

\* Lady Aibell Press \*

Wylie Kinson

# Bella Fiore



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# **Bella Fiore**

by

Wylie Kinson

**BELLA FIORE**

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## Bella Fiore

The knot of anticipation in my belly grows tighter with every mile my shiny red mini-van covers. I thought that after a few weeks, this glorious “I-can’t-wait-to-get-there” feeling would diminish, but thank goodness, it hasn’t! I’m on my way to my monthly ‘appointment’ with my lovers, (that’s right—lovers with an *s*). It’s all guilt-free and completely sanctioned by my husband. In fact, it was his idea in the first place!

My husband, Michael, is a doctor—a renowned cardiologist. He is both incredibly handsome and profoundly smart, which makes him a bit of a pompous ass at times. Like most wives, I switch between fawning adoration and fantasizing about his untimely gruesome death—sometimes both in the same day.

My ‘situation’ began several weeks ago when I finally told Michael I was just too damn tired to have sex. It was the fifth night in a row I had excused myself from my wifely duty. Prior to that, our lovemaking had become boring and mechanical. Quite frankly, I didn’t have the energy or the inclination to satisfy him.

“If you’re tired, sweetheart, why don’t you quit that silly job and take more time out for yourself?”

We’ve had this argument a hundred times during our ten-year marriage and Michael doesn’t seem to understand my need to remain employed. My part-time bookkeeping job is the perfect compromise. It allows me to be home with the children and deal with life’s other unavoidable demands. It gives me a little financial independence, and perhaps most importantly, my sanity. I couldn’t bear spending the day with a vacuum cleaner in one hand and the remote control in the other.

Michael wants to know why I’m tired. Like most working mothers, my days are madness. Errands, taxiing children to and fro, preparing meals, managing the house...I could go on and on. Meanwhile, Michael goes off to the hospital with a full stomach, performs the odd life-saving surgery (very noble indeed), comes home for a hot home-cooked meal, and retires to the study to catch up with the news. Paula Zahn should feel honored to have shared so many evening brandies with him.

My lack of sexual enthusiasm led to the tiff that began with Michael saying, “Darling, we really need to improve our personal communication techniques.”

“Honestly, the only thing I am interested in improving is my snoring technique!” That said, I rolled over and turned out the light, but Michael somehow misread the signals and assumed the issue was still open for discussion.

“Darling, if you’re feeling that bad, perhaps you should come to the clinic for an exam.” This wasn’t the first time he had hidden behind his profession. It certainly wouldn’t be the last. “I’ll book you in for tomorrow afternoon.”

“Can’t you just come home early and do it?” I asked.

“Not by me, darling,” he said incredulously. “What would a cardiologist know about these female issues?” Because being bored and exhausted is clearly a ‘female issue’. I’m sure his female colleagues would cringe at the sheer snobbery of this exchange. “I’ll see if Karen Kent has a spot open. I think a full physical should get to the bottom of this, and she’s tops in her field.”

“Michael, I’m okay, really,” I begged. “I don’t need an ob-gyn to prescribe pills to make me feel better. I need three extra hours in every day and perhaps a little help around the house.”

“Darling, you must take care of yourself. Your health is everything,” he pontificated. “I insist that you have a consultation with Dr. Kent,” he pleaded. “For me?”

At this point, I realized that if I wanted to sleep, I had better agree and let the discussion end. I also knew he had missed the hint about helping around the house. “Fine, Michael. I’ll see Karen, tomorrow. Goodnight.”

The next morning, I received a call from Karen, apologetically explaining her imminent departure for a medical conference and her inability to see me for at least a fortnight.

“Karen, I’m really quite fine,” I stressed. “Michael is worried for no reason. I’m just feeling a bit run down.” I explained, as diplomatically as possible, the reason for my husband’s urgency.

“I understand,” she laughed. “Don’t forget, I work with Michael every day and I know how demanding, shall we say, he can be. Listen,” she continued, “I’d still like you to come in, but in the meantime, I’m going to suggest something that I think will help you—both of you—in fact. There’s a private women’s clinic called Bella Fiore, just outside of town. You need a recommendation to get in because it’s very exclusive. I’ll prepare a letter of introduction for Michael to bring home. Call me if you have any questions.”

