

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*

**1-800-SEX4YOU**

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1-800-SEX4YOU

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## Warning:

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# **1-800-SEX4YOU**

**Chris Tanglen & Michele R. Bardsley**

## Chapter One

*Arisa*

"I can't do this." I looked in the bathroom mirror and assessed my new purchase from *Madame Persia's House of Erotica*. I had to admit that the black bustier made the most of what little boobage I owned. The sheer black hose felt good against my freshly shaved legs, too. The scrap of black lace that passed for underwear hid the thin line of pubic hair left from my painful and tear-inducing Brazilian bikini wax two days earlier.

My best friend, Drae, peeked over my shoulder. "Arisa Montague," she intoned. "Sex Goddess."

"I cut my hair for this emotionless sexual encounter," I said, shaking my head. My new short tresses resettled into the sleek new 'do, a wash-and-wear and gel-and-blow-dry specialty that cost me two hundred bucks. "I'm an idiot. I don't spend that much money on my clothes."

"It shows," said Drae, who threw a glance at the stack of sweats and T-shirts on my bed that had yet to make it into my closet. "But you're worth an expensive haircut and fancy lingerie and hot sex with a stud who will put ol' Jeremy to shame."

Our eyes met in the mirror. My fiancé had dumped me six months ago in a very public scene at our mutual workplace, Mortenson's Public Relations. Drae worked in the same building for a collection agency and had arrived to take me to lunch at the same time Jeremy arrived with his whore, our lovely lobby receptionist, to announce the end of our engagement. The receptionist was a sweet young thing who fucked anything that walked and her little poisoned claws were still embedded in the man. And, oh yeah, my boss, Derek Mortenson, also known as the biggest asshole in the world, witnessed my humiliation too. He was a dark, moody man who never smiled, always worked and probably had hot sex all the time. Especially on that big cherry

wood desk...*oh baby*. He was big, tall, broad-shouldered and muscled. I wondered what he looked like naked. His big hands would cover my breasts, knead them, pinch the turgid points...

"Earth to Arissa."

I blinked. My breathing had shallowed and my eyes had glazed. I cleared my throat and looked away from my turned-on mirror image and Drae's crafty smile. She probably thought I was getting all hot and horny for the upcoming encounter.

"Life sucks." I exited the bathroom and picked up the slinky, strapless black dress. I'd bought matching black shoes with three-inch heels. "If these aren't fuck-me pumps, I don't know what are." I shimmied into the dress and put on the heels. Then I sat on the bed, my body trembling, tears threatening to ruin my carefully applied makeup. I was still pissed off at my rotten ex-fiancé and still felt vulnerable to any man, even one who just wanted a sexual playmate. "I'm a desperate, sex-crazed woman. I am paying a service so I can boink with a stranger."

"Yeah, you're pathetic," agreed Drae in a cheerful voice. "Put on your earrings."

I stuck the tiny diamonds into my ears and twisted on the backs. Drae spritzed me with expensive perfume then stood back to look at the end result of a month's planning.

That's right. *A month*. Drae found 1-800-SEX-4YOU. It was her last weapon in the Get-Arissa-Laid-So-She'll-Stop-Whining plan. Jeremy's desertion put me into a depression that had me on the couch with a stockpile of coffee ice cream. I overdosed on romantic-comedy movies, too.

Drae put up with this behavior for a couple of weeks—a record for her. She's short on sympathy, preferring action to moping. Me, I'm a moper. I've spent the last six months going out to dance clubs, bars, parties and the occasional blind date in the hopes Drae would tire of her efforts. She's got a short attention span too, but nothing, and I mean *nothing*, distracted her from The Cause.

If having sex with a stranger meant she'd leave me alone long enough to sneak a pint of mocha fudge ice cream, I'd do it.

"It's safe. You viewed the facility. You've been tested physically, emotionally and mentally. They have your sixth grade school records, for Pete's sake." Drae grinned. "This is the best way for you to get into the game again, love. Treat yourself to hot, hot, hot sex and re-enter the world of the living."

"I really can't do this," I said, thinking of Derek again. He was a cold man. A brilliant man. An emotional black hole. Would he consider a passionate one-night stand? He was a guy, after all. Maybe if I arrived in my current outfit and splayed myself on the desk, he'd fuck me until I couldn't remember my name.

*Yeah, right.*

"You're in charge, Drae," I said. "Watch my babies. I'll be back in the morning."

"I'll watch your cats," she grumbled. She pretended not to like Mou Mou, Sallie and Talina, but she loved the rascals. The cats didn't really need a babysitter but Drae, for all her tending of my love life, didn't have a relationship in sight. Maybe I should badger her to try 1-800-SEX-4YOU.

The idea had merit.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm nervous," I admitted to the cool blonde. I'm blonde too, but not cool. More like too-much-sunshine blonde. Her secretive smile did nothing to reassure me. Instead she crooked a finger, sashayed from behind the desk and gestured for me to follow. I didn't give my name or any information. I was annoyed that she knew who I was and what I was here for without me saying a word. "Uh...you're not confusing me with anyone, right?"

"Arisa Montague. Age twenty-seven. Measurements thirty-twenty-four-thirty. Loves animals. Works for Mortensen's Public Relations. Recently ended engagement." She stopped at one of the white-paneled doors, opened it and pointed with her elegant arm. "You received three As, two Bs, and one D in the sixth grade."

"That's scary."

Her smile warmed. "You have no idea."

I entered the room and the woman followed. "Your partner will arrive shortly. You both requested anonymity. In order to ensure those requests, we ask that you wear the silk half-hood. It will cover the top half of your head, allowing your lips to remain free." She pointed to the two silk purple hoods hanging on hooks near the door.

So much for the freakin' \$200 haircut and va-va-voom makeup. All my partner would see is the ends of my hair and my lips. "He'll wear one, too?"

"Only one of you needs to wear the half-hood at a time." Lit candles were everywhere, on the nightstands, the floor and the tables in the sitting area. It was huge! The mattress looked soft, comfortable under the white cotton fitted sheet. Pillows of all sorts and sizes heaped against the headboard; a mass of folded blankets covered the other end of the bed.

"Toys are in the drawers of the nightstands. We've provided protection, too, if you need it. When you're ready for a break, simply ring the bell and your personal butler will bring an assortment of goodies." She finished checking the preparations then rounded the bed to stand in front of me. "Butterflies in your stomach are good." She pressed slender fingers against my stomach then trailed up to circle my left breast. My nipple hardened at her light caress.

"I'm not a lesbian."

She laughed, circled my right breast with the same soft, seductive touch and the damned nipple hardened. Didn't my body know the difference between a woman's seduction and a man's?

"I'm not a lesbian, either," she said as she lowered her head to kiss the dimple at my throat. Her soft lips moved up my throat to my earlobe. She nibbled around the diamond, her tongue flicking to touch the inner shell of my ear. I stood still, trying to assimilate what I was allowing to happen.

Maybe I *was* a lesbian.

Her hands found my breasts and kneaded them through the bustier. The nipples tightened into hard buds and scraped against the lacy material. I couldn't stop the moan from escaping my lips.

More embarrassing than my reluctant moan was my pussy getting wet.

As if she knew, one of her hands reached under my dress and slipped into my panties.

"Hmmm. Good girl." She moved away, took a hood from one of the hooks and returned. "Ready?"

"Uh..." Did she think she was going to fuck me? Oh hell no. "I requested a man."

She laughed again. "Arisa, you worry too much. I'm not going to seduce you. I was trying to...relax you." Her grin was wicked. "The client who matched your profile is a longtime customer. He knows the rules of engagement in our little playground. You will be pleased."

The next thing I knew, the hood came down over my head, covering my eyes, and I felt it tighten at the back where she tied it.

"I'll take your purse to our safe," she said, tugging the strap from my shoulder. I released it.

She led me to the bed. I sat on it, knees together, heart pounding, and waited. I heard the door click shut.

