

VENUS PRESS

Sexy Confessions to Venus



Andrea
Glenn

Style of a
Lifetime

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**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
STYLE OF A LIFETIME**

BY

ANDREA GLENN

Venus Press LLC

Sexy Confessions to Venus: STYLE OF A LIFETIME

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STYLE OF A LIFETIME

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Dedication:

This is dedicated to AR. Thank you for the inspiration, again.

Sexy Confessions to Venus: STYLE OF A LIFETIME

A secret confession told to Andrea Glenn at Venus Press...

Dear Andrea,

When I completed cosmetology school, I was fortunate enough to land a job and begin working as an apprentice in a fast paced salon located in Atlanta, Georgia called “Coiffures of Fashion.” The married couple that owned the salon were both stylists and famous artists, known worldwide. They had competed and won many awards at various international hair shows for the last twenty years.

About six months after I started at the salon, the owners were getting ready for the Mahogany Hair Show in London, England. I was more than thrilled when Carol, my mentor, asked me to go along as her apprentice and traveling assistant. I had never been out of the United States, so it didn’t take me long to pack my bags and get a passport.

Needless to say, the trip and the competition were amazing. It was everything I thought it would be.

We arrived a couple of days before the hair show and did some major sightseeing. I was able to go to Big Ben, Buckingham Place, The Tower of London, and a bunch of other places I can’t even remember now.

The “Mahogany Hair Show” was a huge success. I was excited to see what real artists could do with hair and make-up. I wasn’t disappointed. Each group of stylists seemed to be better than the ones before.

Besides Carol, my boss and mentor, early on, I spotted the most amazing male stylist. He was very handsome and had an intense dramatic flair. I could tell he had been doing this for quite a while. Once I saw him, I found it hard to concentrate on anyone else. Carol made fun of me, saying I was rooting for him and not her husband, Bob.

Once the competition was over, the award ceremony that followed was extravagant and thrilling. Carol and Bob won several trophies and we were all so happy for them. They worked so hard, and being from the States made it more of a sweet success for our salon.

After all the awards were finally given out, I followed the crowd to congratulate the famous “Hair God.” I had been mesmerized throughout the competition with the male

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stylist. As our group approached him, he looked at me intensely. His amber eyes seemed to twinkle.

“Hello, I’m Julie Bryant.” I extended my hand and introduced myself, trying not to be shy.

He gently took my hand in his. “Bill Allen.” His smile was dazzling.

We chatted easily as many other people surrounded him, congratulating him on his various wins in the competition. He seemed to be a local celebrity. After a while, someone in the back of the group mentioned continuing the celebration at a local pub. I was more than thrilled to see him look directly at me.

“Will you join us, Julie?”

The way he said my name, so distinctly, made goose bumps pop-up all over my body. I was thrilled. “Yes, I would love to!” I just love a man with a British accent.

I went off to find Carol and Bob. I wanted to let them know I was going to join the locals for a celebration. They gave me a hug and told me to be careful. They intended to celebrate alone in their hotel with room service and a couple of bottles of champagne.

The pub was crowded and we all drank till the very early hours of the morning. My head was spinning. I wasn’t used to drinking so much and felt giddy. Bill didn’t leave my side all night. I felt his arm around me, supporting me. I knew I was safe with him. I could see it in his eyes when he would look at me.

Just as dawn was approaching, the crowd began to thin. “I think I need to call a cab,” I slurred.

“Would you like to come to my flat?” he whispered huskily into my ear.

I turned toward him, bleary eyed. I was more than a little off balance, but I didn’t want the night to end. “Yes,” I muttered. I normally didn’t go home with strangers, but something just felt *right* about his invitation.

The next thing I remembered was throwing the covers back, almost forgetting where I was. I looked over and saw Bill sound asleep, a soft snore floated in the room. The clock read 2:25 p.m.—we’d slept the day away.

I got up and put on his button-down shirt from the night before, padding across the small flat to the bathroom. The shirt still had his scent, enfolding me in his presence like an embrace. *God I wish I could remember what happened the night before...did we?*

I shook my head in confusion as I leaned forward and brushed my teeth with my finger and washed my face. I closed my eyes, enjoying the warm water. I had a slight headache, but nothing like I’ve had before after a night of partying.

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All of a sudden, hands whispered up my thighs, pushing aside the long tail of the shirt. Bill's hands slid up over the curve of my hips, framing my rib cage, and moving up even higher to cup the weight of my breasts in his slightly rough palms.

