



Delicia Diamond

MEN SUCK

By

Delicia Diamond

An Erotiqué Download

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Delicia Diamond

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"Men suck," Miranda said and swirled the remains of her third margarita.

"Some do, some don't. Some will, some won't," Angie responded. "Don't be so glum." Angie signaled for their waitress through the fog of smoke in the small town bar. "Sometimes having a man that sucks can be a good thing." She gave a delicate shiver. "Especially if he sucks in all the right places."

The waitress arrived. "I'd like a white wine spritzer and a glass of grape juice for my friend, the whiner."

The waitress rolled her eyes at the lame joke and snapped her gum, but moved to the bar to get their drinks.

"What are you talking about?" Miranda asked.

Angie gaped and looked at her friend's puzzled blue eyes. "Are you kidding? You really don't know?"

Miranda glanced away and toyed with a bar napkin, tearing it into little pieces. "No, but I can guess."

Angie leaned across the table, looking at her friend who blushed profusely. "Do you mean to tell me that in all the months you dated, your bonehead boyfriend never..."

"No. Never," Miranda said and looked away from Angie.

"Why the hell not?" Angie asked, indignant for her friend. "That's got to be the worst case of girlfriend neglect that I've ever heard."

"It's okay," Miranda shrugged and accepted the grape

Men Suck

juice from the waitress. "You can't miss what you never had, right?" Angie paid for this round, and Miranda didn't argue.

"I know you're upset about him dumping you, but geez, if he won't go down on you, you don't want him." Angie frowned.

"He liked sex well enough. As long as he got off, but wasn't too concerned about me," Miranda said. "I'm sorry, that sounds so selfish, but--"

"Hold it right there. Now you're pissing me off. Having sexual satisfaction with a man you care about is not selfish. It's selfish of him not to make sure you had an orgasm before he got his rocks off." The longer she talked the louder she got.

"Angie! Be quiet." Miranda looked around, hoping no one heard her friend's outburst. "You just can't talk like that in a public place."

"Why not? Who's going to hear me over the music and conversation? Even if they did, who's going to care?" She slapped the table once. "I can't believe that idiot. You wasted way too much time on him, and now you're wasting time thinking about him now." She took a few sips of her drink. "I know. We need to find you a new man that actually sucks."

Angie started looking around the small neighborhood bar, a calculating gleam in her eyes. Discounting man after man as not worthy of her friend, she sighed.

"You are not going to find me a man in a bar!"

Angie gave her a quizzical glance. "Where did you find bonehead?"

Miranda looked away. "In a bar."

Delicia Diamond

"Right! So, it stands to reason that if we keep looking we'll find one that's a little more respectable. What self-respecting man doesn't take pride in giving his girl good oral sex? What we need is a man who isn't afraid to take on a challenge."

Angie scooted back into her seat. "Now, I don't mean to pry," Angie started and scooted back into her chair.

"Oh, why start now?" Miranda asked and glared at the ceiling.

"Exactly. So, have you at least had an orgasm with what's-his-name?"

"Angie! What's gotten in to you?"

"Nothing has gotten in to me. But I'd like to make sure someone gets in to you." She grinned.

"Angie," Miranda hissed. "You're out of control."

"Oh, I am not. I'm just concerned for you, my friend, that you get the fullest experience out of your life."

"I'm only twenty-two, you know."

"My point exactly. If you don't start enjoying your life now, when will you? You're not getting any younger, you know."

Miranda stood. "I've had enough of this. I'm leaving."

"No, wait. I'll settle down, I promise." Angie pushed her hair out of her face. "I just hate that your experiences weren't satisfying. It's something that I enjoy a lot and I know you would, too."

Miranda flopped back into her chair.

"Is something wrong here?" a deep male voice asked.

Miranda dropped her head onto the table and covered it with a napkin.

Men Suck

Angie looked at the man who had stopped at their table. He was huge. A mountain of a man who worked as the bouncer. She'd bet money he had to turn sideways to get through doorways. "Mel, right?"

"Yes. What seems to be the problem, ladies?"