Michael came home very enthusiastic about Karen’s suggestion. “I confess I don’t know anything about this women’s clinic, darling, but I do know that some of my colleagues’ wives go there and it’s very well respected. Here is the letter you are to present to the receptionist. I hope you don’t mind, darling, but I took the liberty of calling on your behalf and insisted that you need an emergency appointment. You’re expected at nine tomorrow morning,” he beamed.

Now I know there’s nothing physically wrong with me to warrant an ‘emergency treatment’, but if I don’t take this appointment, Michael will keep pestering me. At the very least, maybe I can get them to give me a note excusing me from sex until my children go to college.

So off I went, following Karen’s meticulous instructions until I arrived at a very chic-looking building on the outskirts of town, resembling more of a spa than a medical clinic. *Bella Fiore*, the flowery scripted sign announced, and underneath, *for women*.

A pert young receptionist greeted me with an orthodontia-enhanced smile. Her pouty lips were a glossy bubble-gum pink that only a tanned, blonde, twenty-two-year-old could make work. ‘Pinky’ sat in the centre of the oversized lobby surrounded by a curving modular desk the size of a small island. A small vase of fresh flowers sat on top of her sparingly decorated desk, but I could see a computer screen winking discreetly under the console. Her work files were neatly stacked on an open shelf. I mentally compared my own cluttered desktop: pictures of Michael and the girls hidden beneath ribbons of adding machine tape. I have to organize better...

“Good morning,” she beamed. Ah, perky, too. “What can I help you with?”

“Hello, I have a nine o’clock appointment,” I said, handing over the letter.

“Ah, yes. Please have a seat and fill out these forms.” As she handed me a clipboard with a sheaf of papers attached, I noticed that her candied nails matched her lips. “*She obviously does NO house-work!*” my mother’s judgmental voice commented in my head.

The plush reception area was suspiciously empty and devoid of the usual dog-eared tabloid magazines found in most waiting rooms. They obviously didn’t like to keep their clients waiting long enough to discover who’s sleeping with whom in Hollywood.

I tackled the forms with forced “let’s-just-get-this-over-with-so-that-I-can-get-to-the-dry-cleaners-before-lunch” enthusiasm. It began with the standard familiarization questions and continued with family situation and medical history. Then it took a bizarre twist.

‘How many times per week do you engage in sexual activities?’

‘Does masturbation bring you to orgasm?’

‘Have you ever engaged in a sexual act with a member of your own sex?’

‘Do you practice bondage, s/m, or other fetish behavior? If so, describe your most recent encounter.’

And on it went, delving deeper and deeper into my sexual psyche.

I looked up to see if Pinky was going to jump up and say, “Ha! Just kidding. Had you going there, didn’t I?” but she sat posture-perfect in the centre of her island, speaking softly to two well-dressed women who must have come in while I was engrossed in the check boxes.

So I continued.

Upon completion, I embarrassingly handed the clipboard to Pinky. At that moment, another woman appeared, seemingly from nowhere, dressed in a pastel peach lab-coat.

“Good morning,” she smiled. “I am Dr. Boden. Please come with me.”

Dr. Boden, in startling contrast to the receptionist, was a crumpled little soul with wispy brown hair held back by tortoiseshell combs. Her oversized wire-framed spectacles gave her the appearance of a very smart mouse. She led me through the lobby in her rubber-soled sensible shoes, while I clacked behind in my mules. A door, camouflaged to look like the wood paneled wall, whooshed open ahead of us. No wonder I hadn’t seen her come in earlier. Following Dr. Boden, we entered a luxuriously decorated corridor: peach and gold walls with mahogany wainscoting, the air filled with the titillating scents of jasmine and lavender. Once out of the corridor, we entered a sparse but functional office, presumably Boden’s, where she directed me to sit in a chocolate brown leather club chair.

“Tea?” she asked, indicating a tray set with fine china.

“Please.”

“Cream? Sugar?”

“Thank you.”

