

# *The Education of a Dirty Sex Goddess*

A photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down, wearing white high-heeled shoes. The legs are positioned diagonally across the frame. The background is a gradient of dark blue and purple. The author's name is written in white cursive at the bottom.

*Erica Miles*

## THE EDUCATION OF A DIRTY SEX GODDESS

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"Yep." Jilly paused, wearing an amused look and apparently enjoying her friend's discomfort.

"Well?"

"Trent will be perfect." Jilly halted again. "He's a nice guy and is a total professional."

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"I'll set up the date for you. How about tonight?"

"What!" Brooke's shriek caused several heads to turn in her direction. She forced a public smile, leaned forward and continued in a lowered tone, "So soon?"

"No time like the present, sweetie. This is your idea, so fish or cut bait." Seeing her friend's blanched expression, Jilly laid a comforting hand on Brooke's arm. "Trent is a graduate student, he's a regular customer and I know he'll be in tonight. I also know he needs the money. Tuition's due."

Brooke blew out a slow breath, expelling a goodly portion of her bravado with it. "Okay."

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BY

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THE EDUCATION OF A DIRTY SEX GODDESS  
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*For Tom and his sheet*

## CHAPTER 1

Brooke leaned back and relaxed on the barstool, wearing her most demure smile and breathing a near silent sigh of relief. It was a brilliant scheme, even if she did say so herself.

The plan was perfection because no one ever need know all the dirty details except Jilly, and the Best Friends Code of Honor dictated that *she* would keep her mouth closed until her dying day. Or at least Brooke hoped her closest friend would keep the entire fiasco secret.

But then secrets were what had gotten Brooke into this latest predicament, so it was wishful thinking to assume that coming clean with a flash of her characteristic disarming honesty could straighten out this mess. It was apparent what had evolved into subterfuge must continue that way, and her childhood comrade was just the person with the contacts and know-how to help.

“So you’ll do it?” Brooke tilted her slender frame forward and tucked a long, silken strand of blonde hair behind her ear. She tried to keep her voice low to prevent their conversation from being overheard,

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even though she was seated several stools away from other bar customers. It was difficult given that Jilly was mixing drinks on the other side of the bar.

“This has got to be your most harebrained idea ever, Brooke Anne.” Jilly wiped the bar with a damp towel, frowned and then shook her head in exasperation, causing auburn curls to bounce in an errant fashion. “I can’t believe you’ve talked me into this.”

“Pleeeease?”

“Don’t get whiney. I said I’d do it, although how I’m going to phrase the question without sounding like a pimp is beyond me.” Jilly looked at her friend and they both snickered. “It’s not funny.” They chuckled again. “Okay. With anyone except you, it wouldn’t be funny.”

“Hey, it’s not like I planned this. I started out with only the best of intentions and—”

“Your intentions are always wacky,” Jilly interrupted.

Brooke feigned a brief scowl and continued, “And the situation would’ve been all right if I’d been left to my own devices. Everything was fine until my editor came up with another of her visions of greatness. I’m not the one who had the brilliant idea of personalizing and renaming my book.”

“Well, you’re the one who wrote the dumb thing to begin with. And, pardon me, but when I pick up a book titled *Secrets of a Dirty Sex Goddess*, I’m going to think the author has done everything on those pages...twice! And with enthusiasm!” Jilly looked at a slightly fidgeting Brooke.

Dirty Sex Goddess, indeed. Brooke was certain anyone who really knew her would guffaw at the notion that she, the outgoing and fun-loving writer, was a walking, short-fused, keg of sexual gun powder. While she was no virgin—though only barely—her experience had been largely limited to research, both in books and by interviewing women who were far more proficient than she would ever hope to be. She could still rouse a full-body blush and squirm in her seat by

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recalling some of the techniques she had described with such zeal and graphic detail on the written page.

The fact of the matter was, when she wrote the book, it was meant to be about those other women and had been presented entirely from an observer's viewpoint. Fate seemed to intervene when her editor became more involved, strongly suggesting that the finished product would sell much better if it was rewritten as if she, Brooke Anne Moreland, was every man's wet dream. So, swayed by her editor's brainstorm, she adjusted the words she had written to fit the new vision and ended up with a tome that would do any girl proud.

