



Olivia
Marshall

Lessons in Love

Authors note:

Dear Reader: I love to have fun with my books. I really cannot even tell you how much fun I had with Carson and Lucy. I'm even thinking of a sequel! I hope you enjoy their love story as much as I did...Enjoy! And remember, love conquers all! Olivia

LESSONS IN LOVE

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LESSONS IN LOVE

By Olivia Marshall

Carson Manning waited for three hours.

Three damnable hours during which all he could think of was her. The plain and simple woman-child who'd dropped by to see him yesterday. She had arrived with a flourish, bursting into his office in the midst of a very important business meeting. Carson hadn't appreciated the intrusion at all, especially when there were millions of dollars at stake. First he'd bellowed at his secretary, for not stopping the little brat from bursting in on him like this. Next, he'd yelled at the woman-child, for her complete and utter foolishness. His secretary quit, and yet the woman-child didn't so much as flinch at his words.

Carson had ended up rescheduling the meeting, since it had been blatantly clear to everyone in the room that the brat was not going to leave until she spoke to Carson, and to Carson's dismay, his would-be investors left instead of *her*. From the tall swivel chair behind his mahogany desk, Carson had given her a full-blown glare that usually sent lesser humans running for cover. But the woman-child didn't budge. Instead, her chin rose a notch in determination, and her shoulders squared, as if she were ready for battle.

Through clenched teeth, Carson said, "This has got to be good, lady." And staring back at him with big brown eyes that encompassed nearly her whole oval face, the brat said, "I need your help and I won't leave until you say you'll help me." Her voice was soft and feminine, but there was determination in her tone, an unyielding resolve that Carson – being a businessman – instantly recognized.

"What on earth could you possibly want from me?" he demanded, slapping a palm down on his desk in emphasis.

The little brat had been hounding him for weeks. Every time Carson turned around, he'd find her sulking at a corner, watching him with those eerie Bambi eyes. It bugged the hell out of him.

After a moment's silence, she said, "I want you to teach me."

"Teach you?" Carson was a businessman, the owner of a small, but rapidly expanding software business. He was *not* a teacher. "I'm sorry, little miss, but I don't have neither the time, nor the qualifications to teach anything. Now, if you'll excuse me?" He arched a sleek black eyebrow. "I have work to do."

She took a step forward and clutched the edge of his desk with her hands, a sign of her distress. "You have the best qualifications for what I need, Mr. Manning. No one else could teach me as well as you could. It would only take a few days and after that I promise I'll be out of your life for good."

He let his eyes study her for a moment. Although she gave the impression of being a child just budding into womanhood, Carson guessed she was in her early twenties. She was short, no more than five feet tall, and extremely thin. She had a pair of delicate little wrists he could probably break with his hands like a twig. She wore a loose black dress that resembled a nun habit, and it did no favors to her appearance at all, nor did the strict-looking bun at her nape. When his eyes settled on her face, he barely noticed the small round nose and the delicate heart-shaped lips, since her eyes were so dominant, big and round, framed by thick brown eyelashes. She held her posture high and straight under his scrutiny, something that told him the little brat would not back down as easily as he'd thought.

"What is it that you want me to teach you?" he finally asked.

"I want you to teach me about sex."

“Sex?” He didn’t expect this at all. It took him one full minute to recover. “Sex?” he said again, his eyes wide in disbelief.

She met his gaze square-on and nodded sternly. “Yes, sex.”

Wasn’t this little brat just a load of surprises? Carson thrust a hand into his hair and shook his head no. “Look, honey, just because I like to have my fun doesn’t mean I’m an expert at the topic of sex. You should enroll in classes. There must be some courses you could take –”

“I don’t want courses. I want *you* to teach me about sex. I want to know how to please a man.”

“You do, do you?” he said, nodding ever so slowly as his mind presented him with ideas on how she could please him right now this very instant.

“That’s what I’m here for,” she said.

And what she broke up his million-dollar meeting for, Carson thought glumly. He sighed and eyed her solemnly, his forehead creased in thought. The way she held her chin up high spoke of stubbornness, and he had a handful of that himself to know that stubborn people resorted to any means necessary to get what they wanted. Carson had no time to deal with stubborn little misses and their childish whims. He’d already seen the tricks she was capable of, and he in no way wanted a repeat performance.

“It’s a negative, missy,” Carson said in a clipped voice. “Do I need to explain to you what ‘negative’ means?”

“I know what it means, Mr. Carson. I just beg you to reconsider,” she said this like a true professional, and for a moment he wondered if she was in sales.

“Just tell me *why* you even think I would be interested in helping you in this matter?”

She was caught off guard with his question. For a fleeting instant Carson saw it in her eyes, the fear of defeat, the dying spark of hope. But then again, maybe he'd imagined it, for her next words were right on the mark. "Because someone once told me you'd never have the balls to initiate a virgin."

That got him, got him right down to his male pride. To the very center of his ego. Who in the hell had she been talking to? Because whoever it was, he or she was full of crap!

Pushing his male pride momentarily aside, Carson took only a brief second to compose himself. "So, you're a virgin," he said, as if that fact alone explained everything.

"Yes, I am."

His body responded to her words immediately. His cock hardened beneath his underwear, making him shift in his seat. Wouldn't you know it, the waif was a sweet little virgin. It excited the hell out of him, just the evil thought of deflowering a poor little virgin girl. To initiate an innocent into pleasure. To go where no man has been before. And yet virgins were trouble, and this one might be doubly so. The last thing Carson needed right now was another problem up his ass. But then, Carson was never one to back off on a challenge. Hadn't he – and he alone – built his software company out of his garage with a single old refurbished computer? Hadn't people laughed at his dreams, his ideas, said he couldn't do it? If he could do *that*, then of course he had the balls to initiate a poor little virgin!

