



Tastes of Pleasure

Taking It to the Edge

12 Short Stories
by

Tastes of Pleasure

Taking It to the Edge

12 Short Stories
by
Shara Lanel

(c) 2006

ISBN 1-59578-277-X

Published by Liquid Silver Books, imprint of Atlantic Bridge Publishing, 10509 Sedgegrass Dr, Indianapolis, Indiana 46235. Copyright © 2006, Shara Lanel. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

Liquid Silver Books
<http://LSbooks.com>

Email:
raven@LSbooks.com

Editor
Barbara Marshall

Cover Artist
April Martinez

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

A Ball Drop Between Friends

Yes, that last shot of tequila had been one too many. I admit it.

Rex and I were sitting on my natty couch watching the ball drop on TV—in other words, having a really glamorous New Year’s Eve—when he leaned over and kissed me. I know it’s traditional to kiss someone at midnight on New Year’s Eve, but we’ve never done the kissing thing, for safety’s sake.

You see, Rex has been my best friend since elementary school, and we’ve been denying our attraction for years because of that friendship. No not during elementary school, or even middle or high school for that matter. It flared a bit during college, but we were dating other people. Then I got engaged, which totally didn’t work out, and Rex got married. That nipped any romantic possibilities in the bud, but we kept in touch, remained friends. A few years later he got divorced, and this became our tradition, sitting in my living room, drinking and watching baby-faced rock bands ring in the New Year.

My name’s Kelsey Mitchell, in case you’re reading this out of the blue. And let me tell you, kissing Rex Percell is pretty damn nice. He has soft lips that work magic—on me at least. He had me mesmerized that night, for sure, and I swear we kissed for ten minutes straight. Then we went back to the chips and chocolate and our game of checker shots. That’s what caused the trouble. I was losing. Every time he took one of my guys, I had to drink a shot. I was heading towards a massive hangover, but before that I was going to get massively looped.

Quick tip: Kelsey’s hangover cure, hot sex. Yup, hot sex is all you need to avoid dizziness and puking after too much tequila.

So Rex clobbered me with the checkers. By now we’d switched the digital cable to one of those music stations that plays through the TV. It even had some kind of ambience graphics that moved with the beat. Those can make you dizzy if you watch too long. I know. There’s been many a night when I sat there, alone, drinking a glass of wine, watching the expanding ovals or multi-colored waves.

Picture that scene at the beginning of *Brigit Jones*. “All by myself...” Except I never sing. Ever.

Back to the moment. New Year’s Eve, after midnight, a slow eighties song comes on and Rex asks me to dance. Well, how stupid to be dancing in my living room to the singing television, but I’m pretty toasted, so I say yes.

And it was nice. *Really nice*. Rex was hot in his stonewashed jeans and dark blue sweater. He held me close and I leaned my head against his shoulder and closed my eyes. His hands ran up and down my back, like a gentle massage. His thighs pressed against mine, and we moved as one. He even hummed a little bit in my ear, which normally I would have found annoying, but the hum caused a little vibration in his chest that transferred to my body. It ran through my chest and stomach all the way to my vagina, which responded with a clench. Whoa, I was getting turned on by Rex, my old friend. Not cool, not after all these years of “friends only”, and something I would never tell him. No way!

Unfortunately, I didn’t have to tell him, because my body had a mind of its own. My nipples pressed against my T-shirt, and I wore no bra, since I never felt the need to dress

up in front of Rex. And I think my pants were getting a bit damp, but the strangest thing was that I felt something poking at my hip. Was he wearing his wallet in his front pocket? No.

No!

Rex had a hard-on while we were dancing. Oh shit! His hands drifted lower and lower. One massaged my ass, while the other fiddled with the hem of my tee. He lifted my shirt a bit and slid his hand underneath. When it touched my skin, it was like an electric current zapped through my body. Every part of me clanged in response. He pulled me closer—we were already pretty close—and I snuggled closer still. He started kissing my cheek and my chin. Little kisses trailed to my neck. Ooh, I love having my neck kissed. There's this one spot guaranteed to make me gushing wet, and he found it. Then he traded kisses for licks and I moaned. I couldn't help it. His warm, wet tongue laving my neck felt better than hot sun in Cabo.

"Don't stop," I whispered when the slow song changed to something head-bangy by Metallica.

"Let's sit on the couch." He guided me to the sofa while maintaining as much body contact as possible. I had planned to sit next to him, but he pulled me onto his lap. "You are so beautiful."

"Rex, I think you've drunk too much. Drunk too much. Had too much to drink."

"I have, but I thought you were beautiful before then."

"If you say so." I wanted to go back to the kissing without examining this too much. If I examined it, my buzz would wear off and I'd probably realize this was a bad idea. So I took matters into my own hands. I kissed him square on the lips while my hands slid along the planes of his chest. His sweater was in the way.

"Let's take this off," I said, already tugging on the hem.

"Gotcha." He whipped it over his head and flung it to the floor, which revealed his yummy sun-baked skin and pecs of perfection. Rex had a weight set in his apartment, but preferred beach volleyball as exercise. We lived in Hampton, Virginia, close enough to the beach to visit every weekend if we so desired. Usually I didn't, but Rex did. I'd become a homebody lately, which was why I was in my living room on New Year's Eve. I couldn't explain it. I was approaching thirty and totally unmotivated to go out there guy-hunting. I worked out faithfully at Bally's, so my body was pretty svelte, but I just didn't feel like looking at date material, and I rebuffed the occasional offers I did get. Sad, but maybe there was something my subconscious knew that I didn't.

Rex lifting my shirt pulled me back to the moment. I let him slip it over my head, and, like I said, I had no bra on. I wasn't thinking clearly. Tequila and lust had fogged my brain. He seemed surprised at my lack of a bra, like he'd expected one more layer to coax off of me. Nope. He had the Full Monty, and he seemed to like it. Well, almost the Full Monty. My jeans still clung to my legs. I had no intention of taking those off. Rex and I were best buds. Just friends. Really. I was wishing I'd thought to padlock a chastity belt around my pussy before the evening began.

"Whoa," Rex said. He was concentrating on my breasts, totally enamored of them. My breasts are medium, I'd say, B to C cup, depending on the mood they're in or the brand of bra. My nipples had perked to bright pink, hard pebbles in reaction to Rex's hot stare. I glanced down, surprised to see them so happy. Rex was obviously impressed. He placed his palms over each one reverently. His hands were warm and my nipples were so

sensitive. I moaned and more juice leaked into my panties. He moved his thumbs to the tips of my nipples and circled lightly, creating intense pleasure that jettied from my chest to every nerve ending in my body. I closed my eyes and just... I don't know...felt.

Wet warmth encircled one nipple. My eyes flew open and I looked down. Rex was sucking me. My best friend had his smooth, sexy lips on my tit. I threaded my fingers through his soft brown hair and reveled in the feeling of lips and tongue on my breast. So good.

He didn't neglect my other breast. That was next on the agenda and equally good. Meanwhile, his hand unsnapped my jeans and worked the zipper down. Underneath I wore a slim black thong. Don't ask me what possessed me to wear that tonight, since I usually wear thigh-high bikini underwear, the cotton serviceable variety, not the kind with satin and lace. I think the idea that I would actually see a man, any man that evening, when I hadn't for a while, led to the selection of the thong, even though intellectually I had been sure Rex would never see it.

Well, seems I was wrong about that too.

He worked his fingers under the coarse denim to touch the silk thong. He pushed against the fabric, which in turn rubbed against my clit, and I gasped, "Rex!"

He leaned me back against the couch cushion, which was a bit itchy against my skin. We could have gone to my bedroom, but maybe he was afraid of wrecking the moment by suggesting it. Would brain cells have prevailed if we'd paused to change to a more comfortable locale? Somehow I doubt it. Tequila and hormones make one wicked love potion, not to mention several years of denied lust.

Rex's fingers circled my clit through the soaking fabric, then pinched my love knob. I was aching to come already. When his fingers pushed the fabric aside to plunge into my wet hole, I couldn't stop the sounds coming from my throat. You could call them moans, but they were more varied than that. Sometimes it sounded like purring, sometimes growling. Even occasional swear words popped past my lips as his index finger found and massaged my G-spot.

But he stopped the magical movements of his fingers before I came. Ugh. He pulled them out of me. I think I slugged him on the shoulder at that point, but he ignored me. He concentrated on the more pressing business of working my jeans down and off my legs, followed by the thong. Shockingly cool air touched my skin, raising goose bumps. Rex's jeans and briefs dropped to the floor next, and I found myself staring at a huge, engorged dick. Wow! I would never have guessed that Rex was so well endowed. He leaned a knee against the couch near my head, bringing that gorgeous rod really close to my face.

"Suck me?" It was definitely a question, a request to which I could say no, but I didn't want to. I turned my body and lifted up onto one elbow. Then I licked the glistening tip. Think of it like licking a lollipop, if you haven't tried it, albeit a somewhat salty lollipop. The licking advanced to sucking, and Rex moved his hips in a slow rhythm. He groaned and petted my hair, but I could tell he was totally preoccupied by the sensation of my lips and tongue on his cock. I stroked his balls with my fingertips. This earned a new response.

"Kelsey, that's so...good."

But I was feeling neglected, so I pulled away. "Warmed up yet?"

"God, yes." He located his jeans and pulled a condom from his pocket.

"How old is that thing?"

“Brand new.”

I lifted my eyebrows. “And how come you have a brand new condom in your pocket when you knew you were just hanging out with me tonight?”

“Because I knew I was going to see you.” He ripped open the packet and slid it on. “Kelsey, I’ve been hoping for this for a while. I just didn’t know how to bring it up without risking our friendship.”

“So you liquored me up.”

He grinned. “Well, we were going to do that anyway. The mood just seemed right.” He climbed on the couch and between my welcoming legs. “Is the mood right? I’d really hate for you to regret this in the morning.” He stared at me with beseeching puppy-dog eyes, soulful eyes, lustful eyes.

His cock bobbed against my mound. He hadn’t positioned it yet. He was waiting for my answer.

“Are you hoping for a relationship?” I asked, a little scared of either possible answer.

“I’d like to try. We’ve got something I didn’t have in my marriage: friendship. It seems like that might be something good to build on.”

“Yeah, that might be.” I smiled and reached down to squeeze his dick. “Now screw me, will ya?”

He positioned his thick rod to push at my entrance, needing just a little guidance from my fingers. The tip bobbed and circled, spreading the wetness around my folds, catching my clit, then moving back to my more-than-ready vagina. He pushed in, stretching me some. It had been a long time. Too long. Deeper and deeper he thrust, filling me up. It felt so good, so slow, like an 80% cocoa bar melting on the tongue. Once he was inside me to the hilt, he rocked his hips, creating small movements within. I lifted my hips, finding the rhythm. I wanted his rod to hit my cervix to bring me that intense feeling between pleasure and pain. It did and I ground my fingers into his butt in response, listening to his quick inhalation, knowing he was feeling it too. Then I rolled my pelvis and squeezed as he slid away, just the right dance to hit my G-spot, just the right pressure to keep him hard and ready.

He went back to kissing me and his thumbs brushed my breasts. My hands played with his hair and stroked his chest, slipping through sparse curls, flicking his flat nipples. Finally I grew brave enough to slip a finger onto my clit while his cock stroked in and out of my body. I was getting really close to an over-the-top orgasm, and my finger was the icing on the cake. Small wet circles on my clit sped me closer to climax. My heart rate ratcheted up and his thrusting went turbo.

“Fuck me,” I screamed for good measure just before my pleasure crested. I exploded over that edge, just moments before he did. Warmth spread inside me, filling me up and cooling me down, like the end of a workout. I relaxed against the couch cushions, happy with Rex’s weight on top of me and in me.

I was so happy with the world that I actually fell asleep. I probably snored too, since I tend to do that when I drink too much alcohol. But I think Rex passed out as well, so it was doubtful he’d noticed. And he’d held my head over the toilet on enough drinking binges to probably know at least that one secret about me.

It was kind of comforting that, knowing he already knew most of my faults and foibles, and he’d stuck around through it all...as a friend.

A few hours later, I woke to find myself under a cozy blanket in my warm bed. Rex

was spooning me, his breath tickling my neck. It felt right somehow.
At the very least, it felt like a possibility.

How *Not* to Relax

I stepped through the frosted glass door into the spa lounge and was instantly bathed in sunlight from the floor to ceiling windows. Two chaise lounges faced the windows while other overstuffed chairs and ottomans sat in conversational groupings throughout the room. Flute music floated unobtrusively through recessed speakers and tea and almonds were available for snacking along one wall.

My flip-flops snapped against my heels as I found a seat near the magazines. I was still self-conscious with only the fuzzy white robe covering my birthday suit, and I wondered again whether I'd made a *faux pas* not leaving my underwear on. Not exactly a spa regular, I found myself too chicken to ask the older lady with the perfect pedicure for the scoop. She reclined in the chair next to me, oblivious to my nerves and her surroundings.

"Cassie?" The man's voice was barely above a whisper and when I turned toward it, I found brilliant blue eyes looking at me. How had he known? Did they have a secret database with my picture?

I nodded and rechecked the belt cinching my robe together before standing.

"We'll be going to the third room on the right," he said. I was mesmerized by the timbre of his voice and the breadth of his shoulders. "My name is Mick, by the way."

"Nice to meet you, Mick," I said, resisting the urge to clear my scratchy throat. I should have helped myself to some tea.

Mick wore pressed black slacks and a black polo shirt with the name of the resort embroidered on the pocket. He kept his shoulders back as he walked, his lush brown hair covering the top of his shirt collar, but my eyes refused to focus on those safe views. Instead, they rotated downward, allowing me to admire a tight ass and strong thighs. Yes, I was immediately attracted to Mick, but you know what I was thinking? Had to be gay. Worked in a spa, giving massages, had to be gay. More's the pity.

The room was toasty warm and the table in the center was covered with sheets and two thick blankets.

"I'll start with your back, so if you want to remove your robe and settle face down here, cover yourself with the blankets, and I'll be right back." He left the room quietly.

Incense burned on a shelf and sunlight filtered through a painted glass window. Sitar music completed the relaxing atmosphere. I untied my belt, heart pounding, and slipped the robe from my body. I hung it on the hook on the wall before hurriedly mounting the table. I didn't want him to return while I stood there buck-naked.

I felt so stupid with my face hanging through the hole at the end of the table, but it was better than facing him when he reentered the room. I knew my blush heated my whole body. I had such pale skin that I could never hide my feelings. They painted themselves clear as day across my cheeks and neck.

The door creaked faintly when it opened. I could see his soft leather loafers from my vantage point through the cushioned face holder. He pumped oil onto his hands, humming faintly as he did so, a sound that had my nipples perking. So glad they were squashed against the mattress hidden from view.

The first touch of his hot hands against my skin had me squeaking.

“Are you okay?”

“Fine,” I said, biting back a nervous giggle. “Just new to this.”

“No problem.” His hands eased along my shoulders and arms, his big palms slightly rough from calluses. I closed my eyes and concentrated on breathing. I hadn’t been touched by a man in so long. I should have asked for a female masseuse. Surely this process wasn’t meant to feel sexual. He wasn’t acting like it was sexual. In fact, I had the impression that he followed a routine, just as a person on an assembly line followed a routine. Meditative perhaps, but far from sexy.

But each long stroke from calves to thigh increased the moisture I felt in the naked juncture of my legs. Each stroke exposed more of my flesh to the warm room air as he innocently moved the blanket out of his way.

I was feeling relaxed at the same time the tension in my nipples increased. My breath hitched with each touch and my heart thumped. Could he tell I was turned on? Did this happen often?

I couldn’t see him at all, but just the knowledge that a man touched my naked back, that his hands traveled down my hips, had me longing for deeper strokes and thrusts and not just by his fingers.

My arousal had to be obvious by now from my breathing and the flush of my skin, even if he couldn’t see the liquid glistening between my thighs.

“Turn over slowly,” he said. I nearly panicked as he lifted the blanket to facilitate my movement. I turned and I found him, with a friendly smile, looking at my face. A professional smile. Nothing more there, I reminded myself as I settled onto my back and made sure the blanket covered my breasts. My nipples perked against the soft sheet and I couldn’t resist moving just a little to increase the sensation.

Now I could see him. His hips were level with the table and I imagined leaning over, unzipping his fly, and exploring with my lips. I stared right there at his crotch as his hands flowed along my collarbone and shoulders. Did I detect a movement in his pants, or was that wishful thinking on my part?