"Nothing," Angie said.

"No. Nothing," Miranda agreed from beneath her paper napkin. "Just the most humiliating moment of my life," she said.

"Oh, this can't be all that humiliating." Angie patted Miranda's arm, trying to comfort her friend. "I'm just trying to get you to talk about it, that's all."

"What are you, Dr. Ruth or something?" she snapped.

Angie looked up at Mel. "It's okay.

We're just having a little serious girl talk, and sometimes it can be uncomfortable for the talk-ee."

Mel shuddered. "Girl talk, eh?" He took a careful step away from them, hands raised like he was about to get shot in the face. "You two go ahead. Just don't hurt anyone, okay?"

"Not a problem." Angie rested her chin on her hand and considered Mel. "Are you single, Mel?"

"Yeah, but I already got a girl. Thanks for asking." He turned away and sprinted to his post by the door.

"Rats. I know he's a nice guy." Angie huffed out a sigh of regret. He wouldn't work for what she had in mind anyway. He'd scare her half to death if his cock was big as the rest of him.

Miranda peaked out from her hiding place. "I don't care if he's the nicest guy on the planet; I'm not letting him touch me."

Delicia Diamond

"Oh, don't be a poop."

Miranda jerked off the napkin and sat up, her blue eyes blazing. "You are being the poop by sticking your nose where it doesn't belong."

"I'm trying to find a man to stick his nose there instead," Angie replied.

Miranda clucked her tongue. "You're impossible in this mood."

"I like to consider it tenacious," Angie said and grinned at her friend. "This is how I get things done."

The conversation moved on to other topics less volatile for a while.

Until the bartender moved out from behind the bar to collect their glasses. "Ladies, we're about to close up shop," he said in a voice that trickled down Miranda's spine like deliciously warm chocolate.

Angie turned and gaped at him. "Jay? Jay Winton, is that really you?"

He turned and grinned. "Angie, baby, is that *you*?"

Angie launched herself at the bartender with a squeal that sent Mel trotting their way. Jay twirled Angie in a circle with a laugh filled with pure joy. Miranda wished a man would react like that to her.

Angie stumbled as Jay set her down. Her hands crawled over his arms and his face, touching him, relearning his image. "I can't believe it's you. How long have you been here? Sit down and tell me everything," she said and yanked out a chair and plopped into it.

Jay slid out the third chair at the table beside Miranda and eased into it. His jeans stretched and molded muscular thighs. His black T-shirt clung to his nicely

Men Suck

developed arms and chest. Miranda swallowed. He looked like he should be a firefighter or a man who lifted heavy objects for a living. Not that she was looking. But if she had been looking she'd have noticed the way his hair was a thick, gorgeous dark brown. Not quite black, but a shade in between. The sparkling blue eyes met hers, and a sizzle of attraction sparked deep in her. Someplace bonehead had never touched.

"I take it you two know each other?" She ventured the question, feeling stupid since it was obvious they were well acquainted.

"Oh, we go way back," Angie said and patted Jay's wrist, genuine affection in the gesture, and Miranda sighed. Another one gone to the gorgeous woman she called friend.

"Yep. I've known Angie baby since she was a little bit of nothing." Jay clamped a hand over Angie's.

"Jay and my idiot older brother were best friends for years through school. Growing up, I hated both of them."

"Are you kidding?" Miranda asked. "How could you hate a guy who looks like Jay? Were you blind?"

"Oh, you should have seen him then. Skinny, gangly, carried a zillion books. The epitome of geek."

"And now look at him," Miranda said, feeling quite bold. Just looking at him made her sweat.

"Yeah, just look at him."

Jay leaned back in his chair, admiring Miranda's pretty face and the figure she tried to hide. The oversize T-Shirt hung on her and fell down over her hips. But beneath that and the loose fitting jeans, he was sure she had a knockout figure. He'd love to see her in a hot red

Delicia Diamond

dress with killer high heels. He'd love to see her out of a hot red dress, too, wearing nothing but the heels and a necklace of pearls. But that would have to wait for another day.

