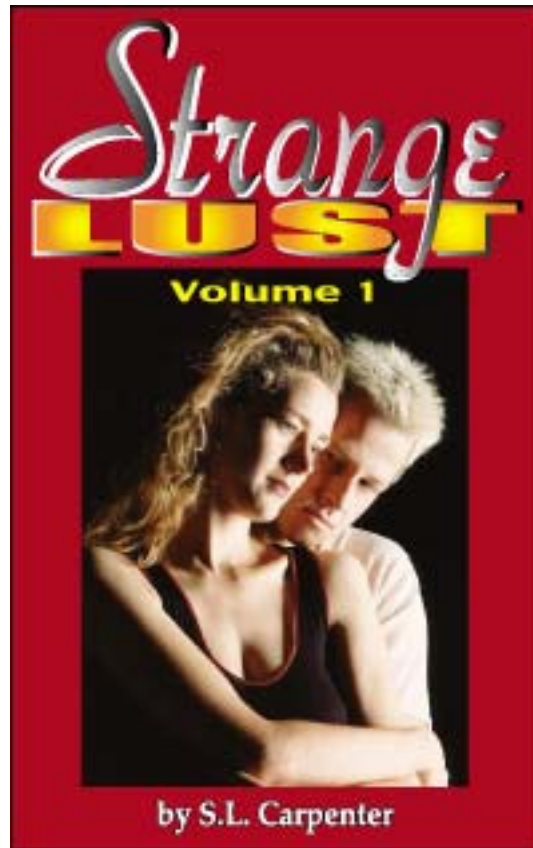




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STRANGE LUST

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Warning:

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. "STRANGE LUST" has been rated NC-17, erotic, by two individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view the ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

The Cabin

The sun, burning into the desert, glowed orange on the clouds. The open-topped Jeep raced across the sand toward their rented cabin. This was their sanctum of desire, the one place where phone calls, interruptions, and life's turbulence couldn't bother them.

Even at dawn, the desert heat was intense. Stephanie, Stevie to her friends, arched back and let the rushing wind blast against her flesh. Overcome with the fever of her anticipation she pulled her skirt up, leaned back, and let the dry wind search out the moistness within her.

Don swerved on the road when he noticed that she wasn't wearing any underwear and he could see the smooth hair on her pubis blowing in the racing wind. Even her pussy seemed to open to its force. She licked her fingertip, wetting it with her tongue, as she closed her eyes and envisioned sliding something else into her mouth. The way she slid the tip of her finger along the edge of her mouth and let her tongue wet it made Don adjust his suddenly tight pants.

He tried to keep his attention on the road but was distracted when she undid the top few buttons of her blouse, letting the bursts of wind flutter the fabric against her breasts. The wind stroked the lapels of her blouse against her chest. Don's hands were jealous. He reached over and slid his hand inside her blouse to grasp her breast and felt it gently mold to his hand. The hardened nipple poked between his fingers and she moaned as he squeezed the tip.

Stevie clasped his hand, extended his middle finger, and slid it between her red lipstick-covered lips. She sucked on it's length as her other hand encompassed her labial lips. Her eyes rolled back as she guided his hand down to the juncture of her thighs. She put her foot on the dashboard and leaned back, closing her eyes. Then she raised her arms above her head to pull her hair from its barrette.

Don was trying hard to watch the road, but the wetness on his hand aroused him incredibly. Her hips rose and fell to his probing finger, and the muscles of her legs

tightened as if they were making love. She was about to climax when Don lost control of his desires. The car skidded to a stop on the shoulder of the highway.

Stevie, shocked, opened her eyes and glared at him. Don fumbled with his pants. Stevie's hands touched his and steadied them as she undid his pants and pulled them down. She could see how excited he was and her own desires were on the edge of release. She shuffled around the stick shift then rose above him. She grabbed the Jeep's roll bar with one hand and grasped the seat adjustment to lower him backwards. As he leaned back, the fullness of her pussy slid down the length of his shaft. They were oblivious to the few passing cars, completely engrossed in the beauty and heat of their sex.

Her blouse opened to the breeze, and Don's hands reached up to finish unbuttoning her shirt and fondle her breasts. Her breasts were full and tingling from his small tugs and groping as she tightened her vaginal walls around his throbbing cock. Stevie was aroused. She shook as she forced Don deeper into her, hammering forcefully against him, needing him deeper inside. She grabbed the roll bar and leaned back, feeling his hard-on strain from the tension of the grind. When she leaned forward, her breasts swayed before his mouth and Don kissed them. She touched his face with her hands then whimpered and grabbed his shoulders. She bit her lip and closed her eyes tight. Trying to squeeze him inside of her as she rose made her juice flow down between his legs. He bucked trying to remain in her grip. Stevie looked up and took a handful of his shirt in her hand as she pulled away from his chest. As a burst of air from a passing truck rushed over her, she cried out and came from the feeling of total abandon. Don lay there, still pulsing from his own orgasm.

Stevie giggled and opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was flashing lights. Then she focused on a figure walking towards her. The policeman was adjusting his belt and whistling as he strolled towards the Jeep. As Stevie buttoned her shirt up, she smiled and slid over to her seat. Don lay there smiling with his dick lying against his leg and a glimmering stream of fluid across his thigh.

"Uh, sir, could you please put that away?" the policeman sternly said, obviously holding back his laughter. "Some may consider that a weapon."

"Sorry officer," Don said, trying to fix himself.

"A few motorists called in complaining, but I've been here for 5 minutes and didn't see anything to complain about. In fact, I filmed the whole thing and was going to bring it to show the wife tonight on our vacation at the cabin. I'll just give you a warning for indecent exposure and ask you to get a hotel room. And miss, I shouldn't say this, but, you are beautiful during sex!" He gave Don the ticket and walked back to his car, adjusting his gun belt. Then he drove off.

The rest of the drive was relaxing. The sunset was beautiful. It seemed to set on the desert floor and melt into the sand. Stevie saw the cabin they'd rented behind a few trees, and the lights from the other tourists' cabins glowed in the evening darkness.

After unpacking and cleaning up the furnished cabin, Don lit a fire. The warmth made him feel at home. He poured drinks for them both and sat down on the couch to watch the flickering flames. Stevie came back from the bathroom wearing one of his shirts buttoned halfway up and put on some music. The slow groove of Alicia Keys echoed through the cabin and they finally relaxed.

"Dance with me?" she asked.

Don got up and stared at her. She was beautiful. Her hair was combed out straight, and the large shirt hid the curves of her body. Her almond-colored skin glistened lightly from sweat. As they danced, his hands searched, following the fabric of her shirt down to her ass and discovered she had nothing on underneath. He pulled her against him. Their mouths met and they kissed deeply.

Stevie undid his shirt as they danced. Don repaid the favor by unbuttoning hers too. Their chests pressed together and the heat from their flesh seemed to burn as they swayed together. Don kissed her again. Her hand found its way to his pants and she slid it inside of the zipper flap to grasp him firmly in her hand. Her mouth opened and she buried it in his chest, licking the space between his tensing pectorals. Then she rested her head against Don's chest, and the thump of his heart was the rhythm of her

dance. She didn't want to let go of his growing cock, but she also wanted to have it somewhere else.

The smooth stroking of her hand excited Don to a fever. Her long fingernails found the soft skin of his testicles and she toyed with them in her hand, giggling. Don closed his eyes and cupped her ass in his hands, feeling the muscles clench tight as his fingers traced the grooves and curves. He picked her up and she wrapped her legs around his waist. His finger found the hot, wet flesh of her pussy. Stevie was on fire and kissed Don again, deeply exploring his mouth. He moved across the room and leaned her against the cabin's center post near the raging fire.

Don lowered her back down to the floor and held her naked flesh to his. She turned around to face the post and rubbed her ass against his groin, leaning forward to push it harder against him.

"You're teasing me again, and that's not fair!" Don said.

"Awwwwww, poor baby," she laughed. "What are you going to do about it?"

Don reached over to the end table and grabbed a pair of handcuffs. He moved his hands up the length of her body, pulling her hands up around the post and locking them together. Stevie winced as he tightened the cuffs on her wrists but was incredibly aroused by Don's dominance. Her own helplessness was an aphrodisiac.

Don had an empowered moment, and he reached over to grab his drink and stood staring at his sex slave. The ice danced in his Bacardi and Coke and a wicked thought occurred to him. He took a piece of ice in his mouth, stepped behind her and pulled the shirt up. He dipped his fingers into his drink caressed her back with his wet fingertips. Leaning forward, he began to kiss her back. As he did, he poked the ice cube out between his lips and drew it along her spine, making her jolt and laugh. Don smacked her on the ass, knowing she was his toy to play with. He laughed as he chewed the ice, and Stevie asked him to release her.

Ignoring her request, he took a long slender piece of ice from his glass and knelt behind her to draw his initials on her ass. While there, he saw a glimmer on her thigh. He brushed it with his finger, brought it to his mouth, and tasted her desire. He put

another piece of ice in his mouth and brushed it along the flesh of her ass, causing Stevie to moan. The small trace of her pubic hair was the treasure he wanted and the ice cube was the key.

Her knees bent and she almost lost her balance when Don grabbed her feet and forced them wider. His nose smelt the fragrance of her pussy. The fullness of the engorged labia made them purse out as if begging for a kiss. Stevie's moaning and straining from the confinement of her hands made it obvious this was driving her crazy. With his face buried in her backside, his mouth reached her pussy and he pushed the slender ice cube between Stevie's pussy lips. The ice seemed to melt as it touched the deep fire within her inner soul. As he did it, she bent her body even further, making her sanctuary more accessible to his exploring. His mouth found its way and he licked the length of it, making her ache for him.

Stevie was frantically trying to free her hands, causing red bruising from the cuffs on her wrists; they were dangerously close to bleeding. Don's hands grasped her ass hard as he continued his journey between her thighs and began licking deeper into her. Her moans urged him on.

He stood up behind Stevie and rested one hand on her butt, playfully slapping it. He undid his pants and pulled them off with his underwear. She looked back but couldn't see him. Her body was leaning over and she looked down the length of her frame, beyond her dangling breasts and between her legs, and saw him stepping up behind her. He was stiff.

Don grabbed his dick, laid it on the cheeks of her ass, and slowly dragged it along the crease. Stevie's knees buckled and she shook her ass, trying to make him stop.

"Damn it, stop doing that. I want you," she demanded.

"Oh, is that so?" Don teased. "Tell me what you want."

"To be blunt, I want you to fuck me, you idiot."

Looking down again she saw Don bend his knees and position his hard cock against her pussy. The tip was seeping a little fluid. Stevie pushed her ass out trying to get it angled right to enter her. Her eyes gleamed and her insides warmed as she saw

and felt him disappear into her. His hands grasped her hips, and he pushed hard against them while pulling her torso toward him. He stopped when he was fully inside her pussy. The heated, slippery flesh made him breathe deeply. He felt a loosening as he slowly began to stroke within her.

Stevie raised one leg up and felt the friction of his cock rub against the base of her clit. Oh, how she wanted to use her hands, but her confinement was her aphrodisiac. The cuffs seemed to cut deeper as Don drove harder and deeper into her. The slapping sound of her ass hitting his abdomen echoed through the cabin. Again and again he plunged himself into her, digging his fingers into her flesh as he groped at her. Utterly blissful, she didn't notice when her wrists started to bleed.

He reached for her back and forced her to lean farther over and then he thrust into her with such desperate fury that his breath quivered and quickened. Don's body was dripping with sweat from the raging fire in the cabin and the raging fire in his body. Stevie's body was tensing as she grabbed the center post and started to convulse.

"Oh, fuck! I'm cumming! Don't stop, don't stop."

It was too much for him to take. He felt himself erupt inside of her. Stevie came as Don thrust into her harder and harder again. As he flooded Stevie with his juices, his head felt as burning hot as if he were on fire.

In fact, he was on fire.

An ember from the fire had popped out and flew onto the carpet. And as it burned, another one had popped onto Don's hair and was starting to flame. Just then the door burst open. Something wet doused Don's head and more doused the burning carpet.

Dumbfounded, Don stood there. Dangling, naked, and wet, Stevie was helplessly handcuffed to the center post. The man laughed and his wife looked understandably shocked.

"Isn't that the woman from the movie you showed me?" the woman asked.

"Boy, I tell ya, you two just can't stay out of trouble. First on the highway in broad daylight, now in my cabin while starting a fire. What do you do for an encore?"

Turns out it was the same policeman who'd ticketed them on the highway. He'd come to the cabin with his wife for the weekend, but a reservation error had already put Stevie and Don there.

The Work Party (Peter and Susan Part 1)

The annual Christmas party was this evening, and Peter decided to dress up real nice to see if he could make a positive impression on the higher-ups. When he arrived, the room was full of co-workers and upper management mingling. A few couples were dancing. He stepped up to the bar and ordered a Bacardi 151 and Coke to wet his whistle and help him relax. After five drinks and some terrible hors d'oeuvres, he sat alone in the corner, buzzed.

"Are you having a good time?" said a lovely voice behind him.

Susan walked up next to Peter smiled down at him. She looked stunning in a short, fitted, black crepe, column gown that accentuated her petite frame. The lace back showed her slightly tanned skin.

"I hate these parties. Everyone is always so interested in kissing ass that they don't have any fun," Susan said as she walked up next to Peter.

Peter laughed and noticed a pleasant fragrance. As he breathed in, he remembered it. "You still wear that same perfume, don't you?" Peter said.

Susan smiled and hid her face with her hand, a little embarrassed. "Yes it is. I didn't think you'd remember."

Peter sat there next to her, watching the people as they talked and danced. He looked over at Susan, looked at the shape of her body and the curves of her features, the sloping shape of the neck. She stood tall and pulled her shoulders back, making her chest stand out proudly, like a woman with confidence. Peter was gazing so intently at her that Susan could feel his eyes. Her scent and appearance caused him to reach out to touch her. The moment he touched her side, she quivered. Peter was enthralled by the way his touch affected her, so he continued. He slowly stroked her side and then moved his hand down to her ass. She moaned quietly.

The darkness created by the dim lights made their corner almost invisible to the others. Peter looked at the front of her dress and could see her nipples harden and poke

out through the fabric. As he ran his left hand down the back of her leg, he felt heat and a slight wetness. *Damn, she was on fire!*

Susan moved her right leg forward a little and opened her legs ever so slightly. With this clue Peter slid his hand up under the back of her dress to find she wasn't wearing any underwear. He slipped his fingers around her thigh and moved his hand against her wet, hot labia. The juice almost ran down his hand as he moved it back and forth. He dragged his thumb along the back of her thigh where her ass joined her leg. Her incredibly firm ass tightened when he touched it and her legs went weak. She dropped her purse and reached down to hold his shoulder when he inserted his index finger into her wanton pussy. He rotated his wrist and cupped her entire swelling pubis in his hand. Then he slid his finger deeper into her, grabbing her crotch harder in his hand. His hand was almost overcome by the flow of her juices. Peter pulled his hand away and put it to his mouth to suck each finger one by one.

Susan bent down to pick up her purse and gave him a full shot of her ass and hot, shaved muff. She grabbed his knee and slid her hand up to his crotch as she slowly stood up. Holding tight to his rock hard manhood, she leaned over to say, "Let's get out of here," into his ear. She bit the bottom of his lobe and ran her tongue along it. His slacks couldn't conceal his erection so he took off his jacket and held it in front of him.

They left the party separately so it wouldn't be obvious that they were leaving together. Peter looked into the lobby outside the restaurant to see Susan in front of the elevator. The bell rang and he jogged up to catch the elevator with her. He laughed when he got there, and she turned and looked at him with a nasty grin and suggestive laugh.

Once inside, she pushed the button to close the door and he stood behind her. Susan stepped back and pressed against him. She ran her hands up the front of his legs and to his crotch. Peter moaned softly and unzipped his pants. She moved her hand into them and grasped his growing hardness. Susan slowly stroked it up and down, feeling it swell in her hand.

Ding! The bell rang and a couple stepped into the elevator.

"Hello, are you from the party in the restaurant on the roof?" the man asked.

"Why yes, we were just leaving." Susan said.

His jacket concealed her hand so she kept stroking him. This was really arousing and hot. Peter was having a harder time handling his expression. He just smiled at the couple as the elevator stopped at their floor and they got out.

When the door closed Susan turned around, pushed his pants down, and dropped to her knees. She could tell by the twitching of his penis that he was extremely aroused. She licked the soft skin at the bottom of his penis and outlined the tip with her tongue, tasting the first sign of his oncoming orgasm. She reached around and hit the stop button for the elevator. Shyly, she smiled and moved her hands to his butt. She pulled him towards her and slowly took him into her mouth.

When she wrapped her tongue around him and sucked, the feeling made Peter's knees buckle and he leaned back. He felt like he couldn't breathe as she kept pulling him in and out of her mouth, only stopping to gasp for air and begin again.

With one of her hands she reached down and rubbed her wet pussy. The juice from her excitement had her well lubricated and she slid her finger inside and thumbed her swelling clitoris.

Peter was about to burst and he grabbed the back of her head with his hands and said "Oh, please don't stop, I'm gonna..."

Suddenly the elevator jerked and began to climb up. They rushed to compose themselves. Peter tried to hide his erection and Susan wiped away the saliva dripping down the side of her mouth.

The elevator stopped on the top floor where the party was and the CEO stepped in and asked them to push floor 21.

The elevator was quiet and Susan moved against Peter, the crease of her ass pressed against his swollen manhood. She felt the flow from her passion run down the inside of her thigh. The CEO said good evening, stepped out and walked away.

