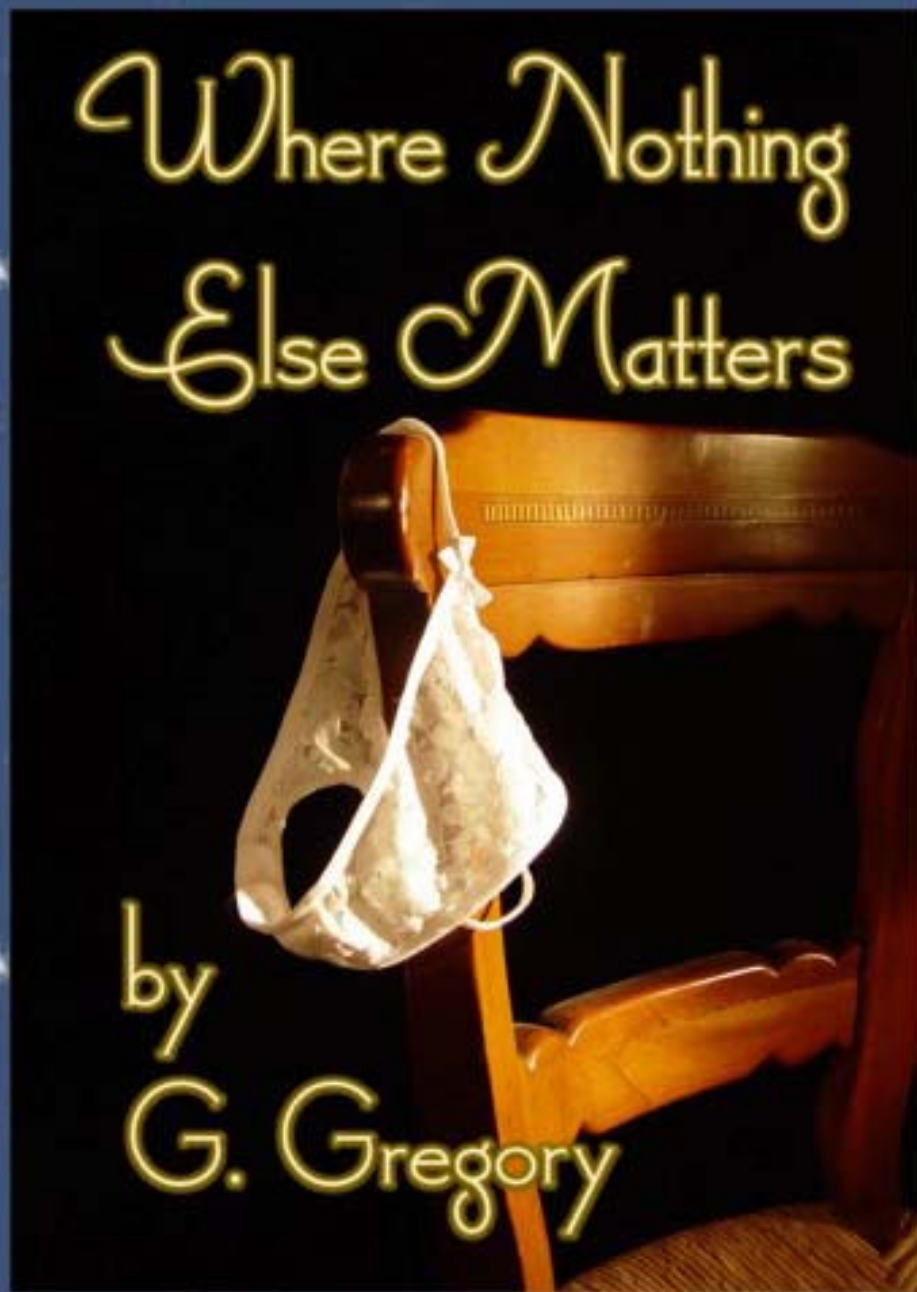


# Aphrodite Unlaced Presents



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## **When Nothing Else Matters**

Three tales of contemporary erotica by G. Gregory

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## **Done Good and Proper**

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The master bedroom was sparsely furnished. A massive king-size bed with Federal style head and footboard made a significant statement about what kind of man he was. The bold vertical slats reminded her of his structured and disciplined nature. It was the latter that appealed to her most of all. Marie looked around and noticed a single, high-backed wooden chair with a black upholstered seat that sat adjacent to a floor-to-ceiling window. Artwork hung on the wall opposite the window, a high-contrast piece with an angular gray and black geometric figure that complimented the vertical theme so prominently repeated by the dark wooden slats on both bed and chair. The room spoke of high function and no-nonsense order. She craved those things from him.

Marie stood just inside the doorway, her gaze returned to the huge bed. She clinched inside, knowing he would soon fuck her properly from corner to corner. Grayson stepped up behind her and rested big hands on the curve of her hips. She leaned back into his chest, as if a magnet drew her in. He pulled her hips toward a growing erection held captive in his trousers. Her breath caught when she felt the evidence that her afternoon to ecstasy was well underway.

His no nonsense demeanor was punctuated with hot breath that sizzled beneath her ear when he leaned down to make his intentions known. "I want to fuck you."

Nothing else had been said. There was a singular purpose for her being in his bedroom. She wanted him. She wanted his power, the power that dominated his purpose. A double beat of her heart was sparked by the anticipation of spreading her legs for him, submitting to his desire to pin her to the bed and fuck her into a different place. He would play her body like a finely tuned musical instrument. There would be no lyrics, only sublime orchestration. Vibrations would run through her as she became strings, woodwinds, brass, and percussion for him.

"*Hmm*, lover I..." she started to reply.

"Shhh," he whispered in her ear, "Don't speak. Listen to my fingers. Hear what they say to you."

With that he flexed powerful hands, squeezing her waist momentarily before drawing away so only fingertips rested lightly around the perimeter of her waist.

A shiver ran through her as he leaned close and continued to whisper his instructions. "Close your eyes. Listen to my touch."

With slow deliberation, he slid his hands toward the front of her slacks, slipping down toward a very moist pussy, only to stop short.

"*Hmm*, hear that? Hear them say how badly they want to touch you there?"

There was no doubt he was going to take her beyond crazy. Where he would stop was of no real concern to her. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Every nerve ending was fully energized, waiting to discharge ions of pure pleasure at the slightest touch of his fingers. The erection in his trousers continued to thicken, aligning perfectly, pressing into the groove of her ass.

He rolled his hips slightly and exhaled a soft moan in her ear. "Feel me getting hard, baby?"

"Oh God, Gray."

"Want me to fuck you with that thick cock?"

And the game had begun.

"Yes. *Please* fuck me, lover."

She pleaded, knowing full well that the most sincere begging would not help. Feeling that thick cock stretch her would not happen until he was certain she was going insane. It was too soon. She was only halfway to frustrated and still a very long way from crazy. There was little doubt in her mind that he would drive her lust to somewhere between delirium and insanity before pinning her to the bed with the object of her desire.

