

FORTUNE COOKIES



DEE
DAWNING

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BY

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*To the women of the world who adore sex as
much as I do. I love you all...*

PROLOGUE

Without warning the chill of fear surged through her entire body. She sensed someone or something was in the room with her. Her eyes roamed around the apartment spying nothing, yet the feeling increased. A frigid breeze gave her goose flesh. She felt damp and looked down. “What the...” She was naked. *What happened to my gown?* She was naked, shivering and clammy.

Then, a cloud of vapor appeared and an apparition materialized. An odd-looking Chinese man abruptly materialized before her disbelieving eyes. Modestly, she positioned her left arm across her naked breasts and right hand over her pubis. The man was middle aged, about five-six, sporting a long Fu Manchu mustache and matching pigtails. He was clothed in somewhat older traditional Chinese attire.

“Who are you? How did you get in here?” Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed movement. Beyond him in the corner—there was a silhouette... no, it was more like someone’s

shadow, blending in with other shadows behind and to the right of the peculiar little man.

He bowed, and said in hurried, broken English, "Not to worry, Jill. Me, Eddie, eat this please." *He knows my name.* He passed a small object to her. For some reason, Jill couldn't seem to focus her eyes on it. She could only determine its color--red. To her surprise, she ingested it without question. "Aww, so pretty! You will make your man very happy." Eddie turned. At his direction, the shadow approached and came into the light. It was a man and he, like she, was naked. He was tall, his body was lean, sensuous and he stood erect, but like the red object, she couldn't make out the features of his face.

Settling on the far end of the couch, she could sense he was studying her. *If I could only see his face.* Fortunately, her fear had diminished, along with the cold. Friendly warmth had replaced the chill. Eddie imparted a matching red object to the man, which he consumed. Then in the next instant, Eddie vanished, leaving Jill alone with the sexy, naked man.

The Stranger slid along the couch coming closer. As his hip touched hers she felt a thrilling sensation. He had a pungent, sensual aroma. It made her think of sex. He slowly reached over and grasped her left hand, forcing a shiver up her spine as he pulled her arm away from her breasts.

“Nice.”

Angst replaced her fear as he moved even closer. With his face within inches, he rubbed the back of his hand across her cheek and lips. Stroking her hair, he leaned in and nibbled on her earlobe. Her nipples tingled. As if sensing this, he touched her now exposed breasts, moving his fingers in a circular motion around her protruding nipples and sending shockwaves to her privates. Then, his tongue began a slow moist descent to her breasts. When his lips encircled her nipple, he took it into the warmth of his mouth; she swooned, nearly losing consciousness. Like a morning fog, desire had descended upon her, replacing her anxiety with lust.

He touched her other hand—the one covering her mound—and spoke for only the second time. “May I?” His voice was deep and melodious. Involuntarily, she nodded. She saw a hint of a smile on his lips. A glint in his eyes. After he had moved her hand, he spread her legs apart and placed his hand upon her pubis. “Very nice, they have chosen well.”

“Who are you?” She dared ask.

A seductive smile formed upon his lips. Then with his rich voice he responded, “I am your lover. I am here to give you the pleasure of the gods. To make passionate love to you.” Once again, laving her ear canal, he reached up to tease her nipple.

She went wild. Never, in her entire, admittedly limited, sexual experience had she been this aroused. Was it possible for a perfect stranger to weave such a spell on someone? To make them feel aflame—to engender such hunger one must possess them, or explode?

Serving to double her previous excitement, his free hand gently massaged her clitoris. Even though his touch was barely perceptible, she felt a new wave of desire sweep over her. “Why are you doing this to me?” she uttered pathetically.

“You have willed it. I am your match, we are one, forever.”

She grabbed his engorged organ. It was thick and velvety. *If I don't have this inside me soon, I feel like I'll melt from unrestrained lust.* “But, I don't know you?” She whispered meekly, while continuing to stroke his erection. His tongue entered her mouth seeking its likeness while his manly fingers worked their way further into her nether regions. Her kitty was no longer purring. It was aflame. Her breasts were on fire. She felt in danger of spontaneous combustion. She had to put out the fire. She had to have him!

Between amorous kisses, almost as an afterthought, he whispered back, “Can you think of a better way to get to know me?”

She shook her head. Her will, if she ever had any, had dissolved. She was focused. *I now want*

only one thing; I want him to take me. I want him inside me. He was double-fingering her wet, greedy, pussy while his thumb massaged her enlarged, ultra sensitive clit. He placed his hand to the back of her head, gently forcing it to his lap. His sex was now touching her lips. The glans of his penis pried her lips apart and she took him in her mouth. With the top half of his penis in her mouth, she stroked his shaft and her lover went wild, wriggling and squirming frantically. He grabbed the back of her head and forced it down on his shaft. He was so agitated, his movements were frenzied. She was so worked up, she craved his seed and wanted to swallow his sperm. She was anticipating his ejaculate any second, when he abruptly pulled back. Then he pushed her back so her head rested against the armrest and he knelt on the couch between her legs. "I must spend my seed in your womb not your mouth. It is required."

She was unable to make out his face, but she had no trouble seeing his bold cock. A light from an unknown source highlighted it, as if beckoning to her. His engorged member was about eight inches long. She grasped it once more in an effort to insert it into her hungry, waiting pussy. "No!" He said, "It's not ready yet, it must be longer. Pull on it." As instructed, she gave a little tug and to her utter amazement, it began to grow even larger.

When it extended to at least twelve inches, he said, "Now!" and proceeded to place its head into the opening of her now, dripping wet, ravenous love canal.

Her eyes grew wide. Incredulous, she cried out, "You can't expect me to take all of that?"

He exclaimed, "Why not..." and continued to insert the now snake-length appendage within. She could sense his enormous elongated phallus as it moved inside her, in her womb, her abdomen, her stomach. Then, when she felt his penis buried deep within, fully inside her, as far as it would go, waves of pleasure slowly descended upon her, building in her loins and spreading outward. It kept increasing in intensity, overpowering her. Ultimately, it erupted into a slow developing orgasm so great, so extensive, that all she could compare it to was the Big Bang that created the universe! Then her lover came. Strangely, she could feel his seminal fluid inside her. It was not static and it seemed to be moving as if alive. It was warm and pleasurable. The warm tingly sensation spread into her extremities, her toes and fingers. She could taste its acrid flavor on her tongue. It was as if her orgasm had spread from her vulva to every fiber of her existence. She felt faint from the gratification of her lust. She started to pass out, but before she did, she heard her lover finish what he had started to say, "Of course you can take it all.

You can do anything you desire -- in a *dream!*"

* * * *

Her eyes blinked open wide. It was still dark. She glanced at the clock radio. It was one thirty. *What a strange dream. So real and so-o-o-o sexy.*

Then she noticed that her bed was soaking wet. She was soaking wet and naked. *What happened to my nightgown? What made my bed so wet?*

She stepped into the bathroom, and noticed two cellophane wrappers on the floor and a small slip of paper. She turned on the shower and sat on the toilet.

When she retrieved the paper, it felt damp in her hand and except for the last four words the writing was illegible. She realized it resembled a slip from a fortune cookie. She read the four words one more time before she threw the slip in the toilet. 'Waste not, want not.' *What could that mean?*

CHAPTER ONE

EDDIE CHANG'S

Three young women were seated in a booth at Eddie Chang's Chinese restaurant. An ice bucket with a bottle of Champagne waited beside the table.

Jill sighed, while she tapped her fingers on the table and scanned the entrance, "I wonder what's keeping Gail?"

Rita glanced at her watch, and said, "Calm down, Jill. You know Gail. She's often late for our luncheons."

Jill had been in high spirits. She was anxious to trumpet her exciting news, and she was waiting for her closest friend, Gail's, arrival. Jill dug her cell phone out of her Luce leather handbag and speed-dialed Gail's number.

Saundra asked, "Shall we go ahead and order?"

I'm famished and the heavenly aromas emanating from the kitchen smell delicious."

Jill waved her hand signaling for quiet. "Gail? Hi, this is Jill. Is everything all right? Where are you?"

A pert young woman, smartly dressed in a burgundy business suit arrived at their table. "I'm right here, sweetie."

Rita looked up and smiled. "Ah, there you are. Glad you made it. We were thinking about ordering without you."

On opposite sides of the booth, Rita and Jill each slid toward Saundra, who was in the middle. Gail glanced toward gorgeous Rita, nodded and sat next to Jill. Then, addressing Rita, she said, "Sorry, I couldn't help it. It's as if my boss has a sixth sense when I have something planned. Today he brought me a twenty page contract to review at eleven forty, which had to be finished before I could take lunch."

After weeks of trying unsuccessfully to get her friends together, they were finally all here. She assured Gail, "Don't worry, Gail, we understand. There's no harm."

Gail glanced warmly at Jill. She wasn't gorgeous like Rita. Nor was she rich and sophisticated like Saundra. Still, Gail felt closest to Jill. She was nice looking—quite fetching

actually – but her best trait and the reason Gail felt close to her was she was just plain sweet. Rita, Jill and Saundra had been classmates of Gail's at Hofstra University. They, along with two other out-of-state friends had comprised the 'Sexy Six.' The four that remained in the New York area remained close friends.

Gail placed her hand on top of Jill's while she looked straight at Rita and Saundra. "Gee, thanks, Jill. I knew if anybody would understand it would be you."

Both Rita and Saundra responded to this jibe with a little tender understanding of their own and some backtracking. Gail hushed them up. "Okay, Jill. You brought us here for a reason. I believe you have some major earth-shaking event to reveal to us?"

Jill had a self-satisfied look on her face as if she had struck gold in her back yard, but she was reluctant to reveal her surprise quickly.

"Yes. Please tell us your news?" asked Rita, "I have a photo shoot at two-thirty for the cover of *Glamour*. I can't be late.

Jill's eyes had a mischievous spark. Looking to prolong her big news, she said, "Guess!"

Rita rolled her eyes and started to say something but Saundra cut her off, "You got a promotion – Channel Eleven finally made you anchor?"

"I wish. Good try, but that's not it. It's something better, something that changed my life."

"Did you win the lottery or inherit some money?" Gail guessed.

"Another good guess, but no. This has nothing to do with career or money," Jill informed them.

Just then the waiter came, and the 'Fantastic Four' ordered—an appetizer plate, grilled vegetable medley, Chang's special shrimp foo yung with low fat topping, spicy lettuce rolls and house fried rice.

After the waiter left, Gail joked, "Jill, are you going to tell us what your big news is, or am I going to break your arm?"

Jill threw her head back and laughed. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Don't test me!" Gail warned.

Jill smirked, "Are you ready to make some decent guesses?"

Rita looked at Jill with a straight face. "I got it! You registered Republican."

Gail coughed and spit out some fried rice. Jill gave Rita a disgusted look.

Saundra's eyes had a flash of anger. "What's wrong with being a Republican?"

Trying to head off trouble, Gail answered Saundra's question, "Nothing, dear. Don't worry about Rita. She's just baiting you."

Rita joked, "Saundra was born Republican."

Jill had reached her limit. She slapped her hand down on the table, then said loudly, "Enough! Stop the squabbling right now! Since you continue to make a joke out of my surprise, I'll just tell you—I'm *pregnant!*"

Three mouths dropped open in unison. For once Gail seemed to be at a loss for words. Finally, she managed to squeak out, "Pregnant? For real?" Flashing a big smile, Jill nodded. "Oh, Jill, that's so wonderful." Hugging Jill. Gail asked, "This is such a surprise, when's the baby due?"

"December twelfth."

Rita also hugged Jill and added, "This is so exciting. I'm sorry, I didn't think of that."

Everyone was happy for Jill, except Saundra, who unfortunately, was incensed. "How are we supposed to guess that, when you're not even married? In fact, I don't remember you even having a boyfriend. Who's the father or is this an immaculate conception?"

Rita and Gail looked at Saundra with incomprehension, not believing the meanness in Saundra's words, but Jill looked straight at her and replied. "Immaculate conception? Not hardly, but if you must call it something, call it a fortune cookie conception."

Saundra had been trying to have a baby for a few years and since Jill, who wasn't even married,

was expecting a baby, she wasn't taking this gracefully. "Fortune cookie conception!" Saundra blurted out, "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

Jill now had everyone's undivided attention. "You didn't let me finish. I met someone. A wonderful man named Chad. We're in love! Chad and I are going to get married and it all happened after I ate one of Eddie Chang's Fortune Cookies."

Incredulous, Rita demanded in a bemused voice, "What could a fortune cookie have to do with getting pregnant?"

Gail, who could see that Jill was getting upset, grabbed her hand. "Yes Jill, please tell us how the fortune cookie fits in."

"Don't you see? That's why I brought you all here. I wanted you to find happiness, like I have. I wanted you to eat the special Fortune Cookie."

Glancing at her friends, Jill saw nothing reassuring in their expressions.

Gail grabbed and held both of Jill's hands and said, "Jill, honey, I think you'd better start at the beginning."

CHAPTER TWO

JILL, THREE MONTHS EARLIER

Jill's friend and new co-worker Beverly, stopped beside Jill's desk. "I know this fabulous Chinese restaurant. Do you feel like having Chinese for lunch today?"

Jill looked at her friend for a second and replied, "Hmm. Sure, why not? Sounds good. I haven't had Chinese in ages."

The restaurant Beverly talked about was Eddie Chang's, a bistro on Sixteenth Avenue. Jill couldn't remember ever seeing a Chinese restaurant there, but there it was. She decided it must be new, even though it didn't look it. In fact, it looked old, dated. She assumed that since Chinese cuisine wasn't one of her high priority favorites like Italian, she probably hadn't paid attention. Nevertheless, the food was superb, the service impeccable, and the prices reasonable, except for the special fortune cookies. They didn't give them

to you at the end of the meal as is customary in these restaurants. You had to order them and they were a steep twenty dollars a pop. Jill wasn't going to get one but Beverly insisted. She said it was the specialty of the house. "Eating one of these fortune cookies can result in a life altering experience."

Yeah right, Jill thought. She found out how true that was.

A small, Chinese man, with a Fu Manchu mustache brought out the cookies with great fanfare. Jill did a double take when, staring into her eyes, he said, "Me, Eddie. Aww, so pretty! You will make your man so happy." Setting two fortune cookies in front of Jill, she noticed they looked just like regular fortune cookies wrapped in cellophane, but they were *red* instead of tan.

Jill was startled. *So, one of the strangers in my bizarre dream last night is real.*

Beverly was as excited as a six year old at Disneyland. She read the fortune of her blue cookie out loud, "'The business world is like chess, in which most have not a clue, if your goal is success, this cookie is for you. Waste not, want not.'"

'Waste not, want not'. That was on the slip of paper on her bathroom floor.

Beverly ate her cookie, and urged Jill to open one of her red cookies. Jill's fortune read, "This

cookie of love is no hex, the nectar of life is sex, should love be your desire, a cookie for you each, as you retire. Waste not, want not.' *That saying again.* Beverly smiled at Jill. "Go on, eat one, but save the other for your partner next time you get... you know ... intimate." She was serious.

Jill laughed quietly, "I wish! I haven't had sex with anyone in six months, and the cookie might be hard as a rock by the time I have an opportunity to give it to my sex partner."

Beverly nodded and smiled in a wry all-knowing manner. "Honey, your luck is about to change. Be prepared to be swept off your feet."

Jill thought about what Beverly said and found it hilarious.

After she stopped laughing, Beverly asked, "What's so funny, Jill?"

"Nothing, really. It's just when you said I would be swept off my feet. I thought I could use a good sweeping."

Now Beverly was laughing and soon Jill was joining her, laughing once more.

Shortly before they finished lunch, a rainstorm began. The rainfall caught both of them without an umbrella. They said goodbye in the entry of the restaurant, then Beverly started to run back to the studio. Jill had an assignment to complete, so she sat down at the nearby bus stop to wait for a bus. She felt lucky because it was covered, which kept

the rain off her, but that lasted only until Chad showed up.

Jill sat there, reading a Danielle Steele paperback, waiting for the bus, when without warning she was swamped by a wave of cool rainwater. She and Danielle Steele were both soaked. Nothing was spared. Not even her hair. Shocked, she glanced up and glimpsed a red Corvette rounding the corner. She noticed the silhouette of a man and cursed his stupidity under her breath. Now, she was going to have to either take a cab home, or go buy a new outfit, which she'd have to charge since she'd just been paid and was already broke, as usual.

She saw a Checker Cab approaching and got up to wave, when the same Corvette cut the cab off, and pulled alongside the curb. The driver leaned over, after rolling down the window. His friendly blue eyes twinkled, and he flashed her, the friendliest smile she'd seen in years. He was very apologetic. "I'm so sorry, ma'am. I wasn't thinking, and I drenched you before I realized it. I feel so bad. Please, can I take you somewhere to dry off?"

His voice, a rich baritone, had a western drawl. She told him bluntly, "Thanks, but I think you've caused enough damage."

"Say, aren't you that TV reporter? Ah . . . don't tell me. Jill. That's it! Jill Sinclair. You are re-e-ally

good. I can see you're getting cold. Please, let me take you somewhere to change or at least warm up. At least take this Kleenex and dab your eyes. Your mascara is running."

Jill suspected he was looking at her breasts when he said she was getting cold. Sneaking a peek, as she accepted the tissue, she realized her nipples were showing through her wet blouse and bra, and that wasn't all. She was beginning to feel warm and tingly. She didn't really have time to think about the ramifications of this sensation, because the scheduled bus pulled up and started to honk at the Corvette, which was blocking the passenger loading zone. Smiling, Chad was waving for her to join him but she was worried. She didn't know Chad. He could have been a Ted Bundy acolyte. The bus's horn kept blaring and Chad started to pull away slowly. He gave her a smile, and shrugged, as if saying, *what am I supposed to do?* Jill had a good feeling about him, so she made a foolish move; she ran for the slow moving Corvette, and hopped in. Thus began her life altering experience.

Once inside, he gave her a warm ear-to-ear smile and with his rich voice, introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Chad Conroy." Chad not only had an angelic face, he was lean and well muscled. *What else would you expect from someone named Chad?* She studied him as he drove, admiring what she saw,

while guarding against any false move from him. Chad reached behind his seat, pulled out a large sweater, and handed it to her. "Here, you might want to put this on and pull your wet blouse off, so you don't catch cold." Chad's sandy brown hair was a little disheveled. As his bright blue eyes took in Jill's essence, she noticed that when he smiled, which was a lot, a dimple showed in each cheek. Jill couldn't tell how tall he was in his sports car but she guessed six feet. Taking Chad's advice, she removed her blouse and bra under the sweater.

"Where would you like to go?" She knew it didn't make sense but she was reluctant to tell him where she lived. However, she was willing to go back to his apartment so she could dry off.

"Do you live far?" Jill didn't know what he was thinking, but his dimples were the size of quarters when he smiled.

Chad's sweater felt like alpaca. It pressed softly and sensuously against her uncovered breasts. The traffic was congested and progress was excruciating in the heavy rain, but for some reason she was not in a hurry. Jill thought the rain seemed romantic and she couldn't get over how mesmerizing Chad's voice was. She didn't know if it was the ambience, or the fortune cookie, but the warm tingle had centered between her thighs and was increasing. She was beginning to feel aroused,

which led Jill to having suggestive thoughts about Chad. Closing her eyes, she imagined this hunk kissing her neck, touching her breasts, moving his fingers around the nipples.

This wasn't like her. It was as if she was someone else. Her mind said stop, but her body rebelled. "You wouldn't have a blanket back there too, would you?"

"As a matter of fact," he replied, giving Jill his most endearing smile, he fetched a small blanket.

Jill accepted what appeared to be child's blanket reluctantly. She checked his hand. He wore no wedding band. She inquired, "Are you married?"

He shook his head. "Oh, you're wondering about the blanket? I sometimes help my sister out and take my nephew, Jimmy. He's eight."

Relieved, Jill relaxed and positioned the blanket loosely over her breasts and down to her knees. As Jill's evolving desire gained momentum, she moved her left hand to her right breast and placed her other hand between her legs. Unseen under the blanket, she slowly, methodically moved her fingers, pleasuring herself, imagining that his hands were on her sensitive areas. Jill wasn't sure what was happening, whether it was the fortune cookie, a strong attraction, or simple lust, but she knew this man had a strong effect on her.

It seemed to take forever to get to Chad's apartment and since she was shamelessly preoccupied, she hadn't paid attention to where they were heading. She paused for a second to consider where they were. She suspected they were in Queens.

"Do you mind if I remove my wet skirt and panties?"

"Heck no, ma'am. Whatever turns you on."

Jill was taken aback. "What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, ma'am. It's just an expression."

Removal of the soaked garments actually seemed to amplify her burgeoning libido. She considered her unlikely situation. She was with a dreamy man, whom she did not know, headed to his apartment, wherever that may be. She met him a little over an hour ago, yet she lusted after him, sitting in the passenger seat of his racy sports car, naked from her belly button down, wearing only a loose fitting sweater. Jill had become so aroused that she didn't think she could stop herself. Maybe that was part of the turn on—playing with herself in front of this heartthrob.

Once she had removed her skirt and panties, there was no stopping her. Now having free access to her intimate goodies, she took advantage. Chad was inside her now—in her fantasy, that was—stroking her, his pelvis pounding against her

abdomen on each inward stroke, which coincided with each swipe of the windshield wipers. It was getting hot. It was humid and the windows were steamed up. The world suddenly seemed surreal.

By now, she had managed to slip her left hand under the sweater and found one of her nipples. She began to run her finger around the nipple in rhythm with the in and out movements of her fingers within her vagina. Her thumb was strumming a symphony upon her clitoris. She couldn't help it, she was moaning under her breath and thrusting her vulva into her fingers. Could Chad see this? She looked over to make sure his eyes were on the road and not on her pubis. They weren't, but he did sneak a quick glance at her, smiling in a conspiratorial manner, before looking back to the road. Again she wondered if he could see her pleasuring herself? She was beyond caring. The feeling...the moment...the all-consuming erotic experience was all that mattered. The idea of Chad being aware of her masturbation was as sexy as it was humiliating. Then, unexpectedly but oh so welcome—sudden and full release! She yelped. She couldn't help it. She was so embarrassed she looked the other way. She hoped Chad hadn't heard it or if he did, maybe took it for, heavy rain, traffic noise in the big city, or the windshield wipers squeaking. But no—

"Is something wrong?"

Wrong! You as my fantasy lover just screwed me silly, into a blissful climax. What could be wrong with that? Refusing to turn her head, she answered him, "No. I'm fine, really. It was just a sudden chill."

Once out of her surreal world, she hoped he hadn't realized she had masturbated and climaxed. That would be embarrassing, no mortifying. *What is wrong with me*, she thought for the tenth time. *I'm not like this*. Then she naughtily thought, *maybe I should be. It sure is fun*. Jill's mind kept flashing back to what Beverly said when she told her that she hadn't had sex in six months. "*Your luck is about to change.*" She hoped she was right, but even if she never got to feel Chad up close and personal, this was the best sex she'd experienced in a year. Jill finally dared to turn and look at Chad. He must have been waiting because he looked right at her with a brilliant all knowing smile, dimples a-blazing and with his melodic Western drawl, said, "Relief is just ahead."

What the hell does that mean? Relief from what? Relief from the awkward situation of sitting in a virtual stranger's car, not quite naked? Relief from being naked and finally being able to put dry clothes on again? Relief from anxiety of being with this incredibly handsome man, not knowing if he was a serial killer? Don't go there, Jill. Those thoughts are not constructive. On the other hand, did he mean relief from the onerous overbearing urge she had, to be

possessed by Chad in his entirety? To know every inch of him and every detail of his life. Self-conscious she dropped her eyes from his gaze. That's when she noticed what appeared to be an erection in his jeans.

"How much farther?" she asked

"About ten or fifteen minutes I'd say," he answered.

Now that she had satiated herself, temporarily, Jill asked him. "I can tell from your accent, you're not from here. So where are you from?"

"My Arizona drawl gave me away, huh? I'm from a little town about halfway between Phoenix and Flagstaff, called Camp Verde. My family owns ranch just outside of town on the way to Payson."

Jill couldn't take her eyes off Chad. His Arizona origins explained his tanned complexion. His sandy brown hair even had sun-bleached highlights. His blue eyes were a little narrow, and the color of cornflowers. His nose was straight with a little bump at the top. Hawkish, Jill thought. His skin was not perfect, but perfect in its imperfection. It was weathered and a little rough with two small moles, one next to his right ear and the other almost in his right eyebrow. His mouth...his mouth was extraordinarily sensuous. He had relatively thin lips, beautifully straight white teeth and a brilliant smile. Jill felt he could get a girl in bed without a word, just his smile.

However, failing with a glance, his marvelous voice would seal the deal. She decided he resembled the young Robert Redford, as the Sundance Kid.

"If you don't mind my asking, how old are you?"

With a huge grin Chad answered, "Older than you, I'll bet. How old are you?"

Jill thought about being coy but answered anyway. "I'll be twenty-eight in two months."

"See, I was right. I turned thirty two weeks ago."

"Ooh! Elderly. Tell me some more about yourself. What brought you all the way to the Big Apple from Arizona?"

"Don't laugh. I came here to be an actor. I've been here two months. Right now, I have a day job in the building trades. I picked up enough from working at our ranch to do almost anything, so I hooked on with a builder. At night I have a part in an off 'Off Broadway play.' You'll have to come and see me sometime."

Jill almost swooned at the idea of seeing him on a stage. "I'd like that."

"I'd like that too. I'll make arrangements so you'll be able to pick up tickets at the box office. My agent says I'm good and it's just a matter of time before something pops."

Jill was thrilled. "That sounds like fun. Do your

sister and nephew live back in Arizona?" "Naw. She's really a half sister and she lives in Brooklyn."

Jill managed to get all sorts of information from Chad, which helped her feel more comfortable about his character, but she was reluctant to ask the big questions. Did he have a girlfriend? Was he seeing anyone? Had he ever been married? Did he have any children? Was he straight? Gawd! She never thought of that. Could Chad be gay? He really could be. Chad had those overall good looks and appearance associated with many gay men she knew. *Please don't let Chad be gay.*

CHAPTER THREE EDDIE CHANG'S II

“**M**y God! Are you losing your mind? You actually masturbated in front of this man. A stranger?” Saundra asked incredulously, after Jill had told her friends about meeting Chad and heading towards his apartment to dry off.

Jill looked at her uptight, sometimes bitchy friend and replied, “That’s right! *Sucked and fucked* him too! Can you think of a better way to get to know someone?”

Shocked by Jill’s rare use of profanity, Gail burst out laughing, followed by Rita.

An elderly woman at the next table looked sternly at Jill and whispered to her elderly companion.

Even Saundra smiled. “No, I suppose I can’t. What I don’t understand, is why you are so sure it’s the fortune cookie that made you act that way. After all, you could have just been smitten with

the man. He does, after all, sound like a dream."

"Oh yeah, he sure is, but I know the fortune cookies work. Let me tell you why I know."

Jill could see that her friends were waiting to hear more, because they sat right up and leaned toward her expectantly. "You remember Beverly, right?" They all concurred and Jill continued, "After my night of torrid sex with Chad, my clothes had dried sufficiently to wear them to work. When I arrived at work, I looked for Beverly, anxious to tell her about my evening. I looked in her cubicle but she wasn't there. I asked her assistant, Sherman, where she was.

"Poor guy has a crush on me, so it's easier to avoid him. He told me she had been moved upstairs, promoted to Assistant Producer. This is a big deal. I wondered how she had swung that and then I remembered the blue fortune cookie and the slip of paper. "The business world is like chess, in which most have not a clue, if your goal is success, this cookie is for u-- waste not, want not.' She wasn't promoted one level; she was promoted five levels at double the salary."

"After several attempts I reached Beverly. She apologized, saying she was too busy to talk right then, or join me for lunch, so we arranged to meet after work at Charlie's for a drink."

"We met at Charlie's at five thirty, and I told her about my dreamy night. Beverly knew how it

worked because the same thing happened to her a few weeks before me. A friend had taken her to Chang's, and she ate one of the red cookies. About two hours later, she met Clifford, a staff assistant to the Mayor, while covering a story. Clifford and she were in bed, at her place, within four hours of downing the cookie. She said it was like an out-of-body experience. There she was, looking down on this familiar looking woman who was doing things that she would never do. Eventually, she conjoined with her body, and wondered why she would never do those things. She and Clifford have been inseparable in the four months since."

Jill paused, giving Gail the opportunity to ask, "You have mentioned cookies. How many different cookies are there, and what do they do?"

"I'm not sure. I only know there are red and blue for sure, because I've seen them both. I think there may be others, maybe white, but I'm not positive, because they're not on display."

Rita was fascinated. "What are these other cookies for? Can you take whichever cookie you want?"

Jill again was noncommittal. "Actually, I have no idea. But you have to begin with the red one."

Sandra joined in, "Why is that, I'm already married. I don't need a boyfriend. Why couldn't I skip the red and take a blue or whatever cookie."

"I know you're married dear," Rita jibbed, "but

I'm not so sure your husband knows it. He may not be right for you. This sounds like a way to find out."

"Rita, what do you mean not right for me? I've been married to him for six years."

Jill didn't give Rita a chance to answer. "To answer your question Saundra, everyone has to start with red. The theory is; if your love life is lacking nothing else will work right. After that I don't know."

Gail had an impish smile on her face. "Tell me Jill. Just how did you manage to get Chad to take the other red cookie?"

Jill gave the girls a beatific smile and said, "You'll hear about that when I tell the rest of my story."

CHAPTER FOUR CHAD'S APARTMENT, THREE MONTHS EARLIER

Chad's apartment reminded Jill of a saying she'd once heard — *'one's character is revealed in the way he or she lives.'* That being the case, she felt Chad's character was top notch.

The small one-bedroom apartment featured contemporary furnishings. It was neat and clean, except for about a dozen dishes sitting on the drain board. Chad used posters of actors, old and new, from Gary Cooper to Johnny Depp, for wall coverings. All the posters were male, which again made Jill anxious about his sexual orientation. He had a small bookcase, which contained titles about acting, with a few scattered King and Koontz novels.

Jill continued to wear Chad's sweater and had the blanket wrapped around her waist but she was still naked as the proverbial jaybird underneath.

She had been mistaken about Chad's actual height. He was over six-feet-two and with her being relatively short at five-feet-four, he towered over her by almost a foot. After Jill had put her wet skirt and blouse in Chad's stacked washer/dryer unit, he invited her to sit, which she did. As Chad set the dryer to the gentle warm cycle, she just knew that he would be gentle and warm as well. She settled on his sofa and he offered her something to drink. She settled for a glass of water. He opened a light beer and brought her a glass of water, setting both down on the coffee table. Jill's heart skipped when Chad sat down on the couch. This would not do. She wanted...no, she needed to get Chad in bed and she was now terrified of him. She was afraid to look at him, so while looking at the floor she asked him, "So how come a great looking guy like you isn't married?"

Chad chuckled. "If I were to answer that question, you would think I was conceited."

"Try me," she said, *wishing with all her heart that he would.*

"Well Miss Sinclair..."

Suddenly, her formality deserted her. "Whoa! Stop right there. After all you've put me through today; I insist you call me by my first name – Jill."

"Alright, Jill. Since you insist. If I were to marry, I would be restricted to one woman and though I have looked, I have yet to find a woman

with whom I could be totally faithful. I like and enjoy women. Women are like fine wine to be sampled, appreciated and set aside when a new bottle is ready to be sampled. When I find a woman who makes further sampling irrelevant, I will marry her, if she will have me, but until then I will continue to spread my favors around."

"Speaking of favors, could you do one for me?"

Chad's eyes met hers,

"I was wondering if you could scoot over beside me and put your arm around me? I'm having trouble warming up."

Smiling, dimples and all, he slid over and put his right arm around her. *God, he smells sexy too.* Now being next to him, his arm over her shoulder and his fingers, an inch or two from her breasts, her arousal shot up a degree or two, which she hadn't thought possible. She didn't need to warm up so much as cool off, but she wasn't about to tell him that.

Afraid to look at him, she stared straight ahead, trying to think of what to say next, when he asked her in that deep seductive voice of his, "Does that help?"

She almost said, *No you gorgeous hunk of flesh. It's making things worse.* Instead, she turned her head toward him. His beautiful face was so close their noses were almost touching. Naturally, the first thing she saw was his alluring smile, which

made her want to take him in her arms and kiss him, so she did. She turned her head slightly and lightly touched her lips to his lips. He responded with fervor, parting her lips, skirting her slightly parted teeth in search of her tongue. Following a long dance of tongues, he began kissing her neck and nibbling her ear. Then he whispered, "I've wanted to do that since the minute I saw you. You are beautiful."

Jill didn't know what to say, so she said nothing and kissed him once more, aggressively, while running her hands through his magnificent sandy-colored mane. While kissing her, he started to lift the sweater up and over her head. Then she started unbuttoning his shirt. He finished for her, removing the shirt and throwing it on the coffee table. Once the sweater was removed, Chad, admiring her breasts said, "Nice," before returning to their passionate kiss and moving his hand to one her breasts. As he began to move his finger in a circular motion around her nipple, Jill's eyes zinged open. *Déjà vu – he said 'NICE'!*

"Ouch! What'd you do that for?"

"What?"

"You bit my tongue. That's what?"

"Sorry. Chad, I have to ask you a question. Do you know Eddie?"

Chad had a bemused look on his face.
"Eddie...Eddie who?"

"Eddie! A short Chinese guy with pigtails and a long drooping mustache. You know him don'tcha?"

"No. I can't say I do. Why?"

"Oh nothing. I'll tell you about it later after we finish."

"Finish what?"

Do I have the nerve to say what I'm thinking?

"Why, make love of course. You're not going to withhold your favors from me after we've gone this far, are you?" as she looked down at his hand, which was still upon her breast, she smiled.

Then she flushed at what she'd said.

Chad flashed a devilish smile, "What a great idea," he continued sarcastically. "Why didn't I think of that?" He rubbed the back of his fingers against her cheek. "Seriously, you drive me crazy. I want you so much." He touched his forefinger to her lips and stroked her hair. He kissed her softly. His tongue divided her lips once more and ran over her teeth, then pried them apart and sought out a passage to her tongue.

Ummm, he is a wonderful kisser. She shivered.

"A sudden chill?" he asked jokily, referring to her explanation to cover her climax in the car.

Very funny she thought.

"Oh!" Jill remembered the red cookie and she stopped him. She reached down into her purse felt it and pulled it out, showing it to him. "Here, you

need to eat this."

"What is it?"

"It's a performance enhancer."

"Really. What's the matter, hasn't my performance been sufficient so far?"

Oh yes, you are magnificent. Please take the goddamned cookie so you can continue to drive me crazy. "Of course it has, just eat the cookie and I'll do something special for you."

"Like what?"

"It's a surprise. Eat the cookie and you'll see." Reluctantly, Chad took the cookie, chewed and swallowed it. Jill kneeled in front of him, released his erect penis from his jeans and took him in her mouth. Now in control, she was doing to him what he had been doing to her. Squirming wildly, he grasped the top of her head and pushed it down. He was losing control.

Jill pulled away. "Slow down, lover." She stood up staring down at Chad as he freed her of the blanket. Jill was now totally naked in front of a man she met less than two hours ago and she felt great. While her friends always said she's attractive, even pretty with her pert shoulder length bob and friendly blue eyes, she, on the other hand, was her own worst critic. She never thought she was much above average, however, she felt her figure was top notch. She noticed him staring admiringly at her, taking in her upright

breasts and slender hourglass figure, something for which she worked very hard and was justly proud. She was fully naked but felt no reticence. Instead of modesty, she felt exhilarated. The new Jill, felt divinely naked and wickedly adventurous.

As Chad's beautiful eyes drank in her attributes, he reached out and pulled her to him placing his hands on her now hard nipples, flicking and rubbing them tenderly. She shivered at his touch. His eyes examined her mons. He seemed to be drawn to her nub which dangled alluringly slightly below her well trimmed pubis. She thought she would pass out when his tongue found her sensitive clit, and a hot bolt of electricity shot through her.

She couldn't stand anymore and sat, then laid down, her head against the armrest. Chad bent down while spreading her legs. One of her legs ended up over his shoulder as he buried his beautiful face in her trimmed genital area. Another hot bolt of electricity shot through her when his tongue entered her bursting sex. She grabbed his head and came in seconds

Holding his head in place as she recovered from her orgasm, She could see a sparkle in his eyes, which were looking along her prone torso straight at her. Chad said, "I love the view from here. I also love to suck on you clitoris." Her then sucked her nub and continued flicking his tongue

over it. She was getting as aroused as before but he was making it very hard to try other things. She took his head and raised it to her welcoming lips. After a long wet kiss, she said, "I need to feel your cock inside me."

She pushed him back and rose. The only remaining item of clothing was his jeans. After bending down, she dragged them down, over his ankles, then rose once more. "I'd like to see your bedroom now." She grabbed his hand jerking him to his feet, whereupon he lifted her straight up and eased her down onto his stiff upright member as she guided it in. Ahhh. It felt just like her fantasy in the car. It filled her up but didn't stuff her. She wrapped her legs around his and nibbled on his earlobe as he walked clumsily into the bedroom.

Once in the bedroom he set Jill down on the dresser. He was still inside her, thrusting her methodically. She looked down and watched his magic wand disappear then reappear within her. His arms were now free, so he fondled her breasts again. As good as her fantasy had been this was better. He fit inside her perfectly and stroked her tenderly but firmly. She had never experienced intercourse this wonderful. She never even knew it was possible and Chad was so sexy. It almost made her come to look at him. His lean, slightly haired chest. His flat washboard tummy. Her hands felt behind him and kneaded his tight buns,

while his cock continued to pummel her hungry pussy and his hands roamed all over her body. She then pulled him in tighter, which allowed his rhythmic pounding to rub her clitoris. She was closing in on an orgasm. She was almost there. She could feel it out there, then when Chad took her nipple in her mouth she exploded. Stars flew everywhere as he rang her bell. She bent down and found his ear with her mouth. She bit down on it and suddenly Chad thrust forward. He was cumming. He was grinding his cock into her vagina and clitoris. It felt so good, so natural. She loved it. She wanted more, much more. For the rest of her life. She wanted Chad. She loved Chad. *How could I love Chad? I only met him five hours ago. I don't know, but I know I love him and I think he loves me!*

She was in sexual nirvana. Jill thanked the gods that Chad wasn't gay. Then she recalled, *my dream lover had mentioned the gods. How strange this all is.*

After she came while she was on the dresser. thinking of her dream, she came again and then Chad came again. They moved to the bed where Jill, with Chad's semen running down her legs, was so fucking horny, she'd rung the bell a few more times—she'd lost count.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and saw daylight. Jill hadn't remembered going to sleep. Maybe she passed out from exhaustion. She

looked down and she was still naked. She noticed a couple love marks but was no worse for wear and felt completely satisfied with no more urges for sex. Then she noticed Chad, lying on his side facing her. Oops, he had a hickey on his neck. She hopped he didn't mind. Then her gaze wandered lower. Protruding slightly out past the sheet was the head of his penis. She slowly pulled the sheet away so as not to disturb him and examined the wondrous object that had made her feel so womanly. Reaching over she touched it. She hadn't had an opportunity to look at it last night so she examined it. It was semi-hard, perhaps six inches long. There was a tiny drop of pre-cum at the opening. It was clear and reminded her of dew on a flower stamen. She bent down and flicked her tongue across it to taste the semen. It had a creamy texture but no discernable taste.

She needed to get to work so she decided to stop, until Chad moaned. It turned her on to excite her new lover. Had she only met him twenty hours ago? It seemed like weeks. She started to perform fellatio but decided that it would be fascinating to watch his ejaculation. She had never before watched a man ejaculate. Hell, she had never seen a lot of things about a man, even urinating. It was time she learned. She went into the bathroom and rifled through the medicine cabinet. Bingo, a tube of petroleum jelly. Back in

bed, she put some on her hand, closed her fist around his member, and began to stroke it—slowly at first then in increasing intensity. Still moaning, his eyes were now open.

“What a great way to wake up,” he said.

She melted once more from Chad’s dazzling smile.

He scooted over to her sex and began to tickle her fancy with his hand. He then stopped her long enough to guide her to straddle his chest, facing his hard penis. He positioned her bottom so that it was adjacent to his mouth. With his tongue he alternated between entering her vagina and teasing her clitoris. She continued rapidly jerking his distended manhood with her fist as if in a race to see who would climax first. Jill won. Accompanying Chad’s pleasurable groans, wild spurts of cum exploded from his penis, some even reaching her hair. After an initial eruption of five or six spurts, each diminishing in intensity, the force of the thick, creamy white fluid reduced to a stream running down his masculine shaft, some of which ran over Jill’s hand. This erotic display of nature plus Chad’s busy tongue brought Jill to her very own powerful orgasm.

When they had both climaxed, Chad rolled over and went back to sleep.

Jill, needed to get to work and entered the bathroom. After taking a shower, she dressed in

yesterday's clothes, which had dried. She was at the bathroom sink applying her makeup when she felt Chad's strong arms around her. She turned around, observed Chad's nakedness and sensed a returning sensation in her loins.

"What're ya doing, gorgeous?"

"Getting ready for work. I missed all afternoon yesterday and there's a story I need to check out."

Concern flashed across his face. "You weren't going to walk out of here and never see me again, were you?"

That was in the back of her mind. "Not unless that's the way you wanted it."

With emphasis Chad said, "Well, that's not the way I want it. I think we've got something good going and I want to be with you."

Jill was a little skeptical about Mr. Sowing-my-Seeds. "And I want to be with you, but I'm not a good time girl. Honesty in affairs of the heart is not always a good thing but I'm going to be honest. I am very attracted to you and could easily fall in love, but I will not be the next bottle of wine to be sampled."

Smiling Chad joked. "I would say I've more than sampled you. I drank the whole bottle and I'm drunk with desire for Jill Sinclair 2007." With apparent sincerity, he continued, "Jill, I don't want a fling. I want something permanent. Come back to bed with me and when we're finished, I'll drive

you where you need to go.”

A tear formed in Jill’s eye. She looked over his nakedness once more. “Doesn’t your weapon ever take a break?”

“Not when it has someone as lovely and talented as you in sight. It wants you! I want you – permanently!”

“Are you sure/”

He nodded and took her hands

“Once you get me, you won’t be able to get rid of me. I refuse to be your next discard.”

“I would never get rid of you. Didn’t I say when I found someone special I would marry her. Well I’m going to be honest now. Marriage has flashed through my mind, but for now I would like us to live together.”

She hugged and kissed Chad passionately before heading back to bed.

CHAPTER FIVE EDDIE CHANG'S III

Finishing her slightly sanitized version of events, Jill announced, "That's my story. We have been together ever since. We are totally in love and I became pregnant about six weeks ago. When we found out, Chad insisted we get married."

Gail cooed, "That's so romantic. Chad sounds like a fabulous guy. I'm really happy for you, Jill."

Rita's eyes were watering and mascara was beginning to run. She hugged Jill once more, whispering in her ear. "I'm so happy for you too. No one deserves happiness more than you."

Jill whispered back, "Except maybe you." She knew Rita was still heartbroken over losing her fiancé four years ago in a hunting accident, three weeks before they were to marry.

Saundra, apparently feeling left out decided to speak once again when she shouldn't. "Romantic?"

How can you say it's romantic? It sounds more depraved to me."

Gail was so incensed she addressed Sandra by her hated nickname. "Sandy, just shut the fuck up! Will you? You're just pissed because your sex life, like mine, is in the shitter. If you really consider us to be your friends you will apologize to Jill, right now."

Sandra started to respond to Gail but seemed to think better of it. Just maybe she was jealous of Jill.

It was Jill who once again saved Sandra's bacon, "No big deal, Gail. Sandra is right. It does seem a little depraved but that's the way the cookies work. They turn your world upside down while turning your love life topsy-turvy. Instead of a normal courtship where you date for a while and grow to love your partner before you make love, the cookies compel you to make love first. I know it sounds bizarre but it works and I don't care if you think my behavior is decadent, Chad is worth being depraved over. You remember that old saying 'One woman's romance is another woman's depravity.'"

Everyone laughed at Jill's juxtaposition of the old saying and Sandra even went ahead and apologized, saying she could probably use a few primal urges herself.

"So, when is the big day?" asked Gail.

Jill's face lit up thinking about getting married. "Four weeks from tomorrow. It will be a relatively small private affair. Only our closest friends and family are invited, and of course you guys. I want all of you three be my bridesmaids, but I can't single any one of you to be my maid of honor so Beverly agreed to be it. She is, after all, responsible for my meeting Chad."

Being the ever-practical one and Jill suspected she felt a little guilty too, Saundra asked Jill, "Are you and Chad in a strong enough financial position to start a family? If you need any financial help, I'd love to help out."

Gail and Rita also joined in and offered help. Jill was touched. "You girls are my best friends and I appreciate your offer but we'll be fine."

Then Rita said, "How about babysitting? I'd love to be your babysitter during my free time and you wouldn't have to pay me either."

Before Jill could respond, the server was beside their table. He gave everyone a cup of green tea and red fortune cookies. Everyone except Jill, who received a blue fortune cookie.

Jill and her friends glanced up and noticed the inscrutable Eddie Chang standing behind the waiter. He was bowing from the waist. He stepped over and bowed once more, saying, "It pleases me greatly to help such pretty young ladies find amour. Return with your men and we will talk."

Eddie bowed once more and left.

Saundra asked, "What's this?"

"I told you, I want all of you to have the same shot at love as I had, even if it is a little depraved." She continued, "Did you see the little man in the Chinese outfit? That's Eddie Chang. Wait until I tell you about the crazy dream I had involving Eddie."

Gail was already breaking the cookie open, while Saundra looked confused about what to do with hers.

Rita looked at her watch, frowned and said, "I'd love to stay and hear about your dream but I really have to run." She stood, gave Jill a peck on the cheek. Then while still bending over, she stopped and looked up toward the source of an intriguing voice.

"My, my, aren't you a pretty one?"

All eyes were drawn to the great-looking man that stood behind Jill, hands on her shoulders.

Rita slumped back into the booth. "I could say the same about you, handsome."

Chad was wearing his cowboy hat today, Gail, joked suggestively, "You wouldn't want to check out my private tattoo, would you, cowboy? You could leave your cowboy hat on."

"Sorry, ma'am, I am happily taken."

Chad bent down and kissed Jill heartily on the lips, pulled up a chair from an empty table and sat

down. "So this is the Sexy Seven?"

Gail said, "Six. It is six unless you want to be number seven. You're certainly sexy enough."

Just then, the two elderly women got up from the adjacent table. One of the women put her hand on Jill's shoulder. When the woman had Jill's attention, she whispered loud enough for only those at the table to hear. "Your young man is quite a hunk. If I was forty years younger, I'd probably suck and fuck him too." The other woman said, "Me too!" winked and put her finger and thumb together, to make the *Okay* sign.

Gail and Rita broke out laughing. Chad didn't know what was going on but when Jill told him, he laughed. He suddenly got up, caught up with the women, and said something to them. They laughed and waved goodbye to the table.

When he returned to the table, Gail had to know what he said, "Nothing much, I merely said I take what they said as a huge compliment and that I have a fifty seven year old widowed uncle that looked just like me when he was younger."

"And what did they say?" prodded Gail.

"Not much. The one that said "me too" said, 'If I was twenty years younger'...and they both laughed. That's when they waved goodbye."

Finally, after everyone stopped laughing, Jill got around to introducing Chad to her friends. Then she told him how they were concerned about

their financial situation and offered to help. Chad was touched. Taking Jill's hand, he said, "Ladies, we appreciate the offer, but we're all set. Didn't Jill tell you?"