I licked my lips. As my chest rose and fell with heavy breaths, I imagined him pushing the blankets past my hips so he could climb on the table and fuck me. Not practical at all. Was it built for two people? Or maybe the massage could go a little deeper. It was a “deep tissue massage” after all. I had super moist tissues between my legs that longed to be massaged deeply. I spread my legs under the thick blankets, tempted to move my own fingers to my clit to relieve some tension, to show him how it was done.

He massaged my temples, running his fingers through my hair, under my eyes, and past my lips. He leaned close and said, “Just let me know if anything makes you uncomfortable and I’ll stop.”

I nodded, staring at his lips, wanting to nibble his chin.

And that’s when the massage changed. He’d given me permission to stop it at any point. That seemed to be his cue to do more. He went around the table to my toes and kneaded my calves, the back of my knees, my inner thighs, my outer hips, the blanket moving higher, out of the way. His thumbs roved closer to my center, nearly touching the outer labia, which I’d neatly trimmed before leaving for this vacation. I closed my eyes and breathed through my nose, willing those two thumbs to do more than brush the curls there. Higher, I thought, too chicken to say it aloud. Higher, please.

His fingers brushed my pubic hair casually, like an innocent mistake. Another woman might've responded with offended shock, but I kept silent. I wanted him to do more. Then he was. He was deliberately touching my mound, slow strokes, massaging it, as if it too needed relaxation. The blanket was no longer covering me, so I knew he could see the moisture pooling between my thighs.

Bend over. Lick it, I thought. I couldn't tell him to do that, though. That would go beyond the boundaries of a professional relationship. Of course, he was already beyond professionalism as he slid his thumbs along my slit, grazing the very tip of my clit. I bucked in encouragement. *Please, do it again. Do more.*

He looked at my face and I met his eyes, smiling shyly, my lips slightly parted. I couldn't control the rapid rise and fall of my chest. He moved back to the top of the table, and with slow, solid strokes, moved from my shoulders down my chest, pushing the blanket lower and lower. His palms warmed the top of my breasts, still massaging, still innocent, until my entire chest was revealed. My nipples reacted to the cold air by hardening further, almost to the point of pain. His hands cradled the globes, kneading and brushing. Relaxing strokes, not sexual. I needed him to pinch my tits. I needed him to be obvious now, so that I knew he wasn't going to back away from pleasuring me.

He pushed the blanket down my stomach. I tried not to buck and moan as the blanket slid sideways and fell to the floor. Now I was cold and needed his warmth. His fingers splayed across my wide hips. His hands never stopped moving as they caressed every inch of my bare skin. Always a massage, never more.

I wanted to touch myself or to guide his hands to touch me where I needed it most. Did I dare? I'd never felt so burningly turned on before, and still he teased and tortured. He didn't satisfy. He grazed my clit, but didn't rub it or taste it. He smoothed my nipples, but he didn't twist them or suck them. I was writhing with want on the table, but he just played with me. My hour was going to end without satisfaction and I was going to be tighter and tenser than when I began. I began to panic. Did I need to say it out loud? Give him real permission?

But what should I say? What did I want him to do?

"Kiss me," I whispered.

"What?"

I'd not been loud enough. "Kiss me."

He froze, standing at the middle of the table with his hands on my stomach.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

He bent over and planted the chastest smooch on one shiny nipple. I thought he was going to stop there, but then he kissed the other one. Then he opened his mouth and gave them both smacking kisses, the kind that involves suction.

Okay, we're on a roll now, I thought. Wrong. Next thing I knew he was pulling the blankets back across my body. "Time's up," he whispered.

"No way! You can't leave me like this!"

He chuckled. "If you enjoyed my services, I'd be happy to meet you this evening for drinks. This time I'll pay."

Oh, he'd pay all right. After drinks, I'd make him pay over and over until I had my satisfaction!

Car Shaking

The names have been changed to protect the innocent...ahem...not so innocent people involved. In other words, me (my name's Kirsten by the way) and the cop I met at a friend's party. His name was Andrew. He was tall and reminded me a bit of Clark Gable. There was a glint in his eye that said he could see right through my I'm-so-shy act, and he knew I wasn't drinking milk through a straw. No, it was actually milk and vodka, a really sick combination now that I think back on it, but I was a college girl then, who had obviously lost some brain cells during my pre-orientation drinking binge.

My friend Marta introduced me to the Clark Gable look-alike, before she was dragged into her bedroom by her current lover, Gina. Andrew rolled his eyes at Marta and Gina walking away hand-in-hand. Did he not approve of lesbians or did he think it tacky to have sex at a party? If he did, he was in the minority in this crowd, judging by the moans and mysterious movements going on in the shadowy corners.

The music boomed from surround-sound speakers, and the bass throbbed through my core, titillating my nerve endings, making me hot as a live wire. I certainly didn't want to join Marta and Gina, but the idea of having sex at the party was sounding better and better. My eyes roved down Andrew's white linen shirt. My hands could have done the job better, taken in the shape of his pecs, felt the hard nubs of his nipples, circled the innie belly button with my index finger. How did I know it was an innie? The fabric was a loose weave, making it almost sheer. I could see curly chest hair both above the open V and below.

"Do you want to find somewhere quiet?" he asked loudly, though I could barely hear him above the din.

"No."

His eyebrows rose. Probably thinking I was turning him down. I wasn't. I just didn't like quiet places. They made me think of the library and my final exams next week.

"How about quieter but not quiet?" I shouted. I liked noise. I liked music and the club scene. I liked blinking lights, writhing bodies, and acrid smoke. It just made me come alive.

But Andrew knew other ways to make me come alive. He managed to get me outside to his unmarked cop car. In fact, I hadn't realized he was a cop until I saw the spotlight sitting discreetly on the side of the door near the mirror and the computer mounted where the ashtray and radio belonged.

"Wow. You're a detective?"

"Narcotics."

"Sexy," I said with a laugh. I already knew he was sexy. I didn't need to know he was a cop to make that call, but that extra detail sent a zing of adrenaline through me.

"Do you want to go for a ride?" he asked in a low come-hither voice.

"Sure!" I'd never been in a cop car before. It wasn't like he was going to blare the lights and sirens and go on a high speed chase, so I could stop acting like a giddy child, but still, there was something thrilling about riding in a car with a metal cage dividing the back seat from the front. If possible, I grew even more turned on than I'd been at the party.

“I can show you my beat.”

“Awesome.”

We buckled up and he pulled away from the curb and into traffic. This part of the East Side was pretty busy at all times of the day. And since it was eleven p.m. on a Friday night, there were pedestrians, cabs, limos, bikes, and vehicles galore. It was chaos. Car alarms going off; vendors still outside hawking their wares. Some of the Mom and Pop stores had closed, but just about all of the restaurants and grocery stores were still open. I just loved New York; could not get enough of it. I’d been there for four months and hated it every time I had to head to Port Authority to catch a bus to go home for break. I wanted to stay here forever.

Andrew wove in and out of traffic like a native, which I’m sure he was judging by his accent and the fact he said “youse guys.”

“So where’s your beat?”

“Harlem.”

“Hmm.” Not exactly the romantic part of town, but I was curious. What was it like to face danger on a daily basis? I was feeling a bit of that rush just being with Andrew.

Once we drove north until I lost track of where we were, traffic thinned out some. Buildings were darker, the streets were darker. Lamps and windows were broken, boarded, graffitied. Inside the car, Andrew locked the doors. Then he started telling me the strangest stuff. “That’s where I spotted the perp dealing drugs. He ran, of course. They always do.” He turned into an alley. “Here’s where I chased the guy, and here’s where three of his buddies jumped me.”

My eyes went wide. The alley was narrow because of the overflowing dumpsters jutting out from the walls. Fire escapes zigzagged up brick walls to the sky.

“Yeah, and here’s where my partner and back-up apprehended the perp and his friends.” He glanced at me sheepishly. “Had to spend the night in the hospital after that one.”

“Glad you’re better now.” Not that I was feeling better with the deep shadows surrounding us and the shouts and cop sirens I could hear in the distance. The walls of the buildings muffled sound, made it weird, like being smothered in a cloak.

“Oh yeah.” He drove us down another side street. I still couldn’t see the moon because of the height of the buildings, but I had the sense we were headed east, which would eventually take us to the river.

He pulled to the curb and pointed. “That’s where I shot a man.”

Okay, this time my eyes were so wide I felt like they were going to bug out of their sockets. “Really?”

“Yeah. Had to. I really try to avoid it, but he’d just shot the owner of the dry cleaners and wouldn’t stop when told to—of course—I’d expect nothing different. Had to shoot him.”

“Were you upset?”

“Yeah. I mean IA took my gun, then I had psych evaluations and an IA investigation. Really a hassle.”

I shook my head and bit back a smile. “I bet.”

You might think Andrew sounded a bit callous about the whole thing, but I could tell from the look in his eyes that it had bothered him, and not just because of the Internal Affairs investigation. He hadn’t made the decision to shoot lightly.

“So I want to show you this place I know, okay?”

“I’m up for it.” I touched his arm, just for comfort, then let go. “Even though I’ve been here a few months, I always find more to discover. Like Central Park—I could spend a month just exploring that.”

He grinned. “I know what you mean. I could never leave here. It’s in my blood.”

The car burst past the last set of buildings before the East River. The moon sat low and large just above one of the bridges. A boat on the water created ripples that reflected the orange glow. Andrew drove us onto a bridge I didn’t recognize, since I’d never been further north than 91st Street before. The bridge connected Manhattan to a tiny island that had a power station and a water tank on it. Pretty soon Andrew parked the car on a section of grass by the water’s edge, facing south. The view was beautiful. Lights from Manhattan on the right, and Queens and Brooklyn on the left reflected off the water and lit up the sky with a hazy glow. Bridges crisscrossed, going from Manhattan to the boroughs, and cars, headlights on, whizzed across them.

But where we sat inside the dark car, there was silence, and for once it didn’t bug me. I could hear my own breathing and my heartbeat, both of which were accelerating the longer Andrew and I sat next to each other in that car. He reached out and took my hand. His thumb stroked my palm and the inside of my wrist. I had no idea I was so sensitive there, until he did that. It was making me crazy horny. I stared at the river, but all of my senses were tuned in to Andrew: the brush of his thumb against my skin, the scent of his cologne, the sound of his clothes against the car seat as he adjusted his position so he could face me.

“Kirsten?”

“Yes?” I shifted too. The seat was wide, plenty of room for maneuvering. No gear shift in the way.

“May I kiss you?”

I laughed. He was being so polite! “Please do more than that.”

Holy smokes, his grin could melt the Wicked Witch of the West without the water. “If you insist.”

“Oh, I do.”

Let me just say, his first kiss lit me on fire. His lips were against mine, then his tongue was in my mouth, then my hands were digging into his shoulders urging him closer on the seat. His hands were on top of my shirt feeling me up, squeezing my breasts, but that wasn’t enough. He yanked my shirt from my pants’ waist. Then his fingers smoothed up my stomach to my bra. Front clasp, easy to unhook, so he did. Ummm! The thumbs that had so successfully massaged my wrists were now stroking my nipples. Tiny circles, around, wider, tracing, smaller, pinching, then stroking again.

We didn’t even take off all our clothes. I had no idea if any humans inhabited the island at night, like security guards or other cops. I trusted Andrew to know the details. Like he had a condom of course. All I wanted was his huge, hard cock inside of my wet sheath, which was clenching and unclenching in anticipation.

“Hurry,” I moaned. “I need you.”

“Gotcha.”

He didn’t make me wait. With my jeans and panties around one ankle and his pants to his knees, he pushed my shirt out of the way and slipped his cock against my entrance. Of course he had to feel how ready I was, so he didn’t take it slow or easy, just pierced

me with his cock, all the way, so deep I wanted to scream with the intensity of the sensation pounding all the way to my cervix. Friction like flint lit my body on fire. Our limbs were bent in odd ways to keep us on the seat and off the siren button or door locks or anything else we could have accidentally jiggled. Andrew fucked me crazy. That cock was so thick and hitting just the right spots, I was lost in a sex-induced haze, which is ten thousand times better than drugs.

He even managed to wedge his thumb between our bodies so he could massage my clit, keeping me nice and lubricated, because despite his rush to fuck me, once inside me he wanted to take his time. Just the way I liked it. He'd thrust in and wiggle his hips until I started squirming and bucking, then he'd pull almost all the way out until my vagina squeezed tight to draw him back inside me. He arched in such a way the tip of his dick hit my G-spot.

"More," I said, panting. "More, more."

He laughed. "Not much more. I'm going to come really soon."

"I can't wait to feel it." My fingers gripped his ass to help him pump. He pushed my shirt up to my neck so he could get his teeth onto my tits. He nibbled lightly and licked and sucked. Oh God, how he sucked my nipples, and his thumb circled my clitoris, and his cock plunged in and out of my slick hole, and we were in the dark in a cop car overlooking the East River. Oh my God, I've never come so hard in my entire life as I did that night. All the clichés about rockets and fireworks do not cut it. This was the nuclear bomb of orgasms. We both screamed and swore, rocking the car, steaming up the windows.

Gee, I'm getting wet right now just thinking about it. Must go find Andrew. (It's six years later, by the way.) He doesn't start his shift until five, so we should have plenty of time for a reenactment.

Booty Call

“An it harm none, so mote it be, bring a lover to me.”

She intoned the chant with all the enthusiasm of a ninth grader returning to school. How long could she go on like this? Mind blowing sex with absolutely no commitment. It was getting boring.

Yeah, she shouldn't complain about getting regular booty calls from service demons, but it had lost its luster years ago. Still she kept on because she didn't know what else to do. She felt like the evil witch asking the mirror to lie to her about her beauty. Of course, she wasn't the fairest of them all just because she had a charmed mirror, any more than she had a real love just because a man appeared and offered his body to her night after night.

“You rang, ma'am?”

It was a different man tonight. Demon truly, but they never showed their true form to her. They were perfect, like male models, with larger than usual body parts. At first, she'd bucked and moaned with each thrust. Then she'd gone for more gusto, trying two demons at once. The pleasure had been mind blowing, but something had been missing.

Still was missing.

She looked at the bowing and scraping male specimen before her and sighed even as her body demanded release. Her mother's Book of Shadows had mentioned a curse handed down through the female line, but the details were sketchy. An insatiable sex drive and an inability to love seemed to be the results. But what was the cure? Who'd cursed them and how could she break free?

She flicked her hand and the demon disappeared in a puff of smoke. He wasn't destroyed, merely transported home, leaving Jillian alone and aching with need.

Sweating from every pore, she stripped off her clothes and stalked to the shower. It was a glass and tile box with jets on several levels, all designed to release the knots in her muscles, but as she stood open to the cascading water, she grew hotter, tighter. Her nipples drew taut. Her core melted to molten liquid. She slid her palms down the tiles as she fought the temptation to touch herself. The lowest jet pointed right at her clit, so she spread her legs wide.

“Oh!”

The chest-level jets pelted her breasts and nipples, torturing her and pleasuring her at the same time.

This would solve nothing. This wouldn't erase the curse. It wouldn't even chase away the ache for the night. Only a male could do that. She'd tried every sedative on the market. None worked. The only way she could sleep was to fuck a man or something that looked like a man.

The steaming water tickled and teased and finally she gave in. Stroking along her stomach to her mound with one hand, she let the other press higher, kneading her breasts, sliding along her rosy nipples. She reminisced about the twin demons she'd summoned a week ago. They'd entered her in front and behind at the same time, while two mouths and four hands had caressed and tasted every pleasure point on her body. She'd screamed as she'd come, so loud the neighbor had pounded on his ceiling.

She was getting close now, her center finger slipping past her clit into her dripping hole. One, two, three fingers, she spread herself wide and mimicked the thrusts of an energetic dick.

She'd rarely spoken to her downstairs neighbor. He traveled frequently for his job, although she didn't know exactly what his job was. She never saw him with a woman. He was quite the fantasy male in the looks department, almost better than the demons, and she imagined he had a weight set in his apartment. His name was Clint and sometimes she fantasized about him as a demon lapped at her pussy.

And there'd been that one time when their eyes had connected. Lightning had shot between them. Not literally of course, but it was like something was there, more than the usual boy/girl attraction. But then he'd looked away, and she'd figured she'd imagined it.

