



Marc & Nobbs  
&  
Cassie Exline

Divine Interview

*Also by Marc Nobbs*

**From Phaze Books**

[phaze.com](http://phaze.com)

Eternally & Evermore – Summer 2010

[Kissed by a Rose](#)

[Charlotte's Secret](#)

[Lost & Found](#)

**From Parkland Publishing**

[marcnobbs.co.uk](http://marcnobbs.co.uk)

Reunion

*Ladz 'Local Lovelies' #56* : Laura from Leicester

*Ladz 'Local Lovelies' # 58* : Emma from Northampton

*Ladz 'Local Lovelies' #62* : Rebecca from London

*Ladz 'Local Lovelies' # 65* : Carla from Birmingham

Six-Thirty Sleeper to Paris

Divine Interview

Claire

Sophie

Memorable Holiday

Heaven in Leather

Measuring Up

Would Twins Do This?

Sun, Sea & Shagging

Bus Stop

Holodeck

Phone Calls

Prison Break

Ice Palace Ball

Private Party

Public Performance

Last Train to Swansea

Something About Bob

Extended Family

Scratched

Flashed vol 1

Flashed vol 2

*Marc Nobbs & Cassie Exline*

**DIVINE INTERVIEW**

*P*

**P A R K L A N D**

**Parkland Publishing**  
**Northampton, UK**

First Published 2006 on ruthiesclub.com

This Edition published 2010 by Parkland Publishing

Text © 2006 Marc Nobbs & Cassie Exline

Cover art © 2010 Mark Everitt

The right in UK Law of Mark Nobbs & Cassie Exline to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with section 77 and 78 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright holder.

Dana pulled up to the gate and pushed the intercom button.

“Yes?” The voice was barely audible through the tiny speaker.

“I’m here to see Mr. Withers. I’m Dana Rubeck. I have an appointment.”

The black iron gates swung open and she eased her Ford Mustang through. She’d worked hard to convince her editor that this would be a worthwhile article, but she was certain it would be a coup for the paper. Andrew Withers, a.k.a. Randy Andy, was the best writer Dana had ever read. She was thrilled when she discovered he’d moved to Rappahannock. She parked behind the black Mercedes on the graveled driveway, checked her hair and make-up in the mirror, and climbed out of her car. She inhaled deeply and smoothed her crumpled skirt. Another deep breath, a lick of her lips and she fixed her interview smile. Then she strode purposefully to the house and rapped on the door. A man opened it and greeted her.

“Hello. I’m Dana Rubeck from the Rappahannock *Bugle*. I’m here to interview Mr. Withers.”

“Come in, Dana. And there’s no need for the formality in my house.” His voice was deep and rich and his accent was wonderfully exotic to her ears.

Dana realized she was face to face with her subject. Her fixed smile spread to her dark brown eyes. He was magnificent. The first thing that struck her was his piercing blue eyes. She offered her hand. “Nice to meet you, Andrew.”

“Andy.” He clasped her hand in both of his. “I’ve been looking forward to this.” A jolt of electricity shot through her. She trembled.

“Please, follow me.” Andy led her through the house and stopped in front of a large oak door. He pushed it open and gestured for her to enter. “I think in here should do nicely.”

Dana glanced around. The room was clearly Andy's study. In front of her was a large mahogany desk, on which sat a wireless keyboard and mouse, a large, flat-screen monitor and an ornate desk lamp. The mahogany surface was polished to a high shine. "It's lovely."

Covering the wall to her left was a bookcase, stuffed to overflowing. Against the opposite wall, a drinks cabinet housed all manner of spirits and liquors. Next to that, a small mahogany table, as highly polished as the desk, bore a hi-tech stereo system. Dana sat in one of the two chairs in front of the desk and reached into her bag for her notebook and pen.

Andy pushed a button on the stereo as he passed and soft music drifted from speakers recessed into the ceiling. He sat down behind the desk and leaned back in his chair. "I find music helps me concentrate. Or rather, it gets me in the mood. Do you like Dido?"

"Oh, yes, of course. He's great."

"She." Andy smiled. Her embarrassment seemed to have amused him. His eyes sparkled. He sat forward, put his elbows on the desk and made a steeple with his fingers. "Where shall we begin?"

Dana cleared her throat. "For the record, I need to verify your name and where you're from."

"Andrew Gregory Withers. I was born in Wolverhampton, which I'm sure none of your readers will have heard of. It's in the centre of England, close to Birmingham. A part of the world they call 'The Black Country.'"

"Really? Why's that?"

"It was the centre of the Industrial Revolution, and the houses there were so constantly covered in soot that the residents gave up trying to clean them. It's said that Queen Victoria once asked her footman to close the curtains on her train carriage as she passed through the area."

"So, it's not a nice place?"

“I’ve known worse.”

“Is this your first trip to the United States?”

“Now, Dana, I’m sure you’ve done your homework,” Andy countered. “So why don’t you tell me?”

“Okay.” The way he said her name gave her goose bumps. “This is your fifth trip. In fact, you just bought this house from a former Rappahannock High School quarterback who’s had to flee following an NFL sex scandal.” Dana looked at him for verification. He nodded and she made notes. “You do understand that I have to ask these questions? I can’t go off hearsay, or what I’ve read about you elsewhere.”

“What have you read about me, Dana?”

Her cheeks reddened and she crossed her legs. Her skirt rode up and the tops of her stockings came into view. Andy glanced down and his smile widened a fraction. Dana tucked a wayward strand of blonde hair behind her ear, and unconsciously licked her lips. “Well, you used to be a journalist. While you were in college…”

“University,” Andy corrected. “College is where you go if you’re not clever enough for university. At least, it is in England.”

