

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

S.L. CARPENTER

*Dark  
Lust*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Dark Lust

ISBN # 9781419900235

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Edited by: Mary Moran.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: September 2004, March 2007

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# *DARK LUST*

**S.L. Carpenter**

## *Dedication*

To my “Auzzie mate” and “Partner” for pushing me to explore my darker side. I appreciate both of you for your friendship and Tim Tams.

## ENCOUNTER ONE

The loud grunts from a man in the thrall of unbridled passion echoed through the darkness.

Missy lay face down on the bed with her ass in the air and the huge mountain of a man relentlessly pounding his thick cock into her.

*Slap, slap, slap.* Their flesh merged in an almost violent frenzy of lust.

Her face was contorted and sweaty as this heated exchange of pent-up desire released the fury of a raging fire she'd long thought lost. She was about to climax *again*.

No man had taken her to this realm of sexual delight before. No man could vanquish this need and fulfill the darkened desires she craved. Until she met HIM.

Tucked into a fetal crouch, her body was jarred and shaken every time he sank his throbbing cock within her sore, stretched cunt. He'd grunt and growl while his hands groped at the skin on her back. Reddened handprints faded as he pulled his hands from her sweaty flesh. His muscular legs spread hers wider and with a force from below, he lifted her with his powerful thrusts. The opening of her pussy was swollen and engorged with the blood of excitement.

With a loud squeal, Missy cried out as his hand spanked her ass.

*Slap, slap, slap.*

"Mmm, damn you're a great fuck. I could do this all night!"

She was torn between answering yes to being ravaged by a man with insatiable appetites, and knowing she could die from exhaustion and pleasure. She knew it had to end.

"Is this what you want? You want to let go? Let me feel you milk my cock with your pussy." His voice ricocheted through her mind like an echo in a cavern.

The sound of her racing heart thundered through her head. *Thump, thump, thump.* She could feel it about to explode as she surrendered.

Whimpering, Missy began to cry in ecstasy as she came again. "Ohhh, ohhhh, please, ahhhhhhhhhhh. Fuck me...oh harder!"

Ripples of pleasure shot through her body. The crest of the wave crashed to her soul. Lightheaded from the vaginal spasms that caressed the hard length of this man's cock, she needed it all to finish.

A completion to this heavenly nightmare of dark sin.

"Say it Missy, say it...ask me, beg me..."

With words that cut to her bone, she begged. "Come inside me, oh fuck, just come inside me, let me feel it. Please, *please*..."

She wondered if he was smiling from his final conquest of her barriers, but then everything faded, as he slammed hard into Missy's wet cunt.

The seed burned as it coated her walls with lust's final act. Missy breathed in through her teeth as the burn began to seep from within her. It scorched the tender flesh of her inner thighs, trickling down.

With her eyes clenched shut, she buried her face into the pillow and screamed. She had given in. She now belonged to him. The fullness inside her pussy softly dwindled away and she tumbled to her side. Her body was soaked with perspiration and her muscles ached but the smile across her face was from a pleasure she'd never felt before.

There was no love in this relationship. No ties to be together. Just pure sexual depravity released between the two of them. Their night had been full of mind-blowing sex that, by itself, burned hot like the sun.

But she knew that her surrender would cost her.

It would cost her anytime he desired her.

## The Love Letter

Debbie's long day was over. She had come home tired and her feet hurt like hell. She and her husband Jerry had worked hard to climb into the middle class and now they lived in a nice house, the kids had grown up to the point where they had their own lives and her latest goal was to move into management at the firm where she worked.

She walked up the stairs into the master bedroom to find the bed all messed up. It *always* ended like this. After a long day at the office, she would come home and spend her nights cleaning up after everyone.

Debbie flopped onto the bed and sat there like a pile of old clothes, unable to move. She reached down to take her shoes off and saw a piece of paper on the floor. Sighing, she picked it up and saw a woman's handwriting on it. She assumed it was hers and began reading it.

*Seeing you makes my heart beat faster.*

*Feeling you makes me want more of you.*

*Sharing you with her makes me sad knowing it should be me.*

*Having you say you love me shows me you'll leave her soon.*

*Knowing she has you makes me jealous and wanting.*

*Standing outside your house at night waiting to see you go to bed.*

*Scaring myself thinking you'll be making love to her.*

*Calling and waiting to hear your voice.*

*Hearing her answer then hanging up ashamed of my addiction to you.*

*Giving my body to you to have any way you desire.*

*Kissing your lips makes my body come alive.*

*Tasting your skin makes me moist and aroused*  
*Licking me with the warmth of your tongue makes my body quiver.*  
*Having you moan as you eat me sets my passions free.*  
*Longing to have your penis deep within me.*  
*Feeling the stretching as you plunge deeper and deeper.*  
*Warming when you throb inside of me as you come.*  
*Filling me with the essence of your body makes me have a part of you.*  
*Telling me I fulfill you and satisfy your dreams.*  
*Fantasizing you're with me as my hand touches between my thighs.*  
*Knowing we'll be together again so I can feel your love.*  
*Being lucky you love me even though you're hers.*  
*Knowing we'll be together after this weekend.*  
*Making me ache to have it be sooner.*  
*Loving you, knowing you have decided to pick me.*  
*Making me want you more and have you be mine.*  
*I love you.*  
*XXOOXX*

Tears filled Debbie's eyes and her heart ached. She felt ashamed and suddenly nauseous. In her heart, she had believed Jerry would never cheat on her, but as every woman questions when she gets older, she'd asked herself "Does his eye wander?"

Obviously, Jerry's had — and so had his dick.

Debbie sat dumbfounded and utterly stunned. This did explain a few things though. The late nights at work, the times he was just too tired, the reason his penis seemed to be more shriveled...



Now the embarrassment and shame of it started to become rage and anger. It turned into a violation of her, both in body and in heart. She felt betrayed and disrespected and above all, fucking *pissed off*.

Debbie didn't take lies well, especially about something so close to the heart. This was a vow, like "thou shalt not kill".

Only now, it was something more precious to her. If he'd slept with another woman, that meant he'd compared some slut's body to hers.

Payback was a bitch. Unleash the fury of a woman scorned, and pay the price.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whistling happily, Jerry pulled up into the driveway and walked through the back door into the kitchen. He set his keys on the counter and looked up to see...a frying pan.

It hit him square on the nose, shattering the cartilage and causing him to careen backwards and hit his head on the counter. Blood spurted from his nostrils. Before he could get himself up, Debbie hit him again, this time on his temple, causing his eye to close and a large welt to start forming as he fell to the floor.

"NOBODY CHEATS ON ME YOU WORTHLESS FUCKING BASTARD!" Debbie screamed as she kicked Jerry in the nuts, causing blinding flashes of light through his brain. Rage, passion and pain all seemed to be cascading through her as she unleashed her emotional turmoil on Jerry's frail body.

"Eighteen years, eighteen *fucking* years I gave you and *this* is how you repay me?" Tears fell from Debbie's eyes as she confronted Jerry, lying bleeding, on the floor. "Who is she? Who's this SLUT you were fucking in OUR bed? I sure the hell hope she was worth it because you... NOBODY screws with me. I'm gonna take you to the cleaners, buddy!"

Jerry reached to grab the countertop and Debbie kicked his arm, producing a crack that sent the bone protruding out of the skin above his wrist and making Jerry tumble back down to the floor.

Blood spilled from his broken nose as he tried to prop himself up, but Debbie kicked his elbow loose causing Jerry to fall on his face. She put her knee in his back, making him whimper and gasp. She pressed him to the floor and pulled on his ear with her teeth, as she began to unleash her fury.

"You know your friend, Jack? Well, I heard he was well-endowed but I couldn't find out because I was married to your sorry ass. But at last year's Christmas dinner I followed him into the executive lounge and gave him a mind-melting blowjob."

She paused for breath. Jerry could only whimper.

"He had such a big cock I could barely take it all in my mouth. He had me so damn horny that I fingered myself as I sucked him off because I wanted to fuck him so bad. My hand was soaked because he made me so wet. I let him lick my slippery fingers as he blew his load into my mouth." She wouldn't stop.

"For an added bonus, I swallowed instead of spitting like I do for you. He tasted so sweet. So that *wasn't* cake frosting you picked off my blouse and ate that night." Her words tore through his heart as she bit the tip of his ear and ripped the flesh on the lobe making Jerry wince in pain and sympathize with Evander Holyfield.

He struggled to get up again and Debbie poked her heel into the top of his hand, forcing it down with all her might. He swore he could feel the tendons break under the pressure of her heel.

As Jerry's hand burned, she kneeled down beside him and whispered into his ear. "You remember how you always wanted anal sex and I wouldn't let you? Well at your brother's birthday party, when you got drunk and passed out, I let your brother fuck me up the ass for a present. He really is your BIG brother. We were in your old room and on the twin bed you had when you were a kid. You always get so stupid when you

drink and you pissed me off. It was like I was a virgin again. It hurt so much, I felt as if I was torn in half but I came so fuckin' hard I thought I would pass out."

Jerry rolled onto his back as Debbie kicked his side. The blood streamed from his nose and his eye was still swelling from the collision with the frying pan.

"As for this?" Debbie grabbed her crotch. "This has always been just *yours*. For some twisted fucking reason, I never let anyone violate my pussy but you. What an idiot I was to believe this hot, wet, sexual haven was sacred to our wedding vows! Faking all those orgasms, putting up with your little dick and never letting another man eat me out or fuck me properly, is gonna be a thing of the past. This pussy is going to get a workout!"

Jerry blacked out as Debbie kicked him in the balls with the pointed toes of her shoes.

Their daughter Trisha came into the house and screamed when she saw her dad lying on the floor, bleeding and moaning in pain.

"What the hell happened, Mom?" yelled Trisha, horrified.

"Your dad was cheating on me, dear. I caught him."

"Dad would *never* cheat on you! Where'd you get an idea like that?"

Debbie held up the note crumpled in her hand.

Startled, Trisha looked at it. "Mom! This is the letter I wrote to my boyfriend Paul. Where did you find it?"

## The Right Time

For four months, Alfonso passed the Carlotto restaurant on his way to work. His bus would slow down sometimes for a red light and he would have the privilege of seeing a real-life dream.

At 12:25 p.m. each day, he would see *HER* sitting at the same table, on the sidewalk veranda of the establishment. Who was she? Where did she work? How'd she get her legs to curve like that, causing Alfonso to uncontrollably drool on himself? He'd stare out the window of the bus every day and become lost in her beauty.

She was stunning.

In a strange way, she had become an infatuation to him. Her long, soft, blonde hair floated on the breeze, almost like it was resting on the wings of an angel. She always wore a skirt that tantalized Alfonso's mind with fantasies of those long legs beneath it wrapped around his hips as they made passionate love.

Her lips—God he loved her luscious lips. They would surround and embrace each bite of food. She'd lick them and chew slowly. A sheen of moisture across them shimmered in the sunlight. Alfonso could only imagine kissing her, let alone having those moist wet lips wrapped around other parts of his anatomy that suddenly awoke to his mind's impure thoughts.

Then there were her eyes. Blue as a clear summer sky, every now and then he caught a glimpse of them looking towards him when his bus would stop to pick up a passenger. And he would become lost in the realm of his dreams.

