

### Chapter 1 : Accidental Seduction by Kim Pritekel | The Story Lounge

*Accidental Seduction Tags: hero worship, slow seduction, motorcycle foreplay, straight sex, oral sex. My wife says, "You can't put a man and a vibrator between a woman's legs without consequences."*

But the women of Lavender House share an uncommon gift that will lead them to days filled with danger-and nights of unquenchable desire. With her smoldering glances and dazzling beauty, Ella St. James, Countess of Lanshire, could bewitch any man. After all, the perfect man is a mere fantasy, and she has more urgent worries. A close friend and fellow Lavender House lady has gone missing, and Ella is determined to find her. But everywhere she turns, she only finds the handsome, alluring, and troublemaking Thomas Donovan. Thomas has secrets of his own, secrets that could destroy him, and his attraction to the tantalizing Ella is a terrible risk. Yet when her investigation leads her into mortal peril, Thomas cannot help but try to rescue her, love her, and devour her. Bewitching the Highlander Keelan has awakened from a deep slumber, in another time, in another place, and still haunted by demons of his past. Yet when they are forced on the run, Charity discovers that the Highlander may be too irresistible, and to deny him would be impossible. When an unusual offer from a well-dressed noblewoman is too tempting to resist, however, she agrees to impersonate the newly-wed Lady Clarette Tilmont. But Sean himself is not what he seems. And the mission he is sworn to complete will be compromised if he allows himself to be bewitched by a mysterious minx he burns to hold and to have. Books are lightly used unless otherwise specified. Occasionally, you may find a store stamp or initials written on the inside cover, or a remainder mark on the bottom of the gathered pages. Questions and answers about this item No questions or answers have been posted about this item. Seller assumes all responsibility for this listing. Contact the seller- opens in a new window or tab and request post to your location. Please enter a valid postcode. United States There are 1 items available. Please enter a number less than or equal to 1. Select a valid country. Please enter up to 7 characters for the postcode Domestic dispatch time.

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It had been hard enough marrying his father when Billy was 16, but since he had turned 18 he had been practically insufferable. Maybe it was because it was summer break; they were in the house together more than usual, and the heat of summer rarely brought out the best in people. On a remarkably normal weekday evening, an incident occurred that would change the relationship between Janet and Billy forever. Billy was in the kitchen and had made a terrible mess preparing some food, and Janet arrived home from an afternoon playing tennis with some friends. Both were worked up, and both had raised their voices. Finally Billy said he was done and turned to leave, announcing that he was going out for the night and that there was nothing she could do to stop him. As he moved toward the door, Janet, in a bit of a rage, hurried after him, grabbed his shoulder and yanked it back toward her. She looked into his face and noticed that Billy appeared to be staring at something. Her eyes followed the direction of his, and she was shocked to notice that in all of the commotion, her tank top had been pulled down and one of her boobs was very, very close to revealing everything. A decision that was made in the next half second changed the family dynamic forever. This revealed much more of her chest and even allowed her boob to pop out completely, though some of it was still covered by a white bra. Janet was paying close attention to Billy and knew that he was entranced by the thought of what he might see. She also took a quick moment to check out their exact situation. They were on the floor, one side against the kitchen table, and the other side was fairly open with the exception of a chair from the table that had been knocked a couple of feet away by the fall. Janet was on top of Billy, straddling him now, though she was positioned more on his thighs than his cock. He was a bit put out when he noticed that Janet had pulled the chair over so that it was up against them and then dropped back down on him, with her hands holding his biceps against the floor. Billy may not quite have figured out what was happening, but Janet knew exactly what she was doing. She had Billy now between two pieces of furniture so his only path to get up was to go right through her. Additionally, she knew that while she no match for Billy comparing strength to strength, she believed that she was strong enough to hold him there unless he fiercely fought, and she doubted he would do that. Janet pushed her hands into his arms as she pulled herself up slightly, but any hope of escape that Billy briefly had flickered away as Janet stopped moving as her crotch now lined up with his. You were looking at my tits; I was trying to give you a chance to take some responsibility and admit it, sweetie. Why was she smiling like she was, and why was she talking like this? He decided that he should end this now and get out of this situation. Her dry humping was paying off as she could feel his cock getting harder and harder with each movement. She sat up a bit more and leaned over him; she then took his wrists in her hands and moved them to her tits, allowing him to stroke and gently squeeze them. Next, she pulled one of her tits up and leaned in toward it so that she could reach her nipple with her mouth and tongue. But when he opened his mouth to answer, Janet leaned down with a kiss. Additionally, had she heard that right? He said he thought about this? Janet now carefully unbuttoned his pants, and before he realized it, had slipped one of her hands inside and onto his cock. Janet sensed there was more to the story and was determined to get it out. She then pulled her hand out of his pants and let him watch her teasingly lick it before placing it back around his cock. She stopped the full strokes on his cock and began touching it all around with just her finger tips. Her touches became very light during her questions, but they sped back up during his answers, so subconsciously, he began answering immediately and lost all control of trying not to give up certain information. In a few moments, he had told her that he watched her by the pool and sometimes stayed up late, hoping she would walk to the kitchen in her gown. Janet also learned that Billy loved seeing her dressed up, in a suit with stockings and heels. She filed all of this information away for later use and mentally planned a shopping trip for the next day. She knew she had him and could exert more control later at her discretion, but she still thought she was missing out on something, something he still had managed not to tell her. She pushed his pants down a few inches, as he squirmed a bit. She freed his cock completely and mounted him; rather than

