige, twirling before the full-length mirror and relishing the pliant material as it embraced her flesh in its softness. She had to agree, at least to herself, that

she liked what she saw reflected back at her and suddenly wondered why, with all her recent royalties, she hadn't splurged on a whole new wardrobe. "All right, you've made your point."

"Good, and you won't be sorry. Now instead of dressing like a stuffy librarian who authors yawn-worthy needlepoint tutorials while nibbling on bran muffins and sipping Ovalteen, you look like a gregarious superstar who writes crotch-wetting blockbusters while feasting on caviar and champagne."

Paige laughed. "That's hardly the image I want to portray, especially when nobody knows about my career. Hell, they'll think I have another type of job—one that involves the ability to lap dance."

"Let those idiots think you're the Mayflower Madam. No big deal. You and I know the truth. Besides, it's what the Italian Stallion thinks that counts."

"That's what I'm afraid of..." muttered Paige under her breath, yet she followed her friend's advice. "I feel like Cinderella taking advice from a fairy slut-mother."

She had also decided to wear a string of delicate pearls around her neck and matching earrings, hoping to make herself look less of a vixen than she felt. She also elected to wear her hair down, knowing her long, blonde-streaked tresses would act as a curtain to her cleavage should she feel ill at ease. Once again, she envied her friend, who always seemed more than comfortable flaunting her sexuality in public.

Now as they entered the ballroom, the looks of recognition from several former classmates, including a few shocked expressions, didn't bolster Paige's self-confidence. Certainly she noted the favorable glances from the males in attendance, but she also caught a few not-so-carefully-shielded glares of disapproval from several of the females.

"The bitches are just jealous, considering they look as ancient as Cleopatra," said Blythe as if reading Paige's mind, and not bothering to lower her voice. "Or they're curious about us, considering they probably never saw two nicer pairs of *natural* tits."

Paige smothered a groan. She would have preferred to slip in unnoticed, to reveal her presence to people one-on-one instead of instantly being the cynosure of all eyes. She had always hated being the center of attention, even when teaching her erotica-writing classes, but at least then she could wear her "normal" attire, not some outfit that made her seem more worldly and free-spirited than she often felt. But when you had a best friend like Blythe Larson, a strutting, unbridled party animal, one whose mere presence demanded notice, being invisible became next to impossible.

Once Paige caught her breath and resigned herself to an evening of ogling, she directed Blythe toward the bar. Alcohol would at least numb her to the continual, appraising stares from her former classmates.

From the loudspeakers poured the final chorus of "The Dream Is Still Alive" by Wilson Phillips, followed by the opening strains of Whitney Houston's "I Will Always Love You." By the time Paige and Blythe ordered their drinks and

sat at an empty table, TLC's "Ain't To Proud To Beg" and En Vogue's "My Lovin' (Never Gonna Get It)" had taken a turn on the air.

Paige glared across the room toward the DJ booth. Was he purposefully playing every song popular during her high school years that mirrored her situation, a mocking soundtrack to her obsession over Vince Martinelli?

It sure as hell seemed like it, and it added to her jitteriness. She gulped her vodka tonic and prayed she had not made a dreadful mistake by returning home for this event.

After a few minutes of listening to Blythe's catty quips regarding various hairdos, fashion disasters, and aging faces among those in attendance, Paige stood and grabbed her beaded purse.

Blythe snatched her arm, as if fearing Paige would make a run for the door. "Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"I just need another drink. You?"

"Always," answered Blythe, her pointy red nails clicking the side of her nearly empty martini glass. "And tell them to go easier on the vermouth, will ya?"

"You'll be okay by yourself?"

"Babe, I've a feeling I won't be alone for long..."

Blythe blew a kiss and waved toward an adjacent table, where a group of men had gathered. Paige vaguely remembered a few of them as the "high school bad boys," the ones who used to rally around Blythe between classes, practically battling each other in order to gain the redhead's undivided attention. Although they had traded their leather



jackets and blue jeans for respectable suits and ties, had replaced the spiked and multi-colored coifs of youth for more businesslike styles, their animated expressions did nothing to mask their continued fascination with Blythe. Their twinkling eyes and cocky smiles gave them the aspect of adolescent boys with raging hormones. It became crystal clear to Paige that her friend would have a platoon of dance partners—or more—at her beck and call that evening.

Paige broke away and headed for the bar. To her relief, she found the line a bit shorter than her last visit, since many of the guests had finally settled at tables. She made idle chitchat while waiting her turn, mostly with the escorts or spouses of various classmates, she supposed, since she recognized no faces and they wore no name tags. She preferred it that way—with her nerves already wound tight, she wanted to answer no questions regarding her life. After all, she couldn't even flaunt her amazing success in the literary world without revealing her pen name, and she felt in no mood to embark on a series of fibs and half-truths to classmates for whom she cared little.

Just as the DJ started playing Madonna's "Erotica," Paige felt the warm presence of someone moving in close behind, and hot breath on her ear.

"Miss Gillette, I was hoping we'd run into each other this evening."

Paige instantly recognized that voice, the rich tenor that haunted her memories, that dominated her fantasies, that possessed the same inflections and resonant tones she had

gifted to her most famous male character. And it gave her goose flesh.

With her heart leaping into her throat, she turned, half-afraid at what she'd find.

She needn't have worried. The sight of Vincent Martinelli, Trimble High's English teacher extraordinaire and assistant track coach, now in his early thirties, still had the invincible power to clench her stomach, enliven her pulse, and rob her of all breath and sane thought.

Not a single strand of gray marred his raven-black hair, still lush and shimmering in cleanliness, still cut in a rather unruly style that straggled down to his collar. In keeping with his rather "unconventional teacher" image, he wore a tan blazer over a black pullover shirt, its tautness advertising his wealth of chest and stomach muscles. From his neck dangled a silver chain, its mother-of-pearl shark's tooth pendant resting in the patch of swirling chest hair that peeked out from the top of the shirt's V-neck collar. His blue jeans encased the long, sinewy runner's legs Paige remembered so vividly, not to mention the mound at the juncture of his thighs that had always arrested her gaze during classes.

And that winning, dimpled smile, those intense, blue-gray eyes, that five-o'clock shadow on his upper lip and firm jaw—*damn it, did any man have the right to be this handsome?*—had not changed an iota, sending shivers of longing down Paige's back and directly into her crotch.

It felt as if she had stepped into some cartoon "way-back" machine and returned to her high school years, when just the presence of this six-foot-two package of outrageous

masculinity filled her head with dizzying, lascivious fantasies. If this were a cartoon, she thought, a gigantic red heart would have already shot from her thorax, throbbing wildly in mid-air, her drool-moistened tongue would have carpeted the floor, and her eyes would have bugged out like oversized Ping-Pong balls. She supposed she looked like the flip side of one of Blythe's "dance soldiers," practically quivering in desire at the man standing before her who radiated such intense sexual charisma.