It seemed harmless enough at the time.

It made sense.

However, it had now turned out to be, as Jilly so succinctly phrased it, a harebrained idea.

In fact, it was an idea of disastrous proportions because, along with the book's release, the publishing company had decided to promote the book heavily by scheduling several author interviews on network television talk shows. Television in living color. Color that would flash her scarlet blush and belie her experience nationwide when she was questioned about some of the more creative sexual techniques in the book. That notion conjured up a horrifying picture she would avoid at any cost.

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“Look, I know I said before that this scheme is idiotic...and it is. On the other hand, you’re right. You need some hands-on experience with the things in that damned book of yours, and you need it with someone who knows what he’s doing. Someone who kind of knows what’s going on and will let you practice on him.” Jilly arched a brow. “Someone who’ll keep his mouth shut.”

“Sure.” Brooke seemed reduced to one-word sentences.

“I’ll send him over to your house later on. Have your cell phone turned on so I can let you know what time.” Jilly leaned over the bar in an attempt to peruse Brooke from head to toe. “And, honey, lose those clothes. No jeans, none of your cutesy T- shirts and definitely no Birkenstocks.”

“Hey!” Brooke furrowed her brows as she protested.

“You’ve got the rest of the afternoon to shop for something that’ll drop him in his tracks tonight.” She motioned to a customer down the bar who was trying to get her attention. “If I had your looks, I’d be dressed to the nines and out breaking hearts every night.”

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“Oh, sure.”

“It’s the truth. You need to take a good, hard look in the mirror, girlfriend of mine, and know that Trent or almost any other man doesn’t get a shot at someone like you every day. I can guarantee you’ll be a real treat for him...not like work at all...he’s going to lap you up like ice cream on a stick.”

“More like *sex* on a stick, I’ll wager,” Brooke muttered self-consciously to herself.

“Exactly.”

## CHAPTER 2

Christopher Dean shifted and stretched as much as the confines of the driver's seat of his Range Rover would allow. The SUV's interior was more than ample for an average man's comfort, but his six-foot three-inch frame made movement cramped and, as a result, his muscles began to twitch in yearning for freedom. He tightened his grip on the steering wheel and, rolling his shoulders, shifted again.

He hated driving at night, and even more so when he was unfamiliar with the area. The trip over had taken only two hours and, to Chris, even driving at night, was immensely preferable in both hassle and time compared to fighting the airport lines. But at least he was here now and, mercifully, had been given clear directions to his final destination.

He squinted slightly at the starlight glare of oncoming headlights and focused on the road ahead, looking for markers his editor, Jodie, had included on her map. He was right on track it seemed, and a glance down at the glowing digits on the dashboard clock confirmed he would arrive at her house in about twenty minutes. *Twenty minutes until...*

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The buzz of his cell phone ringer rudely interrupted the thought, and he was not a little surprised to hear his editor's voice on the line informing him that she would be late.

"So you missed your flight?" He tapped his brakes, slowing the car to within the speed limit.

"I'll be there first thing in the morning, Chris, but in the meantime, go on over to Brooke's and get acquainted. I called her last week to set up our get-together, and called again today and left a message on her machine. She'll be expecting us. She's pretty religious about checking her messages. You can touch base with her and then head on over to your hotel. The reservation info is with the travel packet I sent."

"You sure I shouldn't wait and go with you tomorrow, Jodie?"

"Now, Chris, I'm shocked. Are you playing coy all of a sudden?"

"Well..."

"Indirectly this whole situation is your doing, if you recall."

She spoke the truth. If he hadn't all but snatched Brooke's publicity photo off Jodie's desk and drooled over it before she gently relieved it from his grip, his editor would likely never have come up with the brilliant idea of promoting their books together. Actually it was a clever notion, playing the two authors off one another, and their appearances would be sure to provide ample fodder for television talk shows in the form of lively and controversial interviews. Brooke Moreland and her tales of free-wheeling, down and dirty sex, versus Chris Dean, author of *Real Men Want It Intimate*.

Not that he wanted it intimate. Well, maybe just a little. But the writer in him knew that there were men who really did, so he had set about researching the methods to obtain and sustain traditional relationships. He chuckled low when he imagined the expressions on the faces of those who knew him best when they would see his book's cover for the first time. They wouldn't believe it.