“Okay, while you were at the university you worked for the student newspaper. Apparently, you were the best reporter they’d ever had. After graduation you worked for your local paper before moving on to *The Times*, where you won several awards.”

“You did do your homework. I’m impressed.” He smiled. His eyes focused on her blouse. Dana glanced down. The first two buttons were open, revealing her black lacy bra and the tops of her breasts. She felt as if she was losing control of the situation, not that she’d felt all that in control to begin with. There was something disarming about him. It may have been the way he looked at her, sincere yet hungry.

She shifted in her chair, adjusted her blouse, and proceeded. “Do you ever wish you had remained a journalist?”

“And swap moments like this for interviews with the world’s dullest politicians?” He wiped his lower lip with his index finger. “What do you think?”

He smoothed his thin goatee with his thumb and forefinger. Dana watched him trace the line of his mustache, and down the sides of his mouth. His fingers met at the tip of his pointed chin. She shifted in her seat again and her skirt rose higher. She kept her pen poised on the paper and continued. “Why did you start writing erotica?”

“I wish I could tell you it was to excite some old girlfriend, or some such, but I’m sad to say it was self-gratification.”

She nodded and scribbled on her pad. “Go on.”

“Thanks to my job I had almost no social life. I spent Lord knows how many nights alone in a hotel room with only my laptop for company. There’s a limit to the number of times one can play *Civilization* and remain sane. I spent a lot of time surfing the Internet and came across huge amounts of porn. Well, that’s fine for a while—it stokes the fires enough to get things started, and then Mrs. Palm and her five daughters can finish things off.”

Andy looked at her as if seeing her for the first time. “Please, stop me if I offend you at any point.”

“No. No. It’s fine. Be as frank as you like.”

“Very well. I got tired of wanking over stills and small, jerky videos. All the women look the same after a while anyway. So, I looked for other ways to arouse. I stumbled across a site called *Ruthie’s Club*, an erotica library. I read a lot of the stories, shot a lot of spunk, and figured that I could write stories as good, if not better.”

“But surely you don’t make as much money from writing erotica as you

did from being one of the world's leading reporters?"

"Very true, although I made enough money in my time to enjoy a comfortable early retirement. I still write features as a freelancer, but you'd be surprised just how many people are prepared to pay for erotica that's been written by someone they already like and respect. I guess they see it as slightly less seedy if the author has won a few awards."

"You're not embarrassed that your former colleagues are aware that you write... uh, porn?"

He grinned. His teeth were white and straight. "You also write erotica, don't you?"

Dana wished a hole would open up and swallow her. "Do you freelance for any publication in particular?"

"My sweet, don't be embarrassed." Andy came around the desk and sat in the chair next to her. He rested his hand on her leg, between the hem of her skirt and the exposed stocking. "Don't apologize for doing what comes naturally. A sensual woman should never apologize."

Dana stopped breathing as his thumb rubbed back and forth over her bare skin. His forefinger dipped underneath her lacy stocking top. "Please tell me you brought a couple of your stories for me to look at?"

She shook her head. "No, Randy... Er, Andy... Uh, sir. I, er... I mean to say... I'm afraid it didn't occur to me."

"Shame. Perhaps you would allow me to read some of your work and I could offer you some guidance?" His fingers moved close to her center. She was positive she'd soon faint. If he got any closer to her panties, he would feel the heat radiating from them.

Andy sat back in his chair and folded his arms. "There are a couple of papers that pay very well but I frequent the publications that are easier to deal with."

“Deal with?” Dana’s voice squeaked. She longed for his touch to return.

“Some magazines will buy almost anything I submit. Sorry to say, the pay is lousy. The high payers are much more select. There is one in particular. It’s called *Yes!*—with an exclamation mark, if you can believe it. It’s aimed at women under thirty—sort of a lad’s magazine for girls, but with far less nudity. They’re the only magazine that will publish my fiction. All the others still want articles.” Andy stood. “Care for something cool to drink? You look parched.”

“Yes, please. It’s quite warm in here.”

“I’m hot myself.” He poured two glasses of amber liquid from the drinks cabinet. He handed one to Dana and then returned to his seat behind the desk.

Dana smiled nervously. “I’d like to cover more of your career as Randy Andy and move on to Andrew Withers, the man. If that’s okay?”

“Fine by me.”

“Just how many erotic stories have you written?” She sucked the end of her pen between her ruby red lips and rolled her tongue around it.

Andy watched her before answering. “My subscription website, [randyandy.com](http://randyandy.com), is home to all my stories, which numbers in the region of six hundred. They range from drabble and three-hundred-word flash, to thirty-thousand-word novellas.”

“I’m sorry but, drabble?”

“Stories of exactly one hundred words. No more, no less.”

“Oh. And flash?”

“Come now, Ms. Rubeck, You’re an eroticist yourself; don’t tell me you’ve never flashed.”

“I never actually admitted that I wrote erotica.”

“I wasn’t one of the world’s foremost journalists for nothing, Dana. I

believe you use the pen-name 'Blonde Vixen.' I've read most of your work."

Dana looked at the floor and blushed. This was the first time she'd been confronted with someone who'd read her stories. She looked up slowly, barely moving her head, and asked, "What did you think of them?"

Andy smiled. "Maybe later. Let's finish the interview first. I believe you asked what flash fiction was."

"Er, yes. For the benefit of my readers."

"For your readers." He grinned and briefly raised his eyebrows. "It's a very short form of fiction, always less than a thousand words and typically less than three hundred."

"Is it right that you published a collection of stories under hardcover in Britain last holiday season?"

"You mean those at Christmas time? Yes."

"I understand it caused quite a stir." Dana noticed that her breathing was heavier than normal. Why was the heating so high? It wasn't as if it was cold outside. She wiped her forehead and noticed that Andy was watching her again. She composed herself and pressed on. "Is that true? About the stir it caused?"