Apparently mistaking her prolonged silence for confusion, he pointed to the name tag on his lapel. "Don't you recognize me? It's Vince Mart—"

"Yes," blurted Paige. Did her voice actually squeak? She hastily swallowed the lump in her throat. "Hi, Mr. Martinelli."

"It's Vince, remember?"

"Oh, yes, Vince, I remember you ... I mean, I haven't forgotten how you allowed your students to call you by your name ... I mean, your first name..." Her mind screamed—*Quit babbling nonsense, you idiot!*

Leaning closer, he smiled, his teeth as white and dazzling as ever, his exhale fresh and minty. And that rousing cologne ... "Do you know what you want?"

Paige blinked. Was he really so boldly asking her to state her desires? Right here? In front of everyone? "I'm sorry, what?"

He pointed over her shoulder. "You're up."

It took her a few agonizing seconds to realize the line for the bar had moved forward. Reluctantly tearing her gaze from her former teacher, she spun around and faced the bartender,

a pudgy gent who lifted his bushy eyebrows in query. "Vodka tonic—and a martini."

"A double-fisted drinker?" asked Vince Martinelli over her shoulder, his tone laced with humor.

"Yes ... I mean, no. The martini is for my friend—" And suddenly, the name of her best girlfriend completely escaped her.

"Your date?"

She whirled around. "No—no—Blythe! Blythe Larson is here with me. Do you remember her?"

"I remember every single one of my former students." His eyes momentarily shimmered with flirtatious brilliance. "Of course, I remember some *much* better than others."

*Does he mean Blythe? Or me?*

Again, Vince pointed behind her. Paige turned toward the bar and viewed the less-than-patient expression on the bartender's face as he held out his hand to take her money. She fumbled to open her purse, uncertain as to the amount the bartender had requested, uncertain of what Vince had meant by his comment, uncertain of everything except she felt like a blithering moron.

Vince's firm left hand momentarily settled on top of her smaller, shaking one. Paige couldn't help but note his bare ring finger. At least Blythe's "sources" had been correct regarding this man's marital status. "Bartender," said Vince, "add a Captain Morgan on the rocks to that order. The three drinks are on me."

"Oh, that's not necessary," protested Paige.

"Yes, it is, or the bartender may never get his cash." He chuckled and slapped a ten and a five on the bar, then wedged a few singles into the tip glass.

Without a word, Vince handed her the vodka tonic, then took hold of his drink and the martini. "Where to?"

"Over there." Paige nodded toward her table, where Blythe currently held court with her many admirers.

As she zigzagged her way across the crowded ballroom, Paige realized she had forgotten to relay Blythe's instructions to the bartender. Well, too damned bad—she'd had a few other things on her mind and her friend would just have to suffer the vermouth. She heard Vince say a few words of greeting to several people who addressed him, but felt relief when he kept following her, not allowing anyone to distract him from his chivalrous quest.

At the table, several men cleared a path for Paige, and offered greetings to both her and Vince.

Upon seeing their former teacher in Paige's company, Blythe snatched her martini from his hand, voiced her thanks, and smirked. "I see you're still as sexy as sin, Mr. Martinelli."

For a split second, he gaped, then that delicious dimple cut into his cheek. "Nice to see you, too, Miss Larson. You never did mince words, did you?"

"Anything besides complete frankness wastes precious time. I prefer to cut to the chase, speak the truth, and move on to more important matters—like having fun!"

"Well, I'm all for having fun myself."

"Then I assure you, you've come to the right table. You *will* sit with us, won't you?"

"It would be my honor." His eyebrows drew together as he looked at the men encircling her. "That is, if there's still room?"

"There's always room for you." With her free hand, Blythe offered an indifferent wave toward her flock, as if to indicate they were insignificant peasants and Vince shouldn't worry about imposing. She drew a quick sip from her martini glass. "I've reserved a seat for you beside Paige, since I figured it wouldn't take long before she snagged you as her escort. She couldn't wait for you to arrive."

Paige's cheeks heated in an inferno of embarrassment. If she had packed a pistol in her designer purse, she would have shot Blythe dead for making such a comment.

Vince offered a good-natured laugh, then set his drink on the table. He glanced toward Paige and lowered his rich voice to a whisper meant for only her ears. "Is your friend speaking the truth in that respect? Did you really want to see me tonight?"

Paige could only look into those intense eyes, try not to melt in their ardent and sparkling depths, and nod.

"Then I am *especially* honored, and more than flattered. And I couldn't have wished for a more beautiful and charming companion."

His unexpected praise on top of Blythe's shocking remarks made Paige weak in the knees. As if sensing her dilemma, Vince held out a chair for her, then settled into the adjacent seat. Beneath the table, the slit in Paige's skirt parted, and her nylon-encased leg brushed against Vince's blue-jeans-clad

limb. He did nothing to sever the contact, and she welcomed beyond measure the unanticipated intimacy.

Beaming like a proud matchmaker and ignoring her friend's lethal glare, Blythe gave Paige an "I told you he was hot for you, too" look before resuming her flirtations with the other men.

With Blythe drawing attention away from them, Vince raised his cocktail and gestured for Paige to do likewise with her drink. When she did, he tapped their glasses together in a toast. "Here's to ... to the 'What Ifs.'"

"Excuse me?"

He gave her an odd look. "You were one of my prized students, Miss Gillette ... err ... Paige, therefore you should certainly remember. An author's greatest tool ... the 'What Ifs' one asks when writing fiction, the questions that determine the course of the story and dictate the actions of the characters. Remember?"

"Oh, yes, those..." she said, afraid to reveal too much of her knowledge lest he discover her profession. And she knew those "What Ifs" only too well when they concerned Vince Martinelli, especially the "What If" that had led to her first *Confessions* book...

What if, when she had crept into the boy's locker room that Saturday afternoon all those years ago to secretly watch him shower, he had discovered her, then dragged her into his arms, ripped off her band uniform, plied her bare flesh with hungry kisses and—

Now, Vince leaned in closer, shattering her salacious reveries and engulfing her in his intoxicating scent of spicy

cologne and raw maleness. "Yes, those." His voice dropped to a soothing, suggestive growl. "The 'What Ifs' that can spark the fertile imagination, that can give rise to one's deep-rooted fantasies and potentially lead to so many exhilarating, breathtaking—and perhaps surprising—climaxes."

With that, he again clanked their glasses together to punctuate his point, then took a drink, his eyes focused only on her.