"What's so funny?" Jodie's voice was a jolt.

"Uh, nothing."

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“Anyway, tell Brooke that I’ll see her tomorrow. And, Chris?”

“Yeah?”

“Remember I haven’t approached her yet about you two touring together. As far as she knows, you’re only doing publicity shots. Let me pitch the idea of the tour to her.”

\* \* \*

She was as ready as she’d ever be.

Brooke paused at the antique silver cheval mirror in the bedroom corner. The unfamiliar reflection had caught her off guard again as she passed by, her attention was now riveted to the sight of a stranger looking back. Still amazed at the transformation, and not a little unsettled with the results, she tipped her head first to one side, then to the other, and studied the handiwork of her afternoon.

The long, lush ponytail of hair that normally bounced in her wake had been replaced by a golden halo of waves piled in sexy disarray, and was secured by a lone pick that promised the entire mass would tumble at the slightest provocation. Smoky eyes and plump, kissable lips on a background of fine porcelain skin gave her a look that promised erotic pleasure for any man fortunate enough to be invited into her bed. The short silk robe shimmied and slid against her naked skin, teasing her nipples into hardened points, and glided lazily over her hips and ass.

She looked like sex. And she wondered at the strange new sense of power that suddenly seemed to be radiating from the pit of her stomach. It had likely always been there, coiled and silent, but now had been abruptly awakened, its intrinsic goal to bloom and swath her in a potent feminine aura.

She struck a pose, slowly shrugging a shoulder and parting the front of the crème-colored silken garment underneath its loosely tied belt. A narrow runway of satiny skin was exposed, forming a path that demanded an admirer’s eye follow, from the deep blush of her parted lips down the curve of her throat, then past the valley of her breasts and

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over the flat of her belly. She lightly traced the path with a whisper-soft finger touch of one hand, beginning at her mouth and swirling down to the trail's natural end at the lips of her smooth, shaven pussy.

*If he were here right now, he would drop to his knees*, she thought as her eyelids drifted downward and closed. With only a glance, Trent would lose all reason and, without introduction or ceremony, fall to the floor in front of her, then steady his shaking hands by squeezing the globes of her ass, and anchor his mouth at her cleft. She parted the soft folds of her sex with two fingers and imagined the feel of his tongue as it burrowed for pleasure. She would tremble at his panting as he frantically fed, lapping her slippery inner folds, sucking and groaning as he rocketed her into oblivion.

Her legs began to quaver at the mental picture of him losing control as she speared her fingers through his hair, holding him fast while he delved and teased, working his way towards the ultimate goal of suckling her swollen clit.

But it wasn't enough. Her touch found its way past her labia and slid into the secret recess of her sex, now so slick with juices that the glide of her touch caused her body to crumple in pleasure. Dazed with desire and barely able to stand upright, she needed release. She needed to come. Her mouth was dry with it. The smell of her excitement hung in the air like a heavy perfume as she teetered on the brink of a shattering release that would collapse her to the floor.

The mirror beckoned again and, with darkened eyes, she blinked and took a mental photograph of the foreign, sensual creature in front of her.

It wasn't her. It couldn't be her. But it was.

She took a few stumbling steps towards the dresser, and grasped two of the pleasure toys she'd bought that afternoon and laid out in preparation for the evening. The smooth column of the G-spot vibrator caught her eye and looked like the fastest route to climax, with the broad tip of the toy acting as the perfect imitation of a silky, smooth

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tongue. She wanted more, though. Her other hand gripped an impressive dildo, an eight-inch work of lifelike art dubbed The Emperor, that was regal in every sense of the word.

Rational thought was gone, choked by a haze of lust so thick her animal urges threatened to run rampant. She knew if she didn't take the edge off, the night would be over before it began and, with three more steps, tumbled backwards onto the bed's thick down-filled comforter. No need to pull the covers back because she would be there but a moment.

Her eyes slammed shut, her body urgent to get on with the game. In her mind's eye, Trent was back—splendidly, gloriously naked this time. She squeezed his cock, the thick, heavily veined, eight-inch prize, and gingerly guided it to her lips, caressing it with a few timid licks before sliding the head into her mouth and sucking. Her moans were his as she massaged the shaft and felt him begin to stroke, fucking her mouth in a slow, gentle rhythm. Her free hand moved down her belly, and that hand became his as he snaked a path towards her sex to open her up for invasion.

