

## **MINA**

An erotic romance HeatSheet by

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She came from another galaxy. Literally. Aron had only seen her kind once, when he was about thirteen—on television an ambassador gave a report on the status of the comet epidemic in the east galaxy, frowning and urging for an evacuation of residents in the third sector. Beside him stood a woman with skin so pale it looked nearly translucent, with a bright violet sheen that caught the light when her body moved. Her stance regal, nodding as her husband spoke, her golden-colored eyes softened with concern. When they married several years ago the news splashed all over the tabloids and podcasts. Surets remained one of the few species to frequently marry humans—men considered Suret females status symbols because of their beauty and scarcity. Most resided in the west galaxy, maintaining their own democracy, marrying other Surets. But every so often some grinning senator or actor would be photographed with one of the beautiful creatures at a conference or premiere.

Considering the rarity of such women in Aron's neck of the woods, he figured his chances of ever seeing one in person were about the same as a bunch of naked women falling from the sky and fighting over who would pleasure him first. So his reaction—stuttering, bulging eyes, red cheeks—when he nearly tripped over one on his way to the office elevator, was quite predictable.

"I'm sorry," he blurted. "I bumped you pretty hard. Are you alright?"

She shrugged and they stepped inside the elevator.

"Therapy not required," she smiled.

Her eyes shone such a bright shade of gold, mesmerizing him with their tiny yellow flecks. Her violet hair jarred out of its tidy bun, spilling like a plum river over her shoulders. She smoothed it back into obedience.

The elevator shot up. Through the large window a sliver of the east galaxy was visible; several small planets surrounded by a cluster of stars burning against a navy sky. The star pattern was a familiar sight to Aron, but the Suret looked impressed, her eyes scanning the horizon with interest.

Aron wanted to say something witty—charmingly witty. He opened his mouth but became appalled by the little incoherent squeaks he made.

"Hmm, let me guess which sector you work in," she said. "Nuclear engineering?"

He let out a nervous laugh.

"Aron Kent—office gopher," he said. "I'm Mr. Langston's personal assistant. But I assure you, if at least two hundred and eighteen people die, I'll be running this company."

She nodded.

"And you are?"

"Mina Selton. I'll be supervising operations for the next three weeks and giving a status report to the major investors."

His eyes fluttered with surprise. "Oh, you're the one they sent? But I thought that..."

She smiled, silently combing his mind. "Not all Surets are trophy wives, Mr. Kent. Some of us do work for a living."

He cleared his throat. "I didn't mean—I just...sorry. I've never met a Suret before. I'm not trying to act like an idiot but I think I'm failing. I—wait a second. How did you know that's what I was thinking?"

She grinned. "Telepathy. It's a kick."

"Are—are you serious?"

Her smile grew wider. "Be quiet for a minute."

She stepped forward and the delicate scent of her scratched at his nostrils. She studied him intently, her eyes unblinking. Their brightness was almost too much. He lowered his gaze, but when his gaze caught the smooth expanse of her legs his nerves faltered again. He didn't know where to look. The swell of her breasts beneath her silk blouse, the delicate curve of her collarbone, the way her lips formed a natural pout, as if forever ready for a kiss. *Damn it, there's nowhere safe to look!* His mind went to a highly inappropriate place and he felt his cheeks

redden. When he met her gaze again her smile looked like that of a child knowing a delicious secret.

"You know," she whispered. "I don't mind missionary, but personally I much prefer doggy-style."

His jaw dropped so quickly, she burst into immediate laughter.

"You could see that?" he choked. "Oh, God!—I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to think of you that way—really. I'm so sorry."

"It's alright," she said. "You're kinda cute. And you—" she paused, her eyes closing slightly. "Why yes, Mr. Kent, I do enjoy whipped cream—though I've never licked it off of *that*."

"Oh, God!" he stammered. "I didn't mean to think that—I'm really very respectful of women. My minor in college was women's studies."

The elevator came to a gentle halt. As the doors slid open Mina flashed him a mischievous smile.

"Women's studies," she repeated. "How modern of you. Would you like to accompany me to a fundraiser tonight, Mr. Kent? Perhaps later you can put that minor to work and do a firsthand study of the sexual habits of the corporate Suret—that is, if you're fully prepared to do extensive fieldwork."

