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KATE BURNS
LOVE LESSONS

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A PHAZE FETISH HEATSHEET BY

KATE BURNS

LOVE LESSONS

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Also by Kate Burns

Halfpipe Romance

One

Bare Minimum. It doesn't look so terribly intimidating, does it? Nice storefront, nothing weird in the front window, no whips, chains or red lights hanging above the doorway. And right next to that cute little bookstore, too. Okay, so it's a book store with a section for erotica. Oh...all right—it's a bookstore that only sells erotica. But so what? The flower boxes out in front are pretty— so really, how bad can it be? If they take such good care of the flower boxes they must be just plain, ordinary people, right? Right.

So why am I still standing here?

It took her an additional ten minutes of staring at *Bare Minimum* from behind a tall potted tree across the street before Jenn found the courage to walk toward the store. She found courage but forgot basic traffic etiquette and when a horn blared right beside her she jumped.

A red convertible, its driver scowling, was stopped in the middle of the street. Jenn's bare legs were a scant twelve inches from the chrome bumper.

"Sorry!" she called as she scanned for traffic before she crossed the other lane. Waving from the safety of the sidewalk she received a second scowl as the car drove off.

Shit. Not a great way to begin this shopping trip. Maybe this isn't such a good idea after all. Maybe I should just go home and think of some other way to get things hot with Ray. Maybe this isn't the way to turn him on, maybe—No. I nearly got run over getting here, and I'm going in. That's it.

When Jenn went inside the shop she didn't know what to expect. But what she found was so much more interesting than anything she could have imagined that she was glad she hadn't had any expectations. They could never have matched the reality of *Bare Minimum*.

She didn't find anything plain. She didn't find anything ordinary. But she did find a lot that made her very, very hot.

* * * *

"Hey there," said the muscular blond who was standing behind the counter. He had flashing blue eyes and a dazzling smile and looked like he spent all of his free time on a surfboard. "Anything I can help you find today?"

"Uh, no thanks," Jenn said, feeling her face warm but powerless to stop it. "I'm just looking."

With a grin, he nodded and said, "Great. Take your time and give a holler if you need any help, okay?"

Jenn swallowed. "Okay."

Help? That'll be the day—I think I'd die before I'd ask for any help. Or God forbid, any instructions on how to use any of this stuff. Besides, I'm just here to look around. Get ideas. That's all. Nothing more. So really, how hard can this be?

As she began to walk through the tidy, well-lit shop she realized that there was nothing seedy or smarmy about the store or its products. Everything was arranged attractively in displays that would do any New York boutique owner proud and there were even discreet little placards explaining the use of some of the less-obvious items.

After nearly an hour in the place Jenn knew that what she had assumed was a basic ramp-up-the-heat maneuver with her tepid-in-bed boyfriend was much more involved than she'd originally thought. And she realized that she wasn't nearly as well equipped in the art of making love as she'd thought.

With a smile, she paid for her purchases and headed for the door. Out on the sidewalk she stood in the warmth of the midday sun, contemplating her next move.

Time to break out the heavy-duty sex expert. It was time to talk to Glory.

* * * *

The air conditioner was on high but it was still hot inside the small car. She wasn't sure if it was the afternoon sun streaming through the sunroof or if it was Glory's advice which was making her sweat but it was something. Jenn felt like an ice cube on a sidewalk. She was sure there'd be a puddle beneath her when she stood.

"Listen, you've got to go back in there. I'm telling you—that's the only way to do it. March right back inside and talk to Greg." Gloria's voice sounded so calm and rational that it was hard to put up an argument, especially since she and Jenn had been debating the issue for over an hour already. "Just go inside. Talk to Greg. It's the only way."

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"Greg? Who's that?"

"Honestly...Greg owns the place. He's the one behind the counter—the to-die-for handsome guy who's going to answer questions you didn't even know you had. Now go back in there and—"

"And do what? What the hell am I supposed to say to him? 'Hi, I'm sexually challenged. Will you tie me up?' think about it Glory! He'll think I'm a lunatic!"

"Oh honey, he probably already thinks you're a little bit...um, sexually stifled, already."

"How can you say that?" shrieked Jenn. The sound reverberated in the confines of the car but she didn't notice. "I went in there, didn't I? Stifled people, as you so... so eloquently put it, don't go inside sex shops! I did—I am definitely *not* stifled, thank you very much."

