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*Erotic Fantasies*

# **Erotic Fantasies**

By

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## **Blue Bird**

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I sat at the bar lining the windows, which flanked the cobblestoned street. It was a small dive, in a tiny town on Cape Cod. I was waiting for Him. My fingers drummed on my beer glass, as my nerves rattled.

We'd been talking for a long time, and, finally, I would get to meet him in person. I mean, I knew what he looked like, and I'd heard his voice, but this was the first time I would see him in real life.

I was beginning to worry. The darkness had begun to creep in outside, and perhaps he had decided not to come. My heart sunk a little, as the excitement dwindled, and the hurt came in, surrounding me in heaviness. He had

been very slow to warm up to me; I'd had to nudge him quite a lot. I dropped my head. *Perhaps it's just that, online, I'll never meet anyone.* I tipped my glass to finish my drink.

I put my money and tip on the oak bar top, and pulled my jean jacket on over my floral sundress. *You're silly, Jennifer. Dressing up for him.* I started to walk out, and a hand grabbed my wrist. I yanked it away in anger.

“What the-”

“You look stunning.” His voice made me physically shiver.

I stood looking at him, like a lovesick child.

“Will you sit with me?” he asked.

“Sir, I thought you'd stood me up.” I



shied my eyes away from his. I didn't want to show the emotion they would reveal. Many had told me I was easy to read.

"I was here before you. Watching you." His eyes crinkled softly, as if amused by something.

"Why?" I asked, confused.

"I intended to call you over, but you are quite mesmerizing. I couldn't help it." He smiled.

"You just sat here and watched me, made me think you weren't coming?" I said, upset and, quite honestly, I felt helpless. I wanted to walk out in anger.

"Just as I'd pictured." His hand touched my chin and I pulled my face away. "I am sorry. I didn't mean to upset

you, blue bird.”

When he said it out loud, my screen name, it made my belly flutter. His hand was gentle, and his face was genuine. Sir’s face and jaw were strong, his nose long and broad. His hair was dark brown, and starting to show signs of feathering gray around his ears. His eyes were a gray-green that softened his appearance.

“Are you hungry, little one?” He signaled the waitress to come over.

“Um, I am, I guess.” My stomach rumbled in anticipation, answering for me. I rubbed my belly to silence it.

We ordered dinner and, as we waited, I tried to keep from staring at him. His calm and cool collectedness

had me unnerved. Sir rubbed his chin with his thumb and forefinger, with a smile.

“What?” I asked impatiently.

“Nothing, you are more beautiful in person.”

I shifted uneasily in my chair. “Well, thank you, sir. I’m trying not to stare, myself.” My eyes met his and he laughed.

“You are kind, as always.”

The waitress came and freshened our drinks, placing another beer in front of me, and a darker ale in front of him. “Your dinner will be right up,” the woman said cheerily.

“So, Jennifer, what should we talk about?”

I smiled. I wanted him to lead the conversation. He was the same in person as online. Should I have been surprised? “Not sure, sir. I was hoping you had some ideas.”

“Oh, I have ideas, little blue bird.” He winked with a little mischief in his eyes.

A rumble of excitement coursed through my veins. He’d said no sex on our first meeting, but it didn’t stop my clit from throbbing. When we had chatted, he’d told me all the things he wanted to do me. Some I’d never done — ok, *many* I’d never done. But the thrill of the unknown was enough for me.

Our food arrived, and I looked around the small room — it was packed.

As I ate, I was impressed at how delicious the fare was. My manners escaped me, as I ate a little faster, and more than I'd intended. I was extremely nervous, and had been unable to eat during the day.

Sir leaned on his elbow, and I caught him watching me. I froze mid bite, and my heart began to race.

"Sorry," I set the remainder of my burger down, wiping the juices from my hands with my napkin.

"No need to be sorry. Did you not eat today?"

I shook my head, no.

"Well, you know you need to take care of yourself. That is one of my rules."

“Yes, sir. Honestly, I was too nervous,” I admitted.

He nodded. “Your nerves have settled now, I see.”

“Yes, that, and my stomach sort of took over,” I laughed, which made him chuckle as well.

He reached out and touched the corner of my mouth, whisking away some sauce. “There is nothing to be nervous about. We’ve talked plenty of times. Only now, it isn’t behind a screen.”

“I know. I just-I want to make sure I say the right thing.” My eyes left his. I hated showing my insecurity like that.

He chuckled. “Listen, there is no wrong thing to say. The truth and your

opinion are important. Understood?”

I nodded, taking a breath that expanded my lungs. Before, I was, perhaps, only taking short pulses of air, and his words soothed me.

“Finish up, little one. I want to show you something.”

Nodding, I nibbled a little more on the fries, but my stomach seemed sated. I finished my drink, and thanked him for dinner. Leaving for the bathroom, I told him I would meet him out front.

I couldn't find him, so I checked my phone; no messages. I scanned the front again, and then went outside. I tugged my jacket around myself. It had become cooler than I had expected, and wearing a dress seemed sillier than before. I

noticed the wooden sign for the restaurant blowing slightly in the wind – a baseball catcher. Simple, like Sir.

“God, you are beautiful.” His words startled me.

“I was wondering where you were.”

“You said, ‘meet me out front.’” He repeated my words.

I shook my head and said, “Where are we off to?” changing the subject.

Sir looked me over from head to toe again, with an approving smile.

I tingled all over, and suddenly felt like a girl on a first date, with butterflies in my belly. A warm flush filled my cheeks, and I was grateful for the dark sky. The wind swept my auburn hair, and



I brushed it from my face.

“Let’s take my car. Is that alright?”

“Yes, sir.” I followed him to a Honda Civic; it was sleek and silver, and outshone my ten-year-old Camry.

We drove along the small, lamp-lined streets of Harwich Port, and made a right turn off Route 28. We were about five miles from the restaurant when we pulled into a large parking lot. I caught a glimpse of the name of the beach, Red River Beach. The bright moon reflected off the rolling waves in front of us, and I grinned.

“This is beautiful, sir.” I looked at his profile.

“I thought a quiet place would ease your mind, and allow you to speak

freely.” He turned and looked at me.

The shadows played off his face, making him look more sinister than he was. Well, at least from what I knew of him so far. He seemed gentle, sincere, and, well, a gentleman. I looked at him pensively for a few moments, unsure where to start, what to say — so much had already been said online and on Skype. Then it came to me.

“Sir, where do you live?”

“I live in Dennis. And you, little blue bird, you live in Brewster?”

I nodded, although it seemed silly; he already knew that. “I’m not really sure what to talk about, sir. What is left?”

“I want to get to know you.

Understand you.”

His hand touched mine, and the flutters came alive again; I had just calmed them down. Sir had said similar words to me before; that he wasn't a Dom that wanted many subs or sexual encounters. He wanted the right sub, and to pursue the relationship; train me to be “His sub”.

Wetness seeped into my cotton panties, as the overwhelming feeling of being wanted stripped me of my prior self-consciousness. I had asked him many times if he was sure; I didn't want to get my hopes up, but he'd insisted, once we met, he would know.

My mouth was a sudden rush of saliva, and I continued to swallow at a

rapid pace to keep up. I was nervous, but this time I realized it was this meeting that held all the cards for me with him.

“Sir?” I asked meekly.

“Yes.” He watched my face, and concern grew in his eyes.

“Excuse me,” I stepped out of the car, my stomach unable to handle anymore roller coasters as well as being inundated with my constant intake of air and saliva.

I threw up.

*Great! Pure sex and class, Jennifer! I chastised myself. If I can't even handle saliva, how can I handle copious amounts of come? You stupid fool. This whole thing is a mistake.*

*What was I thinking? He doesn't want you. Doesn't matter anyway, this is the nail in the coffin. Idiot!*

“Blue bird, oh, beautiful little one. You are under the weather. Perhaps too much to drink. I'm sorry, I should have insisted on a better place, coffee, no alcohol.” His hand stroked my back, and he handed me a handkerchief. *Who even had handkerchiefs anymore?* I wiped my lips, and my teary eyes looked up at him.

“I'm so sorry, sir. I didn't mean to ruin your evening. I am just so nervous. I promise to be better. Please,” I pleaded.

I wasn't sure why I wanted to please this man so much, but I did. Every time he told me that I was a “good girl”

— whether typed or on Skype — I would get a warm sensation across my body. He was different than all the other Doms I'd met online, and the first one I'd met in person. His patience was almost agonizing at times; however, part of me thought it was what I needed.

He assisted me back to his car.

“No, please don't take me home. Please, sir.” I looked at him, and tears crested in my eyes, as emotions washed over me.

“Little one? What is it?” His fingers ran down my spine.

I reached into the car, fumbling through my purse, and grabbed a piece of mint gum. I knew my breath was probably atrocious. “I know you are out

of town for a while, and I don't know when we will meet again. I-"

He smiled.

I let out a big breath of nervous energy, and sniffled. "It's alright," I whispered. I figured I'd blown it anyway. I was acting like a complete psych patient. I leaned into the car and slipped my purse to the floor. I took my seat again.

I watched as he gently closed the door, and I stared out of the window. I stared in complete silence the short distance back to my car. I got out without a word and walked swiftly to my car, which was across the street in another parking lot. I didn't want to let him see me upset.

*Fool.* I sat in my car a few minutes, trying to gather myself, wiping tears from my cheeks.

Text message: *If you are quite finished, please get out and come say goodbye like a proper lady.*

I hadn't noticed that he was parked next to me in the parking lot. I stepped out of my car, and saw him leaning casually against his car, with his arms crossed against his chest.

"Sir, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult you. I," I swallowed hard, looking at his face. There wasn't much light for me to discern his emotion. "Thank you for dinner. I didn't mean to screw everything up. Good night, sir."

"Jennifer," his voice was low, soft,



and made me freeze on the spot. “If this is going to work, you need to tell me when things upset you. I cannot help you if you clam up and run away.”

I nodded, still facing away from him.

“Turn around and look at me.”

I turned slowly, and he was right in front of me. So close that his aftershave pressed into my nostrils, and sent me reeling. I hadn’t smelled it before, and it was sending signals of want to my brain.

When his hands grasped both sides of my face, a little moan escaped my lips. As he wiped my tears away, I heard a light chuckle come from him. He pulled me in for a hug, and I let go of my tension, falling into him like a ragdoll.

“Sir, I worry I am not what you need.”

“We’ve talked about this, blue bird.”

“Yes, you said that, when you met me, you would know.”

He pulled back enough to look into my eyes, letting out a frustrated growl. “Women,” he muttered. “Take everything so literal. Little one, you need to relax, you are not being tested under some microscope. We need to see together if we are a match, if we fit together like a puzzle. Understand?”

I nodded, despite still wanting reassurance. I pulled him close again, needing to feel him against me.

Sir tugged back, bracing me with

his hands on my biceps, and his lips gently kissed mine. As the back of his hand brushed the side of my face, I bit on my lower lip. Darkness cast over us, as the moon was shrouded in a line of clouds.

I shivered, and every fiber inside of me wanted to kiss him, really kiss him. But he remained impassive. He was just watching me, and my longing was becoming an ache. Night after night, I'd dreamt of kissing him. My eyes left his, I couldn't take it anymore, and I withdrew from him. I was feeling lost. Unsure of my place, of what I should do.

"Little one," his voice spoke so low, I could just barely hear him. "Perhaps you aren't ready," he said to

my back, and my stomach lurched.

My breath stopped, and the tears rolled down my cheeks again. I nodded, and wiped them away. I walked past him and toward my car. I sat in the seat, waiting for him to pull away first. When he just stood there, I drove away with my pedal to the floor.

Anger bubbled inside of me, or perhaps it was hurt. Maybe it was my self-doubt creeping back in. The doubt that I would ever find out who I really was; so far I was merely feeling like a freak — and not in a good way. I was bawling as I drove. Wondering what I could have done differently.

The drive was a good twenty minutes, and didn't do much to calm my

nerves. I was speeding, which was unlike me. I didn't feel like going home, so I drove to a place that held memories for me. It was a private beach. I drove down the small, rough terrain to the tiny, sandy parking lot. I walked out to the large boulders that sat in front of the pond, and leaned against them.

I saw lights coming down after me, and my heart trembled a little. I didn't have a permit for this beach. Hell, I had moved away from this neighborhood years ago. But I realized it was Sir, and I scooted a little further into the shadows. I no doubt looked like a hot mess, and keeping my temper under control would be harder now that the floodgates had spilled out.

The sound of his door opening made my heart race. Why did I feel like this was hide and seek? A moment later it closed. I peered out but I didn't see him.

"Blue bird," he startled me, and I literally jumped and yelped. He laughed. "Listen, I have all night for you, but you can't keep running away."

I noticed he didn't have shoes on, and wondered if he was chilly. In his arm he had draped a blanket.

"Sir," I looked up at him, and my heart danced, as he said he had all night for me. *Why was I over-reacting so much?*

"Why are you hiding in here? When you saw me come up, I-"

“I want to be pretty for you. Always,” I admitted.

He chuckled. “Sweet, little blue bird. You’re beauty isn’t from your make up.” He wiped my face. His hand extended to mine, and I willingly placed mine into it. “Come, let’s talk about what’s bothering you. Ok?”

“Ok.”

We sat, and all the words rushed out of me at lightning speed. “I want to be the sub you need and want. You are so patient, sometimes it drives me insane, but maybe me being so new, I need that. I am scared that the things I want to do, well, I want to know I am normal. That I am not a freak. And, and, well, back at the other beach, all I

wanted to do was kiss you. But can I do that? What are the rules? I feel so... lost.” I finally inhaled a big breath.

He was quiet, and it scared me even more.

“I’m sorry; normally, behind a computer screen, I have more of a filter. I’m nervous and-”

“Jennifer, stop. I’ve never seen you like this before. I-”

“I’m so sorry. Please...”

“Let me finish.” His tone was more of annoyance. “Now. First, if not me, you will have no trouble finding someone to honor and love you. You are beautiful, vibrant, and smart. My patience comes from learning the hard way. Normal? Now, there is no such



thing as that. Freak,” his voice deepened on the last word, and his hand curled around me. “Time will tell.” He had a mischievous smile on his lips.

I couldn’t help but blush, and laugh lightly.

“And kiss? Your place? You are allowed to be you. I will correct you if I find it necessary.” He squeezed me tightly to his side.

The wind rippled the mostly calm pond, and suddenly the blanket fell away. His hands took me hard to his body, against his chest. As his lips press against mine, my mind lost sight of where we were; who he was. As his tongue slipped between my lips, my hand clenched his head, hard, and I

moaned into his mouth.

Heat rose within my core, and I wiggled inside his arms. I straddled him. I heard him growl, and he gripped the hair at the nape of my neck. “Ohh,” I gasped. I panted, while I looked up at him. “I’m sorry. I’ve wanted to kiss you for so long. I got a little carried away.”

He smiled. “Forgiven, beautiful. You are a very good kisser. I can’t wait to see your other oral talents.” He spoke with an evil undertone, and his mouth quirked.

My eyes closed, but I couldn’t shy away, as the flush crept over me, raising my temperature even further. As he released his grip on my hair, and I shifted on his lap, I became alarmed at

the snake that was resting below me. He was rock hard, and it made me feel a little prideful. I slid back and forth.

“Should we test it out now, sir?”

His teeth gripped my earlobe. “You are the tease I knew you would be. I promised no sexual contact tonight.”

I whimpered. “I’d like to take care of you. Please, sir, let me take care of this.” I grinned, as it twitched under my bottom, as I pleaded.

“I have half a mind to spank you until you are sore, for being such a cock-tease.”

“But, sir, I really want to-” My hand slipped between my thighs.

Before I even finished, he flipped me over and turned up my dress, tugging

my panties down. His elbow pressed firmly into my back, locking me in place.

“Oh, my god!” I squealed.

*Smack!*

“Fuck!” The sting of the cold made the slap so much worse. “Sir, please.”

*Smack!*

“I don’t want to hear it. I did tell you no teasing, and I was adamant that there was going to be no sex tonight.”

His cruel hand came crashing down again, and the pain burnt my skin, as the sixth and seventh cracks came down.

“Please, sir. Please!” I cried. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to tease you. Please let me fix it. Please.”

His hand rubbed on my sore bottom, which I was sure shone like a beacon in

the dark night. Rudolph would surely be outshone by this one.

My panting and tears were echoing off the water. As I stilled, I could hear the frogs again, while I whimpered lightly on his lap.

Sir pulled me up and brought my face to his; I expected anger, but he seemed softer. His eyes appeared darker, and made my lips drip with moisture – both pairs of them.

“Come with me this weekend.”

“Sir?”

“Do you have to work?”

“No, sir. Only during the week.”

He smiled. “Would you like to come with me? It’s just a business trip, but you’d be with me.”

“Yes, sir.” I was excited at this prospect.

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After I left him and got myself home, I was in a tizzy, trying to decide what to bring. I packed an overnight bag with jeans and a dress. I showered before bed, to clean away the wetness that had seeped between my thighs. Sand had somehow made its way to my scalp, well, actually, to every crevice of my body. My face was a blackened mess, as I had thought it would be.

Tomorrow, first thing in the morning, he would be picking me up. I rolled restlessly in my bed, thinking

about what we might do at the hotel. He had specifically said I couldn't play with myself tonight. It was agonizing, since my body was so turned up. My pajamas were doing nothing but irritating my already sensitive body. My bottom reminded me of his hand on it, and I rolled on to my side.

It was 4 a.m. before my body slowly drifted into my normal, naughty dreams.

“Please, please, sir.” I whimpered. My body was on fire, and ready to burst.

“Not yet,” his breath was hot in my ear, pulsing and tickling.

I could smell his aftershave now, it tantalized me, and I wanted to lick his

skin, taste him.

“I need you, sir,” I cried.

My body was bound in black ropes that snaked around my skin in various places. And then his hand gripped my neck, as his fingers gently swept across my greedy clit. Groaning in torture and need, I writhed, staring into his eyes, deep in lust.

I was close and, as the air began to escape me, so did my words. My lips moved to say ‘please’ once more, and I woke abruptly. Panting, I found the sheet tangled around my ankle and neck, my hand was sopping wet, coated with my juices.

*Did I just come in my sleep?*

The blue glow beside me said 6:12



a.m., and I knew he would be here in less than two hours. I decided to take a shower to rinse myself, perhaps to hide the evidence. The sun was beginning its ascent, as I dried and dressed in a pair of shorts and a double layered tank top. My bra and panty set was cute, a deep purple satin, with a navy lace trim. The panties were boy short style, and had a cute detail, which was merely more lace pointing toward my pussy.

I sat in the passenger seat, and an overwhelming amount of guilt washed over me. His face was full of smiles; his eyes alight with excitement, bubbling just below the surface.

“Sir, before we go, I need to tell you something.” I swallowed back my

fear. Fear that he wouldn't want me to go. That he would punish me. At least if he punished me, I would feel better. Perhaps.

“What is it?” His voice was laced in concern.

“Last night, I-um-I think I had a wet dream. I woke up,” I looked at his face as I spoke, admitting my deed. “My hand was covered in wetness and...” my words escaped me.

His eyebrow twitched upward. “We will take care of that when we get to the hotel.”

I couldn't read his voice or face. *Was he angry? Surprised? Take care of it? Me? Spank me some more?* I wiggled in my seat — the reminder of

last night still present. We had a decent drive ahead, and my anxiety would surely grow as we went. My mind was racing again, but this time in anticipation.

We stopped at a gas station, and then a diner. It was nice to spend time with him, and the waitress seemed to flirt with him. Asked if I was his daughter — which made me laugh. I said nothing; let him do all the talking.

“Ready, little one?” he asked, as we both exited the bathrooms.

“Yes, sir, thank you for dinner. It was very good.”

His arm wrapped around me, and he tucked me close to him, as the rain began to pelt us outside. We jogged to

the car, and he held the door for me, running to the other side. The warm, summer rain was pretty nice, except for the scent of the tar that wafted up into the car.

I looked over at him, and reached up to wipe away a stray drop that had clung to his hair. A mega-watt smile spilled out of him, and it warmed my insides.

“Only another hour,” he said, and shifted into gear.

I enjoyed watching the storm roll in, lightning flashing, and the rumbles running through my body each time. Storms had always been a fascination of mine. The rainwater splashed noisily down on to the small car, and trucks

swamped us a few times, as we drove.

“I just love storms,” I sighed wistfully. The sway of the car and the sound of the rain sent me into a sleepy state.

His hand slipped over mine from the stick shift, and on to my lap. I was a little startled, and he squeezed it gently. “You’ve been awfully quiet.”

“I’m sorry. I was just enjoying the ride. I like car rides,” I smiled. “And the company,” I added, leaning back and turning slightly so I could see his profile.

“You, too, beautiful. I can’t wait until tonight.”

“What’s tonight, sir?” My heart rate spiked.

“Fun,” was his response, and he

downshifted. I hadn't realized we were so close. *Had an hour gone by already?* He took the exit off the highway, and I saw a sign for the Double Tree Hotel.

My pulse increased with the rain. *What had he planned? Of course he had plans!* I grinned to myself.

He pulled up to the overhang and came to get me from the passenger side. He walked to the trunk and retrieved his suitcase, and I eyed it as we walked in. It was the normal rolling luggage, but I bit my lip curiously anyway. I stood beside the elevators as he checked us in. I overheard that we were room 801.

"Wait here, little one," he whispered into my ear, so close that I wanted to hold him to me.

He moved the car, and came in drenched, his big arms open wide, and dripping in rainwater.

“Ohh, noo,” I giggled, as he approached me in a mock menacing way.

He smashed up against me, and leaned in for a big kiss.

“No,” I pretended to push him away, while I laughed. The drops of rain ran down my face, and his clothes painted my body with wetness.

Moist lips, twisting of tongues, and his hands clawed at my body, scratching up inside the thin fabric of my cotton shirts. His scent surrounded me, and lured my subconscious to another place. He walked me backwards into the elevator that chimed. He tasted like

coffee from breakfast at the diner, and I was getting a little frantic with need, as his body pressed against mine. The cold bar of the elevator dug uncomfortably into my back, but he grasped my ass, and lifted me up. His cock rubbed against my pussy, which ached for him so desperately.

I barely heard the chime for our floor. He released me, and my mouth was pouting and slightly swollen, and my pussy needy. I whimpered and looked up at him sadly.

“Oh, you have a long time to wait, little blue bird. I have much to still do with you.”

I followed him, as he carried our bags. He opened the door and allowed



me to walk in first. The room was like any other economy hotel room.

Sir had requested I bring a nightie that he had seen me in once before. It was a plum-colored baby doll, sheer except for the cups, with a split right below the bust line. I pulled on my matching stockings; they had bows that rested right at the front of my thighs.

“Hmmm, that would look tantalizing, but I have other plans.”

“Panties, sir?”

“No, just the nightie, little one.” His voice was low, controlled. I’d heard it before, many times, when we had spoken on Skype, but now it was in person, and my instant reaction to him was surprising. My body erupted in

goosebumps, and my breathing became shallow.

“Yes, sir,” I trembled, as I attempted to put it on in a sexy manner, but I continued to fumble.

“On the bed, I want to see you.”

Sir had asked me to shave under specific instructions a long time ago. I had a small strip of hair above my lips, and the rest was bare. He had said something about still being a woman, and yet soft and sensual against his mouth. That conversation was the first time I remember literally dripping at the thought of his lips on my sex.

I licked my lips for the hundredth time, as he stared at me. I was ready to jump him, but I knew what he was doing

— building my anticipation. Something I had told him I had wanted and needed.

My chest was heaving as I attempted to calm it, talking to myself internally. His eyes were smoldering with lust. My palms were sweating, and I rubbed them on the comforter. I clenched my pussy, as wetness trickled down toward my anus.

“Close your eyes, little one. And safe word?”

“Oh, uh.” I hadn’t thought of one. It had never crossed my mind. “Can it just be Blue Bird?”

“Sure.” I could hear his smile, and material covered my eyelids, blocking the light from them. “First, do you remember what we discussed in the

car?”

My mind zipped around. We hadn't spoken much at all in the car. I was worried; had I forgotten a key piece of information? “I'm sorry, sir, I don't remember.”

“You touched yourself last night. After I asked you not to. The one request I had.”

“Yes, sir,” the words came out shakily.

“Roll over. You said you wanted to feel a flogger, correct?”

“Yes sir,” I said, with a little more enthusiasm than I had even anticipated coming from my mouth.

He pushed my nightie up, exposing my back. “I will go gently, since it is

your first time. Don't be afraid to use your safe word, which is?"

"Blue Bird, sir," I responded quickly.

I was on my hands and knees, and suddenly listening to every movement in the room. I could hear his breath; his sleeves as he rolled them up. I could hear him open his suitcase and retrieve the flogger. *Oh God, I was so excited. Was this really happening? My first scene, with a man I trusted?*

"Oh fuck!" I screamed, as he smacked my ass. My internal thoughts had been jabbering too much. I closed my mind, and paid better attention. It was a scorching feeling as the next blow came, landing on the other cheek.

The strikes continued, and some of the tendrils danced along my back, tickling and searing, and his soothing hand came next. “I want to try one more, to your pussy. Be still, little one.”

I tensed, readied for it. It seemed as if an eternity passed. I could hear his footsteps moving. *Was he appraising his work?* Making me wait. *Why was I waiting?*

Then- *Swoosh! Smack!*

“Shit!” I was panting, but that one took my breath away.

His hand came around and rubbed my pussy; my clit was peeking out beneath its hood, ready and wanting more. My arousal was at an all time high. I couldn’t believe it. My skin

tingled, and I dashed my forehead to the comforter, moaning as his fingers pressed harder.

“Oooh, God, sir. Please, I need to come, please I can’t,” my orgasm tumbled out of me before I could finish the words. He ripped his hand away, abruptly stopping my orgasm. I groaned and fisted the comforter.

“I didn’t say you could come yet.” His words were hot in my ear.

“I’m so sorry, sir,” I whimpered.

I heard the condom, and his dick sliced into my cunt from behind. His hand gripped my throat, cradling it, and he spoke to me again, “Don’t come.”

My eyes welled up. I had disappointed him. It was our first time,

and I couldn't help it, I told myself. He didn't want excuses, but that was what I felt like saying.

He fucked me hard, and pulled his length all the way out at times, only to jab it back into me. The sensation was phenomenal, but I knew I wouldn't come in this position. Doggie-style never allowed me to come. He rode my pussy hard, just like I enjoyed, and I jutted my ass back further into him, tightening my pelvic muscles for him, as he thrust in each time.

“Oh, fuck, girl. Fuck, fuck fuck!”

I could feel his dick tightening, his head flaring; he could barely make it inside my tight tissues now.

“I'm coming, oh fuck! I'm gonna



come!” he yelled into my ear.

“Thank you, sir,” was all I could think to say, and, with a final thrust, he let go, and a long growl forced its way out of his mouth. His teeth clenched down on my shoulder as he did so.

He pulled out and discarded the condom. He pulled back the covers and climbed into the bed, tugging me to come with him.

Immediately, I felt this void. Not only from the loss of him being inside me, but I wasn't sated, and he was. I wanted to talk about it, but his breathing was already slow and controlled. My clit throbbed, and I let out a long sigh. I only hoped I'd behave in my sleep this time.

\*\*\*\*\*

I awoke later, to hear the shower, and see the light streaming from the bathroom. I crept to the door. I wanted to see him naked. Okay, and I wanted to ask him, why?

It was a shower curtain with geometric designs that you could barely see through, but you could see the person. I walked over, dropping my gown to the floor. I pulled the curtain back to find him leaning against the wall, tugging at his manhood.

“Sir?”

He smiled. “Morning, little blue bird.”

“May I?” My eyes drifted to his dick.

His hand extended to me, helping me into the tub. I squatted before him, and his cock gave me a little wave. My hands rested on his thighs as my lips took the tip inside, like a kiss.

“Yes, beautiful,” he groaned.

Not the best way to ask a question, with your mouth full of cock, but I had to admit, it was beautiful. It was perfect. I’d never seen anything like it before. It was bright pink at the tip and what remained of his cock was almost translucent, his skin was so fair. I could see the green and purple veins; my tongue followed the ridges all the way back to his sac. I took one ball inside my

mouth, moaning as I sucked on it. His hand stroked my head as I switched to the other side. I was getting into it. As I lapped my way back up to the tip, salty pre-come met my tongue.

My tongue darted out and into the hole, wishing to taste more of him. My hand gripped his shaft, and I began my dance with his dick, slightly twisting the silky sleeve of skin over the hardened rod, as I bobbed my head back and forth, consuming over half of his cock. My tongue glided up and down the back, curled in a suction cup. Hmm, I loved giving head.

His fist pounded on the wall, and it startled me; I pulled back. He pushed me back toward his dick. "I'm close, don't

stop,” he said, his breath ragged.

I hadn't noticed he was so close. I moved my other hand to his balls, and I tugged gently while I continued my oral motions.

“Ffff-uck! Yes, girl. I'm coming!”

His dick became ridged, and it jolted slightly, before his come spurted out into my mouth. I waited and lapped at the sensitive spot below the head, to trigger more, while I pulled on his scrotum.

“Ahhh, God dammit!” he wailed, and put both hands on the shower wall.

I made sure to clean him up, and looked up at him, full of pride.

“Good girl, little one.” He clutched his chest as he attempted to catch his

breath.

Those words made me melt. I stood up in front of him and kissed him gently on the lips; he pulled me against his body. His chest was rising and falling, pressing into my breasts.

His lips caressed mine, then moved down my neck in gentle, and then harsher nibbles. Every hair on my body reacted, and my nipples stood up, demanding attention. My hands held onto his shoulders for support, as my knees grew weak. I moaned, as his lips and tongue met that spot on my neck.

He yanked my head harder by gripping my hair, and the force caught my breath. My eyes opened, and I watched his passion being poured over

me, his eyes were closed as he devoured my flesh. He turned off the shower, and we stumbled out of the tub together. He sat me on the sink, my wet locks pressed against the steamed up mirror, and his bites moved down my breasts to my nipples.

“Oh!” I cried out as he clamped down hard on one, and repeated the delicious torture on the other.

His hand was moving at a rhythm all of its own, thrusting fingers, and rolling my sensitive button.

“Mmm, mmm,” I moaned, rocking my head back and forth.

When his lips touched my pussy, the heat immediately jumped ten degrees, and I was almost uncomfortable with

need.

My hand took the back of his head, as his tongue snaked inside me. His hands kneaded my breasts, and slid back down, following my curves.

“Sir, that feels so good,” I groaned. I wanted him, though. I wished I could feel him inside me again.

As his lips sucked on my clit, I had that all too familiar feeling, and his fingers pulsed once more inside me. I was losing consciousness of where I was, spreading my legs further, and pulling his head harder. I needed more of him. I couldn't get enough.

“Oh, please, sir. Please, fuck me!” I screamed in delirium.

The heat from him disappeared for



a moment, and I was sad, scared. *Where did he go? What had I done wrong now?* But he returned, sheathed and ready to plunge into me.

“Oh, thank God,” I said breathlessly.

He chuckled a little; slowly he slid in, adjusting me on the sink, aligning me to his dick. Each thrust sent me further into a manic need to come. Perhaps I was screaming, because his hand covered my mouth. For a brief moment, I was frightened. I was panting so hard it blocked my need to breathe, but then his voice was in my ear.

“Come for me, blue bird.”

My head fell back, slamming against the mirror as the orgasm shook

my entire body ruthlessly. “Oh, fuck,” I whispered as he released my mouth. My pussy convulsed for a few minutes afterwards, and I didn’t even remember him carrying me back to bed.

My eyes fluttered open to him kissing me on the forehead.

“See you later. Dinner, little one.”

“Yes, sir,” I managed to say groggily.

I slept for most of the day. He was a contractor, and said he had to travel a lot for work. I woke, and swore at myself for sleeping so long. I ran into the bathroom and took a quick shower. I applied my make up and put my dress on. I dried my hair and, as I was putting in my earrings, he waltzed in the door.