Andy's eyes shone. He scratched his chin. "Certain parts of the media didn't think it was an appropriate release for the festive season. Of course, their ranting guaranteed record sales."

"What was it called? Any plans to release it over here?"

"It was called *Seven Sins*. Seven novellas, each based on a different one of the seven deadly sins. And yes, I do plan to publish here, if I can find a brave enough mainstream publisher."

"What exactly are the seven deadly sins?"

"Come now, don't play coy. Even if you've never read Dante, I'm positive you know what they are. After all you bring them out in others."

Dana took a sip from her glass, wishing she could rub it across her cheeks, or fish out an ice cube and rub it over her chest. “Humor me.”

Andy drained his glass and said, “Dante put the seven deadly sins on different levels, some closer to the pit of hell than others. The first, least deadly sin on his list, is Pride. An excessive belief in one’s own abilities. Now, if you were on his arm, a man would feel as if he’d conquered the bloody world.”

His voice was like warm chocolate on a cold, dark night. “Next is Envy, the desire to possess what others have. I’m sure any man who saw you on another’s arm would be envious. I know I would.”

His eyes penetrated her very soul. “Anger, which isn’t a good trait but we all suffer from. Dante defined it as the spurning of love and opting for wrath. I would say that any man spurned by your love would be full of wrath.”

She hung on his words, scribbling notes on her pad. “Sloth is the avoidance of physical work. You could define that as never getting out of bed. If you were mine, I’d never let you out of my bed.

“Avarice, or greed, is the desire for material wealth or gain, ignoring the realm of the spiritual. I’m not greedy for material things but I am for the attention of a woman.” His voice softened. “With the right woman beneath me, I’d want to touch every square inch of her body.”

Dana shivered.

“I’d want to lick, suck and fuck her. By the way, natural blondes are my favorite.” Her eyes were wide as she watched his beautiful mouth. He winked at her, and then continued his lecture. “Gluttony is an inordinate desire to consume more than one requires. Doesn’t sound good except when it comes to eating the right woman. After all, who can ever get enough sweet, juicy pussy?”

Dana wasn't even sure what she was writing any more. She'd had a vision of Andy's head between her legs. She gulped her drink and choked. Andy retrieved a bottle of water from a refrigerator cleverly hidden in his desk drawer. "Drink this."

Dana took the bottle from him and drank the ice cold liquid. "Thank you," she said. "Now, please go on."

He chuckled. "How many is that?"

"How many what?"

"Deadly sins. You wanted the list. Remember?"

"List?" Dana blinked and shook her head. "Forgive me." She looked at her notes. "You've covered pride, envy, anger, sloth, greed and gluttony. That just leaves one more."

"And that is?" He grinned at her and waited.

"Erm... Lust?"

"That's right. Lust. The most deadly sin of all. Craving the pleasures of the flesh. The unquenchable desire to take a woman. To fuck her, to sink one's cock deep inside her. To ravage her and induce pleasure the heights of which she has never known before. Just what I feel towards you, right now." The vision returned, but this time Andy had mounted her. His cock was buried in her. A tremble shot through Dana, and for the first time in her life a man brought her to orgasm with words alone. If Andy noticed, he didn't show it. She exhaled slowly and stared at her pad. She tapped it with her pen and tried to collect herself. She was a professional and should act like it. She raised her head and met his gaze. This called for another sip of water and a deep breath. His hungry blue eyes watched her breasts rise and fall.

"Okay. Have you ever considered a sequel?"

"A sequel?"

"Sort of a play off the sins, and go for the seven virtues?"

Andy leaned back in his chair and stroked his goatee. Dana's eyes never wavered from his fingers. She wished he was stroking her.

"If memory serves me correctly, one of those virtues is Meekness. I'd prefer a tigress in my bed. Her legs wrapped around me. Her nails scratching my back." She was either going to faint at his feet, or strip naked and beg him to fuck her. She wasn't sure which.

"Another one is Chastity. That does not appeal to me at all." He cocked his head to one side and said, "But you as a chaste temptress. That I can picture."

The room was stifling. He must have turned the heat up full blast. "Then again, Zeal works for me. I'm a zealous lover. I'd never stop until my lady was satisfied and purring like a kitten."

"Fan?"

"Pardon?"

"Could you please turn on the ceiling fan?"

"Of course." He opened a desk drawer and retrieved the remote control. Dana enjoyed the breeze that washed over her after he'd flicked a switch. She tilted back her head and raised her face to meet it.

"I'm ashamed that I didn't think of turning the fan on sooner. This is something we can both enjoy." His comment puzzled her. She looked at him and noticed he was staring at her chest again. Her hardened nipples stuck out from her silky bra.

She straightened in her chair. "Does the thought of writing novellas for the seven virtues appeal to you?"

"Lots of things appeal to me."

She mouth opened and closed her mouth then blurted out, "How many women have you had?"

He chuckled. "Now, is this a personal question, or for your article?"

“What if I said a bit of both?”

“I’d say we’d finished the portion of the interview about my writing. Can I just ask you to be sure to print the name of website? You might also want to mention that the subscription rates are very reasonable.”

Dana scribbled the words ‘Oh, my God!!’ on her note pad as she tried to compose herself. Every time he flashed her that smile it was as if he’d licked her clit, fingered her cunt and sucked her nipples all at the same time. She had to take control of the situation, before it got out of hand. If it wasn’t already.

“Well? How many? I’m sure my readers would be fascinated. And has the, how can I put this? Have there been more since you started writing erotica than before?”

