

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

S.L.
CARPENTER

NAKED
Lust

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Naked Lust

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NAKED LUST

S.L. Carpenter

Dedication

I want to thank everyone who encourages me to write my strange views on things.

This book was my release and one woman was a real inspiration to me.

Shelly, this one's for you.

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The Visit

Anna heard the door close and the walls of the trailer trembled.

“Just a second. I’m in the restroom,” she called out.

She stared into the small mirror and wiped the little smears of her eyeliner from the corners of her deep green eyes. Anna primped her hair a bit and flattened the wrinkles in her dress. She wanted to look her best for her man.

As she walked out of the bathroom, she took one last peek at herself. *Why was she going through this again?* she thought.

She saw him push his shoes off with his feet and climb up on the bed, resting his head on the thin pillow. On the bed he lay waiting. His body tanned from the hot summer sun. Muscles flexed across his chest and abdomen with a hint of hair peeking from the waistband of his already unbuttoned pants. The tattoos on his arms were a sign of the bad-boy image so many women found attractive.

It was sad that they had to meet in a place like this. Nobody saw them. This was their special trashy rendezvous.

Anna’s thin, flowered dress hung on her loosely. She wore nothing underneath except a red thong. The floor was even hot as she walked barefoot across it. The blistering heat made her body sweat but inside she burned hotter. Lust filled her soul and she became wet with want.

In a dance of sinful release, Anna crept forward, swaying back and forth, untying the thin strings on the front of her dress. It excited her to strip for a man. She controlled what was happening and that excitement turned her on. She watched as her man rubbed his hand over the front of his jeans where an obvious bulge had risen. Her seduction was working.

“Damn, baby, you are so fucking hot.” His deep voice echoed in her head as she continued her dance.

She finally reached the bed and stood before him. The nervous tingles of excitement made her skin electrify. She was now in desperate need of what she came there for. She wanted her man to take her.

She shrugged her shoulders and tugged down on her dress. It fell along her naked flesh, revealing her tight, erect nipples. The scent of her desire filled the room. She knelt down and picked up the dress to lay it at the foot of the bed then locked eyes with him again.

He now sat admiring her supple body. She could see the hunger in his eyes as he swallowed hard and rested his rough hand on her hip as he moved her closer and between his legs hanging off the bed.

He gazed into Anna’s eyes while he pulled the last remaining piece of clothing from her body. The red fabric of her thong was wet and clung to her swollen pussy as he gently pulled it down her thighs. It finally fell to her feet and she stepped out of it. She felt a hot rush of exhilaration as he pushed his face to her abdomen and took in a deep breath and moaned.

“I miss the smell of you.” His tongue licked just below her abdomen and across the sensitive flesh of her pubic bone. “Damn, you feel and taste good.”

Anna swallowed as her eyes fluttered. She wanted this. She was a neglected woman and this tryst would satisfy a need suppressed within her for too long.

Stepping back, she took a deep breath and pushed against his shoulder. “Lie down,” she commanded.

He lay back on the small bed as she wanted and put his hands behind his head. The muscles on his chest and abdomen glistened as they flexed. Anna knelt down and tugged on his pant legs, pulling them off. His cock was hard and rested against his body.

Anna bit her lip. An evil hunger crept through her as she spread his legs apart and laid her bare flesh to his. Her face rested against his chest and she felt his heartbeat. His rigid cock pressed against her and she slowly began descending his torso with kisses. When his cock split the space between her perky breasts, she moaned and moved her body side to side, letting the rigid hardness brush against her sensitive nipples. His moans accentuated her own arousal.

She reached her hands to each side of her breast and pushed them together, making a narrow passage between. In a rhythmic motion, she went back and forth, letting her breasts feel the sensations of being fucked.

He lowered his hand to the back of Anna's head and ran his fingers through her hair. She could tell he was enjoying this as much as she was. She looked up then slid her body lower to let her lips rest against the head of his rock-hard cock.

She could taste the small trickle of anticipation as her tongue wet the swollen head. His soft moans guided her tongue and lips while she teased him.

Anna sucked his cock and her pussy began to ache with want. Her lips were being pried apart by his cock and her pussy wanted to feel him too. She hadn't been fucked properly in a long time and this may be her only chance for another span of time so she wanted to savor it.

She reached up and grabbed the shaft of his cock tight. She quickly began to suck and stroke, making it swell even more.

With a pop she let him free. "You wanna fuck now? You wanna fuck me, baby? Come on. I want you now."

He sat up and grabbed Anna. His movements were rough and forceful. She smiled as she let him take over since she was going to get what she needed so bad. He groped at her body, as if he hadn't felt the softness of a woman's flesh before. His hungry mouth suckled on her nipple as Anna ran her fingers through his coarse, black hair. She hung her head, letting the locks of auburn fall around her face. She closed her eyes and let him take over.

He grabbed her hips and lowered her to the bed, rolling her onto her stomach. His hands caressed and massaged her back. He stroked her spine down to her round ass. With a playful smack, he spanked her. Anna giggled then wiggled from the sting.

His hand found its way between the split of her cheeks and he slowly rubbed around her anus. She didn't like anal play but her pussy was so electrified, any kind of play made her cream with want.

He lowered his finger and found the wetness and heat of a woman on fire. With a moan, Anna instinctively spread her legs a bit wider and arched her ass upward. With her pussy more exposed, he began making circular movements with his fingers and slipped them into her slick pussy. Each time he'd brush against her clit, she'd shudder and tense.

God, she wanted him to stop and just fuck her.

He stopped and Anna opened her eyes to see him holding his cock, staring at her naked body.

"Fuck, baby, I'm about to pop seeing you like this. I can't take it anymore."

"Fuck me. Fuck me good, dammit. I want you now." Anna turned away and pushed her torso up off the bed. She looked between her dangling breasts and between her legs and saw him standing behind her, pushing down on his cock.

As he entered her tight pussy, she felt the muscles stretching to accommodate the thick head of his cock. It was a mixture of pain and pleasure. There was no mercy as he sank into her from behind until his body pressed against her ass. He breathed out a deep sigh. She lowered her face down to the pillow, letting him go deeper into her scorching-hot body.

With hard, driving thrusts, he began to pound into her welcoming pussy. Her fingers clawed at the cheap sheets on the battered, creaky bed. She closed her eyes, letting this beast of a man have his way with her.

How she got to this point, she didn't know. Lying facedown on a dusty bed in a rusty trailer and feeling like a twenty-dollar whore was a low point. The trickle of juice

between her hot thighs soothed the burn of the man's rigid cock as he plunged in and out of her. He moaned loudly then paused, taking a deep breath before he began to hammer into her again.

Sex for Anna had become a distant dream. She was married but never saw her husband. Her love life was like her period, happening once a month. Things were so chaotic that her life was sucked into a pit of despair. She longed to be properly fucked by a man again. Her vibrator took the edge off but it wasn't real. It didn't hold her, it couldn't cuddle after she came for the fourth time.

She missed the simple pleasures like holding hands, cuddling by a fire, having a man eat and lick her pussy until she screamed. Like an addict, she needed her cock fix and substituted sucking her man off with lollipops and Popsicles. Her mouth ached to suck a cock and feel the essence of her lover coating her throat. And yes, she did swallow.

But instead she was treated like this. Like a cheap, streetwalking fuck. Traveling for three hours to a secluded desert area to let her man fuck her. This was the price she needed to pay to be with him. It all seemed so desperate, so downright nasty. She had to act like a whore to give her some sense of life. A way to feel partially alive until things returned to normal.

"Oh fuck, Anna, I'm gonna come, I'm..."

Anna pushed back against him as he ground his cock into her pussy. She wasn't going to get off this time, but he was. The hot spurts of his seed endlessly spraying within her. His body shuddered and he strained to keep inside her as his body relaxed.

Anna fell to the bed, sore and sticky. He lay across her, their skin wet from perspiration.

"Goddamn, I missed you."

"I missed you too, Ben." Anna began to cry. This all seemed so wrong.

"Don't cry, baby. It's okay." Ben stroked her hair from her cheek.

Bang, bang, bang.

"All right, Watson. Time's up. Get a move on, the next guy needs the trailer."

Anna rolled over and grabbed her clothes from the end of the bed. "I can't stand this shit anymore, Ben. You're my husband and I have five more years of just these conjugal visits. Fuck you!"

The Best Men – Part One

The mirror didn't lie. Shelly stared at herself after splashing water over her blushed cheeks. She drew in a deep breath and tried to compose herself. This was almost impossible to do. It was hard to regain a cool attitude after having a man – well, having him – do what he had done to her.

She was already late for her weekly morning gathering at the coffee shop with the girls. She'd be given the third degree as to what kept her. Shelly was never late. Even her monthly periods were on time. She even had the little red dots on her calendar done six months in advance and she hit each one. In a way that was kind of sick.

At a little over five feet tall, she was a petite woman. Her hair was straight, brown and swayed lightly over her shoulders. Over the past few months her life had been utter chaos. Except for her love life. She had been freed and the inner slut awoken with a welcome jolt of excitement. Basically she had been getting properly fucked and satisfied. But she had kept everything low profile. She may be having a sexual awakening but she couldn't tell Gabe, the man she loved, because hearing about everything would break his heart.

Shelly wasn't a bad person. She just needed to keep these little affairs a secret. Sex like this wasn't a necessity, but it damn well felt like one.

Her relationship with Gabe was a good one. They shared a lot of the same likes and dislikes and lived pretty close to each other so they could see each other frequently. They had talked about moving in together but decided to wait until they someday were married.

She had a steady job and enjoyed the freedom she had. She wasn't ready to settle down quite yet. She loved Gabe but a few new men had entered the picture.

A quick shake and fluffing of her hair and she was ready to meet the girls. She strutted into the café with a bounce in her step and a glow to her smile. Shelly was a satisfied woman. Her aching pussy was proof of it.

* * * * *

"I can't believe Shelly's late," Robin said when she looked at her watch. "I thought I was anal, she's always bitching at us when we're late. We only meet once a week to catch up on gossip and things and she ends up fifteen minutes late."

Jaymi spoke up. "Speaking of anal. Did you girls see that show on cable last night about the *Hookers of Hollywood*? Almost all their clients wanted anal sex because their spouses wouldn't do it."

"Anal? Marv talked to me about it one time. I told him that if he wanted to try it that bad to get arrested and try it in county jail. Anal sex is a pain in the ass." Robin paused, noticing what she had just said.

The ladies all giggled as Shelly walked up to them.

"And where exactly were you?" Robin asked.

"I'm so sorry. I was detained." Shelly could barely contain the need to giggle and scream. *If they only knew*, she said to herself. The glares and raised eyebrows from the girls told their feelings at her delay.

Jaymi tapped on Shelly's shoulder and whispered in her ear.

Opening her eyes wide, Shelly reached around and pulled the back of her skirt from her thong. She had tucked it through her panties by accident in her haste. After last night, she was lucky she still had underwear at all.

There are small signs people see that give away hidden things. Shelly sat down and when her rear hit the chair, she gave her friends a sign.

"Oh shit, that hurts! Damn, my ass is still sore." Before she caught herself, two of the women had spewed coffee and the other had the eyes of an owl.

"Pardon? Your what?" Jenny wiped the coffee off her chin. "Weren't we just talking about butts and anal stuff?"

"Uhhh..."

"All right, spill it. Who have you been seeing now?" Robin wasn't too shy to ask the obvious question.

Shelly wasn't the type to talk about her sex life but things had changed so much the last few months. "Wes came over."

Robin looked at the other girls and said, "Wes, not sure we've ever met Wes."

"He's kinda quiet. He just shows up at my place when he wants sex — er — or dinner, well, you know."

"So he's a sort of fuck buddy?" Robin wasn't one to politely mix words. She was more to the point.

With a smile Shelly replied, "I guess that's a good way to say it." She motioned to the waitress after turning her coffee cup over. A little caffeine pick-me-up would hit the spot.

"So what happened? Come on, Shelly, we girls don't get to go out and have different men. Our sex lives are more like a nudge and a slam-bang-suck-my-wang kind of sex. We're married and most of our excitement happens when we get a new erotic book by S.L. Carpenter."

"What? You want me to tell you about my sex life?" Shelly grinned as she mixed cream and sugar into her coffee.

"Fucking duh, well, yes. What happened?"

Shelly took a sip from her cup and added two more packs of cream and another sugar. "All right, I'll tell you but you can't say anything. Gabe can't find out about this. Woman's vow of secrecy, right?"