She felt the nudge of his cheek high on her inner thigh as his silky tongue settled and vibrated, suckling and humming her clit with devastating intent. It was too much. Too much. In seconds, the warning tingle of orgasm became a wave of spasms that arched her body upward in wracking pleasure, and she whimpered, and then moaned loudly as consciousness turned gray and grainy during the final tremors.

It was a few minutes before she had the strength to prop herself up on shaky elbows, blinking deliberately in an attempt to get her bearings. She blew out a breath and glanced around the room before dropping onto her back for a moment's more recuperation.

*That one seemed to take the edge off all right.* But a slow, knowing smile crept across her face as she realized that, if Trent were really here, she'd be warming up to go again. This was a new Brooke and

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tonight, so help her, she knew that before he left, she would drain him dry.

By the time it was over, little bad-boy Trent wouldn't know what had hit him.



## CHAPTER 3

Chris made the right on Greenway Street and immediately began tracking the mailbox numbers, slowing his car to a near crawl so his headlights could light up the numbers as they ascended. 102, 104, he counted...158 would be coming up any minute now and he could escape the confines of his car.

The neighborhood was quaint, he observed, as he slowed even more in deference to the street signs announcing the presence of Children at Play, even though it was late. The quiet, residential road was rowed in game board precision with modest two- and three-bedroom houses, each similar to the next. And while not the most modern subdivision, each home had been maintained with an obvious care that bespoke community pride and a strong sense of neighborhood. The manicured yards were bordered by a ribbon of pristine sidewalk that he could full well imagine was dotted with mothers pushing strollers, bicycle riders and joggers during the daytime.

And Brooke Anne Moreland, soon to be well-known Dirty Sex

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Goddess, resided in the thick of it.

His mind jumped back to the photo of her that he'd seen, and he recalled the oval face framed by a yard of sunshine blonde hair. She had a beautiful face, almost pixie-like with its delicate features, shy smile and luminescent blue eyes that drew him in. Those eyes were the things that had riveted his attention and compelled him to grab her picture from the desk in the beginning, as if they reached to him on some primal level. He was only able to study it briefly before Jodie unceremoniously plucked it from his fingers, but etched in his memory was her gaze searching him out, trying to connect with him on an elusive level he didn't understand. He wasn't entirely comfortable with the experience.

He shook his head and pulled back into the present. 156 appeared and then, blessedly, 158. He parked on the street in front of her house, a cottage style dwelling that was both neat and welcoming, with flower-laden window boxes and a lit path to the door. He noted the front porch light was on, so it seemed that Jodie, with her usual efficiency had informed Brooke of his impending arrival.

He rapped the door lightly with his knuckles and stepped back, holding a breath in expectation. And just what did he expect? The scenario had played out in his head often enough and in varying locales, but started and ended the same in every instance.

Point A invariably began with her smiling as she perused him in obvious approval—the strong line of his jaw, his well defined body and, without exception, ended with her gaze riveted on the blatant bulge in his crotch. She would be so *appreciative*, that whatever scene they were playing out would zip past the letters B though Y in typical male fashion, until they would arrive at Z, both naked with her underneath him, writhing in ecstasy as he rammed his cock compulsively into her heat.

A to Z, she'd fit him like a tight glove. He just knew it.

If she would ever answer the door.

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His lips thinned in brief irritation and he knocked again, more forcefully this time, expecting the door to be flung open any second and to be greeted with a smile and a hurried apology. She would be flustered and contrite, and he'd assure her that no harm was done, that everything was fine. Then they could do Point A.

Instead, still with no door opening, he furrowed his brows in renewed vexation as he began to suspect she wasn't going to answer the door at all. Maybe she didn't hear him. Perhaps she was in the back part of her house occupied with doing whatever it was that sex goddesses do. He checked his watch to make sure of the time...that he wasn't too early and had caught her unaware. No, it was eight-thirty on the nose.

A slice of light on the lawn from around the side of the house caught his eye, and he trudged through the dew-covered grass to investigate, but stopped in his tracks, arrested by the picture before him. The light shone from a window, stabbing a hole in the darkness, forming a viewing screen on which he saw heaven.