## CHAPTER 5

The next few hours passed in a whirlwind of activity and Paige found herself riding an emotional roller-coaster from which she could not disembark, nor did she wish to do so.

In all of her fantasies—or rather, in all the ones that didn't have her and her former teacher rutting like sex-starved maniacs in a variety of outlandishly romantic locales—Vince Martinelli had acted the supreme escort, and tonight, he did so in the flesh. Several times during the four-course dinner, Paige actually contemplated pinching herself to make certain she hadn't drifted into some euphoric dreamland. She just couldn't bring herself to believe that the handsome gentleman of her deepest desires stayed by her side the entire evening, joking, reminiscing, and finally whisking her across the dance floor in his muscular arms, likely making tongues wag amongst former classmates. She imagined them speculating about her past relationship with the school's most popular male teacher, but frankly, for the first time in her life, she didn't care. Let them gossip, she decided. Let them assume the wildest and naughtiest scenarios, and let those who did burn with envy while she basked in bliss. For the past few days, she had worried about monopolizing this man's time, and here he was, monopolizing hers, and her mind floated in a sea of joy.

Although he seemed generally interested in her personal life, her home in Virginia, her likes and dislikes regarding everything from literature to sports, from television to

movies, from fine cuisine to world travel, he surprisingly didn't press the issue of her career. She had simply stated she had continued writing fiction after high school, had tried her hand at several historical novels, and now taught the occasional writing course to help pay the bills. All truths, albeit partial truths. Still, throughout the evening, she had feared he would ask her to elaborate—after all, they were both teachers in a related field, and shared a love of fiction and prose. But he seemed content to let her divulge only what made her comfortable, and she couldn't have been more thankful, or relieved.

At the end of the party, after the crowd had begun to thin and a series of "good-byes" and "see you next decades" issued from dozens of mouths, the DJ announced "last call" and started playing "Hold On My Heart" by Genesis. The ballroom's glaring chandeliers dimmed, and a giant disco ball started a lethargic rotation above the dance floor, dusting the few remaining couples with twinkling mellow lights. Damn it, Paige lamented, knowing she faced the last chance for Vince to hold her close.

His strong arms engulfed her waist, and she rested her cheek against his solid chest, praying she could keep her own hands from sliding down his muscular back to cup the firm buttocks she had always admired from afar. As she swayed to the music, she heard, or at least imagined she detected, the thumping of Vince's heart, matching to perfection the frantic rhythm and galvanized strength of hers. When she hugged him close in order to savor his sturdy warmth, nearly weeping at the prospect of saying good night to him, probably never to

see him again, she felt a sudden pressure against her lower belly—

A hardness that delighted and tantalized.

No, she told herself, even as streaks of bestial sexual arousal blasted through her veins, she couldn't be imagining her ultimate fantasy coming true...

Her mind raced. *Quick, think! What would the character of Babette Hendrick do in this situation?*

She recalled Vince's words from earlier that evening, his suggestive remarks about the "What Ifs" of writing fiction, and instantly had her answer. Hell, she had created "Babe," knew her fictional character inside and out. Babe was, after all, a part of Paige, albeit the part of her that she had never allowed to emerge in her own life. But now, with this luscious turn of events, with this man's erection growing by leaps and bounds against her belly, the brazen seductress within Paige battled to take control. With no reservations, and no regrets—and no best friend badgering her, either—she threw caution to the wind and surrendered to her baser instincts, allowing them to guide her actions.

She wiggled her body ever so slightly and tugged Vince closer. Instinctively, her hands kneaded the muscles flanking his spine, and in response, he pulled her flush against him. She lifted her mouth to the V-neck of his shirt and lightly tongued his exposed chest hair. The hardness at his crotch instantly developed into a steel-like density, thicker and lengthier than Paige could have ever imagined, and her clit started to tingle. After a moment, she realized her panties had already grown damp with her escaping juices.

A groan rumbled through Vince's sinewy torso, rushing heated shivers through Paige's body and forcing her to gaze into his face. In his soulful eyes she saw reflected the flames of carnality, a fire she had miraculously placed there. His gaze took an extended tour of her cleavage, which poured additional fire into his eyes and made Paige thankful Blythe had forced her to wear this risqué dress.

When Vince finally looked back into her face, he must have viewed his lustful desires mirrored there, for he clutched her body and molded his moist lips to hers. Without hesitation, Paige slid her tongue into his mouth, tasting remnants of the spicy Captain Morgan rum he had consumed.

He deepened the kiss, then lowered his fingers to the base of her spine and ground his crotch against her. As their movements grew more frenetic and profound, the emotional roller-coaster ride Paige had experienced throughout the magnificent evening took new and delightful dips, thrilling plunges, accelerating into a speed that both electrified the body and numbed the brain.

With what felt like shared misgivings, Vince eventually dragged his mouth from hers, but his handsome face remained close, and the heat from his exhales washed over her skin. He painted kisses on her cheek, forging a damp path toward her ear.

"I booked a room in this hotel," he whispered, then probed her ear canal with the tip of his tongue.

"For any particular reason?"

"The chance of finding myself intoxicated, from alcohol"—he nibbled her neck—"or other distractions that might make it impossible to drive home safely."

Paige dug her fingernails into his broad back and gasped. She couldn't remember the last time she had yearned so desperately to feel bare flesh beneath her fingertips, a firm and hairy male torso to crush her breasts, or a hard cock pummeling the needy walls of her vagina. And just contemplating his subtle invitation made her pussy throb with untamed urgency. "And did you find such a distraction?"

"The moment I saw your ravishing face again after all these long years. Will you join me upstairs, Paige? Will you make my dream a reality?"

"*Your* dream?"

"A frustrating dream that began approximately eleven years ago when you first walked into my classroom and presented me with that sensual, electrifying smile."

It took Paige a full moment to digest Vince's confession. Blythe had been right all along regarding his feelings toward her. Why hadn't he said anything? Easy answer—because it wouldn't have been appropriate for a teacher to declare his lust for one of his students.

But if Paige had only known his feelings for her, if she had only proclaimed her own heart's desires to him, perhaps her life would have turned out so differently. All those years of lonely nights hunting for the right man to make her happy, to keep her satisfied, yet finding no one but fictional characters who could invade her heart like the man who now held her in

his arms, seemed such a sinful and tragic waste of time. Precious time. Oh, if she had only known...

"At the risk of being rejected, I'll repeat my question," murmured Vince, his hands lightly stroking her spine. "Will you spend the night with me?"

She kissed him hard on the lips and grasped his firm buttocks, to hell with the remaining few party guests who might observe her bold actions. "Of course."

