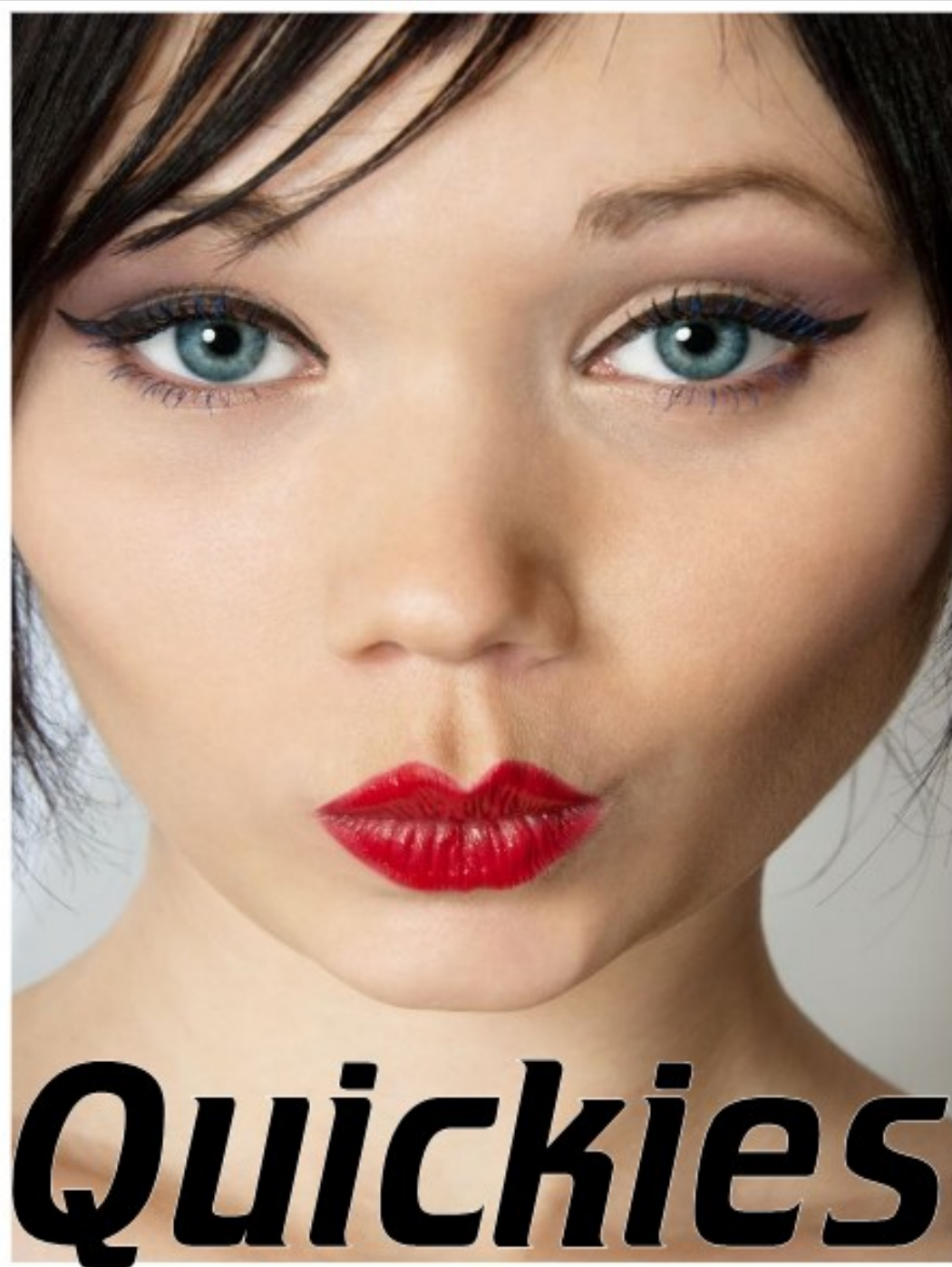


EXCESSICA



***Quickies***

***s e l e n a   k i t t***

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# *Quickies*

*By Selena Kitt*

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## *Pleasing*

I never gave much thought to Miya until she was on her knees. Is that awful? I guess it is. But she was a very unobtrusive sort of woman, expedient, efficient, compliant in every way. She made the perfect legal secretary and I was certainly beyond grateful for her services. She'd managed to pull off miracles the night before client meetings I thought saints couldn't perform, and would stay late to do them, too. But she did it all with a sort of easy grace that left you feeling as if she were invisible, and I guess in some ways she was.

Until I found myself standing in front of her, pulling another huge law tome out of my stacks, and looked down to see her kneeling on the floor beside me. Miya was incredibly petite, probably no more than five feet tall if she was an inch—even in heels, and she wore those every day—her long, dark hair sleek and pulled back from her rounded face. I knew some guys had a “thing” for Asian girls, but I never really had a type. I was an equal opportunity lover that way—if a woman interested me, it was about the woman, not her type.

Still, in that moment, something shifted in my perception of my secretary. On her knees, her skirt riding up from her foray on the floor, her blouse open to a generous V, at least from my angle, she was stunning, and when she lifted her eyes to mine—Christ! I think my cock grew three sizes at least. I'd never looked at her that way before. I know men say that, and most of them are lying, but for me, it was really true.

“I think I need to sit down.” I did. My knees felt like jelly, but besides that, my cock was straining to be released, and I couldn't hide it very well in trousers.

“Are you okay?” She spoke with a slight Asian accent—I had no idea which one. She was American as far as I knew. I had not inquired about her heritage beyond that.

“I guess.” I settled into my big chair—Miya called it that. I’d heard her joking with my colleagues on the phone when I was too busy to take calls, “No, Mr. Rick is sitting in the big chair, he can’t be bothered right now.” My cock ached. And it didn’t help that she came forward and pressed a small hand against my forehead, easing it around to the back of my neck. Her breasts were eye-level, the silk of her blouse touching my cheek when she leaned over to reach a water bottle on my desk.

“Drink.” She insisted, and I did, grateful for something to do, and my mouth, I discovered, had become suddenly, incredibly dry. “Maybe you’re coming down with something?”

“Just dehydrated,” I said in between swallows.

“Are you sure?” That hand again, rubbing the back of my neck. I groaned, an involuntary thing, rolling my head to the side. She smiled, her eyes softening, as she slipped behind my chair. “Ahh, that’s it then.”

Her hands moved over my shoulders, beginning what would be the best massage of my life. Her movements were sure, confident, finding all the right points to make me gasp and moan out loud. This seemed to please her.

“If I’d known you could do this, I would have paid you more,” I joked.

“Let’s call it a bonus,” she murmured, working her thumbs under my shoulder blades, her breath warm against my ear. My cock was still raging—there was nothing I could do about it.

“God, that’s good.” I groaned as she squeezed my shoulders, the strength in her hands amazing compared to their size.

“I love giving you pleasure.” It was a spontaneous statement, something I don’t think she expected to say, just a low murmur, but it got my attention. I looked back at her and saw color flooding, high on her cheeks. “I mean, pleasing you. Doing the research, finding the books you need, making sure everything is...”

“You do please me,” I insisted, our eyes locked. The heat in my groin increased from smolder to fire. “In fact, I don’t think I’ve ever been disappointed in the five years you’ve been here.”

I was trying to keep it professional. I really was. She didn’t make it easy.

In fact, I’d swear she was trying to make it hard—in more ways than one. She came around the chair to stand in front of me, running her hand through my hair in a very un-secretary-like way. “Would you like me to please you now?”

I stared, stunned. I couldn’t believe the risk she was taking. She could lose her job. Of course, she knew that. But her eyes said she knew different. She’d seen the shift in me, too, I think. Sensed or knew it somehow. I don’t know how women know that stuff.

I hadn’t had the time to answer when she sank to her knees, and I was lost. Miya on her knees had been what set me off in the first place, and now seeing her eyes turned up to me from between my thighs was more than enough to push me over any edge of uncertainty I’d been teetering on.

“I’d love it if you would,” I told her, my voice not my own, lower and pained. She smiled, her expert hands moving over my thighs, working on my zipper. My cock

practically sprang out of my pants, and her eyes lit up, delighted. There was no question in my mind then, that this was something we both wanted.

If I'd thought it couldn't get any better than my secretary kneeling before me, well, then I hadn't had my cock in her hot little mouth yet. It got exponentially better. I groaned, pushing my hips forward as she sucked me, my hand moving to the back of her head, where her hair was gathered and tucked into some sort of bun.

"Can I?" I was already pulling out the fastenings, and she shook it all down in one motion, her hair like a cloud of soft satin framing her face. She looked totally different, Miya but not Miya, and that was good. I sighed as the silky strands brushed over my thighs with her movements.

But my cock wasn't going to take much more of her attention without putting an end to things, and I didn't want that yet.

"Come here," I said, pulling her to me. "It's about time I pleased you for once."

"You please me all the time," she murmured, but she let me move her onto my desk—she weighed practically nothing, it was like lifting a child—and I was delighted to find a wet spot on the dark material of her panties when I pushed up her skirt, and the fact that she wore stockings, thigh highs with lace at the top, was just a lovely bonus.

She helped me with her panties, hooking her thumbs in and pulling them down. They went off over the heels—she didn't remove those, and I found that incredibly hot as I leaned in to explore the wetness between my secretary's legs. Her pussy was as tiny as she was, but her lips were plump, the hair there dark and curly.

Her clit was a tender surprise, like a large jewel in a tiny box, and I sucked it into my mouth, eager to taste her. Miya sighed deeply when I did, her hand in my hair, her



hips moving forward to give me more room. I thought about doing one of those movie-scene motions and sweeping everything off my desk, but there were client files and other important papers...it would have created more work than it was worth.

So instead, I pressed her down onto the desk in the space between, so she was lying across my blotter with all the notes I jotted down on my calendar and, sitting in my chair, I spread her thighs wide and licked her. She was the sweetest thing I'd ever tasted, before or since, and the soft moans she made, the way her thighs quivered just before she came, made my cock weep with joy and pleasure.

When I came up for air, kissing my way across her belly, skipping the waistband of her skirt—she'd undone her blouse, and bra, and they were open, her hands cupping the gentle swell of her tiny breasts. Her nipples were a delight, dark in the center, the areolas puffy and protruding, just begging to be sucked. She gasped when I licked at them, wiggling between my thighs.

My cock, no longer straining, free of its prison, was now trapped between our bodies as we rocked together on the desk. I kissed her deeply, and she breathed me in, her body melting against mine, her tiny hips rolling, grinding. Just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore, she reached down between us, grabbing my cock and aiming me.

"Please," she said. That was all, but it was more than enough. I slid in deep, the sensation the most decadent I'd ever known. She was wet from my tongue, but still tight, gripping my cock with a muscle strength that surprised me. Miya put her ankles up on my shoulders, and that made things even tighter. My cock jumped in happy surprise as I began to fuck her.

“Oh god that’s good,” I groaned, grabbing her hips, leaning over her jackknifed body to watch as her breasts moved with each thrust, her nipples hardening, her eyes half closing in pleasure.

I knew I couldn’t hold out long. She was too good, too tight, too much velvet heat and silk wrapped around me. Her hands grasped mine, squeezing, her nails digging into my wrists. Her hair spread out around her like a black river over my desk, and she bit her lip, her expression pained, as she was about to come.

“Oh Miya, I can’t hold back,” I gasped as her pussy squeezed my cock, again and again.

“Yes!” she cried, her hips moving, urging me on. “Fill me. Oh, please, yes, fill me with your cum!”

She didn’t have to ask me twice. With a final groan and a hard thrust, I shoved into her, pushing the desk forward a good foot in the bargain, and gave her everything I had. My cock exploded in hot, white bursts, over and over, and I thought I would die when I looked down to see my cum seeping out of her pink flesh in rivulets, as if she was too small to contain it.

I saw the uncertainty on her face, then, as we moved from passion toward composure, and I sought to reassure her. Pulling her against me—she was so slight, I could easily gather her into my arms, and I did, sitting her in my lap as I settled in the “big chair.”

“Did I—?”

“You pleased me.” I anticipated her question, covering her damp throat with kisses. “Beyond pleased. Believe me.”

She seemed satisfied and settled herself in my lap with a happy sigh, one that absolutely thrilled me. I glanced over at the spot we'd been standing, the book still pulled out on the shelf, the desk where our work was piled up, the things we'd shoved aside so we could have a space between to come together. I took it all in, smiling, and I knew, work to do or not, we were going to be in for a long night

### *\$5.99 A Minute*

Ralph logged on nearly every night now when Dee went to bed. She got up earlier than he did and would often fall asleep on the couch during the ten o'clock news. On these occasions, he'd nudge her awake and hustle her off to bed with an, "I'll be there soon." She was usually asleep again before her head fit the pillow, and he would sit in the living room with his laptop on a TV tray, his hand wrapped around the thick, pulsing length of his cock and the newscasters' reports of doom and gloom muted while he communed with a goddess.

Her name was Julianne. Of course, it wasn't really, but they pretended it was real—they pretended it was all real—and it was good enough for him. He'd never have believed a virtual connection could feel so genuine, but it did. Sometimes he thought he could feel her skin, and her eyes always, always seemed to be looking straight into him. Nothing could have prepared him for the experience, and nothing could have kept him from it, now.

He logged in quickly, typing, "*Hey Jules,*" into the rectangular chat box. She sent him a smiley face in response, a quick :) that somehow made his heart beat faster, his cock harden more. He rubbed it absently through his boxers as he typed one-handed—he'd become an expert one-handed typer in the past month—"Can we go private?"

Timing was everything. Some nights he had to wait, twenty minutes, half an hour. He hated the thought of her communicating with anyone else. He told himself she had a job to do and that was part of it, but he convinced himself she felt differently about him than she did about the others. She had even told him so, in their virtual post-coital chats, so it must be true.

He thrilled at her one-word typed response, “Yes.”

The clock in the corner of his computer told him it was ten fifty-two. The site had his credit card information already, and he simply had to click a button on the screen—the button to heaven—and there she was, in all her glory, wearing black panties and a black push-up bra tonight, her golden hair a cloud of curls around her perfectly angelic face. Everything stayed covered for the non-private chats, but when they were off in a room of their own, where only he could see her, she took it all off. Usually just when he told her to, and in whatever order he wished.

Ralph plugged in his headphones and turned up his sound. He loved being able to hear her voice, the sweet sound of her laugh, the low moans that came later. He longed to talk to her as well, but the company she worked for didn’t allow it. Instead, he was stuck with typing, just words on a screen.

“I have a new toy.” She absolutely purred, stretching out her long, tawny limbs and reaching for something off view of the webcam. It was a pink dildo, curved at the end, with a white wire attached. “Guess what we can do with this?”

*“I can’t wait to hear.”* His typed words were true enough. His cock throbbed at the sight of it, almost as pink as he knew her pussy was. The thought of seeing it slide inside her made the tip of his cock wet.

Julie leaned the other way off screen, doing something there he couldn’t see, but he loved the way her panties rode up the crack of her ass when she did. She leaned back into a sea of pillows then, sliding her panties down and then spreading her long legs for him. It was a surprise—she usually waited to hear what he wanted first.

"I sent you instructions," she murmured, using the toy to part her pussy lips—they glistened in the light, already wet for him, and he groaned as he checked his "In" box on the site. Sure enough, there was a list of instructions there for the very toy she was playing with, instructions that were impossibly exciting. Just by using a few strokes of his keys, he could control the vibrator's intensity.

"Do you want me to play?" Her eyes were bright, teasing. She knew he wanted her to, and he saw her glance at her laptop screen, waiting for his response.

*"On your clit."* His typed words instructed, watching her comply, her lip caught between her teeth as she rubbed the pink head of the toy over the sensitive bud.

He pressed a key on his keyboard and heard the vibrator buzz to life, making her moan. Her nipples were hard under her bra and he wanted to see her gorgeous tits.

*"Pull your bra down."*

She yanked at the cups, letting her pink-tipped breasts free. God he wanted to suck those hard little nipples. The hand on his cock seemed to move on its own, stroking faster as he watched her writhe on the bed.

*"Play with your nipples."*

One hand cupped her breast, squeezing the pink bud as she rubbed her little clit faster with the toy. Ralph upped the ante, pressing another key, hearing the vibrator's buzz change, intensify.

"Ohhhhh!" Julie spread wider and he could see the faint gape of her hole, exactly the place where he wanted to put his cock. Instead, he told her to put the toy there, and he groaned out loud when he watched the pink surface of the vibrator disappearing into her pink flesh, the curved end pointed up, plunging deep.

*“Fuck yourself.”*

He watched, eyes glazed, hand pumping, breath coming fast, as she thrust the dildo deep, gasping as he turned up the force of the vibration with the stroke of a key. The in and out of her the toy was almost enough to push him over, her breasts swaying gently with the motion, her eyes half closed, but still watching the screen for his instructions.

*“Feel good?”* He managed to type.

“Oh fuck, baby, it’s so good in my pussy!” Her hips lifted as she fucked herself. “Gimme more! Please! Please!”

He bit his lip, squeezed his cock hard, and did as she asked, turning it up, up, hearing it buzz in his ears as it took her closer to orgasm.

“Uh! Uh! Uh!” She rocked, eyes closing, gone to him now, but it didn’t matter. His cock jerked in his hand as she watched her come, her face and breasts flushed with it, the toy buzzing mightily in her cunt as her pussy gripped its slick, pink surface again and again. His cum splashed hot, white heat against his bare belly and he imagined aiming his cock against her throbbing clit, covering her with his cum.

The sweet sounds of her coming back down filled his ears, and his cock jerked to life again for a moment when she pulled the toy from her pussy and sucked off her juices. My god, she was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

“God, I missed you Ralph. Where were you last night?” she asked, leaning up on an elbow and looking right at him. Last night. Right. Last night he and Dee had argued well into the wee morning hours about their upside-down mortgage and how they were going to consolidate their credit card debt.

He didn't tell Julie any of that. Instead, he typed, "*I missed you, too.*"

"Oh damn." She tossed the wet toy aside, frowning at her laptop screen. "I've got someone else who wants to go private. I'm sorry, sweetie."

His heart sank, but he typed, "*I understand.*"

"See you tomorrow night?"

"*Of course. G'nite, baby.*"

She blew him a kiss, and that was it. The screen was dark. The clock on his computer told him it was eleven-oh-three. Too short. There was never enough time to spend with her. And at \$5.99 a minute, he knew Dee would have something to say about how much time he was spending when this month's credit card statement finally came.

He sighed, slipping his boxers off and using them to wipe himself off before closing his laptop for the night. Some part of him knew there would be consequences to pay in the end, that his time with Julianne was a sort of escape, but another part of him didn't care.

It was worth it, he told himself. She was worth it. And she thought he was, too. She told him she missed him. She looked forward to being with him. She made him feel...hell, she just made him *feel*. That was enough. More than enough.

Who wouldn't pay \$5.99 a minute for that?



## *Road To Nowhere*

"I need the map." I shook her shoulder as gently as I could. Susie opened one eye and stuck out her tongue, turning toward the passenger door. "Can you get it? It's in my bag."

"Do I smell chicken?" Both eyes were open now and she sat up, blinking at the brightness.

"Yeah." I nodded at the bucket on the floor. "I need to know which exit."

"Did I really sleep through you stopping for chicken?" She yawned, leaning carefully over the seat and fishing through her bag.

"You slept through half of New Mexico, doll." I admired the swell of her behind as she stretched over the seat, pulling the map out of my bag and putting it down between us.

Susie settled herself in the front seat again, digging through the red and white bag on the floor and pulling out a tub of coleslaw. "Oh, evil temptation!"

I steered around something in the road. "What exit does it say to take off this?"

Susie looked at the hand-drawn map and carefully printed directions. "Sixty-three." She put her bare feet up on the dashboard, pulling a white spoon/fork combination out of its plastic and studying the eating utensil. "I bet the guy who invented the spork is going to be a millionaire." I noticed her toes, painted a deep, blood red.

"Hey, are you still hungry?"

"Nah. I had a couple wings." I nodded to the greasy red and white bucket on the floor, leaning over and squeezing her slim leg through her sun dress. "Although...I could go for a thigh."

“Bad!” She poked my knuckles with her spork.

“Watch it!” I put my hand back on the steering wheel, smiling.

“Oh right, like I could take you with a spork?”

“You just like saying spork.”

“Where are we, Mark?” Susie tapped the spoon against the dash to some invisible beat. “There’s nothing to see out here but sand and more sand.”

“Not true—look, there’s a cactus!” I pointed, using the diversion to grab the utensil out of her hand. Susie rolled her eyes but rewarded me with a small smile. I held out the modified spoon. “Wanna spork?”

“Bad!” She groaned, but took it back. “I’m so tired of being lost. How did we end up heading to a town we couldn’t even find on the map?” I glanced over to see her pulling the lid off the bucket of chicken and peering inside.

I shrugged. “Maps don’t know everything.”

“If it isn’t on the map, it doesn’t exist.” She gave me a Susie-look, the one that said, ‘I know everything, even if you think I don’t.’

“Well, let’s hope you’re wrong.” I watched her use the rubber band around her wrist to pull her long, dark hair back into a ponytail and sighed.

“Never happens.” She flipped on the radio with a delicate flick of her small wrist.

I smiled, slipping a hand behind her neck, massaging. “You’re so smug.”

She slid all the way across the Malibu’s bench seat—even with the air on, her long legs stuck to the vinyl—and snuggled up beside me. “Mmm. I think I found something better than chicken.”

“Susie...” Her fingers did the walking up my leg, dancing across my crotch. “I’m driving.”

“So drive.”

There was no stopping a determined Susie, and she was determined now, unzipping my fly, her small hand finding my already-hardening cock through the gap in my boxers.

“Oh Christ.” Her mouth was warm and wet, licking me into a swelling state of hardness as I leaned back in the seat, giving her more room to work. The soft, hungry noises she made from my lap were maddening, and the road seemed to melt, a fading mirage in the orange glow of the setting sun, as my eyes half-closed in pleasure.

“Mmmmm,” she murmured around the length, her lips coming up red on the tip. “Now this is what I call a tasty meal.”

I tried to control myself—my breathing, the pressure of my foot on the gas pedal, the play of the steering wheel in my hand—but my hips moved all by themselves, thrusting my cock into her willing mouth. She made a fist around the shaft and stroked me fast as her tongue circled the head. I knew she could taste my precum, just mere pennies compared to the payoff her hard work was going to give her in, I gauged, probably less than a minute.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” I whispered, grabbing onto her ponytail—the perfect handle—using it to pump myself into her mouth, feeling it building, a deep well, a fountain ready to burst. The speedometer read a steady fifty-five, and that was good. Don McLean was crooning a goodbye to Miss American Pie, and that was good, too. The road was straight and even, the yellow lines stretching upward as we began to crest the top of a

hill, and I was riding high toward my own summit, Susie's mouth working its magic between my legs.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, it's coming!" I moaned, the shove of my hips forcing my cock deep into her mouth as she swallowed—I heard her throat working, trying to take the full load of my cum—and it was in that moment of unimaginable heaven I saw the flash of lowbeams converging with the blacktop as we came to the very top of the hill.

I had time to think that it was early for lights—mine were still off—as the sun was just setting somewhere deep in the desert. I had time to feel Susie's blissfully unaware sigh as she licked the last bit of my cum from the tip of my cock. I think I even had time to hear the last bit of the song on the radio:

*Bye-bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levy  
But the levy was dry  
And them good old boys were drinking whiskey and rye  
Singing this'll be the day that I die...*

At least, I think I heard it, maybe I just remembered it that way, the DJ saying, "Number three on the charts this week, that was..."

I realized the car was in our lane, no mirage coming over the hill in the fading heat-haze of a blood-red sun, but a hulking, flying mass of metal that would knock us fully into darkness.

So I closed my eyes. There was nothing else to do but close my eyes and wait for it, and when my breath turned to glass in my throat, when the impact didn't come, when the Malibu continued on its way under my power down the ever-darkening ribbon of highway, I opened them again in a panic.

Seeing the truth made me want to retch. Seeing only half of Susie's head resting in my lap, the blood soaked end of her pony-tail slick in my hand. Seeing the front end of the Malibu—brand spanking new and cherry red in 1972—crumpled like an accordion in front of me, its body rusted, the paint faded almost to pink. There were no lights, there was no road, no smell of chicken, no radio playing. Some time during its lingering stay on the side of the road in the middle of the desert for the past thirty-some years, the Malibu had become a convertible, it's roof completely gone, leaving us completely exposed to the elements.

Not that it mattered. We were the elements now.

"Susie." I blinked, whispered her name, and she sat up, still licking her lips. There was no more blood, no more nightmare gore. She was just Susie again, her eyes bright in the orange glow of sunset. There was no car coming toward us, and the Malibu seemed to know its own way down the desert highway.

"Susie, did you...?" I wanted to ask her if she had seen, if she knew what I had, in that awful, liminal moment between worlds, realized. When she pressed her fingers to my lips, and then kissed me—god, I could taste my cum on her mouth, how could that be?—I understood that she knew, too, had known all along.

She snuggled up next to me and turned up the radio. It was that song again, that same song, singing this will be the day that I die...

"Just keep driving," she murmured, and I did, steering us ever toward our destiny, on a darkening road to nowhere.

## *Sacred Prostitute: Teacher*

She knew exactly the effect she had on men.

Holly's power didn't come from a lipstick tube or a lingerie store—it amused and saddened her by turns when she realized most women thought so. It went much deeper than that.

“How old are you, Brian?”

He was incredibly young. Doe-eyes—big, brown and beautiful—blinked at her as if she were the brightest thing in the room. Looking around the dimly lit bar, older patrons intent on their drinks, the glow from the television just a ghostly shadow in the corner—she thought, perhaps, she was.

“Old enough to be here.” Brian shifted in his chair, and she noticed, the way she noticed everything, how his eyes moved over the cream-colored silk of her blouse, down to respectable-but-intentionally-revealing V of her cleavage.

Holly smiled, reached across the table, and took his hand. “Now, why don't I believe you?”

His palm was wet —actually wet—and his fingers trembled, but the brave face he put on made her want to weep with compassion and even a little delight.

“My friend, he told me you could teach me.”

She sipped her drink through a tiny straw, not answering, her eyes focused on him until his gaze dropped to the table. Holly was very careful, even fastidious. Her referrals came only through sources she trusted.

"This is the address." Her business card was like the cream-colored silk of her blouse, soft and clean and bright, and she slid it across the table toward him.

"Tomorrow, seven p.m."

"How do I—"

She stood, shrugging on her long, black wool coat, pulling a thick length of curly, honey-colored hair from beneath the collar. "You'll receive a text message tonight with further instructions."

"I feel like double-oh-seven." His grin was both nervous and goofy, but there was a cockiness in it that allowed her to glimpse the man he would become, and it thrilled her.

"Maybe not today." Holly smiled as she pulled on her gloves. "But after tomorrow night?" She leaned over and brushed her lips against his ear, feeling him shiver as she whispered, "Your life will never be the same."

There was no arrogance in her words and she left him there with them, his eyes glazed with anticipation.

And yet, she knew...he had no idea.

\* \* \* \*

"Breathe."

Her whispered words seemed to force the air from his lungs in a long, trembling exhale. They were both completely nude—she started virgins that way, with no pretenses or defense—and although his cock was like a steel rod nestled against the crevice of her behind as she straddled him, she ignored it completely, focusing her eyes

on his, both of her hands resting in the middle of his chest. She was balancing herself, but doing much more than that.

“Do you want to touch me?” She knew the answer, but waited.

“God, yes.” His hand, held rigidly at his side, started to move, but stopped when she gave a slight shake of her head.

“How does it make you feel, that wanting?” She brought her face down closer to his, her eyes searching, her hair falling across his chest and shoulders. He gave a small gasp, just a short intake of breath, his eyes half-closing in anticipation.

“Crazy,” he murmured, swallowing, licking his lips. “Like...like I would do anything. Anything for you. To you. I feel...I feel like a wild man. I want to...”

“Go on,” she encouraged, rocking her hips back slightly, feeling his cock jerk. “Don’t censor it. Tell me.”

“I want to... oh god.” He gasped again when one of her hands snuck behind her back, pressing his cock, which had made a wet precum trail along the groove of her ass. “Oh my god, that’s good. I want to fuck you, Holly, I want to be inside you.”

“Mmm.” She rubbed him a little faster, her expert thumb caressing the sensitive frenulum. “Good. More.”

“I have to.” His hips pressed her upward, and she delighted in his strength, how in-check it was in the moment, its potential for unleashing. “Oh please, I want you, I want to fuck you, take you...” He let out a low growl when she wrapped her hand completely around his cock. “I could devour you.”

“Yes!” She squeezed, released. Again. Again. “Tell me. Tell me, Brian.”



“Ahhhhh god I want to crawl inside you!” His hands went to her hips and she didn’t stop him, rocking back against his cock, still tight in her fist, her pussy spreading wetness over his lower belly. “I could tear you apart just to get inside you, ahhh god I want you, every fucking inch of you.”

“Look at me—into my eyes.” Her words were breathless—it excited her to see him, to hear him, like this. His eyes were open, barely, but he focused on her face. “Do you feel it between us?”

He nodded, gulped.

“This is everything, right here, you and me.” She knelt above him, now, still straddling, one hand pressed against his chest, the other encircling his cock. “This is what moves the world. This is life. This is love.”

His eyes were wide now. She saw surprise, a glimpse of fear, realization. That last thrilled her as she positioned herself over him, guided him.

“Do you really feel it?” She whispered, his cock poised, ready.

His hands moved over her belly—soft, flat, quivering—cradling her hips in wonder, as if he held the whole of creation between his hands. And he did.

“Do you feel it here?” Holly squeezed his cock, eliciting a low moan.

“Yes.”

“Do you feel it *here*?” She rubbed her hand over his chest, his heart, looking deep into his eyes.

He swallowed, nodded. “Yes. Yes.”

“Remember,” she whispered, shifting her hips and letting him inside of her. He was young, inexperienced, and had never felt the first blissful moment of entry. She

didn't expect him to last past that moment, and was surprised when his eyes stayed focused on hers instead of closing in climax, his hands steady on her hips.

"You're so beautiful." His words were so genuine they made her flush with pleasure, and she showed him her gratitude, moving her hips in slow, easy circles.

His eyes did flutter closed then, but she pressed him, "look at me," and he did. "Don't try to escape from the feeling. Come into it. With me." She leaned in to capture his mouth, their kiss soft but full of feeling. "With me."

He moved naturally, his hips rocking with her. "Oh my god."

"Yes, exactly." She smiled against his cheek, pressing her breasts to his chest. "This is how we make love, our flesh, in and out..." The sound of their wet coupling filled the room. "But we're making love, all of us, all the time."

