

*Secret Thoughts:*

# Lustful

Sasha White

J J Massa

Laura Bacchi

S. Desires

Beth Williamson

SAMHAIN publishing, Ltd.

**eBooks are *not* transferable. They cannot be sold, shared or given away as it is an infringement on the copyright of this work.**

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

Samhain Publishing, Ltd.  
512 Forest Lake Drive  
Warner Robins, Georgia 31093

Secret Thoughts: Lustful  
Copyright © 2007 by Sasha White  
Cover by Scott Carpenter  
ISBN: 1-59998-840-2  
[www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)

All Rights Are Reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

First **Samhain Publishing, Ltd.** electronic publication: December 2007

# *Secret Thoughts II: Lustful*

*Sasha White, Beth Williamson, J.J. Massa,  
Laura Bacchi, S. Desires*

## Table of Contents

<u>The Cable Guy</u>	<u>Beth Williamson</u>
<u>Man Ho</u>	<u>Laura Bacchi</u>
<u>Connection</u>	<u>Sasha White</u>
<u>Shadows Blending</u>	<u>S. Desires</u>
<u>The Bridge</u>	<u>J.J. Massa</u>
<u>Teasing the Senses</u>	<u>S. Desires</u>
<u>Double Trouble</u>	<u>Laura Bacchi</u>
<u>After Class</u>	<u>J.J. Massa</u>
<u>The Wedding Gift</u>	<u>Beth Williamson</u>
<u>Private Pleasure</u>	<u>Sasha White</u>

## Cable Guy

By Beth Williamson

“Ma’am, I can’t find your house. Can you give me directions?”

He had a smooth, husky voice like a male phone sex operator. Lydia squeezed her thighs together and kept the plastic pressed to her ear so as not to miss a syllable. She’d been on the line for about two minutes and each second was sheer bliss.

The cable guy was giving her the hots.

“Um, sure. Where are you now?” She sounded like an idiot, all squeaky and silly.

“I’m right off Pulley Road near Highway 97.” A sound, as if he was shifting in the truck’s seat echoed through the phone. “My directions must be wrong, because you surely aren’t here.”

Lydia giggled like a teenager, completely unlike her thirty-six-year-old self. “No, I’m at least five miles from there.” She proceeded to give him directions, amazed her brain functioned enough to remember what to say.

“Do you mind hanging on the line with me until I get there?” He chuckled. “It saves me having to dial the phone again.”

Lydia smiled at the empty room. “Of course I don’t mind. What’s your name?”

“I’m Elijah Cavanaugh, ma’am.” He cleared his throat. “Most folks call me Eli.”

Eli. Perfect. It fit his voice like a custom-made pair of boots.

Lydia’s tongue decided to run away and become stupid. “Eli, you have, ah, a really nice voice.”

A pause which lasted at least ten minutes, or it felt like ten minutes. What was she thinking? Some stranger at the end of the phone line was going to be flattered by her?

“Why thank you, Ms. Childers. That’s right kind of you.”

His sweet southern drawl and manners were refreshing to a woman used to urban life. Rural North Carolina obviously offered more than strawberry fields and horse farms if the cable guy was any indication. He hadn’t dismissed her compliment off-hand either, perhaps...

“No, it’s not kind, it’s just the truth.” Her cheeks flushed hotly. “I don’t mean to embarrass you.”

“It’s all right.” He said “all” like it had an extra letter in it—*ahll*.

Lydia paced back and forth in front of the sliding glass doors, her bare feet slapping on the wooden floor. Her heart beat a steady tattoo as her mind conjured images of the mysterious cable guy.

“Where are you now?” She scrambled for something, anything to keep him on the phone.

“I’m turning down Brookstone Lane, over near the old red barn.” He sighed. “I remember when it wasn’t old and there wasn’t any new houses out here. No wonder I couldn’t find you.”

“Sorry about that. I guess I screwed up the directions when I called in. It’s a brand new house and I’m from Raleigh. I haven’t been out here long enough to know my way around.” She took a breath to slow herself down.

“You don’t need to be sorry, ma’am. I’m sure you gave our office the right directions.” He cleared his throat. “I do believe I’ve found your neighborhood. Clearwater Springs?”

Lydia’s entire body clenched with excitement. He was almost there. She glanced down with horror and remembered that after her shower, she’d thrown on a holy pair of shorts and a stained T-shirt with no bra. For God’s sake, she hadn’t even brushed her teeth!

“Ah, yep, that’s me. Third road on the left, all the way in the back of the cul-de-sac. See you in a minute!” With a curse, she hung up the phone and ran to the bathroom, nearly skidding into the wall.

In the bathroom, Lydia made a face at her reflection with the blonde hair flying every-which-way. She could have at least used some gel. After brushing her teeth in record time, she threw the clip on the vanity and tried to do something with her hair.

Before she could even think about changing her clothes, the doorbell rang. Lydia looked at herself in the mirror.

“Be nice, even if he looks like Quasimodo. With a voice like that, it doesn’t matter if he does have a hump.”

With a nervous laugh, she ran out of the bathroom and down the hallway. The doorbell sounded again.

“I’m coming!”

Then she laughed again at her own stupid joke. Jesus, she was acting like an idiot. Lydia’s mind ran through all the images of Eli Cavanaugh in the seconds it took to open the door.

He wasn’t anything like she pictured. Not a damn thing.

Eli Cavanaugh had to be twenty-five years old, if that. His brown hair sported a buzz cut, which stood up like little brown soldiers. His square face complemented the hard jawline and long nose. His body, obviously used to working outside, was layered with muscles that were currently peeping out of the bright yellow shirt he wore. All in all, Eli wasn’t classically handsome or even cute, but he was sexy as hell. Her pussy clenched even tighter.

She dared not look farther south than his chest or she might embarrass herself more than she already had.

“Eli?” Her voice came out much lower than normal, the arousal evident.

“Yes, ma’am.” With a smile, he held up his tool box. “I’m here to hook you up.”

Lydia must’ve stood there too long, drinking in her fill of the hot cable guy because he cleared his throat and glanced behind her.

“Can I come in?”

She stammered an apology and opened the door, stepping aside to let him in. When he walked past her, Lydia’s gaze flew to his ass. Oh yes, Eli definitely worked his muscles until they were firm. *Really* firm. Those jeans ought to be outlawed for crimes against womankind. She tripped over her own feet closing the door, stifled a curse and reminded herself that he was a boy. Ten years younger than she was and who knows? Maybe he was even gay.

Lydia led him into the living room, determined to get hold of her horny imagination.

“Here’s where I need to hook up the first TV. The second one is in the bedroom down the hall.” She glanced at his face and determined Eli must not be gay. His gaze was locked on her tits, her *unbound* tits that were currently sporting high beam nipples.

Why did her body have to be so reactive? Perhaps it was true that women reached their sexual peak in their mid-thirties. If she was any example, it was one hundred percent accurate. As it was, her pussy was damp and her panties were sticking to her.

“Sure thing, ma’am.” He looked her in the eye and smiled, his pearly white teeth standing out in contrast to his nicely tanned skin and the whisper of whiskers on his cheeks.

Lydia fumbled for something to say. Just the way he said *ma’am* made goose bumps march up and down her spine. The man had been blessed with more than one gift. He probably had women throwing themselves on their knees in front of him.

He squatted down by the TV and started to pull out wires and tools. Lydia watched like a kid at the movies, fascinated with the play of muscles, the efficient way he hooked everything up without any wasted movements.

She crossed her arms across her chest and tried to keep her body from betraying her too badly. She could have changed clothes, but that would involve going to the bedroom and not only losing precious moments with Eli. She just felt weird about doing that.

“Would you like something to drink? Coffee or Coke maybe?” Lydia didn’t even realize he’d turned his head to look at her until he chuckled.

“No thanks.” He’d caught her staring at his ass.

She fought the urge to blush. “Nice view.”

He laughed outright then, a large booming laugh that matched his body. “I think you’re flirting with me, Ms. Childers.”

Lydia raised an eyebrow. “What if I am?” She hoped like hell he didn’t laugh again because she’d not only be embarrassed, she’d probably have to get an adult beverage.

Eli didn’t laugh. In fact, his eyes darkened as he studied her face. “Then I’d have to be flattered.”

A beat, then two and she cleared her throat, certain she’d just overstepped the client/cable guy rules of etiquette. His gaze traveled up and down her half-clad body.

“Very flattered.”

Lydia’s tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth. Her witty repartee seemed to have flown out the window. She smiled through her panic and headed toward the kitchen, a reprieve from trying to get into Eli’s pants.



What was wrong with her? She wasn't the kind of woman to simply jump into the sack with any man she met. In fact, she'd been super picky all her life, really getting to know a man—and his medical history—before heading for the sheets.

But Eli, he made all that fussiness seem silly and meaningless. He was young, hot and she was single and primed. Why the hell not? How often did she get a chance to throw caution to the wind and sink her teeth into pure debauchery? After getting herself a glass of iced tea, she went back into the living room. Eli was bent over the TV, offering her a nice view of his posterior again. He straightened and caught sight of her. With a wink, he turned it on and started setting up the channels.

“Did you order the movie channels?” He glanced at the clipboard by his feet.

“Only the dirty movie channels,” she quipped.

“A woman after my own heart.” He grinned and continued fiddling with the remote.

Lydia was mesmerized by his hands. The fingers were long and callused looking and his palms were big, like salad-plate-sized. There wasn't much about Eli that wasn't big. She hoped that was an accurate thought.

She took one of the ice cubes from the glass and rubbed it on her neck. “It sure is hot today.”

He swallowed, his gaze following the path of the cube. Lydia resisted the urge to wipe away the drop as it slid down her chest into her T-shirt. She was pleased to note that the bulge in his jeans had grown a bit bigger as she put on her “fuck me” show.

Eli cleared his throat. “It surely is. And getting hotter.” He set the remote down on the coffee table. “This television is all set. How about you show me the bedroom?”

Oh holy shit. Lydia wanted to do more than show him the bedroom. She wanted to use the bedroom. With a crook of her finger, she led him from the living room down the short hallway to the bedroom. In contrast to her bare feet, his boots thunked on the wooden floors. When they reached the bedroom, Lydia stepped in and froze when she noticed the vibrator standing straight and tall on the nightstand.

Jesus effing Christ!

Hoping like hell he hadn't noticed it, she gestured to the TV on the stand. Eli nodded and moved past her, the side of his arm just brushing her breasts. The nipple cried out in pleasure, waiting, aching for him to do more than just an accidental touch.

He got down on his knees and starting hooking up the TV, allowing Lydia time to hide the bright pink pleasure stick in the drawer. She reminded herself there was nothing to be embarrassed about. Women and men used sex toys all day, every day. She wasn't a fifteen-year-old girl caught with her pants down for pity's sake.

Lydia cleared her throat. "Anything, ah, special you need to do in here?"

Without turning around, he said, "Nope, just a standard hookup here. Shouldn't take me more than five minutes."

She hid her disappointment by sitting at the foot of the bed and watching him. He really was a beautiful man, almost a work of art she could observe and appreciate all day. Her hand crept toward the waistband of her shorts, desperate to relieve the pressure of wanting but unable to touch.

Before she could do anything other than anticipate her own touch, he stood and flicked on the TV again.

"See, told you it wouldn't be but a few minutes." He still didn't look at her.

Lydia was frustrated now. She'd hoped the flirting meant he was open to something with her, even if it was a quick fuck. However it looked as if that wasn't going to happen.

At least she had the pink monster in her drawer. It was always available for a quickie.

He turned and handed her the remote. His brown eyes were unreadable in the muted light of the bedroom. Lydia inhaled his scent, some kind of cologne, a hint of male sweat, and a smidge of something else. Her heart pounded right along with her pussy, anxious for what he was going to say.

"Let me finish up the paperwork and I'll be out of your hair."

Lydia wondered if her emotions showed on her face. Right about then, she felt like swatting his ass. It really wasn't his fault his voice made her want to be naughty, or that his body was built for fucking. But it was his fault that he allowed her to flirt, and flirted right back.

With a sigh, she followed him back out to the living room, now anxious for him to leave so she could pleasure herself. His scent teased her as she walked down the hallway. She stifled a growl and folded her arms across her chest.

He wrote on the form attached to the clipboard with his left hand. Lydia set the iced tea down on the coffee table with a thump, waiting. When he finished, he handed her the clipboard and the pen.

“Sign here, Ms. Childers.”

Lydia frowned and scribbled her signature, then thrust the clipboard back at him.

“Thank you, ma’am.”

His accent and voice still gave her damn goose bumps. They marched up and down her skin like an army. Too bad he wasn’t willing to take her flirtation seriously.

Eli packed up his tools and headed for the door, clipboard tucked under his arm. With a smile and a polite goodbye, he left.

Lydia clenched her fists, angry with herself for getting heated up about a stranger and worse being disappointed he didn’t indulge her spontaneous fantasy.

She took a long gulp of tea and stared at the television, too annoyed to even turn it on. When the doorbell rang, she frowned and wondered what Mr. Hotbody had forgotten.

When she opened the door, ready to give him a snotty putdown, she found him without tools or clipboard. Eli cleared his throat and smiled, setting her heart to thumping like a drum again.

“Hey there, ma’am. I was just in the neighborhood finishing up my last job of the day and wondered if you wanted some company.”

Was she dreaming? Had she fallen down and hit her head on the coffee table? Or perhaps the entire day was in her imagination? Eli reached out and closed her mouth with his thumb. Skitters of full-on desire snaked through her.

Eli stepped into the house and closed the door. Lydia finally snapped out of her disbelief and locked it. With a smile, she launched herself at him, wrapping her legs around his waist and planting her mouth on his.

Oh, he was so *hard*. Harder than a damn oak tree. She felt his cock hardening against her throbbing center and thanked God the cable guy had come to set up her TV.

He headed toward the bedroom with his arm under her ass and his mouth glued to hers. Long, hot, wet kisses that she felt all the way to her toes. She ground against him, anxious to get the party started. If it was his last job of the day, then they had a lot of time to play.