Alfonso was an average guy. He was about six feet tall, two hundred pounds, had a darker Hispanic tone to his skin and lived in a very nice home near the city...with his senile mother. He habitually masturbated while watching Scooby-Doo cartoons and fantasizing about Velma.

He was generally shy around women because his last few escapades had been disasters.

There was the online liaison with the French lingerie model who had turned out to be his aunt. Then there had been the woman he picked up in a bar during his company Christmas party. She ended up being a vice cop and had arrested him for soliciting her for a blowjob and only offering her twenty dollars. He wasn't sure if it was the proposition or the fact he only offered twenty bucks that had made her upset.

Alfonso had dreamed of just happening by and starting a conversation or inviting this angel woman to dinner. Something to make her notice him and distinguish him from the millions of other men she obviously entranced with her beauty.

He knew it was just a fantasy. Many nights he would be alone in his bed, dreaming of her, only to end up bolting to the bathroom with a jar of hand lotion in one hand and a hard-on in the other.

The next morning he awoke and made a decision. He was going to meet her. Even if she snubbed him and treated him like a three-day old soiled condom, thrown into the dirt then buried by a cat, it would be worth it to just say hello and see *her*.

He had the day off and would do it. Meet her. It was his fate—it was his time. In a perfect world, she would see him, sense the attraction, ask him to join her, and then ravage him in the men's room.

What should he say? What should he do? How would he hide his hard-on that would instantly pop up if she even so much as looked at him?

Alfonso walked down the street to Carlotto's restaurant. His trench coat kept him warm and conveniently hid his perpetual boner out of sight. His only worry was that he might be mistaken for a bank robber with a pistol in his pocket...a small pistol.

Checking out the street, he saw a flower shop directly across from the restaurant. He'd never really noticed it as he sped by in the bus every day, since he was always looking at *her*. He glanced at his watch and saw it was 12:05 p.m. Twenty minutes until he took the plunge.

He purchased a single perfect yellow rose from the nice Oriental woman running the flower shop and bought a small card to go with it. He wrote a short note inside.

*From someone who has adored you from afar,  
and now wants to adore you a little closer.*

A

\* \* \* \* \*

Looking out of the flower shop, he saw her stroll up and through the front door of the restaurant. 12:15 p.m. *Wow, she's punctual. Good thing.*

His heart started pounding in his chest like a jackhammer. *THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.*

Rose in hand, he stared out of the florist's window and watched the waiter take her to her regular table. She reached into her purse, pulled out a book and sat back in her chair.

She wore a red skirt and a silken white blouse that was sheer enough to show she wasn't wearing a bra. There was a cool breeze and Alfonso looked skyward, thanking the heavens for the chill in the air that made her nipples tighten and protrude through the sheer fabric.

12:20 p.m. It was time to move. Lunch was usually an hour in the city and Alfonso was afraid he'd miss his window of opportunity.

It was his time.

He adjusted the inseam of his Dockers, closed his trench coat and stepped outside the flower shop to the sidewalk. He stared at his Holy Grail. She was Guinevere, and he was Lancelot. If she could look into his pants, she would see Excalibur.

A gust of wind swept along the street and the woman's dress crept up her thigh revealing a garter belt.

*Down boy, steady, steady, calm – remain calm...*

Alfonso mentally blocked out everything except her beautiful face. He was focused and determined and started walking straight for her. He was going to do it. His mind was set.

Another gust of wind blew past the restaurant. The woman's hair flowed sideways in the breeze as if alive. Her blouse opened slightly and Alfonso saw her bosom. The glorious pale flesh of her neckline sloped to a perfect breast. The darker pink hue of one nipple was visible and Alfonso froze.

The woman glanced up and her eyes met his. She turned her head and pulled her hair back away from her face. Alfonso looked down at his wristwatch—12:25 p.m. and he knew his time to act had come.

He was going to free himself from the spell she cast over him. He stared at her lips and she began to speak to him.

*"Watch out..."*

The bus that plowed him over was also punctual.

All that remained in the road was a note, a yellow flower soaking in a pool of blood and his detached hand. Along with one worn-out shoe.

It was Alfonso's time.

## Caveman Love

Zag stood at the entrance to his cave with a dumb look on his face.

Actually, he always had a dumb look on his face because he was dumb. Anyway, as he surveyed the terrain he noticed Lana.

She was an extremely ugly cavewoman—even by caveman standards—but she had huge gazongas. She was so ugly her clan had her sit in front of the cave entrance to ward off dinosaurs. One look and they would flee in fear.

Zag saw her and decided that if nobody else wanted her, he did. What an *idiot*.

For three days, Zag stood there trying to think of a way to meet Lana.

He finally figured he'd take her to the "Caveman Bar" on the weekend, one moon or so later, and he finally approached her cave to ask her out. As he walked up the hill, he saw her standing there at the entrance pulling at her cloth stuck in her butt. He smiled at her and motioned to her to come over.

She belched, walked up to him wiping the snot and other debris off her face, and stared at him. "Ugh?" *What?*

"Uh, Zag whun ag Lana ooh ramma lamma ding dong." *You figure it out.*

"Fug oof!" *Who me?*

"Uhn wanna kis buggun gazongas!" *Yes!*

The date was set.

Zag could hardly wait, but he managed somehow. He wanted to have the whole night planned out.

He was still a little nervous because he'd never been with a woman. He'd groped a few who were bent over at the lake washing clothes, and he'd had a couple of affairs with the goats on the hill, but never with someone he'd known.



On the morning of their date, he kept himself busy doing his chores around the cave. He swept the rat turds out, wiping off the table scraps and hitting his bedclothes with a bone to get all the dirt, food and crap stains out of it. Now the cave was clean and it was time for Zag to work on himself.

He jumped into the lake to take his bath, even though it wasn't spring yet. As the fish started floating to the surface, he grabbed a few to eat later. For good measure, he even washed his loincloth on a rock to get rid of the foul smell. He wasn't sure if it was the cloth or him that stunk so badly.

Going back into the cave, he tried to pull all the knots out of his hair and put on some new cologne. It was called Raptor Sweat and his buddy Frap told him it drove women crazy. *Damn*. It stunk like shit.

Zag walked up to Lana's cave to get her and found himself in awe of her beauty. She was standing in front of the cave pulling her cloth out of her butt again.

He stood there staring at her. What a beautiful woman she was.

He grabbed her sticky hand and they left. The sky was full of stars and the pterodactyls were hovering overhead. Zag glanced over at Lana and noticed how the moon cast a glow across her face, illuminating her features.

Her matted hair, protruding pimple-infested forehead, the incredible amount of hair on her single eyebrow and mustache...her big nose that she seemed to be constantly picking and eating out of, and the chapped lips that Zag couldn't wait to kiss. There was debris still stuck on her face. She had rotted teeth, bad breath, a dirty cloth, knobby knees, and long discolored toenails.

His heart was aflutter. What a *chump*.

Walking up to the bar together, they found there was a long line since it was a weekend and this was the only place to go. But when the crowd saw them, they dispersed quickly—it was more like running for their lives.

The waiter covered his eyes and led them to their table by the window so the sight or stench wouldn't scare everyone else away. Zag was so proud to be out with someone, even if it was Lana.

"Numma Num?" *Are you hungry?*

"Braap." *I'm starved.*

"Zag wanna pakka pak Numma Num." *I'll order for you.*

"Ugh." *We'll have two orders of the raptor paté, some bronto ribs cooked well done and a bottle of your best boar wine, if it's fresh.*

The dance floor cleared when they decided to strut their stuff.

Lana just stood there pulling her cloth out of her butt again and picking her nose. Zag, of course, had to show off. He waved his arms uncontrollably, running in a circle around Lana while grunting and panting. The other people didn't know if he was having a seizure or doing some sick demented mating dance, it was *that* weird.

Then it happened. Something Zag had never seen from Lana. *A smile.*

The rotting smell and the chips of plaque falling out were pretty gross, but Zag felt so good – it was a magic moment.

The meal finally came, late, since they had to squeeze the wine out of the boar. It was still warm and not too bitter. Zag tucked a napkin into his cloth and grabbed his stick to eat, looking up just in time to see Lana dive face first into the bowl of raptor paté while chewing on a couple of ribs and sloshing down a full bottle of boar wine.

Suddenly Zag wasn't hungry anymore. Lana grabbed his bowl and smashed it onto her face, licking all the remaining food off the bowl. Then she leaned over and fired off a loud echoing fart that seemed to last forever. She accentuated it with a louder, wet, splattering belch.

Zag was so proud of her. She looked up and smiled with shit stuck all over her face. *Actually raptor paté is shit, only cooked. A delicacy in most villages, cooked raptor pate' is raptor shit, it obviously had never tasted so delicious.*

“Grunt?” *Check?*

As they walked home, the two lovebirds couldn’t help but laugh. They had had so much fun. Zag couldn’t control his urges anymore. He ran behind a tree and took a leak.

When he turned around, he saw Lana standing there with a smile on her dirty face and he knew that this was going to be “it”. He grabbed her and kissed her deeply.

As he slipped his tongue into her mouth he could taste the pat  and a little bit of the ribs—maybe he should have eaten them after all. Lana tugged her cloth out of her butt and pulled it off completely, showing Zag *everything*.

Good gracious her gazongas were huge! She had a couple of fat rolls and an extremely hairy meowma. There was a bunch of debris and food stuck in the hair and an incredibly foul stench, but Zag didn’t care. Lana stepped up to him reaching under his cloth and grabbed his yonker.

She kneeled in front of Zag and he looked up and saw...tonsils.

All at once, a T-Rex bit onto Zag, chewing him up and swallowing him in two pieces. Then the T-Rex took a good look at Lana’s naked body and ran shrieking in fear.

Lana picked up the only piece of Zag she could find—his yonker.

The moral to this story is...

Shit happens.

## ENCOUNTER TWO

Her control was legendary. She was a woman who became cool under fire and she thrived on pressure that would crack lesser men. Her tenacity was what drove her to the top. Allie refused to lose control.

Tonight, she sat in the bar listening to Missy talk about her nocturnal wet dream man. To her, it was just a hyped-up fantasy that seemed real. Allie knew better. She had never met a man that was her match in business or in bed.

"Well, Missy, your wet dream was interesting but this is '*REALITY*'." Allie made a set of quotation marks with her fingers but her sarcastic remark fell on deaf ears.

"Just 'cause you're an Ice Princess in the bedroom doesn't mean someone couldn't light that fire in you." Missy smiled as the girls giggled.

"Oh yeah, like this Dark Stranger could suddenly make me come ten times and become a sexual slave!" Allie shook her head. "Get real. No guy can handle me. I can out-fuck any man. No contest."

The girls just sighed at Allie's natural assumption of power and her attempt at being the voice of reason. They didn't want reason, they wanted a fantasy.

"Okay, next time I hope he picks you and makes you eat your words." Missy wiggled her eyebrows. "'Cause he sure ate me up. Twice!"

They burst into laughter.

"I need to get going girls, a quick pit stop and then I'm off!" Allie headed towards the ladies' room.

Missy waited until she was out of sight. "What a bitch. Sometimes it's hard to be friends with her when she has a bad day." She leaned into her purse and pulled out the smooth golden medallion she'd received as a gift from the Dark Stranger.

"Ohhhh, what's that?" Sara asked.

"It was from HIM..." She cupped it in her palm and the sudden warmth filled her pussy with memories of their night.