This hood business was tantalizing. And fearsome. My body felt tingly from the non-lesbian's touches and I wondered when Prince Charming In Bed would arrive. My hand slid between my thighs, up my dress and into my panties to stroke the clit.

Oh yeah.

Whoa. I didn't pay for a fancy place to masturbate. I paid for a full night of amazing sex with a guy...a guy I hoped was like Derek. Okay, I know I said he was an asshole. It seems like all the sexy men are assholes.



And women like me, who can't even hold on to their fiancés, are prime targets for men like Derek. Cheap dates. Easy lays. Forgettable faces. At least here, in this environment, the using for pleasure was equal. There wasn't any emotional baggage.

What the — ?

It wasn't so much that I heard a door open but that I felt a tremor in the air, like something had disturbed the tiny atoms and they were scrambling to rearrange themselves.

"Hello."

A spike of fear dug into my guts. *What the hell am I doing?* I didn't know this guy from Adam. Was I really going to open my legs for Joe Schmoe? I mean, geez, I was so overwrought with Jeremy's betrayal, I was going to have anonymous sex. What would that prove?

*That orgasms are fun.*

"I...uh. Maybe this was a mistake. I'm thinking I need therapy." I cleared my throat. "Real therapy. Not, ah, sex therapy." I laughed but it turned into a cough.

"I see."

Not a big talker, this guy. I chewed on my bottom lip, trying to decide what to do next.

"Perhaps you would like to take off your dress." His voice was low, soothing, edged with desire. "The hose must come off, too, because I want to feel your soft skin on me, the way your thighs feel against mine when I take you. Hmmm...but the heels...those stay on your feet."

My heart jumped, somersaulted and returned to beating—fast. Maybe I could stay. For a minute or two. It wouldn't hurt to hear the guy out, after all.

"What's under that dress?" he asked.

God, he had a great voice. Deep, seductive and oh-so-smooth. If his body matched his voice...I was a goner.

"Why don't you find out?"

I don't know where I got the courage to utter the words but when I heard his sharp intake of breath, female satisfaction purred through me. Then I felt one finger trail across my shoulders.

"No zippers. No buttons. No ties."

The finger danced down my spine then a firm male hand splayed there and pushed gently. I rose. I couldn't see a damned thing, so I tottered but he steadied me. I stood there for an endless moment, wondering where he was, what he would do.

I felt the edge of my dress lift then the warmth of his hand against my flesh. His fingers felt smooth and strong. I sighed in pleasure as his hand slid up my thigh to cup my buttock. He kneaded the flesh, squeezing it gently, before gliding to the small of my back. The dress lifted higher, the silky material sliding along my sensitized skin. I felt good. Really good. But my doubts wouldn't go away. I bit my lip.

"You do that when you're unsure."

I froze. "How do you know that?" Just how much lip-biting had he witnessed in the five minutes he'd been in the room? Then a horrible thought crossed my mind. "Do you know me? Oh my God. Do I know you?"

Was that a muttered curse under his breath? I couldn't be sure. Silence as thick and heavy as the blankets waiting for us on the bed descended. Did I know him? Worse, did he know me? Even with the hood?

"It is a general trait of women," he finally said. "I didn't mean to frighten you."

"You didn't frighten me," I lied. "It's just...I'm doing this so I wouldn't have to get involved with someone I know."

"Forgive me, but you don't appear to be someone who has sex for the hell of it."

"How do you know?"

"Women who come here do not need therapy, sexual or otherwise." I could almost feel his arrogant grin. "They want no-strings fucking."

"That's what I want."

"Somebody hurt you and you don't want to risk love again."

Anger fired through me, killing the tendrils of desire clinging from his previous touches. "I didn't know the package included armchair psychology. Now, do you want to have hot, hard sex or not?"

"Since the moment I saw you," he replied.

Just like that, my anger disappeared and the weird pleasure-fear he invoked replaced its heat.

Before I could form another coherent thought, he lifted the dress over my head. I heard a soft *slish* as it hit the thickly carpeted floor. I felt the curve of his lips against my ear then he whispered, "Are you ready for the best fuck of your life?"

## Chapter Two

*Derek*

Before I introduce myself, let's discuss that whole non-lesbian bit.

I wasn't around for the first part of that chapter, so I was enjoying the read and learning some new things but it really threw me when the cool blonde, whose name is Vivian, started fondling Arissa. Not that I'm opposed to such activities by any stretch of the imagination but I couldn't help but think *C'mon now, why would this lady just start pawing at her?* Is it just a woman thing? I can tell you that if I were preparing myself for sex with a hot lady and some guy took it upon himself to manipulate my testicles, he'd be dealing with the completely heterosexual sensation of my foot up his ass.

But, okay, though I thought that it sounded kind of farfetched, I was getting into the whole erect nipples description. Wet pussy? Sounds good to me. In fact, I was all ready for them to break out the toys and leap onto the bed, when the cool blonde said that this was to "relax" her.

Now, let's think about this for a moment. If you're trying to relax someone, do you really think that making her confront her latent bisexuality is the way to do it? I mean, if the aforementioned hypothetical guy were manipulating my testicles and I developed a hearty erection, I'd be anything *but* relaxed. It just doesn't make any sense. Do you really think that this cool blonde gets away with fondling all of the customers? Don't you think that maybe, at some point, one of the customers would fill out a comment card that said, "Nice furnishings, good sex, but I wasn't real keen on the cool blonde grabbing my tits."

So I made a couple of phone calls and found out what happened. Vivian noticed that Arissa's shoulder strap was a bit crooked and politely reached over to fix it for her. Arissa turned suddenly and her breast brushed against Vivian's arm. That was it. I'm

not saying that Arissa didn't acquire perky nipples or a dampening of her nether regions as a result of this contact but I am saying that the whole hand-in-the-panties thing didn't happen.

Okay, to be fair, I've already admitted that I wasn't there. For all I know, Vivian dropped to her knees and slid Arissa's panties down to her ankles. Her moist, sensuous tongue danced circles around Arissa's sensitive clitoris and sent waves of excruciating ecstasy pulsating through her glorious femininity. But if you look at the credibility factor here, I'm just saying that it's much more likely that Vivian's story (accidental arm against boob) is the truth and Arissa's story (emerging bisexuality used as relaxation technique) is a severe exaggeration.

Still, it was a nice little moment.

I don't want you to think that my primary goal is to point out all of the errors in Arissa's narrative but I'd also like to briefly mention her annoyance that the hood would hide her \$200 haircut. I'm sorry, but the hood thing was mentioned in the pamphlet. If she didn't take the time to read the documentation, it's really nobody's fault but her own. Maybe if she would read things more carefully at work, I wouldn't always have to *be* the "biggest asshole in the world".

Yes, I'm Derek Mortenson, Arissa's boss. But you already figured that out.

I'd been a regular client of 1-800-SEX-4YOU for the past three years. I'm what you would call a workaholic...I put in seventy, eighty hours a week easily. Not because I have to, but because my public relations company is my life. I'd started out ten years ago with one client, a country singer who couldn't sing, play a musical instrument, or wear a cowboy hat because it made his scalp itch. Well, let me tell you, I put in the hours. I worked tirelessly, late into the evenings and all day every weekend, to get this guy some press. No matter what it took, no matter how much blood, sweat and tears I had to bleed, perspire and cry, I was going to make sure that everybody in Las Vegas knew his name.

I forget his name now, though. None of my hard work did a damn thing. I mean, let's be realistic, the jackass wouldn't even wear a cowboy hat. I'm not a magician, for crying out loud.

But my next client, a ventriloquist, had a bit more talent. Not a lot, mind you, but there was a smidgen hidden away somewhere in there. And this time, the whole city of Las Vegas *did* know his name. Of course, that's because he was busted in a casino for engaging in unnatural relations with his dummy, but before that shameful scandal he'd been building some name recognition as a direct result of my efforts. Really.