get nude herself, she just pushed her panties to the side and came down about an inch or two. She took in the tip of his cock but no more and began going up and down. She could tell he was going crazy, but she had no intention of allowing him to finish quite yet. She easily raised herself with each of his thrusts, keeping him just out of reach. She did realize, though, that his infatuation was even stronger than she had realized. As he finally exploded into her, Janet maintained her rhythm, milking him dry. He had given her enough information for her to use that she knew she could control him for a long, long time. She slept in her sexiest nightgown, in case Billy peeked in, and slept soundly all night. The next morning, she went downstairs to find an immaculately clean kitchen. Janet smiled to herself as she made her plans for the day.

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*An Accidental Seduction by Michelle Willingham is a prequel to The Accidental Countess giving the background story to how Emily Barrow became Stephen Chesterfield's wife.*

What happens when something goes terribly wrong and time decides to stand you on your head and make you do back flips? Kagome finds out when time decides she needs a lesson in taking things for granted. Chapter One What went wrong? Kagome was getting ready to head back to the Feudal Era. She had packed extra medical supplies, something about a really big village event. Ever since Naraku died, it was more and more rare for the girl to come home. InuYasha was gone, died in the final battle. But something in Kagome knew that was going to happen. Sango and Miroku were married, but still hunting demons that plagued villagers. Shippou was beautiful, growing and learning more every day. Sesshoumaru was always too busy to tend to her now older self and older needs. Kaede succumbed to her age last year in her sleep. Kagome was now taking up the role as Miko for the village. But lately, every time she came through the well, it seemed to take longer and longer to reach her destination. And sooner or later, it would not let her through at all. Kagome had given up on school, choosing home tutoring instead and taking up the role as "miko" for the shrine at home. That way her parents could get some subsidizing for their home costs from the government, because Grandpa was getting far too old now. She took on medical studies, but never bothered with the years of resident training. Maybe when the well finally cut her off from travelling back to the Feudal Era, she would worry about that. Packing her supplies she hummed a small tune to herself, she was happy with the village. Her abilities allowed her to reach the spirit of InuYasha through the God Tree. She knew what he meant by he would always be there for her. He died honorably in battle, doing what he swore he would do, protecting Kagome, Sango and Miroku. Kikyo and InuYasha both rested together now under the God Tree. Her mother was there to wish her well in her travels, as usual. Kagome just smiled, giving her mom and hug and telling her to keep Souta in line with a chuckle. Something was terribly wrong. It took so long to come through, the lights seemed darker, less invigorated to get her to her destination. Worry creased her brow when she finally touched down, in a fairly muddy well bottom. With effort, and a great deal of testing of the green vines, she climbed out. Her bow had hitched more than once on branches and such and she was definitely not in Kansas anymore. The forest was pretty much the same. She worked her way to the God Tree and froze. Panic seized her chest as she looked upon it. It had no scar. InuYasha had never been pinned to this tree. There were no paths beaten down by years of patrols of the villagers checking to make sure that InuYasha had stayed pinned to the tree. She had a bad feeling when something loudly squawked at her from behind. There stood in all of his two foot glory, a toad demon. Complete with the two headed cane. Kagome tucked her arms into her sleeves and face the demon who was more than ready to toast her alive. Knowing if she was here before InuYasha, she had little protection other than her own abilities. Jaken eyed her up. Loyal retainer and strong youkai fighter whose hand is as steady as the breeze this fine day? Who could be hurt? Then again Jaken was never one to ask for anything. Demands was all he knew, and groveling. The roar of pain reached her before she reached the clearing. Hearing it, her breath hitched in her throat. After only a moments pause, enough that Jaken had turned to her, she broke into a run. Jaken screaming something about waiting for him, etc, etc. She broke into the clearing, into an obvious encampment of many youkai, and for once she wished she had listened to the impudent toad. There were tents set up, many wounded everywhere. She had walked into an apparent post battle encampment. Many turned on her, licking chops and predatory eyes were looking her over. Kagome feigned no fear, only composure, as Jaken broke through the tree line. Passing by wounded she knew she should stop for, but she could not. Jaken obviously had other plans, and that roaring tent seemed to be part of it. As they got closer, voices could be heard. His pride was wounded riding on this human, but if his master was in there dying, it would wound more than his pride. Kagome broke into a run, everyone moved from her path seeing Jaken riding the human like she were some pack animal. Some dared to even laugh, but it was no concern to Kagome. Pain like that needed answering. She reached the tent and guards nervously eyed her up, seeing Jaken they opened the large tent flaps. Inside was practically a house. She lowered herself to the floor,