"You bought a lollipop. In a store filled with ropes, fur-lined handcuffs, vibrators, whips, erotic outfits and wild sex toys you bought a lollipop. That, my friend, is stifled."

"I bought two. And they *are* in the shape of little penises."

"Whoopee! Go back inside. Talk to Greg. Tell him I sent you," said Glory. "He'll know what to do."

* * * *

It was more difficult to step into the shop a second time than it had been the first. When she pushed the door open, the blond guy was snapping a silver cell phone closed. He pushed it inside the front pocket of his tight, ball-hugging jeans and smiled at her.

"Hey, you're back," he said as he came out from behind the counter. "I hoped you'd come back soon. Finish the lollipops already? Back for a couple of spares? Because you know, I've heard that too many cocks can never spoil the soup."

Giggling, Jen shook her head. "No, I haven't touched the cocks yet."

He looked at her with a lop-sided grin. When he spoke his voice was like honey on a hot biscuit and it dripped over her in ways that defied description. "Now that, my dear, is a shame. A damn shame. The other shame is that we haven't been introduced. I'm Greg. And you are?"

"Jenn."

"Nice to meet you Jenn. Now, what can I do for you?"

She hesitated. Suddenly she felt iciness where she'd been feeling heat.

Just jump in. what the hell have I got to lose?

"Glory—Gloria, my best friend, she sent me in. She said to talk to

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you about...um, about..."

"Lessons?"

With a huge sigh of relief she felt herself begin to warm again.

"Yeah. Lessons."

Two

"Relax, it's only a lesson. You've taken other kinds of lessons before, haven't you?" Gloria grinned from her casual position in the armchair, her legs dangling over the side of the chair and her feet, their glossy red toenails looking like a line of cherries, tapping in the air.

From within the depths of her clothes closet, Jenn called, "I've taken Chinese cooking lessons. I don't think this is the same kind of thing."

"Lessons are lessons," insisted the blond as she examined a cuticle. The shade on her acrylic nails matched the one on her toes.

"I don't think Greg is going to pull out a bag of chow mein noodles and a bottle of peanut oil."

"You never know..."

"What?" asked Jenn as she emerged from the closet. She clutched a hanger to her bare breast. So far she'd managed to pull on a pair of lacy red panties but hadn't been able to decide on what else to wear to her lesson.

"Nothing. What have you got there?"

Holding up the tailored grey trousers and matching silk blouse, Jenn lifted one eyebrow and asked, "What about this? Not prudish but not smutty, either. What do you think? Perfect, right?"

"Sure it is—if you want to be hit by a flying wok!"

* * * *

In the end Jenn and Glory compromised, settling on a pair of faded jeans, a white ribbed sweater and more make-up than Jenn usually wore but by agreeing to the cosmetics she'd gotten her way with the clipped-back hair. Truly, a set of compromises had led up to the last-minute doubts Jenn was battling as she sat in her car in the darkened parking lot.

This is ridiculous. I shouldn't be doing this at all...I mean, Ray's not even worth it. He's a nice guy but really, we've been dating since Thanksgiving and he's as dull as dirt, both in the bed and out of it. Why the hell am I trying to heat things up with a guy I'm not even that crazy over?

What possessed me to think Ray deserved a Valentine's Day surprise like this, anyway? I'll be lucky if I get a Hallmark card and a box of grocery-store chocolates. Hell, I'll be lucky if the fool even remembers it's Valentine's Day!

No, this is stupid. I don't have to do this. I'll just call Greg and tell him I've changed my mind. Thanks but no thanks.

Reaching into her purse for her cell she had a sinking feeling wash over her. As she flipped the phone open and stared at the lit screen she took a deep breath and put her thumb over the first digit in the shop's number. She'd considered calling Greg so many times since this afternoon when they'd scheduled the meeting that she knew the number by heart.

Now that she was actually canceling their lesson Jenn realized that she was feeling a distinct sense of disappointment. Instead of dialing Greg she dialed another, more familiar number.

"Ray? Hi. Yeah, I know it's not our night for the movies. But you know, I'm going to have to cancel our date this week. No, I won't be able to make it on Thursday. No, not next week either. Right, I agree. Yeah, that's what I'm saying, Ray. You're a nice guy and I've had a lot of fun but—yeah, me too. All right then. See you."

Jenn snapped the phone closed and headed for the back door to the apartment above *Bare Minimum*. There was a lightness in her step that hadn't been there earlier.