"I didn't have time. Besides I was hoping you'd tell them."

"Tell us what?" asked Rita

"I assume Jill told you how we met, and about the red fortune cookies?"

"Yes and how she sucked and fucked you," Saundra remarked dismissively.

Chad, not sure how that came up, seemed to answer carefully. He looked at Saundra gave her his most engaging smile and said, "That's right; we have a lot of fun and do just about everything as long as it's not degrading."

Rita apparently sensed an opportunity for a dig. "Degrading! You mean like depraved?"

Rita and Gail both smiled as Chad answered, "Yeah, same thing. Anyway, she didn't tell you about the blue fortune cookie?"

"Oh sure," replied Gail, "She told us about Beverly and how she got promoted."

"No, Gail. I meant my blue cookie. You see, about a week after Jill and I became involved, she brought me here and insisted that I eat a blue fortune cookie. The next day my agent called and said that one of the TV networks was putting together a new show. A modern-day cowboy

show, called *Cowpoke*, based on ranching. He asked if I would consider auditioning. You could have knocked me over with tamale. I auditioned three days later and was given a lead part at twenty-five grand per episode and if we are renewed, it goes to fifty grand per show. We have taped nine shows. The first one airs next week. Be sure to watch it."

Rita stood up, offering her hand to Chad saying, "It has been an honor and a pleasure to meet you. Make sure you take care of our Jill. She is special."

"Don't I know it. But listen, Rita. I meant what I said before about being a pretty one. I would like to introduce you to my co-star on the show. I believe you would like him and being in this business of flakes and creeps, he seems to be a straight shooter."

Rita sat back down. "What's his name?"

"Cornell Nelson. He's 'round my height, black hair and greenish...maybe blue eyes. I think he might be interested in you, because he showed me a picture of you in some ladies magazine—*Cosmo*, I think—and said his old girlfriend looked something like you. I didn't know it was you until today."

Chad decided that Rita was an exceptional looking package. She had long straight taupe hair

and arresting light blue eyes in an egg-shaped face. Her skin tone was a light olive complexion and her figure was svelte, yet compelling. She was an unusual confluence of both classic and exotic beauty.

After seeing Jill's new beau and hearing his description of his co-star, Rita had to admit she was intrigued. "What makes you think I am unattached?" she asked coyly

"Jill told me you were. She mentioned that you had trouble finding decent eligible men to date. That your fabulous looks were actually an impediment, because nice men thought you were unapproachable. Is that right?"

Rita eyed Jill for a second, then thought about it and nodded. "Pretty much, unfortunately I have no shortage of offers from the fat headed, God's gift to women types."

"I'll tell you what. The show debuts next Wednesday. Watch the show. Cornell plays the part of Billy Reynolds. After the show, at eleven P.M., the studio is throwing a big bash. You, Saundra and Gail are invited as my guests. If you like what you see, I'll introduce you. If not, just enjoy the party."

Looking at Gail, then Saundra, Rita asked, "What do you think?"

Saundra nodded at Gail, who answered, "You

can count on us, Rita. Who knows, if you don't like him, maybe I will."

Rita stood up again. "I really have to leave. My photo shoot is in thirty minutes and I'm at least forty minutes away." She hugged Saundra, Gail and then Jill. She pecked Jill on the cheek and whispered, "I like your man, if you ever want to get rid of him, I'll take him off your hands."

Jill smiled, "Fat chance, you brazen hussy."

Rita turned to Chad. She started to offer her hand and he took it, pulled her to him, and hugged her. She pulled away and said, "I'm glad I met you. You're very easy to get to know. I'll look forward to seeing you again next Wednesday." She kissed him on the cheek and hurriedly left only to return after a few steps. "I forgot my love life," she said grabbing the two fortune cookies.

Shortly after Rita left, Saundra did too. Jill noticed that like Rita, she didn't eat her cookie. She hoped they took them for an opportune moment and wouldn't throw them away. Gail however, ate her cookie, which put her on the clock, so to speak. Gail said it was time for her to leave the lovebirds and since Chad didn't want to take her up on her offer, she would find a surrogate and pretend it was he. She hugged Jill and whispered, "I like your man too, so if you ever want to get rid of him, don't tell Rita. Give me first crack."

Jill laughed and whispered, "Very funny. You

heard Rita. If I was going to get rid of Chad, which I never would, I think he already has eyes for Rita."

Jokingly Gail said, "Shoot, beat out by Rita once more." Then getting more serious, "On the other hand, if your fortune cookies work, I'll meet my own Chad. Right?"

Jill patted her friend's hand. "That's right, honey. Before you know what hit you!"

CHAPTER SIX GAIL

Gail Taylor was a partner in the small, but prestigious law firm of Wilson, Blacksmyth, Cabot, Grimes and Taylor, specializing in entertainment and contractual law. Gail resembled Jill in many ways; average height and coloring, with warm brown eyes and light brown hair—to which she added reddish highlights—it sounded peculiar but it looked good. Many people thought she looked like Meg Ryan. She agreed somewhat, except Ryan was beautiful, not as conventionally beautiful as Rita, but a girl next-door beauty. On a beauty scale of one to ten she figured Ryan was a nine, compared to her seven.

At thirty, Gail was one or two years older than her friends. She got a late start on college because she stayed home to care for her dying mother and two siblings. Even though she was class valedictorian, and awarded a full scholarship, she

couldn't attend school until her mother passed away and her father agreed to take responsibility for her eighteen and eleven year old sisters.

After Gail left the restaurant and started to head back to her office, there was lilt in her walk and a bounce in her step. Jill's story was crazy enough to be true, and certainly, she hadn't made up the overpriced strangely colored fortune cookies. Gail decided she had nothing to lose and everything to gain, if by some miracle, they worked. She had noticed however, that although she ate her odd tasting cookie, her friends refrained. Still, it had been a couple hours since eating the cookie and still no overpowering sensations emitted from down under. No fuzzies, no pressure like Jill had described. Nothing! *What a bummer.* Maybe it took awhile to work.

Her love life, like that of so many strong intelligent professional women, had been a disaster. *Why was it that men preferred bimbos to intelligent women?* She experienced fleeting bliss in a whirlwind courtship the summer after finishing law school at Columbia culminating in an overnight wedding trip to Las Vegas. Brent turned out to be a compulsive womanizer. Within three months Gail caught him cheating. She continued to catch him bumping and grinding, in their bed periodically, with a bimbo, despite his many professions of eternal love. As the saying went,

'Fool me once shame on you. Fool me four times and it's sayonara!'

Since that fiasco, Gail dated sporadically with mixed results. She experimented with homosexuality for a short time, thinking that she might be bi-sexual. She did find her three or so lesbian forays interesting. Nevertheless, she found the use of requisite penetration sex toys, artificial and tedious. She ultimately decided that Lesbianism would be the way to go—in a penis-less world.

Much to her embarrassment, Gail now received her sexual gratification from her current 'fuck buddy' — her law clerk, Jeremy. Jeremy Stern was a handsome, twenty-something kid, just out of college. She knew it was poor policy to be screwing someone in her office, especially since he was single and claimed he loved her. She regretted it but it was now a fact. Previously, she had a relationship with an Italian pizza parlor owner who made house calls. Tony was his name. She missed his special 'hot, Italian sausage.' His bedridden wife had severe asthma and needed to move to a dry climate so moving to Las Vegas, he entrusted his eighteen-year-old son, Tony Junior, with the pizza parlor. The old man must have told Jr. about their arrangement because he brought a couple pizzas by—no charge, the same as before. When nothing happened with baby Tony, the

pizzas stopped.

It was a beautiful late spring afternoon and Gail walked a couple miles without realizing the time was approaching three-thirty. She decided to skip going back to the drudgery of the office. She called her secretary and told her to clear her calendar. Then as she happened by a branch of the New York Library, she had a sudden urge to go in. It was an older branch with traditional architecture and several floors. She hadn't been in a library since school, and had no idea why she went in, or where she was going. Wandering aimlessly around the first floor, not knowing what she was looking for, she ascended the ornate staircase to the mezzanine.

After climbing the long flight of stairs, she decided to use the ladies' room. She dashed inside the restroom, and turning the corner, she literally ran into a man. *What's a man doing in the ladies' room?* The first thing she noticed about him was his hypnotic blue eyes. He was great-looking, about five ten, blond hair, lean, distinguished, yet ruggedly handsome, sporting a well trimmed beard. He was pulling away from a urinal, tucking himself...*Urinal? What is a urinal doing in here?* Suddenly, she noticed that her private area was aching in a pleasant but demanding way.

He smiled at her and said in a British accent, "Hello, my name is Lyle." He looked down at the

stirring in his pants and embarrassedly looked back at Gail.

Gail offered her hand. "I'm Gail. I'm sorry I ran into you. I thought I was in the ladies' room."

"I believe you may have made a wrong turn, Miss." He started fidgeting from side to side.

She looked down at the emerging bulge with levity, and smiled. Lyle covered his crotch with his copy of the *Wall Street Journal*. Gail pondered, *so the cookies are matchmakers. They actually find the nearest compatible partner and lead you to him/her like a Geiger counter. Apparently, as a matched pair get in close proximity, their libido increases.* The time for decorum was past, so she decided to pose a crude question. "I'm sorry for running into you. May I ask you a very personal question?"

He didn't answer.

"Having trouble speaking?"

He nodded.

"Do you, by any chance, have an uncontrollable urge to make love to me?"

Lyle blushed. He started to shake his head then changed and nodded with emphasis.

Gail grabbed Lyle's hand, leading him toward a stall said, "We need to talk about this. Let's go into a stall."

Lyle was shocked out of his silence. "Wait. What if someone comes in?"

She just loved his British accent. "I'll chance it."

This is a *sexual* emergency. Here eat this."

He took the fortune cookie from her.

When Gail had shut the stall door behind them, she noticed the lock was broken. Making sure he wasn't married, she looked at Lyle's left hand. No ring. Good! "Are you married? Don't lie to me."

This time he shook his head.

"Good!" She took the cookie back, unwrapped it, took the fortune slip out and put half of it in his mouth.

Surprised, Lyle chewed and swallowed the half cookie but when Gail tried to put the other half in his mouth, he grabbed her hand.

"Not so fast. What's going on here? What is this thing you want me to eat? It doesn't taste like any fortune cookie I ever ate and why do I have this overwhelming obsession for you?"

Gail didn't want to start their relationship with a lie so she told the truth. "The cookie is a matchmaker. I ate one two hours ago and it has chosen you as my match, so you need to eat the cookie to cement our future relationship." Having told the truth, she thought, *boy, does that sound nuts*. She didn't realize it would sound as crazy as it did. She looked at Lyle, who was looking at her like a psycho. She took the cookie, shoved it into his mouth, and said with all the authority she could muster, "Just eat the friggin' cookie."

When Lyle had swallowed the cookie, she put

her arms around him and said, "There, that didn't kill you. Did It?"

"I guess not"

Gail pecked him on the lips.

He was enormously attracted to her and his libido was nearing red line, so he embraced Gail and kissed her. He started by returning her kiss softly, barely touching her lips, then stronger and with fervor, while squeezing her buttocks with both hands. He sat down on the toilet and pulled her down, sitting her on his lap as their tongues danced in an embrace of their own. Still kissing she began to fondle his penis, but she couldn't seem to get it out of his pants.

Lyle reached under her skirt searching for her quim, the entry of which was blocked by her pantyhose. Undeterred, he pulled them down then continued. Her underpants were soaked from their passion. With her free hand, she reached down and pulled her panties aside, giving Lyle free entrance.

They had stopped kissing to concentrate on other things and when his fingers found their target, Gail jerked backwards as if hit by a jolt of electricity. They bumped heads but shook it off. She put her hand over his directing it to her clit, helping him to understand what pleased her most.

Then she came. Once more she banged her head this time on the wall of the stall but she didn't notice. The stars she saw weren't from banging her head, but rather a result of the waves of pleasure that coursed through her.

Gail was an enthusiastic lover. She wanted more. She wanted to make love. She wished they were somewhere else. Somewhere more appropriate, but they weren't, and the hugging, kissing and foreplay was only exacerbating the sensuous compulsions for both of them. But it felt so good! Then, without warning, she had another milder climax. After this orgasm, she pulled away and got down on her knees. She pulled his sex free and inhaled. His penis was a big one.

"You are going to be the beneficiary of my first and last blow job in the men's room." She took him in her mouth. It filled her mouth up and at first she had trouble breathing. Finally she managed to get going hot and heavy. Lyle was moaning when she heard the main door open. She stopped and reached up, covering Lyle's mouth so he wouldn't moan, then after thirty seconds or so, they heard a urinal flush then the door opening and closing again.

She went back to pleasing Lyle but he stopped her. He urged Gail up and then got on the toilet seat, his pants around his ankles. Gail smiled at the sight and then went back to work sucking and

jerking on his oversized cock. Lyle was truly in the mood now, holding her head in both hands, pushing forward as her mouth came down on him. After a couple minutes, she could feel his testicles rise so she knew he was close. A tiny squirt entered her mouth and she knew the rest would follow in a second or two. She pulled her mouth away keeping her hand in place to massage his member during the eruption, making sure to move out of the line of fire. Copious amounts of seminal fluid thrusting out with substantial force.

Then, at the absolutely, most inauspicious moment, someone opened the stall door and was right in the line of fire. Though she tried to interrupt the path of the milky white ejaculate, it was too late.

CHAPTER SEVEN LYLE

The shocked visitor and inadvertent recipient of projectiles of Lyle's spunk turned out to be a mildly irritated and obviously gay custodian named Oscar. Even though he made light of the situation and quipped, "Nexth time I knock," He seemed to be transfixed by the object of his irritation - Lyle's erectus giantus.

Instead of wiping Lyle's ejaculate off his uniform, he entered the stall and began to wipe off Lyle's major member, saying, "Oscar weel clean you up, sur."

Lyle and Gail were both slow to react. When Lyle realized what Oscar was doing, he got angry. Lyle brushed his hands away, and said, "Leave me alone, you pervert."

Lyle jumped off the toilet, but his feet got tangled in the trousers around his ankles and he fell – into Oscar.

Oscar caught Lyle but then he grabbed his penis maximus and wouldn't let go. Gail finally snapped out of her trance and tried to separate them. She started kicking him and pulled on his hair. This loosened Oscar's grip enough that Lyle was able to give him an uppercut in the solar-plexus. Oscar went sprawling out of the stall and landed on the floor by the urinals.

While Gail helped Lyle pull his pants up, Oscar regained his breath and grunted out, "Oscar jeest want to help."

Gail stooped down and touched the custodian on the back. Handing him a twenty dollar bill, she whispered, "Here's a little something for your trouble."

Oscar looked at the money and smiled. "You come back again. Let Oscar watch, maybe help?"

She smiled as she straightened up. "I don't think so, Oscar. We won't be back. We never hit the same restroom twice."

Lyle frowned.

Gail grasped his hand and led him out of there.

"Where are we going?"

"I'll think of something. We still have some unfinished business."

Lyle smiled and cracked, "I can hardly wait."

* * * *

Back on the street, Gail hailed a cab. After they both settled in, she gave the driver the address to

her flat.

Lyle seemed ready for more adventure. "I must admit that was pretty exciting. What are we going to do now?"

"I'm glad you think so. We still need to talk but that can wait. Remember how your penis got warm and tingly and felt like it was going to explode?" Lyle nodded. "Well that's the way my pussy feels right now, so I need you to...you know."

Lyle looked blank. "What?"

"Christ, you know."

Lyle finally got the picture. "Oh! But you had an orgasm in the restroom?"

"Yes, two actually, but they were just a temporary solution. It didn't do the job. Perhaps I need penetration."

"Can't you wait until we get to your flat?"

"Could you have waited until we got to the flat?"

"I see what you mean. Why is this happening anyway?"

"Lyle, I'll explain it all to you in good time but in the meantime—MAKE LOVE TO ME, PLEASE!"

"Miss, I can't get it up in front of the driver."

Miss! Gail thought. I just sucked this person to nirvana and he doesn't even remember my name. "Gail. My name is Gail. You needn't worry about him,

he's a cab driver. Probably sees this sort of thing all the time, so he doesn't count."

Lyle ruminated on the logic of that or lack thereof and discarded it. Nevertheless, his libido was rejuvenating with the help of Gail's talented hands. After massaging his prodigious penis back to attention, Gail pulled off her pantyhose and straddled Lyle's lap, Pulling her lover toward her, she carefully eased his torpedo to its intended target. In minutes, Gail was receiving carnal relief as she was bouncing up and down above the cab windows, while the inquiring eyes of the man who didn't count, paid more attention to the rearview mirror than the traffic.

After seven or eight minutes and six near miss collisions, Gail and Lyle had reached sexual nirvana. It was a good thing too, since the driver had missed a turn and was heading to New Jersey via the Holland Tunnel. When she realized what had happened, she got upset. "Hey, driver! Where are you taking us? We didn't ask to go to New Jersey."

"Sorry, Miss. I missed a turn. I won't charge for the extra mileage"

Gail made eye contact with the driver in the rearview mirror. "You were watching, weren't you?"

The driver blushed.

So did Lyle. "I told you we should wait."

"Don't sweat it. What could he have seen? We had our clothes on; me bouncing up and down on your lap?"

Smiling, Gail looked at the driver in the mirror again and said, "You were a naughty boy. I hope the sex show was worth the twenty miles you are going to eat."

Laughing the driver answered, "I wasn't the only naughty one and I saw more than you thought. I know your boyfriend is hung like a horse."

Now Gail flushed. Lyle was looking at her rather harshly. She tried to calm Lyle down. "Sorry, lover." Changing the subject she asked, "Are you English?"

"Not quite. I'm half Welsh."

"How interesting. We've got about an extra half hour of travel time, thanks to our wandering driver up there. Tell me all about yourself."

"Certainly, but first, why don't you finish explaining the deal with the fortune cookies and how they affect us?"

"Actually, I already did, briefly, in the library."

"You expect me to believe that silly story. Why don't you tell me the long version?"

So Gail proceeded to tell Lyle about her friend Jill and Chad and Eddie Chang's restaurant about her eating a cookie and being drawn into the

library and so forth. After which the partially mollified Lyle, told Gail briefly about his background.

Lyle, whose last name was Overton, was thirty-five years old. He had been in the US for the last ten years. He liked it but couldn't become a citizen because he actually worked for the British as a public relations official at their United Nations offices. Lyle had graduated first in his class with a degree in marketing from Oxford fourteen years ago and went right into public relations.

When they arrived at Gail's flat, Lyle took care of the taxi fare. The driver said, "Thanks" then looked up at Lyle and said "Have fun, big guy."

Lyle nodded to the driver before he pulled away, then grabbed Gail's arm and led her away.

"Now don't get the impression that I go around picking up guys for sexual trysts. It's just that these cookies are so...fucking demanding. It's like a crack addict needing a fix —"

Presumably having experienced similar sensations, Lyle admitted, "I've noticed,"

CHAPTER EIGHT

RITA

Rita was twenty-five minutes late for her shoot—not an auspicious way to start out with a new photographer. *Who was he again? Oh yes, Nikolas Cre`mel.* She wasn't familiar with him. He must not be that well known, so at least he wouldn't be able to gossip within the trade about her tardiness.

On the way over, she had reflected on the crazy story Jill had divulged. Magic fortune cookies. Really! But then again she hadn't completely rejected the story, had she? After all, two red cookies resided in the bottom of her purse. Jill, bless her heart, really fell into it with Chad. It's a good thing she met him before her. She would have snapped him up in a New York minute. *I have so much love to give and I can't find anyone to give it to. Not since Randall.* God, why did she think of Randall? It always made her so sad to think of him. Sometimes she even got mad at Randall for

getting killed and leaving her alone. Then she felt guilty for being so selfish. *What's so important about hunting deer anyway?*

Here she was, totally depressed, with one of the most important shoots of her life in front of her. The cover of *Glamour*. *Maybe if I ate one of the fortune cookies it would make me think of something else. I can't screw this up. I'm not getting any younger. I'm already old by fashion model standards.* She selected one of the cookies and took a bite. It was good. It wasn't sweet. It didn't really taste like anything she could think of. More like a chicken flavored carnival pretzel than a confection.

After the cab dropped her off, Rita rushed in the building. Cre`mel Studios was in a converted warehouse in an industrial area near the East River. She sprinted upstairs and burst in, all ready to apologize.

An annoyed man leaned against his desk tapping his foot. He looked at his watch and in a rich, slightly accented voice, said, "You know, you are almost a half hour late."

Rita looked at her photographer and was speechless. This was the most attractive man she had ever seen. On top of that, she was experiencing improper urges. She hadn't been to bed with anyone in four months. Actually, it wasn't even to bed. It had been a frantic, passionate interlude in a crowded dressing room

with a clothing manufacturer after a fashion show. There wasn't a mattress within a half mile.

The annoyed man snapped Rita out of her reverie. "So, what's your excuse for making me wait?"

Still, Rita was speechless.

The attractive man quipped, "You do speak English. Don't You?"

She nodded,

"Good. Cat got your tongue?" He glided over and walked around her once checking out the front sides and rear apparently admiring her slender shape. "Hmmm" The closer he got the warmer Rita's loins felt. After circling her, he shook her hand. Rita's entire V area was burning up. Flashing a friendly smile, he continued, "Let's start over. Shall we? All is forgiven. I won't even charge the magazine for your tardiness, okay?" Rita nodded again. "Good. My name is Nikolas Cre'mel and you. You must be Rita Renaldi?"

She nodded once more.

"I must say you are a beauty."

Rita finally found her voice. "So are you."

Nikolas's eyes sparkled. He threw back his head and roared. After he stopped laughing he said, "When you finally speak, you say the damndest things. How long have you bee..." Nikolas stopped, abruptly.

Rita noticed that he glanced down at his suddenly bulging crotch. After retreating behind his desk, he looked up and said, "Where was I? We'll start with you fully dressed. Go in the dressing room and pick out your favorite of the three gowns, then come back out here."

"What kind of accent is that?"

"That, my dear, is a Czech accent. I am originally from the beautiful city of Prague, but I have been here for twelve years. I am now a naturalized citizen. Now, you must hurry. We are behind schedule."

Rita hurried away from Nikolas. Thankfully, the compulsion decreased with distance. It wasn't that the sensation was unpleasant. Far from it. It was incredibly scintillating, but too insistent, too earthy.

Rita picked out a lovely teal blue Donna Karan and matching heels by Jimmy Choo. She picked out elbow length matching gloves and a simulated Tiffany necklace bracelet set, then took off all of her clothes. Gazing in the mirror, she liked what she saw. At five foot ten, she was statuesque. She was both sinewy and shapely, her breasts and rump protruding nicely. She knew that men desired her but she'd always been shy. She wondered if she would remain shy with Nikolas. Remembering panties might cause wrinkles

through her gown and she was going to be modeling casual clothes, including a teeny weenie 'micro' bikini, she left her undergarments off. After donning her selections, she was ready to go.

She paused to inspect a gallery of nude photographs she had noticed while she was getting dressed. They were all of women, very attractive, in an assortment of poses, some in customary positions, while others were in sensual, almost salacious poses. They were all exceptional. Nikolas was a fabulous photographer. *I hope he's as good a lover and just as important, I hope he's a good person.*

It was becoming quite apparent to Rita by now that the fortune cookies worked as advertised, and that Nikolas was her fortune cookie match. What a luscious selection he was. The dark haired, brown eyed, brooding, artist was definitely drooling material. She felt sexy as hell, just as Jill had described. This modern day Adonis was destined to become her lover. With her step lightened by anticipation, Rita walked out looking forward to her photo shoot, and particularly, her first intimate encounter with her future mate.

CHAPTER NINE NIKOLAS

Nikolas' eyes perused Rita's svelte form. Tardiness notwithstanding, he was ready to give Rita Renaldi the benefit of the doubt.

After noticing an emerging hard-on he retreated behind his desk. He recalled Prague, his hometown in his country of origin, Czechoslovakia, in a futile effort to distract his mind from his stiff reminder of the beauty before him. Words could not describe how beautiful she was. He had been photographing sumptuous women on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean almost his whole adult life and no one had affected him like Rita. Images of her luscious red lips kissing him made him feel lightheaded. He could imagine her next to him, her long legs wrapped around his waist.

Her tardiness had given him every reason to be angry, yet he could not seem to stay mad. Then,

besides not being able to stay upset, he got this huge erection right in front of her. How embarrassing. He would not be surprised if it happened to her all the time, because she certainly noticed and did not seem to think much of it. Nikolas suddenly had an image in his mind of men walking around Rita in a perpetual state of arousal.

He exhaled a long breath of air as the modern day Cleopatra sashayed into the changing room. Her exiting helped alleviate the untimely sensations within his groin. Even so, thoughts of her tall form and long, light brown hair remained.

After what seemed eons but was only fifteen minutes, Rita re-emerged. "I'm ready, Nikolas."

Nikolas turned and stared. She looked like a contemporary Cinderella in her Ball gown.

He noticed that he was hard again. This was so embarrassing. Rita looked toward his crotch and appeared to hold back a snicker. But there was something else there he sensed—approval. She held out the red cookie. "Here eat this, it might help."

Nikolas, already believing men constantly got erections around Rita, figured it was some arousal remedy, but he asked anyway, "What is it?"

Rita gave Nikolas a mischievous smile and quipped, "It's reputed to be an aphrodisiac. People who have eaten them have been known to get

lucky. Do you feel lucky?"

Nikolas chuckled and smiled. He wasn't exactly sure if she meant what he thought she did, but he crossed his fingers for good luck and swallowed the red cookie.

Rita continued, "I noticed your gallery of nude photos in the dressing room. They are very good. Were they taken here?"

"Yes, I have a smaller more private studio next door where I do my intimate work."

Rita smiled. "I'll bet you do."

Nikolas felt his face flush. "Well, I—"

"Would you photograph me that way, Niki? It is all right if I call you Niki, isn't it?"

Nikolas puffed up like a rooster. This was too perfect. "I'm at your beck and call, milady."

"How quaint." She parted her lips and gazing up at him through long, blinking lashes, said, "Shall we get started?"

Nikolas slid his hand into hers and admired its softness. He brought her long, manicured fingers to his lips and kissed them. Then he guided her to a single stool in front of a plain blue background. She exuded an aroma not unlike wildflowers in a field after a summer shower. There was magic in her hand. A current traced its way from her fingers up his arm and made his heart beat faster.

Nikolas hurried the shoot so he could get to the nude shoot. After several shots in the ball gown,

he said, "Good. Now, why don't we skip the casual attire and go straight to the bikini?"

"Sure, but oh—can you come over here for a second? I have a question."

Niki went over to Rita and of course, his semi-erect member went *bong*. "What can I do for you, love?"

"You are wearing interesting cologne. What is it?"

"It's Pour Lui by Oscar De Larenta"

"I love it." Beckoning him with the crook of her finger, she continued, "Come closer and let me smell it." When Niki bent over to allow Rita to smell his fragrance, his neck to her nose, he noticed the low cut gown revealed her cleavage and to his shock her light brown nipples. This sent a bolt of electricity to his bulging appendage. She gently touched his face with her graceful fingers, turning it toward her. Touching her lips to Niki's, she pulled away, then touched them again. The current emanating from her lips also seemed to make a beeline to his penis, which was as hard as a petrified tree. Rita proceeded to plant a feral tongue down his throat, kiss on his shocked lips.

Deep in the back of Rita's mind, a little voice of restraint spoke up. *Rita, honey, are you sure you know what you're doing?* Ignoring it, she said, "I hope you won't think I'm too forward, but I've

wanted to do that since I first saw you.”

Obviously, stunned and unsure how to answer, Niki lamely replied, “Think nothing of it. I enjoyed it immensely and was thinking the same thing.”

Rita’s facial expression went from one of contrition to mischievous seduction. *Maybe, but I bet you’re not thinking what I’m thinking, my beautiful slit licker*, then she added, “Really? That’s wonderful. May I ask you a question?”

“Ask away.”

“Is there a remote control for your camera?” Niki nodded. “Would you be a dear and get it for me? I want to take pictures of us together.” Niki reached in his pocket and handed the remote to Rita.

Kissing him one more time, gently this time, on the lips, nose and neck, as she absent-mindedly twisted a lock of his soft dreamy black hair in her left hand, she snapped a picture.

This time Niki responded by kissing Rita back with zeal. By now, Niki was obviously too excited to turn back, not that Rita wanted him to. Grabbing her buttocks through the sheer dress with one hand, he reached in behind the low cut fabric to expose one of her breasts with the other, squeezing it then brushing his thumb over the nipple.

For her part, Rita grasped Niki’s stiff cock in one hand while continuing to take photos with her

other.

Lifting the hem of her dress, Niki began rubbing his fingers over the edge Rita's mound and on her clitoral hood. She temporarily jerked away from their kiss and pushed her pubis into his fingers. She wanted more – much more.

Kissing Niki's ear, she whispered breathlessly, "Are you into fantasies?"

Niki replied. "I'm not sure what you mean."

Rita, not quite sure what she wanted, began pushing Niki's head down. "Indulge me," she said.

As a seasoned lover, Niki understood what she wanted and wished to please. Lifting her skirt up and placing his head between her legs, he began tonguing and sucking on her clitoris. Rita moved the sheer, full skirt back and over Niki's head. Then she grabbed his head through the material..

Rita gasped at the rapture this man was engendering in her Seconds after placing the skirt back over Niki's head, her voice of restraint spoke up once more. *Rita dear, I don't want to be a prude, but you are going much too far, much too fast. Don't you have any self-respect?*

This time Rita mentally answered her critic. *This is the man of my future and my booty is on fire. What would you have me do?*

Restraint suggested, *Stop what you are doing right now, keep your distance for the rest of the shoot and definitely skip the nude shoot for now, maybe later, make an appointment, have him take you to dinner, then the nude shoot.*

Naughty chided Restraint. *Don't you have something better to do? She's going to do him and that's it. Get over it.*

Rita was getting confused. *Will you two just butt out and let me think?* But there was no way she was going to be able to think straight with Niki's tongue laving her pussy.

I've already asked him to go down on me and he is driving me crazy. I can't change my mind after the fact, plus I need something and so does he. Still snapping pictures, Rita made up her mind. She would let this run its course and worry about damage control later, if there was any.

Once under her dress, Niki eagerly dove into the matter at hand...Rita's tunnel of love. The dress was translucent enough that it let some light through. Enough that he could see as well as touch Rita's luscious genitalia. He was pleased that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Rita was definitely an imaginative girl, for what he was doing right now was one of the most erotic things he had ever done. He felt like the White Rabbit in Wonderland and a little kid playing Doctor, all in one. Rita's dress covered him down to his

shoulder blades, but he could see everything Rita had to offer reasonably well, from her navel on down. Niki thought he was already aroused as much as possible but what he saw and touched now elevated his excitement to the breaking point. Niki decided there was nothing to dispel his initial assessment that Rita was the most gorgeous creature he had ever come across. Meanwhile, Rita had started clicking the shutter while moving her body and adjusting the dress between each shot. Rita's abdomen was virtually flat with a sensuous rounding around her navel, leading to a sexy rise of her mound. Her pubis was shaved, not surprising for a model. Her thighs and calves were lean but shapely. Even the fragrance emitting from her now exposed, hidden treasure was intoxicating.

CHAPTER TEN

RITA

Rita felt euphoric. Having eaten the fortune cookie, she had been guided to the lover of whom she had dreamed. Sure, she had a small number of trysts since Randall but they were vapid, meaningless expressions of sexual frustrations. Sexual repression was endemic in the fashion business; beautiful women on society's pedestal, too beautiful, unapproachable, unattainable, defensive, and suspicious and beneath the cool aloof veneer, unhappy. However, Rita suspected that because Niki worked with and knew women like her, he knew what these women hungered after, how to fulfill that craving and right now Niki was fulfilling Rita's carnal need.

Rita felt her control slipping. They had moved from the backless bar-height stool they had started on to a nearby davenport. The expensive Donna Karan custom creation's top had been pulled

down and the bottom up to Rita's waist, exposing her breasts and legs, not to mention her busy sex partner. Niki had been driving her wild for at least ten minutes. Rita realized the dress was getting wrinkled, but shoved the thought away, since Niki didn't seem to care. They had other urgent priorities on which to direct their collective attention. Niki had redirected the camera at the davenport and Rita continued to click the shutter. She figured she had clicked about forty shots, but it was hard to count when her lover was drilling for treasure with his tongue in her gold mine.

She was perched in the right corner of the davenport with her right leg stretched out the length of the couch. She had lost her designer shoes and had her other leg dangled over Niki's right shoulder and rested on his lower back. Rita thought, *there is something deliciously licentious about getting all fixed up and glamorous in high fashion and then haphazardly discarding your attire to make wanton, lustful, urgent love. Or, in this case frantic, salacious oral sex. Ummm. It seems so naughty and so right.* Shortly thereafter, Rita began to notice a compelling feeling between her thighs, a tiny sensation that slowly but inexorably built in intensity, reaching a dull roar that announced her impending eruption. Sure enough, Rita experienced the Granddaddy of all orgasms, squirming spastically in multiple directions, even

ripping Niki's shirt. When she was finished feeling the Earth move, she coiled into a fetal position. She was thoroughly spent and she couldn't stop shaking. She didn't know if this was good or bad but she suspected it was good. Really good!

Niki, after taking a minute to finish undressing, continued to play with Rita's left breast with his left hand, kneading it and plucking his finger across the nipple. Eventually, as Rita's shaking subsided, the nipple stood up. Niki wanted to massage her clit, so he reached over and around her hips and *bingo!* He could feel her treasure chest protruding from the lower part off her buttocks. This view of a woman's genitalia never failed to arouse him, not that he wasn't aroused already, so he edged over around her gorgeous legs and *voila*, her whole love nest stared Niki right in the face. He began to finger her exposed slit ever so gently making sure to give her clit maximum attention.

She had calmed down considerably, only exhibiting the occasional shiver, when Niki discovered the rear entrance to her vaginal orifice. Once he started to massage her trigger and slide his fingers into her hot wet enlarged flower, she began to stir once more. Niki moved her legs and slid them to the floor, so she was at a right angle to the couch, her knees resting on the floor, while her

chest and head remained on the couch with her arms folded under her face. After spreading her legs, Niki worked on her expanded sex. She was so aroused, her vagina was so stretched out that he inserted multiple fingers. He moved one of her legs back on the couch for better access. Rita could feel the increased intrusion in her sex, she thought, *What is Niki doing. This is incredible. It feels like all his fingers are inside me.* “Ooooh, stop. Ouch, that hurts. What are you doing?”

“Sorry, baby. I wanted to reach your G-spot. I guess you weren’t as open as I thought.”

Niki had moved her right leg back down and started to massage her sex again. She had calmed down but her libido was once again gaining steam, when she felt something new enter her sex from behind. At first, she thought Niki had reinserted his fist but this felt smaller, more natural. More like it belonged in there. Then she felt Niki’s groin pressing against her buttocks and she knew his cock was inside her. Niki was making love to her and it felt amazing. After all the preliminaries, she was almost too spent to enjoy it—*almost*. After just a few minutes Niki started to climax. Fortunately for Rita, it was strong and sustained, helping Rita to attain her second orgasm.

When finished, Niki rolled off Rita. Sitting on the floor, his elbow on the couch, he looked up at Rita and smiled. “Don’t let this go to your head. I

kinda like you. Wil yo be m'bitch?"

She grabbed a throw pillow off the couch and swatted him on the head. "Maybe, but your stud farming days are over. Can you handle that?"

Niki shrugged, looked up at Rita with admiration in his eyes and said, "You are my dream girl. Honestly, I can't see myself wanting any other girl after you." Rita was touched and she believed him, because she felt the same. She bent down toward Niki's wonderfully sexy face and for the third time attacked his tonsils with her hungry tongue. This time Niki playfully bit down on her tongue until she removed it. Then he started tickling her, and if there is one thing Rita was, it was ticklish.

"Not fair," Rita said, jumped up in and stood up naked in front of Niki's probing eyes. "What?" she said

Niki took in the entirety of her fully unclothed beauty for the first time. She was astonishing. She was ideal. Anatomically perfect. Tall and lean. Long strong, shapely legs, a remarkable midriff—thin and sexy, flat with the slightest sign of roundness. Her breasts were well defined and upright. They weren't large but they weren't small either. With their pert nipples, they were extremely inviting. Perfect in fact. Rita was a discovery to cherish and cherish her he would.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Nothing, doll. I'm just absorbing your beauty. I can't wait to get you in front of my camera like that."

"And I can't wait to pose for you. I feel very naughty. You bring out a wicked streak in me. Are you up to that? I cannot wait to get into a real bed. Do you live here?"

"You bet, through door number two." Niki pointed to the middle door of three doors on the wall. "Right now we need to take a break from sensual sustenance for some tangible physical sustenance. Why don't you go back into the dressing room and put your clothes on and we'll get something to eat."

"I've got a better idea. If the Donna Karan isn't too wrinkled I'll put my photo shoot outfit on and we'll go to someplace ritzy. That is, if you can get us reservations, this late, on a Friday night."

"I can always get us reservations at a place with lousy food, but somehow that doesn't fit the occasion. After all, this is a day of infamy, which I will mark on my calendar and will celebrate on the anniversary, as long as we are together, which as far as I'm concerned is as long as I live, but with this caveat. I will buy the six thousand dollar Donna Karan, which you surely realize cannot be returned, for you to wear on our annual celebration of 'Fornication Friday.'"

Rita laughed. "Fornication Friday, I like that."

"On the matter of reservations, I know the manager of a swank Italian restaurant. Who happens to owe me a favor."

"Really? And what, pray tell, does a restaurateur owe my fair photographer a favor for?"

"For photographing his wife, of course. At least that's what he thinks. What he really owes me for, is restraining myself from bopping the hot little minx."

"Do you realize how nuts that sounds? That he owes you for not having sex with his wife."

"Sometimes the truth is nuts. Get dressed. I'll make the reservations."

"Not so fast. Was this little trollop on your trophy wall in the dressing room?"

"No, those are just the girls I have had sex with. That's why they're in the dressing room, away from possible boyfriends and even husbands."

Rita's mouth fell open. "You made love to all those women? What are you, part rabbit?"

"I've been called worse. Actually, those are just the ones I photographed in the nude. There are more. However that was pre- 'Fornication Friday,' the day you made an honest man out of me. Anyway, the past is off limits. I don't fault you for anything you did before I met you. Even the little

fling you had with that ogre Donald Bigley."

Rita flushed, "What! You know about that? How?"

"Let's say Donald is not very discreet. I even know when and how. He was in the dressing room with several bottles of champagne, celebrating after his fashion show, and as the other girls peeled off, leaving you alone and vulnerable and probably a little tipsy, you were probably susceptible."

"Well sort of. He told you all that?"

"No. He told me what made him look good. I read the reality, between the lines."

"I'm so mortified! I can't believe he's spreading that around!"

"Rita. You are a ten plus! There aren't many average blokes that could keep that to themselves. He may have only had you once, but you made his sex life. I'm sure he's had you in his mind hundreds of times."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Baby, don't make me spell it out for you." He took his fist and mimicked masturbation.

Rita put her hand to her mouth and turned a deep shade of red. "I'm so ashamed. Forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive. The slate is clean. I'm sure you wouldn't have had relations with Donald, if you were seeing me."

"Not hardly. I shouldn't have anyway, but

you're right, that's my shame, not yours. Now tell me more about the wife of the... What did you say the name of the restaurant was?"

"Flavio's, and we don't have time to talk about all this if I'm still going to make a reservation. After all, Joe can only do so much. We can talk about all this later. Okay?"

"Okay. I'll make myself presentable, but first I need to make a phone call."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GAIL'S FLAT

Gail wasted no time. After unlocking the door to her apartment, she took Lyle's hand and led him directly into her bedroom. After lying on the California King bed for a few minutes, kissing with gusto, she rose and he sat up on the edge of the bed. Lyle may have temporarily satisfied her need in the cab but the hunger was back and she was looking forward to a lot more hot sex. This was so *cool*. She thought. Better than any dating or internet, find your mate service. Eat a strange-tasting fortune cookie and be led to your soulmate—well at least sexmate, hopefully soulmate—like a divining rod to water. Speaking of rods, Lyle's was the 'Papa Bear' size—almost too big. Around nine inches with a cucumber size girth, Gail had to stretch her mouth to the limit in the toilet stall and it stretched her pink to the limit in the cab. It was a hell of a fortuitous problem.

She would train herself to get used to it. *Hmmm, I wonder if there is such a thing as a hole stretcher?*

Lyle was still in a state of bewilderment and why wouldn't he be? Never had he considered anything like this ever happening, let alone experiencing it. This was an occurrence about which movies are made—especially blue movies. Lyle looked around the bedroom. It was nicely furnished and decorated to feminine tastes with touches of 'Erte' here and there. This was not surprising as he noticed the whole apartment was nicely if not expensively decorated when they came in.

Gail had gone into the restroom to prepare, whatever that meant. She had produced more excitement in the last three hours than he had experienced in his entire life and he knew there was more to come. He also knew his life would never be the same.

Gail glided out in a peach pullover nightie trimmed with white lace. She wore no panties and a white garter belt, which held up sheer peach stockings. She also wore four-inch white heels. She went over to her bookshelf stereo player and spun a CD. A familiar song emanated from the speakers as she turned and gave him a big smile. The song was the Santana one with Rob Thomas singing – 'Smooth.' Gail started sashaying to the music,

removing an item about every fifteen seconds.

Now, thought Lyle, I'll get to see if this tidy little package looks as good with the wrapping removed.

Gail worked her way over to Lyle, placing herself directly in front of him as the last garment came free. Lyle nodded his head in apparent approval. *She is already a fine-looking woman but her body is beautiful. Thin waist, nice tush, great legs, shapely, slightly upturned breasts.*

Lyle, who had shed his clothes as Gail had hers, was fully aroused. As he reached for Gail, to pull her down on top of his bloated member, she pushed back against his chest, arching a naughty brow at him. "Not so fast, lover. We have a little issue to deal with first. You see that beautiful piece of manhood of yours is a little too large for me." Gail gently pushed Lyle on his back and urged him to scoot towards the headboard. "Being the well hung gentleman you are, I'm sure you wouldn't mind helping a girl out with some oral stimulation first." Kneeling beside him, she swung one of her well-turned legs over his chest straddling him just below his chin. Then she moved forward until his lips were on her lips. She snuggled her privates down on top of Lyle's mouth, barely leaving him room to breathe through his nose. Lyle went to work; nibbling, tonguing, and sucking while his hands went to work, rubbing her breasts and the rest of her body.

After just a couple minutes, Gail was going bananas. She was moaning and groaning, sighing and crying, whimpering and sobbing. She exclaimed, "Oh. It feels so good. Don't stop. Please don't stop. I can't stand it—don't stop. You're so good." This went on for some seven or eight more minutes between bouts of moaning and sobbing until she exploded with the big 'O,' then she collapsed upon Lyle, shivering and shaking from ecstasy.

After she regained control of her senses, Gail rolled off Lyle and he mounted her. Her vagina had now opened up enough to where Lyle's monster member slid right in. *This is the greatest sex I've ever had.. I'm glad this is Friday afternoon. We can make love all weekend.*

CHAPTER TWELVE

GAIL AND RITA

"Gail, hi, I'm so glad I reached you. So much has happened. I met a guy—a beautiful, wonderful guy."

"That's great, Rita, it really is, but your timing sucks. You rang in the middle of my fifth orgasm."

"You've found someone?"

"Uh huh."

"The cookies?"

"Assuredly."

"We have to talk. Can you guys meet us for dinner? I don't know when yet. I'll call you back. Okay?"

"Sure, but if I don't answer right away, let it ring. I'm going for my sixth."

Rita signed off and ran to tell Niki to make the reservation for four. "Niki, did you make the reservation yet?"

"I just hung up, the earliest I could get was

eight.”

“Would you be a doll and change it from two to four? We’re going to meet my friend Gail and her new boyfriend there.”

He had been entering the photos Rita took into the file of his computer. While he picked up the phone to change the reservation, she perused the photos in the file. The first thing she noticed was the title of the file—Gorgeous. *Aww, isn’t that sweet.* Then she noticed she had company in the gorgeous file; some other truly beautiful women. She started to get peeved then remembered—‘clean slate.’ Niki has good taste but Rita wanted her own personal file so she opened a new file and transferred her photos to them. The she named the new file ULTRA GORGEOUS RITA—Niki’s newest and final squeeze.

“What’re you doin’?”

“Keeping you honest. Did you change the reservations?”

“Yes, but I had to move it to eight thirty. Did you look at your photos? I kind of like this one. Here let me blow it up for you.”

Rita let out a scream of surprise and put her hands to her face. The picture showed Niki in the lower right hand corner with a devious, sardonic grin, while his middle finger burrowed deeply in Rita’s fully exposed sex. To cap it off, you couldn’t see her face, the hem of the gown had been flipped

up and over Rita's head. She said, "I didn't take that. Where did that come from?"

Smiling, Niki, the jester, said, "Remember when you dropped the remote and I said, 'Don't worry, I'll get it,' and flipped the dress bottom over your head for just a couple seconds as a joke?"

"That's when you took this?"

Still grinning, he nodded. "I'll delete it if you want?"

Rita was inclined to say yes, but then her naughty inner voice visited her once more. *I'll bet you can top that, if you try.* Then she got an idea to turn the tables. Playfully she said, "I don't know...I kind of like it, but I think we ought to have a matched pair. Let's take one of you."

Niki was now a little concerned. "What do you have in mind?"

Rita had yet to get dressed. "You'll see. Go out and put the camera back on the tripod, then sit on the davenport and I'll be right there." Rita went to the dressing room, grabbed her panties but didn't put them on, pulled an oversized t-shirt over her head and went in to the studio. Niki was lounging on the davenport in just his boxer shorts, legs stretched out. Rita pulled a folding chair next to the loveseat and pulled his shorts off.

"What are you doing?" he inquired.

"First I'm going to make you stiff and then

you'll see." Rita grasped Niki's member and slowly slid her long fingers down its length while her eyes fixed on Niki. When it was hard, he watched her for a moment, urging her on with his impatient eyes, but this was Rita's play and she was going to take her time.

When Niki's penis stood at attention, Rita began to observe it as she stroked it. In reality, she'd had a limited sexual history and had never had the opportunity to really examine a man's sexual organ. When it became fully hard, she started stroking his shaft with her fist, rubbing thumb around the crown at the apex, then slowly retreating to the base. He began moving his head back and forth, sometimes closing his eyes. Taking the opportunity to inspect Niki's penis as well as pleasure him, she began experimenting on it, licking areas of it with her tongue. She smiled when a low guttural, continuous groan began emanating deep from Niki's throat.

Likening Niki's groaning to a cat's purring, she used it and his movements as a barometer. She learned the head of his penis was the most sensitive, especially the part underneath, when he jerked and the groan became a moan. Using her free hand, she caressed his face. "Close your eyes. I have a big surprise planned for you." Almost trancelike and probably expecting a slow, wet blowjob, he complied without hesitation. Then she

guided his left hand, placing it around his rigid staff and quickly placing her magenta panties over Niki's face. Then stepping to the side, she extended her arm toward Niki, and almost simultaneously snapped the shutter.

Oh no, thought Niki, when, he realized what had happened. He heard the shutter click and knew he'd been had. He pulled the panties off his head and looked at them, "You little...I'm going to get you."

"Oh Niki, you look so good in magenta. It really fits you." She stuck her tongue out, then laughing playfully ran away from Niki. However, both faster and more agile than Rita, it was only a matter of time before he caught her and tickled her to peeing. Her only chance was door number two. Running through the door, she jumped onto Niki's bed, sat up on her knees seductively and took her t-shirt off. Niki came to the door and started wagging his finger. With a huge grin, Rita batted her eyelashes and cupped her breasts. "Are you just going to stand there like a lump, or are you going to come over here and fuck me proper? Or maybe you prefer I call for stud service?"