They chatted for a while. Mostly Jay and Angie chatted while Miranda listened.

"Miranda's boyfriend dumped her," Angie announced.

Miranda straightened, her eyes widened, and a blush colored her cheeks. "Thanks, Angie."

"What? It's no secret, is it?" she asked.

"Well, if it was, it certainly isn't now."

Jay took Miranda's hand, trying to comfort her, pleased to hear she was unencumbered. "Don't worry about it. As the bar owner and bartender, I've heard just about every sob story there is to tell from both men and women."

Miranda tried to pull away, but he kept holding her hand until it warmed up in the embrace of his. That was all. Just a little hand holding, and she felt herself giving up any attachment to bonehead that she'd had. Somehow the simple gesture of holding Jay's hand healed her hurt.

Angie glanced at her watch, and her eyebrows shot up. "Wow! I gotta go. I had no idea we yacked this late." She stood, and Jay stood with her. "Can you walk Miranda to her car for me? I'll ask Mel to make sure I get to mine okay." She leaned up, kissed him on his cheek, and gave Miranda a quick squeeze. "Sorry to dash on you, but I have a very early meeting. Call me tomorrow." Angie's lengthy strides carried her to the door in seconds. "Come on, bouncer boy. Walk me to my car, will ya?"

Men Suck

Mel fell in behind her, certainly watching the sway of Angie's perky little behind as he walked her to her car.

"Guess that just leaves you and me," Jay said and turned his chair so he faced her.

"I guess," Miranda replied and toyed with the napkin shreds. "You were about to close up when Angie recognized you, so I don't want to hold you up from that." Miranda tried to stand, but Jay tugged on her hand. "Why don't you stay and have one more drink with me? Anything you want, on the house. I could use the company while I clean up."

Miranda looked at her watch. It was late, but she didn't have anything to get up for tomorrow. She took Monday's off, so she had a shorter work week and didn't have to fight the Monday mayhem.

"Well, okay, but nothing hard."

"How about me?"

"What?"

"Sorry. Bad joke." He stood and moved behind the bar. Miranda followed him and took a seat at the bar, watching his movements as he poured a drink and set it in front of her. The way he moved around the bar was gentle, easy, like he'd been doing it for years. The muscles of his back rippled like that of a boxer she had once seen up close. "How about a Kahlua and cream? That should be tame enough."

"God, the calories in the cream must be horrendous," she said, but picked up the short glass anyway.

"You don't have to worry about calories. You are mighty fine looking just the way you are."

Miranda sipped the concoction, eying him over the

Delicia Diamond

rim. "This is wonderful. I don't think I've ever had one, but I haven't been drinking very long. I just turned twenty two this year."

"Well, Happy Birthday late."

Miranda giggled. "Thanks. It was a dud though."

"What? Birthdays are supposed to be fun. And everyone ought to get laid on their birthday, whether they need it or not."

"Are you kidding?" Miranda laughed at that.

"Nope," he said and wiped the counter, then balanced his hands on the bar and leaned toward her, his blazing blue eyes, suddenly intent on hers. "Did I mention that today is my birthday?"

"Nice try, Jay." Miranda laughed and took another drink.

"I'm serious. I was supposed to have tonight off because it's my birthday, but my business partner had an emergency."

"Let me see your driver's license," Miranda said and held out her hand.

Jay pulled his wallet from his back pocket and slid the driver's license from the holder. "See?"

Miranda gave him a doubtful gaze and looked at the license. "Your birthday isn't until tomorrow," she said and handed the license back to him.

"Have you looked at the clock?"

"No, why?"

"It's after midnight."

Miranda glanced at her watch. "You're right, but that still doesn't mean you're getting laid right here and right now."

Men Suck

"No, it doesn't."

"There's still plenty of your birthday left."

"Yeah, but where else will I find such a lovely lady to keep me company?" Reaching out for her hand, he lifted it to his lips and kissed her fingers, then released her hand.