"Then say it..."

"What, Vince? Say what?"

"No, not 'what,' but 'What If ... '" He rained more kisses on her face. "What if you spent the night with me ... would it lead to those exhilarating, breathtaking climaxes I mentioned earlier?"

"You're the teacher. You tell me."

In reply, his mouth came down on hers, and his jousting tongue conveyed the promise of sexual ecstasy beyond her wildest dreams. She could feel his erection threatening to split open his zipper, and longed to release it from its prison, to touch it and taste it the way she had always imagined after seeing him naked. And within a matter of minutes, saints be praised, she would finally get the long-awaited opportunity.

He broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers. "A teacher is only as good as his pupil is willing to learn."

"Did you not tell me earlier I was one of your prized students?"

"I did, and I meant it. Yet after all these years, is my prized student open to exploring new possibilities?"

"There's only one way to find out for certain."

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Paige drew a deep, cleansing breath, then grabbed Vince's hand. On shaky legs, she led him to their table, now piled high with empty glasses, dirty plates, and crumpled napkins. Without a word, she snatched her purse in her free hand, winked at Blythe, whose smile advertised both approval and relief, and hastened to the door with her handsome teacher in tow.

## CHAPTER 6

How they made it up to the seventh floor still fully dressed and sane, Paige could not fathom. Once in the elevator, they had embarked on a manic sequel to their encounter on the dance floor. Vince's hands continued their frantic exploration of her writhing body, and she clawed at his torso, gripped his butt cheeks, palmed his groin, while their mouths never broke delicious contact. When the elevator "dinged" and the door swooshed open, Vince snatched her wrist and whisked her down the hallway, his chest heaving in a desperate desire that mirrored her own.

Their mouths again merged in animalistic hunger when Vince paused before Room 716. Paige yanked the bottom of his shirt out from under his waistband, while he tapped the pockets of his blazer, obviously hunting for the electronic key that would open the door and allow them access into a private world where they could finally attain the carnal bliss they craved.

He cursed against her lips and began to burrow in the front pockets of his jeans—a difficult task, Paige imagined, considering the gigantic bulge at his crotch that prevented him from digging too deeply. She, however, saved the day when she slid her fingers into one of his back pockets and yanked out the credit-card-shaped object. All the time she had spent kneading his shapely ass in the elevator had not gone unrewarded.



Vince crammed the key into the mechanism, and the lock clicked. With his foot, he pushed open the door, then actually scooped Paige into his arms and carried her over the threshold, his lips again locking with hers. Through the sound of their wedded groans, Paige heard the muffled clunks of her purse and high-heeled pumps, hitting the floor in quick succession. Vince kicked off his own shoes before settling her on the edge of the king-sized mattress.

Paige barely took note of the dimly lit room, her thoughts so consumed with the man standing over her and panting. As Vince shrugged off his blazer, Paige lifted his shirt, exposing his perfectly chiseled six-pack abs to her voracious mouth. She plunged her tongue into his navel, then painted the fur surrounding it with her saliva. Nibbling and sucking at his flesh, she relished the taste of him, following the trail of hair that led down from his belly button before disappearing into his waistband.

Meanwhile, her hands roamed upward, her fingers delving into the jungle of chest hair she had longed to explore. He yanked the shirt over his head, finally exhibiting his full torso to her. Eyeing the sublime expanse of muscles, sinew, and flesh that quivered beneath her fingertips, she twirled the crinkly yet silky hair on his breastbone, while her palms ground against his bronze-colored, quarter-sized nipples, already peaked and hard.

She pressed her lips against the mound in his jeans, feeling its solidity and its heat even through the cotton material. His groans met her ears like the sweetest music, a symphony that encouraged her to continue her play, though

she truly needed no encouragement. From the moment of their first kiss, she knew she would do anything this man requested, act a slave to his every sexual desire, yet she had her own primal cravings screaming for satiation as well. She ground her cheek against the throbbing mass and moaned her own enjoyment, while her mouth watered as she contemplated the obvious feast hidden just behind his zipper.

When she ran her mouth along the thick length of his shielded cock, nuzzling the crown with the tip of her nose, Vince started to fumble with his belt buckle.

"No," she protested, resting her hands over his and feeling his tremble. She wanted to undress him just like she had a thousand times in her fantasies. And if her unhurried indulgence drove him even wilder with lust, so much the better. "Please, let me."

Gulping, he relented. He bent to drag off his socks, then planted his hands against the back of her head and stroked her long tresses.

Smiling her small victory, Paige returned her attention to his crotch, gnawing the erection in his jeans with her teeth, licking the material, and wrapping her lips around the hidden crown. Her simulated fellatio coerced additional groans from him, and he clutched her head tighter, pressing her mouth more firmly against the outline of his cock. Though she had planned to take her time, she started working his belt buckle and zipper with her hands, realizing she yearned to taste his hard flesh almost as badly as he apparently yearned to thrust his tool deep into her mouth. And by the time she slid his

jeans and bikini briefs over his hips and hairy thighs, her fingers shook in anticipation.

In the light of the lone bedside table lamp, his erection leapt out at her. She gasped in surprise. Certainly she had viewed his cock on that one secret occasion, but only in its flaccid state. And in all her subsequent fantasies, never had she imagined he owned such an impressively large shaft. If she had, she would have certainly endowed her fictional character of Vinnie Scapuletti with an even more imposing tool for gratifying Babette Hendrick.

Paige took a long moment to study his penis, not as she did all those years ago in the locker room while hiding at a distance in the shadows, but here, just a tongue-flick away. From out of a lush black pubic bush jutted the thick tube of vein-laced flesh, at least ten or more inches in length, its slightly darker foreskin marginally revealing a pink crown glistening with pre-cum. And it bobbed before her eyes to the violent beat of Vince's heart. An Italian Stallion indeed! She and the other high school girls could never have guessed just how apt their nickname for him had been.

Momentarily crushing the urge to devour as much of his rod as possible, she decided to prepare herself for the upcoming task. For untold minutes, she licked his low-hanging balls, stroked his inner thighs with her teeth, lapped up and down the grand pillar, all the while praying her mouth would be able to open wide enough to accommodate his monster tool.

Babe Hendrick would have certainly been up for the challenge ... but was Paige?

Well, she thought, her tongue tracing the road map of purplish veins, her taste buds relishing the clear stream of pre-cum that trickled from the slit, there's only one way to find out.

She relaxed her jaw, then once again forced herself to take it slow. After wrapping the fingers of both hands around the throbbing base of his shaft, she peeled back the foreskin and tongue-teased the crown, scooping up more of the manly fluid that oozed from him. Whether she imagined it or not, it tasted sweeter than any she had previously sampled. Once again, he proved different from her other boyfriends, and this time in a most palatable way. For a moment, she savored the ridge around the knob, then engulfed it in her mouth and gently sucked.