Niki laughed. He jumped on the bed, kissed her passionately and began rubbing her sensual places. He knew where they were. Lots of practice she guessed. Suddenly she said, "I forgot, I need to

call Gail and tell her what time our reservations are."

She took the phone from the cradle and dialed, while Niki kept teasing. The phone rang and rang and finally on the seventeenth ring, Gail said, "Hello?"

"It's me, Rita. I didn't interrupt anything, did I?"

"Uh huh."

"Shit, number six?"

"No, we're up to seven."

Impressed, Rita continued, "Really? Your fellow must have an iron joystick."

"You could say that."

"Okay, listen, dinner is at eight thirty at Flavio's. Do you know where that is?"

"Oh sure, my dickhead brother-in-law is the manager there."

Rita almost choked, "Rene's husband is the manager there?"

"No, it's the youngest one, Cassie. She has a thing for older men."

Thinking of Niki and feeling a little uncomfortable, Rita thought, *More than you know.* "Gail, we've got to talk."

"Okay, hon. I need a break anyway. I'm starting to feel sore."

Curiously, Rita inquired, "Why? Is your guy

hung?"

"Not a bad description. Let's just say very full-filling."

Remembering when Niki tried to fist her. "Boy, I found out how that feels."

"Why? Is your guy h . . . like we were talking about?"

She smiled. "Not really."

"Did he use a huge dildo?"

"No," she said, thinking, *Niki is not too big, not too small, just right!*

"We gotta talk. See you at eight thirty. That gives me sixty minutes to get my seventh and maybe eighth climax out of the way. Ciao."

The line went dead and Rita turned to Niki and asked him, "The manager's hot little minx is Cassie?"

"I guess so if Cassie is short for Cassandra."

"It is, and we're meeting her older sister, Gail and her new boyfriend for dinner, who with her boyfriend of four hours and six orgasms, is having a life changing experience, like we are. Cassie is only eighteen. Are you sure you didn't sleep with her?"

Niki raised both hands up, open faced, shoulder height. "I swear to God. I draw the line with married women."

"You said some of those women in your gallery were married."

"They weren't married when I slept with them, but if their husband sees a naked picture of his wife, he doesn't split hairs. He goes into kill mode. Boyfriends too!"

"I see your point. Okay, since you didn't sleep with Gail's sister, I guess we're fine."

Niki got kind of a quizzical guilty look on his face and said. "She did go down on me though. That doesn't count, right?"

"Oh. He really owes you a favor. Instead of taking her to bed, you only let her go down on you. She's only a child."

"She's eighteen. Just like many of the subjects I shoot. For your information, that's old enough to be in a porn movie."

"You're right. It just hit too close to home. Clean slate rule. We have about an hour before we have to leave. Are you going to ravish me or what?"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN FLAVIO'S

When Gail and Lyle arrived, her brother-in-law, Joe Spinosa, greeted them effusively saying that her money was no good in Flavio's. She knew that Joe was nine years older than she, therefore twenty-one years older than Cassandra, her youngest sister. Cassie was his fifth wife.

Joe seated Gail and Lyle in a booth near the rear of the restaurant. He said he would bring Nikolas and his date back as soon as they arrived but he hung around and tried to discuss Cassie. They had only been married seven months and Cassie was giving him trouble.

"Tell me, Gail. Does Cassie talk to you much?"

Gail shook her head.

"I'd really like to know what she does when she goes out. She goes out with her girlfriends two or three nights a week, coming in late, if at all, leaving pills, whiskey bottles or worse on the

floorboard of her car."

Gail didn't want to get into a discussion about her youngest sister. She did not understand her either, but she was starting to get interested. "Worse? Worse like what?"

"A bra, used condoms, panties, weed."

"So, did you ask Cassie about them?"

"Sure I did. She said that they were all her girlfriends."

"Are they?"

"Maybe, one pair of undies was monogrammed 'T S' which matches one of the girls she goes out with. A trollop named Tricia."

"What about sex? Do you still have a normal sex life?"

"Well, yes. We still make love every night. Except, of course, on the nights she's out."

Gail replied dismissively, "I don't know what to tell you, Cassie and I aren't that close. Ever since she spent one summer at our uncle's when we were younger, she's been distant with me, but I'll try to talk with her if you'd like."

"Could you? That would be great." Joe left and brought back a carafe of Chianti.

Lyle raised an eyebrow and said, "Sounds like your sister is a wild one." Then with a huge grin. "Must be a family trait."

"Argh."

Gail elbowed him in the ribs.

Lyle's facial expression registered curiosity. "So, what gives with your brother in law? He certainly is handsome enough. Personable too."

Gail smiled. "You know, I like Joe. It's hard not to like Joe, but he's got a few hang-ups."

"Don't we all!"

"Joe fancies himself as a ladies man and in his younger days, I'm sure he was. From what I understand, he was forced to marry his high school sweetheart, a large breasted, dull witted cheerleader. It was not a good marriage and they fought all the time. After the kid, Marge's breasts sagged and she grew heavy."

Gail took a sip of her wine, glancing at Lyle over the rim. "Am I boring you?"

"Sweetheart, you could never bore me. Go on."

"On the other hand, Joe was well liked, a hard worker and a pretty boy. There was no shortage of women looking for a good time, Italiano style. Eventually, he started seeing Denise."

Lyle filled Gail's empty wine glass and prompted her to go on.

"Like I said, Joe has a couple hang-ups. The way I see it, he never grew up. His body aged, but mentally, he stayed a teenager and each time he took a wife she was in her teens. Are you sure I'm not boring you?"

"No. Actually, I find Joe quite interesting. Please go on."

"The second problem with Joe was that his Catholic upbringing would not allow him guilt free extramarital relations, unless he paid for sex. Every time he took a new mistress, Joe felt as if he had to marry the girl. Never mind that divorce was as big a sin as adultery. His first wife divorced him after catching him with his pants down. In any case, each time he took a new girlfriend, she was a teenager, like my sister and each time, Joe dumped his wife so he could marry his girlfriend."

"And you said your sister is his fifth wife?"

Taking another sip of her wine she nodded. "Yes! Isn't that bizarre? I figure anyone who would dump his old, over-the-hill twenty-three year old wife to marry an eighteen year old is either a flake or nuts. Especially, if you factor in his age and history."

"And anyone that would marry him, a flake or nuts."

"Hey, I'm not going to defend Cassie. She's got as many hang-ups as Joe."

Shortly after that, Joe ushered Rita and her scrumptious companion to the booth so Gail quit talking about Joe. Rita sat next Gail so they could compare notes, leaving the two men, total strangers, on the ends of the booth. After introductions, Nikolas asked about the effects of the fortune cookies that had matched Rita with him. Gail being an attorney, explained the 'What,'

but was at a loss to explain the 'How.' Just having the 'What,' explained would be a big help to Niki. At least he would know he wasn't going crazy and whatever was happening, he had company.

Gail generally conveyed to Rita how the cookie had steered her right into the library restroom. Then, despite Lyle's apparent annoyance, she told her about the subsequent trip to the stall, the custodian, the cab driver and everything that followed. Rita was laughing so hard she was getting tears and her mascara was running. That was a good excuse for a trip to the restroom.

* * * *

Gail was insistent, "Where did you find this guy?" asked Gail, "He's fantastic."

Rita beamed, "He was in a bin, in a Dollar Store. Pretty nice for a buck, huh?"

"Very funny, Rita. You already told me he was your photographer. How come you never hit it off before?"

"This was the first time he ever shot me."

Gail chuckled, "Yes, he really shot you good. How many times?"

Rita smiled and held up four fingers. "Four big 'O's. But you should talk, Miss Sore Sassy."

Gail sighed. "Yes, isn't it great? I almost equaled last year's total orgasm count in

what...four and a half hours, and I even had a fuck buddy for part of the year."

"Fuck buddy! I've heard that term but I never was sure what it meant. What's a fuck buddy?"

"Rita, have you been hiding out in a convent? A fuck buddy is a guy you keep around to keep your horns trimmed."

Rita shook her head in confusion. "I still don't understand."

"He's a person of convenience. You use him for sexual gratification, and he uses you. No commitments, no strings attached. Except, my now ex -fuck buddy thinks he's in love with me."

Rita joked. "Sounds like the perfect scenario for a threesome."

Gail pretending to take Rita seriously said. "Naw. Jeremy is too young. I've been meaning to get rid of him anyway. Now, Nikolas there's a hunk. Is he available for a threesome?"

At first Rita didn't realize that Gail had flipped the ruse on her. "Gail. How could you ask me that? I may be sexually adventurous lately but I'm not kinky. At least n..." The smile on Gail's face gave her away. "I'll tell you what I wouldn't mind. I am interested in feeling what a truly large 'Johnny' feels like. Maybe we could have a two girls on one guy threesome."

Now Gail looked worried, actually horrified. It was a scenario she didn't even like to entertain. "Fat chance, Rita. You're so fucking beautiful that any ménage à trois I tried with you would actually become a ménage à deux, plus a voyeur in record time and guess who the voyeur would be? Frankly, I'm surprised you even ate the cookie. What made you change your mind?"

"I don't know. I was remembering Randall, feeling sorry for myself and I thought the cookie might take my mind off him, so I tried it. Boy, did it ever. It took my mind off him and centered it where my legs come together. The minute I saw Nikolas, I zeroed in on him. I focused on him and seduced him. Of course, he was a willing participant. You know, I had almost given up finding a man to love and share my life with, but with Niki I feel really good. He's tender and thoughtful and he's a photographer."

"So why is that a plus?"

"I know I've just barely met Niki, and maybe it's wishful thinking, but since he photographs women like me, I'm hoping he will understand and address my needs."

A few seconds of silence went by and Gail said, "Well, don't stop now. Tell me all about this extraordinary lover of yours."

Rita went on to describe the photo shoot and how she tricked him into going down on her

under her skirt and how he tried to fist her, then took her from behind. Then Gail interrupted her to tell her that Lyle had to go down also; to get her sex expanded enough to accept his generous appendage. Rita continued, telling about the crazy picture he took of her and the one she got back at him with and how he chased her into the bedroom for their first official lay in a real bed.

Gail thought the episode was a scream. "You took pictures? I never thought of that. Did you bring them with you?"

"No," said Rita, astonished, "They're personal. I would never show them."

"Why not? Aren't we good friends? Besides, if you think about it, you, Jill and I have something in common. We, along with our sexual mates, have lost our inhibitions. I don't remember you telling me intimate details about your sex life before and I didn't tell you either. But now our sex lives connect us, so if you can talk about it, why can't you show us?"

In a way, Gail was right. Rita would never have openly discussed her sex life. None of the sexy six would, except maybe Gail herself. She was always the most forward. However, now their sexual experiences were tying them together, as if they were comparing notes on the peculiar phenomenon which had befallen the three of

them. "I'll tell you what. You bring me a picture of Lyle's 'Big Johnny' and I'll show you the one with my panties on Nikolas' head. I have to think about the rest."

"It's a deal. Shall we return to our men?"

* * * *

When they returned Gail noticed that Joe was shooting the shit with Nikolas, who looked concerned. After they were seated, Joe excused himself.

Nikolas whispered to Rita, "Joe was totally bowled over with your beauty. I told him we were engaged and —"

"You what? How could you tell him that? We met seven hours ago."

"Yes, but those were no ordinary seven hours, for you or for me. My heart didn't go bonkers when I saw you for just any reason. Fate or some unknown boogiemer brought you to me and by our interaction, indicated you are the woman for me."

Lyle added, "I feel the same way. It wasn't just a coincidence that we found each other. It was ordained by the Gods." Lyle got out of the booth, got down on his knee and said, "Gail Taylor, although it's true that we haven't known each other for long, it is also true that I love you with all

my heart. From the moment I met you, I knew we were meant to spend the rest of our lives together as husband and wife. Gail, sweetheart, will you marry me?"

A smattering of applause and cheers followed Lyle's speech from the adjacent tables and booths. Gail was touched but she was also unsure. The sex was superlative, that was for sure and sex was a keystone of good and lasting relationships, but it wasn't the only factor.

Everyone was looking expectantly at Gail, waiting for her assent but she wasn't yet ready to give it. She had experienced an excruciatingly troublesome first marriage. Hence, she was understandably apprehensive about an encore. "Lyle," she said "Sweetheart, I think I can and probably am falling in love with you, however, I believe it is too early to accept your proposal, but I will say this. If everything seems as rosy in two weeks as it seems tonight, then I will accept."

Obviously, disappointed, Lyle shrugged and sat down.

Also disappointed, the audience both clapped and sighed at Gail's reply. Niki looked Rita in the eye and asked, "What would your answer be, if I proposed to you right now? You know you already made a commitment to me when you agreed to meet on the anniversary of 'Fornication Friday,' for the rest of my life."

Rita hesitated in answering, but Gail seemed fascinated. "'Fornication Friday?' What's that?"

"That's today. For you too, come to think of it. Today is our 'Fornication Friday' and we are going to celebrate it every anniversary date," Nikolas answered.

"I love it. Today is our Fornication Friday. It could even be shorted to Fuck Friday. Lyle honey, if I agree to marry you and I'm sure I will, what do you think about celebrating this day each anniversary? Not the date—the closest Friday. We should start each Fuck Friday with a bang and end it with a bang. What do you think, Sweetheart?"

"Absolutely. I plan to end this initial Fornication Friday with a bang. It should be an annual event."

Due to consuming several glasses of Chianti each, Lyle noticed they were becoming a little buzzed and the conversation was beginning to degenerate from silly to crude.

Gail, who was the most inebriated, said rather loudly, "Damn straight. Is it time for you to take me home to bed and fuck me in." Gail laughed uproariously at her play of words, then continued, "If not, you could screw me right here in the booth. Better yet on the table, where everyone could watch and could see what great equipment you have. I always wanted to screw in front . . ."

Lyle noticed that most of the restaurant's clientele had observed the developing spectacle and were watching with interest. Some in the audience, mostly men but some women, looked like they were hoping Gail really would put on a table/floor show.

Chagrinned, Lyle grabbed Gail's arm. "I think you're right, dear. It's time to leave. After all, we have a lot of unfinished business." They got up, said their goodbyes, kissed, hugged, shook hands, and departed.

On the way out Joe, who had witnessed the event, jokingly said something about booking her and Lyle's act. Gail, who was slowly starting to realize she had gone overboard said, "Stuff it, Joey!" knowing from Cassie that he hated to be called Joey.

Joe, always the affable host, said, "Gail, honey, calm down. I was only kidding." Then he got a naughty gleam in his eye and said, "It does sound like you could teach your sister a thing or two."

With malice Gail retorted, "Maybe, but I wouldn't have to teach her how to fuck around on her husband."

"What's that supposed to mean? Wait! Gail! What do you know?"

But she never got a chance to answer as Lyle pulled her arm in arm toward the door.

* * * *

Rita, who had less to drink than the rest and was still thinking clearly, said to Niki, "Isn't she something? She's always been like that. I don't mean threatening to make love on the table here. Just outspoken. No barriers. No taboos. She always says and does what she wants. She's the closest thing to a free spirit that I've ever known. Maybe that's why she had trouble getting along with Saundra."

"Who's Saundra?"

"Saundra is one of our girlfriends from college—one of our 'Sexy Six.' She's the antithesis of Gail. They like each other and respect the other's values but they couldn't be more different. Gail is a freethinking, free acting liberal, while Saundra is an uptight, proper socialite. It's a wonder she even puts up with us. In a moment of annoyance, Gail once announced that she was glad she knew Saundra because as a spokeswoman for the evil right, she could at least talk to her. She couldn't talk to any of the rest of her crowd without culture shock."

"It's surprising that they get along."

"Actually they get along pretty good. They

were roommates in college. Fought like cats and dogs. Finally, Gail asked for a truce. She said they were never going to see the other's point of view. It wasn't in the cards. They agreed to avoid confrontations and discussions about trigger subjects like poverty, moral values, religion and politics. They both have really good points and from that moment on, with some effort they got along well."

"So where do you fit in?"

"Me? I'm probably in between. Socially I'm closer to Sandra, though after today I've definitely moved in Gail's direction. I tend to be quiet, reserved, private and striving to keep up appearances."

"And what a great appearance that is—gorgeous and oh so sexy."

Rita smiled and lightly touched Niki's cheek. "You're sweet. Meanwhile, Gail is outspoken, caring, easy going, socially conscious and smart. I heard her IQ is off the charts."

"She certainly is a character. She's the life of the party. For a while there I thought she was serious about putting on a sex show."

"That was the wine. She's like me. We don't drink a lot of wine. Have to watch our figures so we can drive our sex-obsessed lovers crazy, you know. She is audacious though. Do you know she wanted me to show her our photos?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"You're kidding, aren't you?"

"Not really. Remember, this afternoon we entered uncharted territory. So did your friends. We are all travelers in a new dimension. 'You are traveling through another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind. A journey into a wondrous land of imagination. Next stop, the Twilight Zone!' Eeeeeeh ahhhhh eeeeeh aheeeeh"

"Yes I suppose this is strange enough to be a Twilight Zone episode, but that doesn't mean I should show our privates to my friends."

"Then why did you insist on taking the pictures?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe, to memorialize the occasion? To look at when I'm old and gray? I'm just not sure."

"I know what you mean. My mind is spinning. With what's happened to us and the others. With my love for you, with what this all means. On one hand it seems like we're researchers in a lab, trying to discover the meaning of sex but on a grander more elaborate scale we are like the 'Fellowship of the Ring', trying to discover the meaning of love – 'The Fellowship of Eros.'"

"'Fellowship of Eros', I like that. It has a nice ring to it."

"Either way, it seems we should pool our

knowledge and share our experiences. Let me ask you. Would Gail show us pictures of Lyle and her?"

"Probably, but she's that way. In fact, when I mentioned we had pictures she was disappointed they hadn't taken any. She said they would start to take photos and maybe even a tape, so I have a feeling we'll see them, if Lyle will let her. We should probably get going; I was looking forward to enjoying a nightcap before retiring, if you know what I mean."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

GAIL'S FLAT

Gail woke the next morning at six sharp. She wasn't sure what had transpired the previous night, but suspected some of it was bad. Lyle was lying next to her, on his stomach. *How can anyone sleep like that? I suppose it helps if you're boob-less.* She decided to get up, make coffee and read the paper, but when she tried, her head felt like it cracked open, so she settled back down.

Gail sat there a few minutes rubbing her temples. *No help.* She looked in the nightstand for relief and found a couple condoms—*no help*; a half read erotic novel—*no help, maybe later*; a vibrator—*don't need that anymore.* Then she remembered that she hadn't been using protection. *Shit, the cookie wouldn't match me with someone with V.D. Would it? Hell, those condoms wouldn't have fit him anyway.* Continuing her search for relief, she found a love

letter from Jeremy — *foolish boy*; a Candida Royale, erotica for women film — *sexy, maybe later*; love to watch that with Lyle — *in me*; a half full tin of Altoids — *spearmint*; a used condom — *yuck! Don't let Lyle see that*; Tampax — *what the hell? I never use them Oh! That was a long time ago. Don't let Lyle see that either*, reading glasses — 1.75; a tape measure — *I wonder how big Lyle really is; ah, finally, blessed relief* — Tylenol.

She swallowed four Tylenols with whatever happened to be in the glass on the nightstand, which turned out to be flat champagne in a water glass. “Yuck!” *Classy outfit, huh?* She leaned back, closed her eyes, and while waiting for her head to clear, dozed off.

Gail awoke again around eight o'clock to the sound of the shower running. Lyle was no longer in bed. Licentious thoughts ran through her mind about joining him in the shower for another round of hide the weenie, but first she wanted to make a phone call.

“Hello.”

“Hi, Jill, this is Gail. I didn't wake you up, did I?”

“No.”

“Good. What is that I hear? I didn't interrupt anything, did I?”

“Well, sort of, that's Chad you hear.”

“Sorry. I didn't mean to call at an inconvenient

time. I've got some big news. What time would be more convenient for me to call?"

"There's isn't a particularly good time. I'll tell you what. You can hang on while I finish taking care of my baby or I can call you back when he's done. Either way, it'll only take a minute or so."

Gail's first inclination was for Jill to call her back, but she heard Chad moaning and it was moving her, so she decided to listen in. "I'll hang on if you don't mind."

"Heavens no. I'll be back in a jiffy."

Gail heard the clunk of the phone being set down, then voices. As she heard the passion between Jill and Chad play out, she visualized what they were doing and became aroused. Since she was still naked, Gail leaned back and slipped her hand between her legs, massaging her sex with her free hand. She figured Jill had gone down on Chad because only he was talking, if it could be called that. She could hear him saying, "That's it honey, suck it, baby, take it all, ooh that feels wonderful." Picturing Jill stroking the base of Chad's shaft with her hand, while sucking on the head of his cock, Gail began kneading her clit furiously as the sensual scene taking place at the other end of the line danced in her mind. Gail was getting very close to climaxing, when true to Jill's word, Chad finished in a couple minutes. When she heard Chad's climactic grunts and groans, Gail

joined him with her own rite of joy. Within seconds, Jill was back. "Now we can talk. That is if, I can keep my concentration while Chad reciprocates. I'm all yours. What's this big news?"

It took Gail a few more seconds to regain her equilibrium.

"Gail. Are you there?"

"Uh yes. Sorry, Jill, I was ...er...yawning. You know I ate that cookie yesterday, right?"

"Uh-huh."

Regaining her composure, she continued excitedly, "Well it worked. I found myself a great guy. And, Jill, I've had sex eight times since then."

Jill shrieked joyfully, then Gail heard Jill ask Chad if he could stop for a few minutes. "Gail, honey, I'm so happy for you. Eight times! Wow! And so fast. You're going to have to tell me all about him."

"I know. That's what I called about. I want you and Chad to meet Lyle and me for lunch today, if you have time?"

"Gail, of course I have time. You are my best buddy and you just found love. Where do you want to meet?"

"The place where this all started, Eddie Chang's. Oh, Jill, there's one more thing. Rita found someone also."

Another loud shriek. "This is too good. It's exactly what I'd hoped for. I've got to hear

everything and I mean EVERYTHING! What time do you want to meet?"

"Twelve thirty. I'll make reservations"

"Super, I can't wait."

After Gail made reservations, she headed for the shower. She had some unfinished business.

Gail loved her shower. It was large as showers go, five feet square, finished in squares of Italian marble, with a full length seat and two showerheads. Heads, she thought as she slipped quietly into the shower behind the lathered-up Lyle. She had always wanted to give and receive head in a hot steamy shower. It was about time she did it.

Lyle was humming a Beatles song, while shampooing his hair as Gail snuck up behind him, reached around his waist for his one-eyed snake and started massaging him. The minute Gail touched him, he jerked, but he didn't move. "You know I recognize that song you were humming."

After about thirty seconds, he rinsed his hair and turned around to face her. "Is that right?"

She knew it was a co-incidence but she was going to play it for all it was worth. "Damn straight and if you want to stay on the good side of me, you'll refrain from singing 'Lovely Rita'."

Lyle laughed. "Sorry I didn't make the connection. You are a bit touchy about your friend aren't you?"

Gail admired his muscular lean body. Especially, his sexy, hairy, chest. "Only when it comes to men, though she has never given me any reason to distrust her."

"You know Gail, I'll admit that Rita is truly a beautiful woman, but she is but vanilla ice cream, compared to you – my crème brulee."

He bent down and gave her his special Welsh version of a French kiss. Gail, still stroking Lyle, almost lost it. She pulled away, guided him over and down onto the seat and got on her knees. She said, "You first, then me." Lyle wasn't arguing as she squeezed her mouth around his colossus.

Later, after Gail had satiated Lyle and vice versa, Gail informed him that she had arranged a luncheon engagement with Jill and Chad. When they weren't making love, which wasn't that often, she had talked mostly about her friend Jill and her handsome new fiancé, Chad. Lyle told Gail that he was looking forward to meeting them.

* * * *

On the way to Eddie Chang's, Lyle told Gail about her proposed stag show at Flavio's the previous night. She was so mortified she agreed not to drink. Then he asked her something she hadn't thought of. "Where do you think we should live?"

This surprised Gail. She hadn't thought about it. "I don't know. What are your thoughts?"

"It seems obvious to me that we need to live together. We skipped the courtship ritual and leapfrogged right into carnal knowledge. Whether we get married or not, we should live together."

Forced to think about the situation, she finally realized he was right. She didn't want to be away from him anymore than he wanted to be away from her. The obvious solution was to move in together. Still she resisted the idea.

"Why, the answer is obvious," he exclaimed. "You move in with me and keep your apartment until you feel comfortable. Keep your apartment as a fallback position, just in case I turn into a fiend or a philanderer."

Thinking of how much she loved her apartment, she said, "How about you move in with me?"

She suspected Lyle liked her apartment and was kinda hoping she would suggest that. "Better yet."

Gail was somewhat mollified by Lyle's plan, but was not quite ready to commit. "I'll think about it. C'mon, let's hurry or we'll be late."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN EDDIE CHANG'S IV

They arrived a couple minutes after her friends. Gail introduced Lyle to Jill and Chad, who greeted him warmly. Gail wore a look on her face similar to the one Jill had worn there the day before—like she had found buried treasure. Checking out her catch, Jill seemed to approve of her handsome college professor appearing discovery. She queried Gail and wanted to know everything. Gail seemed more than willing to telling all, but Lyle on more than one occasion tried to change the subject. Chad, not knowing Lyle and having barely spoken to Gail, was just along for the ride. As she had with Rita, Gail recited the comical episodes in the library and the cab in general, but even then Lyle looked uncomfortable, so Jill took her into the restroom so Gail could go on in detail.

* * * *

In the restroom, Jill burst out, "Okay, I want to know everything."

"First of all, my man might look like a mild mannered Clark Kent, but in bed he's like Superman and the Eveready Energizer Bunny rolled into one. I've had nine orgasms since I left you yesterday and Lyle has almost matched one for one."

"Yes, that makes sense. Chad says that his stamina is much better than it used to be and where before it took him a day or two to recharge his libido, it only takes an hour or two now. Less with my help."

"That appears to be a byproduct of the cookie—increased drive and stamina. Another thing, which Lyle doesn't like me to mention, is his size. Promise not to tell Chad, but he's as big as those porno guys we used to gaga about in our dorm days."

A skeptical look appeared on Jill's face. "Really! How big is that?"

Gail held her forefingers approx. nine and a half inches apart and said, "He's about this long and about this wide," putting her left hand down and holding finger and thumb about two and a half inches apart.

Jill formed her mouth as if to say wow, then asked, "That's not a fish tale is it?"

"Lyle would kill me if he knew I brought this but see for yourself." She handed Jill a picture of Lyle's erect penis with Gail's hand around the base for comparison.

Astonished, Jill tried not to show her surprise. Not knowing if she would like something that huge inside her, she didn't know whether to be impressed or aghast. "Wow. That must hurt. How come he let you take a photo if he's so sensitive about it?"

Taking the picture back and staring at it with admiration, Gail answered, "I told him I need a picture as a keepsake to remind me how good he makes me feel and how much I love him."

Jill cracked up. "You took a picture of his ding dong to remind you of how much you love him? How deep—pun intended."

"I took his face too. I actually needed it for Rita, because I made a deal with her. She said if I showed her this, she would show me a funny one of her man."

"Oh. That's right." Obviously relishing the idea, Jill flashed a conspiratorial smile and continued, "Rita is one of us now. Tell me about her."

"Why don't I see if I can get her here? Then she could tell you herself and you can meet Niki."

"Niki? Sounds like a girl's name."

"He's no girl. Far from it. He's a real dream."

Like George Cooney, only lean like Johnny Depp, with sad eyes like Sylvester Stallone. Rita derived that name from his real name, which is Nikolas. I think she said he was Czechoslovakian."

Gail dialed Rita's cell phone and got her on the second ring. After hanging up she told Jill, "If you believe in coincidences, Rita decided to show Niki where the fortune cookies came from. They were only minutes away. We better get back out there before someone tries to grab our men."

* * * *

When they had returned and seated themselves, Chad told Jill that Lyle had proposed to Gail last night and she had turned him down.

Gail flushed. "I did not turn him down. Knowing someone six hours, even if it was mostly intimate, was not enough time to make a lifetime commitment. I said that if still felt the same about him in two weeks, I would accept his proposal."

Jill lit up. "Did you really? That's wonderful. I'm so excited. We could have a double wedding."

"Did I hear something about a double wedding?" asked Rita. who had just arrived at the gathering with Niki in hand.

Jill observed that although she was dressed sexy, but casual, in low-rise designer jeans and a button down floral blouse tied off just below her

braless bodice, Rita looked resplendent. She also noticed that while descriptively accurate, Gail's description of Niki fell somewhat short of his true attributes. Apparently others at the table shared her sentiments, for they became silent and purposeful while watching as Rita and Niki bring chairs over from an empty table, after the requisite hugs and kisses.

Once they were seated and Chad and Niki were formally introduced, Jill said to Rita, "My, Rita, I must say. I have never seen you look better. Finding love has made you glow."

Rita blushed. "I suppose partaking in passionate unconstrained sex can do that for you."

Gail said, "I agree with Jill. I've known you for what—ten years and you simply get better and better looking. Last night you were radiant. Today you're stunning."

"Thank you, Gail, but I'm sure it's the blush from our lovemaking. You two look really good also. Maybe you haven't noticed, but I can attest to that."

Gail thought about that for a second, *Maybe Jill and I do look more attractive and it's not as obvious as it is on someone as damned gorgeous as Rita. Jill is dazzling and she was pleased with what she saw in the mirror this morning.* "You may be right, Rita."

"Of course she's right, Gail. Enjoy it. Don't fret

about it. Now, Rita, I must hear all the details about you and your very handsome beau."

Rita enjoyed telling the story and got right into it. She told about the various ways they made love and that they took pictures. Everyone, except Rita herself, agreed that she had to share the pictures with them, though Rita now seemed open to being cajoled.

Rita figured Chad was disappointed that he didn't get to introduce her to his friend, Cornell, as he had planned, but she decided that if Cornell was the one for her, she would have found him.

After Rita finished reciting what had been the most exciting day of her life, she asked, "Now, what was that I heard about a double wedding?"

Gail answered, "Nothing really. Jill was just exercising some wishful thinking."

Jill would not be denied. "You said if nothing untoward happened in the next two weeks, you would marry him. Plenty of time to add your wedding to the party and nothing will happen either. The cookies don't make mistakes."

"I hope you're right," said Gail.

Jill decided to push it. "What about you and Nikolas? Do you want to get married with us?"

Nikolas piped in. "Hey, there's nothing I'd rather do, but alas, Rita turned me down flat."

Rita turned red. She was chagrined—no, she was angry. “You never asked me to marry you! You asked me to be yo’ bitch! Then last night you asked what I would say if you asked me, but I didn’t hear anyone asking.” Collecting her thoughts while taking a sip of water, she continued, “You know, Niki, I love the sex life we have discovered, but a girl needs a little romance too, and if you want to know if I’ll marry you, don’t test the waters. Do what everyone else has done for as long as I can remember. Go buy an engagement ring and ask me. Until you do that, I don’t want to hear another word about marriage.”

Niki was properly chastised and deservedly so. Rita was right, and he knew it. He had let the sex aspect of their relationship trump the romance portion. Claiming a stomach problem and excusing himself to the bathroom, Niki slipped out of the restaurant and headed for a pawn shop he remembered passing on the way there. After a time lapse of less than fifteen minutes, Niki returned, somewhat out of breath, with a small package in his hand. He bent down and kissed Rita and quickly lowered himself to a kneeling position beside her. “My dear, Rita. Please forgive me. I have been an insensitive dolt. You are the greatest thing that has ever happened to me since I passed through my mother’s birth canal. I love

you. I cherish you. I want to have little Ritas with you. The world can't have too much beauty! And if you can work it in, maybe a Nikolas or two." everyone smiled. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you," the joker in Niki couldn't resist adding, "celebrating 'Fornication Friday.'"

Niki handed Rita a small, poorly wrapped box. He assumed everyone had an idea what it was. Rita seemed extremely emotional and her long stately fingers were shaking. Slowly she unwrapped the gift and opened the box. In the box was a plain gold band and a folded piece of paper. She acted a little disappointed but Niki hoped she would think it was romantic. She next opened the paper and saw a note scrawled upon it, which read, "The lug who gave you this wedding band could not find a ring worthy of you. It is but a temporary ring, a deposit if you will, on our love to be paid in full when you take the attached check to your favorite jeweler for a proper wedding set."

Rita noticed another folded piece of paper attached with a paper clip. She took the clip off and unfolded a check for *twenty-five* thousand dollars. Rita shrieked and freaked. She jumped up and down in a circle as if on a pogo stick, waving the check. She had picked door number two and won the big prize—Nikolas Cre`mel. Then, she was all over him. "I will. I do, I love you." after planting a kiss over every inch of his face. "I love

you, Niki. I will." Rita put the temporary ring on her finger, holding her hand up and said, "Look everybody. I'm going to be married." The restaurant patrons having been drawn in by the commotion nodded and applauded. Smiling, Rita again crushed her gloating fiancé with more sloppy wet kisses.

Niki's hair and clothes were disheveled. He had lipstick smudges over most of his face neck and ears. He was a mess but he didn't care.

Niki and Rita were now in a hurry to leave and celebrate their own way, in private. Niki ordered champagne for every patron in Chang's. Once everyone had a glassful, Gail stood up and offered a toast. "Hello everyone. Some of you know our newly engaged couple. Most of you don't. I have just met the groom myself last night and I must admit I am impressed by the way he redeemed himself by taking a negative situation and turning it around. Nikolas, take a bow. And Rita. Isn't she beautiful?" Everyone clapped. "I can't help but think she will make an exquisitely divine bride." A smattering of applause started but Gail held up her hand and said, "Let me finish please. What can you say about my friend Rita? She has the face of an angel and a figure that is the envy of ninety-nine percent of us. Isn't she beautiful?" Everyone stood and cheered. Once again Gail quieted the audience. "I'm sure you didn't need me to tell you

that, unless you happen to be blind." The crowd laughed. "I want to tell you about the Rita that you can't see. The hidden Rita. The Rita that you have to be around for while to really know. I'll tell you a secret. Rita is nice. People who look like Rita don't have to be nice. You know that." Many people concurred or nodded. "Rita is loyal, caring, thoughtful, charitable and unassuming. Can you believe that?" Many shook their heads and some yelled no. "Well, let me tell you the truth. Though it may seem incomprehensible, Rita Renaldi, as beautiful as she is on the outside, is even more beautiful on the inside. Thank you!"

The applause exploded. A dozen men gave thumbs up signs and some started yelling, "Reeeta, Reeeta." Rita had totally lost her composure. She had been crying and her makeup was running. She got up and tried to tell Gail that was the nicest thing that anyone had ever said about her, but she was beyond talking. She kissed Gail, squeezed her arm and whispered. "Thank you, Gail. I love you." Then she turned and walked out with Niki arm and arm, as everyone clapped, parting as the dream couple walked by.

After they left, Chad asked, "Do you think you could give a toast to us at our wedding?"

Gail smiled and after taking a sip of her champagne, said, "Why not?"

Jill was ecstatic. "Now Rita and Nikolas can get married with us. Isn't that exciting?"

Gail was annoyed. "Jill, honey. Didn't you hear a word I said? I meant everything I said about Rita being a caring, down to earth person and she would never do anything intentionally to hurt us, but the fact remains that Rita is a show stopper. Last night Rita joked about joining Lyle and I in a ménage a trois and I almost had an anxiety attack. Even though she was joking, it made me think. Would Lyle pay any attention to me with that gorgeous hunk of flesh in the same room?"

The four filled their champagne glasses one more time, clinked their glasses and in unison said, "To us."

Gail picked up where she had left off. "It's not fair to Rita, because she truly is a nice person, but at times, and I hate to admit to this, but on occasion Rita annoys me and worse—every so often I get jealous of her. I know I'm not bad looking but next to Rita, I sometimes feel like a fucking potted plant looking up at a bouquet of orchids. Do you get what I'm saying, Jill?"

"Yes, Rita is real pretty but so are you and you have an IQ of one hundred and fifty five. We all have strong and weak points. I guess I don't know what you're getting at."

Lyle looked at Gail. "One hundred and fifty five! I knew you were smart but I had no idea."

"Just forget you heard that. It's my secret. Jill only knows because she saw the test results before I did."

Chad spoke up, "Jill, hon, I see what Gail's getting at. Correct me if I'm wrong Gail, but what you were saying was that Rita's appearance would be such a distraction that if she and Niki were getting married with us, intentionally or accidentally, they would command the majority of the attention. They would be the focal point of our wedding."

Gail nodded but Jill spoke up, "I understand. Rita and Niki's participation could draw some attention away from our wedding, but would that make us less married? It will be a small wedding anyway. How important is it? Would you love me less? Would I love you less? I think not.

Gail thought, *Jill. Why do you always have to be so fucking nice?* Then said, "I'll tell you what, Jill. Assuming Rita and Niki are interested... If you insist on having a double wedding, I insist on having a triple wedding!"

Jill's eyes became genuinely excited when she realized what Gail had said. "You mean it?"

Gail nodded; Jill reached over and hugged her.

"This is going to be so exciting. I love you, Gail! If you had a penis, I'd marry you." She looked at Chad and said, "Just kidding."

Now it was Lyle's turn to be surprised.

"Doesn't the bridegroom have anything to say in this?"

"Sure, sweetheart. What do you want to say?"

"Ah. I just wanted to say it's a capital idea, but why the change of heart?"

"Because I love you, you blockhead."

Once more Lyle thought, *life with Gail is sure interesting.*

They all seemed to get along famously and why shouldn't they? All of them had something in common, something that set them apart from others and made them feel special. They felt like members of an esoteric love/sex coven. Little did they know how close that was to the truth.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN THE CREMEL STUDIO

Arriving at Niki's studio, Rita had Niki's clothes off in record time. She sat Niki down on the davenport the scene of their original lovemaking, and proceeded to give Niki long slow wet fellatio. She hadn't taken her clothes off yet, so when she was about to bring Niki to climax, she stopped, got undressed, laid Niki back and kneeled on the couch between Niki's legs. She bent over, grasping Niki's swollen phallus in her right hand, then lowered her right breast upon it and rubbed her nipple in a circular direction around his cock. She then repeated the procedure using her left breast and nipple. She suspected this turned Niki on because he kept thrusting his cock into her tit as she rubbed them together. Then she began moving his cock forward and backward in a slapping motion against her nipples, alternating between her breasts. This served to stimulate her as well as

Niki and she was definitely getting stirred up.

She moved forward, straddling his groin and lowering her sex down beside the base of his penis. She began moving her pussy in a circular motion against the penis and scrotum, while stroking the upper part of his manhood with her right hand and her left hand plucked at his right nipple.

Niki was bucking like a horse. He implored her, "Get on, baby! Ride me like a cowgirl. Please, baby, fuck me. Fuck me hard! Please. I need you!" Then she slipped it in and they both sighed.

It had slipped in so easily. It felt so good in her. *Never, she thought, in my entire life, have I been this happy.*

Niki gave her a little bump. She had been static while reflecting upon her happiness and good fortune. She took the hint and began to move and Niki reciprocated. They were moving in concert, building up steam like a freight train, when ...she felt a strong tug on her hair and ended up falling to the floor.

Stunned, bruised and a little shocked she heard—"You son of a bitch. You bastard! How could you? On our anniversary, no less."

Rita, starting to get her bearings, looked up to see a nice looking blonde woman in a miniskirt, a braless halter and mid-calf boots. She was pounding Niki with her oversized and heavy

purse. "How could you do this to me? We were in love! Does she fuck you as good as I did? Who is this *cunt*? Can she hob your knob like I did? I'm the best! You said so! Remember? Why? Why? We were going to be married! Don't you remember? Why? Why did you do this to me? Especially with a skinny bitch!"

Niki had a shocked look on his face, his arms extended defensively, trying to ward off her blows. "Courtney, please! Stop! That was over a year ago. Stop it, damn it! Stop! Before I have to hurt you."

She paused for a second and lifted up her skirt. She wore no panties. She grabbed her sex and said, "You gave up *this*," then pointed at Rita, "for *that*? What the fuck is the matter with you! Does she suck you off like I did? Does she take it all down the throat and swallow your jism like I did? Look at her breasts. They are like a child's." She pulled out one of her obviously augmented C/D cup breasts. "Remember how you used to suck on these?" Pointing at Rita again, "She is like a teenage trollop. "Don't you like real women anymore?" She teased. "Next you'll be after little boys."

With the break in the action, Niki managed to sit up. "Enough of that! Courtney, please. What we had was a fling. It was good while it lasted but it's been over for more than a year. I've moved on and

I thought you had too."

She approached Niki and rubbed his cheek. She dragged down her skirt. "You're going to make love to me, Nikolas. Like you used to."

"I can't, I'm engaged to Rita."

"Rita! Is that the cunt's name?" She turned and kicked Rita in the face and before Niki could react she pulled a gun from her bag and aimed it right at Niki's jewels.

Rita was woozy, but she was getting mad. She had been making love to her fiancé and this whacko had barged in and screwed up her engagement celebration and now she wanted to screw her fiancé. Gun or no gun, it wasn't going to happen, if she had anything to say about it.

"Now, you're going to fuck me royally," said Courtney.

"Courtney, I can't, it's over between us and I love Rita. Besides, I can't screw you at the point of a gun. How am I supposed to get hard?"

Courtney took off her halter and except for her boots was naked.

Rita kind of remembered her from Niki's gallery. She had to admit Courtney looked pretty good. She hoped Niki was able to resist her.

"You'd better get hard or Rita there will pay the price."

"Are you crazy?"

Courtney got down on her knees in front of

Niki, put her gun to his temple and his gun in her mouth. He had been semi-hard and her deep throating was making him fully erect.

Rita was getting angry. If she didn't do something this Amazon would be banging the hell out of her lover in no time.

When Courtney was satisfied, she stood up, turned to Rita and said, "Watch how a real woman fucks. I hope you don't mind if I borrow your fiancé. You might learn something. Consider it my wedding present."

Never taking her pistol from Niki, Courtney lowered herself on Niki's now throbbing pistol.

When he was fully inside her, she said, "Just like old times, huh, Nikolas?"

"Yeah, Court, like old times. If I fuck you like you want, will you leave and leave us alone?"

"I'm afraid not. You see, I've assaulted both of you and some might construe our love making as rape. If you guys are alive to report me ... What the fuck? Ahheehh!"

Courtney reflexively pulled the trigger, whereupon blood and hair sprayed forth from the left side of Niki's head. He fell back stunned. Courtney would have been shocked except for the pain in her leg. She swung around and pistol-whipped Rita knocking her unconscious. Free of Rita with her leg bleeding profusely she turned to Niki and knelt beside him.

"I'm sorry baby. That fucking bitch made me do it. I wouldn't hurt you. You know that, right?"

Niki was conscious—barely. His eyes were open but he couldn't focus. Everything seemed cloudy and his vision was getting darker. He couldn't pass out. This woman was dangerous. He had to remain conscious.

"But that doesn't mean I won't hurt your she-devil. What's her name again? Oh yeah, Rita" Courtney stood up and walked over to Rita, who was still unconscious. She kicked Rita in the side with the boot on her good leg. "Take that, you whore." She kicked her in head. "And that, slut. See what you made me do. You made me shoot Nikolas. It was you biting my leg and now I have to shoot you. It's only fair."

Courtney raised her gun and aimed it at Rita's head. She started to pull the trigger, when everything went black. As Courtney fell, Niki dropped what remained of the smashed stool and went to his beloved's aid.

After calling nine-one-one, blood running down his face, Niki cradled Rita's head in his arms and softly stroked her hair and face. As Niki said a prayer Rita opened her eyes and smiled.

"Hi" she said.

Niki started bawling like a baby.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

JEREMY

After leaving Jill and Chad behind at Eddie Chang's the newly engaged Lyle and Gail decided to go shopping for a set of wedding rings.

Sensing that he was a little overmatched, Lyle confided to Gail. "You know, baby, I'm just an underpaid bureaucrat. As much as I'd like to, I can't afford to spend twenty-five grand on a ring for you."

Feeling on top of the world and just a little bratty, Gail teased, "Twenty-five grand? I was expecting thirty or forty at least. We'll have to get you a blue cookie so you can become President for life of some flea-bitten third world country and raid the treasury."

Worried at first, Lyle could now tell by Gail's smirk that she was joking.

Grabbing Lyle around the waist she said, "C'mere you lug. Know this. I'm not into keeping

up with the Jones', the Cre'mel's or the Trump's. It's just not me, and the more you get to know me, the more you'll realize that. It's not a ring I'm after. It's you. I'm not flashy, I'm not a show-off and I'm definitely not into 'things.' Honestly, I would be embarrassed to wear a huge ring." Still embracing, she dropped a light kiss on his lips. "I love you."

Surprising Gail with his strength, Lyle responded by giving Gail an extra strong squeeze and saying, "And I adore you," before releasing her and taking her hand.

Shortly thereafter, a relieved Lyle Overton walked proudly, arm in arm, into the jeweler with his fiancée, Gail Taylor and emerged a half hour later having purchased a twenty-five hundred dollar wedding set for Gail and a two hundred dollar band for him. The rings would be ready the next day after resizing.

Since Lyle was wearing yesterday's duds and felt a need for a change of clothes, the couple headed for Bloomingdales. Gail selected and bought a new ensemble for her new beau. It consisted of a pair of buff, Sperry top-siders, dark beige, casual Docker pants, an ice-blue pullover polo shirt with pocket and a light beige, linen blazer.

Gail decided she liked picking out clothes for Lyle. "When's your birthday?"

"July twelfth, why?"

"I've never bought clothes for a man before. It was fun. I feel like buying more clothes for your birthday. You wouldn't mind, do you?"

"Of course not. What do you think we should do now?"

Gail joked, "We could visit the top of the Empire State Building and make mad passionate love or we could do something fun and educational, like visit a museum. You know, expand our horizons."

"Okay, let's expand our horizons. I've always wanted to visit that crazy looking building, The Museum of Modern Art. What do you think?"

"Yuck. You like modern art?"

"Not really, but it's an interesting building, almost erotic, and I've heard good things. If nothing else, it could give you new material for your ongoing comedy routine. What do you say?"

"Erotic, huh? You said the magic word. Do you think we could find an erotic cubbyhole and make erotic love? Or get naked and pose as lifelike erotic statues?"

"Only my Gail would come up with scenarios like that. Let's just go and see what happens."

After a couple hours in the museum, they decided that it would take at least a full day to tour the museum properly. After an improvised, but ardent quickie in a small storeroom, smelling

slightly of ammonia, they sought out and found a cafeteria to grab a bite.

Gail asked, "Wha'cha have there?"

"Halibut filet."

"Looks good. Can I have a bite?"

"Sure."

"Umm, delicious. You wanna trade?"

"Gail, if I wanted Caesar salad, I would have ordered it."

"Sorry. It's that I'm so used to ordering Caesars that I never think of anything else."

"May I make a suggestion? Why don't you go get yourself your very own Halibut filet and we'll share your salad."

"Brilliant! That's what I like, a man who can think on his ass and when the chips are down, deliver the goodies."

"Smart alec."

* * * *

Sometime after eight, they arrived by taxi back at Gail's flat, looking forward to enjoying hours of romantic intimacy. As they walked past the doorman, Gail heard someone yelling her name. She turned around and was shocked to see her 'ex-fuck buddy' — Jeremy. He had a dozen roses in one hand and a bottle of merlot in the other. "Gail, I've been waiting for you for almost an hour. Where

have you been? Who is this?"

