

LOVEHONEY® Erotic Book Club



Madam President

Lily Harlem



www.lovehoney.co.uk/erotic-story-competition/

LOVEHONEY® Erotic Book Club

Madam President

By Lily Harlem

Please share this LoveHoney eBook
This eBook is published under a Creative Commons license.



You are free:



to share - to copy, distribute and transmit the work

Under the following conditions;



Attribution. You must attribute the work in the manner specified by the author or licensor (but not in any way that suggests that they endorse you or your use of the work).



Noncommercial. You may not use this work for commercial purposes.



No Derivative Works. You may not alter, transform, or build upon this work.

First Published in 2009
Copyright ©2009 LoveHoney Ltd
Unit A, Locksbrook Road, Bath, UK. Registered company 04637868
www.lovehoney.co.uk

Cover artwork and book design: **Thru The Blu**

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is coincidental.

The right of Lily Harlem to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.



Madam President

By Lily Harlem

Hands on hips, I gaze at the blossoming trees through the paned window of the Oval Office. It's my first ever spring as the first ever female President of the United States of America and it's still hard to believe my dream is my reality.

I turn from the caressing warmth of the sun with butterflies tickling my insides - but it's not public speaking, crowd circulating or a star studded event that's sent me into a jitter - it's him!

Ignoring policies, documents and profiles littering my grand mahogany desk, I reach for a solid gold compact. I check my pale pink lipstick and smooth a hand over my glossy auburn bob. I took extra care dressing this morning and although I opted for my trademark skirt-suit, I added a delicate cream blouse with a low neck line as well as a string of pearls to sway over the rise of my breasts. Clint told me I looked pretty at breakfast; he kissed my cheek and said he hoped it went well with my first introduction to the British Prime Minister.

If only he knew.

If only he knew that today is hardly the first time I'm meeting Prime Minister John Reynolds. We've been studying international relations and encouraging cross Atlantic communications for several years now.

There's a knock at the heavy white door and I snap my compact shut. 'Enter,' I call.

My two senior advisors strut in. 'The British Prime Minister is on the helipad,' Drake informs me in his usual curt tone.

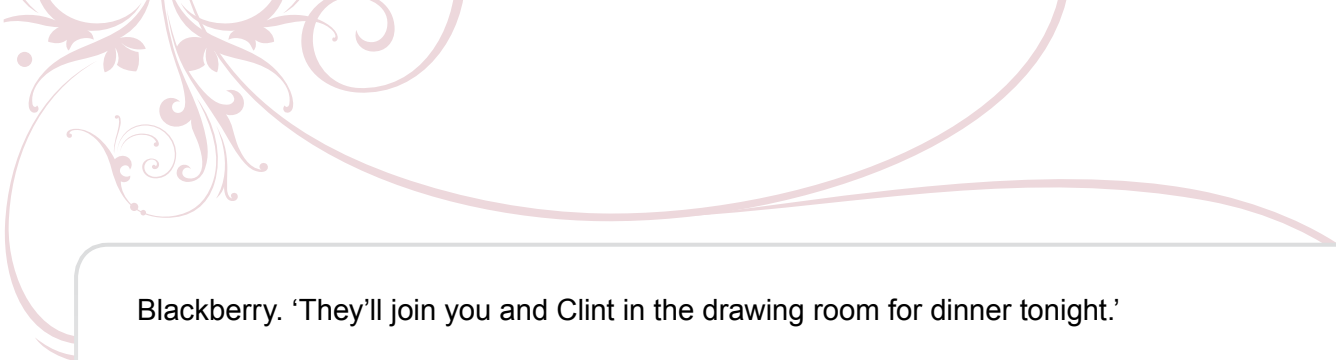
'Perfect.' I sit on my soft leather chair, knees weak.

It's been a whole year since we last arranged a clandestine meeting. Not because we hadn't wanted to, but election campaigns, ministerial and EU commitments, plus the need for total discretion had made it impossible - the scandal if people found out just how special the relationship between Great Britain and America has become - it would be unforgivable; it would be an act of treason.

'Agenda for today's meeting.' Harold hands me a thick wad of papers.

I study them for several long minutes but can't focus on the words dancing in front of my eyes.

'The Prime Minister's wife and son have gone to the guest wing,' Drake says scrolling through his



Blackberry. 'They'll join you and Clint in the drawing room for dinner tonight.'