A gleeful yelp rattled through his mind. When he met Mina's gaze he could tell that she could hear it, too—her eyes sparkled.

"I-what time?"

"I'll throw you the details after work," she said, stepping out of the elevator.

She gave him one last playful glance as she strolled down the office. She seemed oblivious to the heads snapping around in her direction as she walked by, or perhaps she'd simply become used to it. The men leaned forward, carnal thoughts bluntly creeping across their faces. Even the women turned to stare. They took in her graceful frame and exotic features with curiosity, as if admiring a painting. Aron watched her turn the corner, unblinking, until the doors slid shut, jarring him out of his daze.

As he made his way through the rows of cubicles, he mulled over Mina's ability to read minds. *You're beautiful, Mina*, he thought. He hoped she could hear him.

\* \* \* \*

Going out on the town with Mina felt like Aron imagined dating a celebrity would be. People turned to whisper when they strode into the museum, her long, satin dress sweeping behind her. Champagne in hand, he followed her like a nervous puppy as she greeted a myriad of scientists, artists, and politicians.

"Mr. Allin!" she called. "How nice to see you!"

When the elderly man turned around Aron immediately recognized him as a Hogget, which made him a bit uneasy. Hoggets had large, rounded foreheads and wobbly jowls which made a soft flapping noise when they spoke. Aron's last boss was a Hogget, and after almost two years of watching him bark out gruff orders, the flaps of skin at his throat wooshing back and forth in an angry blur, he prayed he'd never have to work for one again. But Mr. Allin looked kind, and when he saw Mina his jowls lifted into a warm smile.

"Miss Selton," he said, kissing her hand. "I thought I might run into you tonight." He turned to Aron. "This lovely lady is a miracle worker, you know. She turned my entire company around."

A violet blush swept across her cheeks. "Oh, I didn't do all that much. Just a minor financial makeover."

"Bah!" he snorted. "Modest, isn't she?"

"Mina!" A portly woman called from across the room.

"Oh—oh, that's the chairman's wife. Will you excuse me for a moment?"

Mr. Allin nodded and Mina made her way through the crowd, leaving Aron with the stranger.

"Absolutely beautiful," Mr. Allin said. "Have you ever dated a Suret before?"

"No, and I'm still a bit surprised she asked me to accompany her tonight."

Mr. Allin leaned forward. "I'll tell you why—Surets have a gift. They can see things ordinary humans can't see. They can read minds, as I'm sure you know, but it goes beyond that. They can read souls. Mina and the rest of her kind have the unique ability of being able to tell who has a good heart and who's full of it, even if the rest of the world can't see it."

Aron lowered his eyes. "I can't imagine she's concluded that after our first encounter."

He chuckled. "Aw, relax, boy. I've known that lady for several years, and I know what I'm talking about. Something about you struck her in the right way."

For the rest of the night Aron felt more at ease. Mina flirted with him relentlessly, giving him coy glances, running a hand sensually through her purple hair. But she also studied him, making sure he enjoyed himself, placing her hand on top of his while they mingled with the crowd. He liked her fluctuation between seductress and nurturer.

As the gala drew to a close Aron felt a giant cloud of anxiety loom over him. Mina made it clear she held no qualms with the evening ending on a carnal note. But the thought of her satin dress sliding from her collarbones and pouring down her hips made his palms wet.

"You don't need to be nervous," she said as they stepped into the crisp night air. "I like you, Aron. This may sound silly to a human, but I can sense things about you—good things."

He frowned. "I don't understand. I mean, you caught me picturing you naked—and worse!"

They slipped into his car and it roared to life, the jets lifting the vehicle several feet off the ground. They hovered for a long moment.

"Yes, Aron, you were picturing me in sexual scenarios, but you know what? So do most men. But you were different..."

She placed a hand on his shoulder, her face sincere.

"In your mind you thought about having sex with me," said Mina. "But you also did things other men don't imagine. You held my hand as you entered me, you caressed my cheek and actually looked into my eyes. You painted a beautiful picture, Aron."

He lifted his eyes. Her smile infectious, Aron's grin spread across his face until it mirrored hers.