My third client was another singer, this one a... You know, this is becoming too difficult to talk about. I'm not supposed to be reliving the string of disasters in my professional life. Let's just flash forward to ten years later, when Mortenson's Public Relations is one of the most successful firms in Las Vegas and I'm putting in seventy to eighty hours a week because I want to.

This didn't leave me with time for a romantic relationship but that was fine. I'd had girlfriends in the past and they always wanted me to spend less time at the office. I didn't want to spend less time at the office. I liked the office. The office was my home. And I definitely didn't want to get married and have kids; so really, a girlfriend for me was just somebody to have sex with.

Okay, okay, I realize that a statement like that comes dangerously close to justifying Arissa's "asshole" assessment but that's just the way it was. I loved my freedom. I loved being able to put in long hours at work without apologizing for it and I loved being able to select which television show I watched when I got home. I had enormous amounts of responsibility at my business and I relished having no responsibility to anybody but myself when I was home.

That said...I also love sex.

Three years ago, I discovered 1-800-SEX-4YOU.

This service wasn't prostitution. Both partners were paying for it. It was an anonymous sexual encounter with none of the danger, emotional or physical. For a guy like me, it was absolutely the greatest idea *ever*.

It was also expensive as hell but hey, I could afford it.

I quickly became a regular patron, sometimes visiting as often as once a week. It was fantastic. I grew friendly with the staff and became a Preferred Member with the card and everything. The secretaries weren't supposed to share any private details about the encounters but, before too long, they were happy to let me know about any feedback they'd received. I don't want to sound like a raging egomaniac here but there were plenty of times where a grinning secretary would inform me that a female client had expressed her *extreme* satisfaction with the experience.

Six months ago, they let me start picking my women.

I don't wish to in any way indicate that 1-800-SEX-4YOU compromised the anonymity of their clients, male or female. I never saw the names or contact information. I did, however, get to see the interview videos, which were conducted in a darkened room.

When I saw Arissa's video, I couldn't see her face but I knew damn well that it was her.

And I got an immediate erection.

Arissa Montague has a low self-image but she's gorgeous. I wanted to make love to her since the day I hired her. Of course, if there's anything less desirable than a romantic relationship, it's an interoffice romantic relationship. There was no way in hell I was going to bed one of my employees. Not a chance. She was engaged to that prick Jeremy, so it wasn't an option anyway. To be completely honest, I almost didn't hire her because I thought the temptation would be too great, that she would distract me from my work. However, she was the most qualified candidate for the position and I wasn't about to admit that I couldn't handle having an attractive woman in the office. That would just be pathetic.

She worked out fine. Maybe not as attentive to details as I'd like, but certainly hard-working. I do have to admit that while I strive to be all business at work, with her I was probably even more so. Colder. Meaner. More of the emotional black hole that she mentioned.

But let me say this. If she *had* arrived at work in her current outfit and splayed herself on my desk, it would have been very, very, very difficult to resist the temptation to fuck her until she couldn't remember her name.

One of the worst days of my life was when that prick Jeremy dumped Arissa at work. Her devastated expression was so painful to watch that I had to return to my office and distract myself with fantasies involving that prick Jeremy and a plethora of spiked objects. I wanted to just go out there and give her a big hug, but again, I'm a professional. I don't show emotion at work. Emotion is what lets people take advantage of you, and *nobody* takes advantage of me.

Yeah, I wanted her but I couldn't have her. And if I couldn't have her, I wanted her to be wildly, blissfully happy. So watching the spark go out of her eyes and stay gone for the next six months was as painful as watching that dumb-ass no-cowboy-hat-wearing country singer perform for the first time.

When I watched the video, my intellect said "No". My penis said "Hell yeah...a million times, hell yeah!"

This was my chance to have sex with the woman I'd wanted for more than a year.

Anonymously.

The thing is, sexual anonymity is tough to pull off. Let's face it, the silk half-hoods make both parties feel better and they'd probably keep you from recognizing the person if you passed them on the street but if you already knew this person, if you worked with them five days a week, you'd recognize them.

Not to mention the voice problem. Early on, when I was paranoid about being recognized, I developed my "anonymous sex" voice. Lower, more sensual, more



emotional than my “work” voice and, by now, using it was effortless. So if I could get her to keep the hood on the entire time, she probably wouldn’t realize that it was me.

Unless, of course, in the throes of passion I screamed out her name. Always a concern.

Requesting Arissa as my partner was a bad idea. I knew it was a bad idea. I was a man who’d spent his entire life striving to avoid bad ideas in any possible incarnation. A man who never let emotion or libido get in the way of raw intellect and yet I did it. I asked them to set me up with Arissa and justified it to myself by pretending that I’d been mistaken and that it wasn’t really her in the video. I’d just been wrong about the voice, the telltale hesitations, the nervous little giggle.

When I walked into the bedroom, it was definitely her.

And I was instantly hard.

Arissa didn’t get the conversation quite right in her description but she did convey the basic gist of it. Yes, I did slip up with the “you do that when you’re unsure” comment. In fact, it made me so nervous that I almost called the encounter off right then and there.

But she looked *so* incredibly good.

I had to have her. Screw the risk.

“Are you ready for the best fuck of your life?”

She giggled.

It was one hell of a sexy giggle but still, it was a giggle.

“What?” I asked, still whispering into her ear.

“Nothing.”

“No, really.”

She giggled again and put a hand over her mouth. “Sorry,” she said a moment later. “I still can’t believe I’m doing this. This is so unlike me.”

“It’s all right. You can relax.”

"I'm relaxing." She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. "Okay. I'm fine. Yes, yes, I'm very much ready for the greatest fuck of my life."

I stepped away from her and just stood there, staring at her. The black lace bra and panties she wore had to be brand new, purchased especially for this occasion. I'd have to let her keep them on for a while.

Her body was *incredible*. No, it wasn't a silicone-implant-enhanced-swimsuit-model body but it was the body of a *real* woman. The excited nipples of her small breasts were clearly visible through her bra and the various imperfections—a mole here, a stretch mark there—made her look even more incredible in my eyes.

"What are you doing?" she asked, nervously.

"Just taking in the beauty before me."

"Why? Is there somebody else in the room?"

"You're far too willing to insult yourself. I want you to repeat after me: *I am a beautiful woman.*"

"You've got a pretty low voice for a beautiful woman."

"This is no joking matter. I want to hear you say it."

"I am a reasonably attractive woman on my rare good days."

"Say it."

"I'm a beautiful woman."

"Now say it like you mean it."

"We're drifting away from the whole point of this visit again. Am I here for a cheerleading session or hot sex?"

"Very well." I should've known that she'd be a pain in the ass.

"You sound disappointed. Look, I appreciate the whole building-my-morale thing but I'm here to fuck. Well, and to have some great foreplay. Lots of it, if possible. Anyway, foreplay and fucking. That's my mission."

I almost laughed in spite of myself. I wasn't sure I'd ever been in a situation where the *woman* was the one anxious to eschew conversation in favor of fornication.

"You have a fantastic body," I said.

"Now that's the kind of talking I want to hear."

I approached her and put my hands on her waist. I inhaled deeply. She was wearing different perfume than what she wore to work. She'd probably purchased it especially for this occasion as well. I'd switched from my regular brand of cologne, just to be safe, too.

I slid my hands up her sides, then down over her belly. I leaned in and began to kiss her shoulders.

She put her arm around my back. "Ooh, soft."

I was wearing a fluffy white robe that 1-800-SEX-4YOU had provided. I liked their robes so much that I'd bought one to wear at home, monogrammed with my initials.

Underneath the robe, I was wearing my finest pair of silk boxer shorts and nothing else.

As I kissed a path up her neck, her hand moved from my back to my waist and then lower. "Ooh, not so soft," she said.

I chuckled.

Then I froze, wondering if she'd recognize my laugh. I quickly realized that the idea was ridiculous, since she'd never heard my laugh. Dark, moody man who never smiled, remember?

Her hand continued to caress my penis through the silk. Soon, her other hand joined in the fun, making me squirm with pleasure.