Ohhhh shit! Did I fuck up! Gail remembered she had set up a Saturday night rendezvous with Jeremy, only Friday morning—*yesterday* morning, and now she was engaged to Lyle. In all the excitement, she had forgotten about Jeremy. This was embarrassing, not to mention a huge problem. Jeremy had been invited over for some hot sex and now she stood here with another man—her fiancé of eight hours.

"Jeremy, imagine you being here. I'd like you to meet Lyle. Lyle Overton, this is Jeremy Stern; Jeremy, Lyle Overton." They shook hands, appraising each other. "Shall we adjourn to my apartment?"

Silence reigned in the elevator on the way up to Gail's apartment. Lyle stared straight ahead, Jeremy stared at Lyle and Gail stared at the floor, trying to figure out how to extricate herself from this mess. Neither man had the slightest clue who the other was, though they both seemed wary.

Once in the apartment, Gail took charge. She took Jeremy's offering of wine and flowers and put them on the dining room table. She turned to Jeremy.

"Jeremy, I need to talk to Lyle alone, would you please wait in my bedroom?"

Jeremy didn't seem to want to leave them alone. "I think I'd rather stay here."

"Fine, you can stay here while Lyle and I go into the bedroom."

Jeremy apparently liked the idea of Gail and Lyle in the bedroom even less. "Alright, I'll go in the bedroom and get ready."

After Gail ushered the reluctant Jeremy into the bedroom and closed the door, she addressed Lyle. "Sweetheart, I hate the fact that you're being drawn into this, but I'm afraid I've created a little mess and I can't think of any way around it except explain it to you. You see, I'm going to need your help with a teensy weensy prevarication."

"Who is Jeremy?"

Unable to think of a delicate way of putting it, Gail blurted out, "He is my law clerk and occasional casual sex partner. He's been my only sex partner for the last nine months. We have had sex approximately once every month."

Gail sensed he was restraining his temper. "He came to have sex with you tonight?"

Chagrined, Gail had no choice but to once again answer Lyle's mortifying question. "I'm afraid so; at my invitation. I invited him yesterday morning five hours before running into you."

Lyle looked quite serious. "What do you plan to do?"

"Jeremy is a good kid but I told him when we started that we would just enjoy each other and have fun. The last couple of times, Jeremy has said

he loves me. I have to tell him that we are engaged but if I tell him that and we just met, it would crush him. He's got to believe we've known each other for years and I need you to back me up." Lyle nodded.

Gail asked Lyle to wait in the living room while she broke the news of her engagement to Jeremy.

She walked into the bedroom, shutting the door behind her. There on her bed lay Jeremy, buck naked. Gail shrieked, "Jeremy! What are you doing?"

Jeremy smirked, "I'm doing what I always do when we get together. I get naked, you get naked and we have a fucking good time. Right? Is that your new boyfriend?"

Calmly, Gail entreated Jeremy. "Jeremy, honey, we need to talk. Could you please put your clothes on?"

Jeremy was clearly enjoying Gail's discomfort. "You're right, we need to talk but I'm not getting dressed. You invited me over for you-know-what, and that is usually done without clothes."

"Jeremy, you are being childish."

"I'm being childish? You have seen me naked at least a dozen times. Does your boyfriend know that? And now my nudity offends you. Okay, you only want to talk. Fine. Take off your clothes and we'll talk."

Gail was starting to get angry. "You can't

expect me to do that. Lyle is in the next room."

"That is exactly what I expected when you invited me over yesterday."

"Things have changed since yesterday."

"Lyle?"

"Yes."

"Well they haven't changed for me. If you want to talk, remove your clothes."

"Jeremy, I'm not going to have sex with you."

"Did I mention sex?" If you want to talk, I want you to be as naked as I am. This may be the last time I get to see you in your naked beauty and I want that emblazoned in my mind."

"I'm not going to get undressed and that's that. If you don't put your clothes back on I'm leaving right now."

"Fine, I'll just stay in here sans clothes all night. How's that?"

Gail didn't like that one bit. "How 'bout we compromise. I'll take off my slacks and blouse. OK?"

"Slacks, blouse and bra."

"Damn you. Jeremy, you are insufferable."

"That's my final offer. Take it or leave it."

"If I do that, you promise not to try anything? That we will just talk."

Jeremy nodded and Gail started to get undressed and began the story she had contrived. "I've known Lyle for years. He's a diplomat –"

"Before you start talking, come over here. I want to show you something."

"Show me from there."

"I can't. It's small."

"You won't try anything?"

Jeremy shook his head and Gail went over by the bed. Jeremy patted the bed next to him. "Sit down. I won't bite."

As Jeremy reached for something on the nightstand, she noticed that the dick that she had enjoyed was hard. She looked back at Jeremy and saw that he had a small object in his hand. She recognized that it was a ring box. He opened it and inside was an engagement ring. *OH NO!*

"Gail Taylor, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Gail smiled at the irony. *A decade without proper suitors and then two proposals in a day.*

Jeremy took the ring out of the box and grabbed Gail's hand, trying to put the ring on her finger. "No, Jeremy. You don't understand." She stood up and tried to pull her hand away but Jeremy wouldn't let her and kept pulling back. Gail lost her balance and fell right on top of him. Jeremy wrapped his arms around her and tried to kiss her. "Stop it, dammit! You promised! Stop it, I say!"

Suddenly, Gail was airborne. Lyle had jerked her off Jeremy and had thrown her to the floor. Then he clubbed Jeremy with a coiled right fist,

knocking him to the floor and out cold with his haymaker. He pulled Gail to her feet roughly. "Go put a robe on," he growled.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN THE CRE'MEL STUDIO

After six and a half hours in the Emergency Room and being interviewed by the police, Rita and Niki were released. They were very lucky and they knew it. Courtney's bullet etched a groove in Niki's scalp, but it was basically a flesh wound and only took thirty stitches and a tetanus shot. Rita suffered a concussion and needed to take it easy for a while.

Earlier, when the police had arrived, neither Niki nor Rita was in shape to answer questions. Niki had the presence of mind to put a robe on each of them, including Courtney. He told the policemen briefly what happened, and pointing to Courtney, said, "I want her arrested and charged with assault, rape and attempted murder."

The lead investing officer, who had identified himself as Sergeant Robbins said, "We will put what you told us in our report, but it's really up to

the D.A. how to proceed. For now, the medics will take you to the hospital. We'll talk to you again after they've examined and attended to you."

* * * *

When they arrived back at Niki's studio, Niki said he was exhausted and headed for the bedroom. "Are you coming?"

"No, you go ahead. I'm too wired to sleep right now."

"Okay, but I'm going to sleep."

"Fine. I'll join you in an hour or so."

Niki took off his clothes and was so tired he just put them on the footboard. He didn't bother with pajamas. Instead he just got under the covers naked and was asleep in a minute.

* * * *

Niki was in his whirlpool with Rita. She was giving him head. She was good, but Niki could tell she wasn't very experienced. That didn't matter, it still felt fabulous and he didn't love her for her blow jobs, or anything sexual. He loved her because she was clever, witty, imaginative, loving and, to him, the most beautiful woman in the world. She wasn't skinny like that buxom, nut case Courtney claimed, she was perfect.

Suddenly, Courtney was in the whirlpool too.

Where had she come from? Was she there all along? Niki thought to grab and eject her but was transfixed. She pushed Rita away and said, "Watch," She took Rita's place at his throne and proceeded to gobble his member. She stroked Niki with her fist following behind her mouth using an in and out motion. Each time her mouth was near the tip of his cock, she would wriggle her tongue furiously on the bottom side of the penis's crown. No doubt she was better, more experienced, still he preferred Rita. She wasn't innocent but she was close and she was a quick learner and he adored her. He looked where she had been in the tub and she was gone. When had she gone? He looked back down at Courtney, who was doing an admirable job of coping his joint and it wasn't Courtney. It was Rita again. What was going on?

Niki opened one eye and glanced at the alarm clock. The digital numerals read 1:58. He had been dreaming, yet the extraordinary feeling remained. He reached down to touch his penis but instead felt a large round object with hair moving up and down. He opened his other eye and raised his head. It was his beloved. Thank God it wasn't Courtney.

"What are you doing?"

"Im obbin ur ob."

"What?"

Rita stopped, took Niki's dick out of her mouth and said, "I'm hobbing your knob. Isn't that what your old girlfriend called it?"

"Rita, sweetheart, she wasn't my girlfriend. We went over that in the hospital when we were waiting for the police."

"Okay fine. I just felt like having something warm and hard in my mouth. Does it bother you?"

"Be my guest. Just remember, I love you and you have nothing to prove."

Humph! Nothing to prove. This is my man and nobody is going to make him feel better than I. Especially some overweight, whacked-out cow. She actually had her smelly cunt around my Niki's glorious staff.

Rita went back to work. If nothing else, she got some valuable pointers from the cunt with the silicone boobs. *"Does she suck you off like I did? Does she take it all down the throat and swallow your jism like I did?" If she can do it, so can I!*

Rita was determined. With each stroke she took more and more of Niki into her mouth. Using her fingers as a guide she was within an inch and a half of her goal when she choked and started coughing violently. Niki sat up and held her. She continued to cough, so he brought her a bottle of water. After she calmed down, Niki said, "I told you. I love you the way you are—you have nothing to prove."

"I know. I just want to be the best wife I can. It looks like I won't be able to take all of you in my mouth though."

"Honestly, I always thought that deep-

throating was overrated. It's the actions of the lips, tongue and hand that matter to me."

"Really? You're not just saying that to make me feel better."

"Really, but even if you didn't like giving head at all, making love to you is reward enough."

"Is that right? I thought men absolutely loved getting sucked off? I know I adore it when you eat my pussy."

"They do. I do, but I love you and wouldn't want you to do anything you don't feel comfortable with."

"Well don't worry. I'm very comfortable with you in my mouth. The next step for our sexual evolution would be for you expel in my mouth." Leaving Niki's embrace Rita went back to his loins and took Niki's flaccid penis in his mouth.

"Are you sure about that? Many women hate having someone cum in their mouth."

Does she swallow your jism like I did?" Recalling the witch's admonition she said, "Maybe, but you're not someone. You're Niki, my match, mate and fiancé. There's only one way to find out. I'll let you know."

After a couple minutes using a combination of her technique and what she had seen the cocksucking expert Courtney perform, she had Niki ready to cum. She had heard various stories from friends and through the grapevine about the

taste of sperm ranging from awful to sweet, heavier on the awful. With convoluted logic, she reasoned that someone who was as beautiful as Niki must have the sweet cum. She was wrong.

Once Niki erupted in her mouth, she realized she didn't like it. The semen tasted more like baking soda than candy. She had a mouthful of thick spunk and it was making her gag. She forced herself to swallow, so she would stop gagging. Then she ran to the sink and drank some water directly from the faucet to dilute the objectionable flavor.

The whole episode made her nauseous. They both lay in Niki's bed and he just held her. After about thirty minutes of silence, Niki said, "I'm sorry, princess. I tried to warn you, but I figured you knew what you were doing."

"Oh, Niki. It made me sick. It tasted salty and chemical-ish. It wasn't pleasant."

"I've heard there are ways to make it taste better with one's diet. If you wanted to try it again, I could modify what I eat."

"Not unless it's important to you."

"I'll admit that I dug it, but you know how I feel. I wouldn't expect you to do anything on me that you didn't enjoy. How do you feel now?"

"Much better, thanks. Do you think you could make me some soup or something, while I take a quick shower?"

"You bet. I think I have some New England clam chowder. How does that sound?"

Rita's stomach turned over. "Do you have anything like chicken noodle? The idea of something thick and creamy makes my stomach nauseous."

"Of course."

Once in the shower, the hot water exhilarated her. She was feeling much better and was irritated with herself for being such a wimp. True, it tasted worse than she expected, but was it really that bad? Other women did it for their men. The she-bitch Courtney did it. Niki did say he could modify what he ate.

Just then, her love joined her in the shower. Rita admired him. Niki was just under six feet and though not muscular, was well built. His legs were thin and muscular, not the kind of muscles you get from working out in a gym but the kind you get from genes. His meaty chest tapered down to a narrow six-pack waist and below that was the good part, not that all of Niki wasn't good.

"Be careful not to get that dressing on your temple wet," she warned.

"Don't worry your pretty little head."

Niki turned around let the water hit his backside. Niki had great tight little buns; she wouldn't hesitate to enter him in a Great Derriere contest. She turned him around and there,

protruding about six and a half inches, was her personal pleasure pole. She'd only enjoyed it a few times so far but now that they were engaged, she knew it would be a staple in her life.

Niki put his arms around Rita and told her the soup was ready then asked her how she was feeling. "Much better, thank you, but now I feel kind of empty." She touched his member, which was already trying to penetrate her belly button. "Do you think you could give me a fill-up of love."

Niki looked around. "Right here?" She nodded. Niki gave her a big wet kiss then he nudged her against the wall and grabbing her thighs, boosted her so her waiting wet vagina was just above Niki's pulsating manhood. Rita wrapped her legs around the buns she had just been admiring, crossed them and guided him into her grotto as he lowered her entirely upon his engorged phallus. Then he slowly started to move. In a circular motion at first then in a reciprocating motion slowly building up steam as their passion built up so high it seemed as if they were a two car runaway train. For Rita's part, she was moving wildly, alternating between hugging and kissing various parts of Niki's face and neck and straightening up with her back, head and arms against the cool wall. Suddenly, she couldn't take it anymore. Rita screamed in an explosion of joy,

once again hugging and kissing her lover. Niki erupted a few seconds later, grinding his pelvic area into Rita's as if he wished he had more to give her.

Rita's emotions took the better of her and she started weeping uncontrollably. Niki was concerned. He turned off the water and while holding her with one arm tried to dry her and himself off with the other. He then carried her to the bed, depositing her gently and further drying her off. He asked her why she was crying and she answered, saying she was crying with happiness.

Niki kind of understood, since his heart was bursting with joy. As he was drying her off he marveled at how perfect she was. Every part of Rita was beautiful he noticed, even her feet, he observed as he was drying her right foot. Niki kissed her ankle then the top of the foot then the bottom. Rita was starting to calm, but Niki was once more becoming aroused. He stroked her shapely calf as he started to lick her foot. Rita seemed to become attentive of his machinations. He licked her heel then between her toes. She squirmed so he started to suck on her toes. Was there any part of this woman that failed to turn him on?

All of a sudden, Rita jerked her leg away. She

looked up at him in her demure seductive manner. "My, what a regal staff you have there, my knight. Doest thou think you could share it with this fair maiden?" Spreading her legs as wide as possible in the air, she beckoned his regal rod to enter her chamber of ecstasy, posthaste.

After they had finished and reheated Rita's soup. Niki made an admission, "Remember when you first came here and I kept getting hard?"

Smiling, Rita answered, "Do I ever. I got a kick out of that. What about it?"

"Well, I didn't know about the cookies and you noticed but didn't seem to think anything about it. I just figured you were so gorgeous that all the men got hard around you all the time and you were used to it."

Rita was laughing out loud.

"In fact, I thought the cookie was something you gave the men around you to calm them down. Like a cold shower in a cellophane wrapper. I didn't know it had the opposite effect."

Rita and Niki howled with hilarity.

After she'd stopped laughing and calmed down, Rita reflected. "Would that it were true. I had help in your case. Most of the men I work around are gay. Plus the ones that aren't are jaded from constantly being bombarded with beauty. They are so shallow; they have no patience for average to unattractive people, which I think is

despicable. As the old saying 'there but for the grace of God, go I,' is true. None of us work for our looks. We are handed them. It is no achievement. It is a gift. Enjoy it? Yes! Flaunt it? No! You and I are no better than anyone else on the planet just luckier and of course more noticeable."

Wow! Gail is right. Rita is thoughtful.

"Niki, you know that I love you, right?"

"I hope so."

"I do. That check you gave me is very generous, but I would feel guilty spending all that money on a ring. I would like to give it to a charity I work for. The gold band is satisfactory for me."

"Rita, honey, I didn't just give that money for you. It's for me too. It shows the world what great value I place on you. How much I cherish you.

"Hmmm. What if I bought a huge cultured diamond that no one but a jeweler would know was not natural to wear when we went out? I still would wear the gold band around the house. Either way, it's a memento for me. It is the first thing . . . the first sign of love you gave me."

Niki shrugged and said, "If that makes you happy, I'm fine with it. The main thing is that you are happy with the world and me. Now tell me about this charity of yours."

"It's a shelter really—a government approved

shelter for severely abused children.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Not right now. I’m too happy to think about the children right now. Some other time I will. I promise. Now, I’m finally getting tired.” Rita yawned and smiled, saying one final thing before dozing off, “I think that yucky syrup that you shoved down my throat made me sleepy.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

LYLE

The sight of Gail helplessly lying virtually naked on Jeremy had aroused Lyle. “On second thought, don’t get dressed. First, I want to fuck you silly and then you’re going to explain me why you were naked in his arms.”

“Lyle, when I came into the room—” Lyle shushed Gail up by forcing his mouth against hers, kissing her with so much angry passion it seemed violent, his hands firmly on her buttocks, pinching them—hurting them. Gail was loathe to admit it but she had been turned on by Jeremy’s engorged shaft pressing against her through her panties and feeling Lyle’s super-sized penis against her naked belly was her call to action. She undid Lyle’s belt and zipper. Then she dragged his pants and underwear off. As she sat on the bed eye to eye with his impressive cock, Gail felt stirring in her vulva. She began scarfing on his oversized sex but

that wasn't what Lyle wanted. He eased Gail back on the bed, parallel and just above the unconscious Jeremy and entered her. Even though Gail was aroused beyond anything she had ever experienced, even the first hours under the cookie's power, she wasn't quite ready for Lyle's member, so he went slowly, inching in, while she secreted natural lubricant and tried to relax. Slowly they gained their normal rhythm. Gail came in minutes, then a few minutes later, again.

Thus began an episode they would refer to in the future as their 'marathon fuck'. They weren't sure how long it lasted but they fucked so long and so hard that Lyle climaxed at dawn. Gail felt a little dizzy and was actually more sore than 'silly'. They would have to curtail their lovemaking for a while. Afterwards Lyle rolled off Gail and they fell asleep in each other's arms, but not before they noticed that Jeremy was missing. When and where he slipped out, neither had noticed, but whenever it happened, he did it naked because his clothes were still there.

* * * *

Lyle awoke to sounds of muffled voices in the living room. He got up quietly, went to the door, and snuck a peak. Reclining on the couch was Gail in her bathrobe, sipping on a cup of joe. She was

addressing Jeremy, who was sitting opposite her, in the loveseat, his back to Lyle, wearing his clothes.

Lyle ducked back behind the door and eavesdropped on the conversation.

"But if you were in love with Lyle, how come you carried on with me?"

"Simple. Lyle wasn't ready to make a commitment and I wasn't even sure he was that interested in me. Until he demonstrated that he was interested, life goes on. As you know, I'm a sexual person, I have needs, and he wasn't here to satisfy those needs. You were here and you were attractive and willing, so . . . In my own way I love you, but it's more platonic than romantic. Remember, I asked you right from the beginning not to get serious. Jeremy, you don't love me. Your dick loves me."

"Yes, there's that, but there's a whole lot more. Gail, you're the total package. You're beautiful with a fabulous body. You're witty, smart and best of all, totally competent. I've never seen anyone more competent than you. You took me under your wing, showed me some love, and gave me some love. What did you expect? You're my role model."

"Like I said, the last thing I wanted to do was hurt you, but you're ten years younger than I am. I never promised you anything but my body and

that was just on a month-to-month lease. Now, someone else has put a generous offer to buy it and I've accepted the offer. We opened an escrow yesterday and the escrow is scheduled to close in a couple months."

Gail took a sip of her coffee.

"Here are your choices: One; you can continue to work for me and I can be your competent friend and mentor, or two; I can get a replacement for you and you can pine for me at some other firm. I will give you the highest recommendation as both a lawyer and if you wish, a lover. It's your choice. Besides, competent I am. Beautiful I am not."

"Oh yes you are!" came a voice from behind Jeremy as Lyle pranced into the living room still naked. "Jeremy is right about that. Don't sell yourself short. You are beautiful and everything else he said about you."

Lyle stood directly in front of Jeremy and noticed his left cheek was swollen and he was holding a bag of frozen peas to his eye, which appeared to be blackened. He said, "Sorry about last night, chap. You were getting a little out of control. I hope you understand. I think we got off to a bad start, but we do have a lot in common. Well, we have Gail in common, so I hope you'll take option one and be her friend. Mine too, if you can forgive me."

Jeremy was in shock. He couldn't take his eyes off this guy's schlong. He had always thought of himself as well endowed, but this guy was... he was freaky.

Gail retrieved one of her robes and draped it around her fiancé. It was one of Gail's favorites but she had to laugh at how silly it looked on Lyle, a flowery design with marabou trim. Well at least Jeremy could listen to what her love had to say instead being transfixed by his mighty snake.

Lyle finished, "So what do you think?"

"What do I think? I think you knocked me out with one punch and even if I wasn't expecting it, it was a hell of a punch."

"Yeah well, I did a little boxing in the Navy."

Gail was surprised. "Really? You'll have to tell me more about that."

Jeremy continued, "And then when I awakened, you were diddling my woman. It was driving me crazy. Do you have any idea how that would feel? I asked her to marry me and the next thing I see is you fucking Gail's brains out. I couldn't stand it, so I went out and laid on the couch, but I couldn't sleep because I could still hear you. I was forced to hear Gail sighing and moaning, ending in a new orgasm every forty minutes and at the break of dawn I heard you cock-a-doodle-doo-ing like a rooster. I think you

are the bigger...I mean the better man. I think I'll try to work things out with Gail because as a professional, I can learn so much from her. If I can't stand it, I'll leave voluntarily. As for being your friend, I don't think I can do that. Besides how would you feel knowing I had fucked your wife?"

Remembering what Jill had told Jeremy, Lyle replied, "Son, if everybody was keeping tabs of who fucked who, no one would ever get married. The fact that she got involved with you was my own fault. I don't like it but I can deal with it."

By the time Jeremy left, he was at least willing to wait and see how things developed.

CHAPTER TWENTY THE ARGUMENT

“**T**hat went rather well.”

“I’m glad you think so. You weren’t up yet when I told him about us. He cried like a baby and what we did to him last night was mean.”

“Mean? He tried to rape you, I just stopped him.”

“I’m not talking about hitting him. He deserved that—sort of. I’m talking about having sex all night, in front of him. Flaunting it in his face. Christ, Lyle, he came here with a ring to propose to me!”

“He was out cold. We just got engaged and we were making love.”

“One does not make love in anger. One fucks in anger and last night we fucked. If ever in my life I have been fucked, last night was it! Besides, you heard him. He woke up; saw the woman he thinks

he loves getting fucked by some stranger. No wonder he cried."

"You're right, I was mad as hell, but I was also turned on. Seeing you naked in his arms, even though you were fighting him it...it stimulated me. I had to fuck you and by fucking you, I was fucking him as well. That was my jealous reaction to an objectionable event that was thrust upon me that I neither created nor liked. My naked fiancée, lying on top of her naked former sex partner, whom she invited to her apartment."

"What were you doing naked anyway?"

"Look, Lyle, I realize that ninety percent of what happened last night was my fault and I put you in an unfair and untenable position. What happened last night was a culmination of thoughtless currents I set in motion months ago. When I said we needed to talk he said he would talk only if I got undressed."

"Yeah, I heard that part. At least you kept your panties on, but why did you accommodate him?"

Gail was getting exasperated. "Let me ask you, were you mad because I got undressed in front of a former lover, who had seen me naked at least a dozen times or because you were forced to meet him? He was no longer some abstract individual you would always wonder about but, whose existence would never be confirmed. He was flesh and blood and you had to meet him. That's it, isn't

it? He is the only person I had sex with in over a year. Tell me, how many partners have you had in the last year?"

Annoyed, Lyle answered, "Frankly, that's irrelevant. However, if you insist, you're the first. I see your point though, and it may be valid."

Gail thought, *Well I really blew that question. I broke the cardinal rule for lawyers – never ask a question you don't know the answer to.*

Lyle continued, "In any case, I worked my anger out last night. I'm sorry if you felt like my personal punching bag but it was really more that I was excited, than angry and don't forget you were quite aroused yourself. Speaking of being excited, I'm ready for an encore."

"Well I'm not. I think we need to take it slow today. I've either started my period a couple days early or we overdid the intercourse. I'm really sore and spotting. In addition, I'm still a little upset about how screwed up things got last night and this morning. Can we just snuggle today?"

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE THE NEXT DAY - SUNDAY

After Niki and Rita had been asleep a mere four hours, the phone rang. Niki moaned then reached over and picked it up. "Yes?"

"Mr. Cre'mel?"

"Uh huh."

"This is Sergeant Robbins. Sorry to bother you so early after yesterday's ordeal but I thought you'd like to be updated on the Wilson woman."

"Who?"

"Courtney Wilson, the woman who attacked you and your girlfriend."

"Ah yes. Sorry, I didn't remember her last name. What did you find out, Sergeant?"

"Miss Wilson is on an early leave re-cog program from a mental facility in Indiana."

Stunned Niki asked, "She was in a mental institution?"

"Yes, for the last fifteen months and last

Wednesday she was released on her own recognizance for a two week trial period to see how well she operated in society."

"Well, I'd say she failed, wouldn't you?"

"Most definitely. That's the good news. We've been in contact with the hospital and they will be re-institutionalizing her."

"You said that's the good news. Is there bad news?"

"I'm afraid so. Since the Wilson woman is about to be institutionalized the DA sees no reason to prosecute. Especially since insanity defense would be practically assured."

"Shit. These charges are too serious to just let slide. She got out in fifteen months last time. Who's to say she wouldn't get out in another fifteen months and head back here? It's obvious the woman is fixated on me."

"I agree with you but there's nothing I can do. I'll tell you what I will do though. I'll put your name, address and phone number on a list of people to be contacted should she again be considered for release."

"Thank you, I appreciate that, Sergeant."

"Think nothing of it. By the way what is your connection with the suspect?"

"I dated her for about three weeks, close to two years ago."

"And who broke it off?"

"I did. I liked her at first but she started acting peculiar. Kind of 'Fatal Attraction'-like—buying me expensive things, being possessive, she was always finding an excuse to have to see me. I felt suffocated. Why?"

"Probably nothing, It turns out that a fellow she was seeing shortly before she was committed, disappeared and has never turned up. I guess I've taken up enough of your Sunday morning. If I think of anything else to ask or come up with new information I'll call you."

Niki hung up the phone and rolled over. Looking at his sleeping lover, he marveled at her beauty. It seems like he spent half his free time marveling at how utterly beautiful she was and his good fortune at finding her. Just then the phone rang again, "Yes, Sergeant Robbins?"

"Niki?"

"Oops! Sorry, Jill. I thought you were someone else."

"So I heard. Who is Sergeant Robbins?"

"He's a policeman. Are you looking for Rita? She's still asleep."

Jill wasn't going to be shunted aside easily. "What made you think a policeman was calling?"

"Because I happen to have been talking to him, not two minutes ago."

He could tell Jill was getting impatient. "Niki, we could be playing this game all day. If you don't

want to tell me, just say so."

"Sorry. We had some excitement here yesterday afternoon. The police were called and the investigating officer had just called me to update me."

"What kind of excitement?"

"I don't want to sandbag you. I just have trouble talking about it. How about I have Rita call you when she wakes up?" Just then Niki saw an arm pass before his eyes and reach for the phone.

"I'll take it," said Rita.

"Just a second, Jill. Rita woke up."

"Hi, Rita."

"Why Jill! It's always a pleasure to hear your cheery voice! What can I do for you?"

"First of all, I want to congratulate you once more. You and Nikolas make a most dashing couple. Then I wanted to tell you that after you left, Gail agreed to marry Lyle."

This shocked Rita because Gail had seemed so adamant Friday night. Come to think of it, so had she. "That's wonderful news. I'll have to call her and offer my congratulations."

"Of course, but before you do, let me tell you what I've been thinking. You know that I have always been very fond of you and Gail. I think the world of you and our weddings would be especially meaningful if the three of us were

married together in the same ceremony. I don't mean the three of us would get married. I mean we would ha—"

Rita wondered why Jill was so nervous. She interrupted, "Jill, honey, I know what you mean and it's an intriguing idea, worth consideration, but wouldn't you want your special day to be yours only and not share the stage with other brides?"

"That's what Gail said and that's why I wanted to talk to you before she did and let you know how I really feel. It would really mean a lot to me if you and Gail would agree. She already said she would but she has reservations. I would gain more by sharing this experience with you than I would lose by sharing the stage, as she puts it, even if you were the main attraction. Don't forget that I'm responsible for you and Gail each getting married."

"That's all very nice and I understand where you're coming from but I wanted a bigger wedding than you were planning."

"I realize that. Chad and I have talked about this and he agreed to the triple wedding. Of course three weddings would be larger than one. He also agreed to move the wedding back two months but preferably no more because I'll start showing after that. That will give you and Gail almost three months to organize your weddings."

Rita didn't know what to say. She really didn't have a problem getting married with her two best friends except the distinct possibility that her participation might marginalize their ceremony. Finally she asked, "How would this work?"

"I imagine we would all get up there together and we have a generic minister marry us all."

"I've got an idea. What if we had three separate short ceremonies in tandem one after the other and one big reception after?"

"That's not the same, Rita. Don't humor me. If you don't want to do it, say so."

"I'm not trying to humor you, sweetie. I'm a fashion model, for Christ's sake. Cameras seek me out, eyes seek me out. I don't want to take a chance on compromising your big day."

"Rita, I understand what you are saying but I don't care. Just say yes or no."

"Yes."

"Good. Now tell me about this excitement you had that involved the police?"

"Oh, It's nothing really. One of Niki's old girlfriends came here yesterday afternoon, knocked me out, raped, shot and wounded Niki, then was going to shoot me in the head when Niki knocked her out. Just your typical day at the studio."

Rita probably would have laughed if she could have seen her friend. She imagined Jill's mouth

was frozen half open and her eyes were saucer-like and glassy. Jill's response was, "If you don't want to tell me, that's all right."

"Jill, honey, that is what happened."

"Oh, Rita, I'm so sorry. Is Niki alright?"

"Niki's fine. It was just a scalp wound. He sounded okay, didn't he?"

"Yes he did. I'm just shocked. You've got to tell me what happened."

"I will but I've only had four and a half hours sleep. Can we talk about it tonight?"

Jill said, "Okay."

They both said their goodbyes and Rita handed the phone to Niki to put in the cradle.

"What's tonight?" Niki inquired.

"Oh, we have a mixed doubles team in a bowling league. Do you want to go with me? It's fun."

"Sure. Why not?"

"Good. I'm going back to sleep."

* * * *

Rita slept until two P.M. Having a concussion, she needed a lot of rest so Niki just let her sleep. Niki was trying to read a photography magazine, sitting on the infamous davenport, the scene of many seductions. He couldn't concentrate on the magazine article. He kept reflecting on how one of

those seductions had gone awry and almost cost him the thing he treasured most. He would wither and die if anything happened to her. He had to admit, looking back that the signs were there. He wondered if any of the other dozens of women he had slept with were a potential danger to his love.

He went into the changing room and visited his gallery. He found Courtney's picture, took it down and studied it. He remembered her very well. He was smitten with her at first. He studied her picture. What a waste. She was gorgeous. In some ways she was a lot like his love, Rita. Fun, clever, witty, smart, loving, sexually adventurous, but it was all a façade. After just two weeks she was smothering out any flame that had developed. After three weeks he couldn't stand the sight of her. He told her he didn't want to see her anymore but that didn't work. He would get flowers two and three times a day. He would come home and find her naked in his bed. She was stifling him so he decided to clear his calendar, rescheduling the appointments he could and made a long overdue trip to Prague, to visit his family for six weeks.

It seemed to work at the time, for Courtney had moved on. But now he wondered if he had just passed the problem on to someone else and what had happened to the poor fellow that disappeared. Shaking off responsibility for what a crazy woman

might have done to someone else, he looked over his gallery. It was five photos high by ten long—fifty pictures. Were any of these women potentially dangerous? Niki broke off relations with most of them and had to admit that many of them were not happy. He decided that he would check out six of the fifty and wrote their names on a tablet. He went into his office started going through his file cabinets and address book. There were others and he was going to check them all out.

“What are you doing?” his angel asked.

“Ah you’re up. I’m making a list up of any of the women I’ve ever dated that seemed a little abnormal. I want to head off any possible repeat of went on yesterday. Thank God I’m off the market.”

She came over and hugged him. “Have I ever told you how much I love you?”

“Yes, but I like to hear it so you can tell me as much as you want.”

“I will when I find the words that do my love for you justice. In the meantime, there is something I need to discuss with you. Jill has her heart set on a multiple wedding and I agreed to it. I hope you don’t have a problem with that.”

Putting his arms around her, he said, “Yeah, I figured as much. It sounds like fun and if you think about it, a multiple wedding makes a lot of

sense.”

“Really?” Harboring amorous thoughts, Rita whispered in his ear as she rubbed his chest. “Perhaps you could enlighten me. Why does that make a lot of sense?”

Rita frowned as Niki kissed her on the forehead and pulled away. “Well, for starters it makes it easier on all the guests, having to plan to attend only one wedding. This is especially true for your friends out west. What did you say their names were?”

“Mora and Althea. That’s a good point. They have to come from California and Oklahoma. What else?”

Thoughtful for a moment, Niki continued, “It would consolidate all the expenses three ways and be easier to make arrangements for one wedding than three. I’ve already asked Joe if we could have the reception at Flavio’s and he said anything we want. Just cover his expenses.”

Still feeling frisky, Rita put her arms around him and started kneading his tight buns. “Perhaps I should take you into the bedroom, where you could edify me at length on matters of the flesh.”

Niki looked down on his little minx, swooped her up into his arms and had her in the bedroom in seconds, where he had her and had her. *Edification can be exhilarating.*

After being properly edified, Rita made a phone call. "Gail, dear, Jill tells me that you're getting married also. That's wonderful."

"Yeah. I guess I couldn't stand to see you and Jill get married and throw the bouquet to me."

"Jill has her heart set on a triple wedding. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Sounds like more fun than a triple bi-pass. Seriously, the only reservation I have and I know it's not your fault, is that you are so damn glamorous that you'll leave us frumps in the dust."

"C'mon, Gail, don't sell Jill or yourself short. Outside of the modeling industry you two and Saundra are the most attractive women I know and you both have darling figures. I know half a dozen models that would trade bodies with you, no questions asked."

"Rita, it's nice of you to say that. It really is, but it's lip service and you know it. I don't begrudge your looks. In fact, I can't think of anyone else I'd rather have for a friend that looked like Helen of Troy, unless I could somehow finagle it for myself. I know the reality. I'm a seven, maybe a seven and a half and you, you're off the charts. I can live with that. I've got compensating balances. I'm doing this because I love Jill and it's what she wants and I suspect it's the same with you."

Rita concurred and the deal was set. The three



of them, for better or worse, would tie the knot in less than three months.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO EASTSIDE FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

“So tell me. Are you very good?” Niki asked, as she entered the bowling alley.

“What do you think? Do I look like a bowler?”

“Well if you’re no good why do you do it?”

She stopped in front of her locker and turned to face him. She was wearing a pink sweatshirt with red lettering that said, ‘Happiness Is an Acquired Taste’ and stone tumbled jeans. “Did I say I was lousy? I average one forty-seven. I do it because it’s fun and I enjoy rubbing elbows with real people after dealing with huge egos.”

“As long as elbows are all you’re rubbing.”

“Very funny. Whatever happened to the ‘clean slate rule’? It was your choice to come, you know.”

Hugging Rita, Niki said, “I was kidding. Even if you’ve slept with the whole bowling alley, it’s in the past and doesn’t matter.”

Rita was getting irritated. "How generous of you. You talk like I've slept around. I may not be a virgin but I haven't slept with scores of members of the opposite sex, like someone I know. Counting you, I have been intimate with six men, none of which visit this bowling alley, nor will they try to kill you."

That stung. Niki watched Rita lace and tie her bowling shoes and grabbed her ball for her. "I'll be good, where to?"

"I have to find out." Looking at the bulletin board, she said, "Lanes fifteen and sixteen. Let's go."

Jill was already there and Niki was glad to see—so was Chad. He liked Chad. Chad had an easy manner, but he thought that while Chad really seemed to adore Jill, he had a thing for Rita as well. That didn't make Chad a bad guy. Niki was sure half the world had a thing for Rita and Chad kept it close to the vest. The trouble was that Rita had admitted she liked Chad and had said that if Chad hadn't met Jill and she hadn't fallen for him, she could see herself with Chad.

Niki sat next to Chad, shook his hand. "Hi buddy, how goes it?" Before Chad could answer, their women were there. Rita hugged and kissed Chad on the cheek and Jill did the same with Niki.

Jill said, "Niki, Chad, this is our teammate, Dan. He just got off the phone with Ralph, our

fourth and he isn't going to be able to make it."

Dan was a smallish middle-aged man with thin gray hair. After shaking their hands, Dan asked, "Do either of you bowl? We need someone to bowl in Ralph's place. We're playing the first place team and we would have to use Ralph's average minus ten pins."

Niki admitted, "I've never bowled in my life."

Chad said, "I've bowled a line or two. I'll take Ralph's place if you'd like."

Chad was hustled off by Jill to rent shoes and find a suitable house ball. Niki scooted over to Rita and said, "I'd like to try this sometime. Just you and me, when it doesn't count."

Rita smiled and kissed him. "It's a date. Would you like something to drink?"

"Sure, what kind of drinks do they have?"

Rita flipped on a light by the scorer's table and sat back down crossing her hands over Niki's right shoulder. "You can have almost anything you want. Most people get beer but they also have wine and mixed drinks." Easing her face toward Niki's ear, she whispered, "Thanks for coming. I know this isn't your thing, but I think you'll have fun."

He turned his head to her and said softly, "Doing anything from collecting garbage to cleaning toilets would be fun with you."

Rita laughed. Niki loved the way she laughed,

so alive, so real.

"Aren't you romantic? Collecting garbage—cleaning toilets, I can hardly wait."

"I was giving an extreme example."

Rita laughed again. "I know, silly. Besides, while I may stoop to cleaning a toilet now and then, I draw the line at collecting garbage." And with that she kissed him passionately but she stopped suddenly when she heard the embarrassing shouts of approval and clapping.

Niki looked around and they had an audience of about a dozen, including her teammate Dan. They were all hooting, hollering and smiling. Rita turned bright red.

Niki thought it was funny. "This is no excuse but we became engaged yesterday."

Now there were about twenty gathering around and the applause was even louder, which of course gathered a larger audience.

"That was helpful. You have any other tricks up your sleeve?" Rita whispered in his ear.

"Oh what the hell. Let's give them something to jaw about." Niki put his arm around Rita and lowered her head and back across his body and laid a juicy passionate kiss on her beautiful lips. The audience which was now about fifty, including Jill and Chad went wild. They clapped wildly and yelled "Encore."

A nice looking young man, who Rita later said

was named Sid, sauntered over and high-fived Niki. "You've got one gorgeous lady there. I've had my eye on her myself but I figured she was out of my league. I can see she's made a cool choice." Sid then took Niki's hand in his two hands and shaking it profusely added, "Congratulations. I hope to find a lady that fine some day."

Niki replied, "I'm sure you will. What do you do?"

"I attend NYU and I wait tables part time. I want to be an actor eventually."

"Well I sense greatness in you. I'm sure you'll succeed and land a fabulous lady. Here's my card. Give me a call on Monday." He patted Sid on the back and the audience disbanded, sensing the floor show was over.

Looking at Chad, Niki asked him, "I don't suppose you'd have a bit part for the kid, would you?"

"I don't know. I'll see what's available and let you know."

The cocktail waitress came by and shut the light off. "Sorry, with the crowd that was gathered here I couldn't see the light. What'll you have?"

Chad said, "I'm from the West. I'll have a Coors."

"Okay, cowboy. What about the little lady?"

"I'm expecting, I'll just have bottled water."

"Dan?"

"Margarita on the rocks."

"You got it. Rita? Well, hi Nikolas. What are you doin' here?"

Niki was hoping against hope that she wouldn't recognize him. Meekly he answered her, "Hello, Sharon. Long time no see. I'm here with my fiancée – Rita."

"Oh! Isn't that nice." She bent over, kissed Niki and said "Congratulations." Afterward, she stood up, shook Rita's hand and repeated with little enthusiasm, "Congratulations."

"I'll have a glass of Merlot, if you can break yourself away from my fiancé," answered Rita belatedly.

Sharon didn't think she had done anything wrong to merit Rita's attitude, so she decided to do something to merit it. "One Merlot. Nikolas, honey, what'll you have? I recommend the special."

"What's the special?"

Sharon winked, puckered her lips and said, "Me."

Rita was irate. She slapped Sharon, who pushed her serving tray into Rita's face, forcing Rita backward and onto the bench, where they really got into it.

Soon the fifty or so who had just watched the Niki and Rita show were back to watch the Rita and Sharon brawl. But they were disappointed because Niki broke it up. He grabbed Sharon around her ribs and yanked her off Rita, whose nose was bleeding. Chad handed her a Kleenex.

"Okay, Nikolas, you can let go. I'm not going to hurt your pretty girlfriend." After Nikolas relaxed a little bit, Sharon looking straight at Rita, raised Niki's hands up to her breasts, leaned her head back against Niki's face and said, Just like old times, huh, Nikolas?"

Rita closed her fist and punched Sharon in the nose as hard as she could. Sharon collapsed to the floor, her nose bleeding even more than Rita's. Rita grabbed her purse, turned around and walked away.

Niki looked down at Sharon, who was on her knees and asked, "Why did you antagonize her, Sharon?"

"Because she's a bitch."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she's gonna marry you." And then she started crying.

"But we haven't seen each other in years."

"I know, Nikolas, but I still think about you."

Women! Nikolas loved them dearly but he never really understood them.

Niki hopped the bench and scooted after Rita. When he caught up to her he turned her around and held her by her shoulders. "Where are you going?"

"Nikolas, I want to go home. Not your studio but my apartment. I have some things I need to work out in my mind."

Niki noticed she called him Nikolas. She must be really upset. "You can't go now. Your team needs you or they'll lose."

Evidently, she thought about it and said, "I'll go back and bowl, but keep that bitch away from me and afterwards, promise me you'll take me straight to my apartment."

"I promise."

It didn't matter. They lost anyway. Chad was the one bright spot bowling one seventy nine, one ninety four and two hundred and two. Rita however, understandably, had one of her worst nights ever at ninety-eight, one hundred seven and one hundred and twelve. Dan and Jill bowled their averages, but even with their large handicap, it was not enough to beat the first place team.

Rita sat by Niki but didn't really talk to him. Jill sat by her friend too but again Rita was closed mouthed. She wasn't rude, she just acted like she was in a daze. Niki figured she was interiorizing and her mind was spinning a hundred miles per hour.

On the way to Rita's apartment, Niki tried to prompt her and she opened up a little.

"What do you plan to do?"

"I don't know. I plan to do a lot of thinking. Things are not working out the way I thought they would when I said I would marry you. I guess I had a fairy tale concept that we would live happily ever after in your studio."

"I have the same dream and I think we can get past this. You have to know that this is a fluke."

"Oh really? Don't you mean two flukes? I seem to remember getting beat up twice in the last twenty-six hours. Let's see... I have been pistol-whipped, kicked in the side, kicked in the head, received a concussion, almost shot in the head, had a drink tray pushed into my face and pummeled by a waitress. The bottom line is being around you is hazardous to my health. I'm cursed by being in love with someone who could get me killed."

"Sweetheart, I understand why you feel this way. I'm overwhelmed myself but please don't do anything rash that we'll both regret."

"Like what?"

"Like dumping me. If you did that, with the way I feel about you it would crush me. I would literally become a shell of who I am now."

"That's the problem. I feel the same about you. You're everything I ever wanted, except for your

promiscuity, and I would be every bit as crushed as you, but I don't want to be hurt or killed by one of your whacko bimbos."

"They're not all whackos."

"Is that right? Am I going to believe you or my lying eyes? Correct me if I'm wrong, but in the little over two days that I have known you, I've been beat up by two of your fruitcakes. That's two for two, by the way! I'm beginning to get the feeling that one of your lunatics lurk behind every tree. There's something else that's bothering me too. Even if they weren't whackos I still wouldn't want to meet them. I can let bygones be bygones as long as they aren't thrown in my face. It bothers me to meet someone that I know you've had sex with. How many conquests have you made anyway? Hundreds?"

"Not even. I don't count them but here in the states probably around forty."

"Forty, you've more than that on your wall of fame alone and you said there were others."

"Well maybe fifty. Close to half of those in the gallery were European girls. I'm sorry I was so 'promiscuous,' but I can't do anything about the past. It's the future that counts. What do you want to do?"

"I'm not sure. That's why I want to go to my apartment. I want to think. I feel safer in my apartment, since none of your predator babes

know about my apartment. You're welcome to stay there with me tonight. Just no sex. I don't want any distractions."

Niki looked forward to pleading his case, so he accepted the offer to spend the night at Rita's apartment. He wouldn't admit it to Rita but he was beginning to be spooked himself.

* * * *

After a night of give or take the couple agreed to remain a couple and would still get married. However, Rita would only go to his studio for scheduled photo shoots and there would be no more sex at the studio. Rita would keep her apartment for now and Niki would move in and commute the ten miles to his studio. There would be nothing at the studio that would show where they actually lived. They fell asleep in each others arms and did not have sex. Well, at least not until the morning.

After she got up the following morning, Rita called Jill and told her that Niki and she had worked everything out and the wedding was on.

"Oh, Rita. You've made my day once more. I was so worried after seeing how down you were last night. I'm glad you two worked it out. By the way you were going to tell me about the

excitement at Niki's studio at the bowling alley but you never got around to it."

"I'm sorry, Jill, I don't feel up to going into it right now. I'll tell you about it later, but for now, take what happened in the bowling alley and multiply it by ten."

"Really! When you feel like getting it off your chest, don't forget me."

"I won't. You'll be the first I tell. In the meantime you don't need to say anything about this to Gail or Sandra. Right?"

Obviously, getting her drift, Jill went along. "It's your story. Far be it for me to tell your story to others.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE COUNTDOWN

Jill was energized. Everything was going her way. She was marrying for love-- and sex-- with child, and her friends were marrying in the same ceremony. What next? Then it happened. Marsha Scott the current anchorwoman took a position at CBS. The first thing Monday morning, Jill was made evening anchorwoman doubling her salary. Jill's unprecedented run of luck was almost complete. Of course, she attributed it all to the blue fortune cookie, instead of her hard work and with the coincidental timing, who could blame her. All that was lacking was the wedding itself, the planning of which Jill tackled with gusto. Jill was in her element. Organizing, planning and scheduling. A benefit of the triple wedding was that the expenses were split between six people plus those expenses were actually much less than three separate weddings.

Each of the parties selected a best man or maid of honor. Jill had previously asked Beverly to be her maid of honor. Gail picked Rene, her younger sister for maid of honor and her youngest sister Cassie, to be her bridesmaid. Rita chose Sandra, who was tickled, to be her maid of honor. Chad, being new in town, chose Cornell for his best man

Nikolas asked a photographer friend, Robbie Robinson, to be the photographer and double as best man.

The cast and stage was set. All that was needed was the guests and action.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR SAUNDRA

Saundra was many things. She was the wealthiest of the 'Sexy Six' thanks to her marriage to a rich husband. She was the best bred, coming from a prominent New England family, the most accomplished in the arts, the smartest except for Gail, who was on another level and the prettiest, except for Rita, who was exceptional. She split time between her Park Avenue penthouse and Connecticut estate, had plenty of spending money, a new Jaguar every year, and had third and fourth homes; one in the Adirondacks and one in Alpine, Colorado.

