

Chocolate Fantasies



Kane

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First Edition

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ISBN: 978-1-300-68034-5

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Erotic Fiction for the *Naughty* African
American Sophisticate

Table of Contents

1. The Window
2. Office Hunching
3. Good Girls Blow
4. Hand Job Hustle
5. For Her Pleasure
6. Freaky Tails
7. Tuesday Night Live
8. Girls Night Out
9. The Initiation
10. Foodie Valentine



The Window

Ramonica dragged into her new townhouse from work; tired, stressed...undersexed. She threw her bag on the mahogany brown ottoman near the loveseat and plopped on the couch. She was too tired to reach for the television remote on the coffee table right in front of her. Moni listened to the silence, trying to block thoughts of how she needed to make more money, how teaching was wearing her out and making her age faster than she would like, and why she was still single.

At age 43, fresh college boys still flirted with her; staying after class for no other reason than to ask her out to dinner, as best they could afford. Ramonica was a petite, tawny-skinned, attractive woman who could still pass for 32. She supposed that was the reason so many hot boys in their twenties approached her. Funny how she could not get an age appropriate man to look at her, let alone date her. But those sexy boys with all that testosterone and their cute smiles...she probably just needed to be a cougar and go for it.

Today, she almost said yes to one of her tall, handsome students with long, black dreads, but her tight Christian morals and fear of scandal kept her from indulging in the taut muscular, brown bodies that paraded before her day after day. However, her over 40 hormones were on overdrive and she did not know how long she could keep them in check. Like now...she was so horny that she wanted to massage her moist, hot pussy until she shuddered with pleasure, but so full of ennui that she just fell asleep on the couch, fully dressed.

It was 9:30 p.m. when Ramonica awoke to a swollen clitoris. Even sleep could not douse the prickling heat of desire she felt in her aching breasts and throbbing love

