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# DANCE *of* *Seduction*

CAPRI  
MONTGOMERY

A Dark Eden Press Publication



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*Dance  
of  
Seduction*

*Capri Montgomery*

“Why did you start giving private instructions?” Beck pulled Lizzy into his arms. She fit so perfectly. He had a hard time reminding himself that she was in this for the money. He wasn’t free to take her anyway. She pushed away just enough to give herself some space.

“Framing,” she admonished before continuing. “I needed the money during college. I was trying to pay for grad school, but I had to drop out of the program and this just seemed right.” She looked at his posture. “Chin up.”

He did as she said.

“You don’t have any regrets?”

Sure she had regrets. She regretted not getting her doctorate in art studies, she regretted not making time for dating while she was still considered young and viable, and she regretted wanting a man that she couldn’t have. She had loads of regrets, but instead she smiled and said, “One door closes and another one opens.”

“That wasn’t an answer.”

She knew that getting her partners to talk made them more relaxed, but right now she wished this one would shut up. He was sexy. Broad shoulders a girl could get lost on, arms that were firm and inviting, hazel eyes and incredible, perfectly tanned skin. At six feet, he was just a nose taller than she was and he fit perfectly against her body. She had connected with him like no other man before, but this was business and business dictated that she remain professional.

“Head up.”

“I’m sorry.” He tried to tell himself to stop making an ass of himself, but when he was around Lizzy he just couldn’t function. There was only one way to get his mind out of her dance pants and back onto the lesson. “I have one more week to get this right so I can dazzle Kim with my expert dance moves, and I can’t keep my head up.”

“You just need confidence.” Confidence was something he wasn’t likely to gain in one last lesson.

She was getting sick of hearing about Kim, and how much he wanted to impress her with his dancing. Lizzy wished Beck had wanted to impress her. She was right there in front of him. She was a little older than her “prime” years, but no

less sexy. She had often been told that her red hair matched her temper. Of course she rarely allowed herself to get that angry, but the few times she had, she had made a lasting impression. She could be a wild cat in bed if the right man knew what to do with her. At least she imagined she could be. No man had ever really taken her into that earth moving realm of sexual pleasure; and at thirty-five, she was starting to think no man ever would.

“You want to wow her?”

“Yeah.”

“Dazzle her with your grace, skill and charm...”

“Yeah,” he said in an exaggerated tone.

“Then you need more lessons, and you don’t need this.”

She pulled free from his arms and stopped the CD from playing. Salsa was a wonderful dance, but he needed something with more passion. He needed something that would captivate, titillate and seduce with just the sway of the music and the movement of his body.

“I don’t have time to keep this up. The party is next weekend.”

“You can practice everyday after work right here. Two hours. When I have a client, you can practice with a broom, when I don’t, you’ll practice with me.”

She could sense the protest forming on his lips. “For free.”

“I can’t ask you to do that.”

“You didn’t.” She swiftly switched the music and took her place by his side.

“You are going to learn the Tango, my friend.”

“I can’t do the Tango.”

“Not yet, but you will.”

She seemed so confident he could learn this new dance in a week; he actually started to believe it. She was good, he would give her that. Most instructors couldn’t seem to focus on one thing. It’s why it had taken him so long to get his dance lessons underway. Sure, he’d known about the party for months, but that hadn’t made finding the right instructor easy. He was just about ready to give up and give Kim the gift of more jewelry when Guy Petersen, his best friend, gave him Lizzy’s card. Lizzy had been special. From the moment he set eyes on her, he knew

she was the one. She would teach him how to dance, and if she couldn't, then it meant he was un-teachable.

It was more than her skill that grabbed him. She was beautiful, sexy, and vibrant. She felt the music like no other instructor had. From his first lesson she put on the music and made him dance. She had said, "Feel the music and the steps will come." He had thought it was some type of dance cliché until he found himself actually doing the Salsa turns on the first lesson.

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A week of being in her arms, following her lead and feeling the music hadn't made him an expert dancer, but it had made him ready for the party. He felt comfortable with Lizzy. She went into his arms as naturally as his clothes fit his body. He hoped the same could be said for dancing with Kim. In all their years together, they had never once danced. She had danced with other men at parties while he worked the room, but never once had they shared such an intimate, non-sexual moment.

"Come to the party?"

