

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



True Stories as Told to Madame B

Ann Summers

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About the Book

Meet Madame B, our extraordinary hostess, a woman who elicits the most provocative confessions from those she meets. In this new collection of erotic tales, ten women, each with their own wild fantasies and dark desires, reveal all to Madame B. Nothing is out of bounds and passion is pushed to its very limit.

Hard Hat - a sexy builder turns out to be the tall, dark and silent type

Model Misbehaviour - supermodel Anna Lamb has a memorable catwalk experience, thanks to her rockstar boyfriend Joey and some very special lingerie

Toy Story - two housemates find a very special kind of toy in the house

Bossy - power games in the office show the boss who's really in charge

Car-ma Sutra - fantasies about sex in public lead a young married couple to an unexpected midnight encounter

Steaming - a stressed businesswoman gets the gold-standard treatment at a very special sauna

A Working Girl - hard up for cash, a young magazine assistant decides to become an escort, but first she has to attend a private interview...

Ash - Nina picks up skinny indie kid Ash at a gig, but there's more to him than meets the eye

All Tomorrow's Parties - when artist David meets dancer Charlie, and discovers she is a virgin, he furthers her education in more ways than one

Waterbaby - a young woman discovers that keeping it all in can lead to new heights of ecstasy.

With private indulgences stripped bare for all to see, *True Stories As Told to Madame B* ensures that nothing remains a

secret any more.

About the Author

Ann Summers is the UK's No. 1 pleasure retailer. Their stores are located on prime high streets and in shopping centres across the UK. The Ann Summers concept is unique: a one-stop shop for fashion and pleasure targeting women and couples. The website (www.annsummers.com) attracts 1.2 million unique visitors a month and there is a network of over 7,500 party organisers throughout the UK.

True Stories as Told to Madame B

Ann Summers



EBURY
PRESS

FOREWORD

Welcome to Ann Summers' new collection of erotic short stories, a new and thrilling series destined to become essential bedtime reading.

I'm really excited to be able to bring you these ten tales of women who boldly go wherever their desires take them. We know that our customers are the sexually confident, fabulous women who love sex and aren't afraid to show it.

From the no-holds-barred stories to the gentle and romantic, I promise that this collection of erotic tales has something for each and every one of you. So without any further ado, I hand you over to our narrator, the mysterious Madame B . . .

Jacqueline Gold

Welcome to a collection of tales to titillate and tease, awaken and arouse you.

My name is Madame B, and I am a collector. I collect other women's sexual confessions: true stories from women who took a walk on the sexual wild side, and decided to share their sizzling secrets with me.

My job involves travelling the world and meeting new and remarkable ladies every day. In my experience, all women have at least one sexual confession, ranging from extreme tales of exhibitionism to the memory of a stolen kiss that still induces a shiver down the spine years later. And you'd be surprised how eager they are to share these stories with me.

Some of these confessions have been told to me in far-flung bars, others over coffee in my local café. Some women write letters to me detailing their exploits: others prefer to email or phone. I write all the confessions down in a red-leather notebook that lives beside my bed. Some stories are so sexually charged that I'm ready to climax after transcribing the first few lines: others are subtle slow-burners that take two or three reads to unveil the full extent of their sexual power.

And now I've assembled so many confessions that my little red book is nearly full. It seems a shame not to share the cream of my collection with a wider audience. So here is my choice of the most orgasmic, arousing confessions I've ever heard. The women who spill their secrets to me come from all walks of life but they all have one thing in common: they've taken their sexual fantasies to the limit and fulfilled their orgasmic potential. Some of their stories are soft and romantic; some are shocking and hardcore. Most are a combination of the two. None of them are politically correct. All of them really happened.

I hope that you have as much fun reading these tales as I did listening to them. May they brighten up your days, enhance your nights and fuel your own fantasies.

And if they inspire you to embark on a sexual adventure of your own that you want to confess . . . I'm *always* listening.

