



Forbidden Publications

The background of the cover is a dark, moody photograph of a person's back and shoulder, rendered in a reddish-brown hue. The person's skin is light, and their hair is dark and slightly messy. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of the body.

MY WEEKEND

OWEN CARTER

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My Weekend

by

Owen Carter

"So whadaya think?" Lucy asked, holding up her skirt to show me the butterfly tattoo on her thigh. She was also showing me her thong and the outline of her pussy, but she didn't care. I leaned forward in my chair for a closer inspection of the tattoo.

"Nice," I said, "but why'd you put it where nobody can see it?"

"They'll see it when I go to the beach."

"Oh, yeah. Can I touch it?"

"Sure."

Lucy and I were best friends at the office. Because she was a compulsive talker and I was a good listener, we'd developed a relationship in which she'd tell me anything, including when she'd slept with a guy, the size of his dick, and whether or not he knew how to use it. I'd pretend to be interested, while wishing she were talking *about* me instead of *to* me.

That's the way it had always been with me. I'd get a hard-on for some leggy, busty woman like Lucy, who was only interested in tall, muscular, pretty boys. I was five-eight and on the thin side—and "cute," as in "You're cute, but..."

The irony was I could've done more for her than any of those self-absorbed pretty boys. When I was a kid and not gettin' any, I was reading about it—books, women's magazines, porn—so I could make my buddies think I was scoring like they were. I became an expert on fucking without even having smelled pussy. And when I finally got a crack at a real live woman—a horny divorcée—I took her to places she never even knew existed.

At five o'clock, Lucy dashed off to catch a train to the Hamptons for the weekend. She and some of her "friends" had rented a house out there. I wanted desperately to go with her, but the thought never even entered her mind. At least I'd get to hear all about it on Monday morning.

As for *my* weekend, maybe I'd hang out at a bar and watch the hot girls pair off with the hot guys. Or maybe I'd spare myself the misery and just rent movies and stay

home.

The rain that had fallen most of the day had cleared out, so I could walk to my apartment in the East Village like I usually did. At 49th and Lexington, I was about to hop a puddle and cross the street when a car made an illegal right turn on a red light and splashed me with dirty water.

“Fuck!”

The car stopped. I could see the female driver through the tinted rear window looking back at me, maybe checking to see if she’d done any real damage. I expected her to drive on. Instead, she got out of the car.

Heads turned as she came toward me, seemingly in slow motion. I stared at her with slack-jawed awe. The stylish cut of her red hair accentuated her beautiful, sultry face. Her sumptuous bosom swayed under the fabric of her V-neck jacket. The flirty skirt she wore showed off her long, exquisite legs. And even without the strappy sandals, she was over six feet tall.

She looked me over and said with a foreign accent, “I ruined your suit.”

“Uh — it’s — uh — okay.”

“It’s not okay. I ruined it. I should replace it.”

“No. You don’t have to. Really.”

“Come.”

She grabbed my arm and led me to her car. I didn’t resist. I would’ve followed those legs anywhere.

She drove me to a men’s boutique on Madison Avenue. As I was being fitted with a suit that she’d picked out, she made a phone call and talked to someone in a language that was totally incomprehensible to me. Who *was* she? European royalty? A model? And why was she willing to replace a cheap blazer and slacks with a fifteen-hundred-dollar suit?

My old shirt and tie and my shoes didn’t match my new suit, so she had those replaced, too. When I checked myself out in the mirror, I was astonished by the makeover. I was hot — sort of.

Outside the shop, I thought we'd go our separate ways. I said to her, "I really appreciate all this."

"Would you like to go to dinner?"

"Dinner?"

"The friend I was talking to on the phone had to cancel. I have a reservation, and I don't like eating alone."

"Uh—okay." For the first time in a long time, I was all dressed up *and* I had some place to go.

The restaurant she took me to was the kind of place where a man had to wear a jacket and tie to be seated. Even among that ritzy crowd, people stared at us as we were taken to our table. I knew the attention was for her and not for me, but I didn't mind basking in reflected glory.

Most of the patrons went back to their meals and conversations after we were seated, but three men at a window table didn't take their eyes off us. They were all well-built, ruggedly handsome types, and I assumed they were trying to figure out why such an extraordinarily beautiful woman was with me. It felt good to be the object of envy for a change.

"What's your name?" I finally got around to asking the woman.

"Alexa," she replied.

Trying to be charming, I said, "You're not from around here, are you?"

"No," she answered. I expected her to elaborate, but she didn't.

The men at the window table were still watching us. Alexa glanced casually at them, and then turned her attention to the menu that had been handed to her by a waiter.

Trying to hide the fact that I had no idea what the fancy dishes on the menu were, I said, "Everything looks so good, I'm not sure—"

Alexa interjected, "Excuse me, I have to go to the ladies' room."

As she left our table, one of the men from the window table followed her.

