



Succulent: Chocolate Flava II (v. 2)

By Zane

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Succulent: Chocolate Flava II is a collection of buck-wild and choco-holic erotica presented in a series of mind-blowing tales handpicked by Zane that also includes three original stories by the queen of erotica herself.

Succulent features twenty-seven tantalizing short stories to tease and please both him and her. For couples who want to heat things up or for singles who want to spark a fire, there are stories written especially for women, and others are penned expressly for men. From a psychic aficionado who finds more than tarot cards to spread or a ménage à trois with a fifty-year-old woman, her husband, and his new girlfriend, to a lucky bachelor who finds himself with plenty of sexy presents on Christmas -- from a promiscuous mother and daughter -- the authors in this anthology take risks, pushing the envelope as they explore unique situations sure to set fire to your fantasies. These sensual stories turn Zane on and are sure to turn you on, too.

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Zane is the *New York Times* bestselling author of *Afterburn*, *The Heat Seekers*, *Dear G-Spot*, *Gettin' Buck Wild*, *The Hot Box*, *Total Eclipse of the Heart*, *Nervous*, *Skyscraper*, *Love is Never Painless*, *Shame on It All*, and *The Sisters of APF*; the ebook short stories “I’ll be Home for Christmas” and “Everything Fades Away”; and editor for the Flava anthology series, including *Z-Rated* and *Busy Bodies*. Her TV series, *Zane’s Sex Chronicles*, and *The Jump Off* are featured on Cinemax, and her bestselling novel *Addicted* is a major motion picture with Lionsgate Films. She is the publisher of Strebor Books, an imprint of Atria Books/Simon & Schuster. Visit her online at EroticaNoir.com.

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Come See Me

Zane

Do not get me wrong. I love money. I love making money. I love spending money. I especially love spending other people's money more than I love spending my own. That was one of the reasons that I decided that I did not mind doing event planning for the large corporation that I had worked for over the past six years. The opening came up and was a chance for me to get out of the office and stop sitting behind a desk. It was a dream job for me, planning meetings, trips, and conventions for top clients. My expense account was practically limitless. All of it was a tax write-off for the corporation.

I rented a pirate ship once in the Baltimore harbor for twelve dinner guests. It had cost a pretty penny but everyone had fun and I got all the praise. I had a wine-tasting at the embassy of Croatia and had the wine critic from the *Washington Post* teach everyone how to tell good wine from bad. I had organized a dinner at a restaurant that served emus, and everyone was so tickled and enjoyed eating the unusual bird. I had done a little bit of this and a little bit of that. However, like all good things, my happiness came to an end.

My job began to get a little stressful. The one thing that I had not counted on was the attitudes from some of the people who were being wined and dined. A lot of them felt like they were better than everyone else. They started talking down to me, like I was their servant. I did not appreciate that shit at all.

The two brothers who owned the corporation decided that they wanted to plan a trip to the Bahamas for ten of their top clients and their respective mates. I was relieved because I hoped to have a little fun in the sun once I got everyone settled. We had a lovely flight over on a private plane -- for the most part, the limousines that took us to the hotel were on point, and then all hell broke loose.

The hotel was top-of-the-line but the wife of one of the men on the trip thought she was the queen of Sheba. She had this Southern drawl that drove me crazy every time she spoke my name.

"Mona, can you please get me some aspirin?"

"Mona, I need a pillow for my back. This plane seat is uncomfortable."

"Mona, can you see about getting me a fresh cup of coffee? This tastes stale."

"Mona, can you find out how much longer it is before we land? My head is really killing me."

She had done all that whining on the plane, and her husband, Steven, seemed embarrassed, but he had picked her. Jill, the queen, was a straight-up trophy wife; that much was obvious. She was dumber than a doornail, but her fake boobs stuck out like a bottle of water in the desert. I did notice that the left one was higher than the right and I was dying to make a comment, but somehow managed to control myself.

Steven was a cutie. He was about five-ten, dark-skinned with a goatee and a short, cropped haircut. Actually he was my type, and I had been without sex for a couple of months since an ugly breakup. On the plane, when I had a brief opportunity to sit down between Jill's ridiculous requests, I did embark on an intense sexual fantasy about Steven as I watched him read the *Wall Street Journal*. The two brothers who owned the corporation were single, but I would not have fucked either of them for bone marrow. Their arrogance was beyond belief. Steven, even though he was equally wealthy, was humble and down-to-earth.

Everyone was settled into their rooms and I was lying across the bed in my suite, looking out at the ocean, when my phone rang.

"Hello."

"Mona, it's Jill!"

Shit! Not the queen!

"Mona, this room simply will not do."

I sucked in some air. "What seems to be the issue?"

"It smells...funky!"

I wanted to ask, "Are you sure that's not your ass?"

Instead, I said, "What do you mean by 'funky'?"

"It smells like...like someone's feet? Someone's stinky feet!"

"Okay, *Jill*, why don't you call the front desk and ask them to have housekeeping come freshen up?"

I could clearly hear the gasp over the phone. I had insulted the bitch. "But isn't that your job? To make sure that we're all comfortable?"