She felt him listening—his whole body was listening—and she took advantage of the teaching moment. "My breath. Your breath. In and out. That's how we make love to the divine. It's no different."

Her lips trailed across his jaw, leaving soft, warm kisses toward his ear. "Spirit is everywhere. It isn't up there or out there. It's in here. In me. In you. Our flesh, joined. One."

His hands tightened on her behind, pressing in deep, making her gasp and moan. At the sound of her pleasure, his cock swelled inside of her.

Holly hid her smile against his neck. "But we don't have to talk about it. We can just feel it." She used the tight, velvet muscles of her pussy to squeeze him, making his head rock, side to side, his eyes closing in blissful agony.

“And it doesn’t always look like this,” she murmured, urging him over with her, pulling him on top of her. He looked surprised but pleased by the change, propping himself above her. “Sometimes it’s raw. Animal. You know that feeling? That wild man feeling you told me about?”

He nodded, his eyes so hungry they filled her with heat. “I feel that, too. And I want to feel that from you.”

“You do?” he asked, cautious.

She arched, bit her lip, grabbed his upper arms and squeezed. “God, yes!”

“Oh Holly,” he groaned, his cock throbbing, literally throbbing, between her legs. She rarely felt such urgency anymore, and it made her melt.

“Show me!” she urged, pulling him closer, her teeth lightly raking his shoulder. “Don’t tell me this time—*show me* how you feel, how much you want—”

He growled and bucked on top of her, the force of his hips driving her into the bed, and she gasped at his need, taking everything he gave her and begging for more.

“Yes, Brian, yes yes!” she moaned, wrapping her long legs around his hips, using her heels to press him deeper. “Fuck me, baby! Harder!”

Her words spurred him on, and she knew he had to be close—that constantly observant part of her marveled that he’d made it this far already—but he was holding back, and she understood when his eyes met hers in the dimness.

“Do you want to make me come?”

He nodded, biting his lip.

“Then fuck me here, too.” She pressed a hand between her breasts, and he groaned, pressing his face against her neck, hiding from everything that had been and

was being revealed, moment by moment. She thought it was over, that he would give up, but he surprised her.

“Holly, Holly,” he whispered into her hair, his thighs forcing hers wider, hips grinding. “Beautiful, amazing, wonderful, glorious woman...”

She flushed—her whole body flushed—as she met his thrusts.

“Goddess,” he murmured, biting at her nipple, making her pussy spasm in response. “Fucking goddess...witch...siren...whore...”

“Oh god,” she whispered when he found the perfect rhythm, his tongue bathing her nipple, sending electric sparks to her groin. “Don’t stop. Please don’t.”

He groaned, moving faster, hips pumping deep, deeper still, and Holly writhed beneath him, letting him take her there. She never faked an orgasm—and never would. What Holly gave, she gave completely, and she gave it to him now, a shuddering, gasping release, the pleasure rolling through her body again and again.

“Ahhhhh fuck!” He cried, his mouth crushing hers as he came, as if he could pour it all out, empty himself completely into her, body, breath, everything. She welcomed him with long limbs, whispered, heated words, coaxing every last drop out in long, quivering waves until he collapsed against her, breathless.

“Stay with me,” she whispered, touching his cheek, his jaw, until his dark eyes lifted to meet hers.

“I’m here.”

“*With* me,” she said, the emphasis clear, feeling her heart beating hard in her chest, how it expanded to include this boy/man, every man, everything, from the inside out. “This, Brian... this is what we’re alive for.”

“You were right.” He lifted his head, his eyes no longer searching. “I’ll never be the same.”

She pulled him close and held on. “I know.”

## *Orion's Belt*

Middy was waiting. She'd spent her life waiting—waiting to be old enough, to earn enough, to get enough, to get out. She sat like a perpetually hopeful Linus in the Great Pumpkin Patch, waiting for something that would never come, hoping for the arrival of someone who would never appear, leaving her always, just...waiting.

The field was dark, the air warm over her bare arms and legs. She was dressed for work—short skirt, halter top—although she'd carried her four inch heels when she left the pavement and walked barefoot through the grass to this spot. There were no lights out here, no street lights, no city lights. She could only see one faint square glow of a house window and it seemed miles away.

She lifted her face to the sky, scanning the stars, millions of them out there in the darkness, the patterns unfamiliar and undecipherable to her, except for the big dipper and the belt of the one called Orion. She only knew that one because her mother had pointed it out to her once. "Look, Chlamydia, there's the belt of Orion—almost close enough you could reach out and hang onto it, isn't it? I bet he could take you anywhere."

Her mother had been a prostitute, too, always waiting and looking for a way out. She usually, mistakenly, chose a man as a failed escape route, ending up broken and beaten and crawling back on her knees in the end. Women like her... like me, Middy thought... we spend our lives on our knees in front of men.

There had never been anything better for her mother. Why would she think there would be anything better for her? Middy sighed, pulling a blade of grass and splitting it up the middle with a long, red fingernail. Using her mouth, she whistled a tone through

her grass harp, as if she could call something new, something different, something other than an endless parade of cocks and cum and cash.

So when the light appeared above her, as suddenly as a spotlight turned on a startled doe, she froze in surprise and fear, but there was an element of expectation, too. *Where have you been? I've been waiting so long!* There was no time to run, to scream, or even to grab her shoes discarded next to her in the long grass. One moment she was staring up, wide-eyed, into the light, and the next, she was strapped, each limb restrained, to a cold metal table.

"Haven't you ever heard of sheets?" Middy shivered, her nipples so hard they hurt. Maybe that was the reason they kept it so cold, she mused, feeling goosebumps rising on her exposed flesh. Her clothes, such as they had been, were gone, and the hooded figures moved around her, not touching, but she knew they were looking, curious, at her body.

"Nice masks," she murmured, blinking at the brightness. More lights above her, so bright they left spots behind her eyelids when she closed them. "You guys do Halloween?"

She felt as if she were floating. Drugged, she decided. *Is that why I feel so calm?* She should be panicked, struggling, begging. Instead, she was her usual sarcastic self. Although it occurred to her that her smart mouth might get her more than a smack across it up here. *Up here.* She shivered again, this time not from the cold, and wondered where they were, exactly. Home wasn't necessarily where her heart was...but at least it was familiar.

“Whoa, hey there, big fella, what—?” She saw one of the larger figures standing at the end of the table, by her feet, as something cold parted her exposed labia. She hoped to god it was a probe and not that alien’s...cock—or something worse.

They were all hooded, masked, but it wasn’t cloth. She wasn’t sure what it was—something dark and almost fluid, covering something that might have been human-like. If you squinted. From a great distance. The one between her legs was too close for comfort, and the only identifying mark she could make out was something like liquid silver that looked like a belt around its...waist?

“Yo, Orion.” Her eyes searched for a face, found none. Just a blankness, a blackness, darker than the space between stars. “Whatcha planning to do to me?”

But that was obvious. There was something inside her, and it wasn’t human. It also wasn’t exactly inanimate either. It was swelling...pulsing...like a heartbeat, something alive. It wasn’t cold anymore, seemingly warmed by the heat of her body. She couldn’t see, even if she had stretched her neck as far as she could, looking down over the swell of her breasts, to see what might be between her legs.

But she could feel it, moving, slowly in and out, no longer cold metal but a soft, pliable thing, as if it had turned flesh. It was bigger than a cock, but not much, and it had...extra parts. Something pressed against her vulva, her clit, massaging as whatever was inside her began to turn, to rotate. Oh my god, what was it doing?

“Hey, listen, I have a client in half an hour...” Middy’s attempt to explain, perhaps to distract, was lost as the thing between her legs vibrated with an intensity she didn’t know was possible. There was no warm-up, no slow build. It went from zero to sixty in an instant, and she bucked on the table, her hips thrusting up against her restraints, her



eyes closing involuntarily as her body climaxed, the pleasure almost pain it was so sudden, so overwhelming.

“Jesus!” she gasped as the figure between her legs removed the...probe? Christ, if that was a probe, she didn’t want to know what an actual alien cock might be like. Or...maybe she did? Middy shuddered, not sure if it was from pleasure or fear or even anticipation. “I wasn’t expecting that!”

The figure—Orion, the one with the belt—made a low sound, and she understood immediately that it was a laugh. Or some sort of equivalent.

“So, is it your turn now?” she asked, but the figure didn’t answer. Instead, Orion touched something at her wrists, her ankles, and she was free. Sitting up on the table, she held her hand out, and her clothes were placed in them.

“That’s it then?” Middy slid off the table as she zipped up her skirt.

Orion inclined his...its...head? She shook hers, holding her hand out again. “All right, it’s your dime. Or, fifty bucks, as it were.”

A crisp fifty dollar bill appeared in her palm and she tucked it into her halter top.

“Easiest job in the world, I swear it.” She smiled when she heard that low sound from Orion again—a laugh. Then she sighed, adjusting her halter and moving toward the door. She knew her way around the alien ship well enough by now.

Glancing back at Orion, she saw the figure watching her—they were all watching her, and she knew they all got off on it, doing that to her, as if they were all connected.

“Sheesh, one of you fucks me, but you all get off on it?” Middy snorted. “I think that should be fifty bucks each!”

This time, the laughter sound seemed to come from all around her and, not for the first time, she found herself grateful for not only their attention and their payment and the brief respite from her life, but the fact that she never crawled away from this on her knees. In fact, she flew.

“Hey, can you guys drop me off closer to home this time?”

## *Human Sexuality 101*

You'd think graduate students would be better behaved, right? I mean, we're adults, we've done the college partying thing. We're there to get our degrees, basically, and that's about it. At least, that's the theory. And while, for the most part, my experience doing graduate work was like that, there was one particular incident that veered so far off the path of "appropriate" it probably would have gotten all three of us kicked out if we'd been caught.

We were taking Human Sexuality that semester, almost our last—one more semester and we'd all have a Masters in Psychology. There were three of us who missed the "audio-visual" portion of the class. I happened to have jury duty. I don't know what Matt and Laurie's excuses were, but I had a feeling they were probably together doing something they shouldn't have been. They were both married—to other people—but we all knew what was going on between them.

Our professor was a typical California crunchy-granola type, very soft-spoken and sweet. I think we all found it a little disconcerting to be talking about vaginas and penises and erectile dysfunction with a woman who could barely speak above a whisper. I remember her always fighting with her long, frizzy brown hair, pushing it behind her ears, pulling it back into ponytails that hung halfway down her back. She fidgeted. She made me nervous, even if the topic really didn't.

I think that was the reason she insisted on the videos. She was in love with the videos as a teaching tool, or really, replacement was more like it. Matt and Laurie had passed notes through the erectile dysfunction video the week before, and I'd worked on the paper I had due for Marriage and Family.

Not that parts of the video weren't interesting. The last one had been intriguing. But it was shocking to sit in a classroom with fifty other people and watch couples practice techniques to prolong erection on the flat screen up front. They were real couples—real men, with real penises. Rather hard ones. And their partners were real women, learning how to squeeze the base of the penis just before ejaculation. Which meant watching these men get stroked off a lot, getting *thisclose* to coming. Over and over.

I admit, I was soaking wet after that one. I knew it was supposed to be clinical and a learning experience, but damn... The body responds, sometimes, involuntarily. I crossed and uncrossed my legs a lot during that class. Did a lot of wiggling in my seat. Wondered if anyone else was having the same reaction I was? I mean, how could they not? I know Matt and Laurie left together pretty quickly after class, and I saw his hand slip low on her behind, squeezing, as they went out the door.

The video the three of us had missed was about masturbation. “Normalizing Masturbation” was the title, she told us as she slipped the tape into the VCR. Laurie and Matt exchanged a look. I tried not to watch them and focused on the screen, thinking about the paper I had due in Ethics and wondering if I was going to have time to work on it if the prof left the room.

I didn't have to wonder long—she told us we could go after the tape was finished, that she'd be in her office in the next building if we needed her. I actually considered leaving. I think Laurie and Matt did too. We exchanged a raised eyebrow sort look when she left, contemplating, and I probably would have gone. I think they would have, too.

But then the tape started.

And it started with a nude woman, lying on her back, hooked up to electrodes as if she were a science experiment. It was clearly a late seventies or early eighties video—she had short, dark feathered hair, and I don't think she'd ever even thought about any sort of depilatory process between her thighs, as was the current fashion. I was shaved completely smooth down there except for a small curly-red landing strip. I wondered briefly if Laurie was shaved, something that had never occurred to me before. She was stunning, impeccably dressed, always in short skirts showing off her long, smooth, tanned legs

But that we were watching a nude woman on a table hooked up to all sorts of machines wasn't the shocking part. That came next, when the narrator told us she was going to masturbate, and they would be measuring her physical response—hence all the wires. Laurie leaned over to Matt and whispered something to him, her long dark hair hiding her face as she did. He gave a low laugh, his eyes skipping from the screen over to me.

It was a surreptitious look, something I could tell he didn't want Laurie to see, and that, coupled with the fact that the woman on the screen was now spreading her pussy open for all of us to see, made my pulse increase. It was a good thing I wasn't hooked up to any wires, I decided. Matt and Laurie were talking, their voices too low for me to hear, his shaved head bent toward hers. I found intentionally bald men incredibly sexy. They really made a handsome couple.

I took out the notes I'd made already for my paper, trying to concentrate, but on the screen the woman was using two fingers to rub her clit. The narrator was explaining that the clitoris was the female equivalent of the male penis, hidden behind a "hood" of

flesh similar to the male's foreskin. The clitoris was extremely sensitive and felt good when touched, the narrator went on.

Well, duh. I crossed my legs, squeezing them together, feeling my own clit throbbing. The woman on screen was breathing faster. Hell, so was I. The words on the paper in front of my blurred as I listened to her masturbate, her fingers moving faster and faster between her legs. I glanced at the screen—my face was almost as flushed as hers. High color dotted her cheeks, and her lip-glossed mouth opened with a soft sigh, a low moan. Christ, this was like watching porn—except in a classroom, where I wasn't supposed to be turned on by it!

Just a few desks away, Matt and Laurie were responding, too. Laurie slid down in her seat, her skirt riding up, and although her back was to me, I saw Matt leaning in toward her, and I wondered where his hand was. The thought made my heart race and I tried not to look like I was watching, but I was—I was watching hard. Then Laurie's bare foot—she'd kicked off her heels—found its way to Matt's crotch, rubbing there. His hips pressed forward to give her better access and I stared at the bulge there.

When Laurie's head went back against the desk seat, I couldn't help but see the similarities between her flushed face and the woman on the screen. They were both breathing hard, breasts rising and falling, mouths open in soft "o's" as they got closer to climax. I couldn't believe what I was seeing—either on screen or off. Matt and Laurie were paying no attention to me. I glanced at the door, wondering if someone might come in, my pussy aching between my legs. God, I wanted him to touch me like that. I could tell he was touching her—I couldn't see his hand up under her skirt, but I saw the muscles high on his arm moving, flexing with the motion.

“Almost,” I heard Laurie whisper and my clit throbbed. I couldn’t stop staring. The woman on the screen was nothing compared to the show going on right in front of me. The sight was irresistible, and so was the blissful agony between my legs. I had to touch myself. I had to. I wasn’t wearing a skirt—I rarely wore them at all—but I pressed the seam of my jeans against my clit, moving it back and forth as Laurie pushed her hips forward, back. She was fucking his hand under her skirt, and I wanted to see. God, I wanted to see.

I lifted my eyes to the screen for a moment. The woman there was just as close as Laurie, her thighs shaking, her nipples hard. The narrator told us the obvious—the woman was about to have an orgasm. When I turned my gaze back to the room, my eyes met Matt’s and I froze. He was watching me, his arm and hand still working under Laurie’s skirt. His gaze dropped deliberately between my legs, where my hand pressed against that ache.

“Take them off,” he mouthed. Laurie’s eyes were closed. She couldn’t see me, wasn’t aware of anything but her own pleasure. I flushed, shaking my head, moving my hand away. There was no way I could do anything so...

“Do it.” His eyes were dark, demanding, again the words just mouthed, no sound. But his insistence was clear enough. His other hand moved between his legs, unzipping his own jeans. I gaped, wide-eyed, as his cock appeared above his zipper, standing straight up and hard. I had to swallow the sudden burst of saliva in my mouth. He made me very hungry.

“You.” He mouthed it again, pointing in my direction, and I found myself standing in a daze, unbuttoning my jeans, sliding them down my hips. I had to toe off my shoes

to get them off and matt nodded encouragement as Laurie moaned softly, shuddering in her seat. I stood there in my blouse and panties—just plain white cotton—feeling shy and afraid of getting caught, but unable to help myself.

Then he crooked at finger at me, and I went. On the screen, there was yet another woman hooked up to more wires. The last one had climaxed already. The narrator explained that this time, they would show a woman who could have multiple orgasms. Christ, I would kill for just one, I thought, as I approached my classmates. Laurie's eyes were open now, and she looked around, seeing me standing beside the desk in my panties, arms crossed as if I were cold, or ashamed. Maybe a little of both.

"Fran!" she gasped my name, eyes widening, taking in my state of undress. I opened my mouth to explain, but no words came out.

"She looked lonely over there," Matt explained with a grin.

Laurie sat up in her seat, and my body responded when Matt took a glistening hand out from under her skirt and licked his fingers. She looked me up and down and then smiled.

"I bet you've got a gorgeous pussy." She tugged on the elastic of my panties, pulling me toward her and peeking in all at once. "I always wondered...oh god, she *is* a redhead all over. And shaved. Oh... Matt... look."

"I'm looking." His hand stayed wrapped around his cock. "Pull them off."

Laurie did as she was told, and I let her, gasping when her fingers parted my already swollen pussy lips, probing inside. She pressed me back against the desk behind her, making me sit. I glanced over my shoulder at the door, still afraid someone



might come in, but that thought quickly left my head when she used her hands to spread my thighs, leaning in and kissing my clit.

“Oh my god,” I whispered, leaning back on the desk, using my hands to prop myself up. Matt was standing now, coming toward us. He undid my blouse, my bra, groaning at the sight of my cherry-tipped nipples, already hard when he sucked them into his mouth. His hand moved slowly up and down the length of his cock, and I wanted to touch it, but didn’t know if I should. I was in the middle of this, Laurie’s tongue making heavenly circles around my clit, matching Matt’s motion over my nipple, and I was still holding back, unsure.

I didn’t get a chance, though. He moved behind Laurie, lifting her skirt. She was standing, leaning over to lick me, and she arched her back when he entered her, moaning against my pussy, make me writhe. Her face was wet with my juices, her tongue working fast, lightning fast against my clit.

“Oh Laurie, I’m...” I was going to tell her. The sight of Matt fucking her from behind, his hungry eyes on me, the velvet feel of her tongue, and the sound of the woman moaning as she masturbated on the flat screen in the front of the classroom were all too much. I was coming—but I couldn’t speak. My breath was gone, my voice, and I made no sound at all as I lifted my hips to her eager mouth, my whole body quivering with my climax.

“Fuck, that’s beautiful,” Matt murmured, pumping his cock into Laurie even faster.

The narrator’s voice said, “There are some women who can have more than one orgasm during the same session. Watch as our subject continues to touch herself after the first climax experience. Her arousal state is still heightened...”

I whimpered when Laurie's mouth moved to kiss my thigh. "More?" Even to my own ears, my words sounded like a plea.

"Sounds like someone else can have multiple orgasms," Matt said with a grin.

I nodded, eager, my fingers moving to my clit, rubbing.

"Ahhh damn... Laurie, I want to fuck her, too."

"So do it." Laurie stood, moving out of the way, her eyes bright. "Fuck that sweet little shaved puss."

I looked between them as he moved forward, his cock slick with Laurie's come. I grabbed it before he reached his goal, sliding my hand up and down the length, feeling it pulse. God I loved the feel of a cock in my hand. Matt bit his lip as I aimed him, wiggling into position, and he grabbed my hips before plunging in deep.

"Oh yeahhhh." He stayed there a moment, savoring, and so was I, loving how much he filled my aching hole. Laurie's hand moved over my breasts, my belly, as Matt began to move inside me. Her other hand was under her skirt, and I realized I still hadn't seen her, and had a sudden longing to taste her. I hadn't been with a woman since college—undergrad, anyway—but I was so turned on I could barely stand it.

"Come here," I murmured, reaching for Laurie and laying back completely on the desk, long ways. There was just enough room for my torso, my head hanging off the back, Matt working his cock between my thighs at the other end. Laurie lifted her skirt for me—no panties, and her pussy was shaved, too, leaving a dark triangle above—and I grabbed her hips, pulling her to me and fastening onto her with a desperate hunger.

“Lift your skirt higher,” Matt ordered, pumping his cock faster into my pussy. “Oh fuck, that’s gorgeous. Lick her, Frannie. That’s so good. God you’re so tight and wet, I can’t...”

Laurie was up on her tiptoes, working her hips in circles, pressing her cunt against my mouth, and my whole face was soon covered with her juices. Her clit was hard under my tongue and I focused there, my hand sneaking down to rub my own clit as Matt pounding into me, his hands gripping my hips hard.

“Oh god, oh god,” Laurie moaned, and I felt hands on my breasts—they were soft and small, hers—pinching my nipples, making me suck her clit harder. “Fran, I’m gonna come all over your face!”

I made a low noise in my throat, wrapping my arms around her hips, diving in deep and moaning when I felt Matt’s fingers take over on my clit where mine had left off. Laurie’s whole body tensed as she came, little shivers moving through her again and again, and her juices were so copious now they pooled at the hollow of my throat.

“Ahhhhh god!” Matt was going to come, and I was almost there. Laurie, still gasping, moved toward him, her hands on my thighs, pulling my legs back. I moved up to my elbows, still swallowing the taste of Laurie’s pussy, and the sight of Matt’s cock sliding into my smooth, wet slit sent a quick rush of pleasure through me.

Then I couldn’t see anything, because Laurie’s mouth was on my clit, her tongue lashing over and over. I groaned at the loss when Matt slid out of me, but a moment later he flooded my clit with his come, hot pulsing waves of it flooding against my flesh, and the sensation took me over the edge. I arched and shuddered on the desk as

Laurie kept working between my legs, licking up the flooding river of Matt's cum from my throbbing clit as fast as he could shoot it.

On the screen, the narrator continued, "Masturbation is a natural part of human sexuality, and nothing to be ashamed of..."

Maybe so, but I flushed with embarrassment now in the aftermath. I found my panties under the desk, pulled my jeans on as quickly as I could, while Matt and Laurie zipped and straightened. I kept glancing at the door, but it never opened.

When I was fully dressed again, I shouldered my backpack, still tasting Laurie in my mouth, and turned to face them.

"Wanna go out to lunch?" Laurie suggested, holding her hand out to me.

I hesitated for a moment, glancing at the credits on the screen. "I guess... it's over."

"The video? Feh!" Matt grinned as we fell into a formation as we walked, me between the two of them. "Too bad someone wasn't taping us."

"Thank god they weren't!" I gasped.

"Oh come on, Frannie. You know it was good." Laurie laughed at my shocked expression. "Now that's what I call Human Sexuality 101!"

## *Learning Experience*

She actually had to fight the urge to call him Mr. Edwards, even now. His house wasn't anything like she had expected—his wife must have done all the decorating—everything matched, seemed to have its own place, and had a subtle but unmistakable Asian design influence. The Mr. Edwards she had known—*hell, Cassie, call him Rick already, would you?*—was scattered, forgot papers he'd already graded at home, and rarely wore matching socks. Granted, the mismatch was subtle and hard to see unless you were in direct light—a dark brown and a navy blue, maybe—but it was just a part of the whole picture that made up her junior year English teacher's persona.

Standing in his kitchen, leaning against the counter and drinking wine out of a glass just like a grown-up—twenty-eight was grown-up enough, she insisted to herself—she watched him fixing a shrimp stir-fry for the two of them, and noticed with amusement that he was barefoot. That solved the mismatched sock problem entirely, didn't it?

"You're sure about your...I mean, that we have the house to ourselves?" Cassie asked for probably the tenth time in a week. Was she nervous about his wife coming home and discovering them? Did 11<sup>th</sup> grade girls get crushes on their cute English teachers? Which was to say—hell yes.

"I told you," he said, turning off the flame on the gas stove and tipping the Wok toward the plates he'd already mounded with wild rice. "We have an arrangement."

She couldn't imagine any woman leaving for the weekend so her husband could have an affair with a former student—although she was pretty sure Mrs. Edwards had no idea about the latter, even if she was aware of the former. But she wasn't in her mid-

fifties and hadn't been married for twenty years either. In fact, she'd never been married—although that one romance out of college had been a close call.

"It smells delicious." She moved toward him, breathing deep. He'd always bragged about his cooking—of course, he'd bragged about a lot, she remembered—but apparently in the cooking arena, there had been more truth than bluster to it. They'd always gone out somewhere to eat, but tonight, their first real "overnight" together, he'd insisted on cooking. Her stomach felt tight, but she knew it wasn't just hunger. His hand slipped behind her as he pulled her closer, putting the pan down on the stove before his mouth captured hers.

*I'm kissing my high school English teacher.* It was the thought that still came first, even after they'd been doing this, what, a month or more now? His mouth was soft, open, a little too eager. She pressed both her hands to his chest—he was incredibly tall, but she was just a little over five foot. He'd told her he liked small girls. She'd seen his wife—a pretty, Asian woman, even shorter than Cassie—and she believed him.

"I'm hungry," she murmured as his hands groped their way down to the seat of her jeans, lifting her toward his mouth again.

"So am I." His tongue probed this time, sending shivers through her, making her nipples hard under her blouse. When he got a good grip on the back of her thighs, he pulled her up, wrapping her legs around his waist, putting them on more even playing field, so to speak. But now, she was at his whim, and she had a feeling she knew where this was heading.

“God, I want you,” he murmured against her neck, nibbling there, sucking. She’d have hickeys all over in the morning, but there would be no one to hide them from, so she didn’t care. “I want to be inside you. I’ve been thinking about it all day.”

So had she. As much as they had done, so far, had been quick fumbblings in one car or another, but they’d never had enough time or been in a private enough place to do enough to truly satisfy themselves. Truly, she was surprised he’d gone on with the pretense of dinner at all, and hadn’t just met her at the door naked with his cock in his hand. The thought made her smile.

“What’s more pressing?” Cassie tipped her head back as his mouth moved down the V of her blouse. “Dinner, or...?”

“You tell me.” He shifted her weight—he could throw her around like a rag doll if he wanted to—and pressed her crotch into his. She felt the length of him, hard and ready. Christ, he was big! That was promising...

“Well, you do have a microwave.” She rolled her hips, grinding her pelvis into his, and he groaned.

“To hell with dinner.”

He carried her as far as the couch, which wasn’t really a couch at all, but more of a futon, with ornately carved wooden arms and a rather hard red cushioned top. There was barely enough room on it for her, let alone him, but neither of them seemed to care. He already had his jeans unzipped, his shirt off, and was kneeling between her legs, working the buttons on her blouse.

His hands shook, so she helped him, opening it and her bra—front hook—seeing his eyes light up at the sight of her breasts. Small, but firm, her nipples were pink and

prominent, her skin fair. She had the faint remains of a sunburn that followed the same V-pattern of her blouse—blondes like her burned so easily.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he moaned, taking a nipple into his mouth, sucking hard. Cassie groaned and arched, fumbling with the snap and zipper of her jeans. Should have worn a skirt, she chided herself as she tried to work them down her hips, her clit throbbing. Her pussy had been wet for hours, just thinking about this moment.

“Let me help.” He did, yanking the denim down her hips, her panties coming halfway down with them, exposing her shaved pubes, the blonde tuft at the top proving she didn’t dye the hair on her head. Of course, he knew that—he’d known her since before she could drive.

“Oh Jesus.” The sight of her pussy must have been too much. Her pants weren’t even all the way off yet, but his tongue was plunging into her slit, and he made eager, hungry noises between her legs. Cassie managed to get her jeans all the way off, leaning back into the futon’s cushion as he sucked on her sensitive clit, moaning softly when he worked his long fingers into her.

From this angle, she could see the place where he was losing his dark hair. It hadn’t been noticeable when she had him as a teacher. Of course, she’d never seen him like this, either. His hands roamed over her thighs, smooth and firm—she’d waxed for him—over her belly, taut and flat, up to her breasts, her nipples responding immediately to his touch.

“You taste so good,” he murmured, kissing over her thighs, up her belly. She whimpered when she felt his cock pressed between her legs and he kissed her. She



tasted herself on his tongue, sucking it into her mouth, her hips moving against the length of his cock resting against her pussy.

“Please,” she begged, reaching down to grasp him, making him moan. “Fuck me.”

He gave a low growl, kneeling up to pull her to sitting. His big hands moved her, manipulating, turning her over onto her belly and leaning her over the edge of the couch. Cassie gasped when she felt the tip of his cock sliding through the crack of her ass, down toward her wet, waiting pussy, but nothing could have prepared her for the feel of him sliding inside of her.

“Oh!” she moaned, feeling his hand pressing her back, pushing her down onto the cushion as he thrust. “Goddamn, Mr. Edwards, you’re so fucking big!”

He was—all the girls’ locker room talk about Mr. Edwards hadn’t ever ventured into the realm of cock size. They’d talked about how cute he was, how funny, how smart, how flirty. She was sure none of them had ever imagined this moment, being bent over Mr. Edward’s couch—the Asian style sofa his wife had surely chosen—and being fucked by his enormous dick.

She heard him chuckle. “I think you can call me Rick, now, Cassie.”

Right. Rick. It rhymed with dick. She should be able to remember it—except with him inside her, pumping in and out at a pace quicker than most bunnies, she couldn’t think of anything at all. She gasped as he spread her thighs further with his, using his cock like a battering ram.

“God you’re so tight!” he groaned, his hands gripping her ass, shoving in deep. “Oh baby, I can’t stop. I’m gonna come!”

He was as good as his word—two, three, four hard thrusts, accompanied by several grunts of satisfaction, and it was over. He stood, buttoning his jeans, pulling his shirt back on. Cassie was slower, still dazed, finding her panties, her jeans. He was already in the kitchen microwaving their plates by the time she was buttoning her blouse.

“I’m starving!” he exclaimed, peeking his head around the corner. “Are you coming?”

Uhhhh, no, she thought wryly. Not exactly. She opened her mouth to speak, shut it again, and got up from the futon as a response. Mr. Edwards, *the* Mr. Edwards, the teacher all the girls had wanted, the gorgeous man who had them transfixed during class and moony in between...she’d slept with him. Ten years after the fact, of course, but still...it was something she could brag about, if she so chose.

Cassie sighed, heading toward the kitchen. Well, she reasoned, smelling the shrimp stir-fry again, she hoped he was a better cook than he was a lover.