Shit! That sonofabitch is gonna put the moves on her, and they're gonna hook up. But

what should I have expected? I wasn't Alexa's date. I was just there to fill a seat because she didn't want to eat alone.

To my surprise, Alexa came back to the table. "Have you decided what you want?"

"I thought I'd let you order for both of us," I replied, trying not to let my relief show.

"If you wish."

The man who'd followed her returned to his companions. He said something to them. They got up, and as they were leaving the restaurant, they looked angrily back at us. Alexa must've dissed that guy big time, I thought.

My attempts at conversation got nothing but evasive responses from Alexa. Her mysteriousness only increased my curiosity. As she drove me home, I asked, "So, do you do this often?"

"What do you mean?"

"Buying fancy clothes and fancy meals for total strangers."

"I ruined your clothes. And I was going to the restaurant anyway."

"Oh, come on! You could've just paid my cleaning bill and bought me a hamburger."

"All right. I admit I wouldn't have done this for just anyone. When I saw you standing there all wet, like an adorable little puppy –"

"A little puppy!" I didn't mind being called a puppy, but *little*? I should've known she'd mention my height. Women always did. Now she'd say something lame to try and sooth my hurt feelings.

"Small men turn me on," she said.

"Oh, really?" I retorted sarcastically.

"Yes, really."

* * * *

I was afraid Alexa would take one look at my cramped little second-floor walk-up, turn around, and leave. Instead, she said, "Cozy."

She went to the window and peered out. "My car," she asked, "is it okay there?" She'd parked directly across the street from the building.

"Should be okay," I said.

"Good."

She turned toward me with a suggestive grin.

"Ya want a beer or something?" I asked, trying to be hospitable even though my dick felt like it would break off and start without me if I didn't fuck soon.

"Nooo," she replied and sashayed into the bedroom, undressing as she went.

Alexa reclined naked on the bed, watching as I took my clothes off. She was waiting to see my package. Size-wise, I had nothing to be embarrassed about, but I was beginning to feel performance anxiety. My theoretical knowledge had gotten me by with women who didn't have much experience themselves. But Alexa was obviously no novice.

My hands were sweaty, so I couldn't get a good grip on the condom wrapper. As I fumbled with it, my stomach knotted up and my dick went soft. I felt panic.

Instead of laughing at my sudden ineptitude, Alexa said, "Let me help." She moved to the edge of the bed and took the condom from me. "The first time can be difficult."

"I'm not a virgin!" I blurted.

Patently she replied, "I meant the first time with a new person."

She ripped open the wrapper with her teeth and took the condom out. My dick was still soft, but she had a solution. She kissed it until it swelled into a stiff, pulsing rod. She unrolled the condom onto it, and then lay back and waited for me.

I didn't just dive in and start bangin' like I wanted to. Alexa's kindness deserved better than that.

I sucked her big toe, and then slowly kissed my way up her long, smooth legs. She squirmed and giggled. I licked her pussy.

She shuddered. "Ooooh."

I gingerly uncovered her clit. It was long enough for me to grasp between my thumb and forefinger. I massaged it while teasing it with my tongue. Alexa grunted, and then shook as if she were being electrocuted. She forcibly pulled me between her thighs and shouted, "Baszd be a picsádat!" which I assumed meant "Fuck me!"

And I did, but not with the slam-bam action that most guys would've used. I rubbed the head of my dick slowly and rhythmically along the wall of her vagina. Her mouth opened, her eyes rolled back, and she shrieked so loud I was sure my neighbors would call 911.

When I was about to come, I switched to a deep, plunging motion that sent Alexa into a frenzy. She clamped her arms and legs around me and rocked me back and forth as I unloaded. She gave me the look I always got from women the first time—amazement. She stroked my head affectionately and whispered something I didn't understand.

I was soon ready for another round. Surprised, Alexa got up on her hands and knees. This time, I had no trouble with the condom. I speed fucked her from behind as she exhaled with every stroke. Her head dropped to the bed and she buried her face in the covers to stifle a scream.

Even I was surprised when I got it up a third time. Alexa did the honors with the condom again. She straddled me and savored the feel of my dick pushing up inside her. She churned and shimmied with abandon, through orgasm after orgasm, until she drew the last bit of juice out of me. She gave me a lusty kiss on the mouth and fell off me, exhausted.

After she'd rested, she said, "I have to go."

I was disappointed, but I'd known all along that this fantasy would end. Alexa was simply out of my league. Her low-rent tryst was over. Now she'd go back to her real life. She seemed genuinely sad about leaving, though. Before going out the door, she said, "I'm sorry."

"Can I see you again?" I asked, hoping for a miracle.

She blew me a kiss and left.

I went to the window to watch her drive away, but the car didn't leave. Maybe she'd gone into one of the nearby bars for a drink. After a while, I gave up trying to get a last glimpse of her. I turned off the lights and went to bed.