'Excellent.' There's another knock at the door, I stand and rush forward but then calm my movements. 'Enter,' I say in a surprisingly steady voice.

Four men in identical black suits and wrap around shades stride in. Their faces are expressionless, their body movements fluid and it's not until they part that I see John Reynolds.

Like me, he's positioned between two advisors, but he stands a head above his men whereas I stand a head below mine. He's dressed in a beautifully tailored coal grey suit which hugs his broad shoulders and skims his neat hips. His hair is shorter than when I last saw him and the chocolate curls that flick from his nape have acquired streaks of grey. His moss green eyes zone in on mine and melt for the briefest of seconds – I know in that instant nothing has changed!

'Madam President, may I introduce British Prime Minister Reynolds,' Drake announces. John steps forward and takes my hand. He squeezes it gently, not like some men who hurt my fingers with their testosterone eagerness. No, John holds my hand like I'm made of the finest china and he's being especially careful not to break me.

'Lovely to meet you, Prime Minister Reynolds.' I pray I look normal on the outside when inside I'm in a dizzy state of sexual turmoil.

'Likewise, Madam President, but please, call me John.'

Aware the handshake is lingering, I pull away. 'And please, call me Raine - it will save time and we have much to get through during your first visit.' I gesture towards the overstuffed cream sofas by the enormous fireplace. 'Shall we sit and have tea?'

The security posse filter out, leaving John and I with our four stiff advisors. We begin discussing the global warming policy Britain wants me to agree to. I argue my points with grace and ease, confident I can do what I want. I am, after all, the sleeping giant.

'There are still some areas to clarify,' I say resting back on the sofa and crossing my legs. John's eyes shift, he's trying not to look at the sheerness of my black stockings disappearing under my skirt. 'What do you think, Drake?'

Drake clears his throat. 'Well...' he begins and goes into a long spiel about fuel prices.

John catches my eye, his heavy dark brows mesh together and he flicks his gaze towards the door. He wants some alone time. So do I!

Almost imperceptibly I nod my head and can't help licking my lips, the anticipation of feeling his soft, wide mouth on mine is too much to bear. We've waited so long; days, weeks, months, and



now we must wait for Drake to finish his boring waffle.

‘Excellent points, Drake,’ I interrupt during his brief pause for breath. ‘Certainly things to consider.’ I scoot to the edge of the sofa and stand. Everyone rises around me. ‘If you could all excuse us for a short while, I have something I wish to discuss with Prime Minister Reynolds in private.’ I smile with the self-assurance of someone who knows they’ll be obeyed. They won’t question me. Why should they? I’m the most powerful woman - no - make that most powerful person in the world. Still, I can’t help feeling a little sneaky that I’m dismissing them for my own darkly lustful motives.

John remains rooted to the floor as the four advisors troop from the room.

The door shuts. Silence.

Our eyes connect but our arms hang motionless.

‘You got CCTV in here?’ John asks.

‘No, I had it removed. A lady needs some privacy.’

He takes two big steps around the table. We are only inches apart and I can feel his body heat radiating through his suit jacket onto my chest, the heat as intense as a wild fire. His spiced aftershave invades my senses and returns me to our secret trip last spring to the Canadian pine forests.

‘How are you?’ He whispers. ‘How are you coping with the loneliest job in the world?’ His eyes bore into my soul for the truth.

‘It’s lonely without you.’ I catch a choke in my throat.

‘I’m here now, no need to be lonely for the next three days.’ He glances at the door as if not trusting it to stay shut. Like me, he’s aware our bodies are closer than what’s considered socially acceptable.

‘There’ll be a knock before anyone comes in. I’ve been very specific about that rule in anticipation of your visit.’

He raises a single eyebrow, amused by my forward planning.

‘Am I going to get a hello kiss?’ I’m impatient, he’s so close yet we haven’t touched.

‘Yes.’ He curls his index finger under my chin. I look up and spot the dimples in his cheeks as he twitches a half smile. My heart does a leap. I love this man so much. He makes me feel things no other man does. We’re no longer political giants; we are just a man and a woman who need to be



together.

He presses his mouth to mine, soft and warm, delicious as always. It's not a mad passionate kiss, it's caressing, indulgent and slow, as if he's savouring my taste and reminding me how we connect.

I release a little whimper of need, slip my hands under his suit jacket and coil them around his waist. His steady warmth fills my palms and I relearn the solid contours of his back. Dipping and swooping I push right up to his flat shoulder blades and pull him closer.