Peter couldn't help himself. The door closed and he hit the stop button. He turned Susan around and pushed her against the cold steel elevator doors. He pulled

up her skirt and she bent over a little. He knelt behind her and kissed her ass and the back of her legs. She bent even farther and spread her legs apart. Peter licked the back of her wet box and she reached back and pulled at his pants, begging him to free himself. She wanted to feel him so badly that she ached. The inferno of passion swelling in Susan had to be released. She grabbed the frame of the elevator doors.

Peter stood up and dropped his pants. He was so hard that he had to push his throbbing member down to get it into position. He slid it all the way in until his stomach pressed against her ass. The incredible feeling of the tight, wet flesh wrapping around Peter was almost too much for him. Susan gasped for air as he started to quicken his thrusts.

"Touch me with your hands," she begged.

He thrust deep and stopped to pull her dress higher. Then he reached around to touch her breasts. She could feel him pulsing inside of her. She reached down, took his hand, and placed it over her clit. Peter was almost out of his mind as he simultaneously stroked her clit and drove inside of her. Susan's body started to shake and her knees weakened. Peter told her he couldn't hold back anymore.

Peter stood up straight, pulling her up with him, and plunged to the hilt as he gushed out his orgasm. Susan's muscles tightened around him as she came at almost the same time that Peter did. Over and over his penis throbbed, sending his hot fluids into her. He staggered back and she released him. Susan fell to her knees shaking. Peter's cock was still dripping from their experience when he tried to pull his pants up. Susan got up slowly. She helped him with his pants and gave him a kiss.

"I've missed you terribly," she whispered into his ear.

Peter smiled and laughed. "Me too. I've wanted you every day at work."

The elevator shook and started down again. When they stepped out of the elevator, ten people standing in the lobby all burst into applause, patting Peter on the back and shaking Susan's hand. Confused, they walked up to the desk.

"Nice show guys. You want a copy?" the hotel manager asked as he pointed to the hotel security camera console. They stood there in shock as they saw a bank of TV

screens. Some showed people getting in and out of the elevators. Below them there was a row of screens monitoring the inside of each elevator. There was even a big screen TV...showing their elevator.

The Spotlight

The door opened. Sylvia stepped out and stood in the doorway. The light from the bathroom shined behind her. Bill sat on the bed, in awe of this beautiful creature. Sylvia slowly dropped the white satin robe over her shoulders. It cascaded down her body and onto the floor. The light accentuated her silhouette. From the curvature of her breasts to the shadows on her inner thighs, even the glistening water on her pubic hair from her shower, she was a vision. She reached up and undid the band in her dark brown hair. She tossed her head from side to side, letting her hair slowly fall down past her shoulders. As she walked over to the bed, she smiled ever so slightly, trying to be shy, yet frisky. Looking at the bed, she could see what she was doing was having a positive effect; the bed looked like a pup tent.

“Are you ready for me?” asked Sylvia.

“Obviously!”

Bill tossed away the bedding and stood in front of Sylvia. Her eyes opened wide when she saw him fully erect. He pulled her to him and kissed her softly, causing her to quiver. He gazed into her eyes and kissed her again, more passionately, as if he were trying to devour her. Their hands were searching each other's bodies as they kissed; clenching each other so tightly that each breath they took was one.

Sylvia leaned her head back and Bob kissed her neck. Then he started kissing her lower and lower, exploring her body with his mouth and tongue. He licked her cleavage and worked his mouth to each side to kiss her breasts and erect nipples. He knelt and his mouth reached her midsection. She breathed in deeply as he slipped his tongue into her bellybutton. He slowly slid one hand down her leg to lift it over his shoulder. He could smell and feel the heat of her anticipation as he worked his way down her leg. Without hesitation, he grabbed her ass and plunged his tongue inside her, tasting her sweet nectar. She let out a deep moan, arching her back and gasping as he tugged at her with his teeth, trying to bury his mouth deeper inside of her. Her legs were getting weaker as he drove his tongue in and out of her. She ran her fingers

through his hair. He stopped for a second and looked up at her face. He saw a tear trickling out of the corner of her tightly closed eyes as she pulled at his hair to continue.

She let out a shriek as a wave of pleasure rushed over her, causing her entire body to shudder over and over again. He couldn't wait any longer; he had to have her! After he picked her up and threw her onto the bed, he looked down at her writhing body. Sylvia sat up and took all of him into her mouth. She dug her nails into his chest, pulling at the hair, while she savagely dragged her hands over his body. Bill moaned deeply as he closed his eyes, enjoying the sensations. She let go of him, gasping for air and commanded, "I want you. Now!" She spread her legs open wide, begging him to explore the depths of her desire.

Bill leaped on top of her. They were like two animals going for the kill. Their passion had reached its peak, and the two of them would erupt in climax together like a volcano. He grabbed the small of the back with one hand and finally positioned himself to thrust inside of her for the first time. The sweat was glistening on their flesh and he...

"Cut!!" the director yelled. "Okay, everybody, we'll finish the scene tomorrow morning at 6:30. Have a nice night. Come on Sylvia, I'll give you a ride home."

The Bath

The door closed and Becca fell against it in relief. It was 2 A.M. and she was exhausted from her date. Her legs were sore from dancing and walking on the waterfront before the rain started. Everything went so well that she didn't want to spoil it by jumping Mike's bones on their first date. Even though she'd felt his bone in the car — by accident of course.

Becca was a petite Asian woman, a little over 5 feet tall, with long black hair and tinted highlights. Her date with Mike had been a fluke thing set up by friends. He was a huge man. Six feet six inches tall, black hair, handsome and very funny.

Becca left a trail of cloths and shoes down the hall towards the bathroom. She started the water in her antique tub, making steam rise. She lit a few scented candles and poured herself a glass of brandy.

She looked in the full-length mirror at her small frame. While removing her black lace bra and leaning over to shimmy off her frilly underwear, she noticed her breasts were very perky and had what was referred to as a teardrop-shaped ass. It was a nice body. The small patch of pubic hair was well manicured. Her red fingernails dragged along her skin, and she felt it tingle at their touch. Her eyes closed and she envisioned Mike touching her this way. Flustered, she turned the faucet off and stepped gingerly into the hot water, setting her glass of brandy by the tub.

The heat soothed her aching muscles but not her other ache. Becca drifted off a little, letting the warmth of the water and the brandy relax her.

The showerhead above her dripped slowly as she lay back. She rested her head on the pillow and sipped her brandy. She lifted her hand up and felt the water cascade between her fingers and down the back of her arm. She lay further down in the tub. The trickle of the faucet became a slow pulsing against her lower abdomen as she raised her hips. She closed her eyes and moved up a little and the small splashes of water reached her pubis. Like a bass drum the thump slapped her tense skin. When Becca leaned her head back and pulled her hair out of the tub to let it hang, the water splashed between

her legs and against her already aroused clit. The hot water seeped between her lips and soothed her. She took a long slow drink from her brandy and set the glass on the floor.

She lifted her leg up, laid it over the edge of the tub and glided her hand between her legs. The water hit her hand as she moved it between the lips of her pussy. Her body rose in the bath as she spread her lips, letting the water clash with her heat. With each pound of the water she imagined it was Mike. The water licked her pink flesh and in her mind it was Mike licking her. Her head turned as the first wave seemed to rush through her body, a signal of arousal. Becca opened her eyes, looking at the flicker of the candle, and saw something in the mirror. She continued letting the water caress her and she saw Mike reflected in the mirror, looking at her through the window. His hair was damp from the rain. She saw his transfixed gaze and it made her heat inside to a burn.

Becca slid her finger inside and clenched her eyes tight as pure ecstasy pierced her flesh. Her other hand moved to her small pert breasts and she pretended it was Mike who caressed them. Small twists of her nipples added the needed boost to the rhythmic probing from her fingers. In her mind she saw his massive hands groping her petite frame almost enveloping her with his size. The soap in the water made her skin slippery, and her hands slid along the slopes and curves. The candlelight shined on her skin and reflected the yellow flames. Not wanting him to know she saw him, Becca moved her head to the side again and sneaked a peek. He was breathing heavily and his hand was pressing against his crotch. Her mind wandered as she pictured Mike eating her out, his tongue probing deep inside her, taking her to the next plateau. She peaked as she spread two fingers apart inside her pussy and the firm rubbing of her clit made her buck and splash. Her eyes closed and a tear trickled out the corner as she felt a rush of emotions wash over her as she came. She melted back into the tub. The soothing warmth of the water wrapped her in a blanket of serenity.

She smiled and looked back at the mirror...and didn't see Mike anywhere. She thought to herself, *Oh my. I must have scared him.*

Becca slipped her robe on and looked out the windows as she walked around the house—to no avail. In the living room, she turned the lights off and saw a shadow standing on her patio. With a gentle turn the light was back on, and the shadow came to the door. It was Mike, dripping wet from the rain. Becca moved to the sliding door and opened it. A cold wind rushed against the opening of her robe and exposed her naked body. Mike looked down and whispered quietly, “I was so envious of the water in the bath caressing you. I want nothing more than to be with you.”

As she stepped outside Becca whispered back, “I am yours tonight, and this is going to be a long night.”

The cold wetness of his clothes made Mike shiver. Becca grabbed him by the belt and guided him back inside the living room. At the doorway, she stopped him and knelt down to take his shoes off and run her small hands along the inner seam of his pants up to the ridge of his erection. The hardness ended just above his knee and she bit her lip wondering where she’d put all this meat in her small oven. Her arm reached under him and her small hand grabbed his ass as she clenched his leg like a snake wrapping around its prey. Her mouth was inches from the swelling of his crotch, and the thought made her salivate. His clothes were cold and wet against her hot body. She looked up to see his eyes burning with want for her. Her fingers fumbled with the buttons on his shirt until she reached in between the buttons and ripped it open. His chest was muscular and hairy. The muscles flexed at the soft touch of her tiny fingers.

She wrapped her arms around him. Her head only came up to his chest. She whispered, “This can’t be a raging moment of passion. This has to be a slow, deep, penetrating fuck.” She giggled under her breath and Mike laughed.

She could smell his cologne mixing with the sweat on his large chest, and she kissed it gently. The hair tickled her nose as she moved her face to his nipples, bit one and pulled back slightly. As Mike leaned his head back, her petite hands stroked along the hardened rise in his pants.

Mike reached down to open her robe, then wrapped his arms around her and cupped her ass. When he picked her up, she slid her legs around his waist and her

warm moisture mixed with the cool, rain-soaked heat of his skin. He kissed her mouth—gently at first, as if afraid to mess up the seductive mood of the dark night. Becca slipped her tongue through her red lips then licked along the edge of his mouth and kissed his now wet lips, meshing together in a passionate embrace.

His arms were like a vice pulling her against his huge frame. Mike carried her down the hall to the bedroom, laid her on the bed and took his shirt off. He threw it over her head and told her to close her eyes.

“I want to explore you,” he whispered.

Becca swallowed. She felt scared and excited by his advances. His hand overwhelmed her breast as he molded it to his palm and kissed her tummy. His firm jaw rested above her inferno then slid along the crease as she clenched her eyes tight, trying not to moan. His hot mouth was her weakness, so she reached down, grabbed his hair and pulled at it, begging for his mouth to encompass her pussy.

Mike grabbed both her ankles in his hands, gently pulled them apart, and sighed at the sight of her. He kissed her ankle. With the shirt and darkness blinding her this became a deeply erotic exploration. His mouth was hot as his breath caressed down her thighs. His tongue slid between her pussy lips and became engulfed in her juices as he devoured her like a wild beast. His large hands groped over her body touching and squeezing every inch of her.

Her arms spread like an angel and she arched her back, rising to his mouth. She looked up and saw the glimmer of light reflected from the rain on the dark ceiling above her. Becca’s moans guided him as Mike probed gently inside her with his finger and searched for her perfect spot. Her silky insides tightened around him as he slid them between her labia.

“I can’t stand this,” Mike whispered. “I want you so badly.”

Mike stood up, furiously trying to undo his pants but Becca slapped his hands away. She slowly undid his pants as she laid her head against his groin and felt the rigid throb of his cock pulse inside the fabric. She looked up at him as she pulled his pants down his legs and saw his eyes fill with desire. She was surprised at the wet spot

on his underwear from his desire for her. She slid her hand inside his underwear and grasped the shaft, a little scared by the size of it. He was truly gifted with more than a great body. Her petite hand grasped him and she licked the tip through the fabric. His hands grasped the back of her head and he motioned for her to continue.

As Becca pulled it from the confinement of his underwear, she giggled, wondering where the hell she'd put it. She licked her lips and smiled as she took the tip between them, tasting ever so slightly the hot essence of his loins. His moans deepened as she slid almost half of his shaft into her mouth. She almost gagged as his body jerked, trying to contain his urge to slam into her.

Shaking, he grabbed her firmly in his hands, picked her up and threw her onto the bed. This was becoming increasingly primal. She was scared but so aroused by the thoughts and feelings encompassing her body that the mere touch of him made her shudder with delight.

Mike was so big against her small frame. She wasn't sure if she could handle this. He kissed her mouth deep and she wrapped her arms around his neck as he lifted her and positioned himself between her legs. Mike was shaking as he held her legs and tried to pierce the opening of her pussy. Becca reached down, guiding him to the entrance. As he slowly pushed, the tightness of her small inner sanctum stretched to accommodate him. Mike looked down watching his cock disappear into her pussy. The pain almost caused her to cry out. She dug her nails into his chest and strained to hold back. She screamed as he plunged fully into her.

Knowing he was hurting her, Mike asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

And she said, "No. Please don't stop. I want you. I want this. I need this!"

Mike leaned down to kiss her again and started stroking in and out slowly. At first Becca got lightheaded until she adjusted to his size and the pleasure she received from him. His chest was covered in a fine sheen of sweat and his heart pounded as he started driving deeply into Becca, stretching her and feeling the tightness of her pussy against the skin of his cock. He licked his finger and reached down to caress the top of her pubis and rub against her clit.

Becca reached up to push him away and told him to lie down. "I'm tired of this. If we're gonna do this right, let's just fuck."

She straddled him and he grasped her hips and watched as she lowered herself onto his large cock. She picked up her legs, letting him get into her as deeply as possible. Mike closed his eyes and moaned.

Her hands dragged against his chest as she rode him. "Oh damn. Fuck me Mike. Let me feel you explode inside of me! I need it!" Her words empowered him and he furiously grabbed her hips and slammed into her without care. She flailed, trying to keep control as he forced himself deeply into her over and over. As the heat and friction of their sex heated up she seemed to float into a state of bliss. Her fingers dug into the muscles of his chest as her ass slapped against his flexing legs. Mike's hands couldn't grope her body enough as they grabbed and pulled at her with a desperate search for something to hold onto. Becca leaned forward and Mike grabbed the cheeks of her ass and pounded up into her.

Becca felt the speed quicken and saw how hard Mike was breathing so she put her finger in his mouth and felt him tense, shiver, and stop. She tightened her inner muscles hard and felt him explode with a cry. The force lifted her up as again and again she felt his spurts come out. Becca's eyes closed and she came, deeply, soothingly mixing the juices of their desires. He felt her flexing inside and her vaginal walls caress him as her orgasm flowed from within her. The slow glide had stopped and she felt both full of his essence and her own fulfillment as they cuddled together. She played with his chest hairs as she lay on top of him.

After a time, they got up because he needed to go. As Mike stood there fixing himself and combing his hair, he noticed some pictures on her nightstand. They were of a military man. On closer examination he noticed a half dozen pictures in the room of the same guy. Trying not to be alarmed Mike asked, "Who are these pictures of?"

"Oh, these are of my father. I haven't seen him in ages. He and my mom were married in Vietnam a long time ago and we haven't seen him for about 15 years. We moved here about 10 years ago. Why do you ask?"

“No reason,” Mike said. “But these are pictures of my dad!”

The Infatuation

It was an average night for Scott. He was standing there naked, except for his Bugs Bunny slippers; listening to “Weird” Al Yankovic’s Greatest Hits; drinking a Dr. Pepper while eating peanut butter, jelly, and sardine sandwiches; with a pair of binoculars focused on the other high-rise apartments across from his studio in New York.

As he scanned the building he saw various windows with their lights on, some with the shades only partially drawn. Some people never think that some sick bastard would peek into their lives.

In one room he saw a man and a woman snuggling on a couch in front of the TV to watch a movie. It looked like *Sleepless in Seattle*. In another room a woman was making a banana split in the kitchen. She was dripping chocolate syrup onto 3 scoops of ice cream melting on a woman’s crotch. But where was she going to put the banana? Oh, it goes in there. He’d have to come back to this one later. On the 32nd floor there was Mr. Adbul having sex with his secretary – bent over a desk, going at it. Who’d have thought he was gay? Then there was the regular Thursday show in Mr. Johnson’s room. He’d dress up like a farmer and have sex with a chicken.

He saw a light go on in an apartment. The curtains were open slightly and he zoomed in with his high-powered binoculars to see the figure of a woman. She turned on the light in her bedroom. She was gorgeous. Long dark brown hair pinned up in a bun that fell slowly down her shoulders as she undid the barrette in her hair. He reached over to get another bite of his sandwich and gazed through his binoculars to see her unbuttoning her blouse.

“Thank you!” he thought to himself as he turned on the vacuum cleaner with that furry attachment on the end. With every button she undid with her long red fingernails he got more and more excited. She let her blouse hang open revealing her black lace brassiere and lifted her long muscular leg up onto her bed to unsnap her red garter belt. (Oh how Scott loved garter belts, especially red ones.) Then she slowly slinked off her

black silk stockings. He had to see more. This was truly a great night. He took a big drink of Dr. Pepper, belched loudly then stared back into the binoculars.

