



Forbidden Publications

*A
Love
Story*

*OR: BE CAREFUL WHAT
YOU WISH FOR...*

Mistress Rae

A LOVE STORY: BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR
A Forbidden Publications production, September 2006

Forbidden Publications
PO Box 153
East Prairie, MO 63845

www.forbiddenpublications.com

A LOVE STORY: BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR
Copyright © 2006 MISTRESS RAE
Cover Art by ML BENTON © 2006
Edited by Rene Walden - No copyright assigned.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage and retrieval system-except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine, newspaper, or on the Web -without permission in writing from the publisher. For information, please contact the publisher via regular mail.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

ISBN: Not Assigned

A LOVE STORY

“Be careful what you wish for...”

By

Mistress Rae

It was a humid night in the heart of Center City, Philadelphia, and the lone prostitute took a final drag from her cigarette, dropped it on the ground, and crushed it under her red pump. Taking a quick look around, she took a stick of gum out from her purse, unwrapped it, and seductively stuck her tongue out before placing it in her mouth, mildly entertaining herself. She watched the cars drive by, falling into a light daze from the bright neon colors of the porno stores and XXX movie theaters that lined the district. She pulled on her lycra black miniskirt, covering her rear end along with half of her thighs. She adjusted her spaghetti-strapped tank top, bearing a little more cleavage, and pushed back her raven black hair.

She was surprised it was becoming such a long night. *What's up with these bastards*, she wondered. Were their little wives on to their game? Her usual customers were nowhere to be found. She leaned against a novelty/movie store, arms folded in mild disgust. She was really craving a night of intense fucking, and her own heat was driving her wild with anticipation. Just the thought of having a man tongue her until she came or give her a brutal beating with his cock made her wetter by the second. She could already feel her juices starting to flow, making her inner thighs damp. She shifted, and cursed to herself when the wetness spread a little further down between her legs. Quickly, she opened her purse. *Shit, she thought. Out of tissues.* Discreetly, she spread her legs apart, letting a cool breeze rush up to dry her off. It felt good for a moment, and she closed her legs again.

She tried to focus on something else, even went as far as counting the lights that were on in buildings in the distance, but it didn't last long. Her mind wandered back to lovely visions of having someone's manhood in her mouth. She sighed, shook the thought away, and looked up the street, noticing the derelicts that talked loudly to invisible people. A couple walked past her and into the porno store she leaned against. Secretly, the man turned back to look at her. She winked at him, raising up part of her

skirt a bit to show more thigh. He grinned, but nothing more. He was stuck to his girl like glue. *Fucker*, she thought. If he had been a true dog, he'd have found a way to sneak away from his girl for five minutes. That was all she would need for him to take her into an alley and tongue-fuck her until she came. The more she thought about it, the more she drove herself nuts.

A figure walked up the street, making his way towards her. She immediately perked up, but kept her cool. When he stood in front of her, his eyes equally attracted yet scared her with their glowing honey-like color. She admired his saturnly features; long, dark hair, goatee and mustache, keen nose and the cutest, kissable lips...but those eyes...they were just *too* piercing. But sexy. She loved sexy. It only made her hotter.

"Haven't seen you here before," she said softly, staring into those eerie eyes of his, getting herself lost in them.

"I've seen you though...*enough to know what you like*," he whispered in her ear, as he slid up behind her, then ran his tongue down to her earlobe. Right then she would have ravished him if they weren't out in the open.

He reached down under her skirt and fondled her cunt. She caressed his face as their tongues danced together. He pressed her up against the wall, and already she felt his hardness. She reached down and discreetly fondled his balls. His reaction had him crush her even harder against the building, moaning in her ear.

She couldn't take it anymore. She wanted this beautiful handsome stranger... *now*.

Regaining his composure, he pulled the both of them away from the wall and into that same alley she had looked at just minutes before. He sat her on a few crates and hiked up her skirt. Gently spreading her thighs, he exposed her cleanly shaved pussy. Her scent was of vanilla and musk. He grinned at her, running his tongue over his teeth. A line of heat immediately traveled down her stomach to the tip of her clit, anticipating warm, soft strokes from his tongue. Conveniently, she was high enough that her pussy was level with his face. He pulled her forward on the crates, bringing her womanhood closer to his mouth. Then his tongue snaked its way into her vagina.