“We have a few minutes to chat while the computer sorts through your forms and prescribes the best course of action. Do you have any questions before we begin your treatment?”

“Yes, I do, actually. Was that questionnaire a joke? I mean, it was very intimate. I don’t mean to insult your clinic, Doctor, but what do my sexual fantasies have to do with my constant headache and fatigue?”

Dr. Boden blinked and gave me a curious smile. “You were referred by Dr. Karen Kent, were you not? And,” she looked down at a note on her desk, “a cardiologist by the name of Dr. Farrow requested an immediate appointment?”

“Yes, that’s correct. Dr. Kent is my ob-gyn. She said that this clinic may help, but she was dashing to a medical conference and wasn’t able to tell me anything about it. And Dr. Farrow is my husband.”

“Your husband is familiar with our clinic?” she asked incredulously.

“Well, not exactly. He said it has a very good reputation amongst his colleagues’ wives, but he didn’t know anything more.”

“Ah, that explains it.” She looked relieved. “Dr. Kent’s letter introduced me to your situation, and naturally, I assumed she told you about our specialized treatments.”

She sipped her tea and relaxed back into her leather club chair. “Let me tell you a little about us.”

“Bella Fiore is not a clinic in the medical sense, although we do have physicians on staff. We base our guiding principals on the teachings of a British woman by the name of Dr. Isobel Flower, a 19<sup>th</sup> century pioneer in women’s psychology and physiology. She believed in a holistic approach to healing, long before it was fashionable in the western world. Much of her influence came from the Far East, where she traveled extensively. While many of her male colleagues dismissed women’s mental health as a result of a weak spirit and fragile emotions, Dr. Flower believed that women needed three essential things to flourish—acceptance, affirmation, and affection, a feminine version of Maslow’s Hierarchy, if you will. The medical community ostracized her for her theories, but she had a strong cult following among the British nobles, who continued to sponsor her research. She opened a very private, exclusive clinic called ‘Bella Fiore’ outside of London, with the backing of her loyal followers. Most people, including the husbands of these high-born ladies, believed it was a gardening club,” she chuckled. “If they only knew...you see, in the Italian language, *bella fiore* means beautiful flower. It’s also a clever play on her name, Isobel—or Bell for short, and Flower—Fiore.”

A woman who poked her head in the office to announce, “They’re ready for her,” interrupted her story.

“Thank you, Rita. Let’s get you started.” Dr. Boden said, leading me from her office. “Rita will take you from here, but I’ll be overseeing your treatment. If you have any questions or concerns, just ask Rita to fetch me.” As I turned to follow Rita, Dr. Boden added, “And please relax and enjoy your time here. You may find some of our methods odd at first, but trust us. We’ve been in practice for over a century, with proven results.”

My curiosity piqued to new heights as Rita led me into a plush room, the likes of which I’d never seen in any clinic. Instead of the fluorescent glare of a doctor’s exam room, candelabras and softly glowing wall sconces illuminated this bedroom-sized space. Dark gleaming wood cabinets and marble-topped shelves lined two walls. At a glance, the room showed no discernable sign of needles, stirrups, speculums, or other gynecological torture devices. There were no windows, just a narrow door at the far end of the room, inlaid with intricate brushed gold designs. An exam table the width of a single bed dominated the centre of the room. It was at least waist high, and topped with a plush spread that matched the peach and gold color scheme of the room. Suspended on moveable arms from the ceiling above were small halogen spotlights. Calming instrumental music was playing softly in the background while lavender lightly scented the air. I instantly relaxed.

“Please undress, including your underwear, and step through the gold door,” Rita instructed before she left me alone in the chamber.

I did as I was told, hanging my clothes in the wood-paneled closet behind the door. I looked for a bathrobe or paper gown to protect my modesty, but found nothing.

I forgot my nakedness the moment I stepped through the gold door and drank in the surreal sight that surrounded me.

In the centre of a gigantic, airy, and light-filled room was a huge marble bathing pool with a dozen gloriously nude female statues in various poses guarding the perimeter. Four beautifully sculpted travertine fountains fed steaming water into the pool from each corner. Lush green vines dripped from Corinthian pillars that stretched to the skylights above. It was like stepping into an ancient Greco-Roman bath.