Scott's eyes were transfixed. He was truly mesmerized by this woman. She turned around and tossed aside her blouse. Then she unzipped the side of her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Coldness crept through Scott's body because his dangling appendage had risen and was pressing against the ice-cold glass of his window. He had to meet this woman. Maybe he could find out her room number and send her a bouquet of flowers to thank her for the show. Her back was towards him as she unsnapped the front of her bra and set it on the end of her large brass bed. Every minute seemed like an eternity as his anticipation grew. When she pulled down her silky red panties and let them slide down her legs he grabbed his hardness, trying to control his urges.

When she turned towards the window Scott gasped, dropping his sandwich to the floor, which knocked his soda all over his slippers because standing in front of him was an extremely beautiful man. A rather well endowed man at that.

The Afterglow

The night was hot, intensely hot. The soft rock station in the valley was playing Boyz II Men and a cool breeze blew in through the open hotel window. Sally and Eugene lay on the bed smoking cigarettes and drinking margaritas. He rolled over, scratched his balls, farted, and then slowly stroked her hair.

“That was intense!”

“It sure was.”

They’d just had one of those sexual encounters that diaries and porno movies are made from. The whips and handcuffs were scattered across the floor with their clothes, some Jell-O molds, cooking oil, a double-sided dildo, rubber chickens, and puppets.

“Wow, I’ve never had that much fun honey. You are such an incredible woman.”

“What are you talking about? You are the greatest lover a woman could ever want. You’re a real man—big in every way, strong and handsome. You’re such a stud that I never want to share you with another woman. I don’t care how badly they want you or what they offer you. You’re mine! No other man can satisfy me like you can. They’re all amateurs compared to you!”

“Tell me more.”

“Fuck you stubby! This sweet-talking bullshit’s gonna cost you extra. Now give me my \$300. I’ve gotta get back to my street corner before my pimp beats my ass!”

The Dance

The club was alive with the rhythms of the music and the pulsing base. It was a hot Friday night and the place was packed and jumping. Vincent and Beth wound their way to the bar and ordered a couple drinks when Vincent spotted Sandra at the end of the bar with her friends.

Sandra was a stunning woman with the stature of a supermodel—tall, lean, but beautifully curved. Vincent was a rock—muscular, good-looking, confident and well endowed in many areas. He never let Sandra's beauty intimidate him like other men did, which is why she adored him. Their tumultuous, deeply sexual relationship went on for over a year until he finally gave in and moved in with her. It ended badly when she found her two friends trying to get him into a threesome, and she didn't believe that he'd refused.

She hadn't gotten over him and the past month had been tough. Her other men were so typical and she missed the way Vincent made her feel so alive. They'd seemed destined to be together.

Sandra asked him to dance and he agreed. There are some men that know how to arouse a woman while dancing and to his credit, Vincent knew how. As the music started Sandra led Vincent to the floor for a dance, a slow dance. He'd brought Beth to the club but everyone knew he and Sandra had a past. The music was slow and the lights dim, perfect. At first they were cautious but soon they clutched each other tightly.

She pulled him close to her, wanting him to melt into her. A fire burned between them. Everyone was looking at them out of the corner of their eyes and Sandra didn't care. She wanted Vincent back and would do anything to get him, even embarrass herself by almost having sex on the dance floor.

It was difficult for Vincent to be calm when she smelt absolutely wonderful and her motions were arousing him, a lot. He nuzzled closer and she wrapped her hands around his strong neck pulling him even closer.

As the new Toni Braxton ballad started playing, their grind became more sexual. They used to make love to her music all the time. Vincent started humming the song as they danced and the deep vibration of his voice ran through her like a lightning bolt directly to her yearning heart. It also made a buzz between her thighs as he muffled his humming with her body.

Slowly, Sandra caressed the back of his neck and ran her fingers through his hair. Flowing together with the music, he moved his hands down her back to her ass. Grasping the cheeks hard he pulled her body tight against him and moaned as her sweet smell and soft skin reminded him of the way they used to be. Her eyes started tearing and she closed them as his hands reached under her skirt and touched the soft flesh of her bottom. Vincent breathed her deeply into his lungs falling for her all over again. He reached under her dress and pulled on the thong, just knowing it was the red one he'd bought her for their anniversary last year. His finger followed the line of her tense ass to the base of her moistening love canal.

His mouth watered remembering the sweetness of her taste. He had spent many a night between her legs, waking to the smell of their love only to make love again until exhausted. As the music set the mood, Sandra moved her legs so his grinding body rubbed directly against her pubis. Vincent knew how much this excited her. Trying to hide what was going, they danced slow and close in the corner of the dance floor next to the wall.

Sandra was wet and hot from the heat they generated from a simple dance. He grasped her ass in his strong hands, pulled her hard against him, and moaned deeply, sending a vibration through her body. Her knees weakened and she didn't care what they looked like as she leaned back against the wall, making his forceful motions more intense.

The music changed to a dance song and she opened her eyes to the stare of couples looking at them. Vincent stepped back and looked over at Beth to see her glaring at him with a shocked look in her tearful eyes.

"Come on, let's go home" Sandra begged.

“Sandra, sex has never been a problem for us. You are a beautiful, sexy woman. There isn’t a man alive who could resist you. But...” Vince paused. “We had our time and it’s over. We’re too different and I’m with Beth now.”

When she started crying Vincent hung his head. “I’m sorry. She and I are alike and people won’t stare at us like they did when you and I were together. It’s not easy being a dwarf. I mean we can’t even dance without people wondering why my face is buried between your legs.”

You see Sandra is 6 feet tall and Vincent is 2 feet 10 inches — the perfect height for a dance partner.

The Dirty, Filthy, Cheating Bastard

Lea is what everyone calls a good wife and great mother. In other words, she's married to a complete asshole of a man that treats her like crap, but she bears the pain because she still loves the schmuk—Steve the schmuk to be precise. Their 7-year marriage has been a roller coaster of ups and downs, filled with Steve's numerous extramarital affairs. Now, finally, they are seeking help from a hypnotist. I know what you're thinking, but it's their last hope because nothing else has kept Steve's pecker in his pants.

"Steve, you're getting sleepy, very sleepy, asleep," the female hypnotist calmly says. "Lea wake up! You wanted to hear this."

"Steve, I'm going to ask you a couple of questions and I want you to answer them, okay?"

"Yes," Steve answered in a hypnotic state.

"Do you love your wife?"

"Who?"

"Your wife Lea."

"Oh, yes I love my wife. She is so special to me. She does everything I ask her to, but that bitch can't cook to save her life. Also, she snores and..."

"That's enough. Steve have you ever had extramarital affairs?"

"Duh, doesn't everyone?"

"How many?"

"Let's see...how much time do we have? There was the baby-sitter—nineteen years old and what a body. Now those were real breasts, none of that silicone stuff like my wife's friend Linda. Linda always made noises like a mouse. Squeak squeak. That drove me almost as crazy as her Aunt Vera's nasal whining in the garage during our anniversary party. I had to put a sock in her mouth to shut her up.

"Let me think. There were the two mothers from the daycare center in the break room. That stupid Disney music in the background is enough to make any parent loony.

“There was that time with the lady selling lingerie at the all women party downstairs. She came upstairs and we tried out a couple of her toys. My favorite was the metal balls women put inside their pussy then slowly pull them out. She musta had a dozen in her and as she pulled them out I could feel them rub against my penis while we were having anal sex. Lea sold quite a bit at that party.

“Whenever her best friend Lisa had troubles with her husband she’d come over when Lea was at work. I’d come home for lunch to talk about things and get a nooner and a sandwich every other day. That lasted until she became pregnant and wasn’t sure if the kid was her husbands or mine. The boy has my eyes.

“This is tough; there’s been so many. Hmm. Oh yeah, when we went on that romantic cruise to the Caribbean, the maid came into our room to straighten up. I was in bed so she showed me how they do it in Spain, with a bullwhip and some Tequila. And I showed her how we do it in French, ya know, tongue in between her cheeks. Damn that woman couldn’t speak a word of English except more.

“When her friend Kate came out from San Francisco we went looking at houses. Lea and Kate’s husband browsed through the two stories while we browsed through each other’s clothes.

“I wouldn’t count the time at the circus with the fat lady because, well, you know, that was more of a mercy lay. I wasn’t sure if I was in the right roll of fat until I felt a wet one.

“I felt really bad that time we went out for Lea’s birthday and I nailed her friend Geri in the ladies bathroom stall at the movies. Geri was very athletic and limber. Then we went home and I passed out drunk on the couch.

“There were the twins on our Disneyland trip. Lea had to watch that damn Fantasia show so the twins and I went on that stupid Pirates of the Caribbean ride. We nearly fell out of the boat with both of them on top of me—one on my mouth, the other on my pole. I almost got seasick.

“One embarrassing time I got drunk and accidentally went into her mother’s room. Good thing the light was out. I’ve got to say her mom is a very passionate

woman for her age. She must not be getting it from her dad because she had about five orgasms and kept pulling on me to slam her harder. I knew it wasn't Lea when she went down on me and didn't spit it out.

"I remember when I went to that appointment with the sexy marriage counselor by myself. The counselor's husband and I made a jam sandwich out of her; one of us in each end and we jammed her in the middle.

"There were a few of those President Clinton-type affairs where I finished the job by hand. And the time when my buddies and me went on that fishing trip. We had the hookers in a cabin on the boat and whoever caught the first fish went first. I always ended up fifth or sixth.

"Of course I can't forget my bachelor party. That stripper is the finest looking woman I have ever seen and the things she did in that back bedroom of our apartment arouse me to this day. She had so much muscle control she could open a screw top beer bottle. I should have washed the sheets for our honeymoon the next night but I was so sore and worn out that I barely made it to the wedding.

"Then..."

"Stop. That's quite enough." Both women were in a state of shock from Steve's revelations.

At first Lea felt sick to her stomach. It passed. Then she threw up.

"Well, there's only one way to remedy this," said the hypnotist. "Now listen Steve. Picture your wife Lea in your mind. Blaze her image in your brain. Everything about her: her face, her body, her smell. Her image and her image alone is the only thing that turns you on. Only her. If you see another woman and have impure thoughts, flirt, stare lustfully or have any real sexual feelings for her, you will become ill. Not just queasy but violently sick. Also, if you can get past the sickness you will be impotent with any woman other than your wife. No matter how much you play with your ding-dong, it won't even flinch; we're talking wet noodle. Now, the sight of your wife will arouse you beyond desire. You'll feel such a rush of lust that you'll want nothing more

than to have her. You will obey her needs and dreams and become her sexual slave. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I want Lea to sit on my face right now!"

"On the count of three you will awaken. One ... two ... three!"

"Steve? How do you feel?"

"What were we talking about? Hey babe. Wow, let's go home! I want to take a shower with you and play drop the soap. Sorry doc, but for some reason I feel very horny."

All the way home Steve kept staring at Lea. He pawed at her dress, pulling it up and poking his fingers at her underwear. He drove quicker on the freeway and slipped his finger around the edge of the panties and into her wetness, thrusting in and out vigorously, causing her such pleasure. She leaned her seat back, slipped her panties down to her ankles and opened her legs to let him explore her with his rough fingers and hands. He rubbed and poked her opening all the while driving dangerously fast to get home.

She couldn't control herself any longer. It had been so long since they'd had a sexual experience like this. She sat up and leaned over to undo his pants then pulled them away from his large, hard penis. Even the fragrance of another woman's perfume on the front of his pants couldn't stop her lust. She scooted over on the bench seat and straddled him and buried his manhood inside her. He didn't even slow down on the freeway trying frantically to get home. It had been such a long time for them and it only made Lea more emotional; she cried as they made love. When they climaxed together and merged, as couples in love should, the accident happened.

It took three months of therapy and surgery but Lea was going home again. She hadn't seen Steve in awhile because he couldn't bear to see her like that. She walked into the house with her cane and looked into the living room to see a picnic set up by the fire.

"Steve, I'm home!"

"I know. I've been expecting you. I've been cooking all day, making your favorite meals. I could smell you coming home and I can't wait to make up for the lost time and play 'bury the salami' all night. I have to stop talking like this. I've already got a hard on."

Steve walked into the living room and stared at Lea. Their eyes met and he...dropped the tray and started throwing up. We're talking serious heaving.

"Who the hell are you?"

"It's me, Lea!!! They said the plastic surgery made me look different. I've lost thirty pounds and dyed my hair red. What's wrong?"

"I don't know! As soon as I saw you, I got all turned on and my stomach started hurting. And I can't stop feeling like I'm going to blow chunks. It's like the sight of you is making me sick!"

The Edge

The darkness of the night left only the faint light from the passing cars and a flickering light on the wall at the end of the alley. The music in the bar pulsed through the walls as he pressed her against it and kissed her deeply. Their bodies were moist from sweating in the crowded bar and their clothes clung like another layer of skin, showing every detail.

Mick grabbed her waist and pulled her tightly against him. They swayed from side to side as he kissed her deeper, grinding like the dance they'd done in the bar. Karen moaned as his knee rubbed between her legs. He pulled his knee higher and she rested her weight on it and rubbed. He pulled the top of her dress open just enough to see her nipples strain for his attention. He kissed her mouth again, exploring it with his tongue as he undid her shirt buttons. Mick smiled as he opened the front of her blouse, exposing her black bra. His intent was obvious and she stood still and shivered, wanting him so bad. Her eyes closed tight as he touched her softly and outlined her nipples with his finger through the fabric. Electric shocks of excitement shot through her body to her clit, making it throb.

As she looked down the alley the blurry shadow of people walking by made her wonder if they could see them. In reality she didn't care.

Mick's hands caressed her back. And as he kissed her lips, his hands grasped both breasts and she moaned as he squeezed them. She bit his lip as he pulled away and reached down to cup his crotch. The tightness of his pants clearly demonstrated his desire. Karen held his gaze, her lips parted, as she undid the button and zip on his pants, feeling the strain of his hardness force the zipper halfway down by itself. She finished opening his pants and caressed his balls as she kissed his neck and shoulder. Mick's hands reached down, grabbed her ass, and pulled her hard against him. He reached under her skirt and pulled her thong up, making her moan. Her juices seeped through the fabric. Her sweet smell was so distinct Mick could almost taste it.

"You know what I want." Karen moaned into his ear. She pushed his swollen manhood down, resting it in the notch between her legs, against the fabric of her thong. "Give it to me."

Breathing fast, heart racing, she stepped back against the wall under the light. The way the shadows lay on Karen's body made her look unreal. Her body glistened from a sheen of sweat and the open blouse accentuated her breasts. A few beads of sweat trickled between them. She lifted her leg and put her foot on a nearby bucket. And as the skirt rose, the black fabric of her thong became visible against her white skin, encasing the treasure he craved.

Mick was breathing deeply, in such a state of want he felt a little dizzy. He stepped up to her and kissed her, probing her mouth with his tongue. She grabbed the back of his head and forced it down between her breasts. She shrieked as she felt his mouth nibble on the nipple through the fabric. He reached into his pocket and straightened. Confused, she looked at his hand as he released the blade of his knife. His eyes were crazy and his chest heaved with each breath. Slowly, he traced the edge her bra with the blade and gradually moved it toward her nipples. Then he placed the blade between her breasts and under the front of her bra. As he pulled up on the knife, she felt the tip hard against her skin, Karen's knees went weak as if she had been stabbed and her breasts popped loose as the bra fell open. The cold edge of the knife outlined her full naked breasts. He kissed the small spot of blood between her breasts, left from the knife tip cutting her soft flesh. He licked the nipples and bit gently on them, the fear and danger were making her crazy. The way he held the edge of the knife against her flesh was terrifying and exhilarating. A wave of heat flushed across her chest. His fingers found the spot she wanted to be touched. He moved the slick fabric aside and dipped a finger into her wetness. Her mouth opened as if she couldn't breathe from the excitement and a moan of desire rose from her. Her juice ran down his finger as he slid it in and out of her.

"Oh please, don't stop Mick. Please...give me...fuck me Mick!" her body desperate for his. Her pleas only excited him more.

Again, she grabbed his hard penis and pulled it towards her wetness. The tip glistened from desire. The way she shook from the knife empowered him and made him even more aroused. He looked down as she leaned back and he moved the blade along her thigh. The wetness soaked her underwear and between her thighs. She was so desperate she had almost cum from the sheer fear and enthralling aspect of the experience. He ran the blade through her juice, and then brought it back to his mouth. He breathed in the scent then licked it with the tip of his tongue. It was warm, sweet, and tasted of her burning desire. He moved it back between her legs, making her spread them. And she watched as he slid the blade under the fabric. The blade moved through the light patch of pubic hair to her center. The tip of the blade rested against her clitoris. And she came as he twisted the knife, cutting her underwear loose. Her lust flowed down her leg and gleamed as she released the passion inside.

She felt weak and she slid down to her knees, grabbing the front of his pants to pull him to her. The front was wet from expectation and she yanked his pants down to his knees as she looked up at him. Mick looked down and saw her slowly take him into her mouth, inching deeper into her throat. She would almost release him then plunge him in again. Remembering the thrill of the knife, she pulled back almost to the tip and bit gently with just enough pressure that he put his hand on her head and reached toward the wall to hold himself up. Karen reached behind him, grabbed his ass and dug her nails in deep as she dragged her teeth along the base of his shaft. He wobbled, trying to stay standing. She had control now. She let him loose and he breathed in deeply. She looked up to him and whispered, "Let's finish this right." She stood up.

He grabbed Karen's shoulders and forced her around. She put both hands on the wall as she bent over and the tip of his penis pierced her pussy. The wetness nearly burned him she was so hot. She stifled her scream as he plunged mercilessly into her. Her body shook as he hammered deeper and deeper. Karen's legs weakened as she tried to keep them apart and bent at the perfect angle. Mick grabbed a handful of her long hair and pulled her head back, driving her harder. Karen wept as the pain from her scalp combined with the sheer pleasure of him thrusting into her, overwhelming

her. She reached between her legs to finger her clit as he buried himself inside her again. As she pulled up at the top part of her labia, the opening of her pussy tightened against Mick's stiffness. The pressure against her clit was so direct she went up on her toes and her pussy flexed hard around Mick's stiffness. She never wanted it to end.

