**Opening the Door - Why, When, and How to Write Sex Into Your Stories**

with Stacy Gold

**WORKSHEET**

**Why write sex scenes in your books?**

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
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**When should you not include sex?**

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2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
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**Tips and tricks for writing sizzling sexual tension AND steamy sex scenes**

Sex can be messy, and funny, and scary, and vulnerable, and satisfying and the best scenes \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Sexual tension like all tension is **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.** Conflict is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

What creates tension? An internal push and pull between \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and what they \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Sexual tension is conveyed through \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

**Recent TV Examples**

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

“Charlie holds out his hand to shake on it. I hesitate before sliding my palm into his, this one careful touch unraveling pieces of the other night across my mind like film reels. His pupils expand, the golden wisps around them smoldering, and his pulse leaps at the base of his throat. Being able to read each other so well is going to make this “business relationship” complicated.

Where his thigh not quite touches mine, it feels like a piping hot knife held against butter. Someone near the front of the room gives a hacking stage cough that pops the bubble. All around us, arms are in the air—including Libby’s. Sally is twisted around in her chair, coughing in our direction, her hand over her head.

Charlie jerks his hand free and thrusts it up. Sally’s eyes cut to mine next, almost pleading. When I lift my hand, she grins and spins back around in her chair.

While the red-haired woman is counting the votes, I lean in to ask Libby, “What exactly are we voting on?” “Weren’t you listening? They’re putting a statue in the town square!”

“Of what?”

Charlie snorts. Libby beams. “What else?” she says. “Old Man Whittaker and his dog!”

A literal statue to Once in a Lifetime.

I turn to Charlie, ready to taunt him, but he meets my gaze with a wicked smile. “Go ahead and try, Stephens; nothing is going to ruin my night.”

My adrenaline spikes at the challenge, but this is too dangerous a game for me to play with him, when my grip on self-control is already so tenuous. Instead I force a placid, professional smile and turn back to face the front of the room.

I spend the rest of the meeting stuck in a worse game with myself: *Don’t think about touching Charlie’s hand. Don’t think about the lightning strikes in Charlie’s eyes. Don’t think about any of it. Focus.”* – Book lovers by Emily Henry.

**Three things every sex scene must have to be compulsively readable instead of cringeworthy**

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

THE IMPORTANCE OF WORD CHOICE

“Katsuro moaned as a bulge formed beneath the material of his kimono, a bulge that Miyuki seized, kneaded, massaged, squashed and crushed. With the fondling, Katsuro’s penis and testicles became one single mound that rolled around beneath the grip of her hand. Miyuki felt as though she was manipulating a small monkey that was curling up its paws.” The Office of Gardens and Ponds by Didier Decoin

“I slipped my erect penis inside. Or, from another angle, that part of her actively swallowed my penis, immersing it in what felt like warm butter” – Haruki Murakami’s Killing Commendatore

“Her vaginal ratchet moved in concertina-like waves, slowly chugging my organ as a boa constrictor swallows its prey” – Scoundrels by Major Victor Cornwall & Major Arthur St. John Trevelyan

**Why are consent and contraception important?** **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**How can you weave these in and not only not break the flow, but make them sexy?**

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
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CONSENT

“I’m sorry. I know I said no kissing.” She kissed him again. “But I couldn’t resist. I thought about kissing you all week.”

Her words sank into him. He hadn’t been the only one, after all. Another drugging kiss. “And now, I can’t seem to stop.” A murmuring sound hummed in her throat as she kissed him yet again.

“Then don’t stop.” Michael twined his tongue with hers, and her body went soft in his arms. She undulated her hips against the aching bulge beneath his fly and scraped her nipples over his chest. He bit back a groan. He hadn’t wanted a woman like this in . . . Had he ever wanted a woman like this? When he drew back, her lips were parted on soundless gasps of desire. – The Kiss Quotient Helen Hoang

CONTRACEPTIVES

“I want you, Evan,” she mumbled against my mouth.

I pulled back a little, trying to look into her eyes but all I could see was a reflection of the stars. “The feeling is mutual.”

“So, what do we do about it?” She nipped my lower lip and a line of heat zipped straight to my cock.

I moaned into her mouth and ran my hand up the back of her thigh. “What do you want to do about it?” I traced the line where her ass met her leg and followed it around to the front of her hiking shorts, rubbing light circles and hard lines up the seam.

Jules bucked against my hand. I increased the pressure, teasing out a long groan. “Make my wish come true.”

“What’s your wish?”

Her hips twitched. “That by some dumb luck you’re carrying a condom.”

“Good thing I seem to have a lot of dumb luck lately, because yes, I believe I do have one.” – Wild at Heart by Stacy Gold

MORE EXAMPLES TO ANALYZE

“I’m hard and deep inside her fucking her on the bathroom sink her tight little black dress still on her thong on the floor my pants at my knees our eyes locked, our hearts and souls and bodies locked.

Cum inside me.

Cum inside me.

Cum inside me.

Blinding breathless shaking overwhelming exploding white God I cum inside her my cock throbbing we’re both moaning eyes hearts souls bodies one.

One.

White.

God.

Cum.

Cum.

Cum.

I close my eyes let out my breath.

Cum.