He crossed his arms around his chest and leaned back on the swivel chair. "You do understand that what you're asking for would involve your complete cooperation and full participation?"

"I do."

“I’m a man of action, not words. If you want *me* to teach you, then I plan to *show* you, work with the *real* thing, not sit around discussing reproductive organs or reading books.”

“Yes, I expected that,” she said.

“You’d need to do exactly as I say, whenever I say it, otherwise I’d terminate our agreement.”

“Agreed.”

Carson stared at her. The woman seemed stubborn as hell, and hell-bent on taking sex lessons from him. And wouldn’t you know it? Now Carson was equally hell-bent in proving to the little missy that he had balls all right. Balls of steel.

“And how long will this agreement be for?” the brat anxiously asked.

“Three nights,” he said without blinking, his mind already picturing; missionary, oral, anal. “I can surely cover the basics by then.”

She nodded as if the discussion were finalized. “Thank you. When can we begin?”

They were supposed to begin three hours ago.

Carson sighed and stared out the window at downtown San Antonio. Night had fallen and there were bright specks of lights scattered across the city. His office was at the top twenty-eight floor in one of the tallest buildings, giving him one of the best views of the city. Normally, Carson would love to stand before the window, hands tucked into his pants, and watch the scenes below him unfold. But now, he wasn’t really interested in the sights. He was interested in his new pupil. He’d thought about her for twenty-four hours straight and he’d barely been able to sleep. He’d been invaded by thoughts of her, a hundred percent of them ranging from mildly

sensual all the way to wildly erotic. He had no idea what had gotten into him, but he'd had a hard-on for hours.

He tensed when he heard the door to his office open. It creaked on its hinges when it was opened slowly. Carson smiled to himself and stared out blankly at the streets. His pupil had arrived. Finally. His cock tensed more so in anticipation. The office lights were dim and therefore he doubted she'd notice, and if she did, he didn't bloody care.

"Close the door," he said without turning. He heard the door close softly behind her. For a moment he said nothing, and in the ominous silence he heard her shuffle her feet.

"You're late," he barked.

"I apologize. I had some problems."

He turned the full power of his scowl on her. She was wearing the same dress she wore yesterday and she looked equally awful in it today. The woman had no fashion sense at all.

"Didn't know what to wear?" Carson said, his words dripping with sarcasm.

She also seemed to be having second thoughts because she stood ramrod stiff at the entrance, wringing her hands in nervousness. Her lips glistened – she'd been licking them in nervousness and they were all wet now – and he realized they were sort of plump and heart-shaped, though a little small in size. Her skin was pearly, and it shone in his office lights like shimmering sand. What was it about her that had given him twenty-four hours of sheer hell?

"I'd appreciate it you'd let me know when you're coming three hours late next time," he said, obviously pissed. "I'm a busy man and don't have time for your games."

“I apologize, truly I do,” she said earnestly. Her eyes were big and pleading.

Then he turned the full impact of his scowl on her restless hands. “And stop pulling at your hands, will you?”

She tucked them behind her back, out of his eyesight. “Sorry,” she whispered.

“Any regrets?” he asked, lifting a brow in question.

“No.”

“Good.” Because he didn’t wait three hours for nothing.

He signaled towards the designer sofa across the wooden-paneled office. It was comfortable and large enough to allow Carson to sleep there whenever the work load got too heavy. The sofa had never come in quite as handy as it did right now.

“Why don’t you take a seat while I pour us some wine?” he said.

She nodded and crossed the room, her low-heeled sandals lightly tapping on the wooden floor. He followed her with two wine glasses, filled midway with deep red wine, and handed one to her.

“Here, this is to help you relax,” he said.

“No, thank you, I don’t – “

“Drink!”

She jumped at the order and did so, draining it all in one gulp. He smiled at that, then sat on a winged chair across the couch and cradled the wine in his hands, his eyes never leaving her.

She was nervous. He noticed how her feet tapped rapidly on the floor and her hands pulled at fabric of her dress. She looked ready to bolt. Perhaps it was proper to end the torture right now, for both their sakes. Carson had

had a hard-on for several hours now and he was starting to feel pain in his balls.

“Should we begin?” he asked, a smile curving his lips as he set the wine cup down.

She nodded while her teeth munched nervously on her plump lower lip. For some reason, he too, felt nervous. How did one begin sex lessons with an inexperienced virgin? He knew he couldn’t just jump at her and take her. So he cleared his throat and tried to sound business-like.

“One of the most important things about sex is learning to enjoy it,” he said softly. “And the way to do this is to get to know your own body, learn what you like, when you like it, and how you like it.”

Her cheeks turned bright red.

He leaned back on the chair, his expression solemn. “Let’s begin by having you slowly remove your clothes.”

She hesitated for a moment. Then she stood and removed the god-awful black dress with unsteady hands. The dress fell at her feet, and next came her white cotton panties and a white cotton bra.

She was now fully naked, and he was completely taken aback by the beauty of her body. He hadn’t expected it would be so lovely. Curved, slim, and petite, her breasts small but perfectly round, the nipples pink and perky. Her hips were flared and enticing, her waist small. She had an enticing belly button he wanted to lick right *now*.

“Hmm, very good,” he said appreciatively, inwardly reigning his animal impulse to turn her round and take her right then. “Now lay back on the couch and run your hands over your body, touch yourself where it feels good.”