He let her hair go and she could feel him pulse inside her, trying to sustain the glory of the sex. As his breathing became shorter and his thrusts more rapid, she reached between her legs and dragged her nails against the veins on the bottom of his penis. Mick moaned loudly and thrust harder. She did it again. He stopped, buried fully inside of Karen, his hands straining on her shoulders and exploded inside of her as the wetness of her labia grasped the fullness of his manhood, pulling and milking him in orgasm. Her voice shrieked by the pain of his hands squeezing her shoulders and the sheer pleasure of his fluids flooding her. Over and over she felt the wet heat engulfing within her vaginal walls.

They grinned at each other as they both collected themselves. Their bodies ached but it was worth it.

Suddenly the door burst open and a man glared at them. "Your frickin' break was over 10 minutes ago. We need the dishes washed Mick. And Karen the other waitresses need their breaks too. Let's get back to work."

The Exotic Vacation

Freddie woke up when the plane landed in Jamaica. He had a Tequila hangover that wouldn't quit. All he could think about was lying down in his hotel room and sleeping through his vacation. It had been a bad week.

First he took his last week of vacation, which couldn't be rescheduled, and then his girlfriend decided she didn't want to go to Jamaica. In fact, she decided she didn't want anything to do with him or men in general. She hooked up with his sister and blamed his lack of manliness for making her go lesbian. Talk about getting screwed over and not enjoying it. The topper was that after he'd decided to go without her: his flight was delayed, he was mugged in the airport bathroom, and he got airsick on the flight and spewed all over the stewardess and the lady next to him during dinner.

After about 18 hours of sleep, a bottle of Advil, and a couple Bloody Marys, Freddie was feeling a little better. Lying by the pool felt really nice and he could forget about his miserable existence in this cruel world.

He was moving his folding chair into the shade when he spilled his drink and fell backwards into the hot tub. He climbed out and sprawled on the patio. Then he looked over and saw this incredible vision resting quietly on a lounge chair in the sun.

She glanced over at him, lowered her sunglasses, and started laughing.

"Can't you go anywhere without making a mess?" she giggled.

"Do I know you?" Freddie replied.

"Blaaaahhhrrrrrrfffff!!!"

"Oh crap, you're the lady I puked on," he said shamefaced as he shook his head.
"Are you staying here too?"

"No, I always hanging out at pools in Jamaica for kicks."

She was utterly stunning in her yellow bikini with the sun shimmering on her ebony skin. Picture Toni Braxton and Halle Berry combined. That's how fine this woman was. Her hair cascaded across her shoulders, waving in the breeze as she sat up to put on tanning lotion.

Don't just stand there staring, you asshole, say something.

"Do you need any help with your back?" Freddie asked nervously, his voice even cracked.

"Can I trust you not to break something, or spill anything on or around me?"

"Scouts honor." *Thank you, God.*

She rolled over onto her toned stomach, exposing her back and backside to his wandering eyes. As he spread the oil on her skin, his hand stopped shaking and the nervousness drifted away. She untied the back of her bikini top then closed her eyes.

She was like an exquisite piece of art. His hands were the brushes and her flesh was the canvas. Every curve of her body looked like it was sculpted. Her ass was teardrop shaped. Her legs were toned and everything was firm. And I do mean everything. *This has got to be a dream, he thought to himself. How can a woman so fine even talk to me let alone allow me to stroke her soft skin with my hands?*

"Uh, excuse me? You're drooling on my back."

"Sorry." His mind was a blur as he tried to think of a way to hook up with this marvel of womanhood. "You've got to let me take you out to dinner to make up for getting sick all over you."

"Well, I don't think you owe me anything, but it would be nice to have a quiet meal out on the balcony and watch a glorious sunset," she said. "Sure, why not?"

The sunrise wasn't the only thing Freddie imagined going down tonight. When she stood up to leave Freddie stood up and so did his penis. He rustled for a towel and pulled one from the chair next to him so he wouldn't embarrass himself further.

"Until later then. I'll meet you in the lobby at 7 o'clock." She kissed his cheek and whispered in his ear, "I love it when a man is standing at attention. It gives me something to look forward to later."

As he watched her leave, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned around to see an incredibly massive man with tomato juice in his hair pointing at his towel and motioning to the drink Freddie spilled on him and his girlfriend.

Hopefully the ice will keep the swelling down. If everything goes well tonight it will be well worth it.

The closer the clock ticked towards 7 the more anxious Freddie got. Every second seemed an eternity. He couldn't wait any longer; he was going to go early so he wouldn't miss her. I mean it was already 4:30. *What if she doesn't show up? What if I'm a pawn in a cruel game she's playing? What is her name anyway?*

After sitting at the bar for over two hours, he had quite a buzz going. The 4 double Jack Daniel's with beer chasers had helped, too. *Why do these peanuts taste so damn good?* When he looked up from his drink he saw her come into the bar. As he stared at her uncontrollably, everything seemed to move in slow motion. Every move was like a symphony playing a perfect note, powerful and awe inspiring at the same time. The white satin dress clung tightly against her beautiful skin. He was jealous of the dress because he wanted nothing more than to be hugging her gorgeous body.

"Well Freddie, you look very nice. And from your eyes I can see you've been here a while." She looked at him and lifted her hand to close his mouth since it was dropping to the floor. "I'll have to catch up. I'll take a double Black Velvet with a lemon twist."

After talking for a while, they decided to dance. Jazz music played softly and she pulled Freddie tightly against her. The beat from the baseline pulsed in time with their hearts as they gazed into each other's eyes. They kissed softly then deeper and more passionately. The longer they danced the more their bodies melted together, until they ended up in his room.

Firelight lit the room faintly and champagne chilled by the bed. They continued dancing. Their hands stroked each other's bodies, careful not to miss anything in the exploration. Freddie's nervousness was gone. She held out her hand and led him to the bed. Then she sat him down and stood in front of him. Her scent was as exquisite as her beauty. She untied the top of her dress, and it slid along the lines of her body and fell to the ground, exposing her beautiful body. Her sensuality alone made Freddie burst in his pants. I mean he actually burst in his pants. Luckily she didn't notice because her

eyes were shut and she was swaying slowly, slipping out of her lace panties. She picked them up with her toes and placed them on Freddie's face. As he breathed deeply to get the full scent of her womanly fragrance, she leaned over and brushed her breasts against his face.

"I'm going to step into the bathroom to put on something sexy and take care of protection. You just get naked and in bed."

As soon as she closed the door, Freddie jumped out of his pants, peeled his sticky boxers off, and threw them against the wall where they stuck. He sat in the bed and tried to relax. *Baseball, I've got to think baseball. Singles, doubles, triples, homers. I'm going to score a grand slam!*

The door opened and she stepped out wearing nothing but a smile.

"Is this too much clothing or just enough?"

The sight of her almost made him jump out of his skin. She was indescribably sexy. We're talking wet dream sexy. When she slipped into the bed Freddie was already hard as an iron girder. She ran her fingers along his body and he could see the perspiration on her skin. Freddie placed his hand over her burning bush and when he slid a finger between her lips the wetness almost ran down his hand. Wasting no time, she climbed on top and slid right down, stopping only momentarily to adjust the angle of his penetration. His eyes rolled back and he grabbed the sides of the bed, holding on for a truly unforgettable ride as she clenched him tightly inside of her.

Her mouth opened as she rose upward and her eyes closed tight. She dug her nails deeply into his muscular shoulders and drew him back inside, as if daring him to try to escape her grip. Her hands and fingers brushed ever so lightly against his sides then slid slowly to the inside of her thighs and grabbed the base of his manhood, while driving in and out of her love tunnel. She pulled back until she could only feel the tip spreading her opening wide, teasing him. Then she sank him all the way to the depths of her constricting cave. Her hands moved upward along the sensuous lines and curves of her body and she twitched and shook as the impending fury approached. Freddie could see the glazed look in her eyes as she pushed her breasts together and grasped

the tips between her fingers. She shuddered when he arched his back and drove his swollen member deeper inside, making her legs spread wider. He wanted to grope her body with his hands, but she was doing everything herself, spoiling him with passion and undying pleasure.

She leaned over, grabbed the bottle of chilled champagne, and popped the cork. "Let's drink a toast." She took a drink then filled her mouth with more champagne. She leaned forward and when their mouths met she shared his drink with a kiss. She moved his hands to the top of the bed so he could grasp the bedposts. With Freddie inside her, she leaned back all the way and rested her head against his legs. Then she rotated her pelvis in slow rhythmic circles, stretching the muscles and then tightening them, causing him to pull hard on the posts. The bed was creaking loudly and Freddie reached up and grabbed onto her stomach.

"Don't touch me or I'll stop!" she gasped.

"Don't stop, don't stop. I can't take this anymore. I'm about to explode!"

She rose up and took another drink of champagne. She let it run down the sides of her mouth, trickling to her breasts. The farther she sat up, the more champagne she dripped on her chest. A small pool filled her bellybutton and then trickled to her pubis. The coldness spread to their joined bodies, and she slowly started rising up and sliding down, never stopping the flow of the cold champagne. Freddie frantically wanted to let go, but he didn't want this incredible sexual experience to end. With her other hand she reached back and stroked the inside of his thighs and pulled teasingly on the hair on his testicles. It was so incredibly stimulating that he thought he'd have a stroke.

She filled her hand with cold champagne and splashed it on his balls. He yelled loudly, grabbing onto her and pulled on her hips to drive faster as her muscles tightened around him with orgasmic spasms. He let out a grunt then exploded like a stick of dynamite. Over and over he felt the pulses of his juices flowing into her. They both collapsed, exhausted and flinching slightly from the muscle spasms. On a scale of 1 to 10 this was definitely an 11.

After the initial glow faded, she stood up and walked to the window. She opened the drapes to expose a wonderful view of the ocean. When she opened the sliding window and stepped onto the patio, a cool breeze rushed through the room and the smell of the ocean permeated the air. It was beautiful to see an absolutely elegant woman standing naked against a starlit sky. The moonlight accentuated her silhouette. The curve of her perky breasts, the way her ass rounded at the top of her long legs. She was absolutely hypnotizing. Freddie walked over to her. He brought a blanket from the bed and stood behind her to wrap it around both of them. The faint sound of the band downstairs filtered up to the balcony, and she started swaying rubbing her ass casually against his hardness. The more she swayed the more excited he became.

"Let's go back inside," Freddie whispered into her ear. He kissed the back of her neck and moved her hair to continue along it. She reached her arm up and cupped the back of his neck. He stroked the soft skin under her arm and on the side of her breast.

"Why go inside? Isn't it just glorious out here?"

She placed both hands on the railing and leaned over to look down at the beach. He reached under her and caressed her supple breasts, squeezing them firmly in his hands. Freddie ran his fingers along her spine and grasped her hips. As she rose onto her tiptoes, he slid into her, stroking back and forth. She moaned deeply while biting her bottom lip. Freddie glanced out at the ocean waves crashing against the beach and felt the salt air gusting and it made him think about how incredibly erotic all this was. Steadily he increased his pace. Her contracting muscles pushed him to the threshold of another mind-boggling climax.

She stood up, releasing him from her pussy. In one movement she turned and leaned against the railing. Then she wrapped her legs around his waist and her arm around his neck. She grasped his manhood with her other hand and rubbed it along the labial lips letting it slip just inside to the tip. She looked into his deep brown eyes and smiled nastily, holding onto it, teasing it. First she kissed his Adam's apple then licked his ear, while continuing to stroke her opening with his penis. She bit his nipple and lifted up to plunge him back inside. Freddie groaned with pleasure.

“Whatever you do, don’t sit down. Stand up and I’ll do the work.”

He grabbed her ass and she wrapped herself around Freddie, tilting her pelvis and making his penetration deeper than before. His legs began to buckle when he felt her wetness convulse with her orgasm. He couldn’t stand the pressure and slammed into her and shook from the intensity of his orgasm. She squeezed tightly around him, milking his throbbing penis. They collapsed on the balcony and wrapped up with the blanket – both feeling content and weary.

After they rested, a warm tropical rain began to fall. She stood, letting the rain cascade down her body. And Freddie laughed while she twirled around, playing like a schoolgirl in the rain. They went in to take a real shower and clean off. It was one of those large Roman showers that more fit two or more people easily. Freddie stared while she soaped up and rinsed off. When he closed his eyes to rinse out the shampoo he felt warmth engulfing his penis. He gazed down to see her on her knees in front of him. She grabbed onto his rear end and sucked him quickly. The water ran down her face and red lips but she never slowed down. In and out, faster and faster, it was like she couldn’t get enough. She licked him like a lollipop and then reached under him to massage his balls. His eyes closed tight and he clutched onto the showerhead to keep his balance. She reached up with her long fingernails to dig into his chest and abdomen and made his skin bleed while she deep throated him. He collapsed onto the floor and she finished him off. Then she washed him clean, helped him into bed and kissed him softly on the forehead.

“I’m going to go get something other than you to eat from room service. I’ll order something for you too.”

His head still spinning, he rolled over and fell fast asleep. The loud banging on the door woke him and he staggered to the door, holding onto his sore family jewels.

“Room service!” The guy brought Freddie a nice omelet breakfast and a note. The waiter handed him the bill, and Freddie gave him five bucks and slammed the door behind him. He sat down still holding his sore balls and opened the note.

"Thanks for a great evening and a great Jamaican vacation. Freddie, you were wonderful." It was signed "V."

He sat there bewildered. He'd finally met someone he connected with mentally and physically and now she'd vanished. *Damn, this really sucks.*

The next morning while Freddie was checking out he looked around the lobby, hoping in vain to see her again. He didn't even know her name. *Why doesn't anything ever go right for me?* Well, at least he had a grand night to remember and he'd forgotten his problems for a while.

"Uh, sir, your credit card company won't cover your bill," the clerk said.

"What? That's a gold card with a \$10,000 limit. Let me see my bill. What the fuck is this? Two rooms, room service for both rooms, a \$300 bill for a dress, a \$200 bar tab, \$3000 for special privileges and airfare to Boston? These aren't mine!"

"Sir, your wife had your credit card, passport and your ID so we assumed..."

"But I'm not married!"

"Well she was with you in the bar the other night and at the pool when you checked in. She was a lovely woman and a great tipper."

"What else could go wrong?" Freddie was crestfallen.

"How will you be paying, sir?"

"Uh, I'm not sure."

"Can I see your passport?"

"Uh oh."

The Urge

They laughed as they walked up the stairs after their romantic dinner. Leanne was a little tense. She wasn't very experienced at bringing men home and the thought of being clumsy or looking frigid made her nervous.

Dinner was extraordinary. They'd gone to a Mexican restaurant and had her favorite, Chili Verde and refried beans. She'd also had a few margaritas, and flour tortillas that she'd playfully rolled up and slid in and out of her mouth, teasing Will. Leanne was a pretty woman. She was a little tall for most men at 5 feet 10 inches but most of it was long legs, and she often wore skirts to accentuate them. Will had no problem with her height since he was over 6 feet tall. He had a medium build and was handsome.

After she opened the door, she leaned back against the frame and touched his face with her hand. She pulled him towards her and they kissed softly. He sighed. He kept kissing her slowly, moving his hand up her side to just below her breast. She backed into the house, leading him with her hands grasping his neck. The door swung shut and the dim light from the kitchen was enough for him to see. He knelt down, wrapped his arms around her bottom and lifted her up. Will buried his face in her cleavage and her perfume filled his lungs. The soft skin of her breasts made his mouth drool. He could see that she wore silk undergarments with a lace ruffle, his favorite. He carried her and followed her directions to the bedroom, clutching her tight and licking her breasts. Her long hair hung down her back as she threw her head back, feeling wanton and scared at the same time.

It had been a long time for Leanne and she did not want to be obvious. She tried hard to keep herself in control and control her heavy breathing. When Will set her down she grabbed the matches she'd left on the bureau and walked around the room lighting candles. As she lit the last few Will came up behind her, picked her up and laid her on the table. She moaned softly; it was as if the beast in her wanted to be set free. She'd needed to be wanted like this. Although they'd only had two other dates, she

wanted Will. She was already moistening her underwear and the fires in her heart made the nectar sweeter.

"I want you so badly that I can taste it." Will whispered as they kissed on the table. His weight crushed against her and she loved how he felt against her. She felt him harden as he pressed his groin against hers, making love to her through their clothes.

Leanne had been holding the feelings in since after dinner. She wanted to set them free. Her passion increased the need to let herself go, but she held it in. She couldn't lose control yet. She wanted to so bad but was afraid of what Will would think of her. She knew she looked very proper and probably seemed a little stuck up. But Will kept kissing her and moved his hands to her supple breasts, massaging them softly, molding them to his hands. She enjoyed the attention he gave to details and knew where he was heading.

He glided his hands up her long legs as he kissed her midsection. His fingers found the wet lace and could feel how nervous she was by the twitching of her stomach as he kissed it. She was so soft, so sweet, so sexy. Her anticipation was apparent to him. The way she moaned and leaned her head back as he pulled her soaked panties down her luscious legs were his cue to what he should do. Will kissed her ankle, moving his hand down the back of her leg, opening it wide for him. She was nervous because she'd never had a man go down on her the right way. Her other boyfriends had never taken the time to appreciate how much pleasure a woman derives from oral sex.