allowing Jaken off of her back. And with a sharp nod, Jaken took her through another set of heavily guarded tent flaps to see a most horrid sight. Blood soaked the table, the smell of decay was looming around the room, even to her human nose. Youkai were fighting to tie down and hold someone on the table tightly. She looked to Jaken. Your review has been posted.

**Chapter 4 : An Accidental Seduction by Lois Greiman**

*"An Accidental Seduction" is a Cinderella story that takes place on a winter's night. Childhood sweethearts Emily Barrow and Stephen Chesterfield, the Earl of Whitmore, reunite and rekindle their first love when they are snowbound together.*

Erin and Shawn got the couch situated, Erin flopping down onto it, followed by her brother, older by eleven years. Shawn shook his head. He carefully dodged the obstacle course of boxes and furniture as he hurried past the pair. The two best friends were in the house putting various pieces of furniture together, leaving Erin to finish unloading the last few boxes from the box truck. Two boxes stacked in her arms, she carefully navigated the ridged ramp leading down to the sloped driveway from the back of the truck. Let me help you. She finally got a look at the woman and nearly dropped the last remaining box she carried. The woman was a bit shorter than herself with short, sporty blonde hair and a charming smile. For a moment she wondered if they were contacts, as they seemed to almost glow. Her blue-eyed gaze slowly moved up to see the tank top Alex was wearing, her arms and shoulders tanned and strong. Alex pushed away from Lance, sending an apologetic smile over her shoulder at Erin. Within an hour, everything was carried in and the boxes were carried to their respective rooms, left for Lance and Alex to unpack later. She had heard often about Shawn and Erin Lawson, but had never met them and had never seen the interaction with them and Lance. It was lewd, though sometimes funny, and certainly extremely close. I remember you mentioning something about that, too," Erin joined in, her and Shawn easily hiding their smiles. Lance glanced over at his girlfriend, who simply shrugged. She quickly caught up, wondering why they were walking to the house next door. Me and Shawn are your neighbors! She cut the engine and turned to her passenger. Erin led the way up to the ordering counter, looking up at the lit menu board above the drink station. Alex chewed on her bottom lip as she studied the options. Coke in hand, she followed Alex to a table where they could sit and wait for their pizzas. Erin twisted off the cap of her drink and studied Alex. Erin shook her head. In truth, she was just genuinely enjoying the view. She had a current girlfriend: Mel was more of a fun buddy, perhaps. Somebody to have fun with in or out of the bedroom. Alex was a work of art and Erin had no damn idea how Lance had gotten his hands on someone like her. After all, Lance, though not a bad looking guy, was annoying, stupid, had bad hygiene habits - oh wait, that was most men. Okay, still, how on earth had he gotten her?! Erin shook herself out of it. So, how did you and dumbass end up together, anyway? She held the bottle across the table in offer. And, why do you call them that? How long have you known Lance? He kinda helped Shawn look out for me. How did you meet Lance? Some friends set us up," Alex explained, sitting back in her chair and resting her hands in her lap. Alex pushed up from her chair, shaking her head. As Erin and Alex made their way up the walkway to the front door, they could already hear the guys laughing and taunting each other. Erin tossed Alex a glance. Beer bottle in hand, he grabbed the petit blonde and pulled her against him, taking her mouth in a demanding kiss. Erin felt irritated for some reason, as she brushed by the couple, fighting the urge to elbow Lance in the kidney in passing. She set the pizza boxes on the kitchen counter. Flopping down on the couch, Erin put her feet up on the coffee table, crossed at the ankles and began to dig in. Within a few moments, Shawn sat next to me. I could feel his eyes on me, but I ignored him, just like I ignored the love birds who camped out across from us on the loveseat. I knew I was being somewhat of a petulant child, but dammit all, I was jealous! It was crazy, it was nuts it was insane and completely ridiculous. Throughout the years, both Lance and Shawn had had beautiful women, great cars, great weed, whatever. But, for some reason with Alex, I was gritting my teeth and would do anything to sitting next to her as Lance was, feeding her a piece of pepperoni off my pizza and in general cooing like a 4 year old. I was on my third beer, and admittedly was beginning to feel a bit of a buzz starting. I noticed Alex was still on her first, though Lance and Shawn both gave her shit about being a "light weight". Erin watched the interplay and rolled her eyes, finishing off her third beer and tossing the beer onto the floor with the other three empty bottles. Alex looked over at her boyfriend, who she could tell was well on his way to serious inebriation. Erin returned a few moments later with an armful of beer, save for Alex. She got a smile in return. Goddamnit, I said I wanted Erin to get another beer for my goddamn girlfriend and she fucking ignores me! She set her unfinished beer aside and stood. Alex