The ladies all nodded in agreement and huddled around Shelly.

Shelly took a deep breath and remembered back to last night as she once again adjusted her sore ass on the vinyl seat. She hoped her description of the all-night carnal journey would cause a stir for her friends. As she started telling her story, she felt a wetness creep between her legs, and like a movie, it played out before her again...

Shelly paused when she came to the door. She slipped her key into the lock but she could hear noises coming from inside. After the door opened, she grabbed her keys with the jagged edges sticking out. A trick her Aunt Marie taught her.

"You're late, Sheryl." The man's voice was deep in tone and had a raspy echo.

She slowly opened the door and saw the dull, flickering light from the television blinking in the living room. She looked then sighed in relief.

It was Wes. He always called her Sheryl, everyone else called her Shelly but he had to be different. He also knew it pissed her off so he took delight in using it. She hadn't seen him in a month or so but he had a key to her apartment.

"Had a long day at work?" Wes mumbled, asking her the obvious.

She replied, "Yes, very long day. I need to get up early for work and then meet the girls in the morning for coffee. Our weekly ritual of bitching and chatting about life, that kinda stuff."

Wes sat stoic in his chair. Shelly waited for a response but he just continued sitting there staring at the television. She looked to see his hair messy and dark. He wore his standard black T-shirt and ragged jeans.

"You haven't been around for a while. You okay?" she asked while tossing her coat over the small dining room chair. She tossed her keys into the gold bowl on the table. It was used to hold extra change and her keys so she always knew where they were.

"Yeah, but I'm pretty horny. Been sitting here thinking about your tight little pussy for hours."

She swallowed and took a deep breath. Wes was the typical bad boy all women wanted. Crass and he tended to sound rude, but his words were direct. He was darkly handsome with an aura of confidence surrounding him.

They met a while back at a party. He had been drinking then suddenly came over to her and stared directly at her chest. After licking his lips, he looked at her and spoke. "You want to stay here at this boring party or go to my car and fuck?"

First impressions are important to Shelly and Wes impressed her. She had also been drinking and even with her inhibitions slightly exposed, she wasn't going to turn her "slut" attitude on. She was attracted to him but she wasn't that easy. So she waited a few hours *then* fucked him in the car.

Fucking on the first date wasn't her usual style, but something triggered her libido and it was intense. The darkness, the moon roof open and riding his thick cock. The cool night air didn't keep their heat from fogging the windows. Everything was so incredibly primal with this basic fucking until she triggered the car alarm and the lights flashed off and on in the car just when she came. Her parents haven't asked her over since.

Wes now only showed up sporadically and it was usually when he wanted to fuck. She never worried about commitment or anything along those lines.

But tonight she was tired. Exhausted was a better word for how she felt. Maybe he'd understand and let her just rest and watch television. She grabbed a beer from the fridge and a glass of ice water. Walking around his chair, she handed him the beer and sat on the floor in front of him. She wiggled her shoulders to move his legs apart, leaning against them.

"What are you watching?"

He twisted the cap off his beer and flipped it onto the table beside him. "Some stupid movie on cable. You know, fake tits and bad acting."

Shelly shook her head. "Oh, those type of movies."

“Well, you don’t keep any good porn around and I had to improvise so I rented one through the cable company.”

She just knew this conversation was going to lead to something so Shelly decided to cut it off. “I had a bad day. I’m tired and just need to go to bed.”

“So do I,” he quickly responded.

“Noo, not like that. You know, sleep, rest. I have to get up early tomorrow and I think I caught a cold. My throat is sore.”

“I know something that would coat your throat, Sheryl.” He tugged at his crotch in typical male fashion.

Ignoring his obvious hints, she sipped her ice water. The movie was worse than expected. The women were all big-breasted blonde bimbos who leaned toward lesbian sex. Even though it wasn’t her cup of tea, the constant moaning was getting to her.

Watching the women tangled up in a sixty-nine position and licking at the shiny folds of each other’s pussies caused Shelly’s to twitch with want. Maybe a little envy had crept into her mind. She may be tired but she might be able to muster the strength to let Wes eat her pussy for who knows, two hours?

She took another drink of water. The cold crept through her, soothing her burn. Shelly adjusted the way she was sitting. Her arousal beginning to make her uncomfortable.

Wes was transfixed and sporting a hard-on in his jeans that she peeked at when he took the last swig from his beer. He enjoyed porn and dirty stuff. Sexually, he had Shelly explore things she never could around someone like Gabe. She knew he couldn’t see in front of her so she let her hand slide up her thigh.

The movie was getting more graphic in its content. There was one woman pouring lubricant oil over a glass dildo. The other woman lay spread wide, begging the first to fuck her with the toy. Shelly had memories of a glass rod she had bought a long time ago. There was something about when she chilled the dildo in the fridge. The cold would excite and make her so aroused that she came after only a few minutes of play.

Her pussy remembered it too, she could tell by the sudden moistening of her panties. Creeping her hand along her thighs, she moved her skirt up. When her fingers touched the space between her legs, she brushed against the wet fabric.

Shelly turned her body slightly and looked back to Wes. Her gaze moved down to his crotch. She could see the stretching of his pants. A sexual ache was making itself noticed. Again she looked up to Wes, this time she wanted something.

He shifted his gaze from the television to Shelly. "You want to suck my cock?"

His words caused her to almost squirm out of her clothes. His bluntness always got to her. She pressed her finger against her panties, daring herself to pull the thin, wet fabric aside and fondle her clit.

Wes tugged at the buttons of his jeans.

Shelly moved away and let him lift up, pulling his pants and underwear down his legs. She grabbed the back of his shoes and pulled them and his socks off. She then tugged his pants off and tossed them aside. His cock was hard, showing his excitement. With a thump he sat back down and scooted down in the chair. She grabbed both of his knees and spread his legs apart.

Looking back at the television, the two women were now being joined by a man. She knew Wes would like this part of the movie most.

"Why don't you warm up your pussy with your fingers like you were doing a few minutes ago."

Shelly didn't really care that he saw her playing. She wasn't normally an exhibitionist, but having him know what was happening was a big turn-on. She usually pleased herself in the tub or on those late nights alone in her bed.

Moving closer, she leaned and flicked her tongue over the head of Wes' cock. "Don't worry about my hands, just feel what my mouth is doing."

She wanted to have his complete attention, therefore she wasn't just going to blow him, she was going to make his eyes roll.

His deep groan followed her descent on his cock. Her mouth was a vacuum, sucking as she rose back up. Shelly closed her eyes and listened to Wes' breathing. He'd breathe in and hold it as she filled her mouth with him. Each time he'd gently touch the back of her throat, almost making her gag.

"Fuck, you give good head, Sheryl. Fuck, fuck..." His words faded as he spoke.

Arousal flowed through her like blood. His comment made her give in. She began to stroke the outside of her underwear, which squeezed against her puffy pussy lips. She kept crossing and tightening her toes, trying to keep her own needs at bay. Her legs were flexing. The juices from her pussy trickled as she fought to keep from piercing the opening with a lone finger just to ease the pressure building inside.

With a pop, she let his cock free. With a gasp, she wanted to catch her breath.

Her head was spinning then became filled with the moans of passion echoing behind her.

She turned to look at the television. The women were on the bed with the guy. One was below on her back and the other doggy style above her. The man was fucking the girl on top and would pull out and let the woman below suck his shiny cock then he'd go back to fucking the top one.

Shelly couldn't take it anymore. She stood and unfastened the button on the side of her skirt. It fell along her legs to the floor. She turned around, facing away from Wes, and began to peel away her underwear. It stuck to her skin from the wetness of her pussy. She was bent over and a wave of heat rolled through her body.

Wes' hands grasped hard on her ass, squeezing and spreading the cheeks apart. He kissed the soft flesh of her bottom, teasing her. His tongue began at the sensitive base of her cunt and worked upward along the split of her cheeks. He tickled her anus with the tip of his tongue, sending jolts of excitement through her body.

"Oh shit, Wes. What are you doing?"

"Mmmm, I love this ass. Can't wait to fuck you, Sheryl."

She reached forward and held her balance on the television as Wes continued to fondle and lick her ass. She wasn't much for ass play but had dabbled in college. However it was nothing like this. Nothing this erotic. Her eyes looked at the movie before her. The guy was slamming hard into the woman bent over. He was sweating and the look in his eyes showed he was close. The woman moaned as she was being fucked and the other girl licked her pussy as the guy pulled back.

Shelly could only imagine the amount of pleasure the woman felt.

Heat shot through her body as Wes poked his finger into her pussy. Her knuckles whitened as she bent her back down, forcing her ass out. Like a fresh peach, she felt her juices begin to flow out.

"Damn, your cunt is so fucking wet."

Shelly threw her head back when Wes made a slurping sound as he tried to suck the juice from inside her cavern. A moan kept deep within a woman's body rose from Shelly. Wes was licking her pussy and up to her ass. The growls vibrated up her spine like a wave.

"Fuck, Wes, I don't know what you're doing, just don't fucking stop." Shelly's eyes closed and even though her legs were sore from bending over, the aches disappeared as he licked her.

"Mmm, Sheryl, you have my cock so hard I could cut glass with it."

The harshness and no-bullshit way Wes talked always stirred her. He was a bad boy that brought out the bad girl in her. She shook as Wes slid his finger into her pussy again. He pulled it out and she relaxed. Then a chill swept over her as he slid his slippery finger into her anus. His mouth kissed her rounded ass as he slowly breathed against her.

The sensations electrified her body. It wasn't painful but the pressure was different than anything she felt before. Her only foray into anal sex had been in college with her boyfriend, who had gotten her drunk and wanted to try something different. This wasn't awkward or disturbing. This actually felt good.

Wes kept kissing her ass as he moved his finger around in her anus and rolled his thumb between the fleshy folds of her pussy.

"I can't take this, Wes." Shelly was on the verge of letting go. Her mind a blur. "Fuck me, baby, fuck me now. I want to come."

Pulling loose, Wes stood and swept the few knickknacks off the top of the console television and pushed Shelly over it. The TV hummed beneath her and Wes rubbed his cock between her legs until he found the slick opening of her pussy. With a satisfying groan, he sank into her wet cunt.

Grunting, he ground his stomach against her ass. "Fuck, you are so damn hot."

Like a jackhammer, he pounded into her. The only problem was his knee kept hitting the volume button and the porn movie played louder and louder with each thrust.

Everything had built up and was now releasing in a rumbling of pleasure through Shelly's body. "I'm coming, Wes, oh fuck, I'm coming." Right as her orgasm rushed through her, the girl on the TV screamed, "Fuck me in the ass, you big-cocked bastard."

Wes thought it was Shelly and pulled his juice-soaked cock free and slowly pushed it into Shelly's ass.

Her head began to throb from the pounding of her heart. This was a dark desire she had wanted to experience but could never ask for. A taboo that had been hidden from past men in her life. Wes tapped into her darker side and he was tapping into it over and over.

With a shriek of pain, she shook and then began to come. Her body was so sensitive from everything that the feeling of Wes entering her ass became even more arousing. The tightness eased each time he pushed into her. She held the sides of the TV as Wes started fucking her more aggressively.

"Your ass is so fucking tight, baby. Oh yes, I have wanted to do this for a long time." His tone was filled with happiness and almost tearful.

Shelly began to feel the pleasurable jolts of pain shooting through her body. The slapping of their flesh was drowned over by the blaring sound of the porno and the people moaning below her. With a jarring push, Wes stopped.

The pressure was too much as he arched back, moaning, "Fuck, fuck, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna..." He stopped, fully buried in her ass. Hot spurts of seed shot deep within Shelly. She could feel the burn within her as he came over and over. Wes' body shook as he pulled out and continued to seep the seed from his loins down her thigh.

Wes rested his chest against Shelly for a moment, catching his breath. "Damn, Sheryl, you are such a fine woman. I think I'm going to stay here and fuck you all night."

As she lay on top of the TV, still blaring the sound of bad porno music, Shelly thought to herself, *This was incredible but it's not what I want.*

* * * * *

The girls all sat staring, faces flushed and mouths watering. She had just had the kind of sexual experience most of them dreamed about. Some had lived out such carnal carnival rides when younger but most were a bit taken aback by what their friend had done.

Jaymi cleared her throat and asked, "Um, Shelly—er—do you happen to have this Wes guy's number handy?"

After turning multiple shades of red, Shelly smiled and patted Jaymi on the back. "Sorry, I don't know when he'll show up or how to contact him. He just comes around when he wants sex, you know. And he comes over and over again."

