



## Sensuality: Caramel Flava II (Eroticnoir.com Anthology)

By Zane

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**Sensuality: Caramel Flava II (Eroticnoir.com Anthology)** By Zane

**A sizzling new follow-up to the bestselling short story anthologies *Chocolate Flava* and *Caramel Flava*, edited by Zane—the Queen of Erotica.**

Winner of the Black Expressions Book of the Year Award three years in a row for *Afterburn*, *Nervous*, and *Addicted*, New York Times bestselling author Zane is a publishing phenomenon whose fans can't get enough of her smart, sexy, and wild stories.

Like *Chocolate Flava* and *Caramel Flava*, *Sensuality: Caramel Flava II* is a delicious assortment of fun, sensual stories by Zane and a select assortment of talented erotica authors. *Sensuality: Caramel Flava II* includes sections written expressly for both men and women, making it a perfect book for lovers to share. Featuring Latino as well as African- American characters and cultural references, *Sensuality: Caramel Flava II* offers a unique blend of literary spice, hot and sweet enough to fit on a menu only Zane could cook up.

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## Editorial Review

### About the Author

Zane is the *New York Times* bestselling author of *Afterburn*, *The Heat Seekers*, *Dear G-Spot*, *Gettin' Buck Wild*, *The Hot Box*, *Total Eclipse of the Heart*, *Nervous*, *Skyscraper*, *Love is Never Painless*, *Shame on It All*, and *The Sisters of APF*; the ebook short stories "I'll be Home for Christmas" and "Everything Fades Away"; and editor for the Flava anthology series, including *Z-Rated* and *Busy Bodies*. Her TV series, *Zane's Sex Chronicles*, and *The Jump Off* are featured on Cinemax, and her bestselling novel *Addicted* is a major motion picture with Lionsgate Films. She is the publisher of Strebor Books, an imprint of Atria Books/Simon & Schuster. Visit her online at [EroticaNoir.com](http://EroticaNoir.com).

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### Therapy

Patt Mihailoff

## PART ONE

It was the same as always, or so it seemed. She sat in her overly large, tufted-leather chair that made her look small when, in fact, she wasn't. Her hair was pulled back in a chignon, tucked loosely under itself and secured by a Celtic-style barrette.

He knew her lashes were long and feathery, even through her unattractive, serviceable eyeglasses. He wanted to believe she only wore them to enhance her professionalism. He liked to think she wore contacts when she wasn't working.

Her deep honey skin was clear except for the small mole on her left cheek. She had the barest hint of a dimple when she smiled. She wore no makeup except for a pale mauve lipstick that she didn't, in fact, need. Her large gold hoop earrings were typically Hispanic, but weren't the only things that gave away her Latin heritage. Her lips looked succulent and had a puckering movement that had intrigued him from the beginning. She always did it when he said something that had a sexual connotation. No one really would notice it, unless really looking for it, and he'd been looking at her a long time now.

Her dress was a deep purple matte jersey, with a pointed collar that came to a V and exposed the depth of her round breasts.

It had been a hot summer, but when her office cooled sufficiently, he'd seen her nipples pop and jut through anything she'd been wearing at the time. She'd never caught him looking -- at least he thought she hadn't.

"How are you today?" she asked in that husky voice a little higher than Kathleen Turner's in *Body Heat*.

It was the same question each time, and he answered the same way all the time.

"I'm good."

Had she caught his double meaning?

"Then let's begin."

She crossed her right leg over her left and perched the writing pad securely on her knee. The dress was long but the jersey hugged her legs in such a way that it was impossible to miss the length of them or the change in shape where her leg met her thigh.

Her shoes were plain, black with a thick heel, and would not have been sexy on anyone else, but the high, sensual curve of her arch would make any man want to caress it against his hardening cock.

He talked, she listened. Every now and again she jotted down a note or two.

"And what do you think the dream means?" she asked, after he'd spent twenty minutes explaining his slumber reveries.

"Isn't that what I pay you to tell me?"

Her brow arched. She always did that when he answered *her* question with one of his own.

"You pay me to help you sort through your confusion, to help you to understand the why's, and to try and fix what might be broken," she answered evenly.

He grinned. He liked her answers. They were never really here nor there. His mind wandered for a moment as he daydreamed of her hair being loose and spiraling around her head, with one of her errant curls coiled lazily around his finger.

"So this woman that you run after, the woman with no face, is there anything recognizable about her?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why are you chasing her?"

"I don't think I want to know." His eyes didn't leave her when he'd said it.

She wrote on her little pad.

"Perhaps," she began, "your dream is about something you need to face, and are just afraid to, which is why you can't catch her. Maybe the *her* is you." Her demeanor was triumphant, as though she'd been the only one to answer the final *Jeopardy* question.

He threw his head back and laughed, his small locks hugging his head gently.

"I assure you, I am not chasing myself. It's a woman, and even though I've never caught her, I wake up with an erection so hard it's painful."

"Perhaps she's a woman out of your reach."

"I'm almost sure of that."

"If this is true, then you must do one of two things."

"Yes?" His gaze was deeper than his low-pitched voice.