Twenty minutes later, she realized she was going to turn into a prune, so she stepped out of the shower without making herself come. She wrapped a huge towel around her ass and padded back into her bedroom. It was toasty warm from the noisy but effective radiator. The only light, soft and flickering, came from the candles she'd lit to summon the demon. Incense burned and the bed looked inviting, so she threw the towel over a chair and collapsed on the scattered blankets. Reaching over she pulled out her vibrator. This never worked either, not for long, but it felt good. She'd once gone for seven days straight without sleep, abstaining from sex, trying every method she could to satisfy herself without giving in to the curse, but nothing had worked.

The vibrator was large and pink and had rotating beads in it that hit her G-spot just right. She loved to scream when it brought her to orgasm, just to let it all out. And sometimes the tears of frustration poured out too. She couldn't cry with the demons. They wouldn't understand.

Closing her eyes, she flipped on the tool and slid it past her fur to her wet core. The summoning chant repeated in her mind without conscious thought—she'd used it every night for the past five years. Her body stretched to accommodate the thick device and she purred along with its tiny motor.

But then her neighbor's broom started banging on his ceiling, her floor. What was his problem? She wasn't being noisy...yet. But now she could picture his face and as the vibrator spread her passage wide, easing its way inside her dark wetness, she pictured Clint's face, his light brown stubble and electric gray eyes, his beefy biceps and six-pack abs, his tight jeans stretched across his tight ass.

She pressed the thick plastic cock deep in her pussy and moaned as the rotating beads massaged her vagina. And the moment she reached her release, something very strange happened. A flash of light filled the room—it was so bright that she could see it through her closed lids, and it nearly blinded her when she did attempt to open her eyes. But once the light settled, she realized there was a man in her room.

Well, nothing unusual there, except usually she did her chant and summoned a demon before sex. But then she realized this was no demon. This was her downstairs neighbor.

"Holy crap! What are you doing here?" She struggled to a sitting position, pulling out the vibrator as she did so. She tossed it onto the damp towel.

And this man wasn't naked. Usually the demons arrived naked and hard, raring to go.

"I believe you rang," he said calmly as if this was something that happened to him

every day.

“I did not.”

He glanced at the candles and incense. “Yes, you did.”

“You are not who I was calling.”

“Well, you must have had me in your mind or I wouldn’t be here, now would I?”

“But...but...” She hated stuttering. “But how do you know...?”

“I’m a demon. Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“You’re my neighbor!”

“That, too. The demon gig is my paying vocation though.”

“They pay you?”

“Oh yeah, and awesome benefits, like eternal life and all that.”

Jill stared at yummy Clint, unable to fathom what this meant. How could she not have known her neighbor was a demon?

“So, do you want to have sex? That is why you called me here, right? And I must say this really explains why you’re such a noisy neighbor.”

She sighed finally, resigning herself to the inevitable. “I don’t really want to have sex, but there’s this family curse or something, and I can’t seem to sleep unless I have sex. It’s ridiculous really.”

“I see. So what do you truly desire?”

“Truly I want the curse broken, so I can go on a normal date and develop a normal relationship that might even lead to love, you know?”

Now it was the dreamy man’s turn to sigh. “No, I don’t know. Never have had time to fall in love with all these women summoning me.”

“Wow, I never thought about the demon end of things.”

“Yeah, wears me out sometimes.” He cracked his knuckles, mumbled some words, and pointed his hands at Jill. Another bright flash of light shot across the room and Jill slumped back against her pillows, deep asleep.

In the morning she found a note. “The curse is broken and maybe I can stop banging on your floor finally. And if you’d like to go out for coffee sometime, afternoons work best for me.”

Jill smiled and stretched. That was the best night’s sleep she’d had in years.

Fantasy on a Bus: Number One

It was a brisk fall day when I climbed aboard the Z103 Party Bus—really a school bus painted and converted for the occasion—heading towards a sold out concert in DC. I won't say what band, since they might not like having a starring role in this story, but let's just say I was hot for the lead singer, had been hot for him since middle school, going on fifteen years now. So I'd been one of those obnoxious people sitting at work behind my "wall" with the radio station number on redial, punching the button over and over until I finally got through. Whenever my boss had walked by, I'd feigned busyness, but the second he'd headed towards the break room I was back at it again.

Obviously I'd won the tickets and that's why I was getting on this crowded, noisy bus with a bunch of baby-faced punks who looked far too young to even be familiar with this group. And that's also why I wore jeans that gripped and lifted my ass, spiky heels guaranteed to kill me on the steps at the stadium, and a bra-less white halter top. My nipples had risen to attention the moment I put it on, and they were still at attention now as I scanned the aisle, avoiding purses and toes, and looking for a seat.

But it was a brisk fall day, so I also had a denim jacket tucked under my arm, since a brisk day was likely to turn into a freezing night.

"This one's free," a luscious male voice spoke. A hand with tan fingers attached to an arm with yummy lean biceps gestured to the empty seat next to him. I followed the arm to where it became encased in the navy blue fabric of a cotton T-shirt. Then my eyes widened at the sight of a broad chest, flat stomach, and tight, faded Levis.

Look up, I told myself; knowing that I was being totally obnoxious by not looking at this youngun's face first. When I did look up, I found crystalline blue eyes that did not meet my own. Instead they stared happily at my perky breasts. Grin. A man after my own heart, and more importantly, a man with stubble from a five o'clock shadow and fine laugh lines framing the corners of his eyes. In other words, a man close to my own age, maybe even a bit older than me, but with the body of a twenty-year-old. Heaven.

"Thanks," I said, sliding into the seat and out of the way of the angry mob behind me. I positioned my backpack-style purse between my feet and turned to introduce myself to my seatmate. "I'm Dory."

"I'm Xavier."

"Xavier? Are you making that up?"

He looked taken aback. "No." He pulled out his driver's license. Xavier Elston, age thirty-five. Perfect.

"That is a totally sexy name." I know, sometimes I even surprise myself with the dumb things that come out of my mouth. You'd think I'd expect it by now.

He grinned. "Thank you."

The bus jerked into motion, making the few fools still standing in the aisles or leaning over the seat backs lurch towards the back. After a few curses, everyone found seats.

Xavier glanced around. He was a tall, muscular man who made me feel dainty sitting next to him, which was an unusual feeling to say the least.

"A young crowd."

I scanned the many faces as well. “Yes. Glad you’re here or I’d feel positively outnumbered.”

He slapped his chest. “Ouch. Are you saying I’m not young?”

I shook my head, knowing he didn’t give a damn. I could just tell he knew he was in his prime. Why else would he be here?

“Why are you here?” I asked.

“I like the group.”

“You’re not gay, are you?” Like I said, the brain-to-mouth connection was often lacking.

“No. I like women, but...”

“What?”

“I like experimenting.”

What did he mean by that exactly? I was fairly vanilla myself. Maybe I should try to find a different seat. I looked around again. Sold out concert, sold out bus. No empty seats.

I heard a soft chuckle near my ear so I turned back to Xavier.

“Can I call you X?”

“If you want.”

I pulled my jacket from under my arm and patted it on my lap nervously, still wondering what he meant by liking to experiment. I liked to experiment...with new restaurants, like Thai rather than Chinese, or with new music, maybe Ska rather than Top 40.

But I really didn’t think that was what he was talking about, since his statement came right after I’d asked him if he was gay. Maybe he’d misunderstood me or I’d misunderstood him and his wanting to experiment had nothing to do with sex or other men.

Two men...two sets of lips...four hands moving everywhere...

One arm stretched across the back of the seat. X was settling back for the long ride, making himself comfortable. I noticed that he too had brought a jacket, a leather one. It was tucked to the left of his thigh. Good spot to be. The warmth from his other thigh radiated into me though we weren’t touching. The heat from his arm did the same. I wanted to blush from the ache in my breasts that I knew was because of my awareness of him, but why blush when he’d already carefully examined my entire chest area?

I decided to settle back, too. No one paid us any mind as the three DJs at the front of the bus amused everyone with their shtick. They told stories and handed out free tees and CDs. I listened a bit, but mainly I just remained hyper-aware of X’s breathing and the fact that his arm had crept closer to the top of my shoulders. Pretty soon it would settle on them and his fingers would touch my arm. I shivered.

“Are you cold?” He spoke close to my ear and his voice was for me alone.

“Um, maybe a little,” I lied to cover my reaction.

He pulled out his jacket and spread it over my lap and his. I shivered again as his arm lowered to my shoulders and his thumb played with a curl of my hair.

I should make conversation. Anything to stop thinking about his hand and whether it would move lower, and anything to stop thinking about two men and double of everything.

“So, what do you do for a living, X?”

He chuckled again at his new nickname. "I'm a physical trainer."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. I used to teach Phys Ed to middle-schoolers, but I got burned out trying to teach good habits to a bunch of kids who couldn't care less."

"So do you work at a gym?"

"No, mostly private homes, and I teach a night class at the university."

Private homes. Interesting. Now I had visions of X training me. Handcuffs, blindfolds, a weight bench. Hmmm.

You know, the root cause of these sexual thoughts was how long it had been since I'd actually had sex. But how unlike me to think this way at all, forced abstinence or no. Maybe it was a mid-life crisis. Wasn't I too young for that sort of shit? No way was I at mid-life yet, but I was horny as hell, and the thoughts running through my mind would probably shock the teenagers surrounding us. "Old folks" like us weren't supposed to have libidos.

I grinned and turned to X. He cocked his head and gave me an assessing look. "What do you do?"

"I don't want to talk about what I really do, my boring day job."

"Okay," he said slowly. "Do you want to talk about what you don't really do?"

I nodded and leaned in a bit closer, so I could be heard as the volume of the voices on the bus increased. We were on the road now, going 65 on the interstate. The bus cast a long shadow across the lanes as the sun sank lower in the sky. What could I tell X? A fantasy job. Would he think I was a freak, completely loony tunes? Did it matter? I gauged his expression. I think he understood what I was doing and I don't think he judged me for it.

"I'm a phone sex operator."

A wide grin spread across his face. "That's a good one. You've got the voice for it. Really sultry."

I'd never thought of my voice as sultry before. Nice.

"Tell me about this job, Dory."

Our thighs were pressed together under the jacket and I was a hair's breadth from his chest, so he could hear me over the din. He lowered his hand to my shoulder and his thumb feathered across my hot skin. My nipples pinged with awareness, and I felt his gaze refocus on them once again. I wanted his thumb to stop stroking my shoulder and move to stroking my tit.

But he can't do that. Not with everyone watching! But, God, I wanted him to.

"Men call me," I said, starting my story. "I pick up the phone and say, 'Hello there.'"

"And what do they say?"

"What would you say?"

"I'd say, 'Hi baby.'"

"That's a bit cliché."

"Yeah, but I'm paying so I don't have to be original, I just have to be turned on."

"True." His hand on my shoulder pulled me closer, so now I was leaning against his warm, firm chest. "So next I'd say, 'What can I do for you this evening?'"

"Tell me what you're wearing."

"I'm wearing a black lace garter belt attached to thigh-high stockings, crotch-less panties and stilettos."

“Are you wearing a bra?”

“No, I’m wearing a silk and bone corset, black.”

“So sexy.” This he breathed into my ear. His tongue flicked the lobe, tracing it. I shivered.

“What are you wearing?” I asked as I noticed his left hand dipping under the jacket out of view.

“I’m naked. It’s too hot for clothes.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“How do you pleasure yourself?”

Here I had to step back. If I was this woman, a phone sex operator dressed in slut lingerie, how would I touch myself?

“I wear a headset so my hands are free, you understand.”

“Sure.”

“I slide my palms under both my breasts, cup them, and flick my thumbs over my nipples.”

“Yes.” His voice had a different tone to it now, more strained, and I discovered where his left hand had disappeared to. It slid along my thigh under the jacket, out of view from the other concert-goers, my little secret. It moved past the tight curve of my thigh, cupping my mound. The denim filtered the actual sensation, but my panties grew damp from the novelty of a strange man touching me there. “Go on.”

“I push the top of the corset down and my breasts jut out, pushed up by the fabric underneath, perfect for touching. So I touch them and tweak them. They’re so aroused they sting. They long to be sucked by your mouth. Your voice really turns me on, you know.”

“So does yours, honey. I want you to suck them for me.”

“What?”

“Use your hands. Put your tits into your mouth and suck. Imagine it’s my mouth sucking you.”

I did imagine and as I did so, his roving hand found the snap to my jeans. He undid it. He lowered the zipper. I sucked in my breath. Whoa. I had never done anything like this before. His right hand moved from my shoulder to my upper arm, actually under my arm so the tips of his fingers grazed the side of my breast. My panties were wetter now, which he was going to discover soon, now that he had the zipper down and was maneuvering my undies out of the way.

“Don’t stop, sweetheart. You’re sucking your own nipples, one then the other. What about your pussy? Is it wet? How do you make your pussy feel good?”

The same way he was making my pussy feel good now. His middle finger had found my clit and was rotating in a circle. He had a very talented left hand. Maybe he was ambidextrous, because every now and then he’d use the fingers on his other hand, the one captured under my arm, to flick my nipple. A stealth mission. He’d zing me with sensation then go back to acting innocent. But under the jacket he was making me squirm, and I had to fight not to moan.

What would I do beyond my usual vanilla? “I have a vibrator.”

“Hmm.”

“One with swirling beads. It’s extra thick and long, so while you’re talking to me through my headset, and while I’m sucking my tits one at a time, I’m sliding this tool into

my dripping hole.”

Xavier’s face was almost red. He pulled his hand from my pants long enough to direct my hand into action. He wanted to be touched, and when I did touch him, I felt a ridge that was hard as oak. He helped me unsnap and unzip the pants under the jacket, and he lowered his briefs so that his dick could spring free. I gripped him.

Then I had a moment of self-consciousness. I glanced around to see if anyone noticed what we were up to. The girl in the seat across the aisle slouched back against her seat, eyes closed, headphones on, lost to the world. Past her another girl stared out the filmy window at the passing cars. No one else seemed to be paying us any mind. I knew the possibility that we could be caught, observed, was part of the thrill, but just the same I was glad for our momentary privacy.

As my thumb and forefinger formed a ring around his cock, his finger resumed its attentions to my clit. I really wanted to pull my jeans down more, give him more access, but they were too tight for that. I tightened the ring around his dick and slid it to the base then up to the tip. He gasped loudly, caught himself and shut up, but I was pleased that I was having this effect on him. I felt the pre-come on the head, so I squeezed some more then rolled back down to the base. Did he want to come? He’d have to catch it with his jacket. Did I want to come? I was getting pretty damn close. Would I be able to control my reaction? I already clenched my vagina and tightened my stomach with each movement of his finger.

“More,” he growled, his voice vibrating through my body. “Tell me more.”

“So I’m fucking myself with this huge vibrating tool. In and out, and I’ve got a little finger vibrator which I use on my nipples. A really cool tingly sensation. I’m dripping wet, and your voice just makes me hotter. Tell me what you’re doing on the other end of the phone.”

“I’m playing with my balls, stroking them, moving them around. Your voice makes me hard. I’ve never been so mother fucking hard in my whole life.”

“Uh huh.” Another long stroke from base to tip with a squeeze at the tip, then back down and I scooped my fingers under his zipper until I could reach his balls and weave my fingers around. He groaned into my ear.

“God, fuck me,” he said, and for a minute I thought he meant it. It was hard to tell what was part of the fantasy and what was part of the now.

Suddenly it didn’t matter because the sensations had coiled so tight inside of me I couldn’t hold back my orgasm. My body took over. Liquid gushed from me as my vagina contracted. I turned my face into his shoulder and bit to muffle my moan.

“God, fuck me,” he said again, and I felt the rush of come spurt out of his dick. We both fought to control our outward reactions to our extreme pleasure. Man, we’d just gotten each other off on a crowded bus in front of a bunch of people. I breathed in the masculine scent on his shirt, shocked that I didn’t feel more embarrassed. Was I a total slut?

* * * *

It took some maneuvering to get our clothes back to rights. The bus had gotten caught in stop-and-go DC traffic, but now was pulling into the RFK Stadium parking lot. By the time it stopped completely, we were able to remove the jacket and stand. I knew the first order of business was to find a bathroom once inside the stadium. I wondered if

Xavier would disown me at this point, find some other woman to play games with, but he didn't. He held my hand, like we were a dating couple. He helped me through the crowd and held the glass door open for me. I told him I needed a bathroom, and when I returned he was waiting with a drink for me. Sweet.

Fantasy on a Bus: Number Two

What lurks in the dark in your mind? Monsters, murderers, ex-boyfriends?