The Date

The party was over and Will was going through all those anxious moments at the end of a date. He called it a date because after the company picnic he asked her to go out for dinner. So technically it was a date because he asked – and he ended up paying for dinner.

Alicia always seemed so shy and quiet. Will had seen her a few times at company functions but working among over a thousand people, he didn't get to see her very often. But tonight a few of their friends thought it would be nice to have them meet and set them up with each other.

Will's buddies knew he had been single for way too long after his bitchy girlfriend left him. Being pals and mainly being guys, they knew their friend was in need of getting laid. It's a male credo to try to get single buddies some pussy. The married guys knew *they* weren't getting it so they lived vicariously through their single friends.

The girls in Alicia's customer service department had also gone along with the plan to hook her up. They were tired of hearing her constant bitching and moaning about never finding the perfect guy. If they had to listen to her anymore, they were going to hire someone to kill her and hide the body in a shallow grave in the desert. A date with a guy in another department would be easier and they wouldn't have to dispose of the corpse. A good fucking would clean out the cobwebs in her head and between her legs.

Which brought them to tonight, in the car, in front of her condo.

Will leaned in for the move. He sensed it was time. Their idle chatter was becoming boring and he saw a look of longing in her eyes, making them shine. That...or her allergies were acting up.

Their lips met in a soft kiss. Alicia kissed him back so Will knew the attraction wasn't just one-sided. She brushed the wet tip of her tongue along his lips. Whispering between their mouths she said, "Would you like to come inside?"

Will wanted to come any way he could. The place didn't matter.

As the door swung open, Will saw a very clean and stylish condo. She took pride in her place, which he could tell because there were no empty pizza boxes, porno magazines or beer-can pyramids in the living room like he had at his apartment.

There was a leather couch in front of a nice gas fireplace that she lit while they talked. "Would you like a drink? I have some wine."

"Sure, that would be nice."

He watched as the silken green dress she wore clung to her curves. She pulled a couple of wineglasses and a bottle of wine from the small bar she had in the corner of the main room. Sitting on the couch, she set the glasses on the small glass table. Their conversation turned to worthless babble about everything from the weather to fax machines. This was definitely a night for romance and yes—sex.

Will leaned over to kiss her and a loud sound echoed from his ass. He jumped. "I swear it wasn't me, it's the leather."

Alicia raised her eyebrow and started to laugh. She knew.

They both laughed while they rolled around on the couch and made constant farting sounds that echoed 'round the room. Will lay back with his leg dangling down and felt a strange wetness around his ankle. He didn't want to look because Alicia had her tongue in his mouth and her hand was slowly creeping down his abdomen. His cock was standing straight and begging for her touch.

Will felt something tugging on his shoe and after a few moments he just had to look down. A little orange Pekinese dog was growling and gnawing on his seventy-five-dollar dress shoes. The wetness was a spreading stain on his suit pants where the dog had pissed. *Fucking mutt.*

Alicia had just brushed her palm against the head of his cock but sat up as he moved.

Don't stop!

"Aww, you met Puffy. He's my little buddy. Isn't he cute?"

Cute wasn't the word that came to Will's mind. "Yeah. But it looks like he had an accident on my pants."

"Oh no. I'm sorry. Bad Puffy, *bad* dog. He's a little protective sometimes." She reached to the end table and grabbed a few tissues, brushing them against the wet spot. "That's not going to help much."

She picked up the dog, holding it close to her face and scolding it. "Bad Puffy. You be nice to Will, all right?"

Will smiled. She looked so cute with her dog. His smile faded as he watched Alicia getting her lips and face licked by this mongrel. The critter was licking off her lip gloss with a lot of tongue and slobber. She set the dog back down and leaned back over to Will, kissing him again.

Now when it comes to getting some pussy, men will tolerate a lot of things they otherwise wouldn't. As Alicia's lips were bathing his mouth, still moist with dog spit, he looked over and saw Puffy licking his balls. A little doggy pink-headed warrior poked out.

Will suddenly felt a bit ill.

"Well, we'd better get you out of those pants so I can wash them."

The feeling of nausea vanished quickly as Will's own pink-headed warrior awoke once more at Alicia's words.

They walked into the bedroom and stood on opposite sides of the large white-covered bed that featured an assortment of pillows and other fluffy stuff.

"What's that?" Will pointed to a little carpet-covered step.

“Oh, that’s so Puffy can get up onto the bed at night.” She paused. “But tonight he’s gonna stay down because I’m having you instead.”

The lights were dim and sexy. The mood was perfect and romance filled the air.

They were both ready for the suggestive dance of seduction as they stripped, facing each other.

Will undid the buttons on his shirt slowly as he watched Alicia do the same. Tossing his shirt to the floor, he watched as Alicia let the silken fabric slither along her torso and accentuate the curves of her skin. He tugged the white tank top over his head and waited for his first prize. It was actually a set of prizes. Alicia reached behind her and unfastened her bra. Wiggling her arms, the bra loosened and two small silicone spheres fell out before she dropped her bra to the floor.

“Oh my God, I’m so embarrassed. I haven’t had a man in so long that I padded my bra. I forgot.” She looked ashamed but Will didn’t mind. To him she was beautiful.

“No, baby, I don’t mind at all. I hear women with smaller breasts are more responsive to having them sucked by their lover. I’m going to spend hours kissing and sucking on those.” Will knew what to say. He’d read it in the *Idiot’s Guide to Getting Laid*.

Will unfastened his pants. The slacks were loose and his boner was obvious as it protruded through his fly. He was ready for action.

Staring at Alicia, he realized how much he loved looking at sexy women undressing. His computer had bookmarks of multiple websites where he could watch women undressing and doing things with kitchen and bathroom appliances along with handheld devices. There was even one site with midget women, but that was for special occasions like his birthday or those Fridays when he was drunk and had eaten shellfish.

Anyway, he stood there, full of anticipation. He tugged down his tighty-whities and they fell to his ankles. Alicia raised an eyebrow and bit her bottom lip excitedly. She approved.

Cool. All those growth pills must have paid off.

It was now her turn to reveal the treasure. He watched as Alicia pulled down her skirt and underwear. In seconds she was naked before him and one thought immediately crossed Will's mind as his gaze fixed on her body.

I may need a weed-whacker.

He didn't think anything was wrong with a little patch of hair over the goodies. Some women go bare, others like some fur over the taco, but Alicia was more like a real healthy Chia Pet.

Will swallowed. He gazed back up to Alicia's face. She looked a little apprehensive and maybe embarrassed. This was the moment Will knew he needed to seal the deal. "God, you are *beautiful*, Alicia."

The perfect two-point shot was up – and *good*.

With a smile and a sigh, she peeled back the comforter and sheet and slid into the bed. Lying sexily on her hip, she patted the mattress beside her, beckoning Will to join her.

Will leapt at the chance to get into bed with a naked woman. The problem was he'd forgotten he still had his shoes, pants and underwear around his ankles. When he stepped forward, he tripped, falling face first onto the bed and slamming his knees on the wooden frame. His cock ended up stuck between the mattress and the box spring.

This must be how it feels to make love to an elephant.

The pain from his knees and a rapidly growing headache made him silently scream a few choice cusswords and several unrepeatable phrases. More than a few of which were physically impossible.

Finally kicking off his shoes, pants and underwear, Will hobbled to his feet and made it into the bed.

"Aww, you poor thing." Alicia rubbed his skin with her soft hands. "Let me check and make sure everything's okay."

Will lay flat on his back in a certain amount of pain. However, it quickly disappeared when Alicia lowered her warm mouth around his sore cock. This must be the bad medicine people talk about. Something bad feeling so good. Will lay there in a blissful state, finally getting some desperately needed attention to his cock. Her soft mouth was quickly sucking up and down his erection, giving him such pleasure he wanted to melt. The swollen head spread her lips apart and then she paused, letting the tip of her tongue wipe across the sensitive end. All the time, her hand stroked and squeezed his length.

Will was going out of his mind. "Oh no, Alicia, you have to stop." Will didn't want her to stop of course because his toes were curled, his balls tight and the urge to release the pent-up frustration filled his loins.

"Mmm, why?" she mumbled as she continued sucking his cock.

"I-I-I can't take much more. It's been a long time for me and I'm about to burst." Will tried to hold himself back by thinking of his grandmother naked, the church, how his team kept fucking up in the playoffs...anything to prolong this pleasure.

"Let me help. My mom taught me this trick." Alicia took Will's cock and wrapped her mouth around the head. Will felt her taking a deep breath then she bit down and blew hard on his cock.

He swore his eyes bulged out and he had horrible visions of his balls ending up like balloons, swelling and finally exploding. When she stopped blowing, she wrapped her fingers around his cock and squeezed. It's hard to be a grown man and cry, but tears welled in Will's eyes. What had started as a great blowjob suddenly turned into a *blow-up* nightmare.

After Alicia apologized for trying to turn Will's cock into a party favor, they continued their cuddling. Will, as promised, caressed and kissed on her tight, perky breasts. He loved the feel of soft skin covering the breast. How any gentle caress can cause a woman to purr with excitement. The skin would become hot and turn pink from arousal.

After a long, wet, luscious kiss, Will began to slide down Alicia's body. He was going downtown.

Will wasn't an expert but he enjoyed going down and giving a woman pleasure. The way his tongue and fingers made a woman squirm and moan really turned him on. The fragrance of passion was his ultimate aphrodisiac and he also knew that if he could take a woman to the brink orally, then when they fucked, the sex was that much more intense.

Creeping down Alicia's body, Will let his hands slide along the slopes and curves of her form. His tongue left a trail of glistening saliva as it followed the path traced by his fingers. He loved doing this.

Alicia moaned loudly when Will rested his palm against her pubis and then he gently parted her legs and settled between her thighs. He blinked a few times and had to squint closely to find the opening of her pussy through the forest of hair she had fertilized between her legs.

Taking a deep breath, he dove in. His mouth found her pussy and he let his tongue part the folds of flesh. Will kept his eyes closed—he had to because her hair kept poking at his eyelids while he licked at her clit. Alicia's moaning guided his journey. She wiggled and tightened her legs while Will ate her out.

He paused now and again to cough up a few renegade pubic hairs that found their way down his throat. He suddenly understood how cats got hairballs.

Before he could regain his breath, Alicia grabbed his head, yanking it back between her legs and grinding her pelvis against his face. Will kept his tongue out and licked frantically as Alicia guided him with sharp tugs on his hair.

"Oh my God, Will, I'm coming, I'm coming, oooh God, I'm..." Her voice tapered off.

Or at least it seemed to because she wrapped her thighs around Will's head, effectively shutting down his hearing. But she kept tugging his hair to bury his face against her pussy as she came.

When her spasms subsided, Will pulled back, gasping for air. His face felt as if it had been scrubbed with a scouring pad and he burned with what was probably a reddish rash on his cheeks and upper lip.

“Oh, Will, I want you to fuck me, baby. Fuck me now...” Alicia lay back on the bed, a thin sheen of sweat covering her chest. Will caught his breath and slid his fingertips over her abdomen to the nipples that were straining for his touch.

Knowing he needed protection, he climbed over her and reached for his pants where there was an emergency condom tucked into his wallet. It had been in there so long there was a visible imprint of the ring on the leather. He knelt and ripped open the package with his teeth. Five-year-old lubricant has a distinctive taste he discovered he really didn’t want in his mouth. Squeezing the package as he ripped it open didn’t help. Alicia rolled onto her side to watch him put the condom on.

Will almost cried as the rubber broke when he tried to sheathe himself. He was definitely having one of *those* days.

“Let me get one of mine. I’ve got some right here in the drawer.” Alicia rolled onto her stomach and fussed in her beside table.

Looking at her nice, round ass, Will quickly forgot all his troubles. He noticed there was a small tattoo on her lower back and he leaned in for a closer look.

It read *Insert cock here* with an arrow pointing downward to her ass. Will grinned to himself.

Cool. A woman who comes with instructions.

“Here.” She saw Will staring at her ass, holding his cock. She smiled as he took the condom. “I know what you want. You’re a naughty boy, Will.” Alicia pushed her body up and looked back as Will put the condom on.

Finally. With rising excitement, he positioned himself behind her.

Will grabbed her hips and pulled her small frame back onto his hard, thick cock. They had both waited for this all night. As he entered her, Alicia moaned and lowered

her head to the pillow, closing her eyes. Will watched as he sank in and out of her pussy with ease. It was amazing—incredible. Better than any hand cream or blow-up doll.