"You should try and forget her. Or, maybe surmise what you *think* would happen if she stopped running and confronted you."

"She wouldn't."

"How do you know? After all, it's only a dream." She had not meant for her slight laugh to be condescending.

"Maybe it's not *my* dream?" he offered.

Her brow knitted. "People do not dream for others," she said patiently.

"If the need is great, even a dream can transcend space and time."

She put down her pen. "You've been reading too many science fiction novels."

"No, I've been living with a yearning desire for toolong."

"How so?"

He got up, the material of his pants falling into perfect lines against his legs. He walked to the window, his voice reverberating off the pane like silent thunder.

"I'm not sure how to approach this woman, even though I think I know how she wants to be approached."

"Meaning?"

"She wants..."

"She wants what?"

"To have control, and then to give it over."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because on the outside she is professional and stiff, but inside she is screaming for release." He looked over and thought he saw the slight motion of her legs squeeze together.

"So, then, you think this woman has a sexual desire for you?"

"I didn't say that."

"Not in so many words."

"You, of all people, should know by now that I always say just what I mean."

"All right, then. Do you feel you must help this woman in some way?"

He moved almost silently on the thick carpet and ended up behind her chair. She remained motionless.

"She can help herself."

"Why doesn't she?"

*Now who was the therapist and who was the patient?*

She heard the rustle of his jacket and surmised that he'd shrugged.

"Fear, betrayal -- it could be a myriad of reasons."

"Then how is it that you think you know what she wants and needs?"

"Because I can see inside her when she's not looking. Like when she's writing something down."

She shifted uneasily, but remained impassive.

He came back around and sat back down in front of her, his legs wide apart, his fingers interlocked in front of him. "Some people expect a person to be a certain way," he said, with even control. "And, sometimes, that same person can only dream about what they want. They want it badly but rather than act on it, they remain in a safe zone and send their desires off in a miasmic cloud that seeks a place to settle where it can offer itself."

"To what end?" The question was as soft as a whisper.

"To know."

"To know what?" she asked with a tinge of impatience.

"To know what it would be like to be naked underneath, or over, the man she thinks she is helping."

"So, *then*, it is sexual."

He grinned and shook his head.

"For anyone else it would be sexual; for her it would be animalistic fucking."

She cleared her throat and pushed her glasses up on her nose, even though they hadn't slipped an inch.

"Well, it looks like our time is up." She rose and walked to her desk.

He watched her ass, which was round and tight even though her dress tried to hide it from him.

She looked at her date planner. "I see you won't be available next week, so I've scheduled a session a week from next Friday. Is that suitable?"

He nodded.

"I'll see you then," she said. Her face hardened into its professional mode, her lips, which had been so soft before, were now strict and straight as a slide rule.

"Yeah, I'll see you then." He shoved his hands in his pockets and left her office.

When he was gone, she allowed her body to relax. She went to the narrow floor-length mirror on the side wall and snapped open the barrette. Her hair fell in loose curls to her neck and she ran her hands through them to allow for maximum airy freedom. In the mirror she lowered her eyes to her neck, her chest, and finally on her

breasts. Her nipples were hard and pouting through the material of her dress. They were large and round -- and perfect. She reached up and ran a long-nailed finger over one. She flinched -- it was sensitive and a

shudder hot through her.

It was always like that after he left her office. Now in the confines of her own privacy, she was able to recall their earlier sessions. He had been freer then, with his offerings about what he considered to be "a problem," and it had been sexual.

Her professionalism had remained intact as she queried him, then listened as he told her with the relish of a bawdy sixteenth-century monarch how much he needed it, craved it, and desired it. Outwardly, she'd remained unfazed when he used words like *pussy*, or phrases like, "I sucked her dry. I tongued her so deep I felt her baby room."

Inside she was jelly.

But it had been that one particular time he'd told her how he'd placed his woman on all fours and talked the cum out of her, then made her wait patiently while he teased her with his tongue. It was with little tingly, flickering movements at first, something akin to a butterfly kiss. He explained how the woman had moaned and moved backward, trying to get more of his teasing tongue.

Her office had grown warm when he told her how hard his cock had gotten, and how he let the woman see it, touch it, but not lick it -- something *she* wanted so desperately to do. He explained how he'd spread the woman wide and blew against her proud puffy lips and talked to her. Deep, dirty, nasty things about what he intended to do. How he was going to drink her, taste her, own her pussy. Then he explained how the woman had loved *every* second of *everything* he did.

She closed her eyes as she thought of that session, and her hand that had been teasing her nipple wandered down over her waist, then her thigh. She pulled her long matte jersey dress slowly up into a knotted bunch. She smiled as he thought of the garter belt she wore with no panties, her own naughty little secret that no one would ever suspect.

Her fingers moved over her trimmed vee, then down to her fleshy lips that had begun to dampen the second he'd walked into her office. Her body milk had seeped twice when he told her of his recent dream, and now she was squishy wet as she searched for her clit. It was so sensitive that she was about to burst. She found the hood and exposed the hardened satiny nub and rubbed ...

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