“Hi, sir!” I said excitedly.

He looked grumpy. Not like I normally saw him, and all I wanted to do was change that.

“Sorry, I have to work. No dinner tonight,” he grumbled. He sat and pulled his laptop out.

“We can order some room service.”

I knelt beside him and began to untie his leather shoes, pulling them off. I moved up to sit on his lap, but he gave me an uninviting look. I loosened his tie and pulled it over his head.

“Let me get this off you.” I tugged at his jacket. As sexy as it was on him, I knew he had just endured a long day.

I perused the menu, trying to find something. I’d only eaten two meals with

the man — a burger for dinner and breakfast at the diner. Nothing looked appetizing. “Sir, would you like me to take your car and get us something from a nearby place?” I glanced over at him.

“No one drives my car. Besides, can you even drive a stick shift?” His eyes looked around his laptop.

I shook my head, no. Defeated, I re-read the menu. I sat on the bed and flopped down on my stomach. I let out a sigh, and turned on the TV.

“Turn that off, it’s distracting,” he scolded.

I sat there in silence, and, with nothing better to do, I lay there, staring at him. Dropping my head, I took a deep breath. Picking up my iPhone, I decided

perhaps take out was the way to go. I ordered a pizza. Hamburger seemed like a good bet, and some cola. The phone rang, and he gave me a quizzical look.

“Hello? Yes, I’ll be right down.” I fished through my purse for some money.

“Here,” he said watching me. He held out a card.

“Sir, I can’t sign for you.” I looked at his card. “It’s just...” his look said not to argue. I grabbed my purse and his card. I couldn’t put a delivery on a card, but he seemed irritated as it was.

The deliveryman confirmed. I fumbled with the tip, paying it in coins. He didn’t seem to care, eyeing my up and down.

“Thanks,” I said sweetly, and went

to the elevator.

I returned to the room and ate in silence. He never looked up or ate with me. I felt alone in the room with him. I rolled over, my back to him, unable to sleep.

Sir came to bed a few hours later; I had no idea of the time, but I doubt I had been really sleeping. His fingers trailed along the thin lace of the panties at my hip, toying with it, back and forth. It was as if he was doing it mindlessly, while thinking.

I was quiet, as he began to pull my panties down; he whispered in my ear, "I need to be inside you."

He rolled back, and I heard the condom wrapper tear. Letting out a sigh,

he glided into my pussy, and a groan followed when he slid to the hilt. His left hand gripped my hip as he pushed into my soft tissue, encasing his cock.

“Damn, little one. Your pussy feels divine.” His soft, hot words hit my neck.

I held the bedcovers as my legs split wider and wetness seeped between them. The scent of my arousal urged me to push my ass further into his stomach, bracing for his thrusts. The gentle push and pull of his dick sliding in and out of my tender flesh caused small, throaty moans to escape from my lips.

Something happened to me, as he took me. An overwhelming, beaming pride surged through me — grateful that I was there for him, to soothe him, and

help ease his stress.

He stopped moving, and growled in my ear, holding my breasts firmly, as his hot come released inside the condom within me. “Thank you, beautiful.” His kissed the back of my head, rubbing his nose into my hair as he steadied his breath.

Smiles filled my heart and face. They stayed with me, while I fell asleep.

As I slept, an erotic fantasy took hold of me. Sir had taken me to that same diner, but he bared my ass over the side of the acrylic table flecked with glitter and encircled with chrome. His hand cast across my flesh, sending stinging vibrations and sensations. A warm up



perhaps, they were barely hurting. He hit the spot between my thighs, and my feet danced along the floor.

The room was alight with faces and cheers, as he continued to punish my sweet spot. Whistles of glee and excitement urged my own wetness and need.

“Please, sir,” I whimpered.

Sir’s thick, calloused fingers plunged into my cunt and slid into my anus. Spreading my hole, I was embarrassed that everyone could see me, smell me. Hiding my head in shame, the heat filled my face, and my ears were burning aflame in red. The pleasure seared through me, as my juices gushed out of me. His fingers were rubbing the

walls between my vagina and rectum - I could hardly stay still.

“Please,” I moaned. “Please!” My desperate cries seemed to urge all of those around us. I was the meal being offered at the moment, and my heart was beating faster than I thought the little muscle was able to do.

A finger punished my G-spot so sweetly, singing my favorite song. I rocked my hips in rhythm with it. I jumped, as contact was made with my erect clit, circling on the end of the sensitive nerves. I wanted to pull my hair out, it was all too much. But I realized my hands were bound behind my back, and the more I struggled, the more excited everyone became.

Panting and writhing I cried,  
“Please, sir. Please may I come?”

“Come, little blue bird,” his deep voice spoke into my ear, alerting me to the fact that my wet dream was a half-waking illusion of truth.

My body clenched and shut down — my eyes squeezed shut, my pussy tightened over his fingers, and my anus contracted.

“Oh, fuck!” I cried, as his hands never stopped their movements, coating my body with the most divine sensations. The orgasm pulsed, wave after wave of convulsive come, coating his hand and my thighs.

“Thank you,” I whispered.

In the morning his arm surrounded me in warmth. I had a belonging and security I hadn't felt before. Understanding that I was there for him last night, even if it wasn't on my terms — perhaps that was what I needed to learn. It wasn't my terms. It would be on his terms. And knowing that he would make sure I was sated, made me hopeful all the more that our puzzle would have a finishing piece, a face.

“Sir?” I asked quietly.

“Yes, my little blue bird,” he said, nuzzling in my neck.

The sensation was sublime and I reveled in it. “Could I be your ‘little one’? I mean, I know it's only been a couple of days, physically at least, but-”

“Blue bird, I have known since last week. Stop worrying your pretty little head, and straddle my dick.”

I flushed instantly. “Yes, sir.” I rolled toward him.

He plucked a condom off the nightstand. “I wanted you to be sure. You know all my quirks and what *I* like, from our conversations, and I trust yours were truthful.”

I nodded.

“Then, yes, you will be my ‘little one’, blue bird.” He clasped my arms and yanked me close to him. “Now, I want to fuck that tight hole I worked on earlier. Slide it over my dick once you lube it up.”

I nodded, nervous that he wouldn’t

be able to fit, but did as he asked.

Once I'd pressed me slick and juicy cunt over him he tossed me on the bed, face first. My pulse pounded again. I was excited, and flutters filled my belly. His hands were rough on my cheeks as he spread them painfully wide, as if to inspect me.

*Slap!*

"Oh!" My head came up from the bed with a jolt.

His hand pushed me down hard, and I grinned. His dick sliced into my dripping cunt. I moaned at the force. He was using me, and I was loving every moment. His dick slowly circled my primed asshole, then pushed into the tight ring.

My body responded with more of my come releasing from my pussy. He mopped it up and back toward my anus. The further he pushed, the deeper, and louder, his moans became — or where those mine?

I panted and tore at the bed sheet. “Fuck me, sir. Fuck my ass!” I yelled.

*Smack!*

“Quiet, my little slut. Quiet.” The last word was strained. “Ahhh shit.” He thrust deeply, and stilled a moment, before continuing his punishment on my ass.

His dick engorged and filled my cavity even further, before a molten hot river of come filled me up. I could feel the burning heat of his seed, despite the

condom.

“Yesss,” he hissed, and fell onto my body that was, once again, wound up.

I had a feeling we would be playing this dance of arousal and being sated over and over again, like a Ferris Wheel that I would never want to get off.

The End

## **About this Author**

Suzy Ayers is a Bestselling Author of "Sara's Awakening" in Fantasy (Metaphysical/Visionary). She has multiple Erotica titles that have also



been in the Amazon Bestseller lists within the free categories.

Her main focus is Romance, which crosses many genres including: Erotica, Fantasy and coming soon Paranormal. Her short stories and books twist into happily-for-now or happily-ever-after's.

Suzy attempts to write in a manner that pulls you into the erotic event and paints an explicit scene of lust and passion. Her purpose of expressing it in this manner is that she believes that sex and love are intertwined and are healthy expressions of the human heart. Her writing depicts true to life characters with flaws and showcases that the world is sometimes sad; people are not one dimensional shells. We somehow

become stronger and this to her is beautiful.

## **Author Links**

[Website](#)

(which has free reads and excerpts)

[Goodreads](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Facebook](#)

## **Private Lessons**

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It looked big and wicked, so I bought one in every color.

Not that a girl needs three vibrators, but you never know when they might come in handy while house-sitting a mansion on the island of Kauai. And while my business partner, Keisha, visited family back east, I was planning a reunion of my own.

A private show.

The guest of honor? Cornelius Jones, CEO and founder of Vault—a sex-toy, lifestyle, love and fantasy accessories company. He had just sold his business for a ton of money, *after* he'd become a multi-millionaire. At thirty-five, only six years older than I, he

was officially retired.

The catering and party-planning service Keisha and I co-owned—Island Eats—provided pineapple fruit baskets, frosty sorbet punch, and croissant wreaths stuffed with chopped vegetables and feta cheese for the monthly sales orientation of Vault’s consultants. Cornelius had helped us network and grow our business into a success.

This is how I came to know Keisha’s hot, blue-eyed cousin, a hunky man-God complete with exotic dreadlocks and muscles so sharply razored they could slice paper. It was also 100 percent business between us. But in my dreams, I had fantasized about his milk-and-cocoa skin rubbing against

the whipped cream lightness of mine.

If luck was on my side, and if I didn't run out of guts by the time his plane landed on Kauai tomorrow afternoon, then maybe my dreams might come true.

I looked at my arsenal of playthings spread out on the display table and smiled a dastardly smile. Nipple clamps, check, handcuffs, check, the Tornado, the Thruster, the Twister, mm-hmmm, the willow-the-whip and an assortment of other goodies weighed the table down nicely.

I imagined the familiar tease of his blue eyes sparkling at me. My abs quivered, knowing his gaze would soon hook and sink with lazy amusement on

my pinkening face. While I'm no shrinking pansy—I'm five-feet ten—I always blush when he gives me the Eye. The look is a cross between a God-I'd-love-to-bang-you-so-hard look, and a Damn-I'm-afraid-to-ask look. It felt intoxicating to have a man look at you with hunger, and dread.

My nerves waffled, but my nipples tightened into grim little knobby knobs. They reminded me of what I really, really want: Cornelius' tongue twirling around them...Cornelius' tongue glazing the bead between my legs to a honeyed bulge, Cornelius' hands squeezing my ass, his supple fingers gently exploring the opening of my—well...you get the idea.

I arranged candles in their rustic bamboo holders. My hands shook at the thought of touching his silky sable dreadlocks whose narrow lengths brushed the tops of his shoulders. I imagined my fingers tracing the tribal sleeve tattooed on his thick, powerful arm.

What if he laughs in my face? *Then I'll shut him up with a kiss.* What if he brushes me off? I continued to fret because the last time I saw him, I told him he was a walking STD dispenser.

*So I made a little mistake!*

When a man says he'd like to ask you out *against* his better judgment, what's a girl to think? That he's doing you a favor or something? Plus I'd seen

him with lots of beautiful women over the years. What did he want with me? “Have I done something to piss you off, Nerissa? Because, *against my better judgment*, I’d love to ask you out sometime.”

His exact words. That was three months ago. Surely he’d forgotten my reply by now. “*Ah, no. I’m not in the market for a venereal disease.*”

He didn’t find that funny. I had only been in love with the handsome beast for years, so when he tossed his offer out there so casually, I came back with some glib remark...and hurt someone I cared deeply for.

“Nice, Nerissa. Neither am I. And thanks to you, my cock just shrank into



my testicles. Don't worry, I won't ask again."

I was used to his forward way of speaking. He sold sexual fantasy, and vibrators and butt plugs and nipple clamps and sex games and sexy-time fun, for a living. But...I noticed when he was presenting and training, he was a total pro. Yet when he was around Keisha and myself he showed glimpses of a warm, kind, dirty-talking, flirty-mouthed self.

Most of all, Cornelius was nice. He smelled nice, too. He captured the scent of Elusive Male—a dazzling man-fragrance bursting with pin-prickles of panty-wetting notes. L.O.L.

*He'll be lol'ing on your ass when*

*he smacks you down, Nerissa. Laugh now. Cry later.*

I picked up a vibrator. My gaze roamed its eight-inch length. I fondled it, caressed it, touched its cloak, made of the softest silicone and lightly threaded with simulated veins, such as a real cock would possess.

While the burnt-orange color doesn't exactly make me want to rip my panties off at the moment, I know whose penis was used to create the mold for this. It's supposed to be a company secret... Behold! I hold in my hand Whispering Cock!

With a flick of my thumb, I turned it on and a low, strong hum surged through its length. It had a built in warmer, too.

Had I tried it? No. Because if what I have in mind fails, this Bad Boy will be my consolation prize.

Whispering Cock somehow managed to drown out the other noise. I didn't hear it until it was too late.

It wasn't the wind blowing through the coffee orchard. Kauai's famous rain wasn't dripping down the ropy branches of the banyan tree out front in the circular driveway. Rain wouldn't make the sinister "click" of the garden room's door-latch being pushed down, and the sound of the interior glass door being thrown open behind my back.

My heart thumped. No! Nothing and *no one* was going to keep me from tomorrow—from my plans. From

Cornelius!

I grabbed the nearest weapon, a tea-light lamp, swung around and threw it at the figure that stepped inside the room. My missile hit a carry-on travel bag, quickly raised to protect the intruder's face.

“Don't come any closer!” I grabbed my next weapon of choice—my cell phone.

My fingers struggled with the password to unlock my screen.

“What the hell, Nerissa, it's me!” Cornelius peered at me from beneath his bag. His funky blue eyes, with its halo of gold speckles around the irises, gleamed bright and impatient and pierced me from across the room.

My shoulders slumped. Tears pricked my vision. “You scared me!”

“I knocked!” He lowered the bag.

I leaned back against the display table, vexed.

I pictured myself meeting him at the door wearing my short black dress and tall black heels—spiky, sexy back-scratchers—while greeting him with a delighted smile and a kiss of apology for what I said to him.

Instead, I’m wearing a pair of raggedy denim shorts and a T-shirt from Keisha’s closet that says: *Martini time, bitchezzz!*

“For fuck’s sake, baby, put down your weapons.”

I looked at the cell phone I held in

one hand, then at the vibrator I'm still clutching in the other. It's happily humming away.

“Are you done trying to take out my eye? Can I hug you now, Nerissa?”

“Yes!” I turned off the vibrator and dropped both items on the table. Tubes of lube tipped over. When I tried to right them, Cornelius took me in his arms.

I breathed in his wonderful maleness. He smelled pure as an island rainforest...like rain-drenched wood and misty waterfalls.

My nipples pointed, mashed and mingled about the bulked-up wall of his chest. I squirmed and rubbed against his pecs.

“What were you planning to do with

that toy, honey?" he whispered against my lips. "Cock me to death?"

I shook my head.

"And...was I interrupting something important?"

"Of course not!"

He chuckled and rained kisses on my cheek, my forehead—and cradled me against him while stroking my skin. His lips, relaxed and not tight and annoyed like the last time I insulted him, were curled up in a sensual smile. I peered up at him, happy, but surprised.

"This isn't a just-friends hello hug, is it, Mr. Jones?"

He bumped his Titanic erection into my stomach. "Does this feel platonic?"

"I guess this means you forgive my

nastiness the last time we saw each other, then?”

“Are you wanting forgiveness?”

“I just want you.”

“Neriss...” His hands squeezed my shoulders and he hauled in a shaky breath. “I’ve wanted you since the day you and Keisha graduated college, but I was ambitious, building my business and my fortune. You were so young...and I wasn’t going to make you a casualty of my dreams. But...” his eyes twinkled, “the day you went into business with Keisha, I knew I’d always have a reason to be around you.”

“I said something awful to you the last time we all went to lunch together, out of self-defense and immaturity. I just



don't want to get hurt."

"I could still hurt you, baby-girl," he gravely assured me.

I raised my chin. "I could hurt you, too, Cornelius," I warned, letting him know—*I have power, too.*

"Yes. You could kill a man if you ever hit your mark." He picked up the lamp and set it on the table, then looked closely at everything else I'd laid out. "What the hell...?"

"I wanted to see you. Alone." My face warmed up as the words settled intimately in the air between us. It still didn't clear up the confused frown on his face. "I have questions about all this... stuff."

He lifted an eyebrow. "So, you two

little tricksters got me here. Keisha said she needed someone to house-sit, but here you are. Not quite sure how I'm supposed to help you, Nerissa...?"

"You can't," I said glumly. "You screwed up my seduction. You weren't supposed to show up until tomorrow. I had a sexy dress laid out. I was prepared to cook your favorite Chinese dishes—crispy lemon chicken and ginger pork pot-stickers. I also spent the last three months buying out half of Vault's catalog."

I paused for a breath. "I want private lessons, Cornelius. I want your help breaking all this—" I waved a hand at the toys, the tubes of lube, the rainbow assortment of condoms, "in."

Cornelius' brows crept up into his forehead as I spoke. He shook his head.

My heart sank into my stomach. Had I just made a complete fool of myself?

"I can't allow that." He tilted my face back up so my gaze was forced to meet his eyes.

I gulped. "No private lessons?" No seduction? No *love*?

"I can't let you *cook*." Then he lowered his lips to mine. "We'll order take-out...because your lesson begins *now*."

I curled my arms around his neck. His lips swept over mine. He dappled them with kisses, licked across my lower lip and kissed the corners of my mouth with tenderness and affection. The

drift of his breath smelled like cinnamon and warmed the moisture left behind by his savoring tongue.

Excitement buzzed down my neck, my back. He kissed a spot under my earlobe.

“Yummm.” He grazed the pulse under my skin with his soft mouth.

“Fuuuck...” I sighed, squirming beneath his roaming palms with hot pleasure.

His laugh, his breath stroking the inside of my ear, sent a jolt of exquisite feeling to that pink knot of flesh all a-quiver between my thighs. One hand swept up under my shirt, while his other hand splayed on my spine.

“Oooh, yesss.” I bit my lip. He

cupped my braless breast. I heard him hiss in a breath as he fondled its tip with his fingers, one hand embracing my back while he massaged my breast with his other hand.

Clenching the fabric of my shirt, I yanked it up over my head and shook out my hair as I dropped the shirt on the arm of an oversized couch.

Cornelius checked me out with those startling blue eyes. My nipples tingled with sweet anticipation as he held out his hand to me. “Damn, baby. Your body is slammin’!”

I laughed. He took my hand and twirled me around, only to pull me close and kiss me deeply. His lips moved down my neck. His hands stroked my

cheeks, my neck. Then he cupped my naked breasts and pushed them together, sucking on my nipples and the dark, rosy halo surrounding them. One by one he laved those budding tips with his tongue, dampened them and pulled them between his lips as his hands fed the warmth and roundness of my breasts into his mouth.

“Mmmm.” I reached behind me. My ass bumped the curve of the couch’s upholstered arm, a welcome relief to sink into as I could hardly hold myself up while his tongue swam around my breasts.

I savored the cooling sensation of my shorts being removed. Followed by my panties.

Cornelius stood up between the

naked, quivering V of my thighs. Our gazes locked. He reached out and slid a finger between my lady lips and began undoing the buttons of his gray silk shirt with his other hand.

I squeaked with excitement. My hips swiveled in a wild duet with his fluttering fingertips.

“Lesson number one, my little livewire...” He slid his fingers easily around my sopping wet honey-bud. I moaned, my control slipping from the intense tickle of sexual bliss his fingers were rubbing and teasing out of me. “Toys should enhance sensations, not replace the real thing. You are going to get the real thing *first*.”

“But...” I closed my eyes and took

a large gulp of air, "...a woman might need to use them if her man isn't around."

"You'd have to tough it out if you were my woman. Just as I'd do without if I was away from you. Because you see..." he slid a finger into my dripping wet core and circled it around its tight, juicy walls. "I don't fuck around."

His thumb lightly brushed the delicate membrane hooding my clitoris as he delivered this good news to me. "Occasional use is fine, but reliance on a vibrator," he casually continued, "can toughen a woman's pleasure tolerance, until only a jackhammer can make her come. I can't let that happen to you."

"Ahhh!" My hips swiveled. My



clitoris fluttered against his mobile fingers as he slid them up and down, smearing my dew around my pouty nether lips. Somehow, that wasn't anything I ever expected to hear from this sex-toy magnate, but I appreciated his concern. "I'm so—oooh, that feels so good, Cornelius," I squeaked. "I'm happy to know you're thinking of me!"

"Have you played with your toys yet, Nerissa?"

I nodded.

"Which one?"

"The nipple clamps."

He chuckled, and the fond look he gave me made me cream all over his fingers.

"Clover? Or tweezer?"

“T-T-Tweezer.”

“I bet those clamps look so pretty on your gorgeous nipples. Did you like them?”

“I’d like your tongue and lips much better.”

He reached out and flicked one of my nipples with his finger, bent and licked them both again, suckled them again. Bit lightly on them.

“Show me what you did.”

He presented me with the tweezer-style clamps, attached to each other by a shiny, pinkish-gold chain.

With nervous fingers, I struggled to secure one nipple between the rubber tips while he tweaked my other nipple into coming out to play.

The fingers of his other hand fondled inside and around my silky, sodden sex vault while my body writhed non-stop like a snake. “I-I can’t think,” I panted out helplessly.

He coaxed my nipple with his thumb and forefinger into ruby-red arousal and I focused long enough to secure it between the clamps—and set the tension to an intoxicating pinch. The combination of Cornelius’s fingers pumping inside my sheath and my nipples in the grip of those clamps felt amayyy-zing. My senses were bombarded. Conflicted, enticed and aroused between pain and pleasure.

I gazed into his eyes. His lips were parted, cheeks streaked with lust. The

light chain that linked the clamps together added a delicious stimulus of weight on my nipples.

I didn't ask questions when Cornelius lifted the chain up to my parted, panting lips...then eased it between my teeth.

The pull inflicted a twist upon on my nipples. The pressure and sensation placed on them as my head tilted back, the chain between my teeth tugging up on my breasts, made me whimper.

My hips danced. My mind spun... and when he flicked his thumb softly, over and across and around the aching swell of my clit while his talented fingers dove in and out of my tight little box, I blew.

“Hmmm...yessss...” Breath panted out of my body as I creamed yet *again* all over his fingers. I shuddered. I inked. Well, maybe I didn’t *ink-ink*, but if I could ink like a squirming octopus, then by God that’s what I did.

And it felt so good!

I fell back against the arm of the couch. Sensation quaked throughout my body.

The chain slipped from my lips. If I was drooling, Cornelius didn’t notice as he tugged the clamps off, and bent and soothed my tormented nipples by sucking gently on them, one by one, oblivious to my noisy bundle of come-sounds that moaned, sighed and cooed from my chest.

He kissed my mouth, and eased his fingers out from the stubborn suction of my pulsing vulva.

“Nice warm-up, Nerissa,” he praised, straightening as he smiled down at me splayed across the end of the couch with my thighs open. He tugged his shirt out of his trousers—trousers that chuted up with his powerful erection.

I blushed up at him—wet, satisfied and limp all over. He held out his hand. I took it and let him drag me up against his hard body.

He kissed my neck and wrapped his hands around my waist. Well, maybe his fingers didn't quite make it all around my waist, I do like my desserts and I'm

not shy about it, either! “I’m very proud of you, sweetheart.”

“Am I making the grade so far?” I purred. I reached behind my back and my fingers closed over a jumbo-sized tube of lube and a vibrating butt plug with his name on it.

Cornelius laughed, kissed me and smiled into my eyes. “You’re a pleasure to have in class, Miss *All That*. A pleasure to have in class...”

The End

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# **Room Service**

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Edited by Jon Gifford at Wildheart  
Erotica

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Dedicated to Mr Brandon – for keeping  
me safe on the merry-go-round.



The last words of our argument ring in my ears. This weekend was supposed to have been *our* time together ...and yet it has dissolved into the usual bitter disaster. Booked into the exclusive *Harringtons* resort, I'd had high hopes. Then I caught you at the bar after lunch, cocktail in hand, drooling over the leggy blonde from the hotel spa. The dull predictability had not dampened my anger and I had confronted you back in our suite; my accusations leading to a huge row. Tears and insults flowed, before you had finally left me to stew. Not before you'd told me how you intended to pick up with your new blonde friend in the meantime...

And so here I am. Eyes swollen

from the frustrated tears I've cried, I am utterly fed up with the state of our marriage. Staring at myself in the elaborate vanity mirror, I am starting to understand why you look elsewhere. Is that really my reflection? How did I become this disheveled mess? My dark hair is a matted net, clinging to my hot face and I am still in my dressing robe from bathing after lunch.

The knock at the door takes me by surprise and I jump to answer it. My heart skips excitedly, hoping that you've come back, bouquet in hand, for ravenous make-up sex. I am half startled and half irritated, when I open the weighted door, to find one of the hotel butlers standing there.

“Mrs. Sykes?” he enquires in a deep, husky accent from some place I can’t quite put my finger on. His face says that he is clearly bemused to find me in a state of undress.

Embarrassed, I move the top of my silk robe to cover my exposed breasts.

“Yes,” I mutter self-consciously, “can I help you?”

As soon as the words leave my lips I notice how strikingly attractive he is and I regret my dismissive tone. He is young, probably no older than thirty, tall and dark haired. His face is masculine, but has soft, round features and that one day old stubble that I love to run my fingers through.

He smiles, acknowledging my

appraisal of his good looks.

“Apologies for the interruption madam,” he starts casually, “but I have a delivery for your room – champagne for two – with our compliments.”

He moves sideways to reveal a small trolley to his right. It is loaded with petit fours next to a huge ice bucket containing the very expensive looking champagne. My subconscious laughs at the irony. *You* must have pre-ordered this as a treat before the bust up... Well, it does seem a shame to waste it now...

“Thank you,” I reply as demurely as possible. “Would you mind bringing it inside for me?”

The question sounds like a flirty proposition, which of course it is meant

to be. Inwardly I chastise myself for the exposure to yet more humiliation... *Look at him Sara... why on earth would he be interested in you?* As though he is reading my mind, he smiles again. It is a warm, sincere smile, with just a hint of sin.

“Of course, madam. I’d be happy to do that.”

I move back inside the room, allowing him just enough space to squeeze his alluring body past me. As he passes I smell a delicious scent coming from him. It’s some sensual mix of leather and spice that makes me feel hot and heady. I close the door and take a second to collect myself. This latest row must have hit me badly if I am flirting

with the first man I see...? But then, turning to see look at him, it's obvious why I'm so affected.

He is busy removing items from the silver trolley and arranging them onto the glass coffee table in the lounge portion of the suite. As he works he bends salaciously over the table, exposing his gorgeous backside to me. It looks delicious in his tight, black uniform. My breath hitches and I realize suddenly just how much I want this man to take my mind off my marital issues... I have no idea who he is and yet he is so tempting...

He turns to face me, having finished the task at hand. He holds the bottle of champagne out towards me expectantly.

“Shall I pour for you madam?” he asks.

It is an appropriate question and yet he makes it sound like a scorching proposal...

“Mmmm, please,” is all I manage in reply.

I watch him filling the crystal flutes one at a time. He is meticulous and seems to deliberately take a long time to complete the job. The room is silent – except, it seems, for the sounds of my excited breathing.

“Is there anything else I can do to help you enjoy your stay?” he probes, raising one dark eyebrow ever so slightly.

His accent is gorgeous, soft and

brooding and the words seem to goad me. It seems such a deliberately loaded thing to ask... *Is he flirting with me? Surely I'm just imagining it?* I move fractionally forward and take a deep breath.

“Actually, I know this is an unusual request, but...” I hesitate, suddenly unsure.

He takes a step towards me and gently places one of his slender fingers under my chin, raising my face to look directly at him. I blush – embarrassed by the unexpected contact – but also from the electricity that shoots through me at his touch.

“Go on...” he coaxes, “ask away. I’m your butler, Mrs. Sykes; it’s my job



to make sure you're fully satisfied during your stay at Harringtons."

Bolstered by the physical contact, I swallow the last fragments of my pride and finish my sentence.

"I was wondering if you'd share the bubbly with me. I know my husband won't be back for a long time and I'd really appreciate the company..."

My voice hangs in the air as he silently assesses my face. Then he closes the remaining distance between us and uses the same, soft finger to trace an invisible line down my jaw, to my lips. The act is so intimate that it takes my breath away and instinctively I close my eyes.

"Well, my shift ends in a few

minutes,” I hear him say, “so I’d be very happy to join you. Thanks for the invitation.”

My eyes fly open and I gape at him in disbelief.

“As I am still on duty at this moment, is there anything else I can do for you?” he continues.

Images of him kissing me, disrobing me and fondling my entire body fill my mind... I push them away, although I know my face has coloured at the thought.

“I have a few suggestions...” I murmur quietly, staring into his smoldering blue eyes. “But I am not sure they fall into a butler’s remit.”

“Perhaps you’d be surprised at the

lengths I'm prepared to go to in order to keep you happy, madam," he replied, winking at me.

This time my blush engulfs me and I feel the heat rising to my face. He brushes that finger across my lips for a few further seconds and then reaches down to kiss them. The kiss is hard and intense, taking no prisoners. His tongue sweeps across my lips, brushing past my teeth. I gladly receive him, opening up and moaning into his mouth. I feel myself getting damp at the prospect of those lips elsewhere on my body.

"Mmmm, Mrs. Sykes, you do taste good," he declares, nibbling my lower lip.

I can't help smiling to myself as he

steps back, checking his watch and then obviously satisfied with the time, hands me a champagne-filled flute.

“Shall we?” he asks, gesturing to the chaise-longue in the corner of the room.

I nod, taking a mouthful of the bubbles. I feel a little giddy and am not sure if it’s the alcohol or the lust pulsing through me. I skip over and seat myself beside him. Boldly I raise my glass and propose an impromptu toast:

“Here’s to a satisfying evening then?”

He flashes me a wicked grin and gently clinks my glass in agreement.

“My sentiments exactly,” he concurs. “It’s not my place to say so, of

course, but it's really not right that such a beautiful woman should be on her own in this wonderful suite."

I appraise him again, not really able to believe my luck. Why would such a hot, young guy be interested in me? I am sure he can have his pick of women his own age for casual sex...? It occurs to me that that's what I hope this is: impeccable, mind-blowing, casual fucking. The thought makes me feel horny and wanton for the first time in an age.

"Thank you," I reply, bashful at the unexpected compliment. "This wasn't exactly what I had in mind when I made the reservation, but you might be about to make my day a whole lot better! I'm

Sara by the way,” I say, suddenly a little embarrassed that we haven’t yet got the formalities out of the way. “I don’t think I know your name?”

“I’m Blake, madam,” he answers, eyes full of unadulterated sin.

“Blake,” I start, feeling my confidence diminish, “...what must you think of me?”

“Sara, it’s not my place to judge you,” he whispers, staring at me with that same loaded intensity. “But I’m here for you right now... if you want me?”

*What a question!* I’ve possibly never wanted anyone more... Unwelcome thoughts of you push their way into my head. How could I ever explain this; after all the things I have

accused you of doing?

“I’ve never done anything like this before,” I murmur, surveying Blake’s handsome face as I falter between guilt and lust, “but... there’s no denying how much I want you.”

He pulls me closer towards him and I go gladly, climbing onto his lap. Straddling him intimately, he slides his hands up my thighs, pushing the silk aside and caressing my pale, exposed skin. Even against his uniform, I can feel his hardness. His body feels taut and poised for action. Blake runs his fingers through my hair, gently drawing my head backwards, exposing my neck. He plants soft kisses across the nape, building the pressure slowly, until the feelings are

almost too exquisite. Pausing, he draws me down to him, so we are eye to eye.

“Well it sounds good to me,” he purrs, “how long do you think we have?”