I lean against her both breathing hard I’m still inside her smiling. She takes my hands lifts them and places them around her body, she puts her arms around me, we stay still and breathe, hard inside her, tight and warm and wet around me, we breathe. She gently pushes me away, we look into each other’s eyes, she smiles.” – Katerina by James Frey

“At this, Eliza and Ezra rolled together into the one giggling snowball of full-figured copulation, screaming and shouting as they playfully bit and pulled at each other in a dangerous and clamorous rollercoaster coil of sexually violent rotation with Eliza’s breasts barrel-rolled across Ezra’s howling mouth and the pained frenzy of his bulbous salutation extenuating his excitement as it whacked and smacked its way into every muscle of Eliza’s body except for the otherwise central zone.” – List of the Lost by Morrissey

“Beneath them her wetness met his own wetness, and they stirred against each other, she pestled him slowly, until miraculously he found himself rigid again, as though he had risen out of his own pain, fresh and ready” – The Paper Lovers by Gerard Woodward

“You could call in your bet,” I croaked. Stroking himself, he let out a hot breath. “You daring me to?” “Yeah.” His throat worked as he swallowed. His eyes flickered with a parade of emotions I couldn’t keep up with. Reluctance. Heat. Confusion. Heat. Irritation. Heat. “I…” He laughed, his voice hoarse. He stopped, cleared his throat. “Double dog dare you.” His gaze locked with mine again and I almost came right there and then. My cock had swelled in my hand, pulsing. Aching. But somehow I managed to put on a careless tone, my trademark up-for-anything drawl that half the time is a total front. “Well. This should be interesting.” The faint hint of panic on his face was unmistakable, but I didn’t give him time to back out. I wanted him too much. I’d always fucking wanted this guy. Releasing myself, I reached over to cover his hand with mine. He tensed, and for a split second I thought he was going to push me away.

I wouldn’t have blamed him. But then he let go, leaving my hand there alone. And I was holding his dick. Finally. He was hot and hard, and the ends of his soft blond pubic hair tickled my fingertips. I squeezed, and all the air seemed to drain out of his body, his torso practically melting into the mattress. My mouth was a desert, my pulse a loud drum in my ears. I stroked my palm along that hard shaft, acting like what I was doing was no biggie. Then I said, “Fuck, I think I’m drunk.” Because that seemed like the right thing to say. Like alcohol was the reason we were doing this. Alcohol was our hall pass. It worked, because he choked out, “Me too.” But his voice was smoky and distracted. And maybe he was drunk. Maybe the flush on his cheeks was all thanks to the whiskey and not from the feel of my other hand yanking his shorts down further. Maybe his breathing quickened because alcohol was surging through his bloodstream and not from my fingers curling around his shaft. I shifted on the mattress, kneeling in front of him as I pumped him in slow strokes. My entire body throbbed with uncontrollable need, my erection heavy between my legs. I ignored it, though. Jamie blinked twice when I rose above him, and I watched his face, gauging his reaction. He didn’t look horrified. He looked turned on. I’d been fantasizing about this moment for years. Couldn’t believe it was really here. “What are you waiting for, Ryan? Suck it already.” Surprise jolted through me. He only called me Ryan when he was taunting me. And right now he was taunting me about sucking his dick. Jesus. My bravado faltered, just for a second. Until I saw his pulse hammering in the hollow of his throat, and realized he was as nervous and excited as I was. I took a breath and lowered my head. Then I closed my mouth over his swollen tip and sucked. Jamie’s hips snapped up instantly, his breath leaving his throat on a ragged shudder. “Oh Jesus.” I remember wondering if he’d ever been blown before. The shock and awe in his voice had been so raw. So sexy. So I’d wondered, but not for long. Not when he started whispering the hottest, filthiest commands at me. “More,” he muttered. “Take more. Take it all.” I sucked him deeper into my mouth, almost to the base, and just when he moaned, I released him, gliding my tongue along the long, hard length of him until his dick was glistening. I lapped at the moisture leaking out of his tip, and the taste of him infused my tongue, making my head spin. I was blowing my best friend. It was so surreal. It was what I’d dreamed about for so long, and the fantasy was nothing compared to the reality of it. “Fuck, yeah.” Canning’s hips began to rock as I took him in my mouth again. I licked the crown of his cock, teasing, savoring, then taking him deep again. I didn’t dare peer up at him. I was too afraid to look him in the eye—afraid he’d be able to see on my face how much I wanted him. “Jesus, Wes, you’re way too good at this.” The praise just lit me up. Holy hell. He was thrusting into my mouth because I turned him on. His fingers suddenly tangled in my hair, tightening when I swallowed him as far as I could take him. “Oh Christ. Keep doing that, man. Let me fuck your mouth.” Every husky thing he said practically made me go up in flames. I knew I would enjoy this. But if he was too? Mind bending. I quickened the pace, squeezing his shaft on every upstroke, tighter than I thought he’d like, but he kept muttering harder, faster. My eyes squeezed shut as I worked him over, determined to make him lose control, to make him feel the same urgent need wreaking havoc on my body. “Wes…” A choked sound left his lips. “Fuck, Wes, you’re making me come.” His fingers pulled my hair to the point of pain, his abs tightening as his hips rocked faster. A few seconds later, he groaned. The husky sound vibrated against my lips as he went still, thrust deep, and came inside my mouth while I swallowed up every last dro—

– Him by Sarina Bowen and Elle Kennedy

**Got questions or comments about this material or presentation?** Drop me a line at stacy@stacygold.com.

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****Award-winning adventure romance author Stacy Gold gave up her day job as Communications Director of a nonprofit mountain biking organization to write sassy, steamy, contemporary romance packed with independent, badass women finding love and adventure in the great outdoors. When she’s not busy reading or writing, you can find her dancing, laughing, or playing hard in the mountains of Colorado with her wonderful hubby and happy dogs. Her latest release, Wild at Heart, is a multi-award winner.

*USA Today Bestselling Author Laurel Greer calls Wild at Heart, “A fun, sexy romp in the woods...”*

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