Andy pushed his chair back from the desk and stood. He walked across to the window that overlooked his garden. “So, you want to know just how many women I’ve been with. Let me think...” He scratched the side of his head. “Do you want to know how many women I’ve had sex with, how many I’ve fucked or how many I’ve made love to?”

“Is there a difference?”

Andy turned to face her and sat on the window’s edge. “Of course there is.”

“And what is the difference?” Dana was aware that he’d manipulated the question again. She’d interviewed local politicians who answered their own questions instead of the ones she’d asked, but Andy was being much more subtle. He was making her ask the questions he wanted to answer.

“Anyone can have sex. It can be nice, but it’s usually an uninspiring experience. Sweaty, sticky and a bit embarrassing for all concerned. Fucking is a different kettle of fish all together. There has to be a real connection between people who fuck. A spark. Fucking is something raw, passionate and

animal. There is only one thing in the world that comes close to the experience of fucking.”

“And that would be?”

“You tell me.”

“It wouldn’t be ‘making love’, would it?”

Andy nodded. He stood, walked across to Dana and sat in the chair next to her. “Sex and fucking can be done in pairs or in groups. But you can only make love to one other person at a time. It’s a spiritual thing. Two souls connecting in an unique and thoroughly beautiful way. The French call it ‘Faire l’amour.’ Such a beautiful language, French. You have to really know someone before you can make love to them. I feel like I know you, Dana.” He stroked her leg and sent a shiver up her back. “A fuck can be over in minutes, seconds even. But making love takes hours.”

She looked into his eyes. “What’s the longest you’ve taken to make love to someone?”

“Let me see... There was this French reporter I met while covering a summit in London. At first, we fucked. It’s rare you can make love to someone you haven’t fucked first. We dated, and fucked, for a couple of months before we started making love. It was truly amazing. I think the longest session we had was eighteen hours before we grew tired and fell asleep. When we woke in the morning, we continued for another six hours.”

“So this was before you started writing erotica?”

“Let me ask you this, Dana. When you write, how much of it comes from your imagination? How much of it is based on personal experience?”

“Well, I... It’s not something I’ve ever thought about.”

“When I was reporting, I did my homework. I don’t need to tell you how important it is to know what you write about. Erotica is the same. It pays to know what you’re writing about. By the way, I do enjoy the descriptions

of oral sex in Blonde Vixen's stories."

Dana felt her whole body blush. Desperate to take some form of control, she pressed on. "This is all well and good, but you never actually answered my question. How many women?"

"More than my fair share. But I remember each and every encounter. Some with more fondness than others, I admit, but every one nonetheless. And I know they all remembered me. What about you, Dana? How many partners have you had?"

"Six."

"And I know they all remember you. Still, I'd have thought more. After all, you are a very sexual woman."

"Are you saying I'm a slut?"

"Of course. Anything wrong with that?"

Dana stiffened. "What? You need me to explain? Let me tell you, I'm no slut."

"I think you misunderstand me, Dana. We both love language, and the way words can have two meanings. If I used 'slut' to describe some woman from the local trailer park in her spike heels and tiny skirt, then it'd be an insult. On the other hand, if a woman knows her own sexuality, and is confident and knows what she wants and needs from her lovers, and if she isn't afraid to let them know, then 'slut' becomes a compliment."

Dana's face was flushed. She looked down at her notepad and focused. She had to steer the interview back where she wanted it. She was an experienced interviewer. She shouldn't be allowing her subject to dictate proceedings. She crossed her legs and bounced her foot. Then she looked Andy in the eye and asked, "Have you slept with anyone famous? Can you name names?"

He held her gaze. She unconsciously licked her lips and sucked on the

end of her pen.

“Anyone famous? Yes. Name names? No. At least, not until I write my autobiography.”

Dana studied his face. It was handsome but ageless. She’d heard several ages mentioned in regard to Andy, but no one knew for sure. “How old are you?”

He smiled. “I’m whatever age you want me to be.”

Dana sighed. He was good. Very good. She decided to up the pace of her questions and not let him sidetrack her. “What’s your favorite part when writing a story? The beginning? Or are you more satisfied when you’re finished?”

“Both. I enjoy the thrill of a new idea, and the satisfaction that comes from finishing. It’s a lot like making love. Could you honestly say that the anticipation is better than the orgasm, or vice versa?”

Dana wasn’t going to be drawn. “Where do you get your inspiration?”

“Lots of different places.”

“Are any of your stories true?”

“Perhaps.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“No.”

“Okay. Are they about one woman or a combination of many?”

“They are all about the perfect woman.”

“And who is she?”

“The current one. And the next one. And the last one.”

Dana almost probed further, but stopped herself when she realized it was another path that Andy wanted to lead her down. Instead she asked, “Have you ever fucked a man?”

“No.”

“Ever been in a threesome?”

“I couldn’t possibly comment.”

“What’s your favorite part of a woman and why?”

“I don’t believe I have a favorite. For me, each and every part of a woman is as important as the rest and deserves my attention equally. Of course, the exception to this rather loose rule is when the woman I’m with has a favorite part of her own body.”

Dana couldn’t resist. “You’ll have to explain.”

“Some women like their nipples kissed. Others prefer a good tongue bath for their pussy or clitoris. I’ve known women who’ve achieved orgasm from a foot massage.”

“And how do you know when you meet such a woman?”

“If they don’t spell it out for you, there is normally some sign. Like the one you give off.”

“I’m intrigued. I wasn’t aware I was giving off any signs.”

“Several times during this interview, your bra and upper breasts have become visible. And on each occasion, you’ve hesitated before covering them up.”

“And what does that mean?”

“I’d have thought that was obvious. You’re a breast girl. I bet you have extremely sensitive nipples. I bet that with the right amount of attention, you’d be screaming my name and pleading for God’s help as I sucked, licked and nibbled.”