When they reached the bedroom, she climbed down off him and stripped off her clothes in seconds. She started to feel self-conscious when he just stared at her but then he reached out to cup one full breast.

“I wondered what color they were.” His thumb grazed her nipple. “Like pink roses.”

Lydia closed her eyes when his mouth closed around the turgid peak. He got down on his knees and laved one then the other, alternately biting, licking and sucking her to the heights of arousal she didn’t ever remember reaching.

“You need to get naked, cowboy.” She caressed his shoulders through the T-shirt. “I need to see what’s under this pretty wrapping.”

He chuckled against her skin. “Yes, ma’am.”

After he shed his clothes, Lydia thanked the cable guy gods for sending Eli to her door. He was big all over, very big. She wondered if the condoms would even fit him.

Unable to wait another second, she grabbed a condom from the drawer and pulled him to the bed. His body was hot, hairy and absolutely wonderful. It had been a while since she’d been with a man, especially one ten years younger than she was. He was a gift she planned on enjoying.

“I can’t wait much longer. I need some. *Now.*” Her body screamed for release, teased and tantalized by the man’s masculinity and sexuality to the point where one thrust would likely send her into orbit.

“Yes, ma’am.”

If he kept that up, she’d come before he even got near her. That voice was going to haunt her dreams for weeks.

He slipped on the condom and positioned himself at her entrance. Gazing into her eyes, he entered her inch by inch, a slow torture accompanied by nibbles on her skin and breasts. Eager to feel the full length and breadth of him, she felt her pulse beat frantically,

When he finally sheathed himself within her, Lydia experienced a moment of pure pleasure that stole her breath. She closed her eyes and clutched at his back, groaning.

“You feel like heaven,” he whispered. “So tight and hot.”

Lydia clenched around him, sure she’d embarrass herself by tearing up. The moment was intense, full of possibilities. They had so much to learn and explore.

She moved and he took his cue that she was ready. Long sure strokes followed by short teasing ones. He touched her womb, pulling her closer and closer to the precipice. Her brain shut down and her body took over.

“We’re going to do this again right?” she ground out.

“Oh, yes, ma’am.”

Lydia wrapped her legs around his hips. “Then fuck me deep and hard, Eli.”

The muscles bunched beneath her hands and above her as he did as she bade. Harder and faster he moved, the sounds of sweet sex filling the room. The orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, washing over her from head to toe, making her tremble and gasp. He followed moments later, clutching the bedding and pounding into her, extending her orgasm until Lydia saw stars behind her lids.

Harsh breathing echoed around them, as did two heartbeats slamming into ribs. Eli rolled off her until they lay side by side. Lydia took his hand in hers and closed her eyes. She hadn’t expected her day to end up with a hot stud in her bed fucking her silly. Life was full of surprises.

“So you want to use your pink vibrator next?”

Lydia barked out a laugh and leaned over to kiss him. “I think I’m going to like cable TV.”

## Man Ho

By Laura Bacchi

I looked up from my laptop and tried to digest what Devon had just asked.

“You want me to do what?”

“Be a pirate,” he said. “All work and no play makes Josh a dull boy.”

“A pirate?”

“Yes.”

“This weekend?”

Devon laughed and leaned in close. He was still wet from his shower. I put a finger on his beautiful bronze chest to catch a drip and rub it over his skin. I could use a break—writing this goddamn dissertation was killing me—so I trailed my finger lower and hooked it into the towel barely covering his crotch.

“No.” He caught my hand and grinned. “I want you to be a pirate every weekend, Josh. But you already know that.”

“You didn’t mention your pirate fetish when you placed that ad.” I turned back to my work and made a mental note to surf the net for pirate gear tonight. An eye patch and a goofy hat or two might keep him quiet for a while...

He kissed my neck. “I didn’t think an ad would turn into something permanent.”

Neither had I, but I was glad it had. I stopped typing and leaned my head back to stare into his sexy gray eyes. The track lighting above shone down on his clean-shaven head. He had the look—thick chest, goatee, a couple of tats in all the right places. Yeah, he’d make a great pirate. And I’d indulge this little fantasy of his just to keep him happy.

“All right, matey,” I said. “Wanna go shopping this weekend?”

“No. We’re going to a pirate festival this weekend. I already bought your clothes.”

“A festival?” I closed my eyes so he wouldn’t see me roll them. “You mean I have to wear a costume in front of actual people?”

“They’ll be dressed up too.” He was on his knees now.

I found that position very hard to resist. So I turned to him. Unzipped my fly and gave my cock a few quick jerks.

“How bad do you want this, Devon?”

“I always want this.” He was staring at my erection.

“I meant the whole pirate thing.”

“Bad, Josh. I want you dressed in silks...” he gave my head a lick and pleasure rolled through me, “...and tight breeches and boots.”

“Then show me.”

He sucked me in to the balls and did just that. And he did it so well I was practically begging for silly ruffled shirts and a parrot on my shoulder before he was through.

On Saturday morning, I stood cringing at my reflection in the mirror. “I don’t look like a pirate,” I said.

Devon did, though. And a damned fine pirate at that. He came up behind me and reached down to cup my dormant cock through the tightly laced spandex. Hot blood rushed through my veins and soon a hard-on filled his hand. He lifted my frilly shirt and traced my shaft through the shiny pants.

“Now you look like a pirate.” He nipped my neck. “Pirates should always look horny.”

“I have an idea.”

He locked eyes with me in the mirror and cocked an eyebrow.

“Let’s stay in,” I said. “We can play pirate here. You can unsheathe my sword and swallow it and then I can—”

“Nope.” His hand left my groin and grabbed my arm. “We’re going before you chicken out.”

He clapped a wig onto my short hair and took off my glasses.

“Good,” I said. “Now I can’t see everyone laughing at me.”

Devon kissed me quiet and off we went to the crowded park where apparently every soul still living out his (and her) childhood fantasy gathered to talk like a pirate, dress like one, and drink lots of beer. I liked the beer part. Devon preferred to shop and play games. And watch me. Even without my glasses I knew he was playing out scenarios in his head. It was only a matter of time before he pirated me away—pun intended—and ravished me in a hidden cove, or something along those lines. My shaft grew hard for a second time that day, and I took to caressing his ass when no one was looking.

“Watch out, Josh. Some kid might see us and—”

“No one’s watching. Stop being so paranoid.”

Devon lowered his voice. “*He’s* watching.”

I looked around and spotted a man staring at us. But before I could mouth the words “Fuck off,” the watcher grinned.

“Maybe he just wants to plunder your booty,” I joked.

“Maybe I’d let him.”

I gripped Devon’s ass so hard he jumped. My heart pounded in double-time. About a month ago, I’d talked about me watching him get fucked by someone else, but he never warmed up to the idea. So I’d backed off. Maybe today—or maybe because I’d indulged his fantasy—he’d consider giving mine a try.

The man, Captain Hook by the looks of him, approached us. When he nodded, I held out my hand to shake out of habit. He offered his hook. We laughed.

But we didn’t talk. The stranger was too busy checking Devon out.

After several tense minutes, he finally spoke. “Want a tour of my ship?”

Was that pirate-speak for steamy man-on-man sex? I didn’t get a chance to ask, because Devon was nodding and pulling me along with an urgency that forced my cock higher toward my waistband. We followed in silence as the man led the way to an actual ship docked at the riverfront. It wasn’t huge, but it was well-made, like *The Flying Dutchman* on a much smaller scale. Devon complimented his rigging and some other ship things I knew nothing about.



I glanced about the deck as they talked, thinking all the while about Devon's strong arms bound in the thick rope, his big frame spread between two masts for a lashing he wouldn't forget. Or maybe he'd be hunched over the wheel with his wrists tied snug to the spokes and his tight ass vulnerable to any passing crewmember. God, the horrible things I dreamed up for that sweet man...

Hook led us down below the deck of *The Naughty Bastard* and shut the hatch above. I bumped into Devon—there was no light at all—and heard him scream.

“Sorry,” I began to say, but he hadn't screamed because of our collision. He screamed probably for the same reason I started to... Hands, lots of hands, grabbing me and hauling me down the musty corridor. My wig fell off my head. I struggled but gave up once I felt the bulk of their torsos against my smaller body. Ropes wound around me as they dragged us deeper into the belly of the ship. The men pushed us into a room with a window—the captain's quarters by the looks of it, with a huge four-poster bed and phony-looking gold coins scattered over a table by its side. A swarthy guy twice my size plopped my ass into a creaky chair.

I opened my mouth to speak. It was promptly filled with a bandana, fresh from the neck of one of our captors. I could taste the salt. Another erection reared its horny head in my stupid pants as my heart kicked against my ribs. This was rough—and I liked rough. The boat began to drift, and the trees surrounding the park grew smaller through the window as the moments wore on.

Captain Hook, or whatever his name was, unbuttoned his flouncy shirt. Nice chest. Hairy guys didn't normally appeal to me, but this one did. He pulled off the fake hook from his sleeve.

“Unlace me, fellas,” he said.

Two men sank to their knees and did as he commanded, their deft fingers working the laces on the sides of his leather pants down to mid-calf. He stepped out of the breeches wearing only boots and an extreme state of arousal. I matched him inch for inch.

A quick glance to Devon told me he felt the same. He caught me studying him. He'd been gagged, but lifted his eyebrows as if I needed encouragement. Or maybe he was seeking permission. I didn't know what was up, but I was game. I wiggled my brows back at him.

One of the crewmembers handed the captain a condom. He gave his cock a few steady jerks and slipped the rubber on, a menacing look on his face the whole time. I took this to mean one of us, maybe both if we were lucky, would be thoroughly fucked before the afternoon was over.

He yanked Devon over to the bed, threw him down, and cut off his gag, then stabbed the dagger into the bed's worn wooden footboard. Devon's eyes shot to mine. I could see a touch of fear there, and something close to the look he got when he was hell-bent on pleasing me before he pleased himself. The captain leaned over him, took Devon's trembling bottom lip between his teeth and made a show of tugging at it.

"I'm gonna fuck that pretty mouth of yours, Dev."

So he knew Devon, knew him well enough to use his nickname. I stifled a chuckle as my lover cut him a look of warning. The captain had to look away to keep me from seeing his laugh, but I saw it shake his massive chest. Devon whispered something. The captain turned back to him and shoved four fingers into his mouth.

I watched while Devon pretended to protest. The captain sat on his chest, trapping his arms to his sides. One of the crew began stripping off Dev's pants. The erection that sprang free told me he was as turned on as I was. Fingers slid from his mouth, and he opened for the captain's thick erection. I worked a hand toward my own but was stopped by a big brown boot belonging to a shirtless crew sailor.

"You're just here to watch," the seaman said.

I narrowed my eyes at the man. *Fine, but I'd better get mine later*, I wanted to say. In all fairness, though, this was how I'd described my fantasy to Devon—me just watching while he sucked another man or took it in the ass. Like they said, be careful what you wish for...

Devon gave up the fight, showing us all that he'd gone from not wanting to be ravished by this king of pirates to wanting to be his little whore. I saw the tip of his tongue slide out to tease the prick filling his mouth. I saw his cheeks hollow to suck hard. The captain eased out from between Devon's lips and rolled off his chest.

Once he was on his back, he pulled Dev to his bushy crotch. The crew doffed their pants and began suiting up, lube in hand. There were four of them, each with a meaty cock I'd give my last doubloon to have probing deep inside me. I couldn't decide if Devon's ass would be in heaven or

hell. Me, I was in complete agony, dying to be free to stroke myself or get in that line to take a turn.

Dev leaned over the captain's rigid shaft and took it in to the tonsils. The man standing by the bed at Devon's ass rubbed him down with lube and nudged the tip of his penis into the crevice of my lover's ass. Devon groaned in pleasure and lifted his head to look back—he loved doing that while I fucked him—but the captain gripped his head and turned him, then speared into his mouth.

My hips were twisting now. I'd shifted enough to position a rope in just the right place to caress my cock while I enjoyed the view. The smell of sweaty man-love filled the cramped room and amped up my arousal. The guy behind Devon rolled his hips as the ship rolled, his ass cheeks flexing and relaxing as he thrust steadily in and out of my boyfriend.

It was fucking beautiful. *Perfect*, I wanted to say. The whole set-up was better than I could've ever imagined. Devon would definitely get whatever he wanted from me after this. Hell, I'd even tweak my dissertation to include pirates if that's what he asked of me. His gaze sought mine, the bridge of his nose visible above the bulge of muscle in his arm and the tattoo of my initials he'd gotten last month. That had been a sweet surprise, but today's bombshell was sweeter. His eyes dropped to my chest, where the breaths were coming fast and shallow, then they went lower and ogled my erection. When he fixed his eyes on mine again, his tongue slowed on the captain's glans. He may have been at the mercy of a bunch of pirates but that look told me what I already knew—this was all about me. My heart pounded harder than my cock.

I forced the bandana from my mouth—it wasn't easy, but I managed. He was still looking my way. *I love you*, I mouthed. He took his time, running his lips over the captain's shaft, making me wait. I needed to hear him say it, too. Finally his mouth curled into a grin until his lips formed the words...

*I love you, too.*

But the moment was broken as the man at Devon's ass grunted and jerked, then staggered out of the way to give the guy behind him a shot. This next pirate was a thruster, not a hip-roller. He gave it to Dev pretty hard, bouncing him on the bed like crazy. The bed squeaked. Devon squeaked too. That's when I noticed his purple cock-head bumping into the bedding. I licked my

lips and stared. If Mr. Thruster didn't ease up, Dev would lose his load all over what looked like an antique calico quilt.

Devon took every slam into his bottom like a champ until the thruster finally finished up. The two waiting in line didn't take long. With everything going on, I probably wouldn't last three strokes either. I swiveled my hips again for more contact, but the rope went too high this time. I was stuck in a hell of my own making with a cock throbbing so hard I wanted to cry.

When every man finished but the captain, and us I suppose, the foursome climbed onto the bed—careful not to block my view—and kept their hands on Dev, messing with his balls or pushing his head further down on the captain's cock. The captain raised his hips to give Devon all of his prick, then shuddered as a groan of satisfaction rumbled in his furry chest. He let go of my lover's head. Dev was shaking, his face flushed. The men pushed him back to the bed and ran their hands over him in long, teasing strokes.

