

## From the lesson plans of Graham Campbell and C.J. Murphy

### C.J.

It's been one of *those* days.

One of those “anything that can go wrong *will* go wrong, rip your tights getting out of the cab, spill coffee on your white sundress at the 9 a.m. meeting, realize you grabbed the wrong brown bag from the fridge and unwrap a container of homemade cat food for lunch instead of the much-anticipated Thai leftovers, accidentally delete every email in your inbox and spend two hours trying to retrieve them from the void” kind of day.

By the time I drag my weary, stained, and starved body into the elevator that will whizz me up to our apartment, all I want is a bath and my pajamas.

For once I'm not thinking about the delicious man waiting for me upstairs or wondering if I can convince my fiancé to skip healthy make-use-of-our-pans night and go grab Indian from the food cart in Washington Square Park that is my new favorite thing about living in lower Manhattan.

I am too tired for romance or veggie curry.

All I want is peace, a bubble bath, and possibly a glass of white wine to soothe my frazzled nerves.

And then I walk through the front door, straight into a seduction scene so smooth I can't help but smile.

The lights are down low, candles flicker from strategic locations throughout the living room, and the curtains are open to reveal the pink-streaked clouds hovering above the city skyline. Something doughy and delicious is heating in the oven, perfuming the air with the scent of fresh bread. Jazz—the sexy kind, not the clattery, cat-howling kind Graham is trying to convince me to appreciate—croons from the stereo speakers.

And speaking of cats, Stephen King is nowhere to be found.

Which can only mean my favorite feline has been locked away in the guest room with his favorite chew toys and a special treat so he won't stick his fluffy nose into our evening and make things creepy by meowing every time Graham and I kiss.

"Hello, beautiful. How was your day?" Graham's husky voice draws my attention to the hallway, where he leans against the wall near our newly framed engagement photo. He's still in the dark gray suit he wore to work, but his hair is end-of-the-day ruffled and a hint of stubble shadows his jaw.

All in all, he looks good enough to eat, but I can't tell my true love a lie, even to pave the way for a romantic evening.

"Awful. No good. Very bad," I say, dropping my purse on the entryway table. "I stained my dress and accidentally brought cat food for lunch. And those were the highlights."

Graham winces in sympathy. "Ouch. You poor thing. You didn't eat the cat food, did you?"

“No,” I say with a sigh. “But it probably would have been better than the expired cottage cheese I did eat. It was so old the curds were crusty at the edges.”

“Crusty curds,” he says, ambling into the living room. “The worst.”

“The very worst,” I agree, cocking my head as he moves to stand in front of the windows instead of coming to pull me into his arms for a hug. I’m about to ask him what he’s up to when he motions toward the coffee table, where a glass of champagne I hadn’t noticed before sits next to a giant chocolate covered strawberry.

“Think a treat might make you feel better?” he asks.

“If that’s from Chocoholic on Fifteenth it will,” I say, moving around the couch, my mouth already watering in anticipation.

“Of course it is. You should know better than to doubt my gift-giving abilities by now, woman.”

“I really should.” I perch on the couch and reach for my treat, popping the cool chocolate shell between my lips and biting down with a moan. Velvet sweetness floods through my mouth, doing wicked, wonderful things to my taste buds. “So good. Thank you, baby. You’re the best.”

“You’re welcome, Butterfly,” he says softly. “But I’m not the best. I’ve been remiss, and I would like to apologize.”

I look up, studying him over what’s left of my strawberry. “What do you mean? You have no reason to apologize.”

“But I do.” He glides closer to the bookshelves as I finish my treat with as little moaning as possible, not wanting to miss a word of what he has to say. “I was flipping through our fall catalogue today, thinking about how hot

you're going to look in the new gold bustier, when it hit me." He turns back to me. "You've stripped for me—what? At least half a dozen times?"

"That sounds about right." I lick a bit of chocolate from my fingertip, not missing the way Graham's gaze heats as he watches my tongue rasp across my skin. "But I like stripping for you." I sweep my tongue across my finger again, even though all the chocolate is gone. "I like watching you melt into a puddle of lust, helpless to resist me."