Lizzy had refused adamantly until he gave his sad pout and told her she didn't want to go because she thought he would embarrass her. When she finally agreed he felt the sudden sense of victory, though he knew he shouldn't have. He was taken. He had a steady girlfriend who was soon to become his fiancé, and then his wife. He had no right to play on the affections of another woman. Something about the thought of Lizzy drove him wild with excitement and he wished that it had been Lizzy that he had been dating, sleeping with and seducing all those years.

For the two months of dance lessons they had together, he had masked his urgency to get to her home as his zest to learn the moves, but in reality he just wanted to feel her body next to his. When she recommended, no, demanded, the two hour a day session, he wasn't the least bit disappointed or concerned about the time he would miss with Kim.

The party was Kim's idea. Her parents and his parents had been insisting he propose and make an honest woman of her. "It's about time you two tied the knot," his mom had said. He knew that Kim wanted him to propose that night too. He could tell by the subtle hints she dropped. "My ring finger is a size smaller than the ring you bought me last year," she had said. If that wasn't a hint, he didn't know what was. He just wasn't so sure he wanted to propose marriage.

When he arrived at the party he was already on edge with the thought of the dreaded "question" thinking about dancing with Kim was getting next to him too.

"Hello." A little voice came from behind him. He turned around. He was pleasantly surprised to find Lizzy. She seemed unsure of herself, not as she had when giving him lessons. She looked beautiful in her sexy cerulean gown. She sparkled in all the right places, and with one look at her he felt the primal need to take her. The thought briefly played out in his mind like some x-rated movie. He wanted to strip her, press his full grown cock deep inside her, and take her to the hilt while milking every ounce of energy she had.

"Who is this, dear?"

He mumbled a curse. "Kim, this is Lizzy. Lizzy, Kim."

"Nice to meet you Kim. Beck has talked about you often."

"Lizzy has been helping me with your surprise."

Kim eyed Lizzy from perfectly styled hair to pristinely beautiful shoes. Lizzy literally sparkled and her dress fit in all the right places. Kim did what any socialite in her position would do; she smiled and said, "You're not as pretty as I thought you would be." Not that she had thought about Lizzy at all. In fact she had only heard Beck mention her on one occasion. They had been out to dinner with his parents when he kept going on about Lizzy this and Lizzy that, and then they had all asked who Lizzy was and he swiftly changed the subject. He hadn't mentioned her again, and now Kim knew why. He liked the little tart.

Lizzy tucked an imaginary strand of hair behind her ear and ducked her eyes to the ground. Women like that always made her feel inadequate, even more so with Beck standing right there. "Well, I'll let you all attend to your guests." She smiled before gently bowing her head to Beck and walking away.

“What the hell was that about?” He kept his voice low, but there was no mistaking his anger.

“She’s just a little plain.”

“There’s nothing plain about her.” He walked away angry. He needed to find Lizzy and apologize. There was no mistaking that she felt out of place among people she didn’t know. He knew Kim’s statement would have made Lizzy feel even more awkward.

He wanted to find her and apologize, but she had disappeared. Someone that beautiful couldn’t have slipped out unnoticed, so he asked around to where she had gone to. On the other hand, asking around about another woman wouldn’t look appropriate. So he scanned the room looking for her, but he didn’t see her.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the MC garnered attention. “Mr. Beck Gables has a little surprise in store for Kimberly Wakefield, so if the two of you can take the floor.”

Beck almost didn’t take the floor because he was still pissed, but he wouldn’t leave Kim standing out there alone either, so he took the floor. The music started to play, and he danced an abbreviated version of the Tango he had planned.

Kim hadn’t gone into his arms so easily, she hadn’t moved as freely and he hadn’t felt as much passion as he had with Lizzy.

“That was your surprise,” she whispered. “I thought you had something worth something, like diamonds. Save yourself the money on lessons next time.” She smiled gracefully, waved to her friends and walked away.

He caught sight of Lizzy, and he felt struck with shame. He knew he hadn’t performed very well. He had nearly tripped over his own feet, he looked down; he wasn’t graceful.

Lizzy smiled. Warm, sincere, he could see it in her eyes. She leaned over and whispered something to the band leader. He nodded and she took the floor.

Guy noticed immediately. “Go Lizzy! She’s a professional you know.” He practically announced her credentials to the crowd. Not even Beck had known she worked the professional dance circuit. She had never mentioned it, and he had never thought to ask if she had.