"Can I hold it?" Sara's eyes gleamed.

"Well, okay, but give it back before Allie gets here. She doesn't deserve any fun."

Sara held the gold medallion in her hand. It was flat on one side, and ridged on the front where an emblem was embossed into the gold. Rubbing her long finger across the bumps, a wave of excitement swept through her. She continued to rub the indentions and her mouth became dry as a flush of passion fell over her breasts.

"Oh, fuck! Whew...um...I *like* this."

She brushed her thumb on the smooth surface of the back and it felt as if something was caressing the inner walls of her pussy. The softness turned wet. Sara blew out a cleansing breath, blinking as the blood left her head and rushed between her legs.

"Can I take this home? Sonovabitch. I swear this..." Her thumb had brushed along the adjoining ring at the top that held the chain to the medallion. Her eyes blinked again and she flicked her thumb back and forth across it.

"No, it's mine." Missy began talking to Ann, paying little attention to Sara who had become more than just interested in the medallion.

The bud of Sara's clit became firm and swollen instantly. She could feel the rhythmic strokes across the medallion echoed across the sensitive flesh. Sexual thoughts careened through her brain. Images of carnal pleasures and the presence of a swelling cock filled her. Her heart started to pound, she was helpless and enthralled. Licking her lips, she gulped as she began to pant faster and faster.

Each time she closed her eyes, visions of a tall, dark, muscular man filled her mind. She clenched the medallion firmly and felt the walls of her cunt parting, slowly stretching with a pressure like that of a man entering her. An incredibly large man.

*If they sold these things on eBay they'd make billions.*

As if invisibly blended, her body became tuned to the heat rising from the medallion which began vibrating in her hands.

"You okay, Sara?" Missy stared at her friend whose jaw shivered and who had a look of fright and excitement spreading across her face. Her eyes were tightly closed and perspiration was beginning to bead across her forehead.

Sara's arms jerked and she gasped for air. She opened her eyes wide and stared at Missy and Ann as if she was about to scream.

Missy noticed how she was holding the medallion in both hands and rolling her thumbs across the top ring. She reached to take the medallion from her friend.

"Fuck you! Don't touch it, oh my God...mmm." Sara closed her eyes and squeezed hard on the golden disc. Her thumbs stroked both sides of the ring and she whimpered.

With a last gasp, she threw her head back and dropped the medallion on the table. Her body shook and she reached out to stop herself from falling. The frightened friends tried to grab her as she collapsed in a heap.

"Oh *shit*! Sara...are you okay?" Missy and Ann stood over her.

A smile spread across her face and Sara began to laugh. "WOW, just WOW. I haven't had an orgasm like that in a looooong time. Too fucking long."

Ann looked at Missy and mouthed the word "Orgasm?"

"Oh shit, Allie is coming back. Put the medallion in my purse. We'll talk about it later." Missy grabbed the chain.

"Do I hafta? I was hoping I could take it home and cuddle with it. Like for a month or so." Sara started to laugh even though her legs were weak and a stream of juice was still flowing from inside her. "Chalk up a pair of panties to our bill."

Allie stood glaring at her friends. "What the hell happened to Sara? Are you drunk?"

“Nope, better then drunk. Damn, I’m gonna go home and fuck Hank tonight.” Sara straightened herself up. “I don’t care if NASCAR RECAP is on or not. This little motor just got a tune-up.” She pointed to her groin and started laughing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allie pulled up to her apartment and went inside with relief. Her home was a lavish display of expensive items—from fine art to ancient sculptures. It had everything she liked in it, except someone to share it.

She was lonely, scared and a mess of fractured emotions on the inside. Outside she made herself appear a strong, dominant, powerful woman. The comments from the girls, that she was an “Ice Princess”, burned her ego. But in some ways, she knew she was, in fact, what they accused her of being.

She’d never experienced the release of a purely physical exchange between herself and a man. A one-night stand where the ties weren’t there. Just basic primal desires twisted together for an exchange of extreme pleasure.

She basically hadn’t fucked the shit out of some guy since her days in college, since to her, it would interfere with her structured life. Yet, she couldn’t help a touch of jealousy at Missy’s blissful tale of this dream lover she had. Even if it wasn’t real, Allie longed for that volcanic rush of pent up desire.

But it was just a fantasy.

Allie rustled through her purse to get her keys and found the golden medallion that she’d seen Sara holding earlier in the evening. She must have accidentally put it into the wrong purse.

“Oh great, ‘BLING, BLING’. Another trinket of Missy’s I have to take back to her.” She tossed it back into her purse and found her keys at the bottom, next to the lipstick and about fifty bucks in change. How she collected that many nickels, dimes and quarters was a mystery.

She walked up the staircase to the second floor entrance. Pausing for a moment, she had an eerie feeling that someone was watching her. Looking to either side, she saw nobody. *Must be my imagination.*

Unlatching the door, she went inside and breathed a sigh of relief to be home. Within seconds, she'd kicked off her shoes, grabbed her mail and tossed her purse onto the dining table. She didn't care that the contents of her purse spilled out a little.

A good stiff drink sounded just right, and out of habit, she poured a tall glass of bourbon over some ice as she flung junk mail after junk mail onto the floor.

"Like I need a free sample of douche. Or to refinance my already paid-off house. Fuckin' stupid salesmen." With a sigh she plopped onto her couch and laid her head back, finally relaxing into her evening's routine.

A shimmer caught her eye. The reflection of something on the table shone a flash of light her way. Setting her drink down on a glass coaster, she mumbled to herself as she got off the couch and went to check it out. Scattered across the tabletop, amongst the contents of her purse, was the medallion.

"What is so *special* about this thing?" She picked it up. "It's a heavy golden medal. Nothing extravagant. Looks like something I could pick up in a pawnshop." A smile widened across Allie's face. "Now I'm talking to myself again."

Her eyes were drawn to the deep grooves and she noticed how the light didn't really shine on it as much as radiate from within the gold itself. Fascinated, her fingers began to glide across the metal. Warmth crept between her legs and her heart began to pound faster. A vision of a tall muscular hunk appeared in her head. Her eyelids became heavy, letting the man's face appear more clearly within her mind.

"KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK." *Damn. The door.*

She opened it. "Hel...lo?" There was nobody there.

A gust of cold wind blew through the doorway and Allie breathed in the soft scent of some delicious cologne. *Mmmm, love that smell.*



She shrugged, thinking it was those bratty kids on the other side of the complex. Doorbell-ditch had always been a game she hated. Her eyes fell to the medallion in her hand while she closed the door and bolted the latch. She stepped back towards the couch and the glass of bourbon that called to her.

"Hello, Allie." The deep voice peeled away her calm, throwing her into instant panic.

She looked around and saw a shadowed figure standing in the hallway to her bedroom. The dim glow of the nightlight from the bathroom made his presence more ominous. He was tall, dark, huge, and she was terrified.

Reflex made her turn to the door. She dropped the medallion and struggled with the handle.

"Why fight it, Allie? You wanted me here." The voice echoed through her head and she let go of the door. Time to be strong, time to show she was in control.

"Who the fuck are you? How did you get in here? What the fu—" Her voice stuttered to a halt when the man raised his hand.

"Within people there are passions left untapped. Insecurities never exposed. Boundaries never crossed." He turned his hand, palm up and closed his burning eyes.

Tightness cupped her pussy and as the man closed his hand Allie felt the tightness grasping her quickly saturating cunt. The man elevated his middle finger, and the lips of her pussy spread apart.

"Bring the medallion over to me."

"Let go of me. I can't...can't move." With a gasp, she sensed his grip loosen and disappear.

Obedient to his command, she picked up the golden medal and walked towards the large man. "You're the man Missy talked about, aren't you?" Her eyes fixed on the now-visible bare muscles of his chest.

Taking the medallion from her hand, he smiled and leaned in to kiss her.

Allie backed away, not wanting to just give in. She was stronger, more reserved and a helluva lot more intelligent than to let a dream man touch her.

She came up against the wall of the hallway. The dark man rested the medallion below her chin and raised her head. Allie gulped and bit her bottom lip while her eyes focused on his mouth. The dim light barely showed anything more than shadows.

His lips just brushed against hers. Then he licked them. His weight leaned against her. She was a voluptuous woman but was dwarfed by his size.

Pulling back, the man bit Allie's lip and said something she hadn't heard in a long time. "Mmm...mmm, damn, you taste good."

Instant arousal swelled in her blood.

"I can't wait to eat that sweet, tight pussy you have." His smile widened across his face and Allie knew she was fighting a losing battle.

With his thumb, he drew a line down her neck to the cleavage of her full breasts. His thumb rested on the front of her bra.

Allie looked down and saw her shirt buttons straining across her swollen breasts from the tension of the man's thumb. With a jerk, the bra fell open and the buttons from her blouse scattered across the floor.

Lunging forward, the man grabbed her. His chest pressed hard against the hot flesh of her breasts. Her nipples were strained tight and sensitive.

"This isn't real, you're just a dream." Her rational mind tried to take over and control what her subconscious was feeling.

"Are you sure? When's the last time a dream made you come?" His voice whispered past her common sense and into her soul.

He grasped her waist and spun her around. Her face pressed against the wall and she felt his hot breath blast behind her ear. Her hands were on either side of her body and she was being pressed flat against the wall. She was barely able to breathe.

His hand dragged roughly along her hip to her thigh. He pulled up her skirt and began to bite her earlobe as he reached for the front of her pubic bone. Her thong had become a useless soaked piece of silk. Pulling it down and away, he slid his thumb between the hot lips of her cunt.

Melting, Allie again told herself it was all just a dream. A fucking fantastic, deliciously, dark dream.

Pulling up hard, his thumb entered her opening. "I know you're thinking this is just a dream, but this dream is going to take advantage of your body all night." With his other hand, he grabbed one of her wrists, pulling her arm behind her. He then leaned into her again. While his thumb churned her to frenzy, he pressed the palm of her hand to the long, hardening length of his cock, still confined within his leather pants.

The long, hard erection made her body ache. His thumb made her clit swell and her nipples longed for attention, but above all, she wanted this cock to violate her. She wanted to be released. She wanted to be fucked until she couldn't take any more. She began to understand what Missy had been talking about.

Her soul was needy and her body craved the pleasure.

Grabbing her waist, the dark man wrapped his muscular arms around her and picked her up. Allie leaned into him and slid her hands to his hair while he kissed the back of her neck. He carried her nearly naked body to the bed.

With a thump, they fell to the mattress. Allie rolled over onto her back letting the torn shirt fall from her body. The man dropped to his knees before her and tugged at the skirt that still shielded his feast from his eyes.

Allie arched her back to let him pull the skirt free and after he tossed it aside, she lifted her hips to slip off her thong. With her pelvis in the air, the man took over, ripping her panties off and grasping her ass in his hands. With a growl, he thrust his face into her pussy hungrily. His tongue delved into the cavern of her sex. Allie writhed, helpless against this relentless, wonderful torture.

His growling vibrated through her body making her squirm. Like an animal feeding on a fresh kill, he pressed his mouth into her pussy, thirstily sucking up her juices.

Falling onto the bed in a tangled web of skin, they merged. He'd moved up and over her, and now claimed what she knew he would take.