So, why was she so unhappy? She'd been in denial for years and she knew why. Her whole marriage was a sham. Her husband, Basil Harrington III, was a world-class cheater. She hadn't caught him red handed yet, but she knew the signs; working late, sometimes staying at the

penthouse, ostensibly because of the long commute to their estate in Connecticut. She also suspected that he had initiated liaisons with the domestic staff and was certain he was currently having a fling with a mildly attractive young maid named Lily. That was one of the things Saundra didn't understand. Basil's flings, at least the ones she knew about or suspected, were with women universally less attractive than she was and sometimes even older. This made her feel worse than if he'd been seeking succor from younger or more beautiful women.

Rita was right when she said Basil wasn't right for her. She should know. Rita stopped visiting because he was so obvious. Gail too. He was like a nasty dog that humped your leg.

She sold her happiness in exchange for security. It was as if she sold her soul.

Once, she was the only one of her friends that was married. In her mind, she held that over them as if it was an accomplishment.

Some accomplishment! Here she was, unhappily married and she wrongly thought she was better off than her happy unmarried friends. Now they were getting married and they were going to be happily married.

Saundra was jealous. She was happy for them, she really was, but at the same time, she couldn't help but feel self-pity. *How can I be envious of my*

friends? That's like a huge character flaw.

Saundra resolved to change things right then! She was going to the network party tonight and before she did she would eat the mysterious fortune cookie. Let the games begin and let the chips fall where they may.

Saundra called Rita and Gail to make sure they would still be going. They said they would but things had changed in the last three days and they would be going with their fiancés. Boy, had they changed. They suggested that she come with them and have Basil meet her there. She agreed and called the philandering bastard to see if he could afford her a little time from his bimbos and meet her at the party. He said he wasn't certain but he would try. It didn't make any difference; she was going stag if she had to.

Jill and Rita, along with their beaus were going meet and watch the debut of Chad's show at Gail's and soon to be Lyle's apartment, then head over to the studio for the party. Saundra arrived just as Chad's show was beginning. She was pleased with her newfound resolve and looked forward to the future. For the first time in years, she felt good about herself and her friends picked up the change in her demeanor immediately.

Gail, who originally roomed with Saundra, and was the closest to her until her ideas became so dogmatic and self-serving that she could no longer

abide her foolishness, decided to have a talk with her. At the station break, she asked Sandra to help her get drinks for everyone.

In the kitchen, Gail was direct, "You're acting different. What's going on?"

Although Sandra wasn't looking for sympathy, a little understanding would be nice. She glanced at Gail and broke into tears. "Oh Gail, I've been such an ass these last few years. I've been in denial."

"I've noticed," Gail responded, unsympathetic.

"My husband's a jerk. He's been fucking around on me for years and I've been so unhappy, it's a wonder I haven't become an alcoholic or an addict."

Gail started to soften. "So what are you going to do about it?"

No longer crying but sniffing she said, "All the luxuries I'm afforded, are not worth being married to such a bastard. I want love and happiness. I've taken the red fortune cookie and now I'm ready to see where it will lead me. I want out."

There it was; a glimmer of the strong determined personality that had once defined her friend. Gail reached over and grasped Sandra's shoulders. Sandra collapsed in her arms, crying again, saying, "I've been such a fool. Can you forgive me?" Just then, Jill came in saying the show was starting again and saw Sandra in Gail's

arms.

Putting two and two together, Jill asked Gail to let her handle this, "Go back and watch the show. I'll take care of Saundra."

"Call me Sandy. I want to be called Sandy. Saundra is as phony as my life has been for the last seven years."

Jill put her arm around Sandy's shoulder and asked her how she felt.

"I feel like a fucking idiot. My husband has been fucking everyone but me. I haven't had sex, except solo in months. I was a stupid little Country Club social climber but my eyes are open now. You girls have shown me the way. I'm jealous as hell. I want what you have. I took the red cookie and am ready for the consequences."

Jill was overwhelmed. Saun...Sandy was more miserable than she suspected. "That's good. You made a good first step. There's no turning back, you know."

"That's the way I want it. I don't want to be able to second guess my decision."

"Good for you. That's my strong determined Sandy. Welcome back from Stepford. Let's go back in there and watch Chad, shall we?"

Sandy nodded and they went back into the living room.

Everybody was engrossed in the show but Rita

looked up when they came back in. She noticed Saundra had been crying and asked Jill, "What's the matter with Saundra?"

"It's Sandy!" Sandy yelled. "Saundra is dead! Good fucking riddance."

Rita looked back at Jill, looking for an explanation. Jill mouthed, *I'll tell you later.*

* * * *

The consensus of the group was that the show was a winner. Chad said, "Yeah sure. What are you going to say with me sitting right here? I'll wait to hear what the reviewers have to say."

Jill smiled and said, "I don't care what the reviewers say. You're a winner."

"I certainly am with you. I love you." And they kissed.

Lyle said to Gail, "Look at those lovebirds. Disgusting. Shall we go in the bedroom?"

Gail kissed Lyle.

Rita kissed Nikolas.

This was all too much for Sandy. She said, "Shouldn't we get going? The party will be starting about now."

Chad said, "Well, at least I should be there. The rest of you can be fashionably late but that won't do for a cast member."

Lyle joked, "You mean you're not yet a spoiled,

eccentric actor?"

"Well, I'll admit to being an actor. Let's hope I never merit the two adjectives"

Everyone chuckled. Sandy asked, "Jill, may I go with you and Chad?"

"Certainly, dear."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE THE PARTY

When they arrived, the party was already in full swing. It wasn't that they were late; many from the cast and staff had watched the show here and begun the revelry early. When Chad arrived, he received celebrity treatment. Guys and girls alike afforded him and—by association—Jill and Sandy-- exalted status, except the girls who brazenly put the moves on Chad right in front of Jill.

Sandy observed this and was concerned for her friend but she noticed Jill, in her perpetual state of optimism, didn't appear to mind. It seemed to reinforce her view of how fortunate she had been to find Chad. For his part, Chad behaved himself and always made sure that each person knew that Jill was his fiancée.

Sandy was anxious to see who was at the party,

so while Chad and Jill made small talk with another couple, she took the opportunity to separate. She had entertained hope that she might feel a tug of attraction for the show's co-star, Cornell Nelson, but when he appeared—nothing. He was handsome all right. All women would agree to that but he was not for her. While Chad was ruggedly handsome, Cornell was a pretty boy, almost effeminate.

Sandy headed to one of the several strategically placed bars and ordered a drink. Scotch on the rocks. They said scotch was an acquired taste and she knew firsthand that that was true. Over the course of many nights that Basil had failed to come home, Saundra-- It was Saundra then—had gotten to know Mr. Scotch quite well. They had gotten quite intimate—Mr. Scotch and her. You might say they were buddies. At first, she hated the taste of scotch but it made the hurt go away.

Gradually she began to appreciate the taste. Luckily, Jill had noticed what was happening and weaned her off scotch. Jill was the only one that could come over while Basil was there. He had run off her other friends with his provocative, if amateurish moves, but he never tried anything with Jill. It wasn't like Jill wasn't attractive. Jill was lovely. She didn't think so, but she was. It was more like Jill was too nice for Basil and he sensed that. When men were truly evil and she believed

Basil was, then someone truly good was like holy water to a vampire.

Sandy, along with her buddy, a refill of scotch on the rocks, moseyed over to the hors d'oeuvres table, loaded up a plate and grabbed the first available seat. Standing maybe thirty feet away was Basil. Surprise, surprise! He was conversing with two gorgeous young things. Lucky for them, a large dark haired gentleman, apparently chaperoning the young women, was keeping close tabs on the girls. They looked young, fifteen or sixteen and one of them looked very familiar. She was well built for a teenager and had an extremely pretty face. Kind of like a young Charlize Theron. Sandy, lovely herself, in the classic, elegant manner, not unlike the immortal Grace Kelly, often admired the wholesome 'sweet' appearance of women like Theron or Heather Locklear.

While Basil seemed to have his eye on the blond teenager, Sandy couldn't take her gaze off of who she suspected was her father. The father and daughter didn't look very much alike, but since he had his hand on her shoulder she assumed the kinship. He was tall with dark hair and brown eyes. The old maxim, 'tall, dark and handsome' entered Sandy's mind.

"There you are, I've been looking for you. Everyone is here now. Would you like to meet Cornell?"

It was Jill. Sandy wasn't ready to move yet. She wanted to watch her gallivanting husband try to beguile that young girl while her dad looked on. Basil had the nerve of a burglar. However, the one she really wanted to watch was the father. For some reason she was drawn to him. "You go ahead. I want to get a few more shrimp. I'll be along shortly. Wait, before you leave, I've got a question. See that young girl over there that Basil is talking to?"

"Cassandra. What about her?"

Sandy was shocked. "You know her?"

"Sure, that's Gail's youngest sister. She's going to be a bridesmaid at the wedding. Why?"

"Well, she is obviously the recipient of my husband's advances. Right in front of her fath..."Sandy stopped in mid-sentence. She had met Gail's father, he was a nice man, but several years older and much smaller. Sandy started over. "Right in front of that other girl's father."

"That's not her father. That's Cassandra's husband, Joe."

Just then, Joe, as if on cue, looked Sandy straight in the eye and smiled. Sandy flushed. She had been ogling a married man. Embarrassed, she said, "C'mon let's go."

"I thought you wanted more shrimp?"

"I lost my appetite."

* * * *

Everyone was having a great time except Sandy. She was looking for something and not being very successful. Chad brought Cornell over and as expected, nothing. Besides he was more interested in Rita then Sandy. A few more nice looking men came over and nothing. She was looking for the magic bullet, but was out of ammunition.

She was about to call the whole evening a fiasco, when from behind her she heard someone call her name. "Saundra."

As she turned around getting ready to say, 'It's Sandy, dummy' she noticed it was Nikolas, She also noticed a strange compelling sensation in her groin similar to what Jill had described. *Niki? But Niki was spoken for. Rita was going to marry Niki.* Nikolas, reached over for someone's arm and said, "I'm sorry, Sandy. I'd like you to meet my good friend, Joe Spinosa. Nikolas stepped back and to the side a little and all of a sudden, he was there. *The father. No. The husband of my husband's prey. He was close. Why is my sex so warm? Could Joe be the match? No, he's married!*

Joe took Sandy's hand and kissed it. *Now my hand is on fire. What is happening to me? I want to fuck this man. Isn't that what I wanted? Yes, but he's married! So am I? My God! Look at the bulge in his pants. It's enormous!*

"I spied you earlier from across the room, and

when I saw you standing with Nikolas, I begged him for an introduction."

"It's so nice to meet you."

"You are very beautiful. I hope you don't mind my saying so."

"Mind? Why would I mind such a nice compliment" A tingling feeling was starting in deep in her vagina and working outward.

"I thought you might think it was forward."

Forward? I like forward. I could think of a few forward things I'd like to say to you. Like--let's get naked!

"Nikolas was our photographer at our wedding."

Wedding! Don't remind me--married man. What am I doing here getting all hot and bothered?

"He also photographed Cassie in the altogether. Personally, I don't know how he kept his hands off her. Are you friends with his fiancée?"

"Yes, Rita and I go all the way back to college."

"She's a looker, but so are you. You two must have broken a few hearts in college, huh?"

"Not really. Neither one of us were into breaking hearts. We tried to live by the golden rule."

"That's commendable; I've got to go check on my wife. Sandy, I run a restaurant called Flavio's. Actually, I own it. Gangsters used to own it and I

let everybody think they still own it. It's more colorful that way. Anyway, I would be honored if you would come by as my guest sometime and bring a friend. Just ask Gail where it is."

"I'll do that, Joe. By the way, the man that was talking to you and your wife is my husband."

"Really? Well bring him along. It's all right."

"I doubt he would come. We don't do much together."

Joe smiled. "Gee. That's too bad. I look forward to seeing you." Joe bent down and kissed Sandy's hand, setting it on fire once more and walked off.

About seven minutes later, while Sandy was conversing with another of the show's cast, she heard a disturbance. Rita ran up to her and said, "It's Basil. He's been in a fight. He's hurt."

Sandy followed Rita to the far side of the TV studio where people were milling around. Then she saw Basil sitting on the floor leaning against a desk. His left eye was swollen shut, his lips were swollen and he had blood all over him. She bent down and asked, "What happened?" Basil didn't say a word. Instead, he focused on something past Sandy. She followed his gaze and turning, saw Joe being restrained by a couple good-sized men. They were standing next to a doorway, which appeared to lead into an unlit office. In the doorway, her hair disheveled, a red welt on her cheek and stepping into her panties, then dragging

them up, was Cassie, Joe's teen wife.

Sandy's mind opened up to a vision of what had transpired. Joe went looking for his wife. He found Cassandra with her husband, and proceeded to beat the shit out of him. Joe didn't have a scratch on him, though he was favoring his right hand. Sandy turned and looked down at Basil. She had to put a hand to her mouth to stifle a laugh.

Basil said to Sandy, "That man assaulted me. Call the police."

Sandy was incredulous. "Let me get this straight; he found you with his wife and you want to press charges. I'll bet they'll have a ball with that at country club. Even better at your office."

"All right. Never mind. Help me up will you? I need you to drive me home."

"Basil, dear, you got here without my help, got in an altercation without my help, so you can find your way home without my help."

Sandy walked toward Joe when she heard Cassie say, "You son of a bitch. I'm going home. Tricia will take me." She turned on her heel and stormed out of there.

Sandy came up to Joe and that magnetic pull overwhelmed her once more. "Are you all right?"

He nodded in the direction of Basil with his head and said, "I caught that prick fucking Cassie. Can I ask you something?"

She nodded.

“How can a guy be married to a class act like you and fuck around?”

I think I love you, Joe Spinosa. “Are you ready to get out of here, Joe?”

“With you? Damn straight!”

Sandy asked the men to release him. Sandy grabbed Joe by the arm and headed toward the exits, waving goodbye to the bemused Basil as she passed him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX FLAVIO'S

As Joe pulled out of the parking lot he asked Sandy, "Where to?"

"You invited me to your restaurant. How about there?"

"Good idea. I'm sorry I beat your husband up. I just lost my temper."

"I'm not. The son of a bitch had it coming."

"He sure did. You know what? That little bitch of a wife of mine had the nerve to get mad at me. She started yelling and screaming and calling me names. She started beating on me and I whacked her. That's the first time I've ever hit a woman."

"You might just be better off without her."

"Well, if your husband likes her that much, I'd trade her for you. You think he'd do that?"

"He may not have a choice. I'm going to divorce him."

"Good."

Things were silent for a few minutes then Sandy said, "Can I ask you a question? It's kind of a personal one. Do you mind?"

"Shoot."

"I've been feeling some interesting sensations when you are nearby. How about you?"

Bewildered, Joe looked over at Sandy, "As a matter of fact, I have. You have too? I thought it was just me because you're so hot. Ahh, here we are."

Inside Flavio's they were greeted effusively by the Maitre d', Sal, who led them to a private booth near the rear. It was only fifteen minutes until closing time and the kitchen had been closed for several hours. Sal brought a bottle and two glasses of their best Chianti. Sandy sipped it. It was dreamy.

Joe asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Now, that you mention it, yes."

"Grab your wine and let's go into the kitchen."

She sat on a counter as Joe started to rustle up some steak and eggs. The aroma was tantalizing. She noticed that Joe still had a large bulge in his slacks. "You never finished answering my question."

"Question?"

"You know unusual feelings in your private areas."

Joe looked Sandy in the eye. "You might say

that. This is embarrassing but you have a strange effect on me. Whenever you're within a dozen feet of me I--"

"Get warm and hard?"

"Yeah, how did you know?"

"I know because it's happening to me as well. Not the erection of course, but the way women get aroused. We're a match."

"What does that mean?"

"First eat this fortune cookie and then I'll tell you."

Joe took it and ate it without question. "Hmmm. It's not what I expected. Not sweet at all"

"Now that you've eaten the cookie, we're compelled to become lovers. Does that bother you?"

Joe was eating this up. "I'd eat a lot more than that cookie to become your lover. As for whether it bothers me. The only thing that would bother me at this point would be for you to ask to be taken home. If I am being compelled to be your lover, I say fantastic. That's like being compelled to win the lottery!"

Sandy thought about that and she decided she liked being compared to winning the lottery. "You're sweet." She leaned over and kissed him.

"After we eat, I want a real kiss." He winked.

Sandy laughed. "You got it."

He put the food on two plates and handed one to Sandy. Then he filled her wine glass and kissed her lightly. "So, why do you say we're a match?"

"You're drawn to me like a magnet, right?"

Joe nodded.

"And I'm equally enamored with you."

"Okay. I'll agree that you turn me on. Why shouldn't you? You're beautiful, sexy, refined, and smart and have a great body, but why does that make us a match?"

Sandy grinned. Joe made her feel special. She kissed him once again briefly and said, "I want you and you want me and it happened almost instantly. I saw you and I was fascinated, until I found out you were married and from what you say, you were equally smitten, but if that isn't enough, look at Nikolas and Rita. They're a match."

"Really? But we're both married."

"Don't remind me."

Just then, Sal walked in and told Joe that everyone was gone and he was leaving.

Joe thanked him and bid him good night.

The food was delicious. Sandy had no idea she was so hungry. Harking back to Joe's last statement, she said, "About being married. That's an unfortunate situation, which I will begin to rectify tomorrow. How about you?"

"I've been divorced four times. I hate to make it

five.”

Five times. That took Sandy back a little. “Why so many times?”

“Possibly a character flaw.” Joe took the plate from Sandy, set it down, and said, “It’s time for that real kiss,” and he kissed her once more.

Returning the kiss with fervor, Sandy ran her fingers through Joe’s wavy black hair, and probably surprised him by inviting his cool tongue into her fresh warm mouth. He had a musky lemony scent, she realized as they embraced, she on the counter and he standing between her legs. They kissed each other’s ears and neck while their hands began to slowly explore each other’s torsos.

Sandy could feel his hardness against her abdomen and it intensified her craving; she lowered her hands, massaging his butt and hips. He began thrusting his hardness into her softness and then his hands found her tits. Sandy went ballistic thrusting her breasts into his hands and began moaning. It appeared that this surprised Joe, since he continued dry-fucking Sandy and fondling her breasts with renewed vigor, but what she did next really seemed to shock Joe. She reached down between his legs and unzipped his fly.

Sandy reached in Joe’s pants and tried to free his enlarged specimen. It was big, hard and jammed in behind the fabric. She wasn’t sure if it

was bigger than normal, but she knew it was larger than Basil's. Joe helped Sandy by reaching down, undoing his belt and unbuttoning the top button. Joe's phallus was free for Sandy to stroke now, which she did.

Joe, getting the picture, pulled the straps of Sandy's dress from her shoulders then dragged the dress top down, exposing Sandy's perfectly shaped, medium-sized breasts. Joe admired them for a few seconds, and then went after the left nipple with his mouth. He was feeling around the dress, trying to fathom how to unfasten it, so after Sandy had removed Joe's shirt, she undid the zipper on the side of her dress, jumped off the counter, slid her dress down, and removed her pantyhose.

Sandy was now fully naked except for a diamond choker and matching bracelet. Joe absorbed her naked beauty for a full minute then did something totally unexpected. First, he took a handful of cornstarch, spread it over Sandy's voluptuous frame and began to rub it in. This gave her entire body an eerie glow and a silky feel. He lifted her back onto the counter and urged her to lie down. Then he took a ladle of Bolognese sauce and put it to Sandy's lips to let her taste it. After she nodded approval, he poured it over her right breast, rubbing it around and over her nipple.

Then he licked it up and sucked on her nipple.

Sandy reluctant at first, because of the mess, got even more inflamed. She wasn't sure but she suspected Joe wanted her to repeat what he had done, so she took a ladle of Alfredo sauce and poured it on her left breast and Joe repeated the routine. Sandy's nipples were ultra-sensitive and she almost climaxed from Joe sucking on her nipple, something she hadn't done since high school. Joe next poured a little pesto in her navel and licked it out. After that, it was time for the prime course. Joe went to the dessert tray and brought two cannolis, handing one to Sandy for her to sample. She nodded, indicating that it was good. He then said, "This is going to feel a little cold." Then after sprinkling powdered sugar around her mound and clitoris, he carefully introduced the second cannoli into her juicy enlarged vagina. She was shocked at first, but as she got used to it, he began to eat the cannoli. After ingesting the cannoli, Joe continued licking and nibbling on her clitoris and labia, probing his tongue into her tasty cavern. It wasn't long before Sandy had a mammoth orgasm. After a minute of shaking, she sat up and hugged Joe, getting some of the sauces on him.

Sandy reflected. "What a creative way to seduce someone. Is this part of your usual

repertoire?"

With his eyes reflecting surprise, Joe shook his head adamantly. "Actually, I don't know what came over me. Did you like it?"

A sly smile formed on Sandy's lips. "Immensely. Now we must take care of Joe Jr.," as Sandy once more clutched Joe's manhood. She got off the counter and pranced toward the dessert section, pulling Joe along by his engorged appendage. With a twinkle in her eye, she asked, "What are these?"

"Dessert sauces and syrups. Fruit, chocolate, caramel, pineapple and so forth."

"Perfect," She dipped her forefinger into one container, licked a tiny bit of chocolate off her finger, then inserted it into Joe's mouth for him to suck off. "Are you in a chocolate mood or do you fancy boysenberry?" Repeating the procedure with the purple sauce, this time Sandy moved her finger in and out of Joe's mouth. "Silly me," she said, "This desert isn't for you. It's for me." After Sandy dipped her entire right hand into the fruit sauce, she used it stroke his massive erection. After thoroughly dousing his penis and scrotum in the sauce of her choice, Sandy was ready for her dessert. Nudging Joe to hop up on the counter, she bent down and took Joe Jr. in her mouth.

She was both elated and terrified. She had never pictured herself cheating on Basil or anyone.

She was dead set against infidelity, but Basil had worked hard to drive her away, into the arms of another, and she was enjoying every minute of it. She had always been a conservative lover. Though she performed and received oral sex with Basil in the past, she never warmed to the idea of someone tonguing her private parts or sticking their penis in her mouth. That was then, and this was now. She couldn't get enough of Joe's hot prick and it was hot because after she had eaten the fruit sauce off she had put some hot fudge on it. She was surprised how much she enjoyed Joe's love muscle in her mouth. In fact, she started to swallow it. She had heard that it was almost impossible and it did make her gag at first but after a short time, she had it figured out. *I must be more sexual than I ever imagined. I could be making movies.* The deep throating must have been too much for Joe because Sandy felt a squirt of something hit the back of her throat. *He's coming! What do I do now?* Then she felt several more strong spurts. *Too late.*

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN THE NEXT DAY

“Hello”

Barely audible. “Rita. It’s Sandy!”

Rita was confused. “Sandy?”

Then it hit her. “Oh, Saundra. I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to calling you Sandy. Why are you whispering?”

“Saundra is dead; I killed her yesterday and buried her last night. Boy did I bury her!” quipped Sandy, “Rita. I’m obsessed. I’m possessed. I’ve become a sex addict. It’s all I can think of.”

“Slow down. You have been sexually repressed, so now you’re just breaking out. But who are you having sex with? I saw you leave with Gail’s brother-in-law.”

“That’s who, Joe.” Sandy looked over at Joe, who was naked except for a tablecloth wrapped around him. “He’s still asleep. That’s why I’m whispering.”

"How did you end up with a married man?"

Disappointed by Rita's comment, Sandy snapped back, "Don't judge us, Rita. His marriage is as crappy as mine. You knew he and Basil were in a fight, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, he caught Basil doing the hokey-pokey with his wife and it wasn't dancing. Besides, it was the cookies that put us together. We're a match. So, can we come over? We kind of got messed up last night and need a shower desperately. I'll tell you all about it after I have a shower. Are you at your apartment?"

"Of course you can come over, but how come you don't just go to your penthouse?"

"I can't. I called over there to see if Basil was there and he was. I not ready to face him until I have a lawyer in tow. Are you at your apartment?"

"Yes. Do you know where it is?"

"Sure. I've been there a couple times."

* * * *

Rita had trouble believing her eyes. What a sight. The proper, no hair out of place, society lady looked like she had an all night bender in a pasta and dessert bar. Her hair was a fright. It almost looked fashionable in a punk sort of way. A

clipped-up bird's nest style with purple and brown globs, located among other places above her ears, matting the hair back. Sandy and Joe both looked like they had been doused in flour. They were covered in brown and purple stains with an occasional red or beige one thrown in.

Sandy held up her hand, preempting any questions. "I'll tell you all about it after we take a shower. Do you mind if we use your shampoo?"

Rita frowned. "Of course not."

Joe, hiding his face as if being arrested, yelled, "How about a robe. Can I borrow a robe?"

* * * *

After a thirty-five minute shower, Sandy came out of the bedroom sporting a towel on her head, snuggled into one of Rita's satin robes. Niki and Rita were sitting on the couch, their coffee cups resting on a coffee table. Niki had been reading a newspaper, but he put it down to address Sandy. "It's about time. What were you doing in there?"

Rita elbowed him saying, "Just ignore him. He's out of sorts this morning. Can I get you some coffee?"

"Coffee. Yes, that would be wonderful. Sorry we took so long, Niki. We had a quickie in there. Isn't that what showers are for? Post fortune cookie, that is." Sandy sat down on the couch,

waiting for Rita to get her coffee and Niki's response.

Niki looked up smiling. "My, my. You have loosened up, haven't you?"

Sandy gave Niki a coy look. "Yes, getting laid every way but sideways tends to loosen you up a bit."

Rita set the coffee down in front of Sandy. "Cream, no sugar." She sat back down next to Niki. "Well, don't keep us in suspense. Tell us about it."

"I will, after Joe leaves. He needs to get to the restaurant and get ready for lunch. He's getting dressed right now."

"Was that the scene of the crime?" Niki asked, smiling.

Sandy, who was taking a sip of coffee, said, "Uh huh." Setting her coffee down she continued, "The kitchen to be exact."

"Ummm. Fun with food. Sounds very interesting. I can't wait to hear all about it." Niki said, and Rita nudged him once more.

Joe came in, clean and looking fresh but wearing his wrinkled tuxedo from last night. He looked at Rita and Niki, then said, "Thanks for everything. I'm sorry but I've gotta be at the restaurant in thirty minutes."

Sandy stood up and Joe stepped over to her. Unlike the shrimp Basil, he was five or six inches

taller than her and she liked that. He was also moderately hairy and she was surprised that she didn't mind that. She was discovering that she liked all kinds of things that she never thought she would. The new Sandy was open to anything. Well, almost anything. Making porn movies, no matter how good she was, were out!

He put his left arm around her, while he snuck his right hand under the robe to fondle her nipple, then bent down, passionately kissing her.

They hadn't had much time to talk and make plans. "When will I see you again?" asked Sandy.

"I don't know. I'll call you"

Sandy threw her head back and laughed. "You're not dumping me, are you?"

Joe smiled mischievously, "Never, my love. I have found the woman of my dreams, a woman that shares the same tastes in foods."

Sandy laughed.

"Seriously, I need to see what Cassie is going to do. Things can no longer stay the way they are. I'll call you today by four o'clock and we'll make plans for tonight."

Out of her friends' view, Joe had kept massaging her nipple and she was getting excited, which was okay with her, except he was leaving. She reached up and removed his hand, whispering, "You're leaving." Then she said, "I need to get things settled as well. I may go see a

divorce lawyer and I need to think about getting a job."

Joe turned, waved goodbye to everyone and left.

After Joe left, Niki said, "Well, don't keep us in suspense. Are you going to tell us about your fun with food night? Wait! Should Rita and I go into the kitchen and undress so we can re-enact your erotic interlude?"

Tossing a throw pillow at Niki, Sandy laughed and said, "From what I hear, your sex life needs no stimulation, but do as you wish."

Sandy told the story about taking the cookie and her attraction to what she had perceived was Cassie's father, which Niki found particularly humorous. She recounted the fight which they already knew about and how they left together for his restaurant and once there, reinforced by the cookies and a bottle of fine Chianti, proceeded to each enjoy sensual oral sex by their partner, eating delectable food off their private parts.

Niki interrupted, "Now, I've got to try the cannoli trick. That's a winner. I hate to leave this engrossing conversation but I have a couple phone calls to make."

After Niki left, Rita sighed. "I liked the hot fudge. I can picture myself licking hot fudge off Niki, but I would add whipped cream and chopped nuts, and of course, I would give the

cherry to Niki, who claims among his myriads of conquests, to have miraculously failed to have deflowered a maiden. Didn't the hot fudge burn Joe though?"

"No. I stuck my finger in it to make sure it wasn't too hot."

"So tell me what happened next."

"Are you sure you want to hear all this?"

Emphatically, Rita responded, "You better believe it, and in detail. You've already given me a couple good ideas to please my man."

"If you insist." Despite the fact that Rita had requested a detailed description of the previous night's lovemaking, Sandy found herself skimming over the event, touching only on the highlights.

"And that was the best sex I've ever had. Joe is very attentive and considerate and a fabulous lover. I haven't had very many lovers—Joe was only my sixth, but no one else has even come close."

"Really? Niki was my sixth too. Six must be a lucky number."

Looking a bit worked up, Sandy said, "You know, reliving last night is making me horny as hell."

"I'm sorry. You don't have to finish."

"It's okay, that's all of the sex. Afterwards, both of us were spent. We tried to figure some

good way to clean up but it seemed impossible. It was after three a.m. and we both needed a break. I assumed correctly that Basil spent the night at the penthouse, licking his wounds. It was too late for me to go home to Connecticut, plus I really didn't want to see my husband, in case I was wrong. Joe felt the same way. He wasn't up to seeing Cassie, so we covered ourselves with tablecloths while I tried to explain how the fortune cookies work, as much as I understand them. Eventually we fell asleep in a booth. When I woke up I called you and here I am."

Niki returned at the end of Sandy's story. "Did I miss much?"

Rita nodded. "A little, I'll tell you later."

Rita and Niki both hugged and welcomed Sandy to their little group. Sandy noticed a little stirring in her vulva when he hugged her but thought nothing of it. He was, after all a hunk.

Rita inquired, "What are you going to do about Basil?"

"I'm getting divorced as quickly as I can arrange it. I can't believe I ever let that smarmy slimeball put his undersized dick inside me. I'll probably get alimony since I don't work, but I don't want to live off of him. Anyway, I expect to receive a large divorce settlement. I may go back into medicine. I was in my third year of medical school when I fell for Basil's bullshit and dropped

out of school to marry him. I'm twenty-eight years old and have never held any job, whatsoever. I could probably be a doctor's assistant with a minimum amount of schooling."

Niki smiled at Sandy. "I have an idea, if you're interested. You have the face and figure to make a good model. I could take some photos of you, put together a portfolio for you and farm you out. What do you think, honey?"

"I think it's a great idea. Saundra...sorry, Sandy. It's going to take me awhile to get used to that. Let's start over, Sandy. If you don't have anything important to do today, we could do it right now. I could fix your hair and makeup plus Niki has some clothes to wear. Are you game?"

Sandy got up and hugged Rita then Niki once more. "You bet! I feel like one of the 'Sexy Six' again and I'm glad to be back. Of course there's nothing like having a pastry shoved up your puss to make you feel sexy." Rita and Niki looked at each other and laughed. "Speaking of the 'Sexy Six', has anybody thought to invite Mora and Althea?"

"You know Jill. She doesn't overlook anything. She said they will be here and if they can they will come a few days before the wedding so we can visit."

"Wonderful, I haven't seen either one since they came for my wedding. Where will they be

staying?"

Niki and Rita looked at each other, and then Rita said, "Well, sweetie, the only person we knew who had enough room was you. Now, I guess we have to improvise. We'll figure something out. Shall we go to the Studio?"

Sandy and Niki nodded and they left.

* * * *

Arriving at the studio thirty minutes later, Rita suggested. "Let's start with your hair."

Rita took Sandy into the dressing room and on the dressing table were some of the photos she had taken that first day. Sandy started to look at them and Rita grabbed them away. "Wow, those are great. Looks like I'm not the only kinky one. Can I see them?"

"Not yet. Gail asked to see them too and I'm working up the courage to show them."

Except for the party, Sandy hadn't seen Rita since their luncheon last Friday, so she was not privy to the unusual details of Gail's and Rita's amorous liaisons. She asked to be filled in so Rita did her best while she styled Sandy's hair and makeup. Sandy was impressed. And to think she thought Jill's fortune cookie story was a bunch of hokum. Not anymore. Not since her enchanting night of erotic sex.

Next Rita and Sandy looked through the available outfits. Since they were almost the same size with similar figures, Rita made any outfit that she had brought over available to Sandy. After selecting, dress, casual and swimming outfits, Sandy was ready. She went into the studio where Niki was setting up his equipment.

For her dress ensemble, she wore a two-tone black and gold sheath cut above the knee to accentuate her legs with matching black open heels. She wore the jewelry she had worn to the party and black gloves. Niki seemed impressed. Rita had done a good job and Sandy had a natural beauty.

After a dozen shots, Sandy changed into the casual outfit, a pair of solid rust colored slacks and a low cut beige short sleeve sweater. She exchanged her formal jewelry for casual, put her hair in a ponytail tied with a floral amber and ivory silk scarf and wore two-inch cordovan pumps.

After a dozen poses, she again changed. This time into her bikini. The bikini she and Rita had chosen enhanced Sandy's figure nicely. It was a revealing macramé net suit with flesh colored lining. Her cleavage was a little large for the halter, but Niki posed her in the best light.

Then Niki said, "I think we need some shots of you in a second formal outfit and if you're up to it,

I'd like to take some artsy nudes of you. Nothing too revealing, just suggestive and inviting."

Sandy was taken aback. "If I agree, I'm not going to end up on the wall in there, am I?"

Rita laughed, "You better not. That's his trophy wall. You only make that wall if you've experienced ecstasy with Niki."

Sandy was surprised. She tended to gauge people's sex lives by her own, which was minimal. There must have been four dozen photos on the wall.

Rita went on, "And that doesn't count those he didn't photograph and those he shot clothed."

"My God, the man's a tomcat!"

"I prefer Don Juan, but that's all in the past. The slate is clean."

Sandy looked inquisitively at Rita. "That means what went on before we met doesn't count. We are both starting out with a clean slate."

Sandy rolled her eyes. "And you wouldn't mind him taking pictures of me in the nude?"

"Sandy, he's a photographer. It's what he does."

"Screwing is what a prostitute does. That doesn't mean you have to like it."

"Of course not. If you feel all right posing nude, don't worry about me. I'm fine with it."

Sandy nodded and went back into the dressing room and came back out on a strapless low cut,

full length, beige satin gown. This time she pinned her hair up and wore a rhinestone tiara. She looked exquisite. After twenty exposures, Niki asked Sandy to get undressed, put on a robe and come into his other studio, pointing to door three. Rita and Sandy entered the intimate studio a few minutes later and Niki asked Sandy to remove the robe and sit on the bed. She was reluctant at first but Niki's warm smile and Rita's patient urging won out. Sandy sat on the bed after handing the robe to Rita.

Niki reassured her, "Most of my shots will be back-lit so very little of your personal areas will be visible."

After a few shots, Niki added, "I never realized you had such a nice figure, Sandy."

"Thank you, Nikolas, I'll bet you have a nice figure too."

"Sandy! Really!"

"Sorry, Rita."

"Would you have a problem if I used a little more light, Sandy? I want to catch the sexier side of you."

"You're the boss. Why not?"

"Okay, I want you to face me and cross your legs, lean back on your arms and look just to the right of me."

"Good, now straighten your legs out and bend them at the knees to your left so that the left tucks

under your bottom. Okay, now rest on the right arm and put your left hand behind your ear.

"Rita honey, would you help her?"

Rita walked over. She tucked Sandy's feet under her posterior, then pulled one back out a little. Then she turned her slightly by applying pressure to her chest on the ribs just below her breasts. This was beginning to stir Sandy up.

"Fantastic! Now I want you to sit up on your knees, cup your breasts and throw your head back a little but look at me sexily. Rita, would you show her?"

Rita took Sandy's hands and put them under her breasts, pushing them up. Rita accidentally brushed a nipple and Sandy almost did a flip. She was getting aroused for sure. Wait until she got a hold of Joe again.

"Sorry, Sandy."

Niki said, "That's it almost. Sandy, you're one of the 'Sexy Six'. Look at me like you want to seduce me. That's it. That's great!"

Niki took another twenty pictures and with each shot Sandy grew more comfortable and her poses became more and more suggestive and so did Niki's camera angle. When they finished, she felt exhilarated. She also felt daring. She liked showing off her body and even felt a warm sensation in her vulva. Probably from being embarrassed by posing nude in front of Rita's

most handsome fiancé. She had always felt she had a nice body but it had been her and Basil's secret. Now the secret was out. She decided she liked this new and exciting episode of her life she was entering.

It was only twelve thirty. Niki had a shoot scheduled for one p.m., so he popped the memory chip out of the camera and gave it to Rita. "Go ahead and download these into the computer and start to put her portfolio together. I'll be done by two. I'll check on you girls then."

Niki had taken ninety-six pictures. Rita told Sandy to pick what she thought were her six best in each outfit. Once she did that, Rita asked her to pick her favorite two in each grouping. She was having trouble making a decision so Rita chose, then she made eight by tens of each of the two and ganged the remaining shots together as four by fives. The remaining shots were ganged on one sheet. She did this five times and placed them into five binders.

Rita said, "Here. This one is for you. We'll send the others out to some agencies. We'll need more but I can make them later."

Niki walked in and opened one of the binders. "These are really great. Good job, hon."

"Aren't they? Good job, hon." Rita mimicked with a smile.

Niki smiled, "Did you tell her about our

stash?"

"No, I didn't know you wanted to."

"Stash? What are you talking about? You don't have any cocaine or pot around, do you?"

Niki laughed. "Better yet, but one picture is worth a thousand words. Let's go into the kitchen."

Niki reached up in the cupboards and brought down a small pink bakery box. He opened it up and there were a dozen fortune cookies inside. Sandy looked at Niki for an explanation. "Rita and I went to Eddie Chang's the day before yesterday at Jill's request and picked these up."

Rita picked up where Niki had left off. "You see, Jill was concerned whether Mora and Althea's love lives were up to par, so she asked me to pick up a dozen so she had some for them."

Sandy glanced in the box. There were five red ones, five blue ones and two white ones!

"So while I was there I picked up some extra cookies. They had no problem giving me red ones but they made me promise not to give the others to anyone who had not yet consumed a red one."

I wonder why?

"They didn't come out and say it, you know how evasive the Chinese can be, but I got the impression it could be dangerous," Niki finished.

"White cookies! So Jill was right. What are the white ones for?" Sandy asked.

Niki said, "They are for sickness, but only for serious terminal illnesses."

"And they need to take a red cookie first? It doesn't make sense."

"No, it doesn't but Eddie was adamant. He said, 'The white one no work without red one. Red one make white one work. No work otherwise.'"

Sandy thought about what Niki said. *Interesting. None of the cookies work without first taking a red one. Jill said nothing works unless your love life is in good shape. It's like your love life or lack thereof guides your whole life. Maybe it can even make you sick.* "This is fascinating. I can see all kinds of possibilities."

Rita agreed, "Yes and once we get our weddings behind us and get back from our honeymoon, Niki and I are going to investigate these little gems. In the meantime," Rita picked out a blue cookie and presented it to Sandy with flare, "this one's for you."

Sandy smiled, "Oh you want me to be successful. How sweet!"

"Correction, we want us all to be successful." Smiled Niki. "Rita and I each had a blue cookie, the day before yesterday at lunch when we bought these and yesterday afternoon my agent called and said two magazines want me to do a spreads. He said he didn't understand what was going on, but all of a sudden Nikolas Cre`mel is a hot

commodity. Then he told me that the magazine I shot Rita for loved the pics and wants me to do another shoot with her for a sister magazine. He went on to say that Rita appears to be hot also and that we should raise our fees. If this keeps up I may be enlarging my studio."

Sandy was quite pleased; *Saundra* would have been envious. "That's wonderful. This is so exciting. I can't wait to see what'll happen next."

Rita hugged Sandy and said, "We can't either, so eat your cookie."

Sandy said, "I love you guys." Then she ate her cookie. Suddenly, her cell phone rang. It was Joe. After she hung up, she told them she had to call a cab and go over to Gail's flat and pick up her car then go meet Joe at Flavio's.

Rita said, "Cab? Forget it. Niki and I will be going back to my apartment anyway and Gail's condo is just a little way past my apartment, so Niki will take you after he drops me off. And while he's gone, I'll look through our kitchen to see what I can dig up for our own personal fun with food evening." Everyone laughed.

After first dropping Rita off, Niki dropped Sandy off in front of Gail's apartment building. Her car was parked on the street and had a couple tickets under the wipers. She had parked in a one hour parking zone, which was not in force after six p.m. but of course, it was now three-thirty the next

day.

Sandy bent over meeting Niki halfway for a cheek kiss before saying, "Thanks for everything," before scrambling out of the car and rushing across the street to her car.

Niki observed her dashing across the street. Sandy cut a fine figure with her thin shapely legs and short skirt. Remembering the nude shots, he thought that wasn't all that was great about Sandy. She had a dynamite figure—a nice round ass, a lean sexy midriff and sweet looking breasts.

He felt a stirring in his crotch. Shit. He was getting turned on again. It had been a mistake to shoot her in the nude. He found her too attractive, but he went ahead and did it anyway, hoping there would be some little flaw, something not quite right that would diminish her allure. But there was no flaw and his attraction grew. It wasn't the slap in the face, hungry, frantic, demanding, urgent desire like he felt with Rita and he was glad of that. It was more like a low grade simmering lust. Of course he said nothing to the ladies. Especially, Rita. At least not yet. He had pledged his undying love for Rita, and he meant it.

The ringing cell phone snapped Niki out of his troubling reverie. It was Rita. "Sandy called and said she had an idea about the cookies. She asked me if I would give you a call and ask you to buy

every cookie that Eddie Chang's has. She will reimburse you."

Niki had a couple questions for Eddie and was planning on going by and talking to him anyway, so he told Rita he'd be glad to. Niki started his car and headed to Eddie Chang's

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT FORTUNE COOKIES

Niki sat across the table from the inscrutable, diminutive Eddie Chang. "I have a problem, Eddie. Something strange is happening and I was hoping you have an explanation. I love Rita and we are getting married in two and a half months."

"Yes, Rita very pretty. Nice too! You very lucky. What problem?"

"The problem is that I get excited when Sandy is around. It's not right. I seem to have developed a low degree but nagging lust for Sandy."

"It not unusual. Sandy pretty too. Though not as nice."

"She is now. She's had an epiphany."

"E...what?"

"Epiphany. It means a revelation. A sign. A change of heart."

"Okay, Eddie see. You want her. That normal. She took red cookie, you took red cookie, normal."

Think of lady dog at time, men dogs want. After time, men dogs no want. Happen much. Cookies make love, need. Enhance taste. You like lady maybe anyway, you like more. No love. Sometime act. Okay. No love. Love permanent, craving fade."

Niki was confused, "What you're saying is that after a woman eats a cookie, anyone who finds her attractive and has eaten a cookie would be drawn to her for a short period. Is that right?"

Eddie nodded, "Men too. Feeling go away five, six weeks. Act or not act. Up to other."

"I think I've got it. This feeling, let's call it residual appeal, happens to men and women equally. Some act on it and some don't but only with the assent of their love. It lasts up to four six weeks."

Eddie nodded again then said, "Sometimes longer, maybe two months but you do it, it stop."

Niki was not happy that he still desired at least one other woman, Rita's good friend, no less, but at least his yearning for Sandy was precipitated by the cookies. "What if I want to do it with her but she doesn't want to do it with me?"

"That no happen. Like love, desire take two. You want her, she want you, but partner agree must. No have, lose connection with partner."

"So what you are saying is that Sandy has residual desire for me also or neither of us would

have it and that if we act upon our urges without our partner's permission we would lose them."

"You got, nutshelf!"

"Alright one more question. If Sandy and I decide we want to take the plunge, would you explain it to our partners?"

"Yes, yes. Eddie help."

"Great. One more thing and then I'll let you go. I'd like to buy all your remaining fortune cookies."

"You know no sell again. No work. Cookies give only."

"Okay fine. We won't sell any."

"No sell you black ones."

"Black ones? What do the black ones do?"

"Later. I get cookies."

When Eddie returned, he handed Niki another pink box and the check. "We talk about this and more when love birds return."

"What do you mean, Eddie?"

I tell ladies, when I first bring fortune cookies—bring your men back and we talk. Must talk."

"Okay Eddie, we talk." Niki glanced at the check; it was for sixteen hundred dollars. He knew from that amount that he was buying eighty cookies. He took out a credit card and paid the bill. He would definitely need to get reimbursed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE FLAVIO'S

After retrieving her Jaguar from Gail's Apartment, Sandy reflected on the sensations she had noticed in the presence of Niki. They were not unlike those she had experienced last night with Joe, but less severe. How strange that had been. Of course, she felt attracted to Niki. Who wouldn't? The man was beautiful, but he belonged to Rita. Nevertheless, when she reached over in the car to peck him on the cheek, she had a vision of him imparting his seed within her vagina. She would remember to bring this up next time she saw Jill and dismissed it as a coincidence for now.

Sandy called Gail's office, "Gail, honey, this is Sandy. Listen, I need your help. I want to divorce my two timing husband and I need a good divorce lawyer."

A smile crossed Gail's lips. She had not always

agreed with Sandy, nevertheless, as her former roommate, she was close to her. The snake Basil was another matter, however. She despised the man. Rightly or wrongly, she had tagged Basil as the paradigm of corporate greed and malfeasance. Thinking of her firm's 'nasty piece of work' divorce specialist, made Gail's face light up. "Have I got the guy for you! He's only part human. The rest of him is Pit Bull. When he gets through with that snake, Basil, he'll be lucky to keep his boxer shorts. Especially since he was discovered cheating on you in front of witnesses. Let me call his assistant and set up an appointment. I'll be right back."

"Okay. Thanks."

"One more thing, Sandy."

"Oh!"

"I'm proud of you. I want you to know, I'm with you all the way on this. I'll make your appointment now."

"Thanks for your support, Gail. And your help."

Sandy's appointment with Pitt Bull esq. was for three-thirty, Monday. Gail wanted to discuss the events of last night and Sandy's impending divorce, but she had other things to do and asked Gail if she could call her the next day and talk.

Next, she attempted to reach Basil at his office

but he had called in sick. Not surprising, since he probably looked like shit. After no success at the penthouse, she got him in Connecticut. She had to laugh as he answered with a lisp. "Basil, this is Sandy."

"Saundra. So glad you called. I can explain everything."

"You always could." Sandy almost told him that she went by Sandy now but she hesitated. Sandy was the name she was using in her new life. Saundra was her old, awful life with Basil. She would quarantine her old life from her new by requiring him to call her Saundra. "I want you to know that I'm moving into the penthouse permanently."

Basil was taken aback by Sandy's resolve. "You don't have to do that. Let me take you to dinner and tell what really happened."

Sandy ignored what Basil said and continued. "I'm seeing a divorce lawyer next Monday."

Scrambling, Basil fabricated a story for Sandy with a shaky voice. "Please let me explain. I heard a struggle coming from that office and I opened the door. Cassandra was screaming at her husband to stop. He had her dress raised up and was pulling down her panties. He was trying to rape her. She started beating on his chest and he gave her a vicious slap. That's when I tried to interfere. I told him he was making a commotion

and needed to stop and he sucker punched me. I was staggered. It cut my lip bad. Then he hit me in the eye and nose. You saw all the blood. Even though he was bigger than I was, I would have bested him, except for the sucker punch. I didn't get a chance to apply my martial arts."