*Do him!* I wanted to cheer. He deserved it. Their fingers found his erection and sac, all slick from pre-cum. He kept his eyes on me as hands cupped his shaft and choked it with firm fists. His legs spread wide and he bent his knees, drawing them close to his body to show me the entrance to his ass. It glistened from the lube. I wanted to crawl up there with them and put my tongue to the hole.

His feet fell back down to the bed, his chest rising and falling faster now. I waited for the rope of white that would erupt any second and leaned forward in my chair to see. The movement put a delicious pressure on my engorged dick, so I leaned a little farther. Devon's hands reached for his hard-on, but a man caught them and held them over his head. Trapped, we were, with only his release in sight. The lack of control made me heady. Then at last he squirmed, his heels digging into the quilt as the tip of his penis gushed with cum.

The captain gathered the semen and spread it over Devon's abs almost tenderly. After a minute of silence the tenderness was gone, quickly replaced by with gruff authority as Hook barked out, "Get him dressed, boys."

They shoved an exhausted Dev into his garb then grabbed me and loosened my ropes. "My turn?" I asked. A guy could wish...

"No such luck, lad. You'll be walking the plank."

They pushed us from the room and out into the hall. Back up on deck, true to his word, the captain poked us in the butts with a plastic sword and we dropped into the shallow river below. Dev lifted his shirt and rinsed his sticky stomach. Then I caught him in my arms and kissed his cheek, wet from the briny water.

“I take it you guys know each other?” I asked, in between kisses.

Devon’s grin was damning. “We all belong to that pirate reenactment group I joined a while back,” he said.

“Ah.” What do you say to that? “Naughty bastards, indeed,” was all I could think of as the ship headed back to the other side of the park. The guys were waving. We waved as well, then clambered onto the riverbank to make our way back to the festivities.

“Did you enjoy it?” he asked.

“Fuck, yeah.” I reached for his hand. “But the important question is did you?”

“It felt kinda weird at first, then, well... Yeah, I liked it.” He gave my fingers a tiny squeeze to reassure me, then added softly, “There’s a Blackbeard festival down in North Carolina next month. If you’re interested, that is.”

We were in the woods now. I let go of his hand and pushed him back against the nearest tree. I kissed him on the mouth, roughly at first—I was that wound up—our teeth collided and tongues plunging deep. I wanted to make it clear no matter who we played with in the future, if we played at all, that he belonged to me.

I softened the kiss and let it linger—let it draw out into something gentle and special, as if marking the occasion. What he’d done for me was no little thing.

His fingers undid my lacings and pulled out my still rigid cock. I backed up from the tree to give him space to kneel, and when he took me into his hot mouth I lost myself, the sounds of birds and rowdy pirates in the park beyond fading into silence. He sucked me in deeper, his tongue rolling over my head until I was ready to fill his throat. But he stopped moving and let off me with a pop.

“So you’ll go?”

I grabbed his ears and held him there while I guided my erection back between his lips.

“Yeah, I’ll go.” What else could I say after his generous surprise and with me so close to exploding?

He popped off again and smiled. “I think you’re going to like this pirate stuff.”

I held his whole head this time and pumped into his face so hard I touched throat.

“Devon, my love, I think I already do.”

## Connection

By Sasha White

As a go-go dancer at a busy club, I get hit on a lot. Young guys, old guys, ugly guys and gorgeous guys. You'd think they'd hit on the strippers that worked the main stage, but it seems those that only tease and don't show everything *are* more attractive to the men. I don't make as much money as the strippers do, but it's enough. Anyway, I rarely take anyone up on it because it takes more than a pretty face, or even a big tip, to keep my attention.

Carter managed to do it though.

He'd been dropping into the club every once in a while since I started working there six months ago. He always came in alone and I would feel the weight of his eyes on me as he sat at the bar and nursed a pint or two before quietly paying his bill and leaving. At first, I tried to flirt with him, to get him to come over to me. But I never got much of a response, and he never stepped up to any of the platforms, so I backed off and tried to forget about him.

Carter's not ugly, but he was by no means the best-looking guy I'd ever seen either. He was just your average Joe that came in for the occasional drink. Except there was something about him that called to me.

Something about the look in his eyes when he watched me, when I shook my booty for him, made my heart pound in my chest and my nipples stand at attention. So one quiet night, after I'd basically given up on him, he finally came over and asked me out for a drink. And I, of course, jumped at the chance to get him alone.

The night I was meeting him for drinks, I took special care with my preparations. A long hot shower was just the start. I shaved everything. I mean *everything*. My underarms, my legs, and my pussy were all shaved completely bare. I shampooed and deep conditioned my hair, and while the conditioner worked its magic I aimed the showerhead between my thighs, and gave myself a fast, intense orgasm.

It was a smart move. I needed to take the edge off my excitement or I might really embarrass myself in front of Carter.

The pampering continued until there was no doubt in my mind that I was completely sexy and desirable. I picked out an outfit that I thought would encourage my quiet date without being too trashy, called a cab, and tried not to think too much during the short ride to the pub.

The Zodiac was a neighborhood pub, full of the familiar sounds and smells that most drinking establishments have, and I was immediately comfortable when I entered the dim room. Carter was already there, in a booth near the back of the room.

“Hi there,” I greeted him as I slid my bottom across the vinyl bench.

“Elise, I’m glad you could make it.” His deep voice rolled over me, and tiny bumps jumped out on my skin. Why does he affect me so strongly? It was as if my body already knew him.

Unable to stop myself I skimmed my own hands up and down my arms, needing to feel skin touching skin. With what I hoped was a sultry smile, I leaned back in my seat and tried to concentrate on having a normal conversation.

Soon, I was engrossed in our discussion about traveling and what being alone in a foreign country could teach a person. Conversation turned to how people kid themselves about who, and what, they were and about what really made them happy.

“Knowing oneself is essential to finding true happiness,” Carter said.

As open and honest as our conversation was, I felt as if he was hinting at something I wasn’t quit grasping. Not wanting to seem like the dim dancer with no brains, I just changed the subject. Lightened things up.

“So...why did you wait so long to ask me out?” The question came out sounding very blunt, and not at all like the flirtatious query I’d intended it to be. My cheeks heated and sent hot blood humming through my veins.

Carter’s full lips titled into a sly smile, as if he could read my mind. It was almost as if he knew all my innermost secrets and desires, and was just waiting for me to realize it.

My impatient nature got the best of me, and I gave up on pretending to want anything other than the hidden promises I saw in his dark gaze. After taking a deep breath I invited him back to my place for another drink.



Carter quickly agreed.

He may have seemed quiet and mild-mannered when we were in the pub, but the minute we entered my apartment his whole demeanor changed. He took charge immediately. He pulled me to him and kissed me so passionately I practically crawled up his body in an effort to pull his clothes off.

Large masculine hands ran over my body, palming my ass and pulling me tight against him to feel his erection press into my belly. While I rubbed against him wantonly, he skimmed his hands up my back and around to my breasts, where he cupped their heaviness and pinched my pointed nipples through my shirt.

Suddenly, he gripped my hips, spun me around, and bent me over the couch.

“Such a wonderful ass you have,” he said as he lifted my skirt up and smoothed his hand over my rounded ass cheeks lovingly.

With one sure, swift motion he had my panties down around my ankles, and I kicked them away. I was so hot already that all I did was brace myself against the sofa, and spread my thighs in invitation for a good fucking. But Carter ignored my silent invitation and continued to firmly stroke his callused hand in ever-widening circles over my ass until I whimpered. I tilted my hips, brazenly trying to get him to slide a finger between my thighs, or better yet, his cock.

“What do you say?” he asked me in a strong voice.

I hesitated briefly but I couldn't contain my lust and the words spilled eagerly from my lips. “Fuck me.”

His hand lifted away from me and came down sharply on my right cheek. I jumped in surprise and looked over my shoulder at him. “What the hell was that for?”

Then I saw the glint in his eyes and my pussy clenched greedily. He was silent as he rubbed his hand smoothly over my cheeks again before slipping his finger between my thighs and discovering how wet I was. His fingers delved into me and teased my pussy for a few minutes before he pulled out. He gripped my hips with both hands and slipped his cock into my hungry cunt.

He pumped into me hard and fast while I squealed in pleasure. After the first few strokes, one of his hands left its home on my hip, I felt a sharp sting on my ass cheek and a loud slap echoed in the room.

The slap didn't really hurt, and his cock was still pumping into me, so I just arched my back and moaned in pleasure like a slut. This multi-tasking approach surprised me but not in an unpleasant way. As long as he kept thrusting his hard cock in and out of my pussy, I was in heaven.

The slapping continued as he fucked me and soon I wanted more. Blood rushed to my bottom and everything tingled delightfully, making all my reservations disappear.

It felt so good, so why not go with it?

Every few strokes Carter lifted his hand, slapped me briskly on the ass, and another cry of pleasure would leap from my lips. My ass was on fire. My inner walls clenched hungrily around him. And every time the flat of his hand landed heavily on my bare cheek, a thrill shot through me.

Soon, my tummy tightened and my cunt followed suit as I came. Every muscle in my body tensed as my insides milked the throbbing shaft buried deep inside me.

We crawled into bed and had sex again. This time it was in the modified missionary position with my knees up against my chest and him so deep inside me I swear he was tapping on my womb. After a screaming orgasm we cuddled up and prepared to sleep.

I lay beside him and my thoughts turned to stories I'd heard about people enjoying spanking as a form of foreplay, or as a sex act in itself. There had been something different about the way Carter had watched me, and that something was the reason I'd agreed to go for drinks with him. The second bout of sex was good, but I decided then that I wanted more of that crazy bad girl feeling I got when he was slapping my ass and fucking me from behind. I didn't say anything to Carter but as I drifted towards sleep my imagination gave birth to a wonderfully naughty idea.

Excellent.

Since Carter had the typical Monday-to-Friday day job he'd left my bed early, while I was still sleeping. I wasn't expecting him to come into the bar to see me again that night after

working all day, so it was a nice surprise when he walked in and pulled up a stool at the bar. I kept working, and shook my ass naughtily whenever I felt his eyes on me.

As soon as the song ended I took a quick break and went over to him. “Hi,” I said, fighting the urge to blush.

“Hello, Elise.” He leaned over and pressed a light kiss to my lips.

I could tell by looking at him that he was tired but his intense gaze, combined with his comfortable manner, made me confident that he didn’t regret our all-nighter. We chatted for a bit, me leaning against the bar, and getting closer to him. It was an erotic tease to be so close to him, yet to not be able to touch him.

“Times up,” I muttered, seeing one of the other girls signal the time. I nibbled on my bottom lip for just a second before I pressed between his knees and put my face close to his. “Tomorrow is my night off. Would you like to come over for dinner?”

Heat flared in the depths of his eyes and his thighs tensed beneath my hands. Our connection was solid. Just like that he knew I had something more than cooking for him in mind. And he knew it wasn’t just getting naked.

The night passed uneventfully after he left. The whole time I danced, and other men tried to pick me up, my mind was full of Carter. Plans and ideas swirled around in my head on how to let Carter know I wanted to explore the unique hunger he’d stirred to life inside me.

The next afternoon I made a special trip to the adults-only shop downtown, and picked up a few things to help me out. I rushed home and put together a cheese and fruit tray before jumping into the shower. Washed and shaved, I stepped out to smooth scented lotion all over my body, and dressed in a skimpy pair of black, stretch lace panties, a slinky black wraparound dress, and four-inch fuck-me heels.

The doorbell rang just as I finished lighting the candles I’d set out around my bedroom.

Like I said before, Carter wasn’t what I would normally describe as a good-looking man but when he stepped into my apartment that night he looked so yummy, I creamed in my panties.

“Everything’s ready,” I said as I stood back from the open doorway and let him enter the room.

There was a glint of appreciation in his eyes as he pulled me to him for a hard and fast kiss. Then he glanced around the apartment before quirking an eyebrow at me. It was obvious I hadn't been cooking dinner. "Everything's ready?"

With a sassy wink I took his hand and led him into my bedroom. Once in the center of the room, I turned to gauge his reaction as he looked around the room.

It was dim and shadowy with the lights off, but enough candles spread about that only the corners of the room were completely dark. Carter took in the set up, the fruit and cheese tray on the dresser next to a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses, the candles, the toys on the bedside table.

He eyed the flogger and the paddle for a moment, and when he looked back at me his lips were twisted into a small smile and he had the wicked glint in his eyes that had attracted me to him in the first place.

Unable to resist the yearning building inside me, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. Food was forgotten as our tongues touched and our breathing became labored. I slipped my hands between us, cupped his hard-on through his pants, and sighed into his mouth. Strong fingers encircled my wrist, pulling my hand away from his dick as he stepped back. I looked into his face and an uncharacteristic thrill rippled through my body.

"You're a bad girl," he said sternly.

I looked up at him and licked my lips teasingly. "Uh huh." I tried to reach for his cock again, but he had a good hold on my wrist and was completely in charge now.

He stepped further away from me, crossed his arms over his chest and said one word. "Strip."

I untied the string at my waist and opened the dress so he could see that all I had on underneath were panties. The dress slid down my arms and dropped to the floor, leaving me standing in the candlelight in only my high heels and a scrap of black lace.

"You are *such* a bad girl." Carter smiled at me. "You need to be punished for teasing me and dressing like such a slut."

Arousal swamped me at his words. I'd never realized just how badly I'd wanted a man to take control of me. Not 24/7, I would never be able to handle that...but having a man take control of my body, for just a short period of time, was such a pure release.

I wanted to be a slut for him. I wanted to suck his cock, to let him fuck me any way he wanted. He could see that in me. That was why I'd been attracted to him from the first, and because he could see that in me, he knew I needed to be punished for my naughty thoughts and desires.

Carter pulled the straight-back chair away from the desk in the corner and set it in the middle of the room. Sitting on it he motioned to his lap and said, "Assume the position."