Full lips curving, Graham nods. "And I like melting for you, sweetheart. But tonight it's your turn. Time for a lesson in getting as good as you give."

Before I can ask what he's talking about he reaches over, hitting a button on the stereo. A moment later, the first raunchy notes of King Floyd's "Groove Me" fill the air and Graham reaches for the lapels of his suit, hips swiveling to one side as he slowly draws the elegant fabric down his arms.

Understanding dawns and a giddy laugh bubbles from my lips. "Oh my God, you're not! Tell me you're not stripping for me right now."

"Oh, but I am." Graham reaches for his tie, tugging the knot loose with a rough jerk that is—admittedly—as sexy as sin. "And pretty soon you won't be laughing, Butterfly. I'm much better at stripping than I am at roller skating."

"I can see that." I start to reach for my champagne, but forget all about bubbly as Graham works open the buttons on his shirt and his hip swivel becomes a full on grind.

A slow, steady, deliberate grind that makes it look like he's giving the air in front of him everything she could ask for and more.

“Wh-where did you learn to dance like that?” I stammer, cheeks flushing as I continue to stare, mesmerized by the way he parts the crisp white fabric of his button down, revealing the undershirt stretched tight across the muscles beneath.

“My frat in college put on a show for charity every Valentine’s Day.” He tosses his button up to the ground before bringing his hands to the bottom of his undershirt and drawing it slowly upwards, revealing his six-pack inch by drool-worthy inch. “We raised money for the women’s shelter in town.”

“That is so...hot,” I say, my breath rushing out as Graham draws the tight fabric up and over his head, his biceps bunching deliciously.

“Raising money for charity is hot.” He reaches for his belt buckle and my entire body flushes in response.

“So hot,” I murmur, biting my lip. “I really want to touch you.”

“Not yet, Butterfly. I haven’t made you melt yet.” With a wink that makes my panties damp, Graham drops his pants to the ground, revealing the thick ridge of his cock through skintight black boxer briefs.

What happens next is a blur of heat and hunger, but after what I’m pretty sure is the filthiest lap dance any woman in New York City has ever received—I come twice, and a third Big O is on the horizon by the time Graham swoops me into his arms and carries me to the window—I finally get what I really want.

“Yes,” I cry out in bliss as he pushes into me from behind, his palms pinning my hands to the cool window as the city lights flicker and throb in the darkness beyond. “Oh, yes. Please. Just like this.”

“Just like this,” he promises, one hand skimming down to cup my breast as he continues to glide in and out.

In and out.

In and out and then there are fireworks exploding behind my closed eyes, sparks leaping from my lips as I scream his name, and magic filling the room as we both reach the edge and tumble over together.

And it is perfect, just like this man.

### **Graham**

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but that isn't true. I learn new things all the time, even when I think *I'm* the one writing the lesson plan.

“So what's your stripper name?” C.J. asks later over dinner, her cheeks still flushed from all the coming we did together.

“I never had one,” I confess. “We weren't that creative in college.”

Her lips push into a pretty pout. “Well, that's no good. With your skills, you deserve a killer stripper name. How about Long Dong Silver?”

I clear my throat with a laugh. “Um, no.”

“Professor Hardwood,” she teases, eyes glittering.

I fake a scowl.

“Sascrotch the Magnificent, Lord of the Redwoods?”

I bite the inside of my mouth to keep from smiling and glare harder.

“Now you're just being ridiculous.”

“And you’re being an Ebenezer Spooge.” She giggles as she waves a slice of bread in my direction. “Get it? Ebenezer—”

Her words end in a squeal of laughter as I lunge across the table, grabbing her bread and tossing it onto the table before scooping her into my arms, hauling her into the kitchen, and giving her a refresher course on how good it is up against the refrigerator.

But really, I’m the one learning.

Learning that sex and laughter co-exist more blissfully than I would ever have imagined before C.J. was the goddess in my bed. Learning that intimacy makes the heart fonder and the sex sweeter, and that it’s absolutely possible to fall deeper in love with a woman every single day.

Every.

Single.

One.