

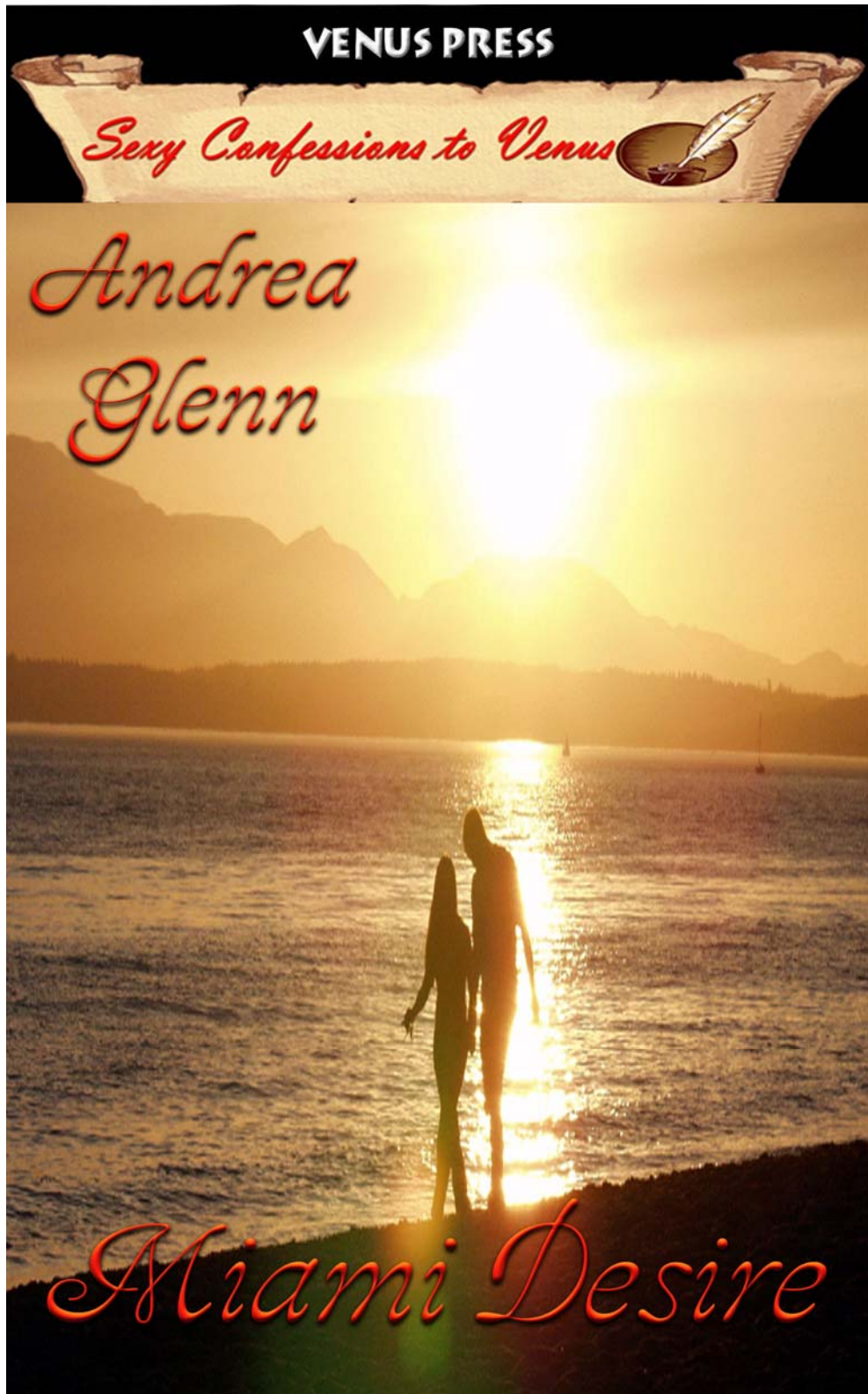
VENUS PRESS

Sexy Confessions to Venus



*Andrea
Glenn*

Miami Desire



Andrea Glenn

**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
MIAMI DESIRE**

BY

ANDREA GLENN

www.VenusPress.com

Sexy Confessions to Venus: MIAMI DESIRE

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MIAMI DESIRE

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Andrea Glenn

Dear Venus,

My aunt and uncle had a condo on the beach in Miami, Florida. It was beautiful and right on the ocean. You couldn't ask for a more gorgeous place. I used to daydream that I would see Don Johnson walking on the beach toward me, all beard stubble and pastels.