The sight of the succulent lips between her legs made his pants feel like a cage to a beast. The way the folds opened as his finger touched it made him gasp. She was Venus. The tight opening tensed around his finger, but he felt wetness build as he slid his finger in all the way to his palm. He grasped her muff in his hand using his thumb to massage around her clit. Her arms fell over the side and she almost succumbed to the feeling to let go of the swelling desire to burst.

Will's mouth was hot against her soft inner thigh. She was losing control and her mind wandered at the forceful way he was moved her towards heavenly fire. His tongue dripped saliva on her pubis as if he was an animal getting ready to eat his prey.

He kissed her patch of pubic hair and smelled the perfume she'd put there just in case. Then he licked the length of her opening, making her moan loud. She couldn't hold it any more when he pressed hard on her abdomen and buried his mouth against her.

In some cultures it is a compliment, in others an insult. But after a great meal and the tension of the moment, she let it go. With his mouth firmly pressed against her pussy she ripped loose a Richter scale fart that echoed across the room and made the table tremble. It must have lasted 15 seconds and was wet, loud and, most of all, stinky. You could hear a pin drop afterwards. So she ripped a smaller one that ended with a hiss.

Will looked up and saw the fire on the candles flicker and glow brighter. As he pulled his mouth away, the rumbling sound of a motorboat was heard from her anus and she giggled hysterically.

"Oh my goodness!" she said and she started to cry. "I am so sorry. I've been holding that all night and I did that at the worst time. I'm so embarrassed."

"It's okay. Are you done?" Will asked inquisitively.

"I'm not sure," she said. A slow hiss eased out as she sat up.

Will walked over to the table and kissed her mouth. It was a kiss that showed her how much he really wanted her. He wasn't going to let a little—or a lot—of gas spoil their night even though it stank really bad.

She leaned back down as they kissed. Their tongues entangled in her mouth and she tasted her own juices. With her head resting on the table, she reached over and undid his pants and pulled them down. She moaned as she saw the protrusion of his excitement trying to free itself from his Fruit of the Looms. The smell of cologne was on his midriff and she stroked his swelling through the fabric with her fingers, making him smile. She lowered his underwear and he popped out right in front of her face. Will reached forward and caressed her breasts. The skin of her chest was like flower petals. The small bumps around her nipples were still soft even though her nipples had risen to his touch. Her beauty was undiminished as the smell dissipated. She had a perfect body, dying to be worshiped. While he moved his hands across her breasts, she lowered

her head and slid him into her mouth and wrapped her tongue around him. Will was almost beyond pleasure. He slowly withdrew himself, then eased back in, as if making love to her wet, warm mouth. He looked down to see her red lips purse as he pulled out.

Will had seen this in movies and the feelings were so erotic he was almost insane with desire. With every deep stroke he grasped her breasts tight in his hands. His hand moved and found the sweet spot between her legs. A river of juices flowed; she was as aroused as he was. Leanne opened her legs wider to let Will slide his fingers between the lips of her pussy. The more he played between her legs, the harder she sucked his cock. He suddenly stopped and felt his stomach tighten then he erupted.

Now men do this all the time. Mostly as a way of showing off but, like Leanne, he'd been holding it in for a while. Now if hers was an 8 on a scale of ten, his was definitely a 9. (A 10 makes you puke so it wasn't a 10.) Anyway, with him still inside Leanne's warm mouth, she mumbled for him to get out because she couldn't breathe. A bead of saliva dripped off Will as he pulled his throbbing member free and stood with his pants around his ankles and a hard-on.

They were both surprised for a moment. They tried not to laugh. But then it overcame them and they could hardly contain themselves. With each belly laugh they would cut loose another fart, making the moments even more hilarious. The smell was atrocious and Leanne sprayed perfume on her muff and in the crease of her ass to cover the aroma. Will put some down the front of his underwear to help with the smell too.

Will told her about how in college the guys would light their farts when they were drinking. Leanne laughed and asked Will to show her. So in the tradition of his fraternity, he did. The first attempt was rather lame. A little gasser that only made the candle glow brighter. The next one was pretty good. Leanne felt braver and they decided to do one together as a joke. Now it was a great idea, but sometimes the best-laid plans aren't always smart.

When Will held the candle between their legs he'd forgotten about the perfume on her pubis. As she hissed out a little silent but deadly fart, she stopped and breathed

in and her pubic hair caught fire. When she screamed, she forced out a burst of gas and blew the flames onto Will's perfume soaked pubic hair, which ignited.

In the hospital, the talk of the floor was the couple in room 203. Leanne had third degree burns on her labia, and her pubic hair had burned clean off, which made her itch constantly. Plus the ointment burned when she put it on. The skin grafts on Will's nuts would make everything like new but the doctor said the hair might not grow back. At least they got to room together.

The Affair

Her eyes teared as she restrained herself from crying out from the sheer passion of the moment. Love's purest form of expression was causing her both emotional pain and extreme physical pleasure, confusing her feelings. As she kissed his forehead, a cry of deep ecstasy left her, and the sweltering heat inside her was filled with the pulsing fluid of their sex. This was her darkest desire.

They'd met a few months ago on the Internet, having what her friends called a "cyber" relationship. The chat rooms became their sanctuary—a place to share not only their hidden selves, but also dreams, desires, and fantasies. They'd spent hours chatting after their first discussion. They had common likes and dislikes and it seemed to open them up to each other like kindred spirits.

This was their first real meeting. They kissed deep and long. Her hair fell forward as he leaned back. The strands brushed against them as she kissed his chest. She released him from her shaved, wet pussy and lowered her head to his tightening stomach. Her long, auburn hair almost covered his chest and her tongue became a pen, drawing along every muscle indentation on his flexing abdomen. She deliberately licked along the sides of his manhood, watching it grow. Her mouth took in the tip and she sucked it, tasting his cum. Her own wetness was still glistening on it and the taste of her pussy lingering on his skin made her even hornier.

Everything about him made her hot, but it was his words that had first attracted her to him. He was different, more real and honest, but mainly more erotic to her. She slowly gave him the pleasure of her mouth, caressing the length of his shaft, sliding it in deeply. She heard him moan and felt him move his hands over his head, enjoying the feeling of her mouth and tongue wrapped around his cock. And she remembered their first Internet meeting in the chat rooms.

She was becoming accustomed to the barrage of men wanting private, dirty chats and giving rude instructions about wanting her to suck cock or fuck. She didn't like

how blunt the men were but she experimented, talking to them as if she were a phone sex girl. She never really got anything out of it except the knowledge that her words alone got them off. She couldn't bring herself to the point of masturbating to someone else's words. It seemed too intimate.

One lonely Friday night, she was about to log off when she noticed an unfamiliar nickname in the room, Guest492. He was new and didn't have a clue about what was going on so she helped him. She taught him the essentials like word shortcuts and how to pick a nickname. The one he picked instantly intrigued her: SlowJam. To some it was no big deal, but she loved music and slow R&B always made her relax and feel sensual. Her own was a perfect fit: Nightfire. She was a night owl.

As time passed, they continued to chat and became friends. They never talked about each other's significant others because they both felt that this was their special, secret Garden of Eden. They had discussed meeting each other sometime or maybe having lunch or whatever. But they were afraid to take it to the next level since they were both married. Until one dark, rainy night, she was sitting at her computer watching people chat and flirt and jabber incoherently and her mind wandered. She found herself caressing her breasts. She had masturbated before to ease her heartache since she hadn't seen her husband in quite a few days. Her husband was a computer software salesman and traveled a lot. He took care of her well money wise, but she needed physical attention and being alone so much made her doubt her own attractiveness.

Her body wasn't perfect, but it was attractive. People complimented her on it but not the man who needed to tell her. She'd been feeling a little down lately, but for some reason she felt different tonight. Her body seemed more alive, more sensitive, and it made her uncomfortable. She had a deep itch that needed to be scratched. She had small firm breasts and tonight they were very aroused. Her nipples were taut and tented the fabric. And she squirmed in her chair with arousal, which made them rub against the silk.

Her heart jumped when she saw his name enter the chat room.

After they'd both exchanged the usual gibberish about the weather, their day, and other inconsequential things, he asked her if she was alone. Her heart beat hard and her thighs tensed. She told him she was alone and described her dark purple sleep shirt and frilly white underwear. His deafening silence made her wonder what he was thinking. She was becoming increasingly aroused by her own thoughts.

"Do you want to play?" he asked.

They'd never explored this possibility before, but her loneliness and arousal prompted her to answer, "Yes." This was new and she was torn, feeling she was cheating on her husband by doing this. She told him.

He said it was just pleasuring herself with the aid of another's words. She wasn't sleeping with another person, or having someone else touch her. She was using her fantasies and imagination to get herself off. That did not make her feel better, but his answer made her realize how badly she wanted to share this with him.

She pulled her leg up against her chest as she sat in the desk chair. The tightening of her underwear outlined the creases of her labia and pressed against her pussy, moistening it even more.

"Touch your breasts," he said.

Reluctantly she did, sending a breathless rush through her body as she cupped her breasts in her palms and her erect nipples tightened. The tingling feeling in her body made her melt into the chair. She stopped to type, "OK."

"Now touch your nipples," he commanded.

As she gently twisted the tips, a throaty moan murmured from within and her hands shook as the tension caused her to shiver. She typed again that she'd obeyed and there was a short pause.

"This isn't the way it should be," he typed. He told her it wouldn't be this way if they met in person. His words were direct and made her wonder what it would be like if he were there with her.

"Then tell me what you'd do if you were here," she answered.

"Don't type," he said. "Just do what I ask."

His words seemed more relaxed and she complied. He asked her to open her nightshirt and take her underwear off. Every word made her feel so sensual, so overtly erotic. She sat there, surprised. Her hands glided across her breasts and up the sides as she read his words, as if it was his hands touching her. An image of him was in her head, gently stroking the skin around her nipples. Her reflection in the wall mirror glowed from the monitor and she saw her body in a totally different way. Her fingers trembled as she tried to free her emotional boundaries enough to touch her pubis as if it were him. The wetness and heat between her labia was intense. An abundance of tormenting feelings filled her as she did as he asked. She slid her finger between the lips but not inside. The slick, smooth flesh reacted like butter melting as she pictured his mouth licking her sweltering pussy. She blinked a few times trying to clear her sight as he asked her to put her leg on her desk and open herself to the screen so he could virtually see her womanly mound as they explored. This increased her stimulation.

As if he knew her thoughts, he asked if she had a toy. She'd already opened the bottom desk drawer and the box she used to hide the vibrator from her husband. The shimmer of the vibrator's shaft and the way she caressed it was the same way she appreciated the shaft of her husband's dick. That and her liking of giving oral sex was beginning to make her hunger for the taste of him. He told her to turn it on and massage her nipples with it. As she did, the slow humming vibrations sent signals down her torso to her already exposed clit. He'd taken over her mind and freed her, making this crazy situation seem real.

Her body was so alive and so in tune with him. The rhythms of her soul were like an instrument and he was playing it perfectly. She opened her legs wide and slid the vibrating shaft inside herself. A lingering tightness was still there, caused by her fear of being this open with someone. The mystery of his face and the journey into the unknown world of cybersex made everything new. She was a virgin experiencing everything again. Hopefully it would be better than her first sexual experience, which had lasted all of 15 seconds when Billy shot his load all over her prom dress, making it stick to her hip all night.

Her hand jerked as the tip of her toy pressed her cervix. The slow hum sped up as she withdrew it and slowed as the length plunged inside her tightening cavern. The slow pulsing throb of her need made the vibrator almost seem alive. She glanced at the screen, straining to keep her eyes open despite the intense pleasure she felt. His words guided her. She left the toy buried within and moved her hands along her abdomen and up to her breasts. The shimmer of her sweat made the smooth skin seem like silk. Her nightgown was open all the way and her hands were touching her sides as she imagined him there with her. She reached for the humming toy inside of her pussy and began the slow motions of lovemaking, picturing his cock pushing deeper and deeper inside the inferno burning between her legs. She couldn't even watch everything he typed because the moment of passion swept her up and took her. She glanced at the screen and read him telling her to picture him slamming hard into her. This was a fantasy melding with reality as she grasped her breast and pushed it up, licking the tip of her nipple, thrusting the vibrator faster and in a circling motion so it would rub her engorged clitoris. She threw her head back as he begged her to fuck him. The experience took a whole new meaning as she envisioned him holding her hands down and slamming into her deep and hard.

Her mind spun as she threw her head back, squeezed her nipple and felt her pussy squeeze the toy as her orgasm flooded her with a tidal wave of release. Sweating, she came again and the pulsing of the muscles made her feel spent and desperately relaxed. The humming had stopped when she set the toy on her computer table and stared at it. The glisten of her juices made it shimmer.

That was the beginning. It all led her to this moment—a sordid meeting in a downtown hotel—the dim room with the flashing, flickering light from the neon vacant sign.

She knew the way she used her tongue to follow the line of the hot vein along the underside of his cock made him crazy. Their “cyber” experiences would never be enough again after having him in the flesh. From the depths of her heart and body she would ache for more of this burning desire and a lust for his sex.

As the slight taste of his juice seeped from the tip she almost devoured him whole, taking the entire length down her throat. The scent of his cologne intertwined with the scent of his sweat from the heat of their experience. His hand rested on the back of her head and his fingers combed the strands of her hair as her lips pulled the skin back slowly, sucking the essence from his body. She gasped and he pulled at her hair almost begging her to finish him and free him from this building pressure. She gasped and again thrust him deep into her mouth, furiously tugging at the base with her hand as if milking the fluid from within his loins. She knew he was close. His stomach flexed and the tension in his legs made his toes curl as he moaned and erupted in her mouth. Again and again he freed the fluids from deep within his testicles and her mouth took all but a small trickle down the side of his shaft as she slowly pulled her mouth away. She kissed the side of his cock and watched the fluids still dripping as he throbbed.

This was ecstasy; this was pleasure. She had finally crossed the line. She'd become the woman she thought was lost. Arriving at the hotel, she knew she couldn't betray her husband like that. She knew how much they loved each other and that he would never do anything like this either. Until she went into the hotel bar to meet him, and she saw her husband sitting in the designated booth. After the initial shock and disbelief, they sat there for what seemed like forever and talked about how things had reached this junction. Why were they even thinking about meeting someone else? He used to make her feel wonderful, loved, but life had taken its toll on them. Kids, work, time, until life's basic needs took over their own.

Her head lay on his chest and his hand slowly caressed her skin. The long strands of hair whisked across her face as the wind blew in from the window. Was she wrong to need this closeness and the feeling of completeness?

Tears fell as she climbed on top of him and kissed his lips gently. She fell in love again. It had been a long time since she'd held him like this. In that instant she was 18 again. She'd met her husband and their lives were just beginning. Their passion was

unparalleled and the way they made love was almost unearthly. Every time was the first time. After all the years and all the changes, it took a meeting on the Internet to find that spark again. What she told that stranger about, and the feelings she had were being told to the man of her dreams. The man she had married 10 years ago. He too had felt lost in this life they had made. As time had passed, they'd forgotten how magical their love was. And talking, as if to a stranger, had made them open up.

The First Date (Peter and Susan Part 2)

Peter finally decided hiding his relationship with Susan was impossible and wrong. Their chemistry was so obvious it was uncanny. Besides, she drove him absolutely crazy with her intense sensuality.

They had decided to enjoy a nice dinner and a movie so they could really get to know each other. So far their relationship had been almost totally based on sex...well okay...entirely based on sex. For this date they set some ground rules so that it would be more like a regular date, just like they'd never met.

After much complaining and begging on Peter's part, the rules agreed on were:

1. No sex.
2. The object of this date is to get to know each other so it is important to follow rule number 1.
3. Topics discussed can be about the past and other relationships, but try to keep it clean. (See rule 1.)

Peter went to Susan's beachfront apartment to pick her up. There was a wonderful view of the ocean and the breeze brought the smell of the sea rushing in. She strolled out from the bedroom wearing a thin sundress that hugged her body like another layer of skin. The light from behind her showed through her dress and he could see she wasn't wearing anything underneath it.

Baseball, think baseball. He kept saying to himself, trying to remember the rules.

Susan stepped onto the balcony and gazed out over the beach. "What do you think of the view?" she asked. Peter adjusted his pants as he looked at her. The wind was blowing her dress against her and the cold air made her nipples rise under the fabric. *Baseball, think baseball.* Peter kept repeating in his head as he walked out to Susan and leaned on the railing and gazed at her seeing a gleam and radiance in her eyes as she smiled and looked back at him.

Susan hooked her arm in Peter's and rested her head on his shoulder. They stood out on the balcony and watched the sunset. It looked as if the sun melted into the ocean

water and the darkened blue sky took over, making it night. "We better get going dear," Peter said not wanting to leave this beautiful moment.

In the car Peter had a romantic compact disc playing to set the mood. Throughout the ride to the restaurant they made small talk about former jobs, relationships and life in general. Neither one of them would remember it tomorrow; their minds were elsewhere.

At a quiet corner table they ordered their dinner and drinks—Bacardi 151 and Coke for Peter and a margarita for Susan. After the 3rd drink they both started relaxing.

As Peter leaned forward to take the last bite of his lobster he felt something press against the swelling between his legs.

Cough cough. "Uhhhhhhhhh, how's your lobster?" Peter asked.

Susan grinned back mischievously, "It's okay but I'm actually in the mood for something a little more filling. You know, some really mouthwatering beef."

"Check please!" yelled Peter.

Peter excused himself to go to the restroom. Susan sat there for a minute then she smiled slowly and got up from the table.

In the men's room all the urinals were taken so Peter stepped into the stall next to the wall. Not really paying attention, he pushed the stall door closed and it swung back open. Susan had slipped into the stall with Peter and closed the door behind her. She brought her finger up to his lips and said "Shhhhhhhh, I'm still hungry."