"I saw your thoughts," she said. "And I like what I saw."

They shared the first kiss as moonlight poured through the windows, the engine rumbling in their ears. Her lips curved so perfectly his tongue slipped between them in one fluid motion. The warmth of her breath coated him as she released a barely audible moan. When Aron kissed other girls, he'd always savored the wet sensation, but kissing Mina felt different. Her lips became pouring lust, the tip of her tongue urged him to probe deeper, but he also felt sincerity in her kiss.

When she finally pulled away her eyes brimmed with contentment.

"Can we go back to your apartment?" she said. "I think I have all the validation I need."

He nodded dumbly, struggling to snap out of his stupor.

As they drove through the deserted streets he slipped his hand over hers. He could feel the blood pulsating through her veins, making her flesh warm to the touch. A silence fell over the car, but it now lacked any awkwardness; a quiet understanding took place between two people who bridged the gap between friends and lovers with a single dizzying kiss.

Aron felt as if he floated toward his apartment when they ascended the stairs. Grasping Mina's hand, he led her to the living room. He didn't ask if she wanted a drink, didn't motion her to the couch for conversation. They both knew what would happen. She grasped his hand tightly as he led her to the bed.

"I just want you to know that I don't normally do this," she said softly. "Go to bed with guys I've just met, I mean."

She studied his expression, her eyes burning beyond his flesh, presumably taking in his thoughts.

"It appears you don't either," she smiled.

"Yep," he grinned. "I definitely don't go to bed with guys I've just met."

She laughed and brought her face close, playfully tugging at his bottom lip with her teeth.

"Aron," she whispered. "Do you want this evening to be especially fun?"

"Has a guy ever answered no to that question?"

Silken strands of violet hair brushed across his neck, prickling his skin where it fell.

"Tonight will be very special," she purred. "Because all you have to do is *think* about what you want me to do to you..."

He raised an eyebrow.

"It's true," she said excitedly. "Just think lovely thoughts...and they'll magically come true." His mind exploded in all directions as he grappled with what she said.

"So if I imagine you..."

He closed his eyes and recalled the sensation of her mouth pressed against his, smiling as he remembered her moan vibrating against his lips. Within seconds he felt her tongue urging his mouth open, parting his lips to kiss him deeply, forcefully. The gentle exploration of their first kiss dissolved into something raw and demanding, her teeth scraping his lips in her urgency.

"Please," she said, moving closer so that he could feel the breadth of her curves pressing against him. "Aron, keep thinking..."

He couldn't help it—he wanted to see her naked so badly the thoughts flooded his mind before he could stop them. *Please take off your dress. Oh, God, Mina...* 

Her fingers snapped the thin straps around her shoulders, her eyes smiling as she began to peel the silky fabric from her body. Slowly. She teased him with her slowness, letting the dress slide down with such excruciating meticulousness he let out a tortured groan.

Let me do it, Mina.

She nodded, stepped forward, and allowed him to slide the garment from her body. The fabric dripped like liquid from her breasts, revealing nipples already hardened into aching points. He guided the fabric down past her navel, caressing the slope of her back with his palm as the dress fell with a rush to the ground. Aron took in the little velvet triangle below her hips, a startling shade of gold which rivaled her eyes.

He took a step backward, letting his eyes sweep her body from head to toe. Mina looked so regally beautiful with her unusual coloring and languid curves he felt as if he stared at a Greek goddess.

A huge grin spread across her face. "You really think I look like a Greek goddess?"

His hands skimmed across her shoulders and the tips of his fingers slid down her collarbone. "Aphrodite herself," he whispered.

As his lips made contact with her neck Mina tilted her head back, urging his tongue to explore her flesh. He teased her with his deliberate slowness, blazing a wet trail down her neck, her shoulders, avoiding the places sure to be aching for his touch. Her hand gripped his, guiding it to the softness of her breast. He ran his thumbs over the hardened nipples, eliciting a moan from her spurring him to rub harder. Aron teased the throbbing points with his fingers; he made little circles so light Mina shivered. He felt her hands cradling the back of his head. She guided his lips to her nipple with a greedy force. He caressed the soft point, flicking and swirling until it softened in his mouth. When he began to suck, drinking in the salty sweet taste of her, Mina's fingers tensed around his shoulders, gripping him for support.