His thrusts quickened as he became more aroused by her moans of pleasure.

“Oh shit, you feel so fucking good.” Will leaned his head back and groaned.

“Oh, baby, you wanna fuck me in the ass? You want to? You know you want to.” Alicia wiggled as Will sank into her pussy once more.

Pulling out, he felt a little lightheaded. He was so turned on he thought all the blood from his brain must have drained into his cock. He held the slippery tip and pushed it slowly into Alicia’s anus. The tightness was so arousing he thought he would erupt then and there. He squeezed his eyes shut and only stopped when his body touched her ass.

His fantasies were becoming realities as the night unfolded.

“Oh, Will, this is so fucking *hot*, I’m almost there again. Fuck me harder!” Alicia started to squeal and moan, adding intensity to what was happening between them.

Will groaned in ecstasy, knowing he was about to explode. He leaned back and felt a sudden blinding pain shoot through his body all the way to his mind, sending waves of agonizing darkness across his brain.

He screamed.

Will came to, opening his eyes to see a dimly lit hospital room. Alicia was dozing in the chair beside the bed. It was confusing and scary.

“Oh, you finally woke up. Thank goodness. I was *sooo* worried.” Alicia reached out and took his hand.

“What happened? What the fuck am I doing in a hospital?” Will managed to croak the words from a throat that was sore as if he’d been screaming for hours.

Alicia stroked his fingers soothingly. "Well, somehow Puffy got into the bedroom when he heard me crying from the orgasm I was having. He thought you were attacking me and he...well...he defended me."

She paused and squeezed his hand. "He saw your balls swinging and hitting my ass and bit them. It was rather difficult for them to stop the bleeding and it took quite a while. Eventually we found one of them—but the other...well, we think he..."

Will quickly pulled his hand away from Alicia's and grabbed for his family jewels. There was a bulky bandage, almost like a diaper, covering his package. He painfully reached into the diaper to find to his horror his cock was missing its two travel buddies.

"I-I he—" Words failed him as he stared helplessly at Alicia.

"I know, baby. I was terribly upset too." Then she smiled reassuringly. "But don't worry. Puffy's going to be just fine."

The Bitter Divorce

Sela sat in her red cloth-covered recliner. Her robe kept her in a cocoon of warmth and pink bunny slippers kept her toes from falling off because of frostbite. The steam from the tea filled her nose as she breathed in the lemon aroma. A fire burned in the large brick fireplace, heating the room. This was her sanctuary.

Life had dealt her a great hand until recently. She finished graduate school in her home country of England. She made her way to America after school and married well. She didn't need to work because financially she was very smart with her investments. Also, she decided it would be better to be home for her children instead of sending them off to be raised in after-school care.

Her husband worked long hours and took many trips out of town. It didn't bother her except she needed to buy rechargeable batteries to keep up with her unfulfilled sexual needs. Still, she had the life she dreamed of apart from her darling husband being around all the time.

In her mind, things were peachy until the fateful Tuesday she heard a knock at the door. She went to answer it and a young man had her sign the legal document acknowledging she was being served papers. They were divorce papers ending her long marriage. Her heart was broken and her perfect world shattered.

The countless days of sitting with lawyers trying to dicker over everything was a ridiculous war of pettiness. Tom was suddenly ruthless and mean. His reason for leaving was a woman half his age. She was a tall blonde bitch named Vanessa who had a firm grasp on his balls and squeezed to get her every whim attended to.

Sela warned Tom that this temptress in the red dress was the devil's bride and would take everything from him.

She still remembered the final day in his lawyer's office. They were going over a detailed list of all the things they wanted divided...

"Hey, I just want things split fifty-fifty." Tom motioned as if cutting something in half.

"All I asked you for was to let me keep my collection of art. You never liked or understood it anyway." Sela was back at the war of words over little, insignificant things. The art was worth thousands and she had accumulated the collection.

"Whatever. I'm tired of arguing. All I need is my electric toothbrush, a new razor and some clothes and essentials. I'm never home anyways so I'll go stay at Nessa's until you figure out all this bullshit with my lawyer. Split it up and fuck the rest. I just want this mess over. Now you know why I left."

"You worthless prick. You left because I didn't want anal sex and that step up from a whore lets you fuck her every which way you want, which makes you think you're worth more than your wallet. Mark my words, you crotch stain, she has you wrapped around her middle finger because she is going to fuck you out of everything." Sela couldn't believe she'd said all that in one breath.

"I hate you," Tom yelled.

"I hate you more, you worthless bastard." Sela's eyes swelled with tears.

Tom went to speak and an awful scent filled his nose. He looked down and saw Sela's Pekinese dog pissing on his Italian shoes. "Fuck! I hate that damn dog."

Sela smirked as Chelsea scampered to her legs, nipping at Tom as he kicked toward her. "Good, Chelsea, good dog."

* * * * *

For a woman who had been through so much, Sela sat calmly in her chair. She sipped her tea and flipped through a small bundle of photos she'd just picked up from the photo-mart.

She smiled as she looked through the pictures. Pulling a pen from the small drawer beside the chair, she addressed an envelope. It was to Tom. His new address was hard for her to write after all the years at their home as a supposed happily married couple.

Chelsea barked, wanting to get up on the chair with Sela.

She reached down and picked up her little dog. With an evil grin, Sela glanced at two pictures that she set aside from the rest. Showing them to Chelsea, she laughed.

“You remember me taking these pictures, Chelsea?”

One was of the dog getting her teeth brushed with Tom’s electric toothbrush. The other photo was of the toothbrush being used to clean fresh little runny piles of doggy poo-poo off the newly installed shag carpet.

“I should have gotten these developed sooner. This just made my day.”

The Best Men – Part Two

Shelly's neck was sore from answering the phone all day. The men at her job expected her to do all the secretarial work and basically took her for granted.

On her break, she sat down and listened to the only other female she got along with who worked with her at the Doctors' Hospital Mental Institute. Melinda was a lovely woman. Tall, statuesque and had the most perfect chocolate-colored complexion imaginable. She was every man's fantasy. But all good things have a drawback.

Melinda was the talkative type. Not just about her life and such, this woman made an auctioneer jealous with a nightmare attitude to match. It was common knowledge to the men at the institute that one did not fuck with Melinda.

Three months after she was hired, a recently divorced doctor decided to threaten her. He told her, "I hired you for two reasons. One, you type faster than any person I have ever met. Secondly, and this is where your job security lies, I have always wanted to know what it was like to fuck a black beauty queen."

It was good that they worked in a doctor's office because she managed to get the doctor to drop his pants then turned evil. She grabbed one of his very expensive inkwell pens and rammed it up his ass. As he cried out in pain, she tore his new silk tie from around his neck and wrapped it around his balls then tightened until circulation was cut off and he passed out. After she stuck his cock in the cigar cutter, security busted the door in. The blade only cut halfway through his cock and when the guards grabbed Melinda, she ripped the dangling end off with her acrylic nails.

Out of the ordeal, the doctor was fired for sexual harassment and Melinda received a promotion to executive secretary of billing. They figured if anyone didn't pay their bills, she might be able to convince them. Besides, she threatened to put everyone out of business for sexual and racial harassment.

So Shelly liked Melinda and for some reason they connected.

Melinda was currently on one of her rants about gossip and the workplace.

“Randy bet Dave that he couldn’t screw Chris’ girlfriend JoAnn. Dave won that bet because JoAnn screwed him in the stockroom, which is why all the Walker case files were all stuck together. JoAnn then decided that she loved Dave. But Dave’s ex-girlfriend flew into town so Dave dumped JoAnn after she gave him head in the VP bathroom following their lunch with Dr. Shlooker. After Dave dumped JoAnn, his ex-girlfriend dumped him again. Which was too good for that little fucker if you ask me. Meanwhile, Chris didn’t want JoAnn back so Randy offered to take JoAnn off Dave’s hands. After Randy and JoAnn had a one-night stand, JoAnn decided she’d rather be a lesbian instead of dealing with all the bullshit baggage the men she had in her life kept giving her. Besides, Randy gave her a nasty case of crabs. Then Randy’s ex-girlfriend Gina was going to get married and Randy told her that he’d kick his present girlfriend out of the house if she’d come back to him. So the bastard kicked Cindi out to make room for Gina, who used to be a third of the Randy, Gina, Cindi ménage that was going on. You following me so far?”

Melinda took a deep breath and continued. “Anyway now enters Jennifer, the ex-striper we just hired in accounts. Nice girl but she has too many tattoos if you ask me. She has this one on the small of her back of an arrow pointing down that looks like a traffic sign and reads *Enter at Your Own Risk*. Just Randy’s type only she’s married with kids. Weeelllllll, she’s dumped her husband, who is a three-hundred-and-fifty-pound biker in prison for fucking a cow while on meth then assaulting a SWAT team, so she can date Randy, which is cool with Randy because he’s decided to share her with Dave. Meanwhile Keith has decided he’s gay, but is unsure if he should completely come out of the closet. One night he tried to hit on his best friend, who’s totally not gay and got a black eye for his effort even after he blew his friend behind the bar. Andrew thinks this is all really funny but is willing to take JoAnn off anyone who doesn’t want her because he hasn’t gotten laid since high school and he’s thirty-two, at least he was until JoAnn

said she had some kind of VD and isn't sure who she got it from. So all the guys are in a panic. I'm sure there's more but..." Melinda paused and looked at Shelly. "Are you okay?"

Shelly had the lights on in her head but nobody was home. "I'm just tired, Melinda, just tired. It sounds like your whole department is fucking crazy."

They both looked at each other then started laughing.

"That's an understatement since we work in a mental hospital." Melinda got up from her chair. "Lunch is over, Shelly, time to get back. Talk to you later."

* * * * *

The phone rang and Shelly picked it up as usual because nobody else bothered to do their job.

"Doctors' Hospital, may I—"

"It's you. I was hoping you'd answer this time." The man's voice was soft and Shelly had had her share of crank calls. But this one was different. It seemed more personal.

"Um, sir, this is Doctors' Hospital, who are you trying to reach?"

"You. I wanted to talk to you."

Shelly swallowed and moved her finger to hang up.

"Don't hang up. I know we haven't met but I have seen you. I sometimes watch you."

"Really, like some kind of pervert? Do you watch me undress or something?"

"Nooo, even though I've thought about it. Each time I picture you naked, I grow hard. I bet you are getting a bit aroused wondering who I am."

Shelly couldn't lie to herself. The warmth between her legs made it obvious he was making her curious about a few things. Namely, what kind of face and body went with his sexy voice? "I'm with somebody. I'm not, um, well, I can't go out and, well..."

"You're curious, aren't you? I bet I know what you like. You seem the type of woman who likes it when a man takes charge. Likes it when a man just wants to take you. Just sitting here thinking about you has me wondering what it would be like to lick the tender skin behind your knees then move up between your thighs to your..."

Shelly pulled the phone from her ear. She felt such a rush of arousal that her panties became damp. He was mind-fucking her. But she wasn't going to be played.

She lifted the phone back to her ear and heard him breathing. "Go fuck yourself, buddy. I'm no tramp. You can just have phone sex with yourself while you jack off. Fuck you!"

"Suit yourself. I'm going to go hang out at Jonah's Bar in a bit. You can stop by for a drink. You'll know who I am." He fell silent on the end of the phone.

Shelly quickly hung up and squirmed in her chair. Now what should she do? She couldn't go. It just wasn't right. But this guy got to her. He knew she wouldn't hang up. How he knew about the soft skin behind her knee shocked her. The particular place that made her cream must get to a lot of women and not just her.

She looked up to the clock—it was almost six.

"Fuck it," she said. "I'll just go play with this guy's head a bit.

"Yeah, go fuck with him then leave right when he thinks he's gonna get some pussy.

"That's mean but it'll be fun."

She was talking aloud and keeping a conversation going with herself. Grabbing her purse, she shook her head as she walked out the door. "This fucking place is getting to me."

* * * * *

Shelly enjoyed toying and teasing men now and then. It was harmless fun. It did have an effect on her though. She'd get that little tingle of excitement between her thighs. She'd think about taking one of the men at the bar for a little harmless sex. She

knew bars weren't a place to go unless a person was looking for sex. Jonah's Bar was exactly as she'd expected.

Men outnumbered women three to one. It was small and crowded but not so much to be a cluster-fuck of loud music and bodies smashed into the room like sardines. It was a typical downtown atmosphere with the smell of beer and cigarette smoke filling the air. She was relaxed and quite comfortable in the surroundings. Gabe would never come to a place like this.