Allie closed her eyes and let this unknown mystery of a man help her cross over. His mouth sucked on her throat and each passionate growl was followed by a plunging thrust that pressed the opening of her womb.

Her fingers pulled at the rippled muscles of his sweaty shoulders. More, more, she wanted *more*. If she was going to die from this sin, she was going to die thoroughly satisfied.

He laid his weight on her and when each breath left, he entered.

"Harder, harder, oh please...ahhhh." She could have sworn she screamed, but it was a mere whisper next to his ear.

Taking the weight of his massive frame off her, he slammed her hard, in and out, like a piston. Each pound made her pelvis shake and she climbed over the brink again.

The slapping of their skin made it burn. She wrapped her legs tight around his waist and tried to lift her pelvis to meet his abusive thrusts. Her nails dug into the flesh of his arms and she gazed down their bodies. She saw the full shining length of his swollen cock pull out then vanish back inside her slippery channel.

And she let go.

With shivers of shockwaves shooting up her spine, she arched up and met his stroke. Allie rolled her head to the side and gasped as her juices trickled between the cheeks of her ass. While he pulled out, her pussy tightened and she almost gushed. Her clit was still pulsing with the thunderous vibrations of her heart.

With a loud grunt, he lowered down on top of her, squeezing the rest of the essence from her body. She was spent.

Allie felt him swell and stay deep within her, just swaying his hips from side to side to keep her pussy loose. She knew he was trying to pace himself.

She hadn't felt this euphoria, this rush, for too damn long. Savoring every second like a good meal, she tried to capture the taste of him in her thoughts, so that he would linger in her mouth along with the feel of his cock, so deeply etched in her mind and pussy.

This wasn't what she'd expected, but somehow it was exactly what she needed. To have a man take her over the edge. The feel of a man moving inside her. Toys and massage oils couldn't compete with a good, stiff, living cock.

The tranquility of the moment was suddenly shaken when the dark stranger started to pound back and forth into her once more. There was a ferocity behind his movements.

"Now, we fuck." His voice was harsh and dark. A wide smile crossed his face and the glimmer of his white teeth showed his pleasure in his control.

Allie began to grimace. Her legs had about given out and another session like this would put her in traction. She was wetter than a sponge in a bath and each time he sank in, she became more slippery.

"Aww...do your legs hurt, my slut? I mean *slave*?"

"Yeah, I just need to put them together for a minute." Allie was oblivious to his comment and let him pull out. The juices from her hot pussy soaked the flesh of his cock, making it glisten like a freshly blooded sword.

"Oh, thank you." She rolled onto her tummy and laid her head on the pillow.

"Mmm, nice ass."

Allie opened her eyes, quickly realizing her position.

"Bet it's all warm and tight in there." The dark man's voice sliced through Allie making her shudder.

Before she could move, the man was on her back licking his way up her spine and sending electric shocks to her brain. His hands pawed at the round cheeks of her ass, kneading them like bread.

"Noooo, no, not that. I've only done that a few times...I, umm, I..." Allie stopped talking as the man slid his hand under her belly and pulled at the top of her pussy.

"We need to get that little cork to pop if we're going to fuck like this."

Pulling her abdomen off the bed, he rested the length of his cock along the split of her ass. The sticky coating from her pussy made it cool and he was hard as steel.

"Nooo, don't! Just, oh *man*...it's been so long." The personal lines she didn't cross tore at Allie as she battled her burning thoughts of succumbing to his wants. He'd already had his way with her body, now he wanted to break down more of the walls she'd built.

Allie looked under her raised chest and saw the dark man lower his cock with his hand and let it rub between the lips of her pussy.

"Got to make sure I'm all lubed up." With that, he slid back into her pussy.

Allie closed her eyes, feeling filled again, and the continued tugging around her clit made her cream. Her juices stirred with his cock, and she began to moan once more.

"Yeah, oh yeah, yessssss. Mmmmmm, go for it, mmm..." Allie was encouraging him to take her now. The first line was broken.

The feeling of him stroking the firm texture of her clit and the long slow thrusts had her feeling flushed again.

"Damn, baby, you are so fucking hot." His voice again burned in her head. "Mmm, so tell me how you feel?"

"Oh *God*, I feel like a woman." Allie's reaction was inbred into her reserved life.

"Nooooooo, tell me how you want to FEEL..." To add emphasis to his last word, the man slid his finger into her pussy and stretched her wider open as his cock moved side to side.

Allie's throat clogged with tears and she choked them back. Water beaded up in her eyes and she fell to her elbows. "Make me feel like a whore..."

He had broken her.

Pulling out of her pussy, he rubbed the tip of his wide cock at the opening of her anus and slowly spread her wide. His finger still rubbed small circles over her clit.

Allie reached her arms out like a cat stretching its back. Her fingers were cramped and rigid.

"Ohhhhhhh, fuuuuuck." She began to come again from the pressure inside and her clit popping like a cork on a champagne bottle. His swollen cock penetrated the tight hole. The pain was excruciatingly painful and pleasurable—the line between so thin it could snap at any time.

He had her totally exposed, fully naked, and so wrapped up in her twisted fantasy she became dizzy. His cock, buried to his balls in her ass, caused her body to open up and explode.

His grunting only heightened the flashes of light she saw in her head. Total abandon unfurled and wicked lust took over. Allie was this man's prey and he was now freely devouring her. Each probing inch thrusting in and out mercilessly fucking until, with a final hammering stroke, she felt him shake and erupt within her. The burning seed from his loins shot like a fire hose releasing its pressure.

To her delight, she believed she had evened the score in a twisted sort of way. On this thought, she passed out, unafraid and uncaring of what boundary he would break through next.

## **The Peep Show**

The row of doors surrounded a peep show where women would dance and do almost anything for their concealed admirers. It was a dark room the size of a closet with a small wooden stool. The floor was sticky and the only light came from a small window on the far wall, not much but enough to show that it obviously hadn't been mopped in a few days. Or maybe weeks.

Daryl had been away from home for ten years. He was technically "Sergeant Daryl" now, but being wounded in battle had gotten him discharged from his duties. He had decided to come back home to a small town outside of Dallas, Texas.

Things had changed to a point where he didn't recognize very much, but although the World War had ravaged many towns in Europe, this still had the smell and feel of home for him. Most of the storefronts were now upgraded with lights and shiny new signs.

Mayble's had been a favorite spot of Daryl's before he left for Germany. In fact, most men hung out there to try and forget the terror of the looming draft. Mayble's was a whorehouse and it was still run by the same woman who had run it ten years ago.

She even looked the same. Except her tits now hung to her belly instead of resting near her waistline. Picture Tammy Faye in an early twentieth century costume. Scary – ewwwwww.

Anyway, back to the window.

Daryl sat on a stool and peeked through the glass. In front of him was a woman sitting calmly in a chair. She wasn't naked, didn't have a phallic-shaped candle or any deformities, like a third eye. If she'd had three breasts he wouldn't have been surprised because most of the women that worked in Mayble's peep show weren't normal.



In his youth, he'd seen a woman and a rooster. Now THAT was a cockfight he couldn't believe.

The woman's eyes were dark with emotions. Like a silent whisper asking for an audience. She suddenly had him captured.

With a slow deliberate movement, she lowered her hand along her leg to her feet. The fabric of her dress clung tight to her body. The clothing was too small for her and all Daryl could think of was, *I hope she gets comfortable real fast. Like naked.*

Cherry—Cheryl was her real name, but she figured Cherry was more appropriate for this job—looked along the wall at the various small windows. Most were darkened and a few had dim lighting. In one window, she could see a man smashing his hairy ass against the glass. It reminded her of her father.

She had pulled her hair back in a bun and dressed in the standard virginesque way her customers expected. However, underneath her clothes she was a raging inferno of desire and passion. Releasing this caged lioness was her gift. Today she would share it with some lucky man—but who?

During each show, Cherry would mentally pick one observer and connect with him. Today, she chose Daryl.

Daryl blinked as the small glass fogged with his breath. He wiped the glass with his sleeve and looked up to see her staring at him. A sudden chill ran through his blood. *WHOA!*

She must realize that her movements made him crazy.

Daryl had been shipped home on a boat from Europe and was sick of seeing seamen. This woman had him thinking about releasing a different type of semen.

The woman unfastened a button on her blouse and Daryl unfastened the button on his pants, echoing her moves. It was party time for Daryl and his little one-eyed friend.

The final button on her blouse popped loose, setting her ample breasts free.

Something else was now free and popped up too. Daryl's hand quickly grasped it.

Chinese water torture would have been less painful than this slow tantalizing striptease. Cherry knew how to affect her customers; she made good money teasing them. The unbridled freedom of stripping naked for men who couldn't touch her was an aphrodisiac. She couldn't get enough of the attention. She thrived on it, so when she bent over to tug her bloomers away from her spread feet, she gazed over at Daryl, peeking at him from between her legs.

His eyes were bugged out a little and she could see his arm moving. She had her next victim.

She stood by her wooden chair and turned it around. The back of the chair faced her admirers. Straddling the seat, she spread her legs apart and gave Daryl a glimpse of the pink heaven between her thighs. Small curls of hair covered a beautiful pubic area. She knew he was lost.

Reaching behind her neck with both arms, her breasts stood proudly away from her body. Her nipples were reddened with excitement and tightly protruding. With a sway and a tug, her long golden hair cascaded over her shoulders. The ends tickled her sensitive skin. She grasped a breast in her hand, licked the erect nipple then turned back to stand up.

Daryl's glass was foggy from his hot breath. Furiously pulling at his swollen cock he wanted to see more.

Cherry spun the chair back around and sat back down. With a seductive glance from beneath her hair, she looked directly at Daryl and spread her legs apart. In her mind, it was just the two of them.

The wall was down and he was coming for her. Soon she would come for him. In more ways than one. After four shows, she was hornier than a minx and needed to end her torment.

Dragging her hands up her body, she cupped her breasts. More bountiful than her hands, they overflowed her grasp. Cherry leaned her head back, letting her locks dangle

behind the chair. She licked her fingertip then led every man's eyes with her finger to the center of her world, the pink opening of her pussy.

She knew the light glimmered on the wet flesh of her aroused pussy. With a soft moan, she continued to explore the inner depth of her silky sanctuary. Oblivious to everything around her now, the thoughts of this stranger licking her pussy became her fantasy. His lips would kiss her thighs—his hands would caress her skin and mold her breasts. With her hands, she acted out her fantasy to the men watching. Tiny pulls on the tingling tips of her nipples.

At first Cherry had just toyed with the outer lips of her pussy. Now she was aroused and desperate. With a circular motion, she rubbed along the inner opening, spreading her legs wider as she explored her cunt.

A shockwave jolted her body as she stroked against her clit. She hit the spot she was looking for. Over and over, she brushed the firm bud. Dear *Lord*, she was so hot. Cherry knew this was going to be a big one. All the day's playing had built up and was ready to explode within her.

She only needed that little push. Something to set her off. She needed to see *his* cock. The stranger would be the last straw to break down this wall.

Her eyes felt glazed and heavy. She tried to focus on the man in the window. She saw him staring at her pussy and back to her face and licked her lips as she caught his gaze with hers. She whispered to him. "Show me. Please, *show* me."

Daryl couldn't hear her but his intent stare at her lips, both sets of lips, made it clear to him what she wanted. She wanted to see "IT".