There were three other ‘patients’ in the pool, including the two women I had spotted in the lobby earlier. Like me, all were completely naked. Two women, about my age, stood with their backs to me at opposite ends of the pool in knee-deep water. An older woman, mid-sixties I guessed, reclined on the wide marble steps, almost invisible in the misty steam. All were having their bodies washed by topless female attendants, identified only by thin white sashes draped loosely around their hips, barely concealing their privates. The attendants were eerily clone-like. All had slender athletic bodies, no makeup, hair pulled back into topknots. The reclining woman smiled broadly as the attendants washed her feet. I was shocked and curious at this spectacle, but all were oblivious to my presence.

Two attendants appeared—I didn’t see or hear their approach—and led me to the pool. I wanted to ask them what was happening, but was afraid the sound of a human voice would somehow shatter this surreal scene and I’d find myself back home surrounded by dirty laundry.

Steam rose from shallow water and my attendants gently motioned for me to kneel. At first, I consciously had to fight my apprehension of strangers bathing me, but quickly succumbed to their expert tag-team approach. I closed my eyes and allowed my senses to fill with the aromatic scents and sounds of the trickling fountains around me.

Slave Girl One (such intimate circumstances necessitated nicknames) used a lathered loofah on my back, tummy, and breasts. Applying just enough pressure with the rough sponge, she made my skin tingle. Slave Girl Two poured urns of scented water over my skin. When SG1 moved to my thighs and buttocks, I felt a tightening in my groin. I’m not a lesbian, and yet, these delicious SGs were stirring my sexual fires.

The SGs bade me to recline on the steps where each one of them took a foot in hand. Totally exposed with my legs spread, my privates barely under an inch of water—that’s when I discovered why the other patient was smiling. The steps were made of porous stone and fine jets of air were being forced up through the surface. While the SGs washed, pumiced, and massaged my legs, the water oxidized my pussy! The sensation was one I can hardly describe. If you’re thinking massage-function-on-showerhead, you’re not even close. It felt a lot like getting head, but with a hundred rough little tongues, lapping me up.

The SGs pried me off the steps, much too soon, in my opinion. With every step, every movement of my legs, my swollen, throbbing clitoris became more and more stimulated. I longed to touch myself, to stroke myself to orgasmic release.



They led me back through the gold door and laid me face-up on the exam table. The attendants lathered me in thick cream and shaved my entire body below my neck. Yes, even down there. By now, you must realize I was in an erotic haze and didn't question anything. I only wanted, no, *needed*, to be touched. The SGs ceased to be human beings in my eyes. They were simply instruments created solely to make my body come alive. I felt no shame, no modesty, even when they bent my knees and spread my legs to shave my pussy. Knowing that my body was open and exposed in the most intimate way, it made my skin tingle and my blood race to my groin. I shuddered with every stroke of the razor, longing for them to brush my clit with their deft fingers. Their intimate touches were so close to my core, but frustratingly short of the mark. I felt their warm fluid-like hands move over me—stroking, kneading, rubbing my entire body. I reveled in the attention, the scent of the lavender oil as they massaged me from tip to toe. Curiously, I no longer craved release. I grew addicted to the extreme plane of heightened sexual tension. I called it The Brink.

As the SGs wound down, Dr. Boden appeared and interrupted my hypnotic state. “Are you ready for the next phase?”

I was somewhat embarrassed when the Tidy Mouse caught me in an aroused state, but she seemed nonplussed at my erotic haze.

The SGs disappeared, much to my dismay, as Boden slipped a silk robe over my naked, hairless, oiled body, and led me out of the room and into a dark passage. I could see a pedestal illuminated by a spotlight at the far end of the long dark hall, but the walls around me were in total darkness.

“Perception is a funny thing,” Boden’s voice came from the darkness. She was no longer beside me, but I could still hear her voice. “Our perceptions have little to do with reality and more to do with our experiences, inner emotions, and outside influences. We all have skewed perceptions of ourselves, but to different degrees. Most women find themselves too fat, too short, too thin, too tall. But what is reality? The reality is you. You are who you are and you must learn to look at yourself with unbiased eyes. You must accept yourself for who *you* are, not how you compare to others. This hallway will show you different ways to look at yourself but you must find your own reality. Drop your robe and face the wall.”

