Hot And Bothered: Sex And Love In The Nineties

Wendy Dennis

This week: Hot & Bothered by Liz Maverick. My heart pounded in my chest. Jacques "Jack" Marchand sported a sleek charcoal-gray suit that draped perfectly off his broad shoulders, a crisp white shirt open at the collar to reveal sun-kissed skin, and those shoes. His trademark Italian leather sneakers, fashionably rebellious enough to say "I don't care what you think." Except I knew he did care what people thought. In the dark, with the scent of flowers twining around us, Jack stroked and sucked, his lips and fingers working crazy magic. I came hard, crying out with his finger still inside me, and his mouth pressed between my thighs. "Je suis désolé," he whispered. "I'm sorry."