Standing up, he faced the window. The swelling throb of desire had him engorged with confined lust. Daryl stood in all his glory, pants around his ankles, jerking off like a crazed chimpanzee in the zoo.

He saw her swallow, and wondered if her throat was dry from the heavy breathing. He knew what would soothe that thirst. She was staring at it while fingering her pussy.

Was she longing to taste the stranger she had connected to? His mouth...his fingers...his cock? He realized she'd probably devour him whole.

He knew she was staring at the shimmering head of his cock, seeping from anticipation because her gaze burned through the thin walls separating them. With a tight tug, Daryl erupted. His knees buckled as he thrust his hips upwards, fantasizing that he was inside the silky pussy of his vision.

Cherry gasped to see him lose control, knowing it was because of her. Unbridled desire flowed over her flesh—heat caressed her pussy and slid upward to her chest. She came and the wetness flowed over her probing fingers.

Her clit throbbed with the beat of her heart. Fate had let them climax together. She had been right—this was a big one. Over and over, she felt her pussy constrict around her fingers. For the first time during a show, she had truly connected and experienced mutual pleasure with someone. It was rare, since they usually came after she stripped down to nothing. Sometimes after unfastening just the first button on her blouse.

Daryl pried open his tightly shut eyes and placed his hand on the wall for balance. The entire glass in front of him was covered with dripping ooze. The cleaning lady would have one helluva time getting the streaks out of the glass. He sat down on the stool and began pulling his pants up.

He peered through the blurry window, but his dream girl was gone.

Saddened, he looked back to his belt and fastened his pants.

“Tap, tap, tap...” The woman was tapping the window to get Daryl’s attention.

He looked up, surprised, and smiled. She was saying something that he couldn’t really make out. As he unthinkingly wiped the glass to see clearer, a realization sizzled through his mind—*I’m going to have to wash my hands in peroxide.*

The woman winked and mouthed the words “Meet me out front.” Her eyes stared soulfully into his and the depth of her beauty made Daryl stir again.

She wrinkled her nose and smiled, then kissed the glass. She then surprised Daryl yet again by bending over, touching her toes, and pressing her ass and pussy against the window.

Out of pure desperation, Daryl leaned forward and licked his side of the glass over her pussy lips.

After sterilizing his hands and throwing up numerous times from the simple thought that he'd licked a pane of glass where numerous unknown men, including himself, had shot their seed, he was ready. Whoever said women liked the taste must have had a twisted sense of humor.

Daryl walked back out through the small, darkened door of the row of businesses. Maybe's neon sign had a light out—it read "MAYBE".

Things were looking up already.

A cab pulled up and Cherry opened the door. "Want a ride to my house?"

Stupid question.

Sitting in the dark cab, the two of them kept gazing back and forth in an awkward state of nervousness. They had just shared something in public that most people don't share in private. Mutual masturbation was a sin to most, but it was a natural release for two star-crossed and lonely people. Destiny was their only path.

"We're going to have to sneak in the back door. I live with my mom and she would really get upset if she knew I had a man in the house. I'm twenty-three, but I still answer to her." She was tying her hair back into a bun in an attempt to look more conservative.

"Okay. You are *so* beautiful. I can't believe a woman like you could be interested in a man like me."

"Well, we all have to make a living. I do those shows and if I like someone I do more. Baby, we are going to do things you only *dream* of. I want to show you the way a

woman should treat her man. With passion, desire and sex all night long.” She had a wicked smile and a cute laugh as she flirted with Daryl.

“This is me. Let’s go.” She tossed the cab driver a few bills and they both hopped out of the cab.

Standing in the darkness of night, Daryl looked down the street. He turned and looked down the other way.

Cherry reached for his hand and pulled him towards the large Victorian style house.

“Where are we going?” Daryl stared at the front of the beautiful house. “This house here?”

“Yes, this is my house, I’ve lived here my whole life. Be quiet, okay?”

“But...this is *my* house. I grew up here before I went off to the war ten years ago.”

“Big brother *Daryl*?”

“Little sis *Cheryl*?”

The family dog barked loudly as the two of them screamed in horror.

## Phone Sex

Sonovabitch! I am so fucking tired of these idiots calling and asking me stupid questions. I just want to go home, pour myself a glass of brandy, pull out my George Clooney fan magazine and fuck my twelve-inch oscillating vibrator.

*What's that?*

*The microphone is on?*

*OH SHIT!*

*AHEM, cough, cough, we're back from commercials now. This is Love Talk, how can I help you?*

*"Yeah, Laura, I guess I can call you Laura. My name is...uh...Richard, and I have a little problem. I have a rather small penis and it has become kind of embarrassing whenever I get intimate with women and they see it and, well, they start...laughing."*

*Do they ever point and squint as well?*

*"Uh, no."*

*Listen up, Dick. Actually, I should call you little Dicky. I recommend you call Suzi's sex shop and buy yourself an attachment. You know they come in different sizes, medium, large and **Oh My God!** You know the saying "Size doesn't matter"? The problem with this saying is that a man made it up. I mean if my...er...hole was the size of the Grand Canyon, I wouldn't want a smaller one. Last thing I'd want to hear in bed is an echo in my cootchie.*

*And on to the next caller.*

*Love Talk, Who am I talking to and how can I help?*

*"Pant, slurp, drool, pant, pant, slobber, slobber, growl, slurp!"*

*Now, Archie. I've told you about all the problems uncontrolled masturbation could cause. Not only the hairy palms, but also the fact that this constant yanking your chain will cause a*

*nasty skin rash. It may also have other adverse effects. I told you the other day that you could make some money as a donor at the sperm bank. The only problem I foresee is you procreating. Imagine a world of whacking-off-compulsive-assholes running around. Scary, to say the least.*

*"Yes Laura, I know. I'm sorry... I just can't control it. I hear your voice on the radio. I picture you naked and...and...pant, drool, slobber, sorry to bother you again—I've got to go to the bathroom!"*

*I'll talk to you again tomorrow, I'm sure. What an asshole.*

*Oh, sorry. Next caller.*

*"Hi, Laura? My name is Stephanie and I'm a nineteen-year-old virgin."*

*Of course you are.*

*"No really. My problem is that I've met this boy and we've been going out for a while and, well, I've been a little reluctant about sex or fellatio because I have no experience and wouldn't want to be a disappointment to him."*

*I see. Soooooo...it's a question of techniques and wanting to give him a good blowjob? I'm sure if you ask a guy, there are no bad blowjobs. Unless you have buckteeth and leave train track marks along the skin of his...ummm...penis. You know, I hate having to censor my words. Makes me sound stupid. I can call a male rooster a cock but can't call a guy's penis one. Go figure. Anyway, men are such pigs. They expect a woman to be a submissive virgin and a raging nymphomaniac both at the same time, the bastards. All they have to do is stick it in somewhere and they're content. "Find me a hole" – that's their motto.*

*"Laura, are you okay?"*

*Oh, sorry Stephanie. To answer your question, I want you to go to Suzi's sex shop and rent Deep Throat and The Oral Zone. Keep practicing with that banana.*

*What a ditz. We'll be right back after this station break.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*"A nineteen-year-old virgin? Talk about a rarity. She must be uglier than a dead cow. I tell ya, Cynthia, I need a good fuck. I sit here, night after night, listening to this*



and sometimes I need to just vent my frustrations. The next guy I decide to screw is going to be lit up like a fucking Christmas tree. Damn—commercial's over. Just one last puff of this cigarette. Mmmmmm."

\* \* \* \* \*

*We're back. Thanks for joining us tonight. We're almost at the end of the hour. Next caller?*

"Hello Laura, how are you?"

*Pretty good from what I've been told. What's your question?*

"Well, for the past few years I've had a secret from my wife and...well, she caught me yesterday. I was standing in our bedroom looking at myself in the mirror wearing a wig, a bra with oranges in it, her nicest mauve silk blouse and a flowery chiffon skirt with a pair of high-heeled pumps. I'm not gay or anything like that. I just like how the fabric feels against my skin. Especially the underwear."

*What a sicko! Don't you know you can't wear pumps with chiffon? Are you mad? Chiffon is too light...you need strappy sandals to balance it. Good god, if you're going to dress like a woman, don't add insult to injury by dressing badly. Didn't you ever watch Mrs. Doubtfire? I am so tired of these cross-dressing men, jealous of our clothes, and ruining the fashion sense women have. I mean if you're going to walk the walk, the least you can do is dress the part right.*

*Okay. Next caller.*

"Laura? Oh God, I hope you can help me."

*Well, what's wrong? And don't cry, it makes you sound like a whimpering puppy dog on the air. It can't be that bad.*

"My boyfriend and I were messing around. We were getting pretty hot and heavy and I told him I just couldn't. He got all mad and called me a frigid tease. I offered to give him a hand job but he said either give it up or he'd be gone."

*Good girl. How old are you?*

"I'm eighteen. The problem is, I was worried about it hurting. I mean, I've let him finger me and stuff but I was scared it might really hurt. So I...umm... I tried something."

*Like what? An anal plug? A rim job? What?*

"Well, he was pouting in my room and I went to the bathroom and one thing led to another. I wanted to go back and do it, but I really wanted to make sure I could. So, I tried masturbating a little to get loosened up. You know, get really wet? So I used my coke bottle and now...uh...it's stuck."

*OH MY GOD. Talk about funny. I bet he'd get a kick out of that. Oh sorry. Hmm, this is touchy. Did it have any soda in it when you started?*

"Just a little to get it slippery. I've had it in there for about five minutes, and I keep pulling on it and it's really deep inside. My opening is stretched wide and it rubs right against the bottle. I am so scared."

*Just relax. Let's see, if you're lucky there was enough soda in it that if you stand on your head and wiggle around, you'll get some gas going and a pussy burp will break the seal. On a serious note...you probably just need to relax and it will loosen by itself. Try rotating it.*

"Okay. Mmm...ohhh...it seems to be...mmm...oh man, those little bumps really make it...ohhhhh...mmm...mmm...it's...rubbing right against my G-spot as I turn it...ahhh..."

*We'll be right back after this short station break.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now relax. We're off the air. Can you get it looser as you twist it?"

"Mmm, oh, no, but...damn this feels wonderful."

"This is all I need. A soda bottle-shaped joy wand. Can you get it off?"

"Oh fuck. No, but it sure as shit is getting me off. This is a twenty-ounce. Imagine what a two-liter feels like? Oh shit...ohhhhhh...Oh. My. God. I'm going to come."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Okay, we're back. Uh...we were talking to a woman about her soft drink problem.*

*"Oh my...ahhhhhh, mmmm...yes, yes, oh right there, riiiiiiiiight... mmmmmm...aaaahhhhhh."*

POP

*Hello, caller? Helloooooo? Are you okay?*

*"Oooooooh. Yeah, the bottle got off and so did I. Thanks for your help Laura. I'm going to go talk to my boyfriend and offer him a soda."*

*I have such sick callers. I hope she gives him a different bottle.*

*Next caller, are you there?*

*"I'm a little embarrassed at calling in but maybe you can help me."*

*Go for it. What's up?*

*"Um...I have a problem that I need your advice on."*

*Don't tell me, let me guess. Premature ejaculation, you're gay, you've got a small pecker, or you don't know how to perform oral sex on a woman, or a man, maybe it's just that you're a frustrated asshole without a life so you call me to give you the answers to the pitiful sexual problems you have!*

*"No, it's nothing like that. Uh, I've had a problem for the past two days. It seems that I've had a persistent erection. It...it doesn't matter where or when, it's just always that way. I think it's called priapism. I've made an appointment to see my doctor tomorrow morning but I was wondering if you could give me any advice?"*

*I have a few questions. Please relax and answer them for me.*

*Sir, what do you look like?*

*"Hmm, this is awkward. I am about six-three, medium-build, I'd say around two hundred pounds or so. I have black hair and dark brown eyes. They're almost black actually. I'm a furniture mover. "*

*Aha, okay. Since this is a sex-talk show, let me ask you this. How long is it?*

“What? Do you mean IT?”