I clumsily laid myself over his lap, his erection pressing into my belly through his jeans. A firm hand smoothed over my ass, fingertips tickling the sensitive skin at the bottom of my cheeks where the lace stopped and bare skin began. My head dropped forward, my long curls creating a curtain, cutting off my view of the room. Bracing my hands on the floor above me, I closed my eyes and spread my feet a bit further apart.

Arching my back, I felt the stretch lace of my panties rub against my hairless pussy lips and my juices gushed some more. If Carter dipped his finger just a bit lower he'd feel just how turned on I was already. His hand left my ass, and I held my breath as I heard him pick one of the toys up from the bedside table.

"This is a very nice toy, my dear," he said as he placed the palm of one hand in the middle of my back.

Which one was it? What was he going to use first? Something tickled across my half-bare ass cheeks and I gasped at the sensation. It was the flogger!

"But I don't like toys. I like to use my hands." Smack!

A sharp slap landed on my ass.

"This is for not cooking me a proper meal like you promised." Smack! "And this is for not telling me before how badly you needed to be punished. You must always tell me what you want. If you ask nicely, you just might get it."

More slaps were quick to follow and soon there was no denying that getting spanked turned me on more than ever before. I squirmed in Carter's lap, pressing myself against him, rubbing

against his hard-on, and spreading my thighs in blatant invitation to be touched. Carter's slaps softened a bit and lowered so that his hand was landing on the under-curve of my cheeks and his fingertips were landing on my swollen pussy-lips. Then his hand stilled on the curve of my ass, and a finger slipped under the lace to test my wetness.

"Oh yeah!" I sighed with pleasure.

Taking the hint, Carter thrust his finger deeper inside me briefly before pulling it out and lifting me off his lap. His hands worked his zipper before he lifted his hips and slid his pants down enough to free his throbbing cock. I licked my lips as I watched him and I dropped to my knees in front of him.

"Not this time," he said and pulled me up to straddle him. Shoving aside the crotch of my panties, he thrust deep and true.

With him in the chair, and my feet reaching the floor, I rocked my hips and rode him smoothly...easily rising and falling so that his cock pulled out, then thrust in deeply each and every time. My nails dug into his shoulders when his hands cupped my tits and he pinched my nipples. My startled cry of pleasure echoed through the empty room until it was cut off by Carter's mouth slanting across my own.

Our tongues dueled and our teeth clashed in a decadently carnal kiss. My sensitized ass cheeks brushed against the gathered denim across his thighs and the pleasure/pain mix had my orgasm approaching fast. I picked up the pace, riding him hard and fast in an almost uncontrollable race to the finish line. He ripped his mouth from mine and a completely male groan of satisfaction echoed in my ears as his hot come flooded my cunt and pushed me over the edge. Every muscle in my body tightened and my inner walls clenched, milking every last drop from him.

We sat like that for a few minutes, catching our breath. Soon Carter stood and carried me to the bed. He dropped me on it, shucked his own clothes, and crawled onto the soft mattress next to me. We drank the wine, munched on cheese and fruit, and grinned at each other stupidly.

We'd uncovered a connection that went beyond how we looked, to how we felt, and who we truly were. A connection that let us be ourselves, with no pretenses.

I was holding a juicy piece of fruit to his lips when I saw Carter eyeing the flogger and the paddle. I knew then that Carter and I were just starting on the path to more adventurous things.

## Shadows Blending

By S. Desires

The room was dark, stifling—the air pungent. The smell of sex shamelessly wafted all around me, cloaking me in its thick, seedy web. I clutched my purse tightly against my chest, my fingers digging into the soft leather as if it were a lifeline—my last real connection to the outside world.

I knew what happened here. In this room. In the dark.

I closed my eyes tight, and a chill danced up my spine as visions flashed behind my closed lids. My lashes fluttered once...twice...and a helpless groan escaped through my partially closed lips as the chill was quickly replaced by long-repressed excitement.

Yes, I knew what happened here. In this room. In the dark. And I wanted it.

The door I'd just come through creaked and then closed with an audible click, intensifying the darkness. Panic crept in on me, raising my flesh, like a million tiny pinpricks skittering across my skin. My breath huffed out in choppy pants. My insides knotted with fear, shamelessly coated by a filmy sensation of lust. Something brushed the silky smooth column of my neck and my heart bucked like a raging bronco in my chest.

I gasped, my lips trembling open, words hanging like lead on my tongue but a long, slim finger stopped them from pouring out.

“Shhh. Don't speak.”

The callused finger that had silenced me slid down and gently tugged at my bottom lip before breaking contact. Hot breath feathered across the sensitive skin of my earlobe and I moaned, the guttural sound scraping past my throat. My head fell back in abandon, landing against the solid wall of a male chest. My purse slipped from my suddenly boneless fingers and landed on the floor with a resounding thud. The sound reverberated through my head, a final



warning, but the breath fluttering across my neck was too intoxicating for the warning to take root.

Strong hands came up to grasp my hips, holding me still as his tongue trailed along the line of my ear, from bottom to top and back down again before teeth sank into the fleshy lobe. The sensations were too much and my feminine walls contracted into a tight ball of need.

“Please—” I ground out, my voice harsh with desire.

“Mmm, you want more?” he teased.

“Yes. God, yes. Please.”

“Maybe.” He laughed and bit down hard on my lobe before backing away.

I felt wanton, the need to beg this stranger for something, anything was like a pounding in my blood, in my loins.

“Wait. Please.” I paused for breath. “I need—”

“What? What do you need?”

*You. In me. Now.*

“Please, I just...”

He laughed again and the rich sound sent chills dancing up my spine. “You don’t know what you need, do you, baby?”

“I—”

“Shhh.”

He spun me around, a slow twirl of trembling delight, and moved into me, pressed against me—sex to sex—and the finger went back over my lips. The heat from his body burned through the barrier of clothes separating us and he undulated his hips, rubbing the length of his cock against my pelvic bone. I had to bite down on my lip to stop the groan that clawed to break free.

He was hard as stone and the thought of his thick cock piercing me had my pussy clenching in reckless delight. His hand came up to grab mine and he worked it between us, placing it over his naked cock. His hands slid from my hips to grasp my ass and he jerked my hips forward, trapping my hand against his cock.

His hips pistoned up, down, up, down...the pre-come seeping from the eye of his cock causing him to slide unheeded against my palm, “This what you need?”

*Oh, yes.*

“Yes...yes.”

The hands grasping my ass tightened, the tips of his fingers digging into the sensitive flesh as he lifted me. I pulled my hand out from between us, my arms looping around his neck as my legs circled his waist. My skirt slid up to bunch messily around my waist, but I was beyond caring.

The coolness from the wall seeped through the thin material of my shirt as he pressed me against it. He thrust his hips forward and his rigid cock pressed teasingly against the wet patch of silk shielding my sex.

“This what you want?”

“Please...”

He pressed into me an inch...two...the wisp of silk curving around the bulbous head as my pussy grasped at his cock greedily.

“Oh God...”

He pulled back and I groaned at the loss. “You want more?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me.”

“More...I want more.”

“How much?”

“All... I want all of it...inside me...now...please...fuck me... I need you to fuck me.” I chanted it, a siren song tumbling from lips.

He shoved his hand between our bodies, pushing the thin piece of silk to the side and pushed forward, the silky tip of his cock piercing me...taking me...branding me. My walls closed around him, encasing him, pulling him deeper into my body.

“Fuck, you’re so tight...so wet...so hot...”

His words were like silk fluttering against my neck and God, it felt so good. I tightened my legs around his waist and lifted my hips, thrusting against him as we worked to match our rhythm. Our pelvises clashed—over and over again—the friction against my clit sending jolts of pleasure radiating from tip to toe.

The pressure built degree by agonizing degree until my body was ready to disintegrate into a million particles of shimmering dust, “Come... I’m going to come.”

“Oh yes, baby, that’s it—come for me. I want to feel you come.”

And I did.

My walls clamped down around his cock—a hot, wet, velvet fist—milking him to completion.

## The Bridge

By J.J. Massa

*Thom: Tell me*

*Joclyn: I hardly know you.*

*Thom: You've seen my picture, heard my voice. Told me secrets...*

And she had. She'd seen his picture—auburn hair, almost red. Play-with-me blue eyes, twinkling with mystery, dare. The picture he'd sent showed him leaning back against the body of a happy woman, her arms wrapped around him, delight on her face. A sister? A lover? Wife? He'd been married. Said he wasn't now. And given the random hours they called one another, she believed him.

It didn't matter, Joclyn did know what he looked like. She'd heard his voice. It was deep, southern, with just a hint of somewhere else...elocution lessons maybe. He was an actor, a performer of some kind. They'd emailed, instant messaged each other, talked on the phone...

Was she really considering this? It *was* her fantasy. She'd never get another, better chance. Something like this involved a little risk, or it wouldn't really be living out her fantasy, would it?

Sex with a stranger in a crowded, very public place, and she knew where—even knew when.

*Joclyn: Yes*

*Thom: You know the details then. I'll be there.*

And that had been that. Thom had signed off. So had she.



The crowd ebbed and flowed around her, but Joclyn had gotten there early, claiming her spot. She leaned on the stone side of the bridge, watching the water. In a short time, a regatta of decorated boats would sail past, one after the other for almost an hour.

Her cropped top was loose, thick, hiding the fact that she wore no bra underneath. Likewise, her skirt was just past knee-length, a thick linen and silk blend. It was easily bunched, but would still hang on either side. She wore nothing under it should a daring stranger lift the skirt.

Every year for the last five, Joclyn had planted herself in this very same spot. In fact, she'd worn almost the same outfit for the last three years. Each year, she'd added a little bit to her fantasy, wishing someone would come up behind her, lift her skirt, touch her, stroke her.

Today, someone would. Soon. Even though she'd never met Thom, she trusted him. He knew her thoughts, her feelings. He knew intimately how naughty she was, how she craved the touch of a stranger right out in public. Thom wasn't a stranger really, but then again he was. Today would be the first time he touched her—the first time he stroked her—the first time he fucked her...

She felt the heat gathering between her legs and shifted. The ache low in her belly, the moisture dripping between her labial folds, if this didn't happen soon, Joclyn was sure she'd melt in the building heat.

People pushed at her from either side, even the back, though none stopped against her as she assumed Thom would. She felt like screaming. The boats would be here soon and the bridge was nearly standing room only. What if he didn't show?

"Doubting me already, my dear?" a deep vibrating voice purred in her ear. Long fingers, thin, sexy, capable, teased her rib cage before moving up to cup a breast. Already tingling, she felt her nipple pebble against the palm of his hand. "Good girl," he praised, nipping at her earlobe.

"I-I didn't see you," she croaked, wanting to look around, but not daring to. She knew it was Thom, she recognized the voice of the man she'd shared her naughtiest fantasies with.

He moved in closer, his erect cock fitting snugly between her nether cheeks as he switched hands. Now his right hand cupped her other breast while his left teased at the hem of her skirt.

Thom was taller than she was and that had worried her. Even leaning over the edge of the stone bridge might not lift her up enough for him to be...comfortable.

At home, while she'd still been fretting about the logistics of this little adventure, Joclyn had frantically rifled through pair after pair of shoes at the back of her closet, many barely worn.

Eventually, she'd found some wide, cork-soled wedges with two inch lift and plenty of support. If all went as planned, she'd need firm support on her feet. At the time, Joclyn had been very proud of her logic.

Now, with one of his hands searching through her damp curls for her clit, all Joclyn could do was spread her legs just a little, offering him better access. Logic didn't enter into the equation.

"Look how eager you are," he rumbled into her ear. "So wet. So ready." He bit down slightly at the muscle between her neck and shoulder, licking the brief hurt away with a flick of his tongue.

His fingers slid between her thighs, one slipping into her, drawing a heartfelt groan. Joclyn was beyond speech. How would she last until...she couldn't think that far ahead, not with what he was doing to her already.

"Joclyn." He pinched her clit, nearly making her knees buckle. But the tone of his voice had been urgent. He needed her to pay attention.

"Yes," she forced out. "What?"

The hand that wasn't between her legs appeared before her face, a foil square held between two fingers. "Open it and put it in my hand. I'll take it from there."

Oh, gah! They were going to do it. People all around them. Some were even talking to her, not that she had any idea what they were saying. Her heart pounded and the roar of blood racing through her veins was all she heard.

Somehow, her shaking fingers managed the square. She ripped a strip across the top and removed the flat, bumpy latex disk. Carefully, she placed it in his fingers, returning her nervous hands to the rough stone of the bridge where she would resume hanging on for dear life.

"Ready?" he murmured directly in her ear as both hands tickled at the back of her knees. The hem of her skirt rested on the tips of his fingers, taunting her with what she wanted. Despite everything, he was waiting for her okay.

She tried to speak, failed, tried again. "Yes," she managed, nodding once.

Joclyn felt the material lift, tickling the backs of her thighs, then a sense of cool behind her.

"Beautiful," he said, stroking one bare cheek. Anyone could be watching.

She felt him rustle behind her—too much noise on the bridge to hear anything really. She felt the hot flesh and warming rubber resting against her dripping sex. The wiry pubic hair brushed her sensitive skin and she could just imagine it. The tight curls would be rusty colored, lighter than his hair, but not brassy red—more of a russet.

A cheer rose from the crowd. The boats were coming into view. People jostled on either side, speaking, laughing, apologizing. Thom guided his thick and generous cock into her from behind, spreading her open, filling her.

“Oh, God, that feels good,” he groaned into her ear. His long arms stretched up, his hands covering hers as he threaded their fingers together, his front draped across her back as if trying to see the boats.

“Uh, yeah,” she choked. He was in her. “Good,” she tried to say.

“Mmm,” he moaned, still pressed against her, buried deep, her skirt hiding that important detail from any unlikely observers.

Joclyn turned a little, tilting her head back, looking at his face for the first time. His eyes were hot as they locked on hers, ready for anything, so very, very blue.

“Thom,” she rasped.

He leaned in, hands still linked, he kissed her roughly. “Yes?” he murmured against her lips.

“Fuck me. Hard.”

Another quick kiss and Thom wrapped one of their arms around her waist, holding the skirt against her hip.

