



INTO THE NIGHT

“Sexy Confessions to Venus”

BY

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Venus Press LLC

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Dedication:

For my dear friend, Deborah Lynne, one of my favourite fantasy/paranormal authors, who inspires greatness and creativity. Thank you for always believing in me. This short one is for you.

Dear Lady Venus;

Never before in my life would I have ever declared myself an adventurous, nor a wanton woman. My friends have all told me to lighten up, relax, have fun and live a little. I live, I breathe, and I have fun—okay, if working every day as an editor, then reading every single night in my apartment constitutes fun—then I have plenty of it.

The only real constant in my life is my best friend, Debbie. She's a wonderful and loving person, and we've been through thick and thin together. While we're always there for each other, Debbie and I are also very different. She's a party-girl, wears short skirts, halter-tops, and bares more skin than I do in a bathing suit at the beach. But Lady Venus, I love her. A party-girl she might be, but she's the sister I've never had. She's always been the one person I can talk to about anything.

Except this time. I can't tell her about *him*.

For whatever reason, I can't tell her about the man in my dream. It's been two weeks since I had the dream and it hasn't returned.

Never before have I had a dream stay with me this long, rock my world and make me question the kind of woman I am and the need to change. I hope you can understand, this dream is so unlike anything I have ever had before, could have ever read about, or could imagine having happen to me. I need you,

the wonderful and understanding Venus, to hear me and in writing to you, possibly soothe the savage beast I feel flowing through my body.

The dream let loose, or awoke—I don't know which—feelings and fear that I have never felt before.

I came home after a long day at the office—I'm a magazine editor who edits short stories for Jammin', a woman's magazine—wanted nothing more than to soak in my clawed-foot tub and shut out the world. I was so tired, it was a hellish week and I was so glad it was Friday.

After kicking off my shoes and hanging up my coat, I headed straight for my bedroom to undress and soak away the week. But as tired as I was, I couldn't gather the energy to move from my queen-size bed after undressing to draw a bath and just curled up on top of it. Within seconds I was asleep...

A cool breeze wafted over my body. I felt a chill spread over me, but I welcomed the titillating feeling over my naked flesh. My skin tingled and the nerves seemed to come to life. My body reacted to the coolness as it had never reacted to anything before.

Rolling from my side to my back, the cool air flowed over my legs, stomach, and my breasts. How could my nipples tighten so quickly to the mere air? They ached and seemed to beg for attention. I have never felt so aroused in my life. It was a foreign feeling, one I was unused to.

"My precious," a deep, husky voice from beside me caused me to jolt and I opened my eyes, "How stunning you are."

Through dazed eyes, he was a vision. Short hair, dark but with blond highlights scattered throughout, chiseled cheekbones that would make any runway model jealous, thick, and luscious lips, and a sexy silver earring in his left ear, all captured my attention.

I didn't feel fear, though it crossed my mind that I should, only felt a connection and contentment with this stranger. "How did you get in here? Who are you?" my voice sounded soft, yet raspy to my own ears. What was happening to me?

"Who I am, precious, matters naught. Nothing matters except my being here now." His gaze roamed over my body, silvery grey eyes darkened to black as he did so, and while I knew I should cover myself, the look in his eyes made me keep still and let him look his fill. From the lust I could see in his eyes when they met mine, I could tell that he liked what he saw. He smiled and my breath hitched.

A beautiful smile from a man of incredible beauty. He was gorgeous and I felt a stirring between my legs that pulsed in perfect rhythm to my rapid heartbeat. It was then I noticed his perfectly lined teeth, and his cupid's were more pointed than the average humans.

While the wonderment of that mingled in the back of my mind, the touch of his fingers, light and silky on my chest, made me jump and heat kindled within me.

"Your body longs for my touch, precious. Why you have no man in your life surprises me." His fingers moved down the valley between my breasts, over my navel and back up to my left breast. His fingers lightly grazed the nipple. My breath hitched and he drew away.

I reached out quickly, clasping his wrist and brought it back to my breast. My body quivered, feelings I

couldn't name, needs that I didn't know I could need quaked throughout my body. I wanted his hands on me, this stranger who I knew nothing about.

"Ah, my precious. You make my body yearn and it calls to me. I want this night with you, these moments before dawn and show you what a woman you are. I feel your need, the desires that you harbor inside you. Let me show you. Let me bring your body to life this night."