The gesture touched Miranda. Not too many men in her experience, which was admittedly pretty skimpy, knew how to treat a woman. Maybe Angie was right, and she needed to expand her horizons, as well as her legs, where men were concerned.

"So, how old are you today?"

"Twenty-six. Old enough to know better, but too young to resist."

"That's funny."

Mel sat in a chair by the door, nodding off. "Why don't you head home, Mel?" Jay asked. "I'll walk Miranda out. It'll be fine, just lock the door behind you."

"You got it," Mel said with a yawn.

"Did you send him home just to get me alone?" Miranda asked.

"Yes," Jay said and came out from behind the bar. "But there's a reason." He approached the jukebox and plugged in a few songs. "I'd like to have a dance with you, but I'm a terrible dancer and don't want any witnesses."

Miranda hopped off the barstool when he held out his hand to her. "I won't look," she said. "I'll dance with my eyes closed."

"Very funny."

Jay brought her into his arms and held her against his

Delicia Diamond

body. He was tall, but so was she, and she fit against him just right, her chin just a few inches below his. A perfect fit. The first song was a slow ballad that they easily sank into. The rhythm was just right, and Miranda closed her eyes, pressing her cheek against Jay's. With his muscular arms around her she felt like a dream, floating on the music in the arms of a strong, but gentle man.

"This is nice," she said.

"Very."

"And you're a liar."

"What makes you say that?"

"You're not a bad dancer at all."

Jay smiled and pressed a kiss against her hair. Three songs played as Jay held onto Miranda. At the end of the third song she pulled back, her lashes low, and she looked at the floor. "Thanks. I actually needed that more than you know."

"Oh? Why is that?"

"My boyfriend, I mean ex-boyfriend and I broke up recently, and he never really treated me right." She shrugged. "At least that's what Angie tells me."

"What do you think?" Jay stroked a hand down her hair and her back as they left the dance floor and returned to the bar where they sat side by side.

"I don't know. He was okay, but . . ." She shrugged.

"But what?"

"He doesn't dance like you."

"Miranda? I'd like to kiss you."

Without a word, she turned and raised her face to his. Jay's lips pressed gently on hers, searching, tasting, the way a first kiss was meant to explore. As Miranda leaned

Men Suck

into his kiss and placed her hands on his chest, something between them changed. Jay opened his mouth and cupped his hands around her face. Gently, he probed her mouth with his tongue, and she met it with hers.

The feel of him against her, the taste of him in her mouth created warmth between her legs. Something she'd never experienced before pulsed through her, making her wet, making her want more than a kiss between them.

On a moan, she stood and moved between Jay's spread thighs, pressing her breasts against his chest. They ached to have him hold them, touch them, and suck on her nipples. Sliding his large hands beneath her shirt, Jay explored her back and the curves of her hips.

"You are beautiful," he said between kisses.

That stopped her cold. "Now I know you're lying."

"Miranda, there are many varieties of beauty. Maybe you're not a Hollywood knockout, but then again, that's not my taste." He pulled her back into his embrace and licked the side of her neck, making her shiver with desire. "That's more to my taste." He pulled back and looked into her eyes. "Nothing else will happen tonight unless you want it to. I just wanted to kiss you and touch you."

Miranda threw her arms around his neck and hugged him. "Thank you. You don't know how much that means to me." Though heat pulsed in her pussy and she was sure she was dripping wet, making a decision in the heat of the moment wasn't a good idea. Making a decision in any sort of heat wasn't a good idea.

"Do you think you could come back tonight and have dinner with me here? I really do have to work, but we've got a pretty good menu, and I'd like to see you again."

Delicia Diamond

Miranda nodded and pulled back from him, gave a small kiss to his lips. "I'd like that. What time?"

"I open the doors at four, and you can come any time, as far as I'm concerned." He pushed her hair back from her face. "Any time." He stood. "But for now, I think I should walk you to your car, or I'm not going to want to let you out of here tonight."

"I'm sorry. I'll go. I didn't mean to keep you." Miranda grabbed her purse and turned away, but Jay hooked a hand in her arm and spun her around.