* * * *

I was jolted from sleep by someone putting tape over my mouth. They held me down, taped my wrists and ankles, and then bundled me up in the bed covers.

I couldn't see, but I knew I was being carried out of the apartment, down the stairs, and out of the building. I could hear an engine running. I was tossed roughly into a vehicle. A door slammed. And I was moving.

Someone uncovered my head, and I could see that I was in the back of a utility van. Two of the men from the restaurant were crouching over me. One of them was the guy who'd followed Alexa to the ladies' room. He ripped the tape from my mouth and demanded, "Where is Alexa?" His accent was the same as hers.

Scared and confused, I babbled, "I didn't know she was your chick, man! I didn't mean to cut in on your action!"

"Where is she?"

"I—I don't know. She left."

He talked with the other man in that strange language they spoke, and then he asked me, "Does she have the figurine with her?"

"The what?"

He pulled a stiletto from his jacket pocket and pressed the tip of the blade to my neck. I gasped in terror.

He snarled, "If you lie, I will kill you. Where is the figurine?"

I started hyperventilating and lost bladder control. "P-Please..."

The van suddenly stopped, throwing the two men off balance. The driver, who'd been the third man at the restaurant, yelled, "Rendőrség!"

I could see the flashing lights of police cars through the windshield, and I could hear sirens approaching from behind.

The three men argued in their language over whether to kill me. The one with the knife had to be restrained by the other two. Thankfully, they convinced him to spare me, and the three of them ran from the van.

By the time the police got to me, I was a quivering, urine-soaked mess. They'd been called by a woman with a foreign accent who said she'd witnessed an abduction. The woman had even followed the kidnappers in her car and stayed in contact with the police by cell phone until they were able to set up a roadblock. The police asked if the woman who'd made the call was among the crowd who watched the arrests, but if she was there, she didn't identify herself.

When I told the police the kidnappers had asked me about some sort of figurine, the detective in charge ordered me taken in for questioning. I was interrogated by an FBI agent who demanded that I tell her everything I knew about the theft of a Roman era artifact from a museum in Budapest, Hungary. Eventually, I was able to convince her that I didn't know anything about it and was released, but not before being scared shitless by the thought of going to prison.

The thieves ratted out the wealthy American art collector who'd commissioned the museum heist. The artifact was recovered, but the two million euros in bearer bonds the collector had paid for it, and the red-haired Hungarian woman he'd given the bonds to, had disappeared.

It wasn't hard to figure out that Alexa had used me as a decoy after she double-crossed her partners. Maybe she was looking for someone to set up, or maybe she got the idea when she spotted me. She arranged the meeting at that restaurant so her partners would see me with her. She probably told them I was her new partner or her bodyguard or something. She knew they'd follow us back to my place. She showed herself at the window so they'd know which apartment we were in. And she made sure I stayed there.

With her cohorts out of the way, she delivered the artifact to the buyer and

probably went directly to the airport after that, and back to Europe.

Reporters wanted to talk to me, but I wasn't about to let the whole world know what an idiot I'd been. I declined all interviews. The Police Commissioner told a press conference they'd learned from me that the stolen artifact was in New York, and workers at the restaurant told reporters that the thieves fled the establishment when they saw me there. By Monday morning, the media were reporting that I had been "instrumental" in capturing the thieves, implying that I was some kind of private investigator. I didn't correct the misinformation, because it sounded a lot better than what really happened.

When I got to work, I found the whole staff outside my office, waiting to hear about *my* weekend. I told them I couldn't talk about it, because the investigation was still going on. Disappointed but impressed, they returned to their offices and cubicles—all except Lucy. She lingered coquettishly at my door and asked, "Wanna go for a beer after work?"

A couple of days earlier, I would've jumped at the invitation, because it meant we'd likely end up in the sack. But that day I said, "Sorry, can't."

I was over Lucy. And I no longer envied the tall, buff guys who were getting all the attention from women on the street as I walked home. Despite what Alexa had done, she was the only woman I wanted. Even if I never had sex again, it wouldn't have mattered, because I'd always have the memory of that three-condom night.

As I entered my apartment, my reverie was suddenly interrupted by the sight of Alexa lounging on the couch.

Flabbergasted at first, I was finally able to ask, "How'd you get in here?"

"The same way I got into the museum in Budapest," she said as she got up and came toward me.

"The police are looking for you."

"You're not going to turn me in, are you?" She unbuckled my belt and opened my fly. "Prison wouldn't be good for me."

She pushed my pants and boxers down to my knees and applied a little hand

action to get my dick hard. She propped a leg up on my coffee table and, not wearing panties under her skirt, slipped my dick into her pussy.

She gripped my butt cheeks and said, "Yes, you can see me again." And she shoved me deep inside her.

AUTHOR INFORMATION

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Owen Carter turned to creative writing after working as an editor in the New York publishing industry for more than 20 years.



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