I check the oak grandfather clock, ticking happily to my left. It’s approaching seven o’clock. If you were going to come back to change, you’d have done so by now... so in reality we probably have hours...

“I would guess a couple of hours, but it’s impossible to know...”

My voice trails away, concerned that his conscience might be getting the better of him. I need not have worried. He answers my frown with another passionate kiss. Our lips crash together, animating the now palpable sexual



tension between us. He tugs gently at the belt securing my robe, pulling both ends so they fall loosely to my sides. The front opens, exposing my swollen breasts and eager nipples.

Pulling me up even closer to him, he draws my left nipple into his hot mouth. I hear myself groan at the sudden, welcomed sensation. His teeth tug gently at the growing bud and instinctively I run my fingers through the length of his dark, luscious hair. I feel his erection straining to be free by my thigh and work my leg against him, noticing him grow at the contact. As he turns his attention to my other breast, he fondles the left with his skilful hands, leaving me breathless and writhing uncontrollably on his lap.

“Oh, I want to feel you inside me!”

The words leave my lips in a rush of brazen desire, even before I have had time to process them.

He stops nuzzling me for a moment and smiles that sinful grin again.

“Uh-uh, Mrs. Sykes, not yet! If you want my cock, then you’re going to have to work for it...”

His tone is playful and yet he looks serious. Intrigued by his response, I decide to play Blake at his own game and rising from his lap, I drop to my knees on the plush carpet in front of him.

“...What can I do for you sir?” I ask primly, watching his response from beneath my lashes.

He chuckles and leans in towards

me.

“Now that’s more like it!” he laughs, “how about I get to play customer for a while...?”

There’s a dangerous edge to his voice and I like it. I can feel my excitement spreading down my thighs.

“Certainly, sir,” I continue. “How can I help you?”

Blake arches his back into the chaise-longue, simultaneously releasing his belt buckle, with long, agile fingers. He releases the button on the top of his trousers and slowly unzips his fly, eyeing me intently during the whole show.

“Come over here and taste me,” he says, his voice little but a seductive

whisper.

Heady with my desire for this man, I let the last remnants of my robe fall around my calves. Blake's eyes widen as he drinks in all of my body. Usually so reluctant to show any flesh, I lower myself to my hands and knees and brazenly crawl the short distance between us. My breasts swing in front of me; my hard, excited nipples aching for his lips again. I'm absolutely desperate to have him, in my mouth and anywhere else he wants to be...

By the time I arrive at his crotch, his impressive length has been freed and throbs impatiently as my mouth approaches it. The fact that this gorgeous man wants me as much as I want him is

so exhilarating. I eye his face one final time before I taste him and seeing his expectant smile, I wrap my lips around his hot prick.

It's been a long time since I last gave head, but my nerves dissipate fast. He is so taut and tasty – everything I have missed in a man. I swallow him down, sliding my mouth right down his length like the greedy woman I have become. He moans from above me, using his hand to guide my head up and down him. Hearing his encouraging noises I press my lips all the way down to his soft, dark hair. He more than fills my throat and I feel myself beginning to gag, tears collecting in my eyes – and yet – I absolutely bloody love it. I haven't been

this gratuitous for years. I push myself down further and stay there for as long as I can, before allowing myself up for air.

His face is ecstatic as I head back down his hard length. I can't wait to have him inside my sex. I can already feel how hot and wet I am for him. Still on my hands and knees, I work up and down him, building my own desire with the pace. As the momentum develops, Blake holds my hair and really starts to fuck my mouth. He makes short, insistent thrusts into me as he takes control. I stare up at him as best I can as he uses my throat. His expression is delicious. I have to have him now.

I pull away, still on all fours,

gasping for breath.

“Now where are you going?” he asks me darkly.

Beyond caring how desperate I sound, I try to appeal to his testosterone-filled yearning.

“Please sir, can I have your cock inside my pussy now?”

He smiles, clearly enjoying being in charge. I hope he realizes how bloody erotic it is for me too!

“Perhaps, since you asked so nicely Sara... but only when I say so...”

He stands, loosening his black tie and stripping off his white shirt, dropping the latter just in front of my face. The appetizing smell of him reaches my face in a goading wave. As

he walks around my body to the bed, he slaps my ass, making me turn and yelp.

“Follow me Sara... But stay on your hands and knees...”

He seats himself on the edge of the large, king-size bed and beckons me over with one finger. I smile, knowing this should be a humiliation, but feeling completely insatiable. I follow his instructions, crawling towards him like a hungry animal; somehow utterly empowered by the role play.

As I approach he pats his lap, gesturing for me to come to him. I do so willingly, but as I try to climb up to straddle him again, he halts me with one large hand.

“Not yet,” he says his voice a deep,



husky whisper. “First I need to punish you for this infidelity. You know how wrong it is to fuck the butler whilst your husband is just downstairs in the hotel, don’t you?”

I stare at him uncertainly, biting my lip... not knowing what to say. He’s right of course, this is entirely wrong. I should be ashamed or at least guilt-ridden and yet deep, overwhelming desire for this man overshadows any other emotions... As I consider how to respond, his cock throbs impatiently by my head. The urge to reach out and hold it makes me feel giddy.

“...But sir – I want you so much. Please fuck me?”

God I am so desperate for him.

“Oh, I’m going to Sara,” he says, voice full of authority, “but I am going to spank that pretty little behind for you first. Stand up and lock the door.”

I swallow hard. This isn’t what I had expected. I have heard about women who enjoy being spanked and have always considered the idea to be a little off-the-wall. And yet now, kneeling in front of Blake, the idea seems less than crazy. After all, I do deserve to be punished, don’t I...?

“Sara?”

Blake’s voice is scorching and burns right through me.

“Yes, sir?”

“Lock the door and get over my knee. Now.”

I stop thinking and allow my dripping desire to decide for me. Rising from the floor I dash to the door, enabling the internal lock – *just in case* – then I turn and walk back towards him. I am full of nerves by the time I reach his lap. I stand to his right side and consider what's about to happen.

He looks up at me, still smiling and points to his legs.

“Down,” he says quietly.

I drape myself over his lap, my left arm grazing his hardness as I descend. As my head falls, my hair collects in a dark pile on the carpet in front of me. I have never been so vulnerable and exposed before. I shiver with anticipation. *Will it hurt? Can I take it?*

“Put your hands behind your back,” he orders sensually, his voice still that dark whisper.

Saying nothing, I do as I am told. It's not exactly comfortable, and yet, being this way makes the whole thing feel so erotic... I hear small sounds from above me and strain my head to see what's going on. I just see Blake pulling his tie from around his neck and then feel him using it to secure my wrists together. The bonds are not tight, but the idea of being tied really does things to me. Things that I never expected to feel... I squirm over his lap, unable to hide the delicious mixture of anxiety and arousal bubbling inside me.

“Hold still, Sara,” he says, and

lands a small blow onto my exposed buttocks.

I yelp and try to become a statue across his hard legs. He lands a quick succession of small smacks on my behind. They don't hurt, but the idea that I am being punished by a stranger drives me crazy. Embarrassed shame and yearning surge through me, sending colour into all four of my cheeks. As he spansks me, Blake's words goad me;

“Why are you being punished Sara?”

I swallow hard; too mortified to reply. A sharp swat to my right buttock helps me find my voice.

“I've been very naughty, sir,” I say, hoping this is the right answer.

“Yes, you have, beautiful,” he says, caressing my hot behind, “and...?”

“...And I’ve just given head to a gorgeous man who is not my husband, sir...” I say, enjoying the role play, even from this bizarre angle.

He chuckles lightly.

“Mmmm, yes you did,” he says as though musing out loud.

He traces that delicate finger across my behind sliding it down past my anus and into the wet folds of my hungry slit. I groan out of some desperate reflex to have him there.

“And now you’re being spanked over his lap... And soon... very soon... he’s going to screw you all over this expensive suite...”

“Yes, sir,” I say, breathless again.

I am so bloody frantic for him to fuck me.

He rains another torrent of smacks down on me. These are harder and my tender skin feels sore beneath them.

“Please, sir,” I beg, not really knowing what to say.

Blake’s throbbing prick is back against my arm, rubbing me impatiently. *He wants me as much as I want him.* The thought is comforting as the humbling punishment continues. I count the strokes in my mind and as he reaches twelve, he slides two fingers inside my pussy. I respond carnally, pushing myself back onto his hand, fucking his fingers.

“Do you want my cock, Sara?” he growls at me.

“God, yes please!” I respond, practically yelling at him.

He pulls me back from over his lap and draws me up to his face. Then his mouth claims me, possessing my lips as he falls back onto the bed, pulling me along with him. Wrists still bound, I straddle his body helplessly as we kiss. We say nothing at that moment, but my sex grazes his impressive length and I grind against him slowly. I am more than simmering now. I am starting to boil...

Blake's large hands move back to my ass, grabbing my chastised buttocks and manipulating them as my hips rub against him. I wince at the unexpected



ache, but soon become lost in the sensations. After a moment one of his hands moves from my behind, to his trouser pocket. Producing small foil packet, he smiles at me, before ripping open the corner with his teeth.

“Are you ready, naughty girl?” he asks me, eyes loaded with sin, as he slides the condom onto his massive erection between my legs.

I am so ready.

“Yes sir,” I answer; my own voice a shaky, foreign sound.

He angles his cock towards me and I do my best to push onto him. I’m so aroused by the whole adventure that he easily slides into me. He fills me slowly, before pulling away and then

pounding back hard. I groan as the feeling fills my senses and overwhelms me. Blake fucks my needy body this way for some time. I close my eyes; lost in the carnal sensations wrecking my body.

Finally he pushes me backwards as he rises back to a sitting position. Still bound I am unable to assist him, but marvel at the strength of his torso and abdominals. Blake grabs my breasts and pulls hard on the nipples, using them to force me against his chest. I rest my head against his shoulder and he holds me there, in his strong arms, as he screws me hard and unrelentingly; his cock pushing in and out of my wetness.

“I am going to fuck you so hard, Sara,” he tells me through gritted teeth.

“Yes,” I whisper, absorbed totally in his perfect, persistent technique.

“So hard that you’ll be feeling me for days to come...”

“Mmmm...” I concur as I feel him reaching behind me and tugging at the material around my wrists. In a moment my arms are free and instinctively I move them up and around his body.

In one fluid movement he rolls me over to the right and is on top of me, still inside me and all over me. Blake catches my wrists and pulls my arms up above my head, holding me his own, personal prisoner. Pinioning me to the bed with his full, hard body he slows the pace and eyes me intently. We exchange an intense gaze as I catch my breath.

Looking up at him, his toned abs undulating down his strong body, his muscular arms holding me down, I can no longer contain the desire I have for him. I need him to consume me, possess me and take me over. I want to feel like a woman again... and I know he can give that to me. I open myself up, pulling my legs back and hooking them over his forearms.

“Blake,” I whisper, “fuck me.”

His eyes twinkle in response and moving down to his elbows he resumes; pushing himself deeper into me. Now it's slower and immeasurably more intense. He never stops watching me as his hungry cock devours my pussy. I arch my back under him as the passion in me

strengthens. I can feel an unbelievable climax building and hear unrecognizable grunts from my mouth.

Blake's pace increases and I realize he is also close to the edge. Still holding me down to the bed he draws lower and kisses me again. These are almost aggressive, his teeth grazing my lips, whilst his tongue imitates the movement of his prick inside my excited sex. I can barely breathe as the force of my orgasm overpowers me. I lose myself entirely in him... the smell of him, the feel of him, his heat enveloping my every sense...

As I convulse around him, I finally open my eyes to see him smiling at me. I look up sheepishly, still overawed by the power of the climax. He plants small

kisses down my jaw line and whispers:

“I’m not done with you yet Mrs. Sykes... Get over the edge of that dresser...”

The authority has returned to his voice and I love it. He moves slowly from my body and I dash to follow him to the antique-looking piece of furniture he’d indicated. Leaning against the aged mahogany I feel Blake pressing against me.

His prick is still rock solid between my legs. I arch my back expectantly, pushing myself back to meet his cock. He grabs my hips and spears me. From this new angle he feels even larger and every fiber of my being responds as he fucks me. I reach back and wrap my

arms around his head and neck; clawing at his hair like an animal. Blake's hands are all over my body; at my hips, holding me in place and at my breasts, hugging and squeezing them. His thrusts are hard and insistent, claiming me and making me scream out loud. I land face down over the dresser as his momentum pushes me forward as he screws me.

Blake places one of his large hands on my shoulders, holding me down again as his orgasm approaches.

“Oh yes!” I cry. “Yes Blake, do it!”

He growls a deep, predatory sound as he finally cums inside me, nearly collapsing on top of me in the process. The dresser buckles under our combined weight and for a moment I wonder if the

whole thing is about to fall to pieces. After a moment of recovery, Blake scoops me up and carries me back to the bed. I marvel at his strength as he lays me down and climbs back on top of me, nuzzling my naval.

“I can’t afford to replace the damn thing if it falls down,” he laughs, looking up at me from my groin.

I reach down and ruffle his luscious hair through my fingers.

“Don’t worry,” I say, “bill it to the room and my husband can pay!”

He chuckles and travels up my flushed body, planting kisses on my midriff, breast and neck on his way.

“Nice thinking,” he whispers between more kisses. Then he looks



down at me again and smiles;

“I hope I’ve helped to make your stay at *Harringtons* a memorable one, madam?”

I laugh and swat him over the head with one of the plush cushions scattered across the bed.

“Yes, thank you Blake. Your attention to detail has been outstanding!”

The sound of the key in the door is so subtle that for a split second it doesn’t register. As the realization dawns, cold panic washes over me like a sledgehammer. Blake’s body tenses and leaps from the bed, spinning to face the door. I hear the latch turn, but the internal lock Blake had ordered me to put on holds the door in place.

“Sara?”

Your voice comes booming through the wood; a peculiar mix of concern and irritation.

“Sara? Are you in there? Let me in!”

I am frozen to the spot on the king-size bed and look to the gorgeous man on my left in panic.

“Oh my God,” I mouth in a whisper, “it’s my husband! What are we going to do?”

My body is cold and clammy at the prospect of being caught red-handed and it takes me a moment to notice the calm, considered expression on Blake’s face as he considers me.

“It’s okay,” he says casually, “let’s

let him in, shall we?"

There is a strange look about him which suddenly unsettles me. Why isn't he horrified at the prospect of being found screwing one of the hotel's guests? He isn't even rushing to dress and stands there shirtless with his trousers still hanging undone around his hips.

"What? No!" I hiss at him, darting from the bed to try and put myself between him and the door.

He smiles at me, knowing he will easily get there first and unlocks the mechanism before I can even reach him. Mortified, all I can do is stand there as my new lover opens the piece of oak between himself and my husband.

You stand there nonchalantly as the wood is peeled back to reveal a topless Blake and me; completely in the nude and flushing madly. You raise one eyebrow as you survey the scene and yet the fireworks that the ball of tension in the belly expects seem not to transpire... In fact, you don't actually acknowledge me at all.

"Mr. Sykes," Blake says with staggering composure. "Apologies for the delay; please come in..."

"Mr. Corday?" you reply, stepping forward to shake Blake's hand. "...Can I assume from the state of my wife that things have gone to plan?"

I can't quite believe my ears! *How do you already know each other?* And

to which *plan* are you referring? My guilty shock falls away to reveal the earlier anger I had felt at you.

“Steven... What is going on here?”  
I bark at you.

You step forward, allowing the door to slam shut behind you. Blake moves in front of it as it shuts, but you now obscure my view of him completely.

“I might ask you the same question, Sara!” you say, your voice full of mocking glee. “Am I right in thinking you’ve just been fucking the butler?”

I stand there, breasts heaving, the smell of sex in the air around us and consider your question.

“I can confirm that she absolutely

has, Mr. Sykes,” says Blake from behind you. “Smoking-hot fucking too, if I might say so...”

You smile briefly and then your lips become a thin line as you approach my body.

“Really?” Your voice is low and menacing. “Do you have anything to say for yourself?” you ask me sardonically.

I open my mouth to answer, but close it again. What can I say?

“Then I’ll take your silence as an admission Sara,” you say running your hand through my hair. It gets half way down the length and then stops as you grab it forcefully and hold me in place.

“Steven!” I squeal as I process the sudden hurt.

You silence me with one finger of your left hand which you press to my lips.

“Now that Mr. Corday here has warmed you up, I think it’s time you met a few more of my friends. Blake will take you to the penthouse suite and I will be up to join you shortly, I promise.”

I stare at you and you smile, pressing your lips towards mine for a passionate kiss. I feel my hungry tits responding to your authority and I moan into your mouth. As the kiss concludes there’s an edge to your expression which is as daunting as it’s arousing. Then you release my hair and take me by the arm, pulling me firmly towards Blake and the door. He grins as we approach and slips

an arm around my waist as he opens it.

“...But, “I stammer, “I’m naked!”

“Don’t worry, honey,” you purr from behind me, “you’re perfect just the way you are!”

I hear you chuckling as the door swings closed behind me and Blake leads me securely down the candle-lit corridor...

The End

## **Who is Felicity Brandon?**

Writer of unadulterated, scorching stories soaked with BDSM, spanking, humiliation and ménage. I aim to write



unapologetic and intense sex which will make angels weep and the devil blush...

Author of *Tales of Sexual Surrender*, *Friday's Lesson*, *Customer Service*, *The Abduction* and *Disciplinary Action*.

My latest sizzling story, *Hide & Seek*, is the first in a new mini-series of BDSM tales *The Kink between us*. It's available to buy at [Amazon](#).

## Author Links

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# **Dare**

By Alisa Easton

Amy balanced the phone against her ear with one hand while she tried to force the suitcase closed with the other. No matter how much she pushed, the lid

would not budge. Frustrated, she told her mom that she'd call her back later, disconnected the call, and flung the cell phone on the bed, renewing her efforts with both arms on the impossibly full suitcase. Her brown curls flew around her head in a maniacal dance. She swore under her breath, kicked the suitcase for good measure, and went in search of ice cream instead.

She twisted the lid off the container of Ben & Jerry's Chunky Monkey and plopped herself into an oversized chair, one of the only pieces of living room furniture that remained in her twisted up version of a life.

How could things have ended up like this? The last few weeks were a

blur of insanity. The only thing she was sure of was that she was moving and it was happening a lot sooner than originally planned. Her phone rang again and she sighed. She wanted to ignore it but knew that it would unlikely make the caller go away, especially if it was her mother calling back.

“You’re coming out tonight, right?” said the excited voice on the other end of the phone before Amy could even manage to say hello. Amy looked longingly at her ice cream before deciding on an appropriate response.

“You do realize that I have a flight in the morning, right?” she said with an exaggerated sigh.

“So, when did that ever stop you?”

“I’m leaving, Kate. Like for good.”

“All the more reason to get out tonight and have a good time.”

Amy grumbled under her breath. Kate may have been a faithful friend for the past five years but she wasn’t very good at being sympathetic to certain life crises.

“I really can’t, Kate, I’m sorry. As much as I would like to go out tonight, it just doesn’t make much sense when I have to be up so early in the morning.”

“Frank is going to be there.”

“That isn’t playing fair, Kate.”

It really didn’t help that Kate knew all of Amy’s weak spots and she’d hit her where it hurt the most - the biggest weak spot was a certain tall, dark, and

handsome specimen named Frank Demmel. For the past year Amy had been drooling over him and desperate to get together with him but every attempt at making those fantasies reality had resulted in nothing but utter hopeless despair. As much as she hated to accept it, Frank just didn't like her in that way and moving away was going to be a great way to press the refresh button on her life and get away from the obsession that was Frank Demmel.

“He wants to see you.”

“Don't do that. You, of all people, should know how much that hurts, Kate. No, I think Frank has made it more than clear that he doesn't care whether I live or die.”

“Now you’re just being melodramatic and that’s depressing. No, no, no, Amy, I am not going to let you sit in that empty house and feel sorry for yourself tonight. You owe it to me to come out and have a good time. I’m your best friend, after all, and this is the last chance we have to see each other until god knows when. Come on, tell me you will.”

“Fine,” Amy sighed into the phone, “But only for a couple of hours, Kate, and no alcohol. I really need to get an early night tonight.”

“Great! You aren’t going to regret this. I will be there to pick you up at nine. Be dazzling.”

Kate ended her conversations as

quickly as she started them. Amy didn't even have a chance to agree to the arrangement before Kate was off on whatever adventure she'd planned for her own day. Amy picked up her ice cream and laughed to herself. Dazzling, she thought. It hardly mattered now. She could walk into the room lit up like a Christmas tree and Frank wasn't going to notice her. As a matter of fact, she was pretty sure that she got a glimpse on Facebook that Frank was now dating some pretty blonde haired woman named Melissa.

Even if she'd wanted to dress to impress for the party this evening, her options were limited by the fact that almost everything she owned was now



packed neatly away in boxes or suitcases ready for the movers to arrive and haul them away. She showered quickly, tried to tame her hair by pulling it back into a loose ponytail and then pulled on a pair of faded jeans and a college sweatshirt. She knew that as soon as Kate took one look at her, she wasn't going to be happy. She was right.

“Please tell me you're at least wearing something sexy underneath that hideous outfit,” she said pushing past Amy to make herself at home, “Here, this is for you.”

Amy took the shopping bag cautiously.

“What is this?”

“Consider it my going away present

to you.”

“Kate, you didn’t have to get me a present.”

“Somehow I knew you were going to pull a stunt like this,” Kate said motioning toward the jeans and sweatshirt, “So I took proactive measures.”

Amy pulled out a shimmering blue dress with spaghetti straps and looked at Kate in horror.

“I don’t see what’s wrong with what I’m wearing,” Amy said in disgust, “it works for me.”

“This is much better. Now go change.”

Knowing that arguing with Kate was pointless, Amy gave up and took the

new dress to the bathroom to change. It was form fitting and reached just above the knee. She had to hand it to Kate, it suited her very well. She admired her reflection a moment conceding that maybe Kate was right.

“Don’t you think maybe this is a bit much?” she asked as she emerged from the bathroom feeling better suited for a formal cocktail party than a casual get together.

“Trust me, this is much better.”

“I feel a little overdressed for the occasion. I’m not even planning to stay very long, remember? And hey, you’re not wearing a dress.”

“This isn’t about me,” Kate said brushing off the concern and directing

Amy toward the door before she had a chance to change her mind. Amy had just enough time to grab her purse before they were on their way to the party, ready or not. They took Kate's flashy, red convertible, which she insisted on driving with the top down even though the first hints of autumn chilled the night air. Amy wished that she'd thought to grab a jacket before they left and hoped that her hair wasn't the mangled mess that it felt like.

“So, where are we going exactly?” Amy shouted over the wind and the radio. She hadn't been given the opportunity to ask many questions and Kate obviously wasn't in the mood to give a lot of details. Amy felt the first

tingles of anxiety pierce her midsection. She'd never been completely antisocial but she wasn't really into large social gatherings either. Too many people left her feeling awkward and unsettled.

"Do you remember Parker?"

"Vaguely," Amy said conjuring an image of a short, friendly guy with reddish hair and freckles. If she remembered correctly, he was kind of cute but not really her type.

"It's his party."

"Are there going to be a lot of people there?"

Kate shrugged and Amy had a feeling that meant yes. Mistake number two. She'd let Kate talk her into riding in her car instead of taking her mother's

car which she'd been borrowing up until her departure.

Amy opted against asking any more questions she didn't want to know the answers to while they drove. Kate turned into the driveway of a fair sized brick two-story located on a quiet residential road. The neighbors were spaced far enough apart that they wouldn't be overly bothered by the noise of a large party but judging by the number of cars parked outside, this wasn't going to be such a large gathering. Amy didn't know whether she should feel relieved at this revelation or more concerned.

"You look really hot, you know," Kate said as they got out of the car and

made their way up to the front door, “He isn’t going to be able to resist you.”

“I’m over Frank.”

“Liar. But who said I was talking about Frank?”

Amy hugged her arms tighter to ward off the chill as they waited for someone to answer the door. They didn’t have to wait long. A bouncy blond in a black dress answered and welcomed them with open arms. The house was filled with loud music but not the sort of overbearing music that would make it difficult to have a conversation. She followed Kate and the blonde into the main living room area where a small group chatted excitedly. Their greeter, whose name was apparently Marie,

offered Amy and Kate a drink, which Amy attempted to politely refuse until Kate accepted on her behalf. As soon as Marie disappeared, Amy caught Kate's arm before she could mingle.

"I told you I wasn't drinking tonight," she whispered.

"It's only one drink to help you relax and enjoy the evening," Kate said, "It's a party. You're supposed to have fun. Lighten up a bit for once."

"I am but need I remind you again that I have to be at the airport early tomorrow?"

"Blah, blah, blah, yes, honey, you have mentioned that about a dozen times already. I haven't forgotten. You'll never see these people again in your life.



Hell, I'll be lucky to ever see you again at this rate, so for goodness sakes, just get over yourself and have some fun."

"I'm sorry, Kate. I didn't mean it like that. You know I want you to visit me once I'm settled in, right?"

"And you'll come visit me. I know, you've said that too, and I know you mean well. It's just, well, Seattle is a long way away and I don't have a lot of money for airfare and neither do you. This might be the last chance we get to have fun together for a very long time."

"I know, you're right."

Amy sighed as Kate hugged her close. She hated being smacked with the reality of how much everything was already changing in her life. It didn't

seem fair somehow. Kate was right. She may not see her friend again for a long time and after all they'd been through together, she felt as though she owed it to her friend to enjoy one last party together. When Marie returned with the mixed drinks, she took it gratefully and sipped the sweet liquid wondering just how many of these it would take before she could forget about tomorrow altogether.

She followed Kate into the roomful of people and made herself comfortable on a couch where she was introduced to two of Kate's good friends, Sandy, and Allan and started talking to a woman that she'd known almost as long as Kate, Cassie. The conversation flowed and

she was glad that she'd let Kate talk her into coming. It was exactly what she needed to get out of her own head for a while. When her glass was empty, she even volunteered to refill the drinks, which Kate and Allan gratefully accepted.

She found her way to the kitchen and was so busy trying to follow Dean's demonstration on how to mix the drinks that she didn't even notice Frank until he nudged her arm. She jumped slightly and managed to regain her composure before spilling half the drink down her dress.

"I didn't expect to see you here," Frank said.

"I didn't expect to be here," Amy said, "Kate talked me into it."

“I thought you were moving to where was it? Oregon?”

“Seattle actually. Yes, I leave tomorrow morning.”

“Oh, so soon?”

“Well, yes, I’ve been planning it for several weeks now, I guess, but the time did seem to fly by.”

“What are you going to do out there?”

“I was offered a job for a pretty good company so I guess I will do that for a while and see how it goes,” Amy said feeling a bit uncomfortable. Frank had never gone out of his way to make conversation with her in the past and she would have given anything to decipher the thoughts inside his head as he looked

at her. Her arms tingled when he accidentally brushed lightly against her but that didn't compare to the stirrings inside her every time she looked into his eyes. Despite everything he'd put her through, she still wanted him and it killed her that she couldn't muster up more dignity.

"Oh hey," Frank said motioning for another person to join their conversation, "This is my girlfriend Melissa."

"Hi," Amy said with a heavy tongue as she took the woman's hand offered to her and shook it briefly.

"Hi," Melissa said entirely too perky. Amy let her eyes trail discreetly down the woman's slender figure and

cursed under her breath. Melissa may have been light in the breast department but she was model slim and perfect in every other way. Her long dark hair was pulled back with an elegant clip and she wore a form hugging dress to accent her waist.

“I’m going to grab us a couple of drinks. I’ll meet you in the living room,” Melissa said, “Isn’t he just so adorable?” Melissa pinched Frank’s cheek and Amy stifled a laugh when Frank grimaced.

“She seems nice,” Amy managed to say and then with the drinks finished, she gathered them up and excused herself so she could get away from Frank as quickly as possible. She pretended not to

notice that his eyes followed her out of the room.

When she made her way back to the small group, shaky and breathless, Kate eyed her warily.

“Is everything alright?” Kate asked taking her drink and passing the other one to Allan. Amy drank her own down very quickly before answering.

“I saw Frank,” she said putting down the empty glass and slumping into the couch between Kate and Allan.

“Let me guess,” Kate said, “he brought that Melissa with him.”

“That Melissa who just so happens to be his girlfriend,” Amy said angrily. “Why couldn’t you warn me that he’d bring her? I never should have come

here tonight.”

“I had no idea,” Kate protested, “But it’s not like you two were ever an item. I mean, not really,” she said carefully.

“That’s beside the point, Kate. You knew how I felt about him, how I have always felt about him. Hell, he’s half the reason that I decided to take this job and pick up and move across the country to begin with.”

“You’re moving to get away from a man that you were never even dating?” Sally said leaning forward as though she were suddenly very interested in Amy’s love life dramas.

“Well, sort of, but it’s really not that simple.”



“That’s pretty serious.”

“You need a real man to set you straight,” Allan suggested with a laugh, “That Frank isn’t worth losing your head over.”

“Easy for you to say,” Amy said.

“No, Allan is right,” Kate agreed, “You need a distraction. For the past six months I’ve seen you sink deeper and deeper into depression over a man that frankly, never deserved half the attention you gave him. You need to get over him once and for all. When was the last time that you had a man that made you feel alive? I mean, really alive?”

“Frank made me feel alive.”

“That’s not what I meant. When is the last time you actually had real actual

sex with something that didn't require batteries?" Kate pushed.

"Kate, that's none of your business," Amy said, feeling the heat in her cheeks. She had probably gone a deep shade of red. She was going to need another drink if the conversation continued to delve into such private territory. She hadn't even noticed that Sally had disappeared until she reappeared with another drink in hand like magic.

"Oh, thank you," Amy said taking the drink and wondering how far gone she was already. She winced when she took a sip. "What is this?"

"Consider it exactly what you need," Sally said with a wink.

Thankfully, they managed to steer the conversation away from Amy's lack of a sex life and onto more mundane topics like the weather and the current sports' teams. Amy found her attention drifting as she searched the room wondering where Frank and Melissa had gone and what they were doing. She hated that she felt the empty ache in her belly when she imagined him kissing that woman. She should feel happy for him but she just couldn't muster the energy to spare him a happy thought. And it had been a long time since she'd last been with a man. For the past year, all she had wanted was Frank and even while other guys had expressed an interest in going out with her, she had rejected all of them

knowing that none of them would compare.

“Earth to Amy, come in Amy,” Kate said laughing.

“Oh, I’m sorry. What were you saying?”

“Daydreaming? Please tell me that you weren’t thinking about him?” As if on cue, Frank and Melissa entered the room. She was practically hanging on his arm and laughing as though every word he said was hysterical. Amy felt the boiling kettle of anger and jealousy inside her as she watched them move together and imagined them alone, naked, in bed writhing in each other’s arms.

“That’s what I thought,” Kate said

following Amy's gaze to the couple and back again. "Well, that settles it. We are going to cure this unnatural obsession of yours once and for all."

"And how exactly do you plan to do that?" Amy said turning her attention back to Kate and their small group.

"Sex, my friend. Beautiful, sex."

"I don't even have a boyfriend."

"You don't need one."

"You know that I don't do that sort of thing," Amy protested. She wasn't sure what exactly Kate had in mind but she had the suspicion that this wasn't the spur of the moment idea that she pretended it to be.

Kate nodded to Sally who got up and went into one of the other rooms.

She came back with a large smile on her face and nodded yes to Kate.

“What was that all about?” Amy asked feeling the anxiety claim her again.

“We would like you to meet someone,” Kate said.

“I’m not going to like this, am I?”

“His name is Luke and well, he’s a little shy, but he’s absolutely gorgeous. We think he’s just the ticket to thoroughly enjoy your last evening with us.”

“I think it’s time for me to go home,” Amy said pretending to notice the time. “It’s been fun, really, but Kate, if you don’t mind giving me a ride? I’m very tired.”