More and more of his salty-sweet juice coated her tongue, now flicking madly against the strip of flesh that united the foreskin to the shaft. Vince bucked forward several times, attempting to shove more of his erection into her mouth, to fuck her throat, but she firmly held the root of his cock and foiled his valiant attempts. If she planned to service him the way she felt he deserved, the way she had always done in her fantasies, she meant to do it at her leisure.

On occasion, she would pull her mouth from his dick to both tongue-lacquer the top half of the shaft with her saliva and his nectar, and to give her tense jaw a needed break. It pleased her that each time she resumed sucking his erection, she managed to take more of it into her mouth, until she realized she could consume more than half its length. Not bad for a woman who hadn't performed oral sex on a man in

many a month. His moans and sighs, even the many whimpers of pleasure that issued from his lips, applauded her efforts, which made her suck even harder and bring him closer to release.

Paige reveled in the experience, loving the momentary power she had over her former English teacher. Like writing fiction, she thought, where she had complete control over the destiny of her characters, here, too, she could decide this man's current fate, whether he reached his sexual apex.

And would she bring him to the breaking point?

A big part of her wanted to hasten him to climax. In the past, when performing fellatio on her boyfriends, she had often imagined herself servicing Vince Martinelli instead, sometimes, in her naughtiest fantasies, before the entire classroom, and at other times, like tonight's reality, in the most secluded settings. She had often wondered what it would be like to hold his pulsing erection in her mouth as he offered her wave upon wave of his semen; would she be able to devour it all without spilling a drop, yet still savoring his most intimate essence reserved for only her? She certainly intended to try, at least sometime before this wonderful evening came to a conclusion.

But the other part of her, the sentient side, all too aware of the way her clit throbbed for attention, the way her tunnel walls ached from their current state of emptiness, now shrieked the loudest. The way her free-flowing juices dampened her panties, moistened her inner thighs, and tickled as they slid into her ass cheeks, wholly governed her next move.

Without warning, she released his cock from her mouth and her hands. She looked up and viewed the frenzied questions in Vince's lust-filled eyes. In reply, she lay back on the mattress, pulling up her skirt to reveal her sodden panties.

The dimpled smile Paige had loved for more than a decade wreathed Vince's handsome face. He shucked his jeans and briefs, then unbuckled her garters and rolled down the hose on her left leg. As the material edged back to reveal her bare flesh, his mouth followed. He tasted her inner thigh, her knee, her calf and ankle, even sucked her toes before turning his attention to her right limb and repeating the process. He seemed to share her desires, for before the evening ended, she also planned to luxuriate on every inch of his splendid physique.

Finally, his intense gaze settled on her panties. He lowered his head to her crotch, and with his teeth, tugged the damp material from her body. Once free of the undergarments, Paige spread her legs even wider as he crawled onto the mattress and brought his lips to her pubic bush.

One delicate swipe of his tongue over her engorged clit made her squeal in rapture. Heated chills poured out of her groin, coursing through her veins with the speed of lightning. An additional swipe of his tongue elicited another bolt of energy, then another, then another, until she writhed on the bed, clutching handfuls of his hair and thrusting her hips downward to meet his expert mouth. When he slid one, then two fingers into her grasping canal, she barely smothered a howl. The fiery orgasm stampeded through her body, making

her limbs tremble, her heart pound, her eyes water, and the spring mattress squeak for what seemed a blissful eon.

When she floated back to earth, she saw Vince, smiling that dazzling smile, his lips and the five-o'clock shadow on his firm jaw shimmering with evidence of her climax. He added a third finger into her heat, then knelt between her legs, his marvelous shaft still pointed toward the ceiling, advertising his immense desire, moist with pre-cum, and poised to fuck her in a way she sensed she had never been fucked before.

After he tickled her G-spot and dragged his fingers from her hole, he positioned the head of his cock against her puckered nub, where he rubbed it back and forth, drove it ever so slightly into her tunnel, then down toward her buttocks. He repeated the process again and again in a mad circle, another wickedly wild roller-coaster ride for her to endure that evening.

Never before had Paige felt so utterly horny, and knowing the size of the penis that would soon invade her pussy made her squirm with near delirium. She whimpered in frustration, pleading with Vince to fuck her.

"Not just yet, beautiful lady," he whispered, reaching beneath her torso and gently lifting her to a sitting position.

His lips enclosed hers, and his tongue tasted of her recent release as it darted toward her throat. With adept speed, his fingers unzipped her dress, and within seconds, he aided her in lifting the sleek black satin material over her head. After he undid her bra, he made a banquet of her tits, her nipples tingling as he bathed them in hot saliva. All the while, he poked her nether lips with the fat head of his meat. The quick

jabs, the marginal entries into her heat, launched Paige into a series of mini-orgasms.

She could take no more of the exquisite torture, and using all her strength, she rolled him onto his back.

Straddling his waist, she impaled herself on his hardness, plunging downward until her pussy swallowed his entire length. For a moment, she thought she might split in two—never had a cock of his magnitude occupied her tunnel, and she battled with her body to relax. But her walls spasmed around his petrous shaft, milking him with a will of their own, and before she knew it, she bounced atop the latest ride in this wonderfully erotic fun house.

To keep from crying her delectation and waking the neighbors, she buried her face in his chest, delighting in the perspiring warmth of his well-developed pecs and the damp field of hair, basking in the flood of his profound masculinity and his musky scent.

Vince grabbed handfuls of her ass and slammed upward. With each thrust, he ground his crotch against hers, entangling their pubic bushes and wagging her lower body in small circles. His throbbing cock danced inside her core, leaving no part of her untouched. She suckled his large nipples, bathed his chest in searing kisses, and moaned in perfect harmony with her handsome lover.

How she had existed all these years without experiencing such a glorious fuck as this, she had no idea. Nor could she contemplate how she had successfully written erotica without knowing the true sexual exhilaration she now felt.



But how could one put such ethereal joy into words for her readers to comprehend? She felt true love waking in her heart, and she knew, deep in her soul, she could never convey the full richness, the radical headiness, of the surging and abundant emotions to paper.

The power of his unrelenting erection whipped through her, enflaming her soul. She suddenly felt molten, as if lava had replaced her blood and now gushed through her veins. When Vince reached between their sweat-soaked bodies and fluttered his fingertips against her clit, Paige felt a volcano of gargantuan proportions preparing to erupt from her core.