He repeated his whispered command. "Listen."

Hands slid up her belly, fingertips pressing into soft cashmere, neatly groomed nails scraping over her rib cage on their way toward her breasts. Taut nipples begged to be plundered with the tender violence of his touch. When his fingertips dragged over her bursting nipples, her body reverberated. The heels of his hands pushed her breasts upward as fingers curled, closing on her, squeezing and pulling outward. Little by little, her breasts slipped from his grip until only her burgeoning nipples remained trapped between fingers and the heels of his hands. She moaned with approval and arched her back toward his touch. Nothing made her swollen buds



ache any sweeter than his expert fingers kneading and squeezing, then pulling away until they popped from his grasp.

"*Hmm*, your nipples get so hard for me. I like that," he said softly. "I want you to do something for me."

She turned to face him, rising up on her toes to kiss his mouth, then whispering into his lips, "Anything. Tell me. Give me proper instructions to please you."

He smiled and walked past the bed, sat down in the chair and crossed his legs. With both elbows propped on the wide flat arms of the chair, he brought his fingertips together and spoke in a very direct voice, "Undress for me. Do it slowly. I want you to show me your body. Show it to me like it was the first time you've ever shown it to a man."

A disheartened little pout began to form on her lower lip. "I thought you were going to give me proper instructions for fucking." Both hands dug into the crotch of her wool slacks, and she attempted to beg for what she wanted most of all. "I need your cock inside me, Gray. Please?"

A smile curled at the corners of his mouth to match the wicked glint in his eyes. "*Hmm*, you're begging so sweetly it's hard for me to resist. But you see, my love ...I've no intentions of doing anything *proper* with you, much less the instructions I give. I'm a little surprised at you though, because we *have* been fucking. We've been fucking since you got here."

And that was true. Their singular purpose was embedded within the domain of Fuck. Every word, every nuance, was a precursor to the moment when their bodies would become seamless and vibrate within the same harmony. Their times together were all-consuming. There existed no other world than the one they made within the energy that was theirs. Fuck for them was so much more than intercourse, though her impatience continually coaxed short cuts to ecstasy.

He cocked his head and his brow furrowed with a momentary flash of disbelief. . "I've taught you better than that." In an instant his demeanor changed, the intensity was back, eyes penetrating, his voice deeper, almost growling. "Now strip for me. Show me your beautiful body. Show me where you want me to kiss you. Show me how *improper* you can be."

The momentum of her lust increased dramatically at the power of his suggestion. There would be no shortcuts taken this day, but there was burning knowledge that she would get exactly what she wanted. No matter what instructions he gave, they would dictate a slow,

deliberate progression to a delicious state of bliss. She crossed her arms and grabbed the bottom edge of her top, pulling it over her head in one sweeping motion.

"No...no...no," he scolded, turning his head away, refusing to look at her. "I told you to undress slowly. Put it back on...and then take it off slow enough to please me."

Marie turned her sweater right-side out and pulled it back on. She cocked her head and glared at him; both hands perched on her hips.

"Don't give me that look of undisciplined defiance, little girl," he admonished her firmly. "You're going to please me. And...it's going to be exactly like I want it, or we'll do it over and over until you get it right. If you understand me, I want you to drag your fingernails across your nipples until they're hard again. You've broken the rhythm with your impatience and your never-ending lack of discipline."

All day, every day, Marie plays the role of telling people what to do and how to do it. Job responsibilities dictate she be in control and drive performance to deliver results. Grayson released her from that the first time they met. A discovery had been made that day. Marie found a part of her that craved the chance to submit. The more significant discovery was the power she retained by being submissive for him. She would get drunk with the enormity of their Fuck. The combination of his instructions and the firm sound of his voice telling her to touch herself were intoxicating. Dragging her nails across her bra-less breasts was not necessary, since her nipples were already visibly poking into the soft material in full compliance with his wishes. But she did as he instructed. Her breathing became shallow as she drew dark red nails over the tips of her breasts. Back and forth, strumming them, she touched herself until the swelling became an ache, an ache that was rapidly spreading throughout her body.

He leaned forward and spoke softly, "Move your hands away and show them to me."

Marie stepped closer to him. The bulge in his pants told her that he was nearly erect, and she was doing exactly what pleased him.

"Put your hands on your hips, and show off those sweet tits. Roll your shoulders. Hmm, that's very good. I love the way your nipples stand up for me. You're so very beautiful, Marie."

Her chest heaved with short halting breaths as his eyes devoured her. It was such an incredible rush to stand in front of him, vibrating with want, and watch his eyes surveying her breasts.

"Now...slowly," he directed, speaking with an exaggerated patience, "pull that sweater over your head."

Marie complied with his wish. This time she moved in slow motion, focusing her attention on his eyes, watching him watch her. Once again, he taught her something she had missed on previous occasions when she undressed for him. Watching him, watching his eyes, was as much a part of their Fuck as anything they did together. The soft top fell away.

"Cover them with your hands."

Marie's arms crossed over her chest, hiding her breasts from his gaze.

"Come closer and show me."

It made her crazy with need when he toyed with her like this, using her as his personal instrument of arousal. She stood there and leaned forward, watching him, waiting for the next instruction, waiting to fuck him, resisting the urge to break his rules and attack the bulge rising in his pants. She licked her lips nervously, waiting for him to speak.

"Pull your hands away slowly...and show me those sweet tits."

The words he used fanned the flames of her arousal as much as the act of moving her hands away – exposing her breasts. She wanted to feel exposed – vulnerable – naughty and out of control. She loved the vulgar sound of '*show me those sweet tits.*' Anticipation boiled in her stomach and the ache between her legs deepened yet again.

Her hands inched downward, revealing more creamy flesh and cleavage. Her heart quickened as she watched his eyes drinking in her show. When the pink edges of her areolas peeked out from under her fingers, she stopped and rolled her shoulders together again.

"Oh my," whispered Grayson.

She grinned. The power was hers. She was submitting to his wishes and yet the power to evoke a sign of approval from him remained firmly within her grasp. Her hands melted away and she arched her back, thrusting her breasts outward as though begging for him to touch them.

"Your breasts are perfect."

Her hands came back up and cupped, thumbed her nipples softly. "Thank you," she whispered.

"Show me where you want me to kiss them. Touch them where you want my mouth."

Without hesitation Marie used both hands to draw the tips of her index fingers down her chest between her breasts, mapping the path she wanted his kisses to follow. She traced the

underside of both breasts just below her nipples, circling upward on the outsides before finally drawing tight circles around each nipple. When she looked up at him, she realized that he was not watching her fingers; he was watching her eyes, watching her as she studied her breasts, and where she wanted his lips to caress.

He leaned back in the chair, stretching his legs out and locking his ankles. With eyes locked onto her breasts, he motioned to her. "Come closer."

"Gray, you're making me crazy."

"Put your hands on the back of the chair and lean over me. Bring your breasts to my mouth so I can kiss them where you showed me."