Slowly, she sat on the edge of the couch and lay back before her little hands ran down her neck, over breasts, onto her stomach, and down to her legs. He shook his head, chuckling.

“Like you mean it, sweetheart,” he said.

She frowned in concentration as she guided her hands once again over her skin, through her neck, past her breasts, and onto her navel. His breath quickened, and he could feel the blood pounding in his temple.

“You missed one spot,” he said. “Open your legs and touch yourself.”

She closed her eyes and slowly parted her legs open. The sight of the dark V between her legs was about the hottest thing Carson had seen in a long time. Her hand settled there and gently began to rub the pink swollen lips.

“Do you like it?” he asked. His voice sounded alien even to his own ears.

“Yes,” she breathed. She arched her back, a dazed expression on her face.

“How does it feel?”

“It feels...good.”

It took every ounce of his willpower not to pounce on her right now and take her. She looked so hot, like a wanton siren, pleasing herself. “Slip one finger inside you. Like that. Yes. Thrust it in, then pull it out, then in again. Like that. Does that feel good?”

“Yes.”

“You’re wet, aren’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Slide your finger deeper inside you, deeper, there, does it please you?”

“Yes.” Her girly voice was barely audible.

“Why don’t you touch one of your tits with your other hand? Touch those nipples, they’re begging to be touched,” he said.

She did so, squeezing her breast hard with one hand, while a finger thrust inside her with the other. Not wanting to distract her, Carson carefully unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick. It was hard as a rock and aching. He enveloped it with his hand and very slowly stroked himself as he watched her touch herself.

When her breathing became increasingly labored, he said, “I think it’s time for you to get to know your partner.”

She looked at him with beautiful eyes; they were stormy, dazed, and they blazed with desire when they caught sight of his rock hard cock. If it were possible to get any harder, he would have, just by the look on her face as her hungry eyes roved over his erection.

“Come here,” he ordered. Slowly, she came forward, her body glistening in sweat. He placed his hands on her waist and looked up into her face. “This is my penis,” he explained, stroking it so she could see how it was done. “And I want you to touch it like this.”

She nodded in understanding, then knelt between his legs, her petite body seeming fragile between his lean, muscular thighs. Her fingers curled around him ever so lightly, and just that fleeting touch made him groan deep in his throat. “As you can see I really like it when you touch it,” he rasped, his words thick with desire.

She seemed pleased when she whispered, “It’s really big.”

“Yes,” he gasped. “Now stroke it harder, up and down, up and down.”

“Like that?”

“Yes, just like that.” He could barely speak now. His head fell back as a moan tore from his chest. “Now squeeze it, stroke it faster. Like that, yes, oh shit that feels good.” He looked at her with heavy eyes. “Touch my balls with your free hand and stroke my cock with the other. I love it when women touch my, ahhhh, yes, that feels soooo good...yes...oh, wow, yes...” He wanted to come, to come now in her devilish little hands, but he also wanted her mouth, so he asked, “Do you want to taste it?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Put it in your mouth, baby.” He could barely speak, his throat was dry and raspy, his whole body on fire. “That’s right, slowly...”

She moaned from the pleasure she derived in tasting him.

“Yes, like that...are you sure you’ve never done this before?” he asked. She nodded, her eyelids heavy with desire as she looked up at him, the base of his big cock framed by her plump lips.

“God you’re good,” he said breathlessly. “Now stroke your tongue along my dick slowly, then suck it, yes, like that, oh, shit, yes...” Of her own free will she caressed his balls with her hands, cupped them in her palms, then stroked the flesh with her thumbs, while her mouth engulfed his length completely.

“Baby you’d better stop if you don’t want me to...shit that feels good. Oh, God, ooh, yes, suck the head, ooh, baby.” His hands gently caressed her hair as she moved her head up and down to pleasure him. “Lick it baby, more, yes, taste the little tip with your tongue, hmm, yes,” he whispered desperately, arching his hips, trying to plant himself as far into her mouth as he could. “Oh, fuck,” he gasped, feeling an exquisite tension build as her mouth and tongue caressed him, the climax so near. “Stop,” he gasped, on the verge of coming, but she didn’t listen. She continued sucking his dick,

her hands all over his balls, and he exploded within seconds in her mouth, shuddering, loosing himself completely.

When he recovered, he cupped her face with his hands and said, "I'm sorry, I guess that wasn't supposed to happen so soon."

She smiled, her face dewy, her eyes filled with lust. "It's fine. I liked it very much."

"You're sure you're a virgin?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"Now it's my turn. Open your legs, sweetheart, let me taste you," he said. She hesitated only a second, then lay back on the couch and opened her legs, giving him access to that spot he most craved.

"You have a beautiful pussy," he whispered, "it's wet and slick and..." he slid a finger inside her, "very, very tight."

"Yes," she said at the feel of his finger inside her.

"Do you like it when I touch you?"

"Yes."

"Let's see if you like my finger touching you here, in this little sensitive nub, do you like it when I touch you here?"

She arched her back. "Yes."

"Or would you prefer my finger inside you?" He slid the finger, sank it into her warm, wet cavern.

"Please," she said, moaning in pleasure.

"I know what I can do...let's tease the little nub with my thumb, while I slide my middle finger...there...just there...you're tight, baby...do you like this?"

"Yes!"

“Now I’m going to touch you with my other hand. It’s aching to touch you...I’m going to slide my middle finger into your little ass,” he said as he slowly did so. “Hmmm...you like that? Now you have three fingers, all pleasing you. Your ass is so tight...do you like what I’m doing to you?”

“Yes!” She thrust her head from side to side and arched her back, about to burst.