Her muscles closed around his rock-hard pole, and her sensitive walls quivered in rhythm to his riotous pulse. She squeezed her eyes shut just as flames of orgasm blasted through her limbs and catapulted her into an uninvestigated universe of gratification. How long she trembled against his muscular body, grunting and groaning, riding the crest of ecstasy's wave, she had no clear idea, but she somehow knew she would remember this moment as a glorious eternity.

But her lover had yet to attain his release, she recalled, as his cock continued to piston in and out of her in an escalating tempo. His grunts and sighs gained in volume, while his hands kneaded the heated flesh all along her backside. Another one of her many fantasies sprang to mind, and Paige meant to make it a newfound reality.

She needed to see him climax.

Paige waited until his face contorted, and she felt his penis expand even more within her channel. She yanked herself off

his erection, then took his slick member in both hands. After several competent strokes, he erupted.

Pearly white rivers formed at random along the many plains and ridges of his belly. His cock jetted its load even farther up his torso, speckling the swirling ebony sea of chest hair. Several large droplets landed on his chin, then trickled onto his throat.

Paige continued to milk this extraordinary lover, watching his seemingly boundless fluid baptize her fingers in generous warmth. Unable to curb the impulse, she drew the head of his dick into her mouth and sucked out the last drops of essence, then lovingly cleaned his still-rigid length of the remnants.

Yes, she thought, swallowing the salty-sweet offering with hungry gusto, she could picture herself feasting on this hunk of a man for the rest of her existence.

She released his delectable phallus, then massaged the warm cum into his muscular and hairy flesh before resting her satiated body on top of his. After licking the creamy beads from his face and neck, her palate welcoming the additional sweetness, she molded herself to him. Soon, their incessantly writhing bodies became a slick unity of sweat and seed.

Vince's open mouth met hers, and his tongue probed and tickled and teased. The savage, gluttonous kiss spoke volumes of unvoiced emotion, reflections of her heart. He, too, had craved her as much as she had craved him, and despite his recent climax, his desire for her had not diminished.

All too soon, he broke the kiss and sighed. Paige brushed damp locks of ebony hair off his brow and buried her face in

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his shoulder, where she smiled. She had actually ridden the stallion of her deepest fantasies, just as Blythe had predicted.

And after that wild and majestic ride, her heart pounded in undying love.

## CHAPTER 7

"Vince?" whispered Paige the following morning, snuggling against his nudity with her head resting on his chest, their lower limbs intertwined. She had slept that way through most of the night, after he exhausted her with another extensive and energetic lovemaking session.

"Hmm?" he queried, the deep purr rumbling through his breastbone. He pulled her tighter against him, nuzzling the top of her head with his chin.

"I—I have a confession to make." She had heard him awaken a few minutes earlier, and the thoughts that had plagued her since she'd opened her eyes a half-hour earlier needed to be voiced. She meant to tell him the truth, the full truth, about herself. Their recent intimacy demanded honesty.

"A what?" he asked, scratching his furry belly and stretching his long limbs.

She risked looking into his face, still sinfully handsome despite the darker circles under his eyes that told a tale of sleep deprivation. A sliver of dawn's golden light pierced the hotel room's heavy damask draperies, streaking the beige wall and the large wooden headboard, along with a portion of his jet-black hair. "A confession."

"You do? Well, that makes two of us." The sexy dimple cut into his cheek. He rolled his body toward her, allowing her to feel the hardness swiftly developing at his groin. "Yes, I'm still horny, too."

She laughed. "Be serious."

"Sweetheart, if you can't feel how serious I am, then I'm losing my touch, and that *would* be a serious matter."

"Not that," she said, wrapping her fingers around his shaft. As much as it killed her, she stopped herself from licking a trail down his torso and taking his succulent organ into her mouth. "What I have to confess is ... well ... it's something I just thought you should know."

"Oh, no. What horrible thing have you done?"

"Nothing horrible, just a bit embarrassing. Something that's been preying on my mind for more than a decade. An incident that later played a pivotal part in my life."

He knuckled his eyes and blinked. "Now I'm really intrigued. Go on."

She released his cock, not wanting anything so delicious to distract her. "In high school ... you were the assistant track coach..."

"I still am. And?"

"Well, one afternoon—a Saturday—I was at the school. We had practice for the marching band. I played the clarinet, although I wasn't very good and Mrs. Snodgrass used to constantly pester me to practice more and I—" She blushed and looked toward the television, sitting forlornly atop a dresser. "Dear God, I'm babbling. One of my bad habits, I admit. I usually prattle on when I'm nervous and—"

He snatched her jaw with his thumb and index finger, turning her face toward him. "After the magnificent night we shared, there's no reason you should feel nervous around

me." His blue-gray eyes and solemn expression conveyed his sincerity, coaxing her to continue.

"One Saturday, I saw you on the field, jogging toward the gym..."

She paused as memories of the previous week in her erotica writing class rushed through her head. She couldn't believe she had selected that particular scene from her first *Confessions* book to read to the students, considering the real-life incident that had inspired her to write it. Or rather, the "who." And now, after an evening of finally making beautiful love with the man to whom she had dedicated that book, the man who had unwittingly played a part in her literary success, she would finally offer her own confession.

But what would Vince think of her? How would he feel knowing she had taken a rather innocent event from her past concerning him, expanded on it in crude and licentious detail, and had made a fortune penning all the fantasies she'd had about him through the years?

She supposed she would find out soon enough. She had gone this far, and meant to finish.

"And I followed you, Vince ... into the locker room."

"Oh?"

Paige frowned. She had expected something different from him—surprise, even shock, but certainly not the note of amusement she heard in his voice. Perhaps with it being so early in the day, and with no coffee to help clear away the foggiess of slumber, his brain hadn't quite grasped what she had said. "Yes. In the *boy's* locker room."

"You naughty girl!" He reached around and slapped her thigh. "Is this your way of telling me you want to be punished? Spanked? I don't have a paddle, or a ruler like the nuns wield in Catholic school, but will my hand suffice?" His dark eyebrows waggled lecherously. "Or perhaps my hard dick?"

"That sounds like fun, but maybe later." Giggling, she dragged his hand from her thigh and kissed the fingertips. "But there's more ... so much more to the story. As I said, I followed you into the boy's locker room."

"And what did you do?" His lips pursed, as if he struggled to suppress a laugh. "Or rather, what did you see?"

"You. I saw you, Vince ... in the shower."

"You did?" He tsked several times and flexed the fingers of the hand she held against her lips. "My, oh, my, you *were* naughty. I believe punishment is required, unless, of course, you liked what you saw of me that day. Did you?"

More heat poured into her cheeks. Since she had no energy to detail everything she had liked about his nudity, then or now—an extensive list, to be sure, and she'd find herself elaborating for days, if not weeks—she nodded.