I nibbled on her right ear, making Arissa squirm as well. Her hands moved away from my erection, which I thought was rather heartless, but then slid around my waist and cupped my ass.

She gave it a tight squeeze.

"I can't wait to see this," she said.

I grimaced a bit. I hadn't quite figured out what to do if she insisted on trading places as the official hood-wearer. Maybe hide the lower half of my face in the blankets or something. I'd worry about that later.

I kissed her on the lips, gently.

She responded, not quite as gently.

Then something snapped. We simultaneously *dove* into each other, kissing with furious passion, our bodies pressed together and our hands roaming. I slid my tongue into her mouth and she sucked on it as if it were a cock.

She was kissing me with such vigor that I was starting to find it difficult to breathe...not that I was going to let myself be out-kissed by admitting it. I kissed back harder, eliciting a loud moan from her.

Without breaking the kiss, she threw open my robe and pushed it off my shoulders. It slid to the floor and she pressed herself more firmly against me, her pelvis tight against my cock. I wanted to just rip off her panties, throw her against the bed and fuck her from behind until we both screamed for mercy but I withstood the urge.

Instead, I was the one who broke the kiss. I scooped her up in my arms, startling her, and put her on the bed.

I set her down on the mattress. She immediately stretched her arms out over her head and arched her back like a cat. I have more than adequate control over such things but for a second I thought I was going to come right then and there.

I climbed on the bed with her.

"Are you comfortable?" I asked.

"Oh yes."

"Good." I slid my hand over one knee while I kissed the other. Her skin was soft and smooth and smelled like roses. I kissed a slow, lingering path up her leg, skipped

her panties for the moment and then kissed my way up her stomach. She sighed happily the entire time.

I kissed one of her lovely breasts through the bra, starting at the underside and moving in a slow spiral until I reached the nipple. It was hard beneath my lips. I caressed her other breast with my hand, my thumb tracing the edge of the fabric.

She gently moved her leg, sliding it against my cock.

These boxers were becoming *very* uncomfortable.

I stripped out of them and tossed them onto the floor.

"Are you naked?" she asked.

I scooted into position and placed her hand on my penis. She began to slowly stroke it.

"I can't wait to see it," she said. "Maybe you should wear the hood."

"Oh, no, no," I replied. "You need your pleasure first."

I really had no idea how I was going to pull this anonymity thing off but I forced it out of my mind for the time being. My goal was to make Arissa so dizzy with ecstasy that she wouldn't care if she *ever* took off the hood.

"Sit up," I told her.

"What'll you do if I don't?"

"I think there may be a paddle in that drawer. I could roll you over and administer a spanking."

"You could spank me with your tongue." She sat up. I reached my arms around her and unfastened her bra.

I pulled it off and gazed at her bare breasts. Small, yes, but beautifully shaped, with a visible tan line. There's something about a visible tan line that I've always adored. Maybe it just enhances the feeling that I'm seeing something forbidden.

I touched the forbidden somethings.

We kissed again, deeply, as I caressed her breasts and ran my thumbs over the nipples. She moaned. Still kissing her, I eased her back down onto the bed.

I took her left nipple in my mouth and suckled it, causing her to gasp and run her hand through my hair. I continued to gently suck it as she writhed on the bed, biting her lip in a gesture that did *not* appear to mean that she was unsure about anything.

I switched to the other breast, giving it the same attention.

“Oh, that’s good...that’s so good,” she moaned. “This is just what I needed.”

I pinched the nipple between my lips, not too hard, and she let out an incredibly sexy whimper.

I alternated back and forth between her breasts, sucking one while fondling the other. Beads of sweat had formed on her neck when she pushed me away and sat up.

“I want you,” she said. “I want to do the same to you.”

She pushed me onto my back, rougher than I would have anticipated, and began to kiss all over my chest. Wet, hot kisses were accompanied by her hands sliding across my flesh, as well as more than a few love bites.

Arissa was getting herself worked up to become quite the little hellcat.

This was not a side of her I would’ve ever expected to see.

Her lips found one of my nipples and her tongue flicked rapidly across it. I have to admit, I’ve never really been comfortable with that kind of attention. I’m not sure why...maybe there’s some social standard out there saying that a *real* man shouldn’t enjoy having his non-functional nipples licked.

That said, this was *sensational*. In fact, I let out a whimper of my own and I’m pretty fucking sure that I have never, ever let out a whimper in a sexual situation.

She took my whimper as a good sign and began to suck.

I clenched my hands into fists and just let myself savor the sensation.

After about a minute, she switched to the other nipple, starting off with a soft bite.

I whimpered again.

I could tell that I was quickly losing control of the situation, which was not a good thing. In fact, Arissa was getting so worked up that I was scared she might thrash her head around and send the hood sailing across the room. Not a good thing either.

I moved back a couple of inches, so my nipple came free of her mouth. "On your back," I said.

"No."

"Don't make me break out the paddle."

"Don't make me break out the cat o'nine tails."

The scary thing was that 1-800-SEX-4YOU *did* have a cat-o-nine-tails on the premises. Not in this room, fortunately.

"Do as I say," I said, following it up with a comical growl. We wrestled playfully for a few moments and she ended up on her back as desired.

"I guess you're the boss tonight," she said, her voice almost a purr.

"That's absolutely right."

"Well, boss, may I make a request?"

"Of course."

"May I make a really graphic request?"

"You certainly may."

She very, very slowly spread her legs. My breathing quickened as I stared at her thin black lace panties, which had shifted enough to show that if she wasn't clean-shaven, she was darn close.

"I'd like to formally request that you lick my pussy."

## Chapter Three

*Arisa*

At this point in the evening, I still had no idea who my mystery man was but I know who he is *now* and I can tell you that his account is inaccurate. I don't care what that blonde bimbo reported to Gorgeous Guy, Vivian wasn't adjusting my bra strap. Okay, *maybe* I have latent lesbian desires and that's why I didn't protest overmuch. But I know when someone intentionally grabs my boob and when that same someone accidentally brushes against it. Big difference, believe me.

Like I said, I was blissfully unaware of my lover's identity. I was relieved that I didn't know the guy—or even if I did, God forbid—I wouldn't tell anyone I paid a sex service to hook me up with him. I mean, really, what kind of lazy commitment-phobic loser uses a service to find willing partners? Oh well. It made me glad we had to sign confidentiality agreements.

So anyway, the part about him thinking my body was incredible...hey, the guy can't be all bad. And yes, he wasted too many good fuck-me minutes with the whole cheerleading routine. Just because Jeremy criticized my thighs and hips and breasts when we made love doesn't mean I'm sensitive about how I look. I don't lack self-esteem. Entirely. So what if my boobs needed a boost and my hips weren't those of an eighteen-year-old?

Let's not go there.

I appreciated the guy's efforts because, well, it was sexy as hell for him to try to reassure me. Thinking back on it, I know I sounded prickly but I guess I felt uncomfortable with his kindness. I sound cold but I didn't want to feel anything except passion. I didn't walk into that room wanting a romantic, emotional evening. I was thinking more along the lines of down and dirty nonstop fucking.



Maybe it was a stupid way to finally rid myself of Jeremy but I was so tired of him and his bimbo flaunting their relationship at work. They played kissy face to a nauseating degree. It was like they waited for me to appear then—*boom!* Tongue wars. Hadn't I let Jeremy hurt me enough? It was as if he needed to drive home the point that he thought—and told me too often—that I was frigid. If he hated our bedroom antics so much why did he ask me to marry him? Why did he say he loved me the night before he dumped me? Why do I give a shit anymore?

Forget this potholed trip down memory lane. Let's get back to Gorgeous Guy's account of our evening....

I'd love to tell you the details of how my mystery man licked my pussy but first I must address the giggling issue. I. Do. Not. Giggle. I will admit that my mind was trapped in a sensual fog and most of my senses were...um, distracted but I have never giggled, not even the time I drank half a pint of bourbon and danced topless on a pool table. It was a frat party in college and I was twenty-two. My last memory of that night was crooning "Home on the Range" while my boyfriend tried to reattach my bra—an especially difficult task considering I was shimmying during his valiant attempt.