## *The Pied Piper*

He called his self the Pied Piper, and Rusty said he's just like in the fairy story. I don't know 'bout that, but Lord Almighty he could play like the devil his self—he made that fancy guitar wail in the night like no man shoulda been able. I laid down before him like a dog, I did, whimperin' and howlin' along with the rest.

Mama Fay told me he was back after the town had run him out for playin' on the Lord's day but I didn't see him for a week after that. I spent my days pickin' cotton 'til my fingers bled, and my nights pickin' a banjo, tryin' to make a little bit extra to get us fixed, me and Mama, and maybe head us outta Mobile before winter come. I kept tellin' Mama I wanted to see them mountains, the ones with the snow on the tops that I saw pitchers of in Big Lem's books.

Rusty, she made me come wit her to see him. Mama said I was gonna get Rusty in trouble, hangin' round with her, me a sharecropper's daughter (leastways 'fore Papa done got killed) and her a colored girl—but Rusty didn't bother 'bout that and me neither. I didn't think people noticed, cuz we was both poor and pretty much invisible anyways.

Rusty, she said let's go, but Mama, she say he was bad mojo and she warned me not to. But Rusty, she come and walk me home that night and she say he gonna play for us girls this time, real special, just for us! I figure she meant me an her, but when we got there, they was bustin' out the whole place, and they was all juiced up and jumpin', just girls—white and black alike, everywhere!—dancin' like they didn't know how not to.

Getting in weren't easy, we had to jam and jiggle our way through. I seen him sittin' on a chair, leanin' back against the wall wit his guitar. There was a drummer this time, keepin' some sorta beat on a ole' hand drum, but mostly it was him, his fingers movin' like heat lightning at the end of the hottest summer days. He didn't so much play it as make it sing, like that guitar itself was his very own voice. There weren't no way to not listen to him, once you caught the beat. It rocked your world every which way 'til you were sure up was down and white was black and in was out.

I seen him there, and my heart was jerkin' under my ribs after him, like it was trying to bust outta my chest, and I saw that he seen me, too, and then it was me pullin' Rusty along, tryin' to get close. There was too many girls up here—I even seen the mayor's girl, Lucy—all pressin' together, grindin' they's hips to the music with each other.

I leaned back against the wall, just to have somethin' to hold up, and Rusty, she lean back against me, and I wrapped my arms 'round her waist. I didn't think nothin' of it, it seemed so natural to be rollin' together to the music, my hips cradlin' her hips, rockin' together like Mama used ta do when I was a babe.

His eyes were on us, and his hands moved like some voodoo, the music comin' faster, and me and Rusty, we were rollin' faster with it. I dunno what really happen, but somehow we got all twisted up together, me and Rusty, and we was kissin' on each other like we thought we would drown if we didn't. She was rubbin' her whole body up and down me, pressin' me into the wall.

Everywhere around me, girls was doin' the same, not just dancin' anymore, but kissin' and touchin' and lord help us, they were takin' off they's clothes like no one was

there to watch 'em. But there was somebody watchin'—he was watchin', his eyes dancin' to their beat as them girls rocked out on the floor. He was watchin' them kiss n'touch and rub up against each other like this was just what he came here ta see.

Rusty's hands was holdin' onto me tight, and when my eyes met his and his guitar let out a long, lonesome wailin' sound, I ain't never wanted anything more than to feel that girl's sweet, hot flesh against mine. I started takin' down her dress and I saw him flash me a smile, his face dark like night but his teeth white as pearls

Rusty, she didn't say nothin', but she started workin' on my dress, too, and before I could say devil-don't-make-me, we was naked together against that wall, still rubbin' and chafin' up against each other like nobody's business. Rusty had these tiny little titties, and she was pressin' 'em against my great big 'uns, our nipples rubbin' together in time to the music.

I put my hand 'tween her legs and she spread 'em open for me. She was wet and thick like molasses. I was, too, and her fingers shoved up into me and we worked it out together, kissin' and touchin' and rubbin' each other in that dark room with the music pulsin' through us like our hearts beatin' and our blood pumpin' and our juices flowin' down our thighs.

I hooked my leg 'round hers, so's our bodies couldn't slip away from each other, cuz she was shakin' and jerkin' and wailin' against me. I looked over an seen him watchin' us, his eyes glowin' like fire, and then I's buckin' against Rusty, too, feelin' waves of love an heav'n rollin' all through me, 'cept it felt like I's possessed by something and maybe it was the devil after all.

Weren't no girl not naked in that room, and he played and played and played us until we was all tangled up together by dawn, mewlin' and cryin' like a pile of black'n'white kittens. He left us there in the mornin', and I heard him whisper when he walk by, "Next time, maybe dey'll pay me like they's s'posed to."

There was a big scandal in the town, and they woulda lynched him if they coulda found him. They never did. I think about him when I pick my banjo for Mama, sittin' on the porch and starin' off at those mountains in the distance.

When I think about him, I just wanna cry.

## *Acts of Contrition*

I was in boarding school, and things were different back then. I think they still have corporal punishment in some states, like Texas, but in most places it's been phased out. But we were good Catholics, or we were supposed to be, and if you spared the rod, you'd spoil the child. Hell, that was what my parents put me there for in the first place. My father couldn't stand to say no, and my mother couldn't say anything but, and they decided, between them, that someone else should raise their daughter.

So the nuns and the priests attempted to curb my voracious appetites for four years. They failed miserably. By the time I was a senior, my birthday just passed in a haze of alcohol and sex—the drinking age hadn't yet been changed from eighteen—I'd been disciplined more times than I could count, suspended from classes, and nearly expelled, twice. I was always scraping by, just barely, but it was enough for me.

Father Hamilton had the task of disciplining me for my latest transgressions. The nuns had pretty much given up and handed me over to the priests, which was fine, as far as I was concerned. The priests were more direct. They liked to use the paddle—a thick piece of wood that Father Lowery, who taught physics, had drilled several holes through for less air resistance—and while it stung, it was over pretty quick. And the good thing about Father Hamilton was that he hated to give sermons. It was always straight to the punishment.

“Over the desk, Amy.”

I knew the drill. I bent over his wide desk and lifted my skirt—they weren't supposed to touch us except with objects—exposing the seat of my white cotton

panties. It was a typical school uniform, navy skirt, white blouse, white knee socks, Mary Janes. We looked like drones running up and down the halls on our way to class.

“For every blow, you must say an act of contrition.”

“Yes, Father.”

I waited, my heart hammering in my chest. I wasn’t afraid of it anymore, but there was a sick sort of anticipated dread anyway in the moments before.

SMACK!

I winced, beginning:

“Oh my God,

I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee,

and I detest all my sins

because I fear the loss of heaven

and the pains of hell...”

The second SMACK! came long before I could finish, and I began again with a gasp, “Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for...”

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

“Father!” I whimpered, my whole ass on fire with pain. It hadn’t been like this before. “Please!”

“That’s right,” he murmured. “Beg.”

SMACK!



“Oh!” I buried my face in my arms, trying to hide from the pain. “Oh please, I’m sorry, please...”

“You’ve been in my office fourteen times this year, Amy.” SMACK! “And you’ve said an act of contrition for each blow.” SMACK! “And yet you’re still running around like whore of Babylon aren’t you?”

I would have screamed when he grabbed my hair, pulling my head back as he growled this last, but my voice was gone. I thought the Father had gone crazy.

“What will it take to get through to you, girl?” He shook my head, back and forth, and I looked at him with wild eyes. His whole body pressed me against the desk, the weight of him incredible, and I gasped for breath. “This thing is useless with you!”

He threw the paddle and it clattered on the marble floor. “Your sins are of the flesh. Perhaps you need a lesson in that.”

He let me go and I collapsed on the desk, feeling tears stinging my eyes, rolling down my cheeks, although I fought them.

“Perhaps...” His voice had turned thoughtful, and I chanced a puzzled glance back over my shoulder just in time to see his hand coming down toward my ass.

SMACK! The solid sound of flesh on flesh filled the room, and he did it again. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! I cried out, trying to wiggle away, but he grabbed my hips, pulling my panties down to my knees, and kept going, a steady rhythm, over and over. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Please Father!” I sobbed. I’d forgotten all about hiding my pain, my fear—and I was afraid now. He was crazed, mad, and I didn’t have any idea what he might do.

“Please, I’m sorry! I’ve sinned, I’ve sinned, I’m sorry... sorry for having... offended... Thee... owwwww!”

His hands spread my legs wide, pressing my thighs open and my eyes widened in panic and a dawning horror. “Sins of the flesh,” he muttered, and I felt his body pressing, his robes lifting, parted, and the heat of his crotch against the stinging, reddened globes of my ass.

“Father, please!” He grabbed my hair again, and I sobbed when he shoved his cock into me, the final humiliation.

“You need a good lesson,” he grunted, thrusting deep. I whimpered, unable to believe this was happening, that a priest had just impaled me across his desk and was now beginning to fuck me. I’d been fucked before—I loved it—but this? This was a horror, an abomination, a...

“A good...hard... lesson!” Each word was punctuated by a thrust, and his hands found his way underneath me to grab my breasts through my blouse, shoving it aside and tearing off a button to reach under my bra and squeeze my flesh.

“The paddle doesn’t work.” He gasped when he felt my nipples hardening. “Maybe you need a lesson from the holy staff!”

“Oh god,” I moaned as he pounded me harder, his fingers squeezing both of my nipples, sending hot shocks down to my pussy. I was wet—God help me, I was wet, and his cock was pumping fast, his thighs spreading mine wide, driving me toward the deepest sin I’d ever known.

He’d gone crazy, and I was going crazy right along with him. My cunt was on fire, my nipples burned, and I knew we were both going to hell, but I didn’t care. Father

Hamilton groaned when I squeezed my pussy around his cock, arching, fucking him back.

“You’re a bad girl!” He smacked my ass, hard, and I jumped, the sensation vibrating through me. “Bad!” SMACK! “Bad!” SMACK!

“Fuck!” I cried, spreading wider, wanting more. “Yes!”

“Ahhhhhhhh, God, forgive us all!” He groaned, grinding his hips into mine, and I trembled beneath, feeling my climax coming and unable to stop it. I was beaten, broken, humiliated, and completely at his mercy as I writhed in my own pleasure on the desk while he fucked me senseless. I didn’t have time to think or breathe or speak when he grabbed me again by the hair and shoved me down to my knees on the floor.

“You will be penitent!” He insisted, shoving his cock deep into my throat with a low groan. I gagged, but I took it, hearing him whisper, “I am your bread and wine,” just before throwing his head back and letting go. My mouth flooded with cum and I choked, swallowing, tears streaming down my face as I took it all, every last bit, looking up wide-eyes at this priest, this man I didn’t know anymore, wearing black robes and a white collar.

He moved away from me then, leaving me gasping on my dirty knees, mascara streaked down my cheeks, blouse torn open, pussy dripping. His robes fell back into place and he leaned against the desk, breathing hard, composing himself.

Finally, he waved his hand toward the door, not looking at me, “Go.”

I stood on shaky legs, wobbling toward the door, when I heard him say, “You will return tomorrow for further punishment. We aren’t done yet.”

No. No we weren't done, I discovered. Not by a long shot. Father Hamilton's punishment went on and on, until I thought I would die from the pleasure and the pain, and my only fear was that it might end. But it didn't. Thank you God, it didn't.

He continued to punish me, not sparing the rod, every single day for the rest of the year.

## *In the Barn*

My brother masturbated in the barn, way up high in the loft, lying alone in the soft, clean hay we shoveled down for Da to feed the animals. I didn't understand at first, what he was doing. I think he would have heard me, that first time I climbed up the ladder, ready to tell him that Ma needed a hand moving something in the kitchen, if he hadn't been about to make a mess. I saw him, lying down, black hat tossed aside, head cocked at a funny angle, and at first I panicked, thinking he was hurt. But then I heard his fast, labored breathing, saw his hand moving between his legs, and knew he was holding onto his privates.

But what could he be doing to them?

I stood frozen on the ladder, eyes wide, as his hand moved faster and faster, like lightning, up and down. He gave out a soft moan, his hips bucked up, and I stared, shocked, as thick, white streams shot over his fist, up onto his bare belly, where he'd pulled up his shirt.

I knew it was a sin. I couldn't be anything but. Instead of confronting him that first time, I snuck down the ladder as quiet as I could. I told Ma I didn't feel well—and no, I didn't find Eli in the barn, I said—and went to my room, which was really mine and Sarah's and Becca's together.

I felt sick, remembering what I saw, but I was curious, too. What could he have been doing with himself like that? The sounds he made were sort of like he was in pain...but why would he be hurting himself? And at the end, the shock of the liquid shooting from his privates...it wasn't pee. I knew what that looked like. My little brother, Isaac, had peed on me enough during diaper changes for me to know that.

I lay there a long time, feeling funny down low in my belly, playing the scene over and over in my head. That's when I decided to watch Eli, to see if he did it again. It was the next afternoon he disappeared from the side of the house where Da had him stacking wood. I was hanging laundry, and saw him head to the barn, so I followed.

This time, I saw it all, from beginning to end. I peeked over the top of the ladder to watch, even untying and taking off my white cap—a sin in and of itself—hoping the darkness of the barn would hide me, and let my brown hair blend into my surroundings. If he looked over, he would only see that—the top of my head and my wide eyes. I watched him lie back in the hay, unfasten his pants, start touching his privates.

It was soft at first—a small snake in a nest of hair—but the more he touched it, the bigger it got. I stared, aghast, when it stood straight up, more than double its original size. Eli licked his palm, calloused from hard work, and wrapped his fist around the length, moving his hand up and down, just like the day before.

His breath came faster and faster—and so did mine. That funny feeling was back in my belly, low down, cradled in my pelvis. Something ached there, throbbed, like a tooth does, only it wasn't a hurtin' sort of agony, but a delicious kind. I wanted more of it. And the more I watched, the more the feeling swelled until I felt like I was going to burst.

It wasn't long before he was moaning again, whispering, "Oh, oh, oh!" and then shoving his privates up into his fist, that thick white stuff flooding out the end. There was so much of it!

I didn't go to my room this time. Instead, I hurried down the ladder and went back to hanging laundry, but that gnawing tickle took a long, long time to go away. Eli's hand touched mine when I asked him to pass me the milk pitcher during dinner and I thought

the heat that rushed through my torso would make me faint. He gave me a funny look, but I just kept my eyes down and finished eating.

Still, I didn't stop watching. I couldn't. I felt compelled, even though I knew it was a sin, I knew the devil was in me, and I had to rub him out. I tried. I did. I stood on the ladder, watching my brother pump himself like he was a well, waiting for that blessed moment when the liquid finally surfaces, and I lifted my long skirts to touch myself, too.

I didn't have what he had. Girls and boy had different parts, I knew that much from changing diapers for Ma when the babies needed it, but I never knew how complimentary the parts were, how different and yet how similar. I pressed myself there over my undergarments while I watched him, worrying myself between the legs again and again. I knew if someone came into the barn—if Da had come in...my blood curdled just thinking about it.

But he never did. And one day, when Eli was thrusting up into his hand and I was at my usual spot on the ladder, watching, I felt that little tickle between my legs build to a sneeze. Something had to give. My fingers moved, back and forth, around and around, my whole body tingling with sensation, and then...it happened.

The world exploded. I cried out—I couldn't help it—my whole body trembling with the force of the devil inside of me, and I wondered briefly if I had finally driven him out. My legs wouldn't hold me. They turned to jelly and I fell, catching myself halfway down only to lose my grip again and land, hard, on the dirt floor below.

"Sarah!" Eli was calling. I was okay, but dazed, breathless, still stunned by what had happened, and I didn't answer him. He took the ladder two rungs at a time,

sweeping me up over his shoulder and carrying me back up like I was a sack of potatoes.

When he had me on the hay, touching my face, calling my name, I finally opened my eyes. He was concerned, but embarrassed, too, and I knew he was wondering how much I'd seen. Oh, Eli, I've seen so very much, I thought, catching his hand and bringing it up to my heart.

"I know it's a sin," I whispered, lifting his fingers to my mouth and kissing them. "But I can't help it."

"Help...what?" His dark, puzzled eyes met mine, and I searched his earnest face with my heated gaze.

"I saw you." I admitted it, feeling the heat move into my cheeks. He flushed, too. "Eli, it was so wonderful!"

"Sarah, I'm sorry." His eyes dropped to the hay. "It is a sin. I shouldn't. I need to stop. I know you'll have to tell Ma...or Da."

"No." I swallowed hard at the thought and cradled his hand against my cheek. "I don't want to tell."

"But..."

"Something that feels so good can't be a sin," I insisted, half sitting now, back on my elbows. "It can't possibly. I just...I understand now. Why you keep doing it, how the whole world opens up for a moment and you feel like you're dying, or flying. I felt like I could touch God himself."

He was staring at me, wide-eyed. "How long were you watching?"



“I’ve watched lots of times.” I lifted my chin, defiant, in spite of my flushed cheeks. “I touch myself, too.”

Eli gaped. “Where?”

I hesitated before slowly placing a hand between my legs, over my long skirts. “Here.”

Puzzled, he frowned. “But you don’t have...”

“I know.” I shrugged. “But it feels good, all the same.”

His eyes brightened, still focused between my legs. My hand still rested there. “Will you... show me?”

Stunned, I stared at him for a moment, unable to breathe. The sort of sin I’d committed so far was nothing compared to what he was asking. Only babies were allowed to be naked in front of others. I looked into his eyes, saw the eagerness, the hunger there, the longing I felt, too, and slowly I started to lift my skirt. His gaze followed its path, up my knee-sock covered calves, and then my bare knees. He gasped when he saw those, his eyes following the path of my skirt up my bare thighs until I had it pulled up to my waist.

Then I pressed my hand between my legs, over the heated, damp mound there, and began to rub myself. He watched, fascinated, his breath coming almost as fast as mine.

“Have you ever taken these off?” he whispered, tugging at my undergarments.

I shook my head, my heart hammering in my chest.

“Will you?” he breathed, his eyes meeting mine. What I saw there made me want to do anything, anything at all for him. “Oh Sarah, please.”

The desperation in his voice moved me and I tugged them down and off. The air over my privates was cool, and I explored with my fingers a place I had only touched through my clothes, or when I quickly washed myself on Saturdays. The sensation was incredible, so intense, my fingers growing wet as I parted the dark hair and probed in between.

“That’s so lovely,” he breathed.

“Do you like it?” I asked, glancing down at my parted thighs, the dark triangle.

He nodded, eyes transfixed, and I saw his hand rubbing his privates again through his breeches.

I rubbed the most tender spot, finding a little nub of flesh there I hadn’t felt before through my clothes. Touching it made me moan, and my breasts felt suddenly heavier.

“It feels so much better without my clothes.”

“I know.” He grinned sheepishly. “I started doing it at first through my clothes, too.”

“I guess it feels like less of a sin that way.” I grinned back. “Oh, Eli, it can’t be a sin...it feels so very good.”

“I know.” He swallowed hard, still watching, his hand moving to undo his breeches and reach inside. I wanted to see him, too. “Sarah...” His hand reached out, hesitated. “Can I... can I touch it?”

“Can I?” My eyes dropped to where his hand was wrapped around his privates.

He startled. “Do you want to?”

I nodded, my hand out, tentative. He moved forward so I could reach, gasping when I brushed the tip with my fingers. It was a little wet there, and I rubbed that over the top, making him moan.

“Oh that’s so nice,” he moaned as I wrapped my hand around it like I’d seen him do. It was thick and pulsing, and not anything like I’d expected. I explored for a moment, curious, until I felt his fingers parting me down there, slipping through the wetness.

“Oh, Eli!” I breathed, my legs parting themselves as he explored, too. It was different when he touched me, and my breath came faster. I squeezed him, tugging, making him jerk and thrust. I liked the motion.

“Rub it here,” I said, showing him the spot, and his fingers moved there, making me spread wide and thrust, too. It seemed like the natural thing to do.

“I want to see you,” he whispered, not asking, just unfastening my clothes, my skirt, my blouse, and I let him. The air was cold, and he stared down at me, completely nude before him, no longer seeing me with a brother’s eyes. “Oh Sarah, you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

I glowed from the inside out, and when he leaned in and took one of my nipples into his mouth, the way I’d seen the babies do, latching on to Ma for milk, I thought the sensation would make me faint.

“More,” I whispered, my hand in his hair, arching my back. “Suck them hard.”

He groaned, burying his face there, licking and sucking, his privates swelling even larger in my hand. My whole body was on fire, his fingers probing between my legs, finding a place I had never explored and slipping inside.

“Eli!” I gasped when another entered me. He was inside—his fingers were *inside* of me.

“It’s how men and women join together,” he whispered against my neck, fingers moving, in and out. “It feels... it’s...”

“Oh Eli,” I moaned, rocking, tugging at him, aching for more of everything all at once. “Please, yes, please, let’s...”

He moved on top of me, and I took the weight of him, the long length of his privates rubbing up against mine as we kissed. His mouth was hot, urgent, his hands buried in the length of my hair, completely down now and spread out on the hay beneath us. He rocked on top of me, rubbing that tender spot until I thought I would die, kissing my breasts, sucking my nipples, sending me flying.

“Eli, oh, oh, it’s happening,” I whispered, closing my eyes as my body took flight, shuddering involuntarily underneath him. His breath was hot in my ear as he whispered my name, shifting his hips and pressing hard. I gasped, clinging to him as he entered me, feeling my body opening to him in a bright red burst.

“Oooooooooohhh!” He gasped, shivering, and I pulled him to me, the hot throb of him between my legs almost too much to bear. “Sarah, Sarah, oh you feel so good.”

“Yes,” I whispered as he rocked, thrust, shuddered. I kissed his cheeks, his chin, his neck as he moved deeper, faster until he gave a great, sudden cry and collapsed in my arms, trembling with the force of the explosion inside of him.

We held each other close in the hazy afternoon light coming through the slats in the barn, stunned by each other, by the world, by everything we had ever thought or believed was true.

“It’s not a sin,” I whispered, stroking his sweat-dampened hair.

“No.” He shook his head and kissed me breathless until everything faded away.

Finally, nothing else mattered but me and Eli and the weight of the world was lifted.

## *New Tricks*

All he could think about was her ass. She was a beautiful woman, inside and out, and her pussy had provided him more pleasure than most men could only dream about in a lifetime. But he couldn't stop thinking about her asshole, that sweetly puckered opening, so tightly closed, so vulnerable. What was wrong with him?

Christ, Kelly even put out at least three or four times a week, still, after fifteen years of marriage. Robert didn't have much to complain about, and he certainly didn't have a right to demand much more. Did he?

He'd tried to assuage his curiosity with porn. Kelly didn't care if he watched porn—see, yet another amazing thing about his wife!—and he indulged on occasion. He'd visited all the ass-sites he could find—Ass Traffic, Anal Hell, Ass Stabbin', you name it—thinking, hoping, it would ease his hunger to experience it all first hand. Instead, watching women spreading open their cheeks, taking a lubed up finger and then a well-oiled cock up that tight hole—seemed to have increased his need.

Not good. They had sex pretty much whenever he wanted to—she was very compliant, but never in a bored sort of way. She was always eager to please, and had indulged a great many of his fetishes over the years, including a foray into bdsm and another into a rape sort of fantasy. The woman was amenable to almost anything—except anal, apparently. But still, he couldn't stop fantasizing about it, and it was always worse during sex.

"Please, Kel?" He murmured, having already wetted his finger, his cock a steel rod in her pussy just looking at the tight rosebud of her asshole. "It's just my finger."

She sighed, her shoulders slumping on the bed. But still, he pressed onward, sliding his wet finger over her fluted flesh, teasing the hole. The wrong hole, she would say. Christ, that was hot. He loved watching it tighten whenever his finger got near. Somehow her refusal made it even more sexy. God, what was wrong with him?

“Rob, come on.” She glanced over her shoulder, pulling her dark hair away from her face. He knew the look—but he couldn’t help himself. “We’ve talked about it.”

“It’s so hot, baby.” He probed a little, making her gasp. “It turns me on like you wouldn’t believe.”

“Well, it doesn’t turn me on.” She pouted—she was incredibly beautiful and sexy when she pouted, and he almost gave up—but his fingertip was almost inside, her asshole contracting, as if it were trying to push him out, and that made his cock swell to monstrous proportions. It made him want to come. God, if he could just slide the tip of his *cock* inside of her... just the *tip*...

“Just give it a chance,” he begged. He knew he was begging. He didn’t care. Her pussy squeezed him every time she tried to press his finger out of her ass, and the sensation was incredible.

“No!” Her tone changed and he winced. “It hurts!”

He sighed, slowly withdrawing his finger and muttered, “It can’t hurt that much.”

“Goddamnit, Rob!” Her eyes flashed, and she turned on him in an instant, pushing him down onto the bed, spread-eagle. Shocked, he watched her shove his thighs open with her palms, her finger probing—Christ, what in the hell was she doing!?—between his ass cheeks. “You want to know what it feels like? Huh?”

“Kel—” Any words disappeared when she plunged a finger into his ass—no warning, no buildup, just a straight shot in. He gasped, eyes wide, his cock spasming at the sensation. It was foreign—wrong...all kinds of wrong. He wanted her to stop, but she wasn’t hearing him.

“Please Kel,” she mimicked him, her finger working faster. She pressed another one in, making him wince and then moan. “Let me put my *finger* in your ass. Let me put my *cock* in your ass. Let me *fuck* your ass. What’s wrong with my pussy, huh?”

“Nothing... I... oh fuck, Kelly!”

She was breathing hard with the effort, her fingers working in and out of his asshole. “How do you like it, then? How does that feel?”

Rob groaned, feeling something welling up inside of him as she massaged him deep, her fierce fingers plunging hard, his cock so stiff and swollen he thought he might burst. He grabbed it to keep that very thing from happening, but he couldn’t stop it. He was going to come.

“Huh?” Kelly growled. “How do you like it, Mister?”

“Ahhhh fuck, I love it!” he cried, his cock exploding in his fist, the first hot spurt of his cum hitting her surprised cheek, the next landing on his balls and sliding wetly down toward her pumping fingers. He shuddered uncontrollably, the pressure of her fingers buried in his ass forcing more cum than he thought humanly possible from the tip of his cock, across his belly, over his thighs.

Kelly stopped, her face frozen in shock. Then she laughed. “Well goddamnit...”



He groaned when she moved her fingers, sliding them slowly out. "God, that was so fucking good. Oh hell." He took a shaky breath, looking down at her bewildered face.

"Want to do that again?"

"So much for teaching you a lesson," she snorted, shaking her head in disbelief.

"I guess." He chuckled. "But apparently you can teach old dogs new tricks..."

## *Way of Life*

"You've been a bad girl."

My heart sank when he shut the bedroom door and locked it behind him. I couldn't remember anything I'd done, but I was wont to run amuck, as he often said, and I did forget. Too spontaneous. Impulsive. That was me, and I couldn't seem to help myself.

"I'm sorry," I said immediately, even if I couldn't remember what I'd done. It was always the best way to start. "I won't do it again."

"Down."

That was all he had to say, and I was on my knees, hands resting on my thighs, shoulders back but eyes down. He had taught me this. He had taught me everything.

The leash snapped onto my collar with a deafening click, one that my body instantly reacted to. My nipples hardened, my pussy throbbed. I was going to be punished, and although I knew I wasn't supposed to like it, I couldn't help the way I responded to him and the things he did to me. I tried, but I couldn't help myself.

"You like my new toy, don't you?"

Oh crap. Now I knew. He'd bought a large sex toy, one that had a saddle he made me get up on, with attachments that did all sorts of things when they slid inside of me. We'd used it once, and it had felt so good, that I couldn't help trying it out myself. I thought I'd been careful. How had he known?

"I can smell your cunt." He yanked the leash, lifting my face to his as he leaned in toward me, his breath hot. "Even when you wash it off, baby, I can smell you."

I groaned softly as he pulled me along, and I crawled after him toward the machine, still sitting on the floor. I noticed he'd put a different attachment on it—something fit for double penetration. I winced, but didn't object when he lubed up the dildos and told me to climb on.

They were cold at first, and it was hard to maneuver just the right position to get them both to slide in, but I managed. There was a foot pedal controller, and he used it now, starting the motor purring, and I began to purr right along with it. The dildo in my pussy whirred softly, vibrating and turning at the same time. The one in my ass just vibrated, deep, making me moan.

“Suck.”

I knew what to do. I quickly released his cock from his trousers—he was semi-hard already—and worked him into my mouth. The machine buzzed between my legs and I whimpered, rocking, rubbing my clit along the surface.

“Dirty whore,” he murmured, thrusting deeper into my mouth. “You love having all those holes filled, don't you?”

I flushed, but nodded, admitting my humiliation. I did love it. I did.

“Let's try these on for size.”

I didn't stop sucking as he pulled something from his shirt pocket, but I did gasp around the length when he attached a nipple clamp to first one, then the other. They stung, almost burning, and I writhed on the machine.

“Keep sucking.”

The surprise and pain had distracted me, and I went back to work, using just my mouth, the way he'd taught me, taking him deep, letting him fuck my throat when he

wanted to, following his lead. I saw his foot move on the pedal and the machine between my legs kicked it up a notch, making my whole body buzz alive with pleasure.

This was punishment? I didn't think so.

"You're not allowed to come until I say," he murmured, running his hand through my long, dark hair. I nodded, gulping down his length. I knew that. It was always the rule. *"No matter what I do."*

I groaned, understanding his mad method of tortured punishment now. My pussy was already on fire, and still, he pressed the foot pedal, taking me higher, higher. My nipples ached, every pulse sending waves of sensation down between my legs. I didn't know how long I could stand it.

But he was the epitome of control, even with my hot, wet mouth working over his cock. He watched my face, every reaction, and adjusted the settings accordingly, pushing me forward, back, forward, back, until I thought I would go mad with longing.

"Master!" I moaned, pressing my cheek to his belly. I only called him that when we were here, like this, after he had ordered me down. "Oh please, please..." I begged him, needing that release just out of my reach, the one he held out for me like some dangling carrot.

"Not yet," he mused, toying with the chain between the nipple clamps, tugging gently, making my hips buck. I groaned, gave in, submitted to his will and continued to fight the rising tide between my thighs. My whole body shook with the effort.

"Stroke me."

I did, my hand moving fast, the tip of him wet, making it an easier slide. He gave a soft sigh, moving a little closer, aiming his cock toward my breasts.

"Are you ready, Jen?"

"Oh god yes please," I begged, arching my back, eyes pleading. He tugged a little harder on the chain, giving it a steady tension, pulling. I gasped, feeling it right in my clit somehow, as the nipple clamps slid off, leaving my chest burning in their absence.

"Now," he commanded, and I surrendered, my body wracked with my climax, shuddering and moaning with the final, blissful release. He thrust into my hand with a deep, determined grunt, splashing my aching breasts with his cum, burning my nipples with the heat. I cried out in pleasure and pain, completely his in that moment.