“Amy, wait...”

But Amy wasn't going to listen to anything Kate had to say. She grabbed her purse and headed straight for the front door, only stumbling a little as she went. She hoped that Kate would take her seriously and follow her to the car. She flung open the door and walked straight into a wall. Dazed, she stepped back and looked up into a pair of chocolate brown eyes and a warm smile. Her wall was actually a handsome man with slightly long hair and a strong jaw, with the sort of lips that she could imagine kissing for a very long time. His broad chest was all muscle. Without even thinking about it, she smoothed her hands over his chest until he caught her

wrists and held her in place.

“Oh!” she gasped feeling the current of electricity pass between them as he held her in place, “I’m so sorry. I don’t know what I was thinking.” But she hadn’t been thinking at all.

“Oh, hi Luke,” said Parker, “So glad you were able to make it.”

Luke didn’t take his eyes off Amy as he smiled and said hello to Parker in a sexy voice that matched his body. He slowly lowered her wrists so that her arms were by her side but as he let go of her, he smoothed his hands up her arms leaving her tingle all over. She could feel her nipples strain against the fabric of her dress and with the way Luke’s eyes swept over her, she was pretty sure



that he didn't miss it either.

"This is Amy," Parker said making introductions as though the world hadn't stopped spinning, "Amy, this is Luke. Why don't you come in and meet the rest of the gang?"

Luke sidestepped Amy to enter the party leaving her staring at the open door unable to think straight. What just happened, she wondered. One moment she'd been set to go home and crawl under her covers feeling sorry for herself and forget about the world, and now all she wanted was *him*.

"Amy?" Kate said putting up a hand to her arm.

"What?" She turned around to find Kate wearing her jacket with her purse

over her arm and car keys in hand.  
“Where are you going?”

“I’m taking you home, remember.  
That’s what you wanted?”

“Oh, yes.”

Amy looked back over her shoulder trying to get a glimpse of Luke but he was not in her line of vision. Instead she saw a very angry Melissa yelling at Frank with her hands on her hips, a stark contrast to the lovely woman she’d met earlier. Ordinarily, this might have interested Amy but her eyes strayed past the arguing couple to the gorgeous man who’d just walked into her life.

“Would you rather stay for a little longer?” Kate asked following her gaze. A smile crept onto her face when she

realized that Amy was looking at Luke. She leaned in closer to whisper in Amy's ear "He's just what the doctor ordered."

Amy didn't doubt it but she'd apparently lost the ability to speak, at least temporarily so she followed Kate back to the couch where they'd been sitting and gladly accepted another drink. Sally, Allan, and Parker didn't look the least bit surprised to see that she was back. They were all engaged in a hearty debate over the best vegetables to add to a salad. Amy's felt a rush of heat over her body and moisture between her legs as she caught Luke's eye. She wanted to devour him greedily.

Absurd, she thought, trying to ban

the thoughts from her mind. She didn't even know Luke and the way he'd stopped her from touching him at the front door led her to believe that she was falling hopelessly into the same trap that she'd struggled to free herself from with Frank.

"I think I need some air," Amy said excusing herself and getting up to stretch her legs. She wandered into the kitchen which was now relatively empty. Most of the food and drinks had been moved to the large dining room table in the adjacent dining room and a few people milled around the table as they picked at finger foods and enjoyed conversation. She poured a glass of water and reveled in the coolness as it coated her throat.

Her head still felt fuzzy and she wasn't sure if it was the close encounter with the handsome kind still having its effect on her or if it was the number of drinks that she'd had. She needed to take a moment to steady her nerves before she could walk back in the room.

"Hey," said a voice behind her as she finished off her glass of water.

"Oh, hi," she said turning around to find Luke watching her with a curious expression. She cleared her throat and added, "I didn't get a chance to apologize for running into you like that and umm..."

"No apology needed."

"I was on my way out but..." she let her thoughts trail off not wanting to get

into the boring details of her obsession with Frank. Besides, that suddenly felt very irrelevant.

“I’m glad you changed your mind.”

“Me too.”

“Well, I see you too are getting to know each other,” Kate said interrupting them. Amy let out the breath that she’d been holding as she stared into his mesmerizing eyes.

“It’s game time,” Kate announced taking Amy in one arm and Luke in the other and leading them back into the main living room.

“Game time?” Amy asked. She’d never been much into games.

“Truth or Dare,” Kate asked turning her attention fully on Amy.

“Oh, umm, I think I’ll pass. I’m not really into that game.”

“Nope, passing is not an option,” Kate teased playfully. “Truth or Dare?”

“Kate really,” Amy said shrinking into the couch wishing that she could disappear.

“Trust me.”

Amy sighed. “Fine. Truth.”

“I have one,” Sally interrupted, “I want you to spill your beans on your infatuation with Frank.”

Frank perked up at the sound of his name and Amy wished that she could disappear.

“Oh, this ought to be good,” Kate said looking from Amy to Frank.

Amy noticed that Melissa was no

longer hanging on his arm and wondered if she'd left the party. Frank didn't look particularly upset about it if she had.

"There is nothing to tell," Amy said.

"That's not the truth," Kate said.

"Kate!"

"Well, it's not. If you can't be truthful then you have to take the dare."

Amy sighed heavily. She knew that Kate wouldn't let her get away with a skimmed down version of the truth so she threw up her hands in surrender and selected to take the dare.

Kate and the others lowered their heads conspiring together on the proper dare while Amy waited feeling those odd pangs of anxiety building inside her



again. She was well aware of Luke's eyes on her and she seemed to suddenly have Frank's undivided attention as well.

"There is nothing to tell, really," she said for his benefit, "I only took the dare because Kate isn't going to let me get away with the truth."

Frank didn't say anything but the expression on his face suggested that he didn't quite believe her.

"Okay," Kate said at last, "We dare you to have sex with someone in this room."

"What? Are you crazy?" Amy said nearly choking on the fresh drink Parker had handed her.

"Would you rather go back to

Truth?" Kate said with a wink.

"No, but you can't actually expect me to do something like that."

"It's only sex."

"No one here wants to have sex with me," Amy retorted.

"I'll volunteer," Luke said raising his hand. Amy was thankful she was sitting because if she'd been standing, she would have fallen over.

"Well, that is perfect isn't it?" Kate said.

"Kate, you've had way too much to drink tonight and that isn't fair because you were supposed to be my ride home."

"I can handle that too," Luke said with a laugh, "I don't drink."

"I could take you home," Frank said

startling her.

“What happened to Melissa?” Parker asked.

“Turns out that we don’t see eye to eye on some things.”

Amy simply looked from one man to the next too stunned to speak and feeling too fuzzy from the number of drinks she’d had to make sense of this peculiar situation. She should take Truth and spill her guts. What difference would it make when she was planning to leave it all behind tomorrow? But the reality was that she was desperately horny and she wanted to take the dare.

“So, what do you think?” Luke said prompting some sort of response from her.

“Oh, umm...” Words failed her as she looked from Kate to Luke and then to each of the other faces that watched her waiting for her reaction. She noticed that a lot of the crowd had thinned out leaving only the core people that she’d been socializing with over the course of the evening. According to the clock on the wall, it was almost one in the morning. She had to be at the airport in only six hours. If she were sensible, she’d be on her way home right now to try to get some sleep.

But she’d always been sensible and look how far that had gotten her, she thought. She’d managed to hit rock bottom with no escape except to pack up everything she owned and cross the

country to start all over again.

“Okay,” she said at last.

“You’ll take the dare?” Kate said pleasantly surprised.

“Yes. That is the point of the game, right?”

“Of course.”

“So then, what are the rules?” Amy asked still not believing that she was actually going through with this.

“I’m assuming you’ve done this before?” Parker laughed. He handed Luke a box of condoms and shooed the rest of the guests off the couch.

“Wait a minute,” Amy said in alarm, “We’re doing this here?”

“Why not?” Luke shrugged standing up to make his way to the couch where

she was now the only person sitting.

“Because we’re not alone,” Amy said.

“Does it bother you if we watch?” Frank said.

“Umm... I don’t know,” Amy said forcing herself to meet his eye. His face looked flushed and his eyes roamed over her body with a gaze that screamed territorial. No, she had to be imagining it, she told herself. He wouldn’t be dating another woman if he’d actually had any feelings toward her. She’d given him plenty of chances. All the same, the way he looked at her gave her renewed feelings of bravery. She wanted him to watch her with another man. She wanted him to see everything that he was

missing out on.

Luke knelt down in front of Amy and pulled her head to his.

“I have been hoping to do this since the moment I walked in the door.”

Before she could respond, he pressed his mouth to hers and kissed with an urgency that she couldn't remember ever feeling before. The world around her disappeared as she gave in to his kiss.

It's only sex she reminded herself when she opened her eyes to the gaping stares in the room around her. No one had actually expected her to go through with it but she would prove them all wrong. Amy pulled his head back to hers so that she could feel his lips on her

again. She tempted a taste and savored the sensation as his tongue explored her own. Despite herself, she moaned. It had been a long time since she'd experienced a man's hands on her body. This wasn't the way she'd imagined it but somehow it exceeded her wildest fantasies. She wasn't sure if she'd be able to handle him actually touching her. She was already so aroused.

His hand moved from the back of her head, slid down her neck, and over her breast. She pressed herself forward to his eager hand as he massaged her gently through the fabric of her silky dress and she sighed.

Luke pulled back just enough to put one hand on each of her thighs. He ran



his hands along them making her body tremble and then back to her knees to spread her legs open to him. He pushed the silky fabric of her dress back up her thighs until the hem of the fabric reached her hips and exposed her lacy pink panties for all to see. Feeling suddenly modest she tried to close her legs but Luke held her thighs to stop her and then moved forward to fill the space with his body. She stretched and arched her back as he slid her body forward to the edge of the couch where she could meet his pelvis. The bulge in his pants was unmistakable and begging for her attention but he held her so tightly that she had no means of reaching down to caress him like she longed to.

With his waist between her thighs holding her open to him, he let go of one thigh to pull down a spaghetti strap and lower the cup of her strapless bra. He circled her breast and teased her nipple making her arch against him again and then lowered his head to take her nipple into his mouth.

“Oh,” she whimpered under his touch, completely oblivious to their captive audience by this point.

“Are you sure you’re still okay with this?” Luke said lifting long enough to kiss her lips again, gently this time, savoring the connection between them.

“What? Oh yeah, oh definitely.”

He smiled and resumed kissing her with more passion, pressing his groin

lightly against her core until she felt as though she would melt into him. It was only sex, she reminded herself, but she'd never experienced anything quite like it. All the eyes upon them only heightened the awareness of every part of her body.

He stopped kissing her and pulled back for a moment. She worried that she'd done something wrong and he would stop but instead, he trailed his hands along her smooth thighs again, this time with no resistance to keeping them parted for him, until he found the waistband of her panties and gave them a gentle tug. She brought her legs together only enough that he could glide the panties down past her knees and eventually let them drop to her feet

where she quickly kicked them aside.

She didn't dare look around her at the faces that watched with such eager anticipation even though she was now exposed for all of them to see. Luke pushed her dress up over her behind to make sure of this fact and then let a hand softly glide from her belly across her pubic mound and then disappear between her legs where she now dripped with her aching need to be touched. He rubbed her lightly eliciting another moan and then kissed her again, thrusting his tongue into her mouth as he did. She tangled her fingers in his hair desperate for him not to stop no matter what.

Amy closed her eyes and relaxed

into the sensations as she felt Luke move down her body and plant a trail of kisses along her inner right thigh. She willed him to go higher and was not disappointed when his tongue tempted the outer edges of her folds. She stretched her legs apart a little farther granting him easier access if he dared to taste her there.

A pair of hands roughly pushed both spaghetti straps of her dress off her shoulder and unhooked her bra, tossing it aside so that the upper portion of her body was just as exposed as the lower half and her dress bunched in the middle. Meanwhile Luke's tongue found her center that was already soaked with eager anticipation. She moaned without

giving pause to consider that the hands stroking her breasts could not possibly belong to the same man now devouring her between her legs.

Amy tipped her head back against the new player's shoulder without daring to open her eyes and spoil the erotic pleasure that she was experiencing and he rewarded her with a kiss as demanding as Luke's had been. A hand caressed her cheek and down along the curve of her jaw and smooth neck possessing her and craving her body against him even as another continued his amazing assault of her core.

Luke's tongue swirled in delicious strokes around her clit and tempted the hole of her vagina before circling back

around the inner folds. She tried to wriggle her hips closer to his mouth as her arousal took hold of her body. She could feel the release building within her but she didn't want to give in too soon. She was enjoying the feeling too much to let go completely.

He spread her open to him as he continued to lick her and then eased a finger in slowly. She sank lower into the couch and moaned deeply. The pair of hands that massaged her breasts held her in place, his body now firmly behind her so that she could feel the insistence of his erection against her lower back. One man had been a fantasy come true but two men was pushing her experience way past its boundaries. And in front on

an audience no less.

A part of Amy may have screamed to stop but that would have been the part of her that feared facing her friends in the morning. She no longer had that concern with an airplane waiting to take her away from all of this, not that she had any desire left inside her to leave. She turned her head and allowed the second man to claim her mouth, pushing his tongue past her lips and tasting her, leaving her as open and vulnerable above as she was below.

I am a slut right now, she thought, and as dirty as that made her feel, she'd never been more alive and more receptive to anything these two men were willing to give her. She would take



it all and gratefully ask for more.

Luke lifted his head and took a nipple into his mouth sucking gently at first and then with greater need as he used a free hand to unbutton his jeans, push down the zipper, and glide the jeans over his hips. Amy opened her eyes and watched as he bared himself for her, eager to get a glimpse of his erection throbbing and standing proud waiting to enter her. She wasn't disappointed by what she saw.

The second man pulled her attention back to him, just as eager and needy and willing her to satisfy him in whatever way that she could even though she was compromised by her position. She twisted to accommodate him and was

rewarded by the fact that he reached down to the hem of her dress to lift it up over her head and discard it with the rest of her clothing. He pulled her back so that she was resting on top of him while Luke crawled over top of her and ensured that her legs were still just as open and receptive to his touch. She wasn't going to stop him. She'd never wanted to feel a man inside her as much as she did in that moment.

“Please, Luke,” she begged, “I need you.”

Luke lingered over her, breathless with his own need and clearly admiring the view of the lovely woman sprawled underneath him cradled by another man. Amy didn't think she'd be able to stop

him now even if she'd wanted to, which she definitely did not.

He ran his large, rough fingers along the inside of her thigh as he watched her face but he stopped just short of the place where she wanted to be touched most of all. Meanwhile, the mystery man behind her kneaded her breasts and circled her nipples until they were rock hard. He pinched them just hard enough for her to gasp. Luke smiled and continued to run his other hand down the inside of the other thigh.

“Do you want me to touch you?” he whispered.

“Oh yes,” she said barely able to contain the excitement in her voice.

“I want to touch you,” said the man

behind her and before she could agree, his hands had moved from her breasts, over her belly, and gently stroked her wetness. She moaned at his touch and strained to open her legs more to give him better access.

Not to be outdone, Luke pressed two fingers inside her while the other man continued to stroke and play with her clit. She nearly exploded from the double sensations but then Luke removed his hand abruptly and nudged the other man's hand away as well.

“Not too soon,” Luke said, “I need to be inside you first but we’re going to have to rearrange you a bit.”

Amy looked up at him in confusion as he pulled away from her. Luke

reached down to take her hands and help her to her feet while her legs felt unstable from the amount of desire that had settled in her core. At this point, she needed relief and she didn't care how she went about getting it.

Luke turned her around to face the mystery man that had been fondling her from behind and she was shocked at first to look down at Frank removing his pants and moving so that he lay over the length of the couch.

“You?” she whispered still unable to comprehend this sudden shift of events. All the time that she'd practically begged him to go out with her and it took until the day before she left until she found herself standing naked in

front of him seeing the lust in his eyes that she'd always wanted to be for her. He didn't say anything. His eyes moved from hers over the length of her body and settled on the space between her legs that his fingers had been only moments before. That thought alone made her tingle. His sex twitched in anticipation and she felt her body growing wetter in response.

She still wanted Luke. She felt Luke put his hands on her hips as he kissed the back of her neck as he pulled her against his erection but the longing to be with Frank was still strong. Even though she'd tried to convince herself that she'd long since gotten over her infatuation with him, it was pretty clear that it

wasn't true. She lifted her arms and reached back to circle Luke's neck as he continued to kiss her and she tried to pull him closer.

Through half closed eyes, she scanned the room. She liked being the center of attention. Parker and Kate had started kissing, a fact that surprised her but clearly they shared an attraction, at least for the sake of the evening. She wondered how much of that lust had been inspired by seeing her horny and bared for all. She watched as Parker inched underneath Kate's shirt and stroked her breasts. If she knew Kate, Parker wouldn't have to worry about a bra getting in the way between his eager hands and her delicate flesh. His other

hand pulled the snap on her jeans, pushed the zipper down, and disappeared between her legs. Kate arched against his hand, obviously eager for its attention. Amy pushed back harder against Luke. She needed him to take her now.

Luke clearly was in a similar state of mind. He removed his hands from her hips and put them on her shoulders so that he could gently guide her down to the couch where Frank still lay with one hand behind his head and one hand on his shaft. She quickly straddled Frank, waiting for him to change his mind and push her away at any moment but instead he pulled her down against him hard and kissed her with fierce passion. She



wanted to ask what happened to Melissa but in that moment, she didn't care. She knew on some level that this would be the first and the only time that her lips would meet his and that was all that she wanted. Let the pieces fall as they may when the evening was over.

“You're so hot,” Frank said breaking the connection and lifting up so that he could take her nipple into his mouth, “And you taste so good.”

Amy moaned against his touch, her thighs burning in need as he swirled his tongue between gentle bites.

Letting go of her again, she took the opportunity to sample the flesh that she had so long been desperate to taste. He was as good as she'd always imagined.

She let her tongue nibble and please along his neck and down to his chest. He was still wearing a shirt so she pushed the fabric out of the way so that she could feel the hardness of his chest under her fingers. He moaned at her touch and she eased herself down farther still, letting his hardness fill the space between her breasts before running her tongue down the length of him and then taking him fully into her mouth.

In the meantime, Luke took her behind into his hands and massaged her, making sure that she was tilted upright so that he could take full advantage of her vulnerable position. She wriggled under his hands, tempting him to take her, and she was not disappointed when

she felt the couch dip slightly behind her with his weight as he positioned himself to do what he'd been dared to do.

As she continued to work Frank, she felt Luke at her opening. He used his hands to manipulate and spread her wide before gently easing inside. She gasped and braced herself as he claimed her. Luke groaned as he began thrusting into her. She had to hold on to steady herself enough to continue licking and sucking Frank who was obviously enjoying her work enough that his hips began moving to meet her.

She shifted her attention to Parker and Kate again. Parker had made himself comfortable in one of the reclining chairs with Kate straddled over him and

both were naked. Parker thrust into Kate while watching her breasts bounce in his face. Watching them turned on Amy even more and she bucked her hips against Luke begging him to take her harder. She complied readily, filling and stretching her farther than she'd thought capable of taking any man.

Underneath her, Frank's urges grew stronger but she held back in pushing him over the edge just yet. She let him go and looked up until she met his eye.

"I want you to take me next," she panted as Luke pounded hard into her.

Frank nodded, breathless and watched in anticipation as Luke ground his pelvis against Amy and pushed her over the edge spiraling into erotic

overload. Just as she relaxed and gave in to the overwhelming pleasure that seized her body, Luke seized and released into her. He collapsed over her for a moment as they both fought to regain their breath and then with her eyes closed, she felt Luke slide out as Frank urged her onto his erection.

“Wait,” she sighed, still recovering from the mind numbing orgasm that had racked her whole body. Frank clearly wasn’t going to wait for her any longer. He pulled her down to the couch, switching position so that she lay on her back looking up into his lust-filled eyes. Luke moved behind her and grabbed her arms, pinning them over her head so that she couldn’t resist Frank, not that she

really wanted to.

Frank wrapped her legs around his waist and inserted himself into the place where Luke had left so tender and began grinding and thrusting his hips into her. She cried out against him, her body already responding to the pleasurable sensations that he created. Her juices flowed around them and she moaned into his touch.

Frank planted small kisses on her face and neck and massaged her breasts with his hands before using one hand to flick and rub her clitoris as he continued to plunge into her body. When Frank stopped kissing her, Luke leaned down to kiss her and even though he was upside down, their tongues managed to

connect and explore each other as she tipped her head back to accommodate him.

She didn't think it was possible to orgasm again so soon but with Frank riding her so hard and Luke claiming her mouth with his tongue as he held her arms stretched over her head, she could already feel the beginning of another orgasm building deep within her. This one threatened to be even bigger than the first.

Frank used his free hand to squeeze and manipulate her breasts, one after the next, as his hips gyrated against her pelvis. She opened her legs trying to take him deeper as the pleasure continued to build. She wasn't sure how

much more she could take.

“Oh baby,” Luke said breaking their kiss, “I’m ready for you again.”

Amy couldn’t think clear enough to respond. How could she possibly manage a third time with the way the men used her body so roughly? She felt a tingling deep in her belly as she imagined Luke buried inside her again and it was enough to push her over the edge. Her muscles clenched around Frank as he slowed down enough to enjoy the friction. He glided out and then back again where he stopped and wriggled himself against her. She felt him swell as his own orgasm started to take hold and then without warning, he pulled out and slammed into her again so



hard that she cried out.

Once more and she could feel the tears stinging her eyes but instead of asking him to stop, she begged him to do it again, which he did willingly, pushing them both beyond the point of no control. Amy's orgasm filled her entire body from her core all the way to the top of her head and the bottom of her toes. She knew that she was filling the room with colorful curse words when ordinarily she wasn't the type to swear, but she didn't care anymore. She let go completely.

She saw Kate throw her head back lost in her own erotic oblivion. Frank slumped against her with the pounding of his heart against her own, both of them

sweaty and breathless. It could have been like this all along, she thought, but he'd never been willing to give her the chance. Too little, too late. Luke let go of her arms and she used them to tentatively wrap them around Frank feeling a strange mix of emotions stirring inside her.

When Frank moved, she slowly pulled herself to a sitting position and saw him in a way that she'd never noticed him before. While she'd always thought of him as confident and self-assured, there was an uncertainty in his eyes when they met hers. He was just as afraid as she was.

“What?” he asked.

“Nothing. I just never thought I'd

live to see the day that I'd be naked in the arms of Frank Demmel."

"That was good," he said.

Luke sat down on the other side of Amy and rubbed her arms and shoulders lightly, taking time to kiss them every now and then. She smiled. She could hardly believe that she'd just had sex with the man she'd been lusting after for an entire year but the idea that she'd had sex with a complete stranger as well in front of a group, well, that was something else entirely. She didn't know she had it in her.

Kate and Parker hurried back into their clothes and the expression on Kate's face told Amy that she was just as bewildered about what she'd done.

Kate looked at Amy still naked with one hungry man on each side of her vying for her attention. Frank was clearly already inspired to want more just by the fact that Luke was fighting to get her back. She sat content letting the two men kiss and caress her letting their hands roam over her breasts and her belly and occasionally dipping between her legs which she kept partly open to their explorations. Luke nibbled at her neck while Frank took her nipple into his mouth. She leaned her head back and allowed the two men to use her in whatever way they found necessary.

“Your flight leaves in a couple hours,” Kate said clearly afraid to interrupt the trio. Amy lifted her head,

opened her eyes, and cleared her throat.

“Oh, yeah,” she said, “I really should get going.”

“Do you still want me to drive you home?” Luke said letting Amy get up and start searching for her clothes which she put on hurriedly. She felt as though she’d been wakened from some strange dream and she was still trying to figure out where she was - or who she was for that matter. She stuffed her wet panties in her purse.

Amy looked at Kate who was looking longingly toward Parker and realized that her friend hadn’t simply partaken in an erotic fantasy; she’d actually fallen in love. She sighed and looked back at Luke who was fastening

his pants. She watched his crotch longingly as he pulled up the zipper.

“That would be great, thanks.”

“Amy, I can take you home,” Kate said putting her hand on Amy’s arm to stop her from turning to leave with Luke.

“It’s okay,” Amy said, “Spend some time with Parker. I will call you as soon as I get settled in Seattle.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course.”

Kate hugged Amy tightly.

“I can’t believe that I’m not going to see you again for so long.”

“We’ll keep in touch, Kate.”

“I know but...” Kate stepped back and looked at Amy from head to toe, “Wow, Amy, that was really hot. I didn’t

know you had it in you.”

“You and me both. Next time I’m in town, I fully expect a party.”

“I look forward to it.”

“I may not know you very well,” Luke said taking Amy’s arm and escorting her to his car, “but I have a funny feeling that you don’t usually do that sort of thing.”

“You don’t know the half of it,” Amy laughed.

He paused before opening the passenger side door and looked at Amy thoughtfully. She smiled. What could he possibly be thinking about a girl who’d had sex with him in a room full of people? Did he respect her at all? Did it even matter anymore?

“Do you really have to leave so soon?” he asked.

“I have a flight in a couple of hours and a job waiting for me in Seattle,” she said looking at into the darkness and wondering if she could postpone it somehow but the wheels were already in motion.

“It’s just that,” he paused obviously unsure what to say next, “I’d have liked to see you again.”

“You’re only saying that because of what happened tonight.”

“Well partly, obviously, but you intrigue me. I’d like to get to know you better. You know, take you out to dinner or something. If only we had more time.”

“Perhaps it wasn’t meant to be.”



He sighed and opened the passenger side door for her to get in.

“Besides,” she said as he sat down in the driver side and closed the door, “I have the feeling that you get your pick of women.”

“Where to, Miss?” he said with a sideways smile.

She gave him her address and a brief explanation of how to get there and they drove in relative silence together, each lost in his or her own thoughts. She smiled when she played back the moments at the party and the way he had touched and kissed her. There could have been something there, she mused, had they had the opportunity to explore it. It may have been crazy and insane but

she knew that she would always look back on this night fondly and Luke would fuel many of her future fantasies. Despite his participation, Frank was no longer even a consideration. Finally, she would put that chapter to rest and face her new life in Seattle with anticipation and excitement.

Luke pulled into her driveway but she hesitated before getting out of the car.

“I probably have about thirty minutes before I have to go,” she told him, “and I’m not wearing any panties.”

He grunted and with a simple maneuver, lifted her out of her seat and into his lap. She sighed feeling him against her and quickly unfastened his

jeans to free his erection. He felt just as good, even without an audience.

One thing repeated in her head as she boarded the plane later that morning, there would be others like Luke in her life and if she had her way, there would be many of them.

The End

## **About The Author**

Alisa Easton is a reader, a writer, a daydreamer, a lover, and an ice cream eater. She loves her fiction the way she loves her life - with plenty of steam. Connect with her online via the author

links below.

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# **Candy Ass**

By Marketa Giavonni

Halloween is easy money. I dress up every year as a naughty Catholic school girl, complete with fuck-me pumps and lace stockings. The final touch is the ruby red lipstick that matches my skimpy red skirt.

My boyfriend Eric was the first ex-Catholic school boy I let enjoy the *fuck a Catholic school girl* fantasy I know every man has, Catholic or not. He selected the outfit for me, supervising each piece of my costume to create every Catholic school boy's wet dream.

Eric's my fluffer. He goes to the frat parties first, looking for the newest ex-Catholic school boy to participate in our yearly fantasy. There's always at least half a dozen of those guys at these

parties, privileged white males with bank accounts bigger than their dicks. When Eric starts talking about me, they flock to him like bees to honey.

“Oh man, you should have seen this girl I fucked today,” he says. “She was wearing this Catholic school girl outfit, and I got hard just looking at her. Her skirt barely covered her ass, and when she sat down I could see right into her pussy. She wore this tight white shirt tied under her big ass titties, and they were out there on display just begging to be sucked. And *fuck me*, she had her hair in pigtails! I had a hold of those things the whole time she had my cock in her mouth. Then I fucked her from behind, and *damn*, that girl was the sweetest

piece of ass I've ever had. If I'm lucky, Candy Ass will show up here tonight, and I can have a chance at round two. Best hundred dollars I've ever spent."

That's when I join the party. I go right up to Eric and start kissing him. He puts his hands under my skirt and lifts it up so the Catholic boys can see that I don't have on any panties. Then he slides a hand down to my pussy and starts finger fucking me while I slip my hand into his pants. I start to moan as my pussy gets so wet I can barely stand it, and Eric's cock is at full mast in my stroking hand. The Catholic boys look like they want to fuck me right there. I lean up to Eric's ear, nibble on it for a minute and then whisper all the dirty

things I'm going to do to him tonight. Then I leave.

“*Damn!*” Babyface Catholic boy says, watching my ass as I go, his cock hard and pressing out against his jeans. “That was *fucking hot!* What did she say?”

“The girl wants another fuck,” Eric says, “but this time she wants to do it with two guys at once. She’ll suck my dick while someone else fucks her from behind, then she’ll have us switch when we’re hard again. Then we can have her any way we want. She said to bring someone with me to her apartment, but she won’t accept less than a thousand dollars cash for an all-night fuck fest. Shit, I’d pay her twice that, easy. *Best*



*fuck of my life!"*

The Catholic boys are falling over themselves to be the one Eric picks to go with him. They're whipping out their ATM cards, shouting out numbers like it's an auction. Ten minutes later Eric texts me that there's a winner: Babyface with three thousand dollars of cold hard cash.

Jackpot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eric and I live in a small studio apartment that's all bedroom. You open the door and in the center of the room is this big four-poster king sized bed for maximum fucking. One wall is all windows with no curtains, so every

night we fuck for the whole world to see. Whenever I catch someone watching us from the apartment building across the street, my pussy shudders so hard around Eric's cock that we both come at the same time. If they're still watching us after that, I give them the *come hither* signal followed by the *tip money* gesture, and without fail there's a knock on our door in less than ten minutes. Then, depending on who it is, we set our price: a hundred dollars for one, two hundred for two, and one-fifty if one wants to watch while we fuck the other one. My favorite scenario is the third option, but I enjoy myself either way. Eric and I would do it for free, but this way we never have to pay rent. It's five

hundred dollars a month, so tonight's little sexcapade will have us set for half the year.

I prepare for the fun to come while I wait for Eric to show up with Babyface. I slip a pair of handcuffs under the two pillows on opposite sides of the bed and then settle myself down, my head on the middle pillow. I look down at myself; my glorious breasts swell up against the red lace bra under the white shirt that covers almost nothing. I take them both in my hands, thinking about Eric touching them and that electric current that rushes through me when he sucks my taut nipples. I let my hands stray downward, moving across my flat abs, past my belly button to where the red plaid skirt rides

low on my hips, the skimpy fabric just barely covering my ass and my pussy. I slide my hands under the skirt and to my warm center that is already starting to throb in anticipation of what's to come.

Oh, *fuck me*, I feel so naughty whenever I wear this outfit. The pigtails get me especially hot, reminding me of my days of sexual exploration as a teenager. I was known as the Red Hot Slut of my high school, partly because I fucked every guy in our senior class and partly because of my red hair. I took it as a compliment: Why would you want a shy brunette or a dumb blonde when you could have a red hot vixen who wanted nothing more than to fuck your brains out all day and night?

My appetite for sex was insatiable, and there was hardly a place at my high school where I didn't have a sexual encounter. I remember being fucked in the ass by the star basketball player on the bleachers after practice, riding on top of the science geek on the lab counters while he tutored me after school, and blowing the shy trombone player in the music room during detention. I was an equal opportunity slut, glad to fuck any guy anytime, anywhere, but what I wanted most was for a teacher to walk in on us, especially the male teachers. I was a nubile young thing, a fine piece of ass that needed to be admired. I knew they would never touch me because I was prime jail bait,

but I wanted them to walk in the room, see me fucking these guys and sit back and watch, stroking their dicks until they came.