Or maybe deep dark sex, the good kind, the kinky kind. Yeah, that's what hung out in the back of my mind, the primal part, the part that never saw the light of day or even the eerie fake light of an LCD screen. I was too chicken to even visit the websites that might describe the kind of stuff that turned me on.

Not that I'm really hard core or anything. Exactly the opposite. I'm such a goody-two-shoes that even the word "sex" sends a blush heating my neck and cheeks. But I'd found myself fantasizing a bit lately, more than usual. My last boyfriend had dumped me for a Goth chick, said the humping was hot and mine was not. Ass! But he was right. No one's going to run to me for a sex-fest. I was too vanilla in reality. But, as I was saying, my fantasies were starting to veer off course.

Like sometimes I imagined being kidnapped, not by pirates, but by a man in a tux with a limo. He'd drag me off the street into the dark interior of the vehicle, wrap a gag around my mouth, and tie my wrists together. I got wet just thinking about it.

And that scared me to death.

Then there was the spanking fantasy, the one where a shirtless man with a heavenly chest bent me over his knees and walloped my bare behind with his flat, hard palm. That got me wet, too. I'm telling you, I was having issues. All I could think was that maybe I'd gone without for too long and it was causing my libido to mutate into something deviant.

So that meant I needed to have sex with somebody fast. Straight sex. No spanking. No bondage. I was a working woman, a computer analyst. I'd graduated in the top five percent of my class, so these fantasies were just that. Fantasies. I didn't want a man to dominate me, not even in bed.

I glanced around my office at the maze of gray cubicles and glowing screens and thought about the people who sat behind them, specifically the men. Were any of them likely candidates? Bob? Nope—married. Ted? Total geek in a very not-sexy way. My boss? Extreme sleaze. Sigh. Okay, if not the workplace, where could I go to meet some prime beef?

I decided to instant message my friend Larelle, who worked on the fourth floor. I asked her that very question and got a list of grocery stores as response, so then I clarified. A list of bars followed.

"Anyplace else?" I typed. "Less seedy?"

"Jesse-girl, be brave. The men are at the bars, sports bars especially."

"But they're all smoky and sticky."

"Smoky and sticky equal sexy, girl." A pause. Then a new IM. "You could try the after work concerts, you know, Friday Cheers or the After Hours thing on Wednesdays."

Since this was in fact Wednesday and that concert series was held outdoors, this seemed very promising. I thought of asking Larelle to tag along, but decided she might attract all the men and keep them for herself. I'd probably stand out a bit better on my own.

So I went to the concert after work. It was a long-haired group from the 80s whose music I enjoyed. It made me think of middle school dances and the boys' early attempts

at groping me. Don't think I actually kissed a boy until high school. I was a late bloomer. But once I bloomed, I became a rose, long legs, long blonde hair, big chest and wide, bright eyes. The boys flocked to me, but I maintained an aura of aloofness out of self-preservation in those days. Then it just stuck unfortunately, and I don't know how to make it go away.

It was muggy and electric in the field surrounding the stage. The sky was an unnatural hue signaling an incoming thunderstorm and the concert crowd held their breath, hoping the rain would hold off until the music ended. I stood in the line at the beer truck not really sure if I wanted a beer, but this was where the men had congregated.

Someone touched my shoulder. "I know you."

I looked up. And up. The man was six feet tall at least and made of granite and sinew. He wore an ash green muscle tee, which matched his eyes. His hair was longish, touching his collar, and dark, like the antique table in my living room.

But I didn't recognize him. "I don't think so. You don't look familiar to me."

He shook his head. "I can't place it yet, but I definitely know you."

"Really? Where do you work?"

He pointed his thumb over his shoulder.

"At Innsbrook?"

He shook his head. "With the band."

"Cool. Part of the stage crew?"

"Manager."

I smiled. He was almost touching my side, because the crowd waiting to get some cold brew was so thick. His skin was nicely tanned, not too dark, enough to show he liked the great outdoors. "Then I'm sure I don't know you."

He scratched his chin. His lips curved up. "U2 concert, RFK, 1987."

My eyes widened. I had been at that concert with probably thousands of other U2 fans. "No way. You use that line with all the women."

"Why would I do that?"

The line inched closer to the beer. "Big concert, a lot of people, you must get it right some of the time."

He still looked perplexed. "No, I have much better pick-up lines for ladies who look like they're looking, who I really don't know. But you I know. Don't you remember nearly falling off your seat because you were standing on it screaming? I caught you and held your arm through the whole concert."

I really stared at him now. That had happened, but the flip-up seats had probably knocked several women off-balance. That, too, could be coincidence. How could he remember me after all those years? He didn't even look remotely familiar.

"I'll prove it to you." He reached into his back pocket, which was quite hard to do in the crush, and pulled out his wallet. Flipping it open, I saw his California driver's license and a couple of photos of the band on stage. He dug through the clutter and pulled a frayed photo from the least-used pocket. "It's you."

And there I was, standing on the seat at RFK, eyes glittering with laughter, hands to my mouth, shouting, wishing Bono could hear me. I wore the T-shirt I'd bought that day and my natty knapsack was under the chair.

I covered my mouth and tears sprang to my eyes. I was so young, so full of energy and hope. And now I remembered the eighteen-year-old boy who'd snapped my picture

and said he'd love me forever. Holy shit! And he still had the picture.

Can you say "stalker?"

No, it was sweet. And, gee, had that boy filled out into a man.

"Why'd you keep that picture? And why'd you keep it in your wallet? And why'd you look at it enough to remember me now?"

He grinned. We'd reached the beer table, where we were handed two plastic cups and ushered to the cashier. The man paid for mine before I could stop him. Nice. "What's your name?" I asked to add to my list of questions.

He took my elbow and steered me through the glut of beer drinkers and away from the man-sized speakers framing the stage. "I'm Logan Marsters. And despite the fact that I recognize you, I don't remember your name."

"Jesse Williams."

"Hi, Jesse." He offered his hand, which I shook, feeling the warmth, which actually was not a good thing, considering how hot it was. I drank my beer a bit too fast, because the liquid was cool on my tongue, but it also made me feel too warm. I longed for some air conditioning.

"So as a band manager, what do you do at a concert?" I asked.

"Basically I'm here for moral support. I make sure the venue is set up properly at the beginning. I made sure their hotel rooms were booked and the limo was rented. I'll hand-hold them into the limo and to their hotel tonight, but then they're on their own. I'm not their mommy, as I've told them many times. Of course, in the morning, I'll help them get packed, checked out, and ready to get into the tour bus to head to the next town."

"Sounds like a lot of work and not much time at home."

Frowning, he sipped his beer, which left a bit of froth on his upper lip. "It's been getting old lately. I've been thinking of coming home."

"Where's home?"

"Arlington. Whole bunch of family up there."

"Are you based out of L.A. now?"

"Yeah."

He tucked the picture of me back into his wallet, which he slid back into his jeans, but I could still see my face in my mind's eye. I'd gone the wrong direction somehow in my life. I couldn't even remember what I'd wanted to be, once upon a time, but it wasn't this, a vanilla computer analyst. I hadn't even risen to middle management. I was just a peon and everyday I had the sense that I was losing time. I think that's why I'd started having the out-there sex fantasies.

"So why do you still have that pic?"

"Well, for one thing, I never clean out my wallet. Never. For another, I always hoped I'd meet you again."

My brow wrinkled. I felt it, so I consciously told myself to unscrunch it. "So do you have pictures of other women tucked away in there?"

His grin turned my insides into lava. "No." He handed me the rest of his beer. "Drink this for me, will you? I need to check on a couple of things. But if you'll wait for me tonight near the sound table, I wouldn't mind talking to you some more. Up to you."

I took the beer and dumped it into my cup. I nodded in acknowledgement of what he'd said. I hadn't yet made up my mind as to whether I wanted to stick around to "talk." I actually wanted to do things that were quite a bit more creative than talking.

* * * *

The big hair band finished out their set and did four encores, though by the last one the crowd had thinned considerably. I'd finished Logan's beer plus one more that I'd bought. I had a pleasant buzz going, and now that the sun had set, the warmth on my skin was bearable. I still felt mega-sticky in all the wrong places and longed for an a/c and a shower. Wandering through what was left of the audience, I vaguely headed in the direction of the sound table. Why not? I wanted to meet a man and have sex. Maybe this could lead to that. Several other men had tried opening lines on me, but the music, once I'd moved closer to the stage, had been too loud and throbbing for conversation and none of them had turned me on at all.

A grizzled man with a headband and pony tail leaned down from the sound stand and shouted, "Are you Jesse?"

"Yes."

"Logan wanted me to give you this." He handed me a slip of paper.

"Thanks!" I walked a few feet away and opened it. There were several poles throughout the field holding bright fluorescent lamps, so I had no trouble reading the scrawl.

'I've had to deal with something unexpected, but if you're brave, find the tour bus at the gate and wait inside. Logan.'

And do you know, my nipples tightened and my pussy grew wet the minute I read the note? How sad is that? It was the idea of the unknown, the idea of being told to do something, the idea of being reckless.

The owners of the concert venue were shooing the stragglers through the gates so they could go home. I obeyed. As soon as I left the concert area, I spotted the bus, hunter green with tinted windows and the band's logo painted on the side. Flutters filled my stomach and doubts filled my brain, but I couldn't stop my legs from moving forward. I'd just peek inside. If the band was in there, then I'd wave and back away. Not going for the group sex thing.

But what if the bus was empty? There was probably a fridge with drinks inside and air conditioning. A perfect place to talk, like he'd mentioned earlier. And hadn't he said the band was taking a limo to the hotel? Probably that limo pulling away from the stage area.

The folding door to the bus was open and the engine idled, allowing the a/c to stay on. I climbed up the steps and listened for voices. Silence. Once inside, I saw the running lights up the aisle and a small light under the cupboards in the miniscule kitchen area. There was a tiny lamp on the pull-out table, but it wasn't on. I sidled along the aisles until I could slip onto the cushioned bench by the table. Facing the rear of the bus, I crossed my hands in front of me and waited, breathing heavy, nipples perky, panties embarrassingly wet.

Big hands engulfed my shoulders, strong hands. I looked up into Logan's face. He was smiling. "I knew you were brave."

"Or crazy."

"Or horny."

I inhaled sharply. Did he know? He was looking down at me, down at my thin damp tank top. Of course he knew. My nipples were standing at attention begging to be touched and sucked.

His hands left my shoulders as he moved past the table to the opposite bench. He sat down. "The owners of the venue have given me permission to keep the bus parked here for tonight."

"Are you going to the hotel?"

"No, too close to the band. I like my privacy."

I nodded, wondering what to say, how to explain my obvious arousal.

"I'm probably going to come on too strong, but would you like to shower?" he asked.

"Huh?"

"It was so muggy, I thought you might like to shower."

I just nodded again, struck dumb by the implications.

"I could join you."

Okay, at least I hadn't imagined the implications.

"Do you want to join me?" I asked, the volume of my voice barely above a whisper.

"Shit, yeah."

He slipped off the bench and offered his hand to help me stand. Hand-in-hand but one behind the other, we walked down the short hallway to the tiny bathroom. The shower stall was clear glass. "I can't say the water pressure's great."

"That's okay," I said, totally nervous.

He reached into the medicine cabinet and pulled out a package of condoms, but I think he heard the quaver in my voice, because he set them in the sink and turned to me. His fingers cupped my chin and he angled my face towards his. Leaning down, he settled his lips against mine in a mind-blowing kiss. It went on and on, changing from gentle and searching to eager and demanding. I grabbed onto the front of his shirt to hold myself upright as my knees went weak. His hands circled my hips and dipped down to my butt to pull me closer. I felt his erection against my stomach through the denim of his jeans.

Oh my God, oh my God, I was thinking, as my hands slid up his chest and over his shoulders to grasp the back of his neck. I lifted one leg behind his, trying to get my wet pussy closer to his cock, but of course our clothes were in the way.

Finally he pulled back, breathing just as heavily as I was. "Ready to shower now?"

"Uh, sure."

I stripped really fast facing his back, while he adjusted the water in the shower and unwrapped a bar of soap. He also had an unopened bottle of shampoo that looked like it'd been swiped from a hotel somewhere. He moved as far to the side as he could in the cramped space. "Ladies first."

That's when he noticed that I was already naked. His eyes lit up appreciatively. He waited until I was in the stall so that he'd have room to maneuver, then he raced to remove his clothes, too.

Dumping a dollop of shampoo into my palm, I worked it into my hair while I stood under the coursing water and rinsed the day's grime away. Then I rubbed the soap against a washcloth until it lathered. Finally Logan joined me. Boy, did he join me. The shower stall was *really* small, so his big body engulfed mine. I immediately felt tingles where our skin touched, and it touched in quite a few places. His engorged cock bounced against the top of my ass. His chest rubbed against my shoulders and back. His thighs and calves touched mine, depending on how I moved and bent as I cleaned myself with the washcloth.

“Here, let me help you with that.”

He focused on the parts of me that he thought needed the most cleaning, like under my breasts, along my ass, and between my legs. Especially between my legs. Oh yeah. He really focused there, for a long time. Soon he dropped the washcloth and made sure I got extra clean along that cleft by using his soapy finger. I was pretty lubricated already with my natural juices, so his sudsy finger just glided along.

“Slip sliding away,” I sang.

He chuckled, his lips close to my ear, which he’d occasionally nibble. The nibbles tormented my insides with electric spikes that went from my earlobes straight to the tips of my tits and my clit. And he’d moved from pretending to clean my pussy to actually circling my clit. Then he tugged it between his thumb and forefinger.

“Ahh. More of that.”

He nibbled my ear again.

“Not that. The thing with the thumb and finger, down there.” I pointed to make sure he got the message. He did, tugging my clit again, squeezing it, then tugging again. My knees began to buckle.

“Ready to rinse and maybe move to a roomier locale?” he asked.

“Good idea.”

We rinsed and dried, but stayed naked. I followed my host into the bus’s single bedroom, which had a queen-size bed filling it up completely. He brought the box of condoms with him and set them on the nightstand. We hadn’t used one yet and the anticipation was making me ache.

“Jesse.”

“Hmm?”

“I wondered if you might be game for something a little different.”

I froze. “How different?”

He reached under the bed and pulled out a shoebox. Inside the box were several long black scarves. “I’d like to tie you up.”

“Uh.” I was unconsciously backing towards the door, even as my pussy betrayed common sense and grew wetter. “I’m not sure about that.” My tits stood stiff and thick like gum drops.

“If you want to try this and you change your mind, just say stop, and I will stop, no questions asked.”

I bit my lip. This wasn’t even a date. He was a total stranger, other than my picture in his wallet, but I was so turned on just from looking at those scarves in the box, imagining what they’d feel like wrapped around my wrists, caressing my skin. I closed my eyes and inhaled through my nose, nearly salivating at the thought of being tied up while he fucked me.

“You’ll stop no matter what? No matter how far we’ve gone, and I won’t have to explain or convince you?”

“I’ll stop the second you say to.” He took my hands. “And if you want to stop, that doesn’t mean you have to run away. We can go back to vanilla, or we can get our clothes on and go out for something to eat and talk. We could do that now if you’d rather.”

But I looked down at his cock, which was drooping just a bit from our chatter, but the head glistened in spots and was smooth and an almost purple hue. I thought about being forced to suck that cock while I was tied up, forced to take it deep into my throat,

unable to fight it. Moisture leaked down my thigh. Logan looked down and saw it. I wanted to be embarrassed, but I knew my body was answering for me. Oh yes, I wanted to do this.

He stood without waiting for an answer and yanked the comforter off the bed. The headboard was part of the wall, but it had metal hooks that seemed to be part of the décor. Logan fed a scarf through two of the hooks.

When he looked at me again, there was excitement in his eyes. "Lay on the bed." His voice was gentle but held command. I eagerly complied. "Arms up." Then he wrapped the silk around one wrist, tugging me closer to the headboard until he could tie it tight. He switched to the other wrist, doing the same. I was almost lightheaded with arousal and nervousness. I could feel how engorged my clit had become, how wet my vagina was. And I wasn't thinking about him fucking me. I was thinking about him tying my feet up and maybe putting a gag in my mouth.

He complied, almost as if he'd read my thoughts. To tie my feet wide, he had to use ropes, which were in the shoebox under the scarves. There were more hooks along the side walls. He spread my thighs very wide, then circled my ankles with scarves, knotting the silk to the ropes. The last item in the shoebox was a ball gag. He held that in front of my face.

"Do you want this in your mouth? You won't be able to say stop then."

Did I want to be so completely at his mercy?

Yes.