I did as she told me to do. A yellow light shone down, revealing a distorted reflection in a mirror. I was short, round, and it squashed my features so that my eyes sat almost on my lips. I had no nose, just a thin line where my nostrils were. My hips and thighs spread to the width of the mirror and my feet looked like little round circles. It reminded me of my childhood Weebles dolls. Bathed in the putrid light, my image had a sickly pallor. It was such a perverse image, especially in my nakedness, that I wanted to turn off the light and run away.

As if reading my mind, the light went out. I took five steps forward as Boden’s voice instructed and turned to the wall again. This time, a blue light came on to reveal yet another fun-house mirror. My bluish reflection was tall and ridiculously skinny, with a long crane neck, elongated saggy breasts, and a Leno chin. It was funny, but disturbing.

The next mirror bathed me in red. I had an enormously fat middle with a stretched top and bottom.

The next showed me with giant breasts and hips, and almost no waist, head, or feet.

And on it went down the extensive passage. Ten colorful images distorted to varying degrees. Finally, I stood at the end of the hall and peered into the last mirror. It wasn't as ridiculously distorted as those previous, but I appeared better proportioned than my normal self: hips not quite as wide, breasts not as small, waist not as puffy. The absence of hair on my body made me look ethereal, like a marble statue. My skin glowed as if the light came from inside, not above. I looked up to see a normal white frosted bulb. I looked back at the image. The mirror was flat.

"Is this me?" I whispered in awe.

"This is your reality." Boden's voice responded. "The self-description in your questionnaire indicated that you were disproportionate. What do you think now?"

"I think I'm not so bad." I replied, actually admiring myself for the first time. I felt as if I was looking at a familiar stranger. My eyes kept veering back to my clean-shaven sex. My pussy, so exposed, so naked, turned me on. I tentatively touched the smooth pink skin and at once felt my clitoris throb, straining against the plump lips. Wetness. A trickle of hot liquid on my inner thigh. The light went out.

"Proceed to the pedestal," instructed Boden.

Stepping up, I squinted into the surrounding darkness, but the golden glow of the spotlight beaming down from above prevented me from seeing past the circle of light.

"Beautiful!" I heard a whisper; it was a man's voice.

"Who's there?" I squirmed, instantly covering myself.

"No talking please," replied Boden's voice. "Just stand still and do as you're instructed."

"Her skin is radiant," came from another voice. "Her breasts are so full, so ripe."

The anonymous voices came out of the darkness from all around me. I could see no one. Both compliments and instructions were coming at me from all sides. It must be a pre-recorded tape, a little affirmation to boost my ego. *Ok, I'll play along.* I put my modesty aside and struck my best pose.

"Turn please."

"Her bum is very firm."

"Smile."

"She works out."

"Arch your back, please."

"Hands on your hips. Now turn around and bend over a bit."

"I adore her bare cunt."

"Head back, please."

"Spread your lovely pussy for us."

"I'll bet she tastes like honey!"

"Caress your breasts, dear. Yes, yes, like that."

"Have you ever seen such delicious pink nipples?"

"I'd like to lick her all over."

"She's fucking fabulous!"

It quickly went from a horrifying experience to exhibitionist's fantasy, all these strange voices admiring my body. It felt as if I had total control over the audience. I had sexual power! All eyes were on me. I turned, thrust my hips from side to side, and pouted into the darkness. They applauded. They went wild.

Then the spotlight went out.

Boden's voice piped in as the applause died down. "Well done! You were brilliant. Your fans love you, but I'm afraid it's time to move on."

Humming with sexual energy and feeling pretty terrific about myself, I left the pedestal and went back to my private room.

Right then and there, I decided that I loved this place and I would do anything, ANYTHING, these people bade. The SGs returned, this time with a young, buff, male helper. He was naked, except for a white sash that concealed his eyes and held back his long, wavy, sun-kissed blond locks. A truly remarkable specimen, his sculpted muscles gleamed with oil and his smooth hairless skin made me think of Michelangelo's David.

