



## One Woman's Delight

by Lynn LaFleur

Cindy leaned closer to Lynda and whispered, "She looks like Mrs. Santa Claus."

"Yeah, she does," Lynda whispered back. "No wonder Santa is always so jolly."

Cindy giggled along with her friend. When her co-worker, Kay, had invited her to a Woman's Delight party, she'd had no idea that a bespectacled, gray-haired woman named Merry would be demonstrating dildos and butt plugs.

That just didn't fit her image of Mrs. Claus.

Merry clapped her hands. "All right, it's time for our door prize drawing." She picked up a clear container holding small stubs of paper and shook it. "Everyone get your ticket."

Cindy reached into the pocket of her slacks and took out the pink ticket shaped like an erect penis. A large "13" decorated the ticket. Well, it was certainly original.

"And the winner is..." Merry looked over the crowd, her eyes twinkling. "...number thirteen!"

Cindy gave a squeal of delight. "It's me!"

Applause followed her as she stood and walked over to Merry. Smiling, Merry handed her a large silver gift bag tied with a pink ribbon. "Congratulations."

"Thanks. What's in it?"

"Oh, a few things to make your nights more fun."

Cindy returned to her chair. Lynda peered over Cindy's shoulder as she untied the ribbon and opened the bag.

"Oh, my God," Lynda breathed. "Look at all that stuff!"

Cindy looked...and gulped. A quick glance showed her the bag contained a large, lifelike dildo, packages of condoms, flavored lubricant, and two books by her favorite erotica author. More items lay at the bottom of the bag, but Cindy quickly closed it before checking out what else was inside.

"That concludes my demonstration," Merry said. "Kay has refreshments in the dining room. I'll answer any questions you have and help you with your orders."

Lynda stood. "Let's get something to drink."

"Sounds good." Cindy followed her friend into the dining room. She filled a cup with hot chocolate and handed it to Lynda, then picked up another cup to fill for herself.

"With all that stuff you won, you won't have to buy anything," Lynda said after swallowing a bite of shortbread cookie.

"I would've bought something since it's Kay's party, but not much."

"Why not?"

Cindy shrugged. "I'm not into toys. I'd rather have the real thing."

"Well, so would I, honey, but when the real thing isn't around, toys are great." She sipped her cocoa. "And they're great to use *with* a guy."

"I don't think I could use a dildo while a guy watched."

"It's a lot of fun with the right guy." Lynda picked up another shortbread cookie and took a bite. "Colin would use them with you."

Cindy almost choked on her cocoa. "*Colin*? Your brother Colin?"

"Yeah, my brother Colin. He's always had a thing for you."

That statement was so ridiculous, Cindy snorted with laughter. "Colin only goes for gals with no brains so they fawn all over him. I'm not a fawner."

"I'll admit my brother usually dates gals with more fluff than substance, but he's tired of that. If you gave him the least bit of encouragement, he'd be all over you."

"Lynda, Colin is my *friend*. I've never thought of him as boyfriend material."

"Don't think of him as boyfriend material. Think of Colin as someone to try out that dildo with you." She glanced at her watch. "Speaking of my brother, I'll go call him and tell him we're ready to leave. It'll take him half an hour to get here, so we'll have plenty of time to make our purchases and say goodbye to Kay."

After Lynda left, Cindy returned to her chair in the living room. Picking up her door prize, she opened the bag and peeked inside. In addition to the items she'd already seen, the bag also held Ben-Wa balls, fur-lined handcuffs, nipple clamps, and a vibrating butt plug.

A vibrating butt plug. Good grief.

Toys weren't a total mystery to Cindy. She'd had a dildo for years that she enjoyed using. The other items in the bag left her bewildered. They would probably get tossed in a drawer, or given to her more adventurous friends.

It wasn't as if she had a man in her life with whom she could share them.

Without warning, an image of Colin popped into her head. With his black hair, blue eyes, and athletic build, he would turn any woman's head for a second look. Cindy was no exception. She'd had a few sexual fantasies about him in the four years she'd known him. Okay, more than a few. She couldn't help admiring his good looks, even though she knew she wasn't his type. Colin went for the tall, lanky model type. At five-four and wearing a size fourteen, she didn't look anything like a tall, lanky model.

It was too bad he was so drop-dead gorgeous, and so totally wrong for her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colin pulled into the driveway of Kay's house. The snow had finally stopped falling,

so he could plainly see his sister through the large picture window, talking with a gray-haired woman. He tooted the horn twice. Lynda looked his way and waved.