His arms circled her waist and he carried her to the bed, laying her across the mattress with tender hands. Her hair spilled forward over her breasts, a rippling sea of purple against pastel flesh. He parted it like a curtain, guiding it over her shoulders to reveal breasts still moist from his lips.

"What now?" she asked, gazing up at Aron with anxious eyes.

His cheeks flushed as a very vivid image flashed through his brain. With a little purr of approval Mina spread her legs and watched as Aron's breath caught in his throat. The soft pink contours of her sex glowed like the embers of a fire, her juices illuminated by the pale light.

"I—I hope you don't think it's strange," she said, her voice suddenly shy. "It happens when Surets are, um, aroused. I hope you don't—"

"Ssh," he murmured, his eyes fixated on the exquisiteness nestled between her thighs. "I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life."

He leaned forward to give Mina a deep kiss. As his lips coated hers he let his hand stroke the silky patch of hair above her sex, letting her get used to his touch before his fingers slipped lower, between her legs, and he felt her covering him with her heat, her wetness.

He went slowly at first—in and out in a gentle, soothing rhythm. But she quickly encouraged him to go deeper, faster, until her body tightened into a knot of sexual tension. She started to rock her hips, forcing his fingers deep inside of her until Aron felt dizzy with her warmth.

His mouth fell open, the image of Mina writhing and rocking beneath his touch sending him into visual ecstasy. *God, she really wants it—right now!* 

"Yes," she panted. "I do, Aron. Please—I don't mean to be selfish, but I want to feel you inside me. Please, Aron..."

*I could make you beg*, he thought, giving a wicked smile, then gulped, almost forgetting her telepathic abilities.

"Beg?" she said. "I would beg for you, Aron. Please, please, please, make love to me. Pretty please?"

Her eyes held the restless look of a child who desperately wants candy, and would throw a tantrum with ease if denied. Aron had never seen anyone look cuter.

Happy to oblige, Aron tugged at his clothes until they fell into frantic piles around him. He slid on top of her, stifling a groan as her legs parted wide, allowing his hardness to brush against her. Her legs wrapped around his torso. She looked up at him in anticipation.

"Because you're beautiful," he whispered. "I'll do as you wish just this once, milady. But next time I want to explore this little body of yours for hours."

She nodded, her face lighting up at the words "next time."

He kissed her forehead and lowered his body until it brushed against her breasts. He shivered at that first contact; the length of his flesh against hers sent a hot jolt through his veins.

Ready?

She smiled and arched her back, rubbing herself against him in light, teasing strokes.

"Oh, God—that's a yes," he moaned.

He entered her slowly, pausing when he saw her flinch at the initial contact. He strived for gentleness, trying not to hurt her as he eased inside. But she blossomed quickly for him, drawing him deeper, until he felt himself surrounded by her heat. He felt her pulsating around him, her body begging for an internal caress.

His eyes fastened on hers. She gave him a look so intense it compelled him to thrust. Mina's eyes fluttered with the first shock of it. Her hands flew to his shoulders, gripping him tightly.

She made soft, wispy moans and Aron couldn't tell whether the sounds came from pleasure or pain. He worried he might be hurting her, but if he was he felt powerless, unable to stop once he had started.

"You're not hurting me," she whispered. "It's just—ahh—been a while."

He let himself glide slowly, smiling as she gave a frustrated growl.

"Harder," she said.

Harder? Are you sure?

"Please, Aron." Her voice was a plea. "Just fill me up..."

The glow from between her legs became a blinding light, and both bodies glistened red where they intertwined. She squeezed her legs, forcing him deeper. With a helpless groan Aron moved his hips hard in swift intervals, smiling at her elated expression. He covered her face with frantic kisses, sucking on her lower lip, scraping his teeth lightly against the curve of her cheek. He felt her fingernails scratching at his skin, pricking his flesh as they rocked back and forth.

Aron could tell she verged on the brink of explosion; Mina bit her lip with such ferocity it

started to swell. His hand slipped between their bodies, down to the glowing heat between her legs. He felt for the sensitive spot just above her soft folds, and when his fingers brushed against it she gave a sharp cry. While he continued to thrust he began to move his finger in little circles. The dual sensation sent little trembles through her body.