She gripped the back of the chair and leaned over him, arching her back, twisting to bring her right breast to his lips. The heat of his breath brought unleashed a flood of goose bumps on the surface of her skin. The path she had drawn for him was lost in a rush of sensation. It didn't matter. The heat of his mouth against her was what she'd yearned for. Every open-mouthed kiss from his magic lips was like an explosion of pleasure. It amazed her how he could take her breath away over and over.

"*Hmm...* feed them to me."

His words were electrifying. She moaned in pleasure as she twisted and turned to the left and then slowly rolled back to the right. His beard enhanced the sensation of his lips moving from one breast to the other, making her squirm as he kissed and licked her. His mouth hypnotized her, drawing her deeper into his spell.

Another surge of lust was unleashed as his hands slipped lightly up the inside of her thighs, bringing a shudder of anticipation. She shifted her feet slightly, moving them farther apart, encouraging his advance. Fingertips traced lightly on the surface of her pants, teasing her, moving high on her thighs and then sliding back down. The ache was killing her by degrees. Killing her softly. Her pussy soaked her panties, swollen with its own raging desire for the prize standing rigid in his pants right in front of her. Finally, his fingers slipped between her thighs and his thumb stroked into the hollow next to her mons, toying with the hidden lace that ran along the edges of her panties. She was nearly bouncing on the balls of her feet, throbbing, silently begging for penetration.

"Kneel down in front of me," he whispered hoarsely, voice thick with lust. "I want to see that pretty mouth suck my cock."



Marie dropped to her knees. *Now we're getting somewhere*, she thought. She craved his cock. It didn't matter if it was in her mouth or thrust to the hilt in her pussy, she craved it. Loved it. Now it was her turn to see the beauty of his body. Gripping the end of his belt, she yanked roughly to release the clasp. She tugged and pulled at the hook fastening his pants like a starving person clawing at a pantry full of food. His zipper finally down, she reached in and freed him from his boxers.

"Ahh," she cooed, totally absorbed in her quest to have him in her mouth, and leaned forward to engulf him hungrily. His hands came down and pushed on her shoulders, stopping her advance.

"Not so fast, little girl. You continue to show little patience. Were it not for me reminding you to slow down we'd be finished fucking by now. And what would you have missed? Look! Look at my cock. I've been watching you sneak peeks, and now you have a chance to look at it. Savor each breath of our Fuck, woman."

He cupped her face in both hands and looked directly into her eyes as he spoke. "Slow...down. Look at it. Touch it. I want you to feel it in your hands. Feel my heart beating in it."

Marie began to tremble from the intensity of her lust. She'd been close enough to lick and at least taste his gorgeous cock before he'd stopped her.

"Take it in your hands and squeeze it. Put one hand low and the other high."

She wrapped her hands around him as instructed. He was hard as stone and yet the skin was as soft as silk in her hands. She could feel the powerful throb of his heartbeat pulsing in her hands, heat radiating from his manhood drove a musky sweet scent deep into the pleasure center of her brain.

"Squeeze harder. Squeeze it and hold it perfectly still. Feel it move in your hands. Think about it doing the same thing inside of your pussy when I'm holding you down and fucking you good and proper."

A moan escaped his lips as Marie tightened her grip on his shaft. She held him tightly and did not move. Another moan, but this time it erupted from her lips as his cock flexed and shifted in her hands, swelling from base to tip. The desire to have him plunged to the hilt inside of her went off the scale.

"God, I have to have you inside," she pleaded urgently. "I mean it, Gray; I have to have you now."

"Suck me," he demanded, ignoring her pleas. "Suck it like I taught you."

Marie bent to her work eagerly, engulfing the head of his cock and the first couple of inches with a wide-open mouth. She closed her lips around him and her tongue swirled on the sweet spot just below the tip, then slid away. As she pulled him out of her mouth, she dragged her teeth and lips over the rim of his swollen cockhead, shivered when he growled with intense satisfaction.

"That's my girl. Suck my cock just like that. Mmm, *fuck*...don't stop."

He gripped the arms of the chair, his body braced in the seat, unable to move. Marie devoured him, gulping him down like he had instructed. Her saliva soaked his groin. His own juices began to flow, and the hint of salty sweet emboldened her to take bigger gulps, swallowing more of him with every mouthful. Murmurs of delight leaked from the edges of her lips as she sucked her man's cock. Gray was getting close; she could tell by the way he rocked his hips.

"Now," he roared, pushing her away, "I want to fuck you now."

In a flurry of motion, he stood abruptly and grabbed her under her arms, hauling her to her feet. He half carried; half shoved her to the bed where she fell sprawling onto her back. Rough now, he unhooked her slacks and jerked them down to her knees in one violent motion. A second jerk skinned them off her like the skin off a banana.

He stood over her, exuding an immense power, muscles rippling in his arms as his fingers flexed and rolled into and out of fists, chest rising and falling with every ragged breath. The look in his eyes screamed of the dominance that was going to take whatever he wanted. His voice was thick with a mixture of lust and the demand to be satisfied. "Spread your legs."

That single command completed her submission. Those three words spoke to a part of her only he could reach, enflaming every dark corner of desire. The act of spreading her legs was a release, an act that took her to a place where total submission wiped away anything else that mattered. Her future hung dusky red and throbbing between his legs, pounding with the lust-blood that coursed through his veins. Everything up to this point had been orchestrated to make the moment of his penetration the pinnacle event of their Fuck.

The flimsy lace panties were next. He leaned over her and with powerful hands grabbed the waistband high on her hip and ripped the seam open. The other side split just as easily as he

tore them from between her legs, exposing her soaking pussy. Like a man possessed, he shoved his pants all the way down and kicked them off. The momentum of crazy lust engulfed him.

"Fuck me," she mewled. "Oh Gray, fuck me now."

He knelt between her open thighs, knees roughly forcing them wider. Gripping his cock in his hand, he slapped it down on her, spanking her clit before rubbing the head through the length of her wetness and coating his tip with the slick nectar of her lust. He centered himself into her opening and pressed forward slowly.

"Yessss," she hissed through clenched teeth.

"Put your hands over your head," he growled

She ignored him and reached for his ass to pull him inside. He grabbed her wrists and roared at her, his eyes wild with the beast. "Can you do nothing I ask?"

He tightened his grip and roughly forced them over her head, pinning them to the mattress. The motion of pinning her wrists forced more of his cock inside her. She grunted with instant approval of his aggressive action, pivoting her hips and clutching at him with her ankles, hooking them behind his thighs. Their eyes locked, the instant they both craved was upon them. He thrust forward evenly, pressing, pushing, filling her with everything he had. They grunted in the perfect harmony of Fuck. They growled that feral growl that only comes out when the fuck-beast has been released.

"Don't move," he barked, his lips hot by her ear. "Be patient for once, damn you. *Mmm*, fuck yeah. Let that sweet pussy swallow all of me. We're not there yet."

She knew what he meant. That lesson was learned early in their fucking. He always said all of him could never be all of her until their penetration was complete. Patience. Discipline. It took plenty of both before they'd have what he called fucking good and proper – and she wanted it no other way.