* * * *

Greg's apartment was a lot like Greg—a classic beach-type space with sisal floor coverings, wide, wicker furniture with deep sand-toned cushions, strings of fairy lights draped over the framed ocean scenes on the walls and a row of surfboards lined up in the far corner of the living room. The tables were covered with books and magazines, something that surprised Jenn. When she looked closely they were all about snorkeling, surfing, scuba diving and Para-sailing. A few of them were authored by someone named Greg Walters and Jenn looked questioningly at Greg.

Grinning boyishly, he nodded. "Yeah, they're mine. Secret's out, I guess. I majored in marine biology and have an advanced degree in underwater geology as well. These are my hobbies, the sports, but I have some great publishing connections from writing academic stuff, so they sort of indulge my passions. A fair trade off—we all get what we want and that's really the name of the game, isn't it? Why don't we have a seat

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and get to know each other better. That way you can tell me how I can best teach you the things you want to know."

They sat side by side on the wide couch, Greg relaxed, with one knee pulled up as he sat facing her and Jenn sitting with both feet on the floor, her hands clasped between her knees.

"So, tell me what brought you to the shop," he said. "But first, I was having a glass of wine when you got here. Would you like one?"

"That'd be great, thanks." Watching while he poured her a glass of red wine, she fought for control of her shaking hands. She was surprised when she reached for the glass and saw that her fingers trembled only slightly.

So I'm only shaking inside.

"All right," Greg said. "Shoot."

"Well, I...um...it's like this. I had a boyfriend—Ray—who's been kind of slow about, well, you know—"

"Sex?"

"Right. We went out from November until...well, until tonight—"

"You broke up?"

"Yeah. He was just so damn boring in the bedroom—and out of it, too. Nice but boring. So I decided that maybe a little bit of...well, of kinkiness would make things hotter. Glory told me about your shop and I figured I didn't have anything to lose but when I got there it was just so packed with...everything! And I didn't know what to do or what I needed and...well..."

"That's why you're here. To learn the things you don't know. But tell me, Jenn—are you sure you still want to do this now that you and Ray have broken up? It's okay if you've changed your mind, you know," he said. When he took a swallow of the wine his throat moved so seductively that Jenn felt her panties grow moist.

"No. I haven't changed my mind," she said softly, her eyes still on his neck.

"I'm glad. So what would you like to learn? First, that is? What's your fantasy, honey?"

Licking her lips, she answered, her voice low and hoarse. "I want to learn how to tie knots."

Three

Greg's bedroom looked like any ordinary bedroom except there were steel rings on the wall behind a tapestry and his four-poster bed had exceptionally thick corner posts. There were also wrought-iron rings cemented into the tile flooring, hidden beneath a plush throw rug, but he didn't show her those.

"Bathroom's in there," he said, unbuttoning his shirt. "Why don't you go inside and take off as much as you feel comfortable removing. I'm going to get a little more relaxed, get some stuff together, and then we can begin. All right?"

"All right. Be right out," Jenn said as she closed the door to the marble and mirror bathroom. Squeezing her eyes tightly closed she willed her thudding heart to still as she stood with her back against the door. When she opened her eyes she saw dozens of reflections of herself in the completely-mirrored walls of the room.

Every single face that stared back at her looked scared. Scared shitless.

* * * *

She walked into the room wearing only the red panties and a matching lace bra. Greg had dozens of candles lit and the warm, flickering glow put her more at ease. He'd removed his clothes except for a pair of silk boxers and was lying across the wide bed, a grin covering his face as she went to stand beside him.

"Great. That'll be just perfect for what I've got in mind. Come on over here and I'll show you what I've got."

He motioned for Jenn to sit on the bed beside him and she did, tucking her legs beneath her and trying to act calm. Watching as he leaned over and pulled a length of what looked more like thick beige yarn than a restraint from the drawer in the bedside table, she felt her heart thud in her chest, her pussy tingle and her nipples pebble. Greg began to uncoil the rope, sliding it between his fingers sensuously as it fell in smooth waves onto his lap.

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His lap. It was hard for Jenn to take her eyes off the bulge in his silk boxers. She knew that he wasn't erect but there was still an incredibly promising bump beneath the fabric and curiosity for what lay hidden consumed her. Pulling her eyes from his crotch to his deep, ocean-blue eyes, she swallowed.

I'm really going to do this. Damn, I'm actually going to let this gorgeous guy teach me how to tie someone up! How hot is that?