I nodded slowly.

"Open wide."

I complied and he pushed the red ball past my teeth. It nearly made me gag, it was so big, and it forced my mouth to stay open unnaturally wide, just like my legs were unnaturally wide. It had a leather strap with a buckle that he fastened behind my head. "I have one more scarf to blindfold you with, or would you rather be able to see? Some women are visually stimulated."

Did I want to be able to see everything he did to me or did I want to feel totally helpless waiting for each and every touch, not knowing where he would touch me, or what he would touch me with? I was so hot just from these thoughts that if he'd so much as touched me at that moment I would've come. Both options tempted me because both provided a different sort of stimulation.

"I'll decide for you," he said, and the blindfold came down, stranding me in darkness.

Holy shit. Suddenly I was scared. Suddenly I wanted to be set free, to go home, back to my safe vanilla life. I shouldn't be doing this on a tour bus of all places. The band might come back. The cops might come by and see lights on and investigate.

But the more I reasoned I should leave, the more the panic subsided, replaced by rising desire. Oh my God, I was ready to be fucked. Every moment of being bound, gagged and helpless heightened my desire. My nerve endings were all wired to the max, waiting for Logan's first touch.

I breathed slowly through my nose, feeling the mattress shift as Logan moved, but he still didn't touch me. My nipples were almost sore from being erect so long. My vagina was sopping wet and so were my thighs and part of my ass. He still didn't touch me. Then my mind shot to one of my recent fantasies about being flogged lightly with a

leather cat-o-nine tails. I thought about the leather straps hitting my breasts, my thighs, my pussy. It might sting a bit, but it wouldn't hurt. It would just heighten each sensation more.

When I thought I couldn't stand the anticipation for another moment, the very tip of Logan's tongue touched one of my tits. He licked around the puckered nub. I bit down on the ball in my mouth. His tongue circled and circled and circled. I was going nuts, starting to writhe, wanting to thrash my body to get more contact, but I was unable to because of the bonds. His chuckle vibrated against my breast. Warm breath, cool air. He knew what he was doing to me. He sucked, his mouth wide, taking in half my breast. I loved it.

He gave the same attention, just as slowly, to my other breast. I would've screamed if I didn't have the ball in my mouth. I couldn't see. I could only feel, and it felt so unbelievably good. I was so close to coming, so close, so close.

His talented tongue trailed down my flat stomach, pausing to delve into my belly button. Then it went away! I writhed again. I writhed and panted until I felt something latch onto my clit, like a mini-vacuum. Oh my God, it was Logan's mouth, hot and wet on my clit, sucking for dear life. I'd never been sucked like that, like a man getting a blow job, like someone drinking a thick shake through a straw. He kept at it until I saw stars despite the blindfold; until I was so wet it was like an ocean left my body. He sucked me as if only I could quench his thirst. He was certainly the only one to quench mine.

I came.

I bucked against his face, his relentless mouth.

Holy fucking shit. I had never felt anything so good in my entire life.

Never.

And before I could even come down from that, he was in me. His huge engorged cock stretched me wide. I was slick, no doubt, but I hadn't been fucked for quite some time, so stretch is exactly the word. And he wasn't easing into me. He was jamming into me, pounding, letting me have it as if he was a man at the edge of his control, and he probably was.

I accepted every thrust. How could I not? I was tied up, bound, gagged, and blindfolded, while a stranger fucked my pussy.

Just that thought put me on the road to another orgasm. I tried to hold back, but it kept building.

"I'm going to come," Logan said. Then he cursed a blue streak until the cum shot from his cock into the condom, and I couldn't hold back anymore. I came again. The walls of my vagina convulsed, squeezing every bit of juice out of his cock. He collapsed on top of me.

We stayed that way for like five minutes.

The first thing he removed was the ball gag. I guess he needed to hear me say that he hadn't hurt me. He hadn't. He'd shown me the truth about myself. I liked it rough. I liked it risky.

The blindfold came off next. I saw his caring eyes gazing down at me. "Are you okay?"

I smiled. "I'm beyond okay. I'm a fucking rocket on the moon."

He laughed. "Yeah, like that."

He didn't untie me then. He lay down next to me, wrapping his big body around mine, keeping me warm against the draft from the a/c. I sighed contentedly. I could stay like this for a long time, at least until I needed to go to the bathroom or eat or something.

"Logan?"

"Hmm?"

"I'd really like it if you decided to move home. Northern Virginia's not too far away."

"No, it isn't. In fact, I'd be close enough to my family if I lived here in Richmond, wouldn't you say?"

I smiled. "I would say. Plenty close."

"Jesse?"

"Hmm?"

"If I did move here, would you want to keep doing this sort of stuff?"

"Yes."

"And would you want more than that?"

I met his eyes. Was he afraid that I'd want more than that? I would. I already did. "I'd want a relationship. I mean, this was a crazy one night stand, but to keep doing this, to trust you this way again and again, I'd want us to mean something to each other."

"You already do. That's why I kept your picture. But I agree. I'd want to get to know you much better, not just sexually."

I sighed again, glad that he hadn't immediately untied me, hoping that meant that we might go at it again.

Dare Me

"I dare ya. I double-dog dare ya."

"What are we, ten?"

"Triple-dog dare ya."

"I'm not taking off my underwear."

"Quadruple dog dare ya."

"Screw you!"

"That's the idea."

"Max, you're the most immature man I know."

"I can live with that. Now do it."

"I have to go to the bathroom then."

"No, do it here, under the table."

"No way."

He started to cluck like a chicken, which garnered us some sidelong glances from the other restaurant patrons.

"Quiet," I hissed. It was bad enough he was trying to turn me into an exhibitionist. Now he was trying to draw even more attention to our clandestine activities. We were in a swank restaurant that obviously didn't make enough profits to invest in light bulbs. That was a plus, but I was still blushing to my roots at the thought of slipping off my panties under my broomstick skirt, even if the action would be hidden from view by the white linen tablecloth.

His tone of voice turned sexy, deep, commanding. "Do it. Take them off."

The rumble of his voice resonated in my chest, perking my nipples and deepening my breath. A responding jolt wired to my stomach and lower regions. Using my right hand, which was closest to the textured wallpaper, I inched my skirt up my thigh and hip, slowly, my breath catching and chest heaving as more skin was revealed. No one could see the movement, but Max knew. He always knew what would turn me on the most. It was scary.

My thumb hooked the elastic edge of my panties and pulled. The elastic slid over the curve of my hip until it met the resistance of the chair. I'd have to unobtrusively lift my butt off the chair to remove the panties all the way. Max's eyes never left mine. He noted every telltale movement and knew I was obeying his command.

I couldn't explain to you why I obeyed Max and why that turned me on so much. All my previous relationships had been exercises in control—how much I could control my partner—and in the end each had failed. They'd let me control them, and I'd hated it. So here was Max, with his insane sexual ideas that I eagerly complied with because they aroused me more than I could imagine.

"They're off," I whispered a few seconds later. They were actually still looped around my ankles, held in place by my pewter-toned stilettos. I'd either have to remove them entirely and tuck them in my purse or put them back on before I could leave the restaurant or even go to the restroom.

The waitress had brought our glasses of wine, a breadbasket, and our salads. The food was mostly untouched, but there was just a dollop of wine left in my glass. The

waitress returned now, so Max ordered a bottle of wine and placed our food orders, never consulting me on what I wanted. Jerk.

But he smiled, that lip curl that said he knew what this was doing to me. He aggravated me for a purpose, not to walk all over me, but to titillate me. He knew it was working, too.

Once the waitress was out of earshot he said, "Touch yourself."

"What do you mean?" I said, although I knew exactly what he meant. My heart rate increased, pulsed in my throat. Tremors cascaded through my fingers and liquid seeped out of my pussy. I squeezed my legs together to try to stop it.

"Lift your skirt, put your fingers on your clit, and pleasure yourself."

"Holy shit, Max. This is a restaurant." I was still whispering. I closed my eyes as more jolts of pleasure circulated from my erect tits to my somersaulting stomach to my clenching thighs. I wanted to touch myself, here, in public, and I wanted Max to know I was doing it. But I protested, because I knew it was wrong, dangerous. And that made me want to do it more.

"Do it," he said in that sexy tone of command. I gulped the rest of my wine then grabbed his glass and drank half of it. He smiled knowingly, humor lighting his green eyes. The candlelight emphasized his five o'clock shadow and square jaw. Max stood six feet tall and he boxed as a hobby, so his muscles were lean, controlled. Everything about him was controlled until we were naked in bed together. He liked to command me, but it excited him just as much, so that when we did finally fuck, he lost it. Sometimes he'd come so quickly he'd have to apologize. I did that to him. I turned him on like that.

"Are you hard?" I asked.

"Yes, now do it. Stroke yourself. Now."

I moved my right hand to my thighs, while my other hand rested on top of the tablecloth stroking the sides of Max's wineglass, in plain view of the other patrons. I parted the folds of my labia and circled my clit slowly with my index finger, trying to keep from showing any outward signs of the pleasure I felt. I worried about a wet spot showing on my skirt or the chair when I stood, but even those worries subsided the more I stroked. It felt so damn good. My eyes were glued to Max's and his approval was like a physical touch.

Was this a twisted relationship we had? No. It was a freeing relationship, an exciting one. Would it last? After all these years I finally understood that I could hope for a happy ever after, but that nothing guaranteed one. Max understood my sexual needs, but he also respected me as a person and knew when to back off and let me have my way. I liked that. I didn't have a diamond ring from him, but for the last few months that we'd been together, I'd felt his commitment to our relationship, not only as it was, but to stretching the boundaries, allowing it to grow into something deeper, more trusting.

"Fuck your hole," he whispered, and I knew he wanted me to put my finger inside my vagina. That was a bit harder to do unobtrusively, but once I did the walls of my vagina sucked up my finger, squeezed it.

"I could come," I whispered.

"No."

"No?"

"I'm going to fuck you from behind in the car...after dinner."

"But, Max, I can't wait."

“You will wait. We’re having a civilized and very expensive meal. You will not squander that pleasure by disobeying me.”

“It’s going to be hard.”

“Exquisitely so.”

I slowed my finger thrusts to miniscule movements, so the pleasure continued to escalate, my body tightened, but I refused to let myself come. I wouldn’t disobey my lover. In this, he knew what was best for me.

He allowed me to stop touching myself so that I could eat properly, though he often fed me from his fork or his fingers. He dipped the lobster in the melted butter and lifted it to my lips, allowing the butter to drip onto my chin. Then he told me that was how I looked after he came in my mouth. I closed my eyes as I chewed the lobster, thinking about the last time he’d ordered me to kneel in front of him so I could suck him off. His meaty cock had filled my mouth, thrusting to the back of my throat, activating my gag reflex. He hadn’t allowed me to masturbate until just before he came, then I came right after his orgasm shot into my mouth.

We even ate dessert. Max fed me the cheesecake slowly. I wasn’t allowed to feed myself a single bite, because he’d told me to touch myself again.

“I’m going to come.”

“You’re forbidden to come until I’m inside you.”

“Hurry, Max.”

“Do you not like the cheesecake?”

“I love you, Max. I want you to fill me up. I need to come.”

His grin nearly melted me. “Hide your panties.”

I glanced around and found the other patrons’ attentions on their food, so I was able to slip the panties from my ankles and tuck them into my small fuchsia bag.

“Why do I let you do this to me, Max? I never would have put up with it from anyone else.”

“You need this from me and you know you can trust me.”

“I do.”

He took my hand in his. “I love you, you know.”

I met his eyes and saw the genuine affection there. “I do know.”

“Are you ready for the next part of this adventure?”

We rose, and when I walked I kept my thighs as close together as possible, glad of the dim lighting in the restaurant. Max handed the valet parking ticket to the clerk, who clicked the button on his walkie-talkie phone combo. There was a chirp, then he asked for our car to be brought round. We waited, Max and I, hand-in-hand. He held the door open for me once the Lexus arrived, and I slid onto the leather seat and waited for him to come around to the driver’s side.

“What’s the plan, Max?”

He just gave me his most enigmatic smile and shifted the car to drive. He didn’t drive far. The restaurant was part of a shopping center that included several other stores and a movie theater. Max drove to the farthest corner of the parking lot, beyond the movie theater, away from direct lights, but still surrounded by parked cars, so ours wouldn’t stand out. He turned off the ignition and turned to me. We kissed. Then he ordered me to climb out, open the back door, and lay across the seat on my stomach, with my feet still touching the asphalt. I did just as he asked. No one was around. It was late,

hopefully a while before the last movie let out. I was scared of getting caught like this, but too excited to protest.

Max positioned himself behind me, undid his belt and pants, releasing his hard cock from the fabric, but the pants still covered his ass. He wasn't exposed at all, except his cock. He lifted my skirt to my waist, revealing my ass. His hands cupped my butt cheeks. I lowered my face to the leather seat and inhaled, trying to slow my breathing. My breasts were compressed against the seat but aching. With his hands, he spread my thighs apart. His fingers slipped lower, from my ass to my liquefied pussy. He stroked everywhere, until I was bucking my hips forward against the seat. The position was awkward, and I was starting to hurt in a couple of spots, but that only made me even more aware of every sensation going on in my body.

"Fuck me," I said over my shoulder.

He laughed, that delicious laugh that traveled through my nerve endings releasing a gush of liquid.

Then his cock was pressed against my butt, sliding between my ass cheeks, making me wonder if he was going for the wrong hole. We hadn't tried it that way before, and I wasn't sure I wanted to do that. But then he shifted position and that erect shaft rubbed against my wetness. He pushed hard and in one stroke, he was deep in my vagina, filling me, pushing against my cervix.

Everything after that was just intense, stroke after stroke, rough, controlling, demanding. His hands gripped my ass sometimes, and sometimes they gripped my hips or rubbed the small of my back. My face and chest were still crushed against the seat in the most uncomfortable way, but that cock inside me pounded. When Max's breathing and body movements told me he was about to come, I moved my fingers to my clit so that I would be right there with him. I felt the wet gush of his cum inside me just as my own explosion catapulted me into extreme ecstasy. We jerked and bucked with aftershocks until he collapsed full body on top of me.

Then we heard voices, lots of voices. One of the movies had let out. In seconds, Max was pulling us into the back seat completely and shutting the back door. Then we were adjusting our clothes and scrambling in the front seats, grinning, laughing, squealing.

"Holy shit, Max, that was close."

"And you loved every minute of it."

I leaned back, buckling my seat belt, grinning from ear to ear. "I did. Now can we go home and fuck like normal people—in bed, you know."

"Sure thing."

Sex on the Beach

1.5 oz. Vodka
1.5 oz. Peach Schnapps
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. cranberry juice
2 oz. Orange Juice

Pour all ingredients into shaker. Fill a Highball glass almost full of ice cubes, and dump ice into shaker. Shake well and pour drink into Highball glass.

* * * *

“He wants to trade a kiss for some tequila, and I’m inclined to accept his offer.” Sarc raised his silky black eyebrows in challenge, waiting to see if Janelle would hide behind his slacks. Somehow she knew he would judge her as unworthy if she did.

Hell, no! She was made of sterner stuff. Not that you would have known it if you’d met her in her natural habitat—the reception desk at Dr. Wilson’s on Forest.

Janelle pushed back her shoulders and stood a little straighter. “Are you joking? Is that all he wants, one kiss?”

“That’s what he says.” Sarc’s voice was rich and smooth, like French Roast coffee.

“Mouths closed?”

Eyes twinkling with mischief, Sarc nodded.

Janelle eyed the short, dark-skinned stranger willing to trade booze for her affections. He could’ve been sexy if he’d been at least six inches taller and twenty years younger. “How much tequila do we get out of this deal?”

Sarc relayed the question in flawlessly accented Spanish. Sarc was actually a stranger, too, since she’d been introduced to him by mutual friends a scant two days ago. Since then they’d dined, danced, and swam together. But this was their first time away from their group of friends. Their first time alone, except for the man vying for a kiss. Sarc, at least, did not suffer from a lack of height.

“One bottle of Dos Dedos.”

Janelle sighed. She’d run out of cash at the restaurant earlier when she’d bought Sarc’s dinner, though she still had traveler’s checks hiding in her suitcase. He had this charming bad boy way about him that could make her do anything, and for once, she wanted to do anything, even trade a smooch for a bottle of tequila. “I’ll do it, but I get half the bottle since I’m doing all the work. Plus I’ll need to sanitize my mouth afterwards.”

Sarc grinned. “I can help you with some deep cleaning.”

