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Sexy Confessions to Venus



**RIDING
DENNIS**

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**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
RIDING DENNIS**

BY

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RIDING DENNIS

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Jessica could feel the lustful gaze that followed her every move, like a white hot spotlight. Pressing her heels down in the stirrups, Jessica gracefully guided her mare, Frisky, into a figure-eight around the practice arena at a canter. With each of the animal's powerful lunges, the saddle spanked suggestively against the tight crotch of Jessica's riding pants.

And Dennis was blatantly staring at her. She could see him plainly in the open barn. The last two years working in her stable had filled him out with an exquisitely muscled physique and he was showing off that fine young body as he stood there shirtless. The sweat glistened on him, highlighting his six-pack abs and perfect pecs.

Dennis was twenty now, and after this summer he was leaving for the Big Apple. It was strange for her to think that just two years ago, she only thought of him as a nice looking kid who was a friend of her son. When exactly had he transformed into an Adonis?

"You are a fool, Jessica," she chided herself. It was crazy for her to entertain such thoughts about her son's friend. With Billy off in the Navy, leaving her nest empty, and with the ego-bruising divorce the year before, she was lonely, that was all. Certainly, Dennis just had some matter regarding the horses to discuss with her and he was simply waiting politely for her to complete her routine. "That's enough exercise for you today, Frisky," Jessica told her chestnut steed.

She rode back to the stable, slowing to a halt in front of Dennis. His golden eyes slide up her thighs and lingered at the straining buttons of her cotton top before finally settling on her face. After a beat, he smiled coyly. He reached up, covering her hand with his rough, hot one for a long moment, during which, Jessica forgot to breathe. Easily, he drew the reins from her hand. "I'll groom her for you, Mrs. Reynolds."

"We'll do it together." Jessica dismounted. "And don't call me Mrs. Reynolds any more. It's Miss since the divorce. Besides, we're both adults, and I hope friends, so call me Jessica."

"Jessica," he corrected himself, saying her name in a soft tone as if he were

Sexy Confessions to Venus: RIDING DENNIS

tasting the word in his mouth. He led the mare away with gentle confidence and Jessica trailed him. Her gaze dripped down the angles and muscles of his nude back and settled on his perfectly rounded rump. She exhaled raggedly, suppressing the urge to whistle.

Once Frisky was secured in her stall, Jessica and Dennis picked opposite sides and began brushing the dust off of her. Jessica caught herself watching Dennis' articulate hands as he flicked the brush with one hand and then smoothed the spot with his other. His palm glided over the animal's sleek coat. A movement Jessica found endlessly sexy. Daydreaming, she imagined those hands on her, massaging and petting.

"Jessica."

"Huh?" Jessica glanced up.

"You were moaning."

She blinked, embarrassed. "I was?"

He nodded, locking eyes with her until Jessica felt sure he knew what she'd been thinking. She blushed and focused on scrubbing dust from Frisky's neck. To change the subject, she inquired, "So, what are you going to do in New York?"

"Acting. Well, I hope acting." He shrugged. "We'll see."

"Really?" Jessica lit up with a smile. "You'll do excellently, I'm sure. You were marvelous in all of the community productions."

"I suppose," he shied. "But, don't you think maybe it is too impractical? I should probably sign up for Heating and Air Conditioning Repair or something bleak like that."

"Nonsense!" Jessica dropped her brush into the tack box and circled Frisky so she could face him. "That would be a criminal waste of your talent. Besides," Jessica reached up absently to finger comb his disheveled hair, "with your looks, you're a shoe-in."

Dennis shrugged again, glancing away modestly as if he didn't believe that himself.

"Just look at yourself. You're pretty in a masculine way like Orlando Bloom or Jude Law. The girls will flip over you." Jessica cupped his cheeks with both of her hands and raised his face until he met her eyes. "And your body was made to be modeled shirtless for those posters teenage girls paper their bedrooms and lockers with."

Dennis covered her hands with his and squeezed gently. "Jessica..." He drew her hands down so her palms pressed flat against his hard chest. Through her fingertips she could feel his heart beating, fast and steady. "I've wanted to tell you something for a long time."

Nervously, Jessica's own pulse surged to match his pace.

He enunciated each word with conviction. “You are the sexist woman I’ve ever seen.”

She tried to withdraw her hands, but Dennis held them easily. Her voice cracked when she muttered, “For an older woman, maybe—”

“No,” he insisted, his face concealing nothing as lust became apparent. Half laughing, he confessed, “I’ve beat off to the daydream of you a thousand times.”

Jessica’s stomach tightened with excitement. A swelling heat dribbled downward, through her core and spread the length of her inner thighs. She gripped his chest without realizing she’d done so.

Watching her reaction carefully, Dennis closed the distance between them and leaned slowly down until his mouth covered hers. His lips moved, testing her resistance.