She wasn't the one-night-stand type but every now and then that desperate itch of forbidden sex stirred within her. The taboo of sex with a stranger lingered in her mind. Most of these men would be more than happy to oblige her with a quick suck and fuck. How would she know who the voice was? What type of man would he be? What if he were ugly with a wart on his nose and a hump on his back?

Tossing her hair back a bit, she caught the eye of a tall, dark man. He stood in the shadows of the bar behind a few other men. The other guys smiled with false veneer teeth and perfectly coifed hair. This guy was different. He stepped into the light and she saw what he looked like. She instinctively smiled.

His hair was dark and pulled back. There was a silent confidence and aura to him. He stared at her with lustful eyes. The type of look that made a woman's panties melt off. She turned back to the bar and sighed. Her nipples began to harden with excitement. Like a burning ember, her fire was set to blaze but she was waiting. *Fucking A, I hope that's him*, she thought. She played it calm and waited for *him* to make the first move.

A group of men all sat in the corner and did their best stud impressions. In typical male hunting fashion, they scanned the landscape to find a new, unsuspecting prey.

"Damn, that bitch looks like she's about to come over here and jump me," one short guy commented. "She was looking right at me and smiled."

"Dude, she wants me. I can tell. But I bet she's just a cock-tease and frosty between the sheets," a blond guy piped in.

"No way. Look at her sitting there." The short guy straightened his crotch and puffed his chest out. "She's perfect. Alone...hot...horny. Fifty bucks says I can get her to let me sit over there with her."

"I'll take that bet."

The guy turned around and was doing his best to be a badass. "Oh shit, it's some new guy. Who are you?"

"Derek, my name is Derek. That woman over there is on fire."

"Yeah, I know. Get ready to lose your money, Derek. Steve is making his move." The other guys watched as Steve strolled slowly over toward the bar.

A man cleared his throat and smiled as he leaned onto the bar beside Shelly. "May I sit down?"

"Sure, the seat is open." Shelly was polite even if not interested.

"You look very nice tonight. I couldn't help but notice you."

She could tell he wasn't very adept at pick-up lines. "Well, thank you."

"Steve, my name is Steve." He held his hand out to Shelly. She smirked and turned.

"Steve?" She paused. "I'm Shelly, nice to meet you. How much did you bet your buddies over there that I'd let you sit over here with me?"

"Um, I don't do things like that." His smile was now gone and his voice cracked.

Shelly turned and pulled a ten-dollar bill from her little purse and set it on the bar in front of Steve. "Go buy another drink, Steve. Tell your friends I'm not interested tonight. Thanks for the effort, but not tonight."

Steve pushed the ten back to her and shrugged his shoulders. "Thanks, but it never hurts to try."

Steve walked back to his pack of male wolves in their corner.

"Shot down in flames, huh, Steve?" the blond guy teased.

Steve held his hands up to the side, giving up. "Her name is Shelly. She said she was on her period and had major PMS. She did offer to buy me a drink though. I told her no thanks."

"I told you. Ice between those legs," the blond guy cracked.

Derek smiled as he kept his stare on Shelly. He was focused on her and when she turned and looked back at him, the slow burn of desire rose in his body.

It wasn't that Shelly wasn't thinking about sex. Just not with Steve. She sipped her drink and kept having the feeling she was being looked at. The small hair on her neck was bristling like in a spooky movie. As unnerving as it was, it excited the shit out of her because she knew it was *that guy*.

She couldn't help but look up from her drink and turn to find him. That stare. The way it crept into her body and flowed through her like blood. It rushed to the center of her sexual soul. This man made her passion boil and urges come to the forefront. He had to be the guy who called. This was going to be her one-night stand.

"Guys, I can't help but go over to that woman." Derek wanted her. Ironically, a slow jam of pounding R&B pulsed through the bar. The music wasn't loud. It was just soothing.

"You? Maybe you should watch and learn," the blond man said.

"Man's gotta do what he's gotta do." Derek started to leave.

Steve pulled a twenty from his pocket. "Twenty bucks says you get turned away."

With a shrug, Derek smiled and started to walk toward Shelly and stopped. He leaned over to the bartender and handed him a twenty-dollar bill.

Shelly was frozen. Except for the one part of her anatomy that was boiling. She was going to leave before crossing the line. She got up and walked along the bar to get out.

"You can't leave yet, I just ordered you another drink." She looked up to see those eyes.

He grinned and handed her a glass. "Hello, Shelly. My name is Derek"

"Hello, Derek, I'm just leaving."

"You don't want to go, Shelly. Not yet."

"And why don't I want to go?" she asked stupidly.

"Because the night just started and I plan to end it in bed with you." His smile widened across his mouth.

Instead of reaching out and slapping him, Shelly just pursed her lips and held back a smile.

"You're pretty confident, aren't you?"

"Well, when I see something I want, I'm not the type to let it go. Tonight I want you."

"So you expect me to just let you have me? Why you and not one of these other guys?"

"Because you don't want them. You want me. I'm good-looking, above average in the sexual equipment department, I have an insatiable appetite for eating pussy and want nothing more than to take you out back and fuck you."

Every nerve in Shelly's body was electrified. His harshness cut through the outer façade of all the dating and useless bullshit. He wanted her for nothing more than sex and she felt the same way. No ties, except maybe handcuffs. Just physical pleasures unleashed.

"Well, let me see how full of shit you are." Shelly took the drink in her hand and downed it in one gulp. Derek followed suit.

She pressed up against him and pulled her hand up his thigh, grasping his crotch in her palm. Her eyes never left his. A swirl of passion tickled her pussy as she found he wasn't bragging but rather was telling the truth.

He leaned forward, setting his glass on the bar. "I'm happy you showed. I was afraid I might have scared you when I called like that. Let's get the fuck out of here."

Shelly's knees buckled as she turned and set her finished drink on the bar.

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The women's bathroom of a bar wasn't the most romantic of places but she was so fucking horny, she was oblivious to the surroundings. Her mouth sucked on Derek's nipple while he tugged his shirt open. They were cramped in the handicapped stall but at least there was enough room to move around. Derek grabbed her hips and turned her away from him. His hands reached up and groped her swelling breasts.

A moan escaped her. The heat of the moment overwhelmed her body. Her breasts were swollen and sensitive. He pulled her shirt up over her bra and breathed heavily into her ear. "Damn, you are so hot."

Derek's hands slipped under her bra and cupped the soft mounds of flesh. Shelly closed her eyes, moaning again as he flicked his fingertip against her nipple. She bent down a bit, rubbing her ass against Derek's crotch. She could feel the hardness and was aching to feel him fuck her.

"You want me to fuck you like this, don't you?" Derek squeezed her breasts as he spoke.

"Nooo...this is wrong...but..." She gasped when Derek's hand slid down her stomach and grasped her slippery pussy. "Oh yes. God, yes. I just don't want to start something we can't fin..."

"...ish." Derek pulled at her underwear, loosening them from the wetness that caused them to cling to her labia. His fingers stroked and pinched at the fabric, sending

shivers of pleasure through her body. She wiggled, trying to help. Her ass pressed against his cock and the shimmies only made her ass hotter.

The thin, moist fabric fell to her knees. When she leaned farther forward, Derek squeezed her bare pussy. Her cunt was so wet. The juices trickled over his hand and fingers.

"Your pussy is so fucking wet. I can't wait for you to wrap it around my cock," Derek kept whispering close to her ear. His breath was hot and his words hotter. She couldn't say anything.

She was frozen in the middle of this erotic daydream coming true. His fingers swept against her clit and spread her opening. Shelly held her weight on the bar across the wall above the toilet.

This all seemed so cheap but Shelly didn't care. Everything about this made her feel so alive. The desire filled her heart and added to the arousal.

She reached one hand back and began to stroke Derek's cock through his pants.

He groaned and stepped back to undo his slacks. Shelly wanted to turn around but stayed where she was. The underwear stretched across her knees. Her heels wobbled from her straining. The zipping sound filled the air of the confined space.

Shelly needed to see. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Derek tearing open a condom. She reached her hand back to grasp his hard cock.

Her eyes closed as she wrapped her hand around him. It was a nice size and bobbed while she stroked its length.

"Come on. Hurry. I want it. Give it to me, you bastard." She began to yank on his cock, needing to feel him.

"Let me put the glove on, baby."

She shook her ass before him, teasing his mind. "You wanna fuck me? You want this?"

Derek snickered. With a swish of air, Shelly felt his hand strike her ass. The loud slap echoed in her mind. A sting radiated through her. The pain took her higher.

Shelly gasped as Derek pushed the head of his cock at the opening of her cunt. The threshold of sin before her. She could stop right now and walk away. Chalk it up to a learning experience. A tease taken too far.

Shelly moaned as Derek grunted and sunk his hard cock into her pussy. The boundary crossed. She had let this temptation go farther than she originally intended, but her own pleasure took over. With each grunt and thrust, he went deeper. His hands pawed at her hips, making them ache. She heard him suck in breaths of air when he pushed to the hilt in her.

“Your pussy is so fucking tight. Fuck, you are so hot.”

“Hard, fuck me hard and fast, Derek, fuck me.” She was pleading for it now. With a desperate need to fulfill, she spit into her hand and reached between her legs to stroke her throbbing clit.

“Oh fuck, oh yes, yes, harder, harder.” She rocked with each vicious thrust. The smacking of their skin filled the air. Shelly reached back farther and as Derek sunk into her cunt, she grabbed his balls and rolled them in her palm. She was so close but needed that extra to cross over. “Fuck that pussy, Derek, fuck that pussy, you bastard.”

The moaning and lustful groans echoed in the small bathroom. Fluorescent lights flickered and the creaking of the walls filled the air. Cheap, sinful passions released through the most primitive behavior, a no-holds-barred fucking.

Shelly bit her lip as her muscles tightened around Derek’s thick cock, plunging in and out of her cunt. His thrusts were slowing and she sensed him getting close.

“Shit, baby, you have me about to come. Damn, you are so hot.” He had beads of sweat across his forehead. He pulled his cock almost all the way out until the head spread her pussy a bit wider then sank back in until his tight abdomen smacked against her ass.

Derek reached down around Shelly and grabbed her swaying breasts in his hands. He gently squeezed them as he fucked her. His mouth pushed against her bare shoulder and sucked in, causing Shelly to wince in pain.

He slammed in hard and deep, lifting her off the ground. Shelly felt the rush of blood flow through her. Her pussy began to tingle and the soreness of the sex disappeared. She closed her eyes tight and clenched her teeth. With all her might she tightened her pussy around Derek's cock.

"Fuck, I'm coming." Derek bit her shoulder and erupted.

Shelly held in a shriek. Words didn't need to be said. An emotional breeze whisked through her body. Her muscles flexed around his cock as they climaxed together. Over and over she felt his cock throb within her cunt. Her vaginal spasms milked him as he stopped pushing and began to relax.

Derek pulled back, falling from her pussy.

Shelly weakly stood, her knees buckling. She leaned against the wall and caught her breath. "You go get cleaned up. I need a few minutes." She looked down but had a smile on her face.

"I'll meet you out at the bar in a few." Derek reached his hand out to hers and squeezed her fingertips.

When he stepped out, Shelly heard him excuse himself so there must be other people in the bathroom. *What the fuck am I doing?*

Shelly turned to sit on the toilet. After a few minutes, the irritation subsided and she felt the urge to pee. With a heavy sigh, she relieved herself and a shudder of chills rode up her spine. The panties she had at her ankles were still wet but she needed something on and too bad for her that she didn't pack an extra pair in her purse.

Gathering herself, she stepped out of the stall. She was met by three women staring at her.

"What?" she said.

One big blonde replied, "Derek, huh? Next time use the men's room, there's only two stalls in this bathroom and the one is plugged and we all really need to pee."

The Growth Spurt

Martin sat shaking slightly in the expensive leather swivel desk chair in front of his computer.

He had just finished his daily ritual of scanning free porn sites to whack off to during the thirty-second clips for no extra charge. The last site was a humdinger with movies of “MILF TRAINERS”. Supposed studs training moms how to fuck properly. To Martin this was an odd thing because if the women in question were already mothers, one would assume they knew how to fuck. But still, he joyously jerked off to the fantasy in his mind. “This could actually happen!”

Just after he made the goofy sex face men make when coming, an ad popped up on his twenty-three-inch LCD screen. The site featured a picture of a doctor pointing his finger at an advertisement. *Primo Penis Pills. Isn't it time to be the man you want to be? Add thirty percent to the length of your penis... Guaranteed!* Below the text was a sexy couple embracing in the throes of passion.