He grunted under the crush of intense sensation. "Grind now...*yeah*...one time."

She did as he asked and undulated her hips, wrapping her legs around him, pulling with her heels.

"Good girl. Uhhnn...baby...good...swallowing me so good."

"Fuck me hard, Gray. Fuck me like you do when I'm ready."

He started instructing, but his words dissolved into mindless encouragement. "Grind again. Yeah, baby. That's it. Once more. Go! Oh yeah, there it is. *Hmm*, baby. Now! Fuck me back...c'mon baby, fuck me sweet."

Marie howled, thrashing against him, clinging and pleading. "Fuck me! Oh God, Gray...stay deep and fuck...fuck me good...ummm...and proper."

And they fucked. They fucked good and proper. He drove into her, never pulling out of her, never wasting more than an inch of penetration on jackhammer slipping and sliding. He stayed deep inside her and thrust powerfully, dominating her body, wrists pinned over her head. He ground his pubic bone onto her clit, crushing her pearl with the perfect fuck. They growled and grunted; primal sounds mixing one with the other, indistinguishable, like the animals they had become. Nothing else mattered. No more instructions. No more demands. They were in their Fuck; consumed by it.

Guttural cries rose in unison as the crush of orgasm snatched their lives away for an instant. Two hearts skipped a beat as they plunged through death, only to be reborn an instant later, thrust back into the powerful wave that swept them away before crashing down, exploding and rolling in on itself. The world as they knew it disappeared for that tiny instant where the perfection of total bliss is all that exists. Two souls combined as one, as another wave and then another of intense pleasure lifted them to the highest place.

For an endless moment he lay on her, gasping for breath. Eventually his hands released her wrists, but she could not move. She didn't want to move. With his cock still buried deep inside her, they felt each other's contractions fade as they glided down slowly from the heights of their passionate flight.

"God, baby..." he panted between ragged breaths, "...you fuck me so good."

She laughed low in her throat. "Yeah...good and proper."



## **The Line Between Give and Take**

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The phone was already ringing by the time she brought the receiver to her ear. Her heart rate gained a couple of beats per minute with each ring. She was only calling the front desk, but the anticipation that surged inside pushed her heart into her throat.

"Hotel operator. How may I direct your call?"

"Yes, hello. Please connect me to the room of Mr. Sellars," Marie requested. The house phone she was using was closest to the busy lobby. While the operator connected her, she watched the hustle and bustle absently and wondered where everyone could be going in such a hurry. A smile crossed her lips when she thought about where she was about to go. It always excited her to meet Grayson at a nice hotel. It excited her to stand in a public place and secretly know she was headed into the warm embrace of an afternoon of intense arousal. Underneath she was dressed in lace garter belt and silk stockings sans panties. She was already wet. She already ached for him. She ached to go to their special place.

"Hey, baby," he answered the phone. He used the voice that reduced her to clay waiting to be molded into whatever shape pleased him.

"Hey Gray," she replied softly. Her eyes were closed; the phone in her left hand, fingertips of her right absently traced the edges of the mouthpiece. The sweet sound of his voice swirled in her head, filling her like water racing around ice cubes to fill an empty glass. She was his vessel. He could fill her to overflowing in an instant.

"Hmm, sounds like you're in the lobby. I'd come down to get you, but I'm standing here in a towel...fresh out of the shower."

Marie squeezed the phone with both hands when she visualized the image that his words just painted.

"I'm in room 1918 if you want to come up without an escort. Or give me a couple minutes, and I'll come down there and greet you properly."

"I'm on my way," Marie said with little hesitation. "I like the idea of you standing there wrapped in a towel. As for a proper greeting, I was thinking more along the lines of something improper."

"Hmm, I like your thinking," Grayson agreed. "C'mon up here, baby, and we'll work on the proper way to be improper."

\* \* \* \*

Four other people were on the elevator with her. The button for the nineteenth floor was already glowing. A thought flashed in her head at how easily she was making her way to him. She did not have to wait in the lobby. The elevator was waiting with open doors to whisk her up to be with him. The floor she required was already selected. It felt like she was accelerating toward a new level of bliss, a new level of understanding her desire. He was always teaching, and she was always learning – about herself, about the powerful lust he'd awakened. He was going to teach her how to use her mouth to please him. Thoughts of him using her that way prompted a wave of contractions that sent a shiver up her spine.

It amazed and excited her that thoughts of taking his beautiful cock into her mouth were so strong. Never before in her life had she ever thought she would crave a man's penis in that way. Maybe it was the way he gave so generously to her. He drove her crazy with desire when he used his mouth on her. Never with any expectations attached. Never with any intentions beyond delivering her into private pleasures at his touch.

A man had never come in her mouth before. Grayson had been her first. He was responsible for the discovery of a new passion in her. He had unlocked a craving that she never knew existed. A standard had been set. The bar had been raised in how completely he satisfied her. Now she wanted to please him the same way.

Their lovemaking was the best. What he introduced in the art of oral pleasures was a bonus. It was new and powerful and yet she wanted him inside her. She needed the satisfaction of him filling her to capacity. Fucking him was not optional. The animal that he awakened in her had to be satisfied and nothing short of his powerful thrusts would come close. What he taught her was patience. She learned about investment in pleasure through self-discipline – failing that – his discipline. Either way, the journey was always worth taking. He convinced her that the mouth is one of the most intimate parts of the body. Now she was going to learn how to be intimate with his cock. If she followed his instructions properly, she would savor his delicious manhood

at his bidding. He promised to fuck her mouth until he came. Then it would be her turn – more pleasure.

The entire afternoon was an investment in pleasure. He would come in her mouth. She would come in his. The huge Jacuzzi would then swallow them both, as they kissed to infinity and back. Ultimately, he would give her what she craved most of all. With pleasure fully vested, they would plunge into their fuck, losing touch with everything else. They would go to that high place and step off the edge together. Contractions squeezed at her again, wrapped around an imaginary thickness. They'd been fucking since she hung up the lobby phone.

The elevator stopped twice before her floor. Another woman got off before she did on nineteen and turned to the left. His room was to the right about half way down the richly carpeted hall. She stood in front of his door and knocked softly. Her heart was racing. From beneath the edge of the door she saw his shadow move as he approached. Her heart jumped into her throat. Just the proximity of him moving toward her was enough to tighten her chest with anticipation. The latch clicked, and the door opened slowly, stealing what was left of her breath. A strong hand reached for her without saying a word. They burst into a wordless conversation of lust. Mouths fell together, nostrils flared and hissed as they consumed each other, just inside the doorway.

He pushed her backward into the wall, pinning her there while he kissed her. He fumbled blindly for the security bar, flipping it over and turning the deadbolt. They plummeted into that place where nothing else matters. A grunt of pure lust rumbled in his chest as his hips pressed into hers, driving his half-hardened cock into the hollow between her thighs. The power he had over her was intoxicating. There was no other man who could take her out of herself like he did. No man had ever had this much influence over her. She was on a string. She was his puppet, and it did not matter. Nothing mattered except being in Fuck with him. That what he described to her; that fuck was their destination – where it's impossible to discern a difference between giving and receiving pleasure – a place where the destination could not be distinguished from the journey.