He breaks the kiss, licks his lips and pushes his fingers through the hair at my temples. 'You look good enough to eat,' he says in a husky voice. It's the line he used on our first night together, right before he set about devouring me like a starving man.

'Go on then.' I give him the same cheeky response I did back then, tip my head and offer my neck for his undivided attention. He grins, drops his mouth to the creamy, sensitive flesh below my left ear and starts peppering me with kisses. 'It's been too long,' I murmur as my eyelids flutter shut in bliss.

'Far too long... I've ached for you... missed you... I prayed for you to win,' he says between kisses. 'It will be so much easier now, plenty of political excuses for scheduled meetings. We'll need hours of complete privacy to work through delicate diplomatic details.'

There's a sudden sharp knock at the door, it invades our longed for moment with all the grace of an earthquake and we snap apart as if electrocuted. 'Shit.' I hear him mutter as he yanks his jacket straight.

Unhurried and cool, I smooth my hair, stroll to my desk and call, 'Enter.'

Drake barges in with a long white envelope, red stamped with the words, 'Top Secret.'

'Sorry to bother you.' He hands me the envelope as if it's a time bomb. 'FBI - it's urgent.'

'Thank you.' I frown and lay it on the desk. Drake makes no move to leave. He's like an overprotective big brother, normally I can put up with it, sometimes it's sweet, but today I want him to go fishing or something.

'Is that all?' I ask with mounting frustration.

'Yes, Madam President.' Drake takes the hint and skulks out, leaving us alone again.

'You going to open that?' John asks, folding his long frame onto the sofa and stretching an arm along the back cushions.



‘Later. The FBI always say it’s urgent even if it’s run of the mill.’ I grin and saunter over to him.

John shakes his head and flashes me a grin. ‘I can’t believe you really did it, Raine. You really are the President of the United States.’

‘You better believe it.’ I shrug off my suit jacket and curl into the hook of his shoulder, hoping to recapture the serious neck kissing we were so rudely interrupted from. ‘I could hit that button and cause a war any time, you know.’

John laughs. ‘You’re such a pacifist; I bet you don’t even know where the button is.’

‘Of course I do.’

‘Where?’

‘Right here.’

‘In this office?’

‘No... it’s on me, at all times.’

He looks at me like I’m mad and then a knowing grin spreads on his suddenly boyish face. ‘That’s not a war button, sweetheart, that’s a ‘lurve’ button.’ He laughs and scoops my dangling necklace into his hand, letting his knuckles graze the soft mound of my generous breast. ‘Which reminds me...’

‘What?’

‘I’ve got you a present, but I’ll have to show you later.’ He stares at my nipple responding eagerly to his feathery touch and poking at the thin material of my blouse. ‘It’s not the sort of thing I can give you in the Oval Office.’

‘I have a private dressing room attached.’


A frown ploughs across his forehead and the back of his hand switches to my other breast.

My breath shortens. ‘We’ll just say... I’m showing you around.’

John says nothing.

‘I’ll tell my secretary we mustn’t be disturbed.’

His eyes close for a long second, weighing up the risks. I know he likes risk; he feeds off adrenalin,



but today the stakes are as high as they get. Making love in the Oval Office, actually going for it here and now, when we're supposed to be making important, world-altering decisions, while tax payers and voters are at work... Can he do it? Can we do it?

Of course we can. Knowing how naughty, how ridiculously inappropriate it is, is the biggest turn on of all.

I stand, walk to my desk and press the intercom. I tell my secretary we must not, under any circumstances, be disturbed.

I turn expecting to see John still sprawled on the sofa but he's looming at my side. His brooding eyes are heavy with lust and he reaches for me and drags my body against his. I feel the hard urgency of his need pressing into my stomach and catch my breath as his lips hit down hungrily.

The gentle 'back togetherness' has gone and now it's all about getting satisfaction as quickly as possible. He steers me towards a double door to the right.

'No, no.' I say into his mouth. 'That's a file cupboard, over there, that's the dressing room.'

We almost fall inside, breathing hard and fast, our hands roaming. We bash the door shut and pause for the briefest of seconds to look at each other's frantic, flushed faces.

I break my mouth into a wide smile, the sheer delight of having the man I dream of in my arms, if only for a few minutes, makes me bubble over with glee.

'What?' he says, matching my wacky grin.