Since I was their favorite niece, I went there every summer from the time I was fourteen, until the summer I turned eighteen. After that, I must have proved to them that I could be trusted. They let me go down by myself, and I used it as my very own special place for summer breaks all the way through college. It was pure heaven.

Unfortunately, my parents ran into some financial problems so, in my junior year in college, I was still able to go down, but I had to get a job. Thank goodness I was lucky enough to find something the first day of my so-called vacation, at one of the local hotels. Being twenty-one and in Miami, Florida with no money was *no* fun!

I also met Lisa on that very first day. We were both assigned to the laundry room. She was my age and we really hit it off. It wasn't long before we were going out to eat, cruising around, drinking wine coolers on the beach, or just hanging out watching old movies at her place. Her parents had both died in a car accident and left her the house.

She didn't have any brothers or sisters and I was totally impressed that a young woman of only twenty-one could already be out and living on her own with no one there to help out. I knew that was something I didn't think I could do, no matter how much I thought I could.

Lisa was a beautiful, petite, girl, with a voluptuous figure and long, wavy, auburn hair. She was very outgoing and fun to be around. I, on the other hand, was a little taller and had long, straight blonde hair. We looked like total opposites. I still hadn't become comfortable with myself yet, and I thought I could never compete in the same category as she did when it came to guys. She was a magnet. Everywhere we went men were just drawn to her. I have to admit I was more than a little jealous.

Lisa had a huge crush on an Italian guy named Nick that lived across the street from her. I had never met him, but heard about him almost daily. She literally talked

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about him nonstop. This was more than a passing crush. This was total infatuation. Sometimes she would sit gazing out of her living room window, just to catch a glimpse of him on his way home from work. I sort of felt sorry for her.

Eventually, Lisa let me in on a big secret...Nick was forty-six years old! She said that he owned a bar down on the beach. Which, at the time, I thought was *really* cool. In describing him, she said he had a dark complexion and the most intense brown eyes that she had ever seen. He also had dark, curly hair that was sprinkled with gray just in the temples. She told me that he was by far...one of the best looking men she had ever seen and compared him to Armand Assante, the actor. I wasn't sure whether to believe her or not. Wow! Was I wrong! Looking back, I can say he looked even more like Antonio Banderas. He was simply gorgeous.

One night, Lisa invited me to her house to watch some old horror movies. Having nothing better to do, I agreed. I was getting restless at the condo. That was the bad thing about being at the beach for almost three months...one can only lay out, swim and party just *so* much.

We had picked out a couple of spooky Hammer movies, with Christopher Lee as a vampire. I knew I would have a hard time going back to my condo alone, but I just loved those old horror flicks. Before the first movie started, I went to the kitchen to make some popcorn. When I came back in the room, I found Lisa sitting by the window once again, looking out toward Nick's house. He wasn't home yet. I shook my head and walked away.

"Megan," she said, "Look. There's someone lurking around Nick's house."

I joined her and looked out the window. His place was completely dark, and it was obvious that no one was there. There were no cars in sight. I didn't see anything, but Lisa insisted that there was something or someone out there.

"Are you sure?" I sighed.

"I've got to check it out," she said. "I wouldn't want anything to happen to his place while he's out."

I thought this was more than a little silly, two young women playing detective, but I certainly wasn't going to let her go out there by herself, so out the door we went. I felt like an idiot creeping around some strange man's house with my friend, but what could I do? I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if anything were to have happened to her out there alone.

As we rounded the corner, someone crept up behind us and whispered "boo."

We both jumped and spun around. "Nick!" shouted Lisa. "You scared us half to death!" She punched him in the arm, playfully.

