

SEDUCTION  
FOR BEGINNERS



JAE



## Excerpt

# Seduction for Beginners

Annie clicked her pen on and off and stared down at her notebook. She had been sitting at her desk for the past hour, trying to come up with a plan, and yet the page was still empty. Groaning, she picked up the stress ball from the edge of her desk and kneaded it in her left hand. Why hadn't anyone ever written a book on how to seduce your girlfriend?

*Hmm, maybe someone has.* She nudged the mouse on her desk, and her computer monitor sprang to life. A quick search on Amazon produced a list of books with titles such as *How to Use Hypnosis to Seduce Women* and *The Fool-proof Guide to Picking up Hot Chicks*.

Annie shook her head. She didn't want instructions on how to lure dozens of women into her bed. What she needed was a little help with wining, dining, and seducing one specific woman—her girlfriend, Drew.

Well, she had the wining and dining part down pat. Annie thumbed through the pages of her notebook that listed her plans for Valentine's Day. First, they would have dinner at an expensive restaurant overlooking the ocean and watch the sun set while sipping on a glass of Drew's wine. Afterwards, they would stroll along the beach before they returned to the cozy bed-and-breakfast where she had booked a room.

That was where the problems started. They had shared some heated kisses, but Annie had no experiences beyond that. At least not with women.

Annie knew Drew wouldn't make the first move even though she was the more experienced one. From the moment they had first gotten together twelve weeks ago, Drew had always made sure not to pressure Annie when it came to their physical relationship. She had let Annie initiate their first real kiss, and now it would have to be Annie who introduced lovemaking into their relationship.

She sighed. Sometimes, having a considerate girlfriend was a pain in the ass.

Half an hour later, Annie was still staring at a blank page. She threw the stress ball against the wall and watched it ricochet across the room. "Argh!" The more she thought about her seduction plans, the more she started to panic. She wanted the first time between her and Drew to be perfect, a night that neither of them would ever forget. Valentine's Day seemed ideal for that, so she had convinced Drew not to prepare any Valentine's surprises and let her plan a romantic evening instead. On paper, everything looked good. But no matter how much she planned, it wouldn't change her own inadequacy. *Drew deserves a lover who knows what she's doing, not just the bumbling attentions of a nervous nerd.*

She closed her notebook, stood, and started to pace through her bedroom.

If only she knew how to make that first move, then maybe everything else would fall into place.

Too bad she didn't have a best friend she could call for advice. Drew was her best friend, but she couldn't ask her about this.

Maybe Jake would know. She stopped pacing. Yes. Her brother was the quint-essential ladies' man, a Casanova who had seduced so many women that he

would have needed a spreadsheet to keep track. If anyone knew how to let Drew know she was ready for more, it would be Jake.

She reached for the phone and speed-dialed his cell, hoping he wouldn't make fun of her.

“Yeah?” Jake sounded out of breath.

Annie frowned. “Hi. It's me. Annie. Am I catching you at a bad time?”

“No, I'm just halfway up the rock-climbing wall right now.”

“You picked up your phone while you're hanging from a rock-climbing wall?”

Annie rolled her eyes. “Okay, I'll make it quick, then.” Her cheeks were already glowing with embarrassment, so she didn't want to prolong this conversation anyway. “What would a woman need to do to ... um ... seduce you?”

“Walk up to me and strip,” Jake said without hesitation. “Why? Know anyone who's interested?”

Annie groaned. Obviously, Jake wasn't a good point of reference. Seducing Drew would need to be a little more subtle. “No.” She rubbed the back of her neck. “Forget the question. Let's say ... let's say you've been with a woman for a while. And everything's going great, but you haven't had ... you know.”

A whirring and then a thumping sound indicated that Jake was back on the ground. He chuckled. “Sex, Annie. You're thirty years old, and you still can't say sex?”

“Of course I can say it.” Saying it wasn't the problem, though. Annie gritted her teeth. Maybe calling Jake hadn't been such a bright idea, but for Drew's sake, she was determined to get some information out of him. “Sex. There. I said it. S-E-X. Happy now?”

Jake laughed. “Yep. Okay, so me and my imaginary girlfriend haven’t been doing the horizontal mambo. Why not? She’s not ugly as sin, is she?”

