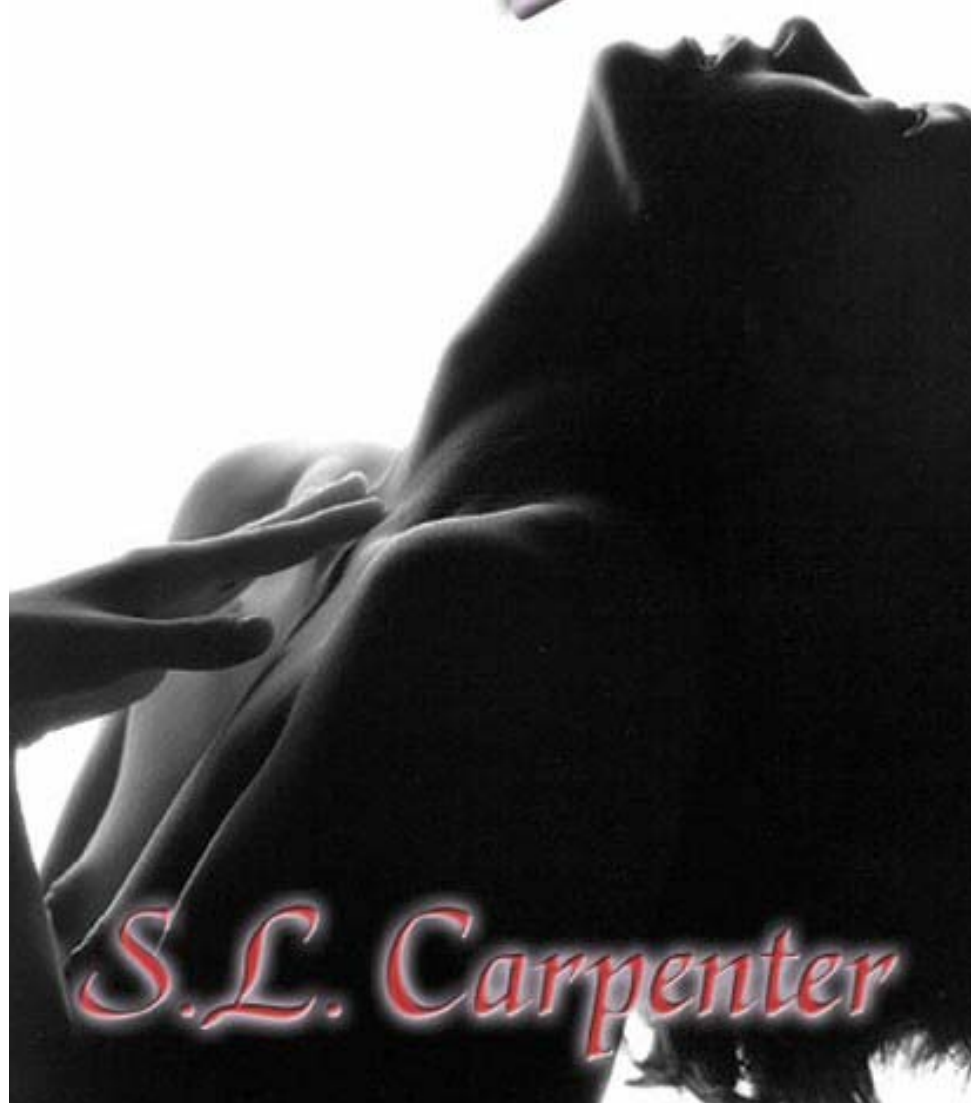


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

# TOYS 4 US



*S.L. Carpenter*

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Cover art by SCOTT CARPENTER.

# **TOYS 4 US**

**S. L. Carpenter**

## **Dedication**

As usual I dedicate everything I write to my wife. The love of my life.

This book was inspired by a dear friend of mine, whose honesty and friendship I admire. Dot, this book is for you.

## **Chapter One**

### *Kathy's Party*

Nervous and scared she would forget how to DO it, Dana looked into the bathroom mirror, staring at her reflection. *Just like riding a bike*, she thought to herself. Everyone does it; she just hoped she would remember everything about IT.

She set her purse on the nightstand, adjusted her breasts, tugged her underwear down to keep it from riding up her rear end and walked out to face her fear.

There were fourteen women in the living room, all giggling and laughing. A nervous tension filled the air. Dana walked out to her little table, smiled at the ladies and began.

She reached into her bag and took out a six-inch dildo with a stand and stood it on the tabletop. "This is a dildo. This is life size and has a smooth latex skin covering it. There are bumps and veins around it to give it the feel of a real penis and is what most women are accustomed to with a man."

The women sat looking somewhat bored, first at each other then back up to Dana. She started every party with a matter-of-fact approach to the toys. Dana looked over to Kathy, who was throwing the party, and winked.

"THIS is what a woman really needs!" she yelled as she pulled out a flesh-toned, twelve-inch vibrator with a clit-tingler on the side that rotated as it hummed. The women burst into laughter and whistled.

"Now THAT'S what I'm talkin' about," a woman blurted out.

“This isn’t reality; this is what men WISHED they could have for their woman.”

Dana had broken the ice. Kathy winked back and Dana continued showing her toys to the group of women.

For almost an hour Dana explained the different toys, beads, games, oils and accessories to add pleasure to a couple’s sex life. Every party made her more comfortable and more open about sexuality. Often, she would touch on her own rather tame past.

Even though she was rather new to the whole experience of selling pleasure toys, she loved how she could finally feel as if she were helping women as well as men. She hadn’t had the couple parties yet with the guys staring at her showing them toys. But she knew that what she did at the all-girl parties the guys benefited from, in a lot of ways.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dana had been sheltered and held back by her former boyfriend and he had left her feeling inadequate as a lover. It wasn’t her fault the men in her life were insecure and blamed her for their own lack of knowledge and technique. Being told how to please a man was her basic education. *The man was supposed to know what to do*, or so she was made to think. Her experience was more, “Thanks, babe, you were great!” Then a smack on the ass and sleeping in a sticky wet spot.

A while after her break-up with Ronald, Dana was asked to go to a pleasure party put on by a girlfriend. Janice was a consultant for the Pleasure Parties Company. Dana saw how everyone reacted and opened up to Janice during her demonstration, and she was hooked.

After the party, Dana met with Janice in the back room and they started talking about how Janice started and their friendship grew from there. Janice was always so free and alive. Dana envied her.

After attending three parties with Janice, then assisting at three more, she finally agreed to become a consultant. Of course, she did massive hours of research—in-depth research—and she wanted to be sure she had a real knowledge of the products she would sell.

It was a demanding task. For hours and hours, night after night, she experimented. The different sizes, colors, and shapes of the toys and intensity of her multiple orgasms were the price she paid. It was a dirty job but one that needed done.

Dana was finally awakening to the sexual being she never knew existed inside of her. She realized that the pleasure derived from understanding her sexuality was the key to the treasure that lay within her.

She had maxed out her Visa and felt ready to try selling the toys. Of course, some free samples and the tax write-off were added benefits. It was her time to shine.

Ronald had moved on and left her for another woman. Now she could move on and spread her wings (and legs) and find herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dana finished her presentation and had given out a few door prizes and massage oil samples. The girls still giggled and chatted in the living room and Dana went to the back bedroom to take orders and answer more personal questions.

One by one, the ladies came into the back bedroom and asked Dana about the toys and purchased things in privacy. Dana was so happy and it

also aroused her to explain and see the way her subtlety and non-judgmental words helped ease the ladies preconceived notions that wanting to buy something like a fourteen-inch, double-ended, pulsating, rubber dildo was dirty and nasty. Her own thoughts followed theirs and she kept mental notes of things to try.

Most of the women knew exactly what they wanted, either from a friend's recommendation or because the simple sight of it got them hot. She had sold seven vibrators, two pairs of handcuffs, a florescent yellow whip, three sets of pleasure balls and a partridge in a pear tree.

The last woman, Lisa, sat browsing through the catalog and pointed to a slender pink vibrator. "This looks nice."

"So what size would you like?" Dana asked the petite woman.

"Well, I'm not sure. I have never had one. My husband is a computer salesman and leaves for weeks at a time. Patty asked me to come to the party. I figure this might curb the tension a little. What do you recommend?"

"What size of man are you used to?" Dana asked, trying to make her less nervous. "Here, look at this." Dana held up her hand, extending her middle three fingers. "Is he this wide?" she asked holding up the three fingers.

"No, smaller than that." The woman blushed.

"What about this?" she asked again, holding up one finger.

"Noooo, he is wider than that."

Dana held her index and middle fingers up. She placed the fingers between her lips and sucked them into her mouth. "I'd say he's an average-sized man then. Hmmmm, let me think," Dana mumbled as she looked Lisa over and saw how she still acted a little nervous. "You ever hear of a 'Pocket Rocket'?"



Blushing, Lisa answered, "Well, the girls were whispering about those. They said I should get one."

"I highly recommend it."

Dana noticed that Lisa seemed to be squirming a little. She looked her in the eye and still sensed a little apprehension.

"I have one," Dana said, winking and raising her eyebrows at her. "I love it."

"SOLD!"

Lisa paid her with cash and Dana dug one out of the case she brought that held some supplies. She didn't keep too much with her, but some of the best sellers sold quicker if the ladies could take them home after the party.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the party ended, Dana was picking up wrappers and things in the living room. She knelt down to pick up a receipt and when she stood up she saw someone in the doorway.

"AHHH!" she screamed, shocked by the shadow. "Oh God, it's you, Will. You scared the crap out of me."

Will was Kathy's husband and he had gone bowling with his buddies while Kathy had the party. He was a big, good-looking man with a moustache and a hint of gray in his whiskers.

"How'd the party go? Kathy was really looking forward to it. She and her girlfriends were giggling all week."

"It was a blast. We had a lot of fun and Kathy spent about two hundred bucks on toys. Uh oh, I'm not supposed to tell you that," she giggled.

"You look great, Dana! You know where the BOSS is?" Will asked.

"I saw her go down the hall. Tell her I'm almost done and will let myself out. Take care. Bye."

Dana picked up her little folding table and started walking toward the entryway.

*Damn, forgot my purse in the bedroom.* Dana walked down the hall and saw her purse on the nightstand. She leaned over and picked it up.

She dug her keys out and glanced over toward the bathroom. The door was half opened and she saw Kathy's reflection in the mirror. She was kneeling down and had a bathrobe on. As Dana continued walking she saw more of her.

Warmth swept through Dana as she stared, seeing Kathy sucking down Will's cock. His pants were opened and he leaned against the sink, letting Kathy devour him.

*Should she go? Should she watch?* She was transfixed on seeing Kathy tease Will's thickened cock as she licked and sucked it between her lips.

Dana's mouth salivated. Will was a very nice-looking man and she could see why Kathy never complained or joked about her love life. She seemed so joyous as she pleased him. Dana stepped quietly toward the door to get a closer look. She looked down toward Kathy's feet. Kathy's hand was moving between her legs.

Biting her lower lip, Dana tried to see her friend's privates. Kathy wiggled and spread her thighs farther apart. Dana saw a light purple color between her legs.

Kathy had bought a small purple vibrator at the party. Will must have walked in on her trying it out in the bathroom.

Kathy stopped sucking Will's cock and held the rigid shaft in her hand. She gasped as she plunged the vibrator in and out.

Dana was becoming increasingly wet and felt her panties becoming damp from the heat. She couldn't stop watching. Her own desires made her uncomfortable. She gazed down and saw her nipples straining within her silk bra. Dana set her purse down and grasped her breast. It filled her hand, and the nipple was sensitive and ached.

"I can't take this. I want to fuck you right NOW," she heard Will command.

Kathy freed Will's cock from her stroking hand. She shuddered when she pulled the vibrator from her hot pussy. As soon as she stood up Will smothered her with a deep, wet kiss.

Will's hands groped at her bare ass and full breasts with a begging need to feel her. He seemed desperate. Dana's hand crept between her legs as she stared at her friends in a passionate embrace.

Kathy turned around and leaned across the vanity, sticking her ass out in front of Will. He wobbled, pants falling around his ankles, and stood behind her. Kathy looked across the vanity and saw Dana looking in. Dana stood with a shocked look on her face, hand on crotch and her heart sunk from embarrassment. Kathy winked and smiled wide, knowing her friend enjoyed her blissful state.

This eased Dana. She felt less worried because her friend seemed pleased she was watching.

Dana watched Kathy's expression more intently when she saw Will bend his hard cock down between the cheeks of Kathy's ass. Kathy let out a deep, open mouth sigh as Will sank into her pussy with a long hard thrust.

"Mmmmmm, damn you feel good," Will mumbled. "You must have had a lot of fun at that party."

"Shut up, Will. Just do it, just do it, mmmmmm."

Kathy's eyes closed and she had a devilish grin on her face as Will plunged harder and deeper into her wet cavern.

Dana couldn't take her eyes off her friends. Will was grunting and she saw the thick shaft pull free then disappear back into Kathy. She closed her legs against her hand and squirmed.

Kathy moaned and Dana saw she was in extreme pleasure by the straining muscles of her face and her short gasps of air. "Oh fuck, Will, harder, harder...I'm..."

Will grunted and slammed hard into Kathy. The muscles in his legs were flexing and his face was tight. His jaw was shaking and he winced as he pulled on her hips. It looked like he was about to explode. Kathy's body shook on the vanity and Dana felt lightheaded. She saw her friend climax and almost felt as if she were part of it. She needed her own release.

Will arched his back and picked up Kathy. As her ass elevated, Will bent his knees and groaned.

Dana couldn't stand it. Her knees buckled and she banged into the dresser behind her. Scared from the racket she made, she scurried out the door. Perspiration wetted her forehead and she was flustered. Most of all she was incredibly horny.

She climbed in her car and tried to locate her keys in her purse. She was aroused to a desperate point and also embarrassed by getting caught watching Kathy and Will. As she found her keys, she felt a small plastic container.

Ben-Wa Balls. Dear Lord, the temptation.

The feeling they gave her had always brought her such pleasure. They were the first "toy" she had ever bought. She used to slip them inside her pussy at lunch and spend the day at work squeezing them for hours.

Her pussy was slippery and she wanted to get home as fast as she could.

Sitting in her car at the stoplight, Dana's hands were still shaking. Her nerves and the experience she had watched, had her all flustered and on fire. A loud HONK blared from behind her when the light turned green and she was lost in a daze. She stepped on the gas and continued her ride home.

Dana couldn't shake the images of Kathy and Will from her mind: his strong, muscular legs flexing as he pushed his large cock into her; the way Kathy's face glowed and the wicked smile of passion across her lips. It was beautiful and nasty at the same time. For Dana, it was like looking into Kathy's fantasy.

While her mind flashed the scenes of sex, the fire between her legs became hotter. She was almost soaked through her underwear. The burning need of sexual tension began to overwhelm her.

## **Chapter Two**

### *Home Sweet Home*

Pulling up to her apartment driveway, Dana stopped suddenly. She stared down at her legs, watching them quiver. Dana knew she needed to finish off this built up tension. She reached over and grabbed her case on the passenger seat. It fell and spilled its contents onto the floorboard.

Brought back to reality, she leaned over and started picking up samples from the case she had taken to the party.

Her underwear pressed against the puffy, engorged lips of her pussy and she laughed looking at what she was picking up. Her hand was drawn to a firm, glass dildo that shimmered in the dim light inside the car. The long, smooth shaft fit snugly in her hand as she grasped it. The glass was cold from the night chill, but it felt so soothing. Dana bit her lip and her underwear seemed to squeeze the juices from her. A warm feeling slid along her inner thigh as she tightened her legs.

*Fuck the stuff in the trunk. I have to get inside!*

Dana hit the automatic door locks and scurried up the stairs to her apartment with her bag thrown over her shoulder. When she reached to open her apartment door she didn't even notice she had walked along the hallway and up her stairs with an eight-inch glass dildo in her hand.

Fumbling with her keys she heard a voice in the hall. She stood still by her door and saw Mrs. Canerly peeking out her door to see what the noise was.

"Hello, Dana. You okay?" she asked.

Becoming anxious and wanting to get inside, she held back from telling the old bat to FUCK OFF. "I'm fine. There, I got the door open. Goodnight."

As she started closing the door she heard Mrs. Canerly say something, but she really didn't care.

Dana set the dildo on her table by the door and tossed the party bag onto the floor. It fell with a loud "thud". She ripped off her coat, walked into her kitchen and hit the message machine.

"Hello, dear, this is your mother. Please..." She pressed the delete button quickly, knowing her mother's routine of asking fifty million questions about everything.

"Dana, this is Kevin. I'm sorry, but I have to go out of town so I have to cancel our date for tomorrow night. I was looking forward to it and..."

"Asshole." She deleted his message and slipped her heels off.

Dana wasn't too upset about Kevin's cancellation. She didn't really like him that much. Their last date was at the movies seeing Tom Cruise's new flick. She had been feeling frisky and slipped her hand under the popcorn bucket Kevin was munching on. After a few seconds of squeezing Kevin's cock she had unzipped his pants and slid her hand inside. Much to her disgust, he blew his load onto her hand and she couldn't eat popcorn through the rest of the movie. He had joked about it being buttered but the mood, as well as her hand, was a mess.

She grabbed a bottle of brandy from the cabinet. She unscrewed the top and poured a small portion into a short crystal glass. Downing it, she breathed out a sigh.

Setting the glass down she looked up and saw the glass toy on her table. It was almost calling to her with a translucent glare from the lights, and again she felt the temperature rise between her legs.

Grabbing the bottle of brandy, she walked to the table and took the dildo with her down the hall. She set it on the sink in the bathroom and started a bath.

Looking into the mirror she remembered Kathy and Will in the bathroom. They were so sexual. Will looked so hot to her. She knew Kathy was a sexy woman, but damn.

Dana hadn't been with a man in a while. She liked Kevin but wasn't thinking about sleeping with him. He just didn't stir her like some other men did.

Unbuttoning her blouse, she drifted into her thoughts, letting the top fall to the floor. She unfastened the clasp on the front of her bra and freed her breasts from the tight garment. Her nipples were tight from arousal. They looked like two nickels on her breasts. She smiled and gave a playful tug on each one.