"There are virtually endless possibilities for restraint," Greg began, holding the rope loosely in his hands. "But I chose this for your first time. It's hand-woven in Italy, soft and won't leave any marks on your skin. There are times for marking the flesh and other times for simply...enjoying the flesh. This is one of those times. Your first lesson should be an easy one."

"Thanks. But that looks so soft. Will it really hold someone tightly enough for...well, you know?"

Greg reached into his lap, running his fingers along the coils until he found what he was searching for. Her eyes never left his hand as it touched the rope and his shorts slowly and when he pulled the end of the rope out of the depths of his crotch she gasped. Holding it as if it was his penis he brought it to her mouth, ran it across her lips and over her cheek before he slid it down the side of her neck and tickled the tops of her breasts with it. Her nipples became even harder and she watched him observe her arousal before he flicked the end of the strand casually over the tip of each breast.

"Sometimes, honey, looks can be deceiving. What appears to be soft, weak, pliable is really the toughest, firmest, hardest thing around. So really, just because it seems to be soft doesn't mean it's actually...not hard."

Jenn's eyes darted down to his crotch but the bulge appeared to be unchanged since the last time she'd checked. She took a long, hitching breath before she looked back up at him.

"First tip?" she asked with a small, shaky smile.

"First tip. One, I think, you'll remember for a long, long time. Now, the knots? Would you like me to demonstrate some of the knots?"

"Yeah, that sounds great."

Greg placed his hand on her upper arm, slid it slowly down to her hand and turned her hand so that it lay against her bare thigh palm up, just inches from the lacy edge of her panties. He traced a small circle on her palm, touched the lines etched into her skin. Then he put his hand

around her wrist and gently pulled her hand onto his thigh. Now it was just inches from the lower edge of his boxers.

I'm really doing this. Who ever would have thought this could be so damn sexy? We haven't done anything yet and my pussy is hot and slippery and oh, do I want to reach out and slide my fingers over my clit. It's aching to be touched—just aching.

"Hey, this will work better if I tie your wrist to something, rather than just tie the knot around it uselessly. What do you think?"

What do I think? I think I'm horny as hell here. Tie me to the ceiling if you want to, just do something already!

"Sure."

"I can tie you to the wall. Or the floor. Or in the bathroom. Or in the kitchen, against the table. On the sofa—that wicker's pretty damn sturdy," Greg said, grinning. He shrugged, his heavily-muscled shoulders moving his chest so enticingly that Jenn nearly put her tongue on one of the flat rose-colored circles that peeked out from beneath a fine layer of curly blond hair. "Or I can just tie you to the bed. What sounds the best to you?"

"Hmm? Oh, the bed."

"You got it. Now, slide down on the bed so I can..."

* * * *

"How does that feel? Not too tight?" Greg asked, giving a final tug to the soft beige rope that held her firmly against the headboard.

"Feels fine, thanks," she answered. Her hands were spread apart and her back was flat against the smooth wood that had been heated by her body. Greg had secured the first wrist, then he had wrapped the majority of the rope around her torso before he looped it around her other wrist, securing it, too, to the headboard. "Not too tight."

Sitting back and admiring his weaving and knotting skill, Greg stared at her body for long, silent minutes. He'd wrapped her torso so completely in a series of twists and loops that only her breasts were exposed, held straight out by the rope support he'd built beneath them and her nipples constantly erect from the pressure the top loops exerted on her smooth, tender skin. Greg reached out and adjusted a strand, pushing it down into place against her skin. His fingers brushed her hard nipple and she inhaled sharply, made even more excited by his apparent lack of concern for her arousal.

It was easy to see that Greg's cock had grown while he was "teaching" her how to tie knots; the bulge in his shorts was bigger, the

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shorts tighter. There was no tent, he wasn't pushing out from beneath the fabric but her eyes were nearly impossible to lift from the button-fly opening. Securely closed, it held the promise of so much...

"So now, Jenn, what should I do with you? You've learned a good bit about..." he hesitated, running his fingers across the skin just above her wrist. He'd straddled her body and every time he reached to touch her or reposition a rope his hot skin brushed against hers. Shivers of anticipation shot up her spine with every movement and if she hadn't been restrained she would have pulled his body against her own. "Knots. Should I just untie you now? Let you go? Tell me, Jenn...is that what you want?"

"No," she whispered.

"What then?" He leaned close to her, their faces only inches apart. She could smell the spicy scent of his body, feel his warm breath on her face and wondered, not for the first time, how it would feel to have his cock against her throbbing clit.