She extended her hand to him. “Will you Tango with me?”

He wanted to do a lot more than Tango, but he smiled, gracefully pulled her into his arms, and moved to the music. She was his perfect match. She moved freely, she gave herself over completely. He was nervous, but he remembered what she had told him. “To dance without fear is not to dance at all,” she had said. So he danced.

The crowd around her had long started to murmur about how beautiful and graceful the couple looked. “Aren’t they just gorgeous together, Kim?” Jill had asked.

“Right, gorgeous,” Kim mumbled before walking over to join Guy.

By the time Lizzy and Beck finished their dance, the audience had given several rounds of applause, the band members were shaking their head in amazement and the MC was speechless and Kim had just finished an informative conversation with Guy.

Kim walked over to the stage and took to the microphone. Marvin reluctantly relinquished his role as MC.

“That was beautiful.” She waited for the crowd to settle down. “It’s amazing that someone of your breeding can dance so freely. I mean a father who lost his position because of embezzlement charges, and a mother who ran off with her lover. I guess dance is your way to cope.” She tilted her head in a sympathetic manner.

Lizzy froze momentarily. With all eyes on her, she felt that same sense of fear and abandonment she felt when her father lost his job at the university. It was the same feeling she had when she went to all the lectures in the Lecture Hall only to be sneered at by not so adoring peers.

She turned, tears in her eyes. She took one look at Beck and she ran.

Beck gave Kim a look that told her he wasn’t, in anyway, thrilled with what she had done. He shook his head and turned to go after Lizzy.

“Don’t you dare! She doesn’t deserve you.”

He took one more look at her. “You don’t deserve me,” he said as he walked away.

He didn't care about the guest. He didn't care about the embarrassment. He didn't care that his parents would be furious with his actions. He only cared about Lizzy.

Beck wondered what the hell he had been thinking when he thought about taking his family's advice and proposing to Kim. The only conclusion he could come to was that he *hadn't* been thinking. Kim had been his girlfriend since his parents pushed the two of them together. "It's the perfect merger," his dad had said. That was six years ago. Beck had let his family control too much of his life, but not anymore. There was no way he could spend the rest of his life with somebody he couldn't love, wouldn't love. He hadn't realized just how much he wasn't in love with Kim until he met Lizzy. He kept talking about Kim during their dance session with the hope that he could keep his mind out of Lizzy's pants and prevent the embarrassing act of showing her just how hard he was as they danced across the room.

By the time Beck reached the bottom of the stairs, Lizzy was gone. It was cold out and she wasn't dressed for a long run home, but the valet had said she came in a cab and left on foot. Beck would have jumped in his car and gone after her had his car not been barricaded behind several other vehicles. Instead, he took to the streets just as she had. With a general direction in mind he ran after her.

He spotted her. She was walking quickly. "Lizzy!"

She hadn't stopped, so he increased his pace. Catching up to her, he reached his hand out, clutched his massive hand around her petite arm and spun her around into his arms. Her makeup had started to smear, Goosebumps ran the length of her arm and she was shaking. He discarded his suit jacket and wrapped it around her.

"I can't go back there. I'm so embarrassed." She left her purse. If she wanted to go home she needed to go back there, but she had one or two friends who might let her crash on the couch.

"You'll come home with me."

"I can't." She tried to pull away, but he wouldn't let her. "I know why she said what she said. She's not entirely wrong. I am in love with you."

Two months of talking and dancing and she knew she wanted him in her life. She wanted to marry him, but he was already dating somebody else.

“I’m sorry she hurt you.” He lifted her chin for their eyes to meet. “She did it because she realized I wanted to be with you. I still want to be with you.” He wiped her tear stained cheek and then hailed a taxi.

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“Are you sure this is okay?”

“Yeah of course.” He took her hand in his. Her small, delicate features fit perfectly in his grasp.

“It’s just that I wouldn’t want to ruin things for the two of you.” As much as she wanted him, she didn’t want to be the other woman who came in and broke up a relationship. For all that Kim had been, Beck had spoken of her in a way that told her he cared about her.

“You’re not,” he whispered and pulled her close. “And you’re not some one night stand, so don’t go thinking it.”

“But you—”

“I never loved her. I was with her because our parents thought we were perfect for each other, because our society thought we were perfect for each other. I know it sounds stupid and weak, but there was more pressure than anything else.”

