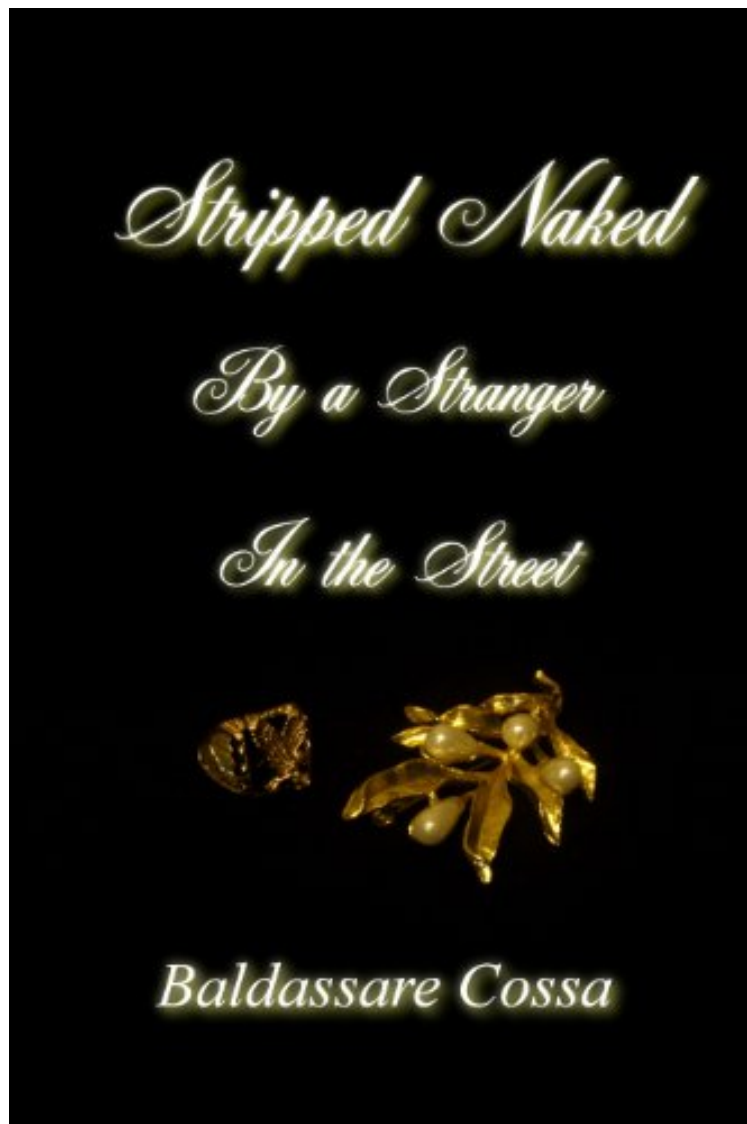


[Free pdf] Stripped Naked by a Stranger in the Street (Stripped Naked by a Stranger Series Book 8) (English Edition)

## Stripped Naked by a Stranger in the Street (Stripped Naked by a Stranger Series Book 8) (English Edition)

Von *Baldassare Cossa*  
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Von **Baldassare Cossa** : **Stripped Naked by a Stranger in the Street (Stripped Naked by a Stranger Series Book 8) (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Stripped Naked by a Stranger in the Street (Stripped Naked by a Stranger Series Book 8) (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Hot Von

Big Apple This has to be the best thing I've read since 50 Shades Of Grey. The intense public love scenes are hotter than anything I've read before and the mysterious Stranger is just so intriguing. I can't wait to find out more about him in later series! The story is a turn on and a challenge to all convention.

Kurzbeschreibung Thea gets much more than she bargained for when she smirks wantonly at a hot wealthy stranger in the crowded street. Once again our godlike hero, The Stranger, takes a young woman on a journey sexual awakening and self realisation - in public! "God that looks fit." Thea thought. She couldn't help but keep her eyes locked on target, taking him in, glancing up and down as they quickly converged, weaving a little amidst the shopping crowds. His black loafers became audible as his heels stepped in rhythm and the eagle ring on his big manly right hand shimmered as he swooped toward her. "I'm going to take all your clothes off now Thea," the god whispered softly into her left ear "then I'm going to tease you like this all over with both my mouth and my hands, right here, right now, in public everyone looking." The god simply smirked in silence as she looked up to him astonished, shocked with her own desire and frozen with the thrill of what she was doing. Addicted. Already. Addicted to him. And his game of shame. The god flung her shirt far into the distance behind her, tugged off her bra dangling above her breasts and flung it across the pavement, and smirked "you won't be needing these." "But how am I going to get back home???" Thea yelled. "We're going to my hotel afterward." The god reminded, still smirking. "But how???" Thea bawled again. "Nakedly." The god winked. "Oh God!!!" Thea drawled "Oh please I can't!" She looked around, half giggling and blushing crimson, reflexively crossing her arms over her chest as countless smirking men and women passed by, some slowing down their pace, some stopping and gazing before moving on. "Yes you can." The god reassured, in some carefree tone. "How???" Thea begged. "Because you want to. That simple." The god smiled warmly. "Give me a twirl like a ballerina," The god enticed "twirl round and round naked in the street, let everyone see you 360 degrees. Lift your legs high and wide freely as you please." A huge deep welling of orgasmic tingles surged like bubbles in a hot spring. The thought of doing that was as unnerving as it was a turn on. Both factors making it unbearably addictive. Scandal feels good. Claps and cheers erupted in response to her whimpering torture. The shame of being masturbated stark naked on the pavement, legs akimbo, was overwhelming and turned those balloons into one giant hot air balloon, pulsating and vibrating, threatening to burst into orgasm.

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