"Wait a second. You have nothing to apologize for. I'm serious. If you don't go now, I'm going to have to sleep standing in a cold shower all night long."

Miranda stared at him in disbelief. She'd never had that sort of effect on any man.

"Let me show you what I mean," he said. He took her hand and turned it over, then brought the palm to the front of his jeans. "I have the hard-on of the century. If you don't go, I'm going to want to use it tonight."

Miranda blushed and closed her eyes as she felt the heard length of him, even through his jeans. Just touching him this way made her wet, made her pussy want to feel him inside her.

She dropped her purse to the floor with a thud. "I don't want to come back tonight."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did I frighten you by telling you that?"

"No, you made me want what's in my hand, right now." She squeezed his cock, and it surged in her hand.

"Miranda, I was only kidding about the birthday fuck."

Men Suck

"I was too, but now I'm not." She stepped back from him and tugged off her shirt. "Wanna get naked?"

Jay took the two steps that separated them and pulled her against him. "You better believe it."

Jay reached behind her and unbuckled her bra, slid it off of her and let it fall to the floor with her shirt. Moving his hot mouth to her neck, he began a trail of kisses that moved from the side of her neck upward, landing on her mouth and exploring the territory there.

As her breathing changed he pulled off his shirt and pressed his chest against her bare breasts. They were full, with upturned pink tips and fit just right in his hands. His thumbs stroked over the nipples, and they puckered immediately, sensitive to his touch. He walked with her, moving her backwards to one of the booths until she stopped, pressed against the edge of the table. Just where he wanted her.

"You know, I haven't had anything to eat this evening," Jay said and popped the snap on her jeans. The zipper parted, and he slid his hands inside, cupped her naked ass, marveling at the firmness of it and wanting to explore everything inside her pants.

"Did you want to get something to eat?" Miranda asked, her voice breathless and husky.

"Oh, yeah. I'm about to."

"What?"

"Miranda, I want to eat you. I want to suck your pussy," he whispered in her ear, his breath hot, and he pushed her jeans off. They puddled at her ankles, and he knelt to remove them. There she stood, completely naked with a lovely blush coloring her cheeks.

"Don't be embarrassed. You are beautiful, and I'm going to prove it to you."

Jay embraced her again as her fingers worked at the front of his jeans. "I want to feel you in my hands," she said and cupped his cock. Jay hissed in a breath at the touch of her delicate hands around him. His cock throbbed, feeling even more powerful in her hands.

"First things first," he said and knelt in front of her again. Pressing his face forward, he buried it in her crotch, rubbing his face back and forth in her pussy hairs.

"Did Angie put you up to this?" she asked, but her hands strayed to his head and buried in his hair.

"Angie has nothing to do with anything that's going on right now. It's just you and me."

"Oh. Oh!" she said as he stroked his long fingers into her creamy warm flesh. Obviously, she was unaccustomed to being touched in an intimate fashion. Well, Jay was going to fix that right now. "I want to taste you, Miranda. I want to know what you taste like in my mouth."

Miranda just nodded, incapable of speech.

"Relax for me. Let me please you," Jay said and urged her thighs apart.

Miranda supported herself against the table and put her hands back. Jay picked up her legs and brought them around his hips. "Lie back," he instructed.

Miranda reclined on her back, and Jay stroked his thumbs over her pussy lips. Unable to wait any longer, he pressed a finger between her folds and into her pussy. "You're so wet and hot. I want to taste you right now."

Bending over, Jay opened his mouth over her pussy

Men Suck

and pressed his tongue between her outer lips.

Miranda jumped with a screech at the first touch of his tongue on the most intimate part of her body. "Jay," she gasped in his name.

Jay teased her gently, probing his tongue upward and finding her clit. With the tip of his tongue he flicked over the sensitive bud, and Miranda moaned with each movement. Taking one hand he gently sheathed two fingers inside her hot, creamy flesh. She tasted so good in his mouth, he wanted to swallow her down. With short fast strokes he finger fucked her while sucking on her clit. He brought it into his mouth and held it between his teeth. He fucked his fingers into her deeper and pulled on her clit.