"Oh, God, Aron—"

Come for me, he thought, his eyes burning into hers. Come for me, Mina—now...

He stroked her, unrelenting, until he saw her eyelashes start to flutter. Her mouth widened to release a startled cry. She clenched down on him from the inside, gripping him in erratic frenzy as her head pushed back against the mattress. Her body shook in tiny, rapid spasms. Aron reached out with both hands to cradle her head, lifting it so that he could see every flicker of pleasure washing across her face. He kissed her, sucking the last of the orgasm from her lips.

When he felt the little jolts subside he pulled away, studying her face. Her hair clung to her forehead in a sticky tangle. Two bright red circles emanated from her cheeks. He smoothed her hair from her brow, but when she felt him sliding out her expression became fierce. She quickly pressed her palms against his back, keeping him inside.

"But, Mina—are you sure?"

She took a deep breath, struggling to find her voice. "Now you."

She moved her hips back and forth, drawing him inside with long, languid movements. Aron felt the pressure bubbling inside him; when she began to squeeze, wrapping him tightly with her silky heat, his body surrendered, releasing his lust in an explosive torrent. For a long time the only sound was Aron's breathless gasps. Little droplets of sweat were falling from his forehead, glistening as they trickled down Mina's neck.

He shook his head in disbelief and gently pulled out. He lay beside her, pulling her to him, stroking her hair and kissing her cheek in adoration.

Her voice still sounded weak from exertion, but she managed a smile.

"Isn't telepathy fun?"

Telepathy, Aron quickly concluded, was indeed fun. Mina seemed to revel in her ability to read his silent desires. He would catch himself fantasizing about the way her eyes sparkled when she knelt on the ground, delighted by his groans as she licked his sex into orgasm. Even when watching television at his apartment, if a wicked thought crept into his head, she would often give him a mischievous grin, then fulfill his carnal thought.

He loved running his tongue along her inner thighs, nipping at the flesh until her legs parted wide, allowing him to glide his lips over her velvet folds until they glowed.

\* \* \* \*

One day, sitting across from each other at the large table in the conference room, while Aron listened to the manager drone on and on about the latest profit numbers, Mina thought it all more than a little boring. She happened to be the only female at the meeting, and this fact combined with her unusual beauty meant most eyes did not watch the projector at first. Aron now stared at her intently, sipping his coffee in longing gulps. She let her lips curl into a sly smile when she read the thought which popped into his head: *Take off your panties*.

She nibbled at her lip, debating the request.

"And these are the latest numbers, which, as you can see, are moderately high..."

Mina leaned forward, pretending to fumble through her briefcase. But in a flash of leg she let Aron see the subtle wiggle of her hips, parting her thighs to pull the sliver of black satin down. A little whistle of air sounded under the table as she managed to kick the panties across the room. They hit the cuff of his pants with a soft thud; the coffee fell from his hand and soaked the papers below. As heads turned to stare at his mishap Mina cupped her hand over her mouth to suppress her laughter. When the attention returned to the presentation Aron shot Mina a wicked smile. Would you do it with me right here? Right on this conference table? Mina's eyes danced. She gave a slow, subtle nod. Aron's fingers gripped the edge of the desk.

When the group disbanded for lunch Mina called, "You guys go ahead. I need to go over the

figures with Aron."

The door closed. Aron's mouth opened in shock as she lifted her body onto the table. The glow of her arousal peeked softly through the sheer fabric of her skirt. Mina bit her lip and crawled toward him, hoping the fluorescent lights highlighted the deep crevice of her cleavage like a spotlight. Aron's mind told her she looked like a cat thirsty for milk as she stalked him with unblinking eyes.

Well, look at you, kitten, he thought, giving Mina a dirty grin. Are you going to purr for me? "I might," she whispered. "But that really depends on you."

She leaned forward, letting him press his lips to the soft swell of her breasts. He closed his eyes as his tongue lapped at the smooth skin, nudging beneath the stiff fabric of her suit until he found the pointed nub which fit so perfectly between his teeth. As his hands fumbled to undo the buttons of her blazer he began to suck quickly, with purpose. She could hear the distant voices passing through the hallway, a reminder that any second the door could fly open and destroy their secret.

