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On The Menu



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ON THE MENU

By

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ON THE MENU

The menus came by Fed Ex late in the afternoon, the heavy, creamy parchment embossed with gold, inscribed with blood red ink. Laura Branson laughed, delighted, running one perfectly manicured fingernail over the S on the title page. Beautiful, as sensual as the meal it represented, it gleamed in the low light of Andrew's outer office. She had to show it to him.

The clicking of her heels over tile ended as soon as she stepped inside the inner sanctum, the scent of lemon oil on fine wood quickly overpowering fresh ink and paper. Breathing deep, Laura smoothed her dark brown pixie cut, her silk blouse and gabardine skirt with her free hand as she approached the tall leather chair turned with its back to her. Andrew's voice floated to her through the hushed space, low and deep. Annoyed.

After her first month with Andrew she had learned not to fidget, a talent she availed herself of while he talked. When he finally turned and hung up the phone, she gave him a smile.

"Bad day?"

"Not until just then. Johnson is trying to undersell me, the little prick." He looked her over, his bright blue eyes always a surprise in his swarthy face, so at odds with the rest of his looks. Her own muddy brown eyes made her self-conscious around him, even though he assured her they resembled fine brandy. He was so good looking, she felt plain in comparison.

"They came," she said, waving the menu.

"What came?"

"The menus for the promotional banquet. It's next week. Maybe I should make it for you, simply to test it out first." She'd pushed that blasted menu on everyone who would eat it, but Andrew rarely came to the restaurant, generally preferring meat and potatoes when she cooked for him.

"I'm really not a sensualist, Laura," he said, leaning back in his chair and pressing his fingers together. "I'm afraid your 'Tour of the Senses' shtick is lost on me. Save it for the restaurant. Or for those private parties you cater."

"You could at least try. After all, you're the one who encouraged me to become a chef." The thick carpet muffled her footsteps as she moved close to the desk, leaning one hip against it. Like everything else in the elegantly appointed space, the carpet's rich wine color and smooth-cut texture spoke of Andrew's sensual nature far more honestly than his words did. Laura crossed her arms, breathing deep, watching the way Andrew's gaze dipped just below the pearls she wore about her throat.

"Yes, and I'm quite proud. You've done well, and you're a fantastic and inventive cook. Which is why I think such a base advertising promotion is beneath you."

"There is nothing base about the food I prepare, and you know it."

Andrew infuriated her sometimes, with his deliberate smile and his smug superiority. He acted as if he were old enough to be her father, which she knew was not the case, not with his hair untouched by gray and with his unlined face. His wide-shouldered, lean-hipped body spoke of a man in his prime. She admired the fit of his suit jacket about his shoulders as she fingered the pearls, her pinky dipping into the vee of her blouse, drawing his eyes ever down.

Andrew sighed. "Very well. What is on your menu? I might be convinced to attend your buffet, if it is indeed a private showing. Just for me."

Rewarding him with another smile, this one revved up a notch on the wattage, Laura planted her hands on the desk and leaned close. "Wonderful. Here, have a look at the menu."

Hands sliding over the menu like a lover's skin, Andrew nodded, opening it up. His eyebrows went up. "Why don't you explain all of this to me? What sort of tour of the senses involves chicken?"

"I'll tell you." She wanted to whap him. Hard. Instead, she decided to tease. Crossing one ankle over the other, Laura made sure her stockings scratched against each other, the sound drawing Andrew's eyes away from her cleavage. At least until she bent to point at the first menu item. "I start with candied violets to cleanse the palate."

"Violets? Really?" Certainly Andrew seemed more intrigued by her breasts than her appetizers. She gave him more, stretching her arm out so her shirt collar gaped away.

"Yes, really. Since you are not a sensualist, you might not know they were once considered quite the thing to get your engine going. The Victorians swore by them. Well, that and ginger. Then I move on to an appetizer of shrimp and oysters with a variety of sauces, all spiced with chiles."

"Oysters. Of course."

"Just because they are tried and true doesn't mean they're boring, Andrew. You know very well chile adds heat to life as well as food." Like the black lace bra she wore, oysters were a proven performer. Either the oysters or the bra made Andrew lick his lips, just a hint of sweat popping up on his brow. Laura wanted to lick it off, see if he tasted like the seawater those very oysters had been plucked from that morning. She wondered if other parts of him tasted of the sea as well.

"What then?"

She pressed her legs together. "Fennel salad. Chicken with artichokes and tortellini."

"Fennel?"

"Once it was supposed that a few bites of fennel a day increased the sex drive. Artichokes are supposed to lend a unique taste to a man." She smiled, letting her teeth sink into her lower lip. His eyes went almost navy for her, his breath catching and his Adam's apple bobbing. Laura reached for his tie, undoing the perfect knot. "The first cook to create tortellini modeled it on the navel of Venus, you know."

"I may not know how to boil water, darling, but I do know the story of how Venus and Jupiter rented a hotel room for the night, enticing a lucky artist to peep through the keyhole."