She shimmied out of her skirt and had to pull her underwear from between her legs. The wetness made them stick to her pussy and when she pinched the fabric to pull them down, a jolt of excitement shot through her spine as she touched her pussy.

Dana grabbed the bottle and poured a mouthful of brandy. She closed her eyes and swallowed the drink. It burned a little but brandy always relaxed her. She also needed to be a little looser; she was so uptight and yet excited.

She stepped into the very warm water. It was perfect to relax in and let her aching muscles soak in the heat. She glided back into the bath. It soothed her so much. For what seemed an eternity she lay in the water, melting to its caress. She looked down and saw her nipples peeking up. She caressed her smooth, wet skin and cupped her breasts. Her eyes closed and she thought back to what she had seen earlier.



She saw Will's backside and the tightening of his ass while a pair of hands grasped it. Dana's vision was different, as the woman in the image transformed to her. She saw herself sucking the long, firm shaft of Will's cock into her mouth and tickling the back of her throat. The fantasy was taking on more feeling as Dana pinched the tips of her nipples, sending a message to her already aching pussy.

She envisioned Will's hands on the back of her head, enjoying the pleasure she gave him. She loved oral sex and seeing what Will had with Kathy made her crave the taste and control she could have over a man.

Dana's mouth became dry from her panting. This dream made her so hot. She reached over and poured another mouthful of brandy. As she swallowed it, the burn she felt became the hot seed from his loins spilling down her throat in her fantasy.

Her mind wandered to the ache between her legs. She spread her thighs apart and toyed with her pussy in the water. She was in a painful state of need. She reached over to the sink and fumbled, trying to grab her new toy. She grasped it firmly and sat back into the tub. She set it on her chest between her breasts. The glass was translucent and had oil or something inside. It was a swirl pattern that made Dana contemplate screwing it into her scorching hot pussy. She stroked the length of the shaft in her hand. It was extremely stiff and firm with a slope to the right like a man's penis. The head had a deep ridge around it. Just like where the tip of a cock joins the shaft.

Dana couldn't help but want to feel this inside of her. She held the shaft in her hand, brought it to her lips and kissed the tip. Dana closed her eyes, slid the glass shaft in her mouth and envisioned looking up at Will and pulling his cock from her mouth.

She felt a little awkward fantasizing about Will. He was a hunk, but a married one. Her mind swam through an ocean of men she had fantasized about as she slowly turned the glass cock within the wet confines of her red lips.

Antonio Banderas, Hugh Jackman, Carrot Top...different men of her dreams. Her fantasy needed reality. It needed an actual face she desired. Someone that made her wet.

Her fantasy took another step as she moved it to a large bed of pillows. She saw herself lying naked with Derrick above her. Derrick was someone she'd always dreamt of fucking, but it had never happened. Derrick would fuck her tonight.

The toy became alive and she could feel the throbbing of his heart through it, his large hard cock toying with the opening of her pussy. She was so hot she almost begged him to fuck her. His long hard shaft slid into her with a forceful, steady thrust.

Dana put her wet hands to her face. The water refreshed her skin. She lay in the tub, letting the glass toy fill her pussy. Her muscles clenched tightly around it. She wasn't accustomed to something this hard and long inside her. The extreme physical pleasure put her on the brink of passion's door as she felt the pressure of the dildo touching the entrance of her womb.

She reached down and slowly pulled it back out, then thrust it in deeper. Her mind saw Derrick flexing and sinking his cock into her. Dana pulled her leg out of the water and hung it along the edge of the tub. The shaft seemed to ease in and out better, and she envisioned Derrick driving into her like a man possessed and overwhelmed with hot, dark lust.

Dana was absolutely blissful at how the toy filled her so deeply. The friction rubbed against her g-spot like no man had ever done. Derrick's

body and image was her fuel for the intense amount of sexual tension she felt, and this toy became the lightning rod to let her storm of frustration loose. Dana whimpered and tightened her pussy around the hard glass shaft in spasms. She was so close that anything more would cause her to erupt.

Her eyes strained shut and she cried out as she pushed the toy deeper and twisted it. Her inner walls gripped the shaft and her orgasm ignited a deep fire buried within her. She shook and smiled widely as it pressed against her g-spot. Over and over she clenched the toy with her pussy. She pulled it out beneath the water and had to close her legs together.

A chill swept over Dana while she stared over the edge of the tub. She giggled when she pulled the plug to the tub out with her toes, not wanting to move. As the water lowered, she became cold. Dana struggled to get up with her arms wobbling and holding firmly onto the toy. She grabbed a towel and wrapped herself with it.

Relaxed and soothed, she walked down the hall to her bedroom. Dana flopped onto her queen-size bed and rolled onto her tummy. She opened her nightstand, dropped the toy into the drawer and covered it with her underwear. *That one is definitely a keeper. Gonna have to recommend that one at my next party.*

## **Chapter Three**

### *I Don't Like Mondays*

At work the next day, Dana answered calls from customers and tried not to let the constant bitching faze her otherwise good mood. Being a senior customer service representative for a high profile advertising company had its good and bad points.

She had great benefits, and she had actually worked there long enough to have some freedom with her schedule of hours.

The bad part was that it was a large corporation...very big on their image. Image was their selling point and they were sacred to the idea that if they were clean as a whistle the clients would like them, because image was their business. There was no way they would condone one of their Senior Account Representatives selling what was considered "porn toys". They constantly posted memos and flyers on company perspectives and issues. Most employees didn't bother to care about it because they just put in their forty hours a week and went home.

Dana didn't really worry too much, but she kept her little side job a secret. A few of the girls knew about it but she kept it pretty quiet. What she did after hours was her business, not theirs. Maybe if some of the people running the place would loosen up they wouldn't be so fucking anal about other people's affairs.

The week went by without much change going on except for William, the CEO, complaining about cost and net worth. Maybe if he didn't buy so much personal shit it wouldn't be a problem. Who needs all those silly "power ties" anyway?

### ***Pam's Party***

The party had been a huge success, probably one of Dana's best. She sat in the back bedroom filing away all of her paperwork.

There was a knock on the door and Pam peeked her head in. "How're things going, Dana?"

Pam was a friend from college who ended up getting a high-profile job with too much responsibility, and she was overworked. She was successful in life but lacking in love.

Smiling, Dana answered, "I'm doing great. Thanks for having the party. It was one of the best ones I have ever had. You have a couple of pretty wild friends."

After closing the door, Pam went and sat next to Dana on the bed.

"Ummm, Dana? I wanted to wait until you were done to come talk to you." Adjusting her seat she looked back at Dana and said, "I haven't been with a man before. I mean, I'm not a virgin—there was this boy in high school—but you know what I mean. I'm rambling now, sorry."

"It's okay. What do you want to say, Pam? You can tell me." Dana was trying to be helpful but in the back of her mind she was thinking, *I hope she doesn't ask me to hop in bed with her.*

"This is so embarrassing. I have never had a vibrator and wanted to know how to use it."

"Is that it? What are you so worried about? A lot of the women at the parties I throw don't have a lot of toys. Some don't have any. Now that Kris woman knew what she wanted and seemed to be very knowledgeable."

"Can you, ummm, show me what to do with it?"

"EXCUSE ME?"

Embarrassed, Pam blushed a bright red. "Nooooo, not like that, I just mean, well...you know, what is a nice way to get off? I can't see getting intimate with something that has 'Made in Taiwan' written on it."

Dana shook her head, giggling. "Well the most important thing is to be relaxed and comfortable with yourself, Pam. Just take a nice bath, relax, drink a tall glass of wine and mainly...picture the hottest guy you know wanting nothing more than to fuck you like an animal."

Pam grinned widely. She was flushed red and biting her bottom lip. "That would be Tony. Mmmmmmm, he's a definite beefcake. He's tall, dark and handsome. Mmmmm, saw him at the company picnic in his swimsuit."

She leaned over saying, "I could see the outline of his cock in the suit and the head almost hung out the leg of his shorts. Damn, I'm all warm thinking about him!"

"Well, this is the perfect kind of mood for a little teasing." Dana reached over to her bag and pulled out a small, pink egg-bullet. She unwrapped it and set it in Pam's palm.

Dana smiled and turned the egg on.

Pam's hand jerked back as she felt the fast vibration electrify the nerves of her hand. The humming made it move in her palm, causing Pam to giggle.

"Now what am I supposed to do with this?" Pam asked. In a way she knew, but wanted Dana to tell her.

"Well, press it against your, ummm, well, you know." Dana closed Pam's hand around it. With a jerk Pam pulled her hand back. It startled her at first.

"That kinda tickles. I mean it feels like it is moving, not just vibrating."

"You have no idea what these little babies feel like inside your pussy. We're talking, climbing the walls." Dana smiled back and lowered Pam's hand toward her lap.

"Now rest your hand right here."

Pam had her hand resting between her legs over her dress. The slow melodic hum vibrated and swirled in her hand. It was soothing and she could feel it through her body.

"Close your eyes," Dana whispered. "Now turn your palm over and press it against your pussy."

Closing her eyes, Pam could feel the pressure of the egg against her pubis. The vibrations crawled through her body. She felt the delicious wetness of arousal growing inside of her. Her smile showed her delight.

The sight of Pam's pleasure started getting to Dana. She began to get very turned-on. The glow of arousal from Pam ignited the fires inside her.

Whispering again, like a guide, Dana said, "Now let the egg massage your pussy."

Pam turned her head slightly and the rhythmic swirl of vibrations now echoed through her wet cavern. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm, this feels nice."

Dana pulled back as Pam tugged her dress up and rested the egg against her now-wet panties. The glimmer from her arousal was shimmering on the red silk.

Dana found herself staring. Not like a lover, but as an admirer. She hadn't ever seen another woman pleasuring herself this close. There were times she had seen movies or watched herself with a mirror. This was different, and very stimulating.

"Ohhhhh, this feels so goood. Mmmmm, talk to me." Pam was captivating and sexy.

"You seem to be doing just fine. God, you are so beautiful, Pam. You should see yourself." Dana found herself lost in the beauty of another woman. For a brief moment she saw what a man sees in a woman. Dana's underwear became moist while she watched Pam.

A deep moan radiated from Pam. "I think I found my clit. Ohhhhhhhh, I, mmmmmm."

*Knock, knock, knock.*

Pam dropped her egg and Dana shook herself back to reality.

"Hello? Anyone here?" The door opened slowly. "Sorry, hon, I was just letting you know I was home." Pam's boyfriend, Eugene, waved to Dana and then closed the door.

Dana looked at Pam. "That's Eugene, huh? You sure you don't need extra batteries?"

They both smiled and Pam helped her pack up her things and then gave her a big hug. "Thanks, this was nice. I had fun with the girls."

They walked out to Dana's car and put the bags and other supplies into the trunk and back seat. Standing in the cool night air, Pam and Dana chatted a little. The coldness had an effect on both of them.

"It's getting a little nippy out here," Dana joked, noticing hers and Pam's nipples awakening to the chill in the air.

"You know, if you get Eugene to use that egg on you...well, think about it." Dana winked at her and hopped into her car.

Sitting in her car at the longest stoplight in history, Dana looked across the street and spotted a nightclub. *I could use a nice, relaxing drink,* she thought. *And a nice relaxing fuck, too.*



After watching Pam warm up with that egg vibrator, Dana felt a little edgy and a lot frisky.

A thick cloud of smoke billowed out the door of the club as the bouncer let her inside. The music blared loudly and the steady thump, thump, thump of the bass vibrated through her spine. It was so cramped, so chaotic and so alive. Dana loved it.

There was wall-to-wall beefcake scattered throughout the bevy of young blonde bombshells. They were all a little younger than her but she figured she would see how different the chase was now. Dana had been out of the hunt for a while.

She sat down at the only open stool at the bar. She was basically unnoticed as she sipped a Chardonnay the young, stunningly handsome bartender gave her. Too bad he wasn't shirtless. With his chest all wet and the heat in the club, he basically was. For a brief second Dana envied his tight, clinging shirt.

The problem was, so did about four other young women panting over him as they flirted and showed their 44DD plastic chests to him.

Dana turned back to the bar to get a refill. Looking into the mirror behind it, she caught her reflection. She also caught the reflection of a familiar face.

It was Ronald. He was dancing like the total white-boy he was on the floor with a tall skanky-looking brunette. Even though she was over him, the urges of jealousy crept back.

*Dear God, don't let him see me,* she thought as the music stopped. She looked down on the bar and fumbled with her drink.

A gentle tap on her shoulder made her cringe. She knew who it was. Her slow turn confirmed her assumption—it was Ronald and the skank.

"Hey Dana, what are you doing on this side of town?" he asked snidely.

"Ummm, I'm meeting some friends," Dana lied, not wanting to let him know she was alone.

"This is Celia. She's a friend of mine. We met a while ago."

Dana's eyes burned through the plastic-looking woman. She had brown hair with a perm that looked like an electric accident and wore a short black dress that showed off her petite frame. *I could kick her ass*, Dana thought.

"Looks like your friends are late like usual, huh?" Ronald always made her feel bad. Even when it was unintended.

In her mind she said all the insults she wished she could say. Comments on his penile dysfunction, the way he drooled in his sleep, the way his mother used to call him Ronny. She wouldn't stoop to his level. Instead, she forced a smile and nodded her head.

\* \* \* \* \*

After seeing Ronald at the bar with that other woman Dana began to sulk. She also began drinking some more wine. Sitting by the end of the bar she felt pathetic. She had to drive and didn't want to get drunk, she just wanted to relax and feel bad.

"Dana? Is that you?"

Dana turned to see one of the couples from her party. Kris and Adam were a nice couple and spent A LOT of money at the party.

Kris was a very slim woman with light brown hair and blonde streaks through it that accentuated the length. It cascaded to the middle of her back. She was dressed to kill with black boots and a plaid mini-skirt with a white cotton, tank top-style blouse. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra

because her nipples poked out, full tilt. In most circles she was a definite hotty; in this crowd she really stood out.

Adam was as his name stated—the perfect male. He stood six feet three inches tall. As he pulled his hand through his shoulder-length, thick, black hair, the muscles in his arm bulged...as did the package in his pants. He was broad-shouldered and had a polo shirt on that seemed to fit like the Incredible Hulk. He wore tight, navy blue khaki pants and he was what most women would call an instant wet panty male.

“What you doing here, Dana? Mind if we join you?” Kris motioned for the bartender to come over.

Adam leaned in. “What are you drinking, dear?” He breathed in the fragrance of the glass. “Hmmm, white wine, huh? You need something a little more...potent. Hey Bill, get this woman a fresh drink. Make it a Strawberry Daiquiri.” He looked down and whispered to Dana, “He’s a buddy of mine. We live down the street, so we’re in here a lot.”

Turning to Kris, he said, “Come on, babe, I want to dance a little.”

“My feet hurt. Hey, take Dana for a dance. She needs to have some fun.”

“Uhhhh, I’m not a good dancer.” Dana tried to think of a good excuse. She felt dumpy and wanted to just sit at the bar.

“Ohhh no, you don’t. Let’s go.” Adam took her hand and led her to the small, cramped dance floor. A mid-tempo song was playing and they started to move together with the beat of the music.

Adam looked at Dana as she hung her head and every now and then would look in Ronald’s direction. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

A slow song started to play and Dana turned to leave the floor. Adam’s large hand gripped her small shoulder and he tugged her back to him. “Come on. We can talk a little as we dance.”

"Well, see that guy there with the brunette? He's my EX-boyfriend. He dumped me a while back and said some awful things. So now when I see him, I get a little down."

Adam held Dana tightly in his large, muscular arms and Dana laid her head against his chest. He felt so strong, so safe, and God, he felt so good against her.

"Really? Hey, fuck that guy. You really were happy and seemed so fun at the toy party. I can't believe you let some ASSHOLE make you feel bad. You're a really fine-looking woman. He's the fool to let you go."

"Ohh, you're embarrassing me. It's just that he said some things that really hurt so I am a little self-conscious when I see him. Just not as assured as I could be." Her hands dropped and went around his waist. Dana felt the firmness of his body.

The song ended and Adam led her back to the bar. Dana held his waist and watched his ass while walking behind him. Kris had her drink and a few of her friends had joined her.

Adam put his arm around Dana and she felt comfortable with these strangers. Of course, having her arm around a hunk wasn't all that bad, either. Maybe Ronald would see her with him.

"Hey, Kris, see that dorky-looking asshole over there? He dumped our friend Dana." Adam motioned toward Ronald.

Kris and her friend giggled and looked at Dana with an evil smile.

"Uh oh," Adam said, smiling.

"Uh oh, what?" Dana looked scared and was suddenly becoming a little looser and more adventurous.

"Come on, Dana, let's dance." Kris grabbed her hand and her other girlfriend followed.

"Yeah, I wanna dance, and shake my ass, oh yeah, oh yeah." Kris's friend, Nina, swayed her arms over her head and jiggled.

Kris joined Nina, waving her hands above her head as the up-tempo sounds of Nelly started thumping in the bar. Kris stopped and looked into Dana's eyes. She took Dana's hands in hers and started swaying to the grooves of the music.

"Close your eyes, Dana. Climb into the groove with us."

Behind her, Nina grasped Dana's hips and pulled her ass against her body. The drinks were relaxing her and Dana was getting looser and having more fun as she became more in tune with the music.

Kris leaned into Dana and their lips would touch as they danced. Dana looked up into Kris's deep brown eyes and saw something that she wished *she* had. The reckless nature to just be free. Dana closed her eyes and leaned into Kris while they danced together. Their breasts would brush against each other's and the pulsing rhythms of the music were the orchestra for their erotic dance.

Dana opened her eyes and stared back into Kris's. The crowded floor seemed to disappear as Kris moved closer and kissed her. Her lips were soft and wet. Dana had never kissed a woman before and the disturbing show of affection in front of all these people didn't seem to bother her.

Kris and Nina yelled and shook their heads as they danced with Dana. The freedom was exhilarating and the sensuality was arousing. Dana was sucked into it.

Dana had no cares, no worries; she was just having fun. Kris and Nina made Dana a sandwich between them and all together they swung their hips and shook their asses to the guys whooping and whistling on the floor. Adam stood by the table, pumping his fist in the air and hand

slapping the guys watching with him. Dana felt fantastic. She was happy, she was relaxed and she was horny as hell.