I want it all, Greg. All you've got to offer. And I want it now.

"Teach me...everything."

Throwing his head back and laughing, Greg settled himself on her thighs and looked into her eyes. "Everything? In one night? Hell, that's a tall order, honey. I'm only one man—I don't think I can teach you *everything* all at once. But I can," he put his lips on hers and kissed her, a fast kiss that left her wanting more when he tore his mouth from hers with a smirk. "Teach you something."

Four

His tongue lapped at her breasts, licking the warm skin like she was a bowl of milk and he a cat. Swirling his tongue over her nipples, he tugged them between his lips and pressed on her delicate pink skin, sending pulses through her body like lightning through the night sky.

"Oh, Greg. It feels so good," Jenn moaned as she arched her back, pressing herself against his mouth. Her bra, discarded and forgotten, had never done as good a job of holding her breasts upright as the Italian creation he'd created for her.

"Tell me what you want," he murmured, his teeth nipping the tip of one of her breasts. "Tell me."

"I want you. Please, I want you," she moaned, squirming against the soft cotton comforter beneath her. Her pussy felt as if it was on fire and she pressed her thighs together, looking for some relief from the heat. Tremors of delight gripped her folds and she felt the slipperiness increase with even the tiniest movement of her hips.

"Me? Or my cock?"

Jenn swallowed. "Both. Please. I want both."

"Say it," he demanded, lifting his mouth from her body. "Say it. I want to hear you say it."

"I want you, Greg." Her voice was breathless, as if she'd been jogging, and her body was hot, her blood rushing through her veins with a force that made her skin throb. He could see it, the delicate pulsing of her blood beneath her silky smooth skin, as easily as she could feel it. "I want you...and I want your cock."

The growl that came from deep within him was animalistic. His eyes glowed, excitement making them even bluer, and his skin had a fine sheen of perspiration on it, making the tan look like spun gold in the flickering candlelight. Gone was the helpful, grinning surfing type who had so gently secured her to his huge bed. In his place was a muscled, sleek being that looked more lion than man with his soft blond hair and thick neck.

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I never knew a man could make me so hot. I never knew that being at the mercy of such a strong, powerful man could make my body scream for him.

And his cock—it's got to be huge. Look at his boxers...damn, why doesn't he take them off already? I want to see him. I want to feel him.

"You'll have me, then...maybe." He moved to the edge of the bed and stood beside her, staring down at her with a grin. He made no move to remove his clothing and when he saw Jenn drop her eyes to the unconcealable bulge he chuckled, putting a hand over himself and giving what lay beneath the fabric a swift squeeze followed by a soft caress. "You want this—I can feel it. Maybe you'll get it...and maybe you won't. I'll have to think about it, think about why I should give you this part of myself. After all, Jenn, you only wanted to learn about knots, didn't you? I've taught you that much—why should I teach you anything more? What's in it for me, hmm? What's in it for me?"

Jenn watched him walk from the room without giving her a backward glance. He left her tied to the bedposts wearing only her arousal-dampened panties and an intricate rope bustier. She could hear him moving around in the other room, could hear the sound of music being turned on and then off, of glassware rattling, of his footsteps as they moved from carpet to tile. She heard it all yet she was powerless to investigate.

Why doesn't he come back? Doesn't he know I'm ready to—

"I've decided what I want," Greg said, appearing in the doorway completely nude. "And you're going to give it to me."

His body was impressive, muscled and tanned and hard and long. His penis was, though, the most amazing part of his body. It, too, was tanned to perfection. All of his body, including his ass cheeks, were the same lightly-toasted shade and as he came closer to the bed Jenn saw that the fat round cap on the end of his shaft was a deep rosy hue like none she'd seen before. It made her think of ripe strawberries and she wanted nothing more than to taste it.

A blow job. Bring it over here and I'll gladly pull that big, meaty cock into my mouth. I'll suck it till you scream, Greg. Just bring it closer.

Straddling her body on his knees he placed himself so his erection was just beyond her reach. Long and thick and so hard that it bounced enticingly by her face, his penis begged to be licked. Jenn stretched her upper body as far as she could, opening her mouth and sticking out her tongue, trying to capture him with her lips. He watched, chuckling as she

came close enough to touch his tip with the end of her tongue, before he reached down and gripped his shaft and began to stroke himself. Smooth, slow slides of skin on skin, right before her eyes. As if hypnotized, Jenn watched him handle his cock until a small spot of glistening wetness appeared at the tiny hole and hung on the end of his body.