Quickly, he thought. We have to be quick, Mina.

She nodded and reluctantly pulled her breast away. Her mind giddy with danger, she unfastened his belt and yanked down his pants. She ran her hand over his hardness, promising gratification with her demanding touch.

"The desk," she blurted. "Bend me over the desk."

He responded so quickly Mina let out a startled squeal as he spun her around and pressed her shoulders forward.

"Sorry, angel," he murmured. "But there's no time for gentleness when you're going for speed."

She tilted her head to grin at him. He lifted her skirt, exposing the palest, smoothest skin on her body. Aron indulged himself for a moment, running his hand like a whisper over the curve of her ass. Her flesh shivered beneath his touch and for a moment he lost himself in the exploration of her shape, forgetting their need for urgency. She raised her ass high and her back curved to remind him this encounter was primal, not romantic. Aron took her cue.

He entered her with one smooth thrust. Mina's eyelashes fluttered at the swiftness of it. Her head jolted up. Before she could catch her breath he rocked his hips back and forth, driving himself deep inside her.

The question is, can you be quiet, baby? I don't think you can.

She closed her lips and suppressed a moan.

"Y-yes I can," she stammered.

A silent challenge passed between them. Aron's thrusts became harder, more jarring. A little cry escaped her lips. Her hand quickly flew to her mouth as Aron grinned.

Ah, you mustn't give us away, he thought.

"I can't," she blurted, her voice fearful. "You're going too hard—ah—too fast!"

"Do you want me to stop?"

"N-no!"

"Then be a good girl and bite your tongue."

Mina flinched with the weight of his thrusts. She felt her body rubbing against the desk, her nipples dragging back and forth against the smooth oak. She felt his hand wrapping around her hair, pulling it so that she was forced to turn her head and meet his eyes. His eyes combed her face intensely. Mina knew her passion would show on her face as climax gnawed at her body from deep inside.

"Aron, I don't know if I—you have to stop! If I come, I'll scream. You can't—"

"Oh, but you're so wet," he murmured. "Look at you squeezing your legs together, making yourself even tighter for me. You want to come so badly..."

He pumped so forcefully the sound of his torso smacking against her ass bounced off the walls, flooding the room with their frenzy.

Let yourself come, baby. "But—"

Aron's hands grabbed her hips, drawing her closer. He plunged deep inside. Mina felt her lips start to tremble. He filled her up so deeply that her will was immediately overwhelmed. Her eyes clamped shut as the explosion hit. Mina gripped the desk with sweaty palms, pressing her lips against its surface to silence her cry. As little spasms overtook her body Aron gave a satisfied sigh. He moved in tandem with her tremors until he released his lust, flooding her with the culmination of his own contractions.

He slumped against Mina's exhausted body. Nuzzling her cheek, he ran a hand through her hair, damp from brushing across her sweat-slick back. When he managed to find his breath he said, "Wow—we need to get one of these desks for my apartment."

Mina laughed and flicked her tongue playfully across his lips.

\* \* \* \*

Several weeks flew by, and one night Aron found himself holding Mina against his body, his breathing slow as he felt sleep beckon. He tilted his head to glance at Mina, who slept soundly in his arms. As his eyes closed he hugged her tightly, taking in the feel of her flesh one last time before he slipped into unconsciousness. His mind rambled as his head sank into the pillow, thoughts of her smell, her body, her smile drifting in and out. *I love you, Mina*, he thought as he fell into a blissful sleep.

Mina opened an eye, a smile spreading across her face.

"I love you, too, Aron."

## About the Author

While not yet the Ernest Hemingway of erotic literature, naughty story ideas swarm Courtney Bee's mind faster than she can write them down, so expect to see more moaning maidens and femme fatale fairies in the near future. Courtney Bee is a current college student and covert erotica writer in Orange, California. When she finds herself zoning off during yet another lecture on the nuances of *Huckleberry Finn*, she can sometimes be seen scribbling down her latest tawdry escapade. She is currently working on an erotic science fiction novel. She has great sex. For more info on upcoming stories, books, and events, please visit www.courtneybee.com.