As she undid his belt and unzipped his pants her petite hand reached in and grasped his penis. Using his dick as a handle, she turned him around and put the toilet seat down and sat on the lid, which put her face-to-crotch with him. She grabbed at his clothing and tried pulling them down as Peter wiggled them loose.

"But the rules were no sex," he whispered.

"I know, but we're not having sex," his pants hit his ankles. "Yet."

He reached for the top of the stall walls with both hands and closed his eyes as she ran her fingers down the length of his swelling shaft. She watched it grow with a knowing grin, aware that he was anticipating the feel of her smooth red lips wrapping

around it. Peter moaned softly to himself as she traced the veins of his manhood with her tongue.

His ecstasy built as she looked up at him. Gazing into his eyes, she took the tip into her mouth and let her tongue draw against the sensitive fold of skin on the head. He pulled on the walls of the stall, making them creak, as she slowly inched her way down the length of his pulsing shaft.

The other men in the restroom weren't sure what to make of the soft moaning in the last stall. A few peered under the stall walls but all they saw was a pair of feet facing the toilet with his trousers around his ankles. Susan was sitting cross-legged on the toilet seat.

Peter looked down. He could see down her dress, view her naked skin, her glorious breasts.

She reached her hands around his torso, grabbed his butt cheeks in her hands, and pulled him forward in a slow rhythmic motion. Each time she sucked him deeper into her mouth. His penis twitched as she paused for breath and licked the underside. She made soft, moaning sounds while pleasuring him. At the end of each pull she would suck on the tip with her lips, catch her breath and start again. His breathing was quickening and she could taste how close he was. She stopped for a second, gasped for breath, and then started a more aggressive and vigorous attack on his throbbing manhood. He pulled hard on the walls, shuddering as she drew him all the way into her mouth. Susan tilted her head to the side and pulled him against her until the tip of his penis hit the back of her throat.

He was not sure if it was the fact that what she was doing felt absolutely glorious or that they were in a public place, but he was losing control. Susan wrapped her fingers around the back of his legs and slid them along the crease of his thigh and butt. She dug her nails in his tightened scrotum, her mouth a wet cavern for his shaft.

Peter completely lost control. He threw his head back and moaned loudly as his knees nearly buckled. He shook as he flooded her mouth with his essence. Over and

over he gushed and she did not slow until he was spent. She took a tissue and wiped the sides of her mouth.

Susan stood up and unlocked the door. As she stepped out, she pinched Peter's ass and kissed him on the cheek. She walked up to the mirror and the men stepped closer to the urinals. While Susan reapplied her deep red lipstick with the slow strokes across her moist lips, each man fantasized about what Peter had just gotten. They imagined themselves in his place as Susan recapped her lipstick and strolled out the door.

Peter staggered out of the stall, washed his hands and rinsed the sweat off his face. Once he was able, he walked out to the table where Susan was sitting. She smiled and winked at him as he sat down.

The waiter stepped up and asked how dinner was.

"Everything was good," Peter said.

"Would either of you like some dessert?"

"No, I've already had mine." Susan replied as she licked her lips and put her foot back into Peter's lap. "Besides we have a movie to catch."

The Long Distance Love Affair

As she sat on the plane for her rendezvous with destiny, Kate wondered to herself. *Am I crazy or what?*

Here she is, 28, petite, cute as a button with long, curly, light-brown hair, and still insecure about men.

It all began as harmless fun online. Nobody ever meets 'Mr. Right' on the net. There may be an occasional lucky person, but generally it's a wash out. Now here she is, flying 3000 miles to meet a guy she doesn't really know. He'd generously paid for her trip and a hotel room. They'd chatted for hours at a time, talked on the phone and even exchanged pictures, but they'd never actually met.

The closer her plane got to its final destination, the more Kate's nerves started to take over. Obviously, she needed a little buffer to help her relax. Vodka sounded like a good buffer; screwdrivers have always helped her relax. After the fifth one, she was definitely feeling a little mellower, and a little number. Airline peanuts and screwdrivers, the true breakfast of champions.

As the plane taxied into the terminal, Kate had one final shot and a last look at the picture of Bill through slightly blurred vision. Bill was a tall man with salt and pepper hair, above-average looks and a nice physique. Not bad for an older man.

Now, as the drinks and her anxiety started taking over, she stepped out of the plane and looked around the terminal. She wandered around aimlessly looking for Bill. The picture in her tightly clenched fist was her only guide. She turned and saw a man standing by the luggage racks. He turned to look around and she knew it was him. A chill swept her body. *Wow*, she thought to herself, *I've never felt that before*. (Actually, the air conditioner had just kicked on, and she was standing under the vent.)

She was overwhelmed by excitement. In a rush, she dropped her bags, leapt into his arms, wrapped her legs around him and planted a long, wet, exploratory kiss on him. As he staggered to keep his balance, he smiled and asked, "Miss me?"

They both laughed and he set her down.

"You look much better than your picture!" Kate exclaimed. She kept holding him in her arms, not wanting to let him go. The initial rush of excitement hadn't faded yet and they were both in a state of shock and befuddlement. This was definitely lust at first sight. Bill stared into Kate's beautiful blue eyes and winked at her. They were past the first test; they liked what they saw. Now it was time for a test drive.

Kate felt like a schoolgirl on prom night. She had butterflies in her stomach and wetness between her legs. Bill, on the other hand, was relatively calm, except for the bulge in his pants. That would teach him to wear tight slacks when picking up a woman. They looked around and saw a storeroom door for maintenance. Enough said.

They went into the small, closet-size room and Bill locked the door. Before he could turn to face her, Kate came up behind him. She slid her hands around his waist and up his chest, ripping his shirt open. Then she pulled the shirtsleeves down, but not off, binding his arms behind him. She kissed his back and shoulders, using her hands to explore his hairy chest and midsection. All Bill could do was moan with pleasure as she undid his pants and slid her hand down the front, grasping his swollen manhood. She pushed him hard against the door and kept stroking him with her hand. Then she ran her long fingernails down the middle of his back and dug them into the soft skin at the small of his back.

For the first time in a long while, she had control of a sexual situation. There was nothing she couldn't do. *She* had the power and that really turned her on. Bill begged to use his hands. She pulled on his nipple and whispered, "No, let me have this moment."

As she teased and tugged his hardness, euphoria pulsed through her. Her long fingernails raked against the soft skin on his inner thighs. She slowly unbuttoned her blouse with her free hand. Then she pressed her soft breasts against his back and licked his shoulders as her erect nipples dragged against his back. She longed for his touch as she pressed her nubile body against his large frame, squeezing his throbbing member rhythmically in her hand. Bill pulled his hands free from his shirt. He reached around and grasped her ass in his hands and pulled her hard against him.

She couldn't help but melt in his hands. The drinks, the passion, the desire was more than Kate could handle. When Bill turned around his pants dropped to the ground, revealing Scooby Doo boxers and his dog sticking out the front flap. She was overcome and slowly fell into his arms. Their lips met and he explored her mouth with his tongue. She succumbed totally and lost control. And she didn't care. She lay down on the small table and he slipped her out of her wet white panties. As Bill pressed his mouth against her seething hot pussy and moved his tongue in against her clit, she came almost instantly. She was in total abandonment to her senses. If heaven is a place on earth then she was there at that moment.

Bill kissed down her leg to her ankle. When he stood, her leg draped over his shoulder, and slowly pressed his hardness against her wet velvet vice, she leaned back against the wall to support them. At first he just wedged himself at the opening, teasing her with his swollen manhood. Then as Kate looked up at him, he slowly drove himself into her. Bill's eyes rolled back as her tight sheath squeezed him. *Good thing she worked out.* Kate pulled her arms back and pushed herself up to brace against his driving force. He pushed against her, slowly at first, then faster. He pulled himself all the way out and she reached down with her hand and pulled him back into her. The incredible pleasure was almost too much. He took long, slow strokes as he slid in and out of her fiery box. She could tell by Bill's breathing that he was close too, very close.

Kate reached down and started stroking her clit as he quickened his pace. She reached up her wet fingers to feel the side of his face and trace his lips. Slipping her finger into his mouth, he sucked hard on it and bit the tip, sending electric shocks straight to her sweltering hot box. His fingers pulled her nipples and rubbed his thumbs across them as he pressed against her. Bill's body started shaking and she could feel him swell inside her. She flung her head back when Bill grabbed her upright leg and turned his head to kiss her ankle while he slid in and out of her. His eyes closed as the passion kept building. He reached down and held Kate's ass tightly in his hand. Then he leaned forward, slid his hand down and grabbed her other leg, lifting it over his other shoulder. He held her spread legs wide so he could pound more deeply. She

couldn't muffle the moans she felt escaping. Her mouth opened and she gasped for air as Bill grabbed her lower torso and slammed harder into her. She shuddered from the tightness and the friction this caused. It was too much for them and they climaxed uncontrollably, together.

A few of her fingernails broke when she dug them into the table as she tried, unsuccessfully, to keep herself up. As her hair hung off the edge of the table Bill kissed her chest softly, licking beads of sweat from between her breasts, caressing her soft, silky skin. She closed her eyes and fell into a special space between reality and heaven. She giggled as he withdrew from her and the juice from their love trickled out. She lay there, totally spent. *This is what sex is supposed to feel like.*

They slowly got dressed and walked back into the main part of the airport. Bill kissed her cheek and said he needed to pick up his Lexus at the lot. While she stood there, in a dreamlike state of fulfillment and dripping a little, she glanced up and saw a man with a sign. It read "Welcome to Florida, Kate!"

The man was small, balding, and looked like Homer Simpson.

"Oh, Kate, you look even better than your pictures."

"Who me?" she asked, staring at the stranger.

"It's me, Bill. You know, cyber-man," he said smiling and bragging.

"Ummmm, you don't look anything like your picture. I didn't know it was you." Kate stared out the door looking at the Lexus pulling up at the front gate. "I'm a little flustered about all this, um, silly me."

"I'm sorry. I wanted you to like me as a person first. You said looks weren't important and, well, I'll tell you about it in my mom's car on the way to the hotel. I want to do some of those kinky things we talked about doing online!" snort, snort. "Hey where were you? Your plane landed about 30 minutes ago. I was beginning to worry about you, hot mama. The Volkswagen is out in the parking lot. Let's go, baby. "

The wind blew through Kate's hair. She smiled and put her legs up on the dash, letting the air sweep under her sundress and against her body. She finally leaned back

into the lap of her cyber-man— well, after giving Bill \$2000 for the trip and telling him “Sorry, I have a rash.” At least she met the man of her dreams. And the ride in the Lexus convertible wasn’t bad either.

Who says you can’t meet Mr. Right on the Internet?

The Phone Call

The phone rang loudly at precisely 5:30 P.M. just like every other evening. Janet had been busy lately and the calls to Richard at work were usually necessary information about their upcoming wedding instead of the regular “kissy, kissy, love you” talk you’d expect. So Richard dredged over to the phone and picked it up indifferently.

“Hello?”

“Hi, babe. You’ll never guess what I’m wearing right now.”

“Flannel?” he replied.

“Actually, it’s a silk thong and a matching lacy brassiere that really doesn’t cover much.”

“Uh, Janet, is that you?”

“Well if it isn’t me than you really shouldn’t be talking on the phone with a woman this horny. One who’s waiting in bed for a real man with a bowl of strawberries and whip cream to feed you while I sit on top of you and slowly ride up and down, while leaning back so I can rub that certain spot you said could only be rubbed while you grow inside my hot bush.”

“What’s all this about?”

“Did I tell you that I just finished painting my fingernails ruby red, and I can’t wait to dig them so deep into your back that I leave marks when you climb on top of me and drive your manhood inside of me so deep that it pushes against my cervix, and I explode in waves like the ocean crashing on the beach?”

“Okay, what did you buy and how much did it cost?”

“You’re going to think I’m crazy, but I can’t even go grocery shopping without thinking about sex with you. I went to Lucky’s and could barely control myself. First, grabbing the bananas. I had to have one. So I peeled one and pushed the whole thing in my mouth until it was touching my tonsils because I thought that if I could do this I might be able to handle all of you. But a banana is no comparison, so I bought a

cucumber. I had to find just the right one. The other women asked me what I was doing when I kept moaning whenever I grabbed a firm, smooth, thick cucumber. So I told them I needed to feel my Richard or have something close to his size in my hands to stroke. They all wanted your phone number when I finally showed them the cucumber that was just your size. The scale nearly broke. In the car I was so wet that I just laid it between my legs so I could imagine you there, every bump in the road rubbed me against it and almost made me climax."

"Babe, are you taking those herbal vitamins Marilyn was selling or something?"

"You know just talking to you and saying your name, Dick, is making me so hot that I'm going to slip out of these damn confining panties. Ooohhh. These things are like a straightjacket for my passion. Wow. They're so wet just from thinking about what we're going to do when you finally get home. Mmmmm, god, I can just imagine you caressing my body with your big strong hands. Whoops! I just slipped my finger into my mouth and bit the tip, but I know you don't like me to bite. But I don't mind you biting a little on the tips of my nipples. Oooohhhh, or on my lips when we kiss. Or my other lips when you're spending what feels like an eternity between my thighs with your tongue darting in and out of me while you lap up the flowing juices that only you can release."

"I don't care what you've done or how much it costs, having you tonight will be worth it!"

"Oooooohhhhhh! I am on fire. Dear me, I can't wait much longer. This is torture. Like a building wave before it breaks and sprays it's wetness across the beach until it builds again, and again. This is so unfair. Can you get off sooner so you can get me off? You don't know how badly I need to let go. Mmmmmmmmm, I can fit three fingers inside of me. Please come home. Now. Please hurry! I can't wait another second. Get your ass over here! Oh please, come to me. Now, now come to me."

Fuck this! "Scott I need to get home right now. I know you can't pay me for this, but it's an emergency!"

“Yo, dude, you’re out of here. Just fill out your timesheet and you’re gone,” Scott said.

As Richard furiously rummaged through the paperwork to get his timecard, Scott walked up to him.

“Hey Rich?”

“WHAT MAN? I’M IN A HURRY!”

“Your fiancée just called and said to tell you not to rush home. She said that the cucumber she bought at the store was perfect and the ocean waves have subsided, and she’s exhausted. Whatever that means.”

The Piercing

Music blasted loudly through the house. The party was at its peak. People were buzzed and a thick layer of smoke floated above the crowd. It was Rachell's first party since starting college.

She was a "Goth" and so she'd always been a little different from everyone else in high school. She wore black and had jet black, shoulder length hair, and had a few piercings. She was tall with a medium build and a great set of...umm.... We'll say she filled out a shirt well and loved wearing leather pants. Other than that, she was quiet and quite smart. She'd received a nice scholarship to Cal Berkley and wanted to start anew. This was a chance at a new beginning. She was 19 and all the horrors of high school were over.

Lars walked into the party with his friends and scoped out the scene. Dressed like he was, he demanded attention. His leather jacket had chains on it. His Mohawk was snot-green. And his ear, nose, eyebrow, and nipple piercings were proudly displayed. His eyes locked instantly on a vision. He stared at Rachell, like a deer into headlights.

"Damn," he thought to himself. "She's hella fine!"

The hair on the back of her neck stood up and Rachell knew someone was looking at her. Nonchalantly, she looked around the room. When her eyes met Lars, it was mystical. The room became quiet and her vision was filled only with him. Of course the drinks could have had some effect on that too.

"Damn," she thought to herself. "He's hella fine!"

He awkwardly walked up and started talking gibberish to her, which she couldn't hear because the music was so loud. She smiled and acted amused, oblivious to the room, and just watched him. She tried to read his lips while he talked, but her mind was envisioning kissing his lips. She thought about exploring his mouth with her tongue. She imagined his mouth caressing her body. The twinkle of silver in his mouth

showed he had a piercing. Because she had one too, she knew what someone that was talented with a piercing could do during sex.

They yelled back and forth and they laughed as the party got louder and more furious. They had an eclectic chemistry between them. Six screwdrivers for her and five rum and Cokes, two beers and a shot of Jose Cuervo made a lot of chemistry. He had another shot of Tequila and kissed Rachell. The sour tang of the drink mixed with the sweet taste of her lips. Lars kissed her again and she ran her fingers along the tips of his spiked Mohawk hair. Their tongue piercings clinked in their mouths, making them both laugh.

Rachell felt loose and relaxed and very horny. She leaned over, resting her hand against Lars groin, and whispered softly in his ear, "Let's go upstairs."

"What?" Lars yelled, not able to hear her.

"Let's go upstairs." She said again a little louder

"I'm sorry babe. I can't hear you." Lars yelled.

As the music paused, she screamed, "I WANT TO TAKE YOU UPSTAIRS SO WE CAN FUCK!" In the quiet room, people looked around at Rachell, grinning and giggling.

They went upstairs. And, room-by-room, they opened each door to see beds occupied by college coeds and even college team mascots, the mule was a bit kinky, having sex. When they opened the bathroom door Lars smiled and yanked her in. Then he locked the door. She didn't even know this guy but he made her feel great about herself since he was a little different too. As they mashed their bodies together against the bathroom wall, his hands groped and fondled her flesh like an animal. Her own hands kept a steady feel grip on his growing cock.

Their lips parted and she shoved Lars away and stepped back against the bathroom sink. Rachell leaned over and pulled her shirt down over her shoulders to expose her sheer bra and the nipple hoops piercing her and pressing through the fabric. Lars bent down and kissed the nipples through the fabric, flicking the hoops. The

wetness of his mouth moistened the fabric and Rachell pulled the straps aside, letting them fall. Lars pulled the bra down and stared at her breasts.