I don't know what the SGs did to him before I got there, but his massive cock stood proudly erect. A thick gleaming gold band around the base decorated it. It was a cock collar.

All my inhibitions, sexual and otherwise, evaporated. Without any suggestion, I knelt before him and took his marble shaft into my mouth. I tasted his salty maleness as I eased him farther and farther back towards my throat, until I could feel the warm metal band touch my lips. He groaned and pulled back.

He leaned down, blindly helped me up onto the plush table, and growled, "No ma'am. It's my pleasure to service you." I was now quite convinced that this was just a dream. Or heaven.

'Buff' used his hands to explore my body. His fingers teasingly danced over every inch of my body. Once he was familiar with every limb, every curve and angle, he motioned for the SGs. Each took one of my nipples into her mouth. I gasped when their warm lips simultaneously surrounded my sensitive ultra-aroused areolas. They flicked their narrow tongues until my nipples were rock hard.

Meanwhile, Buff's long smooth fingers gently stroked the outside of my shaven pussy. How I longed for those perfectly tapered fingers to probe me, rub me, thrust deep into me. *Oh, fuck me, already!* my mind screamed, but the only sounds escaping my lips were soft gasps and moans. I wiggled beneath him, urging him in, as the SGs continued to nibble and lick my breasts.

At last, Buff slipped his long hard fingers inside. My hips bucked. Teetering on The Brink for so long, I knew the slightest touch to my clitoris would send me plunging over the edge. His aching slow circular movement drove hot shooting waves of blood coursing through my system. On the edge, on the edge...

Everything stopped.

Neither hands nor tongues roamed my body. My hips quivered as I longed for physical release. My nipples throbbed in the cool air. I opened my eyes to see what was happening.

My muscles were taut with anticipation as I watched Buff bend my knees up and spread them wide, leaving my throbbing sex completely exposed. I watched in anticipation as he slowly lowered his head and licked me hard, from the bottom of my pussy to the top. One hard stroke of his muscular tongue was all it took to send me into orgasmic oblivion that lasted a full minute. He waited for my shaking to subside and then did it again. His hot hard tongue stroked me, lapped at me, hungrily, ferociously. He ravished me with that talented tongue of his and I came again and again.

When I finally opened my eyes, having either fallen asleep or passed out, Buff and the SGs were gone. I was alone in the room with only an urn of water, a towel, and my clothes.

Thanks to Bella Fiore, I'm a new woman. I take time to pamper myself, have sex a lot more often (sometimes by myself), and return to Bella Fiore at least once a month for 'treatment,' at my husband Michael's insistence. If he only knew...

\* \* \* \*

“Michael, as a colleague and friend, I hope you don’t mind my saying—you’ve been looking really run down lately. Is everything alright?” asked his Chief of Staff.

“Everything is fine,” Michael replied. “I’m just exhausted. My patient load is heavier than usual and things are a bit crazy at home.”

“You really need to relax. Listen,” he whispered, “I know of this great members-only place on the outskirts of town. It’s very hush-hush and has a really interesting version of ‘gentlemen’s entertainment,’ if you know what I mean.”

“Sounds intriguing,” Michael commented.

“It’s *fab!*” his boss added with a wink. “We gents have a few drinks, play some cards, and every so often, a curtain opens and we watch these beautiful, classy, naked women strut their stuff while we shout out compliments...”

**THE END**

## **About the Author**

### **Wylie Kinson**

Wylie Kinson was born and raised in Northwestern Ontario, Canada. Longing to travel and see the world she chose a career in the tourism industry, but only got as far as Bermuda. She spent seventeen warm, wonderful years captivated by the hypnotic crash of rolling waves, walking the pink sand beaches and diving the endless coral reefs and shipwrecks. Wylie returned to Canada last year with her husband and two children, but her days on the enchanting island paradise remain an inspiration for her romantic and erotic stories. Visit Wylie's website at [www.wyliekinson.com](http://www.wyliekinson.com).

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

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