"What are you doing sneaking around my house?" he asked, looking from her to me. "And...who's your friend?"

Lisa blushed. "I'm sorry Nick. I just happened to look out my living room window and I thought I saw a shadow slinking around your house. I didn't see your car, so I thought it may be a prowler. And, well, this is Megan."

Nick laughed. "Just what would you two have done if I had been a prowler?"

"Scream and run like a girly-girl." I said, laughing uncomfortably.

"I see," he smiled. "Well, my car is in the shop and I forgot and left my house keys on the ring, so...I was checking to see which window I had unlocked. But, I do want to thank you ladies for watching out for me."

We all had a good laugh. I was afraid he was going to be really mad. But, he just seemed amused by our Lucy and Ethel antics.

"Why don't you two come in for something cold to drink?" asked Nick. "The front window was unlocked so I already climbed in and opened the door. I saw a couple of shadows slide by, so that's why I came out. I think I worked up a thirst in this heat!" he laughed.

I turned and looked at Lisa. I knew this was just the invitation she had been waiting for, and we went inside. Again, I really didn't see that I had much choice. She was on a mission.

We entered Nick's house from the back door, which opened into the kitchen. He flipped on the light switch, and I had my first good look at this mysterious man.

Wow! He was even more handsome than Lisa described him. He was indeed dark, and had the most piercing eyes I'd ever seen. His smile was huge, and he had white, even teeth. He turned to me and winked, and I blushed like a school girl. Suddenly I felt flushed all over. Now, *I* was beginning to feel a most definite attraction to this guy.

"Please, sit," he said softly.

Lisa and I both looked around, feeling somewhat out of place. She sat down in a chair near where he was standing and I sort of just stood with my arms swinging, not knowing what to do. Thankfully, Nick guided me to a chair with a sweep of his bronzed hand.

"Now, can I get you ladies something to drink?" he asked.

"Sure," Lisa piped up.

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Nick walked over to the refrigerator and brought out three *Budweiser's*. We all scooted our chairs up and with drinks in hand, we started talking. I really didn't know what to say. I was tongue tied, and just trying to take everything in. I looked over at Lisa, who looked fantastic in a beautiful hot-pink summer dress, while I had a matching one in electric-blue. *He must think we are so ridiculous.*

"Do you ladies mind if I take off my shirt? It's awfully hot tonight and my air conditioning unit isn't cooling like it should. I have a call in for a repairman for tomorrow. Everything seems to be breaking down at once."

Before either of us could speak, Nick took off his shirt and tossed it on another chair at the table. His chest was beautifully sculpted and muscular. It was obvious the man worked out. He sat back down, and we resumed talking. I was desperately trying to keep my eyes off his stunning form.

After a few minutes, I realized it really was hot in the kitchen. I was afraid I would start to perspire and my make-up would begin to melt all over my face. Before I had time to reach for a napkin to blot my forehead, I felt a hand on my knee. I almost jumped out of my chair, but Nick looked at me in a way that I knew to sit still and keep my mouth shut. The look made me tremble—in a good way.

I tried not to move, but found that was a bit difficult, as Nick's hand was moving up to the inside of my thigh and getting very close to my panty line. He was gently squeezing and caressing me, and I could feel myself getting damp. I was beginning to feel the ache of desire creeping through my body, and felt suddenly woozy from the heat. I knew my face had to be on fire.

I could tell that Lisa sensed something was going on, and jumped up. "Let's get out of here, Megan," she said. "We need to get on back to the house and start watching those movies I rented."

"Yeah, sure," I was beginning to think leaving was a good idea. If I didn't go now, who knew where this would end up? I felt like I was beginning to melt all over the chair and would eventually begin to ooze all over the floor.

"I'll walk you ladies back across the street," said Nick, with a large grin.

We graciously accepted, and tried to keep the talk light as we went back over to Lisa's. Before she unlocked the door, she threw her arms around Nick's neck and said, "How about a kiss, handsome?" She leaned in to kiss him, but he turned his head so that her kiss landed on his cheek. A little short for her taste, I was sure.