So seductive, his raspy and intoxicating voice washed over me and I could do nothing but shiver from his words. "Show me. Please, show me."

His lips were on mine before I could blink again. His tongue swept in and filled my mouth. Never had I been kissed in such an intimate fashion. Though I had been with a man before in college, it was the only sexual encounter I had ever had and not one I cared much to remember.

But this man's kiss alone, I knew would be in my memories forever.

An endless kiss that I never wanted to end and his hands roamed my body. He lay beside me, our bodies meeting from head to toe. Arching my body against his, needing to be closer to him, my tongue slid into his mouth. As it grazed his cuspids, I felt the muscles between my thighs clench. Pulling away from his kiss, I looked into his eyes, shocked by his smoldering look. He pulled me closer into him and bent his head, teeth grazing my neck and shoulder as he reined kisses across my skin.

Rubbing my body against his, he moved closer to my right breast. His teeth played with my aching nipple, then fully clasping it tightly between his teeth and bit down.

"Oh god." My hips lifted off the bed, meeting his clothed thigh as he bit down again, then soothed the nipple with his tongue. Need built and throbbed inside of me, I needed more of what he was giving, needed it so badly, I felt like I was no longer a part of my own body and someone else had taken over.

Clasping his head in my hands, I held it to my breast as he suckled, licked, and bit at the flesh. I was helpless to do anything but continue rubbing myself on his thigh.

Searing sensation after sensation flowed from my breast to the throbbing between my legs. Overwhelmed with the passion erupting inside of me, I leaned my head back, arching my breast even further into his mouth, never wanting the feelings to end.

Moving his hand from my breast, his fingers made their way between my thighs. The touch of his fingers on my pussy brought my hips off his thigh and spreading my legs further apart for his questing fingers. His mouth never left my breast and I wanted nothing more than to have his hands on me forever.

Rough fingers moved over my nub, exquisite tingles spread through my pussy. I felt the moisture gathering between my legs and reached for something that I couldn't see. His fingers circled the nub, soft and then firm, over-and-over, I felt my hips moving in time to his rhythm.

Shocked that my body could react thusly, I couldn't contain the scream that erupted from my throat as he plunged two fingers inside my channel, filling me completely. I felt a small amount of pain, his fingers entering my body where only one cock had ever ventured. But the pleasure of his fingers filling me overrode the pain and I wanted to hold them there.

Shuddering, my muscles clenched tightly around his fingers. I was wet, could feel the moisture sliding from my body, and down the crevice of my bottom.

Lifting his head from my breast, he gazed up at me. "Precious, your body welcomes me. I knew it would be so. You feel so tight, so wet," Leaning down again, his tongue flickered rapidly over my swollen nipple. His fingers pulled out of me, I whimpered my disappointment, which was short-lived as they plunged back inside of me, deeper than before and I exhaled a rapturous scream.

In and out, over-and-over, his fingers moved inside of me. My hips moved in time to his thrusts, my body glistened with sheens of sweat as I matched his fingers.

"Pl—please," I couldn't understand the feelings rolling inside me. I needed him to help me understand, needed to really know what I had been missing in my life. I wasn't a virgin, but I might as well have been. Never before had I felt this way. And I never had an orgasm with a man before and wanted to finally know what it felt like.

I knew it was just out of my reach, I knew it was there, but needed help to find it. I wanted it and felt wanton, wanted to demand that he give it to me.

"Please take me. I need you."

His fingers moved faster, his thumb found the nub, meeting it in time with each in and out thrust of his fingers.

"Oh god, yes! Yes! Just like that. Please!" Panting and gasping, my hands clasped his head. Pulling it from my breast, I looked into his eyes, hypnotized by his intense look.

"Come in my hands, precious. Come apart. Feel free. Do it, let yourself go."

His words, like an aphrodisiac set me free. Wave after rolling wave of pleasure crested over me. My body bowed and clenched, I screamed as my body took over and landed in his hands. Shaking and sure that I had just fallen off a cliff and saw the stars, his fingers slipped from within my body and I felt great sadness at the loss of his touch.

Lifting my gaze to his, his hand lifted to my lips. "Taste. It's like nectar, sweet, spicy and all you. Taste yourself, precious, enjoy it."