I reach farther down into my pussy and stroke it, looking out to the dark windows of the apartment building across the street. As a special treat to our repeat customers, Eric and I tell them about our Halloween plans each year and the approximate time the fucking begins. I'm getting wet just knowing that at this moment someone is watching me pleasure myself. My nipples get hard, and I reach a hand under the red lace of my bra and rub the taut little tip, thinking about Eric with his tongue on it, waiting for him to play with

me. Maybe I'll let Babyface suck the other one.

I begin grinding my hips as I plunge deeper and deeper into myself, my hand in my pussy getting slick with desire. I cry out as the orgasm shudders through me, right at the moment when Eric walks through the door.

Babyface looks like he just won the lottery.

"Come here and fuck me," I say.

Eric lets Babyface come to me first. He practically falls over himself as he kicks off his shoes, ripping off buttons of his shirt as he climbs into bed with me. *Fuck*, he's so young and eager. I bet it was only a couple years ago that he was doing this for real, fucking his own

Catholic school girl. He throws the shirt aside and reaches for me, but I push him away.

“Money first,” I say. Eric climbs onto the bed beside me, withdrawing from his pocket the wad of cash that’s just for show and then lays it down on the bedside table. Babyface fumbles for his wallet and takes out his own thick wad, setting it down next to Eric’s. I take a minute to count everything up as the two of them undress. Babyface’s three thousand dollars is all there, and I lean over to put it inside the drawer.

Eric lifts the back of my skirt up over my ass and presses against me, and my pussy throbs at the feel of his naked skin against mine. His cock is already



hard against my ass, and he reaches around and takes both my breasts in his big hands, squeezing them hard as he pulls me back against him. I want so badly for him to fuck me right then, but I have to set up the tableau with Babyface first.

“Go to the head of the bed,” I say in a voice thick with desire. Eric’s body lingers against me for a long moment, grinding his cock against me and teasing me with his hands on my breasts, and then he releases me and takes his position.

“Go over there and get on your knees,” I tell Babyface, pointing to the foot of the bed. He obeys and then watches me crawl towards him with a

look of pure lust, breathing hard in anticipation of what's to come.

I steady myself on the bed with one hand as I take his huge cock in the other one, wrapping my hand around the base of his throbbing flesh. I start with a little tease, my tongue lightly flicking the head as I stroke his cock with my hand. I can feel his excitement as I close my lips over the tip and slide my mouth slowly down his cock. Babyface grabs a hold of my pigtails and tries to pull me farther into him with a desperate need. Then Eric presses himself against me, once again lifting the skirt up over my ass. He reaches down to finger fuck me while he reaches into my shirt and rubs the red lace. He enters me from behind while

his fingers rub the tip of my pussy, pumping me slow and hard as my mouth plunges down Babyface's cock and then back to the head, down and back, down and back. Babyface yanks on my pigtails over and over, panting and grunting until he comes in my mouth.

I swallow it like a good girl.

Next I tell them both to lie down on opposite sides of the bed. I go to Eric first, straddle his face and rub my breast hard through the red lace while Eric licks my pussy. He grabs my ass and rocks me back and forth in his mouth until I nearly come. Then I lie down with my ass pressed against Eric, and he reaches around to my breast and starts playing with my sensitized nipple.

Turning to Babyface, I kiss him hard, his eager tongue plunging into my mouth again and again while I stroke his cock that's already hard and throbbing. When I straddle him, Babyface is primed to explode. He grabs my ass and jackhammers his cock into me, grunting like an animal as he fucks me hard.

Oh, *fuck yes, YES!* I haven't been fucked this hard since the night Eric and I met. I'm rocking on the edge of an immense orgasm that makes me scream. Eric's watching us, and it's turning him on to see me fucked so hard, to see me at the edge of complete sexual release. Eric has his cock in his hands, and he's pumping it hard and fast while he watches Babyface pump me harder and

faster. I close my eyes and imagine Eric trapped there between my clenched thighs, that it's his cock my body clamps against in deep, shuddering waves as I ride the orgasm to sweet oblivion.

Babyface goes limp beneath me and lies there with a dazed look on his face. I can't move; I feel like I'm in a drugged state from the intense sexual pleasure I just experienced. I stay there on top of him, feeling weak and spent, so Eric has to make the next move for me. He removes the handcuffs from under his pillow and puts them in my trembling hands. Before Babyface realizes what's happening, I lean over and kiss him while Eric slides the other handcuffs out from under his pillow. I take Babyface's

wrist into my hand and cuff him to the railing in the headboard while Eric does the same to his other wrist.

*“What the fuck?”* Babyface says, straining against the cuffs while Eric helps me off his cock and down onto my back on the other side of the bed. My legs still feel like Jell-O.

“Shut up and watch,” Eric says. He’s on top of me, shifting most of his weight onto his knees so that his cock rests just above my still throbbing pussy. He unties the knot in my shirt to expose my red lace bra, opens the clasp in front to expose my full breasts. He lowers his lips down to a hardened nipple, licking it with the tip of his tongue and playing with it until I’m aching to have his mouth

on me. A shuddering moan escapes my lips as Eric sucks on the little nub and begins to squeeze my other breast, fully cupping my soft flesh with his big hand.

Nothing gets me wetter than the thought of fucking Eric on our bed while another guy is handcuffed beside us. It's the ultimate tease; Babyface watching us fuck, feeling every thrust we make on the bed beside him but unable to touch us or himself. Based on the way he just fucked me, Babyface is going to be half mad with desire when I finally straddle him for the last time. Thinking about it makes me burn with excitement, and I have to have Eric inside me *right now!*

I grab his ass and shove his hard cock into my pussy, slamming my hips

into him. Eric responds immediately and we fuck each other harder and harder until we're both screaming with pleasure, my body contracting against his cock again and again until my orgasm makes us come at the same time.

Turning towards Babyface, I see that his cock is standing at attention once more. I reach over and squeeze his balls, feeling them contract from my touch, then I wrap my hand around the base of his throbbing cock and slowly slide it up to his tip and then down again, pumping him with my hand until a bead of pre-cum glistens on the head. Babyface lets out a shuddering moan of desire.

“Oh baby, I want to fuck you so hard,” he says, straining against the



handcuffs.

“Not yet,” I say.

Eric and I shift positions so that he's lying on his back while I get on top. After I discard my shirt and bra, I'm on my hands and knees with my mouth above Eric's cock and my pussy above Eric's face. I think about Babyface watching as I take Eric in my hand and lick the tip of his cock, stroking the length of it as it begins to grow and stiffen. I begin stroking it with my tongue as I take the head into my mouth. When his cock is completely hard again, Eric grabs my hips and lowers my pussy into his mouth. *Oh, FUCK YES!* I think as Eric's tongue caresses and plunges into me while my mouth bobs up and down

on his cock.

Before he explodes in my mouth, I force myself to slow down, taking his throbbing cock out of my hands and mouth as I lift myself away from Eric's wickedly talented tongue. I move down so that I can slide onto his cock, giving both Eric and Babyface a view of my backside. Eric grips my hips and holds perfectly still as I ride him slow and hard, grinding on that sweet spot inside me, rubbing my pussy with one hand and my bare breast with the other. I lick my lips, moaning, listening to Eric's gasps of need, knowing he wants to come.

Time to switch positions.

I slide off Eric and we get out of bed so that I can lean over the side. I

look into Babyface's eyes across the bed as Eric gets behind me, pushing the skirt up so he can slide his slick cock into my ass. Then Eric grips my hips hard and starts ramming into me, and I watch Babyface's intense excitement at the sight of me being fucked hard in the ass, my bare breasts bouncing erotically and my pigtails swaying. I scream as my orgasm shudders through me in waves, knowing Eric is about to come and that Babyface is on the verge of explosion. Then Eric goes limp against me. After a minute he staggers backwards to the armchair in the corner and waits for my last tease with Babyface.

If preparing for our performance got me wet before, it was nothing compared

to what I felt now. This was sexual overtime, when I had the chance to make Eric come again as he watches me toy with Babyface, and when I race against the clock to reach another orgasm before I make Babyface come.

I get up on the bed and slowly crawl towards him. I lick my upper lip as I prepare to play with him, giving Eric time to recharge for the final release. Straddling Babyface, I position myself just in front of his swollen cock with my pussy just out of his eager lips' reach, then I slowly slide my right hand down to my skirt and reach under it.

"You want your cock inside me, don't you?" I say as I stroke my wet pussy and fondle my left breast, rubbing

them both counter clockwise. “You want to squeeze my big ass titties as I fuck you.”

Babyface is straining so hard that he looks like he’s going to break the headboard. “*Fuck yes,*” he says, his voice shaking with desire.

I start grinding my hips back and forth, my ass bumping up against his cock again and again. Babyface whimpers with need, and I lick my lips and moan, loving the exquisite pain I’m causing him with my self-pleasuring that’s just out of his reach. “*Oh yes,*” I say, “I’m a *very naughty* little Catholic school girl. Look at me wearing nothing but my slutty skirt, lace stockings, and *fuck-me pumps!*”

Babyface looks like he'd give me a million dollars to be released from the handcuffs. He's primed to explode, just the way I want him. Eric's stroking his cock hard, and I feel the first wave of the orgasm as I watch him work for one last release.

"You loved watching me get fucked in the ass, didn't you?" I say to Babyface. I'm so very close now, my pussy throbbing as I plunge deeper and harder into myself, grinding my hips faster, feeling Babyface's waiting cock behind me. I arch my back, tossing my head back in the grip of the orgasm shuddering through me. *"SAY YOU WANT TO FUCK ME IN THE ASS!"* I scream.

I'm just in time to see Eric coming in his hands. Then I feel Babyface's sticky spray against my ass, and I come as he lifts off the bed in a final shudder of release.

Everyone loves a Catholic school girl. I can't wait until next Halloween.

The End

**Find out how Eric and I met in *Red Hot Slut***

I'd been watching Tall-Dark-And Sexy for a couple nights now. He was at the club most nights that I came, dancing

with several girls every night, and most of them he went off to the bathroom with for what I hoped was steamy, kinky sex. Tonight I would make my move and find out if he was the exhibitionist I'd been looking for.

## **Join me and Eric in *Three Erotic Nights***

There are three nights a month when the moon looks full, and on these nights Eric and I enjoy sexual adventures with other people. Lexi is the virgin whose crush on a neighbor motivates her to gain some sexual experience. On the second night I meet my twin, Yvonne. The last night features Richard and Layla



presenting a play of Erotic Kitsch: Layla Earns Extra Credit. Come join the fun.

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**Cat and Mouse**

“Tonight this cat and mouse game is going to end,” Eve whispered to her reflection in the mirror. The tall brunette slowly applied the bright red lipstick to her full lips then turned to admire how the short red dress accentuated her curves.

She had planned this night for weeks. There was no way she was going to let Marc off the hook again. Since the first time she met him, all of the college parties ended the same. Eve would show up with her friends and Marc always searched her out. The two would enjoy a few drinks, and flirt like crazy sending the sexual tension to burning heights. Just

when Eve was about to burst with anticipation because she thought he was going to ask her up to his room – it's over. Each time he suddenly remembered something he needed to do or he needed to speak to someone who had just arrived. At first Eve thought it was something she had said or done, but after the same thing at the next party, she grew determined.

Eve wanted Marc in her bed and tonight she was going to do whatever was necessary to get him there. Just the idea of rubbing against his tall muscular body sent chills down Eve's spine. She had to have him. She would show him what he could have been enjoying all these weeks if only he had went after it.

She grabbed her four inch red heels and as she strapped them on Eve envisioned Marc's dark silky hair. She itched to run her fingers through the strands. With her shoes in place, Eve turned to the mirror to admire the full affect. The perfectly matching panties were hidden, but she hoped they wouldn't stay that way for long. The design of the dress prevented her from wearing a bra and as she moved in front of the mirror she appreciated the daring displays of her lush breasts. It was all for Marc's benefit and she hoped it would be enough to tip the scales in her direction.

Eve locked the door on her way out and met her friends outside. The young

women chatted about school and told each other pieces of gossip they had heard over the week, but Eve wasn't interested in the conversation. She had one thing on her mind. As the small group walked the short distance to frat house, Eve could feel her excitement and anticipation growing.

The loud music blared from the open doors and laughter could be heard coming from inside. As Eve climbed the stairs, she began searching the faces around her. She knew it wouldn't be long before she caught a glimpse of him. Marc would be surrounded by beautiful young women all hoping to claim his attention. They would be sorely disappointed this night! Eve was going

to take every bit he had to offer!

Being polite to the people she passed, Eve smiled and greeted her friends but stayed focused on finding the only man she was there to see. Suddenly she felt a hand on her elbow. A bright smile formed when she turned and faced Marc. She could read his expression and before he even spoke Eve knew he approved of her dress choice.

“I was wondering if you were going to make it tonight,” he said.

The sound of his deep voice tightened things low in Eve’s body and she could feel moisture begin to coat her freshly shaven lips.

“You know I wouldn’t miss it,” she replied.

“I would be a poor host if I did not offer you a drink. What are you in the mood for?”

Eve could think of a million ways to answer his question, but instead she decided to play coy.

“Ummm...what are you offering?” she asked.

She smiled when he raised his eyebrows at her question.

“How about we go to the bar and see what there is. There’s beer of course, but maybe I can come up with something a little more your speed,” he said and began navigating them through the crowded room. As she walked, Eve glanced around and noticed the many unhappy glares coming from other

women in the room.

Once at the bar, Eve watched as Marc pulled different liquors from the shelves.

“It would seem that there is a little bit of everything here. How about you name it and I’ll see if I can pull it together?”

“Is there rum?” she asked.

“There is rum. Which do you prefer white or dark?” he asked.

“White please. Is there any Cointreau?”

She smiled as he sat the short square bottle beside the already separated rum.

“And how about some cognac and lemon juice?”



He looked confused, but she watched him rummage through the other bottles until he found them.

Finally all the ingredients were there and Eve guided him in making the cocktail.

She accepted the glass and just before she could take a sip, Marc asked, “And what is the name of this drink?”

Eve looked over the rim of the glass and met his gaze.

“It’s called Between the Sheets.”

The sexy smirk on Marc’s mouth just before he tasted his drink told Eve he had caught the implication.

As she sipped the tart drink Eve noticed a tall blond man walking toward the bar where they stood. She had seen

him at a few of these parties, but had not met him. Eve glanced at Marc and saw that his eyes were also on the approaching man.

“Eve let me introduce you to Tom,” Marc said just as the stranger reached the pair.

She set her drink on the bar and said, “Hello Tom. Nice to meet you.”

“It’s very nice to meet you too. I’ve heard many good things about you this semester,” Tom said. His voice was deep but where Marc’s was smooth, his was rough. She wasn’t sure but Eve detected some sort of accent.

Eve looked over at Marc. The large smile on his face intrigued her.

“Really?” she asked. The news that

Marc had mentioned her to this other man surprised and pleased her.

She turned back to Tom. The large smile that spread across his face caused deep dimples to indent his handsome cheeks.

*Wow! He's almost as hot as Marc!*

“Oh I have definitely heard of you. Marc wanted me to meet you, but the timing has never been quite right and I always seemed to miss you,” he explained.

“You wanted me to meet him?” Eve asked as she looked back and forth between the men.

“Yes,” was all of an answer Marc gave.

Eve wanted to know more, but

before she could ask Tom changed the subject.

“Are you two enjoying yourselves?” Tom asked.

She picked up her drink and took another small sip as her mind tried to wrap around this new information.

“Actually I’ve been considering getting away from all the noise,” Marc said.

“That sounds like a great idea. Eve would you like to explore upstairs? I’m sure it would be easier to have a conversation without all this noise,” Tom asked.

She looked at the two men as she tried to understand what was happening.

“Come on Eve,” Marc said.

Eve looked at his handsome face and realized in his own way he was pleading with her to go with them. The turn of events was becoming more intriguing by the second.

Remembering her goal for the evening, Eve took another sip of her drink before giving Marc a small nod. She was rewarded by a large smile from both men as Tom took the empty glass from her and deposited it on the bar.

None of the three spoke a single word as they climbed the stairs. Eve followed Tom down the long hallway and through one of the many doors. The room had two large beds against opposite walls and in the center was an entertainment area equipped with a large

TV and a lush couch. She watched as Tom walked to a small fridge and pulled out a beer as Marc quietly closed the door.

Eve stayed a few steps into the room, waiting to see where Marc was going to sit. She had never been in a situation like this and she was hesitant to make any moves. She glanced over her shoulder and gave Marc a small smile as he approached.

“Aren’t you going to ask me what Marc has been saying about you?” Tom asked before he took a drink of the beer.

“I figured if you wanted to tell me then you would have,” Eve said.

“Very perceptive. It just so turns out that I do want to tell you and I have other

things we would like for you to know as well,” Tom said.

Eve gasped as she felt Marc’s fingertips lightly slide along the outsides of her arms.

“Marc has wanted to do this since the first time he met you. It was me he had to convince,” Tom said.

She felt Marc mold his body against her from behind and bit her lip to suppress the moan threatening to escape. It was growing difficult to concentrate on Tom’s words with the object of her desire touching her so softly. Eve could feel his warm breath on her neck and leaned her head to the side to give him better access. The first touch of his mouth on her skin brought a deep sigh

from Eve's core.

"I wasn't sure if you would be the right choice for us, but now that I have met you..." Tom said.

Marc's hands slid around her waist pulling her tighter against his hard body. Eve could feel the hard ridge of his manhood pushing against her lower back through the thin dress.

"I will let you enjoy Marc but...."

Eve gasped as Marc nipped at the sensitive skin along her neck and slid his hands up her flat stomach to gently cup her heavy breasts. Her excitement grew by leaps and bounds as his fingers lightly pinched her hard nipples. Eve's body tingled and she yearned to turn in his arms and press her mouth to his but



he held her firmly against the front of his body.

“His desire for you is obvious as is yours for him, but our situation is not that simple. Do you want her Marc?” Tom asked.

“Very much so,” Marc answered softly.

“Then you need to make her understand.”

Suddenly Eve felt Marc’s hands loosen as he turned her to face him. Eve was slightly stunned by the sudden change, but was excited to stand within the circle of his strong arms.

“I want you, but I need you to know that I am Tom’s lover first,” Marc said softly.

She stared up at the sexy man and realization hit. Marc was Tom's lover. The man she had lusted for the whole semester had a male lover.

"I want you to be with us. I think it can work," Marc whispered softly.

Eve was shocked by Marc's suggestion, but the idea of being with these two gorgeous men tightened things low in her body. Her breathe quickened in anticipation and she felt moisture build at the juncture of her thighs.

"So what is your answer?" Tom asked.

She glanced over her shoulder. Tom had approached the two during Marc's surprising proposal.

Eve turned back to Marc but before

she could formulate an answer, Tom added, “We will understand if you are not interested. Marc just wanted us to try.”

Throwing her hesitation into the wind, Eve slid her hands up Marc’s chest and into his thick hair. She pulled his mouth down to her own. The surprise on his face brought a small smile to her mouth before she touched his lips with her own. Her mouth opened to allow his tongue to join her own as their hands frantically touched each other’s bodies.

A small moan escaped as Marc cupped her rear cheeks, pressing her barely covered mound tightly against his jean covered hard length. Eve felt air touch her back as her dress was

loosened. The haze of desire quickly pushed rational thoughts from her mind. Suddenly Marc's arms released her and she was pushed slightly away. She reached for the small straps on the dress and pushed them off her shoulders. The small garment pooled at her feet leaving her standing with only the small red panties covering her body.

"Better than I ever imagined," Marc whispered as she closed the distance between them.

Eve bit her lower lip as his warm hands gently squeezed her bare breasts. She reached for his jeans and quickly unfastened the button before pushing them from his lean hips. The sight of his large erection made Eve's mouth water

and she instinctively reached for the tight underwear that prevented her from touching it.

She was stunned by every inch of his skin that was revealed. As she pushed the underwear from his hips, he pulled his shirt from his broad shoulders. A light dusting of dark hair covered his chest and stomach leading a perfect line to the small amount of pubic hair above his impressive length. Eve wanted to step back and admire his beauty, but she wanted to have him buried inside her heat much more.

“He’s gorgeous. Isn’t he?” Tom asked from behind her.

Eve looked over her shoulder and she could see the lust in the other man’s

eyes.

Her attention quickly returned to Marc as he dropped to his knees in front of her. He quickly unbuckled the small straps on her shoes before sliding his hands up her legs. She watched as his long fingers gently tugged on the thin panty straps. Before the scrap of cloth had reached her feet, she watched as Marc leaned toward her. He slowly slid his tongue along the crease between her lips. The sudden heat and contact almost made her knees buckle, but strong hands held her stable from behind.

The addition of Tom's hands on her body only heightened her excitement.

"Perhaps we should move you to one of the beds?" Tom whispered next to

her ear.

Dazed by the extreme stimulation, Eve simply nodded her agreement before Tom easily scooped her into his arms. Within seconds Eve found herself gently deposited on one of the large soft beds. She held her arms out as Marc approached and he slowly crawled up beside her. His long body pressed against her and Eve strained to touch the throbbing erection pressing into her belly.

Eve felt desperate to have him deep inside of her heat. She spread her legs wide and pulled his mouth to her own. Their tongues swirled together and Eve could feel his wide tip at her wet entrance. She moaned at the loss as he

pulled his mouth from hers.

“Can Tom play too?”

Turning her eyes to the side of the bed, Eve reached her hand out to Tom without hesitation. His smile of relief pushed all doubt from her mind as she watched him quickly rid himself of his clothing. Eve's eagerness for pleasure grew as Tom revealed his body to her greedy eyes. He was leaner than Marc, but equally as beautiful. When his underwear was finally removed Eve's insides quivered in excitement. Both men were incredibly built and both had been blessed with above average sized shafts.

She turned her attention back to the man above her as they waited for Tom to



join them. She slid her hands along his strong back as Tom eased onto the bed. Eve pulled Marc's mouth back to her own trying to show him how excited the two of them were making her.

As she kissed him, Eve felt him slowly push forward gently entering her shivering body. Inch by achingly pleasurable inch, Marc's thick member filled her. The thickness of his member stretched her deliciously as he moved deeper and deeper. She pulled her mouth from his and concentrated on the sensation of being completely filled. With him fully buried, Eve's body throbbed desperately with need. Part of her wanted him to begin moving, but another part wanted to enjoy having him

finally.

Eve held onto Marc's shoulders as he slowly began making thrusts into her heat. He was gentle, but Eve could feel him holding back. She reached a hand out to Tom. His manhood stood out from his body as he watched Eve and Marc. She reached for his hard length and as her hand touched the silky skin she was rewarded by a loud moan. She moved her fingers along his length, but wanted more.

“Wait,” she whispered to Marc.

Marc paused and Eve crawled from under him and turned to put her back to him. She knelt in front of Tom and Marc quickly positioned himself behind her. She spread her knees apart and felt Marc

quickly move close behind her. As he pushed back into her body, Eve took Tom's dripping tip between her lips. His loud moan encouraged her efforts as she pushed him further into her mouth.

Eve quickly realized concentration was going to be an issue. She desperately wanted to please Tom, but Marc's gentle plunges were making it difficult. Eve pushed more of his length into her mouth until the tip bumped the back of her throat. She could not take all of him into her mouth, but she was determined he would enjoy her efforts. She swirled her tongue against the smooth skin and moaned around him when she tasted the evidence of his excitement.

She pushed back to meet Marc's thrusts. The power Eve felt from his hands as he held her hips firmly at the angle he chose heightened her arousal. With every stroke he seemed to touch a new spot deep inside her body. She felt her excitement grow with every flex of his hips and every moan of pleasure coming from both men. Eve had never been taken so thoroughly and she didn't want it to end.

Eve released Tom's throbbing length and turned to look over her shoulder at the man pleasuring her from behind. She lifted her upper body and pulled his hands from her hips and relocating them to her tender breasts. Eve bit her lower lip and laid her head

back as Marc tweaked each of her nipples and began kissing along her slim neck. She followed Tom's movements with her eyes as he crawled the small distance to the two. His long member stood out from his body and Eve slid her hands up his chest as his body sandwiched her between the men.

It was as if every nerve in her body was about to explode. The coarse hair from Marc's chest teased the sensitive skin of her back as Tom's tickled her smooth belly. She felt Marc slide his hands from her breasts and was spellbound as she watched him thread his fingers into Tom's blond hair and pull his head toward his own. Eve watched as the two gorgeous men shared

a tender kiss over her shoulder. The emotion on each of their faces told Eve of their deep love for each other and Eve suddenly wanted nothing more than to become a part of it.

As Marc slowly began moving within her heat, Eve pulled Tom's mouth to her own. She could feel the excitement building low in her body and she wanted to bring them the same kind of pleasure. She gasped against his mouth as he gently slid his fingers between her swollen wet lips and stroked her hard nub. She pulled her mouth from his as the climax slammed into her body. The intense pleasure pushed a low moan from Eve's chest. She felt Marc's grip tighten on her hips

and heard his deep moan mix with her own.

The waves of pleasure slowly subsided and Eve slowly opened her eyes and looked at the man in front of her.

“So beautiful,” Tom whispered as he traced her bottom lip with his thumb.

She felt Marc gently kiss her shoulder before he pulled his softening member from her sheath. Eve leaned into Tom and welcomed his hot kisses. Their tongues swirled as Eve’s excitement began to build again. As Tom leaned into Eve, she slid her feet from under her and landed softly on the bed. With him above her, Eve looked down between their bodies. Tom’s hot length was

poised to enter her wet tunnel.

Eve turned her head to the side and found Marc's eyes just as Tom pushed passed her opening and buried his entire length within her still quivering folds.

Marc watching only added to Eve's excitement. She wasn't sure which of them excited him more and at that moment she didn't care. Eve could see that he was slowly stroking his hardening member. Her attention was pulled back to Tom as he pulled most of his manhood from between her tender lips.

"I apologize now, but I cannot be as gentle as Marc. It's too late this time," Tom said as he plunged back into her heat. The impact of his body pounding



into her own heightened her excitement and she held on as he used her body for his pleasure. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his narrow hips. With every movement the base of Tom's manhood rubbed her distended clit.

Eve slid her hands up Tom's flexed arms and watched his features as he pushed toward his own release. She could feel the beginning muscle spasms with every stroke and knew it would only be moments before his ministrations would pull another orgasm from deep inside her body.

"Eve..., " Tom gasped and she knew he had found his pleasure.

Tom ground his hips into hers as his orgasm rolled through his body. The

pressure against her clit pushed her over the edge. A loud moan escaped her lips as her muscles clamped tightly around his length. Eve felt the muscles in his arms ripple beneath her fingers as each wave of pleasure pulsed through her core.

As the fog cleared, Eve relished the languid feeling in her muscles. She had never felt so relaxed after sex. Marc crawled to her and both men gently wrapped their arms around her. Eve realized her plans for the night had worked more brilliantly than she could ever have imagined. None of them seemed eager to move from the bed and Eve was content to stay tightly wrapped between the two men. She wasn't going

to voice her thought just yet, but she hoped the men would agree that this could turn into the beginning of a very satisfying relationship for all involved.

The End

## **About the Author**

Anne James enjoys many different sub-genres of romance/erotica and intends to explore them one at a time. Nothing is more rewarding for Anne than the characters coming alive on the page and telling their own story. The steamier the better!

**Author Links**

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# **Dreams Do Come True**

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The music blared too loud for Sandi's taste, making her chest vibrate with the base, but those on the dimly lit dance floor didn't seem to notice. Sexy women wearing

low-cut, clingy dresses drew her attention and she tightened her kegels as she tapped a red stir stick on the table in the dark corner of the crowded bar. Sandi watched the patrons make eyes at each other, share a kiss or two...or engage in a screaming-match in front of everyone.

She turned her head to look at the couple she came in with.

Why had she agreed to come here again tonight with Kiera and Greg?

Bile rose in her throat as she took in his unshaven, square jaw line, combed-back blonde hair and

tight tee shirt that hugged his muscular chest and tattooed arms. He watched every woman in the bar. Ignoring her best friend, Sandi was sure he imagined fucking some stranger right there on the floor instead of being with Kiera tonight. Greg disgusted her. Their stormy relationship would never get better because he'd never be a one-woman man and Kiera couldn't see that.

Relationships with men had ruined her long ago when her step-father thought it was okay to sit naked on her bed as a child and proceed to teach her about life as a

woman. Since when did a child need to learn about adult sex so early? Men just wanted one thing and didn't give a shit about making a relationship work.

A shiver ran down her back; her fingers fisted.

Even after all these years, those memories still haunted her. Egotistical men just made her stomach turn and Greg fit right into that category. Sandi turned her thoughts back to the couple at her table, wondering why Kiera couldn't be stronger and see what kind of man he really was.

After teasing the ice in her glass

with a manicured nail, Kiera took a long pull from her whiskey glass. Her tongue took in the last of the amber liquid from her lips, and then she raked her fingers through her dark curly hair. How could Greg ignore such a sexy creature? She stared for a moment at the back of Greg's head. "You should quit gawking and just go ask one of them to dance and maybe fuck later. Obviously, I'm not who you want to be with lately."

Greg looked at her, grabbed his beer and curled his upper lip. "At least maybe they aren't a bitch all the time."



She shrugged a shoulder. "I can find my own way home tonight. Get the hell out of here."

Sandi chewed the stir stick as she laughed to herself. The asshole didn't waste time and stormed off to the other side of the bar, leaving them alone in the dark corner. Could she convince Kiera that best friends didn't treat each other like that? Shutting out the crowd around them, she reached across the table to squeeze Kiera's hand, sick of seeing the same thing happen to her time and again. "You know he's a jerk, right?"

"I know. Why am I always

attracted to assholes?"

"Because that's how you were treated growing up." Not wanting to scare her, Sandi pulled her hand back and sipped her own Jack and Coke. "We share an apartment. I've known you long enough to see a few of the boyfriends you've picked up, hon...not good." Sandi looked into Kiera's blue eyes and hurt gazed back at her.

"I can't say I've ever dated a nice guy. I don't think they make those kind anymore." Kiera finished her Jack and ordered them both another round. "Look at the two women over there. They seem

happy and you can tell they're into each other."

Sandi glanced across the dimly lit bar as one stroked the forearm of the other. If only she could be that close to Kiera, she knew they could be happy. Right now, she at least had her as a best friend. Kiera needed to get her head straight before Sandi could approach her about changing their relationship and become more than best friends. "Those two know that women can be as happy as any heterosexual couple, but relationships can be difficult no matter what gender you are."

"Maybe being single for a while would do me good. Having a man around anymore just makes me crazy."

The low tank top Kiera wore displayed a deep cleavage that Sandi couldn't take her eyes from. Living with Kiera had given her more than one glimpse of her naked body, making her wish she made a move long ago. "I know your work at the attorney's office keeps you busy but, you should come down to the gym with me. Working out relieves stress and clears your mind so you can think about what you need. Nobody else

can make you happy if you're not happy with yourself first." Sandi leaned back in her chair to watch the other women on the dance floor when she spotted Greg at the bar with his hand on some woman's ass.

Let it go...it's not your problem.

Kiera handed her empty glass to the waitress, took her fresh drink and leaned forward to yell over the music. "You always seem to be in control and happy with your life, so exercising must do something for you besides keeping you in great shape. How's that kick-boxing class going?"

Sandi loved her class and the fact that it could be used on a man in a dark alley made it that much more fun. "You should join. It'd be one less night Greg could bother you."

Kiera shook her head yet her eyes spoke of regret. "He hates it when I'm not available if he calls."

Sandi slammed her palm on the table. "If he calls should be the warning for you, damnit. That's allowing him to control you and that needs to stop right now. Quit answering your phone every time he calls you. He's just proved to you that he doesn't care and if you take

him back after tonight, his control will get worse. Who knows what might happen if you're alone with him and he gets pissed." Sandi rested her forearms on the table and looked into Kiera's eyes, wishing she could hold her close right now. "I'm your best friend and I care about you too much to sit by and watch him treat you like a door mat. Stop it tonight. You have no idea how hard it is to keep my mouth shut when he's at the apartment."