Not a bad story. A few years ago, I might have bought it. It just shows what a good liar my future ex-husband is. "You know, Basil, I might have believed you except I was talking to your assailant not five minutes before and he left saying he had to check on his wife. My lawyer will be in touch with yours and expect to pay dearly."

That's a mistake. We have that prenuptial agreement. You only receive five hundred thousand for every year of marriage. That's only three million."

"You forget the clause I had inserted that the agreement would be void in case of infidelity. I figure you're good for more like a hundred million."

Basil coughed, and after an awkward silence said, "What about you? I saw you leave with my assailant."

"That's right. An eye for and eye. You seduced his wife and he seduced your wife and let me tell you, I had no idea what I was missing."

"Well there you go. You cheated on me."

"That's right, but the agreement only covers

you.”

Sandy could tell that Basil’s heart sunk. He knew he’d been had. He’d better settle and settle fast. “Very well. I’ll send your things to the penthouse.”

By the time she arrived at Flavio’s, Sandy was sky high. Joe grasped Sandy’s hand and they revisited the back booth from the previous night. It was now about five o’clock and the dinner crowd wouldn’t be showing for another hour. He gave Sandy a big hug and a long sensuous kiss. Sandy dug it. “I’ve some great news.” She told him about getting a lawyer and then relayed her conversation with Basil, including his trumped up defense.

“You didn’t buy any of that, did you?”

“Of course not. Besides, you were with me no more than seven to eight minutes before the fight. But let me finish. I’m staying in the Park Avenue penthouse and you’re welcome to move in.”

“That’s great, especially since things didn’t go as well with Cassie. She got downright nasty with me. She said I was an old has-been and has been fucking around on me for six of the seven months we’ve been married. She said she even went down on Nikolas.”

Lucky girl. I wouldn’t mind going down on Nikolas myself.

“She said that she begged him to screw her but he wouldn’t do it.”

Why do I keep having these sexual fantasies of Niki when someone mentions him.

"She's just out to hurt me. She said that even though she doesn't love me she won't give me a divorce. She's mad that I caught her and furious that I whacked her. She was totally humiliated at the party and then I left with you."

"Don't worry about it, baby. Let her stew. We'll figure out something. Can you get away?"

"Probably. Why?"

"I want to show you my apartment. We could take a bubble bath in the whirlpool tub and afterwards you can make love to me proper in the large super-king bed. You know it has mirrors on the ceiling and two walls?"

"Wow! Let's go."

CHAPTER THIRTY PENTHOUSE PET

Taking advantage of the phenomenal view, Joe was relaxing in the whirlpool, recapping the life changing events of the last twenty hours. He believed Sandy's fortune cookie story wholeheartedly and why shouldn't he? When he first spotted Sandy, it was like a bolt of lightning had struck. So much so that had to investigate even if it meant leaving his young not-so-innocent but highly impressionable wife at the mercy of a sexual carnivore who, it turns out was the dream girl's wolf of a husband. Then came the fight with the little prick. If he had to fight to secure his love life, he would be a forty-year-old virgin. *Ohhh, he really scared me with his martial arts. I even said c'mon, take your best shot. Five seconds later, he was on the floor, wondering what hit him and where he was. I beat him and the prize was now sitting next to me in his Jacuzzi, fondling my pecker, in his penthouse.*

Thanks, Basil, for my personal Penthouse Pet. Sandy is as sexy and beautiful as any of them.

"Are you going to say anything to him?"

"Say anything to whom? About what?"

"Nikolas. Your wife blew him, remember?"

"Naw. I can't blame him for that. He's a player. If she hadn't gone after him nothing would have happened. As it is, he refrained from diddling her, which is more than I can say about my younger brother."

Sandy was astonished. "Cassie had an affair with your brother?"

"According to her, she did. My best man too."

"Wow. She's a regular minx."

"That's alright. I don't even think about her with you in my life."

They had been in the tub for about twenty minutes, hugging, kissing and fondling each other like teen lovers and Joe had made her climax once manually with his hands, then orally. Suddenly he stood up in the tub and scooped Sandy into his giant arms. Sandy was surprised but pleased. "Where are we going, big fellow?"

"You said you wanted to make love properly in your super-king bed with your super-stud. You know, I'm a very accommodating person." He scooped up a couple towels and carried her to the bed and proceeded to dry each of them off. Then he spread her legs and began to stimulate her

orally. "I wish we had some food here. Do you have any flavored lubricant?"

"Check the nightstand," answered Sandy.

He opened the drawer and found several containers. "Wow, I didn't know you were into lubricants so much."

"I didn't either. They just miraculously appeared. It's just more evidence of Basil's infidelity."

"There are some condoms here. Would you like me to put one on?"

"If they're Basil's there's no chance they would fit you. After being with you I realized how small he is."

"Yeah you're right. I've got one in my wallet. Should I put it on?"

"That's up to you, baby."

"Normally I wouldn't but with Cassie having so many dalliances, I probably should."

While retrieving the condom Joe's erection had lessened in stature, so he set it on the nightstand. Then he took some of the lemon flavored lubricant and poured a healthy portion over Sandy's love button and into her cavern, followed by his tongue, continuing what he had started. Sandy surged toward ecstasy. While Joe managed to grab and manipulate her nipples, she reached down and grabbed his head and ears, moving it around to feed her prurient instincts. When he became

rigid, he stood up and Sandy placed the condom on his manhood.

Finally, they were copulating in her super-king sized bed in the world's favorite style, the missionary position. Though enjoying the several minutes of hot oral sex, Sandy had been looking forward to the main event. Sandy's almost came on the spot from the initial thrust of Joe's now fully erect projectile. Actually, she didn't last long after that first thrust, attaining orgasmic fulfillment within a couple dozen or so industrious strokes. Catching her breath, Sandy raised up, pressing her breasts into Joe's hairy chest. Giving him a strong hug and laying her head upon his broad shoulders, she said, "You make me feel so good. You are the antithesis of my wicked husband in every way. I'm so glad I took the fortune cookie and found you."

"And I you. I know it's a corny old cliché but you are like a dream come true. I have never felt as comfortable with a woman. It's like you're my perfect match."

They looked at each other, smiled and said in unison, "Perfect match," then looked at each other and cracked up.

After a sixty-second break, Sandy got a wry smile on her face and whispered conspiratorially in his ear, "You know I'm just warming, up don't you? I want that big dick of yours buried inside

me for the rest of the evening. Are you up to it?"

With a challenge like that Joe was on top of Sandy in an instant, pummeling her hungry hole bringing her to one mini-climax and then another, which she called teasers. After an hour of hard fucking and two more teasers she had the most powerful orgasmic experience she ever had. It was extremely powerful with seemingly endless hot and cold pleasure waves shooting from her loins into her extremities, teasing her entire being. She was so vocal and so physical, screaming and jerking around spasmodically that she brought Joe to a powerful eruption of his own, depositing a bountiful quantity of seed into her love canal. A worn out Joe rolled off Sandy and she rolled on her side admiring her virile new lover, kissed him and laughed, "That was supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!"

Sandy wasn't sure if he heard her. He had a smile on his face but he was out cold. She covered him up, kissed his lips tenderly and said. "Sweet dreams dear lover."

* * * *

Joe suddenly woke up. "What the..." Something was pressing down on his mouth and chin. He opened his eyes and gazed past a naked midriff, by two exquisitely shaped breasts at a smiling

Sandy about three feet above him and about ten feet above her, Joe got a birds eye view of the both of them in the mirror. She said, I hope you don't mind. I took some liberties while you were sleeping. Straddling his head, she was grinding her warm wet pussy into his mouth. Joe got the idea and started sucking and nibbling on her hot spots, occasionally darting his tongue between her labia into her honey pot.

Sandy was fingering and plucking her nipples, so Joe decided to finger her 'gina. He began to move his arms to do that, but they wouldn't follow instructions. He couldn't figure out what was happening, he noticed his legs wouldn't budge either. He could barely move his head because it was trapped between her hot lips and two thighs. Suddenly she screeched to high heaven wiggled around like crazy, eventually sitting down on Joe's hairy chest. Finally able to move his head he saw that his arms were tied to the bedpost. He assumed his feet were too. "What did you do."

"I tied you up. You don't mind do you? What we did before was wonderful. Wait until you see what... wrong term, feel what I have in store for you."

Sandy got off Joe and tied a scarf around his eyes. "Sandy, what are you doing?"

"Why, making you feel good of course."

Shortly after Joe felt a searing sensation on one of his nipples, then the other. "What are you doing?" Then one on his abdomen, once again on his abdomen, then in his belly button. Each time it hurt but only for a few seconds. It was starting excite him. "What are you doing?"

"I told you. Making you feel good."

Where was that? It felt like his penis. God she's burning my penis. The shaft, the ultra sensitive frenulum. He was in a panic. He started to ask her to stop, then something began to happen to him. There was a pressure in his gonads. It was coming and the only thing that would stop the inevitable was if Sandy stopped. "More, more. Keep it up. stroke it, suck it, It's coming, don't stop. Then he felt something cool on his member. No cold, very cold. It was Sandy's mouth and it was cold." The roar was now past the point of return. He yelled, "Run for your life. I'm commmmmming."

Sandy was undecided whether she wanted to swallow or watch. She decided at the last second to watch. She pulled her head away just in time to see the initial thrust, which resembled a seminal moon shot. As Joe kept thrusting, (he did for a good minute) Sandy kept stroking him. Proud of her achievement, she smugly removed the blindfold. He blinked and focused on her, but couldn't seem to find the words to express what

he felt. He was still savoring the remnants of the megamax, which is what he later coined it.

Sandy had gotten quite a bit of Joe's semen on her hand. She tasted it. Ugh, it did taste bitter. She now understood what Rita meant.

Finally regaining his thought process, Joe asked, "What the hell did you do to me?"

Sandy mounted Joe's head once more. "What you didn't like it? Okay, I won't do it anymore."

"No, no, I loved it, but what did you do?"

"It's a trade secret handed down to our coven by generations of New England witches. That's why I had to blindfold you. You realize of course that if you hadn't come I would have cut off your dick and fed it to the hogs."

"Very funny. Can I ask you a question?"

"Ask away."

"Are you going to untie me?"

"Sure. Right after you drive me crazy with your mouth again."

"Did you put the flavored lubricant on your sex?"

"I did. Right after I tasted your semen. Rita was right. We'll have to work on that." Sandy again snuggled her clit and vagina right over Joe's lips.

In record time, Sandy was freeing Joe.

After freeing Joe's arms and legs, Sandy laid beside him. All of a sudden, Sandy felt something cool and wet on her breast. What was that? She sat

up, looked at her breast, and saw a filmy white substance. Joe saw it too, scooped it up with his finger and they both looked at the ceiling and laughed uproariously. Dangling from the mirrored ceiling eight feet above them was a portion of the ejaculate from Joe's megamax.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE PHONE SEX

“Hi Sandy, This is Nikolas. I’ve got your fortune cookies and I wanted to talk to you about work. Do you have some time today?”

Sandy hadn’t thought about Niki since Joe discussed him in relation to his wife three days prior. Sure, Niki, I’ll be here all day. What time will you be here?”

“How does two o’clock sound?”

“It sounds just about right. I’ll see you at two.”

* * * *

When Nikolas arrived, he noticed that Sandy went to a lot of trouble fixing herself up. Not a good sign. After a warm greeting, a perfunctory kiss and hug, Niki said, “Here are the cookies you asked me to get for you, doll. They came to sixteen hundred dollars.”

"Thank you, Niki. You're a sweetheart. Let me write you a check."

Niki took the check, folded it and put it in his wallet. "If you don't mind my asking, what are you going to use them for? Eddie was very adamant that they can't be sold. They must be freely given to be effective."

"Let's go in the living room and sit down. Can I get you an iced tea or water?"

"Water would be nice. Thank you."

Sandy positioned the box down on a credenza and led Niki to the living room. Their closeness seemed unsettle to her. She brought water for Niki and placed it on the coffee table in front of Niki before sitting across the room with her iced tea.

"To answer your question, I'm not sure, but the now obvious importance of love in connection with the other major components of life is fascinating. Apparently love—or the lack thereof—has a direct impact on the other elements of happiness. I thought it would be interesting to scientifically examine how love, either conventionally achieved or through the magic fortune cookie dating service, has an effect on other essentials of happiness. I thought once I was divorced and settled, I might look into the connections."

"You mean as in research?"

"Yes, but not me personally. I was studying to be a doctor before, but I wouldn't tackle the research alone. I should be getting a sizable settlement from the divorce, enough that I could set up a research foundation for that purpose."

"That would be too cool. A foundation dedicated to spreading love and happiness to the citizens of the world, but I didn't come here to discuss love and happiness for all. I came to discuss two things, one of which is disturbing."

"Really? Now you've got my interest."

"First on a happiness note, I got a response to your portfolio. My agent, who is a gem by the way, scanned your entire portfolio and sent it to various publishers and modeling agencies and received three inquiries. It must be the blue cookie in action because it just doesn't happen in real life. Usually it takes months even years to break in the business. Anyway, you may not like all of them. Here's what we have. *Playboy* is interesting in using you for a spread in their upcoming Women of Power and Privilege issue."

Sandy found the idea of *Playboy* considering her intriguing, but she wasn't about to admit it to Niki. "I don't know if I like that one." Preening, she asked "I don't know. Niki, you've seen me naked. What do you think?"

Sandy noticed he blushed from the intimate

question. "You're one of the sexiest women who has ever sat for my camera.

Pleased, Sandy played it coy. "I'll consider it. Could be useful but not until I'm divorced. When would they need to shoot?"

"It's a spring issue so I'm guessing November, December and for a full spread you would get twenty-five grand."

"Truly, the money isn't an issue. If I did it, I would likely donate the money to charity or maybe my foundation if I start one. I'd also like to know what Joe thought too. What else do you have?"

"Global Publishing is launching a new magazine called *Elegance* and they would like to use you on their inaugural cover, plus they are trying to get advertisers to use you as well. This could be big."

"That sounds like something I could get into." Even from ten feet across the room Sandy could feel the stimulating effect of Niki.

"The last thing is the King Modeling Agency is interested in using you as a runway model on a fall fashion show. Have you ever done runway modeling?" *Great*, Niki thought. He noticed that the residual yearning for Sandy was returning.

"Never, I did a little photo modeling, in high school and college but that was it."

"If that's the case you would probably have to take a quick modeling course to do this one."

"No, I don't think I would be interested in that. What was the alarming thing you needed to talk about?"

Niki fidgeted around on the couch, before he said, "This is very embarrassing. It involves you and me." Sandy developed a newfound interest in the conversation. "Are you having uncharacteristic sensations around me, say like you did with Joe but less pronounced?"

Am I, she thought, then said, "Maybe. Why do you ask?"

"I am experiencing a residual desire for you." He quickly added, "That doesn't mean I am not still totally knocked out by Rita. I am. I just find you attractive also. Since last Thursday when I'm around you, I feel like taking you in my arms and making mad passionate love to you. I feel that way right now."

Sandy was ready to swoon. "What's keeping you from doing that?"

"Apparently, besides it not being fair to Rita, whom I love and Joe, whom I like and you are heavily involved with, it could really screw those relationships up."

Sandy was so wet she could take a horse. "I'm not following. How would you and I screw up our

relationships?" She wanted him!

"When I bought the cookies for you, I had a talk with him Eddie Chang. According to him, this is not uncommon. When you eat a cookie, even after you find your match, you are still susceptible to a residual sexual attraction for three or four weeks, sometimes as much as two months. After that it fades."

"Two months! I can't wait two months. I need you now." Sandy got up and sat next to Niki, which made things worse. "Niki, I want you. I wanted you when you were photographing me. I wanted to spread my lips and have you lick me. I wanted to spread my legs and have you enter me. Niki dear, I must have you."

"Sandy, I feel the same way but it's not for real. It's the cookies. We cannot jeopardize our relations for a few minutes of lust."

"You're right." Dejected Sandy asked, "What about oral sex? No one would have to know."

"No. I'm sure we can't touch each other."

"What about if we each masturbate in front of each other and talk dirty?"

"That might work except I hate to take a chance. If only there was some way of doing that but not to each other."

"I've got it. Come with me."

* * * *

"Hi honey, what're you doing?"

"Is that right? You know what I'm doing?"

Sandy watched Niki as he methodically massaged his manhood. He was even more attractive without his clothes. He was sitting on the edge of the whirlpool tub, his beautiful booty on the platform. His legs were beneath the water up to his knees.

"I'm sitting in my whirlpool tub thinking about the last time we did it. Remember how I jerked you off so good your wad hit the ceiling. I wish I could do that to you right now. Okay, I'll wait. I'm not going anywhere."

Sandy put her hand over the phone and whispered, "He's getting undressed." While she was talking to Joe, trying to get him and Nik both off, she used her free hand on her left tit. She was sitting on the edge of the tub, leaning against the wall with her knees bent and her legs spread wide. This afforded Niki a most excellent view.

"Oh good, Tell me again what you want to do to me. You want to stick a chocolate éclair up my treasure chest and eat it out. That really sounds interesting but wouldn't it break up?"

She was now fingering her sassy while admiring her would-be lover. His waist was thin and tight. It was obvious Niki took care of himself. Speaking of taking care of himself, he was doing a good job of it right now. It was so sexy watching

him masturbate. She wondered if it was as sexy for him to watch her diddling her pussy.

"Oh, you're going to spank me as punishment for tying you up. Wouldn't you rather force me to hob your Big Willy? Thinking about it turns me on so much I could climax."

Niki was digging this. He'd thought he'd be shy about doin' the hand jive in front of Sandy but he got with the program fast and so did she. Sandy was an eyeful and her playing with herself was driving him crazy.

"You know what I'm doing now, lover?" Niki watched Sandy as she reached down beside her and picked up a dildo. No, it was a vibrator, he noticed, when it started buzzing. Sandy held it up to the phone and asked, "Do you know what that is? That's my faux penis ten inch vibrating dildo. I'm putting it up my pussy and pretending it's you that's drilling me; stroke me, big guy. Oh, you feel so good, don't stop, impale me."

On the other end, Joe had become silent except for heavy breathing, then he started moaning and the moan became a scream. Just then Sandy felt something wet hit her rib cage. *What the f...*she thought. She looked up and Niki was ejaculating. Then another spurt hit her mons. Another hit her

shoulder. Niki's glorious cock was squirting out gobs of testosterone. "Ooh, you're such a good lover. Keep hammering me. Come in me. Can you come in me? Please? That's it. That a boy." When Joe finished, Sandy told him she had been really hot and had climaxed also. She thanked him and said had to finish her bath and to expect occasional calls like this, then said goodbye.

Now she was all eyes for Niki. She aimed her camera cell phone and snapped a picture of him squeezing the last little bit of semen from his penis

He looked up and smiled. "Should I be worried?"

She melted with that smile. "Maybe, I may blackmail you for a sequel." Then she remembered that Niki's sperm was resting in several locations on her body. She smiled and thought, *my, men ejaculate with gusto*. She took her finger, scooped up a large chunk on her abdomen, and put it to her mouth. "Not good but tolerable. It tastes a little fruity."

Niki, who turned a little red said, "We've been working on it. Rita has me eat a lot of fruit, but we can't have it be too tasty or you women would be harvesting sperm from us for sale." Sandy pictured a line of sexy naked men in a milking line being milked by a line of naked except for an apron, women and roared with laughter.

When she stopped laughing Sandy scooped more of Niki's offerings with her forefinger, then after sucking it off said, "I can picture it now. Located in the organic section in the grocery store; organic kiwi flavored semen next to organic peach flavored sperm. A real growth industry." She watched Niki's face flush with embarrassment, then continued, "We got you taken care of. Now it's my turn."

* * * *

"Rita, sweetheart, this is Niki. I was thinking about you. What are you doing right now?"

Sandy was now lounging submerged in the large whirlpool, while the totally beautiful Niki sat naked on the edge of the tub.

"I was thinking of some of the things we have done and it made me totally horny. I want you so much right now, I had to call you."

Niki's manhood was in full view of Sandy and that alone turned her on but when he grabbed his didgeridoo and began to massage it once more she almost creamed right there. Before she had to concentrate on what she was going to say but now she could just lie back and get totally turned on. She wasn't about to come yet so she temporarily moved her finger from her honey box and brought her hands to her nipples.

"What do you think about having phone sex? I wish you were here so I could eat your gorgeous wet cleft. I can just taste it. That was the first thing I ever did to you. Remember? In a way, it was humiliating, even taking pictures, but you're so stunning, I wanted you to humiliate me. What? Fine. I'll wait."

"Rita paused while she undressed and went in the bedroom," he whispered to Sandy. Niki took advantage of the break to pose for Sandy. He started flexing his muscles, expanding his chest in a muscle man pose. Not bad but when he posed his member for her, was when she really became aroused.

"Yes, honey, I'm at Sandy's. Yes, she is here. In her hot tub. Of course, she is naked. Me too!" Sandy was incredulous. What the shit was he doing? She kept trying to get his attention but he put up his forefinger to hold her off. "You remember the residual sexual attraction we discussed last night? Well Sandy came up with this idea. It should work. We won't touch each other. We listen to the other have hot phone sex and have sex vicariously."

"Of course, I don't mind. If you can get Jill to go along, it's fine with me."

"Of course I love you madly and I'm looking forward to making you come."

Sandy was no longer aroused and Niki's

previously proud, magnificent love rod was now a limp piece of flesh. Niki handed the phone to Sandy and said, "She wants to talk with you." With trepidation, she picked up the phone to talk with her former friend. "Yes, Rita?"

"What do you think? Pretty hot, huh?"

Sandy didn't know what to think. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, Niki, of course. Believe me, Sandy, I knew about the residual appeal effect. Niki and I talked about it. I have a similar problem with Chad. Niki and I had decided we would just wait it out rather than giving in to our secondary desires. I am a little mad at Niki that he didn't ask me first, but this does seem to be an innocuous solution you have come up with. At least it's less offensive to me than actual intercourse. You always were a good one with ideas and this one has merit. I liken it to a voyeur living a giant fantasy. In fact, the idea of you listening to us adds another dimension of sensuality and intrigue. I'm getting wet thinking about it. Go ahead and enjoy my fiancé while we have phone sex. Just don't touch, okay?"

"Oh, Rita, Niki already ejaculated and some landed on me. Does that count as touching?" "Of course not."

"How about if I ate it?"

"That I don't know. But if it's alright with me,

it's supposed to be okay."

Sandy handed the phone back to Niki.

"Hi, babe. Everything cool?"

"Good, where was I? Oh yeah. I'm dying to eat your sweet juicy mound. Thinking of doing it to you gets me hot. Did I tell you that I almost came from giving you head? It was when you grabbed my ears and moved my head where you wanted me."

"What? Yes, she's watching me. Her eyes seem to be fixated on my dick while she fingers her clit. She keeps moving her tongue over her lips. Perhaps she's imagining giving me fellatio?"

Rita had a climax and so did Sandy. The idea that Sandy was watching her man and coveting his penis while listening to them exchange phone sex, seemed to excite Rita more than the sexy verbiage.

Likewise, watching Rita's hot fiancé pleasure himself in front of her with Rita knowing and accepting it, while masturbating herself to orgasm, stimulated Sandy to new heights of arousal. So it was for thirty more minutes. A ménage a trois of torrid phone sex, with Sandy and Rita each climaxing two more times. Niki managed to come once more also, only this time his seminal offering didn't have the oomph of the original and fell

harmlessly into the water.

The threesome was spent. Niki and Sandy dried off, dressed, hugged and he left for the studio. For her part, Rita remained naked in bed surrounded by the explicit pictures of them having sex mixed the nude publicity shots of Sandy. She had used these photos as props during the phone sex. She was pleased. She was pleased that everyone, including herself, had had such a good time but she was even more pleased that her future husband and the man she loved would be rid of this residual desire for her friend. *But is it? She wondered. Is it really over? Can we get this episode behind us or is what just went on, the first step in a new erotic journey the cookies have planned for us?*

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

MORA

Mora Ramirez, the fifth member of the 'Sexy-Six', was attractive and possessed a nice figure. She was twenty-seven years young, lived in La Habra, California, worked as a head librarian at the local Community College, and suspected all of her New York friends had lost it. According to Jill, whom Mora had always considered sensible, she had met a guy on the street, in the middle of the day, hadn't had so much as a cocktail, yet was in bed with him in less than two hours. Was that some kind of record? Probably not. All this supposedly took place after ingesting a well-known miracle aphrodisiac--a fortune cookie. *Are you kidding me? A fucking fortune cookie?*

If that wasn't bad enough, after losing her self-respect, she lost her marbles. Within a month, she was pregnant and within three months, she was engaged. But hark, hark, the insanity continued

and was spreading. Could this odious malady be contagious? Two of her other back East friends were following Jill to the altar, engaged after an even shorter time frame and a third, the normally level headed Sandra, was having an open affair, giving no thought to her husband of six years, with a married older man. What could be causing the bizarre behavior among her friends? Has the acid rain eaten into their brains? She didn't know but she was certainly going to find out.

It was the beginning of summer break at the college where Mora worked. With only a few summer classes and continuing education classes being taught, the library was as slow as a snail crossing fly paper. Mora cleaned up a few things, put her assistant in charge, and was off to the Big Apple.

Mora was no prude. Far from it. She had actually paid most of her tuition and expenses at Hofstra by working nights as a performer and sometimes pleasure girl in an all-nude cabaret. She even continued this pastime for a short time when she moved to California, until she got situated. She wouldn't admit it but she enjoyed performing. She enjoyed the customer's eyes fondling her breasts, ass and vulva, occasionally masturbating in front of her, while she performed. Sometimes she would take a nice looking, well heeled customer in the back room, but she never mixed love with

pleasure. She wasn't even sure she believed in love. Her two misguided experiments with love had run off the tracks, and had somewhat embittered her towards men. Oh, she liked men all right, and she adored sex. For a while, she even had a couple fuck buddies, both colleagues, one the football coach, the other a professor, both married. She just never mixed love and sex. Monogamy was bad, variety was good and that's why Mora was determined to get to the bottom of this fortune cookie phenomenon.

* * * *

Chad let his apartment go and moved in with Jill. They were both making great money and with the baby coming, they wanted and needed to find larger, nicer quarters. Unfortunately, they had been too busy to even think of looking.

Mora arrived at the airport three weeks ahead of the wedding. She hailed a taxi and made a beeline directly to Jill's apartment. When she rang the bell unannounced, she was loaded for bear. Chad had gotten home from three days of filming in Colorado, and had a couple days off. He opened the door, and gave Mora a huge smile and a friendly hug. Jill came up behind Chad and said, "Mora, this is Chad," and gave Mora a greeting kiss and hug. Chad spoke first, "I can see why

they called you girls the 'Sexy-Six'. Each one of you is as pretty as the last." Chad hugged Mora one more time, this time kissing her on the cheek as well. Mora was a little disarmed by Chad. He was obviously as good looking as Jill had described but also there was his smile, the twinkle in his eyes, his unabashed good nature and his effusive friendliness.

"So you're the fellow who swept my Jill off her feet?"

"And her me."

"I hope so. Can we go in and sit down?"

"Of course," Jill said taking Mora's hand and leading her into the parlor. While Chad went into the kitchen for refreshments, Jill and Mora sat down.

"It's so good to see you again, but we weren't expecting you for three weeks yet."

"Yes I know. My work at the school was slow, and I miss you guys, so decided to come early and visit. You don't mind?"

"Mind, we're elated," said Chad as he walked in from the kitchen carrying a tray containing coffee and pastries. "The only problem is we have no place for you to sleep."

Jill chirped in, "I'll call Sandy. She has plenty of room. She's staying at the penthouse."

"Sandy? You call her Sandy?"

"Yes, you wouldn't believe the change in

Sandy. It's unbelievable."

Chad asked, "Cream or sugar?"

"Cream please. These pastries look so good. I shouldn't but I'll splurge on one. What are these?" Mora picked up one and took a bite, "Ummm, delicious."

"They're cannolis. We always keep a few around since Sandy told us about an interesting use for them," said Jill.

"What would that be?" Mora took another bite."

"Joe, that's her man friend, inserted a cannoli into Sandy's twat and ate it out." Mora almost choked. After she got control, Jill continued, "She claims that it turned into the greatest oral sex she ever had."

Mora had to admit that it sounded sexy, since she was getting aroused thinking about it. "Twat? Couldn't you be a little more delicate?"

"Sorry. He inserted it into her vagina."

"That's better and then she told you about it?"

Jill smiled and said, "Yes, she did. We all feel like we're experiencing something in common and so we tell each other about it. It's probably because of me, seeing as I explained in some detail, my relationship with Chad; I probably set a standard of openness among us."

Mora asked Chad. "Do you also talk about your sexual experiences with the other men?"

"No, I think the men hear about it from the women." As you know, the girls are all long-standing friends, while I've only known their men for a few weeks.

"This brings me to the reason I came early," said Mora. "I came here to knock some sense into you girls. Jill, as you know, I'm all for having fun in bed, but why do you all feel you need to get married?"

"Because it's preordained. I told you about the fortune cookies. Each time one of us ate one of the cookies we found our predestined mate. The cookies worked in other ways as well. There is no doubt in my mind that the cookies brought Chad and I together."

Chad added, "Me either. I felt the energy of the cookies. It led me to Jill and seduced both of us."

"Horse pucky! I'm not sure what's going on, but there's nothing divine or mystical going on here. Maybe it's hypnosis or mass hysteria, but it's not fate that brought you all together."

Chad said, "I know it's hard to swallow but we all know it's true. What about the blue cookies? Did we imagine our good fortune as well?"

Mora looked vacant, when Chad asked, "Didn't Jill tell you about the blue cookies?" Mora shook her head. Obviously she didn't have all the information. "The cookies make you successful. Not help you be successful. They make you

successful. Jill and I each ate a blue fortune cookie and within a day or two I was offered a part in a TV show with virtually no experience and Jill was offered the anchor job on her next work day after eating the cookie. How do you explain that?"

"I don't explain any of it. I don't know the answers. I just know there is no Boogie Man and there's no Tooth Fairy. Perhaps you were due to get a part and Jill was due to make anchor. Chalk it up to hard work and perseverance, maybe even coincidence."

Jill tried, "Mora, I don't blame you for being skeptical but we weren't the only ones who had good fortune within a day or two of taking a blue cookie. Sandy had three modeling proposals in two days and she isn't even a model. Rita is now the hottest model in New York and maybe the country and her fiancé Nikolas is her designated photographer. They have doubled their rates twice and still have enough work for the rest of the year and Rita is twenty-eight, considered past her modeling prime."

Chad jumped in. "You know, Mora, you can think we're all unhinged if you want, but to date, the fortune cookies have been twelve for twelve effective. However, there's one foolproof way for to prove we're all hallucinating or suffering mass hysteria. Take a cookie yourself but if you do, be prepared to fall in love and enjoy the best sex of

your life."

"Wow, how's a lonely spinster supposed to resist an offer like that? It sounds like the only downside is if I'm right. Where's one of your friggin' cookies? Let's get this over with. Then I want Jill to tell me all the sordid details of everyone's sex life."

* * * *

Jill called up Sandy and told her Mora was there. Sandy shrieked and asked to speak with her. "Mora, I'm so glad you're here. You've got to stay with me, I have plenty of room and I have so much to tell you."

"So I hear. I heard about your married boyfriend."

"That's right. Did Jill tell you that his wife is Gail's youngest sister?" That clearly took Mora aback. "And that Joe, that's his name, caught my husband screwing his wife and proceeded to beat the tar out of him. Listen, clearly we have a lot to talk about. I want you, Jill and Chad to join us at Joe's restaurant and I'll tell you all about it."

Mora never felt more out of touch. She used to be the wild one, wilder even than Gail. Now her friends were with it. So much more that she felt like a...a...Oh my God...a librarian. Mora told Jill what Sandy wanted and she nodded. Sandy

finalized the time they agreed to meet.

Shortly thereafter, unknown to Mora and Jill, Sandy got on the phone to Gail and Rita and invited them too. Gail declined, saying that Lyle had a big United Nations event to attend and Rita said that they had reservations Café d' Paris for dinner. "Perfect," Sandy said, "Just cancel your reservations and meet us.

I'll ask Niki. We'll be there if it's all right with him."

"Great. We will see you there. As Joe would say, Ciao."

* * * *

Sandy made a point of sitting next to Mora and Rita sat on the other side her. Both of them filled Mora in on the events of the last three months. At least those that Jill hadn't had a chance to cover yet. Mora wondered aloud why Gail hadn't been able to make it. Sandy explained that her beau had an important dinner engagement. Rita went on and said she thought Gail was too embarrassed to return to Flavio's after humiliating herself by demanding Lyle screw her on the table in front of everyone. This was almost too much for Mora to absorb. Girls that were quiet and reserved like Jill

and Rita, who seldom went on dates in school let alone slept around were behaving like wanton, impetuous, party girls, albeit with one man. However, the biggest surprise was Sandy, the former stuffy, imperious, her-shit-don't-smell, Saundra. Mora liked all the girls in the Sexy Six, including Saundra but if you asked her who she would least like to be left alone with, it would be Saundra. The new and improved version, who now called herself Sandy, had really transformed herself.

She had a healthy vibrant appearance and a personality transplant. She had traded the staid, reserved somewhat haughty personality for a happy, fun loving, cheerful one and along the way, lost her sexual inhibitions. She told Mora about her experiences with Joe including the one she was anxious to hear, the cannoli episode. Then Rita, with Sandy's input, proceeded to tell about the residual sexual attraction and the three-way phone sex. Mora was a little nonplussed by her good friends' recent adherence to a regimen of adventurous sexual escapades but after all, it was merely good wholesome fun with those they found attractive. She refused to admit they might be in love. Yet, what was really throwing Mora was their willingness, no necessity, to describe their exploits to the others in detail. Obviously, with this hedonistic group were proud of their

sexual appetites and enjoyed comparing notes.

Even so, Mora had become fully engaged in the tone of the table talk and was beginning to experience an increase in her personal libido. All of a sudden, her libido redlined when she observed a great-looking piece of man flesh talking with Sandy's squeeze, Joe, in the reception area. Her heart did a three-sixty, when Joe seemingly pointed right at her and smiled. Sure enough, Joe had sent God's most beautiful creature right to their table.

When Mr. Beautiful arrived, Chad stood up, shook his hand, and announced that he hoped no one minded, but he had taken the liberty of inviting Mr. Wonderful, whose name was some university. Cornell—that was it. Mora began to feel detached from the transpiring events, as if she were observing them in slow motion, through a fog. Mr. University bent down and kissed Jill, then Mora's heart did a cartwheel when Chad pointed at her and led Mr. Luscious to her.

Her vagina, which was already wet due to the randy conversation, was now getting warm. *Just the way they told me.* As Chad and Mr. Heat worked their way over, Rita and Nikolas scooted right to make room for him. She thought, *No, don't move over. If he sits by me, I'll burst into flames from spontaneous combustion.* When they stopped right in front of Mora, it wasn't combustion that was

spontaneous though. It was lust, pure and simple. Being short, five three, she was eye level with Cornell's groin. Chad said something to her. She nodded. Mr. Crotch took her hand and kissed it. Damn, now it was on fire. She looked up at Cornell. He smiled. Then she looked back at his groin. Oh, oh! It - meaning his manhood, was hard. She had a violent urge to take his manly snakey thing out of its bindings and caress it and pet its silky texture. She just knew that Mr. Beautiful had the most beautiful snakey thing in the whole world. She wanted to fondle it and taste it. She was about to reach for it when...relief. Chad found a chair, brought it over and Mr. Beautiful Snakey Thing sat down. *Oh God, his knees are rubbing my thighs. Now they're burning too.* In fact, there wasn't any part of her that wasn't at least warm.

Cornell smiled at her and said something. Mora, who was not only dumbstruck but also speechless, smiled demurely but said nothing. Then she saw a red fortune cookie on Cornell's bread dish. He reached for it. Should she stop him? She was a convert. She knew that if Mr. Gorgeous ate that cookie she would be fondling his beautiful silky, snakey, thing before the night was over as sure as she knew the sun would rise tomorrow in the East. Is that what she wanted? Did she want to disturb her placid, organized,

petty little existence for some unknown sexual adventure with this quasi-God? Did she? Fuck yes! Let the games begin.

After Mora had finally made her commitment to Cornell, the fog lifted, real time returned and she regained her composure. With that returned her witty, endearing jocular nature. The first thing she said to him was, "I shouldn't tell you this, but just in case you want to take advantage of me, I'm not on my period."

Cornell coughed, then replied, "I'll definitely keep that in mind."

She went on like this keeping Cornell off balance with amusing anecdotes and her quirky personality. From his end, Cornell seemed beguiled by the comely, humorous, trash talking, yet very feminine lady sitting next to him.

Mora was five three, had dark brown hair in a pert bob, deep brown eyes and a fantastic smile showing pearly white teeth though full lips. She had an aquiline nose that had a slight bend as if it had once been broken. Cornell found that sexy. Fact was there wasn't much about Mora that he didn't find sexy. She had a coke bottle figure, a little heavy on the top. Just the way Cornell liked his women. Showing off her generous headlights was not something Mora shied away from, and tonight she wore a low V-cut peach highlighted

sweater, braless, which displayed her ample breasts, while accenting her flawless olive skin.

Having had only a couple glasses of Chianti, and not yet having ordered dinner, Mora and Cornell decided to leave. Mora quipped, "Yeah, Cornell here has some etching I'm dying to see." She walked around the table bent down and whispered in Chad's ear, "It looks like I'm about to join you Mad Hatters." Then she kissed Chad and everyone ooohed. She said "I'd like to thank you properly for this one, but I don't think Jill would approve."

Much to her surprise, Chad came right back, "I think you are about to be heavily engaged figuratively and literally shortly."

Mora smiled at Chad, stood up in her four-inch heels and said to Cornell. "Don't worry, Corney...Do you mind if I call you Corney?"

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Okay. Don't worry, Corney, I was only warming up with Chad for your etchings. Ta Ta, everyone.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE CORNELL

Mora observed that Cornell was perfect in every way. Even a perfect gentleman as he opened the car door of his tiny cramped red car for her to get in. *Well we certainly can't do it in here*, thought Mora, as Cornell sped away. Mora was curious, "What is this car called, by the way?"

"It's a Ferrari."

"You know, Corney. You'd think with all the money that TV show is paying you, you could at least afford a bigger car. Something with a back seat would be nice."

"You're talking about my dream car here. Why would you want a back seat?"

"Expediency."

"Expediency? What do you mean?"

"I think a little candid talk is in order here. Correct me if I'm wrong but you left dinner for the same reason I did and my reason was to engage in

some pure unadulterated sex. Is that why you left?"

Cornell nodded "Sure is and I can't wait. You're the hottest number I've ever seen."

"Well, there you go. You can't wait. And I can't wait. My pussy is on fire and it wants your heat seeking missile so bad that it's ready to turn inside out. Now if you had a back seat we could do something about it but you don't, so unless you live close by, I suggest we stop at that hotel over there."

Skreeeech! Cornell braked and turned into the Hampton Hotel parking garage. Obviously, she was right.

Ten agonizing minutes later, the urgent sex began the minute they entered room three-o-six, embracing in a frenetic passionate kiss while clothes spun off them like mud off a spinning tire. Once naked, they fell on the bed together and the bed frame broke. Their laughter was short lived as Cornell mounted Mora and stroked her urgently on the tilted bed with the box spring resting half on the floor. There was no foreplay, no kissing, and no licking. None was needed. Neither had ever been as ready for the tango on the sheets as they were now. For her part, while Cornell was stroking her pussy in a staccato rhythm, pushing his wicked wand in the maximum on every fourth stroke and rotating, Mora would push back

earnestly. She liked his irregular style of sex. Mora could feel a big one building up, a tsunami. She was coming, it was almost there..."What did you do that for?"

"I just realized we don't have protection."

"Dammit! One more second and I would have visited orgasmic nirvana."

"Sorry."

"Don't worry. First of all I religiously take birth control pills, though I don't know why since I haven't been laid in almost four months and then when the little buggers would have come in handy for the first time, you pull out."

"It wasn't about you, Mora. It was about me. I have been fairly active since my newfound celebrity. I'm just not sure I'm disease free."

"So you've been a busy boy, huh?"

Corney nodded.

"Been dipping your wicked wick, have you?"

"Yeah, since I've been on this show, I've been very popular."

"I don't suppose you have a condom with you?"

Corney shrugged

"Oh well. Just forget it. We've got all night. We'll do something else. Come over here, will you?" Cornell complied. This was the first time she got a look at his body. It was every bit as beautiful as she had imagined. "Prop a couple

pillows under your head." His body was trim but well developed. He had dark almost raven colored hair on his chest and pubic area, with a smattering in between and she had been right about his snakey thing. It was a thing of beauty. It was tall and proud, standing at attention, smooth and silky feeling as she had imagined. She needed a taste. She bent down and swallowed his member. She worked him over for about four minutes. Cupping his testicles with one hand and stroking his shaft with the other while, she tongued and hobbled his purple tinged knob, Corney was on the road to orgasmville and he warned her as he was about to cum.

"Look out. I'm coming."

A gentleman, she thought, as she used her fist in place of her mouth and stroked him rapidly as his sperm shot in various directions.

"What the fuc . . ." Some of the sperm landed in her eye.

When Cornell was finished and recovered. Mora said, "Okay, big fella. I'm just starting with you."

Mora was kneeling upright and Cornell looked her over as she had done him. He liked what he saw. She really was tiny. The biggest and maybe the best thing about Mora was her grande half-grapefruit sized breasts with two-inch light brown

areolas framing half-inch protruding nipples. Her rack was outstanding and the rest was great too. He guessed she only weighed about a hundred ten pounds because aside from her breasts she was tiny. Her waist wasn't more than twenty-three inches but she did have a nice sized and shaped rump. As she approached him on her knees, he had a great look at her vulva. That was until she straddled his head and set her clit and slit right over his happy face. Her shaved pubis revealed a tattoo of a coiled snake right above her clitoral hood. He laughed inside. Apparently, Mora was primed because she came in only a couple minutes.

Living in California, she likened her orgasms to surfing terms. This one wasn't the tsunami she had been about to have, but a good one, halfway between a big one and a pipeline.

Time was wasting and she wanted to get to Cornell's flat, so she suggested they take a shower, and head for Corney's flat.

* * * *

Cornell lived in a high rise with a doorman and security cameras etc. When they were at the door to Cornell's flat, he unlocked the door and scooped Mora into his arms. She whistled as they

entered the apartment. Corney's digs impressed her. The earlier urgency had died down so Cornell set Mora down and kissed her. "Would you like some wine, music?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Which?"

"Both, but first show me your bedroom."

He led her into his bedroom and she jumped on the bed. She kicked her heels off, stood up on the bed, and started jumping. She said, "Me feel like more wampum. You mighty warrior, get firewater and beat tom tom for fertility dance. Squaw get ready for snake," after which Mora started to once more shed her clothes.

Cornell went to play some music and get the wine. He played some Johnny Cash.

Mora yelled from the bedroom, "Don't you have something a little more romantic? I want to be put in the mood, but not for a cattle drive. He laughed and put on Johnny Mathis. About then Mora walked in totally naked and said, "Let me see your CD collection."

Cornell said, "It's Johnny Mathis. It's supposed to be romantic."

"It might be if you were born in nineteen forty eight and grew up on it. I happen to have been born thirty years later." She looked his collection over and was a little disappointed. Finally, she found a Loreena Mckinnet CD and put it in. She

asked how that CD happened to slip into his collection of anachronistic music.

"Anachronistic? Boy that's a big word. What's it mean?"

"I'm a librarian. It means outmoded, out of date, antiquated. Take your choice. So how did you get Loreena Mckinnet in here?"

"I think It belonged to some girl I dated. You know, you look really good naked. I mean re-e-e-e-eally good. "

"Why thank you, I think. For what it's worth, I'm into you naked too."

"In fact, you look so good," continued Cornell, "that you shouldn't bother to get dressed unless you're going out."

Mora took Cornell's hand and led him back into the bedroom. "I'll keep that in mind and make sure I get dressed if I go out. In the meantime, we have some unfinished business. Pocum me cuntus, wantum big wampum. Mighty warrior must . . . What are you doing?"

"I'm beating my tom tom. That's what you wanted."

"No, honey? I was talking about the music. Just leave that tom tom all to me. I have big plans for it."

"Okay. Now finish telling me what heep big mighty warrior must do to little squaw."

"Mighty warrior must perform snake ritual for

Snake God. Take stiff, one eyed snake and put in Pocum me cuntus, cuntus."

Cornell couldn't help it. He just lost it, laughing uproariously and fell on the bed.

He reached out, took Mora's hand, and pulled her over to him. She straddled him about chest high and said, "Pocum me cuntus not think snake ritual funny."

Cornell liked the view from down there. He looked her over from the tattoo on her pubis past her fabulous midriff with a sexy belly button to those stunning breasts. He reached up to fondle her compelling breasts when Mora slapped his hands away. "Mighty warrior no touch tata without snake ritual."

"Maybe you should tell mighty warrior just what little squaw wants in English."

"Okay. Mora wants mighty warrior to fuck her moccasins off and give her mighty tsunami orgasm."

"Why didn't you say so?"

Now, feeling protected, Cornell once more mounted Mora and pumped her the way he had in the hotel. Only this time there was no interruption and Mora had her first of three tsunamis, two pipelines and lastly, a stinking bantam breaker.

* * * *

Mora woke up with a throbbing headache. She didn't remember at first where she was, then her sore pussy reminded her. She tried to recall the eventful night, knowing it was special, but her head wouldn't let her. *Did we drink that much firewater last night?* She had to get an aspirin. She rolled over to ask Corney where the aspirin were, and received a surprise. She lifted the sheet off Corney, looked under it and sure 'nuff, it was Corney, with his cute, lovable snakey thing. He was totally naked except for one item of apparel. Corney was wearing a black sleeping mask. She knew now that she had reached the apex of her sex life. She had been had just been laid by Zorro. "Okay, masked man, wake up, where's Tonto?"

Sleepily Cornell asked, "Wha...What do you want?"

"Little Squaw need aspirin. Have big headache."

"Sure, babe, in the bathroom medicine cabinet."

Mora found the aspirin and went into the kitchen to make coffee. After a five-minute search for the coffee, she found it in the refrigerator. He had three kinds, chocolate/raspberry, chocolate/macadamia and amaretto. She opted for the chocolate/macadamia one. Finally, with her cup of gourmet coffee in front of her and the headache recessing, she called Jill. "Jill, honey,

Mora, here. Boy, I sure proved you and Chad wrong, didn't I?"

"Don't worry about it. The main thing is that you had fun."

Recalling last night Mora said, "That I did. Jill, I can't believe the things we did last night and you know what?"

"No. What?"

"I've only known him for twelve hours and I think I love him. He isn't going to flake out on me, is he?"

"I don't think so. That's why the partner has to eat a cookie too. It's like it cements the deal. At least that's what I think it's for."

"Good. Next time we're together, I'll tell you all about it. I can't believe I feel like telling you but I do. It's like sharing my joy."

"Exactly."

"Listen. I've got to go. Give my love to Chad and tell him I'm a believer."

"I will. Call me."

Cornell walked into the kitchen and put his arms around Mora, then kissed her neck. He then went to the counter, poured himself a cup of coffee and sat next to Mora. "What are you doing?"

I've been waiting for you to wake up. Can you take me over to Sandy's in your little red car?"