"What...?" My eyes flew open to stare at his face above my own in the mirror. He crowded close to me. His body, hard and hot, pressed against my back. His hands, beneath the thin material of the shirt, were possessive. His thumbs were stroking my nipples into taut peaks.

"Good afternoon," he whispered huskily.

I blushed. "Good afternoon."

He was watching my face in the mirror. He slowly bent his head so that his lips skimmed my neck. "I know what you want, Julie. I know what you need right now. I need it too, again."

Again? Damn! What did happen last night? Desire was a hot heat spiraling through my body, every nerve ending alive. I gasped, my fingers tightening around the edge of the sink. I stood very still, absorbing the feel of his hands on my body. I seemed to want him more than life itself.

"Again?" I asked out loud.

"You don't remember?" He looked hurt.

"Not really." I looked down embarrassed.

"But, you seemed fine. You wanted me. I didn't take advantage of you. I promise," his voice trembled.

"Oh, I know that, Bill. I'm just a little fuzzy right now. I know you wouldn't do anything to hurt me. I mean...I came here willingly."

His teeth scraped gently over my neck, sending fire racing over my skin. His hands were possessive around my breasts. "Are you sure you aren't afraid of me?"

"No," I whimpered softly.

Our eyes met in the mirror. I could see his hunger, stark and raw within that amber colored gaze. He had the same look last night at the pub, before I got completely soused. His hungry eyes could have devoured the both of us.

In the mirror, I looked in to his face. There were lines etched deeply around his eyes. I hadn't noticed them before. There were shadows and a certain edge to the sensual cut of his full mouth.

He drew me closer to him. My body fit snugly against his. I could feel his hard bulge pressed into my lower back, evidence of his body's urgent demands. It was as if I completely belonged to him, yet, I barely knew him.

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One hand was sliding lightly over my stomach, his fingers moving in a massaging caress impossible to ignore. I closed my eyes against the sensation and unexpected tears burned behind my lashes.

Immediately his hand stopped moving. His breath hitched in his throat. "Please, don't do that, love." His hands left the refuge of my body. He turned me into the shelter of his chest, his arms enfolding me close. His body was protective, his hands tender as they stoked my hair. "What we have is real. It can be. It can be what you want it to be, Julie."

"Bill, I know. I just don't want you to be disappointed."

I could tell by the look on his face he hadn't expected this from me. "Look at me," he said roughly. He stroked my hair, crushing the strands in his fist. He bent his head and inhaled. "It would be impossibility for me to be disappointed in you. We will learn about each other together, if that's what you want. I don't do flings. I've never been this attracted to anyone in my life. You can stay here, with me, for as long as you like. Hell, you can work with me in my shop. I'm always looking for good help."

I smiled and saw his face relax. I walked back into the bedroom. Within seconds, I could hear water running. I wandered back and leaned against the doorframe. He was drying his mouth. He looked so amazing standing there completely nude, so confident, and so strong.

He reached out and laced his fingers through mine, and tugged at me. I followed him until we stood by the bed. His hands seemed to have a mind of their own, sliding over my bare thighs with long, gentle strokes. They followed the path of my hips and slid around to cup my bare bottom, massaging and stroking until I thought I was going out of my mind.

"I want to be deep inside your body. I want to please you." His voice was dark and hoarse.

I leapt at his touch. It was burning me. It was burning us. My breath was coming in ragged gasps. I moved away. The feeling was so intense, so overpowering. I started shaking all over.

"Bill?"

He laughed deep in his throat. He sat down on the bed, stretching his legs out comfortably, and watched me. His gaze was hot over my body, memorizing every inch of my very being. My breasts ached and my body was heavy, throbbing for release.

"You know we can do this again, and again, and again." He was chuckling now. He knew how he was affecting me. "Julie, I want you. I want every square inch of you, today and tomorrow. We can take this as slow as you want to." He stood quickly and

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moved over to me in a heartbeat, his motion so fluid. He lowered his head to mine, inch by slow inch. He held me captive with the power of his glittering eyes, which now looked like warm honey.

My pulse beneath his thumb, raced wildly. His lips moved against mine, gently, skimming, barely touching. "You've forgotten to breathe, my love." His breath was warm over my skin, on my mouth, breathing for me, sharing the air of my lungs.

