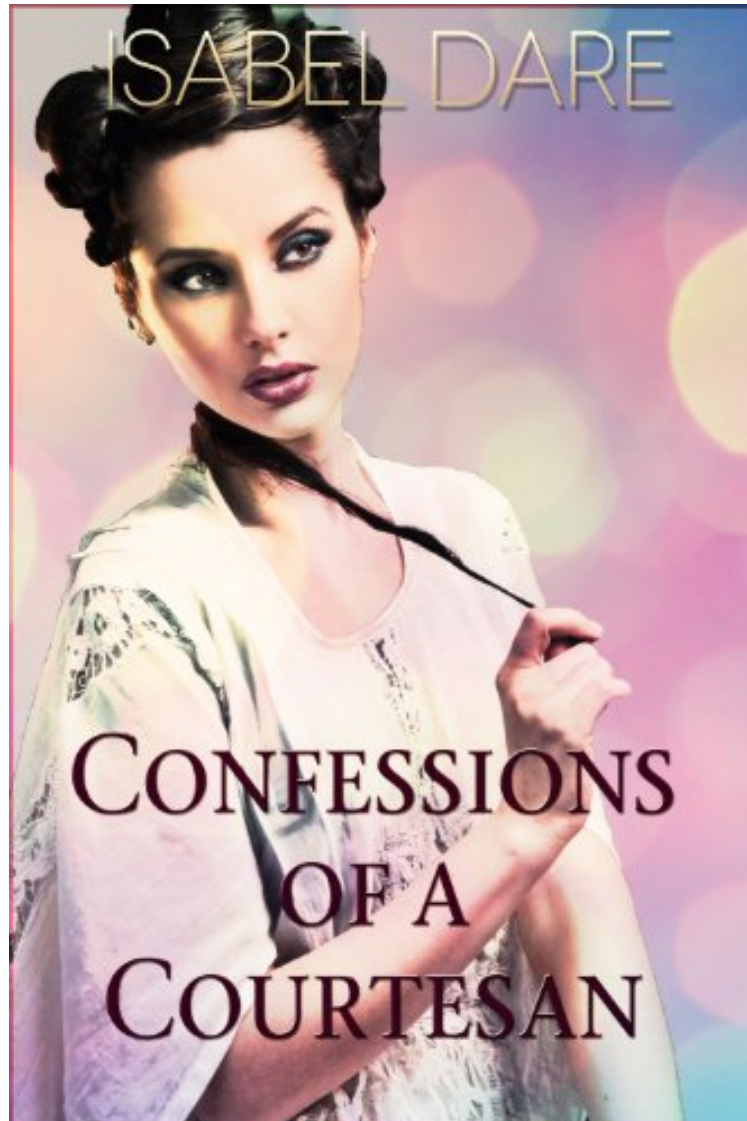


(Download) Confessions of a Courtesan (English Edition)

## Confessions of a Courtesan (English Edition)

*Von Isabel Dare*

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**Von Isabel Dare : Confessions of a Courtesan (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Confessions of a Courtesan (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Nette KurzgeschichteVon Avid ReaderScheherezade tut sich an diesem Abend schwer, wird sie vielleicht doch noch ums

Leben kommen? Aber neben Erzählen kann sie ja noch andere Dinge ....

Kurzbeschreibung Sharazad was the highest-ranked courtesan at the Persian court, and the only one who could keep the King entertained, night after night after night. Some say that she told him stories, and so she did. But that was not all she did to keep a bored and jaded King occupied. Here, for adult readers only, are the confessions of Sharazad that never made it into the Thousand and One Nights...Warning: this 3.000 word erotic romance story contains explicit sexual scenes. All characters are 18 or older.Excerpt:Kicking away my slippers, I let the silk shift fall down to my hips and then slowly puddle around my feet. Now I wore only one other piece of clothing. Or perhaps I should say ornament, for it did not clothe very much of me.It was a jeweled girdle, a present from the King after a night of involved and complex, nay athletic storytelling. I wore it draped around my hips so that the central stone, a moonstone as smooth as eggshell and as luminescent as the moon itself, hung between my thighs to cover that place the poet calls 'the gate to all delights'.The King's eyes widened, and I saw anew that spark of interest light in them. This time it did not wane or fade, but only burned steadily as his eyes devoured me. He roused from his pillows, swaying his lithe form up to meet mine until only the space of a hand's breadth was between us."You wear my jewel," he said softly, in a voice as smooth and dangerous as a panther stalking through the forest. "Has any man's hand touched it but mine?" "No man's hand but thine," I said in a voice that shook a little. "And no woman's hand but my own, O great and noble King."Slowly, oh so slowly, his hand reached out to touch the jewel.Kurzbeschreibung Sharazad was the highest-ranked courtesan at the Persian court, and the only one who could keep the King entertained, night after night after night. Some say that she told him stories, and so she did. But that was not all she did to keep a bored and jaded King occupied. Here, for adult readers only, are the confessions of Sharazad that never made it into the Thousand and One Nights...Warning: this 3.000 word erotic romance story contains explicit sexual scenes. All characters are 18 or older.Excerpt:Kicking away my slippers, I let the silk shift fall down to my hips and then slowly puddle around my feet. Now I wore only one other piece of clothing. Or perhaps I should say ornament, for it did not clothe very much of me.It was a jeweled girdle, a present from the King after a night of involved and complex, nay athletic storytelling. I wore it draped around my hips so that the central stone, a moonstone as smooth as eggshell and as luminescent as the moon itself, hung between my thighs to cover that place the poet calls 'the gate to all delights'.The King's eyes widened, and I saw anew that spark of interest light in them. This time it did not wane or fade, but only burned steadily as his eyes devoured me. He roused from his pillows, swaying his lithe form up to meet mine until only the space of a hand's breadth was between us."You wear my jewel," he said softly, in a voice as smooth and dangerous as a panther stalking through the forest. "Has any man's hand touched it but mine?" "No man's hand but thine," I said in a voice that shook a little. "And no woman's hand but my own, O great and noble King."Slowly, oh so slowly, his hand reached out to touch the jewel.