He turned off the machine and I whimpered, leaning forward on it, still shivering. Then he undid my collar and told me, "Up."

I went to him, whispering his name, "David, David," over and over as he cuddled me in the crook of his arm and led me to the bed. We rested there a while, quiet, the room filled with the musky smell of our sex. God, I loved the smell of us together.

"So you like my new toy?" he inquired.

Flushing, I nodded, "I'll say."

"Perhaps you'd like to ask for permission to use it when I'm gone?"

Smiling, I nodded. "Yes. Please. May I?"

"Of course." He kissed the top of my head, breathing in my scent. "All you had to do was ask."

I bent my head, resting it against his heart, and submitted to his will. It was what I was made for, what I was born for. I loved it, and I loved him, beyond sex or words or

even life. He was my life, and I knew neither of us would ever have been satisfied having it any other way.

## *Core Deep*

Twenty-six degrees below zero, almost total darkness and white-out conditions, but Mary didn't notice any of it as Finn trudged up behind her, the thick cloud of his breath misting over her shoulder as he watched her work.

"What's your depth?" He had to yell to be heard over both the drill and the generator running it, but Mary didn't acknowledge his question, too engrossed, determined. Another ten feet. And then another. She'd pulled two cores on her own already—they were bagged and tagged on the sled she'd dragged along behind her on the snowmobile to the site. Both her shoulders and her head ached, but she didn't care.

He moved to help her as the mechanical swirl of the drill began to rise to the top, like a dark barber's pole or a terrible, twisted candy cane. It was heavy without an ice core in its center, but twice that now with its frigid contents. Mary stepped aside, letting him lift it out of her hands, pulling it free and turning it sideways, carrying it over to the makeshift work station. She'd set that up, too, in only the glow from one generator-powered work light. It was December twenty-second, the eve of the winter solstice, and they had officially moved into twenty-four hour darkness at the North Pole.

"We're at almost four thousand meters." The steam of her breath joined his as they bent over the thick length of ice, together sweeping chips from its surface with small brushes. The tubular metal cradle it rested in measured the core down to the millimeter.

Finn sat back on his haunches and gave a low whistle. "Christ, Mare. That's deeper than anyone's ever gone. Ever. And this is firm."

The excitement in her belly burned almost as hot as her cheeks and she nodded, noting the measurement in a notebook she pulled from her pocket. The pens they had were the same ones astronauts used in space. Regular ink froze quickly out here. She'd finally grown used to handling pens and other small instruments with thick gloves on instead of the thin latex she was used to.

Glancing over at Finn, watching him work as he wrote out a label and pressed it onto the surface of the polyethylene bag, she thought that only he would be crazy enough to suggest running off to the North Pole in the dead of winter. But she'd been wrong. There were plenty of others on the team at first, with the goal of providing the deepest and most comprehensive Arctic ice core data ever collected in the hopes of helping boost the research on climate change. She had jumped at the chance to work with firn—snow so cold all the time it never melted from year to year—and, too, with Finn.

Without Finn, she never would have known about this opportunity, let alone taken it, leaping with a blind faith the girl her father had once called "Miss Microscope" would never have considered without the solidity of her best friend, Finn, beside her. As one of the world's most renowned paleoclimatologists, he'd been on hundreds of Arctic expeditions, but she'd been naively excited beyond words when they started this project, at the thought of being a part of history, and too, of spending time away from the world with Finn. And now that the rest of the crew had left, going home just in time for the holidays and leaving them to finish up the last of their project, they were truly alone.



Mary rubbed her gloved finger over the surface of the core—ice frozen for seven-hundred and fifty thousand years and pulled from a depth of almost two and a half miles. No human being had ever touched anything so deep before. If the bitter cold didn't do it, the incredible rush of that realization should have been more than enough to give her goose bumps under her parka, but that wasn't what caused the shiver that ran up her spine, nor was it the heat from Finn's body next to hers.

She had discovered something even more bottomless, more infinite. And she was hungry for more, determined to prove to Finn that what she'd found wasn't some statistical anomaly.

"I'm going deeper." She stood, turning toward the drill, leaving him to bag and tag the latest core, but Finn caught her arm, shaking his head.

"It's enough." He nodded toward the sled. "Let's pack up and get back to base. It's freezing, it's midnight and you're sick."

"I'm not sick." Looking longingly at the drill, she sighed and let him lead her to the snowmobile. He sat her on the seat, pulling her parka hood around her face as if she were a child. "Finn! A ninety-nine degree fever doesn't qualify as sick!" She brushed his coat-tightening hands away. "Would you quit?"

"I'll pack us up." He gave her a long, steady look. "Okay?"

She relented, sitting back down to wait. It didn't take him long to break it all down and pack it onto the sled. Her head did ache, and her face burned, but she was sure it was more from the bone-numbing chill than from her little fever. It was just a cold, but he acted like she was at death's door. The thought of examining the cores she'd pulled

that night perked her up as Finn climbed onto his snowmobile, starting it and motioning her to follow.

They had a thick dark rope running from their drill site to the base half a mile away so they wouldn't get stuck out in the snow in white-out conditions and could always find their way back. Their camp, now empty of the rest of the crew, consisted of an insulated trailer with a huge satellite dwarfing its dark surface mounted outside. That was where they slept and ate, but the lab was built mostly underground, and that's where they parked to unload.

"You stay here!" Finn cradled one of the cores in two hands, turning sideways to take it down into the lab.

She'd never met a man so good at giving orders. He would have made a great drill sergeant—if he wasn't such a brilliant scientist. Mary slid off the Arctic Cat, killing the engine before hefting a second core from the sled and heading down after him. He gave her a sour look as he passed, heading back out for the third one and the rest of the equipment. What was he going to do—fire her? It didn't matter out here in the middle of nowhere. She'd directly defied him and returned to the site to drill tonight, and she had no intention of following any more orders, except perhaps the insistent ones in her own head. It had always been her motivation—her curiosity, that sense of discovery. She had to know.

The lab had been built months before the crew arrived. It was a wonder of modern engineering, a simple, elegant self-supporting steel arch which could take the great load of snow without even one internal support. Their grant had paid for everything, even the heavy airlocked door that opened up to what was paradise

compared to the work environment outside. Ambient air temperature remained at a constant seventeen degrees Fahrenheit underground, quite balmy compared to the negative temperatures above. Drifting snow—the kind they had now, white-out moving toward blizzard conditions—were only a factor because they had to maintain access to the portal.

She turned on the light and the arctic fluorescents, resistant to cold, flickered and came alive. To Mary, it was heaven, and she flipped her hood back, her lungs aching with the change in temperature, sucking air not quite as sharp and bitter as before. She'd never been so aware of her own body as she had become on this trip. The extremes of the environment had forced her to acknowledge her own corporeal nature, something the safety of a job in her lab at home back in Massachusetts had never compelled her to do. Sure, they had winter there, a change of seasons...but nothing like this, the deep, constant incomprehensible cold.

"Come on, Mare." Finn had the third core, kicking the door shut behind him.

"Let's go to bed."

She looked up from where she was sliding the first core she'd drilled out of its bag. He didn't mean together, dummy. But her heart felt as if it were beating somewhere in her throat and she was glad her cheeks were still red from the cold to cover their flush. Instead of answering him, she finished sliding the bag free and set the core into the cradle of the scale, recording the weight in another section of her notebook.

"You are so stubborn." Finn watched as she traded her thick gloves for latex, inspecting the length of ice for a crack-free sample and, using a fine saw, separating it out.

"And you are so bossy," she countered, cutting off a few millimeters of the sample, weighing the largest section on another scale and recording the reading. Five-hundred-and-two grams. Perfect. Selecting a smaller polyethylene bag, she placed the sample inside and then set it into their flash cooler. It would take the sample down to negative eighty degrees Celsius.

"You're really going to do this tonight?" He sighed as she began sawing at another length of the core. This one she would put into the plasma mass spectrometer.

"Go to bed, Finn." She waved him away as she inspected the sample, her trained eyes looking for cracks or imperfections.

He pulled his own heavy gloves off and reached for a sterile latex pair. "I'm not going without you."

She smiled, holding up her sample like a trophy. "Then fire up Old Bessie, because I need to see this reading or I'm never going to be able to sleep."

They worked well together—they always had—their timing in sync, anticipating one another's next motion with a deft precision that came from years of moving together in the same space. Finn took the sample from her hand and carried it over to "Old Bessie"—their plasma mass spectrometer. Compact and light, it was the size of a small television and attached to a laptop for reading output.

Mary used an instrument they jokingly called "the tweezers" to extract the frigid sample from the freezing unit and lift it carefully out of the bag. It was a perfect record of history, an effective time capsule, storing a snapshot of the earth's atmosphere seven-hundred-and-fifty thousand years ago. The tests would tell them the age of the ice within a few years here or there. It would also tell them all the common meteorological

data from that time period—precipitation amount, solar activity, air temperature, atmospheric composition.

But she wasn't interested in any of that. The millions of tiny air bubbles in the ice had revealed something to her even more amazing than greenhouse gases or evidence of climate change.

"Into the cheese grater with you." Mary placed the sample into a round, stainless steel extraction flask, closing the door and turning on the machine. It would grind the ice into fine chips in a vacuum, release the air and trap the gasses without any contamination to taint the sample. This, too, was attached to a laptop, and the results would be analyzed by computer.

She couldn't resist coming to watch for the results of the spectrometer over Finn's shoulder. The laptop just showed a slow-moving bar that read, "Analyzing - Please Wait" beneath. His hood was thrown back, and she noted the way his jaw clenched and unclenched, the way he pointedly didn't turn to look over his shoulder at her.

She also noticed the way his dark hair curled at the nape of his neck—long, too long. He needed a cut, but of course there was nowhere to get one out there. She wondered if he would let her do it, and just imagining running her fingers through the black raven's wings of his hair made her feel breathless.

"Well, there it is." Finn sounded annoyed as he pointed to the screen and she almost laughed.

"I told you the last one wasn't a contaminated sample." She fought the smug urge to stick her tongue out at his back.

He rolled his eyes, pulling his latex gloves off and reaching for his warmer ones.

"Two samples don't make it conclusive."

"Did you run it through the gas chromatograph?"

"Does Old Bessie moo?"

Mary touched the laptop screen, pointing to one of the longer spikes. "So this one here..."

"Unidentifiable."

"Finn! Look!" She grabbed a three-ring-binder from the table, flipping it open and holding it up next to the screen. "It's exactly the same as the last one. Look at the graph."

"I'm looking." He was looking, but he wasn't happy about it.

"And this..." She turned the other laptop on the counter, finished analyzing its own data, so he could see the reading from the other machine. "See here? It's the same. Unidentified."

Finn shrugged. "It doesn't necessarily mean anything."

"What are you afraid of?" She couldn't believe his nonchalance, his lack of curiosity about this new discovery.

He quickly turned off the power to the laptop, not even shutting it down the way he should have. "I'm afraid you're feverish and I'm going to have to radio us out of here before you start hallucinating."

Hurt, she felt her chest tightening and confronted him, her hands on her hips. "I'm not hallucinating lab results, Finn."

"Okay, so you got the results you were looking for," he snapped, reaching over and stabbing the power button on the other laptop. "Can we go to bed now?"

Her face and body felt frozen, colder than she'd ever been out in the arctic chill. "I bet you every single one of these deeper cores will show us the same thing. It's getting stronger, you know, more concentrated, the deeper we go."

He shrugged again, turning toward the door, a dismissal.

"There's something down there!" She wanted to throw something at his head and her hands clenched into fists. "Something no one has ever discovered before!"

"Well, if it's down there, it will still be there in the morning, won't it?" he asked over his shoulder, opening the door and letting in a blast of frigid air. "Are you coming?"

She'd butted heads with him before—they'd had playful, week-long disagreements back and forth sometimes. But she had never experienced him like this—cold, dismissive, obdurate.

Her righteous elation dampened by his reaction, Mary snapped her own gloves off and reached for her warm ones, the action an assent, and he watched her put them on before he went out the door. She knew he expected her to follow him, and she did, feeling dizzy with her discovery and his trivialization of it. Leaving everything, she just turned out the light and shut the door behind her.

Her cheeks felt as if they were on fire as she trudged after him in the powder, and the cold hit her like a wall, actually stopping her breathless in the dark. Finn's retreating back, heading toward the trailer, was just visible through the blowing snow. Her heart hammered hard in her chest, her legs like lead, and she managed to call out to him once before she went down to her knees.

"Finn!"

For a minute she thought he wasn't going to stop, that he was going to childishly storm off and leave her. And she didn't think she could get back up. Her legs felt too weak, trembling, and she let her body go, collapsing on the snow and rolling to her back, giving up. It didn't matter. He didn't believe her, he didn't care. None of it mattered. The stars were bright jewels in a velvet sky, so close she felt she could reach out and touch them, and she actually stretched a hand out into the darkness.

Then he was kneeling over her, wedging his arms beneath, lifting.

"I think I'm sick," she murmured.

"Ya think?" His gruff comment was the last thing she remembered before the stars blinked out.

\* \* \* \*

She woke up shivering in a cold sweat to find him beside her. She sensed more than saw him—it was completely dark, their rooms were small, his knees pressed right up against the edge of her cot as he shifted in the chair.

"Finn?"

"I'm here." His voice was soft, and there was no anger in it.

She rolled toward him, clutching his knee, sure now. She didn't know if it had been the fever that had given her the sudden flash of realization, or if was just something that had bubbled up from below her consciousness, a deeper intuition. "I know what it is."

His answer couldn't have surprised her more. "So do I." His hand pressed against her forehead but she was cool now, almost clammy, and he stated the obvious



"Your fever broke."

"No, I mean...what we found." She swallowed, sitting up cross-legged, her back against the wall, her bare knees pressed to his denim-clad ones. He'd undressed her down to her flannel shirt before putting her to bed, and the thought might have embarrassed her if she hadn't been so eager to tell him what she knew. "I know what it is!"

"So do I," he said again, reaching for the light on the small table, turning it on. She was too aware now of her state of undress, the way her dark, tousled hair fell around her face. She ran a hand through its length, smoothing, looking at him watching her, his face unreadable, his gaze moving quickly up from the "v" of her flannel to meet her eyes. He picked up a stoppered test tube off the table and held it up. "I've been in the lab for hours tonight, testing samples."

"What time is it?" she croaked.

"Near morning, I guess." He shrugged. Morning didn't mean much out here without the sun. They were living blind, groping around for answers in the darkness, and the metaphor didn't escape her as Finn offered her the test tube. "This is what you found."

She took it, peering in at the crystallized substance in the bottom. "It's a solid?"

"Yeah." He snorted. "And a gas. And a liquid. I've run every test we have, and the computer's analyzed the data in every possible configuration imaginable, and it all comes up the same."

"Unidentifiable," she murmured, staring at it, amazed.

"And atomic structure? This...it's got to be a new element."

Her breathless wonder was broken by Finn revealing another piece of even more unlikely information. "It has no atomic weight, Mare."

"That's not possible." She just stared at him.

"I know." He shook his head, half-smiling, and shrugged. "It has volume, it has mass, it takes up space. But you can't measure it. *It has no atomic weight.*"

"But..."

Just when she was coming to terms with that impossible fact, he dropped another, equally as implausible, into her lap. "It also has no half-life."

"What?" She held the sample up to the light, frowning. "Are you sure you tested it right? Maybe there's something wrong with the computer..."

"Please." Rolling his eyes, he sat back in the chair with a sigh. "I've been calculating atomic weight and half-life since I was in high school. Everything decomposes and gives off some sort of radiation, right? *But this doesn't.* The graph won't move—it's a solid flatline. This stuff is...it's infinite. It's some sort of infinite energy source..."

"I know." Mary couldn't begin to explain her feeling, the certainty of her strangely drawn conclusion. She had no logical basis for it, although Finn's research was going a long way toward convincing the Miss Microscope part of her that her intuition was correct. Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes, and just said it, "It's God."

When Finn didn't respond—she'd expected laughter, at the very least, coupled with a sarcastic comment—she opened her eyes to look at him. He was thoughtful, staring at the test tube in her closed fist. She went on, "You feel it just as much as I do. I

know you do. What we've discovered...all the laws and rules of physics, of the entire universe, just turned upside down. This proves—"

"This doesn't prove anything." He did laugh then, shaking his head. "You might as well say we just proved the existence of Santa Claus. It would hold about as much weight in the scientific community. Hell, why not? We're at the North Pole, aren't we? Let's just call the new element Santa Clausium!"

"I think..." She took a deep breath, ignoring his sarcasm, and pushed forward. "I think it's here for a reason."

"Well, in that sense, I guess everything's here for a reason."

"No, I mean here." She waved her hand around. "Up here. In the Arctic. Frozen at that particular depth."

"What do you mean?" He frowned.

"I think it wanted to be frozen."

It took a moment for him to respond. "Are you saying...this substance... is *sentient*?"

She ignored his disbelief. "I also think it wanted to be found."

He laughed. "I think maybe your fever's back."

"It's everything and nothing all at once." She reached out, opened his fist, and put the test tube in it. He looked down at their hands, and then back at her, his eyes searching. "It's an *infinite source*. What else, Finn? What else could it be?"

He opened his mouth to deny it, she knew him well enough to know, but she pressed her fingertips to his lips, shaking her head. "Don't think. Just feel. Hold it in your hand and feel it."

It was an incredibly unscientific request, but he swallowed and did as she asked. Shaking his head, looking pained, she knew he was struggling with the part of him that required facts, proof. He had them now in his very hand, and still his mind wanted to deny it. She searched his face as he opened his eyes and knew which part of him had won.

"It's everything. It's nothing." His voice actually trembled and she nodded, silently agreeing. "It's limitless power. For good or evil, that's what this means."

The idea was thrilling, beyond words, and she naively mused aloud for a moment. "In the right hands..."

Finn shook his head, his eyes flashing. "In the *wrong* ones..."

The endless possibility of that thought hung there between them. Mary closed her eyes with the weight of it, leaning her head back against the wall. She felt like crying, laughing, screaming. It was in her, everything at once, almost too much to bear.

"Are you okay?" His hand was warm on her forehead and she wanted to turn her face to it, encourage him to touch her, to bridge the gap. "Fever?"

"No." She opened her eyes, watching his hand fall to his lap. "Just...it's..." She shrugged, unable to say, but he nodded.

"I know."

This time it was her voice that trembled when she asked, "What are we going to do?"

Finn closed his eyes again, pursed his lips, that pained look briefly crossing his face for a moment before he looked at her and said, "The right thing."

*The right thing.*

Mary reached for the test tube, meaning to take it from him, set it aside, but he caught her hand, turning it over. She thought he was going to place the substance there, but instead he lifted her palm and kissed it, his breath hot against the sensitive inside of her wrist, his lips impossibly soft.

She stared at him in wonder, daring to ask, "So, just what is the right thing, Finn?"

"Right now?" His eyes searched hers, looking for an answer that had always been there. "Right now, it's this."

There was no resistance in her. She let him lean in and capture her mouth, press her back and then down onto the cot, welcoming the weight of him. She heard the faint "tink" of the test tube hitting the floor and then rolling as they came together on the small confines of her little bed, mouths slanting, tongues seeking heat.

Never had she wanted him more. If she could have cracked herself open to the core, absorbed him completely into her, she would have. Instead, she wound herself around him by degrees, her fingers in his hair, her legs twined with his, her arms snaking around his neck, her tongue circling the hot recesses of his mouth. Finn didn't object, his hands roaming up under her flannel, exploring the soft valley of her waist, the indent of her navel, and—oh, god, finally—the sloping curve of her breast, the rise of her hardening nipple.

Her room was never warm. She went to bed every night nearly fully dressed, but now she was suddenly hot, more than feverish, her body on fire with a heat that could melt ice. Eager, she tugged his dark turtleneck out from the waistband of his jeans, her hands roaming the hard arch of his back, the wings of his shoulder blades, his muscles

tight and thick but melting under her touch. Finn helped her pull his shirt off, and she took a brief, breathless moment to admire the broad, masculine emerging shadow of him above her before her trembling fingers found the buttons on her own shirt, working her way down while he worked up from the bottom, their hands meeting in the middle.

He looked at her and groaned when she revealed herself, shrugging out of the shirt, wearing nothing then but the thin barrier of her panties rubbing against the hard press of denim between her thighs. He caught one of her dark-tipped nipples between his lips, his tongue bathing it with the heat of his mouth, a shocking juxtaposition to the cool air. Her body arched all on its own, her hand moving between them, seeking the softness of her mound and the hard press of his cock as they rocked together.

Finn gasped when she cupped her hand over the denim bulge and then pressed his hips forward hard, trapping her hand, his mouth covering hers, tongue plunging deep. His excitement made her bold and she quickly unbuttoned and unzipped him, maneuvering to slide her hand in and pull the length of him out.

"Oh god," he murmured against her throat, nuzzling there, making her nipples stand up as she stroked him against the inside of her thigh.

Yes, *God*, she thought, feeling it, something, coursing through her as they moved closer toward coupling, her mind flashing momentarily on the impossible, unknown crystallized substance resting in a test tube underneath them somewhere. She wanted to tell Finn, how incredible it was, how perfectly divine, but when she looked into his eyes, she thought he already knew.

"Off," she insisted, shoving his jeans and boxers down his hips, and he obliged, both of them naked now except for the brush of her panties, which were gone in a whisper as he reached down there to touch her.

She wanted him inside of her, now, forever—she couldn't wait. He was as hard as bedrock in her hand, and she rubbed the tip of him up and down her slit, displacing his probing fingers and making him shudder in response, his hips already moving.

"Please," he begged, looking down at her with half-closed eyes. "Oh, god, Mary, I need you..."

"Yes."

She opened to him completely then, and he took her, his cock aimed to perfection, drilling deep, making her gasp with his precision. She didn't let him go, grinding her hips upward, wrapping her legs around his, seeing him grit his teeth, that pained look crossing his face for a moment, and she knew he was holding back.

"No," she whispered, rolling her hips, meeting his beginning thrusts. "Don't hold back, Finn. Please. I want you. All of you."

He took a quivering breath, shaking his head, his eyes wild, hungry. "If you knew..."

"I do know." She touched his cheek, traced his lips, feeling the pulse of him buried in the hot recesses of her body, every muscle taut, waiting for him to let go. It was beyond pleasure, beyond sensation itself, just out of reach, as if waiting for them to catch up. "I feel it. Don't you feel it?"

"Yes." The look of bewildered longing in his eyes made her slip her hand behind his head, pulling his mouth to hers and kissing him hard as he began to move in her. They rocked together, the heat of their bodies, their breath, filling the little room.

There was no holding back now, their soft cries melting together as they moved toward some blissful destination shimmering on the horizon, and she watched it recede with every motion forward, an aching mirage. Desperate, greedy, she clung to him as if he could take her there, the thick pound of his cock driving her hard against the cot as she begged him for more.

"Harder," she gasped into his ear, her teeth raking his neck, his shoulder. "Oh Finn, please, I'm..."

"Coming," he groaned, thrusting deep and she felt it burst, the energy trapped between them released in a bright, white hot explosion.

"There," she whispered, her eyes closing, her body giving in to the sensation, expanding, contracting, filled with everything and nothing all at once. Eternity had never been so close.

There wasn't room for them both on the little cot, but Finn made himself her bed, rolling beneath her, finding the edge of her sleeping bag and pulling it over them for warmth. There weren't words, and Mary didn't miss them. Instead, she pressed her cheek against his chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart, and felt nothing but awe as they drifted off together toward some even deeper destination.

\* \* \* \*

"You said we were going to do the right thing."



"This *is* the right thing, Mare." Finn was heading out the door, and she followed, like she always did, feeling small. "We're scientists. We can't possibly let this discovery go unreported. This is bigger than relativity!"

"And we know how well that turned out," she grumbled, pulling her parka hood closer as they headed toward the snowmobiles. He had loaded the ice cores she'd pulled onto the sled, and now meant to take them to the drop-off point. The helicopter he'd radioed would be there in less than an hour.

"We need bigger equipment to test this with," he insisted, reaching back and grabbing her hand, pulling her with him. "An accelerator, for one. We have to be sure we've found what we think we've found."

Mary stopped, pulling him up short, and he turned to look at her. "You're not sure?"

"I don't know." Finn shrugged. "That's what I want, though. I want to be sure."

"I'm sure."

"Good for you." He looked defiant, and it reminded her of the Finn she'd experienced the night before, in the lab.

"I know what we found." She caught both of his gloved hands in hers, squeezing so he could feel her. "I know what I felt. I know what I *feel*."

"What does that have to do with anything?" He frowned, but his eyes softened when he looked at her face.

"It has everything to do with everything." She smiled, wanting to kiss the frown line creasing his forehead. "Finn, I love you. I've loved you for as long as I can remember."

"Aw, Mare..." He swallowed, looking away, down at the snow.

She took a deep breath. "Don't do this."

"I have to." His jaw tightened and he left her standing there, trudging toward the snowmobile. It was running, the headlight a beacon in the darkness. She turned, making her decision, knowing she couldn't go with him and turn their discovery over to the rest of the world.

"Hey!" His voice, calling her, made her turn back. "Mary! Quick!"

She couldn't see well enough in the darkness, but his voice was panicked, and she broke into a run. The snow under her feet was lightly packed, but it had stopped falling at least, giving her a clear path to him.

"What's the matter?" she gasped, and then turned to where he was pointing, his eyes dark with anger.

"Did you do that?" His voice was angry, and she winced.

The bags on the back of the sled were empty. She knelt beside them, running her gloved hands over the surface. The ice cores were gone. They hadn't melted—there was no water or residue inside—and they hadn't evaporated, either, because the bags were completely flat, as if nothing had ever been in them in the first place.

Mary looked up and met Finn's accusing eyes. "I didn't. Finn, I've been with you the whole time!" It was true, and he knew it.

His shoulders slumped, his face falling. "Then what...how in the hell?"

She took his offered hand, letting him help her up. "I don't think we're supposed to understand."

"Oh fuck that." He threw up his hands, reaching over and turning off the snowmobile. "What the hell are we here for, if not to understand?"

"We can't see it...touch it...taste it..." She turned her face up to the sky, completely clear now, the stars even brighter than before. "We can just feel it."

"I don't feel anything," Finn growled, kicking at the sled.

"I think you do." She reached out and squeezed his gloved hand, feeling him give, just a little.

"Fuck," he muttered, but he slipped his arm around her waist, pulling her in closer.

"Look." She pointing to the horizon where a slow, lazy rainbow of colors danced in the sky—the aurora borealis, a rare event this time of year.

"Goddamnit, Mary." Finn's voice was choked as he pressed his lips to her forehead. "I love you. You know I do."

She smiled, her eyes filled with the ever-changing, infinite light of the universe, and spoke the truth with a certainty she'd never understood until that moment.

"I know."

## *All These Years*

-----  
*She likes adventure with security  
And more than one man can provide... \**  
-----

I'm supposed to tell you how old we were, how long we were married and all that stuff? You want to know how many kids we had, what we each did for a living, and just exactly how it all happened, down to the last rationalized detail, do I got that right?

That's how these tales are spun?

Like it matters.

That kind of stuff was like the water all around, and I was just a fish in the bowl, bumping up against the glass.

I sure wasn't thinking about any of that on my way home, an awful ache in my belly from eating at some damned new Mexican place down the street for lunch. I'd asked a buddy to punch me out and left an hour early just to get home to the minimal comfort of my own toilet, and I wasn't sure I was going to make it, even then.

Molly's car was in the drive, and I smelled supper before I even opened the back door. Something experimental, I could tell already, thick and heavy with spice, and that made my bowels clench in agony as I passed the stove. The menu was on the refrigerator—she liked to print them out, for me, she said, so I'd know every day what we were having, no surprises, on thick white paper with funny dancing silverware on the top—but I didn't stop to read it.

I only had one thing on my mind. Two left turns, and I had my hand on the bathroom doorknob. I hadn't even stopped to wonder where she might be—the TV was off, but that wasn't unusual. Her laptop wasn't open on the kitchen table, either. No

music was coming from the basement, where she had her elliptical and her rowing machine all set up. But I wasn't thinking about any of it—her routine, how she moved through her day without me there—it was like water, air, life. It just was.

And then, it wasn't.

A man knows the sound of his wife's pleasure. He knows it like he knows the sounds of his house settling, the ticking of the furnace, the creak in the boards by the stove. After a time, it becomes a familiar sound, a comfortable sound, one that carries heat and light, like the lamp that goes on by the front door every night at six.

I understood that sound, and how to elicit it, as well as I understood how to turn on the switch to the light above our bed. My fingers knew their way in the dark, where to touch and grope, just the right pressure, how to ease that tension past the point of resistance. It was an easy movement, practiced, sure. No surprises.

Dusk was settling outside. It was almost that time of year when we set the clocks back, and dark came earlier every day it seemed, so they were just shadows rolling under the covers until I turned the lights on. She knew I was there, I think, even before I flipped the switch. Something about her shifted, the sound of her changed, and for a moment her soft moan sounded like a lament.

"Jim..." My name in her mouth, the same mouth I had kissed a thousand times, a mouth cherry-red from kissing another man—the man poised above her in our bed.

My bowels turned to water in my belly. I turned out the light and bolted into the bathroom, barely making it to the bowl.

-----  
*She said, "You're not the man you used to be..."*  
*He said, "Neither is this guy..."*  
-----

Not the fucking man I used to be. Right. Twenty pounds heavier, I was considerably balder and grayer, my hands calloused and work-worn. The man I used to be was younger, thinner, a little less rough around the edges, sure. At least on the outside.

But the man I used to be drank a fifth every night. The man I used to be liked to fight, anyone or anything, it didn't matter. It was the making of a fist that felt good. The man I used to be had left them all once, on a Christmas Eve, of all nights. The man I used to be had spent that night in a motel, considering options, points out west and beyond. That man had come home in time to see the kids open presents.

No, I wasn't the man I used to be. Thank fucking god. And neither was the guy shoving the tail ends of his dress shirt into his suit pants, glancing furtively at me as he gathered his tie and suit coat and slipped on his expensive shoes. I was never this guy—soft hands, soft life. What did she see in him? I watched from the doorway as he turned to face me fully for the first time, his eyes only holding mine for a moment before dropping to the floor.

"I'll call you—" he murmured, glancing at my wife.

"No, you won't." I stood fully, putting my hand across the door frame and blocking the exit. "What you will do is walk out of my house. And count yourself lucky for that. Walk out of my house, away from my wife, and if you ever..." I took a deep breath,

swallowing hard, the hand by my side clenching into an involuntary fist. "If I ever see you... hear you... if I fucking SMELL you anywhere near me or my family again..."