He moved his fingers, thrust them inside her at the same time, so she could feel them both completely, together. “If I were to stick my dick inside you now,” he said as he slid his fingers in and out, in and out. “Where would you want me to put it?”

“Everywhere,” she breathed. “Please.” She clutched at her breasts with a vengeance, pulling at her nipples, squeezing the flesh there. Carson dipped his head down and sucked on a nipple, then moved to suck on the other as well.

“Your tits taste like heaven,” he said. “And your pussy, you’re so wet, you’re coming right now for me, aren’t you? Aren’t you?”

“Yes, oh, god, yes!”

“Come for me, that’s right, thrust your hips, moan your heart out, that’s it, you’re there, oh, baby, you’re there,” he said. She screamed when she came, shuddered. For a few seconds she lay there, sated and sweaty. He looked at her tenderly, brushed a tendril from her forehead.

“You never told me your name,” he said.

She smiled; it was a small half-smile, but it made his heart swell. “It’s Lucy.”

“Does Lucy have a last name?”

“White.”

He smiled. "Lucy White. I like the sound of that." He ran his hands along her skinny, warm little arms, still wanting to touch her. "You know, Lucy, I'm getting really hungry. Why don't we go get some dinner, and then we can come back and continue our lessons?"

"I'm sorry, I've got to go." She rose immediately and began to dress herself in a hurry. Her cheeks were bright red.

Carson rearranged his pants and underwear, then said, "Okay, then what about tomorrow? Let's meet at my place tomorrow for lesson number two." He walked towards his desk and wrote down the address on a post-it. He handed it to her and winked. "Don't be late this time."

It was an awkward moment as they stood there, just looking at each other, until she finally nodded and walked towards the door. "Thank you," she said.

"My pleasure," he retorted. "Next time you should try high heels and red underwear, Lucy White. That really turns a man on." He smiled, a dazzling smile. "Not that you'd really need it, of course."

Before she reached the door, he hauled her around and pressed her hard against his chest. "Lucy, kiss me," he said softly, his breath on her face. "A good lover leaves with a goodnight kiss that will leave their partner aching for more."

She rose on tiptoe as he bent down, their lips locking. Her mouth opened, welcoming his playful tongue, her own tongue flicking out to tempt his. They kissed for over a minute, ardently so. She tasted salty from his semen, and Carson could feel himself getting hard again. When she pulled away, she was blushing. His little virgin girl.

"That was *very* good," he said, clearly amazed. "I can't wait for tomorrow."

“Thank you,” she whispered before she walked away in silence. Carson watched her for a moment, his brain racing with hot, wicked thoughts. Tomorrow night he would make them all a reality, every single one of them – *if* he could put off his orgasm for a few hours, that is.

* * *

When she arrived at his beautiful Mediterranean home, with its red-tiled roof and sweeping arches, Lucy halted nervously at his doorstep and drew a deep, audible breath. She wore a simple long gray sundress and sandals, but the dress clung to her waist and hips, making her seem slightly taller and curvy, and she hoped he’d be pleased. Her finger shook as she pressed the doorbell. Heat flooded her body in waves, making her feel shaky, nervous and inexplicably warm as she waited. He took a minute in answering the door, and when he opened she nearly melted at the sight of him. He’d taken a bath and his hair was wet and in disarray. He’d thrust into a pair of jeans and a white linen button shirt, the top button was open and she could see part of his tanned, muscular chest. If possible, he looked even more handsome than he had yesterday, and her heart seemed to grow wings.

“Well, well, well, my little pupil is here just on time,” he said, his smile wide and beautiful. His gorgeous golden eyes twinkled as they studied her, and she thought he looked pleased to see her, but she didn’t want to dwell too much on that.

“Hi,” was all she could say.

“Hi.” He hauled her against him and gave her a short but very ardent kiss. “Hmm, that’s better.”

She blushed down to her toes. “Should we get to work?”

“I’m glad you asked,” he whispered against her face as he took her hand, slammed the door shut behind her, and dragged her up the stairs.

She faintly noticed that his house was clean and very manly, with sleek modern furniture, and no detail at all that hinted of a woman's touch. Everything seemed empty somehow.

His room had only what she supposed were the essentials to a man; a king bed with a navy blue comforter and a big plasma television hanging opposite the bed against the wall. As she followed him inside, she heard noises coming from the TV, moans, groans, and a woman's voice saying, "Fuck me, oh, yes, fuck me."

When Lucy turned she saw an image of a woman's naked butt with a huge cock sliding into her ass. Blood rushed inside her, and she could feel Carson's hot gaze on her. He came closer, and his lips grazed her ear.

"I thought you'd like to watch the pros and see how they do it. I think you're going to learn a lot from them, Lucy." His voice felt like honey in her veins as he slowly guided her to the bed and lay her down next to him. "Now be a good girl and watch," he said.

She watched, and God, she was getting so hot she wanted to tear off her clothes, tear off *his* clothes, and ride him like the woman on TV rode her lover. But she controlled herself, not wanting him to know how much she desired him, and silently kept watching. Now the woman had her legs spread, knees folded up to her shoulders, and the man was taking her like an animal. Her sex was engorged, wet and ready, and she was moaning and groaning in pleasure. Lucy wanted him to take her like that, right here, right now.

"Do you like what you see, Lucy?" he asked, his breath sending tingles down her spine.

She could only nod.

