

There's nothing like a dream lover. He's always sexy and romantic, with movie star good looks and the chiseled body of an athlete. Plus, he's got all the right moves. Channeling her inner bad girl, our own **Jeannine Amber** spins ten naughty tales starring some of our favorite men to curl up with, if only in our minds

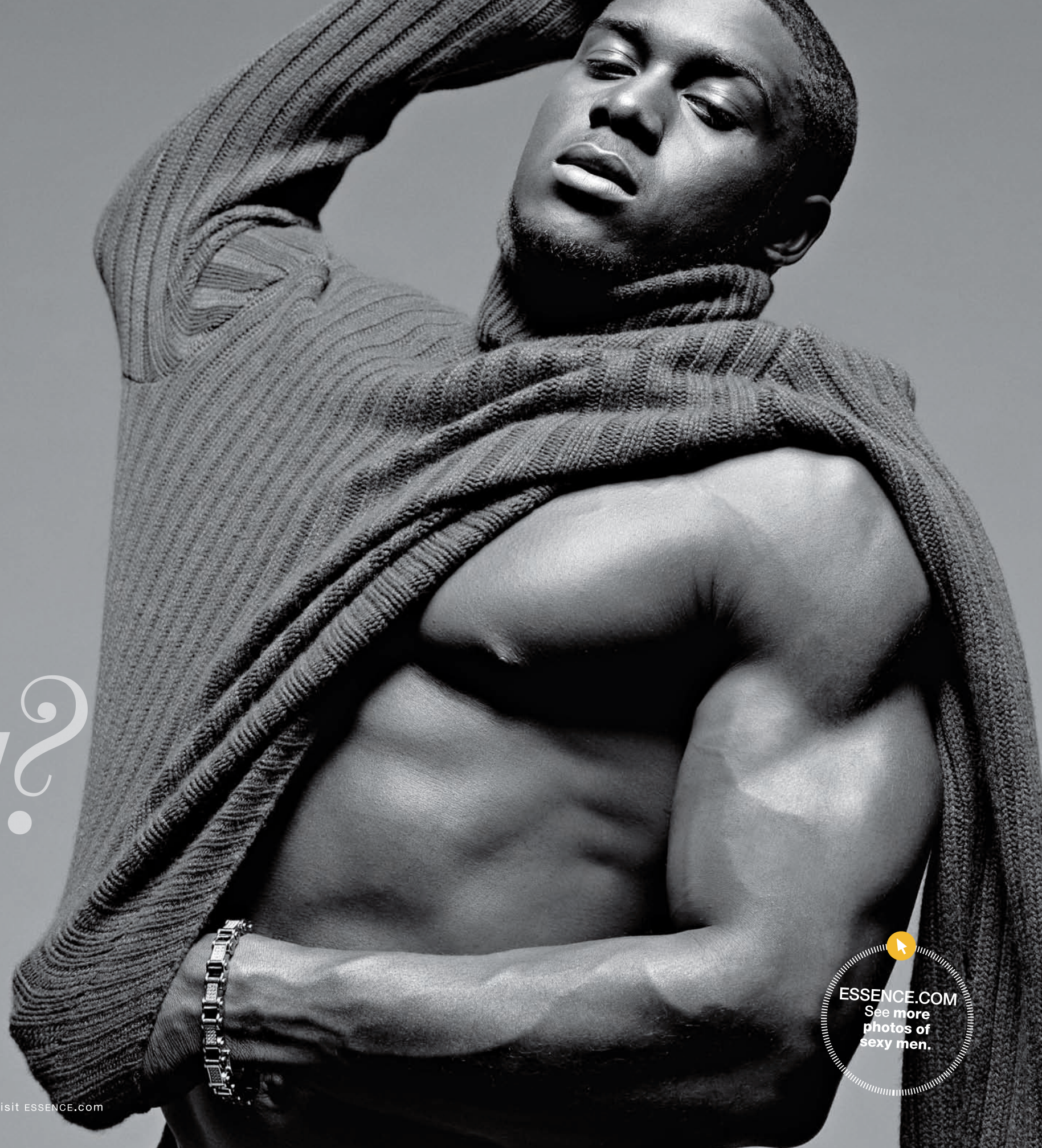
# What's your fantasy?