His hips pulled back and he plunged, over, over again, shallow but steady. He kept her still, pinned to the stone wall of the bridge, somehow managing to pump in and out of her, long cock sliding back, pushing forward, stroking into her hungry sheath. Every time he pulled back, dark velvet need ached in her, and then he glided in again, so smooth, so hard, so right.

“Watch it, lady!” a stranger snapped from beside her.

Joclyn ignored him in favor of the climbing, clawing passion, spiraling up, up from her toes, her knees, her belly. Suddenly Thom was jerking behind her, against her, in her. The fingers of one hand pinched at her swollen folds and she twisted around, the effort of holding back almost agony.

Thom bit at her lips, covering her mouth as she screamed her release into his mouth. And she did scream. If not for the gleeful shouts of the crowd around her, even he couldn't have smothered the sound of her climax.

Slowly, carefully, she felt him pull out, his softening cock relinquishing the condom with a squishy gush. He adjusted her skirt, and certainly his pants, with one hand. The other was still holding hers, fingers still woven together on the ledge of the bridge wall.

They stood there quietly, resting in the center of the jubilant crowd, gathering strength.

“What do you want to do now?” she asked, knowing he could hear her. His face was still next to hers, her back pressed to his front.

“We should each go home,” he said after a minute. “You to yours, me to mine.” She waited, unsure. “After a nap, let's meet online and talk about this.”

Joclyn smiled to herself. “That's good. I like that,” she agreed, angling her head back for a last look at his eyes. Definitely playroom, little boy bad, mischief never far from the blue twinkle she saw there.

“While you're lying there, see if you can think up another fantasy.” He grinned.

He tapped her rear one time and was gone. Joclyn stayed a while longer, watching the boats sail by, under the bridge. In a few minutes, she'd do just what Thom had suggested. She'd go home, lie down, think about this fantasy, and plan the next one. For now, she was going to lean on the bridge and enjoy the moment.



## Teasing the Senses

By S. Desires

The room is undeniably tacky—the heart-shaped bed clothed in red stain, the mountain of fussy pillows and the ever popular mirrored ceiling. But what else could I expect from a low-end honeymoon suite decidedly *off* the Vegas strip?

This trip to Vegas was mere parody. There's no quickie wedding in the works. What's in the works is my devious plan to get you naked and under me and completely at my will.

And I do believe I have succeeded. Now it's time to play.

You're sitting in the middle of the bed, with me sitting on your lap so we're facing each other. The makeshift blindfold covering your eyes prevents you from seeing me, though, and only your sense of touch is left to guide you.

"God, you're so wet. I want—"

I press my fingers firmly against your lips, silencing you. I don't want words right now, only feelings.

My legs are wrapped loosely around your waist and your cock is nestled comfortably between us. Having you, hot and irresistibly hard, pressed between the soft lips of my pussy is the ultimate turn on. You have no idea how bad I want to lift my hips, slide down and take you into me. But I fight the urge because there's more, so much more that I want to do to you first. And you know it.

You scrunch up your nose a bit to try and dislodge the blindfold, but I reach up to hold it in place. "Uh, uh. No touching. I want to play a game."

"A game?"

"Mm, yes. A game."

"What kind of—"

"Shhh, no talking." I run my tongue over the line of your jaw before moving down to trace lazy patterns across your neck. "Just let me play."

I scoot back a bit to grab the bowl of fruit off the room service cart next to the bed. I place it beside me before moving back in to settle myself between your thighs again.

“What—”

“Quiet.” I rub my thumb lightly across your lips, “I just want to test your sense of taste. Okay?”

“My—”

I incline my head and rub my lips against yours, opening my mouth to gently cover yours. There is something between my teeth and I trail it over your lips, teasing them open. You open your mouth and I softly push it in, pressing it against your tongue with my own. The sweet, slightly tangy juice trickles out as I wrap my tongue around yours and trap the sweet fruit between us.

I pull back a little and drag my tongue over your bottom lip, “What was it?”

“Strawberry.”

“Mmm. Taste good?”

“Yes.”

I repeat the process with an assortment of fruits...cherries and blueberries and pineapples and oranges, their unique tastes deliciously mingling with our own.

When I’m finished teasing your sense of taste, I push you onto your back and slowly slide up until I’m astride you. My knees dig into your hips as I reach over to clutch the bowl of chocolate sauce and you try to sit up, but I push you back down.

“No. I’m not finished.”

I spread the thick and gooey substance across your chest and around your nipples. I lean in to you, my breath fluttering against your skin, and drag my tongue across your nipple, coating it with the sticky substance. I begin to methodically work my tongue over your chest, thoroughly cleaning you as I make my way down across your stomach. I stop briefly to swirl my tongue teasingly around your navel before I continue down your body.

Stopping when I reach your cock, I dip down and flick the head with the very tip of my tongue. A small bead of pre-come clings and I press it greedily against the roof of my mouth, savoring the taste. Your taste.

“Mmm. Baby, you taste so good.”

I reach over and coat my hand in the sticky substance and, tightly grasping your cock, I trail my sticky palm up and down the length of your shaft. When your cock is liberally coated, I glide my tongue over you from base to tip before sliding down to take you fully into my mouth. You arch your hips, pressing yourself deeper into my mouth and I can't help but moan. The sound vibrates against your cock and your moan echoes mine.

I'm working you with my mouth now, alternating between light playful flicks, long wide strokes and deep sucking motions. Your hands work their way into my hair and you tug roughly, but I won't be deterred. My mouth is full of you and I want more. I pull back a bit and issue another order. “Come for me, baby. In my mouth. I want to taste you.”

I reach up and wrap my hand around the base of your shaft, lightly stroking while I continue to take you in and out of my mouth. My other hand moves down to your balls and I knead them in my tightly cupped palm.

“Fuck—”

You push your hips up against me and I tighten my lips around your shaft. I slide my mouth down to rest against my hand and your cock begins to jerk against my tongue as your come slowly floods my mouth. *Mmm*. When the spasms stop and your hips finally go lax, I nibble, suck and swirl my way up your cock. I stop to dip my tongue into the tiny eye on the tip of your cock. You taste so good and I want it all. Every salty drop.

Your hands clench and fist tightly in my hair as you give a gentle yet persistent tug. You urge me up the length of your body until our mouths are flush with each other. Your tongue stretches out to slide across my lips and dips in to press against mine. An all together different taste is trapped between us now.

Your cock is pressed intimately between us and I feel it harden against my thigh. And oh, how I want to feel you inside me. I bring my knees up until I'm straddling you and your cock is once again pressed between the soft lips of my pussy. Only this time I do lift my hips, slide down and take you into me. You reach for me, your hands finding mine and palm slides against palm. And with our fingers laced and our bodies joined, I begin my own journey toward bliss.

## Double Trouble

By Laura Bacchi

I spotted them immediately. Well, almost immediately. In this smoky dump of a bar, I first thought it was just one guy, one good-looking guy sitting next to a mirror on the wall. After I got a beer, I leaned against a barstool and watched them for a minute, not quite believing my luck. Me horny. Them twins.

It was too good to be true.

I didn't get horny much those days. The traveling took a lot out of me—every night I'd find a new town, a new lousy hotel and another hole in the wall dive to drown my sorrows in... Life on the run wasn't as much fun as it was cracked up to be. Plus, ever since I turned thirty-seven, my libido'd been down the toilet, flushed away like the marriage license I tore up into tiny pieces the year before. Since my asshole of an ex-husband, Brad, left, with all our money and then some, I'd made it my mission to avoid men all together. Hell, I'd even tossed my vibrator in the trash and kept my fantasies confined to things like million-dollar shopping sprees, slender thighs without having to work out, a home of my own again, that kind of stuff.

Except for twins. And, trust me, hot male identical twins were hard to find. Last month when I buzzed through Phoenix, the hotel next to mine was hosting a national twin convention. Lots of kids and families, twins marrying twins, that type of thing. A bunch of fraternal, too. No thrill there—in my mind, screwing fraternal was like doing it with any ordinary guy and his brother. I wanted the real thing: Two gorgeous men with the same eyes and hands, matching haircuts, mirror-image cocks...

I'm not sure how this particular obsession got started. Maybe I got off on the idea of twins because I was a Gemini, or perhaps it was the salt-and-pepper shakers my mom collected when I was a kid. Rows and rows of matching faces, the only difference being the number of holes on top and whether they were marked with an *s* or a *p*. "Look but don't touch," she'd say.

Tonight, I planned to do both.

I took another drink of my beer and reveled in the heat of their gazes on me for a few minutes. Then I headed their way, pulse picking up in excitement. I set my tallneck on their table and smiled. “Hi, guys.”

Two sets of deep brown eyes trailed over the low neckline of my blouse then down to my black leather miniskirt—and I do mean mini. Stilettos, no stockings. And, as they’d find out soon enough, no panties to get in their way. My intuition had been dead-on back at the hotel; I knew I’d get fucked and hopefully sucked while returning the favor in some kind of ménage à Mindy. I just didn’t know my dreams were set to come true for the whole enchilada—no closing my eyes while imagining the two men doing me were a perfectly matched pair, no keeping my hands to myself for fear of feeling out the differences.

They didn’t say a word as they stood. I started to lose my nerve. Would I be disappointed once I got my wish? My feet shifted on the beat-up hardwood floor as my teeth found my lip. I nibbled. They smiled.

I held out my hand and yelled my name over the twang of crappy music playing on the speakers overhead. “Mindy,” I told them. “Care to show an out-of-towner a good time?”

The one on the right elbowed his brother. “See if Jim’ll let us use the private room.”

I liked the sound of that. While he went for an answer, I took a good look at the one left behind. He was big but not too bulky—muscles in all the right places, a waist I could wrap my legs around as we fucked... I’d hook ’em there tight and hold on for the ride. And he had shoulders made for squeezing while he pumped into me hard. My cunt tensed in anticipation.

“You play pool?” he asked.

“I do tonight.”

His smile, now wide and wicked, told me he knew I was game. And not just for pool.

The other brother—Zack, I soon learned—passed us and unlocked a door by the jukebox. We followed him in, Zeke and I, and I had to stifle a giggle at the names. Zack locked the door behind us and grabbed a pool stick. Zeke did the same.

“Why don’t you rack ’em up, babe?”

Zack—or was it Zeke?—handed me the triangle and I bent down to retrieve the balls. A pair of identical whistles, long and low, left both their lips when I did. Then I felt the sticks, feather-light and climbing, go up my thighs higher and higher until the part of my ass covered by the skirt became visible to their eyes. I leaned onto the worn green felt and spread my legs.

“Naked as a cue ball,” one of them whispered. The two sticks ran across my ass and over to my bald pussy. Twin tips traced along the curves of my inner lips, teasing them gently before pulling them wide apart. I thought of them looking at me, at how wet I was. One stick edged over to my clit and gave it a nudge. I nearly lost it right there, but both sticks quickly dropped away.

I turned around. “You don’t have to stop.”

“We got the room for an hour. Longer, if we want.” Zeke grinned. “You in a hurry?”

“No,” I lied. Hell, I was always in a hurry, always looking over my shoulder for someone staring a little too hard, too long. But if they wanted to take it slow, I’d follow their lead, give them something to laugh at as I took half-assed shots and scratched every chance I got.

Zeke broke but missed his next shot. I found a stick and bent down to take aim. Zack stepped behind me.

“No, baby. Here’s how you do it.” He leaned over me and helped position my hands. My mind was a blur as he pushed his groin into my ass. “Relax,” he whispered.

How could I when he was so close? The smell of him, the feel of his weight against my back, his brother’s eyes exploring the wide-open gap down the front of my blouse...

Zack worked the stick back and forth through my fingers. “You make this shot, I take off my shirt.”

“And if I miss?”

“You lose yours.”

He let go and I took aim, easing the stick close enough to kiss the cue ball dead-center and leave a blue dusting of chalk. His fingers swept over my hip then down past the hem of my skirt. I caught my breath and waited for him to stop touching me or at least hold still.

He did, so I pulled the stick back. His knuckles grazed the back of my thigh and rose to brush over the moist center of my naked cunt.

“That’s cheating.”

He didn't deny it. He didn't say a damn thing, but his finger sank deep between my drenched lips and rocked into me as I took my best shot. And missed.

His finger slid out. I let my stick roll onto the table as his hands came into view. I wondered what those strong, callused hands did for a living while they unbuttoned my blouse and tossed it to the floor. The cold air made me quiver. I wrapped my arms across my chest for warmth, or maybe to seem like less of a slut.

Zack pulled them away, exposing me again to his brother's hot eyes and his own as he looked down from where he nipped my shoulder. "Hold them behind your back." I locked my arms tight, fingers digging into my elbows so hard it hurt. "Yeah, like that."

I didn't move. I wanted to please him, to surrender to the sweet velvet of his voice. He picked up my stick, grabbed a cube of chalk and expertly worked it over the tip. When he was satisfied, he set it down on the table to fill his palm with my breast. My nipple was a perfect fit—he trapped it in the snug blue hole and twisted the cube while my legs turned liquid. The friction was almost more than I could handle, and I arched into his body as he chalked up the other one until the throbbing points on my chest grew too thick to force back into the cube. He left me there, burning and trembling, as he shimmied up my skirt to slip the stick against my damp pussy lips. The tip appeared from between my legs and he lined it up with the cue ball.

"Is this move legal?" I asked.

"If it feels good..." he slid the length of wood through the hot clutch of my cunt for to make his point, "...then probably not."

"Oh, it feels good," I whispered.

He chuckled. His head rested on my hip now, and he took his time, pushing the stick back and forth between my folds before sending the white ball into a red one. How he made that shot, I'll never know. But he missed his next, and his brother began his turn. Soon only the eight ball remained.

"You ever been behind the eight ball, Mindy?"

"Sure, Zeke. Hasn't everyone?"

He didn't reply and called the corner pocket. I walked to it, my hands still obediently in place, and ditched the heels on the way. Then I bent down to let the fringe covering the netting

tickle my mound. The pocket was already heavy with balls, and when the black one dropped inside, I rocked my pussy forward to feel the hard curves against my clit.