Jessica closed her eyes. Her mouth softened as it remembered the sensation. With a moan, her lips parted and Dennis slipped inside. She tasted him for the first time. The nectar of his kiss surpassed the sweetness of any confection in which she’d ever indulged. For a time that seemed eternal, and yet too brief, she existed only in that kiss. When he finally withdrew, he circled her with his arms to prevent her swoon. Jessica clutched his shoulders to steady herself. She gazed up at him. Shakily, she admitted, “It’s been a while.”

“That’s all right,” he laughed huskily. “I’m sure we’ll muddle through.” Dennis hugged her to him possessively and she could feel the definition of his erection grind against her stomach. To her wide-eyed response, he whispered, “Let me have you.”

“But, I’m dirty and sweaty,” Jessica said, noticing the muddy smears on her arms. “We both are.”

He reached up and took her hand in his. “That is easily remedied.”

Jessica trotted to keep up with Dennis’ long strides. Drawing her along, he led her across the lawn and eventually to the master bathroom inside her house. He kept a hold of her hand while he turned on the shower and adjusted the temperature, as if he feared she would vanish should he release her.

The first feathering breaths of steam wisped over the shower curtain, giving the room a softer feel. Dennis turned to Jessica and reached under her mane of hair and fisted his hands in it. He crushed his mouth down on hers with a need she felt mirroring inside herself. His tongue whipped around hers. Sucking. Demanding. Dennis knew exactly what he wanted and how to take it.

He tugged the shirt out of her pants and reached up her back. His fingertips gripped her flesh and hugged her hard against his chest as the kiss deepened. Breaking

Sexy Confessions to Venus: RIDING DENNIS

away from her mouth, his sizzling kisses trailed down her cheek and neck. Dennis flicked open each button on the front of her shirt, then kissed her where it had been, on her breast bone, on her stomach, on her navel.

Jessica held open the shirt and with a quick snap of the front clasp of her bra, she bore her breasts to him. The nipples were already hard and sensitive. She bit her lips, hoping he would take one into his mouth without her begging for it.

“Perfect,” he breathed, taking a moment to admire the fullness of her breasts. “Better than I dreamed.”

Very slowly his thumbs rolled over the nipples, sending sparks of pleasure through Jessica. As he cupped and massaged both breasts, Jessica felt her nervousness melt and trust begin to build. This man knew what he was doing. Gradually, he lowered his face to her right nipple and he licked the very tip with a flicking motion before enclosing it completely.

“Ah, yes,” Jessica groaned as she hugged him to her. Scooping her up, Dennis pressed her to the wall so her breasts were the perfect height. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pressing her eager crotch against his hard belly. She cradled his head in her arms as he moved from one breast to the other. Dennis sucked and nibbled, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her.

“Damn, you are good at that.” Jessica murmured, rhythmically squirming against him.

Dennis let her slip back to her feet. “I haven’t even gotten started yet.”

“Mercy,” she giggled.

Dennis yanked off the shirt and bra that still dangled off her shoulders. Jessica kicked off her boots, dropping her a few inches in height so Dennis’ own nipples were in easy reach; she picked one and began kissing it.

“Babe, you make me want you so bad.” Dennis grabbed her ass and squeezed. He snaked one hand up over her hip and down her front until his fingers rubbed the fabric covering her groin, where he probed and explored the shape of her.

Jessica urgently unbuttoned his jeans and slid down his zipper. Smiling, she noticed he was going commando. Without any underwear to hold it back, his gorged erection sprang out as she tugged the jeans down. In a quick move, Dennis kicked off his boots and jeans, which had pooled around his ankles and then stood before her, naked. He was a perfect male specimen. The muscles that flexed and strained over his entire body were well defined, but not so large as to be frightening. A thin line of hair drew her eyes from his navel to his tangle of pubic hair. His balls were huge and tight with

excitement, and without thinking about it Jessica stroked them, receiving an appreciative grunt in response.

Most impressive of all was his massive cock. It was huge compared to her ex-husband's. She couldn't even circle the shaft completely with her hand. The head swelled and throbbed as she stroked over it and back down the shaft.

Dennis gripped handfuls of her hair and guided her mouth down onto his member. As the orb of the tip pressed between her lips he gave a shudder of pleasure. Jessica reached around and grabbed handfuls of his ass as she opened her throat to accommodate the length of him. He arched, pressing himself deeper with each stroke.

Jessica would have smiled if she could, thrilled with the pleasure she could give him. She settled for humming instead, shooting new waves of pleasure through her young lover.

"Shit!" He cried, and with a quaking force he squirted so much cum into her mouth that some of it dribbled down her chin. With a few more strokes the orgasm passed. Jessica swallowed the cream that he'd given to her and let him wipe the sticky juices from her chin. "I didn't mean to do that just yet," he gasped, "I couldn't help myself with your sexy mouth on me."

"That's okay," she sat back. Jessica hoped her disappointment didn't show too much.

