**THE SEXPERT**

By JA Huss & Johnathan McClain

Romantic Comedy

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**DESCRIPTION**

***A new standalone romantic comedy from New York Times bestselling author, JA Huss, and Actor/Screenwriter, Johnathan McClain.***

**EDEN**

I’m just a simple girl who likes dessert. And sexy men. And social media. So starting an anonymous video channel called The Sexpert as a side hustle to make up for my low-paying marketing job at Le Man Magazine seemed like a perfectly sensible career decision. Until we went viral, my boss accused my anonymous personality of stealing his idea, and now my super sexy new boyfriend, Andrew, is out to get me.

Her. Me. *Whatever*.

**ANDREW**

I don’t want it to be her. I do not want this… sweet, delicious, shy social media nerd working at my best friend’s magazine to be the face behind those perky cupcakes on the Sexpert channel. I don’t want it to be her… because I like her. A lot. She’s funny, and quirky, and smart, and creative… and… I really, really like her. It just can’t be her.

But it is.

And now I have to choose.

My best friend?

Or… The Sexpert?

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**ABOUT THE AUTHORS**

Two accomplished writers come together to create unforgettable sexy romance. JA Huss is the New York Times bestselling author of 321 and has been on the USA Today bestsellers list eighteen times. Johnathan McClain is a veteran actor and writer whose work, either performed or written, is probably airing on at least one of the channels on your television right now. You can contact them on their website www.hussmcclain.com or find them at their social links below.

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**EXCERPT ONE**

*Me: bitch we got problems pierce is sexpert*

I didn’t mean it to come out like that but I can’t be bothered with punctuation right now. And anyway, two seconds later my phone buzzes an incoming call from Zoey. I tab accept and whisper, “I’m gonna get fired today.”

“What the hell are you talking about? What’s that mean? Pierce is Sexpert?”

“I stole his idea and then he found out and I didn’t mean to do it and now the cute freeway guy is on the case and he’s gonna out me and get me fired! I’m fucked!” I whisper-scream that last part into the phone while I hold it at arm’s length.

“Eden!” Zoey snaps. “Calm the fuck down and explain! I didn’t understand any of that.”

But then the stairwell door opens on fifty and two girls—Sara from accounting and Leslie from data entry—start walking up to fifty-one towards me.

“Hey, girls!” I wave and smile at them, trying to act normal.

“Hey, Eden!” they chime back together. “Happy Monday!” they say.

“Happy Monday,” I say back.

Now I get it. I totally get why people hate it when I say that.

When they disappear onto fifty-one I go back to the phone. “How… when… Zoey! I think I might’ve stolen this idea from Pierce!”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I was there when you came up with it. Remember? It was Valentine’s Day two years ago and I was pregnant, and sad, and poor because business was bad and you said, ‘We should be strippers.’ And then I said, ‘I can’t be a stripper because I’m fat.’ And you said, ‘You’re not fat, you’re beautiful.’ And then I said, ‘We need a stupid YouTube series like that dumbass seventeen-year-old who got famous on *Ellen!* after she made stop-motion movies of Barbie and Ken having sex.’ And you said, ‘We should totally make a ridiculous sex advice channel and we should call ourselves the Sexperts!’ Remember all that?”

That *was* how it went down. “I was drunk though, remember? That asshole Matthew dumped me after I put out and I was pissed off. So maybe I accidentally heard Pierce say something about the Sexpert and then I only thought it was my idea?”

“That’s stupid. Don’t be stupid, Eden. You’re not stupid. You came up with the name! I was there!”

“Yeah, but we’ve been using Voice Lift to disguise my voice and the goddamned Voice Lift inventor is the cute freeway guy and now Myrtle says he’s on the case and he’s gonna figure out who I am!”

“Ridiculous!” Zoey yells. “No one is gonna find out who you are, Eden. We don’t even show your face.”

True.

I take a deep breath. Maybe I’m just overreacting?

**EXCERPT TWO**

The cold rain hitting our hot skin makes us steam. His eyes are locked with mine as I stare up at him.

And I know what I have to do. I know that the only way to make him forget about who I might be and force him to think about what I’m doing instead is to…

Yeah.

I have given exactly two blow jobs in my entire life. Eden has no clue how to give a man the perfect blowjob.

But Sexpert… well, she’s studied hundreds of porn movies searching for the perfect tips she promotes in her *Drawing Cream from a Ding-Dong* video.