\* \* \* \*

The silk boxers he wore did little to hide the object of her affections. He was partially erect, and her eyes could not leave the shrouded subject of her lesson. There was no doubt where he'd take her, but she knew it would be his way. A deft touch melted buttons on her sundress as

he slowly undressed her. Brushing her breasts with the backs of his hands drove her arousal higher. Every touch was planned; it had to be. Every thing he did flowed into the next. Concentration masked his face as she watched his eyes fall upon her body. His instructions had been followed to the letter. The slinky gray slip barely covered her ass. She wore no panties. The lace garter and the sheer black hose gained his immediate approval. Eyes had already spoken the truth.

"Oh my, baby! You're so beautiful," he whispered into her ear. Both hands cradled her face, as he kissed her deeply. The tip of his tongue traced the roof of her mouth. Hands slowly slipped away, gliding lightly down her body, fingertips skimming over the slick material of her slip. Her nipples screamed for attention, and she arched her back, twisting and stretching to guide his touch. Electricity leapt into her brain when his fingers lightly grazed, then returned to twist and roll her swollen buds.

She lifted her leg to slide against the smooth silk of his boxers, knowing how he loved the feel of her thighs moving against him. Such a good student she had become. She knew what he wanted; knew what he liked. Now he was going to take her to a different place and teach her something new. A new threshold would be crossed this day. This was his pleasure and she knew by giving it to him she would take something for herself. Since he introduced her to the additional delights of oral sex, she had developed a real craving to have him in her mouth. The way he tasted was enough to make her wild with desire. The memory of his scent filled her head with lust. She dreamed of having him whenever she wanted him. That beautiful cock was hers to suck, but now she wanted to learn more. More than anything she wanted to take him to the high place and hurl him off into the nothingness, just like he had done so many times for her. She had the desire, now he was going to teach her how to execute.

The doorknob was three or four inches above her head, as she sat on the floor with her back against the closet door. He bound her wrists to it, using a silk scarf. The addictive anticipation of having sex with him while she was restrained was something else she discovered about herself. To be bound and helpless while he took what he wanted was one of her hottest fantasies.

Maybe it was because she had to always be in control in the world apart from him. What he did for her permitted her to relinquish control, and yet it never felt like she was giving anything up. It wasn't so much submission; rather it was releasing the need to control herself and



her world. He made it okay to drop the reins of the everyday and let him take her hostage. The freedom to explore and discover only came to her when he and his desires held her captive. The trust he built with her enabled a new discovery every time they were together. This visit would be no exception.

He knelt in front of her silently. His index finger traced lightly along her lower lip. Slowly his eyes drifted down her body. It felt like she could feel his eyes on every part of her that fell under his gaze. Again he touched her nipples, twisting and pinching, but gently. Her breath froze as if on command, stifling a whimper in mid-stride.

"Lover, please teach me now," Marie pleaded softly.

A big hand went down and cupped her pussy. Marie sucked in her breath and pulled at her restraints. The warmth from his hand combined with the visible strength in his arm made her feel completely in his control. Her hips rolled slightly and her legs opened wider to him. Their eyes were locked.

"I'm going to kiss this sweet pussy for you later," he whispered. His head was next to hers, their cheeks touching. He did not move; he just cradled her damp warmth in the palm of his hand. "I love the way your puss feels in the palm of my hand. The way you melt for me is something I think about when I'm apart from you."

His fingers flexed, squeezing her. Two fingers broke the seal between her lips and dug deeper into her soaking warmth. She bit her lower lip and arched into him, moaning softly.

"Do you want me to kiss there?" he asked.

"Yesss!" she hissed through tightly clenched teeth.

"Good. I want to do that for you."

Everything he said was spoken in a whisper. She loved it when he whispered to her while they made love. Hearing him talk about fucking her while he did it was an incredible rush. Now he was going to talk with her about something she craved – his cock.

"But first," he said, hesitating long enough to get her attention, "I want to teach you about my cock. I want you to know what I like. I want you to know how to make me come."

"Mmm, Gray, please show me. Please?" Marie pleaded softly.

Begging for pleasure was new to her. It released her, and in some ways it focused her to be able to articulate what she wanted. Freedom to express herself without guilt and without hesitation was one of his greatest gifts – and one of the most incredible discoveries she'd made

about herself. It never ceased to amaze her how readily she begged, and how asking for what she wanted made her crazy with lust.

But it went deeper than begging, or Gray forcing her to beg. He never forced anything. He baited her, with pleasure as reinforcement of the behavior he wanted. Knowing that, she played along; empowered with the control she had by giving it away to please him. She wanted him to make her beg. His efforts to teach her patience and to embrace self-discipline had taken her to a new level of pleasure. It was unbelievable that she was 44 years old and was just learning how to fuck.

"Tell me what you want, baby."

Soft whispers mixed with light kisses to her face and neck. She watched his face; studied his mouth, watching his lips move as he whispered to her.

Lust for him swelled beyond the limits of her patience. "Give me your cock. I want it in my mouth."

"I know, baby. Why? Why do you want it in your mouth. Tell me!"

Another lesson had begun. She knew what he was doing. Every time he made her talk about their sex, it made her want him more. It made her desperate to have him – his sex – his cock, all to herself.

"Gray, you've taught me so much...so many new things about myself. I know the difference between fucking and becoming Fuck. Your mouth is...God...it's pure magic. You make me come so hard that way. I want for you...I want you to use my mouth...use it like I use yours."

Marie's voice dropped to a raspy whisper. The urgency in her words was mixed with intense desire and total permission. "I'm tied. I can't stop you. Teach me how to take you like that...so you lose it...lose control and fuck me...fuck my sweet little mouth. I want to drink your sex. Teach me that, Gray."

He slowly stood up and pushed the black silk boxers down before stepping closer, extending his legs outward and straddling her legs. The pillar of his maleness was in front of her, completely exposed less than a foot from her face. He wrapped a big hand around the girth of his hardened flesh and slowly stroked it. Her eyes were transfixed on him, lips parted in anticipation of devouring him. It looked like her wish was going to be granted as he lowered himself to her. She reached out to take him into her mouth.

"No, baby. Not yet. Be patient," he instructed with a gentle firmness. "I'll give it to you."

Anticipation was killing her. She had to beg – had to beg to preserve her own sanity. "Please let me have it. Let me taste your sweet cock. Please Gray."

"Such a sincere request. Very convincing, my love," he praised her. "I'll give it to you, but it will be slowly. I want you to keep your head against the door. I want you to do exactly as I say. I want you to concentrate on how I move in your mouth. Hmmm, I want. . . I want. . . I want..."

His voice trailed off, as he stroked his cock only inches from her mouth. The urge to lean forward and lick the tip of his rock-hard cock was nearly too much for her to contain.