*Why yes. I'm a professional and I just want to make sure I'm picturing things correctly before giving any advice. I'm sure our listeners are interested also. Right, ladies?*

“Well. Let me grab a ruler real quick. Umm, about nine and a half inches from my abdomen to the tip. It's a bit awkward because it just stays like this. I haven't been able to lie on my stomach for two nights. Just on my back. It's like sleeping in a pup tent. Sorry, stupid joke.”

*Hmm, interesting. So you sort of look like George Clooney. Two days, huh? Damn, it's getting warm in this studio. I think this case will have to have a little personal one-on-one therapy. Maybe some oils, a little massage... Deep, penetrating massage...uh...wheew. Sorry, got a little flustered there.*

*Give my secretary your address and phone number and I'll be right over after the show to do something with...I mean for...you.*

*Oh, hell, I'll be right over. This is Laura getting...I mean signing...off for Love Talk.*

*Ciao!*

## **The Animal Instinct**

The evening was cool and the sky was deep blue, a colored vignette darkening as time went by on the long drive.

Joe glanced over to Jasmine sleeping in the passenger seat. She was so content and exhausted from the stress of work. They had decided to take a weekend retreat to the woods and spend some time in a cabin lent to them by their friend, Ron.

They'd had to work late, of course, and since Jasmine had an earlier start she was totally worn out from her day.

It was midnight when they arrived at the cabin and walked in to find it very quaint with a nice warm feel – perfect for a romantic weekend. No phones, no fax machines, no computers, no Internet access, and, to Joe's dismay, no television for the playoff games.

Joe told Jasmine he'd get the bags, and fetched his one duffel bag along with the five suitcases Jasmine had packed. In typical male fashion, Joe was hungry – hungry for sex, and to release his pent-up carnal desires. It was, after all, what their weekend was about.

But when he walked into the bedroom nook where Jasmine had disappeared, Joe saw her cuddled up on the bed wearing his T-shirt and sleeping quietly. He didn't have the heart to wake her.

He climbed into bed with her and held her tight, letting her snuggle against his warmth. He adjusted his hard-on so she wouldn't get poked in the backside. They both slept in the quiet and darkened room, with the only light coming from the full moon rising behind the trees and shining through the windows.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few hours later, Jasmine woke up, not sure for a minute where she was. Then she remembered.

She climbed out of bed and stood in the room, illuminated by the glowing moon now high in the sky. The light was breathtaking, and Jasmine stripped off Joe's T-shirt to take a moonbeam bath. It cascaded over her features, from the curves of her breasts to the indentation of the muscles in her legs. She stared into the night then went and opened the door to get a look at the lake glittering in the moonlight. The cool breeze blew against her naked flesh, chilling her. Her hair swayed and she breathed deeply, letting her chest arch forward and the tips of her nipples stand proudly away from her breasts.

The moon's reflection was painted on the still lake and shimmered slightly as the breeze raced across it. The wind carried a mist that splashed on Jasmine's body.

Joe awoke and looked across the bed seeing her standing there, eyes closed, looking like an angel. The night air chilled the room and Joe decided to join her.

Tiptoeing across the cold floor, he looked out the door and saw the beautiful skyline. Then his eyes looked at Jasmine's back. The silhouetted outline of her body was so sensual. The way her ass curved and the light showed through the small space between her legs accentuating the lips of her pussy and shimmering on her pubic hair.

"Isn't it lovely, Joe?" she said quietly.

"You sure are, Jasmine," he snickered back.

"I meant the night sky, you screwball."

Grabbing a blanket from the recliner Joe threw it around his back and wrapped his arms around Jasmine. His penis fell limp along the crease of her perfect teardrop-shaped ass.

"Must be cold in here...things have some *shrinkage*." Jasmine giggled.

Joe pinched her ass making her shriek. His hands reached forward and he cupped her breasts. The wind raced through the door again, making Jasmine close her eyes and lean into Joe's body.

As he kissed her ear and neck she reached her arm up to him, exposing her skin to the cold air and letting goose bumps trace along her flesh. He felt them as he grasped harder on her breast and pulled gently on the nipple between his fingers.

Jasmine's mouth opened as he kissed the side of her face, searching, seeking his in return. He could feel himself rising against her ass as he moved his hand to her abdomen and pulled her torso against his. Her hair fell forward along her face as she leaned over. Joe kept kissing her back as she stepped into the doorway holding the frame with her hands. The air was cold but their bodies were hot from the passion of the moment.

Joe grabbed at her, trying to pull her from the door to the bed but she refused. "I don't want to go anywhere. This is so *perfect*." She spoke as if she was in a fantasy come true.

Not one to want to ruin a mood like this, Joe obliged by coming up behind her. He knelt down and brought his hand up between her legs. Pulling back against her tummy, he kissed the cheek of her ass. She leaned forward, moaning deeply as if telling him he was moving in the right direction.

In the distance, a wolf howled. Maybe the animals were in heat, in need of mating, like Joe and Jasmine. The full moon brings out the inner animal in many beasts.

Jasmine shuddered, moaning again as Joe's thumb rubbed her clit in a circular motion. Her breathing was becoming deeper as his mouth kissed along the crevice of her ass to the wetness between her legs. She looked out the window at the moon glaring brightly at them. The wind picked up and the sound of leaves and bushes rustling against the cabin walls made their passion inside the cabin feel almost as vigorous as the night winds.

Joe's tongue darted out along the crease between her legs as his thumb continued to rub her blossoming bud. As his hot mouth breathed her in, she felt herself leaning further forward, letting his tongue explore inside her. This was her primal desire.

Joe licked along the folds of skin but not yet prying them apart. She could only imagine the throbbing passion between his legs as he kissed her wet flesh.

Her deep moan echoed through the cabin as Joe finally pierced the opening of her pussy, letting the heat escape. Jasmine became breathless from the need to feel him taste her again. She panted loudly as Joe rubbed her deliberately and tasted her once more, sucking at the juices within her.

With her hands on her knees, Jasmine couldn't stand it anymore. She stood up and turned around pulling Joe's face between her legs. Resting her thigh on his shoulder, she leaned into his mouth.

His hand grasped her ass, digging his fingers into her flesh. Jasmine looked down and watched as his tongue darted in and out, brushing against her clit. She knew how much Joe liked eating her out and she loved how he could sense where to dip his tongue to drive her over the boundaries of pleasure.

Jasmine looked to the sky and grasped her breasts, tweaking the erect nipples between her fingers as her body tightened.

He continued to tongue long strokes along the thin flesh covering her pussy. His nose would follow, rubbing against her clit with the stiffness of the cartilage as he moved to lick again. Up and down, up and down, the long steady licks made Jasmine feel fragile and about to break under the building stress being applied to her aroused and swollen folds.

She grabbed Joe's head and pressed it into her body even more, almost grinding his face against her mound. Joe growled, vibrating a hum through her pubic bone that shivered up her spine when she melted and came.

Jasmine giggled as her legs finally weakened.



Joe dropped baby kisses on her pubic hair and then blew a big belly buster noise on her tummy, which sounded like a big old fart in the quiet of the night.

Jasmine looked at Joe and knelt down in front of him so they were eye-to-eye. She took his face in her hands and kissed him ever so gently, then rubbed her cheek to his and felt the warmth of him. As her arms wrapped around him Jasmine lay back feeling the cold floor creep through her hot body.

Joe sat on his heels before her with his extremely hard cock standing proud.

Jasmine spread her legs letting him see his favorite place, and he looked appreciatively at her body as the moonlight scattered light across the peaks and valleys of her curves.

Propping himself above her like he was doing a push-up, he lowered his mouth to hers, just letting their lips touch enough to feel the burn. Their tongues met and he knew her taste was still on his face and his tongue.

Jasmine could smell her own scent, and taste what Joe loved eating so much. Her eyes closed and she moaned quietly, slipping into his mood.

Joe held himself steady as Jasmine raised her leg and rested it on his back. She tucked the other one around his legs, aligning her pussy just below Joe's hard cock as if waiting for him.

She kissed his strong arms as they propped his body above her, not wanting to hurt her with his weight. Jasmine kissed up his biceps and ran her arm down his chest and stomach to the tip of his penis. The tip was slick with anticipation and he felt her touch the seeping fluid and bring her finger to her mouth. She sucked the shiny fingertip, making Joe wobble above her.

Her small hand reached down and pushed his cock to the juicy opening of her pussy. The heat radiated from inside of her and she wrapped her arms around him. In one smooth drive, he slid the length of his shaft deep into the furnace of her lust.

They both moaned and Joe stayed frozen inside the warmth of her. It was like coming home. A perfect moment in time, when you feel both content and safe. Jasmine

kissed his neck and he pulled up and out, feeling her inner walls flex against the skin of his cock. Every time with her felt like the first time—it was always different and special.

Jasmine raised both legs to the middle of his back and locked them together. Joe's arms were strong but weakening as he thrust deep into her over and over again. Jasmine dragged her nails along his chest as she felt the first wave of passion sweep over her as well as a burst of cold wind.

Joe cried out as Jasmine closed her eyes and tightened her inner vaginal walls along his shaft, digging her nails into his body as she felt the swelling of passion inside her once again.

"Come with me," she whispered into his ear.

Not able to support himself any longer, Joe rested his weight on Jasmine and she winced, feeling his entire body pressing hers as she kissed him again. He pushed up onto his elbows and looked down between them, watching his cock vanishing into her pussy. Her abdomen rose as he filled her.

"Look into my eyes, Joe," Jasmine said while holding his cheek. "I want to watch you come inside me."

Joe shook at her words, fighting his reaction to explode inside her.

Jasmine's hands rubbed Joe's chest and she circled his nipples with the edge of her fingernails. "Don't stop, go faster Joe..."

Her breathing was becoming more rapid, as was his. Her eyes closed and she moaned as she reached around, grabbing at his ass.

He pounded harder like a piston. Each thrust shook her to the bone, and she loved every minute of it.

Jasmine's passion became a pot about to boil over. She pulled at his ass forcing his thrusts deeper inside and faster. She controlled the tempo and she growled like an animal as she relentlessly pulled him in. Her fingernails dug hard into Joe's butt and he yelped from the pain and slammed into her even harder.

The smacking sounds from their bodies hitting as they fucked in the middle of the floor careened through the cabin, bouncing off the empty walls. The air around them was cold but the heat between them made them oblivious to anything else.

“Oh, God...Joe, oh God...I’m coming!” Jasmine writhed uncontrollably beneath him.

“Jasmine...I can’t hold it anymore!” Joe howled like a wolf as he felt her burning fire engulf him. He looked into her eyes, watching as she cried out. He pushed himself up, straining to reach the deepest part of her.