I let the threat trail off and watched his eyes move from me to the space under my arm, and I knew he was thinking about running for it. I dropped my arm, stepping into the room, and waved him out. The urge I had to shove him through the wall was so strong I had to clasp my hands behind my back as he passed.

When I heard the side door swing shut, I turned back to my wife. She was still nude and hadn't moved to cover herself. Her body and her eyes made no apologies. Instead, she just looked incredibly sad. I sighed, sitting on the edge of the bed, and put my head in my hands.

-----  
*All these years...  
Where have I been?  
Well, I've been down the road to work and home again... \**  
-----

She couldn't answer my question. It was simple, really. "Why?"

Was it me? What had I missed? How had I failed her? Those thoughts occurred to me as I turned to her and asked that one, simple question. I saw the endless days, the routine that had become our life, stretching out behind us and disappearing into a vanishing point.

But we'd made it so far, I thought, looking at the tremble of my wife's mouth, the fists her hands made on the sheets. The various life dramas had never derailed our train. Yeah, I felt the same ice water needling in my chest when she told me about the lump in her breast, and there was the low ache of those two miscarriages between Henry and Clara.

And the worst, at least for me, was the time the baby ran out into the street and I couldn't catch her in time. It had been months afterwards, Molly sitting by her side in the hospital, and me, still back and forth to work every day, coming in exhausted at night to see the baby, little Sassy I always called her, so still and quiet and small. She recovered physically, but she never was quite right again. A lot of my paycheck still went to pay for the special school half a state away.

Was that the point when it had broken? I wondered. Like some crazy cracked cup that we superglued together and used anyway, hoping it wouldn't leak? Something in me knew, though. It wasn't any of the big things, the storms, the hurricanes that had hit us over the years. It was that endless, gentle lapping of the waves against the shore, wearing away the sand. Erosion. That's what they called it.

I looked at my wife and I wanted to touch her. I didn't know if I wanted to hold her or hit her, but I wanted to feel her in my hands, her familiar flesh under my fingers. I fought the urge, gripping the edge of the mattress as I watched her face change—sadness, fear, regret, love. So much love. Still. After all these years.

"I just want to know why, Molly."

That's when the dam broke. The leak became a deluge and she spilled past the cracks that I hadn't even seen in the surface of our marriage.

-----  
*All these years...  
What have I done?  
I made your supper and your daughter and your son... \**  
-----

"Do you remember last year, when my sister offered us her timeshare?"



I stared at Molly, knowing that she was going to make some impossible connection, and just nodded.

"What did you say, Jim? Do you remember?"

I shrugged. "What does that have to do with... anything?!"

Molly's lip trembled and she nodded. "You said, 'Why do we need to go somewhere for a vacation? What's wrong with staying home?'"

I blinked at her. "Are you telling me that you were fucking some suit in our bed because I didn't want to go to Disney World?"

Molly sighed, closing her eyes and then opening them to me again. "You always miss the point."

"I guess you got my fucking attention!" I snapped, gritting my teeth.

She sat up on her elbows, her eyes flashing. "Well, it's about time!"

My chest was too tight for me to speak. I curled my fingers around the mattress edge and took a deep breath.

"Jim..." Her eyes dipped down and caught mine. They were the same bright blue, eyes that had caught mine a thousand times before this one, but today there was something new there. I didn't know what it was and I didn't know if I wanted to know.

"Where have you been?"

I shook my head at her, trying to clear it. What did she want from me? "Work. Where I always am." I couldn't get the image of her beneath him out of my head.

She sighed. "Yeah." Shifting onto her side, the sheet pulled over her hip, and her breasts dipped, too. I looked at the large, brown areolas, her nipples fat in the center,

and wondered if he had found that sweet spot at the bottom edge. I closed my eyes, hating how beautiful she still was to me in that moment.

"But Jim..." she sighed. "Where have I been?"

"I don't know," I murmured. "You tell me."

I felt her hand moving over mine, soft and warm, her fingers as delicate as ever. "I don't know, either. Raising kids, making supper, the same thing, day after day... I don't know who I even am anymore..." I allowed it for a moment, just a moment's worth of pressured comfort, before shaking her loose.

"Maybe you need some time to find out?" I saw that there were tears in her eyes and only the smallest part of me cared. "Is this your version of a mid-life crisis, Moll? The cooking lessons, the computer classes..." I stopped, something suddenly dawning on me. "That's where you met him, isn't it?"

"Yes," she agreed softly. "But it doesn't matter. He doesn't matter."

I snorted, swallowing past something stuck in my throat. "He looked like he mattered when he was fucking you in our bed."

I don't know if the pained look on her face matched mine or not. It felt awful, saying it, feeling it. I wanted to say more, and I wanted it to stop, to end it, to leave right now and never look back. Staying was the hardest thing I'd ever done.

Just sitting there in the pain of it, the both of us, drowning in the flood.

-----  
*I'm still here...  
And so confused,  
But I can finally see how much I stand to lose... \**  
-----

I don't know how long it was before we spoke again. It grew dark outside, dark inside, in spite of the lamp light. My belly ached, my balls were drawn up like two rocks,

and Molly shivered, but she still didn't cover herself. I thought I knew why. She just looked at me, like she was waiting for something. I was waiting, too. I didn't know for what, until it happened.

The timer in the kitchen sounded with three short, sharp blasts. Dinner was ready. Menu was on the fridge. It was time for me to walk through the door, home from work, ready for Molly's embrace and a quick kiss before I got changed and ready to eat whatever she'd concocted for the evening meal. I had taken to picking up two beef jerkys at the gas station and eating them on the way home, just in case. Of course, I didn't tell her that. Keeping the little things secret had never seemed to matter.

"I hate the crap you're cooking lately." I gave a quarter turn toward her on the bed.

She nodded. Almost smiled. "I know."

"I could kill you with my bare hands."

"I know." Her mouth trembled again, but no tears fell. "I thought... I don't know what I thought. I wasn't... thinking..." Her voice was thick, trembling, too.

"I want..." I held my hands out in front of me, palms up, just looking at them. "Fuck, Molly... what are we going to do?"

She slipped her hand into one of mine, using my steadfast weight to pull her to sitting beside me, the sheet pooled in her lap.

"I don't know." Her voice was hoarse. "Will you hold me?"

I shook my head, swallowing thickly, still seeing him, like a ghost, hovering over our bed. But I did. I pulled her familiar body into my arms and held on. She melted into me, like she always did, fitting perfectly in all the right places.

"This doesn't mean—" I started, brushing her hair off my cheeks. "I don't know what this means."

She nodded, and I could feel the edges of her pain flowing into mine, somehow, as if they were one thing. Love didn't stop, like turning off a light switch, as much as I willed it to.

"It doesn't matter..." she whispered. I could feel her tears wetting my shirt. "Nothing matters, except you... Jim... I'm so..."

"Don't say it," I choked, lowering my head to hers, holding her a little too tight. "Don't... just... don't..."

She didn't and I didn't and we didn't... we just sat, and rocked, and felt it, the love and the pain that ached like a raw wound between us. It was us. After all those years, there was no separating it anymore.

-----  
*\*All These Years by Sawyer Brown*  
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### *Do Not Ejaculate for 24 Hours!*

What is it about something you can't have that makes you want it even more?

When we were in college, my future husband donated plasma every week. He did it primarily for the money (like most college kids, we were strapped for cash) but he really had a truly altruistic nature. He donated blood every six weeks, and that didn't pay a thing. When we found out about a sperm donation program in our area, he jumped at the chance. The pay was fantastic (I think it was like \$50 a pop... ha, literally) and he liked the idea of helping someone have a child who couldn't.

The process wasn't as easy as donating plasma, though. He had to go through lots of screening, questionnaires and blood tests before he could even think about going into the back room with the plethora of porn and a little cup. Finally, all the details were taken care of and he was ready to donate. He'd left his instructions from the lab on the kitchen table and I stood there in my bare feet, shorts and a bra (it was hot that summer and we had no air conditioning) eating an apple and reading them.

They were pretty standard -- where to go, what to expect, etc. But the thing that stood out to me in big, red flashing letters was: DO NOT EJACULATE FOR 24 HOURS BEFORE YOUR APPOINTMENT. It was dinner time (hence the apple -- I was starving and we didn't have much to eat in the house) and his appointment was early the next morning, before his first class. He was in the shower at the time -- he took two showers a day when it was hot. Sometimes three.

When he came out, I was masturbating on the bed, my shorts down to my knees and my bra pulled up just over my nipples so every movement made the material brush them and send delicious twinges of sensation down to my aching clit. He stood there for

a moment, watching and dripping water onto the carpet. I smiled when I saw the towel wrapped around his waist start to rise in front. I knew how hard it made him to watch me touch myself.

I know, I know... I'm such a bad girl! All I needed to see were the words "DO NOT" and I immediately rebelled. Reverse psychology works on me every time! His towel dropped to the floor as he came near the bed, his eyes between my legs as I spread my lips to show him pink. He knelt between my thighs, his cock rising like an exclamation point. I reached for it, squeezing, pulling him toward my pussy.

He groaned as he looked down at me, spread wide for him. "You can't make me come."

"Bet me." I grinned, stroking him, pulling him closer.

"No, I mean, for my appointment in the morning." He seemed transfixed with the motion of my hands, one up and down his cock, the other rubbing my clit in little circles. "They said I wasn't allowed to come."

"Not allowed?" I pouted, rubbing the tip of his cock up and down my slit. I loved the head against my clit.

His eyes brightened. "But I can make you come."

"Can you fuck me?" I teased my hole with the head of him, lifting my hips, getting the tip wet with my juices.

He groaned and grabbed for my hips. I couldn't tell if it was because he wanted to slide into me or keep me from moving on him. "As long as I don't come."

"Can I suck you?" I sat up quickly, grabbing his hips so my mouth was on level with his cock, still wet from me.

He nodded. "As long as I don't come."

I slid my tongue around the tip, licking the taste of me off him. When I looked up into his eyes, half-closed as he watched me slowly suck the head, I knew he was a goner. "How long do you think you can hold out?"

"Oh fuck..." His hand went to my hair as I eased him into my mouth, all the way back, so deep I could see water droplets still glistening in his pubic hair and smell the clean scent of his soap.

"Let's find out..." I circled the base of him with my hand, squeezing on the uptake, easing the loose skin just to the tip and back down again, my tongue swirling around and around the head. It was a motion I knew he loved, one that made his nipples harden and his ass clench.

"Baby!" He was pleading, begging me, but the taste of his precum and the feel of him throbbing against my tongue, coupled with the thought that we shouldn't, we weren't supposed to, made it too hard for me to resist.

"Just an experiment," I whispered over the head as my hand went down to his balls. He loved it when I rubbed them with my thumb, cupping their weight in my hand. "We'll see how hard I can make you without letting you come."

"Oh fuck!" He shook his head, trying to say no, but his body wouldn't let him. His cock swelled against my tongue, the peppery taste of his precum filling my mouth.

"You've got so much precum already!" I murmured in surprise, rubbing the reddened head against my lips and cheeks and chin. I slapped him against my tongue a few times and then sucked the head, making him shiver, repeating the process until his thighs were trembling.

"God! Please!" He really was begging now, and it made my pussy swell and throb with pride. "Baby, don't... no more... I—"

"How long has it been?" I interrupted his pleas, gently nibbling down the shaft, no hands now, just watching his cock move in time with his steadily increasing pulse.

Breathless, his head thrown back, he murmured, "They said it would be better... to wait... as long as possible..."

"So how long has it been?" I asked again, my tongue finding its way to his balls, fresh and clean and shaved, they slipped into my mouth like ripe fruit. I sucked gently, first one and then the other, trying to decide which I liked best.

"Four days." His voice was hoarse as he looked down past the thick length of his cock to where my tongue carefully put his balls through the paces, left, right and center.

"So..." I bit my lip, nosing his length like a cat or dog seeking attention. "That means you could pretty much come in a matter of minutes."

"Yeah," he admitted, sounding both resigned and hopeful.

"Just one hard little suck..." I wrapped my hand around the base and squeezed, all serious intent now as I eased my mouth over the reddened tip of his cock, using my tongue around that sweetly raised ridge, paying close attention to the frenulum, giving him long, hard kitty licks there before sucking him deep into my mouth.

"Hey!" His mouth protested, but his body betrayed him. He thrust his hips forward, burying himself in my throat, making me gag -- but not making me stop. Instead. I reached around and grabbed his ass, squeezing and kneading and pulling him in even deeper. He fisted my hair in his hands and used my mouth for a moment, so lost in the pleasure he forgot about me entirely.



"No!" He tried to pull me off him, but I was stuck fast, sucking hard. "God! Stop!"

Panting, the thick mixture of my saliva and his precum coating my chin, I gasped, "You really want me to stop?"

"You have to..." His cock rested, a thick, throbbing mass, against my cheek. "Oh fuck! Please..."

I rubbed him over my lips, teasing. "Please what?"

"Please..." Half-closed, his eyes were full of lust as he looked down at me, and his hands found my breasts, thumbing my nipples, a nice distraction.

"Please stop?" I asked, taking my hands and mouth away for a moment as he played with my nipples. My pussy was begging for attention and I gave it to her, rubbing fast and hard at my clit, seeing his eyes darken as he watched me finger myself. "Or... please don't stop?" I surprised him with my mouth, all mouth now, sucking him in deep and hard as I play with my pussy.

He lost his words then, the sound in his throat just a faint, frustrated growl, and he twisted my nipples, making me moan as I arched against him, looking for more. He slapped at my breasts, spanking me like the naughty girl I was, and it just drove me to suck him faster, more eager than ever for his cum.

"Goddamnit!" He grabbed his cock from my mouth, squeezing the head hard, and I watched in fascinated lust as a thick, slow stream of precum leaked from the tip and slid down over his fingers. Trying to catch his breath, his chest heaving, he pressed me back onto the bed, laying me down.

I knew he was going to try to distract me from my purpose - and while my pussy ached to be tongued, too, I knew what I wanted and I reached for it. Reluctantly, he let

me have it, unable to resist the softness of my hands moving over his cock and balls, pulling him up between my legs.

"Maybe you should reschedule," I whispered as I stroked him against my belly.

"Oh..." His eyes were closed, his face pained. "Maybe..."

I tugged him faster, maneuvering myself so I could slide under him, his cock positioned over my tits now. I rubbed the head over my nipples, hard and cherry-red from his attention. "It would feel so good to fill my mouth instead of that little plastic cup, wouldn't it?" I sucked him slow, just the head, to emphasize the point.

"You are so bad." He moved up a little, giving me more of his cock.

"I know." I alternated licking the head and down the shaft, using my hand to keep up a slow, steady, maddening stroke. "I don't know what's better... the thought of making you come like a naughty girl right now... or fingering myself tomorrow while you're at your appointment and imagining you jerking off..."

"You're so fucking irresistible." He sighed, shaking his head and running a hand through my hair.

"You say the sweetest things." I tugged gently at his cock, rubbing the wet tip against my cheek. "Will you be thinking about me when you get yourself off tomorrow?"

"Yes." His voice was low, his eyes heavy lidded as he watched me stroke him toward my lips.

"Liar." I let my hands go to his hips and aimed him, opening my mouth for the thrust of his cock. I welcomed the length of him, not doing my except opening my throat, his body doing the rest, unable to stop thrusting into the warm, wet cocoon of my mouth.

"Ohhh fuck... believe me..." His hands went to my hair, his eyes closing, using my mouth now. It was so hot I couldn't help but slide a hand between my legs, my clit swollen and demanding attention. "I'll be thinking about this very moment... and how much I wanted to shoot into your little mouth..."

I moaned around the length of him, unable to do anything now but take his cock and rub myself off. I had no control. He was fucking my mouth, slow and easy, restrained, keeping himself on some impossible edge. Watching it made me tremble with lust.

"I can't come, baby," he whispered, looking down and seeing himself disappear between my lips. I shook my head, murmured, his cock moving against my cheeks with the motion, making him gasp and hiss. "Oh fuck... your mouth..."

My hips were moving now, too, grinding against my hand as I fingered myself, my thumb focused on my clit. His cock felt swollen to gigantic proportions in my mouth, the precum taste in my throat strong, an acrid sting. His balls slapped against my chin as he began to drive in a little deeper, faster, his breath a steady indication of his desire to fill my mouth with the cum he was supposed to keep simmering in his balls all night.

"I can't..." He begged, his fingers buried in my hair, his thighs spreading wider as he used my mouth and tongue like a pussy, the fuck growing more intense with every thrust. "Oh fuck, I can't... I can't... I..."

I knew what I had to do. My whole body writhed beneath him, my fingers bringing me to the sweet edge of climax. I knew if I sailed over that delicious cliff, I would take him, too. He was trying so hard not to come, his face twisted. His restraint brought my

orgasm to the surface, pushing it up and over with a wicked, forceful drive. I moaned and bucked under him as I started to come, my body shuddering with the sensation.

"Ahhh! No, no, no!" His voice was pained and he tried, at the last minute, to pull himself out of the sweet clamp of my mouth and tongue, an involuntary squeeze mimicking the spasms of my pussy. It was too late. His cum flooded over my tongue, spraying in hot bursts again my lips and chin as he tried, in vain, to pull back. There was no stopping it now and I sucked him back in, eager to feel his finish. I swallowed the last few waves as he shot them, hot and thick, into my mouth, finally giving in, his hips bucking as he filled my mouth with that precious, saved seed.

"You..." he panted, rolling off me and throwing an arm over his eyes. "... are evil!"

I grinned, sliding my thigh over his as I turned toward him. "Guess you'll have to reschedule."

He sighed, but it wasn't an unhappy sigh. "I guess so."

I decided right then and there that I was going to attempt to sabotage his efforts every month. It felt so good to be so bad! As it turned out, though, his sperm, quite lively while hot and fresh, didn't survive the freezing process so well. Unfortunately, donating wasn't going to be an option. I think we were both disappointed. He never got to see the infamous porn room, and me - I never got to tempt him in the same way again.

Not that I didn't try. When he called to reschedule that appointment, I was at a class, and when I asked about it, he refused tell me when he was going in!

He was afraid to tell me, he said.

"Why?" I pouted.

He shook his head and rolled his eyes. "Because I know you! You'll jump me the night before!"

Now I ask you... how can you expect a girl to resist such a temptation?

It's probably a good thing he never went back!

## *Epicurean*

I swear I can smell cunt. I feel like a goddamned dog, or maybe a wolf, yeah, maybe a wolf—downwind of some delicious, vulnerable prey. I don't belong here alone, this wasn't my idea, but here I am, and there is pussy everywhere. I can't get away from it. Little ones, big ones, bald ones, hairy ones—and I'll be damned if I don't want them all. I know there's an off switch in my damned head somewhere, if I could find the thing...

What is so compelling about the flesh? It's spread out on the sand in front of me, and I want to roll them all up and take them, keep them, little pigs in their blankets, squealing and squirming and delicious. I've never seen so much skin in one place, masses of bodies, mountains of flesh, rolling titty hills and valleys of cunt.

There's no shame or hiding here—there's the wide-bottomed mama and her two toddlers playing in the sand. I can't take my eyes off the way her ass dimples as she sits, and I know her plump, hairy pussy must be kissing the sand as she leans over the rolls of her creamy, full belly, her dark-tipped breasts becoming another roll in the pile as she laughs and pats her daughter's little behind. I want to crawl under her, to be buried under the mountain of her body.

The sea of flesh shifts and moves. They remind me of seals in pack, some of them, college girls, sleek and brown, their bodies oiled and rolling together for maximum exposure to the source of their heat. God, it's fucking hot. Sweat is rolling down my lower back and there's not a damned thing to soak it up except the towel under my bare ass, growing damp beneath me.

I want to seek that core of heat, and I've got an arrow pointing the way. To hell with the sun, damned dry heat, I want to drown in wet fire! I am the only one hiding here, rolling to my belly to conceal my lust, resting my chin in my hands, my eyes seeking the source of my desire. Wet mounds of flesh, peeking pink, Jesus God it should be fucking illegal to tempt a man this much!

My cock is an iron bar, uncomfortably hard beneath me, aching to point to the way to one of the sweet treasures laid out in front of me like some luscious buffet. I feel like a dog, but really there is a hungry wolf, an animal in me that simply wants what it wants, and the visual feast of flesh is a cruel reminder of my hunger, my greed.

I don't just want one. I want them all. I am no gourmet, some wine taster, sample and spit. I am a gourmand, a glutton, and I would happily devour their flesh beyond the point of satiety—I want to burst with it, explode into everything and nothing with the taste of them all still in my mouth.

The tender bald slit, oiled and glistening between the thighs of that coed and her friend, Jesus, look at how smooth, like a baby, how her pink inner lips stick out at me like a tongue, a wiggling tease as she shifts, spreads a little, curls her toes.

Her friend isn't shaved, just trimmed, the hair curling inward, pointing the way toward heaven, her pink hidden underneath the darkness of her bush and my cock is straining against the damp towel and the soft sand underneath me, playing a constant beat of "want, want, want."

There's that big mama again, rolled to her back with a book, her voluminous belly and thighs seeking to hide her treasure, a fat purse that one, meaty and moist, and my

cock yanks at its leash like a dog straining toward a bitch in heat when I see that her pubes are a fiery red, a curly, ruddy mass waiting to be spread.

I raise my head a little, seeking more tantalizing tidbits, knowing I shouldn't be, I'm not supposed to be looking. Nude beaches are about being natural, relaxing, letting down the pretenses, being yourself. Well, gentlemen of the jury, I have to tell you, I am getting to know myself as I watch these tender morsels roll and stroll, and I am, first and foremost, an animal.

My brain has its switch—don't touch, a Pavlovian response—my cock, however, has no such restraint, and nowhere to hide, trapped between my belly and the towel like a twitching, growling beast, coerced into hiding and straining toward freedom. And I can't stop looking. It's compelling, the fascination, the need to see, to take them all in, savory treats, every one.

Two women walk by, a black dog leashed between them, leading the way, his nose to the sand. Their bodies are luscious curves and angles, their breasts ripe fruit. One of them is blonde, pale, her nipples fat pink centers almost larger than her breasts, pointing skyward. The other has long, straight brown hair, very long, it swings to the rounded swell of her ass, and her breasts are bottom heavy, pear-shaped, her nipples dragged downward with their weight.

My eyes are drawn by the movement of the two college girls in front of me. The hairless cunt is up on her knees, fixing the corner, spreading out the blanket, and my cock jumps as she arches and I can see the puckered hole of her ass, winking at me. It's all a tease, a horrible, exquisite, glorious tease, and I feel full to bursting with the torture.



The head of my cock is flowing with pre-cum, sticky on my belly as her pussy parts for a moment when she stretches like a cat, the spread of pink, and oh, fuck, the sight of that little gaping hole where I want to shove my aching cock! What heaven lies there, between those thighs?

My cock knows it, can almost taste the yielding of her flesh, how moist and velvety and smooth she would be. Desire doesn't want exposure, the light or the sun. Lust seeks darkness, a deep, secret heat, something buried, a treasure to find. And I want the rush of plundering that sweet booty, all of them, the blonde, hairless gem, the trimmed brunette with the rounded behind, the roll and swell of the red-haired mama and the incredible heat of her riches—I want every slope and mound of flesh scattered down the beach.

I can see them all now, spread out on their towels and blankets, my cock eager to find the swollen flesh at the apex of their thighs. I can only satisfy my lust with my eyes, my hips moving every so slightly, imperceptible, rubbing my cock between my belly and the towel. It isn't anywhere near what I want to do, the thrusting frenzy and grind that I long for, to part thighs and cunts with the heat of my lust, the fat, thick head of my aching cock—but it's enough. Just barely enough.

I have been feasting for hours and my cock can't stand it anymore. I watch through half-closed eyes, feigning disinterest, even a doze, but my nostrils flare and my ass twitches and beneath me, I am rubbing the head of my cock in the sticky pre-cum dampness, pressing it between my belly and the sand. It's a slow grind, but deliberate, sneaking up on my climax by degrees.

The big mama puts her knees up, letting me see the soft swell of her ass, how the slit extends downward, her flesh thick and doughy, her pubes like fire in the sun. My cock aches to find its way through, seeking her center. The couple with the dog walks back by again and I stop, realizing how gradual but effective my movements have been now that I have ceased. My cock is aching for release.

When they've passed, I begin again, shifting, a slow rub, my eyes moving to the girls, the brunette on her back, the blonde on her belly. I am lost in the smooth, oiled flesh of their tawny thighs, the bend in a leg, the way the brunette's hair there glistens and shines in the light. I watch her belly rise and fall, see the blonde swing her legs, her feet crossing, uncrossing.

They are talking together, laughing, and my cock is twitching and throbbing beneath me. It's hard to control my breathing now, the longing I have to fuck, to keep fucking, to fuck the whole world wide open and reveal it all.

Two things send me over—the breeze that catches the edge of my towel, blowing it against my leg, and seeing the red-haired mama, my eyes drawn back to her as she rolls to her belly, laying her head in her hands, her thighs spreading out over her blanket, giving me just a peek of her cunt, lost in the roomy, dimpled swell of her flesh.

And then I'm coming, closing my eyes, clenching my jaw, biting the inside of my cheek to keep from growling and thrusting and grinding into the sand, a sticky wetness flooding beneath me in hot, fast spurts, dampening my towel and sending me reeling. I bury my head in my arms, breathing hard, and when I look up, the two girls are standing, running off toward the surf.

My lust is spent, but my desire is not. I can still feel the craving, my predilection for more in the swell and sway of the flesh on the sand. When I'm sure that my cock has waned, I stand, flip my towel over, and lie back down on the sand. My eyes are hunting again, I can't help it. The wolf is always there—whether I have reined him in or not.

"Hey, Dad!" I look up, shading my eyes, seeing my daughter and her mother coming toward me across the beach. I smile, wave them over, pat the sand. My daughter is going on about shopping, my wife is talking about lunch, and I take a deep breath, turning my eyes back out to the beckoning world, doing my best to take it all in.

## *Hush Little Baby*

Molly was always losing things—the car keys she locked in the car that ended up stolen, the ATM card she loaned to an ex-boyfriend, the savings she had invested in the bogus mining stock. It took her years to admit they weren't just accidents, acts of God, the world setting itself against her.

She hadn't admitted it after she lost that first wayward child to a car coming a little too fast down a residential street. She hadn't admitted it after Leslie—the one she had tried to atone for her mistakes with—gone at the age of fifteen for three years before surfacing again with a newborn.

She had spent years believing in bad luck, that these things just happened to her. Now she found herself crying alone in her bed and listening to the sound of her granddaughter in her crib—never crying, this one, just singing to herself, playing with her fingers until someone thought to come get her—and wondering how her own little girl could possibly have made such a mess of her life.

*Like mother, like daughter.*

She knew the baby was expecting her mother. Leslie was usually up nursing her by now, singing that song, the one Molly had always sung to all of her babies, even the lost one. Molly hummed it to herself, remembering the words, "Hush little baby, don't say a word, Momma's gonna buy you a mockingbird..."

Leslie's words last night crowded into her head. "He loves me—he's the only person who has ever loved me!"

*How can she believe that?*

She had tried to love Leslie, but she understood more than ever—young mothers often make selfish choices. Going out to bars, meeting men and drinking had all once taken precedence over Molly's own child. She knew that now. It didn't matter that she'd been clean and sober and alone these last eight years. Leslie remembered the mother who slept on the couch until noon and forgot to get her up for school. That was the mother she thought didn't love her.

Molly got up, knowing she would have to call in to work and figure out how to feed this motherless child. Raising a baby by herself at forty-two couldn't be much different than raising one alone at twenty-two.

Looking around, she saw that the room was just a nursery now—Leslie's clothes, the suitcase she had come with three months ago, everything else that belonged to her—all gone. Except the baby.

When Leslie showed up on her doorstep just after Jessica's birth, swearing she wasn't going to stay long, she just didn't have anywhere else, Molly's heart soared. This little girl, now nestled under her chin, was a second chance.

Things seemed perfect then, waking up to a house filled with people-noise again, rushing home from the restaurant with dinner for them in Styrofoam containers. She remembered longing all the way home to hold this soft, warm baby, to let Grandma Molly's necklace dangle in front of her tiny outstretched hands, to nuzzle her neck and make her laugh.

Never mind that Leslie spewed hatred at Molly at every turn. Never mind that Leslie swore that this was the last place on earth she wanted to be. Never mind that

most nights, Leslie left the baby in her crib to go out on a date, using Molly as a built-in babysitter. Really, she didn't mind.

This was her second chance—a chance to show Leslie that she was loved. Never mind that Leslie rejected her again and again. Instead, Molly just poured as much love as she could into her little granddaughter.

The baby's hunger got the best of her and she began to make small mewling sounds, rooting with her rosebud mouth for a nipple. Molly didn't want to be this baby's mother—she wanted to be Leslie's mother, and she wanted Leslie back, to mother her own baby. Jessica belonged to her mother, just as Leslie would always be hers, wherever she was on this bright summer morning.

Molly headed toward the kitchen to see if there was any stored breast milk in the freezer. Leslie pumped her milk so she could go out on with her friends or on dates. Molly, concerned about the concentrated efforts of the baby in her arms to find food, found a plastic bag with stored milk and removed it with one hand, balancing Jessie on her shoulder with the other.

It was only when she closed the freezer and started for the sink that she saw the note flutter down to the floor. It hadn't been there yesterday, before or after their argument, and when she peered down at it, she saw that it was written in Leslie's large, girlish scrawl.

"Maybe Mommy's coming home soon, Jess," Molly said under her breath, not believing it even as she carefully bent to retrieve the note.

It was from Leslie, and it contained news that she didn't think she could ever come to terms with. She didn't know if Leslie would ever come to terms it, either, even

twenty years down the road. Did anyone ever come to terms with the choices they made when they were young? She wondered.

"Poor Jessie," Molly whispered as the baby cried, protesting the plastic nipple.

Molly rocked and rocked, wondering if the world of hurt she lived in would ever end.

\* \* \* \*

Leslie stood under the hot shower, her breasts heavy and aching, a steady stream of thin, whitish milk running down her belly with the water, uselessly circling the drain. Her tears mixed with it, too, as she leaned her forehead on the tile, sobbing for everything she had left behind.

"Les?" It was Ali's voice from behind the bathroom door.

"Coming!" she called, turning off the water.

She heard him getting ready and smiled. The suit she had chosen for him was a deep, charcoal gray, not quite as dark as his eyes. She used a big, white bath towel to dry off, just patting her tender breasts. Wrapping her hair in the towel, she turned and straightened her dress on the hanger.

He wanted her to wear white—and so it was white, a knee-length, satin and lace combination that made her feel dizzy just looking at it. She couldn't believe she was going to stand beside him wearing it.

"Hurry up," he called, knocking on the door again. "I have to use the bathroom, too."