Opening my mouth, he slid his fingers passed my lips and into my mouth. He was right. My own taste was everything he said it would be and I found myself liking it. Staring into his eyes, I could scarcely believe this man had done what he had to me and doing things I would never have found myself doing without him.

"I must have you, precious. My cock is full and aching for you. But I won't do anything you don't want me to do. I must have your permission. It's the only way."

His fingers slipped from my mouth, caressing my cheek. Pleased that he was kind enough to let me decide, I was helpless to deny him anything.

"I want you inside of me. Take me. Anything, everything, all I have is yours."

Smiling, he rolled over me, pressing my back into the mattress. Reaching down with one hand, he undid his pants and pushed them down his thighs. Sitting back on his haunches, he crossed his arms over his chest and pulled his black t-shirt from his body.

Never had I seen such sculpted magnificence. I reached out, both hands sliding over his chest and torso, marveling at the hardness of the corded muscles beneath.

“As much as I love your hands on me, precious, this is all for you. I’ll take my release between your beautiful thighs, but this night is really all about you.” Lying on top of me, I welcomed his weight, my arms tightening around him. I felt his cock resting against my thigh and wanted to feel all of him inside of me. Rotating my hips into his, I wanted him to take me, give me everything I needed. “I only need one thing from you, precious, besides your sweet juices washing over my cock. I need you to surrender everything to me.”

Looking into his eyes, I was spellbound by his gaze and his hypnotic voice. “Whatever I have is yours. Take me. Please, now!” my hips bore into his again, his cock sliding to rest against my pussy. I wanted him, and didn’t want to wait.

Slowly he slid his cock inside me. I could feel my muscles clenching around him, wanting him deeper and deeper still. He lowered his head, taking my lips with his as he pushed all the way inside of me, until he could go no further.

He began to thrust inside of me, slowly at first, then faster as my hips rose to meet his in perfect rhythm. Within the depths of my body I felt every thrust and relished it. Kissing him, his tongue mimicking his thrusting cock inside me, I never wanted the sensations to end.

Having two openings filled, a thick and wet tongue in one and a thick, powerful cock in the other, my body met his in a frenzied mating that seemed desperate.

As he thrust, I felt his speed increase, his balls hitting my ass and felt the need to slow things down. If it was over, would I ever feel this way again? But, even though I wanted to slow things, stave off our releases, I wanted it all. Wanted him to come inside me, feel him jerk and pulse. I wanted to know that I brought him to orgasm, that my body had given him as much pleasure as his had given mine.

Our moans of ecstasy mingled, my pussy tightened around his cock. My heart felt like it would pound its way from my chest. He thrust faster still, our tongues sliding against each other and our breathing filled the room along with the squeaking from the bedsprings with each rapid movement.

His lips left mine and he looked down at me. His head fell back on his shoulders and he moved himself higher on his knees. Hearing his groan of pleasure, I felt my muscles clench tighter around his cock and knew the precipice I was standing at the edge of was right there.

His hips moved faster and his fingers dug into my hips as he plunged inside me, over and over again. “Yes! God you feel so incredible, precious. That’s it, grasp my cock inside of you.”

I never imagined myself having more than one orgasm in one night but my body let go once again as he thrust more quickly than before. I felt his cock grow thicker inside of me and my eyes widened as my body shuddered and knew he, too, was close.

As he leaned over me, he smiled and his cupid’s seemed to grow before my eyes.

“Don’t be frightened, my precious. I need to come inside you so badly, you feel so good.”

“Come inside me,” Panting the words, I could barely catch my breath as his body moved with more

speed than I could have imagined.

“My precious. You are everything I could have ever wanted.”

Kissing my lips once again, his tongue swept my mouth, but was gone before I could truly enjoy it.

He kissed his way across my cheek, licking and nibbling my neck. I opened my legs wider, taking his cock inside me even more. His balls swung and hit my ass over and over again as his body moved.

Groaning, I raked my nails along his back, feeling my body building again for a third time. How he brought out these feelings in me, I couldn't know, but I wanted everything he had to give.

Feeling his teeth graze my neck, my pussy clenched and I came for a third time. Gripping his cock as I came, I heard his soft, “My precious,” then felt a stinging in my neck, as if a needle was plunged into my skin, and closed my eyes as he suckled my neck and I felt his release inside me.