"I guess. What for?"

"I'm staying there."

"I thought you would stay here."

"Don't tempt me. I came here to see my friends. Besides I don't want to wear out my welcome."

"Don't be silly, you could never wear out your welcome. We have something special don't we?"

"I hope so."

Resigned, Cornell agreed, "Alright, I'll take you, but before I do, how about we try something."

"What?"

Smiling he said, "Well last night we performed the ritual of the snake. How about this morning we perform the ritual of the tongue," and he stuck out his tongue and wiggled it around. Mora laughed and stuck out her tongue in return.

Mora took Corney's hand and headed back to the bedroom. "I was hoping for an encore."

* * * *

Mora arrived at Sandy's about eleven a.m. The new Sandy was talkative and warm. Joe was at the restaurant so they were alone. Sandy wanted to know all about last night and to Mora's surprise, she obliged. She was telling Sandy about the snake ritual, which Sandy found extremely humorous, when the phone rang. It was Gail looking for Mora.

"Hi, Mora, I can't wait to see you."

"I'm anxious to see you too," Mora replied.

"I just finished lunch with Rita. She told me about your new love interest. Would it be okay if Rita and I came over there to see you?"

"Of course. That would be great."

"Good. We'll be there in twenty minutes."

"I can't wait. We'll be here."

* * * *

Once they settled down after the perfunctory greeting, Mora said to everyone. "I want to learn everything I can about the cookies."

Rita shrugged her shoulders and Sandy and Gail looked at her blankly. Rita said, "Jill was the first and seems to know the most about them."

Mora said, "I was with Jill and Chad yesterday. In fact, they gave me my fortune cookies, but I was less than receptive about discussing the cookies. Just tell me what little you know. Sandy, you start first."

"Well, I know there are three kinds, maybe a fourth kind. Red is for love/sex, blue is for fame/success and white is for health/illness. I've been told that unless you have eaten a red cookie, the others won't work."

"Anything you can add to that, Gail?"

"Well, the cookies seem to be active. That is, they actively seek out a compatible mate for you."

In my case, it took me into a men's room. The cookies come from Eddie Chang's, and cost twenty dollars apiece."

"How about you, Rita? Do you have anything to add?"

Rita thought for a moment then said, "I know that Jill said we had to eat the whole cookie, or it wouldn't work. There's something else, but it's more of a feeling than a fact."

"Go ahead. Tell us about it."

"This nothing scientific like Sandy wants to do, but I've had the suspicion that it wasn't the cookies that found my lover, but the cookies were more like a connection device, like a radio beacon."

"Interesting. So your feeling is that the cookie doesn't direct you or your lover but is merely the vehicle for whomever or whatever directs us."

"Yes something like that."

"What did you mean about Sandy doing scientific studies?"

Sandy piped in, "I bought all the cookies they had one day, thinking I might want to start up a research project in the future."

"What's stopping you?"

"Nothing. I may still do it. I did take a red and blue cookie into a lab for analysis."

"Did you find anything?"

"No, it only deepened the mystery. The red one

contained the same ingredients as a normal fortune cookie, except it had some chicken concentrate added."

"And the blue ones?"

"Normal, except for the addition of citric acid and blueberry juice."

"Weird. I'm going to have to think about this for awhile."

Gail inquired, "Why do you want to know? Why not roll with the waves, and just enjoy what's happening?"

"I intend to do both. I am committed for the ride with Cornell, wherever it may take me, but I want some answers as well. Like Rita, my intuition tells me that there's more to this than some peculiar cookies. I believe there is some mysterious force behind this. So far it appears to be benign. Let's hope it stays that way."

Nobody liked thinking about that. Sandy asked, "Does anyone have any ideas how my Joe can get rid of Cassie?"

Gail asked, "Why? What difference does it make if my sister is married to Joe?"

"Joe doesn't like loose ends, plus he wants to marry me."

"Oh you lucky girl," quipped Rita, "What would that make number five?"

"Six, but who's counting."

Mora shook her head, "It almost seems like

your romance has a better chance without marriage."

Sandy frowned. "You're no help."

"I know, I could give my sister a fortune cookie at the wedding. When she finds that special person, she'll want a divorce."

Sandy asked, "Are you sure it would work? She's such a tramp, I wonder if a cookie would work on her."

Gail was miffed. "I'm not making excuses for her behavior but her husband—your boyfriend, is a known pedophile who has a history of marrying teenagers."

"Now, children. We mustn't fight," interrupted Mora. "Gail, I think your idea has merit. Are you sure you can pull it off?" She nodded. "Good. Will there be a sufficient supply of young testosterone at the wedding to increase the odds of a match."

"I'll invite every young man I can think of," answered Gail.

"Me too," said Rita."

Sandy said, " I'm going to hit the bars and invite every able-bodied penis to the reception."

Gail was horrified at the idea, but Mora and Rita chuckled. Mora quipped, "All I can say is, make sure they're straight bars."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR FLOWER CHILDREN

“Important. Please meet me for lunch at Flavio’s. I’ll be there at twelve-thirty. Love, Rita.”

Upon receiving this worrisome message after getting out of his eleven o’clock shoot, Niki rushed out of the studio, arriving at Flavio’s in record time.

Inside Flavio’s, glancing around he failed to locate Rita. “Hey, Joe. Have you seen Rita?”

“Yeah sure, she’s down there in a booth with her three little friends. Pretty little things. Straight down the left aisle. Booth seven.”

Three little friends? What could Joe be talking about? Ahh, there was Rita. He could see the back of her head.

Niki arrived at the booth and instead of sitting opposite Rita, sat next to her, because the bench on the other side of the booth was taken. “Niki, I

want you to meet Teresa, Janine and Lyrona. They are from the shelter I, and now you, help sponsor."

Niki couldn't help but smile as three sets of extra wide eyes stared at him. Teresa, Janine and Lyrona were adorable. Teresa had big brown eyes and black hair tied up on top of her head. Janine was a dazzling towhead with bright blue eyes. Lyrona was a darling coffee with cream colored, mixed race girl with six-inch pigtails and no front teeth. All three girls were wearing the same frilly peach colored dress.

"Honey, they are incredible. Hi girls. My name is Niki."

Teresa and Janine said hi but Lyrona appeared to be too shy but then asked, "Isn't that a girl's name?"

Rita gave a short nervous laugh and looked uncertainly at Niki. "Sorry, Niki."

"Yes, sweetheart. Niki can be a girl's name too, but my name is really Nikolas and Rita calls me Niki for short."

"They know me as Miss Renaldi."

"Ahh. So what brings you girls here?"

Just then, the waiter brought the order, three slices of chocolate cake with vanilla ice cream.

After the waiter refilled Rita's and the girls' drinks, Niki ordered a coffee. "Umm, that looks really good."

"Ya want some?" asked Teresa.

"No, dear, thanks anyway."

Teresa went on. "Is Miss Renaldi your girlfriend?"

"Yes she is. We're going to get married."

Janine asked, "Does that mean you get to kiss her?" All the girls apparently thought that was funny because they laughed and laughed.

Turning to Rita, Niki asked, "What are they doing here?"

"They are here for the wedding rehearsal. They are the flower girls. Aren't they the cutest?"

"They are darling."

Lyrona said to Janine, "I'll bet they get to do that other thing."

Niki looked at Rita questioningly.

"I'll tell you later. When they're done eating, I'm going to take them back to the shelter. I'd like you to come along."

Niki nodded.

"Okay, ladies, hurry up and finish your cake and ice-cream. We have to take you back now but in two days, it'll be the wedding and you'll be able to have all the cake and ice cream you can eat. What do you say about that?"

"Yeeaaaaah!"

* * * *

Rita brought the girls to the restaurant in the

shelter's station wagon. Since Niki had taken his car to Flavio's he followed Rita to the shelter, which was housed in a small old rundown elementary school. The shelter was privately funded with some assistance from the state for those children in their system. It was supposed to house only moderately abused children but over half of the fifty-eight children were severely abused which entailed anything from severe beatings, to starving, to sexual abuse, including incest. As they were leaving Flavio's Rita told Niki that Lyrona's mother's boyfriend had raped her several times. Lyrona was nine. The state believed her mother knew about it and even encouraged it. Both the mother and boyfriend were in jail unable to post bail, awaiting trial. Lyrona was lucky. The damage to her psyche was minor compared to some. Many were so traumatized that they couldn't function normally.

"Niki, I'd like you to meet Emil Polkabla. He runs Children's Sanctuary. Emil, I'd like you to meet Nikolas Cre'mel, my fiancé."

Polkabla, a diminutive man in his late fifties but with a full head of hair and a bright cheerful face kissed Rita on the cheek and held out his hand to Niki. "Ahh, Rita, I didn't know you were marrying a Czech. I'm so glad to meet you, Nikolas. Thank you for your overwhelming generosity. It was sorely needed. In honor of your

donation, we will name our dining room after you. I would take you around but I must get a report out. Reports, reports, reports. My life is one huge report. Let me get Shirley to take you around."

"Thank you, Emil, but I want to take Niki around myself, if it's alright with you?"

"Alright? Of course, it's alright. What's not to be alright? You know that you have the run of the place. Nikolas you seem like a fine upstanding young man, but let me tell you. The woman you are about to marry is one of the nicest people I have ever met. If I ever hear that you are mistreating Rita, You will answer to me"

Niki couldn't help but smile.

"Go ahead, laugh, but I'm not as harmless as I appear. Don't think being Czech is going to mitigate in your favor. When it comes to my niece, nothing mitigates against her."

Niki was shocked. He still had a lot to learn about this woman. Hell, he had a lot to learn about her friends as well.

"Emil, you love your niece and that is good. I love your niece too and I will make you proud. You'll see."

"Sweetheart, I like your young man. I have a good feeling about him. And to you Nikolas thanks again for your generous contribution. Oh, one more thing. On your wedding night, take it slowly with my Rita. She may not be pure but she

is innocent and inexperienced."

Again, Niki couldn't help but smile. Rita hugged and kissed Emil once more and hustled Niki away.

"Don't say it."

"Innocent and inexperienced?"

"I told you not to say anything. Besides I was fairly innocent and inexperienced until I met a dirty old Czech photographer."

"That's B.S. and I've got the photos to prove it."

"That was the fortune cookies and you know it."

Niki could sense that Rita was beginning to get upset. "I know nothing of the sort. You brought up the fantasy. You sure seemed sure of yourself."

"Well, if you think I'm such a well worn hussy, why did you propose –"

"Because you and I both have a clean slate. We now belong to each other. I happen to agree with your uncle. You are a truly nice person and as innocent as a twenty-eight year old beauty can be and I happen to love you."

"Oh, Niki." Rita kissed Niki with emphasis. "Why do you tease me?"

"I don't know. Show me what you want to show me and let's go. I want to go home and make slow gentle romantic love to you."

Rita led the way, explaining as they went. "Ten of the old classrooms have been turned into

dormitories accommodating up to eight children in each room. They sleep in single beds with ratty mattresses. Part of our donation is going to buy ten reconditioned computers, one in each dorm for the kids to share and eighty brand new mattresses. We do have a couple teachers here and try to keep up with their studies but most of the children are behind."

"What is the age range of the children?"

"We have a couple infants and our oldest is twelve. We used to have kids up to sixteen but they could be a divisive influence and they bullied the younger children, even going so far as mimicking the behavior of their abusers. We had one teenage girl here who had somehow gotten an adult film in here and was showing it to anyone who showed interest. Finally, a five year old boy started asking one of our counselors suspicious questions and we caught her. We also found out she was having an affair with one of our young male volunteers. They are both gone now and we no longer take teenagers. That was four years ago. Ceci is now eighteen and she has been on the streets as a prostitute for the last two years. This is a smart, pretty girl. It's so sad."

"How was she abused?"

"Drugs or alcohol are behind a lot of the abuse. Her mother was a drugged-out whore and her live-in pimp, after deflowering Ceci at the age of

nine, started offering her services as well."

"That's terrible. Can't we do anything to help her?"

"I'm afraid not. There are hundreds of Cecis in New York alone. It's like trying to bail out a sinking ship with a thimble. But rather than telling you about our victims you need to meet them."

They entered one of the rooms, which contained six boys. Two were playing a video game on the TV. Two were playing checkers, one was asleep and the one Rita headed for was reading a comic book. He set the book down as they headed to him. He was a handsome boy of about ten with blue eyes and fair skin. Niki couldn't see his hair color because he was wearing a ball cap.

"Niki, this is Bobby"

Niki shook Bobby's hand. "Hi, champ; I see you're reading the 'Flash.' Is he your favorite?"

"Yeah I like him and 'Superman' but what I really like are the scary ones like 'Aliens.'"

Niki could see now that Booby lacked hair and there was scarring under and around the cap.

"Bobby, you shouldn't be reading anything scary. Your nightmares might come back."

"I'm sorry, Miss Renaldi. I won't do it again."

Niki could tell Bobby had a huge crush on his fiancée.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE THE STUDIO

When Niki and Rita returned to the studio, neither were in the mood to make love. They sat down on the couch. Both seemed lost in their thoughts.

Niki was doing a slow burn and not from fortune cookies. "I keep thinking about those poor kids. That's just awful."

Resolved, Rita added, "I know and that's just the tip of the iceberg. There are literally thousands of abused kids in shelters and Child Protective Services around the country and reportedly at least ten times that still in the custody of their abusers and now with the advent of the internet, more and more children are being abused in child pornography."

Niki wondered aloud, "You never told my why the boy with the baseball cap had no hair."

"Bobby, yes. I'm sure you noticed the scarring

on his neck and scalp." Niki nodded. "Bobby was guilty of loving his heroin addict mother. You see, he knew the poison she shot in her veins was killing her, so he flushed her stash down the toilet. When she discovered what he had done, she became irate and poured cooking oil all over his head and set it on fire. Neighbors who saw him running down the street screaming rescued him. He barely made it, which is more than I can say for his mother. She got out of jail on bail and proceeded to overdose on a fix of pure uncut heroin. I'm not sure it was an accident either."

Niki was confused. "What do you mean?"

Rita mouth hinted a smile. "I mean even drug pushers don't cotton to child abusers. Customers or not."

Still fuming, Niki observed, "That has to be the worst crime possible. The ones that are supposed to love and protect their children are the ones that are betraying them. Can you imagine what a twenty pound, four year old girl, like that Crissey you introduced me to, must think when she is being kicked around by a two hundred pound behemoth."

"I don't have to imagine, I know! Absolutely terrified!"

Niki was surprised. "Were you abused?"

She nodded.

"How? Who?"

Rita's eyes had teared up. "About like Crissey was, except I was bigger and older. I was six and weighed thirty-five pounds to my stepfather's two-forty, but I don't want to talk about it. That is an unfortunate episode of my life that I wish to remain buried."

Niki was in shock. *That's why she empathizes with those kids so much. She was one of them.* Putting his arms around Rita, he kissed her then said, "You don't have to tell me now, but I would like you to tell me sometime."

"My mother was a beautiful woman. She went with my stepfather in high school. In college she met my father, who was very handsome. At least I was told that he was. My mother fell in love with him and she broke up with my stepfather and married my father. This did not set too well with my stepfather. A couple years after I was born, my father was killed in an automobile accident, under suspicious circumstances." Rita, who was getting too emotional to continue, asked, "Can I continue later? I want to get in bed and you to hold me."

Almost as emotional as the woman he loved, Niki picked Rita up and carried her to bed, where he held her until she fell asleep. A million things went through his mind while Rita slept, most of which were angry. Niki got up and tried to work but he couldn't concentrate. He got back in bed and tried to read a book, with the same result.

When Rita finally awakened, she smiled at him and said, “Ah, my knight in shining armor, this maiden has dreamed about you. A fortuitous event has transpired. Methinks my lord has forgotten to install my chastity belt, so if thou hurriest, thou can knockest off a piece of royal tail.”

Niki smiled. Rita was obviously feeling less distressed. “Is my fair maiden certain this knight’s war club will fit properly betwixt thine thighs?”

After cracking up Rita responded, “Thy knight is wise beyond his years. Thy maiden will take thine war club in her mouth with assurances that, fitting in her mouth, it would fit in the opening betwixt her thighs, thereupon he shall knockest off his piece of royal tail.”

When they were through with their lovemaking, Rita suddenly continued her traumatic story, “As you can imagine, after my father’s untimely death my mother was a wreck. Her ex-boyfriend—my future stepfather and abuser, played the role of compassionate confidant and consoled the young widow. Ingratiating himself and appearing to be indispensable to my mother, he managed to coax her into marriage. Despite the fact that she had jilted him, he managed to overlook the fact that she had dumped him and treated her pretty well, but that was not the case for the progeny of his rival. He

hated me. He used to hurt me when Mother wasn't watching and say I had an accident."

Niki was fuming and his throat was dry. He picked the glass of water on the nightstand and took a drink.

"Finally, he went too far and the injuries he caused had no plausible explanation. When my Mother confronted him on that, he went berserk. He started hitting and kicking me. When Mother tried to stop him, he knocked her down, took me in the bathroom, and locked the door. He turned on the water to the bathtub and as soon as it was deep enough he stuck my head under the water."

Niki was enraged that someone had done this to his love. Hate filled his eyes. "Ouch, shit!" exclaimed Niki. He had squeezed the glass in his hand so tight that it shattered.

With blood all over the place, Rita must have seen the piece of the glass sticking through his hand and fainted.

Niki didn't know what to do. Rita was out cold and he couldn't leave her to go to the emergency ward. He called Jill to ask if she could come over and stay with Rita, but she wasn't home. Sandy was.

"Don't pull the glass out. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Just before Sandy arrived, Rita revived. The bleeding had slowed down and Niki held his hand

over a pot from the kitchen to catch what blood did come out. Rita was blaming herself for the accident. "I should never have told you. I knew better and I did it anyway."

"Who is he? I want to kill him. Where is he now? I will kill him if it's the last thing I ever do."

"You don't need to. He's dead."

"How? What happened?"

"All I know is what I heard. I was in the hospital for six weeks. What I was told was that my mother didn't know what to do so she called her brother, Emil, who you met today. Luckily, he lived only a couple blocks away and was there in no time. He broke down the bathroom door and saw what was happening to me but my stepfather had eighty pounds on him and he couldn't make him stop. Finally, he did. I was taken to the hospital, my stepfather was taken to the morgue, and my uncle was taken to jail, but not before he pulled me from the tub and resuscitated me with CPR."

The doorbell rang. Rita threw on a robe and let Sandy in. Sandy hugged Rita, rushed to the side of Niki who had forgotten to get dressed, and quickly pulled a sheet over himself. She had a physician's bag with her, which she used to sew up Niki's wound after she numbed it and removed the glass.

"How did this happen?"

"It's my fault. I was telling Niki how my stepfather almost killed me and he got so tense he crushed the glass with his hand."

"Your stepfather almost killed you? I had no idea."

Niki spoke up, "Yeah, well there's a lot of misery in the world that you and I and most people in the world are not aware of. Rita showed me a small part of it today at the shelter for abused children, that she and now I help sponsor."

Sandy wanted to know more about Rita's abuse, which Rita refused to talk about anymore.

"Have Niki tell you later," she said. Then she wanted to know all about the shelter, about which Rita was more than willing to talk.

After Sandy had gleaned just about all the information she could, she posed a question to Rita, "Why do you do it?"

"Why do I do what?"

"Subject yourself to memories of your childhood by being around other abused kids."

"I never really thought about it. I guess I try not to look at where they have been but where they are going. The way I see it is the bad part of their life is over and everything from here is hopeful if they're left alone. I want to be there to make sure they don't stumble. I had my uncle to help me and some of them have no one. I want to be there for the metamorphosis of these children. I

want to see them become butterflies."

"Like you."

"What?"

"Nothing, I have to run."

Niki held up his surgically repaired hand and said, "Really, appreciate your doctoring."

"Yes, thanks for everything," added Rita

Sandy hugged and kissed them both and said, "Don't move. I can let myself out."

Rita and Niki waved and Sandy left.

"I can't believe the change in that woman." Niki was astounded.

"Me either. She's even making me feel guilty for picking her as a last resort to be my maid of honor. She really is turning out to be a fabulous friend."

Niki with a wicked smile chuckled. Not to mention a marvelous phone sex partner.

Rita threw a pillow at Niki and then attacked him knowing he only had one hand to defend himself.

"Not fair. You know I'm ticklish there and I can't defend myself with one hand."

"I was your phone sex partner. She was just an observer or did you forget?"

"Alright, okay. You win. I give."

"Apologize"

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

"Just remember, I'm always the number one

woman in your life. Forever!"

"You know it. By the way, how did your uncle kill your abuser?"

"My stepfather used one of those old fashioned straight razors and Uncle Emil found it and slit his throat."

Niki was impressed with Uncle Emil. "What happened to your uncle?"

Rita made a face and rolled her eyes, "The stupid DA tried to prosecute him for second degree murder."

"Everyone knew what had happened and if they didn't my mother made sure they did."

"They went through a hundred potential jurors, of which only two said they hadn't made up their mind already so the judge who was fed up with the DA, threw the case out but not before Uncle Emil had spent over a year in the county jail."

"Wow."

Smiling Rita added, "The DA got his comeuppance though. In his bid for reelection, he lost the vote by a twenty percent margin."

"Serves him right. I hope he's a street sweeper by now. I'm hungry. Do you want anything to eat?"

"Besides your war club, you mean." Rita laughed at her funny.

"I don't do favors for comedians. Last chance."

"Okay, I'll have an iced tea."

From the kitchen, Niki yelled, "Sweetheart, Sandy left something here. I think you better come in here."

* * * *

"Hello."

"Sand, this is Rita."

"Hi Rita, you must have found my surprise?"

"I did. It's most generous, but we cannot accept it."

"Why not? I can certainly afford it and I was touched by what you were doing."

"Sandy, you don't have to buy our friendship. You have earned it."

"Wait a minute. Don't try to analyze my motives. If somebody else gave the Children's Shelter a half million dollars, would you question their motives?"

"No, I guess not. It's just that you are always so generous with your money, but cheap with yourself—your time."

"What you want me to volunteer? I'd love to. Just let me know what I have to do and if you don't take that money, half of which is Basil's, I'll give it to another shelter. I really want to help. Didn't you wonder why I was so curious and wanted to know everything?"

"Well yes, I guess so. Especially, since you had a privileged upbringing."

"Balderdash. Child abuse knows no economic boundaries. Child abuse happens on both sides of the tracks. I, as you, was a victim of child abuse. Sexual child abuse to be exact."

"A relative?"

"My older brother."

"Oh, Sandy, I'm so sorry. I had no idea."

"That makes us even. I had no idea about you either. I'll tell you something else. I think Joe's wife, Gail's sister, has been abused as well."

"How could you know that?"

"It's just something I can sense as a fellow abusee. Are you going to take my money?"

"Yes, Sandy. I'm overwhelmed. I have the best friends in the world."

"So do I."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX WEDDING DAY

Since the six betrothed could not agree on a single church, they compromised and agreed to hold the ceremony at Saint Flavio's. To make sure that no one injected a dose of sanity into the proceedings. Joe went out and got a cruise ship captain he knew, to perform the ceremony. Captain Kilroy. Apparently, weddings were big business on cruise ships. Kilroy claimed to have performed some eight hundred weddings. Anyway, Kilroy was a leech. There wasn't a woman in all of Saint Flavio's under the age of eighty that was safe from the Captains lascivious advances, but the girls that received his undivided attention, were the women of the wedding party, especially the brides. If this would have been the Middle Ages, Gail was sure the good Captain would have insisted on breaking in the bride afore her husband.

Gail managed to give a cookie to Cassie, who, whether she knew it or not, was on the prowl. Ditto for Althea, who took a cab straight to Saint Flavio's from the airport, for the wedding. She said that if her good friend Mora vouched for the cookies, she wouldn't be denied. That's when they found out that Althea, who was officially still married, was separated and living in a shelter in fear of her alcoholic, abusive husband. Althea had left her daughter, Lakota, temporarily in the care of her sister, while she attended the festivities.

Finally, after about fifty copped feels and a hundred pinches, the wedding began. Rita needn't have worried about being a distraction, for all three brides glowed with the radiance of bliss. They were equally beautiful. After the I do's, Captain Kilroy managed to kiss each of the brides.

"That's enough," Niki said, as Kilroy copped a feel while trying to shove his tongue down Rita's throat. Joe's plan was to get the lech drunk so he would pass out and leave the women alone. After the wedding ceremony, everyone attended the reception, which was held in Flavio's Special Events Center, which happened to be located in Saint Flavio's. A colleague of Nikolas's, Robbie Robinson, took photos of the wedding party. When they were finished, the brides turned away and threw their bouquets to a gathering of eligible women. Cassie, though technically married,

waited in the group and caught one of the three bouquets. That was the last Gail saw of Cassie for a while.

* * * *

Gail had been very nice to Cassie lately. Gail had been concerned enough to give her something, which she said would straighten out her love life. That would be nice for a change. She really made a mess of things. It wasn't that she set out to hurt Joe. In her own way, she loved Joe. When she first started working at Flavio's as a hostess, Joe had been very solicitous and attentive. It didn't take long before Joe took Cassie to bed or was it the other way around?

Joe, her estranged husband, had told Cassie she was beautiful. He loved her long blond hair, smiling round face and baby blue eyes.

Gail had told her that she reminded her of the movie actress, Charlize Theron.

Cassie knew her five-six frame was a divinely put together at thirty-five, twenty-four, thirty-six, and more than one person had told her she was a living/breathing Barbie Doll in appearance, but she knew wholesome she was not.

As far as Cassie was concerned, being gorgeous and desirable meant the ability to have her way and she left a trail of broken hearts dating back to

middle school. By her own recollection, she had seduced fifteen hapless young men by her fifteenth birthday, the fifteenth being on her birthday. She lost count after that but she suspected it was over fifty and she was still a teenager.

It all started when her favorite uncle got her alone and took off her clothes. He didn't hurt her; in fact he made her feel good with his tongue and fingers. That was the first time she saw a penis. He asked her to pet it and she did until she got gooey stuff all over her hand. After that, she figured that man's purpose was to make her feel good and though they certainly made her feel good, they never seemed to make her happy.

When she met Joe, he made her happy. She was happy just having sex with him, but he insisted they get married, even though he was already married. "I must make an honest woman out of you," he had said, but he wasn't being honest. He was messing around on wife number four, whom he had messed around on wife number three with and so forth. Mixed signals, no one meant what they said, they told you what they thought you wanted to hear, and did what they wanted. Cassie had learned the lesson well. That's why Cassie and truth were strangers.

Cassie was the most popular girl at the reception. When she wasn't dancing she held court

with no less than fifteen young potential lovers. She was trying to decide who would be her lucky catch for the night when she noticed a newcomer. *Dear God, he was beautiful, with his dark wavy hair and delicate features.* She walked over to him and when she did, her privates seemed to warm up. No, she must be hallucinating. "Hi. I'm Cassandra. People call me Cassie for short. Are you Chinese?" She hoped he was because she had never screwed a Chinese man.

"Part yes. My mother is Chinese and my father is Jewish."

Hmmm? Cassie was trying to remember if she'd ever bopped a Jew. If not this would be a twofer, two ethnic lays with one gorgeous man. "All these guys are starting to bug me. Do you want to go someplace?"

Jeremy was wary of this girl. Appearance-wise she was exceptional. His ongoing erection would attest to that. However there seemed to be something superficial about this woman--girl. Despite his reservations, his dick won out. "Where?"

"I don't know, someplace where we can be alone."

* * * *

Althea was trying to catch up on times with her good friends—the brides. They were beautiful women, inside and out--the only white women with whom she was close enough to call friends. She had met their men and though she was reserving the final verdict, she was pleased with their choices. Handsome, desirable men no doubt, especially Rita's man, but as she had learned the hard way; it's what's inside that really matters. Fortunately, these were sensible women and she trusted their judgment.

Sensible? Judgment? From what she was hearing, they were all in bed engaging in wild unadulterated sex within two hours of meeting their husbands. Was that sensible? *No, but it sure sounds like fun. Good for them,* she smiled. *If the fortune cookie I took lives up to its reputation, I may end up doing the horizontal bop shortly myself.* Suddenly a camera flashed! *What was that? Oh, it's that cute photographer again.* She noticed him before. He even gave her the tingles but she was preoccupied. *What is his name again? Robbie. Robbie Robinson. I like that name. It is a happy name and he looks happy.* He took her picture, looked directly at her and gave her a toothy smile. He certainly was handsome. Looked a little like Denzel Washington, she decided. Slowly her "V" area was heating up. Althea turned slightly toward him re-crossed her fine legs so he could get a good look at

them, then gave Robbie Robinson her most seductive smile. The invitation was enough as Robbie made his way to her side.

* * * *

HOT! Robbie thought. *There is no other way to describe this black Venus de Milo.* True, she stood out more among this mostly white gathering, but this woman was genuinely stunning. She would stand out in a football stadium filled with African American beauty queens. She was small and her body was lithe and sinewy. Her breasts though small, were not in comparison with her lean frame. Her legs were the legs of shoe and stocking models. Her face was angelic with fine elegant features. Robbie thought she resembled the film actresses, Thandie Newton or Jada Pinkett Smith. Robbie took Althea's picture and smiled at her and she gave him the ivories. It was time for Robbie to meet Althea.

* * * *

Mora, with Cornell in tow, approached Sandy. "I thought you were kidding when you said you were going to hit the bars with wedding invites."

"I was and I didn't. Why do you ask?"

"Well somebody did, we've got some derelicts

in here, over by the bar and buffet. I know Cassie is a tramp but she's a classy tramp. These derelicts couldn't pick up a bag lady, even if they had a shopping cart full of aluminum cans and a bottle of Thunderbird. Speaking of Cassie, where is she?"

"I don't know. She was dancing up a storm when I last saw her. It looked like she was having a ball."

"Well she obviously isn't there now. I'm going to ask Gail."

* * * *

The newlyweds had all congregated at one table. After coming up to the group, Mora asked. "Have you seen your sister lately?"

"Actually I did. I think we are about rid ourselves of two problems at once. She left about twenty minutes ago with Jeremy."

"Who's Jeremy?"

"He's my law clerk and former fuck buddy."

"Quaint term." *So Gail had a fuck buddy too.* "You don't care if your fuck buddy is fucking your sister?"

"Naw, why should I? Apparently everyone else has, why not Jeremy? Actually, I welcome it. He took my wedding hard. He used to claim he loved me. I knew better. Anyway screwing my sister will take his mind off me."

Mora had to smile. "Gail, were you always this devious?" Addressing the entire party Mora continued, "So I don't remember hearing where you newlyweds are honeymooning."

Chad said, "Jill insisted I take her to the hot spots of Arizona. Which of course, at this time of year, is most of Arizona."

Jill elbowed Chad, "We're going to Sedona, with a side trip to the Grand Canyon. The only thing that's going to be hot about those two places is our sex life."

"That sounds wonderful. When are you leaving?"

"Let's see. It's about two now. Our plane embarks in about twenty-one hours."

Mora addressed Gail and Lyle. "How about you two? Where are you headed?"

Lyle answered, "England for about three days to meet my family and friends, then Paris for five days, finishing up with a week in Rome."

"I envy you. The only time I've been out of the country is when a couple friends and I went to Tijuana."

"I'm sure meeting my family wouldn't interest you but Cornell and you are certainly welcome to meet us in Paris or Rome."

"Don't tempt us," answered Mora.

"What about you guys?"

"Would you believe we don't know? This was

Niki's crazy idea--the traveler version of a grab bag. We're going to the airport tomorrow morning with intention of taking the first international flight we can get on without a reservation."

This was the first everyone had heard of their plans.

Gail said, "You don't care where you go."

Niki laughed. "It's not that bad. If they say they can get us on a flight to Greenland or Baghdad we'll ask what else they have."

Rita said, "I'm hoping for Hawaii or the Caribbean. They have many flights to those places. I even bought a new bikini."

Niki laughed, "If we go to Rio or Nice, you can leave your bikini in the hotel room."

Niki could tell Rita was a little disgusted. "You would expect me to go out on a nude beach?"

"Why not?"

"First of all, naked men with their dicks hanging out would be staring at me and second, I'm a public person. If the paparazzi took photos of me naked, they would end up in the tabloids. Sometimes I think you're a little callow."

Threading on dangerous ground, Niki continued, "So you end up naked in some grainy pictures. Is that any worse than posing for *Playboy* or *Penthouse*, which to be honest, I wouldn't mind either."

Rita was aghast, "At least with *Playboy* I would

know what I was getting into. So you would have me pose in *Playboy*?"

"Only if I were the photographer."

Ostensibly, Rita was upset, and a little intrigued as well, "I suppose you would show me totally naked?"

Honestly, Niki had never thought about this until Sandy received a *Playboy* offer but since he brought it up, he was cornered, "It's what they do, show beautiful women, naked."

The others had been watching with a combination of curiosity and concern as Mora's innocent little question devolved into a lover's spat.

Chad, who everyone knew had a thing for Rita, including residual sexual attraction that faded a couple weeks ago, seemingly attempted to diffuse the degenerating situation, "If you ask me, Rita, I think you would make a fantastic centerfold, maybe the best ever."

Surely, this annoyed Jill, who knew and worried about Chad's latent attraction to Rita and vice versa. She demanded, "Shut up, Chad. Stay out of this. It is none of our business."

Mora then tried to cool things down saying, "Look kids, this is your wedding day. You shouldn't argue on your wedding day. People might think you're in love."

Rita smiled but she didn't want to stop, however she recognized that their heated discussion had commanded an audience, so she took Niki's hand and went to an empty table about twenty feet away where the argument ensued.

Mora noticed that even though Rita had pulled Niki away, everyone still seemed to be entranced by the turn of events. The quarreling couple hadn't bothered to sit down. Niki's arms were at his side and he held his hands out a little as if to say, 'What did I do?' Rita's face was red and she had her right hand out near Niki's face waving her forefinger up and down. Niki tried to embrace Rita but she would have none of that. She pushed him away, reached down to the table and picked up a half empty drink someone had left there and threw it in Niki's face.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN CASSIE AND JEREMY

They had just finished making frantic passionate love on the sofa in Joe's office.

Finally the warm tingly feeling had left her vagina, which, by the way, Jeremy's healthy sized member filled nicely.

She had made sure, just as Gail instructed, to give the other cookie to Jeremy and he had eaten it speedily as she had gone down on him.

Cassie liked giving fellatio. It excited her having a man's love muscle in her mouth. She figured it gave a preview of what to expect and never failed to make her pussy swell and drip with love juices. That was why she always gave oral sex to her partner, but not to climax, before shagging him. Joe had suggested that consuming an appetizer before the entrée and when it came to sex, giving head was her appetizer and getting banged with the big dipper was the entrée.

The sex had been great. No, that was an understatement. It had been heavenly. She couldn't recall having sex that felt so complete, so fulfilling. "Do you want to do it some more?" Cassie was stroking his joint.

"Yes, no. In a little bit. I need to recuperate. I've never been that excited before."

"Okay. I'll use the break to find out about you. After all, the only thing I know about you is your name and heritage"

"Yes, Isn't that odd? Here we are just having made passionate love and all we know are first names."

"It may be odd for you but not for me. In fact I fucked a couple guys where I never learned their names but that's okay, they were forgettable anyway."

Jeremy, who obviously displayed an abashed uneasiness by Cassie's vulgar sexual terminology and sexual history said, "Do you have to use such colorful language about sex?"

"Why not? Sex is colorful. When I have a 'gasm, I see all the colors of the rainbow."

"Me too, but I'd rather you use more ladylike words."

"I'll try."

"What's your full name?"

"My full name is Cassandra Ruth Spinosa. How about you?"

"Mine full name is Jeremy Sung Stern." Spinosa? Curious, Jeremy asked, "Are you Joe Spinosa's daughter?"

"Not quite, I'm his wife."

Shocked, Jeremy exclaimed, "His wife! You mean, I just fucked his wife? In his office no less."

"Made love to his wife. It has a nice ring to it. I think I'm going to like this clean dirty talk."

"Sorry. I forgot. But what if your husband catches us? Is he violent?"

"I'd say so, He beat the crap...sorry, hell out of the last guy he caught 'making love' to me. Broke his nose, split his lip, closed his eye. It's a good thing there were others there to hold Joe back or he might have killed Basil."

"So if he caught us stark naked, here in his own office—someplace he is highly unlikely to visit—he might kill me?"

"Not really. He'd probably shake your hand."

"Why?"

"Because he wants a divorce and I wouldn't give him one, but I will now."

"Why?"

"Because I found you and I want you."

Apparently, Jeremy was confused and getting more confused the more they talked. "Wow. Is this ever convoluted? I'm not sure I want you."

Confidently Cassie said, "You do. Look at your tallywacker. Are you ready for an encore?"



"I am but first I want to taste the honey
between your legs."

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

RITA AND NIKI

“You know, Niki, your ego is so big it’s splitting your head. You would use your wife to get an in with *Playboy* Magazine,” exclaimed a disappointed Rita.

“That’s not true and you know it. I’ll be photographing Sandy.”

“Only if she does it, and that’s not a sure thing. With me, you’d have a sure thing. When did I lose your respect that you’d ask me to pose for a men’s magazine. To ask your wife to pose as stroking material for every horny man on the planet.”

“We seem to have a fundamental difference of opinion here. If I wanted you to pose for *Playboy*, and I never said I did--”

“Yes you did! You said you wouldn’t mind.”

“That’s right, that’s what I mean. I say I wouldn’t mind and you take it as wanting you to.”

Rita was annoyed at his backtracking. “Okay,

mister hair splitter. Would you want me to pose for *Playboy* if you were the photographer?"

"Yes but--"

"Ah ha! I knew it."

Evidently frustrated that Rita had a closed mind, Niki said, "You didn't let me finish. I see it differently than you."

"I know you do. You want a million men to screw me in their warped little minds."

"Rita, sweetie, they do it anyway. When they see you in a bikini on the beach or in a lingerie ad in a suggestive pose or walking the runway in a provocative dress, you are arousing men. In a hundred ways, thousands of times since you have begun modeling, you have been the unwitting partner in some wannabe lover's fantasy. Have you noticed? Can you feel it? Has it hurt you? Are you beautiful? Are you desirable? Is it shocking?"

"Yes, but they never see my breasts or my ass. Well I guess they see most of my ass in a bikini or lingerie ad, but they never see my private parts."

"What's wrong with showing your genitals? Many girls are turned on by the idea of showing their breasts or pussy and no one seems to care if they see them. You on the other hand are stunning and have a gorgeously sexy pussy. It is after all, the first thing you threw in my face."

Niki realized too late, he had gone too far. He could tell Rita was furious. The idea of sharing an

intimate encounter with the world was over the top. She picked a glass left on the table and said, "And this is the second thing I threw in your face." She threw an abandoned almost full drink in his face and stormed off.

* * * *

Niki found some napkins and wiped the flat Champagne off his face before he chased after Rita. He had fucked up royally. True, he thought Rita was beautiful, every part of her, and would like the world to know it, but it was a mistake to push it when Rita obviously didn't like the idea.

Niki didn't see her so he figured she went into the ladies room. He asked Jill to see if she was in there but she wasn't. He then went into the kitchen and looked around, checked the storeroom, walk-in refrigerator, even the freezer--no Rita. Now, he was getting mad at himself for being such an obtuse asshole.

Then Niki remembered that the employees had their own restroom. He found it in a niche around a corner next to some stairs. At least he thought it was a restroom, it had a sign on it that said WASH YOUR HANDS! He tried the door and it was locked. He jiggled it and said "C'mon Rita, I'm sorry. I know I was a complete jerk. Please can't we get this behind us?" Niki heard a giggle. That

didn't sound like Rita. "Rita, is that you?"

Another louder giggle then a familiar man's voice said, "Yo, Nik. Rita isn't in here. I swear."

"Robbie?"

"Yours truly."

"What are you doing in there?"

"Think about this, Nik. If I heard a woman giggle and then heard your voice behind a locked door, do you think I would ask you what you were doing?"

"Sorry."

"You or Althea haven't heard anything, have you?"

"How'd you know it was me?"

"Simple. Robbie, being a man of taste and refinement would zero in on the fairest maiden available after my Rita. So it had to be you."

"Why thank you, Niki. You are too kind."

"Plus I remembered your perfume, Chanel isn't it?"

"A joker too. Maybe you were right when you said you were a jerk."

"Now, now, Althea"

"Tia, please, the girls and now Robbie, call me Tia for short. You can too, since you gave me a semi-nice, left handed compliment."

Robbie said, "Hey bro, I've got a great idea. Why don't you slip the key to your studio under the door and Tia and I will boogie over there and

make sure everything is copasetic for you when you and Rita come home?"

"That's very nice of you. Would you like to borrow my car too?"

"Naw, can't do anything in there."

Niki slipped the key off his key ring and slid it under the door. Robbie said, "Thanks a million, man. I owe you big time. By the way we heard someone run up the stairs not long before you told us what a jerk you were."

Niki laughed to himself. *I'll never live that down.* "Thanks, Robbie, and Tia, welcome to the club."

"What's he talking about?"

"I hope you didn't forget to give Robbie the cookie."

"Oh shit! Honey, I have something for you."

Niki left them squabbling, and ran up the stairs where he saw Rita, who looked straight at him and put her forefinger to her lips. Then she waved Niki toward her, still signaling for quiet. She had the door cracked slightly and Niki could hear the cries and moans of lovemaking going on. He was taller than Rita so he stood on his tip toes and looked over Rita's head.

It was Joe's wife. Some large-membered stud was banging her royally. "How long have you been watching," he whispered in Rita's ear.

"I'm not sure, ten minutes at the most," she whispered back.

"Cassie has a pretty good bod, doesn't she?" he whispered

"You should know, you took naked photos of her."

"Yes but they weren't action pictures. I didn't know she'd look that sexy or I might not have stopped with oral sex."

Rita whispered back, "Well, Joe was proud of you for not taking advantage of Cassie after she blew you."

"He knows?" Niki blurted out.

Rita looked at Niki, rolled her eyes, and opened the door. "Hi kids," Rita said, as she pushed the door open, don't let us stop you. I simply need to get the street clothes I stored here so I can change out of this hot dress."

Jeremy, who looked panicked, reached for his shirt and put it over his privates but Cassie was unabashed. She was caught fornicating and she looked pleased about it. In fact, Rita saw Cassie spread her legs open more so Niki could get a better view of her gash.

Cassie said, "Hi, Nikolas, You can watch if you want. I wouldn't mind. I like to be watched."

Rita asked Cassie, "Have you been watched before?"

Cassie got a dazed look on her face, "Oh yes but I can't talk about it." Cassie reached over pulled Jeremy's shirt free and started fondling his

penis. "C'mon Jeremy, they want to watch us f...make love."

Presumably petrified, he said, "I can't. I'm not built that way."

Rita decided Jeremy would be good for Cassie. Remembering what Sandy believed, she wondered what Cassie had been referring to about being watched, but shrugged it off for now and decided she would ask Gail about it when they all return from their honeymoons. She grabbed her change of clothes and as she and Niki left she said, "You can continue now."

Cassie said "Okay, thank you. By the way if you see Joe, tell him he can have his divorce."

Nikolas answered. "I'll do that, Cassie."

After they left Jeremy looked at Cassie and said, "You're a wild one, aren't you?"

"I guess. Don't you like that?"

"I like everything about you except your wildness. If you want a future with me and I hope you do, you are going to have to be a little more ladylike. Not all the time. You can be a vixen when it's just me, but I'm a lawyer, so when you're around colleagues and clients you have to be prim and proper."

"I can do that as long as I can be myself behind closed doors."

"Good, it's a deal then?"

"It's a deal" and she shook Jeremy's penis to

seal the deal. "Tell me, how you happened to be at the wedding."

"I'm embarrassed to say this, but I thought I was in love with one of the brides."

"Really, what made you think that?"

"We'd been intimate for eight months, and I thought I loved her, but she wouldn't get serious because I work for her. She said we were only 'Fuck Buddies'. God, I hate that term."

Cassie wasn't the brightest girl in the world but she wasn't the dullest either. Not by a long shot. Cassie got a huge smile on her face and said, "You... were fucking my sister? Oh, this is too COOL! I love it. I love you." She kissed him passionately. "Make love to me again. Make love to me like I've never been before and when you're finished, tell me about all the times you *fucked* my sister."

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

ROBBIE AND TIA

All the embarrassing episode in the restroom accomplished was to stoke Althea's sexual appetite to heights she had never felt before. Her libido was out of control. She was so horny, she couldn't get enough, and she kept thinking of sex in terms she had never thought of before. Words and sayings like hummer, muff diver, pole rider, tongue job, hard-on, hair pie, cha chas, ding dong, cream my pants and hot beef injection, were a portion of what entered her mind. What's more, she wanted Robbie to talk dirty to her and she used filthy language on him. He must have thought she was a foul-mouthed strumpet.

Although no one had specifically said the cookies turned up the sex drive, what she heard from her friends and what she was experiencing now, made her believe that was the case. It could be nothing else. What she was doing was not her.

They had been in bed at Niki's studio for a little over an hour and Tia had already broken her personal record for consecutive orgasms with three and she wanted more. Robbie was willing but his member had run out of gas. She even tried to perform fellatio on him, something she felt she had distaste for, trying to get him hard so he could bang her one more time. She realized that on Robbie, she not only enjoyed it, but having his penis in her mouth made her feel a oneness with him, which excited her even more, if that was possible. After she got him hard and they both came one more time, he was unable to sustain another erection so he went down on her and performed oral sex.

She grabbed him by his hair and ears and said. "That's it baby lick my slit, ooh that feels good, tongue on my clit, that's it that's it, ooohaaah shove your fingers in my shaft, lap my honey pot then my clitti, ooooooh, don't stop. I'm cominnnnng sweeeeeet Jeeeesus, yeoooooohheeeee, aaaargh. Oh my Gaaaaawd!" she had achieved her fifth climax. Finally she was sated.

* * * *

Niki and Rita had taken a detour to Niki's studio to retrieve his luggage for their honeymoon. He figured that Robbie would have left the door

unlocked. When it wasn't he asked Rita to open it for him with her key. Rita was still mad and wouldn't let Niki carry her across the threshold. Once inside, they sat down on the couch where they had first made love.

The quarrelling and watching Cassie had aroused Niki and he wanted to take Rita in the bedroom and ravish her. The trouble was, Rita was still steamed, but at least she had calmed down enough to agree to a truce. He was about to put the heavy moves on her when he heard Tia swearing like a sailor in their bedroom. He started toward the bedroom. Rita got up and joined him. Niki quietly opened the door and they both looked in. They had a great view of Tia with her legs spread wide with Robbie's head at the convergence of her legs. *What a great looking lady*, Niki thought.

At the same time Rita was thinking the same thing about Robbie.

I hate to say it, Niki, but I'm getting the same feeling about Robbie that I did about Chad."

"Me too, just like Sandy." They both looked at each other and mouthed, 'Oh no', then quietly laughed.

Rita mouthed, 'residual sexual attraction'? and Niki nodded vigorously.

Niki bent down and whispered. "At least we'll

be gone for a couple weeks. Hopefully it will pass by the time we get back. In the meantime I invite you back to the couch, where we can enjoy our first married sex."

Rita was still mad, but was turned on more. What's more the idea of making it with Niki, while another handsome couple made love in the bed she originally made love with Niki in added to her arousal. She led Niki back to the couch. She had decided not to worry whether they were discovered since they had just watched and had been turned on by two couples in flagrante delicto. In fact she welcomed it. The whole time Niki was making love to her she was picturing Robbie, her RSA partner watching her. It made her come individually before she and Niki came in unison. *Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to pose for Playboy after all.*

She noticed after she was finished, sneaking a peak over Niki's shoulder that Robbie and Tia were indeed watching, and they were each arm in arm, fondling each other. She smiled at them and they smiled back but they kept massaging each other. She whispered to Niki that they had been watching and were pleasuring each other.