The sight of her long, auburn hair as she whipped off the towel gave her a twinge—her body remembered the soft red fuzz covering her baby's head, and just the

thought sent tiny rivulets of milk flowing down over her belly. Leslie bit her lip and stood on the towel, using the hair dryer to drown out the noise in her head.

"I have to go!" The door opened and Ali came in, stepping around her nude form toward the toilet. He was wearing just his boxer-briefs. "Sorry, couldn't wait."

"What time is it?" she asked, turning off the hair dryer and watching him shake off the last few drops.

"We still have a couple hours before we have to be there," he said, edging her out of the way with his hip and washing his hands. He looked at her reflection in the mirror, his eyes on her breasts. "Are you still leaking?"

"I can't help it," she said, putting her palms over her nipples. There was just no stopping the aching flow.

"I'm sorry," he said, putting his arms around her from behind, his hands over hers, cupping her breasts. "We will have so many more children. I promise you."

She nodded, closing her eyes and feeling his body pressing into hers, but she didn't believe it. Jessica was going to be okay—her mother would care for the baby, probably much better than she had ever cared for Leslie, if these last few months were any indication. Certainly better than she could care for Jessie herself.

Besides, Ali was the best thing that had ever happened to her.

"I just—you're sure that your parents couldn't ever accept—?"

"Leslie!" He put his dark head down on her shoulder. "We've been over this a hundred times. They would disown me. It's bad enough that you're not Muslim and we're getting married in a court house!"

"I know." She turned in his arms, putting her head on his chest.



"You know what happened to my brother," he said, rocking gently. "A child out of wedlock, one that didn't even belong to me? My parents would never speak to me again... and who would care for them, then?"

"I know, I know," she whispered, closing her eyes against it.

"I thought you were sure?" he asked, lifting her chin to look at her. "That this is what you wanted?"

"I am." She went up on tiptoe to kiss him. "It is."

This was her sacrifice, and she had agreed to make it for him—for them. For a life, a future together.

"They're so heavy," Ali remarked, his hands moving over her breasts, his eyes bright.

Leslie winced. "I know. I'm afraid I'm going to leak all over my dress, even with nursing pads."

He looked at her, aghast. "Do they hurt?"

She nodded. "It's just because they're so full. I wish I'd thought to bring my pump."

"Maybe I can help?" He was smiling, watching the sticky-sweet milk beading on her fat, pink nipples. He touched one with his thumb, spreading the thin liquid over her areola.

"How?" she asked, shivering at his touch. His hands were magic, and she could never resist them.

"It's not like I haven't done it before," he said with a smile, steering her over to the toilet and sitting her down on the lid.

She smiled, giving him a bemused look. "What are you doing?"

"Helping," he said, kneeling between her bare thighs, he lifted one of her heavy breasts in his hand.

She had started fairly small-chested, but her breasts had grown two sizes when she was pregnant, and yet another size when her milk came in. She hadn't nursed the baby in almost twenty-four hours, and her pale skin was now taut, full to bursting with fluid.

"Oh, god," she whispered when he put his mouth over her nipple, beginning to suck.

She gasped, watching white droplets pooling at the tip her other nipple as he brought her milk to the surface. The tell-tale tingling sensation in her chest told her that she was really beginning to flow. He was swallowing, faster and faster, his eyes on hers.

Putting her hand in his hair, she watched his mouth work against her breast. He was sucking hard, making little groaning noises in his throat. The pressure was subsiding already, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

"That feels so good," she murmured, wiggling on the seat. Her pussy was getting wet, watching his mouth pursed around her nipple.

He lifted his head, licking his lips, and she could see how shiny his mouth was from her milk. She leaned in and kissed him, always startled by how sweet and light the taste was.

"I should do this one, too," he murmured, licking at the fat, pink bud on the other side before latching onto her and beginning to suck. Leslie moaned, reaching for his hand and pressing it between her legs.

He made a sound in his throat, his eyes on hers as he parted her shaved lips with his fingers, finding the tender swell of her clit and rubbing as he continued to suckle at her breast. She could feel her milk flowing full and thick now, a heavy flow that dribbled out of the corners of his mouth. He swallowed and swallowed, and when she looked down, she could see how hard he was through his shorts.

"Yes," she whispered, biting her lip as he nudged her clit with his finger toward its delicious release. Everything felt full to bursting, her swollen pussy, her distended breasts, and she knew that it wouldn't take much more stimulation to bring it all to a shuddering end.

His mouth worked her nipple, sucking hard, swallowing her milk in gulps. She could see his other hand rubbing his cock through his shorts, and the sight pushed her even closer. She could feel him rubbing her clit in fast little circles, her belly beginning to flutter with her impending orgasm, and the added stimulation of him suckling her breasts was too much. "Ali," she whispered. "Make me come."

He slipped his mouth off her breast, sliding down to her pussy and licking her there while he squeezed each of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, milking what was left in her breasts.

Moaning, she couldn't hold it back any longer, and she came hard, her pussy quivering against his tongue. Her breasts were leaking down his hands as she came, long rivers of thin, white milk running down her belly, making criss-crossing trails that

led all the way down between her legs and disappeared between her wet, swollen pussy lips. He lapped up her juices and her milk, making low, happy grunting noises deep in his throat.

"I want to fuck your tits," he murmured, pressing her heavy breasts between them as he pulled her off the toilet and she wrapped herself around him. Easing them to the floor, he laid her back and he straddled her. She yanked his shorts down, grabbing hold of his cock and squeezing.

He groaned as she began sliding the tip of him through the sticky sheen of milk all over her breasts, pressing them together around his cock. He slid through the wetness, up and down the slick crevice she made between them with her hands.

She wiggled underneath him as his stiff length wedged between the generous, wet flesh of her breasts, rocking on top of her, building a faster and faster friction. He reached down and tweaked her nipples, watching milk still beading there as he fucked her breasts. Moving her hands, he pressed and kneaded her flesh around his cock himself now, working it even faster between.

"You like my milk?" she whispered, watching his eyes—even half-closed they were focused on the swell of her breasts. "You like fucking my tits?"

"Yes," he grunted, making a low noise and thrusting hard. She watched his eyes, taken by the look of pleasure on his face, his cock hot, throbbing steel between her breasts as he began to come. She reached her tongue out to catch some, thick, hot jets spurting over her breasts, her chin, wave after wave merging with the sticky mess of her own milk.

In the moments afterward, as they cleaned each other up, Leslie knew she loved him more than anything in the world. She had made a decision, and she was going to stick by it. There was nothing that made her feel like he made her feel. She stood at the mirror and brushed her hair as he went out to get dressed, seeing her mother's face, and her daughter's, staring back at her.

"I love him," she whispered into the mirror. "I'm sorry."

Even as she said it, her breasts were tingling and filling again with milk.

\* \* \* \*

"Hush little baby, don't say a word..." Molly propped the baby up over her shoulder, pacing the floor, back and forth. She felt like she was wearing the carpet here, she'd walked the day away in this spot.

She sighed, sitting back down on the sofa and reaching for the bottle. The baby screamed louder when it was pressed to her lips, the cries loud and piercing.

"I'm sorry," Molly whispered, wiping her own tears away. "But this is all there is, Jess."

The baby seemed almost to understand, and she took a few swallows, but then started screaming again, her tiny legs kicking the blanket off her feet.

Molly stood and began pacing again, the only thing that seemed to calm Jessie for a few moments. Back and forth, bouncing as she went, singing the song, "Hush little baby, don't say a word..."

"Momma's gonna buy you a mockingbird..." Leslie's shaky voice from the doorway made Molly whirl in shock. Her daughter was standing there, wearing a long white dress, the front of it wet, soaked right through.

"Leslie?" Molly's eyes were wide, but her heart was beating hard with thanksgiving in her breast. "Are you ok?"

"I am now," Leslie said, reaching for her daughter. Molly handed her over and watched as she sat on the sofa, yanking the dress off her shoulder and exposing her breast. The baby had stopped crying the minute she heard her mother's voice, and now she looked up at her with wide, hungry eyes, her mouth rooting around for the nipple she knew was there.

Leslie sobbed as the baby latched on, and Molly sat beside them both, putting her arm around her daughter and rocking. She didn't know what had happened—she just knew that her baby had come home. Her daughter had made the right choice and, for once, something that she had lost had been found again.

Molly's eyes filled with tears as she sang, "Hush little baby, don't say a word..."

### *Sacred Prostitute: Wanderer*

A fading red sun had just been setting over the horizon when Holly curled herself into her seat by the window. Lulled by the constant journey of the bus's wheels and the soft conversation of the other passengers, she drifted, dreaming of sunshine and warmth, but the sun had long disappeared when she opened her eyes to find the bus had stopped to pick up more passengers.

She watched them file on, already travel-weary, transferring from another line. When he sat next to her, the bus was nearly full, and he apologized as he stowed a camouflage bag under the seat. She noticed, the way she noticed everything, his crew cut, the ragged nails bitten to the quick, the dark hallows under the eyes before he closed them in what was clearly an involuntary act. He was exhausted.

"It's okay, I don't take up much room," Holly murmured, curling up again on her window side, knowing he hadn't heard her. He was asleep already.

When she awoke again, the moon was too high to be seen, but high enough to give the highway a white glow, like a photo negative. The interior of the bus was dark and quiet. Everyone was asleep, it seemed—there wasn't even the dim shine of a single reading light. Holly found her head resting on the chest of the man beside her. His arm had found its way to her waist, pulling her in close, and although she wondered at it, she wasn't surprised.

She seemed to have an inner magnet that drew her to men—especially those who needed her. And she had been sure, even in her sleepy state on their first meeting, that this one needed her. He slept, but not peacefully. His eyes moved rapidly beneath

the lids. His right hand, the one in his lap, twitched. She could actually hear him grinding his teeth in his sleep, his jaw working over and over.

As she watched, he made a soft, grunting noise, his body shuddering involuntarily, and he was immediately awake, the left hand, which had been twitching, was at her throat, and he pressed her back against the seat with what couldn't be described as anything else but a deep, guttural growl.

She didn't scream or panic. Instead, she went limp, waiting while sanity slowly returned to the man's eyes and face, and with it, a dawning horror.

"Oh my god," he whispered, lips trembling, eyes wide. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry. So sorry!" He pulled his hand back as if touching her burned him. She was essentially pinned against the seat until he moved quickly to his own side, shaking, resting his head in his hands, elbows on his knees.

She didn't have to ask—she knew. But she did anyway, her hand moving to touch the soft fuzz at the nape of his neck, stroking gently. "Iraq?"

He gave a short nod, not lifting his head, clearly ashamed of what he'd done, what he'd been about to do.

"I.Am.So.Sorry." Each word was punctuated, as if he could make them more clear and meaningful by doing so, but he words were whispered—they were both aware of the sleeping people around them. "I was dreaming. I was...I thought you..."

"It's okay." Holly's hand moved over his shoulder as he sat back in the seat. His eyes met hers, and she saw the pain there, the horror.

"Please." He took her hand, pushed her gently away, his expression beyond pain. "I can't. You touching me. I just can't."



“Ahhh, weary warrior,” she murmured, ignoring his plea. Both hands now, stroking down the front of his fatigues, over his chest and belly, long, slow movements. She watched his face slowly relax, his eyes soften as he looked at her.

“What are you—?” His words stopped when she pressed her fingers over them, and then followed her fingers with her mouth, kissing him gently, the soft press of her lips on his a tender panacea. She climbed between his legs, nuzzling his neck, his shoulder, smelling the essence of the masculine, breathing it in as she pressed her whole body to him, rubbing in that same, steady, downward motion.

“Oh...god...” His eyes closed, the tension in his body, held coiled and tight somewhere in his belly, she knew, began to unwind. She knelt before him on the floor of the bus, squeezed in, not a lot of room to work, but she didn’t need much.

“It’s okay,” Holly whispered, her cheek resting against his thigh as she worked his zipper down, reaching her hand through the gap to find what she was looking for. “It’s going to be okay.”

She felt his hand in her hair, gentle now, the power in it when he had her pinned to the seat restrained as she rubbed her cheek against his crotch. He was soft, pliable in her hand, but she had never met a man alive who could resist her touch, and this one was no exception. It took him time, but she had time. The world was asleep, and they were just two travelers journeying together in the darkness, sharing a moment of feeling.

When he was hard enough in her hand, she used her mouth, making him gasp and clench his hand into a fist in her honey-colored hair. She made a soft noise of

approval in her throat, her mouth full of his cock to do much more, and his hips shifted, giving her more of him.

Her hands moved over his chest, down his belly, again and again as she sucked him, the same steady downward motion. She worked as if she could draw it out of him—the pain, the horror, the rage—bring it down and out and through his body with this one solitary act of love, on her knees before him in gratitude for everything he had sacrificed.

Holly felt tears stinging her eyes as she worshipped the length of his cock, tower of heat and strength filling her mouth, filling her completely. The soldier's eyes met hers in the darkness, the moonlight through the window giving them just enough to see each other's shadows by, and he cupped her cheeks in his big hands, his cock slowly thrusting into her wet, waiting mouth.

It was a moment she would never forget, when the world slipped back into place and gave them both just what they needed during that brief flash of connection. His whole body quivered at the moment of climax, and her soft hands pressed his bare belly beneath his shirt, feeling what had been coiled there spring, release, let go. He flooded her mouth then, and she thought it would never stop, endless waves of heat, and she swallowed it all, as if doing so might erase any sign of his agony.

They didn't speak. The soldier zipped up as Holly worked her way back to the seat, and this time when she pressed herself against his side, she was awake, conscious of the act, and he welcomed her warmth, his breathing easy now. She watched him sleep for a while, a peaceful thing, and it pleased her beyond words as she drifted toward a dreamless darkness.

It was morning when they woke, stiff and sore, stretching the night off as the bus pulled into another stop. It was his—her destination was further down the road.

“What’s your name, soldier?” she asked as he pulled his camouflage duffel from under the seat and shouldered it.

He gave her a small smile, and she thought he spoke the next words with a pride he hadn’t felt in a long, long time. “David Michael Jordan, Lance Corporal, United States Marine Corp.”

She nodded, her eyes on his, and felt those tears threatening again.

He was blocking the aisle for other passengers, and while they both noticed, neither cared. He touched her cheek, rubbing gently with one finger. “What’s your name, angel?”

“Holly.”

Smiling—he had a bright, beautiful smile—he said, “I think you must be an angel Holly.”

“No.” She smiled back, and said the next without any hint of shame. “I’m a prostitute.”

“Jesus.” His jaw dropped. “Really?”

She nodded as he lifted her chin, looked into her eyes, his face puzzled. “Do I...I mean...do I owe you—”

“I owe you.” She turned her face toward his hand, cradled it and kissed his palm. “We all do. It was my gift.”

“Yes.” He leaned down and kissed her, briefly, the passengers behind him shuffling. “You are.”

She watched him get off the bus, feeling more full and whole than she had in a long time. He stood there until they pulled out a few minutes later, duffel at his feet. He gave her a short salute when she waved. His eyes met hers for a brief, tender moment before the bus accelerated, moving her forward on her journey, one of constant, unexpected pleasure and human connection.

## *New Year's Resolution*

"Lose weight."

Beth snorted and pinched the side of Tina's trim thigh. "If you lose weight, you'll disappear, Tinkerbelle." Tina wiggled away from Beth's wandering fingers with a grin.

"Think of something else."

"Stop smoking."

Beth laughed out loud at that. Tina hadn't ever smoked in her life. "Listen, princess, if you're not going to take this seriously, I'm going to have to tickle you again."

Tina squealed, grabbing for the covers and pulling them over her tousled blonde head. "No more tickling!"

"Then tell me honestly..." Beth's hand sneaked under the covers, seeking heat. "What's your New Year's Resolution gonna be?"

Tina's eyes were bright as she peeked over the top of the comforter. "Okay, okay... you really want to know?"

Beth's hand had found the sweet spot she was searching for. The way Tina bit her lip when Beth slipped her fingers up and down in the wetness was both hot and endearing, and she felt her own body respond.

"I wouldn't have asked, if I didn't want to know, sweetness..." Beth flipped the comforter off in an instant, making Tina squeal again at the shock and pedal back toward the headboard. Beth's hands gripped the blonde woman's thighs and pulled her downward with no effort at all. Tina was tiny, a lightweight, and she could toss her around like a little ragdoll when she wanted to. It was one of the many things Beth loved.

"Ohhhh god," Tina wiggled and spread as Beth's probing fingers and tongue found their way past her soft, smooth lips and into the pink folds inside. "I can't think when you're doing that, baby."

Beth fastened her mouth over the tender, swollen bud of Tina's clit. Her flesh was incredibly responsive, and Beth knew that in just a few moments time, she could bring the little blonde to a hard, quick orgasm. Tina's hips were already beginning to move against her tongue. Instead, Beth pulled back and grinned. "Well, in that case, I'll just stop until—"

"Nooooo!" Tina wailed, grabbing Beth's dark head and pressing her between her thighs. "Please, please..."

"Then tell me." Beth's tongue flicked back and forth, barely touching the woman's clit. "What's your New Year's Resolution gonna be? I told you mine, it's only fair..."

Tina groaned, reaching down and spreading her lips with her fingers, rubbing her own clit. "I can't... tell... you..." She was making fast circles, her breath coming in short, hard pants.

"Ha!" Beth snatched the blonde's hand away from her pussy, wiggling herself between Tina's thighs and pressing her full, round breasts against Tina's mound. "You better tell... I swear, I'll tickle you again until you can't breathe!" Beth's fingers inched their way up Tina's sides and she squirmed, begging.

"No, no, no tickling!" Tina gasped and wiggled and Beth shivered as her nipples brushed through the slick wetness between Tina's thighs. "Okay, I'll tell you..."

With a satisfied smile, Beth kissed her way down Tina's smooth, flat belly, her eyes moving over the blonde's face, those sweet, delicate features twisted in pleasure

as Beth began licking again. Tina moaned, rocking her hips up and down, her fingers twisting and tugging at her own little nipples, the pink flesh turning red with her attention.

"Oh yes!" Tina spread wide when Beth's fingers found her, slipping deep inside.

"You know I love that..."

Beth did. Her fingers curled inside, seeking that sweet, sensitive spot and rubbing there, again and again. She loved watching Tina wiggle and squirm and moan under her mouth and fingers. There couldn't be anything better in the world.

"My new year's resolution..." Tina gasped, her thighs trembling as she pulled them back to give Beth more room, deeper access. "Oh fuck, baby... please..."

Beth tried not to grin, but she couldn't help it as she flicked her tongue back and forth over that sensitive little clit. Tina's nails were digging into the soft flesh on the sides of her knees, making crescent shapes there as she rocked against Beth's mouth.

"Tell me," Beth urged, taking only a moment to say the words and then focusing again on the woman's clit, her fingers working hard inside, against the smooth walls of the little blonde's pussy.

"Oooooo baby!" Tina's whole body was quivering. "Make me come first, and then I'll tell you! Please!"

"You promise?" Beth's tongue pressed faster, harder, looking up into Tina's flushed face.

"Oh I promise!" she gasped, trembling with her longing. "Yes, yes, I promise, please! Make me come, oh baby, make me—"

There was no stopping it now. Tina quivered with her climax, one hand pressing Beth's dark head between her legs, the other rubbing hot, delicious friction over her

nipple as she shuddered and bucked on the bed. Beth drank her in, swallowing the hot flood of her juices, thicker and more copious as she came and came into her waiting mouth.

"Oh god." Tina's knees fell open, like spreading angel's wings, and she threw an arm over her eyes. "You're so good to me, I can't stand it."

"You promised," Beth reminded, her fingers walking up the sensitive, ticklish expanse of Tina's ribs, making the blonde whimper.

"Okay, okay!" Tina peeked out from under her arm and bit her lip. "I'll tell you."

Beth waited, her fingertips drumming over Tina's ribcage, making her jump.

"My new year's resolution..." Tina took a deep breath and said it quickly, as if she were trying to get it out as fast as possible. "Is to buy a strap-on and fuck you with it."

Beth's eyes widened and her heart lurched in her chest. "What?!"

Rolling to her belly, Tina hid her flushed cheeks against the cool surface of the pillow. "I told you I couldn't tell you! I knew you'd be mad!"

Beth's fingers moved over the soft flesh of Tina's behind, kneading there. She smiled and pressed her lips there. "I'm not mad."

Glancing hesitantly over her shoulder, Tina's eyes narrowed. "You're not?"

"No." Beth grinned as she eased past the shock of it, feeling her own pussy quivering at the thought. "In fact... I think we should go shopping."

Tina's eyes widened then, a hint of a smile on her lips. "We should?"

Beth stood and stretched, reaching for her t-shirt. "Get up and get dressed. We're going to the toy store."

The blonde's eyes were stunned, her jaw open, but not working.



"Hurry up." Beth grinned. "Before I tickle you again."

That got Tina moving, and they both quickly dressed, the silence between them full of tingling anticipation.

\* \* \* \*

Beth shuddered as Tina held up a life-like dildo modeled after some male porn star. "You're not getting that thing anywhere near my cooch, girly."

Tina giggled, waving it back and forth. "Come on... it's even got realistic balls!"

"Good, then I can kick them." Beth grimaced. "Put it back."

Tina put it back with the rest of the toy display with a sigh. "We're never going to find anything at this rate."

"Hey!" Beth edged over to the next aisle where several leather harnesses hung from hooks. "Now we're talking..."

Tina followed her, eyeing the thick straps. "Yeah. I can see myself strapping on one of these."

Beth's eyes gleamed. "So can I... damn, you'd look hot in this..." She lifted a leather harness and held it out in front of Tina's slim hips.

"You can try it on, if you want."

Both women jumped and whirled to face the guy who had moved in behind them. He was an older man with a salt and pepper beard, and he was wearing a name tag that said: "Ron" below the "Sexy Stuff" logo.

Beth blushed and blinked at him, quickly putting the harness back. "Oh, no. Thanks anyway."

Tina grinned. "Actually, do you have something that's fun for both the strap-on and the, uh, strap-ee?"

Ron smiled. "I sure do. Come this way."

Beth snapped the elastic of Tina's skirt as she passed, making a face at her, but Tina stuck her tongue out, following Ron around the corner. Beth sighed, reluctantly following. Walking into a sex toy shop took enough courage for her, but talking about toys in front of someone—a man, no less! That was too much.

"This one is nice, because it has a vibrating egg inside that's designed to stimulate the external genital area of the female wearer." Ron held up a black strap on with a large black dildo attached. Beth hid behind Tina, wincing as the blonde took the strap-on from the man and inspected it. "You can try it on if you like. We have a dressing room in back. For toys, we ask that you wear a pair of disposable panties that we provide, of course, and please, no penetration."

Beth could feel her face burning. She was all about being the dominant one in the bedroom, but as far as she was concerned, sex was private, and should be kept that way. They'd always argued about getting a strap-on, because while Beth wanted to order one via the Internet, Tina insisted that they had to see and feel the merchandise. Now Beth had finally relented, and she was face-to-face with a man talking to them about the "external genital area of the female!"

"I want to try it on." Tina grinned over her shoulder at Beth. "Lead on, Ron... where's that dressing room?"

Inwardly, Beth groaned, but she followed them both toward the back of the store. Ron took a key off his belt and unlocked a dressing room door.

"There are disposable panties there, in those dispensers." He nodded toward the container on the wall. "Just let me know when you're through, or if you'd like to try something else. I can always get it for you."

Tina thanked him, pulling Beth into the cubicle and shutting the door behind them. Beth sank onto the bench, covering her eyes with her hands as Tina pulled a pair of panties out of the dispenser. They were wrapped in plastic, and she tore the wrapper eagerly with her teeth.

"This is so embarrassing." Beth whispered, glancing toward the door, as if she were sure Ron was just on the other side, listening.

Tina grinned, kicking off her shoes. "You're cute when your cheeks are all red like that."

"Brat." Beth's hand came down on Tina's behind as the blonde pulled her skirt and panties off. "We're alone now, you know."

"I know." Tina put her foot up on the bench beside Beth and spread her smooth pussy lips, showing her girlfriend pink. Beth's eyes brightened and she leaned in to kiss Tina's exposed clit, making her squirm and sigh. "Gotta get these panties on."

"Very fashionable," Beth remarked, licking her lips, loving the taste of pussy in her mouth and throat as she swallowed. Tina pulled the thin, stretchable mesh panties on. "I assume those are one-size-fits-all or something?"

"Probably." Tina stretched the material way out in front of her taut, flat belly. "These would fit a pregnant woman!"

Beth fingered the leather straps of the strap-on and murmured, "This is sexy as hell."

Tina's eyes brightened. "I know. Put it on me."

Beth helped her with the straps, snapping and buckling them in place and pulling them taut. Tina stood in front of the mirror and wrapped her hand around the big, black cock, stroking it up and down the shaft. Beth bit her lip, watching, feeling her pussy responding to the sight of her girlfriend with leather straps across her hips and a huge dildo between her legs.

"Like it?" Tina's voice was husky as she met Beth's eyes in the mirror. Beth just nodded, swallowing hard as Tina pulled her t-shirt off, so that she was completely naked except for the strap-on and mesh panties. "How about now?"

"Fuck, baby!" Beth breathed, her hand pressing between her legs over the crotch of her jeans.

"Yeah." Tina's hips swayed as she came forward, pressing the black cock to Beth's lips. "I am... I'm gonna fuck you so good and hard..." Beth groaned, licking and sucking the head of the dildo, her eyes on her girlfriend's face. Tina smiled. "Play with yourself, baby. I want to watch."

Beth unsnapped and unzipped, wiggling her jeans and panties down her hips to her knees. Her pussy—just as smooth as soft as Tina's, they shaved each other every other day—was soaking wet and her fingers sank easily into her flesh.

"Think this thing has batteries?" Tina mused, searching for and finding the "on" switch. The vibrating egg between her legs began to hum and she gasped, her eyes half-closing in pleasure. "Ohhh yes... batteries included... thank god!"

Beth groaned around the shaft of the dildo as Tina's hips rocked, pressing the head of the cock deeper into her throat. Her clit was throbbing and she rubbed it in fast circles as Tina fucked her mouth.

"That feels so goooooood, baby," Tina moaned, rolling her hips as she pressed forward. Beth knew that the vibrating egg was rubbing right against the blonde's clit through the disposable panties, and that the harder she pressed, the better it felt. "God, I can't wait to fuck you with this big cock..."

Beth groaned, rubbing faster, her pussy on fire. She moved the cock around and around in her mouth, pressing back hard, making Tina gasp and squirm. The rocking motion was rubbing the little egg over and over Tina's sensitive clit, and she tugged hard at her nipples.

"Oh god, oh god," Tina whispered. "I'm gonna come, baby!" Beth couldn't respond with the cock in her mouth, and she couldn't have, anyway, because she was coming, too, her mouth clamping down hard around the cock in her throat, her pussy rhythmically squeezing her own plunging fingers. Tina shuddered and arched, her hands on her hips, thrusting the big, black cock she was wearing deep into her girlfriend's mouth as she came, as if with every thrust, she was filling her with something.

When the knock came at the door, both women jumped and scrambled for their clothes, blushing furiously. "Ladies? Can I get you anything?"

"Thanks, Ron!" Tina called, tossing the disposable panties in the trash and pulling her clothes on. Beth snapped and zipped her jeans, her face flushed. Tina

quickly wiped the saliva off the dildo and she opened the door a crack to see the man smiling knowingly through the opening. "You know what... we'll take it!"

\* \* \* \*

"I didn't realize it was so damned big!" Beth gasped, wincing as Tina edged the huge black cock between her slick pussy lips.

"Hold still!" Tina insisted, giving Beth's ass a slap and making her yelp.

"Hey!" Beth snorted, glancing over her shoulder at her girlfriend. "Who died and made you boss?"

"Seems to me, the boss is the wearer of the strap-on." Tina grinned, pressing her hips forward. Beth gasped as the dildo stretched her wide, sinking deep into her flesh.

"You brat!" Beth squirmed, gripping the sheet in both fists. "God damn, that thing is fucking huge!"

"I know." Tina pulled back and out, slapping the dildo against her girlfriend's ass. "I like have a nice big cock to fuck you with."

"I'm starting to regret this New Year's Resolution business," Beth grumbled as Tina slid the cock head through her slit again, up and down.

"Awww, don't be like that." Tina wiggled the tip against Beth's clit, back and forth. "Give it a chance. I think you're going to like it."

"You keep saying that..." Beth murmured, arching back as Tina rubbed her pussy with the hard cock. It tickled her sensitive clit, back and forth, round and round, making her squirm for more.

"I promise..." Tina turned on the vibrating egg and the dildo vibrated a little too, making Beth moan softly and spread wider. "You're gonna like it, baby."

"I do like that," Beth gasped as Tina rocked the cock back and forth through her slit. "We could do that all day..."

"Rub your clit for me," Tina urged, easing back. Beth's fingers searched out her throbbing clit and made little circles there. "Does that feel good?"

"Mmmm..." Beth wiggled and arched, rubbing faster.

"Don't stop." Tina aimed the cock, attached around her hips with leather straps, and thrust. Beth groaned, but she didn't stop touching herself. The thick black cock eased her open inch by inch and Tina pressed forward until she felt resistance.

Beth felt the vibration of the egg all the way through the shaft of the dildo as Tina began to rock, fucking her slowly. Tina's thumbs kneaded the flesh of her ass, opening her up further with the motion. Beth's fingers rubbed faster and faster, her clit aching.

"How's that, baby?" Tina gasped, thrusting in and out, a little faster now. "Is that good?"

Biting her lip, Beth pressed her cheek to the sheet, which arched her back even further, pushing the cock deeper. Tina's silky thighs brushed hers with every thrust. She didn't want to admit it, but it felt incredible! The dildo opened her wide, sinking deep into her flesh with every pass.

"Oh god!" Tina moaned. "Your pussy is so gorgeous... you should see this cock fucking your hot little hole..."

Beth moaned, too, her clit like a thick pulse under her fingers. She was so close to coming that her whole body was trembling with it. Tina thrust faster, her hips rocking and her breath coming in short pants. Her thumbs rubbed Beth's ass, working inward until she was massaging around her tight little asshole.

"What are you doing?" Beth wiggled and squirmed, moaning.

"Feel good?" Tina's finger pressed the little rosebud hole, massaging around and around. "It's so tight. Maybe I'll fuck you there, next."

Beth startled at the thought, but her pussy throbbed in response. "Oh god..." her voice was a low growl, her back arching. "Ohhh fuck, baby, make me come all over that big, fat dick!"

That did it for both of them. Tina made a low noise in her throat as she bucked up against Beth's shuddering ass. They came together, Tina's finger slipping into Beth's ass and wiggling there, sending extra waves of pleasure through them both. Beth eased forward, the cock slipping out of her pussy, and she rolled over to smile at her girlfriend.