## Locker-Room Games

**REGGIE BUSH, NEW ORLEANS SAINTS RUNNING BACK**

You walk past him, hips swinging like the pendulum of a grandfather clock, heels clicking sharply on the concrete floor. He looks up from unlacing his cleats with a boyish grin. "Baby," he announces. "I won that game for you." Swiveling on your stilettos you cross your arms and raise an eyebrow. *Really?* It's the secret game you play in the locker room after everyone is gone: Boss Lady. You sit down on the bench in front of him, your pinstripe skirt rising up above your knees. "Baby," he says tenderly, slipping your finely pedicured foot out of your shoe. "All I want is for you to feel special." "Well," you say, sliding your glasses off your face and your foot over his shoulder. "You're going to have to prove it." ▶

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### *Flying High*

**IDRIS ELBA, *TAKERS AND THE LOSERS***

You know his type: too attractive for his own good. You weren't going to give him the satisfaction of losing your cool at the sight of him like every other woman. Instead you open your newspaper and settle in for the eight-hour flight across the Atlantic. He's sleeping, his chest rising with each shallow breath, his lips lightly parted. You notice that he has the long fingers of a football player. And no ring. He lets out a soft moan and stretches—his right arm reaches into the air across the armrest and falls into your lap. You gasp, horrified. You know if you pick up his hand to move it, he might think you're trying something. So you sit perfectly still, the warm fingers of this beautiful stranger resting gently on the inside of your thigh.

OPENING SPREAD: BUSH, MICHAEL THOMPSON. THIS PAGE: ELBA, ANDERS OVERGAARD, GROSS, HANIBAL MATTHEWS.



### *Afternoon Delight*

**LANCE GROSS, *HOUSE OF PAYNE AND OUR FAMILY WEDDING***

It's 104 degrees outside, and today of all days his AC stops working. "I might have to break up with you for this," you mutter. You're spread like a starfish on his bed, sweat dripping down your neck, between your shoulder blades, under your breasts. "I officially hate you." Without a word, he gets out of bed and patters barefoot to the kitchen. The fridge door opens and closes, and then he's back, a plastic cup in hand. He pulls out an ice cube. "It's the least I can do," he says with a sly grin. The moonlight through the window casts a glow on his sculpted body. He places the ice cube carefully between his lips, gently pulls up your tank top, and leans toward you. In the sweltering heat, you shiver. >

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what's your fantasy?

## Love Supreme

DENZEL WASHINGTON, *BOOK OF ELI*

Together you stroll through the park, and everyone stares as you go by. You know what they must be thinking, *What a handsome couple. So distinguished! So refined! They look like royalty.* As you walk, you don't say much; you don't have to. There's just the steady sound of your footsteps and the whistle of the wind. His hand is on the small of your back. You look up and scan the cut of his jaw, his unwavering gaze, the curve of his lips. Even now, after all these years, you still catch your breath. Snow begins to fall. Soft white flakes rest on your shoulder, and absently he brushes them away. This is love.



## Secret Rendezvous

LL COOL J, *NCIS: LOS ANGELES*

He's so different from your ex-husband. You know that's not an excuse, but it only happened once. You were out of town on business, and he walked through the hotel lobby as if he owned it. He was so magnetic. You don't know what came over you. When he got on the elevator, you followed him. You've never felt such power; it was like standing beside a thoroughbred. You moved so close to him that you could smell his scent. It was clean and fresh, like he'd just showered. You closed your eyes, and quietly inhaled. *Was I that obvious? Could he feel my longing?*

As the doors slid open, he turned, slowly licked his lips and smiled, a perfect dimple cresting his cheek. "So?" he said, looking you up and down. "What can I do for you?"

It only happened once. ▸



WASHINGTON, CLIFF WATTS/ICON INTERNATIONAL, LL COOL J, ART STREIBER/AUGUST.



what's your fanta



## The Hookup

TERRENCE HOWARD, *RED TAILS AND LITTLE MURDER*

"He wears sandals," you groan. "When have you ever seen me with a man in sandals?" Your sister calls you a snob and insists you go on one date, because it's been way too long since anyone took you anywhere. That's how you ended up here, on the side of a steep hill, overlooking the Pacific Ocean, the sound of waves crashing below. He's brought a blanket, some wine and a tiny sketch pad. He says he's drawing you. But when you look at the page, all you see is a sparrow. You slide off your Louboutins, sit down awkwardly, and look at him. "Well?" you ask.