Just for the record, I did not formally request that the man lick my pussy; I *demand*ed it. He obeyed without a whimper. In fact, I think he moaned, groaned and proceeded to strenuously lick, suck and moan some more. But that's just the overview. Here are the details...

He lowered his head and I felt his breath on the side of my right thigh. One fingertip traced my opposite thigh, from knee to stomach. Hot breath on one side. Slow finger trails on the other. Hot breath. Slow trails. Hot. Slow.

Then he switched sides.

Squirming? Me? No. I was writhing, thank you very much.

His hands coasted under my thighs; he pushed my legs up and back so my knees were near my breasts and my fuck-me heels dangled right above his head. At least I assumed so because I still wore the damned and downright annoying hood. I was

starting to dislike the lack of visuals but the sensuous stimulation...that was worth the price of being temporarily blind.

I hoped to God one of my shoes didn't fall off and poke him in the eye. Not when...*holy frijoles!* Did he just do what I think he did? And I was worried about poking him in the eye when his finger just poked – whoa.

*What was he doing now?*

He shifted my panties to the side then I felt his tongue flicked the tiny bit of flesh between my vaginal opening and anus and I nearly fell off the bed. Not that it was sexy or intense or unexpected...oh wait. Yeah. It *was* sexy, intense and unexpected.

But his warm, wet tongue had only begun its journey. He slid around the opening to my pussy. He dipped inside and swirled then moved to the inner lips, wet and wanting, sweeping up and down, working toward my clit. My breath quickened. *Oh please...well, damn.* I attempted to maneuver my cunt closer to his mouth but he moved his head down, away from the hard little nub that needed his attention. He kissed, suckled, licked and neared Ground Zero only to zip down again.

I didn't know if I wanted to die from frustration or from pleasure overload. "Hold your thighs," he rasped.

Oh, good. He sounded as turned on as I was. It took a few seconds to untangle my hand from the covers I'd been mercilessly twisting but I managed to slip my hands under my knees and hold my trembling thighs.

I'm not sure how he managed to rip off my panties, because they were expensive, good silk and should've shown more fortitude but the next thing I knew the scrap of lace covering my nether regions was a distant memory.

His indrawn breath was very satisfactory. "You have a beautiful pussy."

He kissed the tiny strip of hair, then I felt his fingers on the edges of my pussy lips. He spread the flesh and rained tiny kisses along the slick folds. His tongue took long, sweet strokes but still missed Ground Zero, damn it. One finger, then two slid into me,

then, thank heavens, his hot mouth encircled my clit and he suckled the poor neglected nub; at the same time he moved his fingers slightly up and pushed.

I came so hard, I swear to God I levitated. I screamed so loud, they heard me in fuckin' Miami. I didn't see stars. I saw planets. Wave after wave of pleasure assaulted me.

When I finally floated back to Earth and released my shaking legs, which collapsed as if they were made of gelatin, the so-called Boss crawled between my legs and moved around until I didn't know which parts were where. His breathing was harsh and I'd like to think that was a good sign.

With lots of feeling around with my hands, I figured out that he sat above me, his strong thighs near my shoulders, but for what possible reason... The ridge of his penis caressed my lower lip. Oh. I got it. I flicked my tongue across the hard flesh but not being able to see was a real bitch. I stroked up his thighs until I felt the long thick shaft—dear Lord, how big was it?—and grabbed the base and leaned forward to lick the top. *Lollipop. Lollipop. Oh la-la-lollipop...*

I swirled my tongue around the tip, thinking I would torture him the way he'd tortured me but I lost patience with the Torture-Me-Slow game. I wanted that yummy cock in my mouth.

Too bad I was getting a crick in my neck.

"Can you roll over and guide me to your...er, stick shift?"

"You mean my throbbing salami of man meat?"

Okay, he didn't really say that. But I did use the unfortunate term "stick shift" and he laughed so hard the bed shook. Can I help it if my mouth chickened out? I really meant to say penis, or cock, or throbbing man meat but I didn't. Yeah, I know we were as intimate as two people—well as one person with a hood and one without—could get but I still felt shy.

Suddenly, I was really grateful for the hood, because he'd never see my face and, more importantly, I'd never see his face. I could do whatever I wanted—indulge my

wildest fantasies – and even if I bumped into this guy on the street, I’d never know he was the one who’d fucked me. Well, that’s what I thought at the time. It was a comforting thought, too.

Shyness conquered, I grabbed his thighs and pushed. It was like trying to move marble pillars. “Do you want a blowjob or not?”

He moved fast and he took me with him. Next thing I knew, I was face first in his manhood, his ball sac grazing my lips. I ran my tongue around those humongous things and sucked one gently into my mouth. It was like trying to swallow a large egg. If his family jewels were this big, his scepter was huge.

I found the base of his cock and licked up, up, up...my goodness...and up, finding the sensitive ridge and swirling my tongue around it before taking the tip into my mouth. I sucked gently but didn’t go down. Not yet.

I wanted to see him, to see his equipment. I wanted to pleasure him the way he had pleased me. I’d been wearing the half-hood long enough. It was his turn.

I rose to my knees and looked in what I hoped was his direction. “You know, I think this would work better if I could see what I was doing.”

“You’re doing fantastic.” His voice sounded hoarse and strained.

Huh. I guess I was doing fantastic. Yay for me! But he wasn’t getting out of the half-hood experience. “Didn’t you read the brochure? We both have to wear the hoods. Fair’s fair.”

“I have another idea.”

“You can have another idea later, boss man. I want to see you and your luscious cock. I admit that *feeling* you has been a lot of fun but there’s something to be said for visual effects.”

“What if – what if...we both went without the hoods?”

"*What?*" Was he insane? If I saw him, the fantasy would be over. I wouldn't be in bed with a handsome stranger...I'd start to feel like I was making love, that I was forming a relationship...and I already knew how bad I sucked at those.

"No." I abandoned his cock and rolled onto my back. "It's better if we don't see each other's faces. We're only together for tonight—just for this *one* night. I came here for hot, frequent sex. It can't be any more than that."

"You're afraid."

I snorted. "Yeah, right. I didn't know I was going to get stuck with Mr. Sensitive. What are you? A psychologist? A sexologist? A fuckin' psychic?"

I heard his sharp, indrawn breath and grimaced. How did I go from wanton woman to whiny bitch? I rolled onto my side and reached for him. My hand smacked into his muscled stomach. Ow. I trailed my fingers over his hip. "I'm sorry."

His hand covered mine and stilled my movements. "I'll wear the hood." He brought my fingers to his mouth and kissed the tips. "But you'll play my game, sweetheart. By my rules."

## Chapter Four

*Derek*

Fine. I'll let the non-lesbian thing drop.

I will say, for the record, that Arissa's description of events from her request to lick her pussy to playing the game by my rules was surprisingly accurate, especially the part about the size of my penis.

At this point, I was thinking only one thing—*Shit!* And I was thinking it over and over and over.

What the hell was I going to do? I wasn't Batman; the half-hood might provide a standard amount of anonymity but it wasn't going to stop her from recognizing her boss. More disturbing was the fact that, without thinking, I'd suggested that we both go without hoods.

Why?

Was I falling in love with her?

Did I *want* her to know it was me?

Was I fucking nuts?

Okay, I could figure this out. I got off the bed, grabbed my own half-hood from the hook and climbed back on the mattress. I put on the hood, casting myself into a nerve-racking darkness, and reclined on the bed. I fumbled around for a small pillow and held it to my face.

"Very well," I said. "You may remove the hood."

I heard her fuss around for a minute, muttering "goddamn it" a couple of times then a loud, annoyed "ouch" before the half-hood landed on my stomach. I tossed it to the floor, pleased by Arissa's sharp intake of breath that I hoped was a direct result of gazing upon my erection. "What's with the pillow?" she asked.