She felt his hands slowly work on the buttons of her gray sundress, the movements so very slow it seemed to take him forever. He slid it past her shoulders, his hands caressing her arms, until he finally discarded it to the floor. She'd wanted to wear red, wanted to excite him to no reason, but there was only black or white underwear in her drawer, and when she couldn't decide on what to wear, she decided to wear nothing instead. She heard him catch his breath when he noticed she was naked under her dress. His eyes darkened with desire and looked almost black now.

"Do you like what you see, Carson?"

That seemed to undo him. "God, yes," he breathed as his hands cupped her cheeks and he kissed her.

His kiss was every fantasy she'd ever had about him kissing her, and then some. Their tongues melded and danced together, tasted, mated. One of his hands remained on her cheek while the other cupped one of her breasts. Lucy wrapped her arms around his nape, pulling him closer, not wanting the kiss to end, ever. Moans and groans from the television echoed in the background, and yet their own breathing was so harsh that they could scarcely hear.

Without breaking the kiss, he pressed her back on the bed and slid off his jeans, then fumbled with his shirt. When he was naked, her hands roamed his shoulders and back, greedy for the feel of his warm skin and the hard muscles bulging beneath her fingertips.

"Now you're going to tell me what you want, when you want it, and how you want it," he whispered. "I need to make sure you learned lesson number one."

He planted kisses along her jaw, then nuzzled her neck as his hands cupped her breasts. “Tell me, Lucy,” he insisted. Lucy wanted everything and she had no idea where to start.

“Do you want me to kiss your breasts?” he asked gently.

“Yes,” she pleaded.

He pulled at a breast with his hand, squeezed it gently, making the nipple pucker as he bent down to take it in his lips. He suckled it, then she felt his teeth tug it and she whimpered in pleasure.

“Tell me what you want, Lucy,” he begged as he moved his mouth to the other breast, the nipple already pressed to erection by his hand. His mouth latched on to it, his teeth grazed it, teased it, until she could stand it no more.

“Please suck it,” she finally whispered, clutching his head as he did so. “And...put your finger inside me.”

In a second she felt it, his long finger, pushing deep inside her. She could feel her muscles clench around it, draw it deeper inside. She moaned in pleasure, and he silenced her with a kiss, a kiss that said he couldn’t get enough of her.

“I’m so horny I can’t wait,” he whispered against her face, “to be inside you.”

“Carson,” she gasped. “Please.”

“I want you,” he said as he spread wet, hot kisses along her jaw. “I can’t wait. I’m ready to burst, baby.”

“But my lessons...” She felt frantic. “I want to...” He silenced her with another kiss, a kiss that said he needed her, wanted her, he would not wait.

“Fuck it, I need you *now*.” He forced the back of her knees over his shoulders and placed his big, hard body between her legs, touched her slick, moistened entrance with the tip of his dick. “This might hurt...” he whispered as he slid a mere inch inside her, his effort to hold back nearly suicidal.

“Please, more,” she whispered, feeling the tip of his sex slowly, very slowly, push it’s way through. Her sex felt engorged and hungry for it, expanding, sheathing him as he moved inside her further, and further. He paused and she moaned in protest. His eyes blazed with fire as he gazed down at her, and suddenly, he gave a thrust and buried himself as deep as he could. She cried out, partly in pleasure, partly in pain, and raked her nails over his back. When her crevice accommodated to his length, she moved her hips wantonly and he immediately followed, sliding his cock in and out in and out.

The lovers on television were shouting like crazy, moaning and groaning, and at this point Carson and Lucy could rival their noises. They were moaning and groaning, pumping and pushing, thrusting their hips hard, until they both shuddered in ecstasy. Carson fell on top of her, panting, and she held him to her, her arms around him. When they both recovered their breaths, the sounds from the television seemed louder to their ears, until he said, “I think that’s enough,” and switched it off. He wrapped his arms around her, spooned his sweaty body against her own, and buried his face in the crook of her neck.

“Was it good for you?” he whispered.

“More than good, it was amazing.” She smiled to herself. “Carson?”

“Hmmm,” was his answer.

“Don’t you think we’re doing this the wrong way,” she finally said, a finger absently trailing a path along the limp, lean arm draped around her waist.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I, mean, instead of pleasing you I’m the one who’s getting all this pleasure and I feel bad that I haven’t even learned to please you, what you like.”

He lifted his weight onto his elbow and studied her profile, a half-smile on his lips. “It pleases me to please you, Lucy. It pleases me to fuck you.”

“Yes, but shouldn’t I know where to rub you, or kiss you, or lick you...” He twisted his neck and bent down to kiss her, and Lucy kissed him back with all the desire she felt for him, the need.

He growled in hunger. “I’ll show you exactly where to rub and where to kiss me right now,” he said, his eyes stormy with passion. “I want you again, Lucy.” He bent his head and softly kissed her ear, tracing his tongue along her earlobe.

It wasn’t such a good idea, to have sex again, because Lucy could develop an addiction for him, for his loving, and what would she do after the lessons were over? “I’d better go,” she said. He visibly tensed when she wriggled from his embrace and rose from the bed.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

“Home,” she said, her eyes scanning the floor. He watched as she bent to lift her dress and hurriedly slipped into it.

“But your lesson isn’t over.”

Her hands raced, furiously working on the buttons of her dress. “But we’re finished,” she said.

He shook his head, a lazy smile on his face. "I said three nights. And the night is still young. I still have plenty of things to teach you on how to, ah..."

"Please a man."

"Yes, Lucy." He frowned, suddenly thoughtful. "Why did you say you wanted to please a man?"

"Because, I do."

"But why?" His face darkened, as if he was finally comprehending something. "Is it to please a particular man, or just men in general?"

"I didn't say." And she would not say it now either.