And he knew it was heaven because of the sexy-as-sin angel that moved in its frame.

*Brooke? Her picture hadn't done her justice...that was for damned sure.* Granted, he had only seen a head shot and his imagination had filled in the rest of the details, but, up until now, he had been more than satisfied with the results. The vision before him put his version to shame. She looked almost dazed as she rose from the bed, with hair tousled and piled high, and a robe that parted to reveal the most tantalizing stretch of skin that...that...*Holy fuck, she's naked under that skimpy robe,* he realized. *And shaved clean.* How did she know that tasting a silky, smooth cunt was one of his most favorite things?

*No, wait.* She didn't know him at all, but she damn sure would and soon. Apparently his cock concurred because it had stiffened to the point of near pain, full staff and as rock-hard as a pike.

Standing full on in front of the window, she did a lazy cat stretch

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with a suggestive smile and then turned back to the bed, bending forward to pick up something. His already slack jaw dropped even further and his eyes widened in shock when he recognized that she held a rather huge dildo and what looked to be a curved vibrator in her hot, little hands. Small wonder his knocks had gone unanswered, and it sure as hell explained her secretive smile that, on reflection, he recognized as the look of woman who had just been satisfied.

He nearly sprinted back to the porch, his hard-on a painful impediment.

The evening had just taken a definite turn towards the interesting, and it would be all he could do to keep from kicking her door in and taking her against a wall. Given his current condition, he figured he wouldn't last more than five or six good strokes. He had to calm down. Sucking in a deep breath of the clean, cool early evening air, he held it deep and expelled it in a controlled stream as he raised his hand to the door.

This time his knock was rewarded. The door swung open and with it, his ability to string words into a coherent sentence vanished. If he thought her an angel before, he had understated the matter completely. She was quite simply the most beautiful woman he had ever seen close up.

Their gazes locked briefly, and then she licked her lips, offering a sensuous smile that was both sexily slow and aware. Mesmerized, he watched her eyes track over his tall frame, following their progress while they burned an erotic route as she openly regarded the dark curls of his hair, the curve of his mouth, his broad shoulders and chest. She scanned his body appreciatively, finally zeroing in on the blatant tenting of his trousers. His cock twitched forward noticeably in reaction and, wonder of wonders, she moved towards him and ran a manicured nail along the iron-like ridge. Point A had arrived with a vengeance.

“Hi.”

Her voice was a near whisper, low and soft. She laced the fingers on

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one hand through his, gently pulling him into the darkened hallway and then closed the door. The scent of her earlier arousal still lingered thickly and, mingled with the soft perfume she was wearing, the mixture was driving him insane. He attempted a dry swallow, knowing in that instant he was on a train barreling towards one inevitable destination.

“You’re early.”

*Early? What’s with the early?* All right, if she said he wasn’t on time, he was in no condition to argue right now. Early, it was. “I-I’m, sorry.”

He was doing well to utter that much.

“No matter.” She gave her shoulders a slight shrug as if to emphasize the sentiment and closed the distance to move her body flush with his, sliding her hands up his solid chest. Raising on tiptoe and nearing her mouth to his, she whispered against his lips just before he lowered them to capture hers, “You can make it up to me.”

## CHAPTER 4

Conversation was done. Gone. Those would be the last words spoken for a good while, she vowed, and, as if in agreement, he covered her mouth with his. She opened her lips willingly, inviting his invasion, as their tongues began a frantic dance, slipping and swirling together. His breath was labored and hot, washing across her cheek, while the slight stubble of his beard rasped her skin.

She felt the slide of his hands against the silk robe as they gripped her ass, pulling her up and closer, grinding his erection against her belly. Then, just as suddenly, her skin prickled as cool air attacked the skin up her legs and backside when he slipped his hands under her robe and pulled it up to the tie belt.

Oh, Lord, Jilly had done good. Trent was everything she could wish for and more. Heartstopping to look at, he tasted like sin and felt solid and wholly male against her. He also seemed to read her mood like a book, which was fortunate because she wanted it fast and furious this first time, a hard mating to slake her still-urgent heat. He appeared

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more than willing to oblige.