The girls danced close together. They would part as they moved but when they faced one another they would touch and feel each other. Kris rubbed her nose against Dana's. Dana slid her tongue along Kris's lips.

Dana began to feel a little freer and spun around. She danced with Nina, who was a tall brunette. The men drooled looking at her. She was stunning and she had a beautiful way of moving. The three of them danced a little longer and then glided off the floor.

Downing her daiquiri, Dana was rejuvenated. She was laughing and having fun with her new friends.

She felt a tap on her shoulder and turned to see Ronald.

"Hey, you never danced like that for me before." He smiled and winked at her. "Maybe if we danced like that things would have ended up differently."

Suddenly hurt again, and mad, Dana glared up into his eyes. She was sick of his shit and wasn't going to let him ruin her night.

"ADAM? Can you come here please, babe?"

Adam stepped up and Ronald looked slowly up to his steel eyes.

"There a problem here, sweetheart?"

"Ronald, I'd like you to meet my new boyfriend, Adam. He's shown me the way a woman should be treated. In life and especially in the bedroom."

Adam pulled his hair back again. Ronald saw the diameter of his bicep flex to the size of his leg. Adam poked Ronald's chest with a thump from his finger. "Hey, are you fucking with my woman?"

Ronald gulped, seeing how the veins in Adam's neck pulsed and his shirt stretched with the flexing of his powerful arms. "Uhhh, nope, I was just leaving."

After Ronald scurried out the door pulling his girlfriend along, the group of them burst into laughter. Dana gave Adam a big hug and thanked him for letting her USE him. She held him for a second, almost drawn to kiss him. She hesitated then blushed a bright red.

"Well, we had a BLAST at the party and are gonna go home and try some of the stuff we bought. You should join us."

"I can't drive yet," Dana said, a little tipsy and feeling the drinks relaxing and warming her body. "Maybe I can stop by and we can talk some more, if you'd like?"

"That will be great!" Adam piped in.

"Nina? Where's Nina?" Looking into the corner she saw Nina kissing her boyfriend, Carl, in a little booth. "Looks like she has other plans."

## **Chapter Four**

They left the bar and Kris waved to Nina, who was now tonsil-deep into kissing her boyfriend. It was a cool night and the breeze chilled Dana. She shivered and Adam put his jacket over her. It was warm and extremely big on her. But she loved his chivalry.

He had his arm around Kris and they talked as they walked the short distance to their apartment.

Kris began talking, "You know, you should have yourself a boyfriend. That Ronald guy seemed like a wimp. It sucks when someone makes you doubt yourself. That's why I love this big brute here. He does whatever I ask him to and I let him goof off with his friends."

"That's right. We respect each other and our needs. Except last Sunday."

Kris rolled her eyes. "Not that again. I told you I was sorry. I had that bridal shower to go to and needed the ride. Jeez, END OF THE WORLD, YOU MISSED THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE STEELERS GAME. I mean, I thought I made it up later."

"Well, yeah, that was nice." Adam had a goofy smile on his face.

"You two are so comfortable around each other. It must be a great feeling." Dana leaned against Adam and they continued walking.

"Haven't you ever felt totally happy just talking with a man? I mean we were friends for a few years before I stole Adam away from that bitch...I mean his ex-girlfriend." Kris smirked and looked at Adam.

Dana thought for a moment. "There was a friend of mine, Derrick, that Ronald and I knew. He was so funny, we could just talk and talk for



hours. We'd flirt and joke around. He was a real gentleman, too. He was hot, though. Mmmm, I mean yummy-looking, but I was with someone and wouldn't, you know. I just liked Derrick as a friend but we really hit it off together. Another time, another place...who knows?"

"My advice to you, Dana," Kris continued, "is that the next time you see this guy, grab him and show him who you are now. Fuck the past, it's over. Just GO FOR IT!"

"Well here we are." Adam walked up the steps and held the door open to the complex.

\* \* \* \* \*

The apartment was dimly lit with an array of candles and a fire burning as they sat in the living room.

Kris and Adam kissed a few times as they said the normal touchy-feely lovers' comments and told Dana about themselves. Kris worked at Tony's Italian Cuisine as a hostess. Adam was a fireman. Like she needed to fantasize even more about his fire hose.

"The whole Pleasure Party stuff is just a part-time thing I fell into," Dana said. "I'm not sure where it will lead me. I have fun helping people. I've been pretty lucky so far."

"Well, I was impressed. You really seemed to have a good time and had a lot of those women laughing. It was nice." Kris winked at Dana.

"Hey, babe, I'm gonna take Dana into the bedroom. I have some stuff to ask her about." Kris reached her hand out to Dana.

"No problem. I have some stuff to do on the computer." Adam smacked Kris on the ass and walked away.

"Damn, that man spoils the shit out of me. He is so sweet, and look at that body." Kris took Dana's hand and led her to the hallway.

Dana followed Kris into their bedroom. The room was huge. They had a large bed with a deep red bedspread and a loveseat with a matching chair. A TV sat in one corner. The master bathroom was on the other side.

Kris motioned for Dana to sit on the bed then reached into the nightstand and pulled out her bag from the party. She tossed it on the bed and sat next to Dana. She unzipped her long boots and pulled them off one by one.

Dana sat watching Kris. On any other occasion she would feel uncomfortable but she was very content just sitting and watching.

Kris caressed her legs and calves after slipping off the boots. "I just wanted to ask you about some of the stuff I bought tonight."

"Sure, what would you like to know? I can..." Dana stopped talking as Kris slid off her underwear and unfastened her mini-skirt.

Dana stared, unsure of what to do or say. She had seen her share of women at the gym and in general. But this was something different. This wasn't just a woman changing her clothes. Kris was a beautiful woman who was stripping for her. She knew Dana was watching.

As Kris tossed her shirt aside, Dana found herself appreciating the sensuous woman before her.

Kris plopped on the bed and lay next to Dana. She untied the small ribbons holding the bag of party toys closed. "I just wanted to make sure I knew how to use this stuff right."

Dana turned away. What was she doing? How was she going to get out of this? Why did she have this sudden arousal creeping through her body? Her eyes looked back to Kris's smooth flesh. The shape of her legs, her flat stomach, the small tight nipples on her pert breasts. She was beautiful.

"Can you show me how to use this new vibrator?" Kris asked as she opened the box.

"Kris? Ummm, I'm not a lesbian or anything."

"Lesbian? Who? ME? Fuck no. I like nothing more than a thick cock. Look at my boyfriend." Kris giggled, knowing Dana probably felt a little weird. "Hey, just because you look, touch or feel aroused by another woman doesn't make you gay. I just wanted your help."

Dana felt better hearing Kris's honesty. She was right. She laid back and rolled over next to Kris on the bed. They both looked at the new vibrator. "The Pussy-Pleaser. Perfect name." Dana laughed. "I don't have this one but I hear it's great!"

Kris rolled onto her back and lifted her knees up. Dana lay on her back next to her.

"Should I lube this thing up or...mmmmmmmmmm." Kris found that she was already wet enough to press the tip inside of her shaved pussy.

Dana longed to feel her own vibrator. She was jealous of Kris, who had a fucking hot guy and was confident and open about her sexuality. Dana admired that. She also admired how much pleasure she was getting from the toy Kris had purchased from her.

"Oh God, my nipples are so hard." Kris closed her eyes and moaned. The hum of her vibrator dulled as she sunk it in deeper.

Dana sat up and looked at Kris. She was in her splendor. Totally vulnerable. Dana reached over and touched the smooth skin of Kris's stomach.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, mmmmm," Kris moaned, feeling Dana's touch.

Dana set her hand on Kris's. She held the toy and felt the pulsing vibrations. Moving her hand away, Kris let Dana hold it within her. Kris cupped her breasts trusting Dana with the vibe that churned her juices.

Dana stared at Kris's pussy, opened by the vibe. She had seen her own in a mirror and earlier saw the joy Pam was in, but the sight of a wet pussy in want entranced Dana. She pushed the vibe in, seeing the skin grasp the shaft and stretch inward. She pulled it outward and could see the flesh gripping the vibe, not wanting to release it.

Kris moaned deeply. She had the tips of her nipples pulled away from her breasts and her back arched upward. "Mmmmmm, I love this new vibe. It feels almost like Adam's cock."

As Dana slid the vibrator in and out she gently twisted it. "If I had a man like Adam I'd be in bed every night. He is so fucking good-looking." Dana caught herself going a little overboard with her desire for Adam.

"MMMMMMMMM, yeah, he's really hot. Mmmm, that feels good, Dana. Keep doing that."

Dana pressed on Kris's tummy as she plunged the vibe in and out. "I wish I had someone like him to just fuck when I needed it."

"Dana? Do you want him?" Kris asked as she moaned.

Dana stopped for a moment. What was she thinking? These strangers had her opening up to them. She was helping Kris masturbate and fantasizing about her boyfriend as she did it. She had to stop this.

"Yes." She spoke from her heart.

Kris grasped Dana's hand and pulled the vibe from herself. "Adam? Can you come here?"

"No, no, no, no. I can't!"

"Dana, it's okay. Trust me, you won't regret it and I'm okay with it."

“No, I can’t. I have to get up early, I just...”

Adam walked into the room and saw Kris standing naked with a twelve-inch vibrator in her hand. “Ummm, did you call me? It looks like you have your hands full.”

Kris walked up to Adam, grasped his crotch in her palm and turned to Dana. “She is okay with it, babe. She wants you.”

Kris sat on the chair by the loveseat and spread herself open, facing the bed.

“You do whatever Dana asks but...you can’t fuck her. She has to beg me to let you fuck her.”

Dana turned and looked at the wicked smile on Kris’s face. Kris looked and winked at her, laid her head back on the arm of the chair and continued to slide the large vibrator across her breasts. Dana looked up at Adam and shrugged her shoulders, not sure what to do.

Adam knelt down and put his finger under her chin. Lifting her head, her lips were softly brushing his. Their mouths merged with a kiss. Pulling back, Adam opened his eyes to see Dana’s face. She seemed so lost in the mood.

“You are so beautiful, Dana. Just tell me what to do to make you feel good,” Adam said, caressing the hot skin of her neck.

“This is so weird. I mean you are so fucking good-looking. I could never attract...”

“Shhhhhh, I am here with you now. For you, tonight, I am your man. My sole purpose is to give you pleasure. Kris is fine with this. We love each other but she knows I love women, and sometimes I can let her know there is a woman I desire. I desire you, Dana. I asked her for this. Trust me and be with me tonight.”

Melting, Dana felt herself giving in. "Can I kiss you?"

She leaned forward and kissed Adam's firm lips. She shivered with nervousness. "I haven't been with a man in a long time. I'm not sure what..."

Adam captured her lips with a deep passionate kiss. Dana felt his large shoulders as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Her tongue seemed drawn to seek out his, so she opened her mouth slightly and tasted his hot breath. She instantly became wet, and her pussy began to burn from the heat.

"Mmmmmm, ahhhhh, oh yes," Kris moaned as she masturbated on the chair with the vibrator. "Damn, Dana, you weren't kidding when you said this was a pussy pleaser."

Adam grinned and looked at Dana while wiggling his eyebrows. "I'll show you a pussy pleaser."

Dana smiled and hugged him tight. His body made her warm and she wanted to touch all of him. She kissed him again and then let go. "Where's that massage oil?" she asked, looking around the room.

Reaching into her bag by the bed she scooted back on the bed and patted the spot next to her. "Come here, BIG BOY," she said, wiggling her eyebrows back at him.

Adam climbed onto the bed and Kris piped in, "It's about fucking time."

He rolled onto his back and Dana tugged at his shirt, trying to pull it up. Adam pulled it up over his head and Dana caught herself gasping at his body. His midsection was firm and muscular. He had a true six-pack abdomen and she licked her lips, seeing his huge chest.

"Sorry, got distracted. Okay, you take the oil in your hand like this." She poured a healthy amount into her palm. "Then you smear it where

you wish to massage.” Dana smeared the oil onto Adam’s chest and abdomen. The crevasses were bumpy and she felt each one, as her hands became an erogenous zone. Her panties were useless at this time because they were completely soaked.

Adam reached over and unbuttoned her blouse very slowly.

Dana sat up and let him pull the blouse free from her skirt.

“Mmmm, I like black underwear.” His deep voice cut through her. He unhooked the clasp on the front of her bra and her breasts burst free from the chamber that held them. Her nipples were so tight she swore they would send her over the edge if touched. “Oh, wow, you have beautiful breasts.”

Oblivious to anything but her ache, she leaned down toward Adam and pressed her bare chest against his. The warmth soothed her burning need. She closed her eyes and felt his heart pound beneath her. Her hands fumbled with his pants button and zipper. She wasn’t looking, just feeling her way.

Adam reached around her body and up her skirt. He rubbed the back of her legs and cupped her ass in his hands. His large hands squeezed her cheeks and she sighed. Reaching between her ass cheeks, his thumb pressed on the puffy, hot lips of her pussy. The thin fabric was the only barrier keeping his finger from becoming engulfed with her juices held inside.

“Shit, your pussy is on fire,” Adam groaned as his thumb pierced the opening to her ecstasy.

“Ohhhh God,” she moaned while Adam’s thumb toyed with her pussy. Dana’s hand slid inside his underwear and found the prize. She moaned loudly when she felt the immense girth of his cock in her hand. “Dear Lord, you are fucking wondrous.”

“Go down on her, Adam. I want to watch you eat her pussy.” Adam obliged by tugging Dana’s underwear over her ass and down her legs.

As Dana lay on her side she held firmly onto her prize. Then she knelt over and straddled Adam’s face.

He grabbed onto her ass and pulled her down. Lower, lower, until his hot breath blew through the wet flesh. Dana looked over at Kris and saw her eyes flutter as she slid the long vibrator inside her shaven pussy. She let it rest inside and pulled at her nipples. She looked so beautiful and so enriched by her freedom of passion.

Adam’s tongue found Dana’s clit and he flicked her hardened bud, causing her to shudder. His cock flexed in her hand and she felt his heart pounding through the veins along the base. Releasing it from his underwear, she stared at it with admiration and lust. He was extremely thick and above average in length. Without hesitation she forced the length into her mouth, touching the back of her throat.

Adam growled and the vibrations rumbled through her pussy as he pulled her lower.

As if competing, Dana vigorously stroked his cock in her hand as she licked the head of it. Her breasts slipped against the sweat and oil across Adam’s stomach. Their heat was becoming almost too much for her to stand and Dana started to feel desperate to feel Adam inside of her. Fucking her hard, like an animal.

With a dreamy stare Kris watched her lover and Dana explore each other and she came with the toy buried deep inside of her.

Adam relentlessly assaulted Dana’s clit with his viper-like tongue. Her juice flowed freely and Adam sucked up the sweet nectar from her. Adam’s large hands dug into the flesh of her ass and he shook his head violently, stretching and licking her.



Dana couldn't control herself as she moaned and gasped for air while she deep-throated Adam. The salty seepage from his cock fueled the oncoming storm.

With a deep moan Dana sat upright and grabbed her breasts, putting full force against Adam's probing mouth. She pinched her nipples, tugging the tight, red ends away from her body, and became lost in her ultimate fantasy.

With a blinding flash she felt herself falling. She rode the waves of her orgasm to the restful beach of her mind. She felt blissful, but not totally fulfilled.

Adam lay with his face shiny and wet. Collapsing across Adam's body, Dana rolled off of him, admiring his large cock. *Damn, I want to be fucked with that.* "Can we fuck now, Kris?"

"Kris?"

Kris had left. Adam rolled onto his side, facing Dana. "Mmmmm, you KNOW what I want, don't you?"

With a nasty thought, Dana smiled and rolled onto her back.

"Just a sec." She reached over to her purse and grabbed a condom.

"Wanna see a trick I learned?" Dana wiggled her eyebrows and grinned at Adam. As she tore at the wrapper she kissed the engorged head of Adam's cock.

Sitting up, she showed Adam the condom. "Watch, no hands." Then she made an "O" with her lips and set the condom on her mouth. Leaning over the glistening tip of his hard cock, she rested the condom on the top then lowered her mouth down around the swollen tip. The condom unrolled as she slid him into her mouth.

Adam moaned as he felt both the tightness of the condom and the contours of her lips around his cock.

Sitting up, a small drip of saliva fell to his tightened balls and Dana licked them. She liked the coarse feel of the skin on her tongue. His balls flexed with the throbbing of his stiff cock. She loved the effect she had on him.

"That tickles." He laughed and Dana lay back on the bed, awaiting her treat.

Adam rolled over on top of her. His massive body dwarfed her. He pushed himself up so not to crush her petite frame.

Dana wrapped her legs around Adam's hips and looked down her body. Her breasts were heaving and she could see Adam's huge cock throbbing above her pussy. Pulling with her legs she felt her opening stretch to accept his gift.

Dana was wet and really hot to feel the fullness from a man. Her body was flushed and her blood boiled. She stared up at Adam and pulled a few strands of his hair behind his ear and lifted up to kiss him.

Adam lowered down and sunk into her. "Ohhhhh, mannnn, you are soooo tight. Mmmmmmmmm."

Dana tried not to whimper from the lovely strain his cock had on her as she was being stretched apart. She opened her mouth and arched her body up as he sunk back into her again. The tightness was incredible and her pussy convulsed with every minute of this abuse.

"I don't want to hurt you, dear. Are you okay?"

Dana grabbed his ass and pulled on it, motioning him to go faster. Her legs twisted together along his hips.

“Hard...hard and fast. I want to feel you, Adam. I want to feel like I am being fucked by a real man.”

Like a piston he slammed in and out of her pussy with a heated fury.

Sweat built up on Dana’s chest and Adam’s forehead was wet from perspiration. “Ohhh, Ohhhh, I...I...mmmmmm. I’m gonna come again, ohhhhh.”

Kris walked in with only a robe on, hearing Dana’s cries of joy. She knelt by the bed and looked at Dana’s face as it contorted in pleasure. She stroked her face gently and smiled. Adam pounded harder into her. The bed creaked and Dana felt lightheaded. The hard bang of the headboard against the wall accentuated the power of Adam thrusting into Dana.

Kris took off her robe and lay next to them and stroked Dana’s breasts with the back of her hand. The softness contrasted with Adam’s roughness as he fucked her.