"You see, you're not going to suck it."

She frowned and started to protest. "But Gray, you were..."

He interrupted her. "Shhh...I'm going to feed it to you. I'm going to fuck your sweet mouth. I'll give you my come, but not until I've satisfied myself with fucking your mouth."

His words ripped away any shred of protest she had left. He was right where she wanted him. By taking what he wanted, she was going to get to do the same.

"Watch it," he instructed. "Watch it move in my hand."

His hand slipped down to encircle the base of his shaft. Muscles contracted as he flexed. The shaft twitched and twisted slightly, swelling from base to tip. He grunted in satisfaction.

"Hmm, I love doing that when I'm deep inside of you. I love the way your tight little pussy hugs me when I do that. I want to see how your mouth responds to that too. Would you like that?"

"Oh God," she said, tugging at her bound wrists. "I have to have it. Please...let me suck you now. You're making me crazy..."

He drew in his breath through pursed lips, then exhaled his satisfaction, knowing that her desire was right where he wanted it. Giving her instructions on how to suck his cock was arousing him too. The urgency was mutual and had reached critical mass. It was time.

"Baby, listen to me." He knelt down and kissed her quickly. "Look into my eyes and listen to me."

He held her head in both hands and kissed her with an open mouth. Passion boiled within him. His kisses punctuated how urgently he needed her to satisfy him. The message that came to

her along with his silent demands bore a promise that she too would feel the fire of her own craving for satisfaction. She knew he would be there to fulfill her needs. It was time.

"Fuck me, Gray. Fuck my mouth. Make love to my mouth with your cock," she implored.

"Yes. I want that," he whispered breathlessly and kissed her again hard. "Baby, listen to me. I'm going to teach you about my cock. I'm going to tell you some things, and I'm going to show you some things. Don't move your head. Let *me* fuck you. When I move in your mouth, I'm moving so that it feels best to me. I'll tell you what I'm doing and how it feels. Concentrate, baby. Concentrate on how sweetly I fuck you. You're going to make me come so hard by letting me fuck your sweet mouth."

He stood once again and shifted his feet outward to lower himself to her face.

"Open your mouth, baby," he instructed, and then in a very slow voice spoke his truth, "I want to fuck that pretty mouth."

Marie groaned as the tip of his cock touched her lips for the first time. She opened her mouth wider and licked him right under the tip of his corona, right on the soft fleshy skin at the top of his shaft. He jerked slightly as she drew her tongue in a gentle swirling motion on the softest of soft skin.

He grunted under the crush of intense pleasure. "Oh baby, that's the spot. Hmm... like your clit."

She opened her mouth wider to suck his head into her mouth, but he did not move. Her breath came out of her chest in a rush as she waited, wanting him, so close to her prize but not allowed to touch. He was watching her, enjoying the desperation of how much she wanted him in her mouth. A slight roll of his hips pressed him closer to her lips, giving her tongue free play.

"Hmm, baby, lick that sweet spot every time I slip into your mouth."

His hips rolled again, giving her more of his cock. She licked and sucked hungrily. The craving was consuming her, and she wanted him to fuck her mouth. His hips rocked, giving her as much as she could take and then drawing back. He pulled from her mouth slowly, watching her lips reaching after him, struggling against the impulse to lift her head from the door. She moaned for him to come back.

"Do you like it, baby?"

"Oh God, you taste so good. I want more. Fuck me some more, please. Come for me. Come in my mouth, Gray."



He rested his elbows against the door and rolled his hips toward her open mouth. He fucked her lips with just the head of his throbbing manhood. Her tongue danced and swirled on his sweetest spot as he slipped in and out of her mouth. Her eyes closed, permitting her to focus on the rhythm of his fuck. It made him so hard to see the satisfaction and contentment on her face. He had succeeded. He had elevated her arousal to the point where she craved his cock. She had given him the ultimate permission by the look on her face. She had offered up the most intimate part of her body to take his come.

There was no turning back from the realization she now craved him in that way. He was no longer watching her. His head was tilted back and his mouth was locked open in a frozen, silent scream.

"Oh my God. Now baby, right now," he gasped.

She squealed in delight when he exploded in her mouth followed by a growl of satisfaction, gulping and swallowing to keep up with the love he released. His legs shook, his pelvis vibrated as the entirety of his soul shuddered in release. His whole body responded to her mouth like he was a finely tuned instrument, strummed to deliver the ultimate chord. The music they made came from the harmony only a righteous orgasm can bring.

He struggled to remain upright, the muscles in his legs trembling from fatigue and weakness of utter satisfaction. Dropping to his knees between her outstretched legs, he looked into her eyes. Emotions rushed between them like a silent echo. He kissed his own come from her chin and lips before kissing her mouth.

Marie sighed into his kiss. She'd gotten her wish, and learned how to please her man with her mouth. It was something he wanted from her, but it was also something she wanted for herself. She wanted him there, in that most intimate place. She wanted his come, thick and salty on her tongue. Together they found that place where the line between give and take no longer exists.

## **Perfect Fingers**

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The bar was packed and loud. Neither of them had been there before, but given that it was 54<sup>th</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue on a Thursday night in midtown Manhattan, it was safe to assume that crowded conditions were a regular thing. A crowd was a good thing. They needed a crowd. A crowd was part of their cover. A crowd was part of the environment where they would disappear, melting into it as another unnoticed couple interested only in lingering looks, secret touches and lusty whispers shared in confidence. At 8 PM the wait for dinner would be at least an hour, maybe more. Waiting would be a good thing. Waiting in the bar for a table was part of their plan.

Grayson surfed through the crowd to the bar. "Two cosmopolitans, please!"

The bartender slung his service rag over his shoulder and looked at him with wordless invitation to complete his request before doing it for him. "Absolut?"

Grayson winked and smiled. "Absolute-ly!"

"Start a tab?" The bartender asked, returning his smile.

"Please, sir!" He nodded in confirmation in case the bartender could not hear over the din of the normal happy hour crowd, and his gaze returned to the far corner of the bar, searching for his woman. He spotted her and a private smile reflected in her eyes. Absently, her fingertips traced along the thin golden strand of her necklace. The diamond pendant flashed under the crisp light from one of the recessed halogen down lamps that were spaced evenly around the bar. A golden aura seemed to slip around her as she turned to face him; the bright accent spotlight illuminated the pastel yellow cotton dress she wore.

"Enjoy," the bartender said, placing two martini glasses on the bar, interrupting the obvious trance that held him fast.

"Thanks," he replied absently.

"I meant the drinks," the observant bartender added, catching his glance and tossing in a knowing wink.

"Yeah, them too," Gray said, grinning back at him.