"Then why didn't you stay longer and make your presence known? Why did you lurk in the shadows, then hightail it out of the room the moment I started soaping up my cock?"

"Because I knew what I saw wasn't proper. Oh, I liked it all right, make no mistake about that. But for pity's sake, you were my teacher and—" She gasped as his words repeated in her head. "Wait a second! How do you know when I ran out?"

He brought his mouth to hers and kissed her lips, lovingly and tenderly. "Because, Beautiful, I knew you were there the whole time. And if you had stayed, well ... you might have witnessed my release. With you driving me crazy with lust, perhaps you would have seen just how hard my cock actually got that afternoon. Almost as hard as it is right this second."

"You would have jerked off in the shower, knowing one of your students was spying?"

"Ah, but not just any student. My favorite."

"That's ... that's rather perverted."

"Don't blame me, since you're the one who followed me in there. You started it."

Paige sat up straight. The conversation seemed remarkably similar to some of what Vinnie Scapuletti said to Babe in the *Confessions*' locker-room scene. Yes, Babe had started the sinful coupling on that fictional afternoon, and Paige might have started something identical in real life if only she had stayed to watch Vince continue fondling his genitals. The most important "What If" of her writing career coming back to haunt her...

"But all kidding aside, you're correct, Paige, that wouldn't have been prudent. Affairs between a teacher and his student—no matter how wickedly randy she makes him—are totally improper. Granted, I'm only about five years older than you ... nevertheless, I would have stopped myself from going any further with you there, as difficult as that might have been." Again, he poked her belly with his hard cock, then planted kisses on her face and breasts.

"Well, it's nice to know you have solid ethics."



He laughed. "But that's not to say I haven't often wondered what might have happened between us that day. I admit, I've replayed that afternoon over and over in my brain through the years. Is it any wonder why I wanted so desperately to see you at the reunion? I couldn't forget you, no matter how hard I tried. I wanted you so badly all those years ago—the same as I do now."

Paige burst out laughing at the irony, especially recalling what Blythe had said the other day, about how Vince had done more than whack erasers after Paige left his classroom. She stifled her mirth, however, when Vince pulled away from her, his face scrunched in concern.

"Oh, no," she said, sensing his thoughts. "I'm not laughing at you, just a comment my friend made ... it's a long story. Anyway, I would never laugh at what you just confessed. Indeed, Vince, it's absolutely thrilling to know how you felt—how you *still* feel about me."

Relief washed over his face, and he hugged her close. "So was that all you wanted to confess? That you were 'Hot For Teacher,' as the Van Halen song goes?"

"Yes ... well, no. You have no idea just how much you meant to me, do you? As a teacher, you inspired me in ways you never knew, and as a man ... well, you've inspired me in ways you can't even begin to imagine."

Drawing a deep breath, Paige confessed everything. How she'd remembered his lessons, his encouraging words, and continued writing after she graduated high school. And how after her historical novels met with lackluster enthusiasm

from her agent, she had penned the first *Confessions* book with him as her chief inspiration.

"So," she concluded, her voice dripping with sarcasm, "for better or worse, I'm actually Antionette Pope, smut writer of the century. Me, your prized student, the would-be serious author who used to hand in all those sweet and innocent short stories and poems for extra credit. The infamous Antionette Pope, who made you—or rather, the character of Vinnie Scapuletti—equally infamous in literary circles." She sighed. "Dear God, Vince, what must you think of me?"

Apart from the steady drone of the air-conditioner unit beneath the windowsill, dead silence filled the room. Although she couldn't sense any anger radiating from him, could detect no disgust in his eyes, his blank stare did nothing to calm her churning stomach.

"Vince, please say something. I've told only a few individuals my pen name, so if you fear people discovering your connection to the lead character, that you inspired him, please know the secret is safe. Trust me, the last thing I would ever want is to hurt you, either directly or indirectly."

Finally, an emotion twisted his face, clouded his eyes. Paige had expected to see quite a few things, but certainly not confusion. Pure and utter confusion. Did he not understand what she had spent ten minutes confessing?

He shook his head and squinted at her. "Are you feeling all right?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, confused herself by the odd question.

"Why would you tell me all of that?"

"Forgive my presumption, but if anything is to come of this relationship between us, you deserve to know the truth going in."

"But you *already* told me the truth."

"What? When? I couldn't have been that drunk last night, and I've never been known to talk in my sleep. And since all but a few people know my secret, you couldn't have overheard me telling anyone at the party."

His eyebrows knit together in extreme puzzlement. Without saying another word, he tossed aside the bedcovers and climbed off the mattress. Paige's gaze traveled over his broad back, shapely buttocks, and muscular legs as he padded to the closet. Just the sight of his sexy physique made her clit tingle in rejuvenated necessity, despite her own bewilderment over the bizarre twist in their conversation.

Vince grabbed a suitcase from the closet, then turned and rested it on the mattress. After snapping it open, he reached in and produced an item.

And not just any item, either.

Although the marginal light of morning did not fully illuminate the book he held, Paige would have recognized the hard-cover jacket anywhere—*Confessions of a High School Seductress*.

She felt as if she had suffered a direct punch to the gut, with all the air being knocked from her lungs. It took her a moment to catch her breath. "Vince, where did you...? How did you...?"

He set the suitcase on the floor, then tossed her best-seller onto the bed, where it landed in the tangled and warm space he had recently vacated. "How? *You* sent it to me."

"I did what?"

"Okay, I'll repeat my earlier question—are you feeling all right?"

"Vince, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"You mean you don't remember sending this book to me last week? Or rather, sending the entire series of *Confessions* books to me? Were it not for the enclosed note, I would have never known the infamous Antionette Pope was really you."

"Enclosed note?"

"It's inside."

Paige flipped open the cover, and there, between the copyright and dedication pages, she found a carefully folded piece of paper. With shaky hands, she withdrew it, then glanced at the book's dedication, which she could have recited from memory: *To the man who unwittingly inspired the character of Vinnie ... you are ever precious to me, if only you knew it...*

Curiosity urged her to open the letter, and she held it into the sliver of morning sunlight...

*Dear Vince,*

*I thought you might like to see what one of your former students has done with her life, thanks to your vast influence, spiritually, emotionally, even physically. As you will note in the book's dedication, you still mean the world to me. But please, if fate brings us together at the reunion next week, do not mention this in front of anyone. My pen name is a private*

*matter, known only to a precious few, and I prefer never to discuss it in public, for obvious reasons. I beg you, dearest Vince, to please adhere to my wishes.*

*I'm looking forward to seeing you after all these many years, to not only reminisce, but to thank you for all you've done to aid my successful literary career. Perhaps, if your heart allows, we can privately discuss the "What Ifs" of fiction writing and see where the future of my characters—perhaps even our future—might lead.*

*Love and best wishes,*

*Paige "Antionette Pope" Gillette*

Vince sat on the mattress, the open book between them. "Now do you see why I'm so confused? What the hell's going on?"