He laughed uncomfortably, but politely kissed her cheek in return. "Night, Lisa. Thanks for looking after my house."

Andrea Glenn

She looked disappointed, and turned to go in. "Sure."

Feeling like a third wheel, I turned to go in with her. "See ya," I said softly.

"Hey Megan, don't I get a kiss from you, too?" Nick asked as he stopped me with a slight tug at my wrist.

I hesitated. Did I want to do this?

Oh well, a quick peck on the cheek isn't going to hurt anything.

I moved closer to kiss Nick on his cheek as I had seen Lisa do. But before I had time to react, he turned his head and kissed me right on the lips. The kiss seemed like it was going to be just a peck, but as I moved back, he pulled me closer to his body and the kiss grew with urgency. Seconds later, he was nibbling on my lips and his tongue was snaking its way into my mouth. My mind and body reeled. The attraction I had felt for Nick at his house, burst forth like a flash flood. I shamelessly returned his kiss and wound my arms around him to pull him in even closer. I was a goner. There was no doubt about it. I forgot all about Lisa.

Nick reached between us and slithered his hand down the front of my dress. Without thinking, I hiked my leg up and around his waist, and I heard him moan. He flipped the material of the dress over and began caressing me through my now very damp panties. "I want this," he whispered in my ear.

Suddenly feeling empowered, I reached down and grabbed his arousal and said, "I want this too." He was hard and throbbing in my hand, and touching it pushed my senses into a wild spin. I had never wanted a man so much in my life. Of course, I was only twenty-one at the time, so it wasn't like I'd been with a lot of guys. Actually, Nick would only be my second.

There was a loud cough. "Megan!" Lisa said sharply.

Oh, shit!

My mind was racing. I had completely forgotten all about her. I had thought she went on into the house, she had been so quiet. I turned to look at her and I could tell she was getting totally pissed with what she had been witnessing. Her face was a splotched and crimson. She was perspiring profusely. Her wavy hair now hung limp around her sagging shoulders.

"Let's just go in, now!" she hissed.

I was torn. I didn't want to mess up our friendship on one hand, but on the other hand, I couldn't pass up this gorgeous man standing in front of me begging to make love to me. Oh, I wanted him so badly! "I can't, Lisa. I'm so sorry, but I just can't." I turned to see Nick smiling broadly.

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"Let's go," He took my hand.

Lisa stormed into her house and slammed the door so hard the windows rattled. *Well, I've done it now.*

Nick reached out and gently cupped my chin in his hand, turning my head so that I could look into his eyes. "She doesn't understand," he said. "I just don't feel *that* way about her. We're only friends, and she doesn't want to accept it. I know you and I have just met, but I feel that this is right. It's you I want." He leaned forward and kissed me again. "Let's drive your car back to my place," he whispered.

I thought this was a bit odd, since he just lived right across the street, but decided it might be best to move it out of Lisa's driveway. She could easily go on some rampage and key it and I wouldn't be able to afford a new paint job.

So, we walked over to my red *Camaro*, climbed in and drove away. It was on hell of a wild drive, because Nick moved over as close as he could and started massaging me and kissing my neck and sucking on my ear lobe. His hand slid up under my dress. I was beside myself. I couldn't help but part my legs, and his fingers found their way under the band of my panties. I was squirming in the seat when his fingers found their way into my hot, moist folds.

Oh my god! It felt so good! I was dizzy with desire. I almost ran right through a stop sign. No one had ever made me feel this way before.

After going around the block a couple of times, we finally made it back to Nick's house. We jumped out of the car and literally ran in through the back door, laughing our asses off. We were so desperate to be together, we didn't even stop to talk or turn on a light. He grabbed my hand and pulled me to his bedroom.

Once inside the darkened room, Nick turned to face me. I couldn't see him, but I could hear his ragged breathing and smell his sweet cologne. Without saying a word, he put his arms around me and started kissing me again. I groaned into his full lips as he walked me over and lowered me onto his bed. I couldn't believe this was happening!