And she knows just what to do. (Even if she doesn’t quite execute it with one-hundred-percent accuracy.)

I blow on the tip of his cock (tip number three) with exaggerated puckered lips and his eyes go wide. Which is fabulous. Because now he’s thinking about what I’m doing, not who I might sound like.

My tongue darts out and swipes over the small opening while my hands travel up and down his thick, hard shaft. Twisting just enough. Gripping with just the right amount of pressure. (Tips one, four, and seven.)

Rain is still falling down like a backdrop to the apocalypse. Which is perfect. I don’t even have to bring out tip number two. Spitting on my hands to make everything slide a little smoother.

And then, just as lightning shoots through the sky above his head, I take him into my mouth and suck, a crack of thunder making the building shudder.

His hands go to my wet hair. Guiding me with just the right amount of encouragement.

I open wide, so ready to take him fully into my mouth. My tongue is eager, and things are going so well I’m actually making myself horny. And then he’s inside me, the steady pressure of his hands on my head making me want to give him more.

So I do that. And it’s all pretty hot, and I’m feeling very proud of myself, kinda picturing how many women I’ve helped give the perfect blow job since we put this video out and…

And then I gag.

Like I push him away and it takes every ounce of self-control I have not to just throw up.

“Sorry,” I purr, looking up at him—never breaking eye contact, trying to stay in sexy mode. And then I dive back in, my hands still busy twisting and pumping with just a little more pressure, but this time the second his thick, round head enters my mouth, I gag again.

Oh, my God. I suck. I suck at blow jobs! Not in a good way.

And then I gag again just thinking about putting his cock in my mouth.

*Quick, Eden. Quick, quick, quick! You need to improvise.*

I lick his shaft. Yeah. That was tip number nine. Lick the shaft and cup the balls.

Andrew moans.

He likes it.

I do it again. Dragging my tongue up and down his cock, giving his balls a little squeeze this time.

Another moan!

Success!

The Sexpert says the blowjob should last between four and ten minutes. I’m on like minute two, which is unfortunate. Because I can’t think of any more tips. I really need to take a refresher course.

Oh, tip ten! Lick his balls. Mmmhmmm. I dip my face underneath him and at the same time I lift his balls up and drag my tongue over them.

“Shit,” he moans.

I pull away, still gripping him, but now I’ve got his cock again. I didn’t make it to four minutes. I know that for sure. But hell, a girl knows her limits.

And besides, I’ve got another idea.

Sexpert video number six. *How to Fuck Him With Your Cupcakes*.

**EXCERPT THREE**

“Friend of yours?” I ask.

“Leo’s in tech support. He’s fixed my computer a bunch of times. I made him brownies and now we’re friends. What do you care?”

I take a second to eye her. “You’re pretty popular at *Le Man*, aren’t you?” I ask.

She points at me in an accusing way. Which is ironic. “Why are you asking so many questions? Who are you supposed to be? Nancy Drew?”

And for whatever reason I feel myself getting hot. “Yeah. That’s it. That’s it, Eden. You nailed it. I’m Nancy friggin’ Drew.” I say it with a fair amount of snark. Having the girl I’m into both blow me off and be responsible for making my friend lose his mind is starting to catch up to me a little bit and my naturally relaxed Southern charm is eluding me just at present. “And I’m on the case of the Girl with the Concealed Identity. But you know what, cupcake?” She stiffens at the word. Good. “I feel like I’m pretty damn close to cracking it wide open.”

“Well,” she says, now turning and eyeing the handholds that lead back down, “good luck with that. Hope you don’t get a magnifying glass stuck up your ass looking for clues.”

“Why would I get a—?”

“Whatever!”

She steps toward the hand grips, but then stops. She sort of stutteringly edges forward, then steps back.

“You’re afraid of heights, aren’t you?” I ask.

“Wow! You are really are fuckin’ Nancy Drew! Figure that one out all by yourself?”

“Then why would you try to run away by scaling a climbing wall?”

“I make bad choices!”

Two more people land where we’re standing, and walk past.

“Nice climb, Eden.”

“Thanks, Lucy. Thanks, Peter.”

They high-five her and begin their descent. Jesus. Everybody really does like her.

She storms past me.

“Where do you think you’re going?” I say.

“I dunno! To see if there’s another way down!”

She marches to the back corner of the top of the wall where there’s a small, enclosed space that has a sign reading, “Yoga Studio.” I follow her. Obviously.