Absolute bliss. She moaned and parted her thighs even further, enjoying the thickness of his tongue squirming around in her. She wet her fingers, reached down, and rubbed her clit, wanting to speed her orgasm. Instinctively, her vaginal muscles tightened around his tongue, and he made a little noise of delight. His tongue slithered out and slowly flicked her reddened bud, then gently, he began to suck on it. Panting heavily, she tried to keep her heartbeat calm and just let the feeling consume her totally. She reached the point of explosion and she cried out, her clit throbbing while her juices flowed. Hungrily, he lapped at her, drinking her down, sucking on the entrance to her tunnel. She didn't want him to stop, but gradually, he did, taking her down off the crates.

"We're not done yet," he whispered to her, leading her out of the alley on wobbly legs. They went into the novelty/movie store where they were greeted with all sizes and shapes of dildos and vibrators, racks of assorted porn movies in colorful boxes, x-rated comics, and certain toys for those who enjoyed a little pain with their pleasure. The couple she saw earlier was long gone.

They gawked and laughed at the oddities until her lover noticed a small hallway beyond the books and toys that was immersed in red light. He called it to her attention.

"Hmm, wonder what's down there," she mumbled, then looked over to a young guy that was probably barely legal, with extremely long brown hair with a black, *Slayer* band shirt on. Beside him on the counter was a package of Twinkies and a glass of milk. He looked like he was high as he stared off into space in the direction of the sealed x-rated comics, probably wishing he could take one out and read it.

"Um, excuse me...but what's down there?" she pointed at the hallway, which got her more excited by the second.

"Those are viewing rooms. Ya got like over seventy some movies to see in each booth for twenty-five cents a minute." His blue eyes looked stoned. Either that, or he was just bored to death.

"Thank you," she said with a smile as she pulled her mystery guy with her into the small hallway. Pictures of naked women and such adorned the walls. They both

peeked in the vacant booths, noticing small wads of tissue on the floor in practically every stall. They stifled their laughter, knowing good and well why the tissue was so abundant, and looked for a stall that didn't have any. The last one at the end of the hall seemed to suffice. She looked back to see if the counter guy was still there. She didn't see him, so they went in the booth, and he gently closed the door behind them.

They looked at each other for a moment, smiling, then their lips locked in another passionate kiss. His kisses moved down to her chest, and he pulled down her spandex tank top to get at her breasts. He was very gentle with her, and she was swooning. His tongue was soft as she felt it circle round her nipples. He grabbed her hips and reached down her skirt, slowly gripping and kneading her ass.

"Turn around," he whispered, and she quickly obeyed. He kissed her neck as she reached back, caressing the base of his neck, feeling his soft hair. She heard his pants unzip and immediately got wet. She felt her skirt go up again. He stooped down, motioning her forward, so she bent over, placing her hands on the small bench in front of her.

He gently spread her butt, exposing her second entrance to his wiles, then his tongue entered her where no man ever dared to venture. She forced herself to keep control. It was a very pleasurable experience, even a first for her. She didn't want to moan out loud and get caught. His tongue slowly wagged up and down, making her squirm. He slowly parted her lower lips and wiggled his tongue around her vagina, making her clit throb madly. He continued tongue-fucking her butt again as she breathed heavily, her legs trembling, clit swelling. This was too much of a tease. She ached to feel his hardness riding in and out of her, to sate her desire. His tongue darted and flicked...darted and flicked. Each time it brushed past her other entrance, her juices dripped even more. Tightening her walls, she needed to feel him inside her.

"Damn it, just fuck me," she whispered, and that's when he stood up.

She was burning now. She hoped he was good, because right now she wanted to explode. This was what she had been wishing for all night.

When his cock slipped into her, she felt him fill her completely, widening her

slightly. She relaxed her muscles, letting him have all of her. Another pleasurable experience. There was no room left for him to wiggle his cock around, only the feeling of how deep he went in. He slowly gyrated his hips for a few seconds, making her release yet another warm wave of juices that ran over his rod and down her thighs. He moaned in response, holding her firmly against his hips for a moment. She closed her eyes in complete bliss and tightened her muscles, feeling him throbbing inside of her. Then he began his thrusting.

He was good. *Very* good. Each thrust sent her to seventh heaven. He gripped her hips and banged away, the sound of their flesh smacking together drove her crazy. She spread her legs further, giving him more leverage. He went at her faster, gripping her tighter, thrusting harder. She was so wet, it was driving *him* crazy.