*Against the door.* She wanted it with him pounding into her mercilessly as her back was pinned against the hard wood. She reached for his zipper in a lust-filled haze, nervously fumbling to free his cock quickly. Her eyes flew open as she felt the column of smooth, hot flesh that her fingers tried to encircle. If The Emperor was king, what in the hell did that make Trent? A god? A sexual deity? Suddenly, she doubted the wisdom of her entire plan and wondered if she was in over her head. He would know for sure she was a novice.

He instantly seemed to sense her hesitation, and whispered in a thick voice against the shell of her ear, "Don't worry. You can take me. I'll make it good for you." And just as quickly, she felt his hands slide around and under the back of her thighs, gripping them firmly and lifting her up. "Wrap your legs around my hips."

When she complied, his mouth resumed its assault on hers, tonguing her long and deep again, and rendering her oblivious as to exactly how her back now was pressed against the hallway wall. Panting, she pulled back, closed her eyes and rested her head against the wall.

She could only imagine the picture she made. She felt consumed, wanton and sexual, and knew that she looked it with her hair tumbling around her shoulders wildly, and her body exposed and open. Hesitantly, she opened her eyes, raising them to meet his, and was shocked at his steel-hard gaze. Trained on her face like a predator moving in for the kill, his eyes were sharp and dilated black, weighty with sexual heat. A muscle in his cheek twitched in time to the rhythm of the blunt head of his cock attempting to enter her body and she felt her hips move, trying to adjust to the size of his invasion.

In an instant, he rammed himself home, deep inside her. She felt stretched drum-tight around his penis as it rhythmically stabbed and retreated, and then she shuddered when her body began to ricochet crazily between pleasure and pain. The size and force of him left little

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doubt it would be agony if she wasn't so aroused and unbelievably wet.

His onslaught was taking her into uncharted territory, into a place beyond her ken. The sheer force of the sexual energy arcing between them overpowered everything she was, anything she knew, everything she'd imagined. She shuddered as she felt her orgasm approaching, tingling and winding through her sex. In a heartbeat, the room went black and she screamed, shaking with tremors that pulsed through her body, and he followed, exploding inside her and groaning in relief.

He leaned against her panting, both their bodies damp with sweat. The darkened hallway afforded some measure of intimacy, which was a good thing, as far as she was concerned. She needed to say something, to make conversation, so it wouldn't be obvious she was a neophyte in this type of situation.

That distress was cut short and replaced by a new one at the sound of a knock on the front door.

\* \* \*

*Brain dead.* Chris decided that was the most apt term to describe his condition right now. No way had he expected the devastating climax that had just sapped his ability to form a coherent thought, let alone express one in a sentence.

His body still trembled from the aftershocks coursing through his body after experiencing the single fastest and most powerful orgasm of his life. His mouth kicked into a crooked smile when he remembered he had been hesitant to come here tonight. Right now he couldn't imagine another place he'd rather be. He turned his head to nuzzle her hair and inhaled her sweet, light scent, wishing they were lying in her bed so he could stay parked between her legs.

She was amazing... his A to Z fantasy in the flesh. Too good to be real.

He felt her hand tapping his shoulder rapidly, and she seemed to be trying to say something to him as she tried to catch her breath.



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Knowing she was still panting from their explosive fucking made him want to begin again.

"There's someone at the door," she whispered. The way she began to squirm in an effort to plant her feet on the floor had her grinding her sex into him again. "You've got to let me down."

She did have a point. As much as he'd like to stay buried inside her, sooner or later he would have to pull out. For a minute anyway.

"I'll be right there," she called to the door when a second round of knocks echoed through the hallway. As soon as her feet hit the floor, she dashed towards the bedroom, her robe sailing open and fluttering behind her like a gossamer flag. Not ninety seconds later, she emerged, now dressed in jeans and a T-shirt and ran to the door. "Coming!"

She jerked the door open and Chris narrowed his eyes. Standing cloaked by darkness in the shadowed hall, jealousy speared through him at the sight of the man on the other side of the threshold.

"Brooke? Hi, I'm Trent." The intruder smiled, his gaze trained on her face, and took a step forward. "Jilly sent me over." The man's blatant perusal of her sent a possessive surge crackling through Chris, drawing him forward to stand in plain view behind Brooke.

"Excuse me?" Her question was whispered, laced with a mix of confusion and the beginnings of mortification.