Grayson cradled the Cosmos carefully and headed toward the far corner of the bar. His trip through the crowd was accomplished with arms held high most of the time, as he negotiated his way through clusters of people standing around in clusters, deep in their own agendas. Shuffling and sidestepping, he rounded a large group drinking with intent and toasting something beyond ridiculous. He balanced the drinks carefully, not spilling a single drop. A smile flooded his lips when he saw her seated on a barstool waiting for him. The high heels of her strappy sandals were hooked on the barstool rungs and a hand rested on each knee. The slack material of her cotton dress sagged deeply between parted knees.

He shot her a surprised look as he approached. "How'd you manage to grab a seat?"

"The gods must've been in the mood to bless us," replied Marie, sporting a very wicked grin.

She accepted the drink and raised her glass in unison with his to toast the lustful evening they had planned. With his foot propped on the brass rail at the base of the bar, he leaned close. The intensity in his eyes told her he was already focused on their journey. The closer he leaned the farther her left knee and the hand resting upon it slid between his legs. The heat of him so close drew her hand to his cock like blue steel to a magnet.

The twitching in her center escalated into clenching anticipation when she felt his manhood against his left thigh, thickening against the backs of her fingers. She knew he would be dressed left, was delighted that he chose boxers and the freedom they gave his cock to rise for her enjoyment. The light wool material of his slacks was smooth against her hand as she caressed his manhood. She loved to touch him in public. To be so bold as to touch his cock when someone could see her was something new. Touching *him* was not the ultimate plan for this visit. Tonight it was *her* turn to be touched.

"To private orgasms in public places," he spoke softly, melting her with a lusty toast. She was lost in the movement of his lips, mesmerized, filled with unspoken promises of pleasures yet to be shared when they returned to the hotel.

"And not just public places, lover – pubic places," she whispered back, and with decidedly greedy emphasis, "*my pubic places.*"

They both took a long draught from their drinks. Her free hand rolled to the inside of his left thigh to fondle the hardening object of her affections. She squeezed him with a confident statement of ownership. Their eyes were locked in the depths of a wordless conversation. They

were headed into the essence of their Fuck, slipping away, checking out of the bar, and sliding seamlessly into the private oblivion where nothing else mattered. His hips thrust slowly forward into a willing hand of acceptance.

"I love it when you hold my cock, baby," he said in a voice thick with lust.

"My cock," she whispered back, looking at him intently. She squeezed him once more for emphasis and whispered into his ear, "I'm holding *my* cock. It's mine, remember?"

"True, but not until later, my love."

The smile in her eyes told him the threat of withholding his cock until later was of no consequence. Later was merely a subset of the continuum of lust that was always a part of their time together. Their Fuck was not a scripted encounter. It never was. While there always was a plan of sorts, there was no real beginning and there was certainly no end that either of them would consider. It was that way when nothing else mattered.

"Drink up, baby," he urged, tipping his martini glass to drain the remainder of his first drink. She followed his lead, finishing hers only a short swallow behind. The attentive bartender saw them finish and caught Grayson's eye. He lifted his head slightly and cocked an eyebrow in a non-verbal question. Grayson nodded and lifted two fingers, confirming the order for another round.

The din in the bar seemed to escalate, nearly drowning out the piped-in jazz playing in the background; not that either of them were listening. Another couple squeezed in next to them to stand at the bar. Their arrival was made to order. Perfect placement; standing close by gave them the privacy they wanted from the rest of the bar. She started to rise and turn to place her empty glass on the bar. He intercepted her hand and took the glass from her before she could get off the stool. After he set her glass down he stood upright, withdrawing his hand, making sure he brushed across her breast. The back of his forearm, wrist, and then his hand slid slowly over her left nipple. She vibrated like she was being shocked.

"Oh my, baby," he said softly, "those nipples appear to be quite ripe. I'll bet they're just waiting to be plucked and eaten. Hmm?"

"They're not nipples," she said slowly, looking into his eyes, "they're stones – little stones that need to be sucked for a very long time and softened before they're eaten." She stopped talking and gazed deeply into his eyes before continuing, " God, how you do this to me. Every time it happens...all I have to do is just think about you touching me and they become so



hard." She sucked in her breath through tightly clenched teeth and moved against the back of his lingering hand, her nipple begging silently to be pinched between fingers and thumb.

"Hmm, I suppose that sweet puss of yours is nice and wet too?"

"Want to find out?" Marie asked.

"Yes," he replied, pausing for effect, "but you have to ask me. If you want me to touch you, you're going to have to ask. You're going to have to ask me all soft and pretty like. Whisper into my ear exactly what you want me to do."

He could tell she had been driven deeper into the journey she had already begun. She didn't look around to see who was listening. She no longer cared if anyone else was watching. The invisible cloak of *nothing else matters* slipped down over them like a veil, obscuring them from the rest of the bar. She rose off the barstool and kissed him with an open mouth. One of her hands was hooked around the back of his neck; the other lay flat upon his chest. A very hungry mouth coaxed his tongue to explore hers, teasing and urging him to come closer, deep enough to suckle. Vibrations of her wantonness were evident in the fingertips that danced with an unconscious twitch on the breadth of his chest. The message her kiss sent was heavy with intent.

Her lips lingered on his before she broke contact and whispered into his mouth. "Sit down, Gray. Spread your legs so I can stand between them...facing you. I've unbuttoned three more buttons on the front of my dress, and..." She hesitated, precariously balanced between the demands of raging lust and public protocol. The lust-tinged decision made, she leaned close to him, speaking into his mouth, "Touch my pussy."

"Touch your pussy?" Grayson asked in feigned shock. "You want me to touch your pussy right here in public?"

She breathed deeply, exhaling desire into his mouth, "Yes. No one can see. Please?"

"Umm, I don't know, baby. You know I love to touch you there, but. . ."

"Please," she begged with a little more urgency. "I really need to feel your fingers slipping into me. Hmm, I want to feel your hand holding me, cupping me like you do."

"Baby, you know what this means?" Grayson questioned.

"Tell me," she said with a husky whisper.

"You know as well as I do that if I slip my hand into your dress and touch that sweet puss of yours, that I'm going to have to penetrate you with my fingers...maybe more than one."

"Yesss," she hissed, "that's what I want."

"What do you want? Tell me," he demanded.

"Your fingers. I want your fingers."

"Hmm, what do you want me to do with my fingers, lover?"

Arrival of their second round of cosmopolitans interrupted the verbal dance of mutual seduction. Grayson cradled both drinks and turned to face her. He sat back on the barstool with both heels hooked on the top rungs. She sidled in close to him, slipping gracefully between his legs to retrieve her drink. On cue they raised their glasses, and he began to speak. "To..." She raised her hand and touched his lips, cutting off his attempt to make a toast.

"To perfect fingers," she said, tilting her glass into his with a gentle clink, leaving him speechless.

They both drank deeply. Tart cranberry struggled to mute the potency of vodka. They shared another kiss. Chilled lips prompted them to linger a while longer, enjoying the sensation of warmth returning as tongues danced and taunted. As she stepped closer, he shifted his drink to his left hand, dropping his right to his lap. Cool fingertips slipped between the gap left by the buttons she had undone and came to rest in the closely groomed hair at the top of her mound.