A moment later, the front door opened. Lynda came out, closely followed by Cindy. Colin's heartbeat sped up at the sight of the petite redhead. He grinned. She would get pissed at him when he called her a redhead, swearing her hair was auburn, not red.

Whatever color she called it, he wanted to bury his fingers in it while he devoured her mouth.

Unfortunately for him, the only thing Cindy wanted from him was friendship. Despite the little hints he'd dropped that he wouldn't mind being more than a friend, Cindy still treated him like a brother.

Maybe it was time for a more direct approach.

Lynda opened the back door on the driver's side. "Hey, bro."

"Hey, sis." He switched his attention to Cindy as she slid into the passenger seat. "Hi, Cindy."

"Hi." She smiled. "Thanks for picking us up."

"I didn't have much of a choice since my loving sister threatened bodily harm if I didn't."

"I don't like driving in snow."

"It's December in Michigan, sis. There's gonna be snow on the roads."

"Just drive, Colin."

"Yes, ma'am," he said with a chuckle as he backed out of the driveway. "Where to?"

"I live the closest," Lynda said. "Drop me off first."

\* \* \* \* \*

Lynda opened her door as soon as Colin stopped his car. Halfway out of the back seat, she said, "Thanks for the ride. Tell Cindy to show you what she won tonight." With a grin, she waved and slammed the door.

Heat flooded Cindy's face. She was going to kill her friend.

Colin looked at her, a crooked smile touching his lips. "What did you win?"

The sound of laughter in his voice made her face heat even more. "The door prize."

"Which is?"

"None of your business."

He chuckled. "I know Kay had one of those sex toys parties. I can just imagine what kind of prize you won."

"You can imagine all you want, but you ain't gonna see." She gestured toward the steering wheel. "Could we go please?"

Still chuckling, Colin backed out of the parking spot.

A short fifteen-minute drive separated Lynda's apartment complex from Cindy's small house. When Colin pulled into her driveway and parked close to the garage door, Cindy quickly gathered up her bag and reached for the door handle.

"Thanks for the ride, Colin. See ya later."

"Hold it." He grabbed her arm and stopped her from making her escape. "The least you can do is offer me a cup of that spiced tea you make."

She could do that. It would be a polite way to thank him for giving her a ride. But ever since Lynda had used "Colin" and "dildo" in the same sentence, erotic fantasies had been running through her head. Images of lips caressing, bare limbs touching, hands coasting over slick skin, had filled her mind until her breathing had become erratic and dampness formed between her thighs.

"Are you afraid to be alone with me?" Colin asked softly.

Cindy frowned. "Don't be ridiculous. I've been alone with you a lot of times."

"And I've been in your house a lot of times. Tonight, for some reason, you don't want to invite me in." He glanced at the bag in her hand. "Is that because of what's in the bag?"

Yes, but she wasn't about to tell him that. "I never said I didn't want to invite you in."

He flashed a boyish grin. "Great. I accept your offer of a cup of tea."

\* \* \* \* \*

Colin followed Cindy into her kitchen. He tossed his jacket over the same chair where she had tossed hers and watched Cindy set a kettle of water on the stove.

"The water will be hot in a couple of minutes. I'll be right back."

She clutched that bag close to her chest as if it held a million dollars instead of a fake cock. Colin assumed the bag held a dildo. If Cindy had won lingerie or a gift certificate, she wouldn't be so worried about him seeing the contents.

Colin waited until she walked close to him. With one jerk, he pulled the bag from her hand. It fell, the contents scattering across the tile floor.

Cindy gasped and quickly dropped to her knees. She grabbed one small box before Colin joined her on the floor. He held one of her hands to still her movements. Fighting not to smile, he looked over the different items.

"You certainly won a variety, didn't you?"

"I can't believe you did that!" Cindy twisted her arm. "Let go of me."

"You know, it would really be a shame for you to use these toys all by yourself."

She stopped struggling. "What?" she whispered

Colin picked up the dildo and held it between their faces. "I'd like to see this inside your pussy."

Those gorgeous hazel eyes grew wide. "What?" she whispered again.

"I believe my words were perfectly clear."

"But-but you've never said anything like that to me."

"You don't like the word pussy?"

She shook her head. "It's not that. Well, actually, I *don't* like that word, but that's not what I meant. Colin, we're friends. You've never shown the slightest bit of interest in me sexually."

Laying the dildo down, Colin pushed her hair behind one ear. "A big mistake on my part."