Dana’s nipples hardened almost instantly.

“See what I mean?” said Andy.

Dana looked down. Her blouse had gaped open and the swell of her breasts was on view. But, to her embarrassment, her nipples were sticking out proudly. She tried to cross her arms and cover them up, but only succeeded in

pushing her breasts together and showing more of them off to Andy. She picked up her empty glass. “Erm. Could I have another glass of water, please?”

Andy stood up and poured her another drink. Then he sat in the chair next to her. “Not that I’m in any hurry, but how many more questions do you have?”

“Just a few. Er... What’s your favorite position?”

“That depends on who I’m with. My favorite position is always the one my lover likes best. If she wants me to throw her down and mercilessly pound her, then I will. If she’d rather climb aboard and ride me, be in total control, then that’s good too.”

Dana sipped her drink and wiped her brow. Of all the examples he could have given, he had to pick her two favorites. “Describe a perfect romantic evening.”

“Now, my dear Dana. You already know how I plan to answer this.”

“I do?”

“Yes.”

“You’re going to say that it depends on the woman you’re with.”

“Precisely. For some women a perfect evening would involve a fancy meal and a night at the opera, others would be satisfied with a movie followed by a trip to Pizza Hut. I’ve known women who liked to dance, but while some wanted to get down and dirty in a night club, and others wanted to be swept away at a ball.”

“Okay. Let’s say I was your date, what would we do? Where would we go?”

Like a mechanic looking at a car engine, Andy sucked in air between his teeth and shook his head. “Dana. Dana, Dana, Dana. You, my girl, are the hardest type of woman to cater for.”

She looked at him sternly. “Why?”

“Because if you were asked what your perfect date was, you’d say that you wanted to be wined and dined. You’d expect a nice restaurant, but not one so fancy that you’d feel uncomfortable. And a jolly good bottle of wine—French, obviously. Not because you particularly like French wine, but because you believe it’s supposed to be the best. Following dinner, you’d want me to take you to the theatre, not the opera. I think you’d enjoy a Broadway musical more.”

Dana looked into his eyes. “Well, Mr. Withers. That does sound like the perfect romantic evening to me.”

“It’s fine for a first date.” Andy smiled and Dana melted. “But by the third or fourth date, you’d be more than happy with a movie followed by a pizza and long conversation about the movie.”

“Sounds good too.”

“But what you really want—what you really, really want—is a night in. A DVD, take-away, and snuggle down on the sofa. You’d be happy for me to hold you in my arms. To drink California wine and eat cold pizza from the box. Of course, the condition is that we’d never see the end of the film. Instead I’d wind up with my head buried between your legs, and you taking God’s name in vain. Then finally, we’d make love on the floor, on the sofa and in the bed.”

Dana sighed and fanned herself with her notepad.

“You look a little flustered, my dear. Would you like me to open the window and let in some air?”

“Sorry? Oh, no, I’m fine. Er, shall we carry on with the interview? My next question is a little personal.”

Andy held out his arms. “Fire away.”

“I’ve heard you’re well-endowed. Are you?”

“Ah, so the Blonde Vixen wants to know how big my cock is?”

“For my readers.”

“Yes, the readers.” Andy leaned forward and said, “It’s nine-and-a-half inches long and almost three inches around.”

Dana gaped. Andy chuckled. “Don’t you believe me?”

“Of course.” Dana tried not to look at his crotch. She watched Andy’s smile widen. Doubt crossed her mind. “Shouldn’t I believe you?”

“I thought you’d want proof.” He leaned back. “Perhaps I should have said ten inches, or even twelve?”

She was so confused. She wasn’t sure if he was controlling the situation or not. Not that it mattered. Andy had made a point. Many readers would voice doubts that he was nine inches. She would be poor reporter if she didn’t verify what she wrote. She would have to honestly state that she had measured him. She chewed her bottom lip, took a deep breath and swallowed. “Would you mind if I... if... uh...?”

“You want to check out my equipment?”

Dana wanted to say, “More than anything.” Instead, she said, “You’ve left me with no choice in the matter. Do you mind?”

“Not at all.” Andy walked to the wall and pushed a button. The blinds closed.

“Why close the blinds?” Not that she minded.

“A British tabloid has had a photographer with a telephoto lens shooting from outside one of my windows. My dick won’t be front page news for any publication.”

“I understand.”

Andy pulled his shirt out of his trousers. He undid each button then slipped the shirt off his shoulders and tossed it onto his chair. He kicked off his shoes and smiled. Then he unbuckled his belt, pulled down the zipper and

slid his trousers to his ankles. Dana licked her lips.

“Do you want a ruler?”

She shook her head. Her eyes were riveted on his boxers.

“I feel a bit ridiculous,” he said.

“Why?”

“You’re overdressed. Why don’t you slip off your blouse?”

Dana jerked her head up. “What?”

“Sort of ‘I’ll show you mine, if you show me yours.’”

“Oh, I don’t know about *that*...”

“You don’t trust yourself? I bet that’s it. You’re afraid you’ll lose control and not be the prim and proper ace reporter.”

Dana never was one to resist a challenge. She undid each pearl button and removed her blouse.

“You can leave on your bra, but what about that skirt?” Andy’s eyes focused on her chest. She hesitated and again he taunted her. “Can’t handle the heat?”

Dana unzipped her skirt and shimmied out of it. She stood before him in a black lacy bra, thong, stockings and heels. “Your turn.”

Andy laughed and slid his cotton boxers down. His cock sprung out of its prison.

“It’s beautiful,” she mumbled.

He stepped out of his clothes and stood before her, naked from head to toe. She ogled him.

“Would you like to hold it?”

“Hold it?”

“Sure. That’s the only way you can tell if you’ve ever had one this big before.”