Niki rolled off Rita. He and Rita both sat up on the couch. Niki spoke, "I suspect that both of you are feeling drawn to both of us. Am I right?" They nodded. "We feel the same way. Though not

common, this phenomenon is normal. I call it latent or residual sexual attraction. We have shortened residual desire to RSA. If you come over and sit down, we'll explain RSA to you."

After they were seated and Rita had brought each of them a robe, she started to explain. "With the ingestion of the cookies, you two are mated for life and you will remain happily monogamous. There is one exception, an occurrence we call residual sexual attraction or RSA. These incidents, though rare, happen when two people who have taken a cookie are attracted to each other in addition to their perfect match. This is a temporary phenomenon, which can be dealt in several ways.

Tia asked, "Yes, but what does this have to do with us?"

Niki answered her. You and I are experiencing RSA and so are Robbie and Rita. That means that even though I love Rita, I am attracted to you and I'd like to fuck you and I think you are attracted to me and you'd like me to fuck you. Am I right?

Tia blushed, "Maybe. What about Robbie and Rita?"

Now, Rita blushed. "I am very much drawn to Robbie. I can see myself making love with him."

"Okay, I'll make it unanimous. Niki, I think your wife is exceptionally *hot* and I certainly wouldn't mind fucking her but I wouldn't want you banging Tia."

Rita and Tia both blushed again.

"How does this even happen?" asked Tia.

Rita responded. "I was the first one to have RSA so I'll answer. This is a little tricky to explain, so bear with me. We think when someone, man or woman consumes one of the special fortune cookies, a sort of signal like a beacon is sent out seeking that person's perfect mate. That signal/beacon stays in effect even after the person is matched up, usually for a period of four or five weeks but sometimes up to three months."

Niki picked it up again from Rita, "I also had an episode with RSA. Although there is theoretically only one perfect match there can be secondary matches, which I believe are matches sexually but not in other ways."

"You said this is temporary. What are our options?" asked Tia.

My secondary match was with Chad, to whom I already was attracted to before I ate my cookie. Niki's secondary match was Sandy. I let my RSA time out."

"What do you mean, time out?"

"As I mentioned this beacon lasts from four weeks to five weeks and rarely as long as three months. That is the period of the RSA as well. When the beacon diminishes so does the compulsion."

"So you just waited it out?"

"Yes, Niki and Sandy took a rather imaginative route to override their desire. They used a form of phone sex to get around the third option."

"Which is?" asked Tia.

Niki answered, "Having sex one time with your secondary match makes the RSA go away, but you must have the permission of the primary match. We seem to be in the unusual situation of both member of one couple being attracted to both members of the other, so no one would have to sit out while their partner had sex with another."

"I take it if we decide to make love, the RSA goes away also," inquired Robbie.

"That's what we've been told," said Rita.

"And you're all right with that?" asked Tia.

Niki and Rita both nodded.

"I think Tia and I need to discuss this in private. Can you go in the bedroom while we discuss this?"

* * * *

After a short discussion, the handsome African American couple joined the handsome white couple in the bedroom. "Tia and I decided that having just taken the cookies, we are so stirred up that if you're sure you are all right with it, we'd like to have sex with you, but not separately. We want to all get in your bed, start by making love to

our partner and then switch to our RSA match.”

Niki and Rita looked at each other and nodded.
“Sounds good to us.”

“One more thing. Is there any way we could record this.”

Rita said, “Great idea.”

Niki went to get the camcorder.

CHAPTER FORTY MORA AND CORNELL

*C*annolis, cannolis! What a great way to have your pussy eaten out. Corney had been put off by the idea at first but he performed admirably. Mora couldn't believe how much she dug receiving oral sex. It was the greatest feeling in the world. It may even be better than intercourse. It certainly was more personal. What could be more personal than having her lover's tongue invading her vagina? God, what a feeling! She wondered for a second if a man felt as good when she performed fellatio. Of course men do, they fixate on BJs. Oral sex always seems to be near the surface, in the minds of the men she knew. Anyway, it was good to know she was giving as much pleasure, as she receives.

Where is he? She was getting cold with no warm body or action to keep her warm. Corney said he had to get another cannoli. That had been three or four minutes ago. The first cannoli he had inserted

in her vagina had broken. Nevertheless, Corney had persevered and he ate every bit of it before he went on to her genitalia. Now he went to get another.

Ah. Here he comes. Isn't he a sight? And look at that beautiful upright snake. She scooted up a little against the headboard and said, "Put that stuff down for now and come over here. It's your turn. I want to make your snakey thing feel real good. Come over here."

He got on the bed on his knees beside Mora. "Over here," she said, guiding his left leg over her ample breast so he was astride her with his hot velvety shaft was only inches from her waiting mouth. "You're going to do all the work this time, baby. Think of my mouth as a pussy. Stick your snake in and pump away. I want you to stroke my mouth, with your hot snake."

Happily, Cornell was more than ready but it wasn't true that he had to do all the work. Mora pushed up and squeezed his testicles with her left hand, while her right wrapped around his shaft, stroking it by his in and out motion. Mora could tell because his testes retreated upward almost disappearing into his groin. He started to pull away but Mora was having none of that. She grabbed his tight buttocks and wouldn't let go as he started to shoot his love juices. He had no choice. His seminal fluid gushed into her mouth.

After he was spent, she let him fall back on the bed exhausted.

Silence ensued for a minute or two during which time she watched Corney's scrotum. As she had noticed on occasion before, his scrotum was in a state of flux. She found this fascinating watching this constant perpetual wave like action.

Finally, he said, "I didn't mean to cum in your mouth."

"Well you didn't have a choice, did you? I held you in my mouth and wouldn't let go. Did it feel good?"

"Unbelievable. Where did you learn that stuff?"

"Sorry that's privileged, but if you think I have sucked all the guys in La Habra, it's not true."

Cornell laughed.

Mora continued, "However, you are the first man who ever ejaculated in my mouth."

That pleased Cornell, "Am I the first to pump you in the mouth?"

"Sorry, I have to take the fifth on that one."

A clearly disappointed Cornell said, "That's okay. I've done more than my share of screwing around. So how did the semen taste?"

"Let's just say I wouldn't order it if it was on a menu in a restaurant. Rita was telling me that modifying Niki's diet a little, made a substantial difference. She cut down on the red meat and

makes fruit smoothies for him."

"Count me in."

"Corney. Our past should be off limits and shouldn't make a difference in our relationship, and with me it won't, but I'm curious. Do you know how many women you have been intimate with?"

"I'm not sure. I don't keep track. Why do you want to know?"

"I'll get to that. Just give me a rough estimate."

"Oh. I don't know, maybe as many as a hundred." He said quickly, "Are you ready for the Saga of the Cannoli, Part Deux?"

"Sweetheart, there's something I need to tell you first."

Cornell spread Mora's legs wide. Her clitoris was swollen which meant her vagina was ready. "No, that can wait. I want my dessert now! In the meantime open this."

Corney had given her an envelope and a gift-wrapped box to open. She could feel him shoving the cannoli in much more carefully this time. "Careful if you push it in too deep you'll have trouble eating it all, and I'll be walking around gingerly."

"Don't worry, you are talking to a veteran cannoli/pussy gobbler."

"Yeah right. Which of these do you want me to open first?"

"Well since I'm starting on your box, maybe you should too."

Corney had begun and she was feeling the pleasure. "How poetic. You know you're going to spoil me. I just love cunnilingus."

He stopped and a muffled voice answered, "Ef you luf et, I luf et"

Ummm, it was really feeling good. She opened the box and inside were two smaller unwrapped jewelry boxes numbered one and two. She opened the first and it contained a diamond studded broach, which was almost a replica of the snake tattoo, which adorned her mound. She loved it. She pried Corney's head out and forced him up by her to kiss her. "Thank you so much. I love it. Stay up here while I open the rest. You can have dessert later."

"Did you read my note?"

At first, she hadn't seen a note then she noticed it had fallen on the bed. It was addressed to the Snake Charmer.

Dear Pocum me cuntus, Mighty warrior is mighty happy to make wampum with you. Much thanks for Pocum me cuntus taking mighty snake in cuntus. Mighty warrior love Pocum me cuntus and her cuntus and want her for Mighty warrior squaw. Open box two and say uh huh to many moons of Mighty warrior snake in cuntus.

Love always, Mighty warrior of the Silky Snake Tribe.

Mora threw back her head and roared. She kissed Corney and squeezed the breath out of him. "Pocum me cuntus say much want many moons of snake in cuntus. Come here and give your squaw some snake."

"Aren't you going to look at the ring?"

"Later. Just shut up and make love to me."

"What about the cannoli?"

"Are you going to give me my engagement fuck or what?"

* * * *

Afterwards Mora opened the other box, and was shocked to find a huge engagement ring.

"My God. It must be three carats."

"Four if you must know. You like it?"

"I love it. But I don't deserve this."

"You let me be the judge of that. Now open the envelope."

She opened the envelope and was shocked once more. Inside were two airline tickets to Rome for the following week, and a reservation confirmation for the Roman Holiday Hotel. Mora started crying.

"We could get married in Atlantic City, and honeymoon in Rome with Gail and Lyle or we could just visit, and get married later, if you want a big wedding. Why are you crying?"

"Because I need to tell you some things."

"You don't need to tell me anything. We already talked about it."

"We'll see. You said you had been intimate with around a hundred women. Would it bother you, if I've had relations with more men than that?"

Cornell was suddenly interested, "Maybe."

"Sweetheart, I love you with all my heart, but I have some baggage that most men wouldn't accept."

"Try me."

"What do you know about me?"

You went to Hofstra and graduated with a degree in English Literature. You are friends with a group of classmates that call themselves the Sexy Six. You live in California and are head librarian at a community college there."

"That's all you know? Jill never told you anything else?"

"No, what else is there?"

"Plenty. Sit back and relax."

"I am an American citizen because I was born here, but my parents were not. My mother, whom I get my looks from, barely speaks English. My father died six years ago, shortly after I left for Hofstra, where I received a full academic scholarship. My father's death left my mother and younger sister without support, except for the

meager wages she managed to make cleaning rich peoples homes and taking in laundry."

Cornell clearly was not enjoying this. "Are you getting the picture?" He nodded. "Should I go on?" He nodded once more. "California has a very high cost of living and my mother could not keep up. My mother is a caring loving person, and I had to help. In addition, the scholarship only covered tuition. Books and lodging were another expense. I had to work, and I needed a lot of money. Working at Mc Donald's wouldn't cut it."

Cornell was starting to fidget. He was a smart man and had probably figured most of the rest. "Jill did tell me about the topless dancing. I just didn't want to bring it up and embarrass you."

"Jill was being kind, I wish that were all. I took on all the work I could, tutoring, waitressing, hairdressing, anything I could think of but I couldn't catch up monetarily, or with my studies. I was perpetually tired. Sandra's parents were rich and she knew I was in trouble. Bless her, she loaned me hundreds of dollars knowing I wouldn't be able to pay her back and then my sister Kindra got sick. She had a tumor on her brain that would kill her if she didn't get an operation. My mother couldn't get assistance because she was illegal, and my sister, eight years younger than me, was a minor. The operation was going to cost twenty-eight thousand dollars, more

than my mother made in four years. Only I could help."

Sadly Cornell said, "Spare me anymore details. Please get to the point."

"I just want to say that if you still want to get married. I want my mother and sister to attend." He didn't say anything but nodded. As you observed the other day, I look very good naked. Others noticed too. I made a deal with the hospital to make payments and took a job in an all nude men's club. I made great money, much more than I make as a librarian. I would have been happy just showing off my chassis but the owners wouldn't allow it. They said I had to service at least one customer a night. I worked five nights a week three weeks a month; we couldn't work during our period. I worked there two years. I tried to be choosy and never serviced more than one customer a night. Some girls would take on five or six a night and they called me Miss Lily White. I was popular and charged double what other girls did. When I quit, I had a waiting list of sixty-five men. I made so much money I paid the hospital bill off early and bought my mother a home and I'm currently paying for Kindra to attend Cal State University. The bottom line is; I was with over four hundred customers."

Obviously this stunned Cornell. He had to think about this. He was in love with a prostitute.

"Do you see why I had to tell you?"

"Well, do you still want to marry me?"

"Are you going to answer me?"

A tear appeared in the corner of Cornell's eye and coursed a path down his cheek. Then another. Choked up he could barely speak. He managed to squeak out, "I have to think about this."

"Fine, I'll be at Sandy's if you want me.

"You don't need to leave."

"You'll be able to think better if I'm not around."

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE THE FABULOUS FOURSOME

They set up the camera and Niki turned it on standby. Robbie said, "Too bad it has to be stationary."

Niki said, "My assistant lives nearby. I could call her if you want."

Rita said, "No way. I'm not going to have Darcey see you screwing Tia on our wedding day.

"Or you screwing Robbie. You are right of course."

The four had removed their robes. They were naked and primed. They each seemed to desire both their partner and their secondary match. This was going to be a day to remember.

They were all sitting on the edge of the bed, getting ready to start, when Niki, admiring Tia's lithe body asked, "Tia, I would love for you to pose for me sometime, if you're up to it."

Robbie said a little crossly, "You're not the only

photographer, you know."

"Sorry, I didn't think you were into nudes."

"To keep Tia from posing for you, I could get into it."

"I'm going to make love to Tia and you're worrying about my taking pictures of her. Are you sure you are into this?"

"I'm sure, Rita drives me crazy."

"Tia, are you sure?"

"I think so. You're a hunk and Robbie says it's okay".

Addressing Rita, Niki asked, "Honey, are you sure?"

"Well I would prefer we didn't have this problem, but I am attracted to Robbie and I do think it would be fun. How about you, babe? Do you have a problem with me having sex with Robbie while you watch?"

"Well if you put it that way, I guess I do have a problem."

"Yeah, I got a problem with that too. I certainly would like to bop Rita but I don't really like Niki doing the nasty with Tia."

"Then why do it this way, I'll tell you what. Next to Niki, Robbie is the sexiest man I know, if I'm going to give myself to him, I want Niki to be part of it. I want to enjoy my two sexiest men simultaneously," suggested Rita.

Robbie said, "That's a great idea. I could have

you and Tia at the same time and Niki could work the video camera, follow the action— get the good sexy shots, if you know what I mean.”

Tia chipped in, “I like that. Robbie and Niki could both pleasure me at the same time. All of us would have a two on one ménage a trois and the ‘one’ gets to choose what they want to do.”

Niki shrugged. “You’re not going to get an argument out of me. It puts a whole new spin on sharing Rita with Robbie. We do need to put some sort of time limit on this though. How does thirty minutes for each threesome sound?”

Everyone nodded.

“Who’s going to go first?”

“Well, since it was my idea, I think I should go first,” volunteered Rita.

“Fair enough. Tia, can you handle the camera okay?”

“I think so; I’ve taken plenty of family videos, including Christmas. I imagine I’ll just zoom in on the action instead of toys. And since it’s ladies first, I’ll go next.”

Niki glanced at Robbie. “Looks like you and I will go last.”

Leering at Rita, Robbie said, “Let’s get started. Rita, what do you want me to do?”

Tia grabbed the video camera and began filming.

“I think I’d like to start with oral sex. Robbie,

would you like to go down on me?"

"Would I? I can hardly wait."

Rita

Rita looked over her new lover. He was a little darker than Tia, who was light for an African American and extremely handsome, with classic chiseled features and lovely brown eyes. He was six foot or so and wiry, probably no more than one-sixty-five. He was a good match for Tia but thanks to RSA and Niki, she was about to borrow him.

She directed Robbie on his back and she straddled his face snuggling her eager snatch down on his awaiting mouth. She groaned as Robbie's tongue tickled her clit before invading her wet tunnel of love. Then she bent forward and grabbed Niki's phallus. She stroked it a couple times, and then took him in her mouth.

Robbie seemingly couldn't get enough of Rita's love juices and he vigorously tongued her pussy. Her groans seemed to urge him on and kept him hard and ready for action.

Tia assisted in that regard, stroking his manhood when she could.

She shook with desire as he dug his tongue as far into her quim as it would go. His free hands wandered her body. She stiffened when he

reached up and grabbed her tits, kneading them and letting his fingers tease her hard nipples. Then his hands moved back to her hips where he welcomed Rita to bury her pussy ever deeper into his face. Rita was going bonkers.

As Robbie was urging Rita's 'gina down on his mouth, Niki was urging Rita's mouth down on his hard-on. Niki didn't relish the idea that Robbie was eating Rita's pussy and would soon be diddling her but that was the deal they made and he couldn't wait to get his dick in that hot little minx, Tia. He realized there was a lot more hot sex to come and was trying to pace himself. Yet he couldn't help it. What Rita was doing to him and Robbie was doing to her plus the anticipation of porking Tia had Niki in the clouds. He would have climaxed if Rita hadn't stopped.

I wonder if Robbie's cock tastes like Niki's? Feels like Niki's? Rita desired Robbie in her mouth. "Niki, I need your cocks in me. Take me from behind while I take Robbie in my mouth." Rita turned around and scooted on her elbows and knees down over Robbie, She was now directly over Robbie in the opposite direction, above and facing Robbie's large brown cock, while he was under her looking up at her shaved mound. She drew him in her mouth, applying all the

cocksucking tricks she knew, including those learned from the she-devil Courtney. She jerked as she felt Niki enter her from behind. Shortly, he was thrusting into her longing pussy, thumping her rear end in the process. It felt good but her clit wasn't in play. Then she felt one of Robbie's hands massaging her magic trigger. *This was good, so-o-o go-o-o and sexy, so-o-o s-e-x-y.* "Ooooh!" Robbie started fondling one of her nipples. "That's it, Robbie, and don't forget my button."

Minutes later, Niki was on his back and Rita rode his rod, her back to him but facing Robbie, who was also his knees. She was kissing him then stroking and sucking his cock. He reached down and teased her nipples. She almost swooned, she was in Shangri-la. She had never pictured herself with two men, but with these men, it didn't seem wrong and this was just the beginning. Robbie abruptly pulled his member from her mouth and gently pushed Rita backward so she was almost resting on Niki, propped up by her arms.

"What are you doing?"

"You'll see. I'm goin' to make you come."

She was doing the ole in and out on Niki as he was her and Robbie bent down, his mouth by her pulsating clitoris. Using both hands, he parted the lips of her labia and began darting his tongue onto and around her clit. Back and forth, up and down. All this as Niki was stroking her from behind. A

warm fuzzy feeling began to take hold of Rita's senses. It kept building and building until she experienced a mind-blowing explosion, squirming erratically and shuddering. She fell back upon Niki motionless. Niki continued to stroke her and Robbie also continued with her clit but Rita was numb and didn't move for a minute.

When she recovered from her climax, she said, "Wow, you guys make a hell of a tag team." Then she asked Tia, "Did you get all that?"

Tia gave the okay sign and said, "Hot, hot, hot!"

"How much time do I have left?"

"Eleven minutes," answered Niki. "What would my princess like now?"

Rita thought a minute, "Robbie hasn't made it with me yet. I would like Robbie to fuck me and you to make me feel good while he does it."

Robbie flashed a devilish smile and mounted Rita, who had her legs spread wide at the edge of the bed. Robbie entered her waiting pussy while and she pulled her husband down for a long kiss, grasping and stroking his manhood in the process.

Niki had dreaded this moment. As he reached down to pet Rita's clitoris, he brushed against Robbie's member thrusting into his Rita. He put his fingers around the extremities of her vagina and could feel Robbie's missile burrowing into

Rita then exiting. Rita moaned. She apparently liked his hand there so he left it there, with the palm of his hand massaging her clitoris. He was burning with jealousy. Maybe this was good. He would never take Rita for granted after this. Nevertheless, this was also arousing him. He wanted to fuck Rita! He countered his jealousy with thoughts of Tia. He watched Tia filming them, admiring her form and fantasizing about what was to come. He kissed his wife strongly then began lavng her ear and caressing her nipples and clitoris roughly.

Niki was being rough with her but she liked it. She was in a rough mood, being ravished by another man. Niki was making her feel good and Robbie felt fantastic inside her. He was banging her like a punching bag but he performed a few new wrinkles she liked. She was glad Niki was taking this gracefully. She loved Niki but right now, she was in the heat of ecstasy with her one time fuck buddy, Robbie. She wrapped her legs around his back, right above his taught buns and pulled him into her tightly. Tighter, tighter into her pussy, pounding against her love button. Gradually, she began moving more and more frantically, then abruptly she came, once more, in a brilliant flash, a rite of joy. Her heart beat fast. She was numb from hyperventilating. Senses

throbbed and pulsed. She was satiated. She could barely move.

Time was up. It was time to switch partners.

Tia

It was Rita's turn to mind the camera. After a couple minute break to clean-up. Tia took her aside and said. "I hope you won't think I'm kinky but I enjoy anal sex. Let me know when there's about ten minutes left so I can try it, will you?"

Rita seemed surprised but she didn't say anything. Instead she smiled and said, "That was incredible. You are about to have the ride of your life. I just wish I would have had more time with them."

Tia winked and said, "Yeah it looked like you were having a ball!"

Tia liked what Rita had done for her finale and started similarly; except it was Niki who fucked her while, Robbie kissed her and fondled her breasts, sucking on the nipples, etc. Instead of wrapping her legs around Niki she rested them on his shoulders as he stroked her hot pussy. Then her legs spread wider and Niki caught them in the crook of his elbows. Tia was digging Niki's hard cock inside her. Niki was the first interracial sex she had experienced. She always wondered what it would be like to fuck a white man. It wasn't

much different than Robbie, but the idea of it was. It was as if she had crossed some arbitrary barrier.

Both he and Robbie were making her feel sublime and she treasured her time with these two gorgeous men. After deciding there weren't any major differences between the way Niki and Robbie fucked she decided to see if Niki would eat her pussy differently. "Niki, honey. I would like you to stop battering my happy hole with your cock for awhile and kiss me passionately down there. Your reputation precedes you and I hear you are a *cunnilinguist extraordinaire*. Robbie, you keep driving me nuts the way you're doing. You're doin' great!"

Niki went down between Tia's legs. *Aaaaaahh! He is very good.* She grabbed Niki's wavy hair and pulled his mouth into her cunt. "Do it," she said followed by a litany of moans, groans and vulgarities. "Shit, I can't stand it, ooohaaaah shove your fingers up my pussy, do me baby, lap it up, lap my juices. Suck on my clitti, ooooooh, don't stop, keep fingering me, bore your tongue deep. Deeper into my cunt, That's it Niki. Make it feel good, bite it, kiss it."

After about ten minutes of *hot cunt-licking* and scores vernacular banalities, Tia found orgasmic bliss. "Ooooooweeeee! Suck it baby, lick dem juices, oooh aaah, that feels so righteous. Reeta was right. You are the best cunt licker ever!"

After she was finished she directed. "Now fuck me, Nicky, but let first me turn over and suck on Robbie's beautiful rod while you rod me up the ass."

Nicky was apparently surprised. "You want it in the ass?"

"Uh-huh, you have a problem with that."

"No, ma'am. Just making sure I get the right orifice."

Tia turned over on her knees and began huffing on Robbie's hooter in earnest. Robbie was sitting, a leg spread out on each side of her, his back against the headboard. As she sucked on him he reached down and continued to play with her breasts, twirling a finger around each nipple. This felt good but what she was really waiting for was Niki's billy-club to boff her butt. She raised her cheeks high, spreading her legs to afford his cock a larger target. She could feel Niki applying something in and around her ass and fingering her. First one and then two and then there it was, Niki's intrepid white prodder was auguring her anus.

Even though Niki had prepared her with a lubricant it was slow sledding but eventually her hole enlarged and Niki was thumping her with vigor.

After a couple minutes she saw Rita out of the corner of her eye, trying to get her attention. *Ten*

minutes, she mouthed. She nodded, Robbie's cock and all. She continued and let Niki continue for another minute then stopped, saying "Time for something new. Niki, since you're already in my ass, we'll keep you on the shit detail. You don't mind do you?"

"Heck no, I'm digging it."

"I'll say. More ways than one." Tia had Niki lay on his back. He was still hard and Tia mounted him her back to him, not unlike Rita had done but this time his dick was up her ass. She moved up and down a few times. "Robbie, I'm going to lay back on Niki and when I do I want you to enter my pussy."

"You want me to bop your booty while he twiddles your tail?"

She nodded. "Hey that's pretty good. You ever do any rappin'."

Robbie blushed. "The only rappin' I want to do is in your sexy snatch, baby. Am I gonna get to do the back door boogie too?"

"I don't think we'll have enough time but from what I hear, you'll have a lifetime bop my butt, if that's what you want. In the meantime I'm waiting for you to lay your hot rod in my sassy sassy."

She laid back on Niki and Robbie entered her as instructed and proceeded to pummel her front and back.

Rita was making sure she got good shots of the action. She thought the action looked hot and she was turned on and ready for more action but she didn't think she would ever want it in the ass, even if two cocks were ever available to her again.

Tia had a double sized climax from her double drilling. While she was twisting through the throes of her big "O" Niki and Robbie both climaxed. She had two minutes to spare, so she filled those two minutes with two cocks in her mouth—alternating of course but neither could get fully hard again. And they had their fantasies ahead.

Niki and Robbie

Massive disappointment was etched upon his face. It was Niki's turn and he couldn't get hard to save his life. Here he was about to ravish, in his opinion, the most beautiful white and African American women in the universe, at the same time no less, and he was worn out. Even these two beautiful faces side by side, alternately taking his limp manhood in their gorgeous mouths didn't help. Niki was so frustrated he could scream, "Yeeeeoooooh F-u-c-k!" So he did.

Robbie was equally unsuccessful and no wonder. He had got it on with Tia at the wedding,

then here at Niki's studio several times before Niki and his luscious bride showed up, after which he had got it on with both Rita and Tia. When he thought about it, he had been enjoying almost uninterrupted felicitous sex for ten hours. He was maxed out, yet two stunning naked women with dazzling vulvas were at his disposal. All he had to do was get hard. He had to try one more time.

He ate their pussies, they swallowed his cock. Nothing!

Rita put her arm around Niki and Robbie and said, Don't worry. We'll give you a rain check. Right, Tia?"

"Absolutely"

"Look at the bright side. At least we girls had you guys and it was great."

Tia laughed out loud. Niki and Robbie turned toward Rita with daggers in their eyes and began tickling her. They fell back on the bed and Tia jumped in the fray. Suddenly Rita felt something entering her pussy. It was Robbie. Apparently the frivolity had affected his libido. They were side by side and he grabbed her tight and rolled on his back. He urged her to straighten up so he could admire the woman he was fucking. She was hovering over Robbie's pulsating erection, impaling herself on him in a steady rhythm. To his surprise he almost came. He liked seeing her up on her knees on display like this. She was a fine

looking piece of tail. This was a moment he would cherish.

Niki noticed that Robbie had rejuvenated and as the odd man out went to mind the camera. It bothered him that Robbie was boffing Rita again, especially that she was enjoying it. It was the deal they struck. He would say nothing. Instead he would film his friend fucking his wife of twelve hours.

After he had his eyeful of beautiful Rita, Robbie urged Tia up on her knees and over his mouth. Her snatch smelled of sex, which turned him on even more. He tongued her clit and she ground it into her lover's mouth. He reached up and squeezed and massaged her champagne glass sized breasts. Rita bent forward hugged her friend. Tia was as aroused as she had just experienced with the double dicks. She reached back with one hand to one of Rita's nipples. This was enough to put her over the top. Rita climaxed, which made Tia climax, which in turn made Robbie climax.

He was pleased. He had climaxed in Rita. She was a gorgeous woman and he would remember this incident as long as he lived. Robbie had fifteen minutes left but he knew he was finished for the rest of the night so he graciously turned the girls over to Niki by taking the camera from him and

saying. "Go get 'em, champ. I hope you enjoy Tia as much as I did Rita."

"Count on it."

After taking a two-minute break where they washed up in the bathroom, Niki was ready for bear.

He started by going back to what he tried earlier. Two women sharing his joint. Rita, who was better at it, stroked his twanger while she and Tia alternately sucked on it. Niki's sensitivity returned as currents of excitement circulated through his groin. It didn't take long for his dick stand right up at attention. Niki had his sights on the sexy svelte Tia. He loved her looks and he thought the smallish, caramel colored woman was incredibly attractive. He decided as he mounted her that if Robbie didn't make a model of her he would. On top of her, pumping her mission style, he whispered in her ear, "I hope you're ready for this. This is my last chance with you and I'm going to fuck your socks off."

She laughed and said, "Honey, I'm not wearing socks or anything else. Just fuck the shit out of me. I welcome it"

Niki was definitely aroused. He didn't mean to but he ignored Rita. She had tried to participate by rubbing their sensitive parts when she could and when she couldn't, she licked his ear and massaged his right nipple as he liked.

As Robbie had with Rita, Niki rolled over holding onto Tia. He adjusted and soon she was straddling him upright. As with Rita, the view was stimulating. Tia was very attractive and though she was slightly thinner than Rita, her svelte, lissome frame had an athletic sensuality of its own.

A couple of minutes later, when he took a break to reposition Tia to doggy style, Tia took Rita's hand and positioned her in front of her, sitting with her legs spread. As Niki took Tia from behind, with his right hand wrapped around her hip, fingers massaging her clit, she spread Rita's legs wide and began to lave her entire vulva.

Rita had never had a woman eat her pussy before. In fact only her deceased fiancé and Niki had ever performed cunnilingus on her. She was good at it and it made Rita wonder if she had experience at it. Little tingles of electricity seemed to permeate her hot spots. She guided Tia's mouth with one hand in her hair while she plucked her own right nipple with the other, increasing the electricity to breaking point.

This was all too much for Niki. He was bopping the most beautiful black woman in the world, while she tongued his beautiful wife's clitoris and 'gina. He bent forward over Tia's back, grabbed Rita's tit with his free hand and thrust his

shaft and groin into Tia's pussy grinding it in as he erupted into her welcoming cavern. Then Tia began jerking and writhing around. Tia was 'maxing and this in turn brought on a giant "O" in Rita.

Everyone was spent. Robbie put the camera down and joined the rest in a big hug in the bed. Niki eventually paired up with Rita and Robbie with Tia, lying outside of them arms around their women, as they should. Tia and Rita were on their sides facing each other. They smiled at each other and Rita put her arm around Tia and whispered, "You gave me an orgasm. Have you ever done that before?"

"No. Did you like it?"

"I loved it. What made you do it?"

"It's hard to explain. I saw Robbie and Niki both giving you head. You enjoyed it so much and I dug it so much, too, when they went down on me that with Niki concentrating on me, I decided you could use a little attention. Therefore, I went down on you. My first lesbian experience."

"Mine too. Would you like another?"

Tia looked confused.

Rita pulled away from Niki and he asked, "Where ya going?"

"No place. I'm just going down on my friend. You can do the same on Robbie if you want."

“Yuck!” said Robbie, “No thanks, I haven’t ever and don’t intend to start sucking cocks!”

Niki watched Rita as she looped her leg over Tia. She began lapping Tia’s honey pot while snuggling her own ‘gina down once more over Tia’s mouth..

The irony was not lost on Niki. That the final sex act of their hedonistic orgy was the homoerotic entwining of their sensuous women in a lesbian sex act.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

MORA

Mora was grief-stricken. As she entered the cab she started crying so violently she could barely enunciate Sandy's address. Twenty minutes ago, she had been on cloud nine. The man she loved had asked her to marry him. Why? Why did she have to tell him? Why did she have to be so honest? He said it didn't matter, but she told him anyway. If she needed to confess, she could have confessed to a priest. Then she'd still have her Corney. She was stupid. She thought her reasons would offset what she had done.

In her mind, she did nothing wrong. She did what she had to do for her loved ones. That should be commended, shouldn't it? She would have done the same thing for him. Didn't he realize that? Loved ones were more important than self respect. Her one big chance at happiness and she blew it. Stupid, stupid, stupid. She was so

stupid. She should have kept her past a secret. But she knew she couldn't. You can't build a relationship on a lie, even when it is a lie of omission. If she would have kept it a secret and some john she serviced recognized her, went up to him, and told Corney, it would have killed him. No. She did the right thing. Corney was just not a big enough person to accept it.

She needed to call Jill. The red cookie didn't cement this relationship. "Jill, this is Mora."

"What's the matter, why are you crying?"

"Because, I just lost the love of my life..." *Sniff, sniff.* "I just called to let you know the cookies aren't foolproof..." *Sniff.*

"Why? Did he formally break up with you?"

"No."

"Then what happened?"

"He asked me to marry him and I said yes. He gave me this huge diamond ring and made a reservation in Rome. I was so happy and I loved him so much, I wanted to be honest with him about my past. So even though he said he didn't want to know, I told him anyway."

"You told him about your mother and sister."

"Yeah. How did you know about them?"

"I just did. So what happened after you told him?"

"He just sat there dumbfounded. He wouldn't talk to me. Said he needed time to think. I said if

he wanted to talk, I'd be at Sandy's. I'm almost there now."

"Mor, I want you to listen to me. I want you to turn that cab around and come here. Chad and Cornell are good friends. Maybe he can beat some sense into that man. Okay? Will you do that?"

"Okay. I'll tell the driver right now. Bye."

"Driver. Change of plans."

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE THE FOURSOME REFLECT

After they were done, they all donned robes and opened a bottle of Beaujolais. Rita poured the wine while both men admired her uncovered legs. Then they both looked at Tia's legs. They both had great legs and vaginas and breasts and waists and asses and faces. Both men had enjoyed both women, as the women had enjoyed both men. And why shouldn't they? They were the crème de la crème, the beautiful people, but under the surface something was bothering them.

"A toast," said Niki. "To my good friend, Robbie, and his lovely courtesan, Althea. May your sexlife continue unabated, and your love for one and other blossom. 'To Happiness'"

"To happiness," said everyone.

Niki continued, "Well is everyone's RSA gone now?" Everyone nodded. "Good. Did everyone have a good time?"

"No, I didn't like it," answered Robbie.

Niki who was thinking the same thing said, "What you didn't enjoy making love to my wife and eating her pussy, with her mouth on your dick?"

"Oh yeah, I enjoyed that fine white meat all right, but what did you think of my dark ass bopping your fine looking honey?"

"I hated it. I don't know why I ever went for it."

"That's the way I felt when you had your dick in my Tia. In her pussy, her mouth and in her ass."

Tia spoke up, "Well I didn't hate it. I enjoyed it immensely. Niki is a good lover and he pleased me. That's no reflection on you, Robbie. I enjoy you too, but you can't ignore our feelings because we're women. We are part of this equation."

Rita interjected, "I agree with Tia. You talk as if our feelings don't count. We are the pussies you men dip your wicks in, the mouths that give you head, the breasts and asses you admire. Did I enjoy having Robbie making love to me? I must admit, I did. Would I rather make love to Robbie than Niki? No way. With Robbie it was a thrill. With Niki it's love and a thrill. Did I like my husband inside my good friend, Tia? Of course not. Would I want him to do it again? I don't think so. I think we need to take the exhilarating aspects of what we did and try to forget the

uncomfortable parts. Chalk it up to experience and move on.

"Did we get rid of the RSA? It did for me. Would I do this again to get rid of RSA? I don't know for sure, but I think not. There is too much discomfort associated with the pleasure. It is very hard, allowing someone you love to have sex with another. I wish I would have realized that earlier."

Robbie apparently wasn't convinced. "Rita, baby, my time with you along with Tia is one of the highlights of my life, but I have trouble even visualizing it. All I can see is Niki violating my Tia."

"Violating! What the fuck are you talking about? Are you out of your mind? Just in case you forgot, it was your idea. When did you get so high and mighty? Is your smelly dick any cleaner than mine? How would you like it if I said you viol--?"

"Enough!" admonished Tia, "What's done is done. We need to move on. Let's not beat ourselves up about this. Okay, so we tried this and we didn't like it as much as we thought we would. I guess we're just not swingers. Good! As Rita said, we need concentrate on the thrills and excitement of what we did and leave the recriminations and second-guessing behind. I too have mixed emotions about what we did here today, but I've never been more optimistic. In Robbie, I have found someone I can love and with

friends like you guys and Sandy, Jill and Gail, my future is bright. I can even put a positive spin on our actions today. I gave myself to Niki and I think that's pretty valuable. Call it my wedding present to Niki. Rita, you enjoyed your time with Robbie, why not think of what you and Robbie did, as his wedding present to you. I would be surprised if, in a year or two, we all don't look back on this little sexual episode with fondness and to be honest I'm looking forward to watching the video we made."

Hands clapped and everybody looked at Tia.

"Bravo." Still clapping Niki said, "Tia, what did you say you do?"

"I didn't, but I'm a supervisor in the probation and parole dept of the Oklahoma Department of Corrections."

"Well, you're a smart lady. You and Rita made a lot of sense. We've got everything going for us right now and here we are bickering like adolescents. Tia, I will admit your wedding present is most memorable and appreciated." You're right about positive thinking too. Let's break things down here. We all had sex here and I think we all derived pleasure from it. Why? Because we all found each other attractive and that's why the RSA kicked in. Was it bad that Robbie found Rita attractive? What can I say, he has good taste as do Tia, Rita and I. Okay, so my

good friend, Robbie, who on occasion I have referred to as my black brother, received, with my permission I might add, a little sample of my treasure chest and I his. Okay, it bothered me but I'm going to let it ride. You know why?"

"No, why?" asked a transfixed Robbie.

"Because it was only a little bitty sample and I still have the whole treasure chest and that's what counts, because Rita and I love each other." Rita kissed Niki's cheek and he squeezed her hand.

"You know, when you look at it like that it doesn't sound so bad." Admitted Robbie, "Sorry about the violating crack, my white brother." Robbie went over and hugged Niki then he hugged Rita and said, "I consider it an honor to have shared a bed with you, for there is no doubt in my mind that you are the finest looking white woman I have ever come across. With what went on here, I consider you my white sister as well. Is that all right with you?"

"You know, I've always thought of Tia like a sister, not white, not black, just a sister. You can be like my brother, but please drop the white."

Robbie smiled. "You got it."

"And remember ,Robbie," said Rita, an impish smile on her lips, "now that we're brother and sister, what we did today is a no no."

Robbie laughed, smiled and with a wicked sparkle in his eye came back quick as a cat. "Does

that mean you won't be looking for your honeymoon present?"

Robbie was bombarded, almost instantly, with a barrage of pillows and other harmless paraphernalia.

So ended the great partner-swapping caper of the 'Sexy-Six.'

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR CORNELL

Mora was demoralized. How could her giddy felicity unravel so fast, ending in excruciating anguish? Why did she eat that cookie? Why didn't it cement the relationship? How could she ever be happy with anyone else, after her perfect match got away?

Mora paid the cab driver for her two trips, and entered the apartment building. She was a basket case inside, but she needed to appear calm. She rang the bell and they buzzed her in. After opening the door to her, Chad held her for a long time, stroking her hair. She lost her composure, and started crying once more. Jill brought Kleenex, and held Mora for a minute.

She couldn't remember ever seeing rock solid Mora so vulnerable

Through her tears, she sniffled, "I didn't want

to have any secrets. He told me he didn't care but I told him anyway. I was so stupid. I thought he'd understand. What am I going to do, Jill? I'll never love anyone as much again."

Jill took her hand, pulled her all the way into the apartment and shut the door. "We'll figure something out. Come in please, sweetie. I just made a fresh batch of coffee. Would you like some fresh coffee?"

"No thanks, Jill. I'm too much of a wreck. I loved him so much. I would have done anything for him. Anything. I don't know what I'll do now."

Mora started to sit down on a couch in the living room but Jill restrained her. Jill kept insisting, "Are you sure you don't want some fresh coffee?" Chad grasped Mora's other hand and together they led Mora around the corner into the kitchen. Shocked, Mora stopped cold. Sitting there at the dinette table was Cornell. "As I was saying, I just finished making it for Cornell," continued Jill.

As Jill and Chad left them alone, Mora stared at him. She didn't know what to say, so she didn't say anything. Mora managed to stop crying but her eyes gave away her emotion. Cornell's eyes were red and bloodshot, he could barely make eye contact. "We need to talk."

She wouldn't sit. "Please, don't get my hopes up again."

Cornell flashed an embarrassed smile, "You left this behind." He took her right hand, and placed the snake brooch in it. "Can we go somewhere and talk?"

"We can talk here."

He took her left hand, and put the engagement ring on her ring finger.

Mora started sniveling, "Are you sure?" I couldn't take it if we split again. My heart would break."

Cornell kissed her hand. "I'm sure. I was sure two minutes after you left. You gave me a lot to digest."

Barely able to talk, she bawled, "I'm sorry...I thought you deserved to know."

Cornell's eyes were moist. "Mora, I am in awe of you. Do you know how much character it took to do what you did?"

"I'm sorry, baby; I didn't want to start out our life together without you knowing my dirty little secret."

Cornell was getting emotional and started sniffing. Choked up he said, "Not that Mora, though that certainly took character too. Do you know how much character it took to allow those men to have their way with you for the sake of your mother and sister. You should wear your

'dirty little secret' like a badge of honor.'" He stood up, pulled her close to him, and kissed her passionately. "Since you won't go somewhere with me to be alone, let me tell you what I want. I want to go to California so I can meet your pretty mother and sister. Then I want to take them to Las Vegas, where your sister can..." Cornell paused a second to get control, "can be your maid of honor, and Chad can be my best man. He is, you know. My best man." After pausing to once again gain control of his emotions Cornell continued. "He was all over me for letting you get away. I ran after you just a couple minutes after you left, and you were gone. I called him and he told me to get over here, and they would bring you to me, somehow. I really fell into it with friends like Chad and Jill, and a wife like you. After we get married, we'll stay in Las Vegas until it's time to catch our plane to Rome."

Mora was pleased but surprised. "I thought they were on their way to honeymoon in Arizona."

"They can take a one or two day detour to Las Vegas. It's right next to Arizona and if they want, they can stay there with us, and go to Rome on me, I mean us, since it's your money too."

"I like your idea and I love you. I thought I'd lost you, and if I lose you, I lose everything. Do you still want to go somewhere to be alone?"

asked Mora, a glint of mischief in her eyes.

Cornell smiled. "Yes, if you don't mind, let's go to my flat. I've got some planning to do."

"Really? I'm confused. What kind of planning do you need to do?"

Cornell's face held a huge ear to ear grin. "Well, I still have a cannoli left. I was *planning* on eating it, with *your* help of course!"

EPILOGUE

“Jill? Oh good, you haven’t left yet. It’s Gail.”

“Hi” Gail. I could tell it was you. What can I do for you?”

Lyle and I are meeting with Rita, Niki, Sandy and Joe. Jill, something bizarre is happening. I need to ask you a question.”

“Sure. What do you need to know?”

“Were you on the pill when you got pregnant?”

“Why do you want to know that?”

“Jill, this is important. Please, just answer the question. Were you on the pill when you got pregnant?”

“Well, I thought I was, but then when I got pregnant, I figured I screwed up somehow. Now tell me, why this is so important?”

“I will, but answer one more question for me first. Is Beverly pregnant?”

“Why yes. How did you know?”

“Jill, was she on the pill?”

“No, birth control pills give her cysts. I think she said her diaphragm failed. Now, I want to

know why you are asking these questions, right now!"

"Is Chad there with you?"

"Yes."

"Expect us all there in twenty minutes."

* * * *

"Who was that, babe?"

"It was Gail. She asked me a bunch of questions. She said something bizarre is happening and they'll be right over to talk to us."

"Her and Lyle?"

"Yes, along with Rita, Niki, Joe and Sandy."

"Wow! The whole gang. What could be up? What kind of questions did she ask you?"

Jill told Chad how she had asked if she and then Beverly had been on the pill. Before she could go any further, the doorbell rang.

Everyone greeted Jill and Chad but instead of looking like there had been a joyous occasion just yesterday, they looked like they had attended a funeral.

The living room was not large enough, nor adequately furnished to accommodate eight people so those without seats, pulled chairs out of the dinette or stood.

Chad asked if he could get anyone anything to drink and a couple of the women asked for water.

After giving Sandy and Gail a bottle of water, Chad said, "What gives?"

Gail, whose eyes seemed teary, said, "Jill. You too Chad, for this affects you also. I found out this morning that I'm pregnant."

"Why that's fantas —"

"Let me finish first, my eternally optimistic friend!"

"I too had been on the pill and I know I didn't make any mistakes because I check off on a calendar each day I take a pill. Okay, could three of us, if we include Beverly, all on birth control, get pregnant? I suppose it's possible. Implausible but possible."

Gail and Chad both nodded.

Looking straight at Jill, she went on. "Three for three, maybe. Five for five, never."

Jill stood up. "What do you mean five of five?"

"What I mean, dear Jill, is that we are all pregnant. What's more, I'll bet that Mora, Tia and Cassie are also pregnant."

Jill was flabbergasted. Chad put his arm around her. "That's...that's just not possible."

"That's right. It's just not possible. That's the problem. It's inconceivable and yet it's true."

Visibly upset, Jill said, "Well, we... need to go to Eddie Chang's and straighten this out."

Sandy spoke up for the first time, "Jill, honey. We were at a coffee shop when Jill called you."

From the coffee shop, we could look across the street to where Eddie Chang's had been."

Now Chad spoke up. "What do you mean?"

Niki responded, "We went to the coffee shop because there is no Eddie Chang's across the street. The owner of the coffee shop told us that Eddie Chan's went out of business— forty years ago. I...ah..."

Joe finished for Niki. "Where we thought Eddie Chang's was, is a condemned building. Set for demolition in four months."

Rattled but still hopeful Jill said, "Let's not assume the worst. We had to know we weren't dealing with anything natural here. I remember Eddie... no it was the stranger who said he was there to give me "the pleasure of the Gods."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" said Gail impatiently.

"It was in a peculiar dream I had the day before I ate my red fortune cookie. I started to tell you about it at the luncheon we had where I gave you the cookies, but Chad showed up and sidetracked me. Somehow, it never seemed important enough to bring up again."

"You had a prescient dream about the fortune cookies," said Rita, "and you didn't think it was important enough to tell us?"

Gail, having regained her composure, defended Jill. "Let's not point fingers at anyone

here. Jill is right. She's right about what has happened to us not being normal and she's right about us not assuming the worst. I kind of like the idea of having a baby. I'm just glad my name isn't Rosemary."

"That's enough, Gail," admonished Sandy, "I for one don't think that's funny."

"Sorry. What I meant to say was, I would be oh so grateful if it only has one head."

Joe, who always loved his sister-in-law's dry humor, laughed and was elbowed by both Sandy and Rita for his trouble.

Lyle spoke up for the first time. "Enough with the black humor, Gail."

Rita raised her hand and said, "I have something to say."

Gail, who seemed have been given the floor, said, "Go ahead."

"I remember when they first brought out the cookies. Eddie said, 'Bring back your men and we will talk.'"

"That's right, I remember now," said Jill, "and we never did. I think we must go to him now. Wherever he is."

THE END

TO BE CONTINUED IN
THE FELLOWSHIP OF EROS

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dee Dawning took up writing in 2002, writing hundreds of music, book and movie reviews. Dee's first book, *The Right Hand of Allah*, a thriller about terrorism, became available in July 2006. *Fortune Cookies* is Dee's first venture into erotica although *The Right hand of Allah* certainly has its erotic moments.

Dee is currently working on a sequel to *The Right Hand of Allah*, entitled *A Woman of Valor*, a sequel to *Fortune Cookies*, *The Fellowship of Eros*, two new full length novels called *Legs* and *The Televangelist*, plus an exquisitely erotic short story of lust called *Bananaz*.