“Oh don’t do that, I can’t...can’t handle that...right there, Adam, right there, ohh, mmmmm.” Dana’s voice warbled as she became more excited. Kris licked her fingertips and then pulled gently on Dana’s small, tight nipples.

Kris leaned up and kissed Adam as he pleased Dana. Then she turned and kissed Dana ever so gently. “Let go, dear. Just let go.”

Kris’s words echoed in Dana’s mind and she closed her eyes and let herself go. She wrapped her arms around Adam’s powerful body. Her nails dug into the flesh of his muscular back and he cried out as she raked his flesh and she came again.

Adam grunted loudly and she could feel him swell inside of her. His eyes bulged and he puffed air in quickly. Adam grunted again, moaning loudly, and Dana felt him explode within her. Over and over she felt the throbbing inside her walls. It spewed hard into her from the pressure of

holding it in so long. Dana looked up and pulled Adam down and kissed him. She held him tightly and the air between their slick bodies made a funny farting sound that made the three of them laugh.

Adam had a goofy smile on his face and rolled his eyes. His body was shiny from the massage oil and passion they had shared.

Dana felt him slide out of her and she just lay there, totally spent.

Adam climbed out of the bed and went into the bathroom.

Snuggling next to Dana, Kris rolled next to her and whispered, "I swear to God. That man is the best fuck I have ever met."

"I'll second that," Dana added.

Kris leaned over and kissed Dana's cheek. "You get dressed, I'll give you a ride home."

Dana's legs hurt, her ass was sore, her body ached from Adam's weight on her, but she didn't care. She felt great. And her pussy felt even better.

## **Chapter Five**

### *The Next Weekend*

"Thank God it's Friday," Dana shouted as she sat in the front seat of her car.

She flicked on the radio, turned up some new Matchbox Twenty song and sped out of the parking lot. As she pulled up toward the electronic gate to leave, she stopped suddenly. Her head jerked forward and she glared out the window at the car that almost hit her.

"Hey, BITCH, watch where..." Dana yelled out her window. "Whoops, sorry."

The boss's wife had cut her off and seemed to be in a terrible rush. She recognized the boss's car by the license plate saying, 'TOP DOG.' All Dana saw was her blonde hair and her hands flailing. She looked very flustered. She screeched her tires and took off down the road. Dana just shrugged. Whatever.

Deciding to just veg out for the night, Dana picked up some nice Italian food and a bottle of light, white wine. It was so relaxing to just read her latest Romantic Times magazine and listen to some mellow R&B music in her apartment.

After polishing off her Tortellini and three glasses of the Chardonnay, Dana was relaxed. Her magazine had other effects on her. There were reviews of new romantic books coming out and excerpts. The excerpts always got to her. This month an excerpt from Elizabeth Lapthorne's new book was in it.

A sudden warmth took over Dana's body and she decided to cool off a little and change her clothes.

Dana slipped out of her dress then grabbed her silk robe. It didn't cover all that much, but it was comfortable. Ronald had always poked her when she wore it because her nipples showed through. She just loved how it gently brushed her skin. Like floating on air.

Standing in front of the fridge she stared at what she could nibble on before bed. The cold air caused her nipples to tighten. They protruded into the fabric, and she giggled at how the cold affected her body. Damn, it's cold. She grabbed the Ben and Jerry's and walked to the living room.

The fabric floated over her flesh like a breeze. She plopped down on the couch to watch some TV and relax. Surfing through a hundred fifty-two channels of nothing good to watch, she came upon a sexy movie of a couple making out. It was one of those cheap "R" rated sex flicks. Terrible acting, but she liked the good-looking men in the movie.

The couple kissing intimately and the fake sex scenes were arousing Dana.

*KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.*

*Who the hell would come over at eleven p.m.?* She wrapped herself in a blanket and peeked out the peephole. It was Derrick. After her break-up with Ronald she didn't see Derrick much.

Dana unlocked the door and let him in. She gave him a big hug and looked up at his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, my roommate has a girl over and he wanted to be alone with her. I saw your light on and was wondering if I could crash here a while." His big puppy dog eyes looked desperately at Dana. "PLEEEEEEEASE???"

“Oh quit it. Of course you can stay a while. I’m winding down anyway. Want a beer?”

Derrick was an average-sized man with a broad chest and very muscular arms. He was in construction and worked with heavy things all day, and it paid off for him. He had light brown hair and steel blue eyes. A girl could get lost within their depth. He was wearing his traditional rock band T-shirt, jeans and a flannel shirt that was unbuttoned.

Dana and Derrick had felt a distinct draw to each other. They just couldn’t do anything about it because of their commitments to others. Every time Derrick had broken up with a woman, Dana had Ronald. Now that she was free from Ronald, Derrick had a girlfriend. *That lucky bitch*, she thought.

“Sure, thanks. It’s been a while since we talked anyway. This will be...ummmmm. What are you watching, Dana?”

“Oh just a silly cable movie.” She laughed, wondering what Derrick thought of her now.

She strolled back into the living room, beer in hand, and with the most erect nipples imaginable.

Derrick glanced up from watching the movie and did a double take of Dana’s breasts. *WHOA, must be cold.* “Nice robe.” He gulped as she handed him the beer.

Dana looked down and burst into laughter. Blushing in four shades of red, she tried to cover herself. She flopped onto the couch and grabbed a small blanket hanging over the edge.

“So, how have you been doing, Derrick? Since Ronald and I broke up I haven’t seen you much.”

The night seemed to just fly by. Dana was telling Derrick about her job and her boss and all the small talk. There had always been chemistry and a spark between them.

A few times, when Ronald had been away, Dana had thought about the typical “what if” scenarios. What if she kissed Derrick? What if they weren’t attached to others? What did Derrick look like naked? How big was his cock? Would he mind if she tore his clothes off and fucked him silly?

Derrick told her about how he broke up with his girlfriend a while ago and how he lived with an old friend and that they shared a two-bedroom apartment. Derrick left whenever his roommate had women over. Especially his new “friend” of the month. She always flirted with Derrick and he wasn’t attracted to her at all and her constant gawking and accidental rubbing on his crotch made him uncomfortable.

“Well, I moved to those new duplexes down the road and...well... When you were with Ron it was cool to hang out because you were a couple and I was a friend with both of you. Now, to me he was an idiot for letting you go. I know I wouldn’t have.” Derrick caught himself from going too far. “You are a great woman.”

Dana felt herself flush, and warmth crept through her body. The wash of moisture between her legs reminded her of the stirring of desire that was filling her.

“Well, Ronald always made me feel like I wasn’t good enough. Everything was about HIM. I was so hurt I didn’t know what to do. It was, and still is, hard to open myself up to anyone. Ronald would always get drunk and fall asleep but you and I always had fun. I always liked that. You were the best male friend I had for a long time. I loved when you came over and we just sat around bullshitting about things. Your



girlfriends, that silly car you had – we just talked about everything. Now that I am single I don't know how to act around a man anymore."

Dana leaned forward and Derrick looked down her neck and could see the slope of her breast under the cover-up.

His obvious admiration didn't go unnoticed. "Do you think I'm pretty, Derrick?"

"Silly question."

Dana smiled, knowing he did. She reached down and untied the loose belt holding her robe closed, revealing her full breasts. "A friend of mine gave me some advice if I were to see you again. I think I am going to follow what she said."

"Ummmm, Dana, this isn't fair. You know I have always had a thing for you."

"Hey, ever since I have known you there has been a line I didn't cross because we were both with someone. Now we're not. I just want to know. I always wanted to know," she said, staring into his eyes.

"Know what?" he asked stupidly.

"To know what it would be like to fuck you." Dana lunged forward and kissed Derrick's lips. Overcome with need and desire, Dana was more aggressive then ever. She had wanted Derrick for a long time and this was her chance to re-open the fantasy she had longed for.

Rolling into his lap, Dana slipped her tongue into Derrick's mouth.

As Derrick twisted his tongue around hers, he could feel his own desires opening up. He could also feel an oncoming throb in his pants. She was so hot he was growing stiffer by the moment.

"Come with me. I have something I want to show you." Dana took Derrick's hand and led him down the hallway to her bedroom.

Derrick jerked her to a stop and she turned to him. He grabbed and kissed her deeply. His hands slid down her back and held firmly on her ass.

She began to melt but maintained her control. "No, not yet, wait, I want to do this with you."

She led him to a nice, blue reclining chair in the corner of the room and had him sit down.

"Can I...?"

"No, you sit here."

Dana unfastened his pants and kissed him again. Her breasts hung slightly before his face and Derrick could breathe in her perfumed skin. It intoxicated him.

Dana turned around and bent over. "You like my ass, Derrick?"

"Ohhh, yeah."

"Can you help me with my underwear, dear? They are so tight on my pussy. I need help taking them off."

Derrick laughed and tugged them down to her knees.

Dana turned around and stepped out of them. Handing them to Derrick, she again reached for his pants and slid her hand under the waistband of his underwear. She opened her eyes wide as she felt how big and hard he was.

Kneeling before him she pulled out the head of Derrick's large cock and flicked her tongue at the tip, making it flex. "Mmmmm, I shouldn't have waited for this."

Derrick scooted lower in the chair and Dana tugged his jeans down to his thighs. His underwear was tight with the raging hard-on confined within them. Dana again kissed Derrick then dragged her nails down his

chest and peeked under the waistband of his Hanes and pulled them over his stiff cock. In all its glory, it was more than she had expected.

With one long motion Dana filled her mouth with the hard shaft.

"Ohhhh, damn," Derrick groaned.

Closing her eyes she pictured it in her pussy. The thought made her wet again and she slowly released his cock from her mouth. She looked at the shimmering tip and kissed it. The residue from anticipation trickled from it as it throbbed. With a wicked smile she licked the tip clean.

Putting the underwear back over his cock, Dana stood up and walked over to the bed.

"What the??? This isn't fair. I can't..."

Derrick stared at Dana as she pulled a vibrator out of her bag by the closet door. Puzzled, he wasn't sure if it was for her or him.

Dana hopped onto the bed. She went to her knees and spread her legs apart, sitting on her feet. "I want you to watch me, Derrick."

"But, what about..."

"Oh don't worry. If you do this for me I am going to make you come so hard you'll see the back of your head."

"Uhhhh, deal."

Dana sat up and rubbed the gleaming flesh-toned vibrator against her neck. "Talk to me, Derrick, I need your voice."

"Damn, you look so good. I want you so bad it hurts."

"Mmmmmmm, you like me touching myself?"

"I just wish it was me."

Dana closed her eyes and let the vibrator explore her flesh and Derrick's voice explore her mind. The steady hum vibrated against her

pubis, making her wet. She pressed the toy against her clit and felt shocks of pleasure shoot through her body.

“Ohhhh, Derrick, my clit is throbbing. I wish you could feel how wet this makes me. Mmmmmm, damn I want to fuck you, mmmm, damn.” And with a single thrust, she slid it into her dripping pussy.

“Oh fuck, this is too hot.” Derrick did all he could not to grab his cock to relieve the pressure building inside of him.

Dana rubbed her breasts and tugged at her nipples as the toy vibrated and churned the inner walls of her pussy. A tear trickled out from her eye as she felt freer than ever. Her body was burning like a fire out of control. She grabbed the base of the vibrator and began the motions of sex in and out, in and out. Her other finger found her clit as it pulsed and hardened.

She opened her eyes and looked at Derrick. He had his cock in his hand, trying not to burst.

Dana fell back onto the bed. She plunged the toy in and out of her pussy imagining it was Derrick’s stiff cock filling the aching void of her desires.

Dana grabbed her breasts and twisted the nipples, sending a jolt to her pussy. She had a breast in each hand and the vibrator was being drawn in and out of her. She looked over and didn’t see Derrick sitting in his chair anymore.

He had taken the vibrator in his hand and controlled how Dana was to be fucked by her toy. Strong, deep thrusts filled her inside. Even with this much pleasure, she longed for the real thing. A man pounding hard and deep into her pussy.

A hot wetness covered her clit. She looked down and saw Derrick’s head between her legs and his tongue was engulfing her pussy with hot saliva. The peak of her orgasm was upon her and she tightened her pussy

around the toy and Derrick sucked hard on her clit, sending her over the edge.

Lost in the bliss of her orgasm she breathed short gasps and tried to relax.

Standing up, Derrick tugged his shirt off and slowly pulled up his T-shirt. His muscles rippled on his abdomen and Dana squirmed.

Dana wiggled her body and scooted to the end of the bed. Her head hung off the edge and she grabbed Derrick's cock and pulled it to her mouth. With a slow stroke Derrick slid his cock into her mouth. He reached down and grasped her breast, squeezing it gently.

"Oh damn, damn, damn, this is so sexy."

Dana's legs widened. He could see her labia lips purse and couldn't stand any more. He leaned forward, sliding his cock down her throat and brushed her pussy with his fingers. They were wet from his mouth and hot from her orgasm. His finger slipped between the lips and along her still swollen clit.

Dana's hands held firmly onto the back of Derrick's legs and while his fingertips toyed with her pussy, her mouth drooled as his cock filled it. She would no longer want for a man; she would take the man she wanted.

Stepping back he slid his cock free of her mouth and grabbed her.

"I can't handle any more. I'm gonna explode. Fuck, I want you so bad."

"You really want me, Derrick? Really?"

"Oh yes, yes yes."

Dana smiled and rolled onto her stomach. She propped her ass up and shook it in his direction.

Without needing any more hints Derrick climbed on the bed and moved behind Dana.

He grabbed the flesh of her ass. "Mmmmmm, now this is nice."

He rested his cock on her back where the split of her ass met her lower back. Dana felt a small drip of desire creep from Derrick's cock. "Come on, I want it now," she commanded.

"Oh, you make me wait and now I am a service station attendant. Well here's the pump, babe. I guess I'll fill you up." They laughed and Derrick struggled to push his stiff cock down and force it between Dana's legs. It strained upward and Dana's mouth watered, as she knew where he was putting that beast.

Derrick grabbed her hips and Dana reached between her legs and caressed the stiff shaft, pressing the head against the slippery opening of her pussy.

With a hard thrust Derrick sank into Dana's sanctuary. The huge thickness filled Dana and she closed her eyes and felt herself letting go.

"Oh God, ohhhhhhhhhhhhh."

With a deliberate rhythm he slammed into her. Dana felt his cock swell inside of her. She hadn't felt so sexual in such a long time and she didn't want it to stop.

With all her might she tightened her inner walls around Derrick's large cock.

"Damn, you feel so fucking unreal. Ohhh, man. Mmmmmm, I love this."

Derrick couldn't stand it anymore and pounded into her. Over and over he pushed deep within her. The SLAP, SLAP, SLAP of their flesh

echoed through the bedroom. The headboard hit the wall as Derrick groaned loudly.

“Oh, I’m coming, Derrick. Oh, oh, I’m coming, ahhhhhhh.”

With a forceful thrust, Dana’s body jerked up and she felt Derrick erupt inside of her. Her pussy tensed as she felt it constricting and she came with him. The burn of his hot seed merged with her fluids, leaving her totally content.

Derrick leaned forward and kissed the back of her shoulder.

“You have no idea how long I have wanted to do that.”

The feeling of a true sexual experience fulfilled one of her fantasies. Derrick filled the other.

## **Chapter Six**

*Are We Having Fun Yet?*

Lauren stood by Dana's desk, watching her rifle through her business satchel to find the toy she had ordered.

"AHA!!!! I knew I had it. It fell to the bottom of my satchel. Now quit bugging me, you nympho." Dana laughed and handed the small red bag to Lauren.

"So how do these pleasure balls work?" Lauren asked.

"Shhhhh, keep quiet, silly." Dana was giggling as she whispered to her friend.

"You slip them inside and the weights within the balls cause them to vibrate and feel like they are sliding and swelling while they are in your pussy. I LOVE THEM." Dana's eyes opened wide and she smiled.

Nodding her head as she read the package, Lauren listened to Dana.

The phone rang and Dana picked it up. "Hello? Okay, five minutes... Okay, yeah, Lauren's here. Okay, we'll be there."

"Meeting time. I better get my notes and stuff."

Lauren looked up and said, "I need to go get mine too. I'll meet you there."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dana sat at the table. She was a little nervous that Lauren would be late. She glanced back up at the clock and tapped her foot.



Lauren rushed into the meeting and stopped, holding onto the tops of chairs as she walked to her seat next to Dana. She had a slight tinge of sweat across her brow even though it was cool in the conference room.

"You had me worried. What happened?" Dana inquired.

Lauren's hand shook and she held the edge of the table for a moment as she sat down. "I went to the bathroom. I was curious, so I put...well...you know. I put them in." Lauren grabbed the table's edge again, forcing herself to sit still.

"Ohhhhhhh, Dana, I still have them in... Ohhhhhh."

Covering her mouth to contain herself from bursting out in laughter, Dana asked, "You're kidding me, right? You are nuts."

"Ohhh, my God, I don't have panties on and I have to hold them in. Ohhhh, mmmmmmm, uhhhhh."

The dim room was filled with all the executives and the slide presentation was causing total drowsiness throughout the room...for everyone except Dana and Lauren.

Lauren held Dana's hand and would squeeze it as the balls swirled within her. She needed to get them out but couldn't. Her heart was pounding, her face was flushed and hot, and the balls had just slid to the opening of her pussy and spread the lips. Not thinking, Lauren closed her legs tightly.

The sudden clenching caused the balls to hit together and a vibration shot through her. The ball resting on her clit shuddered. Lauren squeezed Dana's hand again, scaring her, and Dana yelped, "Ouch."

Everyone turned to look and Lauren set her hand on the table and sat upright, straining her chest forward.

"Sorry, poked myself with a pencil." Dana tried to cover her goof-up.

A few men noticed Lauren, her eyes blinking and her nipples so hard they showed through her blouse. Lauren was getting incredibly aroused and wet from the motion and feel of the balls inside her. They reminded her of her wants.

Leaning over to Dana, she whispered into her ear, "If I don't get these out I am going to come right here."

Sitting back up they swayed again and the weighted swirl vibrated inside. Lauren felt her legs opening. As if by instinct, she lowered her hand down. Because of the dim room and people watching the presentation, nobody noticed her pressing on her skirt to push the balls deeper inside.