In a marriage of disbelief, irritation, and mortification, Paige blinked at the letter several times—but not in confusion. She had solved the mystery immediately upon viewing Blythe's all-too-familiar handwriting. Her best girlfriend had divulged her secret and set her up with the man of her dreams.

*Why, that conniving, secretive, insufferable—sweetheart!*

Paige flung aside the note, then buried her face in her hands, her eyes overflowing with grateful tears and her lips twisting into a smile of unadulterated joy. Now it all made sense—why Vince hadn't pressed her for answers regarding her career, why he had spoken so suggestively about the "What Ifs" of writing fiction, why Blythe had demanded she attend the reunion, wear a slinky outfit, and throw herself at Vince Martinelli. Had Blythe not set the wheels in motion, the

magical events of the previous evening likely would not have happened. Indeed, Paige knew her general shyness would have prevented her from making the first move with Vince, and she had needed her friend's continual prodding—not to mention this elaborate scheme—to even attend the reunion.

*Oh, Blythe, you matchmaking bitch—damn, how I love you to death!*

"Oh, wait until I get my hands on her..."

"Huh?"

"Sorry, Vince, let me explain something about my friend. You know the one—the redheaded vamp with the big mouth who none-too-subtly pushed us together last evening." Wiping her tears and battling to hold back waves of mirth, she explained her theory.

Thankfully, Vince shared her amusement. "I would have given that girl higher grades if I'd known how her mind worked—and if I'd been able to see into the future. For her interference, I think we both owe her a debt of gratitude." With that, he leaned over the book and kissed her.

"Then you're not upset about what Blythe did?"

"Far from it."

"Then about me, or rather, 'Antionette'?"

"Upset? Hell, Beautiful, I'm flattered. And as you can see"—he pointed to his belly, where his cock had once again stretched to its stupendous length—"I quite enjoyed reading about that brazen encounter between our 'fictional counterparts' in the locker room, plus all those 'rutting scenes' that followed chapter after chapter after chapter after—"

"Then you actually read this damned thing?" asked Paige, tapping the book.

"Couldn't put it down, *Babe*. Indeed, I want you to autograph it for me later."

"Dare I ask if you liked it?"

"Ah, the writer's ego rears its ugly head!" Smirking, he tossed the book off the bed, where it landed on the floor beside the suitcase. He gripped her waist, then dragged her against his hirsute nakedness, his erection drawing warm, damp circles on her bare navel. "Not bad, not bad, although I prefer thrillers myself. But you followed the rules of grammar to perfection, didn't go 'head hopping' in every scene, and told a gripping—and sexy—tale. Hell, it kept *me* interested! This teacher couldn't be more proud of his student."

"Well, at least that's nice to know."

"But do you want to hear what I *loved* about the book?"

"What? That it's just the right size to prop up a shaky coffee table?" Paige bit his neck, then started nibbling his breastbone while reaching between them to stroke his hard flesh. "That it makes a great doorstep?"

"Not quite. I loved the fact that, fiction or not, it gave me hope our personal reunion yesterday would be a memorable one."

"And has it?"

"You tell me." He pulled out of her arms, then grabbed her wrist and tugged her off the bed with him.

"Where are we going?"

"I think it's time we reenact that shower scene. But I wonder ... will you promise not to flee this time when I start soaping up my cock?"

She giggled. "It depends whether you want me to watch, or will actually allow me to help."

"The latter, most definitely."

"But what did you say earlier about the impropriety of teachers and students getting together in that 'fun' way?"

"Ah, but you're no longer my student, Beautiful. Soaping, as well as a few other things, is now allowed. So will you help me?"

"I think you'll have to tutor me as to what exactly you expect." Paige knelt before him and scooped the head of his cock into her mouth. She sucked out the first drops of his salty-sweet essence, then bathed the fat crown in her saliva. "But fear not, Mr. Martinelli, since as you well know"—she peered into his passion-crazed eyes as she licked the length of his shaft—"I'm an apt pupil."



## **Paris Dixon**

Paris Dixon was born and raised in the "steamy South"—Savannah, GA., to be exact—an undisclosed number of years ago. According to Paris, having grown up in a city filled with countless historical homes and avenues where hanging moss lazily sways from live oaks did much for her vivid imagination, especially after majoring in history in college. Her period of focus has always been the antebellum era of American History.

"The decades prior to the Civil War," says Paris, "have always fascinated me. This was a time when dresses became wider, tempers ran shorter, and a horrific institution called 'slavery' was the norm. I've often wondered what might have occurred within the walls of some of Savannah's grand estates and plantation houses when a combination of humid-heavy summers and society's strict mores played havoc with the urges of handsome young gentlemen and their nubile ladyloves. As personal accounts of the period clearly indicate, courting lovers of the era were wont to raise a glass of mint julep on their shady verandahs and complain about the weather while batting eyelashes at one another in the company of matronly chaperones. But what happened during these heat-filled summers when these passionate young adults with raging hormones decided to ditch these observant sentinels in favor of some 'alone time'? Unfortunately, I suspect some of the more fascinating history of mankind never made it into the history books."

Hot for Teacher  
by Paris Dixon

Paris is the award-winning author of several historical erotica books and the forthcoming novels *Cry Merci* and *HIM*. Additionally, her contemporary erotica tales—*Lechery For The Devil*, *Morning Ritual*, *King For A Day*, *News At 11*, and the newest novella *Hot For Teacher*—are now available, as well as her award-winning paranormal erotica novella *Passion Knows No Boundaries* and the erotic dark fantasy novel *The Essence Of Magic*. More than a dozen other stories of erotic romance in a wide variety of sub-genres are either in the works or are already scheduled for release in the near future.

Additionally, Paris sometimes collaborates on various books in the erotic suspense genre with award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass under the pen name Caitlyn Willows. *White Lies* is available now from this writing team, while the novel *Déjà Vu* is also scheduled for release from Amber Quill Press.

Paris loves to hear from her readers, so feel free to email her at [parisdixon@hotmail.com](mailto:parisdixon@hotmail.com). You can also visit her website at [bythunder.org/ParisDixon/index.html](http://bythunder.org/ParisDixon/index.html) or join her newsletter by emailing [parisdixon-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:parisdixon-subscribe@yahoogroups.com).

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