He grinned, "Don't you worry, Jess. I'm not through with you yet." Dennis pulled her to her feet. "That was just act one."

A grin tugged at the sides of Jessica's mouth. She'd forgotten that young men had phenomenal recovery times. She allowed him to unbutton her riding pants and slide the zipper down. With some shimmying, she slipped them and her panties off.

"Excellent." He licked his lips. Taking her into his arms he kissed her lightly. Carefully he maneuvered them into the lavishly oversized shower which could easily accommodate two people without worrying about elbow room. The warm spray beat pleasantly down on them, sending glistening rivulets down their bodies.

They took turns shampooing each other's hair with a leisurely pace. Once the suds were rinsed away, they soaped every inch of each other's body. The silky glide of his touch over her breasts made Jessica forget to breathe. He didn't miss a spot as he worked his soapy hands over her rear. Using both hands he worked up and down her thighs as if worshiping her and Jessica prayed she was not dreaming the best sexual encounter of her life.

When it was her turn with the soap, Jessica paid special attention to the ripple of

Sexy Confessions to Venus: RIDING DENNIS

muscle down his back. She had a thing for a nice back, and Dennis' should have been immortalized in a sculpture. Exploring every plane and angle of his perfect body, Jessica found not one bit of him lacking.

When they were rinsed off, Dennis flipped off the spray. He lifted Jessica into his arms so her legs wrapped around his waist. He carried her, riding that way, out of the shower. Grabbing a handful of towels on the way to the bedroom, he said, "Time for act two."

Haphazardly, he tossed the towels on the bed before draping Jessica on top of them. He positioned her so her bottom hung over the edge and he spread her thighs wide.

His cock grew hard again and he rubbed the bulbous head of it up and down her pussy so it pressed against her pussy lips, back up over her clit and down again, without ever entering her. Jessica rubbed and tweaked her nipples, feeling her anticipation growing hot inside her. She moaned, "I want you inside me so bad."

"Not yet." He knelt down beside the bed. "I have a debt to repay first."

Gently he eased his wide shoulders between her knees. The heat of his breath on her pussy made her squirm with anticipation. His fingers spread her open even more, then the tip of his tongue touched her clit.

"Oh, Dennis," Jessica squealed. "You know how to torture a woman."

His steaming mouth covered the entire area, and his tongue worked the clit over and over until it was as hard and pert as Jessica's nipples. She rolled her hips, working against him as the burning of desire scorched her skin. Then he moved, gliding lower so his fat tongue entered her core. He slurped and suckled on her pussy as though drinking her. With each rise of her hips, his tongue penetrated her.

"I'm...going...to...cum..."

He pulled back, "Not yet." He licked his forefinger and inserted it into her pussy. With agonizing slowness he worked it in and out. She tried to press forward, but he wouldn't let her set the pace. Gradually she fell into the rhythm he set, and she coasted into a smooth feeling of floating.

"Damn, you can do magic," she cooed.

"And for my next trick," he said, as he added his middle finger to the first. The two fingers filled her and she couldn't imagine how she'd ever stuff his entire cock inside her. She rose to another level, feeling him moving inside her, spreading his fingers and curling them slightly to further heighten her sensation.

Without warning, the tip of a finger from his other hand pushed against the anus. She gasped when it entered her. Jessica had never had anything like that done to her

before and new trembles of excitement shivered down her legs.

He dropped his mouth to her clit and worked it like he was French kissing her pussy. Jessica grabbed fistfuls of his hair and raised her hips to meet each of his strokes. She gushed and gushed as she'd never done before in her life. She crested over and over into his mouth and he lapped up her cream eagerly until she was spent.

"Now, for the good part," Dennis said.

Jessica gasped, "There's more?"

"Much, much more." He climbed onto the bed and laid on his back. "Now that I have you, I'm going to do everything I every dreamed of doing to you."

Jessica panted, unbelieving. Someone wanted her this badly? After everything she'd gone through in the sham that was her marriage, she thought no one ever really wanted her, or ever would. And now, she'd been turned inside out by this man in her bed, and he wanted more.

So did she.

Jessica crawled to Dennis and tossed her leg over him so she straddled his chest. "I'm in control now," she purred, "and I am going to ride you for all you're worth."

"Do it, Baby," he urged. "Make me yours."

Jessica raise above his raging cock and with deliberate slowness she impaled herself on it. She forced the massive head into her millimeter by millimeter.

Dennis squinted in erotic agony as she swallowed him whole. "Do me, Baby. Take me, now!"

When she'd taken the full length of him, filling her more than she'd ever thought she could be, she said, "Damn straight, I'm going to take you." She rocked up and down, riding him like an unbroken stallion. "I'm going to take you all summer long."

Sexy Confessions to Venus: RIDING DENNIS

About the Author

Amanda is a practicing witch and paranormal investigator, a side from that she is a fairly normal person. In addition to erotic romances, Amanda writes romantic suspense, mysteries, game books and articles for pagan magazines.

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