Miranda had never felt anything like it. The soft heat of his tongue on her pussy was something she'd never have guessed at. No wonder Angie was upset for her. God! To think she'd been missing this the entire time she'd been with Bonehead. Never again!

Parting her trembling thighs, she opened herself to Jay as she'd never opened to any man. What a lovely, smooth sensation, the feel of his tongue and teeth on her and his fingers inside her. Suddenly the tempo of her body changed, and her hips pushed forward, pushing into Jay's mouth, wanting more. Then she exploded, the electric sensation taking over her body, as if she had no control. She screamed out loud as the first orgasm she'd ever had hit her. The power of it took away her breath, and she cried out, wanting more, wanting to die from it, wanting it to go on forever.

Jay continued to suck her clit and her body spasmed

around his fingers, pulsing around him. It was like having a fire burn its way through her body. Everything felt different, her breathing, her circulation, her pussy. God! What a glorious sensation.

Then Jay slowed his movements and released her clit. But he only moved up and began to kiss her. She tasted herself on his mouth and wondered if he liked the taste of her.

Then she felt the swollen head of his cock, it felt enormous, at the entrance of her pussy.

"I want to be inside you, now, darling Miranda."

"Yes," she whispered and took a deep breath as he entered her. Jay slid into her one rock-hard inch at a time, giving her time to stretch around his length and the thickness of him. But God, he felt good. She wrapped her legs around his hips, and he stood upright, holding onto the table with one hand. Long slow movements, in and out of her, drawing out the pleasure for both of them.

With his other hand, Jay stroked her pussy again. His thumb matched the rhythm of his hips, and he rubbed her clit, keeping it hard beneath his thumb.

The pressure in her started to build again, and she knew she was going to have another orgasm, this time with Jay fucking his cock inside her.

Her breath gasping from her throat, Miranda moved against him, drawing him into her body, wanting more of him, all of him deep inside her.

"Fuck me, Jay. Fuck me good," she whispered.

"With pleasure." Jay changed the rhythm to a hard and fast one, and the tingle of sensations that had begun to build beneath his thumb exploded like fireworks. With

Men Suck

each thrust he sheathed himself all the way into her pussy. Then all the way out. Miranda pulled him to her with her legs and cried out when she came again. Each pulsation was in time with each stroke of Jay's thumb across her clit until she couldn't take it any longer. Then she had to move his hand away. "Fuck me," she whispered. "I want you to fuck me."

Jay grabbed her hips in both hands and fucked her. Pummeling his cock into her pussy, Jay took himself to the edge, and Miranda's hot flesh took him the rest of the way. Teeth grinding together Jay came, sheathing himself all the way with each uncontrollable spurt of his cock.

Then he collapsed onto her, and they lay on the table. Miranda held onto him with her arms and her legs. Her legs were so used up she didn't think she could let go of him without help.

"I'm sorry, I must be crushing you," Jay said and eased some of his weight off of her.

"I don't mind. In fact, I kinda like it." Miranda took in a deep breath, amazed that she could even breathe after that session. "Thank you, Jay. I really needed that." She stroked a hand up his arm and cupped his neck.

"My pleasure, in more than one way." Leaning down, he gave a tiny kiss to her lips.

Miranda laughed, and he slid out of her. "I so understand *Thelma and Louise* better now."

"I'm glad I could help your movie education," Jay said and kissed her nose. "Whew," he said and wiped a hand over his forehead.

"Happy Birthday, Jay."

"Thanks. The pleasure was all mine."

Delicia Diamond

"Do you still want me to come to dinner?" Miranda asked as she collected her clothing.

"Absolutely. It's still be my birthday until midnight."

Jay hooked an arm around her shoulders and walked to her to her car.

"See you tonight," he said. "Bring a can of whipped cream."

"What for?"

"I didn't get to eat my birthday cake, so I can spread whipped cream on your pussy and eat you instead."

Miranda laughed and covered her mouth with a hand. "I'll bring two."