"Your friend, Jilly."

"Jilly."

"Oh, wow." Trent's eyes widened as he took in Chris's guard-dog stance behind Brooke. "She didn't say there'd be two of you." He back stepped towards the sidewalk in embarrassment. "Sorry, man. I don't do couples. I'm strictly chicks...Um, women...Maybe some other time."

Chris didn't wait for Trent to leave the porch. He reached around Brooke and closed the door with a steady flex, pulling it out of her white-knuckled grip.

"Okay. Who are you and why are you here?" Her voice was low

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and even. She hadn't turned around to face him. Her body was rigid and still faced the closed door. Tension and anger rolled off her in heated waves.

"Jodie sent me. She said you knew I was coming tonight." He paused. "Maybe that was a poor choice of words."

That remark turned her around and she narrowed her eyes at the double entendre. "Jodie told me she'd be meeting me, along with another author who is a woman—a lady named Christine."

"That's me!"

Her exasperated look of disbelief caused him to hurriedly continue.

"No, I mean my name is Chris. Chris Dean."

He had to admit that the situation was a comedy of errors, and he would have laughed out loud...had things not gone so far. Brooke, however, didn't seem to see the humor in the situation and was acting more distressed by the second.

"I don't believe this. Had I known you were a man, I'd have asked before—" She stopped mid-sentence, obviously uncomfortable at revealing too much.

"What? Before jumping my bones?" Chris grinned.

"I thought you were Trent."

Mental light bulbs of realization flashed in his head, instantly explaining Trent's appearance and unleashing a fresh wave of possession and jealousy. "Now let me ask *you*...Who the fuck is *he* and why was *he* here?"

"He, um...Um, he..."

"If I read the situation correctly, he's a gigolo, right? A male escort? A hooker? A—"

"You can stop with the synonyms." Interrupting his tirade, she held up a hand, palm out, to halt him. "You got it right on one." Her shoulders slumped as she leaned back on the wall, deflated, and lowered her head, shaking it in disbelief.

He reached for her hand. "But why, Brooke?" She didn't resist

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when he pulled her close. “It doesn’t make sense. You’re supposed to be the Dirty Sex—”

“Don’t say it, don’t say it,” she wailed, and buried her face in his chest. His arms wrapped around her, holding her close. “Don’t you see? I don’t know anything. I’m a writer, for God’s sake. And now I’m going to be a fraud of a writer because I have to go on all those talk shows and act like I know what I’m talking about, and I don’t know what I’m talking about, and I just wanted to be able to not be a liar when they asked me about—”

“Hush.” He lifted her face tenderly with a fingertip under her chin and kissed her lips softly. “Shhh.” She whimpered as his mouth covered hers and his tongue gently probed.

He pulled back slightly, breaking the kiss. “Brooke, honey?”

“Hmm?”

“I can teach you.” He felt a wash of relief when she snuggled even closer, realizing that holding her was like coming home.

“You would?”

“Sweetheart, I fell half in love the moment I saw you. And if you think you’re getting away from me after everything that’s happened tonight...the way you make me feel...well, it’s not going to happen.”

She smiled at him with watery eyes and he took her hand, leading her through the house towards the bedroom. He was glowing with satisfaction, quiet joy and anticipation when he draped an arm over her shoulder and pulled her in close to his side.

“So tell me about Chapter One...”

## ERICA MILES

Erica Miles spins racy tales from a seaside town in southern Georgia, where her neighbors would be scandalized if they had an inkling of what she was doing in front of her computer late at night. A multi-published non-fiction author with three titles released under nom de plumes, her initial trek into fiction stemmed from a love of Jane Austen's works. After penning four *Pride and Prejudice* contemporary adaptations—each becoming successively more explicit—she decided to leave poor Jane's characters alone and create her own to terrorize.

While definitely erotic, her stories are always romantic with quirky twists along the way to satisfyingly happy endings. She studied electrical engineering and psychology as an undergraduate, and did graduate work in psychology before attending law school. Together for fifteen years, Erica and her husband have one son and are business owners in their small community. When not working at writing or at her other businesses, she fills the time reading wonderful books, cooking sometimes—bizarre meals—shuttling her twelve-year-old here and there, and dreaming up the next adventure her characters will take.

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