The men tossed their sticks onto the table. I jumped at the noise, then startled again as they came to me, two cats stalking prey. Zeke had me from behind, his nimble fingers seeking out the whole of each breast. Zack wedged his way between me and the table. He pushed my skirt down over my hips, down to the floor. Their hands were warm and greedy, their lips too, with a tongue on my own and another searing my neck. A finger at the front of me tunneled into my cunt, and was soon joined by another from behind. They hooked deep into me. Rubbed me just right. I lifted my leg onto the table's edge, opening up to their glorious probing, and they went deeper still. When a thumb brushed my clit, I came apart in their arms, shuddering between them as I moaned into Zack's mouth.

He left me limp in his brother's capable hands. I shivered without someone covering my front, but Zeke turned me to face him and backed me to the table. Then he placed me onto the short end of the thin, fading green and pressed me down to it. I shut my eyes against the light hanging close overhead as the sounds of zippers and hush of jeans over hips filled the room. The clank of billiard balls forced my eyes open again. I couldn't tell which twin was which now that they were naked, but one held the eight ball. He pressed it to my belly, rolling it downward with a firm, determined palm. The ball eased over my mound and lower, its coolness and pressure a shock against my clit.

He moved it up and down, then left and right until I clutched at the pockets on either side of my head. His brother retrieved his stick and placed the thick end at the mouth of my sex. I watched them both, and they watched me, as the stick pushed into my wet heat with a careful stroke.

"You like that?" one asked with a grin.

He had to know I did, but I whimpered my reply anyway. The stick bumped my G-spot, and I shifted my ass closer to the action, impaling the smooth wood as far as I could stand it. He fucked me with it carefully, and with a deliberate twist of his talented hands. He had me screaming in no time, the other brother's cue ball still rotating above my hole, a mouth now on



my right breast, sucking off the blue, then teeth and the rasp of a five-o'clock shadow across my nipple. I gave in to the sensations, the naughtiness of it all. I gave in to them.

The stick hit the floor, and they pulled my bottom to the table's edge. Each held a leg to spread me wide, then they were all fingers and tongues and cocks. They didn't fuck me—not yet, not until they flipped me over. Foil crinkled in stereo as fresh juice coated my pussy lips. I tilted my hips higher to offer them everything. And whoever went first worked in real slow, the tip of his cock grazing my wet lips, his leg hairs tickling my thighs as he found his stance behind me. His fingers held my ass cheeks apart while he sought entrance to my neglected cunt, and the brother waiting his turn threaded rough fingers into my freshly dyed hair. He made me face him, made me lick my lips wishing the nine thick inches peeking over the rails were in my parched mouth.

He stood staring at my blissful expression while his brother ground his bones into mine and hit bottom again and again. I savored the rush, the slow burn of being fucked by a stranger while I watched his clone watching me. His free hand danced down my back in a lazy line to find the rim of my asshole. He touched it and pressed into me, burrowing up to the first knuckle, then the next. His brother pounded harder, and the finger in my ass twisted against the rhythm building in my pussy. One man would fill me, the other pull out, until the balls pounding my clit sent me screaming once more over the edge.

The hand in my hair came down to cover my mouth. Both men laughed. “Shhh. Someone might call the cops,” one said.

“Jesus, I hope not,” I whispered. “They'd lock me up for sure.”

They chuckled, and I did, too. If they only knew how true that statement was...

The twin behind me got back to the business at hand. I felt him tense. He held my hips tighter and grunted his release, and I squeezed my pussy to drain every drop from his fading erection.

“My turn.”

The man at my side switched places with his brother and I waited for cock. I got tongue. A long, hot tongue, plunging into my slit and touching every pore. By the time it reached my clit, I was clawing my way up the felt, taking my bottom half up with me, one knee on the table then

the other. He never broke contact. He started to suck. My clit throbbed against the suction of his mouth, but he didn't let me come—when my legs began to tremble, he pulled away and gave my ass a playful tap.

“You're a greedy little thing.” His fingers taunted my aching nub, kneading it with precision to the point of release, then trailing off to pinch a lip or smack my ass again.

“Yes. Yes, I am.” I didn't deny it. I was greedy. It was the greed that made me not ask questions when Brad brought home diamonds and furs or rushed me off to Paris in a private jet. It was the same kind of selfishness that kept me on the run.

The twin yanked me back down and speared my cunt in one mind-bending stroke. “I'm gonna fuck the greed out of you. Hell, I'm even gonna fuck the color out of your hair.”

I went rigid on the table—I'd heard the expression before but something in the way he said it hit too close to home. My stomach lurched. New sweat gathered over my skin, and it wasn't from the fucking. He kept drilling away at my pussy, his thrusts rubbing my nipples raw against the patchy felt and the unyielding slate beneath. But I lost myself in the cadence of his hips and the soft liquid slap of his body into mine. Sex has a way of making you forget...

His pumping slowed and I watched his brother collect their things. I wondered if I could talk them into coming back to my motel—now that I'd finally lived my fantasy, I didn't want it to end. The cock inside me sank in one last time then eased out. It was over. I climbed down from the table to find my stuff and say my good-byes.

They dressed fast. “We could go back to my place,” I offered.

“We're kinda tired.”

“Yeah, we've been working hard all day,” the other added. His eyes stayed on mine as he said it. Like he was looking for something, some type of reaction.

“I understand.” Not really, but I pretended to anyway. “So what do you all do for a living?” Construction, I guessed. Especially with those gorgeous bodies. I felt the need to make conversation. To keep them lingering for a few minutes more.

Zeke fished out a business card from his back pocket and handed it to me. I read the card. My stomach lurched again, and this time I tasted bile.

*Double Trouble, Inc.*

*You jump bail,*

*We make your life hell.*

Then I swallowed—hard—and prayed they couldn't hear the sound. I also prayed they didn't know who I was, especially with the new dye job. I swooped down for my blouse on the floor, but the twin on the left was quicker. He held up the white silk like a flag of surrender and waved it around. They knew.

“We've been looking for you.”

I crossed my arms over my bare chest and debated whether I should make a run for it. Opening the door and fleeing naked through a crowded bar would only be one more act of humiliation in a long list of what I've been through. Frankly I was tired of running. I looked down. Let my arms drop to my sides in defeat. And strangely enough, I felt the weight lift from my chest and my spirit.

Still, I didn't want to go down without someone hearing my side of things.

“It wasn't my fault—” But the rest of the speech I had prepared for this day didn't come out. The words stayed caught in my throat, caught like me in the web of deceit Brad had spun during our last years together. Tears dribbled down my cheeks, but I quickly wiped them away. I didn't want either one of them to think I was playing the sympathy card. When I closed my eyes in shame, I heard their footsteps. I held out my hands and waited for the handcuffs. Instead, I got the brush of a thumb, two thumbs, across my cheeks. Then kisses in duplicate to my forehead.

“It's okay, hon. We just want your husband.” Another duo of kisses, this time in my hair. “We thought by finding you we could track him easier.”

“And then what?” *Then your ass goes to court. You get sentenced...*

“You come home and testify. The judge will work with you. Probation maybe, and a little time for skipping out.”

“And the money I owe for bail?”

They wrapped my blouse around me and helped me get my arms through. Then Zack buttoned me up. Zeke found my crumpled skirt. I stepped into it and let him dress me while picturing the orange jumpsuit I'd soon be wearing. God, I looked like shit in orange.

Their silence made me nervous. I didn't have the money. Well, some, but it was only enough to get me to the next town where I could pretend to have a life for a week then move on again.

"Don't worry about the money, Mindy." Zack grinned. So did Zeke.

"We thought maybe you could work off your debt while we track down your husband."

"Ex-husband," I corrected. "And how exactly would I be working off this debt?"

Zack looped a finger in my skirt and pulled me close. "Let's just say you made a nice down payment tonight."

"Plus you have to help us find Brad," Zeke added.

"Sounds like a plan." I reached for Zeke and opened for his mouth on mine. Then I thought of Brad, who never learned to kiss worth a damn, and hoped he was freezing his sorry balls off in Alaska like he said he'd be.

Zeke broke the kiss. "So let's say we go back to our hotel and get some rest. We'll be hitting the road early tomorrow."

Rest? With them? Not likely. "Okay."

Zack's dark brown eyes locked onto mine, all business. "And where will we be headed, Mindy?"

I opened my mouth to tell them, then thought of the fun we could have, just the three of us, as we screwed our way across the country in search of my bastard ex-husband. I put my arms around two identical necks and pulled them close.

"Mexico."

## After Class

By J.J. Massa

A lot of people have teacher fantasies. Guys as much as women tend to fixate on a hot teacher. It just stands to reason that gay guys fantasize about sexy male teachers.

My fantasy? Professor Edward Heade.

It's a terrible name, isn't it? I'm sure he was teased non-stop growing up. Maybe that's what makes him the way he is. He's got this "I'm-in-charge" thing going for him even though he never raises his voice. He doesn't have to.

Oh, man, sitting, watching him walk into the room, I'm getting chills. I can't help it. Something about him makes you want him to put you in your place—to sort you out. At least, that's how he makes *me* feel.

I don't actually have any classes with Professor Heade, so technically he's not my teacher. But here I am, in his class, listening to that rich, full, accented voice.

He's stalking around the room, his left hand above his head as he makes some point but I have no idea what he's talking about—and I don't really care. All I care about is the fire in his eyes and the way his nostrils flare as he drives his point home.

I'm on fire, sparks running up and down my spine, sweat collecting in the small of my back, my stomach tightening with want, need. I need those strong, slim fingers on my body. He is *so* fucking hot. Damn, I'm getting hard while this professor goes on about whatever—and I have absolutely no idea what he's talking about. How pathetic is that?

He's coming right toward me, a book in one hand and a note in the other. My heart is beating double-time and I don't know what to do.

"*Incolae autem erant miseri!* They were miserable!" His voice fills the room, ringing in the dead silence because everyone is just staring at him. "Why were they so unhappy? Come on, I know someone read their lessons."

Suddenly, my wood is wilting like warm rubber. I know everyone else is shifting in their seats, but I'm not. I'm frozen and staring at a plain white square of folded paper now in front of me—with my name written on it.

Shit. He knows who I am.

I shake myself loose and unfold the paper not hearing anything but the odd rushing noise in my head right now.

*This afternoon, my office, half five.*

Oh, five thirty, that's what he's saying. Double shit. He wants me in his office at five thirty. I can't *not* show up.

Now I feel a little sick. What's he going to do to me? I look up, his voice resonating around the room once again.

*"Qua angelus vereor calco."* Oh, hell, he's looking right at me. Smug bastard. "Where angels fear to tread."

Oh, shit.



"We have a problem, Mr. Miller," he tells me sternly. I nod—like I have some kind of clue. I wonder if he knows what he does to me.

He steps closer, practically in my face. "I can see that you aren't taking this very seriously." His voice is clipped, heat pouring off of him.

Damn, but I'm so hard.

"Professor..." I sound like a cricket. "Sir," I try a second time. "I meant no disrespect."

"What you meant and what you've achieved is not necessarily the same thing, in that case." His voice is killing me. It takes me way too long to untangle those words in my head. He steps closer and his voice drops a couple octaves. "You have another problem, though, don't you, Mr. Miller?"

That voice of his is too sexy. Can he tell that I've got a woody? I bet he can.

"Uh, yes, sir," I mumble, barely forcing the words out. But I'm not sure which problem he means. Right now, I've got several.

“You hope to graduate in a month, don’t you?” His voice is still silky smooth, emphasis on the first syllable and the vowels. I’m paying far too much attention to how he speaks. Not nearly enough to what he’s saying. “Whatever shall we do about that, Mr. Miller?”

He sounds almost affectionate. And I know he’s not really going to do anything to me. He’s just mad that I’ve been crashing his classes.

And then...*Hel-lo!*

He’s shifted from one leg to another and his thigh is pushing, just slightly, but still...*pushing* against my dick. For sure he knows I’m stone in there.

“Perhaps you could distract me from my anger, Mr. Miller,” he purrs. Oh, yeah, he’s killing me. “Lead me away from my self-righteous indignation.”

“Yeah, okay.”

His lips are right on my ear, stroking every time he speaks. “Tell me, Mr. Miller, what you think about while you watch me in class. What fantasies entertain you whilst I’m at the front of the class, lecturing my heart out?”

Aw, hell. I gotta close my eyes for this. I can’t look at those amazing green eyes and tell him...but I *have* to tell him something.

“You, me...your desk,” I choke out.

“This desk?” he asks.

“Yeah, sure.” *Any* desk for shit’s sake!

So he turns me to face the desk. “And then?” he murmurs. Right in my ear again, so smooth.

“You bend me over it,” I manage to say. It’s coming easier now. I’m getting into the fantasy, even though I still can’t believe that he’s here, into it himself.

He puts a hand on my waist and pushes down on my back. I bend over the desk and feel his hand stroke down, fingers trailing at the inseam between my cheeks, just past the pocket.

“This can’t be right. There must be more,” he observes, egging me on.

Is he teasing me? Sure. Do I mind? Not a damn bit.

“You...my pants. You push them down.” My arms are braced on the desk, my forehead resting on his blotter. I still can’t look at him.

“Hmm, that makes more sense,” he agrees. His hands tug at my waistband, the button of my jeans.

He gets them open, reaching in and cupping my aching cock through the briefs and shockingly, I don't come right then.

“Ahh,” I groan, trying to open my legs.

“Not yet,” he says, sounding distracted.

One finger is teasing at the inner thigh of my briefs, slipping under, stroking my balls. All bets are off and I'm whimpering now. *Whimpering*.

“So I take your pants down, like this?” he asks, pulling them down. He strokes over my ass cheeks and down my thighs. Feels so good. I can feel him behind me, too. Just standing there, his hands on me. “What do you fantasize next?” His voice is low, quiet.

“You touch me,” I whisper.

A stinging slap to the back of my thigh makes me jump. “Touch you how, Mr. Miller?” he asks sternly.

I'm practically sobbing now. I hadn't imagined him doing that, what an oversight!

“I'm gonna come.” I'm panting now, barely able to form coherent words

He steps back. “You are going to wait or I will *not* touch you again. Do you understand?” He's practically snarling. So fucking hot.