"Oh." He was clearly uneasy, a muscle twitching in his jaw. "And which is it?" he insisted.

She arched a brow. "Does it matter, really?" For a moment she held her breath, as if she expected him to say that it did.

His forehead furrowed deep in thought before he said, "I guess not."

He rose from the bed and cupped her elbows with his hands. "But you know, Lucy? I was no expert tonight. I couldn't wait and I should've taken more time with you. I'm a lousy teacher, but I'll do better this time, just let me start over."

She felt torn.

She *did* want to stay, so much that her heart was crying out beneath her chest like a banshee. But she had just realized this had been a very bad idea on her part. Years ago, she'd had a lifetime crush on Carson Manning. And she'd been thoroughly mistaken if she'd believed that three mere days with him would dispose of the childish fantasy she'd harbored for years. Now that she'd known him, flesh and blood, she feared she wouldn't be able to forget him ever. Every hour she spent with him, she dreaded the worst,

that she was going to fall in love with him. And hadn't she been in the same peril ever since that night she'd first met him at the Davidson's Halloween party? Lucy had better leave, before her brainless heart was anymore into Carson Manning than it already was.

"I'd better go." She took the stairs in a hurry, wanting to leave as fast as she could, before she changed her mind.

He pushed the front door shut when she opened it, his arm on the top of her head, holding the door securely closed. The look on his face was dead serious. "Lucy, you are *not* leaving. You're being unreasonable. We can have the whole night just to experiment, there are so many things I want to do to you – "

"Thank you, but I have to go, really I do. We can continue tomorrow with our last lesson," she said, her voice almost pleading.

"No," he said sternly, shaking his head in emphasis. "You're going to let me make it up to you. The lessons have been lousy and I admit it. I haven't been able to control myself, but this time I will, I promise."

Tomorrow was the last day they'd share together. The last day to be showered in his kisses, to have his hands all over her body. Lucy wanted to savor every aching minute of it, but she was scared. He'd been a fantasy of hers, but now he was more than that. Now her body knew him, ached for him, and her stupid little heart was already high up there flying for him already. Her brain felt powerless against her heart, her soul, her very senses, which all begged her in turmoil to stay with him. Her insides raged and clashed, and only settled down until she said, "Okay, I'll stay."

He kissed her then, softly on the lips. "You won't regret it, Lucy."

But Lucy knew that she would.

* * *

Carson felt anxious the next day. He couldn't even work just thinking of what he'd done to her, and what he *still* wanted to do. He had to revise some HTML codes, check the server updates, and make tests on the software they were developing, but he couldn't. His mind and whole damned body were consumed by Lucy White.

Last night had been incredible. He made her come at least four times, and he himself came more times than he could count. She was amazing. Responsive to his touches, sweet and shy, and at the same time, sexy and wanton. He couldn't wait to see her tonight. Tonight was their last night together. And dammit, he wanted more. He had to do something about it, because at this moment he couldn't stand the thought of saying 'goodbye' to Lucy White, especially now that she'd become favorite past-time, favorite job, favorite person, favorite sport, favorite everything. He couldn't get enough of her.

Who's idea had it been to limit the lessons to just three nights? It had been a lousy one, because he now realized that he'd need at least a month for the basics, and if Lucy really wanted to be an expert, Carson would probably take years to teach her the ropes.

And yet, during these two sessions, Carson had realized that he was very deficient as a lover. He came almost instantly whenever he touched her and that was *not* good. She excited him beyond means, which was strange, but hell, he couldn't stand it. Just looking at her made him want to explode. He never even expected she would be such a sex-pot. She didn't appear to be at first glance, but when he began touching her, Lucy transformed from a meek little mouse into a sultry, sexy siren. And Carson, for all his macho appearance, was proving to be a real sissy, always wanting to come so soon. He really had to work on that.

Tonight, he decided he was going to extend the sex lessons permanently. After all, it was impossible to finish learning. There was so much they could explore about each other. They should do this forever. He wanted to learn things on how to please her, what she liked, and how to hold back his damned premature orgasm, at least until he'd given her a good solid hour of loving.

It was odd, how he was able to decently fuck other women, the plastic ones with all that silicone. They were not as responsive to him, and usually worried more about how they looked while having sex than on enjoying themselves. But hell, Lucy enjoyed herself so much and drove him so wild that he'd have to make a super-hero effort not come until they'd had enough foreplay. He'll have to think of work or something similarly displeasing, because all Carson wanted tonight was for her to enjoy. To remember this night forever. He smiled to himself, because he had a big surprise in store for Miss Lucy White, and she'd better like it.

Meanwhile, staring blankly at the repetitious color pattern in her closet, Lucy wished she hadn't asked him for sex lessons in the first place.

Now she felt addicted, feverish, and for the whole day she'd been able to think of nothing except Carson's huge, aching cock, his powerful hands, and his deliciously sensual lips. As she'd absently graded her first grade students' math tests this morning, she realized she should have known this idea was going to pose some grave problems. She hadn't been herself since that night when she'd first met him. And now, things had gotten much worse.

They met at a Halloween party at the Davidson's estate three years ago, although she was sure he wouldn't even remember. That was the first time she'd ever attended such a party, and since she'd been told it was a

grand event, she made sure her costume was as believable and beautiful as possible. She'd dressed as Snow White, including a wig with red headband, white powder on her face, and deep red lipstick. Carson had been Captain Jack Sparrow from *Pirates of the Caribbean*. Like a real pirate, this Jack Sparrow wasted little time, and as soon as he caught a glimpse of Snow White, he went after her skirts for good. It only took him an hour to take her out into the gardens, and a half hour later, he'd already lifted her skirts and kissed her wet, fevered pussy.