“Hey, I’m not kidding. I need you to talk to me,” I say as I follow her in.

And she—turns isn’t the right word. Whirls? Whips? Pounces?—around. Whatever it is, it gives off the distinct impression of a cornered animal ready to fight for survival.

“What?” she groans out. “What do you want?”

A couple thoughts run through my mind in response to that question, but I decide that right now’s probably not the time to say them. Shit. I’m so fuckin’ bummed. I was really into this girl. I think. No, I know I was. More than I’ve been into a girl in a long time. She seemed like somebody who would be...well...fun to be around. But when I considered that she might be into adventure, this wasn’t what I was thinking of.

I decide to just ask the question.

“*Are* you the Sexpert? And don’t say no because I know you are.”

She gets a half-caught, half-righteously indignant look on her face and says, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“No? Really? No idea?”

“No. I don’t. And honestly, I’m offended by the accusation.”

“Well, I’m sorry if you’re offended, but my best and oldest friend is being fucked over by someone, and even if he’s putting an *insanely* disproportionate amount of import on the thing... he’s still my best and oldest friend. And y’know what? I like you. Like, I really like you. But even so, I can’t let you fuck my friend over. So, please, just tell me. Just come clean and tell me... Is it you? Why’d you do it?”

She huffs and when she does, her chest lifts up and down. If she wants to convince me it’s not her, a heaving bosom, thinly veiled by a sexy tank top, is not getting the job done.

“I had you all wrong,” she says.

“What? Sorry? Come again?”

“Yeah. I bet you’d like that.”

“What?” And then I realize... *Ooooh. ‘Come again.’ Got it.*

She goes on. “I thought you were a good guy. But you’re not. You’re just like every other rich, privileged asshole in the world who’s out only for themselves and to get what they want.”

“What are you...?”

“You think I’m the Sexpert? Like really?”

I take a breath and then nod.

“So why didn’t you say something before? I mean, it couldn’t have been just so you could coerce me up to your stupid penthouse so you could get off before you go running to your friend and try to ruin my life, could it? Oh, nooooo. No waaaayyyyy.”

“I didn’t—”

“What? Is that your thing? You come on girls’ backs and then fuck them over? Is that, like, some weird, creepy fetish you have? Because it is. It’s creepy, Andrew. It’s creepy. You’re a creep.”

“I feel like you’re changing the subject.”

She starts walking toward me now. Going on the offense. “So, riddle me this, Batman—”

“I thought I was Nancy Drew.”

“Shut up! Let me...”

But that’s all she gets out before she trips over a discarded yoga block thing sitting in the middle of the room and goes collapsing to the floor.

“Ow!”

“Jesus,” I say, starting for her. “Are you OK? Did you hurt yourself?”

“I’m fine!” she says, waving me off. She struggles up to her feet. Her hair is a mess and her glasses are askew. She wipes the hair out of her face and pushes her specs up the bridge of her nose.

She’s so goddamn cute, I want to fuck her right here. Which is not my usual reaction to things that are adorable, but oh, well. The heart wants what it wants.

“OK,” she says. “You’re so sure that I’m this awful Sexpert person, but meanwhile your friend is *sure* it’s Myrtle, yeah?”

“Yes. That is an accurate summary of the last five minutes.”

“Fine, Mr. Smart Breeches.” *So fuckin’ adorable*. She goes on, “So how come *you’re* right and *he’s* wrong?”

“Because I am. Because Myrtle doesn’t have...” I nod at her chest.

“What? What are you talking about? Myrtle has fabulous boobs.”

“They’re fine.”

“Seriously? Men go crazy for her.”

“Sure. She’s OK. And her boobs are too. But they’re not...” Again, I indicate her chestal area.

She draws her head back, confused. “Wait. You can’t possibly be saying that *I’m* sexier than Myrtle?”

“No, I think I can. And I think that’s exactly what I’m saying.”

She blushes. “Oh my God. That’s... I’ve never... That’s so... Wait! Stop! You’re trying to Jedi mind trick me into admitting something!”

“I’m honestly not.” I put my hand on my heart to suggest my earnestness, or something. “I just know it’s not Myrtle.”

“How?”

I shake my head a little. “Because. It’s not her voice.”

Eden swallows. She takes a breath. She blinks. “Wh—Why... I mean... How do you know?”

“Because I know.”

“*How?*”

“Hi, Andrew Hawthorne? CEO of Aureality? Have we met? This is what I do for a living.”