“Oh.” Her voice was barely audible. Her desire raged. Dana walked

over and stood in front of him. They were a hair's breadth apart. The heat from their bodies radiated between them. She gazed into his eyes and saw lust and desire in them. She knew he could see the same in hers. It felt as if time had stood still. He leaned down and captured her lips. Her resistance gone, Dana melted against him. With deft fingers, he unhooked her bra, slid the straps off her shoulders, and tossed it aside. She stroked his cock. He squeezed her breasts. She cupped his balls in one hand and stroked his shaft with the other. Their tongues dueled. He sucked hard on hers. She moaned. Her strokes became erratic.

He tweaked her nipples and squeezed her breasts hard. She saw sparks and rubbed his cock against her pubes. He groaned. She maneuvered his dick between her pussy lips. Then she grabbed his butt cheeks and dug her nails deep into his flesh when she pulled him closer. Her hips gyrated and his cock slid easily back and forth.

He broke the kiss and moved his lips across her cheek and down her neck until he could draw a nipple into his mouth. He nipped and she squealed. She dug her nails deeper into his buttocks and he winced. She arched her back and pressed her breast against his mouth. Words couldn't express what he did to her nipples, but she tried and moaned her pleasure to the heavens. He took turns with each breast, licking and sucking. His tongue made sweep after sweep around the areolas. His teeth grazed the hardened nubs. Dana was losing her mind. She had to have him inside her.

As if she had spoken the words aloud, Andy spun her around and bent her over a chair. He pushed the sliver of silk to the side, and shoved his fingers into her pussy. He collected her juices and rubbed them across his dick. In one thrust, he entered her. It hurt, but for only seconds. She'd never felt so full. His dick rubbed the folds of her pussy as no other had. She fought the orgasm, tried to remain in control of her body, but it hit hard, and left her

breathless. Her legs quivered. She twitched and rode it out.

Before she had returned to earth, Andy whispered, “This is only the beginning. I want you in every way possible.”

Andy kissed her forcefully and walked her backwards to the desk. He cleared the desktop in one swoop and set her upon it. “What we just did was have sex. Now, I’m going to fuck you. First with my tongue, and then with my cock. And later... Well, we’ll get to that.”

Dana nodded. Her voice had failed her. She was breathless and dizzy.

He leaned in and kissed the tip of her nose. “You have an exquisite face, so expressive. I’ve seen anxiety, confusion, pleasure, tenderness, and disbelief, to name but five. And those eyes of yours—the color of melted chocolate. I’m hypnotized when they sparkle and dance. I see warmth and desire in them. Your hair is gorgeous.” He fondled a couple of curls. “The color of summer wheat. And so soft.” He caressed her cheek.

Andy tenderly removed her shoes, and then rolled her stockings down her legs. He tore her thong at the gusset. Dana yelped. He threw the ruined garment across the room. He positioned her feet flat on the desk, with her heels as far apart as possible, and opened her legs wide. His fingers were on the outside of her legs and his thumbs worked the inside, making firm circles as they traveled from her ankles to her core. He paused at the crease of her legs where they met her pussy. With the lightest touch imaginable, he brushed her pubic hair before his thumbs opened her pussy lips. He bent to blow air inside the moist, pink cave.

Dana shivered. She wanted his tongue working her clit. But he didn’t go there. He closed her pussy lips and massaged them. He worked his fingers under her bottom. She lifted her hips and rested on his palms. Andy massaged her swollen pussy with his thumbs and leaned over to lick the bend of her knee. He made a curly pattern, leaving a moist trail and heading

straight for the crease. With one leg done, he moved to the second.

Dana leaned back on her elbows, her hips bouncing, hoping to lure him in to taste her. He traced a line with his fingers from her slit to her ass and back. He opened her butt-cheeks wide, and worked a finger into her asshole. She tensed. Andy had not used any extra lube, just her juices, but the finger slipped easily past her sphincter. She felt another finger jabbing at the puckered entrance. Before she could protest, his tongue licked her entire slit, from her ass-crack to her clit and back. Like a small penis, it entered her pussy, just as the second finger went into her butt.

The feeling was marvelous. Dana lay back on the desk and used her feet for leverage to thrust her pussy into his face. Andy focused his attention on her clit. The orgasm came so fast that Dana squealed. She rocked her head from side to side as wave after wave crashed over her. She writhed and thrashed, crying out to the Lord Almighty. Andy licked and sucked until her movements slowed and finally ceased. Her breathing was heavy. Her eyes closed. Her body drained.

Andy grabbed her hands and tugged her into a sitting position. She had a silly grin on her face. Her hair was wild. He chuckled. “Was that good for you?”

“HmMMM.” She nodded.

“I consider myself a generous lover, but now I’ve got to take my own pleasure before it kills me. Do you mind if I shove my cock in your cunt?”

He didn’t wait for her answer, she felt sure he already knew what it would be. He scooted her to the edge of the desk and put her legs over his shoulders. She guided him to the entrance of her pussy and he rammed home. His movements were slow and rhythmic, as if he was savoring every moment. He paused to kiss her lips, bending her in half. Her knees almost touched her ears. He sucked her bottom lip into his mouth, his teeth pinning

it inside. She moaned. He entwined his fingers in her hair. He moved his cock back and forth. Every movement drove her wild. She wanted to crawl inside him to get as close as possible.

Andy suddenly straightened and lowered her legs. Dana sat up. She was confused. "What's wrong?"

"Put your legs around my waist." She did as he said and his cock went deeper inside her than she thought possible.

"Put your arms around my neck." His voice was strong and commanding. He was clearly used to people doing what he said. Dana hesitated, her fear reflected in her eyes. Andy smiled. "Trust me."