The onrush of his semen filled her to overflowing, making her own orgasm more fulfilling and she tightened and released him from inside as if milking the essence from his soul.

Jasmine started to whimper, she felt so alive at that moment. Even the rustling sounds outside didn’t distract her as she held Joe tight. Her eyes were filled with tears as she released the emotions inside her.

She turned her head and glimpsed a blurry vision moving on the floor. Blinking a few times, she saw two squirrels having what looked like sex.

Behind them in the darkness, she saw what looked like two rabbits having sex as well.

There was also a growling sound like that of a large animal echoing through the cabin.

“What the fuck is growling?” Jasmine gasped.

Joe got up, dripping from their lovemaking. He was chilled by the night air and kind of scared at the deep growling sounds.

What kind of animal makes a noise like that? A bear? A mountain lion?

Standing naked, with only his dick to protect him, he reached over and switched on the light prepared to pounce on the wild animal.

As the light flooded the room, Joe blinked.

There were two wolves on the bed having sex – doggy style of course. It must have been the ones howling outside earlier.

In Joe and Jasmine's bliss, they hadn't noticed them straggle in. Nor had they seen the raccoons, the mice, bats or the armadillos.

Their cabin had become a refuge for sex-starved animals. A Beastly Bordello of sorts.

Must be the full moon.

It brings out the animal in all of us.

## **The New Guy**

Tami lay motionless as her body tried to relax. There were beads of sweat on her chest and her nipples were protruding upwards as if trying to touch the sun. They were sensitive and sore from being pulled and in her moment of passion she didn't know how hard they'd been tugged, because during passion like that, nobody cares.

Tom was lying next to her. He, too, was spent and fulfilled. Tami noticed he was slick with fluids from their experience but hard as ever. Tami was married and couldn't bring herself to cheat on her husband, but then Stephanie had introduced her to Tom.

They met at Stephanie's party. No husbands were around – it was a girls' night out. Just a time to enjoy some fattening food, drinks and fun. Stephanie's friend, Julie, was the ringleader. They were goofing off, teasing and embarrassing each other. Stephanie leaned over to Tami and whispered that Tom was there.

Tom? She thought to herself? Who the heck is Tom?

One glance and she was swept away. He was hot-looking, strong, and all the women had turned to look at him. Stephanie had talked about her encounters with Tom with fondness and always sighed when asked how he was in bed. She would squirm and cross her legs in a movement that every woman present recognized...she was feeling suddenly wet from the thought.

Tonight...Tami would take him home.

After the party, she and Tom were in the car and the sudden guilt swept over her. Was it wrong to do this? Was it a sin? Was her own pleasure worth the price? DAMN RIGHT IT WAS!

It had been a long time since she'd experienced deep feelings of pleasure because life's turbulence always had her in its grasp. Tonight she wanted to feel young again,

feel whole, and feel what it was like to have some cheap satisfying sex. Not love—just pure uninhibited sex. She truly believed she'd earned it.

*Fuck* what all the girls thought when she left with Tom. They were just jealous. The car pulled into the empty driveway and they sat there for a minute quietly. She knew they didn't *have* to go in. Her husband was gone. The kids were gone. It was just her and Tom and the darkness of the night.

She looked at him and they both knew what was going to happen. Tami leaned over and kissed him softly. She felt his smooth skin on her cheek and breathed in his smell. She moved her hand down and closed her eyes as she felt the firmness of his large shaft. He was as well-endowed as Stephanie had told her but, God, he felt so good in her hand. She started to get a pretty solid idea of how good he'd feel in her lower regions.

She hurried them into the house and Tom lay on the bed. Tami went to the bathroom. She was in desperate need to pee. A relieving sigh later she was done. She looked into the mirror worrying and doubting what she was about to do.

How could she? She *couldn't*. She had to stop.

She stepped out of the bathroom and saw Tom on the bed in all his erect glory. He was beautiful. A deep moist heat started to bloom inside her and she slowly undressed as she stared at Tom.

She felt herself slipping into the mood as she dropped her blouse to the floor, unzipped the side of her skirt and shimmied it down her hips and legs, kicking it aside with her foot. She turned her back to Tom and unsnapped the front of her bra releasing her swelling breasts. She cupped them in her hands and tossed her bra on the bed next to Tom. He shuddered with excitement.

She bent over, slid her black panties down her legs and off her feet. She used them to barely cover her bare pubis and then giggled and tossed them aside as she jumped onto the bed with Tom. This felt so right, it felt so perfect, it was going to be frickin' *great*.

Tom was so gentle, so caring, he seemed to read her mind as he caressed his way over Tami's body with expert delicacy, touching every spot with a certain degree of apprehension. It was like he didn't want to scare her or make her nervous.

Tami was a little apprehensive of his size. She knew she was petite, hadn't been with anyone but her husband, and Tom was a *lot* bigger than he was.

Tom slid between her legs and massaged her pubis. Tami closed her eyes and felt him toying with the opening of her pussy. He stroked and probed enough to make her wet and eager to feel him inside her.

She sensed him wanting to feel her too, as he moved over her and positioned himself above her opening, spreading her labia just a little and slowly slipping into her.

She told him to go slow and helped guide him. He inched into her, waiting for her vagina to adjust to the stretching, filling sensation inside of her. Tami shut her eyes tight in a delightful blend of pain and pressure as her clit swelled from excitement.

Buried to his hilt, Tom touched her pubic bone and Tami felt full. It was a burning warmth that her body needed. Tom strained to stay in deep but Tami wanted to be sexed properly.

Tom took what felt like a finger and rubbed deliberately on her clitoris as he inched back out causing Tami to struggle for self-control. He drove into her again and again, continuing his assault on her clit.

He was making her feel as if she were split apart into two different people. The respectable housewife on the outside and the animal buried deep inside wanting to be savagely fucked.

The seconds felt like hours as her body became more alive and her nerve endings more sensitive. Her muscles relaxed and areas of her pussy were being rediscovered after a long period of being lost. She felt herself reaching deep into her body as her orgasm gathered inside her.

Tom drove into her, hard and deep, forcing every inch of himself within her pussy. This was the most incredible sexual experience she had had in such a long time. Tom's

stamina was incredible and he was relentless. His finger continued rubbing intensely on her clit. The stimulation of both areas at one time made her heave and buck like a bronco as she spread her legs apart even further. Tom slid in and out easier but with more rapid strokes.

Her mouth fell open and she gasped for air, trying to grab onto her control.

It was too late.

Her body clenched and Tami stifled a scream, pulling at the sheets with her hand tearing them loose from the bed as she came with the fury of a violent storm.

Over and over, she shuddered until she felt the passionate fury subsiding, while Tom remained stiff inside her.

As her legs relaxed, Tom arched forward applying pressure on her clit. He shook rapidly as she eased her clamping muscles and finally popped out. Tami let him rest on the pillow next to her and sighed, her body still humming from the sex.

The \$49.95 she'd shelled out was well worth it. TOM, her Total Orgasm Machine, had just repaid her in full.



### ENCOUNTER THREE

Ann lay back against her pillows and tried not to feel jealous or left out.

That night she had met up with the girls. Allie had bragged, in great detail, about her carnal pleasures of the night before and even flashed them the bruise on her ass – in front of everyone.

Before leaving the bar, Allie took Ann aside and in the dim light outside the ladies' room, handed her the medallion.

Her words were ominous. "Your turn."

All Ann's friends had some kind of experience to hold close to their hearts – and between their legs. Her battery-operated boyfriends touched the right places on and in her body and gave her the simplest of pleasures, but she longed for that little extra touch.

She wanted that special caress, she realized, that brush with intimacy that brings the whole experience to life. She wanted to feel how a cock filled her pussy then throbbed within her at the moment of mutual orgasm. Sadly, up to now, most of her men reached their peak before she did. Sometimes in the car outside.

She was alone in her bed, the flickering lights from the TV her sole companion. Slouched in her usual baggy T-shirt, she sighed as she realized the picture of the kitten yawning on the front was a perfect match to her lifestyle. Away from her girlfriends, it was pretty boring.

*They* all had lives. Sara was married to Hank. Allie was married to work, and Missy? Well Missy was another story.

But they all shared one thing. They'd all had a secret visit from this mystery lover. Or so they'd *said*. It wouldn't have surprised her to learn they were teasing her and had made the whole thing up as a prank.

The medallion sat on her nightstand, shimmering in the glow from the television. Reaching over, Ann picked it up and stared at it.

The golden trinket was warm – unnaturally warm – but it always seemed to be that way. Imitating Sara, she rubbed her fingers over the indentions but no magic orgasm arrived.

She stretched out and stared up into the canopy of her queen-sized bed, letting her eyes wander over the hand carved wooden posts that held it up. Her bed was her private sanctuary where she could relax, sleep and fantasize.

She held the medallion up, letting the flickering reflection of light hit it. It was heavy, bulky and totally male.

*THUNK.* The medallion slipped from her hand and hit her square on the forehead.

“Ouch.” Ann closed her eyes and absently rubbed the medallion over the sore spot on her forehead.

“What the *fuck?*” Ann’s body jerked as her mind was suddenly filled with a vision of –*him*. The Dark Lord standing in her doorway looking at her. She opened her eyes and looked again. There was nothing there. Just the light from the television flickering across the walls.

*Hmmm, this is interesting.* Her thoughts made her smile.

She lay back and rested the medallion on her forehead, rubbing the warm metal against her skin once more.

*He stood in the darkness.* She could see him leaning against the doorframe, his features barely visible in the low light from the TV. Long black hair hung to his shoulders and covered his forehead. Ann noticed the reddened center of his eyes and wondered if she was now encased in his world, if this dream fantasy was becoming her reality.

She couldn't move. Frozen in time she could only stare at the long legs filling his tight black leather pants. Along the inseam, she could see the protruding lump of his cock.

She whimpered, feeling heat rise in her blood. The familiar ache between her legs seemed suddenly sharper, more needy. Her pussy grew wet and cried out for attention, growing increasingly hot as her gaze traveled up his shirtless torso. Of *course*. Why wear a shirt when you've got a chest and abdomen so perfect it looks like a sculpture? Spellbound, her eyes met his, and she instinctively parted her legs.

"I have been waiting to visit you." His words thrust like daggers into her soul. "Figured, I'd save the best for last."

*Clit Alert...MAYDAY, DANGER, DANGER...* For a dream, this guy sure knew what the fuck to say.

Ann swallowed, trying to calm down, and opened her eyes. She saw nothing. *Damn...*this medallion was better than cybersex any day. Not that she had ever tried anything like that, of course...

She wiped the sweat away from her forehead and placed the medallion back on her skin, pulling the blankets away from her heated body. Closing her eyes, she let the vision return. But he was gone. The door was open...but he wasn't there.

"You know, if you keep leaving I'll begin to think you want me gone." He spoke from the foot of the bed, with one outstretched arm braced against the bedpost. "Mmm. Open your legs a little wider. I wanna see my dinner."

DANGER, DANGER, OVERLOAD...

Ann wanted to fight this most primal of instincts. She should resist a little and not just give in and let this walking fantasy simply take her and fuck her into oblivion...*well, that isn't exactly a bad thing, is it?*

While her thoughts drifted, he reached down, set his hands on her knees and parted them. This was starting to feel more *real* every minute. The heat from his palms actually seared her flesh.