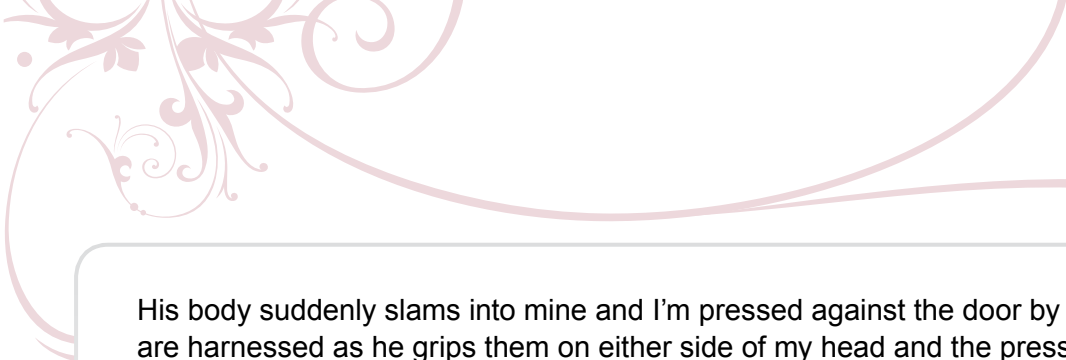
'My present.' I put a hand up to his jaw and cup his slightly scratchy cheek. 'I want it.'

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a shiny egg, the exact same powder pink as the blossom outside.

For a second I'm confused, but quickly he fills me in. 'It's a remote control vibrator – the LoveHoney Dream Egg, in fact.'

'I didn't know such things existed.' My eyes widened.

'Oh yeah, and I'm going to start you coming right now, and believe me baby, with this thing in afterwards, you'll be riding high all afternoon.' He slips it back into his pocket. 'You're gonna stay up there, balancing on the edge of ecstasy until just before dinner when I'm gonna need some more, very private, intimate time to go over a particularly sensitive matter.'



His body suddenly slams into mine and I'm pressed against the door by his solid weight. My wrists are harnessed as he grips them on either side of my head and the pressure of his straining erection shoves up against me. Blood flows like lava to the core of my being. Heat floods the pit of my stomach, seeps between my legs and pools deliciously like a heavy, greedy hole just waiting for him to fill.

His tongue probes into my mouth, exploring, chasing and finding mine in a crazy, urgent dance. He roughly raises my hands above my head and bolts them against the door with just one of his. I whimper a protest; I want my hands on his body, I need to feel him, hold him. But he has other ideas and I'm dominated by his brute strength pinning me into submission. It vaguely crosses my mind that if one of the secret service guys saw this, John would get a bullet in the back of his head, British Prime Minister or not.

He stops the kissing, presses his forehead to mine and lets his eye-line drop. We both watch as his determined hand slides over the sheer material of my blouse, pops open a button and delves inside my delicate lace bra. The dense weight of my breast is instantly supported in his hot palm and he circles the pad of his thumb over my nipple with an approving moan. I pucker further, to the point of discomfort and when he switches attention to the other side, I moan in unashamed delight.

'You feel so good,' he grunts into my tousled hair as he suckles my ear. 'Just like I remember, just like always.'

I wriggle to free my hands, shove his jacket to the floor and tug at his crisp white shirt, eager to get flesh on flesh, be together as one.

He slips his hands onto my outer thighs and rucks up the smooth material of my skirt, bunching it at my waist like a thick belt. I feel cool air-conditioning hit the top of my stockinged legs and wonder why I even bothered with panties this morning.

I'm having no luck removing his shirt so turn my attention to his belt buckle. It's a solid silver square, manageable for my fumbling fingers. I undo it with ease and it slides free. I look up at his face, flick loose the button of his trousers and begin to drop the zip.

He pauses in his desperate attempts to shove down my panties and holds my rock-steady eye contact. The flecks of gold in his eyes sparkle like nuggets glistening at the bottom of a stream and in the luxury of our paused second, I can't help a naughty girl smirk, just to let him know exactly what I'm going to do next.

He raises one disbelieving eyebrow. Have I really got the nerve? Here and now?

Oh yes!

He's got me a present so I'm going to give him one. I sink downwards with my back against the



door until my head is level with his groin. Only then do I finish undoing his flies.

Impatiently, like it's suddenly the best proposal in the world, he shoves down his trousers and boxers and releases his bulging erection an inch from my mouth.