A few minutes went by and he hadn't let up yet. Good. She was almost ready to come again.

Something felt new to her. It felt as if he were becoming wider and longer. It was a good feeling though, making her even more wet. She could practically feel the rippling veins just underneath the surface of his penis. Exhilarating! She started to push back onto his cock, feeling ready to explode once more. But something else felt different too. Not only was his penis getting larger, she could feel his nails starting to dig into her hips. Ah, someone who like to give a little pain with his pleasure. No biggie.

His thrusts increased in speed. He was more elongated and it was starting to hurt just a little. It only helped her come quicker, and when she did, she wanted to collapse, but he kept going. Obviously, he hadn't gotten there yet.

His breathing had deepened to low growls, and in his throes of passion, his nails pierced her flesh. Rivulets of blood ran down her thighs. She saw them and gasped, then turned to look at her mystery man.

Mystery man he was not. Eyes that resembled a snake's, his forked black tongue lashed out and ran across his now *pointed* teeth. His skin color had changed to a strange reddish-brown. She looked down to the floor. *Were those fucking hooves?* He gave her a sinister grin as a scream stuck in her throat. He grabbed her face, covering her mouth.

His last thrust, which gave way to a huge orgasm on his part, seemed to backfire out of her, semen draining over his shaft and down her thighs. He picked her up, biting her on her neck, draining her of her blood. The line between fiction and reality thinned immediately. This was NOT happening! She shrieked and reached up, grabbing his hair, pulling as hard as she could. It seemed to have no effect on him at all. She tried squirming out of his iron like grip, but he only crushed her closer to him. Her breathing was sparse and shallow. She could actually feel her blood leaving her body, flowing into his mouth, maintaining his hard-on, while whatever blood he didn't catch drained down her neck and between her breasts. She gave a weaker cry, her struggles slowed down. Dizziness overcame her as she tried kicking his shins. Again, her attempts at freeing herself from him were futile. Her eyesight blurred, and then she saw black. Calmly he propped her up on the bench, but her body slid off, falling into the puddle of orgasmic mess on the floor.

The counter guy, stuffing a Twinkie in his mouth, heard the noise and made a face. Deciding to investigate, he grabbed another Twinkie and made his way down the hall, wiping crumbs from his mouth. He looked in each of the stalls until he came to the last one, which was quiet. He opened the door only to find a vampire-demon-looking *thing* staring back at him, and the woman on the floor.

The counter guy screamed out, "Sorry, man!" as the creature reached out and grabbed him by his neck with lightning fast reflexes. The poor guy squashed the Twinkie in his hand as he simultaneously pissed his pants. When the creature picked him up off his feet, the counter guy lost all sense of sanity and even shit his pants while trying to pry its hands off of him, smearing Twinkie cream and crumbs all over its arms. This infuriated the creature who immediately snapped the counter guy's neck and dropped him to the floor like a limp rag doll.

When all was quiet again, the creature looked back at the bloodless hooker and sighed. "They never last long enough for round two," it said and left.

AUTHOR INFORMATION

Mistress Rae

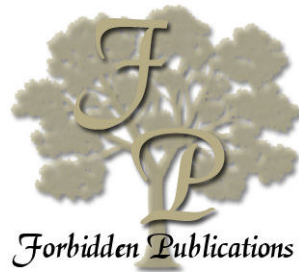
www.BLOODTOUCH.com

A Mt. Airy, Philadelphia native, Cinsearae started writing as early as age 8. She attended Community College of Philadelphia, taking classes in Creative Writing and Theater.

An avid fan of horror movies, Halloween is her favorite time of the year. She is a very private person, and loves photographing cemeteries, listening to a vast array of music, and spending quiet times in nature, although she is partial to checking out a Goth club/event every now and again.

Ms. Santiago recently published "*Caress of a Psychopath*" —a novel based on one of her wickedly wild and promiscuous vampire 'bad boys'. This book is part of her *Blood Touch* series. It can be found at: www.lulu.com/content/196639.

She is now working on her fourth novel and lives with her fiancé, two hamsters, Sniffles and Gum Ball, two toads, Peeper and Squeaky, and her rat terrier, Hades.



If you liked this book, why not check out some of the other titles at Forbidden Publications. We offer a wide variety of books for all your reading pleasures.

www.forbiddenpublications.com