Stifling a deep, pleasurable moan, Lauren had accidentally slid the balls up to her G-spot. A flash of heat filled her body and she felt her pussy spasm.

She closed her eyes and dragged the tip of her shoe toward her on the carpet. Her toes were curling and her body was now awake and aching. Her tightening and clenching caused the balls to hit together inside and vibrate against her G-spot.

Lauren was now on the brink. Her entire body was alive and the nerve endings were sensitive to even the simplest touch. She licked her lips. She was perspiring from her inner heat.

"Lauren? Are you okay? You look a little flushed," the boss asked.

Dana saw Lauren was a little out of sorts and clutching the table. "We had burritos for lunch. I better help her to the bathroom. Sorry."

She held Lauren's hands and as she stood up, the balls rattled together as she tried to clutch them inside. Her muscles shook and spasmed. Desperate and now beyond help, each step caused waves of pleasure

through her soaked pussy. Juices trickled down her thighs and her tightening muscles were sore from clenching.

Dana tried to help, but as she hastened her to move, the vibrations finally got the better of Lauren and she began to orgasm while walking.

Dana held her elbow as Lauren began to giggle and moan. She was blissful and in an awkward position. Lauren's legs buckled and she leaned her weight on Dana.

Both women started laughing and Lauren moaned again as she felt herself still coming.

As the doors closed the boss looked up and said, "I think we need to stay away from the burritos."

## Chapter Seven

### *Alone Again, Naturally*

Dana lay down on her bed. The aching need to feel loved swelled within her again. She was lonely.

The toy parties always made her feel frisky, with everyone talking about sex. She did have a little guilt because she had not tried all of the products she sold. She had heard her friend Jackie talk about how she used a bullet to make her husband's orgasm more intense. She also said it made her come so hard that she almost passed out.

Life was cruel. Even though her life with Ronald had sucked, at least he had been there.

Biting her lip she reached for the phone.

"Hello," a strong man's voice said on the other end.

"You're home, huh?"

"Uh, yes, just got home from work a little while ago."

"That sucks. Are you relaxing?" she asked.

"Yep, have an ice cold beer in one hand and the remote control in the other. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Derrick, you said if I ever needed anything, to...well, just call."

Derrick's voice cracked as he replied, "Well, um, yes, I did say that, didn't I?"

"Derrick..."

"Yes?"

"My pussy is really wet. I have been lying here thinking about you and I just keep getting wetter and wetter. Can you talk to me?"

"This isn't fair, Dana. Yes, I will do whatever you want."

"What would you do if you were here with me right now?"

"I'd bathe you in oils. Rub your skin, relaxing you as my hands caress every inch of your sexy body."

"Mmmmmm, and then what?" Dana replied as she began caressing herself, imagining it was Derrick.

"Oh, I'd love to kiss you. Kiss your lips gently, kiss the slope of your neck, kiss your breasts, kiss your nipples." Derrick heard Dana moan as she put the speaker phone on, setting the headset down to free her hands.

"More, I want more," she groaned as she tugged at her nipples.

"Damn, Dana, this is giving me a hard-on," Derrick laughed, telling her the effect it had on him.

"Is your cock getting big, Derrick?"

"Yes, it is. You know how this gets to me."

"Mmmmm, I'd love to suck on your cock right now." The low, deep groan echoed in the phone as Dana slid her hands between her legs.

"Fuck, I just want to eat you out until you beg me to fuck you," Derrick blurted out.

"How would you eat me, Derrick? Tell me."

"I'd use one hand and cup your breast, and hold your pussy open with the other one. I love drawing pictures with my tongue on a pussy. I write words, licking the lips like the canvas and making my tongue the brush."

Dana groaned while her fingers parted her pussy. She flicked at her engorged clit and imagined it was his tongue. "Damn, Derrick, you are

making me so hot. Hold your cock in your hand. Tell me what you want to do with it."

"I would push the tip between your pussy lips and make you buck your hips, begging me to force it into you. " Derrick tried to remain calm, but this game she played with him made him wild. His body wasn't sure what was going on because in his mind he could see Dana spread wide on the bed, masturbating, and he really wanted to rush over and jump her.

"Ohhh, mmmmm, damn, I can imagine you fucking me, Derrick. You are pumping into me and... Ohhhhhhhhhh, mmmm, my nipples feel like skyscrapers trying to touch the clouds. They are so stiff... Oh my, oh my, I feel it, mmmmm, I can...I am almost there, ohhhhhhhh."

"They aren't the only tower that is stiff," Derrick joked back.

"You like the feel of me making love to you?" he asked.

"I don't want you to make love to me, I want to feel you fuck me. Just, pure sex. The simple pleasure of just fucking has its good points. Oh God, my clit is throbbing. Mmmmmmm. I am rubbing it now. Mmmmmmm, damn, this feels so goooood. I am coming I am...ahhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm. Oh, Derrick, mmmmmmm."

Dana felt her blood flooding through her and she was knocking on the door of heaven. "Derrick, I need you to talk to me, please... Derrick? Derrick?"

"Thank God for cell phones. I'm at the front door, let me in!"

*Click.*

Dana didn't even close her robe as she rushed naked to the door. Derrick was knocking lightly, begging to be let into the inferno of lust burning within the walls of Dana's apartment.

She peeked through the peephole, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

She saw Derrick standing there, a protruding hard-on in his sweatpants and sweating as if he had run the whole way.

Leaping into his arms, Dana smothered his mouth with hers and wrapped her legs around his hips.

Staggering into the room, Derrick closed the door with his foot. He felt the warm wetness from her pussy soaking through his shirt.

"I couldn't wait...I had to..."

Dana let go of Derrick, slid down his torso to her knees and tore at his sweats. She yanked them down and his stiff cock thrust forward. She wasted no time and almost swallowed it whole.

Derrick groaned as she sucked it in and out of her mouth. Like a tiger feeding in the jungle she tugged and pulled at his meat and wasn't going to be filled until she finished.

Derrick leaned down and ran his fingers through her hair. He was enjoying this pleasure but wanted more.

Grabbing her face, Derrick motioned for her to stand up.

Letting the massive, swelling head pop free from her mouth Dana gasped for air.

Holding her chin with his finger he kissed her, ever so gently. Like a stroke of an artist's brush, he painted her lips with his tongue. From desire burning at an inferno's heat to the gentleness of a candle in the wind, the mood had changed.

"Oh, Derrick, this is so romantic. You wanna?" Dana smiled wickedly.

"Let me think...okay!"

Dana reached down and grasped Derrick by the cock and led him down the hallway.

He waddled, sweats around his ankles. As she stopped to open the door to her bedroom Derrick stood behind her, pressing into her. Dana's legs turned to Jell-O. She felt a man wanting her, a good-looking man. Mainly, he was HER man. The heat between them was intense. She stood, one hand on the doorknob, the other holding this man's beautiful cock.

His lips were hot and he pulled her robe from her shoulders and kissed the soft skin of her neck. Derrick could feel Dana gripping his cock and she slowly began stroking the length with her hand.

Dana moaned and the wetness from her passion trickled between her thighs. She wanted Derrick. Every carnal thought she had was about him. On top of her, behind her, just inside of her burning ache.

She opened the door and pulled Derrick to her.

Sitting on her bed she looked at Derrick's cock and the drip of anticipation on the tip. Her mouth watered and she wanted to taste him again. Her tongue traced the firm ridge of the head and Derrick moaned. She wanted to savor him. Her lips kissed the head of his throbbing cock. She felt the heat from his blood pulsing to his erogenous zones. Her tongue followed the lines of the veins, drawing a picture of his cock.

Derrick leaned back, almost letting himself fall. Dana was teasing him to the point of torture.

Sliding the length of him between her lips, Dana felt the pulsing of his heart. Her body ached and her pussy was an inferno of lust. She cupped her swollen labia with her hand and took Derrick in and out of her mouth.

This was her fantasy, to take Derrick to the point of ecstasy.



Her fingers became engulfed in her own juices as she slid her index finger between the swollen lips of her pussy. Her eyes fluttered and she looked up at Derrick.

His head hung, his hair fell across his sweating forehead and his mouth drooped open. He was gloriously blissful.

With a hard suck she let him free from the grip of her lips. He popped out and sprung upward. Derrick gasped for air and Dana reached over to her bedside table.

She pulled out a small pink vibrator. Looking up at Derrick's glazed eyes she slid him back between her lips.

The vibrator was for her. It was a steady and reliable friend. It was also the first toy she had ever bought. It easily slid into her pussy and she closed her eyes, continuing to savor Derrick's flavorful meat.

She churned the vibrator in and out of her pussy with the rhythm of her sucking on Derrick. This was so hot to her that she found herself almost coming instantly, again. She couldn't handle this need. The vibe was filling her, but Derrick was what she wanted.

She slid the vibrator out of her pussy, leaving a void she would soon fill with Derrick's cock. Thinking, she remembered something a woman at a party told her.

She pulled Derrick's cock from her mouth and held the head with her palm. As she licked along the base of his seeping cock she rested her vibrator between his legs, vibrating against his balls.

Derrick's knees weakened and he groaned. "This isn't fucking fair. Damn, I'm about to explode!"

"Mmmmmm, aww, poor baby. You wanna come, baby? You want me to release you?" Dana teased Derrick's weakened state.

“No, I want to have a hard-on like this for a week.”

“Oh, okay, I’ll stop.” Dana let him go and acted like she was going to leave.

Desperately, Derrick yelled, “What the hell are you...”

Before he could finish his plea, Dana grabbed his ass in her hands and pulled him into her mouth. With a fury she sucked him in and out between her lips. She drooled, trying to keep the entire length of him in her mouth. Dana could feel him growing thicker by the second. This only made her suck harder.

Derrick set his hands on the back of Dana’s head. With a deep groan Derrick felt himself erupting. He threw his head back and exploded into her mouth.

Dana felt the hot seed shoot down her throat, almost gagging her. She found herself not wanting to let his cock free until she had drained him of his essence. She felt the fluids seep from the corner of her mouth as he weakened.

“Mmmmmmmm, now you can go. I’m done with you!” Dana jested.

## Chapter Eight

The next morning Dana's alarm woke her. She lay in bed, warm and relaxed. Her pussy was a little sore from the previous night's activities with Derrick.

His large arm lay across her hip and the deep, steady breathing in his sleep rushed past her neck. She didn't want to get up. She could lay in bed for hours just soaking up his scent. Life was a bitch; she had to get up.

Gently she got up, trying not to wake her man. She started to giggle as she attempted to slide out of the bed, and when she got to the edge she fell out with a thud.

Derrick didn't budge. He lay there like a sleeping giant. Dana stood naked, staring at him.

He mumbled something about the San Francisco 49ers, scratched his balls and rolled over. The blankets pulled loose and he was bare-assed across her bed.

Dana's first thought was, *breakfast in bed*. Her second thought was, *damn, I better get to work or I'll be late*.

Standing in the shower, the warm water soothed her body. She was so mellow and relaxed. The water cascaded down her breasts and along the crevices of her skin. The warmth rinsed her pussy and she could feel the tender muscles almost begging to be massaged.

She soaped up her hands to clean her makeup off because she was in bed all night with it on. The bubbles and smooth foam cleaned her face, and she closed her eyes.

Grabbing the showerhead from the handle she rinsed the soap from her face and washed her body. The pulsating head reminded her of the night before.

With a wicked smile she lowered the showerhead to rinse her pubis.

The warm water pulsed against her skin and Dana bit her lower lip. She was easily aroused by any attention to her pussy. This was how she discovered she was able to have a multiple orgasm.

She set the soap down and when her body turned, the water burst against her pussy. Dana moaned, remembering how good she felt last night. The way the water seemed to lap against her pussy reminded her of Derrick's slick tongue as he ate her out. She knew she shouldn't, but her eyes closed and she took herself back to last night.

The water was his tongue. Over and over he stroked her pussy lips. His long, thick fingers pried them apart, exposing the pink flesh within them. Dana's mind worked overtime as she felt herself being washed into her fantasy. Derrick would lick and suck on the lips of her pussy then make a yummy sound between them as if eating a gourmet meal, savoring the taste and juices from it. His tongue sought out her clit instinctively, and with ferocity would savagely suckle and nibble on the stiffened bud.

Her other hand found her clit as the showerhead nuzzled against her. Dana rested her head against the shower wall and lifted her leg up onto the small ledge made for sitting and setting shampoo on.

She was now totally exposed to her probing and the water gushing against her sensitive flesh. In her mind she saw Derrick forcing his long, hard cock in and out of her. Her fingers were his cock and the steady thrusting in and out had her panting with passion.

Her clit was throbbing and with her thumb she stroked against it, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her. The constant flow of water

washed against her pussy. Dana felt the cusp of her orgasm getting close and her fingers spread her labia apart, letting the jets of water splash against them.

She felt her body letting go, so she dropped the showerhead and frantically rubbed her clit. With a ripple of tension she felt herself come. She moaned and rocked back and forth, with her fingers wobbling inside her pussy. The water from the showerhead shot up like a sprinkler and trickled along Dana's flexing legs. She giggled and blew out a breath and sighed. Mmmmmmmm, I love showers.

Dana turned off the water. Resting her head against the wall she stood dripping and almost fell asleep in her comfort and satisfaction.

"Oh shit, I'm gonna be late," she said as she shook herself back to the real world. In record time she got dressed, put her makeup on, did her hair and was ready to bolt out the door.

Looking at the bed as she walked by she saw her Adonis of a man sprawled across her bed. Dana longed to touch his legs, his muscular back, the large arms and firm ass. As if she were standing in a block of cement, she couldn't move. *I do have a few sick days I could take, she thought.*

No, she had a meeting with the boss and couldn't skip out.

Dana walked over to the side of the bed and leaned over Derrick. She kissed his cheek and rubbed his back, trying to wake him. "Hey, babe, you better get up. It's six forty-five. You said you needed to get to work by eight.

"Five more minutes, just five more minutes," Derrick moaned out like a kid telling his mom.

Dana grabbed his ass and squeezed it. "You better get up and let yourself out. I don't want you blaming me for you being late." Then she kissed his cheek again.

"Okay, I'll get up...just five more minutes...ZZZZZ."

Dana walked out, shaking her head, knowing she'd have to call in ten minutes to get Derrick awake.

\* \* \* \* \*

The meeting wasn't what she had planned. It wasn't her department; it was just she and William, the company CEO. Her relaxed and mellow mood from the night before was now being transformed into an uncomfortable situation and a lecture.

"Now, Dana, you've been with us for, what, six years? You have come a long way and you have done some impeccable work." He stared out his window and continued talking.

"It has come to my attention that you have a little side job in sales."

That BITCH, Sara!

One day when they were having lunch together, Dana had talked to Sara about her toy sales. Sara seemed so interested and Dana thought she was thinking about buying something. Now she knew she had been milked for information to tattle to the boss. She must have told him. *She always wanted my job*, Dana thought. Angry that her little secret had come out and that her boss was lecturing her on morals, Dana was now thoroughly pissed off.

"Now what you do outside of work isn't any of my business." William turned and faced her, still not meeting her eyes. "But we do have a rather upscale image here, and with you being the Senior Account Executive, you are in charge of some of our bigger accounts."

"But..." Dana tried to defend herself.

William cut her short. "Let me finish. You have the Samuel Church and the City Children's Theatre accounts and I am not sure they would be

really happy knowing that their top Senior Account Executive sells...well, sex toys on the side. Now, they won't change who they are dealing with. They have made that clear. You have done way too much work on their accounts and they are very happy with your professionalism."

"You mean you called them and asked if they would change reps?" Dana barked back.

"Well, we have theirs and our image to protect here, Dana."

"What I do with my own time is no business of yours or the company's, William. If you knew half of the things people did on the outside..."

William held up his hand. "Don't try to be so defensive. Your job is not to shift focus to others. I am not threatening you or your job. I was just saying that you might want to think about maybe changing your little hobby." William sat back in his black leather chair and loosened his jacket.

"William, it isn't a full-time thing and won't take me away from my job here. It is something I do for me. I don't want to give it up."

"Well, you have to do what you must do. I just think you might want to rethink it a little. We can't have some of our biggest clients worrying about their image. All the politics and other innuendos and comments could damage that." William tried to be all business-like and not cross the line and threaten her livelihood by using his position to have her change her mind.

## **Chapter Nine**

### *Joyce's Party*

Sitting in the living room, the ladies started talking. Since it was a Pleasure Party, they obviously talked about sex.

"Now if you rub this oil in a circular motion just below his stomach and above where his hair is, you'll find his cock will get very aroused."

"Dana, how did you get into this? "

"To be honest, after I broke up with my boyfriend I was asked to go to some parties and, well, found out a lot about myself." Dana put the oil on the table and sat back in the wicker chair. She reached into her bag and pulled out another toy.

Holding up a fat, black dildo she continued. "Now if men really looked like this I don't think we'd have a need for them other than sex." She looked back at the dildo and kissed the tip. "I like this one myself. I call it TONKA TYRONE."

"Hey, not all of us have a man that will let us open up. Some of us women are afraid to try something like bringing a toy to bed."

Joyce burst into laughter. "Can you imagine the look on Barry's face if I brought that dildo to bed? OH MY GOD!!"

"Well, there are a million things you can try." She reached back into her bag and laid down a twelve-inch-long string of jelly-filled beads.

"What the hell are those?" Tami asked. "They look like pearls on a stick."



“These are anal beads. These are made to enhance the male or female orgasm. You lubricate them, and as the muscles of the anus tighten, you slowly pull them out during the orgasmic spasms.”

Looking confused and a little curious, the group looked back at Dana.

Tami perked up and said, “In English, okay?”

“When he comes, you slowly pull these out of his ass. It’s supposed to be extremely intense.”

“Dear Lord, I hope you wash them afterward. They would smell like shit!” Tami made a disgusted, wrinkled-nose face.

The group started giggling at the thought.

“Well, I think if you talk to your partner they might surprise you. I know some men get off on everything from this to watching a woman masturbate. Call them a research partner.”

“You have a research partner, Dana?” Tami asked, winking and wiggling her eyebrows.

Blushing again, Dana thought of Derrick. He was a great research partner and a damn fine fuck-buddy. He also was a great friend. For the first time she thought of him more as a boyfriend and lover than just a friend.