"Of course you do. Classicist." She said it fondly, working the tie out of his collar and flinging it behind her in a gesture so dramatic she almost lost herself in giggles. That would never do; this was a seduction scene. "The chicken is merely a nice palette for the other ingredients. I thought about including leeks, but that seemed like a mood killer."

"Leeks," he repeated, his nose wrinkling.

"Emperor Nero ate leek soup every day to increase his virility."

"Yes, and look where that got him. What would you offer me for dessert?"

"Strawberries and chocolate, with champagne."

Andrew frowned, the lines between his eyes deepening until she smoothed them out again with her fingers. So serious. "Trite, my dear. Most trite."

"Familiar enough to be comfortable, yes, but not trite." Too bad she had tossed aside the tie; strangling him with it appealed greatly. "Imagine feeding someone with your fingers, pressing succulent fruit into their mouth."

"Messy."

"Delicious," she countered.

The pads of her fingers tingled as she touched his lip and used her other hand to unbutton his shirt. His mouth moved under her skin, a sharp exhalation brushing her, damp and heated. Yes. Just like that.

"You are."

Giving up the pretense of disinterest, Andrew reached behind her, putting one hand to the back of her neck, his fingers catching on the small hairs at her nape. He pulled her down as she shivered, her nipples tight and hard as his mouth opened against hers. His tongue pushed between her lips and she tasted him, mint and lemon and man. Laura worked the shirt and jacket off Andrew's shoulders, touching him in return, savoring the smooth-apple skin of his collarbone, the rougher hair on his chest. His nipples weren't like the proverbial berries. They were small and brown, and rose hard under the scrape of her thumbnails.

Andrew worked her blouse open, baring the front-clasp of the bra Laura had spent so dearly on. Well spent money, if the way Andrew traced the top edge of lace gave any indication. When he bent and licked at the rising swell of her skin, she thanked the shopping gods profusely. The bra slipped away as soon as Andrew opened the catch, needing both hands for the job, the edges of the wire sliding across her breastbone, the lace scraping over her tight nipples. The rasp along her nerves made her gasp and rock until her hip slipped off the desk, sending her sprawling across Andrew's lap.

His chest pressed against her breasts, rising and falling with his every breath. Other things rose against her as well, poking into her thigh. The fly of his trousers yielded to her touch, allowing her to pull out his cock, the feel of it as smooth as her menu, but so much hotter. Slipping her thumbnail over the head, Laura pressed at the slit, eating up his pained groan.

Catching her balance, Laura spread her legs to straddle Andrew's lap, the fine wool of his pants abrading the tender skin on the soft insides of her thighs. They smelled like dark spices, Eastern and mysterious. Oh, how she shuddered when his fingers slipped down her belly, down where she lay open for him, pressing against her. Then Andrew brought his fingers to his mouth, licking them clean.

"So much better than strawberries," he said.

Gasping, Laura rocked against him, her hands clutching his shoulders. Chuckling, Andrew pulled her close for another kiss, reaching to pinch and pull at her nipples, his fingers surprisingly rough from his gardening. Very few people had any idea he loved to plant things. She remembered to touch as well, nails sliding along his ribs, making goosebumps rise on his skin.

They teased each other with tidbits of skin, she moving her mouth across his throat, he testing the resiliency of her round ass. Tugging at him, Laura encouraged Andrew to arch up as she pressed down, rubbing them together, her wetness easing the way as he probed at her.

"Are you ready for the appetizer, Andrew?"

"Mmmhmm."

God, she loved it when he let go the suave veneer of sophistication and lost himself in her. When he lost the words he so depended on day to day. She guided

him to her, the head of his cock sliding inside. Andrew grunted; Laura gasped. The soft flesh of her hips dimpled under his fingers as he pulled her down on him, pushing into her body with one hard thrust.

"You're like a peach," he said, and she laughed.

"Now who's trite?"

They rocked together, her body opening for him, his hardness pressing incessantly. Laura tasted his sweat, and it was as the sea, salty and strong, more arousing than any wives' tale aphrodisiac. Far more. Her breasts bounced, her muscles clasped him tightly, and when he reached down between them to touch her clit, she cried out, her head falling back as she rode him hard and fast. The friction against her thighs sent shivers up her spine, and Andrew's mouth on her breasts as he bent her back had her clamping down on him, his fingers and cock and mouth all working her into a frenzy.

Laura came hard enough to see stars, her whole body arching under the force of it, every muscle drawn up tight. Moments later Andrew stiffened under her, heat flooding into her as he came. She got to watch, even as her vision still blurred a little from the force of her orgasm. They rested together, panting, her skin tingling every place his touched it.

"So, what do you think of my menu?" she asked.

"I think if you're on it I'll buy it, darling." His smile lit up his whole face, sending residual shivers through her as she contemplated what sort of feast they might have at home, in their bed.

Laura smiled back, stroking her husband's cheek. "For you, Andrew? I'm on the menu. Only for you."

THE END

About The Author

Julia Talbot

Julia Talbot resides in the Southwest United States with her dog and several houseplants, and has not quit her day job. She has a penchant for blank books, gay porn, and big, ugly hats. She can most often be found in coffee shops and restaurants, scribbling in her notebook and entertaining other diners with her mutterings.

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