“Ew!” She swatted him, but these innuendoes had been going on for days. She was ready for some real action, not just hints of it. His skin was somewhere between copper and blueberry honey. His hair was black with gold strands that glistened in the sun, and she could stare into his liquid brown eyes for days. Those orbs eternally danced with mischief, merriment, and secrets, as if he were the only one in on the joke.

Corona had said he was a spy, and Janelle, not normally a gullible person, was

inclined to believe it.

Sarc solidified the agreement with the tequila-bearing barterer with a handshake, and Janelle felt his hot, avid gaze on her as she leaned in for the arranged kiss. She puckered her lips, but a simple smooch was not what the man was going for. Instead, he grabbed her breasts and jabbed his tongue into her mouth. Janelle resisted the urge to bite down hard as his companions clapped and cheered. She ended the kiss quickly by pushing him away and stretched out her palm for the bottle of alcohol. More offers followed but Sarc jovially declined on her behalf as she chugged down some tequila, spitting part of it on the sand to rinse her mouth. Everyone laughed out loud at that, but it was Sarc's squeeze of her shoulders that resonated. Somehow she'd earned his respect in this game they were playing.

Behind them the inky ocean roared and crashed rhythmically underneath a crowded starry sky.

The next chug of tequila stayed in her mouth, then burned down her throat. Ah, much better than the dark beer she'd had with dinner.

Finally the boisterous Mexicans sauntered back down the beach. Janelle expected that she'd be fodder for their jokes and fantasies for the next several hours.

"I can't believe you did that," Sarc said after commandeering the bottle for himself. Janelle watched his throat work as he swallowed the liquid. She wanted to settle her lips there and feel the pulse of his heartbeat against them.

"Why not?" she said. "I'm here to live a little; a lot actually." She wanted to experience something primitive, dangerous, something very different than her life in suburbia. She wasn't sure how far she was willing to go, but she knew she wanted to take risks. She wanted to live her life on the edge.

"Want a smoke then?"

"Sure." Funny how quickly she responded when at home she preached about the dangers of smoking. Part of this man's appeal was the faint scent of tobacco that lingered on his clothing, combining with his natural musk.

Sarc lit up an unfiltered Marlboro and handed it to her. It burned more than the tequila and made her eyes water.

"I liked seeing him touch you." Sarc's low voice seared her, but the smoke in her lungs and nose made her cough. The man's masculinity made her tingle as his fingers touched hers for the barest second to retrieve the cigarette. "So besides kissing total strangers, what do you consider living?"

She spread her arms wide. The cool night breeze struck her nipples, perking them up under her tank. "This. Being on the beach at night, listening to the Pacific Ocean, feeling the sand between my toes." She didn't add *being with you*, though she was tempted to.

Down the beach a bonfire crackled and mariachis serenaded a group of tourists from the hotel. Janelle and Sarc stood alone at the dark end of the beach, near a stand of rocks, beyond the lights of the hotels.

The mysterious man circled behind her and grabbed her outstretched wrists, pulling them down against the small of her back. She inhaled sharply. His hands were warm and firm on her skin.

"What are you doing?" she whispered. She thought she knew, but she wasn't sure of the rules of this game.

"You'll see." Sarc chuckled against her ear. His hot breath smelled like tequila and

mint. He secured her wrists with one hand while the other circled her waist, came up under her ribs, and cupped her needy breast. Her pebbling nipples ached with sudden arousal.

His hand was gentle for only a moment, then it pinched one engorged tip through the fabric of her top. Janelle arched back and gasped.

“What are you doing?” she asked again, shocked but intrigued. She’d fantasized about this, a man taking her without apology, without hesitating.

He let go of her but pushed her around to face him. “Take off your shirt...now.”

“Sarc, I’m not sure I want to play this game.” He ignored her. He knew the truth—that she did want to play. Her heavy breathing and stiff tits gave her away. Her panties grew wetter by the second. But as a twenty-first century woman she felt obligated to protest. What was it that made her trust this man implicitly?

“Do it now, or I never want to see you again.” He crossed his arms over his broad chest, his bicep muscles bunching under the white fabric of his shirt.

Did she want to lose Sarc’s company for the remainder of her vacation out of pride? This dangerous game aroused her incredibly and an astronomically gorgeous man wanted her to strip—what was she waiting for?

She lifted her tank to her neck, pulled her arms free, then flung it to the sand. The night breeze now had free rein to caress her jaunty breasts and bare stomach. Her thighs clenched.

“Take off your pants,” Sarc said. His tone sounded disinterested, but his eyes glinted in the moonlight, his gaze traveling up and down her body.

Her denim shorts pooled around her ankles. She stepped free. Only her bikini underwear remained, sopping wet in anticipation of Sarc’s mouth and hands touching her body.

“Take off your underwear and come to me on your knees.”

Was she going too far to obey this command? She eyed his pale, belted pants. Next he would order her to suck his aroused cock into her mouth. She would finally get to see what he looked like under his neatly pressed Chinos. The temptation was too great. She dropped to her knees and crawled across the sand towards the object of her desire.

“Good girl,” he said as he unhooked his belt. “Very good girl.” He unbuttoned his pants and spread his fly. Janelle observed the gleaming head of his cock just above the waistband of his briefs, and the sparkling hint of liquid on the tip gave away his loss of control. She knew she could make him come by sucking that throbbing shaft into her mouth, and when she did, he wouldn’t be the controlling, mysterious Sarc anymore. He would be raw man in the throes of orgasm. She couldn’t wait to break him down.

Janelle pulled on his pants until his ass was bare and his cock jutted free. She didn’t need him to tell her what to do now. She gripped the engorged rod, massaged the base, and slipped her rounded lips over the pearly head.

He grabbed her hair and pushed her head down at the same time he arched his hips up, jamming his dick deep in her throat, making her gag. Again and again he bucked, relentlessly seeking his own pleasure, unconcerned with the niceties most men observed when having sex with a woman for the first time.

Sarc moved his cock in her mouth in whatever way he saw fit. His hands tore at her hair. She felt pain and tasted the saltiness of his pre-cum.

She thought for sure he’d quickly lose his load in her mouth, but suddenly he

stopped, yanking her head away. "Turn around, hands and knees," he said gruffly, not even using complete sentences.

Janelle complied, wondering why every second of this ordeal excited her more than she'd ever been in her life. Why did it feel okay, natural even, to be naked on a public beach with her breasts swinging free?

She heard Sarc's movements behind her, the rustle of his clothes, his harsh breathing. His pants brushed against her calves and thighs as he knelt behind her. The tails of his shirt tickled her bare ass. Then his cock nudged her crack. For a minute she worried he was going to ass-fuck her, which she'd never done before. Would it hurt? But he was just teasing her. His fingers played at her folds, spreading them so he could ease his thickness between her tensed thighs. He nudged her wet hole and his hands gripped her legs, urging them wider for better access.

The muscles in her biceps burned from holding this unaccustomed position. She could still see the bonfire down the beach, though the mariachis had stopped playing. Could those horny men see her getting fucked roughly from the rear?

And he was rough with her, shoving his meaty cock into her sopping hole, ramming her. The intense hammering had her squealing with each thrust, and the downward angle hit her G-spot dead-on each time. It was pleasure, pain, and danger all mixed together. Her brain was in a haze of lust, demanding her release, warning her she was getting close.

Sarc kneaded her thighs and ass as he fucked her, and her breasts swung back and forth in time. His only sounds were grunts. He leaned forward, warming her back. Then his fingers found her aching nub, that magic spot. Adept circling action tightened her belly and sent more liquid leaking from her body, lubricating his shaft.

The wave of pleasure rolled over Janelle from head to toe. Crested. Crashed.

She wanted to collapse in a heap like a beached jellyfish, but Sarc's strong arms supported her until he tensed, jabbed, and exploded. The liquid warmth shot into her vagina and eased some of the rawness, but she'd be sore in the morning, sore everywhere.

Finally Sarc wrapped his arms around her waist and straightened, pulling them both upright. He turned her to face him, encircling her warmly.

"Was that okay?" he whispered, sounding uncertain for the first time since she'd met him. "Was I too rough?"

Janelle snuggled against his chest and took inventory of her languid, satiated body. She closed her eyes and breathed in the masculine smells of sweat and tobacco and sex. "It was scary, but exhilarating. God, I don't know what you did to me. Can it always be like that?"

He smoothed her hair from her forehead with gentle hands. "I don't know. This was the first time I've ever been so...demanding. What a turn on."

Janelle bit her lip and clenched her thighs, pressing herself closer to the big body holding her. "God, yes. Umm. I could do it again."

"Well, give me an hour." He chuckled. "I've got a Mexican blanket in my bag. Do you want to spend the night on the beach?"

"Heaven help me, I want to spend as many nights on the beach as you can possibly spare."

Try a Little Magic

The words came to her like melting chocolate on her tongue, smooth, flowing, delicious. She wove the spell without following any ancient rite. This was her own non-denominational earth magic, and it just felt...right.

She wore red, of course, a flowing scarlet robe. This was a love spell, after all. Correction. A sex spell.

Rose petals circled her on the white down comforter, their fragrance perfuming the air. A marble tray in the center of her king-size bed served as her altar. She struck a match and lit the red candle. Then she held the tip of the incense stick to the flame. It sparked and glowed red. She blew on it, until a stream of vanilla scented smoke created shifting patterns in the air. Gareth's picture rested in a small silver chalice on the center of the tray, as did a slightly chewed toothpick.

She'd gone through extraordinary lengths to get that particular toothpick. The teeth marks were Gareth's, infused with his DNA. Adriana had hoped for a strand of hair, which seemed more traditional and...well...less gross, but short of walking up to him and yanking out a lock, an opportunity had never presented itself.

Gareth had nibbled the toothpick in the break room, then forgotten it on the counter. Adriana had waited for the small, stuffy room to clear out at the end of the lunch hour before she'd surreptitiously swept the object into her purse.

The vibrations from his very soul emanated from that tiny stick of wood. She knew it was the key to making this spell work.

The picture came from the bulletin board in the company lobby. It was a Polaroid that had been taken at the company picnic, tacked up to boost morale. Adriana suspected the only morale it had boosted was her own when she'd pilfered it and cut all the faces away except for Gareth's.

She'd never considered herself a criminal, but desperate times call for desperate measures, as the saying goes. This was a desperate time. She was like Tinkerbell whose light was about to go out. She hadn't had sex in two years. Two years! It was inconceivable. She was an attractive, single woman, and without sex, her power leaked like battery acid, eroding her soul. She needed to plug herself into some serious booty, and Gareth was the only booty she wanted.

She'd tried asking him out on a date the old-fashioned way, but she'd discovered something about her sexy co-worker during that excruciating night. He was a Southern gentleman through and through, and he was achingly shy. She suspected the shyness was more the root problem than his gentlemanly chivalry. The more moves she'd tried on him, the more he'd backed away. She'd finally given up for the evening, already calculating Plan B.

This was Plan B.

"The moon is full, the time is right, send Gareth to me, to have sex tonight."

She said the chant three times and lit two more red candles. Then she popped a Hershey's Kiss into her mouth, savoring the flavor while repeating the chant in her mind.

The one problem she foresaw with this spell was what Gareth would think when he "came to" in her bedroom. The spell would end the moment they'd had sex. Would he

remember what had transpired? She didn't know the power of the spell. Would he retain some consciousness while "under the influence?"

"You are one unscrupulous woman," she told herself as she put the remnants of the casting on her dresser and turned down the covers on her bed. Then she changed into a red satin chemise and lacey high-cut undies. She knew Gareth liked her—a lot. She'd spied the evidence in his pants during their date. This spell would just help him overcome his shyness. Break the ice, so to speak. She smiled as she slid white thigh-high stockings over her supple legs and reclined against her propped pillows. Any guilt she felt seeped away in anticipation of the night's activities.

She waited.

She should have specified an exact time in the spell. "Tonight" encompassed several hours. She sighed. It was the night of the full moon and she'd cast the spell at midnight. It had to work.

Gareth was the absolute sexiest man she'd ever met, even clothed in argyle sweaters or button-down shirts with khaki pants. His forearms intrigued her, for Goddess' sake! She'd caught herself staring at them when they were both eating lunch in the break room one day. She'd been utterly fascinated by the richly tanned skin with flecks of gold hair, the visible muscle, and the vein that ran along the underside of his arm. Since just that small portion of his delectable physique made her drool, she knew the rest of his body would satisfy her like a twelve-course meal.

Something clattered against her window then fell to the wide sill. She hopped from the bed to investigate. Pebbles. She looked down. There, standing on her lawn in pajama bottoms and nothing else, was Gareth, tossing stones against the glass to get her attention. She opened the window and touched her face to the chilly screen.

"Come on up, Gareth. The door's unlocked."

* * * *

Part of Gareth wondered what the hell he was doing outside freezing his ass off on this cloudless night. Why had he not at least put a shirt on?

You won't need it, a voice whispered in his head.

And whose yard was he standing in?

But these concerns were pushed aside when a voice yelled down from the second story window that he was to come inside. His legs obeyed, his fingers turned the knob, his feet tread across the foyer tiles, all while his mind struggled to recall the problem.

Oh yeah, why was he here? And where the hell was here?

He walked up the carpeted steps and turned the corner into a feminine bedroom. The first thing he noticed was the smell of vanilla and roses in the air. Then he spotted the gorgeous, half-naked woman on the bed.

"Adriana?"

"Come to me, Gareth."

Again his legs moved without his conscious will. As he scanned Adriana's sexy outfit, another part of his body moved without his conscious command. It rose and stiffened. God she was gorgeous. They'd gone on a lousy date two weeks ago. The lousy part had been his fault. He'd been tongue-tied and hopeless. She'd sent him every signal in the book, but he'd been too insecure to respond properly to her advances.

It was funny. *Yeah, like ha ha*. He knew he was a good-looking man now. He

worked out daily. He'd grown several inches in height and had filled out in all the right places since his high school days, but all those embarrassing years lived on in his psyche. He was still the geek, the nerd that no girl could possibly want to date.

Oh, he wasn't a virgin. He'd had a new start in college, when he'd met Darlene, who'd been his steady girl for three years. She'd taught him what she knew about sex, and it had been pretty enjoyable. But she'd dropped him for a law student who'd been offered a partnership in a top Boston firm. It had been a long dry spell since then, and he had only himself to blame.

He moved to climb onto the bed.

"Stop." Adriana held up her hand, and he stopped immediately. "Strip off those pants."

He undid the drawstring. *I'm naked under here.* That thought didn't stop him, though. The pants slid down his legs revealing his erection. He heard Adriana's gasp. She was staring at his cock with a look of rapture. Didn't she find it odd that he was in her bedroom for no reason, without prior invitation?

This had to be a dream. That was the only logical explanation. But damn, it was a realistic dream, especially the scent of vanilla and roses. Weird. Why would he dream that up?

"Come here, sexy," she whispered, cocking her index finger to draw him near. He climbed onto the bed and crawled toward her. When he was close, almost touching, she whispered, "Kiss me."

He positioned his palms on either side of her luscious thighs and leaned forward, while still on his knees, almost like a pointer dog sniffing grouse.

Not a good analogy. Geez! Adriana closed her eyes as his lips drew near. Then their mouths brushed, skin to skin, ever so faintly. She sighed. He leaned in further and pressed his lips more firmly to hers. His knees grazed her thigh. Her mouth opened, so his followed suit.

As their tongues tangoed, Gareth's mind tried to wrap around what was happening to him. He was in Adriana's bedroom, kissing her, totally naked. Totally naked! She hadn't called and invited him over. They'd not set up the assignation at work. He'd just showed up in her yard throwing stones at her window, and she'd let him in without question.

Her fingers found their way to the back of his head. They caressed his scalp and held him more firmly to her. Her other hand gripped his shoulder, nails poking into his skin, not painful but there. She pulled back long enough to gasp, "Straddle me."

He repositioned his legs, one knee on the side of each of her thighs, his hard dick bobbing in the middle. He wanted her to touch it, to suck it, but he didn't seem to be in control of this scene. She resumed kissing him frantically, while pulling him closer with her hands. She stretched her body so that she was more horizontal on the bed, a bit further down on the pillows. Gareth followed, flattening his body against hers while still keeping his weight on his arms and legs. He didn't want to crush her. His cock pressed into her belly, rubbing against the shiny lace of her panties. Nice! He closed his eyes. Wetness leaked out of the tip of his penis. He hoped she didn't mind, since he couldn't help his body's reaction to her.