The sudden rush of blood that engorged her cunt made her lightheaded.

"Mmm, damn. That is one fine-looking pussy. I'm gonna enjoy eating that before I fuck it." He gazed at her spread wide in front of him.

Ann's mouth dried and she panted. She tried to close her legs but his strength wouldn't let her. The rough ends of his fingers dragged over the soft, pale skin of her inner thigh.

Quivering, she struggled to open her eyes and awaken from this torment, but the harder she tried, the deeper she fell into his world of darkened desires. And in some secret place, she longed to feel what her friends had spoken about. They had all seemed liberated somehow after an encounter with this being.

His head lifted high and he sniffed her scent. "Mmm. I can sure tell you're excited. I love the smell of a horny, wet pussy."

Lowering both hands, he ran his palms along the back of her thighs to her ass and leaned over onto the bed. Ann felt it dip beneath his weight. Her entire body flushed and she felt heat flood her skin. The sudden jolt of excitement made her shudder and she let the medallion drop from her forehead.

"Noooo..." At last, she could open her blurry eyes. The room spun and swayed and it seemed as if she was in another world. In amazement, she looked down over her chest. Her arousal inched up, notch by notch, as the fabric of her T-shirt slowly began to creep up her torso.

She lay petrified, watching and *feeling* it move. Her breasts were on fire and a pink hue of excitement flooded them. The tightened areolas were the sensors of her increased arousal, and they were cranked up to high.

Her flesh could sense something touching it and goose bumps covered her flesh. This erotic dream was taking form and every ounce of resistance she had was withering. He had come to take her...and he was.

Ann jumped when she felt her breasts grasped hard. Looking down, she could even *see* the indentions of large hands groping her flesh. But *he* wasn't there.

Or was he?

She closed her eyes and reached down...*there!* Long strands of hair became entangled between her fingers.

Oh *God*, he was between her legs and she could actually feel him. Her breath caught on a gasp as every fiber of her flesh became a canvas for his art. Each stroke of his tongue along her belly etched more passion through her.

His head moved within her hold. "Give me the medallion."

Her hand fumbled to find his. She was engrossed in his devious spell of seduction. The trinket was taken from her grasp, and Ann stretched her empty hands back above her head, holding on to the headboard rail.

The smooth underside of the medallion warmed her skin as he dragged it between her breasts and the straining tips of her nipples almost screamed aloud from the sheer delight of his touch. Her body nearly elevated off the bed when he pressed the smooth gold against her nipple. Sharp bursts of pleasure shot through her breasts and directly down to between her legs.

He switched the shiny golden jewel from side to side, and she knew his sensual game would take another victim.

Ann was close to breaking. Needs that had been confined to dreams and dark fantasies were rising from her soul. He was tapping into that closet of hidden secrets everyone keeps locked up. The carefully refined shell she'd lived within was about to crack and a lustful, passionate woman would break free of the chains that had restrained her desires.

He lowered his mouth to the scorching sex between her thighs and Ann shuddered.

His mouth was hot and grinding into her cunt. That tongue, that thick viperous tongue, lashed into her. It touched every inch of her insides, feeding on her lust. His appetite was insatiable.

The medallion rested on her small patch of hair, glistening and radiating heat down into her mound.

She felt his lips curve into a smile and then heard a wicked laugh. Gasping, she looked down her body...and *saw* him. He raised his head, the juices from her pussy glazing his mouth. A stream of saliva dripped hotly onto her as he licked her taste from his lips, all the while letting the tips of his long fingers toy between the swollen folds of her pussy.

"Time for you to let go." His words scorched her brain.

*You read my mind.* She closed her eyes and let him continue.

With a slow, deep push, the Dark Lord slipped the medallion inside Ann's pussy. A glow began to radiate from inside her body and she began to shake.

Her entire body tensed and the harsh flexing of her muscles made her arch upward. Her back lifted off the bed and her eyes rolled back into oblivion as she came. The scream she'd held inside echoed through the room as she *finally* let go.

"Mmm. You women never think of doing this. I love how powerful this thing is." He slowly pulled the medallion from between her labia as Ann tried to catch her breath and lay motionless. The occasional spasm jolted her but she was too sated with pleasure to mind.

The Dark Lord stood and hung the medallion around his thick neck. "Been needing to get this back."

Finding a small amount of strength, Ann closed her legs and rolled onto her side, just looking at him clearly for the first time as her mind returned.

She gazed at him with appreciation and contentment. But that changed as he unfastened his pants. Ann felt a twinge of anticipation growing inside her and she watched his cock grow to its full size.

Ann rolled onto her stomach and crawled to the end of the bed. She pushed his hands away from his zipper and tugged the front of his pants away from him while

kissing his chest. His muscles were tight and flexed and she couldn't wait to touch him. She slid her fingers around his cock and gasped at its size.

"Fuck, the girls weren't kidding."

He took her face between his hands. They were rough against the smooth, soft texture of her cheeks. "You're beautiful." His voice was deep as he pulled her mouth to meet his.

They merged in a passionate kiss. His tongue dueled with hers and her grip on his cock loosened as he swelled even more against her grasp. Ann's breasts pressed against his chest, her nipples rolling over the ridges of his muscles. She kissed his neck, letting him squeeze her ass in his hands while she knelt on the bed before him.

Her emotions flooded her, bringing her once again to the brink of ecstasy. This time though, she wanted to jump across it with *him*.

She licked up his Adam's apple and brushed her cheek across his. "Come to the side of the bed. Let me give you something back."

Following her words, he walked around the bedpost.

Ann massaged his chest, her hands dwarfed by his massive body. *He could become addictive.*

"Go ahead, I know what you want to do. I love the feel of a woman's lips on my cock." The window of her soul was open and he had just stepped through it. He read her thoughts and knew her wants.

Ann lowered her head to his crotch. The tight leather hugged his hips and she jerked them over his ass and down his legs. His cock sprang free and stood out from his body, glorious and hard. Ann licked her lips. The sight of a man so vulnerable, so exposed, so fucking *big*, always had an effect on her.

With her legs dangling over the edge of the bed, she spread her thighs apart and grabbed the Dark Lord's ass, drawing him to her. Pulling steadily, she let his length fill

her mouth. The thickened shaft was hot and she could feel the throb as his blood pumped through it.

"Damn, you're good at this." He groaned as Ann tried to take more of him down her throat.

Her pussy was wet and her level of arousal became almost unbearable. She couldn't wait to feel this fantasy pounding inside of her. Thoughts raced through her mind as she sucked him in and out. The slippery head popped free from her lips as she gasped for air then greedily forced him into her mouth once more.

The head pressed the back of her throat and she gagged slightly. She ignored it. She wanted all of him, every single wonderful inch. Her finger found its way to her pussy and her juices flowed as she swirled her finger over her clit.

The Dark Lord grabbed a handful of her tangled hair and pulled her head back. His cock popped from the suction of her lips, glistening in the light of the TV and slick with her saliva.

Pushing her shoulders back, he fell on top of her, crushing her body with his. "I'm going to take you, Ann. I'm going to feel your pussy caressing my cock as we fuck." He growled the words, his chest vibrating against hers. "Give in to me. Give *in*."

Breathless from his massive weight pressing her into the soft mattress, Ann whispered back. "Yes. But *only* if I can be on top. If I'm going to give in, I want to be the *fucker*, not the *fuckee*. Roll over, you bastard."

The dark lust she'd hidden beneath the surface of her life was stripped away. Ann knew what she wanted.

And the eleven or so inches between his legs, was a great place to start. She straddled him, placed one hand over his mouth and held his cock in the other. "Shhh, don't say anything—just *move*."

Positioning her cunt above the wide head of his cock, she gently let it part the lips of her pussy. Moving her hand to his abdomen, she lowered her body. Her eyes began



to flutter and her mouth opened on a silent gasp as the pressure became almost painful. Stretching her pussy to its limit, she continued her descent.

"Mmm, *damn* you have a tight pussy. Feels like a fucking vise tightening around my...aah...fuck baby, this isn't fair."

Ann smiled and stopped for a moment, letting her muscles loosen and relax.

With a jerk, the Dark Lord thrust his hips upward, burying his cock to the hilt. Ann felt her juices running between them, easing his fit and sealing their bodies together.

Looking down, the Dark Lord licked his fingertips and reached for her pussy. He rubbed his thumb up and down, stretching the swollen folds of skin that wrapped her prize. The firm end of her clit popped out to show its appreciation and he quickly found it, teasing it cruelly with his fingers.

Ann tried to pull his hand away but he wouldn't let her.

Bucking his hips up and down like a mechanical bull, he thrust himself in and out. Ann barely kept her balance by pressing her hands on his chest. The sudden rise of excitement flowed through her blood and she began to ride harder on his thickened cock.

"Yes..." He wanted more.

"Come on, you bastard. Fuck me...do it, make me come, fuck me...*fuck* me..." Ann unraveled and became a sizzling hot sex vixen who would have shocked the eyebrows off her friends. "Harder...*harder*."

The smacking sound echoed in the room as their flesh met.

"Damn baby, you're on fire." With his strong arms, he tossed her off him and flipped her onto her stomach. "Now it's *my* turn."

Refusing to be dominated, she arched her ass upward and struggled onto her hands and knees. When the Dark Lord positioned himself behind her, Ann reached between her legs and grabbed his balls, pulling at them with vigor.

She *wanted* this. She *needed* this.

And with a hard deep thrust, he gave it to her.

The inner walls of her pussy were responding to his hard pounding, clenching at him with each savage push. He smacked her ass and the sharp sting only excited her more.

“Oh you *fucker*. Harder, *harder* damn you!” Ann surrendered her control and faced her deepest desire. She wanted to be *fucked*. No rules. No strings. Just the complete physical pleasure of sex. Pure sex.

He reached under her chest and found her dangling breasts, jarred by each collision of their bodies. Her nipples were erect and sensitive and his tugging made her mind go blank as her orgasm neared.

“Oh my God, I’m going to come again. Faster, *faster*, harder, come on, *now...*” She was desperate.

He grabbed her hips tight and with hard, abusive thrusts, he fucked her the way she asked. This was an animalistic release. Their moans were primal and as he sank into her one last time, she shrieked and exploded around him.

The pulsating muscles of his cock spewed his hot seed within her as she felt her pussy tighten and loosen, milking him dry. Her own orgasm was a blinding tidal wave of passion crashing through her body. She slumped limp and lifeless, as a rag doll, except for the twitch of her muscles as they relaxed.

She had given in.

And loved every fucking minute of it.

This was her fantasy and it had come true. The girls had all had him, now it was her turn. He slid from her pussy and she lay on the bed relaxed, content and thoroughly fucked. If she died now, she’d die happy, and sore. She didn’t even mind lying in the wet spot.

Pulling his leather pants up he looked down upon Ann's nude body and smiled. "You are so fucking beautiful. Never doubt that. There is a dark side within us all. I just seem to bring it out in some people."

Ann grinned and let out a sigh. "It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it."

As Ann drifted off to sleep, the Dark Lord picked up his medallion. The circle of friends was complete and now it was time to find another group of women in need of awakening.

He folded his fingers around the heavy golden necklace.

And vanished.

## **About the Author**

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

S.L. welcomes comments from readers. You can find his website and email address on his author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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