Holy shit, he thought. “Guaranteed. Now that’s something you don’t hear a lot.”

He’d seen these ads a million times and always just closed the window.

Just view these testimonials —

Jizm Johnny, 2005 Best Come Shot award finalist, writes, Since I've taken the Primo Penis Plus pills, my stamina has gotten gooder. And my cock — I mean, penis — has grown almost three inches. The ladies loves it much better and I can come eight to ten times a day.

The before and after pictures made Martin do a double take. The first one was of the guy with an already big cock and the after had him standing with what resembled a boa constrictor between his legs.

The more he read, the more he bought into the hype. Numerous men said how a bigger penis changed their life like a lottery ticket. Women would flock to them because

they now had the cock of their dreams. Of course winning the lottery would have the same effect on women.

Something about the ad made Martin keep it open and read on. Maybe it was the doctor. Maybe it was because he felt a bigger cock would help him with the ladies. Or when at the gym, he wouldn't be so shy when showering. It was probably because of that vindictive, fucking bitch Camille Hartwood. Her heartless comments after Martin won her in a drinking game scarred him for life. He drank more beer than anyone at the football party and the prize was a blowjob from Camille.

She staggered upstairs with Martin and laughed when he pulled his cock out. He couldn't help it, he was drunk and sometimes things don't work or look the same when intoxicated. A woman fucked up enough to blow a guy on a bet was bad enough but a guy drunk enough to take the girl up on it deserved the erectile dysfunction. His cock just hung there like wet sushi. If that weren't bad enough, Camille threw up all over the front of him after drinking anything with fruit flavor and alcohol in it and then went downstairs and blew all the other guys instead.

The web page switched to the payment screen where there was the final chance to make the change in life and pocketbook. Martin paused, holding his limp, still-dripping cock in his hand. Looking down, he asked, "You know what, buddy, maybe we should try this. It might make you the big, swinging dick you always wanted to be. What do you think?"

Like most men, he stared at his one-eyed wonder worm almost expecting it to answer back. In a way it did – telepathically.

After a few extra tugs, he straightened and followed the directions on the site to receive the wonder drug guaranteed to make his penis grow "up to thirty percent bigger in length and girth". He was so excited he even paid the extra money for next-day delivery.

The next day he sat patiently for all of ten minutes then he sat like a deer in headlights. Time couldn't go quick enough as he sat watching the hands of the clock tick by. The doorbell rang and Martin almost jumped out of his chair to get it.

He swung open his door and saw two elderly women looking at him in his Hawaiian-patterned underwear and a tank top that read *I'm With Stupid* and an arrow pointing down toward his penis.

"Are you ready to take the Lord into your heart?" the one Hispanic woman asked, staring at Martin.

"Not today. I'm just waiting for my penis pills to be delivered." Martin was a desperate man. "See, they are guaranteed to make my penis grow thirty percent, guaranteed!" He pulled his shorts down to show the two unsuspecting women.

The two women stood for a silent moment. The other elderly woman adjusted her glasses, squinted then leaned toward the door and said, "God does work in mysterious ways, my boy. But he can't do every miracle." Then they both turned and walked away.

They'll see, he thought to himself. He looked down at his cock. "It's okay, buddy, don't pout," he said, and pulled his shorts back up, waiting for his miracle.

Standing in the doorway, Martin saw the delivery van pull up in front of his home. He almost came in his boxers from the joy. In fact he did dribble some seed into his patterned shorts. Hopefully the pills would help his premature ejaculation problem too.

After getting the package, Martin ripped it open and read the instructions. Everything was pretty standard except for the forty-seven possible side effects. Martin figured anal leakage and hair loss with abdominal cramps and a slim chance of losing some brain function was worth the price of having a thirty percent bigger cock. He was obviously thinking with the brain in his other head.

Take after eating, he read. Well, he had eaten a fried zucchini and banana sandwich about twenty minutes ago so he figured, why wait? He popped the first horse-sized pill and began his journey of growth.

The directions said it took time to have the muscles inside the penis grow and become more elastic to let more blood flow through them, thus making the penis larger. Martin, being the intellectual type, figured masturbating would help constrict and stretch the tissues and muscles quicker. He also figured that doubling his dosage might speed up the process.

After jacking off three or four times a day, he quickly ran out of things to fantasize about. His stable of fantasy women had dwindled down from the movie and music artists he lusted over. He was now using memories of seeing his aunts and cousins bathing in the time-share cabin they had. The boys found a hole in the wood siding and would peek in at the girls in the bathroom. That was ten years ago and Aunt Maggie's boobs had dropped from her chest to her waist.

All the masturbating was not wasted because Martin could tell things were changing right before his eyes. Or more accurately, right in his hands. It was beyond what he thought. He was getting huge. He could feel the difference. And not only physically because his confidence was growing also.

He measured himself every day to track his super-cock. The measurements were entered into a database and he made a growth graph. He was so proud. Some men needed that extra "oomph" to kick-start their lives. After the second month, Martin was ready to go back out in the real world and find himself a woman. Not just any woman though, he wanted a slut.

The night had come for Martin to free his beast. To let the monster in his pants find a cave to dwell in. Tonight, Martin was going to get laid.

After taking a shower, he posed and preened in front of the mirror naked. His pubic hair was neatly shaved off and he picked off the little pieces of tissue paper from where he cut his balls shaving them. He slipped into his new slacks because his jeans were too tight now due to his monster cock. This was the night.

While he cruised down the street, he wanted to make sure he picked the girl of his dreams. Or at least one who took a check or wouldn't charge him more than seventy-five dollars for some fucking.

He pulled to a stop at a red light and saw the perfect woman. She must have dropped something because she was bent over in a miniskirt, wearing no underwear and showing the world her goods. At first glance Martin thought she was wearing a black feather boa between her legs. He was wrong—she was just hairy.

Martin lowered the passenger side window. "Hey, baby, how much?" he yelled out the window.

She stood up and turned toward Martin. "What's your pleasure, baby? Are you a cop?" The woman looked to be in her mid-thirties, was a bit overweight with long white hair and had a face with more makeup on it than a store cosmetics representative.

"Nope, just a man with a need."

She took a long drag from her cigarette then blew it into Martin's car as she spoke. "Look, it's been a long fucking night. My feet hurt, I'm tired and my hemorrhoids are screaming bloody murder. So no anal, all right?"

"Okay. I must warn you. I have been taking some herbal enhancement pills so my cock is kinda big. That's why I wanted to try it out on a professional first."

"Don't you worry, baby. Sheila knows how to handle the biggest pricks around. Hell, I worked in Washington, D.C. and there are huge pricks wandering around there daily."

Martin followed Sheila's directions to the nearby hotel and paid for a room. He even sprung for pay movie channels in case they needed a break from all the fucking. They ironically were given room sixty-nine and went inside. Everything looked fairly clean except for the chalk outline of a man with a red stain on the carpet in front of the bathroom. Martin didn't care. It was sex time and he was ready to party.

With a thump, Sheila plopped onto the bed. She swung her fishnet-covered legs over to the side and motioned for Martin to come over. "Let's see this monster cock you've been talking about."

Martin stood at the side of the bed and tugged at his zipper. "You better lean away, I don't know how big this thing gets. I'd hate to smack you in the forehead with it."

"Don't worry. I have seen more big cocks than a chicken farmer. Lemme have it!"

With a rustle and a pull Martin's pants fell to his ankles and he leaned back to show the monster off.

Sheila sat there stunned by what was before her. She frowned then squinted as she stared at Martin's cock. "Um, sweetie, you might want to ask for a refund. It looks more like those pills changed your pecker from an outie to an innie."

"No way! I've checked it daily. My cock grew thirty-five percent bigger."

He paused, seeing Sheila squinting. "Before I took the pills it was only three inches long, now it's a little bigger than four."

The Stare

Edward walked from the bathroom and sat at the stool beside the bar. His drink was still there and his nightly post as a ladies' man in Joe's Bar and Grill was intact. He staked out the bar again to see which of the lovely women would be his next target.

His eyes found the next victim of his charm. She walked in the door and was a vision of sensuality and lustful intent. Her short locks of curly blonde hair framed the face of an angel. She wore a red dress that clung to the curvature of her breasts. Small outlines of her tight nipples caused a stir in Edward. She stood a shade taller than the other women and had the one thing no man can resist. Actually a woman only needs a pussy to be irresistible but this was the added bonus. She had "the look".

Every now and then a man meets a woman who melts hearts with a stare. Something within them causes other women to become uneasy. Most of the time other women hate them. It isn't so much competition as it is the knowledge that these certain women can take any man they want. From Edward's point of view, she wanted him.

He sat, trying his best to remain cool. Nothing turned a woman off more than a spastic bucket of nerves. And when Edward became nervous, he would also get gas. Not a good mixture to impress a woman, especially after eating eggs and onions with extra-spicy hot sauce on his omelet this morning.

Edward was calm, remaining stoic and unnerved by this beauty before him. That was until she turned and looked at him. A smile spread across her lips. It was almost a smirk. Her eyes were captivating, deep and blue. Edward sucked in the trickle of drool seeping from his mouth.

All of the other guys around Edward were preoccupied with the women they had met or came to the bar with. They all had their own ways to bed women. Most guys

paid the women a hefty sum to let them see their naked bodies. Then they'd lie with the details to their bar buddies as if they had really fucked them.

Edward's focus was in front of him. The woman he put on the pedestal as first prize.

She got her drink from the bartender and laughed with her friends. She whispered to one and they both looked at Edward. He now knew she had noticed him. She pulled the cherry from her drink by the stem and opened her mouth, setting the red fruit on her wet tongue.

Edward swallowed hard as he pictured those red lips wrapping around the head of his cock instead of the cherry. As she bit down, the cherry burst in her mouth and juice fell along her chin. In Edward's mind, he had exploded in her mouth, filling it with the essence of his loins. The woman licked the juice from the corners of her mouth and smiled as she wiped the rest from her chin.

To Edward she was a goddess because she swallowed.

He gawked at her as the thin strap from her dress fell along her shoulder. She wore no bra. Edward cringed because he could picture this woman naked beneath him with her perky breasts flushing pink heat and erect nipples begging for a kiss. Her long muscular thighs wrapped around his hips, pulling him deeper and deeper into her tight pussy. The gentle moans of pleasure as they made love through the night over and over again.

Edward swallowed what seemed like a watermelon. He had a hard-on so stiff he could cut steel with it. *What should my move be?* he thought to himself.

He motioned to the bartender to no avail. He too was being drawn into this woman's web of desire. Like a black widow she'd seduce the men in then eat them. Of course Edward wouldn't mind eating her.

Unless she was really hairy down there.

He had a phobia about really hairy women since high school and Bertha Schwartz. After prom he was to lose his cherry to Bertha because his parents set them up on the

date. This was probably the closest he'd ever get to a sure thing. Her father worked for Edward's dad and it was sort of a way to get a promotion. It wasn't pretty and when she dropped her underwear, revealing her pussy to Edward, he could barely see it because she was so hairy and had such a foul odor, he was afraid she had sat on a skunk and it had become stuck in her.

His eyes looked up and met hers. Like a magnet he was drawn to her. She smiled and leaned back over to her friend and giggled. Her eyes thinned with her smile widening. Her eyes locked with his again and she started walking along the bar.

Oh dear Lord! She was walking toward him. His mind went into hyperdrive to think of something charming and unusual to say.

The pick-up lines all rushed through his brain.

"Hey, baby, I'm studying to be a gynecologist. Can I examine you?"

"Do you work at a sandwich shop? 'Cause I'd like to show you my footlong."

"My hands are cold, can I warm them on your ass?"

It was pathetic. He needed something dazzling. A stunner. With his mind distracted, he didn't notice her standing in front of him.

Edward sat with his boner, dumbfounded. She was even more beautiful up close. Her clothes fit like a glove. She was a Venus, a sexual goddess.

When her lips parted to speak, Edward heard the voice of an angel. "Excuse me. I couldn't help but notice. My friends and I weren't sure if you knew but you have the biggest booger we have ever seen, hanging from your nose."

The Best Men – Part Three

Shelly had lived out a fantasy by having a one-night stand. Well, it was actually three different nights and a morning brunch at the local diner, but she had her little sexual escapade and life was getting more and more back to normal.

Things between her and Gabe were finally starting to click again. She was happy and hadn't seen anyone else for a while. Since it was Friday night, she wanted to go out and kick her heels up.