She didn't seem to notice or care. Her hands kneaded his biceps and she moved her legs wider and wider until he could settle between them. Her stocking-clad thighs wrapped around his bare ones. Her feet tapped his butt cheeks. His cock settled against

the fabric covering her pussy. He bucked against her. He had to feel the friction. Ahh.

*

He was bigger than she'd ever dreamed! Adriana sighed and wiggled as he rubbed against her pussy. Her panties were soaking wet. She thought it was totally erotic to still have so many clothes on when he was totally naked. And Goddess, his biceps! The muscles flexed and strained as he held his weight off of her. She loved touching the ridges and bulges in his arms. She gradually shifted her attention to his chest, admiring his firm pecs and defined abs. Wouldn't they feel good pressed against her breasts? She moved her hands out of the way, so he could press flat against her, body to body. Her fingers explored the planes of his back.

The kissing was out of this world, going on and on; tongues writhing together, sucking, tasting.

But it was his cock that was making her lose control. The more it rubbed against her sopping pussy, the more she wanted to scream.

He seemed to realize that more needed to be done about the clothing disparity. He reached a hand between them and ripped the panties from her body. Ow! That pinched a bit, but she was better for the pain, because now he could fuck her.

*

Finally the damn fabric was out of the way. Gareth circled his hips to rub the tip of his penis against her clit. She was totally wet and ready for him, but he didn't want this to end too fast. If this was a dream, it was the best he'd ever had, sure to end in an orgasm. If it was real, as it seemed to be, then he didn't want her to regret it in the morning. He'd admired Adriana from afar for more than a year, running into her in the break room or at the company picnic. But when she'd transferred into his department a month ago, that admiration blossomed into a full-grown crush. He knew it was stupid for a twenty-eight year old man to have a crush, but that's what it was, and he'd never expected it to be anything but.

Pulling his lips from hers, he kissed his way along the fine structure of her neck. He licked her collarbone. He didn't want his cock to lose touch with her gushing pussy, so he bent his body so he could finally draw her satin-covered nipples into his mouth. First one, then the other, back and forth, using tongue, teeth, and lips until she was arching against him and moaning his name. Wet circles remained on the fabric as he used his teeth to pull her shoulder straps down her arms. Like drawing a curtain aside, her creamy breasts were slowly revealed, pink nipples jutting into the air waiting to be covered by his hot mouth, waiting to be sucked and nibbled.

Her hands grasped at his hair. "Fuck me," she was saying over and over. He barely heard her as the blood thundered in his ears and cock. She wanted him to fuck her. Great. No more waiting. He slipped a hand between their sweaty bodies so he could position his dick at her entrance. Then his hips did the rest, lowering and arching until he'd pushed inside her warm, wet hole. Her feminine musk filled his senses. Her vagina welcomed him, circled him, clenched him. He plunged in to the hilt.

*

Gareth's cock filled her completely. The texture, both soft and hard, sent frissons of pleasure through the walls of Adriana's vagina. Her nipples were painfully stiff and wet in the chilly air, but as he fucked her, he lowered his chest against them. They heated with the friction of their bodies rubbing together. Her stomach tightened. Her thighs

tightened. She saw spots before her eyes. She was going to come.

And in that moment, colors and music filled her mind, like sunlight through a prism, splitting into the full spectrum. Melodies crested and crashed. Her magic glowed. She orgasmed, bucking and clenching.

She barely registered Gareth's moans as he rode her wave to his own climax, but she felt his cum flowing into her vagina, filling her even more.

"Adriana." He murmured her name breathlessly and collapsed on her. She enjoyed his weight for a few moments, then the liquid dribbling down her thighs compelled her to push him to the side. She rushed to the bathroom to clean herself off.

"Oh my Goddess, now what?" Her reflection showed her mussed blonde hair and flushed cheeks. She even had the makings of a satisfied smile on her face. Only her wrinkled brow hinted at the truth that now she'd have to face the consequences of her spell. Oh, it had been worth it. She was charged to the max, energized. She brought the tips of her fingers close together and watched the multi-colored sparks jump across the small space. Yup, her magic was at one hundred percent. But what about her relationship with Gareth?

Gareth was sitting on the edge of her bed in his pajama bottoms, looking stunned. When he saw Adriana emerging from the bathroom, his skin tinged pink. He looked down at his toes and picked at his thumb. He cleared his throat. "Adriana..."

Shit! What should she say to him? That he'd sleepwalked to a house he'd never been to before?

"Adriana, I don't know how this happened or what came over me..."

Here it comes; he's going to claim it was a mistake...

"But I'm glad it did." He looked up. "Are you glad it did?"

His puppy dog eyes called to her. She curled her arms around his neck as she slipped onto his lap. "Very glad."

"I mean our date didn't go very well, and that was all my fault. I was just too awkward, you know. I'd been wanting to go out with you for so long."

"Really?"

"Hell, yeah, ever since you were hired."

"But I didn't meet you until two months ago."

"You never noticed me."

"No way! How could I have not noticed a hot cookie like you?" *No way!*

"I tend to fade into the woodwork."

"Well, stop doing that. Give the girls a break."

He chuckled. "There's only one girl I want to give a break to, and that's you."

Adriana breathed a sigh of relief. She'd dodged the bullet on this one, but she knew the time would come when she'd have to explain to Gareth that he was dating a witch.

Rest in Peace

Tyler shook his head in disgust as a stringy-haired brunette puked on the ground, missing his Bostonian loafers by mere inches.

He was such a putz. How had he let Roger talk him into this? They weren't in high school anymore. They were attorneys, for Christ's sake. What if his clients found out he was out partying on All Hallows Eve in a cemetery of all places?

It was the cemetery part that upset him the most. First of all, he hadn't dressed properly for the occasion. Expecting a condo living room, hors d'oeuvres and cocktails, he'd donned his expensive shoes and wool slacks. His discarded tie was tucked into his jacket pocket, and the jacket itself was now neatly folded and resting on top of a tombstone. The stone said simply, "Beloved 1801-1822."

The party organizers, young attorneys at a rival firm, were known for the shock value of their events, but Tyler thought this one took the cake. They'd set the keg on the steps of a mausoleum and the boom box cranked its tunes atop a tree trunk. Tyler expected the cops to appear any second and arrest them all for disturbing the peace.

Battery-operated camp lanterns and sputtering candles topped several of the graves, creating dancing silhouettes of the revelers. Tyler stepped over the puking woman and strode towards the fringes of the light. He needed some air. Of course, he was outside in a cemetery, air should not be an issue, but he felt trapped, claustrophobic.

An old fence marked the edge of this section of the cemetery. The lowest portion consisted of crumbling stone. Above that wood planks shared space with rusty barbed wire. Weeds ran rampant. This area was not as well groomed, since it was less likely to be viewed by the public. The portion facing the street and the main parking lot was golf-course green and trimmed with gleaming stones and vibrant flowers. Modern. This section looked run-down and old; very old.

Tyler looked past the fence to the glowing moon. Below, the river resembled liquid mercury, silver and thick. Not a soul in sight.

"Want some company?"

Tyler jumped and nearly let an unmanly shriek escape his mouth. The woman's voice had caught him off guard. He turned.

She was a goddess. Alabaster skin, rose petal lips, spun gold hair, and ray of sunshine lashes. Her neck curved gracefully into sculpted shoulders. Her breasts were large, much larger than current fashion accepted. They were encased in a tight white camisole top without a bra. The erect nipples pushed at the fabric, clearly visible. Tyler's eyes focused on her flat stomach, then further south on a super-short silk skirt printed with large white flowers on a fuchsia background. Her thighs, most of which were visible beneath the skirt, were the same alabaster white as her face. And, God, she wore stilettos.

She was even more ill dressed for this outdoor party than he was.

The sudden rush of blood to Tyler's prick was painful. He forgot her original question.

She smiled and repeated it. "Want some company?"

"Sure. I don't think we've met. I'm Tyler Hoffman." He offered his hand.

When her fingers touched his, his skin tingled. "I'm Lucia." Her sultry voice

hummed through his brain, ceaseless.

She moved closer and Tyler caught her scent. Lily. She gazed at him through blue, blue eyes without blinking.

“My God, you’re beautiful.”

“Yes, I am.” She placed her palm flat against his chest and he felt it like a punch to his gut. Heat radiated through her fingers and traveled through his body, affecting every synapse and nerve. He zinged with arousal. His engorged shaft pressed against the zipper of his pants demanding freedom. The noise and light of the party drifted away, beyond the tombstones and mausoleums, until they were far from Tyler’s view.

Her other hand stroked along his cheek, across his jaw, down his neck. She pulled him a step closer. Her lips were so full, so lush. He wanted to kiss those lips. Suck them. Nibble them. Forever.

He looked down. Those beautiful globes, her breasts, reflected the moonlight. Handfuls of luscious juicy candy just waiting for his hands, his mouth, they called to him. His thumbs grazed the stiff peaks and they grew even more erect, straining, wanting to break free of the taut fabric. He heard a low purr emanate from her throat. She liked his touch. He grinned.

Her hand traveled behind him to grip his ass, roaming and squeezing at will, while its mate trailed down his six-pack abs, past the button on his pants. Her thumb snagged the button and tugged it open. Her fingers cupped his erection through the wool barrier of his pants. He wanted to howl in frustration, howl at the moon watching them. He had to have her. Naked. Now.

Her eyes were on his face, intense with concentration. She licked her lips, slick pink tongue circling her mouth, which formed an O, an opening perfect for sucking his hard and aching cock.

“Blow me,” he said. Part of his brain registered how out of character this behavior was. He was a sharp attorney who never lost his wits or let his dick rule his brain, but the erotic buzz pushed rational thought from his mind. He rolled her nipples between both thumbs and forefingers and heard again that low groan in her throat.

“Fuck me. Suck my cock.” He said the words, but would she obey? Who actually had control here?

His zipper rasped as she lowered it. His trousers fell to his ankles, boxers following. His aching shaft sprang forward then back against the tails of his shirt. She was working on his shirt now, unbuttoning the long row of white buttons, pulling it from his shoulders. She helped him step free of his clothes.

He stood before her. Nude. A sacrifice. His muscular chest had a light dusting of black curly hair. Curls also framed his cock, contrasting in the moonlight. The breeze from the river tickled his bare skin. Her eyes widened with approval and she licked her lips.

Her fingers stroked the ridge of his penis, then the satiny head, which glistened with pre-come. They slid down to circle the base of his cock, giving it a little squeeze before petting his balls, cupping them, jiggling them around.

Tyler wanted to fall to his knees at this ethereal woman’s touch, especially when her palms explored his bare ass, spreading his butt cheeks apart so that the wind could tease his crack.

She remained clothed.

How strange.

And he still hadn't kissed her. Her gaze remained fixed on his face, making him burn with need.

He palmed her breasts through the fabric. He needed to see her clit. Was it dripping wet? Would she let him taste her honey? He prayed so. He longed to plunge into her. He awaited only her command.

"Closer," she said. The grip on his ass compelled him to obey. Her nails dug into his skin. She spread his ass wider. Then she laid her lips on his collarbone near the pulse point. And she licked. He nearly came right then, the agony was so great.

In his mind, erotic images played. Not his own. Hers. Lucia with another woman in a shower together. The same look of passion and greed was on Lucia's face as the other woman soaped her breasts and pussy. She detached the showerhead and focused the spray on Lucia's stiff clit. Once the suds were washed away, the woman got on her knees and buried her face into Lucia's furry pussy.

Tyler licked his lips, imagining Lucia's juices smeared over his face, dripping down his chin.

Her fingers slid along his dick. They formed a ring, which squeezed from base to head and back, faster, firmer.

Her lips played along his neck. Suddenly he felt a prick, like a needle going in. Euphoria.

The images played faster in his head. An orgy this time. Lucia on her hands and knees sucking a man's thigh while his cock bobbed near her cheek. Another man lay on his back with his head between her thighs. He gripped her butt and pulled himself up so he could lick the juices that streamed from her pussy. A third man circled arms around his thighs, positioning himself so he could take the full cock of the other man into his mouth.

Lucia's hands were magic. They never stopped moving. The pressure grew within Tyler. His balls tightened. He sensed that she was sucking at his neck, but all he could feel were her soft erotic lips. Her fingers stroked and tightened, stroked and tightened. Her thumb massaged the head of his cock, then she stroked again. He was going to come right there in her hands without even fucking her as if he masturbated here in the open, but his own fantasy sessions had never felt so real. He could smell sex all around him from the orgy in his brain. He could taste the lust on his tongue. He imagined being the man with his face in her pussy, between her thighs, while another man sucked him dry.

He was going to come.

He couldn't stop it. He was going to come. Now.

Oh God.

Semen spewed from his dick. Lucia's hands continued to move until every last drop left him.

She stepped back, her gaze leaving his face for the first time. She licked her lips. A drop of red liquid glinted on her chin. She smiled dreamily. "Thank you."

Tyler wanted to say "you're welcome," but self-consciousness returned full-force. He blushed with embarrassment. How could he be standing here naked in the middle of a graveyard? How could he have come like a schoolboy without any thought to the woman's pleasure? He'd not done that since he was twenty. With flustered movements, he looked down and found his pants. He yanked them up his legs, then struggled with his

shoes and socks. He needed to apologize, offer to buy her dinner or something.

He looked up. She was gone. So was everyone else, Tyler realized as he tromped through the gravestones, nearly tripping on low fences and tree roots as the moon hid behind a cloud. Roger probably thought he'd bailed. How long had he been gone?

The next day at the office, he asked Roger about Lucia. Roger had never heard of her or anyone looking like her, but damn he wished he had. "At least one of us got lucky, bro. The rest of us just got run off by the cops. Didn't you hear the sirens?"

Tyler shook his head. He hadn't heard or seen anything except Lucia.

That weekend Tyler retraced his steps through the graveyard in daylight. It looked dismal, run down. He found the section of fence and the Beloved stone. Not knowing what he was looking for, he walked around for a while reading markers. He came upon one shaped like a cross, smudged with black soot, with ivy growing up the back. The front of the stone read, "Lucia Torini, Birth 18—, Death 1851. Weep no more, rest in peace."

Chills raced up Tyler's spine as he stared at the grave. His mind rebelled, reminding him there was no such thing as ghosts, demons, or vampires. Lucia. He stumbled out of the cemetery and didn't even remember getting into his car and driving back to his office. He only knew one thing. He would never go there again.

The Lion's Den

So what does it take for me to revert to a gauche sixteen-year-old once again? Just seeing Alex McCoy, biceps flexing, sweat rolling down his shirtless chest, jeans caressing muscular thighs. Yup, sends me right back to high school, and right back to my coming-home funk. Damn.

I hadn't wanted to come home at all, even for Thanksgiving. I'd rather have ordered my turkey from a store on Third Avenue, thank you, and invited some friends over for wine and cheese late in the evening. But Mom had compelled me, blackmailed me really. She'd threatened to publish pictures of me naked in the bathtub on the Internet. Of course, I was three at the time of the photos, and Mom could be arrested for child pornography. But the embarrassment factor alone gave me hives...because knowing Mom, she'd slip it into conversation when the church ladies came over for tea, and she'd feel compelled to pull out the photos and pass them out for the chatty hens to peruse. From there, the gossip mill would take over, and I'd be done for in the eyes of the twenty-somethings of Flamington, Virginia, the best town south of the Mason-Dixon Line, population 10,015.

So just don't go home, you say, then I'd never know, right? Wrong. I'd get emails from Denise at the high school alumni association and from Bob at the gas station and from Georgina at the alterations shop. I'd get cards, letters, and phone calls, too. There'd be no escaping, I'm telling you.

However, now I'm thinking all of that would be better than standing here dumbfounded, mouth open, staring at Alex McCoy's glorious pecs. My God, he lifted weights now, didn't he?

"Suzy?"

Yup, that's me. It occurred to me that I should close my mouth and wipe away the drool.

"Suzy?"

"Uh huh." Yeah, five years in New York had really honed my conversational skills. Can you tell I graduated top of my class from NYU? Didn't think so.

A slow grin spread across his face, revealing his dimples and emphasizing the laugh lines around his eyes. He could be a pin-up boy, maybe Mr. July, centerfold baby.

Why was I here? Oh yeah, Mom had sent me for a hammer. Hammer, hardware store. My flummoxed brain finally grasped it. That woman had set me up! My own mother—not to be trusted ever again in this lifetime.