I don't mess about - we haven't got time for preliminaries; this is just a quick nod in the direction of foreplay. I go straight for the kill and suck the glorious heat of him deep into my eager throat. His guttural groan of pleasure rumbles above my head as he bangs both hands against the door for support.

I've had some elegant dinners in my time but this is all I ever really wanted in my mouth - John. The taste of him is exquisite, exotic, erotic, musky and manly. Every favourite flavour wrapped up in one delirious taste bud experience. I flatten my tongue against his thick head; delight in its silken smoothness and use one hand to slide moisture along the shaft and the other to gently cup and massage his balls.

His knees buckle and his breaths sharpen. His cock jerks to my palate and a drip of thick salt seeps from the slit.

But I want him inside me when he comes, so I push his hips away and force my legs to stretch from their flexed position.

'You just get better and better at that,' he says with a tight swallow as I raise level with his face.

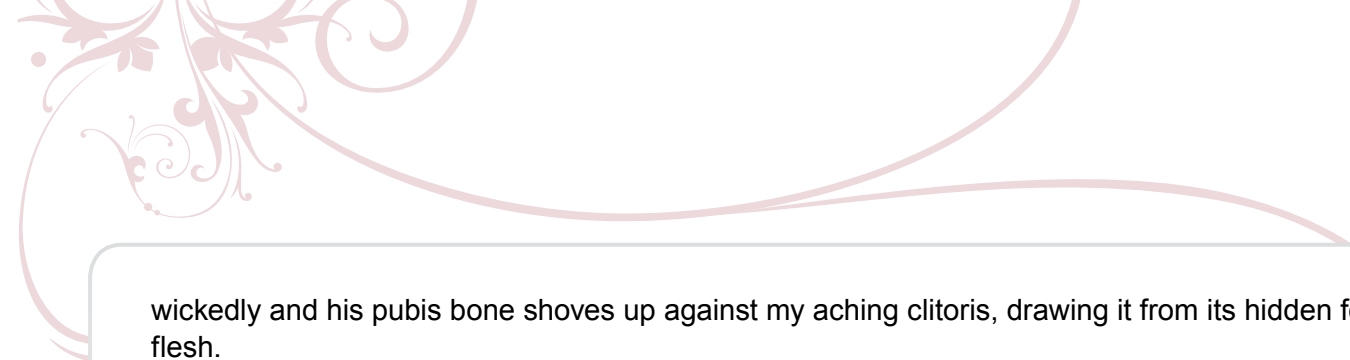
'Glad you appreciate it.' I'm squirming with my own need for satisfaction and slide down my panties. They land over my sensible patent blue heels but I only bother to kick out of one leg hole.

His wandering hands run into the hollow of my back, splay over my bare buttocks and then swoop onto the backs of my thighs. In one smooth movement, he hoists me up against the door and my hips draw in line with his. I wrap my legs around his waist and cross my feet in the dip of his back. My heart pounds and my breaths are ragged; his brute strength and intense passion is mind blowing.

He catches my bottom lip with his teeth, nibbles too hard, I whimper and he kisses the sore spot with a murmur. I feel the head of his thick penis prodding at my entrance. I'm open and vulnerable. He hasn't time to make a slow, gentle entry and I urge my pelvic muscles to loosen because I know he's big, much bigger than Clint, and it's been a while.

But I have no chance to relax because in one hard, sharp thrust he pounds right up to my womb with devastating accuracy. 'Oh, Jeez...' I gasp in his ear as my eyes clamp shut.

He grunts something incoherent at the end of his long entry moan, withdraws a fraction and then rides back in, right up to the hilt. The head of his penis smoothes past my G-spot, rubbing it



wickedly and his pubis bone shoves up against my aching clitoris, drawing it from its hidden folds of flesh.

He pulls nearly all the way out the next time and I miss him desperately, but then he heaves back in and my clit bursts into a wild, sensitive bud of pleasure. My internal walls become a mass of swollen need, clenching and juicing just for him.

Over and over he slams into me, hands supporting me under my thighs and his mouth kissing any part of me he can reach; my face, my neck, my cleavage. The door rattles in its frame with our exuberant passion but I don't even consider the consequence if someone hears; my mind is lost to everything other than John making up for our twelve months apart.

I feel the first tug of orgasm. It's building like a skyscraper. Brick by brick, layer by layer - I know it's going to be enormous. It towers within me. I can sense his rising climax. Each sharp breath he hisses out, every dipped clench of his muscled buttocks, every grunt vibrating through his chest tells me he's getting close.