“Kay.” I'm sniveling, fighting for control. I can't let this end. Not now that we're right in the middle of it.

“What happens next, Mr. Miller?” His words are clipped and hard.

“You stroke me. My balls. My...hole.” I whisper that. Don't think I've ever said that out loud before but I'm dying here.

He moves forward again and his heat surrounds me. He puts his hands on my hips, pulling me back from the desk a little, so the tip of my cock is just barely touching the wood.

Lightly, his fingers ghost up my shaft, skimming, barely touching me. I'm biting my lip hard to keep from crying. Literally.

“You're leaking like a faucet,” he murmurs.



His hand slides down my cock again, just a little more firmly. I want to push against him, hump the desk, anything for friction. But I've been warned and I take no chances.

My legs are shackled at the ankles by the tangle of briefs and jeans bunched there and I can't spread open any wider to give him better access. He seems okay with that. He's got my balls in the palm of his hand, squeezing lightly. It feels so incredible and I'm cataloging rotational frequencies in my head—anything to keep from shooting my load all over the side of his desk.

“Hmmm, so now, I stroke your hole, is that the next move?”

“Please,” I beg.

I never thought I'd be here, bent over his desk, ass hanging open for whatever he wanted, begging him to stroke my hole. Part of me wonders if I'm in an alternate universe, and if I am...it's one I hope to live in from now on.

His fingers trail down, barely breaching my cleft. I push back, trying to get more contact.

“Ah, ah,” he chastens me. “I want your hands behind your back. Just so.” Almost gently, he pulls one hand and then the other around to the small of my back, one holding the other.

“Uh, yeah,” I say, ready to do anything. But then the logistics hit me...sorta. I'll have to brace myself with my shoulders and my face pretty much, just to keep from sliding around.

Fine. If that's what he wants, that's what I'll do. I shift a little, reaching back until I have both cheeks in my hand, holding them apart.

“Lovely,” he purrs, tickling at my cleft. And then his long finger strokes over me.

Tears are in my eyes now, with the effort of holding back. I want to come so bad. *So bad.*

“Please,” I beg. “Please...”

“Please what, Mr. Miller? What's next in your fantasy?”

I picture him behind me, eyebrow arched, inquiring expression on his face. My face must be bright red right now, but I'm beyond caring

“Uh, you, um, you fuck me,” I squeak. I'm really going to have to work on that.

“Really, Mr. Miller!” he explodes, landing a very hard, fiery slap to my left cheek, the burning sting warming my hole. “I just fuck you? That's the best you can do? I just ram my cock right up your arse?”

Before I can do more than sputter, he swats my other cheek every bit as hard as the first one. I bet I have matching handprints on my ass.

“I didn’t...I just...” What can I say? “No!” I wail. “I never thought it could happen. I didn’t think about the details.”

I can’t even believe I’m talking that much. I’ve never been harder in my life. Granted, I’m not that old, but you can’t convince me right now that I’ll *ever* be more turned on.

“Well, thank heavens *one* of us has some common sense,” he grumbles, stepping away from me and going around the desk.

His palm skims over his desk to the drawer and he pulls something out. I’m not sure exactly what, but I have an idea.

I’m standing there, eyes closed, breathing through my nose while he does whatever he wants. It sounds like he’s opening something. A bottle, maybe. But I’m a good boy, holding myself open like he said, and not moving.

Then, he’s back and finally I feel his warm, slippery fingers push against my exposed pucker. There, oh yeah, there it is. And he’s slipped one in, then two, stretching me, filling me, but not enough.

“Yeah,” I groan, “yeah, please,” I’m panting now. I need this so much. I’m so hard I ache.

There’s a rustling behind me, then heat and the brush of fabric at the back of my thighs. Suddenly everything is white hot sparks—he’s brushed my prostate. Before I can even shuffle, he’s grabbed my dick and clamped down at the base so I can’t come.

I’m too busy being bombarded by sensation to care. My strangled shout is muffled against his desk blotter and he slides right into me, balls deep.

I let go of my ass cheeks and grab the desk, using it to leverage myself hard against him, impaling myself even more. *So full, I’m so full.*

“How does this match up with your fantasy so far, Mr. Miller?” His voice is tight, but strong.

I hope he doesn’t really expect me to answer that. All I can do is moan. That is, until he pulls out a little and pushes back in, right into my sweet spot.

“Fu-*uck!*” I shout. “Ohmigod, ohhh!”

He pulls back, does it again, sliding out, gliding in. Empty, full, caressing that magic bump deep inside me. Faster and faster he moves, reaching around and taking my cock in his hand.

Stripping down to the end, he sweeps a thumb over my slit. His other hand is denting my hip and his thighs are slapping against the warm tingle where he spanked me earlier. Oh man, this is not real, it can't be.

"Come for me, Mr. Miller," he breathes into my ear, hot breath tickling. "Come right now!"

"*Ungh! Unnghhh!*" All I can do is grunt, my meat jerking in that beautiful hand.

I erupt like a volcano, cream pouring out over his fingers. I can't see it, but picturing it is almost too much. Everything seemed to wobble, black around the edges, and then, distantly, I feel him jerking behind me, hear him groaning.

When I can think straight again, my shorts are sliding back up my legs and I realize he's dressing me. And damned if that isn't almost as hot as his undressing me.

Professor Heade gives my half-hard cock a little pat and chuckle when he pulls my shorts up over it.

"Ah, the boundless energy of youth," he snickers. He brushes a thumb across my cheek and then turns, a hand on the doorknob. "You've gotten what you wanted, and as luck would have it, so have I. I wish you the best, Mr. Miller."

I'm no Einstein, but I know a dismissal when I hear one.

"Thanks, Professor Heade," I say with a grin. "Thanks for showing me that sometimes fantasies do come true."

## The Wedding Gift

By Beth Williamson

The stranger had beautiful hands. Veronica watched him gesture as he spoke, mesmerized by the long, sun-browned fingers and the perfect cuticles.

She sighed and shifted her feet, sure he'd never even notice her in the peach-colored dress standing by the gift table. Most weddings at the inn were the same—lots of drunken fools pawing her or trying to slip her their room key. Idiots, the lot of them.

The stranger in the well-cut tuxedo with the wavy brown hair was different.

He had beautiful teeth too, white with a slight angle to one of the top front ones, which just made him appear that much more real to her. Just the thought of kissing him, of feeling those teeth beneath his lips made her shiver with longing. It wasn't about longing for something she couldn't have, just something she'd likely never have.

She looked out the French doors beside her at the lake that shimmered in the afternoon sun. Boats, jet skis and swimmers dotted the water as they enjoyed the June heat. She wished, just for a few moments, that she didn't work weddings at the inn, that her weekends weren't always so damn boring. She'd missed a lot in the five years she'd been working there.

Judging by her melancholy mood, she apparently felt sorry for herself, too.

With a mental pinch, she straightened her shoulders and smiled at the couple stopping at the table. As they handed her a shiny silver package, she took their names and wrote down the information in the log book. After a rash of thefts, the inn had insisted someone had to carefully track the gifts, especially considering the money paid for the receptions.

“You looked thirsty.” The voice was deep, melodic with a southern drawl that sent goose bumps up her arms.

She turned to find the stranger, the man with the hands that would keep her dreams occupied for weeks. Veronica smiled and reached for water he held out to her. The ice cubes clinked

together as her hand closed around the cool glass, the moisture on the outside seeping through her fingers.

They weren't the only things wet.

"Ah, thanks. I appreciate it." She took a sip, the cold liquid sliding down her throat as her ears ran with the thrum of her heated blood. The man was stunning, simply stunning.

His dark brown eyes slid to her cleavage, nicely outlined by the keyhole neck on the dress. It was the only thing she liked about the uniform. As if on cue, her nipples popped and a slow, lazy grin spread on his face.

"Do you remember Frank Roberts?"

She didn't quite understand him for a moment. "What?"

He leaned one hip against the table. "Frank Roberts? He was here for his brother's wedding about a month ago."

Flashes of a sexy blond danced through her head, a man who'd had too much to drink and made several sloppy passes at her. Veronica, in a moment of insane pity, had helped the man get to his room at the inn. He'd confessed that he'd been in love with his new sister-in-law for years. Veronica understood about unrequited love.

The evening ended with a one night stand that left her unsatisfied when he passed out after a ten minute ride between her thighs.

Oh yes, she remembered him.

"Maybe." She kept her expression neutral, unwilling to reveal how lousy sex had been with Frank to this man, this stranger with the beautiful hands.

"He remembered you. He told me to find you." He rubbed his chin, the rasp from the whiskers loud in the quietness in the air.

The wedding guests had all gone outside for the hors d'oeuvres and drinks. For the next thirty minutes, she and this delectable stranger could stand between the dining room and the guests. Alone.

Veronica swallowed. "Why did he do that?" Her voice sounded breathy, unlike her normal tones.

The stranger stepped closer, close enough she could smell his cologne, a musky scent, close enough to make her panties just a bit damper.

“He was grateful for what you did for him and wanted to make sure I expressed his gratitude.” One step closer and his jacket brushed her shoulder.

She now knew that he’d been drinking vodka, that he used Irish Spring, and that his cufflinks were made from amber. Hell, she could count the lines next to his eyes and see the funny crooked tooth up close. A tooth she’d like to lick.

“That was nice of him.” Lame, oh so lame. She cleared her throat. “What exactly does that mean?”

He wagged his dark eyebrows and glanced down at her cleavage. If this fool thought she was going to fuck him based on two minutes of conversation, well, then he’d be right. It wasn’t often that a man looking like him hit on her. Veronica wasn’t an idiot—life was short enough to eat dessert first.

She ran her fingers up his sleeve, pleased to note his eyes darkened at her touch.

“You have a beautiful body. So many women are too damn thin with bones poking out.” He licked his lips. “I can smell you.”

She panicked for a moment, sure she’d forgotten her deodorant. Then she followed his gaze lower and realized he meant he could smell her pussy.

Oh hell, now she wasn’t just damp, she was wet. At least she was wearing panties so she didn’t embarrass herself.

As she worked on getting her brain wrapped around what he said, he ducked under the table in front of her and disappeared. Her mouth dropped open, wondering what the hell this insane stranger was doing.

His hands pulled her legs gently toward the table until her hips connected with the cloth-covered wood.

Then he touched her ankles, a light touch, a caress that felt like butterfly’s wings. He was getting her used to him, and doing a damn good job at it too. The stranger’s hands moved up her legs, his lightly callused hands heading up, up, up.

By the time he got to her inner thighs, she was panting under her breath. She kept gazing out the French doors at the guests then at the closed dining room doors to her right. No one could see him under the table, but that didn't mean no one would walk in.

He nudged her thighs apart with his head, blowing lightly on her heated core. Veronica spread her legs and the cool air felt like a lover's caress itself.

She thought she heard him whisper, "Nice panties" before he pulled aside the purple thong and put his tongue on her clit.

Every muscle in her body clenched at the touch, waiting, dying for another. She wasn't disappointed.

His thumbs held her open as he nibbled and licked at her, a light touch, enough to make her want to grab his head and bury him between her thighs. However, part of her excitement came from the danger, the mad idea that a stranger was between her thighs, in public.

One finger slid into her wet channel and she closed her eyes. In and out, like a little cock he fucked her, then two fingers, then three. When his thumb went in her ass, she almost came. She held it back by clenching the table so hard, the wood groaned beneath her fingers.

His mouth lashed onto her clit, sucking and licking her, then biting. Her blood rushed around inside like white water rapids. She was sure her heart was about to burst from her chest. It was killing her to resist the urge to pinch her own nipples.

The orgasm built somewhere near her toes, then made its way up her legs, to her knees, her thighs and finally her pussy. It overcame her like a hundred-foot wave. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she convulsed with the incredible pleasure. He never let up, just kept right on sucking and fucking her with precise talent.

"Miss, are you all right?"

She opened her eyes and found a well-dressed couple in front of her with a gaily wrapped gift. Somehow she found the brain power to smile.

"I'm fine, just needed to rest my eyes for a moment. My allergies have been bothering me."

*Lick, suck, bite.*

As if there weren't two people standing inches from his form under the table, her stranger kept at it, pulling her along to another orgasm. She had to control the rhythm of her hips, which wanted to move with him.

"Oh, I know what you mean. That pollen is so thick this time of year." The silver-haired woman handed her a gift. "This is from Mr. and Mrs. Preston."

*Lick, suck, bite.*

"Thank you, ma'am." Veronica picked up the pen to write it down and the couple moved away.

She came so fast and so hard, she almost swooned. She leaned forward with a groan, her legs shaking like a newborn colt. His licking slowed to a light touch, then with one final kiss, he moved away. He pulled the panties back into place and ran his finger on the quivering flesh. Veronica gasped.

The stranger crawled out from beneath the table, then licked his fingers. Her pulse like molasses, she wanted to throw him down on the floor and fuck him until neither one of them could see straight.

"That was quite a thank you," she said with a tremble in her voice.

"I just started." He smiled. "Meet me in room 402 after you, ah, get off." The stranger pressed his key into her hand, then kissed her cheek, the sweet, musky scent of her own juices filling her nose.

"Wait," she said as he walked away. "What's your name?"

"Jackson." He smiled, that devastating grin reminding her of the beauty that had caught her eye earlier, which now made her breath stop in her chest. "Jackson Regalo."

With a wink, he moved away and Veronica gripped the plastic key in her hand. She gulped the water to cool the fire in her veins.

*Regalo.* His last name meant gift in Spanish. Looks like the gift girl was about to get the present of her life that night.



## Private Pleasure

By Sasha White

Breath, hot against my skin makes my pulse jump. My fingers curl and my nails dig into the soft flesh of my own hands as they twist and tug against velvet bindings.

Velvet. So soft, yet so strong. I could tug and tug and never be free. The fabric might give, but I know that's not what really binds me. His will binds me.

He wants me blindfolded and laid out on the bed, arms above my head, naked body stretched out and completely open to him. And I want to give him what he wants.

My ears catch the slight rustle of movement to my left, and then nothing. He's there, standing next to me. I can't feel his breath any more, but I can smell him. The raw musk of his arousal is a scent that always makes my mouth water.