"A precaution. I can be extremely loud. We wouldn't want to disturb the neighbors."

"I hate to break this to you but, if they're gonna be disturbed, I've already done it. Anyway, they said not to worry about it. Good soundproofing, I guess."

"Yes, well, I always enjoy moaning into a pillow. Call it a quirk."

"Okay, it's a quirk."

"Can you see what you wish to see?"

"Oh, *yeah*."

Her fingers encircled my cock. It felt absolutely incredible but I was so nervous about being the blind party that I couldn't fully....

When her tongue arrived on the scene, the nervousness vanished. She couldn't see me. It was fine. Time to relax and enjoy.

She only got in a few quick licks before she took my penis into her mouth. I moaned into the pillow. I couldn't believe it. Blowjobs typically work out pretty well for me but this...this was more than I'd ever expected. Her tongue swirled over the shaft of my cock while her lips slowly moved up and down, taking me in deep. I would've loved nothing more than to watch this.

Still, I had my imagination. *I could see the hungry look in her eyes as she sucked on me. The freshly applied nail polish on her fingers as they slid over my cock at an even pace with her mouth.*

"Oh, God..." I moaned, letting the pillow fall away.

*Pick up the pillow, dipshit.*

I wasn't sure if I'd *ever* been this hard. It was almost scary.

I placed my hand over my face and let the sensations wash over me. What was she doing that made this so unbelievably, unbearably pleasurable? Had she swallowed a miniature vacuum cleaner recently? Because I swore that this was the best blowjob I'd

ever received in an entire lifetime of receiving blowjobs on a fairly regular basis and I couldn't figure out what made it so incredibly –

Then I figured it out.

It was an emotional thing. I absolutely adored her.

The blowjob was so fucking good because Arissa was the one giving it to me.

I mentally said “shit” a few dozen more times, although I continued to enjoy the pleasure her mouth was bringing.

I wanted to roll her onto her back and make love to her until she screamed my name.

Not gonna happen.

I wanted to be inside her *so* badly.

If I got her on her hands and knees and took her from behind, she wouldn't see my face.

No. I couldn't do it. Because suddenly the emotional black hole was feeling one hell of an emotion – guilt.

Arissa believed that she was with a stranger. And here I was, letting her believe that, violating her trust. How could I talk to her at work, knowing I'd fucked her senseless without her realizing it was me? Or, worse, what if I accidentally gave it away after the fact? This was unquestionably the type of behavior you'd expect from the world's biggest asshole.

This was wrong, it was stupid and it was time to end it.

“I can't do this,” I said.

Arissa pulled her mouth away from my cock. “What?”

“I can't. I just...I just can't.”

“What happened?” I could imagine the hurt in her eyes. “Was I doing something wrong?”

“No, it's not you, I promise. It's me.”



I heard her sigh. "Like I haven't heard that one before."

"It's okay, you'll get your money back." 1-800-SEX-4YOU obviously couldn't guarantee against second thoughts or sexual dysfunction, so if the encounter went badly or didn't happen at all, one of the parties was entitled to a refund.

"Yeah, well, that makes me feel all better. Shit. Am I gonna get a refund for this fucking \$200 haircut?"

"Arisa, I'm sorry."

"Fine. You're sorry. That's just wonderful. Maybe this stupid place has an emergency backup dick or something."

I couldn't breathe. It hadn't registered for her that I'd called her "Arisa".

I hadn't done it on purpose. At least my conscious mind hadn't.

"You know, I got this fucking bikini wax that hurt so much that I thought they'd ripped off the top six or seven layers of skin. Then I spent way too much money on a new sexy outfit and that haircut that I couldn't even enjoy because it was squished underneath that itchy mask-thing, not to mention the whole blow to my ego for having paid for sex in the first place... I mean, shit, I can't even get laid if I pay for it! What am I supposed to do now, knowing that even a guy who is so horny that he'd cough up big bucks for this kind of service isn't interested in fucking me? That's not gonna be an easy thing to get over. I'm not sure it can even be done. Did you just call me Arisa?"

I nodded.

I'm sure her eyes widened but I couldn't see them. "*Holy fucking shit!*"

I removed the mask. She was staring at me, mouth moving quickly and wordlessly, hands trembling.

"I'm sorry," I insisted.

Arisa suddenly seemed to realize that she was naked and put her hand over her pussy. "What the *hell* are you doing here?"

"I'm a client."

"And we just ended up together?"

"Yes." I frowned and shook my head. "Well, no. I made special arrangements."

"They let you do that? Oh, I'm gonna sue these motherfuckers." Arissa got off the bed and picked up her dress. "I'm gonna sue them for every cent they've got. I'm gonna shut this place down. I may be humiliated but I'm gonna be humiliated with a shitload of money!"

"Can we talk about this?" I asked.

"I'm thinking no."

"Because if they *had* matched us together, it couldn't have been more perfect."

She glared at me while she put on the robe. "Fuck you. And I quit."

"I'm sorry, it wasn't some long-term scheme or anything. You're just completely irresistible to me and, when I saw your video and recognized your voice, I did something really idiotic. I just wanted you so badly."

Arissa appeared to soften. "Since when am I irresistible to you?"

"Since always, I guess. Look, I know what you think of me but it's really not true. Yes, I play the big, coldhearted boss, but only at work. Outside of work I'm the kind of guy who could fall in love with you."

She bit her lower lip. "You fell in love with me?"

"I've wanted you for a long time but there was nothing I could do about it. Even after Jeremy broke up with you, you were still my employee. I just wish that I could take all of this back and start over. I'm sorry. Please don't quit."

She stared at me for a long time, looking into my eyes.

Having her see me this weak wasn't painful at all. The thought of losing her was pure agony.

"How would you start over?" she asked.

"I'd ask you on a date."

"Where?"

"I know this great Italian place a few blocks from work. The second-best lasagna in town. Do you like lasagna?"

"I love lasagna."

"Would you like to go out for lasagna sometime?"

"When?"

I hesitated. "Tomorrow night?"

She stared at me for another very, very long moment. An endless, torturous moment.

"I already have plans."

"Oh."

She smiled. "How about the night after?"

"That'd be great."

"You don't have to check your planner?"

"I'll clear my schedule."

I was almost ready to burst into tears. I didn't, though. We emotional black holes avoid that kind of mushy stuff.

"I think that 1-800-SEX-4YOU would've made a pretty good match, too," Arissa admitted.

"Well, you never know. They might've hooked us up anyway."

"Maybe. And it *was* a good orgasm."

"I'm glad you liked it."

Her eyes shifted to my still-hard cock. "It seems a shame to waste that."

"You think?"

She cleared her throat. "You know, I paid for an anonymous sexual encounter but having sex with somebody you know is so much more fun. Look, I'm going to reserve the right to get mad at you later and to bring up your idiocy at irrelevant moments

during future arguments and to use it as a bargaining chip to get my way. But for now, we've paid for this nice room, we're both really horny, the night is still young...why not pick up where we left off?"

## Chapter Five

*Arisa and Derek*

When Derek unmasked his face, I almost had a fuckin' heart attack. My desk fantasy aside, I'd always felt an attraction to him, admiration for his work ethic and now, his sense of justice. Not long after he dumped me, Jeremy, former PR star of the agency, had gotten stuck with the cowboy-without-a-clue client, not to mention that weird guy with a thing for painted wood. It was Derek's way of saying he cared about me—without saying it. Oh, that man and I were going to have a loooong talk over lasagna.

Back to my almost heart attack... My first thought was that he'd wanted to humiliate me somehow or maybe this had been his very sick way to terminate our work arrangement. The idea that he cared about me, that he wanted me so much he risked this encounter... Okay, I'll admit it—I was stunned. *He cared about me.* He meant it, too, because the one thing I knew for sure about Derek Mortensen was that he never said or did anything he didn't mean.