She understood pressure. She understood belonging to a group, and how easily their ideas and desires could consume even the strongest person. At least she had her dad.

“You talked about her at every session.”

“I was getting a hard on just thinking about how good you smelled, how beautiful your breasts looked in that dance top and how wonderful they would look out of it. I figured if I talked about Kim, you wouldn’t notice the bulge growing in my pants.”

“Oh.” She trembled.

He could take her right there and she wouldn't mind, but she wasn't sure he was offering that part of himself, so she remained silent.

"When you danced with me tonight..."

"I danced the way I wished I could be with you. The Tango really is the dance of seduction. When I felt the music and you moved me across the floor, I imagined we were making love." A sudden sense of embarrassment flushed her cheeks and she dipped her head to avoid his eyes.

"I'm glad I wasn't the only one feeling aroused."

She looked up into his eyes. They were dark with something she hadn't seen before. A heat pulsated through her body. She wanted him.

"You may be the teacher on the dance floor, but I have my own lesson to give you in the bedroom." His voice was low, sultry and utterly masculine. "Will you give yourself to me?"

"For how long?" Would he want forever as she had wanted forever? A small part of her didn't care if he said just for the night. She was willing to have him for one night if that's all she could have.

"For as long as you're in love with me, and I'm in love with you."

She knew she should be rational, but rational went out the window the moment he touched her hand. "Yes," she whispered.

He stepped back. "Take off your clothes. I don't trust my hands not to rip this dress just to get you out of it."

She stripped down to her sexy, black lace underwear. The bikini-cut panties formed the right frame for her curvy hips. Slowly, she unhooked her bra and gave him a glimpse of what he had wanted to see since the moment he first pulled her into his arms. He stepped closer, pressing his hand to her breasts, and teasing her nipple gently.

Her breasts were beautiful, firm, soft and inviting. He looked deep into her eyes as he pinched one nipple until it was hard and pursed out. He dipped his head lower and took that nipple into his mouth. Licking and sucking his fill. His tongue gently entranced her into a soft haze of desire.

Her knees started to buckle. Her heart started to race. Heat pooled to her center and she longed for him to take her.

She arched closer, slipping her fingers through his hair. "Please," she moaned.

"I'm the teacher now." He caught her nipple between his teeth and applied gentle pressure before releasing. "This is my dance of seduction."

"I can't wait," she moaned. She had wanted this for too long to prolong the pleasure, but he didn't give in to her demand. Instead, he stepped back and took another look at her.

"Panties," he said in a low, rough tone.

She imagined he meant to tell her to take them off, so she did. She bent over just enough to remove the fabric from her body. He watched every move as if he were viewing a once in a lifetime event.

"Touch yourself."

"What?" Her voice was raspy.

"Touch your breasts for me." Beck had never been this dominant with a woman, not in the way he wanted to be with her. She complied with his demands in such a delicate way; he couldn't control the primal urge to spurt out commands.

"God, Lizzy. I want to do you so hard."

Beck's words were intoxicating. Lizzy let her hands glide over her soft skin. The light in the room illuminated every inch of her body. Beck looked aroused, utterly aroused and that made her feel a sense of freedom she hadn't felt before.

She had had boyfriends before. They had had sex. She had climaxed, and that was that. On her own she had fantasies that would shock a call girl and she knew she could be wild, sexy, vibrant, but with Beck she felt nervous, shy, and afraid of not being enough. That is, until she looked in his eyes and saw the unmistakable dark desire seeping from them.

She pinched at her nipples, pushing her breasts out more, for him to view.

"Are you wet yet?"

She dipped her hand lower, gliding it through her folds. "Very," she said seductively.

He discarded his shirt and tie, his pants and then the last piece of clothing covering him. He was long and hard.

In one swift move he swept her off her feet and into his arms. He carried her to the bedroom before placing her gently on the bed. His body came to rest on top of her body. His erection prodded her opening.

She arched, tipping her hips to signal her readiness. He pressed his lips to hers in a long, hard, delightful kiss as he parted her thighs wide. He entered her hard. She let out a high pitched scream of surprise. He pulled out and pushed back in again and again.

“Oh yes!” She spread her legs wider for him to go deeper. He growled an animalistic growl as he pulled out, looked deep into her eyes as if telling her he had no plans to show mercy, and he pushed in harder, deeper, faster. Thrust after thrust.