His lips were so soft, velvety soft. Heat curled in my stomach, pooled into a sweet ache. He leaned closer, his lips rubbing over mine, teasing the corners of my mouth, small little nibbles, an enticement, and a temptation. His tongue traced the line of my lips, a gentle persistence completely at odds with the tremor of intense hunger that ran beneath the surface of his body.

His hands were gentle, tender even, as one curled around the nape of my neck to hold me still. The other followed the line of my back, the curve of my hips, to rest possessively on my bottom.

A flame shot through my bloodstream, wild and hot, and all at once out of control. The sensation was shocking when he was so gentle, coaxing my response rather than demanding it. I felt weak with wanting him. The temptation of the heat and fire knocked air from my lungs. My lips moved under his. His were soft, pliant, and welcoming. I was drowning.

His mouth suddenly hardened, became hot and dangerous, compelling me to open for him—my dark sorcerer claiming his rights. At once, I was swept into another world, one of pure feeling, of colors and sensations. His tongue of fire raced along my skin. Every nerve ending came alive. My blood was thick and hot with need. My body was craving, until my arms crept around his neck and I allowed my body to mold itself to his.

My breasts ached. My body throbbed. His hands cupped my bottom, lifting, pressing me against the thick evidence of his arousal. Rubbing me close until the friction was almost too much to bear.

He groaned a sound of pitiful need. "I'm going to lose it. I'm burning for you." The words were whispered against my open mouth. "It's not pleasant for me, angel, it hurts like hell. Please, put me out of my misery. Please, will you help me?"

His hands on my bare bottom cupped me tightly and began a slow massage, wickedly enticing me. I couldn't breathe with this overwhelming desire that was coming at me in waves, crashing my defenses. His mouth fastened onto mine, engulfing me. The gentle coaxing manner lost in the inferno building between us. I just allowed my body to answer for me, without words, giving consent with my hands sliding possessively over his body, while my tongue dueled with his.

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He groaned again, softly. The sound was low in his throat. It was somewhere between a growl and a purr. I began trembling beneath his hands. I know he didn't want me to be nervous, but I couldn't help it. I hadn't had but a few lovers in my life. He lifted me easily, casually, his mouth roaming my face and throat as he lowered me to the bed. I could feel the coolness of the sheets against my back as he pressed me into the mattress. I was completely breathless.

His hands were strong, determined, and possessive even as they roamed over my body. His face was etched with deep emotion, his eyes burning. He swept away the shirt, dropping it carelessly on the floor. I heard him gasp, the pause in his breath, the husky sound in his throat. His palms trailed over my skin slowly, from my shoulders, over the swell of my breasts, along my rib cage to my stomach. "It's so amazing to me how soft your skin feels. You're skin is like pure cream."

I closed my eyes. "Thank you."

His touch was exquisitely gentle, nothing like what was behind the terrible hunger burning in his eyes. He bent his head slowly to my breast. His breath reached my skin first, warm, moist. His lips were as soft and tender. I couldn't help but jump under his seeking mouth; all at once so sensitive even the brush of his hair was erotic against my skin.

I could tell by the determined look on his face that he wanted to take things slow. He wanted to stay in control. His fingers trembled as they stroked my breasts. "I worship you, love." His voice was shaking.

I touched his face as he looked at me adoringly. "I worship you too, Bill. I can't believe this is happening. It's all so, fast."

He chuckled softly. "What? You've never heard of love at first sight?"

"Well..."

He lowered his head and closed his mouth around the soft mound of my breast, a tight, wet bond. His tongue danced over my taut nipple as he sucked hard. I cried out and arched into him. "Yes!" I craved his touch so much that it hurt. I needed more. "I want to touch you. Please." My voice sounded hungry with urgency, hungry for him. I knew the moment I first laid eyes on him at the hair show, that I would feel this way, always. He was intoxicating.

He lifted his head and studied my clouded eyes. My mouth was swollen from his ravaging kisses. "I'm trying to be gentle, angel. I want to go slowly."

I could feel his heart racing. It was like a drum pounding against me.

"You're a fever in my blood, a craving that must be sated, Julie."

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I stared at him. I was entranced by the dark passion on his handsome face. He just completely took my breath away. Every muscle in my body was weak. Every cell was on fire, wanting his touch. The intensity of his face and his words made my mind whirl in a cascade of colors and sounds. He was opening my soul, seeing my secret desires. Deep inside me stirred a volcano, hot, thick, and ready to erupt, swirling to the surface to meet his every demand.