Lucy had never been so chased, and so seduced by a man.

She'd been only twenty-three, and when he'd opened his britches and stuck his cock out, she said, "Please go slowly," in a soft, frightened voice. His cock looked so big.

He'd paused and eyed her as if she'd just killed him. "You're a virgin?" he asked, a tinge of disgust in his voice. She nodded slowly, and before she knew it, he was zipping his pants back up. "I'm sorry, darling, but I really don't have the balls to initiate a young little virgin. Virgins are problems," he said, and stood up and left her, panting, dazed and pained.

Lucy had relived that night hundreds of times in her mind. She wished she would have lied, and had gotten a taste of his loving hands, and more of his intoxicating kisses. But now she realized that perhaps it had been for the best, because now that she *had* experienced his touch, his warmth and his kisses, she knew with certainty that they would be impossible to forget. *He* would be impossible to forget.

Lucy would be, to Carson, a silly virgin pupil whom he would laugh about later over a round of beers with his pals. But to Lucy, Carson would be everything.

When she knocked on his door that night, Lucy was determined to make the most of it. Yes, she should have known that her heart had been on the line since the start. Yes, she should not have asked for lessons from him in the first place. But she had, and rain or shine, she was going to enjoy their last moments tonight.

To her surprise, it wasn't Carson who opened the door; it was Captain Jack Sparrow, grin and all, and for a moment Lucy couldn't move. She stared openly at the britches, the white shirt with wrist and neck ruffles, the red band tied haphazardly around his forehead.

"Good evening, my sweet Miss White." He removed his pirate hat and bowed crookedly, as if he were drunk.

As if under hypnosis, Lucy walked into his house, her eyes wide. "You knew?" she said in awe. "You remembered me?"

He nodded, a twinkle in his eyes. "I didn't at first, but you know how one plus two adds up to three, always?"

Her smile was a mile wide. "Why, yes, that's precisely what we teach in first grade," she said.

He wrapped his arms around her and pressed his forehead against hers, his eyes only an inch from her own. "After a few small clues, it all added up." The tips of their noses touched. "You never did tell me you were a teacher."

She could hardly speak, his lips were so very near. "You never asked," she said in a low, barely audible breath.

"That Halloween night haunted me, Lucy," he whispered, lowering his lips to hers. "*You* haunted me."

He kissed her then, like a drunken pirate, sloppy, wet and powerful, and she kissed him back with every pore of her being. He carried her up the

staircase and kicked the door to his room open. The room was lit by dozens and dozens of flickering candles, scattered about everywhere, the flames dancing in the dark. Lucy sighed as he set her down on the bed and slowly began to undress her.

She tugged on his jacket, shirt and britches, helping him undress. "It took me longer dressing than wearing it," he teased softly as her hands slid the white shirt from his shoulders, her fingers greedy over his warm, taut skin.

"Welcome to the story of a woman's life," she said with a smile.

"So, tell me, Lucy White. You had the hots for Jack, eh?" He arched a brow and grinned down at her before bent down to kiss her breasts.

"Hmmm, this is so good."

"Yes," she whispered. "But mostly, I had the hots for you."

"Lucy," he said urgently, his words muffled by her breast. "I want to please you. Tell me what you want me to do to you."

She clutched his face, her eyes dark with desire as she looked at him. Flames danced in his eyes, making him look like a very real, very mean pirate. "How many chances do I get?"

"You have all night, Lucy," he said, a hand slowly moving up her thigh. "You get as many chances as you need until we get it right."

"Then put on your hat and fuck me," she whispered hotly. "Fuck me like that night you left me wanting and panting after you like a...like a slut."

He swiftly slapped the pirate hat onto his head and thrust his rock hard erection deep into the very end of her, then back, then forth again.

"Is this what you wanted?" he asked, his breathing harsh as he thrust inside her again. "My dick inside you?"

"Yes," she gasped, her fingers clawing his back in agonized pleasure.

“I could have killed myself for not taking you that night.” He kissed her neck with a starved, wet tongue. “I wanted you so bad.”

“Carson—“

“I’m Captain Jack Sparrow,” he said through his teeth. “And I will please my lady, even if it kills me.”

He pleased her immediately with a blinding thrust and a shattering, earth-moving orgasm.

They fucked like bunnies that night, mindless of everything.

Lucy came more times than she even thought possible. And Carson felt as though he were powerless to hold back his orgasms with her. He got hard with the slightest look from her, the slightest indication that she wanted him. He’d never felt this way. Ever.

It was dawn when their bodies, spent from lovemaking, were limp and mingled over the bed. Carson stared fixedly at the ceiling while his hand ran up and down her back in a soft caress. Lucy had an arm and leg around his body, her cheek resting on his chest.

“I was thinking we should extend the lessons, since I couldn’t even cover the basics in the three days we’d agreed on,” he said softly.

She was silent for a moment. “I’m not sure.”

“We *must* extend it for a few weeks,” he said, nodding to himself.

“We can review what you’ve learned so far and experiment new grounds. I think it’s for the best.”

“Oh, no,” she said, shaking her head against the crook of his arm and chest. “I don’t think so, Carson.”

He glowered up at the ceiling and said, “Then let’s at least have a fourth one tomorrow.”

“I can’t. I’m...meeting someone.”

He was silent, but he felt it, the stab inside him. It hurt. “Who?”

“Someone I’ve had my eyes on for a long time.”

His throat closed, and he had trouble getting his next words out. “I see. Did you say the lessons were to please a particular man or just anyone?” he asked again, dreading what her answer would be.