She arched and moaned, gyrated and squeezed as he rocked inside of her hard and fast. Beads of sweat formed down his spine. She wanted to run her tongue down the hard line of his spine. She wanted to taste every inch of him.

“Beck!”

He thrust in once, twice and then a third time. Her orgasm came on high screams and undulating convulsions. Her knees went limp; her arms fell to her side as he continued his fast, rhythmic motions until he spilled inside of her. Never had she been filled so completely.

When her breathing settled and her voice of reason found its way back to her throat she finally spoke. “I won’t exactly fit in with your friends.”

“Guy is my best friend and the only one out of all of those people who really even cares about me. He already loves you. In fact, I have the sneaking suspicion that his suggestion that I impress Kim with my dance skills was so that I could meet you.” Beck pulled her closer, so close that it was impossible to tell where their two bodies ended and where they began. “I don’t care about your past Lizzy. It’s not important. I care about you, and us, and our future. I don’t want to miss this chance at happiness.”

She inhaled sharply, a tear rolling down her cheek and dropping onto his chest.

“My dad didn’t embezzle any money.” She needed to tell him the truth about her past. “The authorities thought he was guilty because he bought Kathleen, my step-mom, a new Jag right before a huge chunk of department money turned up missing. After my mom died in childbirth, my Dad...well I kept him going. When Kathleen came into his life he was happy, so I was happy. Unfortunately, it took a lot of work to keep Kathleen happy. Dad loved his job. He was a great professor, but he didn’t make enough to buy Kathleen everything she wanted. When he took over the department he got a raise and that helped, but it still wasn’t enough. He asked me to cash in my insurance policy, so I did. I wanted to keep him happy.” Lizzy brushed away a tear. “Money went missing in the bio department and everybody said dad was to blame. He got suspended. When Kathleen left with her lover, the fight just went out of my dad. Three months later, the authorities finally removed my dad’s name from the suspect list. I guess it took them that long to realize I was telling the truth about cashing in my life insurance policy to help my dad out. Dad never got his job back. I quit school.”

“I’m sorry.” Beck placed a sweet kiss on her forehead and she smiled.

“Well, that was a long time ago. Dad and I are getting by. We still have the occasional set back. You know, people never really stop talking.”

“What does your father do now?”

“He paints.” She laughed. “He’s not very good at it either. Well, he’s better now than he was before, but he’s not the next Renoir. He likes it though. It makes him happy.”

“And that makes you happy.”

“Yeah.”

“You’re supporting him aren’t you?”

She froze for a moment and looked away. “Yeah. He took care of me all those years and now it’s my turn to take care of him.”

“You’re an amazing woman Lizzy. Don’t let anybody make you feel any different.”

“Yes sir,” she smiled. He was so understanding, patient, loving. He was everything she wanted him to be and so much more. He was the man she had fallen in love with—a man she never wanted to forget.

“So, what do we do now?”

“Well, I have an idea about that.” His lips curved into a salacious grin. “First, I’m going to make love to you again and then we’re going to discuss your moving in here with me.”

“Moving in?”

“Yeah. I rather like having you around. I would hate to have to camp out on your doorstep just to spend some time with you, so why not move in here? You won’t have to pay for two places anymore. You can sublet the apartment if you want, or we can buy out your contract. It gives you some time to really think about what you want to do. Including going back to art school.” It had been clear that’s what she truly wanted. She wanted the education, she wanted the career. He wanted her.

“How did you know?”

“I saw the brochures in the trash when I went to your bathroom. You should go Lizzy. I’ll help you.”

She looked up at him, a gleam of light sparkling in her eyes. *Could this be real?*

“I love you Lizzy. And I’m not just saying that because you’re naked and in my bed. I really do love you.” He looked in her eyes. She was the woman for him, and he intended to start making the important decisions for himself. She was important, and his family would just have to live with his love for her because he wasn’t backing away.

Her lips turned into an upward curve. “I love you too, Beck.”

“Great, now that we have all that together, what do you say we top off the night with another go at it?”

“The morning,” she giggled.

He rolled over just enough to look at the clock, the red numbers blaring at him two o’clock. “God, I should have let you get some sleep.”

“I can sleep later; right now you have a promise to keep.” She pulled on his ears until he pressed his lips to hers.

This was what he wanted, what she wanted and he intended to make sure they both kept getting what they wanted for a long time. He loved her, she loved him and that’s all he needed to know.