I drag my hands through his hair and pull at the remaining short curls. 'John...' I say. 'John...' I don't know what I want to add to my sentence, I just need to say his name whilst he's so deep inside me. Moments like these are so rare they're as precious as life itself.

'I'm going to...' His neck arches to the ceiling and his teeth clench. The muscles around his mouth contort with a desperate need to control his body. 'Hurry up... Raine, I'm going to come...any sec...'

His cock is a rod of solid steel, igniting every hot spot inside my body to euphoria. The intensity of his entire weight blasting at my clit, belting at my G-spot, sends me over the edge of my very precarious cliff and I grab for my own orgasm. It's not hard to catch, it's hovering within reach. I let it win with overpowering majority and erupt into a heavenly spasm of convulsions. A volcano of pure pleasure pounds through my veins and arteries; overtakes every thought, memory and piece of knowledge I've ever had.

A primitive howl tries to escape my lips but anticipating this usual animal reaction John clamps a firm hand over my open mouth. I try not to bite his palm but fail and feel soft, tender flesh squeeze between my teeth.

My attempt at howling turns to a squeak and he shifts his hand to brace harder against the door. 'Oh, fuck... fucking hell...' he blurts out. 'Fucking good... good... good, God.' His eyes screw up and his features twist in Neanderthal ecstasy as he too explodes. I feel him blasting out the powerful contractions of his almighty orgasm, shunting upwards harder and harder, impaling me against the door. He holds me exactly where he wants me and goes on and on with his pleasure rollercoaster.



My internal muscles convulse around his buried penis, pulsing and throbbing they feel like they'll never stop their celebration of holding him again.

'Bloody hell...' he says, a final shudder snaking down his spine and his eyes blinking open to the harsh light of the room.

I match his shiver. 'That was...' I struggle for the right words to describe our explosive reunion. 'Amazing, Prime Minister.'

He grins and the dimples I adore sink deep. 'Glad to be of service, Madam President.'

I would love to slide down to the floor and do it all over again in a lazy, meandering way. Indulge in some serious foreplay, him on me this time. But we can't. We have to get back to reality. We have to get back to the sensible world of global politics.

He pulls out and supports me whilst I unhook my ankles and lower my legs. His hair is sticking up at the back and as he fiddles with his belt I smooth it flat, then grab a Kleenex and wipe away the semen seeping down my leg.

'Your present,' he says, pulling the egg by its tiny string from his jacket pocket. 'A little extra persuasion for when we review that environmental policy.' He holds the egg to his lips, kisses it and then with long, skilled fingers slides it into my vagina. I spread my legs and wriggle as he pushes it deeper, so deep it becomes lodged and settles into position. It's cold and rigid against the swollen, super-sensitive flesh, but it feels soothing and reminds me of having him there. I like it, even welcome it.

He pulls out moist fingers, holds up a pink remote control in the other hand and winks. 'Can I order more tea?'


'Sure.' I smile; John's need for a cup of tea after sex has always amused me. It's so very English of him.

He slips out the door and I pull up my panties and tug down my skirt. I turn to the gilded mirror - I look wild!

My hair has been backcombed by the door panels, my neck and cheeks are apple red and blotchy and my lips are puffy and crimson.

I zip through appearance reconstruction and head back into the Oval Office, clenching my vaginal muscles as my naughty present rolls with my sashay. John is sitting on the couch wearing a sombre expression. 'Did you order more tea?' I ask.

'There was a fresh pot on the table... someone must have been in whilst...'



My heart does a giant flip of panic. Keep calm. It doesn't matter, just one of the domestic staff. No harm done. They wouldn't have even known it was us in the dressing room, probably thought it was workmen or something.

I sit down hard on the sofa opposite him and the egg tilts forward, pressing against my responsive front wall. I'm struggling to stay calm. I need damage limitation.

'Hey,' he says leaning so his elbows are on his knees. 'Only joking, I've just ordered the tea; it'll be here in a minute.'

My head stops spinning and the nausea subsides. 'You...' I say, 'are not funny, Prime Minister.'

A sharp knock interrupts my scold and we stiffen our spines. John reaches for the weighty policy previously abandoned on the coffee table and his other hand slides into his suit pocket.

I clear my throat and straighten my features. 'Enter.'

'Carbon emissions...' John starts as a member of staff in a black dress and white apron glides in with fresh tea, followed by Drake, Harold and John's two advisors.