“I didn’t say.”

He gritted his teeth, suddenly hating the fact that he *had* to know. “Was this all because of a particular man?”

“Yes.”

He felt his stomach tighten at the same time he felt bile rise up in his throat. He felt used somehow. Damn it, he felt used. Damn *her*. He was jealous. Furiously so. “I see,” he said.

“I’ll let you know after tomorrow if my lessons worked,” she said, trying to sound cheerful.

He scowled at the ceiling. She had used him to learn how to please a man properly and now that she was no virgin, she was discarding him like – like *used* goods – not even giving him the pleasure of a fourth meeting. He felt like shit. Whoever said life sucks was right after all.

“Oh, well, wouldn’t you know it,” he said as he sat up on the bed, looking surprised. “I just remembered I have a date with someone tomorrow, too!”

He wouldn’t let her see she had the power to hurt him this way, and he purposely didn’t tell her that he had no idea who his date was, or what she was like because it had been arranged by his brother who’d been playing cupid for years. He’d wanted him to go on a blind date with his wife’s lovely young niece. Carson expected she might be a troll, because when Carson

asked, “Is she tall, blonde, and gorgeous?” His brother said, “She’s a nice *person*, you’ll like her.”

In blind date language, a nice person is either a witch or a troll or both. But whatever she was, now he was glad he had that damned date anyway, because while Lucy fucked this other man’s brains out, Carson got to sit in a lousy restaurant with a witch and lament this whole situation sadly.

He was going to miss her. Only three nights and he felt as if they were bonded permanently, somehow. Did this happen when men took virgins? Was it the reason he felt so protective of her, so possessive? He’d claimed his territory, like a dog, was that it? It might have been something else, but at the moment Carson was too hurt to even dwell on it.

When they parted, neither of them spoke, they merely kissed goodbye with a passion that could have rivaled the world’s greatest storm. As Carson watched Lucy drive away in her white sedan, he felt his heart physically ache, so much that he had to clutch a hand to his chest, and walk upstairs to take some aspirins.

His blind date’s house was in the same neighborhood as his, except hers was in ‘The Cottage Estates’ of the Dominion, while his was in the mansion area. Her lovely house sat across the street from a pond and was very quaint and cozy looking, painted in a terracotta color with red tiled roof and orange pots with flowers scattered about her front door. When he rang the doorbell, he damned Lucy three times, her and her stupid idea on getting lessons in the first place. She was so darned sexy she didn’t even need lessons, and now he was the one feeling lacking and inept. Having come always so prematurely in the evening, when they were supposedly just getting started. Damn it all to hell.

When his date opened in a white wool coat and black high-heeled sandals, he could only stare at her long legs, jaw-dropping waist, and at the beautiful long black hair curling past her shoulders. Her lips were red and sexy and pouted in the shape of a heart. And her eyes were a pair of big Bambi eyes.

“You’re late,” she said with a smile. She grabbed his shirt by the collar and pulled him inside the house.

Carson stared at her, dumbstruck. “Lucy?” he croaked.

She nodded slowly. “Now, let’s see if I learned my lessons correctly. I’m sure I did since I had a very good teacher,” she whispered throatily.

She pulled open the wool coat, threw it down on the floor, and just stood there before him, topless and looking damned hot in a pair of laced red panties. Her legs were long and thin and incredibly sexy in the high heels she wore. She looked like a femme fatal – a small one, maybe, but nevertheless equally or doubly threatening – and she was killing him. His heart pounded against his chest like a mad thing while his mind raced, trying to make sense of this all.

She’d wanted lessons from *him* to learn how to please *him*? The idea was so hot he was hard already. Damn this little brat anyway. He cupped her face in his hands and looked into her eyes. “You wanted to please me all this time, didn’t you, Lucy?”

“Yes.”

“All this time it was me,” he repeated, awed at the notion.

“Yes, Carson, it was you.”

“God you’re something. Did you know that?” He kissed her lightly on the lips, then looked into her eyes, his face solemn. “I’ve been thinking that

maybe now that we're finished with your lessons, and you being a real teacher, I should maybe ask lessons from you."

"From me? About what?"

"Lessons about...sex and maybe..." He stared at her forever. "About love."

She smiled at his words, her eyes sparkling.

"Seriously, Lucy. How *does* a man with premature-ejaculation get a gorgeous, sexy woman to fall in love with him?" he asked solemnly.

"You do not ejaculate prematurely, Carson!" she said, eyes bright.

"Then tell me *now* what I need to do to make her mine, body and soul. This is urgent!"

She placed a hand on his chest. "I guess that depends on who we're talking about."

He cocked an eyebrow. "What if I said her name was Snow White?"

Her fingers worked on the buttons of his shirt. "I'd say it's going to be tough."

"Then what if I say her name is Lucy White?"

Her smile widened. "Then you're in luck, because she's already mad crazy about you."

"Really?" he said, his heart in his eyes. "No bullshit?"

Her lips were inches from his. "No bullshit. And she's willing to dedicate her entire existence to giving you the lessons you need...lessons in love and sex and anything in between." She grazed her lips over his, taunting him, only to pull back when he attempted to kiss her. "In fact, she already has her first class prepared, and it's called, 'Show, *don't* tell'."

"Hmm, sounds good," he whispered, his arms encircling her waist, pinning her to him. "Where should I start?"

“You can definitely start by kissing her, and I guess we’ll take it from there, there’s still a lot of things you need to learn...”

He kissed her with all his strength, and while he did so, he silently made it his lifetime mission to learn about her, learn about sex, and learn about love.

THE END