The ladies sat talking about sizes, how long their partners lasted and mainly about themselves. Dana smiled and felt a warm glow from what she was doing.

This was one main reason Dana decided to have these Pleasure Parties. She loved how her little parties could make women open up, talk and not worry so much about their sexuality. Nobody judged them. They were just...the girls. She didn’t want them to be like she USED to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dana showed up at Derrick's apartment for dinner. He was outside on the small patio. She saw his head bobbing over the fence. He was cooking something that smelled absolutely wonderful.

"Mmmmmmm, what smells so good?" Dana asked, peeking over the fence.

"You never mind. Come on in, babe, there's some cheese and crackers on the kitchen table. The door's open."

Derrick's apartment was typically male. Unmatched couch and loveseat with old end tables and a horribly scratched coffee table in the living room that looked like it had been used a lot...as a footstool. Dana knew which way to go because there was a well-worn path in the shag carpet. There were two beautiful leather La-Z-Boy chairs set side by side in the center of the wall. They looked immaculate.

A painting of a mermaid was hung proudly on the wall behind the chairs. It had her half-submerged, nude, lying on rocks with a ship in the distance and a blazing sun tanning her. Long, flowing blonde hair floated in the water. Even though it was a standard male fantasy, it was rather sexy.

"Hey, Derrick, you want a beer?" If there was one thing she knew for sure, it was that the fridge would have beer in it.

"Sure, thanks. The kabobs are almost done." Derrick began grunting and whistling as he cooked. Just like a caveman. All men grunted and basked in the glory of a fresh kill. Even though his fresh kill was on a skewer and the meat was bought at the supermarket.

As she expected, the refrigerator was basically bare except for two twelve-packs of beer, sectioned off. It seemed Derrick and his roommate took sides on everything. There was also some old pizza, various

Tupperware dishes full of who-knows-what and a strange looking vegetable in the back. Dana could swear she saw it move.

She grabbed a beer for Derrick and walked toward the patio door. She stood staring out the back window and saw Derrick cooking over the barbecue...shirtless. At first she wasn't sure what she had suddenly become hungry for; the smell of the cooking meat, or the tanned meat in front of her. Tough decision indeed. He wore typical, baggy jean shorts and red tennis shoes.

She felt a little overdressed in a white, sleeveless shirt and a black skirt. She kicked her black pumps off instantly and stepped outside to join Derrick. She stood behind him, gazing at the muscles of his back glistening with perspiration from the warm weather and the heat from the barbecue.

With an evil grin she reached up and pressed the icy beer against his back.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH, damn that's cold."

Derrick spun around and looked at Dana. "Well, you look great. I feel like a slob. The kabobs are done, I just have to heat up some rice and take a quick shower. Then DINNER TIME." Derrick smiled wide and took the last kabob off the barbecue.

"Why don't you let me cook the rice and make a salad? Go get cleaned up."

Derrick leaned over to kiss Dana.

She kissed him softly then touched his shoulders. Pushing him away, she giggled. "Go take a shower. You're all sticky. Shooo."

Derrick laughed and patted her on the butt as he walked by her. "Damn, I love your ass."

Dana finished cooking the rice and made the salad, adding in a few of her own touches with some bacon bits and a sprinkle of pepper. She decided to go tell Derrick she was done. She also hoped to get a peek of him naked. Her devilish side began to stir again.

Standing in the hallway, Dana could hear the water spraying against Derrick. It was bad enough that her fantasy about Will and Kathy crept back into her mind. Now she pushed the door open slightly and could see Derrick's silhouette through the translucent glass of the shower.

Now this was temptation and torture. She could see him leaning his head back, rinsing his hair, the faint outline of her favorite part of him protruding outward. Her mouth watered and her pussy woke up.

Gulping, she stuttered, "Ummm, Derrick, uhh, the rice and salad are done. I'll wait in the kitchen."

"Don't leave. I'm done. You can talk to me while I dry off and get ready."

Another tough decision. "Uhhh, okay."

Dana put the seat down on his toilet and sat listening to him. She looked around and saw the small trash can overflowing with debris. Smiling, she remembered the way her mom used to complain about her dad and what a messy guy he was.

"So how was your day, dear?" he asked.

"Oh, you know, same old thing. Work is a drag but at least it's Friday so I don't have to worry about it this weekend."

Derrick reached over to grab a towel and it fell to the floor. "Crap," he muttered.

Dana reached over to pick it up and when she looked up, Derrick's cock was about a foot away from her face and the sudden urge to open her

mouth took over. "Uhhhhhh, I think I better go wait out there. I am suddenly hungry for hot dogs."

Dana laughed as she hung Derrick's towel over his cock and started toward the door.

"Hey, I bought some toys for us tonight."

Stunned, Dana stopped and turned around. "What?"

While drying his hair Derrick continued, "Well, sweetheart, you always have something incredible that turns me on. I figure I'd show you something you can talk about at your parties." With a huge grin he turned away from Dana and shook his butt at her.

As Dana headed back out the door, she heard a noise down the hall. She closed the door quickly and turned to Derrick. "Hey, is someone here? I can hear the TV."

Derrick tossed his towel off and grabbed the shorts he had on earlier.

"It's probably Tom, my roommate. I told him I had a date tonight. This guy is a living hemorrhoid. He doesn't care about anyone but himself."

Listening, he heard the TV. He opened the door and stepped into the hallway. Dana was close behind and as they went into the living room, they saw Tom, munching away on two steak kabobs with the remote in the other hand.

"What the fuck are you doing, Tom? I told you I had a date tonight! Hey, asshole, that's our dinner!"

"The game is on, dude, I thought..." Tom was obviously a little drunk and Derrick's clenched fists made him slightly uneasy.

"I cooked those for Dana and I tonight. Not for you."

Tom held the stick back toward Derrick. "Here, I just ate part of them. Christ, man, it's just a damn kabob. It was damn good, though. You need to relax a little. Get you some...ummm..."

"Every time I try to do something you have to fuck it up. I stopped bringing Candie over because you kept hitting on her when she was waiting for me while I was at work. Then you eat everything I buy and drink all my fricking beer with your asshole buddies." Derrick was on his last nerve. His night was messed up because of his roommate's stupidity and total disregard for him.

Tom shook his head and started yelling back. "Hey, this is my place, too. I can do what I want here. You asked to move in after Dave left, remember? You should be thanking me for letting you move in."

"Dammit, I am so tired of your shit. I pay over fifty percent of the rent. Your girlfriend comes over and leaves her shit everywhere and doesn't like me because I kicked her out of my bed that one night when she was drunk. I leave when she comes over because I can't stand her fucking stupid cackle when she laughs. I am just so tired of all..." The veins in Derrick's neck began to bulge and pulse with his heart.

"Whatever, Derrick. Jezus, you bitch like a woman."

Tom's snide remark just fueled Derrick. He was extremely pissed off and Dana was afraid he might kill his roommate.

"Sweetheart, let's just go to my place. I don't want this to ruin our date." Dana tried to calm Derrick and get away from the situation.

"Yeah, listen to your lady friend. Go to her place. I want to watch the game in peace and quiet. Hey, aren't you Ronald's old girlfriend? I knew I had seen you before. Hmmmmmm, yeah, he told us guys about you." With a smirk across his face, Tom nodded and acted all smug. If he was a friend of Ronald's there was no telling what he might say. "He told me he saw

you at a bar a while back with some gorilla, and lap dancing with two girls.”

“Mutherfucker, you better watch your step. She’s my girl now, so you better be cool. I don’t talk shit about the women you bring over.” Derrick glared angrily at his friend. The burn from his eyes made Tom a little more on edge. The total lack of respect and his attitude wore down the last fiber of tolerance Derrick had.

Derrick stepped into his room and grabbed a polo shirt and a paper bag he had beside the door.

“You know, Derrick, you don’t need to be a dick about this. I mean you can always take your girlfriend somewhere to fuck. Jeez.”

“Oh fuck, you asshole.” Dana started toward Tom and a look of terror crossed his face. “I am nobody’s whore!”

Derrick grabbed her shoulder and held her back.

“That’s it, Tom. You find yourself another roommate. As soon as I find a place I am out of here. Then you can find yourself another person to fuck over. Maybe one of those skanks you find so appealing. No self-respecting woman would tolerate your shit. That’s why Vickie left you, fucking asshole. Oh, and the two La-Z-Boys come with me because I paid for them.” Derrick wrapped his strong arm around Dana and walked toward the door.

“Hey dude, I’m sorry. You don’t need to...” Tom was cut short by Derrick holding his hand out like *The Nanny’s Talk to the Hand* sign. He then turned it over and flipped him the bird.

## **Chapter Ten**

*Eating At The "Y"*

Derrick unlocked his Saturn door for Dana, and as he walked around the front of the car he made a call on his cell phone.

Hopping into the car he said, "Sorry about all that, Dana. That's the way it has been for a while. I'm tired of it. But, I won't let it ruin my plans for tonight. I have to stop by a place downtown. The drive will help me relax."

As they drove, the evening sun had set and a beautiful romantic skyscape glowed bright orange just over the mountains. "What a beautiful night, huh?" Dana asked.

"Yes, you look beautiful tonight. I mean the sky is beautiful," Derrick joked as he put his hand just above Dana's knee. "You don't mind me referring to you as my girl, do you? Maybe I should have asked first."

"I don't mind at all. In fact, I like it." Dana felt a warm glow over her body. It was either from the fact she felt part of someone's life again or because Derrick's hand had crept up her thigh a little and she was becoming aroused. She placed her hand on his and pulled it toward her lap. Derrick knew what she wanted and rested his warm hand on her inner thigh. The heat from her body radiated from her pussy.

"Mmmmmmm, at least I know what I will eat for dessert." Derrick winked at Dana as she looked at him and squeezed her legs together on his hand.

"Here we are. I called Dave to make sure it would be ready when we got here. Wait here just a second, dear." He stopped by a very nice



Szechwan restaurant and picked up some food. She saw the man by the door and watched as Derrick handed him a fifty-dollar bill and waved goodbye.

He jumped back in the car and she looked into the boxes. There were kabobs, chow mien, some rice, a few egg rolls and a side of steamed vegetables. "Mmmmmm, this smells great!" Dana said while the scent of the food filled the car.

"Dave makes the best stuff. I have known him since college. A little spicy but it tastes fantastic."

"Kinda like you," Dana snapped back.

Dana liked this feeling of being on a date. To go out, even just for dinner. The comfort with each other was there. The familiarity and history was there. The sexual attraction was DEFINITELY there.

The scent of Chinese food filled the car and Dana leaned into the plush seats. The warmth of the food in the bag began to radiate through her lap. She was now warmed throughout her body, but hungry. Smelling the food didn't help.

Derrick was concentrating on the traffic so Dana took this moment to reach into the bag and grab an egg roll. Dana blew on the steaming end and slid the hot roll between her lips. It was hot and tasted scrumptious.

Derrick looked over to say something and saw Dana close her eyes, her lips encasing the smooth length of the egg roll.

She bit into it and a stream of juice trickled from the corner of her mouth. "Mmmmmmm, this tastes great. It explodes in your mouth and the hot juices just flow down your throat."

A sudden urge swept through Derrick as all the blood from his brain flowed to his cock.

Dana looked at Derrick, then looked at his pants. "Ummm, sorry. Did you know you missed our turnoff?" She smiled and leaned over to kiss his now blushing cheek. Patting his lap, Dana whispered into his ear, "Later. Relax."

They pulled into her complex and Derrick ran around and grabbed the bags of food. He held them at waist height to hide his now bulging pants.

Dana walked in front of him and opened the door. When they stepped inside, Derrick leaned down and gave Dana a kiss, then smacked her ass.

Curiosity began to get the better of Dana...*what did he have in that silly paper grocery bag?* That and the urge to pounce on Derrick.

Getting a few nice plates from her cabinets, she set them on the table and grabbed some silverware. The food aroma filled the room and Dana had everything set up for a nice dinner. "Let's eat. I'm starving," she said.

"So how's the food? You like it?" Derrick asked as they started eating, watching her glancing toward the paper bag. "Making you think, isn't it?" He knew he had piqued her curiosity.

Derrick got up, walked over to Dana's stereo and turned it on. He fumbled through the radio stations and stopped when he heard a slow groove from Toni Braxton echoing through the speakers.

Walking back to the table, Derrick picked up the bag and held his hand out to Dana.

Drawn into his advances Dana placed her small hand in his.

He leaned forward and kissed the tender skin of her hand. A slight shiver of excitement shot through her. Lifting her up, Derrick leaned further into her and their lips touched. The smooth wetness of their lips met and the sweet wetness of desire crept between her thighs.

*Dear God, this man turns me on, she thought.*

As his mouth devoured hers, Dana felt her legs weaken. Derrick continued kissing her cheek then the nape of her neck. Dana's moan acknowledged to Derrick that he was doing the right things.

Running her fingers through his hair, Dana closed her eyes...swept into the music...swept into the mood...swept over by her man. She had never felt so in tune with anyone before. It wasn't just the sex (even though he made her cream inside with his simple touch); she was comfortable. In a way, he freed her. He awoke desires and feelings buried away that until recently she didn't know she had. Her own sexual exploration brought them to her attention. Derrick brought them to a full, blossoming experience.

They stood together, merged in a warm glow. The music began to make them move in tandem. They were dancing in an enclosed world where it was just them, lost in that moment of time.

Derrick felt warm and aroused by Dana's sweet fragrance. Her hair smelled of perfume, her skin that of a rose. She was intoxicating him. There was a difference to their slow dance of seduction. There were feelings being exposed; they were falling in love.

Her eyes closed, her body opened and Dana became lost in the mood. Her hands caressed Derrick's back. The wide spread of his shoulders, the indentation of his lower back and the rounded curve of his ass; Dana wanted to feel all of him at once. Her body ached for him.

Derrick held her so tight against him that her breath brushed across his chest. He wanted her to melt into him so he could be closer.

Dana reached between them and ran her fingers up his stomach and to his chest. His body was hot to her touch. She nuzzled into his chest and lifted his shirt up. Her mouth became drawn to his tight nipples and her

own desperate need for him to suckle at her breasts made her kiss his. Her wet tongue flicked across the nipple, causing Derrick to moan as he watched her. She switched to the other side and licked across his sensitive skin. She ran her fingers through the small, thin patch of hair on his chest. This was so erotic to her; she felt the tingle of her juices streaming between her thighs.

Derrick held her hips in his hands and ground against her. He was so aroused that Dana could feel his cock harden through his jean shorts.

Her mouth kept circling his nipples and she lowered her hand. She grasped the fullness of his cock and she moaned, cursing the way her pussy melted at the thought of this wondrous flesh buried within her walls.

Dana looked up into Derrick's deep, blue eyes and kissed him again. Her grasp tightened around his cock. Her mouth salivated for his taste. His tongue tangled with hers but that wasn't enough. She wanted more.

As she tried to step back Derrick grabbed firmly onto her ass, pulling her closer. "No, not yet."

His words cut into her desire as he gripped her butt, massaging the flesh and making her wet pussy lips rub together. Derrick kissed her again, slipping his tongue between her lips. His hands tugged and pulled at her underwear. The tightening and loosening against her pussy was driving Dana crazy.

She wiggled her panties down her legs and stepped out of them. Not to be the only one free from containment, Dana pulled Derrick's jean shorts from his waist. She had to pull the front out and over his thickened cock. Derrick reached into the back pocket of his shorts and pulled out a condom. The waistband around his ass was the only thing holding his

jean shorts up. Pulling his hand free from the pocket, the shorts fell in a clump on the floor.

For a second they stood, almost naked, pondering the moment.

Their desire filled the air, and Dana leaped into Derrick's arms. She wrapped her legs around him and his stiff cock rested, straining, along the wet slit of her opening. Her labia was like a blanket to his throbbing cock. She wanted him to take her NOW.

Derrick wobbled, trying to regain his balance. He glanced over to the kitchen and saw the dinner table. Each step he took made his cock press and rub against Dana's spread lips and clit. Her body was a whirl of feelings. Every inch of his shaft dragged against her clit and the friction was pushing her to the brink.

Derrick sat her on the table. Dana looked down their bodies and saw the swollen head of his cock, inches away from its home. It belonged inside of her.

Pushing the head down, Derrick teased at her opening. The juices covered the head as it slid between her labia. The warm wetness beckoned him deeper. But he toyed with her. "Mmmm, that feels nice. You are so hot...mmmmm...and wet."

"Oh please, I can't stand this, Derrick. I want you so bad."

Derrick licked his fingertip and rested it along the top of her pussy.

Dana leaned back on her hands and urged Derrick to move forward and into her.

Derrick tore the package open and Dana watched as he rolled the condom down the length of his shaft.

"Purple, huh?" Dana smiled.

Derrick tapped the head of his cock against her pussy. He was teasing himself as much as he teased her. Piercing the swollen opening, Derrick sank the head into her wanton pussy.

“Ohhhh yes, mmmm. More,” Dana begged.

A wicked smile crossed Derrick’s face as he began to move his finger in a circular motion around her clit.

“Mmmmm, oh, don’t do th...ohh, don’t stop.” Dana became increasingly aroused and her passion took over.

As Derrick inched into her, Dana felt herself falling back on the table. Her mind fell into the incredible feelings of her body as Derrick massaged her clit with his finger and pushed his thickened cock deeper and deeper. Dana saw flashes of blinding light behind her closed eyelids as her nerve endings became super-sensitized.

Derrick began massaging her breast through her blouse with his other hand. Her nipples were so hard they poked through the fabric and Derrick’s thumb rolled them side to side.

Derrick grabbed the table’s edge and forcefully rammed himself home. The abrupt jarring of Dana’s body pushed her closer to the brink of orgasm. Derrick’s loud groan filled her head as he began pounding inside of her.

If they had just finished eating dinner on this table then this was the most scrumptious dessert she had ever had here.

Overwhelmed and close to burning up inside, Dana sat up and grabbed Derrick’s shoulders. He was sweating and pounding in and out of her. Dana looked between them and could see her flesh holding onto his cock for dear life as he slid within her heat.

“I want on top,” she cried. Derrick tried to pick her up and move her but he lost his balance and sat in the chair with his cock inside of her.

The force from his falling back and her own weight pushed Derrick to the entrance of her womb and Dana looked up and came. Her pussy convulsed and she didn't move. All she could do was smile and spasm with his thick cock filling her to the fullest.