"Oh my, doctor. You have such cold fingers," she said, sucking in her breath slightly at the sharp contrast.

The instant smile that crossed his lips demonstrated how pleased he was that she had followed his instructions and left her panties at home. He tried to look shocked as he explored the silky softness adorning her mons. "Does your doctor get to touch you like this?"

"No, his fingers are much warmer than yours." Her laugh was short and lusty.

He laughed with her. It felt good to laugh. Liberating. Isolating them from ordinary things that tended to mask the clarity they created together. This was about them and the unbridled lust generated when they were together. Each was able to step out of their normal world of responsibilities and relentless priorities that defined ordinary. The rush that manifested itself moved beyond permission to touch – to an expectation that what was wanted would be taken. There was no discernable give and take. One melted into the other. It was part of their sex – part of their Fuck

Her hips moved subtly, prompting him to reach further inside her dress; his palm coming to rest on the inside of her thigh. Heat radiated against the back of his hand with the promise of warm, wet velvet, yearning for his touch. With lightly tracing fingertips, he slid his hand upward,

dancing over the wetness collecting on the edges of her labia. She was swollen with desire, her lips yearning to embrace his fingers and satisfy the ache to be penetrated. The urge to cup her pussy in his hand was too great to fight any longer.

She loved it when he did that to her. Her stance shifted slightly, twisting her knee outward and rising up slightly on her toes, giving him access to her treasure. He accepted her gift and squeezed, curling his fingers slightly, lifting into her. She melted in his hand.

Grayson turned on the stool to place his drink on the bar. As he twisted, he flexed his fingers, sending a very pleasant sensation through her. His index finger traced the edges of her lips. Two more fingers joined, curling and teasing. Desire for more came from an obvious rotation of her hips. Fingers slipped into her waiting warmth, slid through her juices. Fingers probed, teased; coaxing her higher and higher. His fingers touched her secrets. His fingers owned her soul.

He slipped deeper into her wetness, toying with the edges of her opening. She staggered slightly, careful not to spill her drink. All she could think about were those fingers touching her – those perfect fingers.

His free hand slipped behind her neck, closing in her hair, pulling her down so he could whisper to her. The noise in the bar was lost in the thunder of her heart beating in her ears. The circling movement of his fingers teetering on her inner edges was driving her crazy. The ache for completion grew in her center. A yearning to be stretched fell upon her with no mercy. She needed his thickness. She craved penetration. Now. She needed it now. His raspy whisper only fanned the flames of her desire to be fucked.

"You do like this, don't you?"

Hot breath spread against his neck as she exhaled. "Yes. God yes."

He gripped the hair at the base of her neck tighter, his whisper more urgent. "Feel them...so close..." He fluttered his two middle fingers around her opening. "...close enough to...to fuck you while you stand there with all these people around." As he said the word "*fuck*" his middle finger plunged inside and curled against the ridges of her g-spot, and he lifted upward to put pressure on her clitoris with his thumb.

Marie sucked in her breath with a mixture of shock and surprise. It was loud enough that the woman who stood with her back to them turned to see if everything was all right. Grayson

laughed, releasing her hair and turned to retrieve his drink, his busy hand returning to his lap unnoticed.

Marie reacted quickly. "Oh my goodness, did I get any on you?"

Grayson chuckled and smiled, looked at the other woman and winked. "Nothing that won't wash off." He turned to Marie as the woman went back to her conversation before he finished his sentence. "Not that I'd want to..." Fingers wet with her lust rose to his lips and with a flourish; he sucked them one at a time.

Marie was speechless. She stared into his eyes and mouthed the only word she could manage. "*More.*"

He reached for her drink and placed it on the bar, then pulled her down to him again with his hand behind her head. "More what?"

"Fingers. Give them to me again."

He whispered back, lips brushing her ear. "Only a very naughty girl would want a man to finger her pussy in public."

She hovered next to him, sparring with his teasing banter. "Even when the pussy belongs to you?"

He slipped his hand back through the gap in her dress and cupped her in the palm of his hand. "You do have a point." Are you sure you want it now?"

"Yesss. Now."

"Ask me." His tone was demanding. "Ask me to fuck you with my fingers. C'mon."

Her hips moved slowly, grinding herself against his hand. She pressed down on him, trying to impale herself, force him inside. But he moved, pulling away, refusing to give her what she so desperately wanted.

"Tell me...tell me to fuck you with my fingers. C'mon, baby, right here in public...with my fingers. Tell me you want it," he coaxed.

He tipped his hand slightly, bringing his thumb down slipping from side-to-side across her mound. He added pressure from his two fingers, dipping into her slightly. At the same time his thumb slid over her clit. Marie gave in to the call of the fuck-beast he had released in her. She leaned close and spoke into his mouth, then sealed her request with a deep kiss.

"Fuck me. Fuck me with those perfect fingers."



The trip to the highest place was nearly upon her before he gave in to her request for completion. She rested her arm over his shoulder; fingers toyed with his hair. Her other hand came to his lips; she touched him absently, all concentration driving a slow rotation of her hips as she settled onto his fingers. He flexed them, curling them slightly, dipping into her secret place. She relaxed deeper onto his hand. He responded with a slow steady penetration, both fingers stretching her, filling her, strumming her g-spot. He felt her stiffen as she fought against a spasm, knowing he had just hurled her from the highest place.

She leaned heavily against him, kissing him hard on the mouth. Though it was her orgasm, there was a sense of reward for him rooted in knowing she came because of his touch. She went over the edge, his proof of her coming a series of rapid contractions that sucked greedily on his fingers. He stayed frozen in place, mesmerized by the silent beauty of her orgasm. She steadied herself as he slowly withdrew his fingers. Again he cupped her, holding her gently as the steady throb of satisfaction subsided in his palm.

She leaned over him and picked up both glasses. He took his and raised it as she paused to offer a toast, then grinned and beat her to the punch.

"To going public."

"And to perfect fingers," she added.

# About G. Gregory

**G. Gregory** is a transplanted southern gentleman living a happily married life amid corn and soybeans in the rolling hills of southeast Indiana. Life is complete there because of a feisty redhead who's captured what was left of a well-worn heart. He's been writing short stories and poetry for over twenty years, the shift to erotica influenced by an awakening of sorts in 1997. Never once has he looked back.

Ask him what his style is like, and he'd be hard-pressed to tell you. Loyal readers of his erotica have used words like "evocative" and "engaging" while others feel like they are drawn in to "live" the stories. Chances are there's a genetic link in the family tree as his grandfather was a master story-teller and an accomplished poet. Hours of listening, spellbound, equipped him to carry on the tradition with his own kids.

His transition to erotica was a natural progression as passions locked away were unleashed. Blend in discovery of a lusty Muse with his penchant for spinning a good tale, and the rest is history. Being the product of another man's lust and the patience of a passionate, loving woman, there's no wonder sexuality is an integral part of him and worthy of celebration in story and verse.

More about G. Gregory may be found at his web site at [www.myerotica.net](http://www.myerotica.net).



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