“I’ll never be the same again,” he whispered.

I thought I was going cry, the tears burning the backs of my eyes. “Me either, Bill.”

Suddenly, our mouths fused together, electric and hot. My hands moved over him, needing to feel every muscle, just as he needed to explore me. He kept to his plan, using slow torture to arouse me to a frightening pitch. He suckled my breast, his tongue teasing, his teeth scraping gently, his mouth hot and moist. He traced my ribs, the flat of my stomach, and the curve of my hips, every hollow. He wanted to know all of my secrets.

“Look at me, angel,” he said softly, directing my gaze to the heavy erection between us.

My breath caught in my throat. “Oh,” I moaned and closed my eyes, praying that this would never end. I wanted him inside me, filling me.

His finger stroked through my damp heat, and I nearly rose off the mattress at the touch. “Please, you’re killing me.” I couldn’t stop myself from pressing against his hand, desperately seeking relief. He encouraged me to thrust against his palm as he pushed a finger into my tight channel. I knew I was hot and slick. He moaned loudly, and slowly inserted two fingers, watching my expression closely as he pushed deeper into my body. The sensation was so pleasurable it was alarming. I fought for steady breath, fought for control where there was none.

His thrusts were deeper, the friction electric, shocking in its intensity. He was doing things deep inside me, stroking, and teasing, making me so crazy that I couldn’t lie still. My hips surged against his hands.

“I want to make this so good for you,” he whispered, pushing my thighs apart and settling his weight in between them. He took his erection in his hand, guiding the engorged head to my moist entrance.

I pressed up hard as he slowly pushed through my hot folds, forcing the tight muscles to allow him entrance. I cried out as he went deeper and deeper. He thrust harder, filling me with such fullness that I burned and throbbed unexpectedly. I plummeted over the edge almost immediately.

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Neither one of us expected such a quick reaction. The waves of enchantment rippled through me, spreading like a tidal wave. My body gripped and sucked at him so tightly that it was unbearable for the both of us. He was gritting his teeth, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. My orgasm bathed him in hot heat. He had no choice but to slip in deeper into the madness within me.

I looked up at his face, blinking away tears of joy. His face was one of such male beauty that it took my breath away each time I looked at him. "Teach me to please you," I breathed.

The honesty in my voice must have surprised him. He withdrew, pushed again, feeling his way, wanting it right. He wanted to make it perfect for me. I knew that. His hands tightened on my hips as he began a steady rhythm. He urged me to move with him as he caught my hips in his hands, holding me firmly, tilting my body while he went in deeper still, wanting me to take all of him. I gasped, heat engulfed me as he filled me completely.

"Oh, yes!" I couldn't help but cry out again.

He changed his speed, driving much harder and faster. "We're just getting started, angel," he promised. "This is just to take the edge off." He let himself go, his hips surging deep into me over and over, taking us higher than I ever thought possible. His head shook and he roared loudly as his body clenched and burned. I knew he didn't want this to end. We both wanted this to last forever.

When his orgasm came, it was explosive, ripping through his body with gut-wrenching force, shaking him. "Oh fuck!" he yelled, burying his head in my neck to muffle the sound.

My body was so responsive to his that I climaxed again. The throbbing so powerful, I felt my body quake all over. "Bill..." I groaned.

He collapsed beside me, holding me in his arms, protectively. He buried his face in my breasts. "I've never experienced anything like this. I never knew there could be pleasure like what you just gave me." His voice was choked with emotion. "I want you in my heart, Julie. Always."

I looked into his eyes. "Can it always be like this? Can it always feel this way? I mean... we just met."

He brushed a strand of hair from my forehead, kissing it softly. "That's up to you, Julie. I'm yours until you tell me it's over."

"I will never say that, Bill."

He hugged me tightly. "Oh, Julie, I think we have a lot to look forward to."

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We rested in each other's arms, enjoying the glow of our lovemaking. I looked up at him. His eyes were dancing as he met my gaze. "By the way, how much would you pay me if I did work in your shop?" I asked playfully.

He laughed and pulled me even tighter. "Love, you name the price...."

I stayed in London for little over a year, only coming home to pack some things, and let my family know where I was. I worked with Bill Allen in his shop and lived with him in his small flat. He taught me much about styling hair and the art of love.

Sincerely,
Julie Bryant

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 Wins" 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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