"Oh shit, I can feel you coming. Oh shit, this is incredible." Derrick was feeling dizzy and Dana wasted no time.

She lifted and lowered herself onto Derrick's swollen cock like a piston from a motor. Her thighs tightened and loosened as she milked him of his seed.

Derrick leaned back and the wooden chair creaked. Pulling his hands over his eyes he groaned loudly and erupted like a volcano inside of her. "Ahhhhhhhhhh... Oh man..."

Dana licked her dry lips caused from panting. Slowly lowering back down, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Their heartbeats, in unison, slowed to normal as they sat wrapped around each other. "I don't want to move," Dana mumbled.

"Me neither," said Derrick. "But I think we are stuck anyway because I feel all sticky down there. I think the condom couldn't handle the pressure."

Laughing, Dana leaned back and kissed Derrick again. "I'll go get a towel. You stay there, stud."

"Nawww, it's okay, I need to go to the little boy's room. I'll be back in a few." Derrick waddled, sweats around his ankles, to the paper bag and picked it up. He walked like a duck down the hall.

Dana saw his ass tightening as he shuffled along.

Dana straightened herself up and put the dishes in the sink. She stood, sipping her wine for a second, and caught her breath. She wondered what

was taking Derrick so long in the bathroom and walked down the hall quietly.

At the door she listened. The only sounds were the paper bag rustling and Derrick humming the “Mr. Rogers” theme song.

Gently knocking on the door, Dana asked, “Are you okay in there? Did you fall in or what?”

Derrick laughed. “No, I’m almost ready. I’ll meet you in the bedroom in a couple of minutes.”

*Mmmmmm, the bedroom,* Dana thought.

She went in and stood before her full-length wall mirror. Unfastening her buttons, Dana stared at the reaction simple thoughts had on her body: Derrick’s rough skin against hers, his mouth and tongue entwined with hers. Everything about him affected her.

Unzipping the side of her skirt, it fell to the floor. She opened the top drawer of her dresser and pulled out a sexy, hunter-green nightie. Setting it on top of the dresser, Dana reached back and unhooked her bra. The loosening felt nice and she could breathe easier from the freedom. Her breasts were firm and full. She let her bra fall past her shoulders and then she stood naked in front of her mirror.

She licked her lips, making them glisten from the dim light of the room. Her reflection stared back at her. Seeing herself made her curious as to what Derrick saw. She was of average height, average weight, a little short but not too tiny. Her breasts were a perfect C-cup and other than her rounded ass, she thought she looked pretty good.

Slipping the silky nightgown over her body felt like a breath of fresh air washing over her skin. It barely touched her, except for the protrusion of her erect nipples and the soft slope of her tummy.



Behind her she saw something move and turned to see Derrick in the doorway.

"AHHHHHH, what the hell are you wearing?" Dana held her hand to her chest, scared out of her wits.

"What? You don't like it?" Derrick stood in her bedroom doorway with a purple rubber beanie, a stethoscope and a work belt with various toys in it instead of tools. The elephant underwear with his cock inside the trunk was a nice touch.

"Okay, who are you supposed to be?" Dana hesitantly asked.

"Well, I am your favorite toy, of course! Wanna play?" Derrick winked and smiled wide.

Dana rolled her eyes, bursting into laughter, "Oh God, you are so weird."

"Hey, I am a special toy. I come with attachments!" Derrick looked into his work belt. "See? Vibrators, massage oils, a banana, a camera, whipped cream, a rubber chicken, a microphone, those stress relievers, a flashlight, flavored condoms and a Mr. Potato Head."

"A WHAT???" Dana held her sides. She was laughing so much it hurt.

"Mr. Potato Head." Derrick laughed while he talked.

Derrick frowned as he looked at Dana, all red faced and laughing. "I think there is something wrong with you, dear. You look like you need a physical. You had better lie down."

"Oh, Doctor Derrick. I feel faint. You think I have a temperature?" Dana began to play along with Derrick.

"Mmmmm, well good thing I have a thermometer. A perfect fit, too."

"I hope it isn't a rectal one."

"Nooo, this one is a total oral one. Now lay down and be a good patient." Derrick walked over to the bed and breathed onto his stethoscope, cleaning it like a doctor would.

Dana crawled over the bed, staring into Derrick's dark eyes.

Her look caused a stir in Derrick. His elephant trunk seemed to grow as Dana sprawled onto her back. Her head rested beside him and the trunk of the elephant pajamas suddenly became fuller.

"Ummm, you need to pull your clothing off, dear." Derrick was a little distracted. His words became fumbled.

Dana reached down and slowly revealed her naked skin under the sheer fabric. The glistening flesh of her pussy made Derrick salivate. Her breasts were flattened and her nipples erect. This was a vision of loveliness. She was so perfect, so stunning, and she was his.

"Ummm, okay, first the finger test." Derrick stood above her head and kneeled down. He slid his hands down her shoulders to her breasts. He cupped them both in his palms and squeezed gently.

"Mmmmm, these feel fine. How are the nipples?" Derrick let his fingers roll over the erect tips and looked upon her face below his. He kissed her closed eyes and then let his tongue ride along the bridge of her nose.

"Your stubble tickles my face," Dana whispered as she giggled.

Derrick began to kiss her lips upside down. Their tongues became meshed together in a slow, savoring dance of seduction. Dana moaned as Derrick's fingers tugged at her nipples. Her legs squeezed together as her arousal grew stronger. She was creaming inside.

Derrick followed the trail of his fingers as he stood back up. His eyes gazed upon her supple breasts and soft, peach-colored skin. His

appreciation for women was taking control. Dana was a woman he could become lost in. She possessed him in body and mind.

Leaning down to the bed, he lay next to her. His mouth savored the succulence of her supple breasts.

Dana moaned as he gently nibbled on her nipples and his hands found their home between her legs. Turning her head to the side, she saw Derrick. Actually, she saw an elephant with a thickened trunk.

"Looks like we need a little deeper examination here." Derrick slid lower and pulled the small pink vibrator from his belt. It had a thin cord attached to a microphone on it.

"Now that's something I have never seen before. What does it do, sing a song as it goes in?"

"Actually it hums. You know what I mean." Derrick wiggled his eyebrows as he rubbed the tip along the outer lips of Dana's pussy.

"Mmmmm. Derrick, why are you doing this? This is so cra...mmmm...zy."

"Because I feel like it. Because I want to share things with you. And because I am a little freaky in bed when I get playful." He turned the vibrator on and the slow droning hum vibrated against Dana's pussy. She closed her eyes and stroked Derrick's shoulder as he slid the toy back and forth along the slippery entrance to her heaven. Dana smiled, feeling so kid-like as he played with her. The tip rested on her clit and she jerked with excitement.

"Aha, I found it. It must have been hiding from me." Derrick's devilish laugh made Dana all warm and fiesty.

"Ohhhhhh, yeah. That's the spot. Ohhhhhh, yes, just like that." Dana's body warmed to the attention. Her clit was now engorged with blood and firm to Derrick's touch.

Dana arched her back as Derrick slid the vibrator into her dripping pussy. The hum silenced as it vibrated within her, then became more pronounced as it was withdrawn.

"Now for my next number, I shall sing to you." Derrick held the microphone he had attached to the vibrator and began to sing.

"Pussycat, pussycat, I love you, yeeessss I dooooo..." Derrick's voice echoed inside of Dana like he was in her body.

"Oh shit, what did you do?" Dana arched her back up against the reverberations of his voice inside her pussy.

"I rewired a vibrator I bought and added a small speaker. This way I can talk to you as I play with you. Didn't I tell you I was your favorite toy?" Derrick smiled proudly as he did his best Darth Vader impression. "Come with me. Cross over to the dark side."

The vibrations made Dana's legs jiggle and she couldn't stop laughing.

"You like that, huh? I had a lot of fun the last week or so goofing off with these toys. The guy at the Radio Shack thought I was nuts asking for this stuff."

Derrick got up and held the microphone in his hand. "MMMMmmmm, yummy. I am sorry to say, on to the next show." Derrick leaned down, kissing Dana's tummy and slid the vibrator out of her. He looked down at her and licked the juices off of it.

Dana flinched and bit her bottom lip. "You're gonna get it, you big goofball!"

"I sure hope so!" Derrick winked back at Dana and walked around the bed. His elephant trunk dangled, to Dana's delight, and Derrick set the Mr. Potato Head on the nightstand and grabbed a small black box. He

made sure it was aimed at the bed. The small box was a handheld TV monitor. He held it in his hand and plopped down next to Dana.

“Check this out. I made Mr. Potato Head into a little digital camera.” Derrick turned the screen so Dana could watch the view of their bodies from Mr. Potato Head’s point of view.

Dana lay next to him, stroked his chest and set her leg over his. Her hand caressed the skin of his body and found its way to his elephant trunk. “You know it’s a shame to waste all that hard work for nothing. You watch your little TV, dear. I have something to show you.”

Dana crawled across Derrick and positioned the Mr. Potato Head so it faced Derrick’s lower torso. Her breasts swung just above Derrick’s chest and when she moved back to her position at his side, the tender, soft skin of her excited breasts brushed against the hot flesh of his chest.

“Now, you watch your little TV. There’s a new show coming on called ‘The Cock Hunter’.”

Derrick looked at his eight-inch, handheld monitor and saw Dana pulling her hair back. She lowered her face between his legs.

Her hair rolled to the side of her head and the loose strands tickled his inner thighs. Kissing the gray, cotton fabric of Derrick’s new underwear, Dana smiled and couldn’t help but think of “Dumbo”. Her tongue followed the lines of the fabric and she felt him grow within the underwear.

Derrick watched as she teased him. The pictures weren’t the best quality but it sure beat the hell out of any 3-D movie he had seen. This one came with feelings. Staring at the screen, Derrick’s eyes widened as he saw Dana pull his trunk out of his shorts. Her lips were like a blanket to his hardened flesh. He moaned and his eyes fluttered when he watched Dana slide his length into her mouth and down her throat.

Dana was relishing Derrick's cock like a last meal. Her craving for a hotdog was now being fulfilled with a different kind of meat. She loved it. Again, she slid him deep into her mouth until she almost gagged. The swollen head popped free from her lips and she took it back into her throat just to hear Derrick moan with pleasure.

Sucking hard, Dana let Derrick loose from her drooling lips.

"You still watching the show?" she asked, knowing the answer.

"It's hard to concentrate, but yes."

"Mmmm, you're right, it is hard," Dana flirtingly answered.

"Hmmm, let me see here." Dana crawled back up Derrick's body, lay on top of him and reached over to the nightstand. She grabbed the Mr. Potato Head and set it on Derrick's abdomen. She grasped Derrick's left hand and had him hold onto the toy to make sure it didn't fall over. "Can you see okay?" Dana asked.

"Oh yeah, I can see you perfectly. Look how hard you have made me." Derrick added a sarcastic tone to his voice.

Dana sat up and straddled Derrick's legs. The camera focused on the wet flesh over her pussy that hovered over Derrick's extremely hard cock. "Mmmmm, I hope you're watching this."

Dana held Derrick's cock in her hand and kept herself propped up with the other. She let the swollen head of his cock slide between the wet lips of her pussy. Her passionate juices soaked the tip of his cock. Her pussy ached to feel him fill her again. The void he filled before was awaiting his return. Dana lowered herself onto Derrick with a slow, teasing motion.

Derrick groaned, feeling her juices against the base of his cock. Dana sat straight up and rested her weight on his body. Like a sponge, the

creamy insides from her arousal wetted his groin. She sat motionless, enjoying the sensations of him within her. *A perfect fit*, she thought.

In a slow grooving rhythm, Dana began to roll her hips back and forth, back and forth, letting the stiffness of his cock spread her tight walls apart. Her eyes were closed and her mind was a whirlwind of lust. Pressing her palm against his chest, Dana let her other hand find a place between her legs.

"My God, this is fucking incredible. I see your pussy holding my cock as you pull up." Derrick groaned. "Damn, you are so beautiful."

"Oh, Derrick." Dana began to stroke her finger against the hood of her clit, overcome with her desperate need to let go.

Her fingers became wet and slippery from touching her pussy. Reaching up, she wiped her juices across Derrick's lips.

"Mmmmm, you taste good."

"Derrick, I want you to let me do something I haven't done before, okay?" Dana rolled her hips, becoming intensely wet and incredibly turned on.

"Anything, babe, you know that."

Dana lay flat against his body. Letting her breasts rest on his upper tummy, she released him from her pussy. Rolling off of him, Dana got on all fours and lowered her breasts to the bed. "I want it this way," she said, looking at Derrick.

"Oh, okay, no problem."

Setting the Mr. Potato Head on the nightstand, Derrick moved behind her, rested a hand on each hip and knelt to let his slippery cock enter her swollen pussy again. With a firm steady thrust he sunk, fully inside her again.

Dana moaned with pleasure and put her hand between her legs to feel her clit again. She violently rubbed it, causing her body to quiver.

Derrick leaned back and let the tip of his cock leave her pussy. Leaning forward he was about to enter Dana again when she held the tip in her fingers and pushed it higher up, to her anus.

Not sure what to do, Derrick lowered himself again. Dana again pushed the tip higher.

“Are you sure?” Derrick asked.

“Yes, I want it.”

The slippery tip of his penis pressed between the round cheeks of her ass and Derrick gently leaned against Dana’s sweet body.

She could feel the pressure build as her fear and her need fought for control of her body. A sudden pain shot through her legs as Derrick’s cock pierced the virgin opening of her anus. Dana clenched her eyes tightly. She wanted this, and she leaned back against Derrick. The walls were being opened wider from the firmness of his cock entering her. Dana felt her pussy flowing with juices and the now tense muscles relaxed as Derrick slid fully into her ass.

Pushing her body up, she reached back and tried to grab Derrick’s torso to have him continue.

With a slow methodic tempo, Derrick began to slide in and out. The tightness ached and burned but something in her made her become almost animalistic and dark. She was experimenting with her own boundaries and the rush of adrenaline empowered her. Dana became lustful and passionate.

“Come on, baby, fuck me. Come on. I want to feel you harder, harder.”



Her words spurred Derrick's own primal cravings and he started smacking Dana's ass as he pushed himself back and forth.

Not able to hold herself up, Dana fell to the bed and reached her hand to her pussy again. She felt the juices flow down her thighs and her finger poked in and out of her swollen pussy as Derrick fucked her ass.

"Oh God, damn, you are so tight I can't take this much more," Derrick yelled with desperation. Dana wanted to finish this journey with a climax. Her mind saw flashes of light from the pain and the hard pounding of their bodies. Clenching her inner wall muscles tightly around his cock, Dana sensed herself on the cusp of another orgasm and wanted Derrick to come with her.

"I'm almost there, baby. Come inside me. Let me feel you, Derrick. Come inside me. I'm almost...oh my God...oooooo." Dana was on the edge, and with a hard thrust, Derrick erupted within her. A bright flash of pain shot through Dana and she came. Her fingers were doused with her juices as she flowed inside.

Derrick groaned loud and spewed his seed within her. His cock throbbed and spasmed. When he pulled it out, the dribble of his loins leaked from the tip. He was spent.

Dana lowered herself flat onto the bed. Her ass was sore, but she was contented and warm.

Derrick flopped beside her and breathed a deep breath. "I had only done that once before. It was nothing like that. My God, Dana, you make me act so different...so free. I could grow to really like this feeling."

Dana lay, quiet and smiling at what Derrick had said. She was happy. She was content and mostly, she was secure with Derrick. There were no games, except for his little toy fetish, and he wasn't afraid or scared to explore her – and himself – sexually.

The room was quiet and Dana sighed a deep, comforting breath.  
“Derrick?”

“Yeah?”

Dana hesitated then rolled to face Derrick. She looked into his eyes. Her feelings lay naked and exposed, as did her body. “You know how you said you wanted to get out of your place with Tom?”

“As soon as I can. It sucks, babe. You see how it is.” Derrick fell to his back, pulled his arms up and linked his fingers behind his head and yawned.

“Well, um, I was thinking. Um, you know how I told you about my work and how I may have to change jobs?”

“Yes, I remember you telling me, Dana, just say it. What’s on your mind?”

“Would you like to move in here with me? I mean, you already stay here all night when you come over. ” Dana twisted her fingers in the thin patch of hair on his chest, hoping he’d agree.

“Hmmmmm, I would like the thought of waking up next to you every morning. Of course, it would help me get everything straightened out.” Derrick scratched his head and rolled onto his side.

“On one condition. I won’t budge on this either. You know I am building a house over by the lake, don’t you?” he asked.

“No, you didn’t tell me that.” Dana was surprised. Imagine, a nice lake house with Derrick all shirtless and...she had to concentrate.

“When I finish you have to come stay a few weeks with me and let me pamper and spoil the hell out of you. I have been working on it for about a year on weekends. I just need to get a few friends to help me move the wood flooring and sheet rock in and I’ll have it done in a few months.”

“Oh God, Derrick, it sounds great. If you need someone to help you move the big stuff I have a friend that might be able to help.” Dana now thought of her and Kris lying on the deck, watching their beefcakes working outside and their muscles flexing and...concentrate, Dana, concentrate.

“You have to let me pay for half of the bills, too. I don’t want you taking care of everything. You’ve seen me eat. Can you imagine the food bill?” Derrick smiled with a devilish grin.

Dana smiled. “Well, you are a big eater. But I guess I could live with your conditions, even though I don’t want to. I’d understand that you don’t want to seem like you are taking advantage of a poor innocent lady. You know, a ‘Sugar Momma’ and you’re my sex slave.”

“That does have a nice ring to it, huh?” Derrick held out his hand in a gesture to secure the deal.

“A handshake? You must be kidding. I’ll need something much more substantial than a handshake.” Dana giggled and rolled on top of Derrick.

For a single moment, everything seemed almost perfect. Everything was the way it should be. Nothing could make Dana happier. Derrick stared into her eyes and ran his fingers through her hair. He pulled her close and kissed her ever so gently. Like petals of a flower against skin, he was so tender. Dana realized she was wrong.

NOW, kissing this man, the moment was perfect.

## **Chapter Eleven**

### *Stephanie's Party*

Dana sat after her presentation at the party, confused and a little upset. The ladies all seemed to be having fun goofing off with their door prizes.