"Here." Tina eased herself over Beth, straddling her chest. "Lick it."

Beth did, sucking and licking her own juices off the thick end.

Tina watched, her eyes bright, easing the cock a little further into Beth's mouth. "That was so fucking hot."

"Especially when you put your finger in my ass," Beth murmured, licking up the shaft.

Her eyes brightened and Tina smiled. "You liked that, huh?"

Beth nodded, reaching under the dildo to press her hand to Tina's mound, making her shiver. "Yeah... a lot."

"Well then... maybe next time, I'll put that big black cock in your ass." Tina grinned.

Beth pressed the vibrating egg hard against Tina's pussy and grinned back. "Promises, promises."



"Not a promise... a *resolution*."

Beth leaned in to kiss her. "I love your resolve."

## *Secret Agent*

Callie stood on the sidewalk staring up at the mile-high glass office building, trying to swallow the pounding of her heart in her throat. People weaved around and jostled her small form, a few of them swearing, most of them just giving her a quick, annoyed glance before hurrying on. *So this is New York, and I'm officially insane.*

The verdict was in—might as well carry on with the sentence. She clutched a red folder to her chest as she followed a woman in a gray pinstriped suit through the revolving glass door. Her fingers were stained pink from biting her nails and folding the edge of the folder back and forth, over and over, on the subway. She had missed her stop—twice—and was already forty-five minutes late for this appointment.

She felt extremely underdressed, even in her plain black skirt and white blouse, as she stood in the lobby and dug out the business card tucked into the front pocket of the red folder:

*Jason Adams  
Voiceover Division  
Adams Agency  
1006 Ninth Avenue,  
25th Floor  
New York, NY*

Twenty-fifth floor. She slipped between bodies onto the elevator, pressed further and further toward the back as more people piled on. She tried to see around the shoulder of a navy blue suit, straining to see if the number twenty-five was lit up. She felt too timid to open her mouth and ask—but surely someone in this crowd had to get off on the twenty-fifth floor?

But when the doors finally opened at floor twenty-five, she found herself stuck, rooted to the floor. She rode the elevator up, hugging her folder and chewing on a

cuticle, until it started back down again, stopping once more at twenty-five. This time she managed to get off, excusing herself through bodies until she was standing in front of a receptionist's desk, breathing in the unfamiliar but unmistakable smell of the New York office, like clean reams of paper or new carpet.

"Hi, there." The blonde behind the counter was beautiful, her eyes smiling at Callie. "How can I help you?"

"Jason Adams." Callie cleared her throat, taking a step toward the desk. "I had an appointment at nine, but..."

"He's waiting for you." The blonde picked up the phone, still smiling, and dialed. "Jason? Your nine o'clock is here. Do you want—?" She paused, listening. "Okay." Putting the phone back in the cradle, she stood, smoothing the lines of her skirt. "He's in the middle of taking some specs, but he says he'll be out in five. Do you want some coffee while you wait?"

Callie shook her head, spotting chairs over against the wall. "I'll just..." She edged her way over and tried to make herself as small as possible in the chair, trying hard not to fidget as she watched the office activity. She thought about asking for a bathroom to check her appearance in a mirror, but instead just smoothed her long, red hair with her fingers, catching a glimpse of her reflection in the glass next to an office door. She adjusted the straps on her black heels and crossed one knee over the other, pressing the curling edge of the folder flat with her fingers, trying to smooth that, too.

"Callie?" His voice was golden, like liquid fire, the kind of voice that could talk a woman into anything. She recognized it immediately from their phone conversations.

"Jason?" She stood, taking his extended hand, blinking at his grip, warm and firm, his hand swallowing hers. This was a man used to shaking hands. She noticed the gray-green of his eyes and the way they crinkled at the corners when he smiled at her.

"That's me," he confirmed with a wink, rubbing the reddish goatee on his chin.

"Running late, huh?"

"I got lost." She shrugged sheepishly. "But still, you'd think I could find a building this big! Especially being right across from the Empire State Building..."

"Right?" He chuckled. "Are you ready to give it a go?"

She glanced up at him—way up, he was quite tall and lean—blinking fast. "I guess so."

"Come on, then."

She followed him down a long hallway and into a small booth. He shut the door behind them and nodded toward the chairs. She sat in one, watching him as he set up a microphone in front of her. Just the sight of it made her feel dizzy.

"You nervous?" He smiled, sitting beside her.

She nodded. "Is it that obvious?"

"I'd tell you to just picture me naked, but considering what you're here to record..."

Callie laughed, crossing her legs and leaning back in her chair. "What if I already am?"

He raised an eyebrow at her and grinned. "I wouldn't object."

"You're so bad." She picked up her red folder, opening it, amazed at how easily it had resumed, their phone conversations turned into face-to-face contact without hardly missing a beat. "I brought two... which one do you think I should try?"

He took two short stories from her, separated by a staple, glancing at the titles on the covers and flipping through them thoughtfully. She knew he had read them both—he'd read all of her writing—but he was in business mode now, considering the options.

"This one." He put *Folsom Prison Blues* down in front of her. It was a short piece, written as a letter, first person—a woman writing to her lover in prison. It was definitely the more graphic of the two. Callie glanced at it, flushing when she remembered how many times she'd used the word "cunt" in it.

"You're really sweet to offer to do this, Jason." She picked up the story, flipping past the title page. "In a million years, I never thought I'd be sitting in an agent's office in New York about to record one of my own erotic stories..."

"Honestly, it's my pleasure." His smile lightened his whole face. "You're an amazing writer, and bringing your work to audio only enhances it."

"You really *are* a sweet talker, aren't you?" She smirked, shaking her head. "No wonder you're an agent."

"That's my job." He grinned. Then he leaned over and touched her knee. It was a brief thing, almost casual—except that it wasn't, and they both knew it. Her breath caught as she met his eyes. "But with you, I really mean it."

She slapped the story on the table. "Okay, let's do this thing, before I lose my nerve."

"Ready?" He flipped a switch, putting the microphone in front of her. "Just go ahead and read."

She cleared her throat, letting the swimming words on the paper come into focus. It was hard to do with him watching her. *"Every morning I check the calendar. Twenty-seven days, baby. I'm marking it with big red X's, one day at a time..."* Jason leaned back in his chair, his arms crossed over his chest. His expression was thoughtful, discerning. She could read the criticism in his eyes, could almost see his thoughts.

"What?" She stopped, frowning.

"You're really nervous." He leaned over and turned off the mic.

She sighed, looking down at the curled edge of the red folder, her still-dyed-pink fingers. "I know."

He leaned forward in his chair, tenting his fingers under his chin. "Close your eyes." She blinked at him, swallowing hard. "Go on, do it." She hesitated, but did as he asked, almost immediately feeling a relief when she couldn't see him looking at her.

"Now... imagine you're Katie..."

"But..."

"No 'buts,' Cal." His voice was firm, commanding. "Do it."

"Okay, okay."

"The thing that's so amazing about your stories is that they come alive in the reader's imagination..." His voice felt closer and she took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing heart. "Now you get to really live them... let them live through you." His words moved her, in spite of herself, and she felt her body softening, relaxing into the chair.

"So become Katie... let her breathe..."

He startled her, touching her belly as she leaned back in the chair. His hand was large and very warm as it pressed her navel through her blouse. "Breathe, Cal..." He rubbed, gently, making her shiver. "Breathe..." She took a deep, shaky breath. "Good... now, say something Katie would say."

Callie didn't think, she just spoke, feeling Katie's longing, her deep, tender ache. "Oh god, baby, I miss you..."

"Yes!" Jason encouraged. "More!"

"I can't..." She felt the press of Jason's hand, a reminder, and relaxed. "I can't wait to feel you inside of me..."

"Yes," he breathed, his hand moving, his fingers slipping just barely between the buttons of her blouse, touching skin.

She moaned softly, her head going back. "I want your big, hard cock in me..." His fingers slid further, the heat of them touching the softness of her belly. "Fucking me..." His hand pressed harder and she heard his sharp intake of breath. "Fucking my hot, wet, little cunt..."

"Oh god." He groaned.

"Yes?" She opened her eyes to him, seeing the hungry look on his face.

He nodded, swallowing. "Oh yes."

"I'm ready." She sat up, grabbing the paper off the table.

"Me, too." He sighed, leaning over and turning on the mic. "Go."

She started again, her voice softer, lower, filled with secret and promise, a thousand times richer and more complex than it had been when she first spoke into the microphone. He nodded his approval, leaning back in his chair, resting an ankle on the

opposite knee. His eyes on her didn't make her nervous now, she noticed. In fact, the further she got into the story, the more she liked him looking at her, seeing the changing expression on his face.

*"That's how you make me feel, every word, every letter. And now it's less than a month and we'll be together, face to face, touching each other, no longer just words and pictures. I can't help thinking about it, about you, what it will be like for us in those moments..."*

She glanced up at him, seeing the startled look in his eyes, and her next words stumbled. "Oh, I messed that up..."

He shook his head, making a rolling motion with his hand. "Just keep going. Take it from that sentence."

She nodded, turning back to the words.

*"We couldn't stop it, you know. It's like a driving force between us now, can you imagine what it will be like when we come together? Come together... yes, come and come and come... I'm wet just imagining it..."*

Callie crossed and uncrossed her legs, feeling that familiar ache she always got when reading or writing erotica, but it wasn't just that. Jason's eyes were dark, hungry, and she knew he was thinking the same thing. She glanced at his hands in his lap and wondered, for a moment, if her reading was making him hard. As hard as she was wet... the thing was, she was wet, just imagining it. And she wasn't pretending to be Katie, anymore...

*"I'll open the door, and there you'll be, your eyes dark with anticipation and lust, your bags in your hands. There might be a moment, a flicker of hesitation, your face a*



*question, asking me, but you'll know, the minute I look into your eyes. How could you not? It's always been yes with you. My whole body is your 'yes...'"*

"Cal..." His interruption surprised her and she looked up, seeing him swallow, as if his mouth were dry.

"Hm?" She couldn't help the yes in her eyes, and he took it for what it was, both of them carried by the story, by her voice speaking the words, by months of talking about doing this, by the possibility. His mouth caught hers, dipping down to capture it and lift her face up to meet his kiss. She followed his lead, gripping the paper in her fist as his mouth grew more insistent, his tongue slipping between her lips.

The heat in her belly spread, her whole body flushing as they came together, Jason standing and pulling her with him, kicking his chair back out of the way. He was too tall for her and she had to stretch on tiptoes to keep their mouths connected. She was afraid to break that connection, and he was desperate for it, too, his hands slipping down and cupping her behind, lifting her up to him.

Her skirt was pulled up high when he turned and set her on the table, his cock like iron between her legs. She hooked her heels around him, tugging at the place where his shirt tucked into his belt, seeking the heat of his skin and finding it under her hands. His back was lean and smooth under her fingers, and he broke their kiss, gasping into her hair, her ear.

"Oh god, Cal..."

She knew what he was going to say, could feel it in the subtle stiffening of his body, the tremor in his voice, and she shook her head, turning her eyes up to his.

"No." She didn't want to think about any reason either of them might have not to do this, and saw the same look on his face, twisted there, caught. Her one hand slipped between them to cup the heat of his erection while the other brought her forgotten story up so she could see the words. "I'm not Cal... I'm Katie..."

She tightened her grip, making him moan, as she read deliberately, throatily: *"A skirt, that's what I'd wear for you. Short, yes, teacher-like, a button-down blouse so you could pop every one of them—just rip it down the front. Kick the door closed and come over here, baby, because I've got something warm and soft and wet for you to sink into. I'm so yours..."*

"Oh fuck!" He groaned and kissed her again, kissed her quiet, their mouths no longer cautious or exploring, but wild with their lust. She sucked at his tongue, moaning into his mouth as his hand cupped her breast through her blouse, thumbing her hard nipple. It stood up against the material, growing harder under his attention, and she didn't know which was harder, her nipple straining against her blouse or his cock throbbing through his trousers.

She fumbled with his belt as he worked the buttons on her blouse, their tongues making soft, probing circles together. He groaned and broke their kiss when she slipped her hand into his boxers, seeking his length. She freed him quickly, and he glanced down past the half-moon globes of her breasts swelling above the top of her bra, watching her hand tugging at him. His expression was caught between wonder and denial, and she squeezed the tip between her fingers, rubbing the head with her thumb.

Leaning back a little, she spread her thighs, showing him the dark flash of her panties between the gentle swell of her thighs. She rubbed the tip of his cock there over

her swollen lips, teasing the head of his cock with the silk of her panties. His eyes fell there, focused, his breath coming faster as she rubbed him up and down her slit.

She glanced over at the paper, still clutched in her hand, and read the first words her eyes found to him: "Wet and shaved smooth for you, just like you like it..."

"Ah, god!" His hands ran down her sides, her hips, pulling her forward as she slipped her panties aside to show him just how soft and smooth she really was. The instant his cock brushed through her wetness, she was lost. She knew she'd do anything to have him, now. She read with a breathy tremble, a throaty lust:

*"It's so pink inside, and it's been wet for hours because you're all I can think about, your cock buried in me to the hilt. I want it, and I'll show you where with my fingers, pressing deep into my cunt. Yes, my hot, wet cunt. That's what I am for you, and it's all yours—take it, baby. Fuck me until I can't breathe."*

"Oh, goddamnit, Cal..." His fingers nudged her plunging ones aside, spreading her lips and looking at the soft folds of her flesh, his cock throbbing up against her thigh.

"No." She pressed her fingers to his lips, still wet with her juices. "Katie, remember?"

He shook his head, his eyes dark as he grabbed her hips, pulling her off the table and cupping her ass. "No... you're Callie, and I'm Jason, and we're going to do this thing, baby, you and me."

She groaned as he sucked the juices off her fingers and then kissed her again, a hard, almost violent thing, before turning and bending her over the table, shoving her skirt up to her waist. He filled his hands with the soft, round curve of her ass before pulling her panties down to her knees. She glanced over her shoulder at him, trembling,

feeling his fingers, rough and searching, finding the hole he wanted to fill, the one she knew he'd been dreaming about for months.

"Jason?" She whispered his name as he hesitated, his fingers moving in her wetness, teasing her hole, her clit, up and down, over and over. She didn't want him to stop—she didn't want to stop. She wanted this, wanted him, and nothing else mattered in that moment.

"Say it again." His fingers twisted and plunged into her, a prelude, and she gasped, arching her back.

"Jason!" She moaned, spreading her legs as far as the panties caught at her knees would allow.

"Yes." His wet finger slid out to rub her clit to aching and she felt his cock resting, throbbing with a gentle heat against the crack of her ass. "Tell me what you want."

"Oh... god!" His touch was firm and practiced, his fingers moving in confident circles, making her tremble. "Put it in, Jason...please! Fuck me!"

"Yes." He groaned the word, his fingers never moving from their torment as he slipped his cock down the wet crevice of her ass, seeking the soft heat of her pussy. His cock head found it all on its own, as if it already knew the way, spreading her lips, pressing into her core, seeking her deepest heat, her softest spot.

His hands moved to grip her ass, pulling her in harder, deeper, and she buried her face in her arms, biting her lip hard. The feel of him filling her to bursting made her hands curl into fists and her pussy clenched around him, gripping his length. His cock was as long and lean as he was, probing so far into her that it was almost painful and she shifted on the table, trying to accommodate him.

"You okay?" His hand pressed her lower back, her blouse pulled up out of her skirt and twisted to the side, her skin exposed to him.

She nodded, gasping, glancing back over her shoulder at him. "Never better."

He chuckled, sliding the length slowly out and pressing back in, wetly easier this time. She moaned when he sank in again and they began, his strokes long and smooth, easing her open a little at a time. Her fingers sought the prominent bud of her clit, wet already and sensitive to her touch as she started to rub it back and forth.

"Harder," she whispered, her cheek pressed against the table as they rocked. "Oh baby, please..." He obliged, grabbing her hips and giving her shorter, harder strokes, his hands squeezing her hips and pulling them in, using her body as leverage. She teased her clit faster, her breath coming harder as he fucked her. The anticipation of today, of this moment, had built to a frenzy long before she even walked through his door today and she couldn't hold onto it anymore.

"Oh Jason, make me come!" She shivered and arched against him, her whole body trembling with her orgasm, her eyes fluttering closed in pleasure. The rhythmic squeeze of her cunt made him slow, groaning softly as she came around his cock, her hand reaching back for something to hold onto, as if she might float away on the sensation. She grasped his wrist, pulling, twisting her body as she shuddered against him, her breath coming in fast, harsh gasps.

"Oh jeez, girl..." His hands moved in her hair, using it to pull her up to standing and kiss her, his cock sliding out of her, throbbing and slick. "You come so good."

"Your fault," she panted, licking her lips and looking back at him through dazed, half-closed eyes.

"I'll take full responsibility." His grin twisted to a grimace as she reached back and squeezed his wet cock in her hand, turning and sinking to her knees in front of him. She slid her mouth around the head, leaning a little to capture his left-leaning angle with her tongue and pull him straight down into her throat. He was too tall for her to get as much of him as she wanted and she pressed him back into a chair with eager hands. His body collapsed into it and she used her hands on his thighs to steady herself as she sucked him, her eager impatience eventually backing the rolling chair against the far wall.

Jason stretched his long legs out on either side of her, his head lolling back as she worked his cock. She paid no attention to his response—it was a thoroughly selfish suck as she fed her own oral fixation, teasing her tongue with the fat ridge of the tip, making herself gag on his length as she tested to see how much of him she could take. She had spent too much time dreaming about what it might be like to have him in her mouth to not completely absorb herself in the task now. Her fingers slipped down between her thighs, rubbing her aching clit again as she sucked him—she couldn't help it.

"Hey, hey!" Jason pulled her gently off with a groan. "Easy, or you're gonna have to swallow..."

"Oh, darn." She grinned up at him, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Besides, I want to return the favor..." He lifted her wet fingers to his mouth and sucked hard, making her moan. His eyes were dark with lust and she smiled, standing up and stepping out of her panties.

"That's right..." She lifted her skirt. "You've never had a shaved one, have you?" He shook his head, his eyes following her fingers as she parted the smooth softness of her swollen lips. She glanced toward the door, frowning. "I don't want to get you fired."

"Oh now you think about that?" He laughed, his eyes bright as he grabbed her hips and pulled her close, kissing her exposed navel "The door's locked—we've got the booth for an hour."

"In that case..." Callie twisted out of his grip and walked over to the table, turning and sliding up on the edge to spread her thighs. "Come and get it..."

He knelt before her, his long fingers pressing her legs open even wider, his eyes devouring the sight of her. She ran a hand through his hair, almost as red as her own but close cut, soft under her fingers, not enough of it to even grab onto as he kissed his way up her thighs.

She leaned back onto her elbows, nudging the microphone out of the way and briefly wondering if it was still turned on when his tongue eased its way between her lips. They both groaned and she slipped her legs up over his shoulders, wiggling closer to his mouth. It wasn't the best angle, and she groaned in frustration, shifting her hips as she rocked up against his tongue.

"Wait." Sitting, she pushed him aside as knelt up on the table. "Stand up for me."

He raised an eyebrow, but complied, and she smiled when she saw his cock, still hard as a rock, clasped in his fist. She used his shoulder to steady herself as she stood on the table, her heels bringing her to the perfect height as she positioned herself in front of him.

"Oh god." He looked up at her as she unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the table and stepping out of it. Her fingers worked the front hook of her bra, letting her breasts spill from the black lace, and he groaned again, stepping forward and grasping her hips in his hands.

"Ohhhh now that's good," she whispered as he buried his face between her thighs, sinking his tongue into the soft, pink folds of flesh. She was sopping wet and she could hear him swallowing her, making soft noises as he licked through her slit. She smiled, knowing his goatee would smell like her cunt for the rest of the day.

She gasped when his long fingers slipped between her lips, probing up inside of her and curling gently as his tongue eased back and forth over her clit. Spreading her legs a little wider, she put her hands on his shoulders, closing her eyes and letting her head fall back with a soft moan. His mouth worked her pussy with a slowly building relentlessness, his fingers probing, finding the sweet spot buried in her cunt that made her want to burst whenever it was rubbed.

"Oh yes!" She moaned, rolling her hips in circles against his tongue, her belly fluttering in response. Her knees felt weak and she slipped her knee up over his shoulder, giving him deeper access to her pussy. His fingers moved faster, plunging deeper, and she gasped, grabbing his head and shoving it against her cunt. "Oh god, baby, please! Don't stop!"

He shook his head, but his words were muffled against her aching pussy as she shuddered and thrust her hips forward with a soft cry. His hands lifted her, pulling her fully onto his face, taking her weight in his hands and leaning back against the wall as



he sucked her clit to a quivering climax. She rested her palms against the wall, rocking against his tongue, still dizzy with her orgasm as she slid her down his chest.

"Damn, baby." He turned and pressed her back against the wall as she slid down his body and wrapped her shaking legs around his waist. He cupped her ass in his hands and she smiled and licked his goatee when he kissed her, tasting her juices.

"Tell me about it." She sighed happily.

"Cal..." His cock pressed up against her, a hot demand against her thigh.

She slid down to the floor, their bellies slick together. Kissing his chest, she backed him up toward the chair pressed to the wall. He sat in it, smiling as she climbed into his lap, positioning herself over him. They were both slippery wet, as she wiggled down onto his curved length with a sigh, rocking her hips.

"Ohhh now that's a nice curve," she smiled and bit her lip, feeling him rubbing that same spot inside of her that he had been paying attention to with his long fingers.

"So are these." His hands went to her breasts, cupping them and thumbing her nipples. She began to ride him, working her hips in easy circles, dancing around on his cock. It was a slow grind and Jason buried his face against her breasts, sucking greedily at her nipples, back and forth. His hands went to her hips, guiding her, pulling her into him as he began to thrust up to meet her. She looked down at his face, seeing the mask of pleasure there, and squeezed his length hard as she came up, making him groan.

She knew he couldn't hold out much longer and didn't think she could possibly get worked up enough again to meet him, but he drove that deliciously curved cock up into her at an incredible angle, edging her appetite from just hungry to ravenous within

moments. The feel of him pistoning up to meet her, the chair rocking against the wall with each thrust, made her desperate for him.

"Oh god, baby, please..." She didn't know if he heard her—his eyes were closed, his pelvis working hard, his breath coming just as fast as hers. The distance between wanting it now and wanting it to go on forever seemed both infinite and just one sweet push away at the same time. He used his long legs to press his hips up hard, giving her short, deep thrusts that made her gasp and clutch at him. She hung on tight, their hips grinding together, the wet slap of their bodies filling the room.

He gasped suddenly and grabbed her hips, his eyes opening to meet hers. There was a moment when everything stopped, trembling on that edge, their bodies joined, eyes locked, a sweet pause they both savored before the inevitable came crashing in like a tidal wave. Callie wrapped her arms around his neck as he took her with him one last time, shaking with the fierce intensity of it. Jason growled, biting his lip as he propelled them both upward with such force that she had to hang onto him to keep from falling, her own orgasm milking his, white hot waves filling her belly again and again.

"Now, that's what I call a good session," he murmured against her neck and she felt his smile.

"You never turned off the mic, did you?" She glanced behind them at the table, the microphone light still on, her stories strewn, wrinkled, and slightly stained. The red folder was on the floor.

He grinned. "Nope."

"Well, I think I finally managed to let the story live through me."

He kissed her, soft and lingering. "I think you did better than that."

"So what do you say, Mr. Adams?" She smiled and pressed her forehead to his.

"Do I get the job? Do you wanna be my agent?"

He winked. "As long as you're not expecting some Jerry Maguire mission statement from me."

"Should I tell you that you had me at hello?"

"Ahhh Cal..." His eyes were sad as they met hers, and she knew he was thinking about all the reasons she shouldn't be sitting naked in his lap. "I don't know."

"Don't worry about it." She nuzzled his cheek, the corner of his mouth, her lips soft and warm against the fuzziness of his beard. "You just gotta represent, baby."

"That I can do."

She smiled, leaning in to kiss him. "So I noticed."

## *Shifting Gears*

A quickie isn't a bad thing. A fast-pounding breathless fuck that finishes with his shuddering, jerky growly come quite satisfies me. What I don't like is the pressure for me to have an orgasm during a quickie. It just isn't going to happen. Like most women, my body needs time to rev up--but I was made to fly long distances, once I get going. So my logic is, why spend the time and effort to start the engine, when I know we're only going to be making a quick jaunt?

There are two things I can count on almost every morning. 1) he inevitably wakes up with an erection in desperate need of attention and 2) it's almost always a few minutes before the alarm goes off, leaving us very little time to play. It doesn't bother me. I love sucking him off, handjobs have recently become one of my favorite things to do, and getting up on top of him has never been a chore for me--watching his face twist and change as I work my pussy around on his cock, squeezing, milking him until he can't stand it and has to shoot up inside of me--what's not to love? There are lots of solutions to ease the ache of that insistent early morning hard-on, all of which are incredibly satisfying... at least, to me.

I know, that sounds strange. He's the one achieving an orgasm, but I'm the one satisfied? The thing is--he loves it when I come. He especially loves making me come. Which I get, considering how much I love making him come. It's quite reciprocal. So when he gets to come, and I don't... that leaves him wanting more. Me, though, I'm okay with it. By the time the snooze goes off, I've usually gotten him there and my engine hasn't even done much more than begun to purr. It gives me a warm, fuzzy feeling, but I'm not left with an overwhelming need.

It drives him crazy.

"Let me lick you." He's still breathless from his climax, his cock slowly waning.

"Nuh-uh." I pull the covers up, looking at the clock. I can taste his cum at the back of my throat when I swallow. "We've only got five minutes."

"So I'll be late."

"Then the kids will be late for school and they'll miss breakfast... not fair."

"I wish you'd let me make you come in the morning."

"We've talked about this." We have. Believe me, we have. "What's the point in even starting?"

"We're just wasting time talking." He rolls over onto me, pulling down the covers.

Sighing, I acquiesce. "You know, you can't force someone to have an orgasm."

"Ha." He slides a finger into me, drawing out my juices and rubbing them against my clit. Sucking him always makes me wet--sometimes I forget how excited I get just from having his cock in my mouth. "You make me all the time."

"Well..." I smile in the dark, my hips moving slowly in response to his touch. It's true, I love making him come, bringing him to the point of no return and pushing him over the edge. "You can't force a woman."

"Let's find out." His mouth is soft, liquid heat against my flesh, fingers spreading me wide, tongue lashing. I can hear the kids playing in their rooms, awake already, and a glance at the clock tells me how late we're all going to be.

"Please," I whisper, nudging him with my thigh, but my body has shifted gears while I wasn't looking. The engine is rumbling now, low and steady, a heat spreading in my lower belly as he buries his face between my legs. "God, baby, please..."

Now I'm not even sure anymore what I'm asking for. Stop? Don't stop? I don't know. I'm hovering, indecisive, between wanting to fly and wanting to stay grounded, and he's pushing me, revving my engine with the thrust and suck of his hot, wet mouth. When his hands cover my breasts, it creates an instant spark between nipples and cunt and I suddenly can't tell the difference, the sensation filling me completely, sending me soaring.

"Oh god," I whimper and I know he feels my takeoff, steadying me with his hands, his tongue never stopping its delicious friction over my clit, focusing there now, fueling the fire, propelling me further into orbit. I can tell he's caught on to my sudden ignition, his mouth moving with even more enthusiasm, lashing against my clit again and again.

I'm not paying attention to anything now but the feeling, the rising hum of my body as I coast higher, higher. There's no more ticking clock, no kids calling to each other from their rooms. I'm leaving it all far behind, down there on the ground, everything else growing smaller and unimportant compared to the ascending urgency taking me over.

There's a moment of pulling back in my mind, a fear of heights, perhaps, but he senses my hesitation and intensifies his devotion, his tongue bathing me, the hungry, greedy sounds of him filling my head, the gentle pinch and twist of my nipples sending steady sparks down to my aching pussy. I couldn't resist anymore, even if I tried. He's managed to work me into a frenzy, my hips thrusting, my body twisting against the torturous pleasure, wanting to go higher, higher, almost there, god, almost...

I don't know how he knows, but he knows. He has to move his hands to hold my bucking hips, and I lift my own breasts, resuming his work there, rolling, tugging, as if I could pull my orgasm right out of my nipples.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, baby, I can't--" I don't even know what I'm saying, but he knows I can, because he's not stopping, never stopping, sending me further over, over, until I can't hold on at all and there's a momentary sense of falling, and then I am, freefall, out into nothing and everything all at once.

"Oh god I'm--" But he knows, eagerly devouring every inch of me, taking me there and keeping me there, shuddering in his arms, my cunt spasming again and again with my climax against the wet lap of his hungry tongue. There's no time, no space, no breath, I am simply feeling, flying, completely lost in that moment.

"What were you saying about not coming?" He chuckles, kissing my thighs as I shiver my way down to earth.

"Shut up." I squeeze his head gently with my thighs, flexing them, sticking out my tongue.

"You know, it's not about forcing you..." He kisses his way up my belly. "Or making you..."

"No?" He kisses my breasts, too sensitive now, making me gasp.

"It's about surrender."

I stop trying to look over his shoulder at the clock and meet his eyes in the early morning light. The dawning isn't just there, outside, over the horizon. "Well... learn something new every day."

"Every day?" He grins and kisses me. "Promises, promises."

The alarm goes off, the final snooze, and the day officially begins...



### *Special Occasion Unmentionables*

Jake had made a decision—his wife's luscious, pale, creamy flesh deserved more than just an occasional brush with satin and lace. He knew it was just their hectic schedules. Her drawers reflected the chaos of their life. Literally. She had her "period" panties and her regular panties—and there were only a few pairs of nice panties, worn on "special occasions," those ones tucked in the way back.

He lifted the criss-cross fishnet bodystocking out of the box on the bed—all sexy black trim with the tag still dangling from the edge. He gently pulled off the plastic tab and smiled, knowing it was just her size. Tucking the tag into his pants pocket, he traced the seam where the legs of the fine, black material met.

Crotchless.

The thought made him hard.

He put it back into the box with the rest of her surprises, jumping when he heard the door slam downstairs. "Dad?"

"Don't come up! I'll be right down!"

His daughter's defiant tread pounded up the stairs, taking them two at a time as she always did, as if something special waited for her at the top.

*Note to self: tell the seventeen year old the opposite of whatever you want her to do.*

Jake edged out of the bedroom, shutting the door and meeting Brynn at the top of the stairs. She blew a long wisp of bright red hair out of her eyes as she smiled up at him.

"Can I sleep over at Tina's tonight?" She gave him a one-armed hug as she slipped by.