The soft cotton of rope settles across my collarbones, then down the center of my torso to form a "T" that ends between my thighs.

My tongue darts out and licks at my lips, and I can almost feel him smile. He knows what I want. He knows me better than I know myself.

His thumbs rubs across my lip, dipping in and letting me suck for just a second before he pulls back. "Not yet, pretty girl," he purrs. "I want to play first."

Then it hits. That first startling drop of fire on my skin—directly on the sensitive skin between my breasts. The initial flare of heat gentles as the wax cools.

There it is again, and again. My gasp turns to a moan as he slowly begins a trail of wax up the curve of my breast and around the nipple. The rigid nub that is begging to be covered. *I* want to beg. *I* want to plead, but I know he wants no words from me. Words can't compete with the sounds of my pain/pleasure.

My insides tremble and my mind starts to float as the wax drips trail over my ribs, and a pool forms in my belly button. My buttocks clench and my hips flex in an effort to draw his attention.

Nothing happens.

No more wax dripping on me anywhere. No movement. No sound. My breath catches and I fight the urge to wriggle some more. He wants me still and silent.

Ignoring the demands of my body, I let myself sink deeper into the darkness of my mind. The yearning for the wax to hit my hairless pussy and cover the insides of my thighs fades as I concentrate on the rhythm of my heartbeat. As soon as I'm still, he continues.

I breathe deep and float on the sensations he provides. Colors are born behind my covered eyes to match the sensations. Bright red that blends into pretty pink and light green and robin's egg blue that signify the sharp needles of pain and the gentle fade into pleasure.

Then the sharp needles stop, and the air stills. A light touch skims over my covered torso and rests on my collarbones. My mind awakens slowly, like a bear coming out of hibernation. A memory prods at me, "*You know what's coming.*" But before it takes hold, there's a tug and sensations overload my system as he pulls the rope he'd laid over my body and the wax rips off me in one clean strip.

I cry out, my body arches and the velvet pulls at my wrists and ankles once again as I'm carried away on a blended pillow of pleasure and pain. The pain hurts so good that the blindfold dampens with my tears, and my lips part in a mixture of moans and sighs.

"Shhh, baby. You're such a good girl." A gentle thumb caresses my cheek and the blindfold is removed.

"Please," I whimper as I gaze into my master's eyes. My body trembles and his hand smooths over my skin.

"You did so good, my girl." He kisses me and his hand slides between my thighs, a finger enters my wet pussy and his thumb centers on my clit. "Come for me now."

It takes only seconds for me to react to his touch, to his command. Everything inside me focuses on the pleasure and my insides tighten. The colors are coming back behind my eyes, but I don't want to close them. My gaze is locked on my master's as he smiles down at me and

thrusts another finger into my cunt. The colors explode and another cry jumps from my lips as my orgasm rips up my spine and into the base of my skull.

When I can breathe again, he is cuddled next to me. My hands and feet are unbound, but my heart is not. It is bound to his will, the same way his is bound by my devotion.

## About the Authors

Sassy women and sexy men are what Canadian author **Sasha White's** stories are all about. Gifted with a salacious imagination, Sasha has over a dozen erotic stories published in print or electronically, with publishers such as Kensington Aphrodisia, Berkley Heat, Black Lace Erotica, and Samhain Publishing. You can find out more about her at <http://www.sashawhite.net>

**J. J. Massa** lives on the Jersey shore with her daughter, her guide dog, and two cats. She loves to write about love, mystery, and magic because its fun and you can make ANYTHING happen that way. She believes that every day can be an adventure and every person has something to offer. Although she's traveled to many places in her life, these days she does most of her globetrotting from her laptop. <http://www.jjmassa.com>

You can't say cowboys without thinking of **Beth Williamson**. She likes 'em hard, tall, and packing. Read her work and discover for yourself how hot and dangerous a cowboy can be.

Beth is the author of more than fifteen novels and novellas with Samhain Publishing, Loose Id, and Liquid Silver Books, with many more in the works for the coming years. You can get to know her better at <http://www.bethwilliamson.com>

The writing of award-winning author **Laura Bacchi** ranges from kink to vanilla, het to yummy man-love, and sci-fi to contemporary to paranormal. When not bribing the muses to stay for a while, she enjoys looking for four-leaf clovers, wearing toe rings under her socks, and hearing from readers. For more about Laura and her work, visit [www.laurabacchi.com](http://www.laurabacchi.com).

**S. Desires** is as lovely as she is talented. Visitors to her personal blog <http://salaciousdesires.wordpress.com/> will discover a woman with a sensual sophistication and sexual wit that sets the bar high for others who choose, like her, to share their insights and

experiences with sexuality. With but 250 words she can raise your temperature and make you ache splendidly for more.

Look for these titles

*Now Available*

Secret Thoughts I: Erotique

*Sandra Castilla is about to discover her true self...if she can survive that long.*

## Slave Heart

© 2007 Nage Archer

Sandra Castilla had never taken a chance in her life until she dreamt of her sister's murder. Driven by forces she couldn't begin to understand, Sandra finds herself thousands of miles from home, about to infiltrate a dark BDSM cult known as the Taleans.

Loved by one man and hopelessly attracted to another, Sandra is plunged into a hidden world where the first wrong move could be her last.

A powerful romantic suspense that will keep you on the edge of your seat to the very last page. Winner of the Enda Award for the Year's Best Erotic Read, a gold star from Just Erotic Romance Reviews and a reviewer's Choice Award from Road to Romance, join Sandra Castilla on an unforgettable journey of self discovery.

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Slave Heart:*

Two hours later, and a bottle of Chianti behind us, we sat in Jorge's living room. His mood had improved somewhat, but I knew he was still concerned. I could feel it, and it touched me.

"You know the funny thing?" he asked.

"Tell me."

"I've never used a violet wand in my life. I was sort of looking forward to it." He started giggling. We were on our second bottle and hadn't stopped to eat.

"You could have."

He grew momentarily serious. "No, I couldn't." Then he broke out laughing and I joined him. "Do you know what I'm going to do when you leave?"

"What's that?"

"I'm going to call a girl, I'm going to have her come over here, and I'm going to fuck her six ways to Sunday."

He laughed again, but this time, I didn't join him. I think I knew then he'd fallen in love with me. I was torn between anger and sympathy. He had no right. I'd told him what I was going to do. Then I realized I was probably drunk and had no right to be angry at anyone, particularly Jorge. I leaned forward so my lips were beside his ear.

"Who are you going to call?" Perhaps part of me was jealous, though I had no reason to be. I had no claim on him.

"I don't know. I might have borrowed Tonya, but after tonight, I don't think Em will be very generous."

"Borrow Tonya? Have you had sex with her before?"

"No, but I could have on more than one occasion. Em has offered."

"What does Tonya think?"

He looked surprised. "Tonya does what her Master tells her to. She's a good girl."

"Why Emilio though? I don't understand." And I didn't. The guy wasn't worth his weight in dung.

"It's not something you choose, Sandy. When you meet the right master, you'll know it immediately. You can try to talk yourself out of it, you can fool yourself, but once you meet the One, there's no turning back."

I had come across this concept on various web pages and found it fascinating. "Is there only One?"

Jorge picked up the bottle and took a swig, ignoring the half-full glass on the coffee table beside it. Of course, some would see it as half-empty. "Who knows? Once you've found your One, that's it. If there's another One, you've already stopped looking, so how can anyone know?"

"Did anyone ever tell you you're a very clever man?"

"I think I heard that once. I don't remember where."

It was my turn to laugh. Almost without realizing it, I nipped his ear. He jerked his head away and turned to face me. I could see the anger in his eyes. "Don't do that!"

"Why not?" I was no longer scared of him. At that moment, there wasn't a man in the world I trusted more.

"Because I don't want to sleep with you."



I found myself growing angry. “And why is that?”

He didn't answer, but his eyes grew distant, and I immediately felt sorry. Of course he didn't want to sleep with me. He was already falling for me. Yet I was drunk and horny and this might well be the very last time I would be able to do what I wanted.

The thought surprised me. Did I truly want Jorge, or did I just not want another woman to have him? No, that didn't make sense. Oh what the hell.

He'd moved away, and I lunged at him, planting my lips firmly on his. I thought he was going to fight, but he didn't. His arms were around me, and he was crying and laughing at the same time. I might have been doing the same. We kissed for a long time before his lips finally parted, as if he were finally accepting the inevitable. I don't know when it became inevitable, but I'd known it would all along. He had complete power over me. I was supposed to obey him. Why wouldn't he make use of me?

Perhaps that was why I did what I did. His restraint was an insult to my femininity. At that realization, I kissed him more passionately than I'd ever kissed a man, devouring him as if he were a condemned woman's last meal. In retrospect, it wasn't far from the truth.

Any thoughts he had of resistance vanished, and he returned my passion, stroking my tongue with his in a way I'd never before experienced. We were two desperate people in a world of desperate people, taking what pleasure we could for the short time we had the opportunity. Before I knew what was happening, he was unbuttoning my blouse. He had a bit of trouble, until he jerked on the two sides, sending a shower of plastic buttons into the air. I was already in the process of unhooking my bra.

In short order, pants and underwear were shed. I was naked first, save for the rubber band around my neck. Jorge joined me a moment later. Our lips had barely separated during the entire process and our tongues continued dancing as if that were their sole destiny. My entire body flushed with excitement. For some reason, I thought of Scott, the last man I'd made love to, though it was a pale thing compared to this carnal coupling. It was the difference between civilized humans making love and savage animals mating. Now that I'd shed the veneer of civilization, I doubted I could ever again return to its embrace.

I screamed when he pushed me away, and screamed again when he dropped his head between my legs and parted my lips with his tongue. From that point on, the screaming never stopped. I clenched my legs around his head, which likely muffled what he heard, though he didn't need to hear me, for the way I arched my back and writhed against him told the story in far greater detail.

His tongue was powerful, lusty, relentless, exploring my body as no man ever had, probing and snaking its way inside me, then sliding back out to engulf my clit. I can't imagine how many times I came, but he drank everything I gave him and kept licking, sucking and nibbling until I couldn't take it anymore. My hands clawed at his curly brown hair, attempting to pull his head closer. My throat was raw from screaming. I drew huge lungfuls of air and still couldn't catch my breath. Finally, I squeezed my legs together as hard as I could, putting literal pressure on him to turn his tongue from its torturous invasion.

*He lost his inspiration but found his muse in the Caribbean...in the arms of a woman.*

## A Muse Me

© 2006 S.L. Carpenter

It's a slow death for a writer when the only key getting used on his keyboard is "Delete". His writer's block is firmly in place like a wall. All there is to do is bang his head against it.

What to do? A change of scenery might help—say a week in the tropics. If nothing else, it will warm his idle fingers and ease his worried mind. A getaway for the mind and soul.

Reservations made, Eugene flies to Aruba in search of answers to his problems. What he finds is more than a couple of fruit drinks with umbrellas in them. On the white sandy beaches, wrapped in almost nothing but a tan is someone who sparks his imagination and ignites his creative flow. He finds his Muse!

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Amuse Me*:

Eugene watched as the letters disappeared from the computer screen one by one. The words vanished, leaving the pages empty, just like the void of creativity in his imagination. For over three months he hadn't been able to write a single scene, page or paragraph that read or felt right. Everything was meaningless. His passion was gone and everything he wrote was dull and lifeless.

For a writer, this was a slow death. Writer's block was more painful than constipation after eating spicy Mexican food.

His small, lonely, microcosmic world had shrunk around him and now he needed to get out and have an experience to inspire and awaken the inner being and set loose his alter egos. The walls needed to be knocked down so he could spread his wings. Basically a good fucking and a drunken binge might do the trick. Not necessarily in that order.

He had written thirty books filled with romance and sex. Two were made into low budget movies for cable, with terrible acting and fake breasts. He had a nice apartment

and a kick ass computer set up for writing. California was a hotbed but his bed had run cold.

Lately, though, he had lost his urge to write. If the muse for his inspiration were a place, it was the Sahara desert. He needed a change of mind, a change of scenery. In the most basic of terms he needed to run away and find his muse.

He wrote under the name Dorris Daye. People told him there was a stigma problem with men writing romance and erotica. He was asked to think up something different than Eugene S. Finkter. His middle name was Scott. He liked his name but knew his parents had cursed him to a life of constant teasing.

Something had to be done. A drastic transformation in his hum-drum life to make him think differently. To get out of the rut he was entrenched in.

So he pondered his possibilities. *A vacation to someplace different. Las Vegas? Naw, just gambling and hookers there. Hmmm. Florida? Hmmm, naw, it's set up for retirement and other than spring break I'd end up in bed with a grandma with no teeth. That actually has advantages though.* He needed exotic, he needed the Caribbean.

Eugene needed Aruba.

*Welcome to Lachmuirghan, where fantasies come true.*

## Lachmuirghan

© 2007 *Madeleine Oh and Friends*

You may have trouble finding Lachmuirghan on a map. That's because it exists only in our imaginations. Hidden in this secret valley, Lachmuirghan can be whatever you want it to be.

Imagine a sheltered valley and loch somewhere in the west of Scotland. At the head of the valley is an ancient circle of standing stones; at the lower end stands a ruined castle overlooking the bustling village center.

As you explore, suddenly you notice things are not quite as they should be. The village is the same, yet somehow changed. You notice that you have also changed—your senses are more alive than you've ever known. You stand at a strange yet familiar crossroad. Out of the mist, a voice calls your name.

Where will you go? And to whom? In this fantasy world, the choice is completely yours.

Featured authors:

[M.A. duBarry](#)

[Pandora Grace](#)

[Isabo Kelly](#)

[Maristella Kent](#)

[Xandra King](#)

[Madeleine Oh](#)

[Clarissa Wilmot](#)

# SAMHAIN PUBLISHING, LTD.

*It's all about the story...*

Action/Adventure

Fantasy

Historical

Horror

Mainstream

Mystery/Suspense

Non-Fiction

Paranormal

Red Hots!

Romance

Science Fiction

Western

Young Adult

[www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)