"Well, well," he replies, amused. "Even superwoman needs to take a deep breath and watch the sun go down." Gazing at you intently with those moss-green eyes, he leans back against a rock and opens his arms. "Come here," he says, his voice as smooth as caramel. Slowly you let yourself melt against his chest. "Ain't nothing to do here," he says, "but sit back and relax."

HOWARD, LEN IRISH; RODRIGUEZ, LARISSA UNDERWOOD/LAWLINE.COM.

## Tasty Love

ADAM RODRIGUEZ, *CSI: MIAMI AND UGLY BETTY*

He definitely isn't the kind of man you usually date. What is he? Cuban? Puerto Rican? A little of both? He has dark eyes that never leave your face and a smile that makes you blush. You can't deny your attraction.

He pulls out your chair and you slide into your seat, the candlelight casting shadows through crystal wine glasses. "*Tu eres tan maravillosa*," he whispers, leaning across the table. "*Cada noche sueño con tu amor*." He takes your hands in his. "You are so marvelous," he translates. "Each night I dream of your love." He gently draws your fingers to his lips, kissing each one. Mama never told you about men like this. >





what's your fantasy?



## Private Concert

MAXWELL, **GRAMMY-NOMINATED SINGER**

He's gone for months on end, but when he comes home time stands still. You spend hours in bed, his fingertips tracing stars along your collarbone. You offer him a strawberry, and he slips it into his mouth. Your fingers follow. He stains your palm and the nape of your neck with his crimson tongue. He whispers poetry to you, "How do I love thee, how do I love thee?" over and over like a melody. "You love me like a song," you murmur. He wraps you in his arms, humming a tune your mother used to sing. "Baby, I need your lovin'...." You start to giggle. Another hour, two, three goes by. You nap, you kiss, you laugh, you make love. Through thin white curtains, the sun sinks low, dusk fills the sky. You lick strawberry juice from the corner of his mouth. Then you get serious: "I should get up. Check my e-mail. Make dinner. Do something." "Of course," he agrees as you crawl back into bed beside him. His fingers traveling down your hips. "But first, one more song."

WILLIAMS: DON FLOOD FOR PEOPLE/COBBIS OUTLINE; MAXWELL: ROBERT MAXWELL/GPI; MCINTOSH: DAVID GRIFFIN.

## Full Service

JESSE WILLIAMS, **GREY'S ANATOMY AND BROOKLYN FINEST**

"Need a hand?" he asks as you stand in the pouring rain staring at a flat tire. You recognize him immediately as the young brother who's rented the small apartment below your duplex. You've seen him glance your way when you leave for work in the morning, too shy to say hello. The downpour has soaked his T-shirt, and it clings to his lean, muscular chest. When he's done fixing your car, you step over to thank him—raindrops beating down around you like a thousand tiny drums. "Listen," he says, rubbing his face nervously. There's a grease stain on his cheek, and his hazel eyes are aglow in the light of the street lamp. "I don't suppose you'd like to come over for some hot chocolate?" He looks so sweet, like a little lost cub. You were headed somewhere—but it can wait. "Maybe," you say with a smile, reaching up to put a steady hand over his heart. "But first we should get you out of those wet clothes."



## Dirty Dancing

DAVID MCINTOSH, **FORMER U.K. GLADIATORS FIGHTER TURNED ACTOR**

You meet at a club. You're dancing alone, and he moves in behind you, resting his hands on your waist. From across the room your girlfriends nod in approval.

You're so sick of them calling you a prude, telling you you're too uptight. Now they're making lewd gestures and giggling. You close your eyes and he pulls you closer. He's solid—six feet of pure muscle. Still he holds you with a tenderness you've craved for years. For hours you move together, barely exchanging words. You don't even know his name. By the end of the night you're pressed together, hip to hip, in a dark corner of the club—your arms over his thick shoulders, his lips on your neck. You inch your hands under the hem of his T-shirt and feel the smooth skin of his abdomen. "No one's watching," you whisper in his ear. "I want to be bad." □

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