That's why I shucked off the robe and my heels and climbed into bed. Derek, despite our argument, was still hard as a steel pole and damn, he looked good. Emotional black hole? No way. Not anymore.

I slithered onto that beautiful, long, thick cock and rode it hard.

\* \* \* \* \*

I don't mean to keep correcting Arissa's contributions but I do want to mention that she omitted the condom. The fastest damn condom I've ever put on in my entire life and I'd barely finished unrolling it all the way before she slid down onto me. Within seconds she was bouncing hard, head back, eyes closed.

Me, I kept my eyes open. There are few sights better than the great view afforded by this position and *none* better than watching Arissa thrashing in passion. I watched her and groaned with pleasure and wondered how the hell I'd been able to keep my hands off her all this time.

\* \* \* \* \*

And he *should* have been wondering how the hell he'd been able to keep his hands off me all this time. His hands belonged exactly where they were at that very moment—kneading my breasts, pinching my nipples until I moaned.

Of course, I was already moaning because of his cock. It felt good inside me, filled me completely, made my cunt tingle with pleasure. And I was wetter than I'd ever been for any man and it *wasn't* by a narrow margin.

I kept bouncing on his penis, moaning, whimpering, gasping for breath and probably making plenty of other noises that I wasn't even aware of. I picked up my pace, fucking him harder. He groaned even louder but as I stared into his eyes I could see that he was going to have absolutely no problem making this experience last for a long, long time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shit! She was gonna make me come!

Premature ejaculation had not been a problem for me since the early days of my sexual experience. I'm not saying that I can time an orgasm to the desired millisecond but I can usually keep an erection going for as long as necessary. Except that as Arissa fucked me hard, putting a hell of a lot of passion into it, I started to feel that familiar sensation that I *really* didn't want to feel this early.

I thought about baseball.

I thought about baseball played very poorly.

Arissa howled and made a couple of other interesting noises as we fucked.

I thought about an extremely unattractive umpire making a terrible call.

The sensation began to fade.

Thank God, I'd made it over the wave. Now back in action, I proceeded to thrust upward, fucking her as hard as she was fucking me.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Derek put his hands on my hips and matched his thrusts to mine, I think I said something like, "Ohmigodthatfeelssofuckin gooddoitsomereoh." But I'm not sure. It might have just been a really long moan.

We were fucking each other hard and fast, our pants and moans mingling. We were sweating, too – that kind of really-great-sex sweat that pearls on the skin when a couple go at each other like wild animals.

Derek's cock plunged into my cunt with such expert precision. Did he know about the G-spot? Oh yeah! Pleasure curled through me. Oh God. I was going to come and I didn't want to. Not yet.

I thought about shopping on non-sale weekends.

I thought about mark-ups at Neiman Marcus.

Derek groaned, his eyes closed, and his fingers dug into my flesh as his cock pumped inside me.

I thought about that bitch salesperson who told me I wasn't a size 3.

The sensation began to fade.

Thank God. I didn't want to end this experience with Derek. We had so much more to give each other, to show each other. But right now, at that moment, I wanted nothing more than to feel him inside me, pleasuring me. I hope that I was pleasuring him, too. I

wanted him to realize this was more than just sex between two compatible partners. This was the beginning of some really wonderful...something close to love.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was *so* wet and *so* hot inside and I continued watching our connected bodies as she rode me. By now her breasts were sweat-soaked and slippery to the touch, which made them feel even better than before, if such a thing was possible.

Though we did not carry on an actual conversation while we fucked, we communicated using our incoherent sex-speak, which I believe can be translated approximately as follows:

ME: My, this is certainly a most delightful sensation I am experiencing.

HER: Indeed it is. My genitalia feel superb. I hope that your own personal genitalia feel equally superb.

ME: Yes, I can assure you that it does. Thank you.

HER: No problem.

We kept it up for another five, six or maybe eighteen minutes but probably closer to five, then Arissa stopped. This wasn't good. She wasn't supposed to stop. Stopping was bad.

But instead she readjusted her position, so that she could lean down on top of me. Her breasts slid against my chest and I reached around to cup her fine buttocks as she gave me a deep, passionate kiss.

My whole body tingled. And I wasn't the kind of guy whose body tingled.

I closed my eyes as our kiss lingered.

\* \* \* \* \*



Derek tasted like mints...and sex. Don't ask me what "sex" tastes like. It's tangy-sweet, I guess. The kiss turned me on even more, if that was possible. My heart pounded, partly from the rousing "exercise" and partly from excitement. We kissed for a long time, our tongues intertwining, our lips getting slick and swollen as we dove for each other again and again.

He squeezed my buttocks, his hands stroking up my back until his fingers tangled in my hair. He nipped my bottom lip then trailed his tongue along my jaw, licking the sweat on my neck.

He returned to my mouth and assaulted my lips, slipping his tongue inside to duel with mine. He lifted his head, his grin wicked, and said, "You taste like sex."

I laughed but the sound vibrating in my throat was more like a purr. He wrapped his arms around me and flipped me onto my back. He managed to keep his cock inside me, too.

Seconds later he withdrew, damn it, and sat up, his knees on either side of my thighs. His condom-wrapped cock, slick with my juices, jutted proudly among the black curls. I licked my lips. God, I loved his cock. I couldn't wait to taste it again.

"I bet you didn't notice all the fine qualities of this bed," he said.

"It's got you in it."

"And you."

"That's all I need to know." I reached for him but he leaned forward and captured my wrists.

"Stretch out your arms."

Not exactly a romantic phrase. And we were so good at the mushy talk, too. He scooted forward until his knees almost made friends with my armpits and that awesome penis was a mere inch from my mouth. He reached up to the posts on either side of the elaborate headboard. Two red silk sashes drifted down. He carefully wrapped my right wrist, then my left. "Too tight?"

“No.” I experimented with the sashes. There was enough room to move my arms, but not enough to reach Derek. My breath hitched at this new twist in the game. I can’t remember ever being this adventurous in bed before. In fact, I had no idea what a boring sex life I had before this night.

It was a little frightening, too, being bound, even just partially. I know that if I asked to be let go, Derek would oblige. But it was sexy to offer my body to him this way. He was free to roam, to taste, to touch and yet I was denied the same pleasures—unless he allowed ‘em.

He wiggled down until he sat across my thighs, teasing me yet again with the sight of his cock. “I want to feel you inside me again,” I said.

“You will.” He smiled. “But not yet.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I’ve always felt that sex tastes like blueberries but I’m a bit weird.

Okay, I’m going to admit that the whole bondage thing was a spur-of-the-moment decision. Not that sexual encounters should be planned out in detail beforehand. I mean, who wants to say, “First we’ll do some missionary-style fornication for three-and-a-half-minutes, after which we’ll switch to a good six minutes of doggy-style, followed by an orgasm for at least one of us...” But I really hadn’t intended to make tying Arissa up part of our sex play.

Mostly because I was her boss and for the very first time we were together on equal terms. But what can I say? The urge to put those silk scarves to use struck me, I acted upon it and suddenly I had a sexy naked lady tied to the bed. It wasn’t what I’d planned but it worked.

I looked at that glistening pussy and wanted almost nothing more than to swirl my tongue over it once again. I say “almost” because that pussy had, of course, just been

penetrated by a lubricated condom and so it was not the most appealing destination for my tongue.

But that was okay. We had toys.

I climbed off the bed and opened the dresser drawer.

"So many to choose from," I said, rustling through the contents. "What to pick, what to pick, what to pick...?"

"Hurry," Arissa whispered.

"Oh, now, you wouldn't want me to make a hasty decision, would you? This is a matter that requires time and thought. Hmmm...hmmm... hmmm..."

"Don't make me hurt you," Arissa warned.

"I wouldn't want that," I told her, making my selection. I climbed back onto the bed and turned on the vibrator. It was a standard toy choice, I'll admit, and it wasn't male-shaped or anything like that but, as I pressed the tip against her wet pussy, I had a feeling that she wasn't going to be filing any complaints.