She had perfectly round breasts and two small loop nipple piercings. The nipples stood out strong. He licked his lips as they swayed while she took her shirt off. Rachell lifted her ass up onto the countertop and Lars pushed her backwards to lie on the porcelain. He kissed her tummy and moved up to her breasts, holding them firmly in his hands. He grinned and licked her nipples and the tink, tink of his tongue piercing against her loops made her shiver and squirm. Wetness gathered between her lips, both sets of lips. His mouth encompassed her nipple and pulled up on the loop causing her to cry out in bliss. Her hair fell back as she leaned back to expose her neck and chest to his wandering eyes. She was so fresh, so sensual. No man had ever used her nipple piercings correctly, but Lars had her climbing the walls wanting him.

All the while, her legs were parted and Lars's chest rubbed against her inner thighs, making the inferno of desire deepen. Lars's hand found her pants and grasped her crotch through the fabric, feeling the heat and wetness through her spandex. She sighed and grabbed his face to kiss him hard. She bit his lip as he pulled back. She wanted him badly and wasn't going to be denied satisfaction. She was so aroused there was actually a wet spot on the fabric. Rachell lay across the bathroom countertop like a dinner tray and Lars planned to eat the entire buffet.

Lars's hand searched inside her pants and, when he discovered she wasn't wearing any underwear, he moaned. He licked her tummy and bellybutton piercing. As he peeled the spandex down and his mouth followed it. He kissed her black pubic hair, which glistened distinctly with her desire as he continued to pull her pants down, over her thighs then her calves and finally off. Lars moved down to her feet to spread her legs apart and saw the luscious, wet labia. A paradise where a man can lose his mind and free the beast, wanting to play forever. Her mouth watered and she closed her eyes as Lars found her clit piercing with his tongue. He showed her no mercy as he vigorously sucked and licked her clit. Rachell wiggled and moaned, her pussy awash in

his saliva. He thrust his tongue in and out of her, flicking her clit piercing with his own tongue piercing.

The bathroom counter became slippery and wet. As she wiggled and thrashed, closing in on an orgasm, Lars spun her around. He moved her so that her legs hung over the side and her back pressed against the mirror. Her bottom rested right on the edge. He knelt in front of her and pushed both of her legs up. Rachell grabbed her thighs and Lars sucked on her clit, pulling the piercing with his teeth. As he slid his index finger deep inside of her, making her groan, he squeezed a handful of her ass in his other hand, molding it like clay. He rubbed the opening with his thumb while his finger kept probing her and his mouth assaulted her clitoris.

Her orgasm was hard and intense. Her neck ached from pushing her head against the mirror. The spasms of ecstasy made her jerk and wiggle. A gleam of sweat covered her stomach and she felt moist and relaxed. She giggled as Lars kept licking her. After one last, deep suck, Lars stood up and kissed her tummy and each breast softly, then he kissed her mouth passionately so she could taste her own juices.

Rachell sat up, proudly arching her chest forward. She looked up into Lars's eyes devilishly as she twisted her nipple loop. She touched his cheek and ran her black fingernails down his chin to his chest. She pushed him back against the wall as she stood up and ripped open his shirt. Then she grabbed his leather-covered crotch. She licked his neck and bit hard on his ear and whispered, "Hold on, this may get a little rough."

Instantly he was at attention, in all areas. The sweat on her breasts made a slippery mix on his pounding chest. She still grasped him through his pants. She looked down and smiled when she pulled the pants away from his stomach and saw the glistening tip of his cock. She focused on the toy she wanted to play with. She bit his nipple piercing and rubbed her breasts against his abdomen. He yelled out as she released the piercing. She wrapped her legs around his calf and rubbed her hot wetness up and down the fabric. She fumbled with the buttons on his pants then pulled them open and rested her head against the swollen front of his underwear. Her cheek felt the

wetness of his desire through the fabric. Her teeth tugged at the waistband of his boxers as she slid his pants to his knees. He fell back against the wall. She reached up the leg of his boxers to fondle his balls. Then she pulled his underwear down and saw her prize. Like a kid with a box of crackerjacks this one had a toy inside. He had a Prince Albert piercing on his penis.

She giggled and looked up at Lars, his eyes straining to stay open as he watched her mold her breasts around his cock. He held onto the wall to keep his balance as he watched himself disappear into her mouth. Her fingernails dragged against the vein along the base of his hardened member. He was average sized, but the piercing drove her crazy her tongue played with it.

Lars moaned loudly as she pulled hard on him. Again, she yanked on him as if trying to pull his cock off. She moaned loudly, but Lars seemed oblivious because of the attention he was getting. Rachell reached up and pinched his balls hard.

"Ouch! What the hell did you do that for?" Lars yelled.

"Mime Maught" she mumbled.

"Huh?"

Rachell pulled back and he moved with her. It seems that in the vigorousness of passion, she got her tongue piercing caught in his Prince Albert and all the jerking made it worse. She tried tugging again but there was a sharp twinge from her piercing poking him. "Ahhhh! Quit that! It's hurting."

"Mell mhat mam mi mupposed mo mdo?"

Suddenly, there was a banging at the door. Seems the police had been called about the noise and kids vandalizing the neighbors. When they broke the lock and opened the door they stopped, stunned and bewildered. Rachell knelt there naked with her tongue out, Lars's penis partially in her mouth. And Lars sat on the toilet with a pair of tweezers and a flashlight he'd found in the drawer, trying to unhook them.

Doctors finally got them separated at the hospital.

Rachell got the notoriety she'd always wanted. She was now known as "Dental Dawn" at school. And in fact, a well-established porn studio bought the movie rights and she paid for her first semester with the royalties.

Lars finished school and never went out with Rachell again. He had his piercings removed and is now happily married to an Amish woman in Massachusetts.

The Quickie

Dale – “Hi.”

Pamela – “Hi.”

Dale – “Alone?”

Pamela – “Yes.”

Dale – “Thirsty?”

Pamela – “Horny!”

Dale – “Cooooo!”

Pamela – “Hot!”

Dale – “When?”

Pamela – “Now!”

Dale – “Men’s?”

Pamela – “Ladies.”

Dale – “Nervous?”

Pamela – zzzzzzziiiipppppp

Dale – “WOW!”

Pamela – “You?”

Dale – zzzzziiiipppppp

Pamela – “Impressive.”

Dale – grunt

Pamela – moan

Dale – grunt

Pamela – moan

Dale – grunt

Pamela – moan

Dale – “Ahhhhhhhhh.”

Pamela – “Mmmmmmm.”

Dale – zip

Pamela – zzzziiippppp

Dale – “Thanks.”

Pamela – “Bye.”

The Blind Date

The moon was glowing brightly in the starry sky and they danced slowly on the balcony with the sound of crashing waves echoing down the beach and soft music from the stereo setting the mood. The chilled bottle of wine was almost gone, and the room service dinner had gotten cold as they just talked and nibbled, not wanting to miss anything. If there was such a thing as love at first sight, this might be it.

Stan was an average kind of guy. He worked in the computer industry and was reasonably well off financially. But, to be blunt, he was average height, had an average build and average looks. Kelly was a little taller than Stan, with dark hair and long features that made her look slender. This meeting was a blind date. Some friends of Stan's from work had met Kelly at a company function and hit it off.

The warmth from the wine made her feel relaxed and loose, almost uninhibited. The ocean breeze smelt wonderful and she breathed it in deeply. As it swept over her, the coolness made her nipples sensitive and perky and she moaned softly. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, oblivious to everything around her but Stan. Her long fingernails dragged up and down her legs, moving her skirt up her thighs. She parted her legs a little so she could feel the breeze rush against every part of her body.

She knew Stan was watching and it made her feel more alive and more aroused than usual. Kelly moved down a little and raised a leg up over the arm of the lounge chair and moved her skirt higher. She slipped a long finger into her mouth, wetting it, then moved it between her legs and rubbed the red silk fabric of her underwear. Stan sat a little dumbfounded but extremely aroused by what he was seeing. His bulging pants made it apparent the effect she had on him.

The wine had also relaxed him. He sat in front of her and watched intently as Kelly moved her underwear to the side and he could see the dark pubic hair shimmering with wetness. Her fingers moved slowly but knowingly along her hips and back between her legs. The red nail polish accentuated the vision as he saw her finger disappear between her labia and peeking back out at the base of her pussy. She moaned

as she slid a finger all the way into herself and pulled it back out. She sucked on it then putting it back inside as if to taste the wine from the bounty between her thighs.

Her other hand moved up and cupped her breast, pushing it upwards, holding it tightly. Kelly's thumb rubbed her erect nipple as she deepened the probing of her pussy with her finger.

"Mmmmmmm. Do you like this Stan?"

"More than you know," he replied, keeping his hand from pressing down on his bulge.

Kelly moved both hands between her legs spreading them apart and opened her lips wide showing Stan her beauty. The shimmering light made her wetness glisten and the pink inside looked pure and tasty, making Stan almost drool to look at her. The fragrance in the air was like a drug, making him crave more. She massaged her protruding clit, driving herself nuts, but knowing exactly what she was doing. She slid another finger inside her opening and continued to massage her clitoris with the other one. Stan was transfixed and wanted to help her.

"Stan, can you come over here?" Kelly whispered.

He stood up, adjusted his pants, and went to kneel in front of her.

"Did you like watching me play with my pussy?" she asked.

"Oh yeah. It's beautiful." Stan gulped.

"Would you like to eat my pussy?" she smiled, asking another question. All the while she stroked her clit deeper and faster feeling the swell of her desires growing as each moment passed. Stan reached up to unbutton her blouse and nuzzled into her chest. He kissed the cleavage between her breasts and moved his hands in between her thighs. Kelly moved her hands behind her head and moaned, "Make me cum Stan. Help me cum."

Stan slid his finger into her soft, hot wetness feeling the lubricants flowing. The heat was scorching but her moist, soft inner walls felt made Stan want to explore deeper. Pulling his finger upwards, he felt a small, smooth spot deep within her. As he rubbed it, he sucked her nipples hard through her bra and moaned, aroused. She

reacted to his probing like he'd pushed the gas pedal on a car, making the motor race. Kelly gasped for air. He moved to grasp her ass in his hands and slid his thumbs into her pussy. He opened the lips wide, exposing her clit, and nuzzled into her pubic hair, groaning, "this is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

He moved his tongue along the inside of her pussy. Kelly moaned deeply and wantonly as he focused his attentions on her clit. Here she was on a balcony, in a lounge chair with a man eating her out, no hiding. And her moans were getting louder and more powerful as he bit down gently on her clit and hummed, sending vibrations through her body.

"God, I want to fuck you so bad!" he growled as she squirmed in the chair. The words cut through her like a knife. Over and over he pulled down on his thumb stretching her pussy and nuzzled on her clit. Kelly caressed her nipples and pulled them, not wanting to be left unfulfilled. Her head fell back and her eyes closed tight as he buried his thumb into her slippery opening and sucked hard on her clit. She felt as if she were falling when the release of her orgasm swept her away. She gasped for air and grabbed his head, pressing it harder into her, not wanting the feeling to fade inside of her. Her juices flowed heavily and she was so fully spent Stan could have knocked her over with a feather.

Her mouth opened wide and she shivered, the small jerks were leftovers from the release of tension. "Damn, I needed that!" she said smiling.

She reached out to touch his stomach and undo his pants. She sighed from the feelings were growing in her once again. Stan was embarrassed about the small wet spot on his underwear from the excitement he felt. Kelly moved him in front of her and stopped her playing to pull his underwear down his muscular legs. She moved her hands back up to grasp his butt in her hands and rested her cheek against his hardness. She moved closer, removed her blouse and undid her front snap on her bra, releasing her full breasts. She moved her arms together and pressed his hardness between her breasts like a tunnel. As she rubbed his cock up and down with her breasts she would

lick the tip of his penis whenever it peeked out. His penis pulsed in time to his heartbeat.

"You want me to suck your dick?" she whispered nastily.

"More than anything!" he groaned, watching her take all of him into her mouth pausing only to suck the head a little. She kept taking him in and out, letting her tongue drag against the vein on the bottom. She could taste the growing pressure at the tip as she let him out for a minute to catch her breath.

"Oh, my, this is soooooooooo, uhhhh, fuckin' incredible." As he spoke she sucked in until his penis touched the back of her throat. Stan's eyelids fluttered and he closed them.

"Mmmmmm, you taste good! I'm not sure I want to let you go."

She moaned again and the vibrations went through his penis and made his legs weaken.

Kelly stood up and walked in front of him, grasping his penis in her hand like a handle. He hobbled behind her with his pants around his ankles, trying not to trip.

"Lay down. I want to be on top. This is something I've dreamt about and I want you to make my dream come true." Kelly knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted control. She reached down, bending over in front of him, sliding her soaked underwear off and grabbed his pants. She pulled the belt out of the loops and grinned wickedly. "Uh oh, what's that for?" Stan asked scared.

"Relax." Kelly whispered as she wrapped the belt around his wrists and through the top of the brass headboard. She lowered her head, caressing his skin with her hair. She moved her breasts to his mouth and he nibbled on her nipples, straining to free his hands. This was her wish, to have total control. "Do you want me?" she whispered in his ear as she licked his earlobe.

"I can't handle any more. I'm about to explode. Please, please."

Smiling, she sat up and straddled him. "I want you to see this," she said as she held his penis in her hand. Teasingly she moved it along her wet opening letting only the tip slip in.

“Oh, this is incredible. Please, let me feel you.” As Stan watched, Kelly lowered herself down. He watched his hardness slowly inch into her, saw the skin pull tight as he penetrated deeper and deeper. She threw her head back and screamed, “This feels fuckin’ great!” Her labia rested moistly against him, and she rocked back and forth as if stretching the tight muscles wrapped around him.

She leaned forward and kissed his mouth, darting her tongue in rhythm with her strokes on him, in and out. Everything about her was overwhelming. His eyes teared as she dug her nails into his chest and hurriedly fucked him. The belt around his wrists burned and bruised the skin as he fought the desire to touch her. It was slow torture as she kissed and licked his neck and ears, biting his lip. Her wet pussy caressed him and the moist heat trickled down between his legs along his tightening testicles. Her legs raised and lowered her body and her muscles tightened inexorably as she rode him. She licked her fingertips and rhythmically rubbed the hood of her clitoris, causing spasms to vibrate through her pussy and her wetness to melt like butter. Deep inside she felt the head of his penis swelling and his breath become labored and fast.

The bed creaked and his wrists were pulling on the belt, wanting to hold her. “Oh, damn, I’m gonna cum!” he yelled. Stan’s body shook and his legs straightened out stiff as he thrust his pelvis up. Kelly leaned back and tightened her vaginal walls around him and pulled up, dragging his length against her clit. They came almost simultaneously. He gushed out all the hot fluids burning deep within him. Her second orgasm was more relaxing. She lay there on top of him, feeling his heart finally slow to a normal state. The slippery warmth between them, a reminder of this dream come true.

“I better take you home. I wouldn’t want you to get in trouble,” Stan said.

They held each other tight and then got dressed and ready to go. As they walked, she held tightly onto his strong arm, allowing him to guide her up the steps to her apartment. It was strange to think she had this handicap, and you would never know except for her dark glasses and cane. When they’d said blind date, they weren’t kidding.

The Awakening

Floyd came into the house, late as usual and shivering from the night air. After getting a drink of water and warming up he walked into the bedroom. On the bed was Ana. He stared longingly at her as she slept so quietly.

She was a vision. The light from the full moon cast a glow across her body. The satin sheets and moonlight made her look like she was sculpted out of stone. She was perfectly still and her attributes were visible through the clinging bedding. She lay on her side with her hand above her head. The curve of her back and the way she had her leg pulled up only accentuated her round firm ass.

He felt playful. He crawled to the side of the bed, pulled the covers a little and slipped underneath them from the bottom. As the bed bobbed, Ana rolled onto her back, exposing even more of her ample breasts and cold-stiffened nipples. Floyd's legs were still on the floor and he moved up a little more, positioning himself between her legs.

Floyd took in a deep breath, smelling the perfume from her bath and her natural womanly scent. He softly rubbed his face against her leg. As if it were a signal to his sleeping beauty, Ana parted her legs slightly and sighed. Of course Floyd thought this was an open invitation to continue. She had told him she loved being awoken like this. As he snuggled up closer to her legs, she parted them even wider, but was still deeply sleep.

Floyd moved up between her legs to his favorite spot where it was always warm and smelt heavenly. In one movement Ana picked her leg up and swung the blankets away from her body, totally exposing the glory of her nudity. One leg was propped up and the other lying flat, dangling off the side of the bed. Her breasts were pert and the nipples were small and tight.

Floyd repositioned himself and kept moving his nose closer to his destination. He peeked up to see if she was still asleep. Ana giggled as his face brushed against her thighs; his hair tickled her soft skin. Floyd couldn't wait any more. He took one long

lick of the outer lips of her vagina and growled like an animal in heat. Ana moaned as Floyd did it again.

Suddenly, Ana's eyes opened up as Floyd put his cold nose into her hot box.

In shock, she looked down between her legs and screamed, "Floyd! You get the hell out of my bed you dumb frickin' mutt!!"

With his tail between his legs, Floyd jumped off the bed and ran for his doggy door. I guess dogs aren't always man's, or woman's, best friend.

The Homecoming (Peter and Susan Part 3)

Peter and Susan finished their dinner date. The movie was a little dull but Tom Hanks can't always make a perfect movie. The restroom was a moving experience for Peter, but they'd still had agreed not to have sex. Oral sex didn't count according to Susan.

As they pulled up to her apartment, nervousness and hope swelled in Peter's heart, as did the erection in his pants.

"Now we agreed to become better friends and not let sex rule our relationship." Susan said.

"I know," Peter grumbled. "But it would be nice to get a kiss goodnight."