"Yes, that is my job, but I do not own this hotel. I did not pack any air freshener in my suitcase, but I am sure that their housekeeping staff will do whatever they need to do to fix the situation."

"Can't you get us another room, Mona?"

I tapped my finger on the nightstand. "Okay, Jill. I will see what I can do."

"You do that, Mona, but make it snappy. My head still hurts and I need to lie down."

With that, the bitch slammed the phone down in my ear. I took several deep breaths, slipped my manicured toes back into my sandals, took one more long, admiring glance at the ocean, grabbed the pass card to my room, and headed to the front desk.

I was not expecting what I found at that front desk.

"My name is Yemi. How may I help you?"

His name should have been Yummy.

"Yes, I am with the group that checked in about an hour ago, and one of the guests is requesting a room change."

"Which room might that be?" he asked.

"They're in suite 508. Mr. and Mrs. Steven Lewis."

Yemi's fingers sped across the keyboard and then he frowned; not a good sign.

"I'm sorry, Miss..."

"I'm Mona Young. Forgive my manners for not mentioning that when I walked up. I'm the organizer of the trip."

"Well, Miss Young, I'm sorry, but we don't have any more oceanfront suites available for tonight. We could possibly move them tomorrow night. What is wrong with the room? Maybe we can fix it."

I giggled. "That's exactly what I told the bitch, I mean, lady."

He laughed. "Rough day, huh?"

"Yeah, you could say that." I paused and stared at him, realizing my panties were getting damp. "The lady said that the room smells funky, like someone's feet."

"I apologize. We will send someone up there to take care of it right away."

"Good, but can you do me a huge favor?"

"Sure," he replied with a perfect set of white teeth, attached to a perfectly chiseled caramel face, attached to what I was sure was a perfectly chiseled body.

"Could you call up there and make it clear to Mrs. Lewis that changing rooms is not an option in this hotel? She will not believe me; even though she should recognize that I have nothing to do with it."

"I would be delighted to do that."

I licked my lips, then bit the bottom one. "You are quite accommodating."

He leaned closer to me over the counter and I could smell his cologne. It was enchanting. "I try my best."

"Well, you are doing a bang-up job. You have certainly brightened up my day." *And dampened my drawers.*

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Miss Young?"

I hesitated, then the little voice in my head said, *Fuck it! Go for it, Mona!*

"Actually, there is something else you can do for me, Yemi."

"What's that, Miss Young?"

"Please, call me Mona."

"Sure, Mona. What can I do for you?"

"You can come see me. You can meet me in my room tonight, after this crazy business dinner that I must attend with the bitch, and you can eat my pussy for me and fuck the shit out of me."

I couldn't believe those words had actually left my mouth, but they had.

Yemi stood there, grinning and apparently speechless. Then it hit me.

"You're not gay, are you?" I blurted out. "Not that there's anything wrong with being gay. It's just that, if you are, then I didn't mean to make a fool out of myself." I found myself rambling. "Oh, goodness, are you married? Involved? I am so sorry for making presumptions. You might not even be attracted to me. Do you find me attractive?" Before he could even form a response, I kept going, "Of course, you don't find me attractive. All these beautiful women over here on the island. What was I thinking? I'm so silly. Please forgive me. I didn't mean to..."

"Mona, what time?" he asked in the sexiest accent.

"Um, around eleven. Is eleven okay, Yemi?"

"I'll be there."

There was nothing left to add. I started to walk away, then said, "Oh, do you need my room number?"

He chuckled and pointed to his computer screen. "I've got your number."

"And the bitch?"

"I'll take care of her, and then I'll come see you and take care of you."

I do not even remember dinner; the food, the conversation, the people. Even Jill was invisible that night, but Steven was still kind of hot. We ended the evening right around eleven and I rushed back to my room, wanting to take a quick shower before Yemi showed up. When I put my key card in the door, the red light came on instead of green. I tried again. Red. I kept jiggling the handle, as if that would make the light change colors. I hated it when the cards were demagnetized from rubbing up against another card, but that was not the case. I had left everything in my room but the key card and a tube of lipstick. I hoped that whoever was at the desk would replace the key without an ID.

Halfway to the elevator, I heard a door open behind me and Yemi's voice. "Going someplace, Miss Young?"

I grinned and turned around, holding up the key card. "My card wouldn't work."

"That's because I had the double lock on. I didn't want turndown service to show up and turn me in."

He had only his head poked out the room as I approached. When I realized that he was wearing only a pair of red silk boxers, I almost lost it.

"Doesn't turndown service occur earlier?"

"Yes, but why take chances? I do work here, you know."

"What are you doing here?" I asked as I entered, playing dumb and realizing that as an employee, he had easily made his own key card. "I want to hear you say it, in that sexy-ass voice of yours."

"I'm here to eat your pussy and fuck the shit out of you."

"Amen, my brother. *A-men.*"

He dropped his boxers down to his ankles and I dropped to my knees in front of him without a second's hesitation.

"I'm so hungry," I whispered.

"Didn't you just leave dinner?"

"Yes, but they didn't have dick on the menu."

"You like dick."

"I love dick. I cherish dick."

I licked the head of his dick and added, "I adore dick."

I lifted his dick up and licked his ball...

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