Kiera looked back at her, struggling with her emotions that she wore on her sleeve. Sandi

wanted to hug her and show her how much she cared, but now wasn't the time. Over Kiera's shoulder, Sandi saw Greg slip out the back door with the woman from the bar stool.

Bastard.

Glad that Kiera hadn't seen him leave, Sandi could relax and enjoy the rest of the evening. She had to keep Greg out of Kiera's life and help her become a stronger person for her own good. The bastard only tore at Kiera's self-esteem, but that's how his kind worked. That shit ran in families and his father likely treated his mother the same



way so he didn't know any better.

"Let's finish these, grab a movie and spend a quiet night at home? You game?" Sandi prayed she'd agree. They could be alone, shut off Kiera's phone and maybe talk about what could be next for them.

"It is noisy in here. Maybe a good movie is what I need. We could find a comedy to watch. Let's go." Kiera finished her drink and tossed a few bills on the table.

Fresh air replaced the stale bar air as Sandi stepped outside into the dark. The parking lot was full, patrons pulling in and out, looking for a good time. Careful where she

stepped, Sandi didn't want to wrench an ankle in her new strappy heels. "I'm glad I insisted on driving my own car, otherwise we'd be grabbing a cab. Ewww!" She clicked the remote to unlock the doors of her Charger.

Buckling her seatbelt, Kiera looked over at her. "How do you afford this car? Are you really making that much money modeling for Daniel?"

Sandi laughed. "Yes. He's been bugging me to get him another model. You should think about it." After looking both ways, she pulled onto the busy street and headed to

the video store, secretly wondering if she should grab a bondage movie and see how Kiera would react.

"I'd want to work out for a few weeks before getting in front of a camera to model what you do. That's what he's asking, right? For another lingerie model?"

Sandi gave her a sideways glance, looked her up and down, and then winked. "Yes, that's what he wants. You'd look great in a demi bra and garters. You should think about it."

"I've seen some of the stuff you model for him. It's more than demi bras and garters. I'm not sure I'd

want my face in his magazines.”

“He can shoot you from the neck down. Readers just want to see how the undergarments look on a woman.” Satisfied she’d planted the seed for Daniel, Sandi turned off the car at the video store. “Let’s go see what we can find. We both need a good laugh tonight.” She led the way into the store, browsed the movies and made her way to the adult movie section behind the bi-fold doors.

Kiera followed and perused the boxes. “That one could almost pass for you. It’s just a body shot so who would know?”

"Exactly. I won't deny that it could be me on that cover. Daniel crops me into stuff for others who want to use me, so maybe. Hey, this could be interesting. Let's get it to see how they model these leather bustiers. It could be fun to watch."

"That's a bondage movie!"

Sandi shrugged her shoulder and laughed. "So. You need to expand your horizons. Come on, we're getting it; it'll give you some ideas of what the models wear." Sandi paid for the movies, winked at the male cashier and headed to the car. As she pulled into traffic, she

wondered what Kiera thought. She was too quiet. "When we get home, I'll get the movie ready, make us a Jack and Coke and you make the popcorn. Promise me you'll turn off your phone so we can enjoy the movies."

"That's an easy one. I'm not talking to his ass tonight!" Kiera pulled her phone out, turned it off and dropped it back into her purse. "There. Done"

At home, Sandi turned off all the lamps and only the glow from a night light lit the room as the comedy started. The reclining love

seat made it a perfect spot to watch the shows. She'd let Kiera get relaxed with a few more drinks and then hopefully she'd be open for watching the bondage flick with her. Arching her back and clenching her inner muscles, Sandi craved to touch Kiera and hoped tonight that might happen.

The summer heat stifled their upstairs apartment and had made it necessary to open the windows and dress cooler. Kiera's long, muscled legs stretched out in the recliner and Sandi was glad Kiera had changed into shorts and tank top...and left her bra on the bed.

Her nipples protruded nicely through the thin material and Sandi felt herself leak onto her thong just thinking about nipple clamps for Kiera. If she planned it right and moved slow once the other movie started, she might get her wish.

Enjoying the popcorn, Sandi took in a relaxing breath and enjoyed the movie. The three drinks she'd made for Kiera seemed to relax her, too.

Kiera laughed during the comedy and didn't mention Greg. "That was hilarious. Thanks for suggesting we come home and do this. Who needs men anyway?"



Sandi took in another deep breath, wishing she could tell Kiera the real reason she suggested they come home, but it wasn't the right time. "Especially when they're assholes."

"You put in that porno flick and I'll go make us another drink. These are going down way too easy so...I'm not responsible for my actions after the next drink."

Biting her lower lip, Sandi handed her glass to Kiera and watched her hips sway as she sauntered into dark the kitchen. She couldn't wait to see her model for Daniel. The crotchless thongs

would look awesome on her, stretched out on the pillows. Damn! Sandi got up to put in the movie, grabbed the remote to fast forward to the beginning past the ads, and then hurried to her bedroom. Digging through her drawer, she pulled out an elastic blindfold and pink dildo and then hid them in the cushions of her side of the loveseat.

"Kiera, bring a towel back with you. My glass got the end table wet." Sandi smiled, knowing the towel would come in handy when she got Kiera wet. Her pussy already ached for her.

When Kiera returned, Sandi took

her drink and the towel and then winked at Kiera. Did Kiera actually have no idea how she felt about her? They'd lived together for two years now and she'd consoled Kiera every time a guy broke her heart. Each time, Sandi had hoped it would be her turn to take Kiera, but the opportunity never came. She'd be damned if she was going to let the opportunity slip through her fingers tonight. Kiera would know for sure how she felt. Sandi wiped the water from her glass off the end table and pushed the towel between the cushions for later.

"Gawd, I feel better after a few

drinks. If I can forget Greg this easy, maybe it's a sign."

Kiera stared at her as she sipped the drink and when Kiera reached for her hand, Sandi took it, gently squeezed it and wished on her dream.

"You've been such a good friend to me. I love you, you know."

Sandi's heart skipped a beat but knew that wasn't how she meant it. Kiera had no idea what she'd actually said. Sandi reached up to brush Kiera's long curly hair from her face, her fingers caressing a soft cheek. "It's the booze. Tomorrow you'll come to your

senses.”

“Nope.” Kiera held her glass to cling against Sandi’s and she tapped it. “I hope tomorrow I better understand why I don’t need a man right now.”

“I’m glad I can help you come to that realization. Ready for some bondage? You’ve not watched any of these before, have you? It might make you too horny and you’ll want that asshole back up here.” Sandi shrugged a shoulder.

“Hell no! Tonight, I’m open to learning new things. I’m seriously considering your offer to model for Daniel, too. Who knows what might

happen.”

Sandi pressed the remote and the snap of a whip sounded as a leather bustier came into view, the camera panning up to show the woman with a ball gag, her hands tied above her head and then down to her ankles spread wide, connected to hooks in the floor.

“Oh my gawd. If that’s not erotic...are they all like this?”

“Depends on what you’re into. They come in all sorts of topics. This is just one kind.”

The whip cracked again and Kiera flinched but her wide eyes were nearly glued to the screen. A

man's hand slid down the woman's leather bustier, his fingers dipped inside the leather thong and to Sandi's surprise, she wore a crotchless thong so his fingers were visible as they separated the labia and touched her clit.

"Holy shit." Kiera took a long drink as she stared at the television. "I can't believe I've never watched a porn flick like this before."

"They're fun...you just have to keep in mind that some of what they show might be harsher than something you'd like to try. That's her Dom and she's agreed to

everything he'll do to her. That's done before they even begin a scene. Watch, it gets better."

Another woman enters the picture, stark naked, and is forced to kneel in front of the tied woman. She's handed a dildo and slips it up inside of the other woman. As she plunges the dildo, she leans forward and the camera captures her tongue slipping between the labia to lick the clit.

Kiera squirmed in her seat as Sandi glanced at her. Hard nipples drew her attention and Sandi reached over to take one between her fingernails and pinch, but not



too hard. "Imagine that is you chained up and I'm licking your pussy. Do you think that would feel good? That woman is doing a good job, but then again, she's ordered to obey whatever the Dom tells her to do." Sandi changed her grip to roll Kiera's nipple between her fingers. Kiera pressed her head back into the chair cushion and a moan slipped from her throat as her hand reached between her thighs.

Sandi clenched her inner muscles, wishing it were her hand on Kiera's pussy. Letting go of the nipple, she settled back in her seat, knowing Kiera was getting horny.

"Watch this, Kiera. Don't miss it, open your eyes."

The Dom stood behind the chained woman and lowered her bustier, showing her rock hard nipples puckered tight. Her chest heaves as she breathes. He rolls her nipples the same way Sandi did for Kiera, but now he puts on the nipple clamps and the woman screams behind the ball gag. "Concentrate on the pleasure, pet, not the pain. Breathe...that's it."

Both of Kiera's hands cover her nipples. "I don't know if I could let someone do that to me."

"You'd get used to it. You don't

start with tight clamps right off the bat."

Kiera stared at her, her pupils wide, letting Sandi know her sensual side was coming out. "You know about this stuff?"

She shrugged a shoulder. "Daniel has had me model a pair or two. Let's keep watching."

The Dom connected a set of light weights to the nipple clamps and then adjusted the ball gag. She resisted and received a whack with a crop on top of each supple breast, leaving a red mark. The camera pans down to the woman working the dildo and now is holding open

the labia so the viewers can see how hard the clit is as her tongue teases it, eliciting moans from the chained woman.

The Dom watches intently. "You're not allowed to cum yet...unless you want a plug up your ass at the same time."

Screams could be heard from behind the ball gag, the buzz of the dildo and the sloppy sound it made plunging into the pussy juices. The woman's tongue licked and sucked, trying to make her cum, flicking and licking in circles around the clit.

Sandi couldn't take it anymore. Setting her drink down, she pulled

the blindfold out and turned to Kiera. "I want you to trust me. I want to show you something, but you have to put on the blindfold first. When we can't see what's being done to us, it heightens our other senses. Will you trust me?"

Staring at first, Kiera set aside her glass and turned back to Sandi. "Sure, what the hell." She took the blindfold from Sandi and adjusted it over her eyes.

The recliner was already in the reclined position. Sandi couldn't believe her luck and knew she'd have to move slow or risk blowing the whole plan with Kiera. She

arched her back, wanting to lay right on top of Kiera but knew that wouldn't work yet. "Lay back, relax, and think of the movie and what the woman had been instructed to do. Listen to the crack of the whip, her moans...and image it's you."

Kiera lay still.

"Put your arms above your head and grab the back of the cushion. Keep your hands up there, as though they're tied."

Sandi placed her hand on Kiera's hard abs and began to touch higher until her hand cupped a breast, taking the full weight of it in her hand. She massaged it, feeling the

nipple poke her palm. Scooting closer, Sandi stretched out next to Kiera and lifted her tank top to expose her breasts, full, supple...with nipples begging to be sucked. Soft perfume aroused Sandi even more.

She'd waited so long to feel Kiera's nipples on her tongue.

Her hands shook with excitement at finally being this close to loving Kiera. She cupped a breast and took a nipple into her mouth, sucking it, moving her tongue over the puckered skin and Kiera moaned. As Sandi gently bit the nipple, her other hand pulled

open Kiera's thighs and rubbed her pussy through her silk shorts, pressing her fingers into her center.

To her surprise, Kiera's hips rose to meet her hand, rising as though she were fucking her. Sandi took her chance and pulled the shorts and thong aside to look at her pussy and plump lips. She opened the labia and the hard little clit peeked out. Sandi licked her own lips and then slipping her fingers deep inside of Kiera's wet, satiny lips, she plunged and pumped into her hot slippery juices. Kiera cried out and panted, but kept her hands above her head. Sandi bit harder on



her nipple as her fingers went deeper, swirling over the roughened g-spot up inside. Muscles tightened around her fingers.

Hot slippery lips against her fingers had never felt so erotic. When she withdrew her fingers, Kiera whimpered. "Oh my gawd...I had no idea..."

Sandi lowered the foot of Kiera's recliner, leaned over Kiera and tugged her shorts and thongs down her hips and thighs. The tank top stayed tight above her breasts and now naked, Sandi took in the sight of her beautiful slender body. "Don't move and don't touch that

blindfold." Sandi knelt, opened Kiera's thighs wide and pulled her ass to the edge of the seat. To finally see Kiera's shaven lips, open and waiting, her mouth watered with anticipation. Her pussy tightened. She blew on Kiera's lips and her best friend whimpered.

Reaching for the towel and dildo between the cushions, Sandi tucked the towel beneath Kiera's ass and then turned the toy on, put it into her mouth and wet the length of it. She couldn't help it, she had to run her fingers over Kiera's shaven pussy, ever so lightly. Placing the tip at Kiera's vaginal opening, she

slowly inserted the tip, pulled it out to tease her clit and put it in deeper until the whole thing disappeared. Sandi leaned forward and with her other hand, held open Kiera's lips so she could see how hard her clit was. It stood at attention and begged to be touched. Pink and beautiful, glistening with honey. Sandi leaned down and slowly ran her tongue up the length of her slit, feeling the hard nub quiver on her tongue.

Kiera squirmed and whimpered. "Yes....oh my gawd, that feels so good."

"Keep the blindfold on. Pinch

both of your nipples as hard as you can...that's it. Roll them between your fingers. Press your breasts together for me. Gawd, Kiera, you're beautiful."

She whimpered as Sandi sucked her clit and plunged the buzzing dildo at a slow pace until she licked faster. Sandi had accomplished her plan and now her best friend lay open in her hands, loving what she did to her. Plunging faster had Kiera's hips riding the toy like a wild bronco and soon warm juices flooded over her fingers as Kiera screamed and panted through her orgasm.

"Cum for me, kitten, that's it, let your body enjoy the release. Deep breathes will make your cum stronger. This is what a lover does for you. I've waited a year to do this for you." She thrust the dildo deeper as Kiera's muscles pulled it inside. Leaning forward, Sandi flicked her tongue over the nub, then sucked it until Kiera orgasmed a second time and her body calmed.

Her best friend panted as the dildo slowed. Sandi held it in place as she pulled Kiera onto the carpet with her. "Stretch your arms over your head and leave them there."

Positioning Kiera with her thighs closed, holding the dildo between her lips and against her clit, Sandi straddled Kiera on all fours above her, admiring her slender body.

Did she dare try to kiss Kiera yet?

Struggling with her decision and deciding against it, she straddled Kiera's hips as she cupped both breasts together, imagining how good she'd look in a leather bra with open nipples...and clamps. The dusky rose nipples puckered tight. Kiera's tongue slid over her lips as she moaned.

Fuck!

Sandi ground her pussy against Kiera's and the vibrator, wishing she'd have grabbed the double-headed dildo. Another time. Taking a hard nipple between her teeth, Sandi bit harder and waited, then bit again.

Kiera cried out and Sandi let go. She moved around to straddle Kiera's head and shoulders while she leaned over Kiera's thighs. Spreading them open, the scent of sex drifted up as Sandi pushed the dildo in deeper and rubbed her fingers over the clit. Kiera moved with her as she fucked her with the toy.

"Bring your knees up and keep your thighs wide...do it, Kiera." Up came her knees and she spread them wider for Sandi, making her ass visible and available. Sandi tightened her own inner muscles and put her mouth on Kiera's clit, plunged the dildo while slipping her arm around Kiera's thigh and toyed with her ass. Objections came from the other end and Sandi ignored them, knowing how much more pleasure she could give Kiera. Her fingers teased in Kiera's juices, spreading them over the rim of her ass and the tip of her finger slipped past the tight muscle.



Kiera cried out.

That's when Sandi's shorts and thong slipped down her hips and she wiggled so Kiera could pull them off. Fingers plunged inside of Sandi and swirled, stopping her world. Sandi's muscles clamped around Kiera's fingers as they moved, wanting them deeper, if that were possible. This was more than Sandi could have ever hoped for. She'd not thought that Kiera would actually return the favors right away but...sensations swirled through her body; her breath caught in her lungs.

Pain in one of her nipples caught

her off guard as Kiera's nails dug into her breast. Sounds of a whip cracking and women screaming in the background from the movie only enhanced her experience with Kiera.

"Pass me the vibrator, you've hogged it long enough. I want to see it slip deep inside your pussy." Kiera's hand waited for the toy and when Sandi gave it up, she held her breath as Kiera positioned the buzzing toy on her clit. Her inner muscles spasmed in anticipation. She whimpered as it vibrated against her, teasing, making her clit harder and then suddenly it was

shoved deep. Kiera pushed it in and out, plunged it in faster and kept up the pace as she sucked Sandi's clit.

Sandi rode the toy, enjoyed the sensations deep inside of her and plunged her fingers deep inside Kiera as they came at the same time, their bodies moist as they quivered. Her inner muscles held tight around the dildo, trying to hold it inside as long as she could before collapsing beside Kiera. Her lungs burned but the wave of pleasure overwhelmed her as her entire body spasmed from orgasm. Sandi panted. She'd never dreamed it would be this good with Kiera as

she caressed a soft inner thigh, her fingers inching back up toward wet lips.

The bondage movie still played in the background, whips cracked, crops spanked and slaves cried out or whimpered right along with Sandi and her new lover. The thrill of making Kiera orgasm was more than she'd expected. She didn't care right now what it would mean tomorrow. Hopefully, their relationship would grow into more than just one night together.

Dreams do come true.

"Sandi...you're amazing." Kiera panted, her hips still moving with

her spasms as Sandi massaged her pussy.

Kiera's hand moved over the swell of her hip and sent a tingle down Sandi's back as she lay naked on her own living room floor. She sat up to lay down next to Kiera so they could talk. Sandi reached up to tease Kiera's nipple and watched it harden again. "You're amazing, too. I only meant to share with you what it could be like with another woman. Men aren't the only ones who can make you feel special. I hope you understand more now."

"I think I like the porn flicks...or maybe it's the bondage that I'm

curious about."

She caressed Kiera's cheek, letting her thumb move over soft lips; Sandi looked into her eyes. "Bondage isn't as kinky as people think. They don't understand what's behind the bondage and how it can enhance sexual experiences. Look what the blindfold did for you." Kiera's lips were too close; Sandi wet her own as she enjoyed the look of satisfaction on Kiera's face.

Before she knew it, Kiera rolled to her side and leaned above Sandi, their breasts touching. Kiera cupped her breast and rolled her nipple, sending pain through Sandi's

breast. Kiera gazed down at her with a need she'd longed to see.

Their lips got so close.

Warm breath spanned over her cheeks.

Kiera sucked in Sandi's lower lip, running her tongue over it, before kissing her full on the mouth. Her tongue swirled through Sandi's mouth, sweeping over her own tongue, then sucking it hard, sending Sandi into an erotic passion she'd only dreamed of.

Kiera's tongue traced Sandi's lips as she straddled her hips and ground against her. "Why did I not realize how much you wanted me?"

"...I don't know." Sandi slid her hands up Kiera's soft thighs to her ass and then gently squeezed. Kiera's heat ground against her own.

"No man as ever touched me as deeply as you have, Sandi." Kiera moved onto the other side of her, reached for the dildo and touched Sandi's mouth with it. "Show me how you lick this."

Sandi swallowed hard. Had she heard correctly? Her gaze met Kiera's to see if she were serious.

"Do it." Kiera made a licking motion with her tongue.

Without losing eye contact,



Sandi's tongue touched the cool rubber of the dildo and tasted of her pussy. Kiera held it so she could lick the tip as her tongue swirled over the top. Surprising her, Kiera pressed it further along her tongue and into her mouth as her lips stretched around the toy. It moved along her tongue, deep at first, then out. When Kiera pushed it into her throat, Sandi gagged.

Kiera's gaze held hers but also watch her mouth. "Pretend it's a cock. I want to see how deep you can take this. If you try to take it out of your mouth...I might have to find something to tie your hands

over your head with...like in the movie."

Sandi's inner muscles tightened when Kiera talked dirty to her. With her mouth filled, Sandi flattened her hands beneath her ass so she wasn't tempted to touch anything, leaving Kiera in charge. She was curious to find out how much play Kiera was willing to do.

"Now that it's good and wet, let's turn it on high and tease. I like that you put your hands under your ass. Now drop open your thighs. Better yet, hold each thigh high and wide, then your hands will be occupied."

Kiera moved to sit between her thighs and tucked the towel beneath her ass. Spreading her labia wide, she barely touched the vibrator to her clit, already swollen and sensitive. Sandi couldn't believe she was laying here, spread wide open, in front of Kiera, but she was too horny to care.

Kiera touched her again.

Sandi gasped and filled her lungs. Her eyes rolled back with the pleasure she'd only dreamed of sharing with her best friend. The tip of the vibrator tormented her clit, her lips and then made its way to her vaginal opening. Dipping inside

barely enough to satisfy and then in deeper, moving the bent tip over her g-spot. Her pussy ached and throbbed at the same time.

"I never thought I'd want to watch a vibrator dip inside another woman's pussy, but seeing how wet you are each time I pull this out....oh my gawd, girl. Your clit is so red and huge..."

Kiera bent to touch her hot tongue to the swollen clit and Sandi released a whimper, not wanting her to sit back up. She prayed Kiera would keep licking her, fucking her with the vibrator, getting her closer. Breathing came faster. Sandi knew

her orgasm would be explosive if she took deep breaths before it hit.

Then Kiera put her mouth over her clit, tenderly sucked as she swirled her tongue while thrusting the vibrator over her g-spot. "Please....may I cum? I can't stand waiting..."

"Cum for me. Show me how it's done."

Permission was all she needed. The flood gates opened, stars exploded and warm fluid dribbled down her ass while Kiera sucked her clit. An orgasm like she'd never felt before, from someone she thought would remain lost to her.

Sandi thought her heart would burst from the love Kiera shared with her tonight. Her insides quivered; the vibrator stilled, but continued to buzz, teasing her inner nerve endings...or was it pure torture to cum for such a long time?

Sandi panted, her lungs burned and her head spun from so much pleasure. She eased her feet to the floor and just lay there with Kiera still between her thighs, barely moving the dildo. Her inner muscles still spasmed and when Kiera's hand rubbed the top of her mons to open her labia, Sandi whimpered and opened her eyes to meet her

gaze.

"No wonder men love watching a woman orgasm. I didn't know it meant so much to watch someone receive that kind of pleasure. Your body moves and quivers like waves on the water. Next time, we need to bring more towels out here."

"Wow...that...was amazing. Two in less than fifteen minutes. Damn!"

"After we rest a bit, I think we need a shower and then I might be ready for bed."

She laughed with Kiera but hoped they could still laugh about it in the morning. Kiera pulled out the vibrator, turned it off and laid it

aside. Sandi pulled her thighs together and rolled onto her side, taking another deep breath. The evening had gone better than she could have hoped for.

Would Kiera sleep with her tonight or in her own room? All she could do was suggest it and see what Kiera decided. If she chose to forget all this ever happened, she'd have to accept that, but damnit, she hoped not. Sandi refused to think about that.

A sharp slap on her ass shocked her from the sexual euphoria.

"I'm heading for the shower. Come join me."



Sandi watched the sway of her cute little naked ass make its way to the shower. She sat up, gathered their clothes and underwear and headed into the bathroom, dropping the clothes in the hamper. Pulling a clip from the drawer, she twisted her hair up out of the way, and clipped it in place for the shower.

Behind her, Kiera wrapped her arms around her and cupped Sandi's breasts in her warm hands, resting her chin on her shoulder. Sandi met her gaze in the mirror and then watched as Kiera held her breasts together, puckered nipples pointing forward, begging for more.

Flicking her nail at each nipple, Kiera's actions tightened Sandi's inner muscles.

"I'm looking forward to meeting Daniel whenever you can set that up. I want to see those clamps on your nipples."

Visions of Kiera modeling with her filled her head with sexy images of Kiera in lingerie. "I'm glad you decided to join us. With what you make at the attorney's office, plus a check from Daniel, you could start putting money away, too."

"Well I can't wait to get started, but tonight, I'm exhausted." Kiera's warm lips touch her neck and sent a

shiver down her back. "Can I sleep in your bed tonight? After dealing with Greg, I don't want to sleep alone."

"Of course you can, hon. I hope you stick to your guns and not let him back into your life after he took off to be with other women tonight."

Kiera stepped toward the shower to turn it on. "I hope so, too." She stepped into the steaming water and Sandi joined her, thinking of how fun it'd be to run soapy hands over her lover's body. Could she talk her into an oil massage later?

Warm hands cupped both Sandi's breasts.

"Just let me wash you. I don't understand why I can't keep my hands off of you, but touching you does something to my senses. You made me realize getting horny from enjoying another woman's body isn't a bad thing. Put your foot up on the edge so I can wash your pussy and then we can head to bed."

Slippery fingers teased their way up her inner thigh, massaging the muscles, and then slid up to cup her pussy, rubbing the outer groin area while a finger slid between her lips.

Sandi squeezed her inner muscles, wanting Kiera to reach up inside, deep, with three fingers. She squatted to give Kiera better access and she washed her lips, in between them, and reached back to wash between her cheeks, rubbing her ass, making her horny.

Kiera unhooked the shower nozzle to rinse Sandi, starting at her shoulders, over her breasts and down her abs. "Clasp your fingers behind you."

"Are you sure you've never been involved in a Dom/sub relationship?" Sandi couldn't help but laugh at her portrayed

innocence.

“Never, but I’m a quick learner and can’t wait for you to teach me more.”

She clasped her fingers together behind her, anxious to see what Kiera had in store for her. The warm water beat against her clit before she was ready and Sandi gasped at the sensations from the full force and when it shot up inside of her, Sandi’s breath caught. This night was quickly becoming filled with dreams turning into reality beyond what she’d hoped for. Hot lips surrounded her puckered nipple and teeth gently bit down, then

harder while the shower nozzle sprayed her pussy.

"Now turn around and bend over."

Sandi followed all of her instructions, wishing Kiera knew about the strap-on she kept hidden in her draw. Soapy fingers slid over her ass cheeks and Kiera kicked her feet further apart. Her cheeks opened and she was being washed as if for a ritual, tender loving touches until...the soapy finger too easily slipped into her ass.

Now Kiera gasped. "I didn't realize what a little soap could do, but it let my finger right in.

Hhmm..." Her finger made a wider circle inside Sandi's ass and soon more pressure slipped in. "Girlfriend, your ass can easily take two of my fingers. I can't believe it. Wait...I need to wash those fingers and lather up my thumb."

Sandi widened her eyes. What the hell? "Wait."

"I don't think you're in a position to tell me to wait. Now hold still." Kiera's thumb toyed with her ass, rimming it with soap and in it went...deeper, and Sandi relaxed to enjoy it. Then three fingers thrust deep inside her pussy and her knees about gave away. Swirls of



pleasure crossed over her g-spot and a finger touched her clit from the front.

Kiera kissed her back as she made love to her, thrusting both places until Sandi couldn't take it anymore. Moans came out as her orgasm swelled and spasmed and Kiera kept at her until another orgasm hit, better than the first. Her hips moved with Kiera until she slowed and regained her own composure. "Fuck! I thought you didn't know about any of this?"

"I know what I like." Kiera cupped a breast and squeezed.

Sandi stood and turned around.

She took Kiera's face in hands; gazed into her eyes. The steam rose around them but Sandi only saw Kiera, beautiful skin, blue eyes, and perfect brows. Then she pulled her in for a kiss so passionate it surprised even Sandi.

Kiera sucked her tongue as they swirled together, touching Sandi's breast after dropping the shower nozzle. Breathless, Sandi pulled back to look deeper into Kiera's eyes. What she saw was the passion she'd hoped for.

Kiera's hands went around her to caress her ass cheeks; warm breath touched her neck. "Sandi...take me

to bed and show me more.”

“It’s my turn to wash you first and then we can go have more fun. We may be sleeping late tomorrow though.”

“I don’t care. I want to experience you. Maybe one day, to be tied for your pleasure.”

With shaking hands, Sandi lathered up Kiera’s body and gave her a good scrubbing, cleaning those special areas she planned to use. Her drawer held all kinds of oils, lotions and desensitizing oils that she couldn’t wait to set out and show her lover. It would be a long night indeed, filled with passion and

pleasure.

Sandi squinted against the morning sun. She rolled, pulled the sheet over her shoulder and suddenly remembered Kiera had slept with her. Opening her eyes a little, Kiera lay on her side with her back toward her, the sheet hugging her waist, baring her back.

Sandi inched closer to spoon behind her, carefully letting her hand cup a warm breast and Kiera stirred. She scooted back to be closer and Sandi pressed her hips forward, imagining what it'd be like when they could move toward the

strap on. One day at a time and yesterday had been one to remember.

A cell phone rang in the kitchen and Sandi ignored it. Kiera hadn't turned hers back on yet so the call had to be for her. She'd call back later when they got up. Right now, she just wanted to enjoy hugging Kiera close. "I hope you aren't too tender today. You experienced a lot last night."

Kiera's sexy moan let her know things were fine. "We should probably get some breakfast." Kiera's hand covered hers on her breast but didn't push it away so

she rolled a puckered nipple. "Maybe we should try a pair of clamps today since you were so interested last night."

Rolling over, Kiera over at her. "Was that only last night? My head feels like it was longer than that. I should know better than to drink so much."

"But you were so good. I hope it was good for you."

"It was...beyond what I could have imagined. You've opened my eyes to new relationships, that's for sure."

Sandi rolled over and pulled on a tee shirt and shorts, then raked her

fingers through her long hair. "I'll go see what I can find to eat. I think we have eggs and sausage in there. Don't lay there too long, sleepy head."

"I'm getting up, too. Be right there."

Sandi stumbled into the kitchen, reaching for the aspirins first; she set out three for Kiera. Her headache wasn't too bad but she didn't want to feel it at all. She put on a pot of coffee and then pulled out a pan. Eggs and sausage were easy to make and soon done and on the plates.

Kiera had pulled her hair into a

cute ponytail, put on a tee shirt and long pajama bottoms. Sandi poured them both a mug of coffee and handed Kiera her aspirins. "Breakfast smells wonderful. I guess I am hungry. Let's put in that other comedy we bought last night and relax."

They'd not been watching long when someone pounded on the apartment door. "Kiera!"

Sandi clenched her jaw at the bellowing male voice, took in a deep, angry breath and looked at her best friend. "He's going to have the neighbors in the hallway if he keeps that shit up."



Putting down her mug and plate, Kiera opened the door, which almost knocked her backwards when Greg barged in. Sandi set her coffee aside, ready to step in if he got nasty.

"I've been calling your damn phone all morning. What the fuck?"

She looked up at him and stepped backwards. "If I wanted to talk to a cheater, I'd have left it on. You're the one who walked out."

"I can't apologize if I can't get through to you. You know better than to shut off the phone just because we had a tiff."

"I don't want to talk to you. I'm

not turning it on. We're done."

Greg took a step, back-handed Kiera and knocked her into the recliner.

Sandi saw red at that point and her anger boiled over.

Adrenaline kicked in.

When her friends are threatened, her temper takes over. In no time, she pulled her nine mil from the end table drawer and with two hands, pointed it at Greg's chest. "You touch her again...I'll blow your fuckin' head off. Toss my security key she gave you onto the floor and then get the hell out of my apartment." His eyes widened

like boulders as he stared at her gun. "Move! I'm calling the cops, so your ass better get moving." Sandi narrowed her eyes as his gaze moved from her gun to her eyes, trying judge if she were bluffing.

He threw the keycard at Kiera and backed toward the door, his eyes glaring at Kiera.

"Forget about her. She's not your property. I know your license plate number, so you better go somewhere they can't find you, fucker. Take the tramp you screwed last night with you."

"Bitches!" Greg slammed the door behind him and Sandi secured

both locks.