Again, she did as she was told. He then wrapped his arms around her in a bear hug and carried her to the nearest wall. He pinned her to the wall and he pounded her as hard as could. With each upward thrust, her back rubbed against the rough paneling. She gave up trying to find words to convey the sensations that Andy was creating in her body. She closed her eyes and pictured his butt cheeks clinching as he pumped into her. She could imagine his leg muscles straining with effort.

He held one of her nipples captive between his teeth. She could feel his ragged breath and the sweat on his neck. His hair was drenched. Dana felt a tidal wave build inside her. She felt her pussy contract around his dick. She cried out like a wounded kitten.

Like a lion roaring, Andy moaned and shot his semen deep into her womb. Her cunt clung to his dick and milked him dry. Then, like a house of cards, they tumbled to the carpeted floor and cuddled.

He murmured, "My dear, consider yourself royally fucked."

"Hmmm. I liked it."

"As soon as my strength returns, I'm going to make love to you."

"I thought you said it takes weeks to be able to make love to someone?"

Andy kissed her forehead. “Some things just seem right.”

Dana smiled and they settled into the spoon position.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dana stirred sometime later, and realized she was alone, her naked body covered by a blanket. She stretched and marveled at how comfortable the floor was.

“At long last, Sleeping Beauty has awoken.”

She looked across the room. Andy stood in the doorway wearing a towel. He held one out for her. “It won’t cover much but I thought you’d be more comfortable walking through the house in something other than your birthday suit.”

“Thank you.” She got to her feet and wrapped the fluffy terrycloth around her. He was right. If she wanted her breasts covered, her butt cheeks were exposed and vice versa. What did she care?—he’d seen her anyway. She settled on a happy medium, exposing a little of both.

Andy held out his hand and led her across the foyer and up the winding staircase. He opened the door to the master bedroom and ushered her in. He opened another door. “Step in here.”

Dana gasped at the master bathroom. A garden hot-tub stood in the center of the room, filled with bubbles. Lit candles sat all around the room. Soft music played in the background. He gestured for her to look up. Overhead the skylight was open and stars winked at her from behind the wispy clouds.

“It’s beautiful!”

“Just as you are.”

He dropped his towel and extended his hand to her. “Let me help you into our watery heaven.”

She grinned and took his hand. Once seated, Andy brought out a basket

filled with goodies. There were chocolate-covered strawberries, plain strawberries, whipped cream, toys, lotions and potions.

“We don’t have to use everything, but I keep a good selection handy.”

Dana realized that Andy still had complete control of the situation. But she didn’t care.

They played with each other for the rest of the evening. In the tub. Beside the tub. On the bed. Beside the bed. Once, even under the bed. Every single item was used at least once.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dana woke the next morning to the smell of bacon sizzling on the griddle. She glanced at the clock by the bed. It was eleven o’clock. She sat bolt upright. “Oh, my God! I’m late for work.”

Beside her, Andy stretched lazily and mumbled, “Come here, babe.”

“I’m going to be fired!”

“Nope. I called the paper yesterday and spun them a line about extending the interview. Your editor wasn’t going for it until I told him that I had the contacts to sell the article in every English-speaking country in the world. And a few non-English speaking ones. I could hear him counting the dollars over the phone.”

“Do you really have those contacts?”

“Of course I do. I also told your editor I thought you had prize-winning material. What I didn’t tell him was that I wasn’t talking about your article.”

She grinned and curled up next to him.

“If you rub that beautiful bum against my cock one more time, I’m going to fuck your asshole with no lube.”

“You did that last night, or was it this morning? Anyway, that area is closed. I hurt all over.”

He exhaled. “Thank God! I know the old man could rise to the

occasion, but I'm knackered."

He kissed her hair, her neck and pulled her close.

She traced the hairs on his arm. "How many drinks did we have?" She gasped. "Did I actually try to swing on your chandelier?"

He howled with laughter. "Yes, you did. It's hanging lop-sided, but still attached. The maid asked if there was an earthquake last night."

"The maid?"

"She came in earlier and asked what we'd like for breakfast. I got her to knock up two plates of full English. Hope that's okay."

Dana giggled. "It's perfect."

\*\*\*\*\*

Over the next six months, they were inseparable. Dana handed her interview in, and had many calls about it. Her editor was pleased when new subscriptions rolled in based on her feature story and even more pleased when Andy's contacts bought the article.

They went on countless romantic dates. They walked along the beach, barefooted and holding hands. They lay under the stars and cuddled. When a shooting star zipped past, she made a wish that they'd have many more evenings like that. He agreed and held her tight.

They went dancing. She loved feeling his arms around her while he crooned in her ear. When they returned to his house after that date, their lovemaking was hot and passionate.

During their dating frenzy, Andy's publicists promoted his new book all over England. A film company producer noticed it and decided it would make a great movie. Dana worked on *Seven Heavenly Virtues*. Andy said the novellas would be better from a woman's perspective. He guided her at first, but she was in her element. He advised her to submit the first one for publication the moment she completed it. She thought it was too soon but he

had been right. The publisher optioned all seven. She received a handsome commission.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I can’t believe it’s ending like this,” Dana said.

“It’s not ending. Just on hold. Our encounter happened too soon.” Andy caressed her face. His thumb rubbed her bottom lip.

Her eyes glistened. A lone tear spilled down her cheek.

“Don’t cry. The odds of us ever connecting were high.”

“But we did connect.”

“Too soon.” He kissed her tenderly. “I need to go back to England while they make the movie. I have to be there.”

Dana sniffled.

“I asked you to come with me.”

“You know I can’t. Now is not a good time to leave the States. Plus, I’ve still got five novellas to write.” Dana blinked back the tears.

“You see? We’re both busy at the moment.” Andy smiled.

“But, I need you here to help me.”