looked up at her boyfriend, the irritation clearly written all over her face. She jogged over to the blonde. Not a big drinker at all. Once she was sure Alex was with her, she dropped her hand, though reluctantly. She saw the staircase and headed for it, just as Erin had directed. The door was closed, so Alex turned the knob and pushed the door open. It was the master bedroom, though it was absolutely huge! It seemed as though the wall between two rooms had been knocked down, turning the room into a combination sleeping space and living space. In the room that the door opened up to was obviously the living space, with a couch and easy chair, as well as a large, flat-screened TV and a couple bookshelves filled with what looked to be music books and vinyl records. As Alex stepped further in, she noted a small, dorm-style fridge under the window, but what caught her eye the most were the various musical instruments - from guitars to keyboards to a violin - that were either hung on the walls or sat neatly in stands on the floor. She noted the sleeping space, which was the other bedroom, with a large, comfortable-looking bed and all the trappings of a bedroom. Like the downstairs area, the space was neat and clean. She turned to face Erin, who was leaning against the closed door of the room, arms crossed over her chest as she watched Alex. I spend most of my time in here. The upstairs is pretty much my domain, other than the kitchen, downstairs basically belongs to Shawn. She continued to look around, studying the instruments. She studied the woman who sat across from her. She took a long sip, studying Erin as she did. Setting the re-capped bottle aside, Alex crossed one leg over the other. Pretty simple Simon, really. Do you wear the ones with little ducks and shit on them? Alex smiled and shook her head. What, are you saying straight girls should be ugly? I just hate their big, sweaty disgusting piece of sausage," Erin said simply. Alex pushed up from the couch. Instead, she walked over to the violin that hung on the wall in a special holder. She smirked at the glare that earned her. Erin also stood, hands tucked into the back pockets of her shorts as she watched Alex gently and carefully touch the wooden instrument. She stood a few feet away from Alex, watching as the blonde handed the violin to her. Such an elegant instrument, and an instrument that had always touched Alex in the deepest parts of her soul. Now, as she watched Erin retrieve the bow from the case against the wall, she was curious as to what she was going to hear. Would Erin be any good? Would she play some crazy, whacked out piece? Alex shrugged, stepping away from Erin to give her room to play. Alex was absolutely delighted, a grin spreading across her face as her toe began to tap along, her head bobbing to the music. When Erin finished with a flourish, Alex clapped, her blood pumping with excitement. She crossed her arms over her chest and waited. Erin closed her eyes as she began to play, the music flowing from her heart into her fingertips. The notes were clear and leapt out from the violin, reaching out in a sad and touching melody that had Erin moving with the music.