The car motor was rumbling as she leaned over and softly kissed his lips. The sweetness of her kiss was like tasting the finest wine. The softness of her lips moistened his thirsty mouth. He was absurdly aroused and dumbfounded by what he should do. Even though his mind knew Susan's rules, his dick had it's own thoughts about the matter.

As they kissed in the car, he started feeling like a schoolboy on a date with a cheerleader. She was on a pedestal, a woman that all men desired, although few were graced with her presence. Their kiss became a little more passionate and he reached his hand up to touch her breast through the fabric. Her moans were subdued, but it was apparent that she didn't mind his touch. Her tongue licked along the line of his lips, and then she slid it into his mouth. The sweet taste of her was like a strawberry, succulent and always pleasing.

Susan was warming and wetting to his caress. She leaned forward and took his face in her hand, longingly pulling him to her. As she leaned, her breast pushed more fully into his hand. Susan turned her head, resting it on Peter's shoulder, and he kissed her neck. Her hand found it's way to his crotch and slid up and down along the front of it. She unzipped his pants and slipped her hand inside, grasping his cock. She kissed

him again, opening her mouth, as she felt him throb in her hand. Peter was growing extremely aroused and wanted to disregard the rules. He wanted her badly.

"We can't Peter. We just can't," Susan said sadly.

"If we are going to become more than lovers we can't base everything on sex." She hung her head and continued, "I want you so much but we better not."

Peter mumbled under his breath, disappointed but understandingly. As they straightened themselves in the car, Peter noticed she hadn't let go of him yet and his penis still throbbed in her hand. "Oh sorry," she said, releasing him and zipping his tight pants back up carefully.

"Can I at least walk you to the door?"

"Of course," she said.

As he opened the door for her, he held his jacket in front of himself so his erection wasn't so apparent. The moonlight and street lamps dimly lit the street and the stars filled the sky. The smell in the air was crisp and fresh and clean. His mind was on the smell of her perfumed body, and his eyes studied her body through her clothes. She walked slowly with him, holding his waist and resting her head on his shoulder again. At the door she rustled through her purse for her keys and fumbled about until they fell to the ground. Susan bent over, picking them up, and her ass pressed against his hard dick. The flinch and deep sigh from Peter showed her how badly he desired her.

As she stood up and faced the door Peter stood behind her and took her shaking hand in his. He kissed the back of her neck, causing her to shiver, and guided the key to the lock while pressing his erection against her firmly. It was a perfect fit along the crease of her ass. Peter reached his hand around and pressed against her abdomen and then moved it down between her legs. Susan moaned and reached her hand up and around his neck as he rubbed between her legs vigorously.

They stood there in her doorway. She was being felt up by a man that made her feel so free and uninhibited that the difference between right and wrong didn't matter anymore. This was pure unbridled lust.

She managed to open the door and Peter followed close behind. She tossed her purse and keys onto the floor and turned around. She kissed Peter again, delving her tongue into his mouth, and grabbed his hands as he dropped his jacket. She licked down his chin to his Adam's apple. She took his hands and placed them on her shoulders. Frantically, she pulled his shirt open and pulled his undershirt up. Then she seductively undid the buttons on her blouse. The fabric of the bra was smooth against Peter's chest and abdomen as she slowly edged her underwear down her legs and slipped them off. She rose up and put the panties in his smiling mouth. Then she lowered herself back down, spreading her legs as she squatted.

The taste and fragrance in his mouth were a temptation and her soft skin caressing his body made him thirst for her. She released the front clasp of her bra and dragged her nipples against his abdomen and down the front of his pants. With her fingers she unhooked and unzipped his pants and they fell to his ankles. She playfully licked him through the fabric of his underwear. Peter kept his hands on her shoulders, knowing it was what she wanted. Susan molded her breasts around his extremely aroused cock and moved up and down kissing his flexing stomach. Peter felt her wetness as she rubbed her pussy up and down against his leg.

Susan suddenly stood up and walked into the dining room. She leaned against the table with her head hung low.

"I can't Peter. Is this all we are? Just sex partners?" Susan asked, desperate for an answer.

Peter waddled over to her, pants at his ankles. "I don't know what we are. All I know is there is something very strong between us. And we can either let it flow, or let our damned pride and thoughts about what we should do get in the way of what we feel."

Peter held her tight against his chest, not wanting to let her go. "All I know is I want you more than I've ever wanted any woman and that scares me. I think about you all the time and just the thought of you gets me hard." Susan looked down and saw his point.

"Well show me then," she whispered as he stepped back. She leaned back and pulled her skirt up showing him what she wanted.

Peter adjusted the front of his underwear and pulled off his shoes and pants from his legs. The fragrance from her pussy was that of an inferno of built-up passions. He kneeled in front of the table and looked into her pink, wet flesh and got even harder. His mouth melted as he kissed her lower lips. Susan sat up, wanting to see him eat her out. She saw his tongue lick up the flowing juices. As he inserted a finger to feel her around him, her eyes closed. She moaned as his finger glided in and out and his tongue flicked her swollen clit. Her arms were weakening but she still wanted to see it. She threw her head back and groaned, then smiled and giggled when he teased the opening with little kisses. Peter looked up to see her face glowing but she grabbed his head forcing it back down.

"Oh god. I'm going to cum Peter!" she screamed. "Please, let me feel you inside of me."

Peter stood up tugging frantically at his underwear and bent his hardened cock down to the opening of her pussy and watched it disappear into her. The tightening muscles snugly embraced him as his body met hers. The slow smooth rhythm of his strokes weren't enough. She wanted what was building inside of them to erupt like a volcano.

"Take me, Peter. *Make* me feel you deep inside of me."

Peter grabbed her, pulling her from the table, and turned her body around to bend her over it. He held her hips and slammed deeply into her. Susan moaned and whimpered at the sheer force of his thrusts. Her body was on fire as he pressed her breasts against the cold tabletop. As her hair flowed over the edge, she could see her breath fog against the surface. The contrast from the heat burning inside of her and the cool surface sent a rush of tingles up her body. With every moan her breathing increased, until she was for gasping for air as her excitement mounted. She pressed her body up off the table, arching her back and pushing her ass against his body, as he moaned loudly. Feeling the pressure begin to peak, the tips of her fingers turned white

as she pushed them hard against the tabletop desperately trying to hold herself up. He reached his massive hands under her breasts and clenched them tight while her nipples protruded from between two fingers. As he buried himself deep into her, his hands tightened and squeezed the nipples. Each stroke was a mixture of unbridled lust and a desire so profound it only made sense for it to happen.

He grabbed hard onto Susan's hips and jerked against her. Her inner walls were wet and the way she caressed the skin of his cock was soothing and arousing.

She raised her leg, setting it up on the table. Peter touched her ass as he kept grinding into her. Reaching under her leg, Susan rubbed her clit gently as Peter's thrusts massaged her from inside. She held the edge of the table, trying to keep her balance. Susan wept and the convulsing ripples of her pussy made Peter understand the orgasm of a woman in a whole new way. Hearing the short bursts of her breath and feeling the shaking of her body, he felt the tidal wave coming. He splashed his hot wave through her over and over again then he collapsed on top of her.

His body was warm and his breaths more controlled. His once hard cock was spent and semi-erect between her legs, still wet from their sexual encounter.

"Damn, you make me feel so alive," Peter whispered in her ear as he started to stand up.

"And you make me feel so ... so, jeez you made me a mess!" Susan said smiling.

They slowly got themselves straightened out and dressed. Peter was hesitant about asking to stay the night. They kept gazing at each other wondering where their relationship was heading. As they walked into the entryway Susan looked at Peter then looked up the stairs.

"Susan, I respect you and think we should take our time like you wanted. We don't know where or how much this will grow, but let's enjoy what we have. I'm going to be a gentleman and go now, out of respect and because I feel that's what you want." Peter smiled feeling proud of his restraint. He knew they would continue seeing each other because this was more than a few chance encounters. They were meant to be together.

At the doorway she kissed him softly and stood looking at him and said, "You know, I appreciate what you said." Peter smiled. "But what I really wanted was to have you stay here tonight so we could fuck all night. Goodnight."

As the door closed, Peter stood in the dim light, wondering how could a man so damn stupid.

The Island Paradise

After all those hard days and tireless nights of working, Bianca was finally enjoying the ultimate vacation on a little-known Caribbean island.

Bianca was a tall brunette with dark brown hair falling to the middle of her back. She had a nice figure, not too big, not too small. Even though she was an attractive woman, she didn't have a boyfriend at the moment and hadn't for quite a while. She'd tried, but every time she liked someone the lies and deceptions destroyed any possible relationship. And her fear of catching something kept her from one-night stands, making it even harder. So she concentrated on her career. Being the president of a dot-com business kept her traveling and she had enough money to do whatever she wanted.

Currently she was rather bored by the lack of direction from the guide so Bianca decided to venture off the trail a little on a nature walk.

Through the brush she found an absolutely gorgeous spot with a small waterfall and pool of water just big enough for swimming. She didn't see anyone around so she stripped down to her swimsuit, leaving the T-shirt and wrap beside the pool, and dived into the cool water. It was breathtaking. After swimming around the water for a while, she ended up by the waterfall. She climbed up onto the small sandy ledge below it and let the water splash against her body.

The water cascaded down her body as if it were another layer of skin. She leaned her head back and let the cold water rinse her hair. Laughing slightly for feeling like a shampoo commercial, she flung her wet hair around. For some unknown reason her body seemed more alive and sensitive than usual. Her nipples were always a focal point for her sexual pleasure so she pulled at them through her bathing suit. Shock waves raced through her body to the point between her thighs. Warmth crept through her and she leaned back; the cool water caressed her passion-heated flesh, cooling the fire burning within. Forgetting where she was, Bianca slipped her hand into her bikini bottoms and rolled her fingers against the lips between her legs. The urge to probe

herself took over as she pulled upwards on the opening of her vagina, exposing the top of her clitoris and letting the water strike it directly. It sent tingles through her body.

She looked up and saw a figure racing across the small beach. Stunned, she stopped and saw a local tribesman kneeling on the side of the beach, bowing to her. Bianca laughed as he bowed one last time then dove in and started swimming towards her. He rose from the water then knelt again and took her hands in his. She couldn't understand what he was saying but his motions and mannerisms seemed to imply he worshiped her.

He motioned to his chest saying, "Gores. Gores." He seemed to be telling her his name. She felt no fear of him as he stood up. He was a little taller than she was, muscular, with dark skin, and somewhat handsome features. And she was so aroused and so overwhelmed by his constant admiration that she took his hand and slipped it beneath her bikini top and onto her breast, moaning softly as he grasped it in his large hand. He knew exactly what to do as he knelt in front of her and kissed her nipples through the material then pulled it off her. Her nipples, already sensitive, stuck out as he sucked them. Gores switched from one to the other. And he slowly slid her bottoms down her thighs, caressing her legs as he inched the clothing downward. Then moved his hands up the back of her legs to her ass. He pressed his face against her tummy and licked her bellybutton. Without care she lifted her leg up and pressed her flaming bush against his face. His hot tongue darted inside her.

Bianca ran her fingers through his hair tugging on it each time he slid his tongue against her pulsating clit. He abruptly stood up and kissed her on the mouth, she was like butter melting to his hot touch. She reached down and grasped the pulsing hardness trapped in his loincloth. She loosened the tie in the front and it fell to the ground. Gores moaned as she stroked it in her hand, rubbing it against her own sweltering opening, almost daring him to enter her. They kept kissing and he moaned at her touch.

The excitement and arousal was almost unbearable. She felt a tingling racing through her veins as she lifted up on her tiptoes, bit his neck and wrapped her leg

around him. Guiding his stiffness along the lips of the moist opening between her legs was too much for him. He lifted Bianca up and moved her into the small cavern behind the waterfall.

There was a small patch of sand between the rocks, big enough for two people to be hidden from view. Like an animal he laid her face down and reached under her tummy, lifting her ass up. Gores moved behind her, spreading her legs apart as he lifted her higher. Bianca didn't care; she was in such a state of need she just wanted to feel him inside of her. He entered her wetness and she shuddered, never having had a man of his thickness penetrate her before. Her arms weakened against the sand as she felt him fill her to the hilt, his abdomen pressed against her ass. He pulled his thick hardness from her in a way that dragged it against her clitoris and she shook and came. The intense spasms of her vaginal walls contracted around his manhood. She could almost feel the veins throb with his pounding heart from the tightness of her pussy contractions. The constant friction against her clitoris with every stroke he pulsed into her forced her orgasm to go on and on.

When Bianca recovered from her near-unconscious state, she leaned farther down till her breasts pressed against the ground and she could feel him penetrate deeper into her, almost pressing against her cervix with every thrust. The melting feeling was warm and comforting but he still kept driving into her. The mist from the waterfall filled the tiny cavern they were in, and the heat they generated should have made it steam as the droplets hit their bodies. Bianca was in another world as the pleasure from him driving into her deeper and harder made her climb to ecstasy again. He grasped her shoulder and put his other hand on her hip as he pushed longer and harder strokes into her. Their sex was becoming primal. Gores started groaning and she shrieked sharply from the pain and pleasure as her knees started to hurt from the intensity of his thrusts.

Bianca knew what she wanted and reached back to push him away. She threw him onto his back and took over. She dragged her nails over his nipples and hairy chest. With her hand she ran her fingers up his thighs to his testicles and licked her lips, and

then she licked the tip of his gleaming penis. As she lowered her mouth over it, the thickness swelled. Tasting her own juices on him excited her as she sucked all the way up to the tip, causing a popping sound as she released him. She looked into his eyes; they begged for release. And the slowly gathering droplets on the tip of his throbbing manhood were a signal that he was close to erupting.

Acting more like a cat than a woman, she clawed at his chest and flicked her tongue on his penis. Then she bit his tightening stomach and climbed on top of him. Again she shuddered as she lowered herself onto the incredibly hard thickness. She lifted her legs up, balancing on Gores, making sure he was as deep as possible. He moaned. Bianca looked into his eyes and saw them roll back in his head. She controlled the pace of their lust and she wanted it fast. She leaned back, moving up and down, and made him thrust from below. She felt her vaginal walls stretching and convulsing. She started shaking as she orgasmed. Without warning he exploded inside of her with such force it lifted her up and she screamed, "Oh god yes!" and came again. Over and over she felt his essence burst from his loins. Their fluids trickled from her as they stopped and she collapsed on his chest. Feeling relaxed and spent she felt his heart pound and slow as she rested against it.

Later, as the mist flew through the air, she listened to Gores and tried to understand what he was saying. He was motioning and seemed to want her to go with him. Without any concern for her safety or where she was going, Bianca dressed and followed him into the jungle. After a long while they came to a clearing.

There she saw a small group of huts and what looked like a temple. As he led her through town, she saw very few women except for the elderly. But there were quite a few younger tribesmen. Each of the young men bowed and knelt when she walked by, just like Gores had when she first saw him.

As she walked to the temple, she looked at it, somewhat bewildered. Gores knelt and walked in and she followed. Inside the hut was dark. Before her was a birdbath. Feeling dumbfounded, she asked what it was. Since he kept bowing and bowing, she

looked closer and saw that it was a birdbath of a naked woman. She had long flowing hair and she was in front of a waterfall with the water cascading down her.

Uh oh, she thought to herself.

An elder tribesman came in then, and speaking in broken English, he explained that this was their goddess of love and sex and all men must worship her. They must have sex with her before ever experiencing sex with another. The previous goddess passed away from exhaustion 5 years ago and all the men had been waiting for a sign, for a new goddess to come. That is why all the men stared at her. She was their goddess. They all had been faithful and pure, waiting for her.

Interesting, Bianca thought to herself as she bit her bottom lip and felt a twinge of arousal. *All these hard-bodied, disease-free, non-barhopping, faithful, strong, hard-working, virgin studs waiting to do nothing more than pleasure and worship me. What should I do?* she pondered.

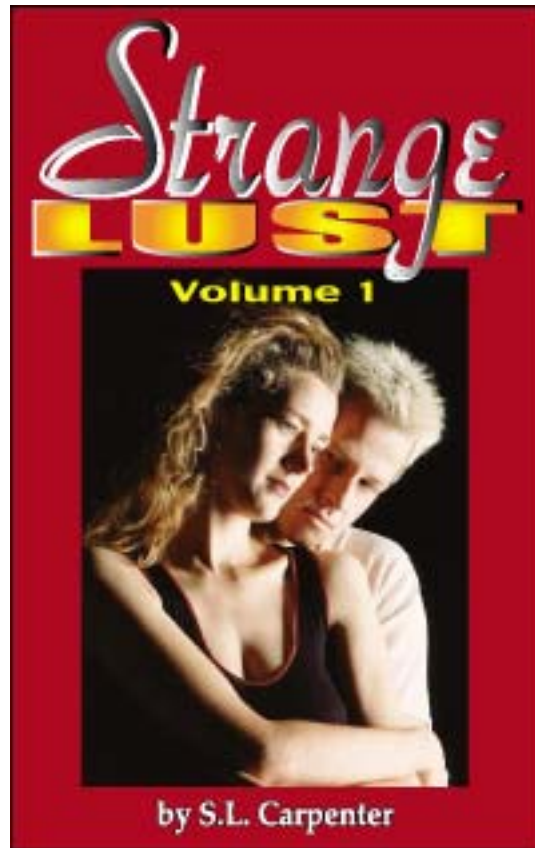
The next day at work a faxed memo arrived for Bianca's CEO.

Dear Sir,

It has come to my attention that an extensive and difficult problem has popped up in the islands that needs my personal attention. I alone must find the strength to diligently work through each and every person's needs in this matter, dedicating as much time as it may take to get the job done. Please forward my mail, as I am not sure how long I will be here. There seems to be at least 100 individual issues that I must attend to.

Thank you and I'll keep in touch with my progress.

Bianca



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