He started feeling his way up and down my body. His hands were so hot, and I could feel his body radiating some internal heat. He lifted my dress and tugged at my panties. Instinctively, I lifted my hips and he practically ripped them off. He threw them across the room and dropped to his knees in front of me. Pushing my thighs apart, he pulled my legs up over his shoulders. I felt his fingers brush the swollen lips, and felt his hot breath on me. He gently parted me and paused. I was shaking all over. I had never experienced anything so erotic. My eyes were adjusting to the dark, with the help of a

huge full moon outside. I couldn't help but stare at this dark god kneeling before me...me!

Nick dipped his head and started kissing and fondling me with his lips and tongue. It snaked inside me, and swirled all around my hot, raging flesh. He took his time bathing me with his instrument, barely pausing for a breath. My hips arched several times and my mind sought reality. I had never had anyone do this to me before. It was as though I were in some dream. My mind was exploding in a million thoughts and feelings. I grabbed his head and pulled his face into me even further. I didn't even think about him being able to breathe. I just wanted more.

I felt a shiver run up and down the length of my back as he moaned and started sucking on my tender bud. My body began to shake and my nipples started to harden and tingle, like I was being pricked by dozens of needles. With him concentrating on my most sensitive spot I exploded in the wildest orgasm I could ever remember having. I let out a scream like I never have before. Before I could scream again, Nick jumped up, ripped off his clothes, and slammed his rock hard erection into my still violently trembling body.

I was lifted up off the bed as he thrust deeper and deeper with each stroke. He kissed me again, and I could taste myself on his lips. It seemed so blatant and raw. We were both grunting as he continued to slam into me hard. All of a sudden, he rose and pulled my legs up over his shoulders as he had before. I lifted my hips to greet each of his powerful thrusts, and began pushing up on my own, matching his rhythm as best I could.

I was bucking and grinding back and forth, hard, trying to pull him into me even farther. I was gripping the sheets and pulling them completely off the bed. I finally grasped him by the back of his muscular thighs and pulled him into me as deep as he could go. It didn't take long after that. We both exploded into huge orgasms, and I know that our screams could be heard all the way to across the street. There could be no doubt about it. I was afraid the police would come, thinking someone was being murdered.

We lay there for a little longer, stroking each other, kissing, and whispering words of love. I couldn't believe I had found the man of my dreams in one short night. But find him I did. He was my very own *Italian Stallion* and it wasn't long before we reached for each other again. I was amazed at the man's stamina.

Nick and I dated for the rest of the summer, and it was magical. I have never been so happy, and he said he felt the same way. The fact that he was twenty-five years older than me never came up.

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I quit my job at the hotel, and Nick hired me as a server in his bar. We never saw Lisa again, except from a distance when she was coming or going. I felt guilty about the way things happened, but Nick wasn't interested in her, and I decided I couldn't live my life for someone else.

When the summer was over, I was devastated. I didn't want to leave Nick. He asked me to move in, but I knew my parents would just die. I needed to finish school. So, we did the next best thing, we wrote a lot of letters, and kept the phone lines hot.

The next summer, I told my parents I was going to stay with a girlfriend that I worked with at the bar, but instead, I moved in with Nick.

It's now been a few years later, and I finished college with a degree in business. I moved down to Miami and opened my own consulting firm and my first client was Nick. The other day, he mentioned the "M" word...marriage!

To this day, we still have the most mind-altering and earth-shattering sex possible. I don't know who said men peeked sexually at eighteen, but they never met my Nick!

Sincerely,
Megan R.
Miami, Florida

Andrea Glenn

About the Author

I've been writing for many years, actually since I was a child. I began writing ghost stories and comic books with a neighbor. Over the years, I've continued my fascination and writing in the paranormal field. Now, I have the opportunity to research and write new articles for a very popular paranormal website. In the last few years, my interests have been leaning towards romance and seduction. I literally fell in love with the genre while reading some fantastic fan fiction in 2002. I live in the hills of Tennessee and am a true Southern Belle at heart. I still consider "Gone with the Wind" one of my all time favorite books. I have a passion for writing that comes from my heart and soul. My romance inspiration comes from the many loves of my life.

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