Suddenly the egg leaps to life with a pulse of sturdy vibrations and a delicious ripple of pleasure rolls through me.

John looks over, his expression neutral.

I squirm, curl my coccyx and feel the buzzing egg press directly on my G-spot. It feels heavenly on the still throbbing, still needy nerve endings and the desperate desire for it to continue is instantaneous.

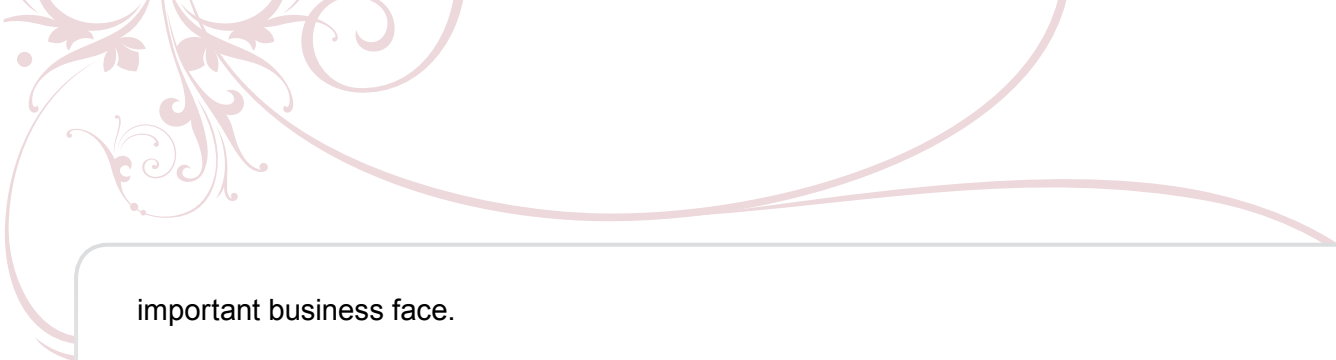
Drake hands me a cup and saucer, it clatters in my hand. He glances at my face, concerned.

The buzzing stops.

I smile, lean forward, place the drink on the table and knot my fingers in my lap.

'We have to look at the industrial and domestic aspects as well as...' John continues and the buzzing starts up again, travels through several programs then settles in a steady beat. I have to force my eyes not to roll back in their sockets and clamp my lips shut to prevent a groan of delight. It's the perfect tempo for keeping me aroused.

I contract around the egg as hard as I can and focus on keeping every other part of my body perfectly still. I pray no-one can sense the hum travelling along the sofa. It's so relentless, this internal massage, orchestrated by my lover who is talking earnestly and wearing his most serious,



important business face.

I can't concentrate, though I'm sure he's giving a very persuasive and intelligent argument for his policy. I can think of nothing but the vibrating. I lean back, the position shifts and the feeling intensifies - I gasp.

There is a sudden pause in conversation and all eyes turn to me. 'Yes.' I say seriously, knowing I must offer a follow up response to my gasp. 'Excellent, very novel suggestion.'

John raises his brow infinitesimally then carries on talking and flicking through documents.

I compress my fists, the orgasm is building. There's no clitoral stimulation, its all about my G-spot. The elusive G-spot only John can find, even from ten feet away. Oh, I love it. 'Yes, yes.' I nod enthusiastically at a ridiculous tax proposal for industrial emissions. 'Yes.'

'You seem to be warming to all my suggestions,' John says with an obscenely wicked smile as Drake and Harold adopt confused frowns. 'Do you think we could get something signed today, Madam President?'

Sign nothing, sign nothing, I repeat mantra style in my head, not with this dreamy distraction. The British are not playing fair!

The buzzing stops; cruelly taken away when I was so close. I open my mouth but no words come out. Frustration and relief, a confusing soup of emotions.

'Would you like me to go through it again?' John asks.

'Yes, yes... please.' I swallow hard and the energetic buzzing resumes. I know he won't let me orgasm in front of our advisors, the primitive howl would be shocking, unexplainable, doctors would be sought, an ambulance called.

But I'm not complaining about the British Prime Minister's imaginative way of livening up a dull meeting; teetering on the edge of another glorious explosion, hot, swollen and at his mercy is an entrepreneurial approach to thrashing out global warming policy. And the four advisors, well, they need never know there was anything other than the buzz of international diplomacy stimulating me all afternoon!