“No, you don’t. You’re doing a great job on your own.” Andy wrapped his arms around her. “Besides, we’ll keep in touch via email and the telephone. I’ll look over whatever you send.”

Dana sighed.

“If we’re meant to be together, we will be,” Andy said. “Do you realize that we’ve been together almost every single day since you interviewed me? So much has happened in six months.”

“Yes, it has.” She took a deep breath. “You’re right, what will be, will be. I have plenty of work to do and so do you.”

“That’s right.”

They kissed passionately.

Andy breathed in the scent of her hair. “You can stay here in the house if you want.”

Dana leaned back to look into his eyes. He was being sincere. “Very generous, but I’ll stay in my apartment.”

“This isn’t good-bye. It’s just *au revoir*.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The day of the flight, Dana accompanied Andy to the airport, her heart breaking and a lump lodged in her throat.

“I’ll be back. The stars messed up. Our paths crossed too soon.”

She nodded.

He smiled. “I’ll return. I haven’t finished making love to you.”

For the first time in days, Dana smiled. “I’d like to swing on that chandelier at least one more time.”

“That’s another reason for me to return. I didn’t reinforce all the light fixtures for nothing.”

She giggled.

“That’s my girl.”

The PA crackled and a voice boomed, “Flight 925 departing for London now boarding!”

“That’s my flight.”

Dana swallowed.

Andy pulled her into his arms.

“I’ll be honest with you, my love. The press pack at home sees me as a playboy. They want me to be available. If I’m pictured at the airport with a beautiful American on my arm... It’d break many a girl’s heart.”

She held tightly onto him. She couldn’t stop the tears. Where was her tough girl persona? What made her think he could possibly be interested in her?

“I’ll call you as soon as I can.”

“Okay.” Dana blinked. The tears blurred her vision.

“It’s only for ten months.”

“Sounds like forever.”

“We’ll keep in touch.” He squeezed her tight. “You keep writing.”

“I will.”

He kissed her and grabbed his bag. She watched him disappear inside the huge plane. Watched the silver bird taxi down the runway and ascend into the blue sky.

“I should have said ‘I love you,’” she sighed. “Damn interview!”

Her heart was breaking. She should have told him so many things. How the hell did this happen? Life was much easier without involving her heart. Now she would fret over him. She was positive that Andy wouldn’t return. She had been fine before she met him. Dammit! Now she was so immersed in his life that nothing made sense without him by her side. She grabbed her purse and retrieved her cell phone. She would speak her mind and the hell with what he would think of her. Then she remembered that airlines forbid the use of cell phones. The sudden ringing of her phone startled her so much she almost dropped it. She managed to answer. “Hello?”

“Look, I’ve got something to say.”

She stiffened at Andy’s tone of voice. “Fine. Then, I have something to say.”

“There’s some things I should have told you before I left.”

“Okay.”

Andy took a deep breath. “I don’t know how it happened but my insides are topsy-turvy. I’m thinking of someone else’s needs before mine.”

“Oh.”

“I’m supposed to be a playboy.”

“I see.”

“No, you don’t see!”

“You don’t have to sound so angry. It’s not my fault.”

“Yes, it is your fault. You were supposed to interview me and leave. But no. It didn’t happen that way. Now, you’re under my skin and in my heart.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Andy sighed. “For the first time in my life, there’s a woman who I want by my side. I can’t imagine a day without you.”

“But you left me behind!”

“I was telling you the truth. In my country, I’m considered a playboy. And, with this movie, I’ll have to uphold that image.”

“I see.”

“Please understand. All of that is media hype. There will be lots of times I’ll be forced to escort some beauty, but that’s to promote the movie. For me, all I’ll see is your beautiful face.”

“But you’ll be with different women. Gorgeous and talented women.”

“For the sake of the movie. No sex. No hanky-panky.”

Dana felt like her heart was in a vise. She wanted to believe him.

“I was serious when I suggested you stay in my house. Don’t keep paying rent for your apartment. I have to pay for staff anyway,” Andy said. “Please, trust me. I’m not sure what happened between you and those other six losers, but I don’t plan on being number seven.”

“I lied. It wasn’t six.”

“Oh.” He frowned and shrugged. “It doesn’t matter, six or ten or fifteen, I’m not going to be next on the list.”

“Three,” she squeaked. “It was three.”

“Three?” Andy asked. “Why lie about that?”

“I wanted to seem more worldly.”

He laughed heartily.

“Most of the time, I feel so in over my head with this stuff. I don’t know if I can continue writing the novellas without your guidance.”

“I didn’t help you at all with the second one. Besides, I told you that I’ll look over everything you send.”

She sighed. She felt better, but still they would be an ocean apart.

“I just got an idea,” he said. “Once I have to start making the rounds for the release of the movie, how about you flying over and being my escort?”

“Seriously?”

“Of course. It will cause a twitter. Everyone will wonder who the mysterious blonde is who appeared out of the blue. Obviously a Yank, but who can she be? I can see the headlines now.”

She giggled. “I like that idea.”

“There’s something I want to say to you, but those words should be spoken when I’m gazing into your beautiful eyes.”

“You’re right, they should be.”

“I don’t know about you, but I feel tons better. It’s like a weight has been lifted.”

“Me, too,” she said. “I’ve decided that I’ll be moving into your house.”

“Good. Then I’ll call you there if not on your cell. Speaking of phones, I’d better get off this line—it’ll cost me a fortune. Bye, my love.”

“Bye.”

“Wait! I don’t think I ever said it, but thanks for the divine interview.”

She giggled. “My pleasure.”

“Actually, it was my pleasure too. I got a lot of pleasure out of that interview.”

Their connection was broken and she muttered, “It was divine. Bye, my

love.”