\* \* \* \* \*

The vibrator touched my clit, its gentle movements causing all kinds of pleasurable havoc. I wrapped my hands around the scarves and held on for dear life as Derek tormented me with the toy of his choice.

I moaned when he slid the device between my pussy lips and traced a long, slow line to the entrance of my cunt. Then that unmerciful man pushed a button that increased the vibrations and slowly slipped the vibrator in and out of me.

I arched, my hips moving in a rhythm that was shameful. But I didn't care. It felt so good....too good. Pleasure rolled over me, threatening to burst into an orgasm that might very well make me pass out.

Thinking about Neiman Marcus, mark-ups or no-sale weekends was not going to stop it this time.

"Wait," I cried.

He removed the toy. I was sweaty again. My heart tha-thumped and my thighs trembled. I felt the pulsations in my pussy, the prelude to the big quake, and slammed my knees together.

"Something wrong?"

"No," I said. "You keep doing that and I'm going to come."

His left brow arched. "I thought that was the point."

I thought about this for all of a second. I let my legs fall apart and offered my pussy. "You're right. Get to work."

"Oh no." He wagged a finger. "You had your chance."

Damn he was lucky my arms were tied because I could have gladly strangled him. Or maybe I would've just jumped his bones and ridden his cock again until we both had mind-shattering, body-numbing orgasms.

It would serve him right, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

If she wanted to come, by golly Arissa was going to come.

And not from the vibrator.

I quickly untied her hands. It was the briefest bondage experience I'd ever had, but oh, well. She immediately sat up and threw her arms around me, rewarding me for her newfound freedom with a great big kiss.

We continued that great big kiss for quite a while, tongues sliding over each other, hands roaming.

Then we pulled away and I patted her leg. "Time to fuck again," I announced.

"Works for me!" Arissa plopped on her back and spread her legs wide.

"Oh, no, no, no, no," I said with a mischievous grin. "I want you to come on your hands and knees."

"You don't mean..." Arissa let out a mock gasp of shock, "...*doggy style*?"

"Woof, woof."

Arissa obligingly rolled onto her tummy. I placed my hands on her hips and lifted her into the proper position, giving myself an absolutely sensational view of her absolutely sensational ass. I pressed my erection against her still-wet entrance and pulled her toward me.

She let out a squeal.

There was no reason to take things slowly. I rammed into her as hard as I could. This was a position for serious, hardcore fucking and I was going to make the most of it. I thrust into her over and over, picturing the way her breasts were rocking back and forth.

"Ooh...ooh..." Arissa cried.

I gripped her even more tightly and fucked her even harder. My waist slapped against her ass, all accompanied by those incoherent sex sounds Arissa was making.

And then she spoke quite clearly: "I'm gonna come!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Why Derek thinks a low, sexy moan is a squeal, I'll never know. I don't giggle. And I don't squeal.

I didn't have time to be disappointed about the removal of the scarves. Derek was...crazed. So was I. I wanted to taste him, touch him, God...just feel him all over me.

When I flipped onto my stomach, I didn't have time to get settled. Derek grabbed my hips, pulled me back and plunged into me. That delicious, hard cock filled me.

Derek was groaning and panting and so was I. My hands fisted the sheets. My breasts swayed, my nipples hard with excitement, and my entire body felt like liquid heat. I loved being fucked like this...oh God. I had been at the edge too many times. My pussy had had enough teasing. Ripples of pleasure caused my cunt to pulsate. And I knew... "I'm gonna come!"

The orgasm rolled over me, taking with it my ability to think, to breathe. I screamed, at least, I tried to. I didn't have a voice anymore. I just had this incredible feeling of bliss that left sparkly trails of lust and joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I listened to Arissa come, I knew that my own orgasm was on its way. I just needed to hold off for a few more moments... I wanted to fully enjoy her orgasm before I was distracted by my own.

She thrashed so hard that I thought for a second that she was going to yank herself away from my cock. I held her hips even more tightly to make sure that didn't happen.

It took her a long time to calm down.

I loved every second of it.

When she finally settled, I resumed the process of fucking her, using long, deep strokes. I wasn't going to last much longer, which was perfectly fine with me. I'd only delivered a few strokes before I hit the point of no return.

I came so hard that I thought I might go permanently cross-eyed.

I'd been with a lot of women and I'd never had an orgasm this intense. Even with the soundproofed walls and lack of neighbors, I wondered if 1-800-SEX-4YOU was going to be hit with a noise complaint.

I don't even know how long it took for my orgasm to subside. When it finally did, I collapsed onto the mattress, gasping for breath. Arissa lay down next to me, snuggling against my chest.

\* \* \* \* \*

I felt deeply, utterly, overwhelmingly...complete. I wrapped my arms around Derek and put my head on his chest. His heartbeat was still frantic. Apparently, we both needed some time to recover from the incredible sex-o-rama. I knew that very soon I would want to play some more but right now it felt good just to cuddle. Derek and I had all night to do the mattress mambo. He was definitely getting the scarves wrapped around his wrists.

Despite his earlier confession, I wondered if he really did care about me. Did he want more from me than sex? Damned good sex, but still...a girl needs emotional commitment. Did he want a relationship?

"After tonight—" I cleared my throat. "Um...after tonight, I think—"

He sat up, taking me with him, and grabbed my arms. "Don't tell me you've decided not to see me after tonight! I see you every day in the office. I'll know what you look like under your clothes. I'll spend all day imagining you out of them. My business will fail because no work will get done. I'll daydream the hours away, thinking about your breasts and your ass and the way you squeal."

I blinked. What was Derek saying? Either he wanted to see me outside of this bedroom or he was firing me. I opened my mouth to get clarification, but could only manage, "I don't squeal."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes," I said calmly, "you do squeal."

"I'm pretty sure I don't."

"You would be wrong."

Arissa smiled but I could see that she was nervous. "You're not firing me, are you?"

"Nope."

"Do I get a promotion?"

"Nope."

"Aw."

I stopped clutching her shoulders and grasped her hands. "Arisa, I want us to be together. We'll just...well, we'll admit to everybody that we're seriously dating. I mean, *seriously*. As in, no other guy gets to touch you, ever. If you're okay with that idea, of course."

"Very okay."

"I mean, it'll be weird and stuff for a while and there'll be gossip galore and we probably shouldn't fuck like wild animals on my desk during business hours but, aside from that, I really think we can make this work. That is, assuming that you don't mind being publicly linked with an emotional black hole asshole boss."

"I think I can handle that," Arissa said.

"Good. Me too."

And I meant it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Derek liked me—a lot. He was willing to commit to a monogamous relationship and that says, "You're mine." I have to admit, I liked him, too. If I wasn't being so cautious about men, I might admit that I could fall in love with this guy. So what if he wrongly believed that I squealed and giggled? We could work out those little details.

I slid onto his lap and wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. He had disposed of the condom so his naked, beautiful cock nestled nicely against my pussy as I scooted closer. I had all kinds of ideas about what to do with that delicious cock.

"Um...Arisa?"



I rubbed my breasts on his chest and was rewarded by the stirring interest of his penis.

“You didn’t say you wanted to date me, uh, exclusively.”

“I didn’t?”

I looked at him and saw the blaze of desire in his eyes and I saw...vulnerability. My heart clenched. I had never thought of Derek as vulnerable but he was—he needed my words just like I needed his. I released my hold on him and pushed on his shoulders until he fell back against the bed.

“Derek,” I said as I stretched out on top of him and lowered my lips to his, “I want to date you. In fact, other than work, all I plan to do is date you.”

He kissed me, long and gentle and sweet. There was serious like, maybe even love, in that kiss and his lips showed me the bright, shiny promise of our future together. His hands tangled in my hair briefly, then he slowly—well, a girl shouldn’t tell everything now, should she?

*The End*

### **About the authors:**

Chris and Michele welcome mail from readers. You can write to them c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1337 Commerce Drive, #13, Stow, Ohio 44224.

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A Third (And Fourth) Party

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