Tremors racked my body as his hot seed filled my body. I could feel him drinking from my neck and I felt each swallow he took. What was he doing? Was this some kind of fetish I had never before heard of?

I couldn't move, could barely breathe, yet didn't want him to stop. What power had taken over my body and how was it possible that he was sipping from my neck? Such things only happened in movies and what thoughts and images ran through my mind, I pushed away.

As his once hard cock softened inside me, I felt his lips leave my neck and felt his gaze upon my face.

I couldn't lift the heavy lids of my eyes to look at him. I felt dazed, a hazy fog was clouding my mind.

“My precious, you are a goddess, a gift more precious than anything in the world.”

I heard him, felt his body move from mine, but I couldn't move. In my hazy thoughts, I knew I missed his warmth and feeling him against me. My mind wept with the loss, but deep within me, I knew it was inevitable.

“I shall never forget you, my precious. I only hope you'll remember me and know that everything done this night was done for you and only you. Be who you are, precious, do not hide from the world.”

And that, Lady Venus, is all I remember from my dream. This man stole into my home, showered my body with his touch, brought out feelings within me that I have never known before, and I was powerless to stop him.

How did I become so wanton and needy? I have been comfortable in my life, never needed a man and more than happy to be on my own.

But now, my body yearns for more of a man's touch and I find myself seeking release at my own hand, nightly. Is this normal for a young woman in her early thirties?

And his biting my neck?

Venus, I awoke the next day, still dazed and unsure of what had happened. My thighs were sticky with wetness and when I looked into the mirror, there was a large bruise on my neck.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I had been sure it was only a dream, yet the evidence on my body, the tenderness between my thighs told of the truth. A reality that is still too difficult to imagine.

Every day, every second, I remember the man from that night. I look at every man I walk by now, listen closely to each voice as I shop, hoping--while also fearing--that I would meet him face to face.

He awoke my body, desires I didn't know I had, and I want more. How can I have more though if I don't know a thing about him? I never even asked his name.

Lady Venus, in all my memories of that night and my desire to want more, I have discovered so much about myself. I'm scared to let myself go, to let anyone see my inner thoughts and desires, but know that it's time that I be me.

I want adventure in my life and I have needs I can't let go of. Now, I smile more, I laugh more, and I see things in a totally different way. I see the world as my oyster, one that I can explore and learn more about. I don't feel trapped or lonely as I once did, though I never realized I had been feeling that way.

My mystery man, who stole into my life one dark night, opened my world up to things I never thought possible.

I've decided I'm going to travel the world, explore and enjoy the ride. I know that you, Lady Venus, might possibly understand my heart and what I am feeling. A woman who has felt so much in her lifetime and explored so much, can understand the need to be free.

I do feel free, freer than I have ever been. I owe everything to my mystery man and could never find the right way to express to him my gratitude and my love to him.

For love him I do. Even though I can't bring myself to believe what he might be, I take everything he showed me and hold it deep within my heart. He made me sing, set my heart and body free, and it's a precious love that I'll take with me wherever I go. He captured my heart and made me realize that I am precious, that life is precious, and that I wasn't really living.

He opened my life to so much, and I know that love is out there for me. I just have to be adventurous and courageous enough to go after it.

So that, Lady Venus, is what I plan to do. As I explore the world, I'm going to open myself up to its endless possibilities and all it has to offer.

Should I find love, Lady Venus, then I shall treasure it.

Should I not find it, well, I shall enjoy the hunt...

Always Yours,

Lynn

Watch for Lynn's friend, Debbie, in Bad Girls Do It Better, Volume 12 "DARE" in December 2006.

About the Author

Canadian born and bred, Kacey Hammell is a self-proclaimed book-a-holic, (and hero-holic), who began reading romances at a young age and became easily addicted. It's been her only real addiction over the years but she has now been bitten by the writing bug.

With the love of contemporary settings, modern day romances and make believe happily ever after, and the excitement of suspense, Kacey creates her stories writing what she's familiar with and what she loves most. Of course those aren't the only books she reads. Blood-sucking vampires who nibble the necks of the heroines are another addiction she especially loves, shape-shifters are sexier than hell and she'd loves the thought of her very own werewolf or werecat to tame!

With her sexy heroes (and others as well), a good cup of coffee and a bag of M&M Peanuts, and Kacey's in perfect bliss!

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