Why was a man topless in the hardware store, I'm sure you're wondering. Well, we were actually out back on the loading dock. I'd hallooed through the store, found no one, so I'd followed the breeze through the open stockroom door until I'd found this exceptional specimen of manhood loading plywood into the back of a pickup truck.

Instead of futilely repeating my name once again, he bent over and lobbed a board into the truck bed. I watched his shoulder muscles flex and strain. His wavy gold hair glistened where it lay against his neck. His hazel eyes with long sumptuous lashes no longer gazed at me, but that pleasure had been replaced by a tantalizing view of his tight butt. I could melt right there on the chilly concrete.

Once the wood was all loaded, he waved to the truck driver, looked like Alice Fenway from what I could see, and turned back to me. I gripped the hammer in my hand tight.

“Suzy, did you need something, or did you come with murder on your mind?” He gestured to the tool in my hand.

“Um.” Come on brain, function. Now! “Um, Mom said she needed a hammer.”

“Ah.” He grabbed his flannel shirt from the prongs of a forklift and shrugged into it. Sigh. There went my view. “Follow me then.” He strode through the stockroom and I quickly followed. He was walking too fast for me to attack him and throw him bodily onto a bale of insulation for a quick fuck. Bummer. I willed him to turn around and ravish me. Take me, I’m yours, or I will be if you ask me. Ask me, dammit.

He stopped abruptly by the cash register and I nearly ran into him. The heat from that near-collision thrummed through my body. “I didn’t know you were back in town. I thought you’d gone off to L.A. or something.”

“New York actually, and it’s Thanksgiving, you know.”

He grabbed the hammer from my jelly fingers and scanned the bar code into the computer, scowling the whole time. “So they keep telling me. Isn’t there a parade up there you could have gone to?”

“Macy’s. Yeah, I went last year. Mom wanted me home this year.”

He grunted.

“Are you against Thanksgiving in general or do you dislike turkey?” I asked.

“All of it.”

That’s when I remembered that his parents had split up over Thanksgiving dinner in 1989. So I’d put my foot in my mouth again. Nothing new there. “I’m sorry, Alex. I forgot about your parents.”

“That has nothing to do with it,” he barked, but I knew it had a lot to do with it. “Ten ninety-five.”

“For a hammer?” Maybe that was a good price, but I’d had little call to buy hammers in my life.

“For this hammer.”

I handed him the twenty Mom had pushed on me this morning. I’d offered to buy it myself. I mean, I was super chic city woman now. I had credit cards, but Mom had said she didn’t know if the hardware store took credit and it was her hammer after all. I think she’d been overwhelmed with guilt for sending me into the lion’s den, but please note, that didn’t stop her from doing it.

“So...not to make a sore spot worse, but where are you spending Thanksgiving?”

He handed me my change. “Right here.”

“Here as in the hardware store?”

“My apartment’s upstairs.”

“Oh.” Killing Mom as soon as I get home. “Is someone coming over?”

“No.” He paused and grinned. “Actually, Marie Callender.”

It took me a minute. “You’re having a microwave Thanksgiving dinner? No way, bub!” And before I could put my mouth on pause, I said, “You’re coming over to Mom’s for turkey. We eat at two, but you can get there anytime. There’ll be plenty of food.”

He cocked his head, his eyes got intense, and that’s when all the memories came flooding back. I’d had a crush on him forever, but he’d finally noticed me at my high

school graduation. His little sister was in my class, so he'd come home from Northwestern where he was studying something important to see the event. He'd planned to stay for the summer, and what a summer it had been, for me at least. He'd stayed at his dad's condo, and whenever his dad had disappeared on a business trip, he'd invited me over. We quickly went from heavy petting to major exploration to going all the way. Round the bases, hit a home run. He took my virginity, which had hurt like hell, but he'd also taken my heart. I hadn't told him, of course. Guys didn't want to hear the mushy stuff or have a girl sob on their shoulders. Then summer had ended. I'd gone off to NYU, and stayed in New York to live. Hadn't seen him since. Until today.

"I don't know about Thanksgiving," he said slowly, drawing me back to the present.

"Why aren't you going to your mom's or your sister's?" I knew his sis was married and living in Richmond now. His mom still lived in Flamington, as far as I knew.

"Mom's going on a cruise."

"You're kidding! That's great for her."

"And Alicia's going to her in-laws', in Texas."

"Oh. Lonely." I looked around the store. Even the store felt lonely. It had to be almost closing time. I glanced through the picture windows to the artificially lit empty street beyond. Certainly wasn't New York, the city that never sleeps.

"Do you want to come up for a drink?" Alex asked. Then he kind of looked like he regretted it. Too late, buster. I wouldn't let him back out now.

"Sure."

"Does your mom need the hammer right away?"

"No. In fact, I'm not convinced she needs the hammer at all. I'm thinking she probably already has a hammer."

He smiled at me. "You could be right. Your mom did always like me."

"One of the rare things we agreed on, I guess." Oops, probably not good strategy to wear my heart on my sleeve.

"Let me close up everything. I can't believe what a warm November it's been."

"Yeah, like Indian summer never left. We've already had snow flurries in New York."

I watched him flip the closed sign, lower the blinds, yank down the loading dock doors, and shut the stock room door. Then he led me up a small iron stairway to his apartment.

You know what was on my mind? Sex. Yup, right off the bat. Sex. I hadn't had any in a while, and the memories of Alex and me at the drive-in, at his dad's condo, in the field behind the fire station, those were some of the yummiest memories I had. And they had my libido in overdrive.

I think Alex might have the same type of mind as I do, or libido at least, because as soon as we stood in the middle of his living room, he turned to me, grabbed my shoulders, and pulled me into a kiss.

Oh my God, what a kiss! His lips were warm and smooth and unrelenting, firm, hard, pressing. His tongue delved into the fray and pried my lips open. Then it was exploring my mouth. My hands gripped tufts of his hair as if they were the only things keeping me standing. Meanwhile, his hands gripping my ass were the actual items providing my stability, since my knees were spaghetti. My boobs, straining against my lace bra, pressed against his rock-solid chest. Too much fabric in the way. Need to remove it.

Alex read my mind and yanked my shirt from my waistband, pulling it up, helping free it from my arms, up to my neck. But any farther would mean separating our lips, and we just weren't ready for that yet. So he fought with my bra clasp instead, which was tricky because one of the prongs was bent and it took me longer to hook it than any of the others. However, Alex once again proved himself the master of women's clothing removal. My breasts sprang free and he fondled them with his palms, thumbs and fingers. He played with my nipples until I could no longer deal with him not being shirtless too.

Buttons were not my strong suit, but I somehow managed. He had just the right amount of chest hair, and finally I broke free of his lip lock so I could run my tongue across his flat nipples. He moaned. I love it when a man moans. It makes my panties wet, and they were wet, dripping in fact.

So do you think I'm a hussy? I'm sure me jumping a man's bones the first time I see him in almost a decade seems a little slutty, but honestly it had been a long, *long* time since I'd last had sex, and this man, this particular man, turned me into a raging hormone whenever I was near him. Not to mention I loved him. Still. After forever. Still loved him. Moms just suck when they know things about you that you won't even admit to yourself.

Where were we? Oh yeah, the pants. Off with the pants. Both pairs. Snaps, zippers, easy pickings.

I hadn't even glanced around his apartment. It was an efficiency though, so the bed was easy to fall on. Didn't even have to walk through a door. It seemed to be a pull-out couch that he just never put back. It was made up and covered with a soft cotton quilt. We struggled to get the blanket out of the way without letting go of each other. Finally we were on the sheet, bodies entwined. His was hard, lean, muscular, rough in all the right places, and smooth right on the velvet head of his penis, which stroked against my stomach.

"Fuck me." Who said that? Certainly wasn't me.

"Condom." Well, he said that, so the other voice must have been mine.

"Do you have one?"

"Yeah, hold on." He reached over to his nightstand/end table. Inside the drawer he fumbled around for a package. Then he leaned back and opened it with his teeth. Efficient. I helped him roll the latex onto his shaft. He closed his eyes and wiggled under my hands. He liked that. I pressed and explored. Then I licked down his stomach and onto his thighs. Finally I sucked on his balls until he grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me on top of him.

I spread my legs on either side of his thighs and lifted up, positioning my vagina right over his hot dick. Then down I slid. He was a tight fit, but a slick one. His eyes were closed again. His hands gripped my thighs. I let him impale me as slowly as possible, just to torture him. Once all the way to the base, I rocked a little. He opened his eyes and palmed my breasts. Then he leaned up and sucked a distended nipple into his mouth, rolling it between his tongue and the roof of his mouth, nibbling it with his teeth. I'd never had an orgasm just from nipple-touching before, but I seriously believed it could be done.

"Fuck me." This time he'd said it. He'd had enough of the non-movement. Up and down, I squeezed his shaft, slicking it with my wet juices. Up and down, slow at first, then gaining speed. Base to tip, almost out, then back down again.

“Faster.” Alex used his hands to demonstrate. I rode him. I hate horse analogies, but that’s what it was like, me riding a stallion. Inside me an unbearable tension built. Each pleasurable thrust wound me tighter and tighter. He’d leaned back against the pillow, eyes closed, mouth open, but his hands groped my breasts, tweaked my nipples. Sharp, intense shots of goodness raced from my tits to my core. More wetness there. More pounding. And God...

“I’m coming!”

“I know.”

And as my orgasm caused my muscles to contract all around him, he shot his come into the condom inside of me. I could feel the liquid warmth.

I collapsed to his chest without disconnecting our bodies. He stayed semi-hard inside me. I closed my eyes, listened to his heartbeat, and waited for my breathing to return to normal.

“Suzy?”

“Yes?”

“Do you still want me to come over for Thanksgiving?”

“Hell, yes.”

He kissed the top of my head, and I imagined him grinning at my answer. “Good.”

The Christmas Candy Game

“This is the Christmas candy game.”

“Huh?”

“Lie with your head under the tree and look up at the lights.”

“Why?”

“Just do it.”

She did, she was gullible that way. Next thing you know, two hands were unbuttoning her blouse. She swatted at them.

“Nah uh, this is part of the game. Put your hands under your butt and let me get the game set up.”

“I have serious doubts about the legitimacy of this game.”

“Screw you.”

“That seems to be the point.”

“Wait for it.” Shirt wide open, the hands now unbuckled the belt that held her wraparound skirt together. Well, this was going to have obvious results, but she had no idea what this had to do with Christmas candy. Did she want to know? Would this ruin those special holiday treats for her forever in the future?

Or would it make them seem all the sweeter?

Yup, as she suspected her undies were the next object of the nefarious hands. The fingers skimmed her pussy hair and she swatted them away, too.

“I thought we were playing a game,” she whined.

“We are.”

“Then what are the rules?”

He chuckled. “The rules, my dear, are you stay absolutely still and enjoy the candy.”

She was getting totally freaked by all the candy references. Then she remembered the long pole-like candy canes she’d stuck in their stockings that morning. Not the usual hook candy canes. These were straight and thick, but still red and white and sweet.

Her thighs clenched.

Now that her front-clasp bra was lying on the floor next to her ribs and not supporting her boobs at all, and her thong was around one of her ankles, she felt something chilly settle on one nipple. She tried to see what it was through the branches. She glimpsed a candy kiss. Ah, spared the phallic candy canes. She could handle some chocolate on her nipples, especially if he ate it off.

A new tickling sensation alerted her to his latest creation, a ring of sweet tarts outlining her breasts like a bra.

A gumdrop settled into her belly button and Christmas tree toffee adorned her hips like a belt.

“This is a very off fetish you have,” she commented nonchalantly as she felt the licorice drape down her thighs.

“The better to eat you with.”

“Am I not tempting enough on my own?”

“You’re too tempting. This will slow me down a bit.”

Once even her toes had been adorned with candy rings, he moved away to where she

couldn't see him past the branches. When he returned, she heard a mechanical whir and saw the flash of the digital camera.

"What are you doing?"

"You're my creation." Snap, snap, more flashing. More pictures. And that's what turned her on, more than the silly candy. Knowing that he was photographing her in this ridiculous position. That melted her pussy and stiffened her nipples so much that the chocolate kisses tilted and slid.

"Now the *piece de resistance*," he declared.

And that's when he grabbed the candy cane from one of the stockings. He peeled the plastic off. She could hear the crackling more than she could see him. Her thighs clenched and her hips arched. He was going to impale her pussy with the candy cane. She pictured the red and white stripes sticking out between her thighs. She would never think of stocking stuffers in the same way again.

And she wanted him to take a picture of it, of the candy cane, stiff as her clit, snug inside her pussy. Well, not too snug. For that she would have to wait for the real thing, his hot, huge cock.

Ooh, that made her wet, too, which was all the encouragement he needed to slide the candy against her nether lips, parting them so the candy could tease her clit. Once her wetness coated the sweet sugar, it created its own slickness, melting against her sensitive bud. Lower, circling her hole. Her hips bucked and his free hand eased her thighs open wider. She tilted her pelvis eagerly. The thick stick slid inside easily, parting the folds of skin. He rocked it along the walls of her vagina, finding the sensitive spots. But then he did what she wanted him to do, the part that for some reason seemed the kinkiest to her: he stood back and took pictures of her with the candy cane sticking out of her hole.

No longer able to resist, she gripped the stick and slowly pushed it deeper, until it met resistance. She tapped her cervix then rocked it back out, then eased it back in, and all the time he clicked away, the flashes blending with the blinking lights on the Christmas tree.

She used her right hand to press a ribbon candy against her clit. What an odd sensation. Kinky, but not satisfying, so she flicked the candy away and stroked her clit with the pad of her finger. She pinched and rubbed and circled.

"Moan for me now. I'm doing video."

"Will I get to watch it?"

"Of course."

She moaned. She imagined what she would look like under the tree covered in candy.

"Will you fuck me while we watch it?"

"Of course."

She moaned some more as she pinched and twisted her clit. She pulled it and stroked it, all the while moving the candy cane in and out of her body. It felt so hot, so good, more so because the camera heightened her awareness.

"Now come for me. I want you to come for me, because I need to fuck you, and I want to do it while we watch this fucking hot video." God, his voice was so husky, the way it always got when he was really turned on.

"Fuck me, candy cane," she said. It was starting to get really gooey in her hand and she didn't know if that was from her juices or the melting candy. She didn't care. She

concentrated on what she was going to see on that video, of the still images they could print and hang near the bed, their own brand of Christmas cheer. Images that someone could find...

Even more frantic to come, she moaned, "Fuck me!" one last time. Then she thrust the stick hard while giving her clit the lightest twist.

And she came.

"That's my actress. Beautiful. Fucking beautiful, and oh my God, I so have to eat those kisses off your tits."

She smiled. "Do it now. Then fuck me senseless."

The End

About the Author:

Shara began her writing life at the age of five, creating those little "About Me" books with the balloon on the back. She finally managed publication in high school, writing and editing the Entertainment Page in the school paper, and she toyed with the idea of being a rich and famous author.

Of course, there was a large period of time during which she planned to be an astronaut or rock star, whichever came first. But since neither of those careers panned out, she went to college in New York City to study film.

A fellow writer, who shall remain nameless, implored Shara to "come to the Dark Side"—referring to writing romantica—so she did, and now she may never go back. She's having too much fun writing the sexy, sinful stuff she loves to read. In fact, she's pretty good at it, and the research is fantastic.

Oh, get your mind out of the gutter! Research, as in background for creating her authentic characters and settings. For example, Shara recently participated in her local Citizens' Police Academy, and had a blast shooting things, meeting sexy SWAT guys, and riding around in cop cars during high-speed chases. All in the name of research for her books, of course.

Shara lives in Richmond, Virginia—the setting for Enlightened Love—with her husband, son, and ancient cocker spaniel. When she's not writing, she's killing chile plants, setting fires in her oven, and avoiding housework at all costs.

Visit her on the web at www.sharalanel.com, and she loves to hear from her readers at sharalanel@comcast.net

**Meet LSB Authors At The House Of Sin
Lsbooks.NET**

We invite you to visit Liquid Silver Books

LSbooks.com
for other exciting erotic romances.

MOLTEN Silver

Edgier, naughtier – from Summer 2006

Featured Series:

The Zodiac Series: 12 books, 24 stories and authors

Two hot stories for each sign, 12 signs

The Coven of the Wolf by Rae Morgan

Benevolent lusty witches keep evil forces at bay

Fallen: by Tiffany Aaron

Fallen angels in hot flight to redeem their wings

The Max Series by JB Skully

Meet Max, her not-absent dead husband, sexy detective Witt, his mother...

And many, many more!