He leaned closer until his lips brushed hers. She didn't return the kiss. Colin moved back a few inches so he could look in her eyes again.

"Should I apologize for that?"

"No. You just...surprised me. I'm hardly your type."

"And what 'type' do you think is mine?"

"Tall. Lanky. No boobs. I have boobs."

Colin's gaze drifted to her full breasts. "Yes, you most definitely have boobs." Raising his gaze back to her face, he touched her cheek with one fingertip. "I've tried dropping hints about my feelings for you. Apparently, I've been too subtle." He cupped her jaw and tilted her face up to his. "Subtlety is over, Cindy," he rasped.

Colin's second kiss wasn't simply a brushing of lips. He covered her mouth with his, his tongue teasing along the seam. Cindy parted her lips and sighed into his mouth. The feel of her warm breath spurred Colin to take the kiss even further. He dipped his tongue into her mouth to duel with hers.

This couldn't be happening to her. This couldn't be *Colin* kissing her so passionately. Colin, her friend, her buddy, her last-minute escort to an important function when she didn't have a date. Colin, who had never shown the slightest bit of interest in her as a woman.

He was certainly showing his interest now.

Cindy moaned when Colin tilted his head. The kiss intensified, making her head spin and her heart pound. She went willingly to the floor when Colin gently pushed on her shoulders.

Oh, my, could this man kiss! Cindy had never felt this heat, this hunger, from no more than two mouths touching. He hadn't even touched her intimately yet.

Cindy drew in a sharp breath when Colin palmed her breast.

He rained soft kisses over her jaw and neck while caressing her nipple with his thumb. Each pass of his thumb sent sensation zinging to her clit. Not even the cold of the tile floor seeping through her sweater calmed her ardor.

Colin raised his head. He continued to move his thumb in a circle over her hard nipple as he gazed into her eyes. "I want you naked, and it's too cold on the floor for that. Take me to your bedroom."

Cindy nodded. Colin rose and pulled her to her feet. He cradled her face and gave her another toe-curling kiss.

"Turn off your water."

His kiss had scrambled her ability to think, so it took Cindy a moment to hear the kettle whistling. She stumbled to the stove and shut off the burner. When she faced Colin again, she saw him pick up the dildo and package of condoms.

Cindy swallowed.

Colin held out his hand to her. Silently, Cindy took it and led him to her bedroom.

Stopping by the side of the bed, Cindy took the initiative and kissed him. He returned it, his tongue once again sliding between her lips. Cindy felt his hands gliding across her back, coming to rest on her buttocks. Something hard moved between her buttocks, over and over.

The dildo.

Cindy pulled back and stared at Colin's face. The hallway's illumination filtering into the dark room let her make out his features. Even in the dim light, she could see the fierce desire in his eyes.



Colin set the dildo on the nightstand and flipped on the lamp. "I want to see your body."

"There's more to my body than you're used to seeing."

"All the more reason for me to see it." He grasped the hem of her sweater and pulled it over her head. "There isn't an inch of you that isn't beautiful."

His words warmed her heart, and her ego.

Colin reached behind her, unhooked her bra, and drew it off. It joined her sweater on the floor. He cupped both breasts in his hands and lifted them, as if testing their weight.

"My God, these are incredible." His thumbs skated over her nipples, making Cindy catch her breath. She bit her lower lip. His caressing was wonderful, but she needed more. She needed to feel his bare chest against her breasts.

As if Colin read her thoughts, he peeled his sweatshirt over his head and added it to the pile of clothing on the floor.

Cindy had often seen Colin's hair-dusted chest. This was the first time she'd seen it so close...close enough to touch. Laying her hands on him, she combed her fingers through the crisp, dark hair.

"I like you touching me," Colin said softly.

"Me too."

Unfastening her slacks, Colin slid his hands inside her panties and squeezed her bare bottom. "Tell me what you want, Cindy," he said before dipping his tongue into her ear. "I'll do anything for you."

Cindy tilted her head so he had easier access to her ear. "You're doing fine now."

His warm breath tickled her neck. "I like a woman who's easy to please."

Cindy released Colin's belt buckle. "I can be *very* easy to please." Unfastening the snap and zipper of his jeans, she snaked her hands inside and caressed taut buttocks. She'd loved looking at that great ass in his tight jeans. Touching it was even better.

"Sit down, Cindy."

She shook her head while moving her hands toward his groin. "I'm not through feeling you up yet."

Colin chuckled. He loved Cindy's quick wit. Talking to her always gave him pleasure.