“Are you okay?” She knelt in front of Kiera, still holding the side of her face as tears welled in her eyes. She reached up to move Kiera’s hand away and saw the red welt with a small cut. “That son-of-a-bitch! Let me grab an ice pack. He’s touched you for the last time.” Sandi stomped into the kitchen, pulled out a sandwich bag with a good seal and filled it with crushed ice. On her way back to the living room, she pulled a towel from the rack to protect Kiera’s cheek.

Kiera held the wrapped bag of ice to her face. “Where the *hell* did you get that gun? I didn’t even know you *owned*

one.”

“I have a permit for it and I can carry it if I need to. I ran into trouble years ago and thought it safer to just have a gun *on or near* me at all times. Glad it came in handy today. If he’s smart, he won’t show up here again. I might have to kill him!” Sandi went to refill their coffee and brought it back.

Kiera took a good drink. “Maybe after that, we need some *Bailey’s* in it.”

She moved her jaw around, obviously to make sure she could still move it. It broke Sandi’s heart to know she hurt. “We can go down and make a police report if you want. That might be a good way to get a restraining order on him if you’re sure you don’t want him

around anymore. I don't want to tell you what to do, but if it were me, I'd do the restraining order on his ass."

"I probably should, huh? While this is still swollen."

Sandi hoped she'd want to head down there but let Kiera make the decision. If they saw the mark on her face and had a witness, they could make the order stick.

Kiera finished her coffee and agreed. "Let's change and get going."

"You keep that on your face. It'll still be swollen when we get there." She hugged Kiera, glad she'd decided to do the right thing.

On the way home from the police

station, Sandi watched a familiar car in her rearview mirror that followed close behind. *Greg!* She decided not to go straight home and drove back toward the police department, hoping one of them would be available. The officers hadn't even had time to deliver the notice so she knew Greg had no idea he'd be getting served soon.

“What’s the matter? Why are we going back to the police station?” Kiera looked behind them. “Oh gawd. That’s his car. He’s going to hit us.”

Sandi sped up, hoping she could keep him interested and lead him right into the department parking lot. “He’s not as smart as he thinks he is. I’ll lead him right into their hands, the dumbass.

Maybe they can serve the order right there.” Sandi pulled in and an officer was heading for his car. She rolled down the window and saw Greg speed off down the street. The officer took down the description of the car and said they’d have an officer go by the apartment complex a few times today and make sure they did surveillance tonight.

Pulling back out onto the street, Sandi kept a look out for Greg’s car, knowing the asshole would want to continue harassing them. She took the long way home, staying off the major streets, and got them home safe without seeing Greg again. Swiping her security key, Sandi breathed easier knowing they



were safe and glad she'd made Greg give her back the keycard he had. Once inside, Sandi bolted both locks, double checked the drawer to make sure her gun was loaded, just in case and got them both a drink.

“There has to be something good on television to take our minds off all this shit. You know you did the right thing today, don't you?” Still angry at Greg, she almost wished he'd given her cause to shoot him.

“I do and glad that I did. The officer said they'd have it delivered today. I'm not turning my phone on either.” She looked at Sandi. “I should consider changing my number.”

Sandi felt bad that Kiera had been

hit. Had she reacted sooner, maybe she could have stopped it and the red welt wouldn't be there. "Changing your number might be a good idea. We could go down there tomorrow and do that." Flipping through the channels, several old movies would keep them occupied the rest of the afternoon. She still worried that somehow Greg could get to them; her mind played over several scenarios as she tried to watch the movies. Thanks to the asshole, Kiera would be sticking around and they'd be closer. Their future just might be happier now.

Sandi reached out for Kiera's hand and she took it, smiling back at her. "I'm sorry you got hurt in all this."

Kiera squeezed her hand tight. “But now I have you...”

To be continued....

Thank you for reading my work. I hope you enjoyed the story of Sandi and Kiera. It's possible this may work itself into a future series. Connect with me online for more information, especially if you're not familiar with my other books.

Connect with Tonya online  
at:

[Website](#)

*Blog*

*FB Fan Page*

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***The Boss's Pet series:***

*YouTube Book Trailer*

*tonyakinzer@yahoo.com*

If you practice BDSM in any form, be sure it is safe, sane and consensual. This is not something to be taken lightly; all parties need to have an understanding of the rules at all times. Safe-words are

to be used and understood by all involved. Safety is the number one priority, for you and those under your control. I care about your safety.

## **Stroke for Stroke**

© 2014 By Kayla Lords

“Are you sure you’re okay with this, Sir?” Babygirl couldn’t keep the nervousness from her voice. She clutched the phone to her ear, terrified

he would change his mind and tell her to stay home.

Babygirl had worried all week long that she would interfere if she came to visit while Sir's brother, Ethan, was in town. She was used to hiding the dominance and submission part of their relationship from her family, but Babygirl couldn't imagine how Sir would handle things. Sir had never been the type to hide anything. Ever since his sister, Monica, had moved out, Sir's home was one of the few safe places to be exactly who they were and as kinky as they wanted.

"Babygirl, stop. Now." His voice allowed no room for argument. "I want you with me. I want you to meet Ethan.

We'll figure out the rest as we go."

Kicking herself for her weakness, Babygirl felt tears prick her eyes. Her tongue felt thick in her mouth. A lump formed in her throat. *Do not cry. Not now!*

"Babygirl?" The gentleness in his voice sent her over the edge. Gulping sobs escaped before she could stop them. She sobbed into the phone.

"Why are you crying, baby? Please talk to me."

The tenderness and concern she heard were too much for her to bear. The flood gates opened until there were no more tears left. She hiccupped and gulped as her cries subsided. She could feel him sitting on the other end, waiting.

“I’m sorry, Sir.” Her voice sounded small even to her ears. The words began tumbling out.

“What if he doesn’t like me? What if I screw up and embarrass you? What if I forget myself and act out? What if...?” Babygirl’s voice trailed away as tears overtook her again.

“Girl.” Sir’s voice was firm again. “Nothing I’ve told you in the past week has helped your fears. Is it because you don’t trust and believe in me?”

Babygirl gasped. Tears threatened to spill over again. The idea that he would ever think she didn’t trust him was unbearable.

“No? Well, then you’re going to have to accept what I’ve told you



countless times before. I can't wait to show you off to my family. We will figure out the rest as we go along." He paused for a moment, letting his words sink in. "Got it, Babygirl?"

"Got it, Sir." She felt her grip on the phone relax slightly. She took a deep breath, exhaling slowly as Sir had taught her. All this weeping wasn't like her. She usually faced her fears head on. She had to admit to herself that she still held onto leftover fears from her previous relationship. She wondered if she would ever get over it.

Their conversation continued. Babygirl let Sir know that Olivia was doing well at her grandparent's house and wasn't begging to come home yet.

Sir let her know that the boys, Justin and Jason, had arrived safe and sound at their mother's home, and that they were both more than ready to come home. Babygirl relaxed as the conversation moved to more mundane topics.

Regardless of how much she fretted, Babygirl was honored that Sir wanted her to meet his little brother. In previous relationships, Babygirl had felt like a dirty little secret. She never met family members or friends. Sir had proven different from the very beginning.

Sir knew Babygirl was nervous about meeting Ethan. They spent several nights leading up to her visit discussing the weekend and what lay ahead. Sir wanted Babygirl to feel comfortable

being herself. He was proud of her and couldn't wait to introduce her to his family and friends. He knew rushing her could prove a mistake, but he would not let this opportunity slip by. Every time he thought of her, he was filled with pride. She was *his* Babygirl, his pride and joy. A beautiful, intelligent woman like her deserved to be shown off as often as possible.

Prior to his visit, Ethan talked to his brother to get the scoop on what to expect. He knew Babygirl and Sir were dating and that she would be staying while he was in town. His brother had referred to her as his "Babygirl" so often, Ethan thought of her as Babygirl, too. Ethan had no idea that their

relationship was one of power and control, dominance and submission. As open as Sir was with his family, some things were private. Sir wouldn't hide anything from Ethan, but he didn't advertise his kinks, either. Ethan didn't know that his big brother was known as "Sir."

After driving to his brother's house, Ethan sat in his car, listening to the last chords of his favorite song. As he looked up at the house, he saw movement in the living room window. He watched in horrified fascination as his big brother grabbed a woman (*That must be Babygirl, Katie, whatever*) by her hair, forcing her to her knees.

Ethan gulped. A thin layer of sweat

covered his body. What was his brother doing? He watched in amazement as Babygirl looked up at the man towering over her and opened her mouth. Ethan couldn't imagine what was going to happen next, but he never found out. He jumped as his elbow accidentally hit the steering wheel, honking the horn.

Disappointed, Ethan saw the woman hurriedly rise to her feet and walk out of his line of sight. His big brother looked out the window and smiled at him. Ethan couldn't help thinking that his brother looked, well, feral, like a wild animal. There was something about his eyes and his smile that Ethan couldn't quite put a name to.

Scrambling to get out of the car, he

grabbed his duffel bag and made his way up the steps to the front door. Before he could knock or ring the bell, the door swung open.

“Hey there, baby brother! Get your ass in here!”

“Hi, Johnathan! I think I’m a little early.” Ethan couldn’t get the sight of Babygirl out of his mind.

“Not at all! Right on time.” Johnathan smiled at Ethan, happy to see him. “Babygirl! Come on out and meet Ethan.”

Somewhere at the back of the house, a door opened. Both men turned towards the noise. Ethan’s eyes widened. She was gorgeous. Not supermodel gorgeous, but more real. He

took his time appraising her - dark eyes, thick brown hair, full lips, fuller breasts, wide hips. Ethan appreciated a woman with curves and had never liked the waif look. She was a ripe peach just begging to have a bite taken out of her.

“Dude, you done?” His brother’s voice held amusement and annoyance. Babygirl blushed a deep crimson. “Yes, she’s gorgeous, but staring is rude. Cut that shit out.”

Ethan stammered and apologized to them both. What the hell was wrong with him? *I must just be tired.* Begging off for the night, he told them both he needed some sleep.

His brother showed him to the guest room and wished him good night.

Walking down the hall, Sir smiled to himself and shook his head.

“Tomorrow is a new day, and I will *not* embarrass myself again,” Ethan murmured to himself. Lying in bed, he drifted off with the image of Babygirl on her knees.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, Ethan stumbled out of bed and into the kitchen.

“Coffee. Must drink coffee.” Without caffeine he was a zombie.

Babygirl laughed. “You’re just like your brother. There’s plenty already made, and if you need it, we have sugar and cream.”



Ethan found a mug and poured himself a cup of coffee, trying not to stare at Babygirl in her tank top and shorts. He tried not to notice her hardening nipples when they both heard Sir's voice from the bedroom. "Babygirl, can you bring me some coffee, please?"

"Yes, Sir. Be right there!"

*Sir?*

Babygirl grabbed a mug from the counter and prepared his brother's coffee. She blushed and refused to meet his gaze. Ethan's eyes remained on her hips as she walked down the hall towards the bedroom. *Sir?* What the hell was that about?

Earlier in the week, they'd made

plans to go to the beach as long as the weather held. Ethan stared out the window thinking about how nice the weather seemed and how much he'd like to see Babygirl in bathing suit. After a few minutes, he realized they weren't coming out of the bedroom anytime soon. He shrugged and decided to get cleaned up and ready for their day at the beach.

At the beach, Ethan spent a lot of time watching Babygirl and all the other girls as their breasts and bottoms bounced while they walked on the sand. He swore to himself that one day he'd have a girl like her. *She is F-I-N-E, fine*, he thought as he pretended not to watch her. Lounging on the sand, he tried not to notice when his brother reached out for

Babygirl, grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her into a deep kiss.

“Women like that caveman thing?” Ethan wondered. Then he remembered Babygirl on her knees the night before. He could feel himself growing hard at the memory.

Ethan watched Sir give Babygirl a smack on the ass before sending her back to the beach for more sunscreen. As she walked towards Ethan, he rolled to his stomach to hide his growing desire. The sight of her tanned skin, glistening in the sun, aroused him, painfully so.

Sir watched Ethan watching Babygirl. He understood the effect she was having on his little brother. As long as Ethan didn't cross any lines, Sir

would allow it. He was often in awe of Babygirl's beauty, too. She exuded an earthy sexuality that drew people to her, men and women alike. Sir didn't blame Ethan for his reaction.

By mid-afternoon, Sir decided it was time to head home. Babygirl was exhausted and Ethan's face was sunburned. The kid would be red as a lobster if they didn't get him out of the sun soon.

Arriving home, Sir decided he and Babygirl needed a nap. He gave Ethan the run of the house and told him he could do whatever he wanted, as long as he didn't disturb them. Grabbing Babygirl's hand, he walked quickly down the hallway towards the bedroom.

“Dude, just don't be too loud. I need some sleep, and I know Babygirl does, too,” Sir called out over his shoulder. “Let us get some rest, and we'll do a late dinner somewhere.”

“Yeah, man, no problem. I'm gonna take a shower and then watch TV or something.”

Sir grunted at Ethan as he ushered Babygirl into the room and swung the bedroom door shut behind them.

The afternoon turned to evening, as the sun slowly set. Freshly showered, the effects of the sun hit Ethan, and he dozed on the couch, the TV remote limp in his hand, the noise from the TV soft in the background. His head lolled to the side.

SMACK!

*“One! Thank you, Sir!”*

Ethan was jolted out of sleep. He dropped the remote and looked around. “What the hell was that?”

SMACK! SMACK! The sound of a hand landing on flesh reverberated down the hallway.

*“Two, three! Thank you, Sir!”*

*What’s with the “Sir” shit?* Ethan realized the voice was coming from his big brother's bedroom. He got up off the couch and walked down the hall. The bedroom door stood slightly ajar.

“You're a little slut. You know that, right? Rubbing your pussy on me while I slept. Did you think I wouldn't wake up?” Sir growled at Babygirl.

*“Ohhhh, Sir! I'm sorry, I promise I am!” Babygirl's voice came out in a breathless rush.*

Ethan almost ran in to rescue her when he heard his brother's voice again.

*“You're my slut, and you'll cum, Babygirl, but when I want you to. Not before.”*

**SMACK! SMACK!**

*“Four! Thank you, Sir! Five! Thank you, Sir!” Babygirl's voice wavered. She was clearly in tears.*

*Ethan thought it sounded like her heart would break. For a moment, he considered bounding into the bedroom, on a rescue mission.*

*“You ok, Babygirl? You handled your spanking very well, little one.”*

Ethan had never heard his brother speak in such a sexual and indulgent tone before. He realized whatever was going on was consensual and that he should walk away.

*“Mmmmm, yes, Sir. You know what you do to me.”*

It was the first time Ethan had ever heard a woman speak in such a sultry tone. Babygirl was just as turned on as his brother. His brother had said “spanking” which meant he hit Babygirl. Ethan thought he should take a quick peek in on them, just to make sure everything was fine.

Ethan’s eyes widened. Sir stood over Babygirl, his pajama pants slung low on his hips. Under Sir’s gaze,



Babygirl, completely nude, rolled over from her knees onto her back. She spread her legs wide, staring at Sir under heavy eyelids. Her hips moved hypnotically, pushing her bare pussy towards Sir. From his vantage point, Ethan could see the moisture coating her puffy labia.

Ethan watched his brother run a finger up and down Babygirl's lips. She squirmed and mewled under Sir's touch. In that moment, Ethan realized how hard he was. He had watched Babygirl on the beach all day, lusting after her. Hell, he'd wanted her last night. This was worse, much worse.

Not thinking that his brother only needed to turn his head to one side to

discover him, Ethan pulled his cock out of his shorts. As he watched his brother stroke Babygirl, Ethan stroked his cock. Sir's thumb pressed into Babygirl's clit, causing her to squeal in pleasure. Ethan's hand rubbed the head of his cock, stroking the sensitive skin. His eyes closed in pleasure. He opened them quickly, not wanting to miss a moment of what was happening in the bedroom.

With one thumb on Babygirl's swollen clitoris, Sir inserted a finger into her wet slit. Babygirl shuddered and sighed in pleasure as Sir hooked his fingers and found her G-spot. Sir's fingers worked in tandem on her clit and her G-spot, slowly gaining speed. Ethan matched his brother stroke for stroke on

his own hard cock.

When Sir picked up speed, so did Ethan. As Babygirl's breath caught in her throat, Ethan's did too. He stroked his engorged cock firmly, not taking his eyes off the couple in the bedroom. Each time his fingers grazed the bulbous head, he choked back a groan.

“I'm going to make you cum like the little slut you are!” Sir quietly growled.

*“Ohhhhhh, eeeeeeee-ahhhhhhhhhh! Sir, please, please, mmmmmm, pl-please...oh God, oh God!”*

Babygirl's squeals signaled that her orgasm grew closer with each stroke of his hand. Sir pressed deep into the swollen nub of flesh under his thumb, as his fingers continued to slam into her g-

spot.

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP! The sound of flesh connecting with wet flesh filled the room.

Ethan's hand moved faster and faster up and down his hardened shaft. He let his hand sweep over the purple, swollen crown. He knew he was close. Breathing hard between his teeth, desperate not to make a sound and give his position away, Ethan clenched his jaw against the groans building in his throat. Sweat glistened at his temples.

*“Cum, Babygirl! Cum NOW!”* Sir roared as his hand slammed into her body mercilessly.

Babygirl screamed as her hips bucked, and her orgasm exploded from

her body in a massive gush, flooding the bed beneath her, spraying Sir's hand and her thighs. She shuddered and quivered, gasping for breath for several long moments.

Watching Babygirl squirt was more than Ethan could handle. With one final stroke, he felt his seed spurt in jerks from his rigid flesh. He quickly shoved his shorts over his cock, his free hand wrapping the fabric around his flesh. Biting his lip as he felt throb of release, Ethan backed back away from the door.

Shaking himself out of his stupor, Ethan hurried to the spare bedroom to clean up. He couldn't believe what he had seen or what he had done.

"I've got to get me a woman like

that,” he muttered to himself as he walked down the hall.

“You think you can handle a woman like Babygirl, little brother?” asked a low voice from the doorway.

Ethan stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around. Afraid to meet his brother eyes, he looked down, searching for the right thing to say. “She...uh, she’s...um...”

“She’s amazing, and she’s *mine*. And when you grow up and learn to stop spying on people, maybe you can find a woman half as wonderful as she is.” Sir’s voice was quiet but firm. “I love you, little brother, but I will not tolerate any disrespect to Babygirl. You got that?”

Ethan nodded his head. His jaw tightened as he considered his next words. “Why the fuck does she call you Sir and how the hell did you get her to kneel? And fuck, man, *spankings*? How the hell do I find a woman like that?” His voice came out in strangled tones. He wanted what he’d seen all weekend, but he couldn’t imagine how he’d ever be lucky enough to have it for himself.

“If you think you’re man enough to handle the responsibility, I’ll tell you about it. But later, little brother. Right now, I’m gonna go fuck my Babygirl and then sleep until dinner.”

The End

**About the Author**

I discovered my love of writing at age seven and my sexual fantasies long before I reached adulthood. Now instead of experiencing sexual daydreams, I write them down and publish them for others to enjoy.

I write BDSM-themed erotica with a focus on dominance and submission (D/s). I not only want to turn my readers on, but I want them to realize that D/s is more than just a kink and isn't scary or degrading.

I write my sexual experiences and the erotica filling in my head on my blog for others to enjoy. If a reader is turned on by my words, I consider it a job well done.



## **Author Links:**

[Amazon Author Page](#)

[Website](#)

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Sarah's Dirty Secret:

Incurably Wicked Prequel

By Charity Parkerson © 2011

Editor: Hercules Editing and Consultants

## **Dedication**

For my fellow erotica author, Melissa Craig, for always bringing out my inner bad girl, and for being my friend.

Charlie sat across the dining room, staring at her with an intensity that was becoming as familiar to Sarah as her own reflection. After ten years of marriage, two kids, and six months of

working in this diner, she couldn't be more bored with her life. She loved her family, and her lifestyle, but her feelings for her boss, Charlie, had nothing to do with any of those things. This wasn't a girlish crush. It wasn't love. She wasn't bogged down with any intense desire to keep him. Sarah wanted to fuck him pure and simple. No strings attached. Only him; hard, thick, and pounding away so deeply inside of her that she could feel him hitting bottom, as her legs were thrown over his shoulders.

He sat alone at the table and those wide shoulders filled the tiny space, drawing her gaze. She could almost picture her thighs there. She shook her head, cutting off the thought before it

could take root. She met his glittering blue eyes once more. Without breaking their gaze, he lifted his glass to his mouth, taking a drink. Her tongue shot out, licking her lips in response, as she imagined what that mouth was capable of doing. Although an entire room separated their tables, she swore she could feel the heat radiating from his body. She pressed her knees together in response. If they were alone, she would run her hand over her freshly waxed pussy, easing the pressure building there, but they were not alone.

With a sigh of regret, she glanced away. Her gaze landed on the oversized bag sitting beside her in the booth. She came into work a few minutes earlier

than usual today, since after visiting an elderly family member, she needed to change her clothes. There was no need to look fancy for the retirement community. However, she still refused to go there wearing her uniform.

Grabbing the bag, she slid out of the booth, and began making her way towards the back. She made the mistake of glancing in Charlie's direction one last time. A wave of lust slammed into her body so intensely, her knees nearly buckled underneath the look of hunger on his face. Charlie wanted her. She didn't have any doubt about. It made wonder how long they could continue this game.

Charlie watched as Sarah walked

across the restaurant. Her blonde hair shimmered, catching the reflection of the lights. Her hips moved with the confidence of a woman who knew she was beautiful.

She glanced over her shoulder, as if she felt the weight of his stare upon her. He was surprised the place didn't go up in flames from the heat passing between them. He couldn't help but reach beneath the table to adjust his hard cock, avoiding permanent injury. It took every ounce of his willpower to keep from pushing the table aside in order to storm after her. Damn, she tested him as no other woman had before. As soon as she passed from sight, he began to count backwards from one hundred in an

attempt to bring his body back under control before following in her path. He didn't care if she was married to someone else. The only thing stopping him from beating his chest, clubbing her over the head, and dragging her back to his cave was her kids. He knew her children meant everything to her. Considering she meant everything to him, he would never ask her to hurt them in order for them to be together. However, he would *have* her, if only in body.

In the back, Sarah hung her bag in the walk-in closet, and then closed the door behind her. It wasn't really a walk-in closet, but that's what it reminded her

of. It was more of a tiny storage room where they kept extra napkins and such. It was also where the employees stored their personal belongings during the day while they worked. There wasn't a lock on the door. It didn't matter. She'd been there long enough to know she wouldn't be disturbed while she changed into her uniform. Tugging the shirt over her head, she dropped it to her feet before pushing the tiny cotton shorts over her hips. Panties and all went down in one swoop. She kicked out of her flip-flops and shorts at the same time. She'd worn her sexy, lace underwear out of the house today. There was no way she was going to spend the entire day working in them. Sexy did not equal comfort. She



quickly unsnapped her bra and tossed it in the direction as the rest of her clothing. Turning to grab her bag off the hook, she caught sight of her nude body in the mirror, hanging on the opposite wall. The picture of Charlie lifting his glass to his mouth slammed into her mind. She moved closer to the mirror, taking stock of her reflection. Her rounded breasts were still high and her waist still trim. Even at the age of thirty-two and having children, she'd managed to hang on to a decent body. *The tendons in his wrist stood out. The muscles in his forearm flexed.* Sarah cupped her breasts, pinching her own nipples, and her stomach clenched in response. *His lips touched the rim of the glass. His*

*Adam's apple moved up and down with each swallow.* Slowly, in order to savor each moment, she began sliding her hand down her stomach, causing her senses to fire to life as she smoothed the palm of her hand over her swollen mound. She could hear the beat of her own heart. Each breath felt a little heavier than the last. *His blue eyes twinkled.* One finger easily dipped inside her slippery wet canal. With her finger soaked, she spread the moisture over her clit. She pinched it between her thumb and forefinger, rubbing a slow circle. Her eyes fell closed. The muscles in her ass clenched in response. Her body fought to move closer to her own touch. A whisper of noise made her eyes snap

open. Her gaze met Charlie's in the mirror. His pose was relaxed, as he leaned with his back against the door. His face was free of emotion with the exception of his eyes. They flashed dangerously, as if he was a predator and she was the prey. She was too far gone to feel any embarrassment over her actions, but she remained frozen in place, unable to continue.

He'd known she would need to change into her uniform before her shift. Purposely, he timed things accordingly. He'd not expected this. The picture of Sarah with the flush of arousal high on her cheeks, her hand moving between her legs, would be seared into his brain

forever. If there'd ever been a chance she might walk away from him unscathed, it was now gone. The rest of the world fell away as every ounce of his being, focused upon her. His senses heightened. He soaked up every nuance of the moment. Even from where he stood, Charlie could see the moisture coating her fingers. Her scent lingered in the air. He wanted it covering his body and tongue. Life might require he accept she'd married someone else, but she belonged to him in that moment. He would have every ounce of her. She made no move to hide what she'd been doing, but he could tell she had no intention of finishing the job. He couldn't have that. He needed her as

turned on he was, in order to ensure there'd be no backing down. She was already lost to him. She just didn't realize it yet. She wanted his permission. She wanted him in control. He knew her mind. He knew she'd feel absolved of all guilt, if he were the one in charge. It was one thing he could give to her.

They silently assessed each other in the mirror, until he broke the silence.

“Don't stop.”

The huskiness of his demand spoke volumes about his level of lust. It broke the spell holding her hand still. Without a word, she began circling her clit once more. This time, she slipped two fingers

inside as she felt herself spiraling closer to release. His presence drove her passion. She increased the pressure, spreading her thighs wider as she deepened the thrust of her fingers. Switching between rubbing her mound and burying her fingers inside, Sarah moved against her hand mindlessly. When her orgasm hit, she let out a tiny cry. Charlie moved slowly towards her. She watched through a lust-filled haze as he brought her hand to his mouth, sucking the juices from her fingers. A drop of moisture rolled down her inner thigh in response. She moaned aloud.

His six-foot body dwarfed her tiny five-foot-four frame. She felt engulfed by him. He stepped forward, forcing her

back, until the cool wood touch her skin. He went down on his knees, and she found herself staring at the top of his head. She ran her fingers through his soft brown hair as he lifted one of her legs over his shoulder. His mouth sealed over her core. His tongue was moving inside of her before she could blink.

Charlie kept his eyes closed as the taste of Sarah's liquid heat filled his mouth. Chills broke out over his body at the feel of her bare skin against his. She was a dream that was finally coming true. She put every fantasy to shame. He traced her wet folds with his tongue, before diving in and out, picturing his cock in its place. He was already so

hard he could feel his dick leaking. If he didn't get inside of her soon, he feared permanent injury. She was so fucking tight on his tongue he nearly growled from his need, but he wanted to feel the gush of her orgasm across his face first.

Her pussy was still sensitive from her earlier orgasm. The sensation combined with the pressure of his mouth and she was quickly pulsating around his tongue. He stood, wiping his mouth across the back of his hand as he went. They both continued to hold their silence. Reaching across the space between them, he buried his hand in her blonde locks, before covering her mouth with his own. It was everything she



pictured it would be for the past six months. He was controlling and she reveled in it. She longed to have him take charge of her body. She knew he wouldn't leave her disappointed. He would orchestrate her every movement. Willingly, she'd do as he bade, until they were both screaming in release.

She could taste her own juices on his tongue. Sucking hard upon it, Sarah tried to get every drop.

"I can't wait until you do that to my dick," he said, in between kisses.

Sarah tugged at his shirt, burying her hand underneath it, until she could feel every ridge of his hard abs. She spent a moment savoring the feel of them beneath her fingers before unbuttoning

his jeans.

“I can fix that now,” she offered, but he shook his head.

“No. Tomorrow I’ll feel your warm mouth closing around me, as you suck me down your throat, but today, I want your wet pussy.”

Damn, she wanted him. It was all she thought about. It was all she cared about anymore. She worked frantically at his jeans, as he kissed a path down the side of her neck, and gave each of her breasts the attention they were screaming for. Finally, she freed his erection, and wasn’t disappointed. His large cock was so thick she could barely close her fingers around him. She slid her hand down the silky skin, savoring every inch.

A growl came from deep within his chest. In a flash, she found her feet lifting from the floor. He cupped her ass hard. Using the wall as leverage, he buried himself inside her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, and let her forehead rest on his shoulder. She stared down the space between them. Stretched deliciously wide, he filled every inch of her. The tip of his erection touched her womb. She watched in fascination, as he slid in and out of her. He moved slowly at first, but it wasn't long before he was pounding away inside of her. She clawed at his skin as she fought for him to take her as hard as he could. She'd been a fool to believe one time would ever be enough. She knew then she

wouldn't be happy until she felt his dick pounding away inside of her, in every way possible. She wanted him in her pussy, her ass and her mouth. She wanted to taste his cum on her tongue, feel it squirt across her stomach. She wanted him in every dirty nasty way imaginable, and then she would walk away. A picture of him taking her from behind, as she bent over the very table he sat at earlier, flashed across her mind. It triggered another orgasm. She felt his cock twitch inside of her. He moaned loudly. His motions stilled.

Sarah made a sound in the back of her throat, sealing her fate. Her tight pussy milked him dry as if his cum

belonged to her. It didn't matter she would leave here tonight and go home to someone else, because she was his. He would take this moment home, and tomorrow she would be back with him where she belonged. Charlie could feel it in his gut. Maybe things were fucked up, but it didn't the facts. Whatever this was, it had been inevitable.

Lifting her gaze from where their bodies joined, Sarah met his stare. A muscle ticked in his jaw as he searched her face with his eyes. She didn't know what he expected to find, but her heart turned over in her chest.

He was her little secret. She would keep him for as long as she could. There

wasn't a doubt in her mind, she could walk away then. Charlie would never say a word. It would be as if it never happened, but she knew the truth. She would keep coming back for more, until one of them became bored.

However, for now at least, he belonged to her. She belonged to him. It was a fantasy world of their making... and a private hell they'd created. It didn't matter. No one could touch them here.

The end

## **Author Bio**

Charity Parkerson is an award

winning multi-published author with Ellora's Cave Publishing, Midnight Books, and Punk & Sissy Publication. Born with no filter from her brain to her mouth, she decided to take this odd quirk and insert it into her characters. She loves connecting with fans and can be found online.

[Website](#)

**Madison**

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It was early afternoon on a very warm spring day. Summer was fast approaching. I was at my best friend Kimber's house, we do everything together, and we were taking advantage of the weather to work on our tans by the pool. With a pitcher of sweet tea and some glasses of ice, we were laying on a couple of reclining loungers, in our bikinis with our tops untied but still covering us.

We wake to the sound of our back gate being unlatched. Fastening our tops on, we sit up and look to see who's coming in my backyard. The long handle of the net and the clank of the buckets, and I see it's the pool guy and look over



to Kimber. He's tall, dark and handsome and something inside of me says "I want him."

She says to me, "Do you want to go in until he's done?"

"Are you kidding me? Why didn't you tell me your pool guy is a young hottie?"

"What?" She turns her head and takes a long look and then leans over and whispers, "He cleans the pool every summer and he must have just gotten back from college. Boy has he grown up." We lean back onto our loungers and put our hands back by our sides.

Patrick, the pool boy who's grown in a man walks in wearing shades, a tight grey tank top which shows off his

muscular but well toned arms, loose fitting well worn tan cargo shorts and flip flops. He's tall, slender, and tan. He takes off his shirt revealing his washboard abs and toned chest. He lays it by his chemical and took buckets and kicks off his shoes.

“Oh, I think I'll hang out here while he cleans the pool. You can go in if you want.”

“Madison, I know what you're thinking. You want him, don't you?” She looks at me and I bite my lip and nod yes.

Patrick looks over at us and a surprised look on his face says he's surprised to see us. “Sorry, I didn't see you there. I thought I was alone. I'll put

my shirt back on.”