Happy reading,
Madame B x

HARD HAT

The only thing worse than walking past a building site and being jeered and wolf-whistled at is walking past a building site and being ignored. In a world where the rules about men and women are so blurred and unclear, it's hardly surprising that the strong, silent construction worker remains such a popular fantasy figure.

Well, the girl who told me the following tale thought that her crush on a mysterious builder was an idle daydream. But a casual fantasy grew into a sexual obsession that dominated her thoughts night and day. And then, one evening, she crossed the line from fantasy to reality. He turned out to be all she'd imagined and more - and he allowed her to be the woman she'd always dreamed of being, too.

I WALKED PAST him every day for nearly six months. At first he was just another figure on the construction site, another man working early hours in all weathers, surrounded by overweight oafs who made catcalls about the length of my skirt or the size of my tits. But there was something different about this one. Lean, not fat, he would simply watch while the others wolf-whistled. He would just stand there and look. That's all. That's all it took. His eyes would lock on to mine and although he would continue to hold my gaze rather than check out my cleavage, I could feel his eyes burn into my back taking in my whole body as I walked past. In the evening, when I walked back home, he would be long gone.

At first I only used to hope he would simply be there – my day brightened by the two or three seconds of sexy, unsmiling eye contact that he would award me each morning. I put him at around thirty-five, with a smooth, square jawline and curly, light brown hair that I sometimes saw if he was working without his hard yellow hat. I had started to slow my walk down and added a little sashay for my benefit as well as his: to buy myself another few seconds in his presence. The hot summer day I first saw him working with his top off I went out and picked up a stranger who vaguely resembled him, took him home and fucked him.

Before long, I dressed with him in mind, carefully selecting outfits that showed the curves of my figure without displaying the flesh that attracted the attention of his colleagues. The seasons changed and the weather became cooler and when I bought my winter coat, I deliberately chose one with a belt cinched at the waist betraying curvaceous breasts and hips beneath. I wore high heels to work when I'd always been a trainers-and-change-in-the-office kind of girl. His workmates noticed the change: 'Looking gorgeous today, darling,' shouted out his fat, red-faced colleague when I strolled down the street. Another articulate fellow simply yelled out the word 'Tits!' whenever I rounded the corner. But my man stayed silent, eyes that devoured and unnerved me and yet spoke a million words. I never heard his voice.

He was unknowingly in bed with me each time I had a new lover. I took home some gorgeous men that year, but I kept my eyes closed during sex: the only way to get myself off was by imagining my fantasy man on top of me, inside me, underneath me, all over me. Then, the following morning, I'd see him at work, blushing as I remembered all the things 'we' had done the night before.

As my obsession deepened, I started to question my sanity. What did I even want with this guy? Was I going nuts,

believing that there was a connection between us – something behind the silent eyes? Ironically, if he were to call out something to me, the bubble would burst. As long as he stayed silent, he could be anything. And if I was honest, I wasn't sure I wanted him to cross that line from fantasy to reality. What if that body of his, so compliant and urgent in my imagination, did not live up to my dreams? And every day as I contemplated this, the office block he worked on would be a little more polished, a little nearer completion. While part of me wanted him out of my life (that's a joke – like he was ever *in* it) so that I could get on with the serious business of actually meeting someone real, part of me wanted his job to carry on for ever. I'd got used to living with this daily sexual charge that was as much a part of my morning routine as my latte. I would miss it when it was gone. I would miss *him*.

This grief – of losing something I'd never possessed – was strong enough to spur me into taking a risk. The night on which fantasy and reality collided, I left the office at my usual time, 6 p.m., and set out on my thirty-minute walk home. It had been a crisp October Friday, cold but sunny, the first of its kind that year, and the evening dusk was clear and starry. When I passed the site it looked more like a finished building than ever. There was glass at the windows and even lights in some, although the criss-crossed tape gave away that it was yet complete. The foyer was half marble slabs but the other half was a mess of exposed brickwork and trailing wires. This would clearly be an impressive interior. For the first time, I was curious about the building for its own sake, rather than just the place where *he* worked.