Right now, talking was the last thing on his mind.

Colin pressed on her shoulders until she lay back, her weight resting on her elbows. Dropping to one knee, he tugged off her shoes, socks, and slacks. Cindy lifted her hips and he removed the tiny scrap of nylon, the last thing covering her body.

The auburn curls covering her mound drew his attention. Cindy parted her legs when he ruffled the curls with one fingertip. Obeying her silent request, Colin slid his thumbs between her thighs. Her flesh was hot, wet, swollen, proof that she felt desire as fiercely as he. He wanted to be inside her more than he wanted his next breath, but satisfying her had to be his first priority. Slipping his hands beneath her buttocks, he lowered his mouth to her pussy.

Cindy stiffened at the first brush of his tongue across her clit, but her moan told him she liked it. Her scent and taste surrounded him, making him want even more of her. Not yet. He couldn't think about his needs until hers were met.

The gentle bucking of her hips increased in speed when he pushed two fingers inside her. Colin could hear her ragged breathing, could feel the urgency in her movements. She was close to a climax, so close...

He suckled her clit, and she cried out.

It took several seconds for Cindy to gather the strength to open her eyes. When she did, she saw Colin on his knees next to her, holding the dildo in one hand.

Her gaze flicked from the dildo to his hard cock and back again. "I'd rather have the real thing."

"You will. Just let me play a little."

Thinking about what Colin could do with that piece of plastic sent shivers through

her body. Despite the bone-melting climax she'd just experienced, she wanted to know what he planned to do.

"Move up on the bed and rest your head on the pillows."

Cindy did as he instructed. Colin moved between her thighs. Using the lightest of touches, he brushed his thumb over her still-sensitive clit. Cindy closed her eyes and bit her lip as the sensation turned from being almost too much, to being not nearly enough. Raising her hips, she encouraged him to deepen the caress. He didn't. He kept circling her clit in that maddening slow movement. She was ready to grab him by his chest hair and pull him on top of her, when the head of the dildo pressed between her feminine lips.

Her eyes flew open. Colin leaned over her, resting on one hand while the other hand pushed the dildo farther inside her. He pulled it out an inch, then pushed it back in two inches. Back and forth, back and forth, until it was all the way inside her.

"Rub your clit," he instructed in a husky voice. "I want to watch you touch yourself."

Performing in front of a lover had never been easy for Cindy. With Colin, it seemed natural. Slowly, she slid her hand over each breast and her stomach before dipping it between her legs. Her fingertips grazed wet, swollen flesh, then the fake plastic balls. She wrapped her hand around Colin's and directed him on how to move the dildo. He caught on quickly, continuing to pump it as he studied her every action.

Cindy moved her hand back to her clit. Her eyes drifted shut in bliss.

Colin had never seen anything so beautiful as Cindy pleasuring herself. He continued to drive the dildo inside her in time to the shifting of her hips. Her movements, both of her hand and her hips, became more frenzied. She arched her back, drawing his attention to those beautiful breasts. Lightly pinching one nipple, he rolled it between his thumb and forefinger.

It must have been the final thing she needed. Cindy let loose a keening moan and collapsed on the bed.

Colin couldn't wait another second to be inside her. He pulled the dildo from Cindy's body and tossed it on the bed. Taking only enough time to sheath his cock with one of the condoms, he lifted her hips and drove deep.

Colin growled. Being part of Cindy's body felt perfect, as if she were created specifically for him. He'd wasted too much time with "hints" when this is where he should've been all along.

Making up for lost time would be so much fun.

He shifted on the bed, needing to sink even deeper. "Wrap your legs around my waist. That's good, sweetheart. A little higher. Right there." Colin increased the speed of his thrusts. "Oh, yeah, right there."

It took only moments for his orgasm to rob him of breath and strength. Panting, Colin lay on top of Cindy, his softening cock still nestled within her warmth.

He dropped a kiss of apology on her lips. "I'm sorry I didn't last longer. I promise I can do better."

A gentle smile turned up the corners of her mouth. "Do you hear me uttering one word of complaint?"

Colin chuckled. "No, I don't." He kissed her again, longer this time. "So, did you like the dildo?"

"I like you better."

"But you wouldn't object to trying out some of those other toys you won?"

"What do you have in mind?"

"I thought I could stay the weekend and we could make our way through all of them."

Cindy tightened her arms around his neck. "I think that's an excellent idea."

THE END

(Click [here](#) to return to top of page)