"Dana? What's wrong?" Christina asked, sitting down next to her.

"What? Oh sorry. I'm fine, just thinking."

"Well, this was a great party. I was happy Stephanie invited me. I always miss out on the stuff with the girls." Christina was a pretty blonde. She talked very little during the party.

Dana noticed she had bought some of the Stay Hard oils and a really nice Pyrex dildo. The dildo alone was a hundred and thirty bucks and made this her first thousand-dollar party.

"If you need an ear I am free to listen. I know I'm a stranger but sometimes it helps."

"Well," Dana started. "My boss at my full-time job doesn't think I should do these parties anymore. He's afraid it will hurt the company 'IMAGE' if some clients find out. I think it sucks."

"You are in advertising, aren't you? You mentioned that in your presentation."

"Yes, I mean I shouldn't say anything but I am a Senior Account Executive at Smith and Anderson." Dana was leery of bitching about work, but Christina seemed to be so nice and listened to her as she complained. It actually was helping her to talk about it. "My boss is a nice guy but he works all the time and is so anal about everything. I personally

think he needs a good dose of some HOT SEX." She laughed, thinking about what she was saying.

Christina listened, then piped in, "Really? I have heard of that company. I don't think it is any of their business what you do on your own time. It's not like you are a prostitute or doing something illegal. You are, ummmm, how do you say it? Spreading the message. Maybe that should be, spreading the good vibrations." Christina smiled and saw Dana's mood brightening, so decided to ask her about a few products.

"Hey, fuck that place, I need to ask you about these toys!" Christina was giddy and bouncing in her seat.

"Okay, what would you like to know?"

Looking at some of the other ladies Christina slyly pulled out her small bottle of Stay Hard cream. "How does this work?"

Wiggling her eyebrows, Dana said, "Great." She continued, "This desensitizes his penis a little so he will last longer during intercourse. In other words, he can fuck longer." Smiling, she watched Christina blush.

Christina looked at the bottle, then looked up at Dana.

Dana sensed her wanting to know more. "Here, I have a small sample of it. Let me see your hand." Dana put a small amount on Christina's fingertip and some on hers. She rubbed her fingertips together and Christina followed form. "See how it feels silky and smooth? In a few seconds you'll feel how it will start to tingle and get a bit numb."

Smiling, Christina nodded with a goofy grin on her face. "This feels weird. Does he still feel, ummm, I mean when he's inside, does it feel different?"

"He will feel the same to you when you are having sex. It will just make him last longer because he will be a little desensitized. It can affect you a little too, but trust me, you'll love it!"

Dana saw Stephanie motioning for her to come over to talk to a few of the other ladies.

"Christina, I'd love to talk more but Stephanie is asking me to come over to her. Here you read this write-up on the Stay Hard lube? I'll be back in a bit." Dana got up and walked over to the small group of ladies next to Stephanie.

"Okay, Dana. You tell them about the glow thing. You know THE GLOW thing." She winked and nudged Dana's shoulder.

"Ohhhhhhh, THAT thing. This ought to be fun. All right, ladies, this will help any man see in the dark and make sure he finds the right hole." Dana was giggling while she dug through her bag.

"Stephanie, turn off the lights."

The room became dark. The flicker of candlelight from the kitchen was the only luminance. Dana pulled out a glow-in-the-dark dildo. Like a lightning rod, it glowed bright. She then grabbed some condoms, a glow-in-the-dark sleeve and glow-in-the-dark pleasure balls.

"Now, this is a good friend to have during a power outage." Dana held the dildo in her hand. "It also works as a light saber or you can use it as a rolling pin."

The ladies all laughed. Dana handed them a blue and red one. They sipped their wine and took turns holding the toy and playing like Darth Vader.

Dana felt proud about what she was doing. The party ended and she said goodbye to the new acquaintances she had made. Christina gave her and Stephanie a hug and waved goodbye. With three more bookings she wondered if she should pass them on to another consultant.

"She's a nice woman. I liked her," Dana told Stephanie as they packed up.

"Yeah, but her husband is an asshole. He treats her like shit. If he knew she came here he'd flip." Stephanie turned as the phone rang. She picked it up and started laughing and talking to her husband.

Dana waved and let herself out as Stephanie started telling her husband about the party.

### ***Working Hard***

Starbucks was busy as usual and Dana stood waiting for her Caramel Frappachino. While leaning against the counter she read the want ads. She hadn't read through them with a purpose in quite a while.

Someone thumped Dana on the shoulder. "Hey, bitch, give me the damn paper."

Confused and now grumpy because she hadn't had her coffee, Dana turned around putting on her meanest "don't fuck with me" face.

"Oh my God. How have you been, Kris?"

"Oh, give me a hug, we shared a helluva lot more than most women." Kris gave Dana a big hug and they just happened to call their names at the same time for their order.

"You wanna sit down and talk?" Kris asked before she ripped the lid off her mocha and took a big swig. "Ohhhhhh, almost as good as sex...almost."

"So why are you looking at the want ads?" Kris asked.

"Well, my job isn't too happy with me. They sort of asked me to stop doing some things I like doing."

Kris looked at Dana, then looked around, then looked back at her. "Hey Dana? This is me here, you know...Kris. What's wrong?"

Dana sighed. Kris was right. "My boss asked me to stop having the Pleasure Parties. He thinks it might hurt the company image if some of our clients find out. It's stupid."

"And what you do on your own time after hours is their business because..." Kris shook her head. "How anal can you get? If the so-called clients knew what most of the management did after hours they'd shit. Sorry, it just upsets me a little. You want me to have Adam go over there and rough him up?" Kris grinned.

"How is Adam? "

"Mmmmm, yummy. Oh, you mean how is he doing. He's doing great. Working his ass off but I give him a rubdown with some of those oils I bought from you. It's a tough job rubbing that big muscular chest but I suffer through it."

Dana remembered that wide, tanned, muscular chest vividly. "What a sacrifice you put up with, tsk, tsk."

"What about you? How're things in the single scene?" Kris sipped her coffee and leaned back in the chair.

"Remember that guy I told you about? The one you told me to GO FOR IT with?" Dana blushed, knowing her happiness began to bubble over.

"I think his name was Derrick or Dave, I think it was Derrick." Kris tried to remember.

"Yes, Derrick, he and I are together now. Now don't tell Adam and don't take this personally but Adam has moved down to number two on the best sex chart for me."

"Well, you little slut! You mean you two hooked up? That's great. We'll all four have to go out sometime. If he's into football, he and Adam



will hit it off just fine. Adam won't say anything, Dana. He's a gentleman and never talks. I love that about him."

Dana blushed again, and as her confidence with Derrick grew so did her realization that she wasn't going to let her work dictate her life. She liked her job but sitting there talking to Kris reminded her of why she started her little side job in the first place. Now, instead of seeing the effects she had on others, she saw the effect she had on herself.

She was a strong, sexy, confident woman with a man that understood and cared deeply for her. She had made her decision and if her work didn't like it, she would go somewhere else.

After finishing their coffee Dana gave Kris a big hug again and swapped phone numbers.

"You give Adam a hug for me, okay?" Dana winked to Kris and waved.

Loud enough for everyone to hear Kris blurted out, "I'll give Adam a blowjob for you. That'll make him happier!"

Dana turned twelve shades of red, scurried out the side door and then burst into laughter.

It was time for her meeting with the boss, and she decided to go a bit early. Things would be fine. She now had Derrick moving in, she had a great job and the Pleasure Parties were her fun, but she couldn't throw everything away because of it. Her boss would have to make a choice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christina was frantically rubbing her swollen clit while her husband fucked her like a wild animal on his desk. "Shit, I am going to have to buy a case of this from Dana, your cock is so hard. Oh baby, mmmmmm, ohhh."

Christina's face was straining as she felt herself letting go. "Oh yeah baby, oh yeah, fuck me harder, oh yeah, like that. Oh my God, I'm coming baby, I'm coming, I...ahhhhh, mmmmm.""

Her husband grabbed her hips and the steady slapping sound from his stomach striking her ass filled the room.

Christina's pussy convulsed and she felt the tingling effect of the Stay Hard oil on her clit.

"Oh damn, mmmm, I can't hold it anymore, mmmm. You feel so fricking good. I can feel you inside, mmmm, it's been so long." Her husband's voice moaned as his back arched and he drove his cock in to its fullness.

"Mmmmmm, damn, that stuff works fucking great. Come on, baby, come on." Christina now had a wide smile and her eyes were closed tightly as she felt her lover about to explode.

With a loud groan and one final thrust, Christina felt her husband erupt inside her. His cock spewed his hot seed over and over. She wallowed in the bliss of satisfying her man. For too long they had been just husband and wife. She had missed her lover.

As she collapsed on her back, she heard her husband laugh as he staggered backwards and awkwardly tried to compose himself. His face was flushed. Christina pulled her pantyhose up and brushed the front of her dress.

"I'll see you at home later, dear. You better tidy up. You have meetings today. Thanks for lunch." Christina patted her husband on the crotch, making him flinch, and kissed him on the cheek as she strolled out of his office.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dana walked down the hall toward William's office. She was re-reading her resignation letter to herself again, making sure she got her point across if he forced her hand.

Turning the corner, she slammed right into another woman walking in the other direction. Stunned, she knelt down to pick up her paper and looked up to see Christina. Still wobbly from butting her head, Christina looked at Dana with a raised eyebrow and an unhappy scowl.

"Sorry, Christina, what the hell are you doing here?"

Christina's frown turned to a smile and she said, "I was here seeing my husband. Sweetie, that cream REALLY works GREAT!"

"Christina? Ummmm, your dress is tucked into your nylons in the back." Dana snickered.

Christina rolled her eyes back and turned bright red. "I am such a blonde sometimes." She straightened herself out and turned back to look at Dana. "Where are you going?"

"Well, I am putting in my notice. Remember I told you that my boss was threatening me with my...ummm, my job and...and Christina, who is your husband?"

Smiling, Christina answered back, "William is my husband. I couldn't say anything because most of the ladies there know Will and don't know who I am. I apologize. But, you'll be happy I am his wife."

Christina gave her a hug and waved goodbye, snickering under her breath. Dana was a little worried but didn't really care as she watched Christina pulling her underwear from her butt.

Dana went to William's office and knocked on the door. It creaked on its hinges and Dana pushed the door open wide. William had his back to the door and was fumbling with his zipper.

“Ahem, um, William, I am here for our meeting.” Dana was torn between turning away, or standing and watching.

“Ummm, yes Dana, umm, yes, the meeting.” William finally turned around, straightening his tie. His shirt was buttoned wrong and his zipper wasn’t pulled all the way up. He tried to hide the bulge in his pants by closing his sports jacket. It was to no avail because the bulge made the folds of the jacket open.

Dana sat down and tried not to laugh. She waited until William adjusted himself and finally began to speak. “William, I have been giving this a lot of thought. I love my job here and think I have earned a lot of respect from co-workers as well as management. But I can’t be blind to the fact that you threatened my livelihood because I happen to have a hobby selling lingerie and pleasure products to women.”

William sat there listening to Dana very intently. His silence, however, was beginning to bother Dana. She wasn’t sure what he was thinking.

“William, I just don’t think my work should be interfering with my life outside. It doesn’t affect the company and basically it is none of your damn business what I do after hours. So I am giving you my notice. As soon as I train someone to replace me I’m leaving.” She handed William her resignation letter.

For a moment, there was a deafening silence. Then William sat forward in his chair and looked at Dana.

“Dana, I was wrong. I can’t accept your resignation. You are too important to this company. I mistook my position and worries and thought it would affect this company. To be blunt, it isn’t any of my damn business, like you say. I hope you accept my apology and stay here. The clients love your professionalism and your bright spirit. I wish we had

more of that here.” William held her letter in his hand and motioned for her to take it back.

For a moment Dana sat, contemplating what to do. She sighed, took the letter and tore it in half. Tossing it into the trash she knew what she really wanted to do was stay.

“William, be honest. What changed your mind?”

“It was a few things actually, Dana. For one, you were right in what you said. Also, I don’t like to mess with a good thing. We are doing well as a company and having you leave would mess things up, and you are up for a promotion in three months. I don’t think we could find a qualified replacement. Dana, I don’t want you to leave. Nobody does. It was a bad decision for me to act like it was a problem for the company. And...” William paused and looked around the room as if worried he would be heard.

“And Christina talked to me and told me how much fun she had the other night. If these ‘parties’ you have cause that kind of reaction I see nothing wrong with them. In fact, I encourage them!” William winked and he and Dana started to laugh.

William stood up and reached his hand out. Dana stood up and shook it. They smiled back at each other and Dana turned to leave.

“Um, William? I couldn’t help but notice your, ummm, your fly is down.”

“I have to tell you, this damn cream stuff you sold my wife is incredible. Can I get a bulk discount?”

They both burst into laughter and Dana replied, “I’m sure we can work something out later. Thank you, William.”

## **Chapter Twelve**

*Party On, Derrick*

*Party On, Dana*

The loud crash of the champagne bottle was followed by applause. The small group of friends was gathered at Derrick's "newly finished" cabin by the lake. It had taken longer than expected, but from the huge redwood deck that overlooked the lake to the gazebo with a bench swing surrounded by blooming roses, it was perfect.

"Oh, man. The place is beautiful but my back is fucking killing me." Kris bent backwards as if stretching out her sore muscles.

"Shouldn't you be resting? I mean you are six months pregnant. But you can't tell by looking at you," Dana added, trying to make Kris feel better. She was miserable.

Dana and Kris stood sipping at their drinks. Dana had a little champagne and Kris had sparkling cider.

"No offense, but this stuff tastes like shit! I would kill for a Kamikaze. Or a Daiquiri, or a Sex on the Beach." Kris was a little grumpy.

"You poor thing. After you guys have the baby you'll have to bring Adam back up here for a sex weekend." Dana rubbed Kris on the back while standing with her. "I mean, he helped Derrick so much with the floor and the decking. Without his help Derrick wouldn't have gotten the place done for a year."

"Well, it's your fault I'm pregnant."

"Mine? How?" Dana asked.

“Adam saw how you and Derrick were so happy. He got all mushy and wanted us to get engaged and all that. I was going to ask you to share Derrick with me but Adam got serious so I just couldn’t. I mean, he is yummy. I am so happy for you, Dana. Really I am. I’m just moody and horny.”

“Well, you know we have the guest room. You two can always, well, you know.”

Kris looked at Dana with a desperate stare. “We can’t have sex until after the baby is born. Adam is so big the doctor doesn’t want his weight on me, or the extra pressure from sex. It fucking sucks. I have given him so many blowjobs my lips have calluses.”

Derrick and Adam stood looking over the stained wooden railing they had built just two weeks earlier.

“Hey, I told you they’d get their asses kicked in New York.” Adam finished his comment then downed his beer.

“Adam, I appreciate all you did for me. Dude, without you this place wouldn’t be half as far along. That deal you hooked me up with for the brickwork, man. I owe you.”

“Derrick, you don’t owe me shit. I didn’t have too many guys that I could just hang with that weren’t hitting on Kris. You have been really cool and Dana is a wonderful, wonderful woman. She has been great for Kris and she offered to help with watching the baby and stuff.” Adam reached over to the cooler and grabbed another bottle of beer and tossed one to Derrick.

“Adam, Dana told me about you guys that night after the party. She wanted everything in the open with us. I know it was before her and I got together so it’s cool. She said I am better in bed, though.”

Adam spewed his beer as he started to laugh. “You asshole.”

Dana and Kris stood by the table with the food on it and Kris was constantly picking at the celery and carrots, dipping them in the ranch dressing. She had more dressing than vegetables as the dressing dripped down onto her belly.

Christina tripped coming out of the French doors and was giggling. Behind her William tried his best not to laugh.

Dana looked at Christina, who was laughing and all goofy.

Kris stared at Dana then motioned with her fingers, like a cock in a hole, and nodded her head in their direction.

"Hey, where were you guys? Ummm, Christina...ummmm...your skirt is on backwards." Dana grinned, knowing what they were doing.

"Another blonde moment." Christina was trying to adjust her clothes and William walked by and gave her ass a healthy squeeze.

"I'm going over to see what the guys are doing. Hopefully they are talking about the playoffs. I need some sucker to take a bet."

William kissed Christina on the forehead and held his hand out to Dana. "Great party, Dana. I am really happy everything has worked out so well. The company had that merger and our stocks went through the roof. And I have to say, you have been an inspiration to Christina and I. Things are like when we first got married."

William looked down at his little belly and looked back up at the girls. "Well, like before with a few extra pounds. Derrick has built a beautiful house here."

Dana blushed and replied, "Remember what he said. You two can come up here whenever you feel the need to get away. Just don't forget to bring a second set of sheets." Dana laughed as William smirked, then rolled his eyes. He walked toward the guys, who were looking over the railing.



The three women stood, watching their men talking loudly and acting all manly.

It was a nice moment. There was a small group of friends at the housewarming. Just friends. The day was beautiful. The afternoon breeze crossed the lake and cooled the sun's rays.

"Damn, this dressing is giving me gas!" Kris broke the silence with one of her typical comments.

\* \* \* \* \*

The party wore down and one by one the guests left.

Kris and Adam left first because she had a horrendous hormonal attack and told Adam she needed Chinese food RIGHT NOW!

Christina picked up an order of strawberry flavored lube and wanted to try it out later that night. All she saw was William sitting in his Jaguar and Christina's head lowering into his lap while he pulled out of the driveway.

The few other friends from Dana's work and Derrick's contracting associates filtered out.

Derrick took Dana's hand as the last guest's rear taillights dimmed away from the cabin. "Now we can have a proper housewarming. Let's try every room in the house."

As they walked up the wooden staircase to the bedroom loft, Dana paused.

"Did you bring your tool belt?" Her fiendish smirk widened across her face.

"Yep, and Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head too."

### **About the author:**

A lifelong West Coast resident, S.L. Carpenter shamelessly admits he loves women. To him, they are art. He has been trained by one of the best of them for nearly 20 years. He enjoys writing his fantasies and hot sexy tales - and keeping them away from his three kids. Believing that humor has a place in everything, even bed, his books are filled with his trademark quirkiness, although he swears there are no midgets currently living in his house. There are rubber chickens though.

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