“No! She’s beautiful.” Most people didn’t consider Drew a conventional beauty. Her nose and jaw were a bit too strong and her build too stocky, but Annie considered every inch of her attractive.

“Then why wait?” Jake asked.

“Well, because ... because ...” Annie dropped onto her desk chair and huffed out a breath. “Because it isn’t just a one-night stand, and you want to get it right.”

“What’s there to get right? It’s sex, Annie, not rocket science. You just insert tab A into slot B and—”

“Eww.” Annie nearly dropped the phone when she attempted to cover her ears. “Spare me the Ikea sex instructions, please.”

“Okay, okay. So what was the question again?”

Annie hesitated. She shook her head at herself. *Asking Jake of all people for advice ... what was I thinking?* “You know what? Forget it. It’s not important.”

“Aww, just when it was getting interesting,” Jake said, his tone teasing.

Not in the mood for silly jokes, Annie said nothing.

Metal clinked on the other end of the line. Then Jake cleared his throat. “You’re not just asking because you’re curious about my spectacular adventures in the bedroom, are you? Oh, shit, Annie. Tell me this isn’t about you and Drew.”

Again, Annie remained silent.

“So the two of you haven’t ...?” Now it was Jake who couldn’t say the word. “No, don’t tell me. I don’t want to know the details of my sister’s sex life.”

*That’s the problem. There is no sex life.* Her whole life, she had been the one

to give advice to her brother. Not that he ever followed it. But still. She swallowed her pride. “I wouldn’t ask you, but I really don’t know how to approach this.”

Silence filtered through the line, interrupted only by Jake’s breathing. It sounded as if he was close to hyperventilating. “Um, but you’re not ...? I mean, you have ...? You had sex before, right?”

“Yes,” Annie said, ignoring the heat creeping up her neck. “But this is different.” Her previous experiences really didn’t prepare her for her plans on Valentine’s Day.

“Why? Because Drew is a woman?”

“No. Yes. It’s part of it, but ... Before, it never mattered so much.” Sex had never been all that important to her. A part of life that was pleasant, but nothing to get too excited about. She had never wasted much thought on how to please her partner. If sex hadn’t been perfect, so what? Ever-lasting love, butterflies in your stomach, and perfect sex existed only in romance novels. Or so Annie had thought. Until she’d met Drew.

“Christ, relax, will you? If you put so much pressure on yourself, you’re setting yourself up to fail.”

“Thank you very much,” Annie said. “That kind of encouragement is exactly what I need to hear.”

Jake sighed. “Like you said, sex isn’t like assembling furniture. When the time comes, you’ll figure out the mechanics. Don’t worry. I’m sure Drew will tell you exactly what to do to curl her toes.”

Maybe he was right. Drew would gently guide her, as she had with everything

else. “But how do I let Drew know that I want ... you know?” *Great. Now I’m back to avoiding the word.*

“Easy,” Jake said. “You just tell her. It’s totally hot when a woman leans over to me during dinner and tells me exactly what she wants to do to me after dessert.”

*Easy?* No. Nothing about it was easy. Annie rubbed her face with her free hand as she imagined walking up to Drew and telling her she wanted to have sex. *Oh, God. No.* “I can’t do that.”

“If you can’t say it face-to-face, how about a sizzling text message?” Jake asked. “Last time I got one of those, I left a football evening with the boys faster than you can say cunnilingus.”

Annie wrinkled her nose. What was she supposed to write? Want to get naked and sweaty with me? “No, thanks. I don’t think that’s my style either.”

“Then lose the accountant look and put on something sexy. Sometimes, a picture is worth a thousand words. If you show up in a mini-skirt, stilettos, and sexy underwear, Drew will know what’s up.”

“I don’t know, Jake.”

Jake let out a long groan. “God, you women are complicated! You can do my taxes with your eyes closed, but you can’t figure out how to let your girlfriend know you want to sleep with her?”

A male voice called Jake’s name.

“I have to go. My next class starts in five minutes,” Jake said. “Stop obsessing about this and just relax.”

Then there was a click and after that only silence.

Annie laid down the phone and twirled around and around on her desk chair

until the world started to blur.

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