"Let me taste you," she whispered, struggling to move closer to him. "Please, Greg, I want your cock in my mouth. Please."

He reached into the drawer beside the bed and pulled out a vibrator in the shape of a cock. It was a perfect replica of the male form but it was only a shadow of the one Greg had. Without a word he put the imitation on the bed beside her hips, hooked his fingers under the edges of her panties, tugged them down her legs and threw them over his shoulder.

No direction was needed. She spread her legs, opening her sex to his eyes.

That's right—have a good look. I'm wet and ready. I want you, Greg. I want you so badly that I can hardly stand it. The waiting is sheer torture—

The sound of the vibrator was the only sound in the room aside from an occasional sputtering noise from one of the candles until he touched the humming wand to her slippery folds. Then the sound of her passion filled the room as she pressed herself to his touch.

"Oh! Oh yes, Greg—yes!"

Jenn's back arched as she felt the vibrations against her clit begin to push her toward the climax she knew was just beyond her reach. It was coming closer, though, with every touch against her hot, slippery skin. The cock between her legs moved slowly down her slit toward her dripping nook, hesitating at the opening before he slid it inside her body. Her muscles spasmed as she came, bucking and straining as her whole body shook.

As her breathing slowed, she opened her eyes and saw the look of amusement on Greg's face. He still held the vibrator inside her pussy with one hand while he stroked his turgid organ with the other hand.

You love every minute of this, I can see it in your eyes. You love it that I can't move, that I can't touch you unless you let me touch you—and I love it too. That's the big surprise, isn't it? You knew that I'd love it—I was the only one who didn't know. Well, I know now, Greg...and I want some more of whatever you've got in mind. Give me more, please.

"Let me taste you, Greg," Jenn moaned as she watched his penis twitch as he struggled to maintain control. "I want to feel your big, hard

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cock in my mouth—don't make me wait..."

He angled the vibrator in her pussy so that the last few inches touched her wet slit. The base of the humming cock was pressed against her clit and she felt the effect of the insistent tingles instantly. Greg, straddling her on his knees, edged her legs closed so that the vibrator was trapped within her and against her, leaving her to squirm in delicious torture as he finally brought his penis to her lips.

With an eagerness that excited them both, Jenn pulled his erection between her lips and began to swirl her tongue across his hot, hard skin. He tasted like the surf and sand, like the salty ocean waves he loved so much and she pressed closer to him as the sensations in her crotch began to mount.

"Oh! Jenn—I'm close, honey I'm close," cried Greg as he began to tug his cock from between her lips. "I don't think I can hold it much longer—oh, honey, it's so close, so damn close—"

When he made a final attempt to free his penis she clamped down on him tightly and sucked—hard. He looked down at her, his eyes wide, as she nodded and stroked him with her tongue. A small grin passed over his handsome face as he let his head drop back and let his grip on his cock relax.

Greg came in long, swift, salty streams that Jenn swallowed easily. She loved the feel of his throbbing heat in her mouth—the same heat she had building between her legs. As if he sensed her growing desire, he pressed his knees against her outer thighs and squeezed as he climaxed, pushing her over the edge of restraint and into the pulsing moments her body had craved so desperately.

His grip on her legs relaxed as the last spasms of their orgasms faded. With his cock still in her mouth, Greg reached down and gently removed the humming device from her pussy and flicked it off. Then he sat back and they looked at each other, their eyes locked, for a long, silent moment.

Finally Greg smiled. His eyes fell to the carefully-tied Italian rope that held her in place before they met her gaze again. "I trust that the lesson was...satisfactory?"

Jenn nodded. "It was. Now. About lesson two..."

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About the Author

Kate Burns loves few things as much as she loves writing. She always knew she wanted to be a writer but circumstances kept her from pursuing her first love until a few years ago. That's when she tossed in the towel on her "conventional" job and moved back to Martha's Vineyard and began to write full time. Since then she's sold a modest number of books using her real name.

Writing erotic romance is a new venture for Kate--one that she's having a lot of fun exploring. It promises to keep her occupied for a long time to come. When she's not busy writing Kate enjoys painting and cooking. She spends a lot of time boating with her boyfriend, a tall, handsome man who is the inspiration for all of her leading men. Kate Burns is a happy woman—and it shows in her writing.

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