

A Seductress' Confession

How to leverage beauty and savor tantalizing pleasure

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Introduction

Objective Beauty VS Perceived Beauty

Honestly, at the bottom of most women's hearts, we are a bit concerned that we are not pretty enough. That is a major secret insecurity for almost every woman. However, the truth is: there is a difference between objective beauty and perceived beauty.

According to scientific research, objective beauty is about symmetry. To be frank, there isn't much we can do about that unless we are happy to pay an expensive plastic surgeon, and any operation has a risk. But there is definitely something that we can do to increase our perceived beauty immediately! In fact, a woman's perceived beauty is often a direct reflection of her wisdom, because to increase someone's perceived beauty requires intelligence, knowledge and skills!

Therefore, this book is going to share some secret yet effective strategies with you, so that you can increase your perceived beauty without breaking the bank or taking a risk. Better still, the strategies that I am going to share with you in this book are actionable, practical and fun! So you will be able to implement them in your life, thereby improving the quality of your love life and sex life. More importantly, your core confidence will be boosted as well, because you will love yourself even more!

This book offers eleven strategies to increase your perceived beauty with the rationale behind each strategy as well as the seductress's (Ruby) hands-

on demonstration of how each strategy can be implemented. In this way, not only will you understand “why” but also you will know “how.”

Ruby’s demonstrations are a combination of art and desire (*the art of lovemaking*), so her stories are just as exciting as these strategies! Her stories are best characterized by a direct demonstration of the relevant strategy, and her very unique adventures which will inspire you to enhance your own pleasure. Indeed, this book is really a sexual empowerment tool box as well. Since Ruby is very bold in her stories, this book is not for the faint-hearted. The fact that you have this book means you are ready to awaken your inner goddess, experience sex guilt-free and live your life to the fullest.

Perceived beauty is a matter of how you *leverage* what you have; pleasure is only a matter of how much you *allow* yourself to feel.

Yes, let’s get started....

I) Lighting strategy

Strategy description: Make sure the source of the light is behind you, not in front of your face. Choose yellow light rather than white light.

Rationale: Do you know why pop stars and movie stars must wear heavy make-up on stage or on screen? The biggest reason: when the strong light is in front of someone's face, it's harder to hide any skin issues. That's why they have to wear very heavy makeup in order to hide their flaws. When a celebrity is on stage or on screen, they can't choose the lighting because audiences need to see their face very clearly with the strong light in front of their face—this accentuates their flaws.

Remember: on any occasion, when the source of the light is behind you, you have a soft and more feminine look. In contrast, when the source of the light is in front of your face, your skin issues are much more obvious. Next time when you go out on a date, remember to choose the right seat according to the lighting! Also, yellow light makes your face look softer and more feminine, whereas white light has the opposite effect. Apart from that, yellow light makes the ambience warmer and more comfortable, while white light doesn't improve the ambience. (We all know candles can help, and nobody has ever seen a candle with white light!)

Ruby's demonstration story:

Ruby's journal - 19th November

This is the beginning of summer in Australia. It is my 30th birthday party. I am sitting outside the beachfront bar with a group of friends from Eastern Sydney to enjoy the beautiful sunset—the coy sun looks like a yolk, slowly falling into the blue ocean. The orange sunbeams are brushing the ocean waves gently, and the breeze, mixed with the fresh smell of the southern end of the Pacific Ocean, is caressing my face. After viewing the magnificent scenery and breathing in the tenderness, I turn around, and the hairclip on my bun sparkles in the sunlight when my eyes meet his—a well-built gentleman in his early thirties, in smart casual clothes—he is talking to his friends near our group. Suddenly, he puts on his sunglasses and that makes him elusive, because I want to know if he is still looking at me.

“You look like an angel now,” says my friend Tegan. “I don’t know why, but your face has this warm radiance, which actually accentuates the beauty of your eyes and lips.”

“That’s because the sunlight is in the background behind me,” I say.

“Do you know that in Australia we have the cleanest air in the world, so the sunlight is touching us more directly?” Tegan asks.

“Ha! That’s good to know,” I reply. “I have noticed a very good-looking man standing near us. I’d like to know him more, so if he doesn’t approach me in ten minutes, you will help me by walking towards his direction with me, and I’ll see what I can do.”

“Sure! What’s next sounds interesting, but I have a feeling that your smile is so irresistible that he has to wear his sunglasses so that he can

keep looking at you and nobody knows who he is really looking at behind his sunglasses.” Tegan grins.

Five minutes later, the guy takes off his sunglasses and walks towards me. Because he is such a delicious-looking man, I realize that I haven't felt nervous since a long time ago.

“Hello, ladies. Can you recommend a drink here? My friends and I have been looking at the menu and still haven't figured out what to order. Any recommendations?” he asks.

“I forgot what's on the menu, so I'll get one.” Tegan smiles and leaves.

“Hmmm. Let me see. Can I recommend a girlie drink to broaden your horizons?” I ask.

“Since I'm feeling adventurous, I'd like to hear your thoughts.” He slows down and looks into my eyes. His gentle voice and artistic slowness make him look like a gentleman from a classic European novel.

“I recommend three girlie drinks that a confident man should order,” I reply. “The first drink is a *Mojito*, which tastes like mint and freedom because it has white rum in it; the second drink is a *Cosmopolitan*, which has vodka in it, and it tastes like passion; the third drink is a *Sex on the Beach*, which has peach in it, yet it tastes like a direct flight to Gold Coast in Queensland.”

“It seems that you have a good understanding of drinks. My name is Dmitri.” Somehow, his sexy name creates strong sexual tension between us.

“I’m Ruby.”

Naturally, Dmitri and I become quite close—I invite him to my Southern Spa on a Sunday night when no staff member or client is around.

“Since you write music for movies, you will like this just as much as I do. This is going to be five hours of sensory indulgence—it’s more than music,” After nibbling his ear, I light the jasmine candles.

“What is your favorite massage oil?” He asks.

“Ocean Waves Fragrance Oil,” I reply. “It’s a mixture of midnight rose, champagne vanilla and peppermint.”

He asks me to lie down on the soft bed, and he starts to give me a massage with my fragrance oil. The skin on my body is enriched by the midnight rose, and as he rubs my scalp, the champagne vanilla makes me slightly drunk. As he keeps massaging my neck, back, lower back, bottom, my whole body tingles.

The jazz music plays in the background.

It feels like paradise.

Before we go to the bath, Dmitri lies down next to me. It is a long, melting hug from the back. He starts to massage my breasts in a circular motion and moves over my stomach as well. I can feel his heartbeat, and we are slowly breathing in and out at the same time.

Lavender petals are floating on the water in the bath, floating with the rhythm of the jazz music.

Because of my daily skin-care routine, my skin is supple, soft and receptive. After the massage, my skin has even heightened its sensitivity. Dimitri and I soak in the caress of warm water. I can feel his erection, so I adjust my position for him to enter me.

As he begins a slow thrust, our eyes meet. His blue eyes look like the blue ocean outside, and I really want to jump into them and drown myself in this bliss. As our tongues become one, the water laps gradually faster and stronger. With each movement inside me, the waves of the water energizes my feet, my legs and my clitoris.

Dimitri and I come together in a very powerful ecstasy – it was like freely swimming in the blue ocean, falling into the infinite galaxy.

“I love you, Ruby.” His voice is husky.

His cock is still inside me, and my vagina contracts slightly so I completely feel the fullness.

And we continue our conversation like that.