“No, it’s fine. Make yourself comfortable,” we both say at the same time. Covering our mouths, we hide our smiles as we try and play it off.

She leans over to me and whisper, “You little cougar you.”

“We’re only a handful of years older than him. We’re like cougars in training.”

“Can we at least tease him and make him hot and bothered first?”

“Of course,” I reply with a smile. “I would expect nothing less.”

Grabbing her glass of tea, Kimber reaches in and picks out an ice cube. Speaking loud enough so that Patrick hears her, she says, “Wow, it’s sure hot

today.” That does the trick and I see him look over. So Kimber leans her head back and delicately put the ice cube in her mouth and slowly sucks on it while before pulling it out. Sticking out her tongue, she rubs the ice cube on it before rubbing it on her lips and then down her neck and between her breasts and stomach. I look up and catch Patrick staring at us. He quickly looks away and get back to cleaning the surface of the pool with the skimming net.

“My turn,” I say and stand up and grab the sun tan lotion, which was right next to us, drop the bottle in front of me. I let out an, “Opps”, as I slowly bend over to pick it up off of the ground. We look over to see Patrick watching us

again and not paying attention to what he's doing. He's got a smile on his face. And I sit back down on my lounge. Knowing we're having an effect on him is turning me on.

"My turn again and this time we're going to kick it up a couple notches," Kimber whispers to me. "Ask me to put some lotion on you so he can hear you."

"Kimber, would you put some lotion on me, please?"

"Certainly." She says and grabs the lotion bottle from my hand as she gets off of her lounge. Stepping over to mine, she kneels down between my legs, facing me. She opens the bottle and put some lotion on her hands and rubs them together. Starting at my knees, she begins

rubbing the lotion on my inner thighs and legs, really rubbing it in. It's turning me on and I watch Patrick as he's watching us. I pull my knees up and spread my legs. Kimber's making this as sexy as she can, even putting my legs on her shoulders at one point.

The look on Patrick's face says he's a little embarrassed but is enjoying the show. He can't keep his eyes off of us but is fumbling around with the net and filters. Time to turn up the heat a bit more.

She pretends to be interested in something behind my seat and leans forward, pressing her body to mine and making sure her breasts are in my face.

“Are you trying to put your breast in

my mouth again?”

“Oh no, sorry, I was just checking something out.” Patrick stumbles over some of his supplies and nearly falls into the pool. She goes back to her lounge and sits back down as if nothing was going on. Although, the foreplay as it were, and the anticipation of what was surely to come, was making me wet.

I look over at Kimber and say, “Time to make this boy mine.” I stand up and refill my glass of iced tea and walk over to Patrick. He has a smile on his face as he enjoyed being flirted with by older women. Walking right up to him, almost chest to chest, I put my arm around his lower back and stare right into his eyes.

Soft and dramatically, “It’s so hot, I though you could use a drink.” I hold the glass up for him. He takes it and takes a long drink.

“Thank you.”

I run my now empty hand up and down his chest, “It’s so easy to get drained out here. I just wanted you to keep up your strength.”

“I’m young and full of energy.”

“I know.” And with that, I turn and take a backwards step towards the pool where I lose my balance and begin falling in. Patrick reaches out and I grab his arm, but we both fall into the pool. As I come up to the surface, Patrick helps steady me.

“Oh my gosh. Are you all right?”



says Patrick and he holding me up by my waist.

“Um, yes. Thank you. I’m glad I have you here helping me. Could you take us over to the steps?”

“Sure.” I reach out and grab onto his shoulder and move myself onto his back and wrap my arms around his chest. Patrick begins to move towards the steps. I can see a big smile on Kimber’s face. When we get to the steps, I stand up and put my arms around his neck and give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. He blushes and holds my hand as he helps me up the stairs.

Kimber rushes over with a towel, “Oh, you’re soaking wet.” I grab a corner of the towel and we begin drying

him off together, rubbing his chest and back.

“Give me your shorts so we can dry them out,” Kimber tells him as she lets go of the towel and pull his shorts down. He starts to object, but we don’t give him a chance to. With his shorts around his ankles, he steps out of them and she takes the shorts as he is standing there in only his wet boxer briefs, his erection visible.

“No, wait,” he says as he reaches for his shorts.

“I’m going to lay them out in the sun to dry.”

“My phone.” She steps towards him and holds his shorts up and he reaches into his right pocket and pulls out his

wallet and keys and from his left pocket, he takes out his cell phone and looks at it. The look on his face says it's not working. I peer my head around to look at the phone.

“Oh Honey, I hope it's not broken.”

“It's alright. It may work after it dries out. And if not I'm due for an upgrade anyway.”

“It's all my fault, I'm sorry.”

“It's okay.”

“Let me make it up to you. I'll go topless while you finish the pool.”

“Me too,” Kimber adds and in a second, both of our tops were off and Patrick is looking stunned, like his world is spinning, trying to figure out how what started out as a regular work

day has him standing there in his underwear in front of two topless women. His erection gets noticeably bigger.

I take the towel and kneel down in front of him and begin drying off his legs, with my head right next to his erection and my breasts brushing his legs. I pretend like I don't even realize it and he looks mortified. I stand up and Kimber grabs his arm as she and I stand in front of him.

I say, "I know you were here to service the pool, but the pool can wait another week. I need you to service me."

"What?"

"You heard me, drop those shorts and come take care of me." I untie the

side strings on my bikini bottoms and they fall to the ground. Patrick eyes get huge and he stands there.

“When a woman tells you to get naked, you do it,” Kimber scolds him as she slaps him on his firm ass. He bends over and takes down his shorts. His erection, freed from its confines, stands at attention, a good length and thick with balls to match. Kimber and I look at each other and smile.

Kimber takes him by the hand and tells him, “You’re going to cum for me first.” He looks shocked.

“What? Why?” and he looks at me as if he wondering if I’m going to allow it.

I take him by the other hand and we

lead him to the loungers. “Don’t ask why. When a woman tells you to cum for her, you do it.” And I smack him on the ass as well. “Ask her how she wants you to cum for her.”

With an embarrassed look on his face, he manages to say, “How should I cum for you?”

“I want to blow you.”

“She and I are best friends and know everything about each other. And if she says she wants to blow you, I’m going to let her blow you.”

Kimber turns and sits down on the end of a lounge. I move behind him and rub my hands all over his chest and arms. He’s hesitant, so Kimber reaches out and grabs his large balls and pulls

him right up into her mouth. I hear “aahhs” and “ooohhs” as her wet lips wrap around his thick, swollen head. Still holding his balls, she starts taking him deeper and deeper. I look up and see his mouth open and his eyes closed.

He reaches out and puts his hand behind her neck and head, guiding her back and forth as she takes him from tip to balls and back up again with her hand wrapped around his shaft, stroking him, over and over. At one point she stops and pulls it out of her mouth.

“Oh, don’t stop. Please, it feels so good.”

She slides down in her seat a little bit and tells Patrick to hold on to the top of the lounge, and he does. Reaching up,

she grabs hold of his ass and pulls him towards her, enough so her mouth can reach the tip of his erection.

“Madison, you know what to do.”

She wraps her lips back around his pink, swollen head and swirls her tongue around it as she sucks on it. I reach between his legs from behind and grab his shaft and began stroking him, bringing him closer to unseeding in her mouth. She's licking and sucking his head as I continue to vigorously stroke him and the noises coming from Patrick give clue to a big finish.

A few seconds later, he unseeds in her mouth and she pulls away and I help him finish unseeding on her bare breasts. Stroking and squeezing him, making sure



that I get every drop out. Drained, he drops to his knees while straddling her.

Kimber takes his face in her hands and looks him in the eyes as she licks her lips clean. "This is why I had you cum first. Madison is a woman who deserves to be fucked properly. You only lasted a few minutes and now you'll last a lot longer. If you're going to fuck my friend, you're going to fuck her right."

"See, we look out for each other."

"Yes, you do."

"Now, lie down on the other lounge," Kimber commands him. He does and I climb on top of him, face to face, naked body against naked body, and kiss him on the lips. A shiver of

excitement runs through my body. We begin to make out and his kisses taste like sweet nectar. Kimber stands up and grab our bikini tops and sit on his legs with my back to them. While Patrick and I are distracted, she uses our tops to tie his feet to the lounge. Getting up, she sits back on the other lounge to watch the show.

I slide up his body and put my nipple in his mouth. He begins to quickly suck on it. His hot, wet mouth feels great on my nipples which are aching to be sucked.

“Slow down, long slow sucks.” He listens and I can see he’s doing what Kimber says. “Now gently put your teeth on her nipple.” Again he does and I let

out a moan as my womanhood tingles with excitement and wetness. “Hard sucks and little bites, hard sucks and little bites” He takes well to the coaching and I am receiving the benefits as I bite my lip and let out more moans of pleasure. He uses his hands to cup each breast and switches to my other nipple to give it some attention and it feels amazing as he is learning quickly. The swirling of his tongue coupled with gentle bites is really making me hot. Needing him inside me, I get off of him and walk around to the back of the lounge and let the support down so he is laying flat.

“What the hell, I can’t move my feet.”

“Calm down, I tied you up and we’ll let you go once we’ve had our way with you.”

I kiss him deeply and then put a finger on his lips. “Shhh, focus. You have your hands free and I expect you to use them.” Straddling his head, I lower my womanhood to his mouth. In the excitement and anticipation, I almost orgasm. He reaches up and puts his hands on my lower back and slides down to my ass and legs, rubbing them. His hands feel wonderful on my body.

I look over at Kimber who must of thought watching us was so hot that she needed to take care of herself. Reaching down, she slides her bikini bottoms over to the side and begins to rub her clit. I

was already wet watching her play with herself makes me wetter.

“Lick and suck like you’re sucking a juicy peach,” she coaches Patrick. The widening of my eyes and the moans coming from my open mouth tell her that Patrick is doing a decent job. “Take turns sucking on her clit and then dive your tongue as deep as it can go.”

I breathlessly add, “Listen to her Patrick.” Almost immediately, my moaning becomes louder and faster. Between watching Kimber and Patrick working on me, I feel an orgasm building. It comes quickly as my body tightens as I orgasm and my body tingles all over.

This is really turning me on. I can

only imagine how wet Kimber must be. I let him go down on me for quite a while before slowly kissing my way down his chest, and between his legs. He was fully erect again. Grabbing the base of his cock, I began to lick him from balls to tip as if I were licking a spiraled lollypop.

Climbing off of him, I go back to straddling him face to face. Reaching down, I grab his erection. Feeling his thick and throbbing manhood makes me want him more.

I look at Kimber and say, “We need a condom.”

Kimber grabs the one off of the table that she took out of Patrick’s wallet. Carefully tearing it open, she

moves over and places it on Patrick's cock and rolls it down. I line the head of his hard swollen manhood up with my wet lips and slide myself down on him. A wave of pleasure rushes over me as I finally have him inside me. And with that, he grabs my hips as I slowly rock back and forth, grinding my hips into him. I pace quickens and soon it's evident that Patrick is only along for the ride when he grabs onto the sides of the lounge as I ride him long and hard, like a woman on a mission. I pause to change positions and Patrick looks worn out.

Looking at him, I say, "Hang on Honey."

I get off of Patrick and turn around and remount him, reverse cow girls

style. Patrick puts his hands on my ass and holds on as I starts right into to a hard and fast rhythm.

Meanwhile, Kimber's been playing with herself with her left hand rubbing her clit and at least two fingers in her. I can feel Patrick stiffen up and let out some groans. I know he's spent himself and seeing that brings me closer to orgasm again.

Kimber isn't far behind and orgasms noisily and then lies down on her lounge. Listening to her orgasm and feeling his sends me over the edge. With some wild thrusts, I orgasm again and rest myself on his legs. Kimber walks over and undoes Patrick's feet. He looks like he could just fall asleep. I take a



minute and then get off of the lounge.

“Patrick, it was a pleasure having you, and I mean that in every sense, but Honey, it’s time to go.”

Patrick looks around a little disoriented. “What?”

“Time to go Babe. You’ve got other pools to clean and you’ve been here over an hour so I’m sure your running late.”

“Damn it.” He jumps up out of the lounge and starts running around to get his clothes. I walk up and grab him by the arm and kiss him passionately.

“I think you might be a keeper, Patrick. You can throw away the condom in the garbage cans by the gate and don’t forget your stuff. Bye.”

“Bye sweetie,” Kimber adds as I sit down on the lounge and lie back. We watched his tight buns run around the yard gathering his things.

Patrick did get all of his stuff and out the gate. Unfortunately, the hottest afternoon of his life got him fired for not getting all of the pools done. However, they hired him back when a new client insisted that he be her pool guy. And I don't even have a pool.

The End

## **About this Author**

RJ Redlynn is new to the writing scene but has developed quite a large

body of work in a short time. RJ currently has two Erotica books and two books in the works and due out late spring. However, RJ has a blog on Goodreads.com and also contributes stories to Dirtybitpodcast.com which can be heard for free.

Explicit and realistic erotica are a common theme in RJ's stories. "I like writing stories that will heat you up and leave you torn between not wanting to put the book down and wanting to run to the bedroom." RJ has written from both the male and female point of view and has even ventured into the paranormal.

RJ can be found at a hockey game and in the kitchen baking cupcakes when not writing. "My cupcakes have a large

following and I think a pairing of my hot and erotic stories with a cupcake would make a great combination.

## **Author Links**

[Goodreads](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Facebook](#)

## **Car Trouble**

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Last Saturday was a scorcher. It was one of the hottest days of the summer and I'd spent the entire day at

McCormin's Garage with a raging hard on. I was at McCormin's because I was trying to get together enough money to put the final touches on the Challenger. I had a raging hard on because the boss's young wife spent the day prancing around in her fashionably short "Daisy Dukes" and looking like she wanted nothing but a good fuck.

Jessie had married my boss, Chet McCormin, only a couple months earlier. In our small town, Chet was as close to a sugar daddy as anyone was going to find and Jessie had latched onto him about two weeks after her 18th birthday. She'd spent all of last summer riding her bike by the garage in nothing but a bikini top and short shorts. Then

she'd hung out in the convenience store all fall in the tightest of jeans and tummy baring sweaters. In the winter she kept the temperature high and before the bikini tops came back out, her and ol' Chet were married.

Now Jessie was getting her entertainment by teasing all the guys in the shop. Me especially, because I blushed furiously every time my cock grew hard in my pants as her unconstrained tits bounced around inside those tiny little white tank tops she wore.

But this isn't about Jessie. This is about the girl with the car trouble that I found on the side of the road.

You see, there was this beach about 45 minutes out of town that all the kids

from the city college went to in the summer. The city was about two hours to the east of our piss ass little town and the college kids always kicked up a big fuss when they passed through on their way to the beach. They'd mock the locals as they drove through town but no one paid them too much attention. They were just spoiled brats.

I probably wouldn't even have looked twice at a car sitting on the side of the road after spending eleven hours at McCormin's any other day, but two things caught my eye. For one, it wasn't just any car at the side of the road. It was a 1969, white, convertible Jaguar. I'd always wanted to get my hands on one of those. The other thing that caught my eye

was what was in the Jag. This hot blonde bombshell was sitting on the back seats. Her back was arched like she was still sitting on the beach and her perfect, barely concealed breasts gave Jessie's pair a real run for the money. Pulling over was not an option.

“Hi there. Need a hand?”

“Oh, yes. My car just stopped and my major is Science, not Mechanics.”

“Well, I guess you're in luck then because my major is Mechanics.” I thought I was being pretty quick witted.

I popped the hood and even though I'd never been under the hood of a Jag before I could tell this wasn't a big deal. I only needed a few minutes to get this engine purring again. I jumped when the



girl spoke up beside me.

“Looks like you know what you’re doing under there.”

I tried not to look at her as I continued to tinker with mechanics I’d already fixed. I knew if I looked at her I’d be hard in a second and Jessie had already done a fine job of giving me a good case of blue balls today.

“Ummm – ya. I reckon I know my way around under any hood.” Then I realized how that sounded and I hoped she wouldn’t freak out.

“Really? Well, I have some equipment under another hood that needs a good working over. Maybe you should give me your card.”

She was standing so close to me I

could feel the heat from her sun soaked skin. I couldn't resist a peek at her long lean legs beside me. Big mistake. Instant dick ache. It was going to take some serious draining tonight to ease this pain.

The car was fixed and I needed to get away from this little cock tease as soon as possible so I said, "Go start your engine. It should be fine."

"How will I ever thank you?"

I wasn't normally this brave with a chick as hot as this one but I figured, what the hell. No pain, no gain – and I was in a lot of pain. So, I pulled a McCormin's card out of my back pocket and a pen from my shirt pocket and began to write my home number on the back.

“Well honey, if you really need someone to get under that hood and you’re still in town, give me a call and I’ll see what I can do about making that motor purr.”

She thanked me and roared away.

I wasn’t really expecting this girl to call, so by 11 PM I was stretched out in front of the television on the couch watching a couple of chicks fooling around together. My dick was in my right hand and I was stoking nice and slow. I’d already come once since I got home and as I shot my first load I imagined it landing all over Jessie’s pretty round buns as she leaned over the counter, casually flirting with the boys in the convenience store. This time I wanted to

take my time and I was thinking about the Jag girl. She was likely back at the college by now, sucking off her boyfriend in the back of that Jag.

Just then the phone rang. Could it be her? Twice it rang. Now way. Three times. I grabbed the receiver.

“Hello?”

“Hi. It’s me.”

I was pretty sure it was the Jag girl but not positive.

“Listen, my car died again and I don’t know anyone around here that could fix it. Could you come and take a look under my hood?”

“Where are you?” I asked.

“Oh, I’m just about a half hour down route 43. Could you come? I’m

freezing my ass off.”

“Sure. I’ll be there soon.”

“Wait! I pulled in behind some bushes just past the Super 8 billboard before she totally died. I didn’t think it was a good idea to be sitting right out in the open. Do you think you can find me?”

“Yep. I know just where you mean.”

I was gone and headed off down the high way in about 30 seconds. She didn’t know of course, but she was only about 10 minutes from where I lived. I wondered if it was really the hood of the Jag she wanted me under or if it was another hood. As much as I loved to play with a nice car, I was really hoping for a chance to tinker with her motor.

When I finally reached the spot I thought that she was supposed to be at, I didn't see anything. I pulled over to the side of the road and looked around for her car lights. You left your car lights on when you had car trouble right? Unless...

As I stood in the lights of my car, I saw the tire tracks leading behind those bushes, just where she said she'd be. I turned off my car lights and began to trek through the grass flattened tracks. I saw her sitting on the back seat just like she had been earlier that afternoon.

“Hey. It's me, Brian, from this afternoon.”

I was just beginning to see her a little better as my eyes adjusted to the

darkness when the moon came out from behind a cloud. I could see that instead of the bikini she'd worn earlier today she had a blanket wrapped around her.

“You look cold,” I said to her.

“Maybe you should get under the blanket with me then – warm me up with body heat?”

That was an invitation if I'd ever heard one. I jumped into the back seat. She opened the blanket and I'll be damned if she wasn't completely naked under there.

I sat there in the back seat gawping at her magnificent body like a 14 year old with his dad's nudie magazine. Her round breasts were creamy white against the deep tan of her shoulders. Hard,

brown points topped them off. A small patch of soft blonde hair covered the hidden treasures of her pussy.

This was no dream and with a girl like her I figured I'd better give her what she wanted. I didn't want her to get pissed and called her rich boyfriend or worse yet, her rich daddy.

She got rid of the blanket altogether and spread her legs.

“Don't you want to get under my hood?”

Her middle finger slid through those blonde curls and came out dripping wet. She rubbed her finger on my lips and the scent of her pussy juices gave me all the incentive I needed.

I pushed her thighs open wide and



met no resistance. Her pink lips glistened in the moonlight. Slowly, I leaned forward and had my first taste of rich pussy.

I dipped my tongue inside her and then ran it up the length of her slit. When I reached her clit, she moaned and lay back to give me better access. Holding her outer lips apart, I explored every crevice. She especially began to squeal when I circled the tip of my tongue around her tight little rosebud. I wondered if she already knew how us country boys like tight spaces or if this was going to be a cherry popping night.

I slid a couple fingers into her cunt and they were sucked in pretty quickly so I added another one. As I pumped her

slowly, I continued to pay attention to her pretty little pucker, probing her with my tongue. When she was good and worked up, I moved one of my fingers into her ass.

It was so incredibly tight that I guessed that she didn't know what country boys were really like. There was no doubt in my mind that this was uncharted territory for her.

I moved up her body so that I could suck on those pert brown nipples. They were hard and pointy and she gasped as the cool night air hit her now wet tips.

“So is this what you wanted rich girl?”

“Yes.”

“Don't you want more?”

“Oh yes, more. I need you to fuck me.”

“Well, you are going to get more honey. My boss’s wife has been cock-teasing me all day long and I’m not settling for any of that tonight.”

I scraped my teeth roughly against her nipple. Two fingers slid into her cunt and the third finger was deep in her ass, all the way up to the knuckle.

I pulled my fingers out of her holes so I could remove my jeans. My cock popped out hard and ready. I heard her gasp and I looked up to see her staring at my tool. Maybe rich boys had little dicks, but she sure looked pleased at the sight of mine.

I wrapped her legs over my

shoulders and rubbed the head of my cock against her gash.

“Fuck me, yes, please. Slide that hard fucking cock into my cunt.”

Jesus, she talked dirty for a well bred girl. Did they get lessons in dirty talk in private schools these days?

I aimed my rod at her now gaping hole and slid it in nice and slow. Fuck she was so hot. She raised her hips to meet me and swallowed it right up. I gave her a couple of cursory strokes and then pulled it out completely.

“Oh,” she whimpered, “put it back, put it back.”

“Do you want more?”

“Yes...”

Her hips were grinding toward me.

“Do you want to feel more?”

I dipped my fingers into her sopping mound and then slid one finger into her ass.

She froze up a little.

“There?” she whispered.

“Uh huh. You’ll love it.”

“I don’t know...”

I slipped a second finger in and her body shuddered and took it. I slowly moved my fingers in her back tunnel until she relaxed and began moving against my hand.

“It’s just what I think you’re looking for tonight. It’s more of everything I suspect that you love about fucking. Do you want more of this?”

“Yes, I want more. Now.”

I knew she was ready and willing now, so I adjusted her legs a little higher on my shoulders. Before she had a chance to think twice I slid the fat head of my cock past her tight ring with precision. The noise that came from her mouth was low and guttural – not the sweet sigh of a girl who's faking loving it but that of a slut who is truly ready for everything.

I began to rock, gradually sliding more of my shaft into her previously unopened tunnel. Soon, she had taken the entire length. Her outer ring gripped my shaft like the elastic cuff of a brand new leather glove as I pulled out until I was barely inside her. When I started to fuck her chocolate wrapper for real, the

animal-like grunting intensified.

I knew I wasn't going to hold on much longer and I wanted her first anal loving to be memorable. As I picked up speed I began to rub her clit with my thumb. In small circles, I manipulated her clit until her pussy juice was flowing over my cock and lubing up her sweet asshole.

“Come for me my rich little slut.”

As I drove my cock deep within her, I felt the first of a series of tremors. Her muscles clenched around me as my cock began to twitch.

“Yes, yes...”

Her whole body shook as her ass vibrated around my shaft and squeezed that elastic band even tighter around me.

I released all the pent up heat that had compounded during the day into her depths. Then another and another came as she writhed under me with her own orgasm causing her to throw back her head and in abandonment.

As I was getting dressed beside the car, she threw on a pair of shorts and a sweatshirt with a college logo.

“I hope you don’t mind if I keep your card.”

“By all means,” I said, “but I don’t go into the city to fix cars.”

“Well, you never know when this poor old Jag is going to die out on a deserted country road. In fact, I might even be having car trouble in this area next weekend. You just never know.”



I laughed.

“Well, you know who to call if you need someone to get under your hood and get your engine running again!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Kerry, as I soon learned was the Jag girl's real name, had car trouble more often than not on the weekends that summer. I soon found out that there was very little that Kerry didn't love about sex. And I found out that there really was a rich boyfriend, David, who bored her to death with the missionary position, his distaste for the scent of pussy, and his abhorrence (her word, not mine) for dirty talk. When she wanted a real

fucking she came to me. When she wanted a hard cock to suck on, she came to me. And when she wanted to be a dirty little whore with her ass in the air begging to be filled, she came to me.

One Saturday afternoon, she pulled into McCormin's. I was under a car at the time and didn't see her, but the deafening silence that rolled over the shop made me come out to see what was up. There was a cluster of guys looking through the door to the convenience store. When I peeked through them, all I could see was a pair of very familiar looking ass cheeks hanging out of a pair of denim cut offs. They topped off some long slender brown legs that only a week ago had been wrapped around my waist,

pulling my cock deeper into her hungry tunnel.

I heard giggles and I realized that Kerry was talking to Jessie. Then Jessie was calling my name.

“Brian, honey. Get over here. You’ve got a special request!”

The guys started to hoot and holler and my face turned ten shades of red.

“Brian,” said Jessie, “she says you’ve worked on her car before? The Jaguar out front?”

“Umm, ya. You’re the one who had some car trouble on Route 43 earlier this summer right? I remember your car. Great equipment under that hood.”

“Yes, that’s me,” said Kerri.

“She’d like you to do an oil change

this afternoon,” Jessie said.

“I’ve been having a hard time finding a mechanic who treats her gently,” Kerry explained.

“Well, I guess I can take some time in about fifteen minutes. I have to finish off this other car first but if you can wait I’ll take care of you as soon as I can.”

“Ok,” Kerry agreed. “You’ll keep me company right?” she asked Jessie.

A little while later, I was finishing up the oil change. I looked towards the front of the shop as I drove the Jag out of the garage and saw Kerry and Jessie sitting on the ice freezer – likely melting all the damn ice, I thought to myself. They were giggling with their heads close together in a way that made me just

a little bit worried and a little turned on at the same time. I had images of Kerry and Jessie naked in the same room and it was making me hard – again. Damn these women! How come I couldn't get control over this damn dick?

When Kerry saw me, she jumped off and sauntered towards me, her braless tits jiggling beneath the thin cotton of her baby blue t-shirt. What the fuck was it with chicks these days? Didn't anyone wear bras anymore?

“Did you say anything?” I whispered as I held the door for her.

“About what?” she asked, looking up at me through her lashes, as if she was little Miss Innocent.

“You know....us!”

“Oh, to Jessie you mean? No – Jessie has her mind on other things.”

“What do you mean?”

“Later – same place tonight,” Kerry said, and then sped off.

A little before midnight I pulled the Challenger into the drive of an old, deserted farm yard. Kerry and I had since found a more discreet spot for our clandestine meetings. My childhood friend, Kevin, had grown up on this farm, but his dad had died in a farming accident when he was fifteen. His mom committed suicide a few months later and Kevin went to live with his uncle in Canada. Although Kevin still had the ownership of the land and the house, he had no desire to live here. He had a

family in Canada and a life of his own up there. For some reason though, he couldn't bring himself to sell it and he had sent me a key a few years back and asked me to check on it from time to time. I had shown Kerry where the key was hidden so she could meet me here, instead of out in the bushes.

I could see the tail end of the Jag peeking out of the garage so I parked and headed for the house. As I approached the door I could hear distinctly feminine moans coming from inside the door.

Why that little cunt, I thought. She's fucking someone else in my space! I opened the door as quietly as possible, determined to catch her in the act. The moans were louder now and I was

royally pissed.

When I walked into the living room where we kept a mattress on the floor I was expecting to see her doing something slutty but I certainly wasn't expecting what I saw. Kerry was on her knees with her sweet ass in the air and her face buried between someone's legs. But it wasn't a man writhing in pleasure under her talented tongue – it was a woman! The woman was blindfolded and her arms were above her head, held firmly in place by a rope attached to the bars of the old heating register.

“What was that?” the girl asked just after I walked in the room.

“Nothing Jessie,” Kerry said as she turned towards me, putting her index



finger to her lips. "Just the wind."

When I looked again, I realized it really was Jessie laying there, blindfolded and completely naked and vulnerable to Kerry's attentions. Kerry went back to work on Jessie's pussy. Occasionally, she'd stop to fondle Jessie's breasts. My cock was rock hard as I watched. When Kerry moved up beside Jessie and her tongue reached out and began to lap at Jessie's large pink nipples, I gave in to my urge to stroke myself. Why hold back? This was every man's fantasy and Kerry obviously intended for me to enjoy myself.

As Kerry sucked at those beautiful tits, she moved her hand down to Jessie's swollen cunt lips. She was

dripping in juice and she raised her hips to meet Kerry's hand. I stroked my full nine inches as Kerry's fingers disappeared inside her.

“Jessie you are so wet! Does Chet make you wet like this?”

She dipped one finger inside Jessie's quivering hole.

“No.”

“Does Chet make you come?”

She slid another finger inside Jessie and began to rub her clitty with her thumb.

“No, never.”

“Do you want me to make you come, Jessie?”

She removed her fingers and began to pluck away at that hard little nub. She

pulled and gently twisted it, teasing Jessie without any mercy.

“Yes! Please Kerry! I need to come so bad.”

“Tell me what how you want me to make you come,” Kerry demanded as her head lowered back to a nipple. She actually took that long nipple between her teeth and pulled. Jessie arched her back and sucked in her breath.

“Tell me!”

“Would you please lick my pussy again? No one’s ever done that to me before and it feels so good. I feel like I’m going to explode!”

Kerry moved back to Jessie’s pussy and got serious. Her hands were on Jessie’s tits again, squeezing at her

nipples. Jessie was going crazy, bucking and writhing, moaning and crying, “Yes, Kerry, oh my god, yes!”

Kerry, that fucking little tease, had her thighs spread wide. Her lips were spread apart enticingly and I swear I saw her juices running down her thighs. Then, just to push me a little further, she reached between her legs with her hand and sank two fingers into her pretty pink hole. In and out her fingers slid, spreading her juices all over her pussy. She slid her fingers up to her ass and played with it and then shoved them back in her cunt. All the while, she wriggled her bottom for me, making sure I got quite the show. She was hardly moving her hand at all as she rode her

fingers, taking them deep into herself.

Jessie's moans were louder now and she sounded like she was going to erupt all over Kerry's face any second. Kerry was working herself into quite a tizzy as well as she finger fucked herself. And here I was with my dick in my hands. Well, to hell with this, I thought.

I crept up behind Kerry as quietly as I could manage. I waited for the right moment. Then it came. Jessie began to cry, "Yes, Kerry, oh god, yes, yes..."

I swiftly gathered Kerry's small wrists in one hand and held them behind her back. As Jessie came I rammed the full length of my cock inside her pussy before Kerry could even say a word.

Kerry just kept working away at Jessie's pussy as I fucked her. Kerry's well trained muscles pulled my cock deep inside her tunnel. With my hands digging into the soft flesh of her ass, I ploughed her more roughly than I ever had before. Kerry liked her sex rough, but I was just slightly worried that this might be pushing the limits. I couldn't seem to control myself though. I just kept pounding away at her as Jessie begged and pleaded, thrusting her cunt into Kerry's lips. I knew I was going to come any second, but when Kerry started pushing against me, her signal that she could take more, I lost control. Jessie came again as I filled Kerry's cunt with my come.

I quickly pulled out and zipped my jeans as Jessie's second orgasm subsided. I was out of there. I didn't want Jessie to know I'd been there. It was going to be hard enough seeing her at work after I'd seen her naked body writhing in pleasure under my Jag girl's tongue. She was hard to work with before! I couldn't imagine how I was going to manage seeing her at work now.

The End

## **About Author**

Autumn Seave has been writing erotica for more than eight years now. She especially loves to write short

erotic stories that have just enough story to give you a feel for the characters but get you right to the good stuff.

If you enjoyed this book please take a moment to rate it or leave a review.

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