I stood on tiptoe and tried to peer in through a window. With a gloved hand, I rubbed away the grime to make a porthole in the glass. Through it I saw a strong, broad back bent over a workbench, a yellow hard hat and a mug of tea on the floor. I would know that back anywhere, and when he

straightened up and I saw the soft tufts of his brown hair I let out a low moan. He turned around and met my eyes. Wordlessly, he broke into a smile, displaying even white teeth. It was the first time I'd seen an expression on his face other than the set, serious look he gave me in the mornings. The creases around his mouth made him look a few years older than I'd guessed, but also more beautiful, human and vulnerable with it. Then he disappeared.

Feeling foolish, I stood there on tiptoe, not sure whether to stay or go. Then the main door to the building swung open, and he was there in the doorway framed by dark glass set in marble, half-silhouetted by the soft light pouring from inside. I took in the well-developed torso inside a filthy T-shirt, tapering down via a flat belly to plaster-splattered blue jeans and a pair of sturdy, battered beige workboots. I could see where the leather had worn away to expose steel toe-caps beneath.

The serious face was back. Trembling, and without a word, I crossed the threshold, accepting his unspoken invitation. He took my hand and led me through to the dark corner of the foyer, where he had been working. It was cold inside, too, and his breath misted the air. I followed the smoky trails it made, walking in a trance. I would have followed him anywhere. A thought ran through my mind: what am I doing here? This isn't me! I'm sensible: safe. Boring, even. My instinct said, you know nothing about this man, get out now while you've still got your clothes on! But my body told me a different story, saying, you *do* know this man, you've fucked him every which way in your dreams, and if he doesn't make a move soon you're going to explode.

He let go of my hand and stood there, still silent. I was sure he'd be able to hear the pulse of my heart. Stronger still was the pulse between my legs. I was throbbing so hard down there it was painful. Slowly turning to face him, I met those blue eyes. I spoke. 'I need to know your name,' I said, my voice quivering with anticipation. I needed to hear his

voice, too: you can gauge a man's body through the outline of his clothes, but you can't predict what his voice will sound like. But still he neglected to satisfy my curiosity.

'Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,' he said, putting a finger to my lips. I moaned: I couldn't help it. His hands were warm, rough, large and strong, worn like old leather. I could taste the plaster dust on his fingers and feel the grooves and bumps of his fingerprints. His nails were short and a little dirty. I opened my lips, and he slid his finger in, probing my mouth like a tongue, his thumb rasping gently against the sensitive skin on my cheek. I closed my eyes and felt another finger lightly tracing the skin of my lips. Then he suddenly withdrew his fingers, leaving me with lips parted, waiting for a kiss that didn't come. I opened my eyes.

His hands were on my waist: strong and large, they made me feel as light as anything. He lifted me effortlessly and sat me down on the powdery workbench, dirt sprinkled all over my expensive black wool coat. He gently pushed my shoulders back. I yielded to his hands and lay down, my hair, clothes, shoes covered in plaster dust and rubble but I was too turned on to care how mussed up I got. I knew then that I would let him do whatever he wanted.

I was wearing high-heeled black boots. He unzipped first one, then another, and rolled my tights down, taking my panties off with them. The warmth of my body clashed with the chill of the winter night, and heat rose from between my legs. The fiery waves pulsing through my body meant the thrill of cold air only served to wake me up and make me feel more alive than ever.

He lifted the folds of my black skirt and ran his hands along the smooth skin on my inner thighs. The combination of his rawhide hands and the softness of his touch was electrifying. With one hand on the inside of each thigh, he pushed my legs apart as far as they felt they could go. Then he pushed them a little bit further, so I felt a build up of a dull tension as the muscles tensed. I could feel his breath on