### Chapter 5 : Accidental Seduction, part 1 by Kim Pritekel

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You might say I was a slut, but I prefer thinking I was just a healthy young woman with a healthy body and a healthy libido. Looking back, my wild years were not wasted years. I had a close friend named Jonathan whom I met at the public library. I was engrossed in a book when he bumped into me. My books spilled out of my arms. The usual scene ensued: When he spotted the title of my book, he commented on it. That turned into an afternoon of fascinating conversation between us on the brick patio of the library. Jonathan somehow worked his way into my life. One invitation led to another and soon he was visiting every day or two. I liked having him around, even when all we did was read books together in silence. I specialized in seduction back then. I would carefully choose a man and invite him over for coffee. I invariably ended up in bed with my selected man. Jonathan came over for coffee too, but just plain coffee, not coffee as prelude to anything else. I knew his type of woman and I was not it. I sometimes asked him for advice. One night I decided to ask his opinion about something on my mind. There was a fellow in our circle of friends, a young man I had set my sights on. I want him to know exactly what I have in mind without having to spell it out for him. I want your opinion. Jonathan was rolling a cigarette. I did a silly pirouette for him. Does this make my intentions clear? Somehow this was very important to me. I seduced men all the time. Well, do you think this would make my intentions clear? To my surprise, after a few moments of silence he began to stroke my legs. This was Jonathan, not some random guy. I sensed a hesitation in him. We could have ended it there. I could have called him silly and jumped up. He could have pushed my legs off his lap and laughed it off. But neither of us did those things. After a tiny pause he continued to gently stroke my legs. As his stroking continued, I closed my eyes. His gentle touch went on and on. The sensation created by this simple act is hard to describe. It was far more arousing than anything I ever did with my usual trail of men. It was all so strange. Why was I doing this with Jonathan? I slept with casual acquaintances frequently without much thought. Sleeping with a friend seemed to cross a line. After a long, delicious time, I stood up and took off my leggings. He stretched out on the couch and beckoned me to jump on top. He did not initiate sex. Instead he touched me between my legs. I was a bit self-conscious at first about his serious attention to me. Usually I was the one doing the touching, eliciting the pleasure, pleasing my partner. I became very aware of my wet pussy as he gently stroked my outer lips. As he continued, it became more and more unbearably erotic. His one desire was to give me pleasure. Even though he never touched my clit directly, his careful fingers excited me in a way I had never experienced before. I became lost in it all, not knowing who was touching me, or why, or how. It just felt incredible. I threw my head back and let the pleasure build and build. I found I could not support myself under this erotic assault. I leaned over and placed my hands on the couch arm, my breasts swaying above him. He slid his fingers into my inner folds. This was an unknown pleasure to me, such gentle touching producing such intense feelings. When he slipped a finger into my hole, I rose up again and my legs were taut and rock hard. His thumb came up to meet my clit and a convulsion ripped through me. I hung onto the pleasure, my orgasm going on and on, dark, hard and powerful. My mind went black as the peak came at last and the orgasm let me go. When I came back into myself, I was over his knee, and he was very gently touching my rear entry. He took the pad of his forefinger and gently prodded me from different directions and angles. I had never been interested in anal sex, but this felt amazing. By now I had lost all self-consciousness and was a pure vessel for pleasure. Then he was on top of me and we were on the floor. I still had my shirt on and he was fully dressed. I was confused by what was happening, dazed by the power of my orgasms. He unzipped his pants, pulled his cock out of his long underwear and, without removing his clothes, forcefully entered me. While he was thrusting into me, I rose up an inch or two, as if to change positions, or say something, or kiss him. He pushed me down, hard. That was even more exciting. I was pinned under him and he was fucking me solely for his own pleasure now. It was an insane thrill, squirming, held fast, straining against him, unable to break free. Another orgasm worked up from the base of my belly. He put his hand over my mouth as I came as if stifling

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screams not cries of pleasure. I writhed under him, being fucked rough and hard. I found it terribly exciting. He left early in the morning before I woke up. Then our friendship went on as if it had never happened. You know, I still wonder why he did what he did. Maybe he wonders the same thing about me.

### Chapter 6 : AN ACCIDENTAL SEDUCTION by Stella Cameron

*Accidental Seduction. by Kim Pritekel. Erin Lawson looked up into the early September sky and cringed. The clouds were building at an alarming rate and she just knew.*

### Chapter 7 : 'accidental mom son' Search - [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*An Accidental Seduction is a romantic fiction masterwork that readers of Teresa Medieros will simply adore. The Amazon Book Review Author interviews, book reviews.*

### Chapter 8 : An Accidental Seduction - Incest/Taboo - [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*THE ACCIDENTAL SEDUCTION. DISCLAIMER: If I owned anything, especially InuYasha or anything pertaining to InuYasha, except for a cute Japanese lunchbox that has a really too cute Sesshoumaru on it from the manga, that is collecting dust under my kitchen counter, I wouldn't be writing fanfics, you'd be watching new episodes.*

### Chapter 9 : Accidental Seduction

*Janet was at a loss for how to deal with her stepson, Billy. It had been hard enough marrying his father when Billy was 16, but since he had turned 18 he had been practically insufferable.*