* * * * *

Gabe was gentle as a lamb. His mouth warm, comforting as he kissed along the slopes of Shelly's body. This was a huge contrast to the more primitive and dangerous encounters she had been used to lately. Every inch of her body was being paid equal attention and she loved every minute of being spoiled in this way.

His warm breath whisked along her skin as he turned her over. Wet lips caressing the flexing muscles of her calf. Shelly looked into those deep eyes. With a smile he kissed her ankle and ran his hand along the back of her legs. His palm held behind her knee as he continued to kiss down the length of her leg.

Her pussy was wet and craved its own attention while Gabe tortured her with the slowness of his descent between her thighs. Each second seemed like hours. He was the sort of man who was thorough. He didn't miss anything and was extremely patient when doing something.

His complete obsession to detail was one attribute Shelly loved because when he ate pussy, he ate it forever. It was a sacrifice she decided to make whenever possible.

A flash of pleasure crept through Shelly when Gabe's mouth enveloped her pussy. He kissed and suckled on her wet folds of flesh, sending sensations and tingles into her

pussy. With a deep sigh she moaned, “Yessss...” Her words of approval slithered from her mouth like a snake.

Gabe groped at her ass and lifted her slightly to make his tongue enter her pussy easier. He quickly flicked it in and out of her, splitting the slippery lips. Her clit became firmer and more sensitive to his continued tongue caress. Each time he brushed against it with his nose or tongue, the pleasure rose to another height. Shelly was going insane with delight.

The tender flesh was being suckled and slurped while the juices trickled from Shelly’s wet cunt. Gabe always told her how he loved the control he had when eating her pussy. It gave him a sense of complete satisfaction to feel her inner walls vibrate and her legs tighten around his head. He knew she couldn’t fake that. It was also an added bonus because after Shelly came from oral sex, she would fuck him with the smoothness and care of a true lover. She wanted to bring him pleasure and there was never the burden of anything except to crash into ecstasy together as one.

Shelly turned her head to the side. A tear squeezed from her tightly closed eyes. She gasped and gripped the sheets with her long fingers. Gabe’s focus on her clit caused a fireworks show in her mind. The blasts of pleasure exploded inside her body. She gasped and started to shake. He swirled his tongue around as if he were writing his memoirs and his tongue was the pen. Thank God, he had a lot of capital letters in his writing, she thought.

All the sexual encounters flashed in her head as she started to come. She panted like a bitch in heat. Gabe sucked hard on her cunt and shoved his tongue into her, licking upward along the thin sheet of flesh covering her clit. Shelly couldn’t see anything except her visions of passion and fantasies relived.

Gabe reached one hand up and rubbed her tight nipple. His tongue was constantly licking her clit. Everything finally peaked and she let go. Shelly began to squirm and all her burdens were freed, it was so intense her juices almost squirted from within her.

Her eyes stayed tightly shut and she began to giggle as Gabe continued licking her, all her sensitive nerve endings now ticklish to his touch.

Shelly was smiling and relaxed and gazed down at Gabe. His mouth glistened with her juices, his hair was messed up from rubbing against her inner thighs and he had a dorky shit-eating grin on his face. With a soft sigh Shelly spoke. "That was so, well, you know what I mean, Wes."

The pause in her voice was from her own shock. She had done the unthinkable.

"Wes? Who the fuck is Wes?" Gabe pushed Shelly's legs aside and got up off the bed.

Shelly didn't know what to say. She had been caught saying another man's name in bed.

Shelly began to cry. She curled up, scared and unsure of what might happen next.

Gabe walked into the shower and with a loud slam, she knew he was pissed off.

"I don't know why we need to go to therapy, Shelly. You cheated on me and it's over!" Gabe was very upset.

Shelly remained calm in spite of feeling a bit uneasy. "I wasn't technically cheating."

"What the fuck is technically cheating?"

"Well, when you and Dave went to that strip club. And you had that girl pull the lollipop out of your mouth with no hands. You told me you weren't cheating and I let it go."

"That's different. She was a gymnast and was showing us how limber she was. She was paying her way through college. In the nude. While straddling my face. It was very artistic."

* * * * *

The doctor's office was gray and dim. *Dr. Sheila Lewis* was etched on the nameplate resting on the cherry wood desk. Beneath her name, it read *Psychiatrist*. The two of them

had been talking for a while and there was a moment of dead silence in the room. Gabe was sitting and fidgeting in the leather chair. It kept making fart sounds and like a kid, he had a hard time not giggling.

The doctor rustled through a few papers and started talking. "You don't know, do you, Gabe?"

"Know what? That my girlfriend, the woman I love, has been fucking around behind my back? I know that!"

"Technically, Gabe, she hasn't."

"What the fuck is it with you women? Technically she's been screwing these guys. Okay, technically it isn't cheating when I have my dog lick nacho cheese off my balls then."

"Umm, that's a different issue we will have to go over in another session, Gabe. Now I'll spend days trying to clear that image from my mind." She shuddered and shook her head then continued. "You have what is called Multiple Personality Disorder. After your car accident last year, something caused an imbalance in your brain. It's something chemical and this imbalance causes the multiple personalities. Each one of them is active and living within you. For some reason they come in and out and you don't remember them inhabiting you. From what Shelly tells me, she tries her best not to upset them. Personally, I don't blame her."

"Now, Gabe, this medicine will keep you stable and should stop these multiple personalities from coming back. But if you quit taking them, these other sides of you will return with all their quirks and moods." The doctor ripped the prescription from her pad, handing it to Gabe.

"So you're telling me I'm a nut-job, a wacko, whatever. My marble bag is overflowing."

"No, Gabe, you're not crazy. You just need some medication to control these other people within you. Something to suppress them. They haven't hurt anyone and since you work from home, you haven't had to deal with them."

"So who are these other guys?"

"Let's get Shelly in here."

Shelly came in to the office after the doctor asked the receptionist to send her in. She was a bundle of nerves. What were they talking about in the room? What was taking so long? What was that awful smell radiating from the receptionist's desk? All these questions would be answered soon, except the source of the skunk smell.

"Please sit down, Shelly. I was explaining to Gabe about the accident and his condition."

Shelly kept looking at Gabe. She loved him but was unsure of his reaction to what he had just learned about himself. "Are you all right, Gabe? I was worried."

After a long moment of silence, the doctor piped in, "He's just confused. He's all right. This will need some time."

"Shelly?" Gabe started to talk with his head hung down, looking at his fingers as he fidgeted. "I'm going to be fine. If you still want me and can forgive me for accusing you. I should have trusted you. It was hard when you called me another man's name as you had an orgasm. That's the shit you read about in those trashy novels and stuff."

She leaned over and gave Gabe a hug. "I love you. We'll just have to work through this. We have people helping us, like the doctor here. We'll pull through, we always have before."

"I know, sweetheart. I would like to know a little about these other personalities I have though. Can you tell me how they were and how they treated you?"

Nodding, Shelly sat back and began to talk about the other men she had met in Gabe's body. "Well, Gabe, there was Wes. He was the more moody and darker side of you. He had a powerful presence about him. He would call me Sheryl. Drove me nuts. Wes was very forceful, direct and dominant. I liked that." She crossed her legs,

remembering how he had fucked her over the television with the porno playing loudly in the room.

She looked over, seeing the doctor taking notes on a pad. After the pause she continued. "Then I met Derek. He called at work. I knew it was you because of your voice. Derek was a more mysterious side of you. Very elusive and the secrecy was extremely arousing. I liked him a lot too." Shelly quietly moaned with the memory of Derek and his appetite for the spontaneous and having sex in public.

"So you see, Gabe, even though I was having a lot of sex without you, I wasn't really cheating. I was actually cheating with you technically."

"Again with the technically. I guess that explains a few things. Like my dreams."

"Dreams? What dreams?" the doctor replied as she jotted down notes.

"I thought I was having all these sex dreams about Shelly. I'd wake up and my balls were sore and I'd have sticky underwear. It was weird. I guess I saw what was happening as a dream when the reality was, I really was fucking...wait a second! After all these years of me begging you to have anal, you let this Wes guy do it?"

* * * * *

Shelly stood in the kitchen. She sighed as she remembered some of the times she had spent with the other men inside her man. Darker, edgier men who stirred things within her. The men who made her pussy moist with a simple look. Men who used her for their most primal needs and wanted nothing more than the physical part of her.

In a way she missed that. She really missed the sex. The meds not only kept Gabe his normal self, they slowed his libido to a crawl. Her one-time male fucking machine was now an antique car that needed a crank to get his motor running,

Gabe was a wonderful man but subdued. Her life with him would always be filled with love and compassion. He also was pussy-whipped beyond comparison and wrapped around Shelly's finger.

She stepped to the counter and pulled the medicine Gabe needed to take every night to keep him being just Gabe. Shelly looked at the pill in her hand. It looked exactly like the vitamin E gel caps she used to take for her dry skin.

A wicked grin crossed Shelly's face. She couldn't. He needed the meds to remain just Gabe. But what about her? Didn't she deserve the passion Gabe's other personalities gave her? She couldn't cheat on him after everything they had been through but she needed a man.

A man who wanted to fuck her. To have a need for her and the nasty desires only he could fulfill. Shelly wanted all three of her men rapped up into a nice little package. Actually it wasn't a little package but a nice one. Anyway, she realized she needed all three of them. She wasn't about to deny her inner slut the fantasy of a mental clusterfuck. Even if it technically wasn't real.

Shelly reached up and took the vitamin E bottle down. She put a vitamin gel cap in one hand and Gabe's medicine in her other hand. They both looked so alike.

Standing over the kitchen sink, she closed her eyes. All she heard was the faint sound of a pill falling into the sink and down the drain. With a sigh she turned and walked to the bedroom with a glass of water and a pill for Gabe.

The Darling Husband

Fred felt silly going to buy some of those feminine product things for his wife. But being a typical pussy-whipped male, he was out in the late hours in search of things he was afraid of.

Sharon was a spoiled woman but deserved it. At least she told Fred she did. She had everything already. Every time she'd drop a hint about wanting something, she would go buy it within a few days because she had no patience.

He was driving down the street where there was a small strip mall with a few stores open in it. There was a cute card shop and a coffee place. Maybe a gift certificate for the coffeehouse would be something nice to get Sharon. She looooooved her morning cup. It was her bitch-awakening drink. If she didn't get it, watch out.

Fred pulled his long jacket closed. He hopped out of his truck and walked toward the door of a store next to the coffee shop. With a jingle from a bell, he stepped into the neon-lit store and a burly, hairy, longhaired man snarled at him from the front counter and reopened the *DDD Natural XXX* porn magazine he was reading.

As the myth stated, the freaks do come out at night.

There was an elderly lady wearing pink furry bunny slippers and a flowered muumuu dress. Her blue hair was pulled up in a bun and she wore horn-rimmed glasses. She was looking at some packages and mumbling to herself.

Fred shook his head, wasn't watching where he was going and bumped into a man standing in the aisle. At first glance he resembled a biker. Big, hairy and bald with a sinister snarl.

"Excuse me, I'm sorry."

In a high-pitched voice the man replied, "It's okay, sweetie. No harm done." The man turned around and Fred looked down to see assless chaps on the guy. Not only was his ass hairy but he had a tattoo that read *Bobby* in a heart on it.

Fred was somewhat lost and didn't want to be stupid and ask for help. With a tap on his shoulder, Fred turned to see an attractive woman smiling at him.

"Hello, can I help you?" she asked.

Fred was a little nervous. It wasn't as if he'd asked for this before. "Yes, I'm looking for something for my wife."

"From the look of you I can see why."

"What? Nooo, she asked me to pick something up for her."

"I see. Well, what exactly are you looking for?"

"I guess something in regular? I travel a lot and she says sometimes she has needs. She didn't get what she needed last time. She said I can call her and she'd...you know..." Fred paused. "I'm not real comfortable talking about this."

"No problem. Let me show you what we have and that might make it easier."

There was a small cutout inside the brightly lit store. On the walls surrounding Fred was a smorgasbord of rubber cocks. They were in every size, shape and color imaginable.

"Holy shit. There are so many things here. What do you do with all this?"

"It all depends on your partner. There are Ben Wa balls, pleasure missiles, ribbed, threaded, glow in the dark, black, green gelled, pink rubber, flesh-toned, clit-tickler dildos. Here look at this one."

The woman handed Fred a flesh-colored dildo with a small pouch attached to it by a thin tube. "This one is lifelike in texture and actually ejaculates."

"Uh. What do you mean?"

