



*Black
Butterfly*

SIENNA MYNX



Black Butterfly

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ISBN 978-0-9833812-8-0

Black Butterfly © Copyright 2011 Sienna Mynx

Cover art by PurpleInk

Electronic book publication October 2011

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, The Diva's Pen LLC.

Please do not redistribute or upload to share sites. Any attempt at pirating this brand or work is in direct of the author's copyright.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

Chapter 17
When a Man Loves a Woman

Sydney entered the dark bedroom she shared with Nolen first. She dropped her purse onto the dresser and didn't bother to turn when she heard Nolen close and lock the door. Feeling fuzzy in the head and warm all over her body from the champagne, she stumbled in her heels, trying to kick her way out of them.

"You need some help?"

"Are you saying I'm drunk?" she asked, spoiling her serious question by hiccupping.

Sweating in her mink, which seemed to weigh a ton, she turned and allowed him to help her out of it. He pulled the hairy coat from her shoulders and tossed it to a chair. Sydney cast her gaze downward. She grinned looking at her shoes. They were really cute on her feet.

"Something funny?"

"Mmmhmm..." she swayed. Her gaze went back over her shoulder. He shed his tuxedo jacket and then removed his bowtie walking away from her into the shadows. If she hadn't drunk that fourth glass of champagne her vision wouldn't keep blurring. Turning she put a hand to her hip. She waited for him to acknowledge her provocative stance. Even if she was drunk, she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of admitting it.

He looked at her over his shoulder, smiling slyly. "You sure you don't need any help?"

"I'm not drunk!"

"Of course you aren't, Beautiful."

Smiling seductively, she walked unsteadily toward him. "Like I said, I'm perfectly fine."

"Ok, but I wouldn't mind helping you out of that dress."

Sydney stretched out her arms above her head and moved her hips in a slow circular motion. "Go ahead!"

Nolen dropped his cufflinks into his pocket and then pulled out the tails to his white shirt as he approached. Sydney closed her eyes, tilting her head back and causing her locks she'd straightened to a silky mane, to fall in layers down her bare back. "Ummm, I'm waiting," she breathed. When Nolen was excited, he could be a handful. Tonight she prayed for a little of the bad boy mixed with his tender loving. Her body ached for it.

He stopped directly behind her. Sydney stilled, the warm yet soft press of his lips grazed her left shoulder. Should she tell him her desires tonight? Will he know?

"You've teased me long enough in this," he whispered, unzipping her dress. "Are you ready to play?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

“Yes, please.”

Leaning into his chest with her head still tilted back, she exhaled as his cool hand slid into the opening of her dress and slowly worked its way to her breast. She bit down on her bottom lip. He pinched her nipple. A sharp sting went through her right breast, followed by a warm tingling sensation when he released her. The same hand went smoothly down the middle of her abdomen. Free and loose from the champagne, she felt weightless under his exploration. The clingy material of the dress dropped and gathered at her waist. Nolen stood still, his palm flat and reaching beyond her navel, his shaven jaw pressed against hers.

“I’ve wanted you from the first moment I saw you.” He said in a husky, bittersweet voice.

“When you saw me dance.”

“No. When I saw you alone.”

Sydney opened her eyes and remembered. He told her he saw her nursing her foot and praying for courage. A tongue traced the outer shell of her ear and she forgot the question. Had he asked one? Or was he just stating his desire for her again. She didn’t care. This was part of it. The slow seduction would soon burn away any thoughts but the ones of him.

Thumbs hooked the sides of her dress snug to her hips and inched the material down, until it dropped carelessly to her ankles. She hadn’t worn hose or panties. The dress didn’t allow for it. Sydney’s eyes lifted and she could see them before a mirror. She hadn’t noticed earlier. He was behind her, and the sliver of light pouring in from the windows to the far left chased enough shadows to reveal his face. Nolen’s expression was neutral, his gaze focused on her, and only her. She watched his strong hand as it slowly descended down the crest of her labia and parted her feet just a bit to grant him permission.

Two fingers tapped her slit, his gaze lifted to meet hers.

“I want to taste you first Sydney, I want the sweet taste of your pussy. May I?”

Sydney shuddered with anticipation. She wasn’t big on oral until Nolen. And no matter how strange sex became between them, his mouth on her cunt remained her favorite part. Nolen could send her to another galaxy with tongue play. “Okay,” she exhaled.

“Bend over, grab your ankles.”

She did as he requested. As soon as she parted her legs wider and bent at the waist, gripping both ankles. Cool air from the room washed over her, and the inner folds of her sex part. The blood rushed to her head and she closed her eyes to keep from swaying. But he held her firmly with one hand to her hip. She opened her eyes and saw he sat on the edge of the bed. She didn’t question the position she just tried to withstand when his lips sealed over her clit and he sucked hard. The blood flow to her head caused her eyes to sting and her face to flush. She inhaled deeply pushing back against his mouth, which opened to lick her from the hood of her pussy to her anus. Her passion could not be restrained. It rose from the back of her throat and escaped as a soft

tortured cry and the muscles in her legs began to quiver. He sucked on her tighter until she began rolling her hips and ass against his face. He released her clit to let his tongue's foray over the tiny spot under the hood of her clit send her entire body into distress. Sydney could take no more, dropping to her knees as the orgasmic stream of pleasure released and released.

She heard Nolen curse behind her. He asked if she was okay. She could only grunt a reply. He grabbed her by the waist and heaved her up to his lap. He still hadn't completely undressed but his cock was free. She saw them again in the mirror. She sat on his lap with her back facing him, her legs thrown over his powerful thighs. With a shaky hand she took hold of his penis and stroked up down his shaft. But her urgency made her actions awkward and clumsy. He didn't seem to notice. He lifted her with his hands to her waist and angled her over the head of his cock. She was brought down swifter than she anticipated. Her thighs splayed apart, her feet curling around his calves.

She was full of him.

Nolen's hand went to her throat, his other to her clit. "Move for me Beautiful. Move."

Sydney began to rise and fall the best she could. At first his hand to her throat was gentle, stroking the length of it with love. Nolen's free hand toyed with her clit. He used the ball of his thumb to roll over it as she bounced on his cock. Sydney gripped her knees and clenched her teeth hard. Pleasure exploded between her thighs causing her vagina walls to clench and her body to spasm.

"Oh God! Oh yes! Oh yes!" she cried as he continued to pull and vibrate his index finger over her clit and push her further. Nolen's hold on her throat tightened. She gasped and her eyes opened.

"That's right Sydney." He flicked his tongue at her ear. "You're ready."

Nolen squeezed on her throat and her eyes fluttered shut as she bounced harder and harder nearing a climax. Panic hit her hard and fast when her breathing was cut off. The adrenaline pumping through her veins made every feeling and emotion intense and overwhelming just as rapture tortured her from deep within her clenching channel and she melted under raw, heat and pleasure. Nolen released her throat and air rushed her lungs. She collapsed back against him, panting. She knew he hadn't come. He never did the first time. But she was exhausted. He'd pushed her beyond the limits.

"Sleep." She whimpered.

He kissed her cheek and lifted her from his cock, which came with her. He put her on the bed and removed the rubber from her channel, walking off to the bathroom. She curled over to her side shaking through the orgasm too exhausted to rub out the sensations in her vagina and throat. Somewhere in the room she could hear the tap turn on and water flow. The toilet flushed. Nolen returned, shed his clothes and joined her in bed.

"Sleep." She begged.