She reached to the pouch and squeezed it. "See?"

A squirt of fluid shot from the tip of the dildo and into Fred's face. "Holy fuckin' shit. I was just, oh my God—I'm gay now—I can't believe—um." Fred licked his lips as the fluid dribbled down his cheek. "Er, this tastes like a glazed donut."

"Well, yes, we put a flavored fluid in there sometimes to add to the woman's playful side."

"What's that?" He set the dildo down and picked up a flesh-colored rubber pussy from a glass shelf.

"Oh, that's one of our new scented toys for men. It has a realistic scent of a woman's pussy. Go ahead, give it a smell."

Fred put it to his nose and jerked his head back. "Damn, that smells like shit!"

"Oh, you had it backward. Turn it around." The woman motioned to him.

"I'll pass. What else do you sell here?" Fred handed the woman the pussy and turned around.

She stepped beside him and continued. "We have anal-vaginal double-penetrating toys, butt plugs, anal beads, nipple or clitoral clamps, cock rings, battery or electric operated vibrators. Fake pussies, fake assholes, porn magazines, porn VHS tapes, porn DVDs, peekaboo shows, nudie booths, peep shows, jack-off booths, gay porn, lesbian porn, midget porn, animal porn, transvestite porn, Japanese porn, cross-gender porn, chicks-with-dicks porn. There's a variety of costumes. There's some whips, chains, genital clamps, ropes, leather, vinyl, edible, floggers, gag balls, handcuffs, branding irons, BDSM tools, S&M tools, wax-play candles, various restraints, clothespins, mechanical fucking machines and we even have the BFOM-720."

"Dare I ask?"

The woman grinned and said, "It's the Big Fucking Orgasm Machine. It has triple speeds, hooks up to any two-twenty outlet and has an automatic reset and a breaker fuse if it shorts out. It comes with fourteen attachments and a sixty-day money-back guarantee on parts and labor. It can also be used as a blender and power drill. There is a warning that it has been known to cause some vaginal trauma if left in too long."

"Does it run on gas or diesel fuel?" Fred knew she wasn't amused by his joke.

"Okay. What can I get you?"

"Well, I appreciate your help but what I really came in here for is tampons for my wife."

The Peeping Thomas

Penny left the corner market. She was looking forward to the weekend and had picked up a few things for a nice salad and some homemade soup. She'd added a bottle of Chardonnay to relax her mood and get her drunk enough to deal with her mother bitching at her about still being single. Reminding her that the biological clock was ticking away.

A slight noise behind her distracted her from the mundane thoughts. Stopping, she looked toward the park across the street, but the dim lights didn't reveal much except the trees swaying in the breeze.

It must be my imagination.

A lot of people were jumpy these days, especially women in the neighborhood. Somebody had been sneaking around, watching women in their homes. He hadn't attacked anyone yet, but a few really furry cats had turned up all matted with semen and Mr. Jenkins' purebred Pekinese dog was missing.

The hair began to rise on the back of Penny's neck. Someone was watching her. She could feel their stare.

Reaching her townhouse, she hurried up to the door and let herself in, locking it securely behind her and looking out the peephole. She saw nothing. Once again she dismissed it as her imagination.

Feet aching, Penny walked straight to her bedroom. She set the small grocery bag on the vanity by the bed and kicked her shoes off. It had been a long day and her mind and body were in dire need of a few minutes of relaxation. Barefoot, she wiggled her sore toes in the brown shag carpet.

"Ahh, that feels good." So she talked to herself. Who cared?

Slipping off her clothes, she headed into the bathroom and turned on the shower, adjusted the nozzle. As usual it took forever to heat and she stood naked waiting, splashing remnants of hair and small spiders off the shower walls with her hand. Finally it hit optimum temperature and she stepped thankfully under the spray.

A shower could rinse away so many troubles. The warmth wrapped her body in a cocoon of comfort. She leaned her head back and washed her hair. Her hand grabbed the bar of soap and she gathered lather in her palm and then reached for the razor.

She hadn't been with a man in a while but kept all the private parts clear of shrubbery. The last thing she wanted was a man to finally go down on her and see the rain forest. The soap smoothed over her pubis. Each stroke from the razor reminded her that this part of her body was being way too neglected.

After shaving herself smooth, she grabbed the showerhead and lowered it to wash away all the stubble and hair. The warmth ignited her excitement. She'd had many a relationship with baths and showers in her lifetime.

They never stopped until she was done. They never made a mess and had her sleep in it. They never asked her for a beer or something to eat after satisfying themselves. Mostly they always got her off.

The pulsing water hit the exact spot she loved to play with. Penny leaned against the wall and spread her legs slightly apart. Her blood rushed downward and a flush of heat swept through her body. Oh God, it had been a long time.

She couldn't use her fingers though because they had brand-new, two-inch acrylic nails on them and they could do some serious pussy damage. So she pressed her palm against her pubis and let the water pulse against her now-swollen clit.

"Oh shit, oh shit, *ohh...*" She could feel her excitement rising with each passing minute.

Reaching up, she twisted the hard tip of her nipple between her fingers. She always loved her nipples played with during sex. They sent shock waves of pleasure right to her pussy.

Her breathing began to speed — *this was going to happen* — she felt it building. Just as she was getting to her pinnacle —

“Aaargh! Holy fucking-damn-shit —”

She dropped the showerhead and frantically reached for the faucet. Dancing on her tiptoes, she cursed and shivered. “How the fuck could the hot water run out? Did everyone flush their toilets at the same time?”

She stood naked with goose bumps all over and a bad case of the hornies. “Just my luck. I get so close then — ouch, ouch, shit, I’ve got soap in my eye. Shit, it burns.” Penny grabbed her towel and quickly wiped her eyes, drying herself as fast as she could.

The white cotton robe felt good against her bare skin. She usually didn’t sleep naked but the laundry had backed up and she figured one night of bare-assed sleep would do her good. Besides, sleeping in a bra sometimes hurt her breasts.

She flopped on the bed and looked for the remote. There was the grocery bag, but she was too fucking tired to put it away right now. Pulling the remote from under her ass, she turned on the television and saw the local news had just started.

“The police are still looking for the City Stalker. They have received a few tips and are following several leads, but if you see any suspicious people in your area, you are still asked to call the police immediately.”

Penny turned the volume down and lay on her bed. Thoughts of a stalker around scared her. They also aroused her for some weird reason. Having a stranger watching as she slept or bathed or if she happened to be masturbating...

Masturbating, hmm.

The shower had been a complete letdown but there was always her battery-operated boyfriend. He never left her wanting. She reached over to the drawer beside her bed and moved the magazines, gloves and lotions aside. Her hand grasped the hard shaft and all her old feelings welled up inside her again. Memories ran deep for a woman who had an ongoing intimate affair with a plastic cock. “Oh, *Henry*. I need you tonight, baby.”

Her hand shook with excitement. The lights were dim in her bedroom and she lay back, peeling open her robe, exposing her skin to the air. Her nipples were reddened and erect. The wetness in her pussy was a signal that she was ready for the upcoming play. Penny spread her legs apart and touched her finger between her legs, rubbing the slippery folds of flesh. She was so ready.

She bit her lip in anticipation and turned Henry on, waiting to hear and feel the familiar hum of pleasure.

With a shudder and a low murmur, Henry revealed he was more dead than alive. She held him up like a sword to heaven and felt the vibrations die in her hand.

Henry had run out of juice.

“Jesus fucking Christ! Can’t a girl even get off anymore?”

Penny sat up and leaned over to check the drawer for batteries. She had everything else in there from glow-in-the-dark condoms, lube, a squeaking rubber chicken and anal beads, but no fucking batteries. Her arm accidentally hit the edge and her grocery bag fell on the bed, spilling out the contents.

Penny was getting desperate – very desperate.

She scanned the bed and saw a few things that caught her interest. “Hmm, a carrot? No, that would poke me funny. A tomato? Eeuwwww. That has a visual I don’t want to think about. A cucumber?” She thought for a minute, holding the hard vegetable in her hand. “Reminds me of Jamal from college, except he wasn’t this thick or green.” She tossed the cucumber back into the bag. “I can’t. If I make a salad and my parents are here, I’ll see my dad eating my pussy.” She shuddered at the thought.

Just then she heard a buzz followed by a familiar chime. “Someone’s calling.”

She reached into her purse and took her cell phone out. The message was just another attempt by the phone company to get her to buy something. Idly, she held the small, flat, shiny phone in her palm and paused.

I wonder.

Lying back against the pillows once again, Penny held the phone in her hand and rested it on her pubis. The chill made her shiver at first. With her other hand she grabbed her landline phone and dialed her own cell number.

The initial buzzing of the phone sent a wave of excitement through her body and made her giggle. *Oh shit, it worked.*

Then the ringtone kicked in. *"Scooooooby dooooooby doooooooo."*

Not the sexiest of songs to listen to when masturbating.

She turned off the music and began to call her phone over and over, letting the vibrations shake against her clit. Each time it hummed and shook to her soul.

Thank God for technology.

Her mind began to race with erotic thoughts. She thought of the stalker watching her. Maybe he was a really good-looking man. Dark and mysterious with a muscular body and carnal needs to fulfill. That's why he stalked women. He'd watch them because he was shy. If she let him in, maybe he could satisfy himself *and* her.

Each time the call ended, Penny hit the speed redial button next to her and her cell phone vibrated and buzzed again as she pressed it harder and harder against her clit. She needed more. It was desperation time.

Penny reached over to the drawer and pulled out a glow-in-the-dark condom. Carefully she slid it over her phone. This wasn't what a typical night at home was usually like but it would have to do. She only had two hands and one was busy with redial.

She had a need and this was her way to take care of it. She carefully slid the small phone into her pussy, clenching it with her inner walls. As she lay back, she dialed the number yet again. With an electrifying jolt of pleasure, it hummed and buzzed inside her pussy. She was a genius. Over and over she dialed the phone as she tweaked her sore nipples and squeezed her thighs together. Somehow the phone had found the perfect spot and Penny could feel every single tingling vibration deep within.

One more time—and the vibrations caused her to cry out in ecstasy. “Ohh yes, I’m coming—”

With a long buzz and vibration against her G-spot, Penny came. Her inner walls flexed and tightened and the Scooby Doo theme echoed in her mind and between her legs. The constricting spasms of her pussy must have turned the phone volume up.

BANG.

Penny was jerked from her state of bliss by the sound of a loud thud and a hammering against the sliding window on one wall of her bedroom. She closed her robe around her and squirmed to the top of the bed.

Fighting for a little control, she looked out to see a man standing naked right outside the sliding window. He was struggling with two men. They turned him around and smashed his face roughly against the window. He was rather ugly and had a scraggly beard and a torn white T-shirt. She looked lower and saw he was also lacking in the cock department. She’d seen things that size in the produce department. String beans and peas were her first thought.

She was also pretty terrified so she stayed still and waited, rapidly realizing the other men were police officers. After a moment one of the cops knocked on her window, seeing her huddled on the bed.

Penny got up and walked to the door. She opened it and the most handsome guy she had ever seen stepped into her bedroom.

Where were you twenty minutes ago?

“Sorry to startle you, ma’am. We got a tip about this guy. A neighbor saw him sneaking around outside your house here. We’ve been looking for him.”

Penny was still drooling over the cop and heard practically nothing of what he had said. To her horny mind, he was saying he’d like to fuck her all night then give her a complete body massage then fuck her again.

“I’ll need to get a statement from you, ma’am.”

"Umm...I...um...I need to get some things sorted out here."

"I can come back in a few minutes if you'd like. We can get this creep into the squad car. Check with the neighbors. Maybe twenty minutes?"

"Sure, that sounds all right. I need to get fixed up and decent."

"Well, give me your number and I'll call you as soon as we're done."

Penny wasn't really thinking straight because after she gave him her cell number, she stood and watched as he dialed it into his phone.

The muffled sound of Scoooooby Doooooby Dooo echoed from within her. Her body shook and the cell phone dropped out, falling to the floor between her legs.

The policeman blinked a few times, staring at the glow-in-the-dark condom moving around the carpet on its own.

Then he lifted his head and looked at Penny.

A moment of silence passed. Then she said, "You ever have one of those days?"

About the Author

S.L. Carpenter is a born and raised California man. He does both writing and cover art for novels as outlets for his overactive libido and twisted mind. His inspiration is his wife, who keeps him well trained. Writing is his true joy. It gives him freedom and expression for both his sensual and humorous sides.

S.L. welcomes comments from readers. You can find his website and email address on his author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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