"Sure." He started, surprised at how well that had worked out, although he shouldn't have been. It was the weekend, after all, and she seemed to spend every waking moment attached at the hip to her best friend. "Your mother and I planned a night alone."

"Ewwwww." Brynn wrinkled her freckled nose, and Jake smiled. She looked exactly like her mother when she did that.

"Hurry up!" he called back over his shoulder as he turned the corner toward the kitchen. Jake leaned against the counter, wondering how Rachel was going to react. Just the thought of her opening the box he'd left on the bed made his pants feel too tight again. He shifted, getting the bottle of wine from the counter.

He set up two glasses and sat down at the table, willing his heart to stop beating so fast. The headlights of Rachel's Intrepid appeared on the garage door, and he smiled, imagining her gathering up her purse, her bag with all her lesson plans. It was such a sweet moment of anticipation, the time between knowing she was home and waiting for her to appear.

The side door opened and she swept in, unslinging purses and bags from her shoulder and hanging them over a kitchen chair. "You won't believe the stuff I have to do this weekend. I hate this new policy. Homework for kindergartners is—uh, what's this?"

Rachel stood staring at the glasses and the wine and looked up at him. Jake had used the corkscrew when he got home, careful to avoid some unmasculine display, just in case. He uncorked the bottle and began to pour them each a glass.

"It's a special occasion." He offered her a glass of wine.

"It is?" She lifted the glass to her nose.

He waiting, watching her sip it, her eyes surprised as she took her first taste. "It's good, isn't it?"

"Yes... but what's the occasion?" Rachel sat at the kitchen table, toeing off her heels. As often as she complained about them, she still wore them, and Jake liked imagining her standing in front of a classroom of kindergarteners in those heels.

Brynn bounded down the stairs, interrupting the moment, swinging a bag over her shoulder as she kissed Jake's cheek and then her mother's. "I'll be at Tina's -- bye!" Like a whirlwind she was gone and they were alone again.

Rachel raised her eyebrows at him. "Special occasion?"

Jake took a gulp of his wine. "Go look upstairs."

"What did you do?" Rachel stood and set her glass on the counter.

"Let's just say it's...naughty..." He stood, too, and put his arms around her waist, kissing the creamy part in the middle of her auburn hair. She raised her eyes to meet his and Jake felt an urge kiss her full, perfect mouth in a way he never had before—he wanted to smear her pale pink lipgloss over her face and grind his hips into hers until she gasped.

She was so naturally beautiful, her eyes like green glass, her cheeks already slightly pink at the mention of what she termed "naughty stuff." It was an endearing

term, and she was dear to him, her lush curves still as breathtaking as they'd been the day he married her.

"Go look!"

She relented, grabbing her shoes and flashing him a bewildered smile as she passed. He thought of her sifting through the delicate material, discovering each like a veiled secret, layers of thin, airy material he anticipated showing her deliciously rich shape to full advantage. His pants were enormously tight, now, the anticipation almost too much, and he drained another glass of wine in one shot.

"Jake..." Rachel called to him, her voice different, throaty. He straightened, putting his glass down on the counter and heading through the kitchen door. He stopped when he turned the corner and looked up the stairs, seeing her wearing nothing but the body stocking and a pair of heels -- the very same ones she stood and taught kindergarten in every day.

"Oh my god..." Jake didn't have any more words. Her pale, creamy flesh showing through the fine mesh had all of his attention.

"Like it?" She cocked her head, her hair spilling like fire over her exposed, generous breasts, and smiled. "I sure do..."

Jake didn't answer. He bounded eagerly up the stairs. This time he, too, took them two at a time, knowing there was most definitely something special waiting for him at the top.

## *Star of David*

"I don't believe in God." Dawn heard his words, but she didn't believe them. He was the most spiritually connected person she had ever met.

"I see God when you fuck me," she whispered, dancing her fingers over his belly, clammy now with sweat from their lovemaking, her own belly showing a fine, matching sheen.

"What does he look like?" She could hear the smile in his voice, teasing her. "Old white guy with a beard and staff standing at the gates of heaven?"

"No, nothing like that... Do you want to enter the gates of heaven?" she asked, sliding her leg slowly over his and pressing the fullness of her breasts against his side. Her wetness slid along his leg and she saw his cock twitch slightly in response.

"Not if I have to be good," he grinned, grabbing her thigh and shifting her onto him. He was studying her sitting up so proudly on him, like some Rubenesque Venus with her full, lush curves, her hair like liquid, burnished copper in the early morning light.

"Oh, you have to be good," she assured him, leaning in to find a kiss, capturing his hardening cock between them. "Very, very good." She whispered the words against the razor stubble along the cleft of his chin.

It was always good between them, it had been that way since the beginning, when they had finally consummated their long distance love affair in his tiny flat in London, and it had been that way forever, as they met "Same-Time-Next-Year"-like again and again, unable to resist the magnetic pull between them. Once a year, or once every other, she would fly across the Atlantic to be swept into his arms for a few days of passion that neither of them ever wanted to end. Sometimes it was disrupted on her

end, sometimes on his. It was no different than any other affair, the usual heart-rending anchors at home, a husband who loved her enough but not quite, children who needed a mother. There were hundreds, probably hundreds of thousands like it, happening all the time, every day, year after year. She knew he had girlfriends, both short and long-term, but it wasn't enough to keep them apart, and yet there was somehow never anything to completely catapult them together, either. They stayed there in some liminal space, and this was just the nature of their love affair, a powerful, painful, convoluted and compelling thing.

"David, how can I love you so much?" she whispered over his collarbone, stopping to tongue his nipples, smiling at his groan of pleasure.

"Because I'm God, apparently," he replied, and she snorted at his cheeky grin.

"No, silly... you're not God. But I definitely see God through you," she affirmed, kissing her way down that sweet, tempting treasure trail toward his now fully hard cock. Stretched out between his legs and laying her head on his thigh, she took it in her hands and looked up at it. A tower of strength. She worshipped here. This was a yearly pilgrimage, an altar where she came to kneel and pray and give thanks for all of her blessings. He was her wailing wall. The world could fall down around her, as it had a tendency to do over time, her father's death, her sister's nasty divorce, her husband's distance, her own children's betrayals, but David was a constant, her rock.

She worshipped his shaft as if it were holy, and to her, that is exactly what it was. Her tongue surfacing it, every ridge and vein, the entire length, a sweet and silent invocation, again and again and again. His moans of pleasure fed her like nothing else she had ever known, and his cock filled her in ways she never knew possible. She

wanted him, again, always, deep inside of her, filling that empty, aching space that only he seemed able to reach.

She was climbing him, feeling her own need weeping between her legs, and he held her hips locked and still, as he always did, looking into her eyes, before letting her sink down onto him with a deep sigh that was both pleasure and relief. It was as if their bodies completed some electrical circuit this way as she leaned over to kiss him, his tongue finding all of those places in her mouth that tickled and tingled all at once. She moved as if she were dancing for him, on him, the wet squelch of their suction, that glorious pull, the only music in the room. His hands found her breasts, heavy, swaying as she rocked, flicking her large pink nipples with his thumbs. She gasped in response, sucking at his tongue, her hair falling in wisps over his face, tickling his nose, his cheeks, his neck, until he couldn't stand it and pressed her back slightly, breaking their kiss.

She sat up on him then, sinking low, lower, trying to press him into her core, she wanted to feel him buried so far within her that she could taste him in her mouth. He groaned and arched his back slightly, giving her a few more centimeters to a depth that seemed immeasurable. She was looking down at him through half closed eyes, their pleasure like a wave they were surfing together, and he reached for her hands, holding tightly.

"Do you really see God?" he asked hoarsely, his breath coming fast. She nodded, her lips parted, she smiled slightly, squeezing his hands in response. "What does he look like?" The question was serious now, not teasing her, his eyes genuinely asking her to tell him.

"Colors," she murmured, closing her eyes, impaling herself, impossibly, just a little further onto his shaft by rocking forward, then back, sending a deep shockwave of pleasure through her body. "And light. Like a rainbow imploding, turning in on itself again and again. Can you feel it? Can you see it?" Her voice was a whisper, but her eyes were on his now. She thought she could see his eyes glistening with tears. He was shaking his head, and her heart ached at his pained expression, the way his jaw worked. He wanted to see. He desperately wanted to.

"Fuck me," she said, tugging at him, urging him to roll her over onto her back. He did, moving into her softness, that yielding opening that received him without resistance as he searched her flesh with his cock. She was wrapping her legs around him, her hands pulling at his back, her breath fast, her voice a hoarse rasp in his ear, "Fuck me, David, fuck me to God." The sound of that phrase, sacred or profane, thrilled him. He felt like a god on her, in her, feeling the sweet waves of her orgasm beginning to draw him even more deeply into her.

"Fill me," she urged, her muscles squeezing him deliciously, and he came, shuddering and meeting the thrust and clutch of her in a blinding white flash.

Their slow return to the world came in gradual shifts, his body collapsing onto hers, the shift and turn of him as she labored to breathe under his weight, the mingling of their hands, the seeping between her legs, thick, like sap, the roll of him onto his belly, hugging the pillow beneath his head, the deep even sound of his breathing. Dawn dozed, in and out, the light on the ceiling brighter now, the day begun out there somewhere, this first day of Hanukkah. It was after Christmas, the holiday her husband cared about, and she had spent it with him. This was her holiday, her week of worship,



and she was praying here, in a little flat in London with a man she felt knew her better than anyone in the world, yet whose presence she had physically basked in only a dozen times at most. The world was a funny place.

She rolled to look at him in his sleep, and gasped when she saw the scar on his back. She hadn't noticed it in last night's darkness in their fumbling hurry. It was enormous, very near his spine. "David?" she whispered, not wanting to wake him, wanting to know.

"Yeah?" He was awake.

"What happened?" she asked, tracing over the ugly, jagged scar. It was puckered and dented, and looked like someone had been digging into his skin.

"Melanoma," he said flatly. "Malignant. They took it out two months ago, but it was already into my bones."

She lost her breath, feeling like someone had kicked her in the stomach. She found herself sobbing without even knowing she was doing it. Light was always muted here in this part of the world, but things now truly looked as if the color had been bled out of them, and she felt as if she were wandering in a thick, gray London fog. David turned to hold her, and she railed against him, simply wailing, pounding against his strongly muscled chest hard enough that he would later discover fist-shaped bruises. He didn't try to quiet her, he just let her storm, until finally she eddied and then ebbed, in hitching sighs, fits and starts.

"This is why I don't believe in God," he said finally. His voice was as lifeless as she had ever heard it and she winced, pained, feeling as helpless and hopeless as he sounded. "If there was a God, and he cared about what happened to us, then I wouldn't

have cancer, and..." he hesitated only a moment, the words barely above a whisper as he breathed, "I would have you."

"I'm sorry, David." It was hardly enough. She didn't know what else to offer him, although she desperately wanted to comfort him, ease his pain, and her own. "Maybe there is a bigger picture that we can't see..."

She felt his laugh, cynical and bitter, against her ear. "Yeah, sure. Famine, war, it's all part of the plan. My grandfather's ashes carried over Krakow on the wind. All part of some grand plan. You can't really believe that?" He sounded incredulous. "This isn't heaven, Dawn. This is hell on earth, every damned day."

She clasped his hand in hers, pressing it between her breasts. Her heart was beating hard. "I believe in us. I believe that what we have transcends anything else, everything else, even death." Her voice was shaking. "Even death. Yes, ok, this is hell on earth... but it is also heaven on earth. This is all we will ever have, and it really is divine."

He pressed his shaking hand to hers, over her heart, his trembling lips against her lips, and they tasted her tears together in that one moment of connection, a brief, fleeting thing that was all they ever had, all we ever have, something forever sacred and inviolate, one transcendent moment of wonder in the great mystery of it all.

## *The Guitar Man*

Sam had a guitar, and he could play. No one else was very impressed with this fact, I guess, because I was the one who stayed at his feet all night, begging him to play another song for me. He would smile and oblige, as willing to have an audience as I was to hear him play and sing in his smooth voice. He went through his entire repertoire for me, so that by 2 a.m., everyone else had gone to bed, and it was just me and Sam sitting alone in the living room, me holding the music, turning the pages, him strumming his guitar and singing in my ear.

"Play another one," I begged, opening my eyes when the music came to a slow, sweet halt. He grinned.

"You're insatiable." He idly strummed.

"I know, I'm sorry." I leaned back against his leg. "You're such a nice guy, to sit up with me and do this... I'd listen all night long. You can stop if you want to."

"Nice guy, eh? I've been called a lot... I can't remember being called that one." He laughed softly. "You know, I think I've played every song I know..." My disappointment must have been palpable because he said, "But... I can still sing to you." We both looked up in surprise when the timer-light on the lamp went out and we were left in the dark.

"It's a sign." I laughed. He smiled in the dark, and I saw the glint of the moonlight and the streetlight outside coming in from the window on his teeth.

"Maybe it is." He slid to the floor next to me and putting his guitar aside. "So what do you want me to sing?"

"Anything at all," I said eagerly. He started singing a Simon and Garfunkel song that he had played earlier on the guitar, and I closed my eyes to listen. It seemed natural when he moved behind me, his hands rubbing my shoulders, whispering, "Relax" and then singing softly in my ear, his breath warm and sweet on the side of my face. I let myself go, all the tension in my body that had been building for weeks released with the touch of his large, warm hands. I didn't think about anything but the sound of his voice, and the feel of him against me, his long legs stretched out next to mine, his hands slipping under my shirt so I could feel the calluses left by the guitar strings on his fingertips as they brushed my back.

"When you're weary," he sang. "Feeling small. When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all..." Listening to the words made me feel so safe with him at a time when nothing else in my life was secure.

"You're so special, Maggie," he whispered against my neck, and for a moment I was clear-headed, knowing that this couldn't happen, even though I wanted it to. I was still married--Sam was married. We were separated, but legally, we were both still committed to someone else. I jumped when I heard a noise on the stairs, thinking it was Alison coming down to check on us, but thankfully it was just her cat who sat and stared at us with glowing, yellow-rimmed eyes in the dimness. I loved Alison, we'd been friends forever, and she'd taken me in after I'd left Tom, with nowhere to go and my two small children. (It hadn't yet been a month since I'd discovered the hotel room bills and listened to his lies.) But I admit, I'd questioned her judgment when she told me that Sam and Josephine were coming to stay for the night, because her place was closer to the airport. Sam... her beautiful, talented, wayward and often manipulative ex-boyfriend...

and now soon-to-be ex-husband of Josie... I imagined, when she'd told me, seeing the light in her eyes, that she wanted some sort of reconciliation to take place between her and Sam. She had flirted with him mercilessly all night, but he'd been lukewarm, and seemed to prefer playing and singing for me than talking to her. And now here I was, questioning my own judgment. What was I thinking?

"How long have you been playing?" I asked, thinking I might change the subject and shift our gears a bit.

"Guitars? Or women?" His lips grazed my hairline. I swallowed hard. "They're actually a lot alike."

"Really? How?"

"Well... a guitar really is a woman you know... she has a mouth," he touched my lips with his fingers. "And a neck," his hand moved down my throat. "And the shape of a guitar is like the shape of a woman... a full, sensual, curvy woman... this shape here..." he ran his hands up over my hips, dipped in at my waist, and moved up my sides toward my breasts. "Do you feel that?" his hands moving back down again. I nodded, not trusting my voice. "And you know... she needs some fine-tuning sometimes... can be a little temperamental. But when you play her well... she can really sing." I smiled at this metaphor. He had me, and he knew it.

"Sam..." wanting to and not wanting to break the spell. "Where is this going?" I asked hesitantly.

"You tell me," he whispered, his brushing my earlobe.

"I'm afraid."

"If you're afraid, we'll stop. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

He moved so that he was kneeling in front of me, cupping my face in his hands. "You're so beautiful. I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't think you were... absolutely amazing... really... I hope you know that." I knew what it sounded like, but at 2 a.m., with a little bit of alcohol in me, and an ego that felt reduced to the size of a pea, I wanted to believe him and I did.

"I'm afraid," I repeated, my voice and chin trembling. He kissed the tears on my eyelids.

"What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of doing this," I replied. "And..." I hung my head to hide my eyes, speaking softly. "And I'm afraid of regretting it if I don't."

"Don't be afraid," he whispered. "I won't hurt you." I didn't know if I should believe him, but I did because I needed to. It felt incredible to have someone want me, his mouth, his hands telling me with every movement that he wanted me.

"Why are we doing this?" I asked breathlessly into his neck, his weight on me like a blanket, safe and warm.

"I want to make you feel good." He pulled up my shirt inch by inch, following each tug with a kiss. "Making you feel good will make me feel good. What's the harm in that?"

"Nothing." I concentrated on his mouth moving its way across the flesh of my breasts above my bra. "Nothing, I guess." Thinking: *everything, but I don't want to stop.*

"You... are... beautiful," he whispered, enunciating each word as he undressed, and the sight of him filled me with an incredible longing. When he was on me, long and lean, but oh, so solid, I held onto him as if I were drowning, and I was, drowning in the

feelings coursing through me, conflicting at every moment. He kissed me, a long, deep kiss like I'd never been kissed before. I felt sixteen again when he led my hand down between his legs, and what I found there made me gasp in surprise. He was so large and so hard that at first, I was really afraid, but watching his face as I touched him, his eyes half closed, his breathing ragged, I gradually grew empowered.

The difference was startling--his touch, his kiss, the size and shift and feel of him, all so incredibly different and new. I'd never been with another man except my husband. I'd never even entertained the idea. Yet here he was, and he was everywhere, consuming me. My own need began to frighten me.

"Sam, stop," I begged breathlessly, unable to dislodge him with a push. "I can't do this."

"What do you think we've been doing?" He shifted his weight to look at me. In the moonlight his jawline was strong and firm. I tentatively ran a finger along it and he turned and kissed my hand.

"I know. I don't mean to tease you, but.... I'm just so scared." I was. I was fluttering, trembling.

"Shh." He leaned down to my ear and nuzzled my neck. He needed a shave and his whiskers scraped deliciously along my throat. "Let me take care of you. I want to make you feel good. Will you let me?"

"I don't know," I whispered, unable to sort out my feelings. Things were happening too fast. I felt it, and yet I was lying there completely dressed, yes, my summer skirt riding up over my hips, my t-shirt pulled up to expose my bra, but still in a state of not-quite-beyond. Part of me ached to feel the length of him against me. The

other part of me wanted to straighten, rearrange, and make for my room in the basement. What in the world was I thinking of doing?

"What will happen if you don't do this?" He propped up on his elbow to look at me. "How will you feel?"

"You know," I said after a moment.

"Yeah, but do you?"

"Yes." I closed my eyes as his hand slid down my side. "You want me to say it, don't you?"

"Yes," he breathed, shifting back on top of me, and it was like coming home.

"I want to," I whispered, opening my eyes to see his face, his eyes bright as black glass in the moonlight. "I want you."

There were no more words then. He wanted to guide me and I let him. He undressed me quickly, no fumbling with bra straps or struggling with zippers. My panties were gone in a whisper. And I was there beside him, completely naked and exposed to a man for the first time since I married my husband. Shyness overwhelmed me for a moment, and I was thankful for the darkness to cover the heated flush of my cheeks. I wasn't one of the tall, thin, beach girls he was used to. His wife had never even been pregnant. His hands kneaded my breasts and then my belly, generous and too soft and plaited with striae.

"Stretch marks," I apologized as he kissed around my navel. He shook his head, breathing in deep.

"Beautiful," was all he said. It completely filled me.



He took his time, slow and easy, but I was so far gone already that I was aching for him. His hands and mouth explored the entire length of me, his breath hot on the smooth, freckled skin of my shoulders, my soft and ample breasts, my generous belly, my full thighs. His breath tickled the dark red, wiry wedge of my pubic hair.

“You don’t shave at all,” he remarked and I flushed.

“No, I’m sorry,” I apologized. I’d seen women, girls, in changing rooms, at the gym, and even in a few of the movies my husband had started watching—“Girlie movies” my father used to call them—and had noticed that it was a trend now, to be shaved down there. How clipped or trimmed their pubic hair was, or even shaved to what my husband liked to call a “landing strip”—a line of hair like a runway just above their vulva. Some even completely shaven, smooth as my eight-year-old. He’d asked me to, once, and I had, but my skin and erupted in angry, red bumps and had itched terribly, and I’d never done it again.

“No, I love it... so tired of little girl pussies.” I could hear his smile, and his genuine admiration. The sound of that word in his mouth left me momentarily breathless. Then I was in his mouth, his tongue like sweet quicksilver sneaking through the folds, tunneling his way inward, first down, dipping into me and tasting me, then up again, finding that small, hard, sheathed button of flesh. His fingers opened my lips, and he made a game of gently tugging at my pubic hair to keep them open for his mouth. I couldn’t help the tiny little cries coming from the back of my throat, even though I knew his soon-to-be-ex-wife was sleeping somewhere upstairs, and my own children were tucked in downstairs with the only bathroom off this very room. I’d lost all rational thought, although I had enough sense to whisper and muffle my moans.

“You taste like heaven,” he stopped to tell me and as much of a line as it was, it still effected me. I shivered and moaned, cupping my breasts in my own hands, tugging gently at my nipples. He made deep, soft noises as he urged me on with his tongue, lapping faster and still faster at my clit, no more teasing.

“Sam,” I whispered, my hand finding his hair, close-cropped military cut, nothing to grab onto, I dug into the back of his neck with my nails, pulling him in and in. His hands were on my inner thighs, large and warm, keeping them spread wide. “Sam, don’t stop!” I gasped, feeling that first tightening, an almost folding in of all the muscles in my lower belly, and then the release, a complete and fluid letting go of it all centered right under the tip of his tongue. He held me tight, grabbing underneath me to steady me as a pushed up toward his mouth, gasping for air, scraping hard at his neck and shoulders as I came.

“Good, good, good girl,” he murmured, damp kisses spreading to my thighs, then my quivering belly. He was finally moving onto me, and I had a flash moment of fear. In the aftermath of my orgasm, I was suddenly more clear and sure that this really shouldn’t be happening. Yet he wasn’t stopping. He pushed my legs back, hooking my knees with his arms, propping himself above me, exposing me to him. “Take it in your hand,” he told me. I did. The tip was wet, and he was truly enormous, I’d never held a cock so big, so incredibly engorged. “I won’t hurt you,” he promised me, sensing my hesitation. He thrust into my hand, letting the wetness at the tip lubricate my grip. He moaned softly when I squeezed him. “Feel how hard I am?” he asked.

“Yes,” I whispered, sliding my hand downward from the tip, amazed at the length I traveled to the base.

"You did that," he told me, finding my eyes in the dimness. "Do you want that?"

I nodded. And it was true, beyond true, beyond thought or sanity, it was simply wanting and being wanted, and I was lost in it. He smiled and he slid himself out of my hand and then moved toward me again, rubbing the length of his cock through my wet openness, driving me slowly to distraction. "Sam, please..." I begged.

"Not yet." He kept up an easy, gentle rhythm, the tip teasing my clit with every movement. I ran my hands over his shoulders, reveling in the smoothness of his skin. The hard ridges of his belly, already wet with sweat, made me dizzy with longing. I was losing myself in the sensation, feeling a familiar tingling beginning again in my clit, and when he finally entered me, I gasped out loud at the aim and size and feel of him, swift and hard.

He let out a pent up, shuddering breath in my ear, and when he began to move in me I couldn't keep from whimpering. He found a rhythm easily, and I gasped against his neck, clawing futilely at his back. He filled so much of me that it was a strange cross between pain and pleasure, but his movements were so precise that pleasure soon won out. He asked, "There, do you like that?" as he shifted a little and I moaned and whispered a hoarse, "Yes--don't stop!" He laughed, a low, throaty sound that sent a thrill through me, but he did stop, for a moment, taking a deep, measured breath, and then starting. He did this again, and again, taking me ever closer to an edge that I was begging to fall into.

Finally, I was really begging, whispering, "Please, Sam, please, please," against his shoulder with every thrust, feeling it building inside of me and he reached down to

touch my clit, sending me finally, deliciously, over that edge. I shivered against him, every muscle in my body taut as I came, riding wave after wave beneath him.

"Ohh, yes, that's my good girl." He leaned in to kiss me, beginning to move inside me again. For a moment the pleasure was still too intense and I squirmed. He chuckled. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked, pressing his hand against my lower belly to still me. The feel of him in me was too much, now, and I was incredibly wet, from his mouth, my own juices, his pre-cum, the slick sound of it as he slid in and out suddenly overwhelmingly embarrassing to me.

"I'm sorry, I know I'm really wet..." I started and he kissed me quiet.

"Yes, wet and soft and open, it's like sliding through butter, Maggie, you... are... incredible," he punctuated each with a soft kiss. I didn't know if he really meant it, but it was simply what I needed to hear and somehow he knew it. He shifted, letting me wrap my legs around his waist and gathering me into him at my shoulders, his breath matching mine, beginning again with me as we rocked. His mouth near my ear, his breath warm on my neck, he leaned into me and buried his face and his hands in my long red hair, inhaling me, pulling gently, then not so gently, my head going back, exposing my throat and my breasts to his mouth and he moved deeper into me. I couldn't take nearly the whole length of him, but I was trying, lifting my hips to meet him.

I let myself go completely, abandoned myself to the feel of him, the ache in my belly, to something bigger than both of us as we moved together, slick and hot and panting as the sensation began to build upward again. I reached down to feel him going into me, and moaned when I realized I could wrap my whole fist around him at the base and still feel him buried into me as deeply as he could go. He was almost growling now,

low and animal and I could feel his mouth sucking at my shoulder, sometimes his teeth, a sharp jolt along my collarbone.

"Ahhhh fuck, Maggie," he whispered, the buck and thrust of him jerkier now, less coordinated and sure, more wild and without any restraint. I ached when I looked at his face, strained and intense in the moonlight.

"Fuck me, Sam!" I gulped at the words in my own mouth, I'd never said anything like it before. He gasped in my ear at the sound of it and I felt him twitch inside of me. I was encouraged. "Yes Sam, fuck me 'til you come," I urged, and he gave into it with a deep groan, his movements sped up quickly, earnestly, and I watched his face, feeling it build in me but knowing I wouldn't quite get there again.

"Help me," he whispered, as he pulled out and I took him, thrusting, into my hand. He groaned, low and throaty, and just the sound of it, so different, was enough to fill me with feeling as he came in hot waves into my hand and onto my stomach and breasts. Shuddering, he collapsed onto me, nuzzling his face in my neck, and I stroked the back of his head where it was shaved very close, so incredibly soft.

"Are you okay?" he asked after a while. I didn't know the answer to that question.

"Thank you," I whispered, kissing his cheek.

"So, do I still qualify as a nice guy?" he asked after a moment, smiling in the darkness.

"Excellent, I'd say," I replied softly.

His light laugh took a little of the sting away and I turned my face to hide the tears slipping down my temples.

## *Love in an Elevator*

"Thirty seconds." Trevor pushed the elevator button. "Less if I'm not doing myself."

Kelly snorted. "I don't know if you should be bragging about this, Trev..."

"Why not?"

"I'm just sayin'..." She shrugged, checking her purse for their press passes. She wasn't surprised by the turn in conversation. The sexual tension had stretched taut all night between the twin beds in the room they shared.

*Business*, Kelly reminded herself, all night long. They were co-workers, nothing more. Never mind that Trevor had flirted and teased her mercilessly for years. Never mind that she'd wanted to take him up on his myriad of offer to take her out, and might have, except for the fact that he was out with a new girl every other week.

*Business, we're here on business.*

Trevor grinned. "Hey, I wonder if there's a world record..."

"You want to make Guinness as the world's fastest ejaculator?" Kelly arched one blonde, finely plucked eyebrow and stabbed at the elevator button again. If they didn't hurry, they were going to be really late.

"Why not?" He winked. "Everyone has to have their fifteen minutes of fame."

"Thirty seconds of fame." She snorted. Then she smiled, a slow, sly spread of lips and teeth.

"Thirty seconds, huh?" she mused, pressing the elevator button one more time, as if it would appear by magic. "Really?"

"Less if I'm not doing myself."

She gave him a steady look. "It seems...awfully fast."

"It is." He nodded, and then shrugged. "But what's wrong with a quickie?"

"Nothing...if *both* of you get something out of it."

"Hey, I don't neglect my duties in that department." Trevor straightened his tie, checking his reflection in the elevator doors. God, he was vain. Not that he didn't have a right to be. Even in his suit, she could tell how firmly muscled he was.

"Oh, come on!" Kelly exclaimed as the doors opened and several people got out. "There's no way these women are coming in thirty seconds!"

"Shh!" Trevor hustled her into the elevator, pressing the button for the ground floor. Kelly let him hang onto her elbow, smiling at the way his hand brushed against the side of her breast, as if she might not notice. She didn't know how much more she could take. If they were going to be together like this all day long...

"They are, too!" Trevor insisted.

"They are not," she scoffed. "They're faking it."

He rolled his eyes. "I know the difference."

"You do not."

"Yes, I do!"

"Okay." Kelly turned to face him, her eyes bright with daring. "Let's see if you can tell the difference."

Trevor swallowed. "What?"

"Come on." She pressed the emergency stop button and the elevator came to a jerking halt, the alarm buzzing. "We've got two minutes."

"Are you serious?" His eyes widened.

"You know you want to..." She turned, hiking her navy skirt up, revealing black panties and thigh highs.

His eyes dipped between her legs. "Well...yeah...but..."

"Two minutes is more than enough time, right?" Her fingers nudged her panties aside to reveal smooth, shaved lips. "That's what you said..."

Trevor groaned softly. "Damn, Kelly..."

"See if you can make me come in thirty seconds." She winked over her shoulder at him as her slippery fingers opened herself to him. Trevor unzipped his trousers.

"Can I—?" His cock nudged her fingers. "Really?"

She reached back, guiding him in. "Is this what you want?"

"Oh fuck..." He pressed forward, grabbing her hips. "God, you feel good."

She arched, grasping the rail. "So do you." Her hips danced, round and round. His fingers searched out her clit, rubbing fast.

"Fifteen seconds..." Kelly murmured, glancing at her watch.

Trevor thrust slower, groaning. "I knew I should have jerked off this morning..."

"Close?" She squeezed his cock, teasing.

"You?" He gasped, fingers circling her clit.

"Getting there...rub faster."

"Are you really?" he panted. "Or are you just saying that?"

"Oh fuck...Trev...don't stop," she begged, biting her lip.

"Damnit, Kelly, don't fuck with me!"

"No, don't stop fucking me!" She rocked back.

He shoved in deep, shuddering. "Gonna come!"



"Thirty seconds!" she moaned, her pussy fluttering. "Damn...you weren't kidding..."

"Did you come?" he asked, tucking and zipping.

She grinned. "Couldn't you tell?"

"Um..."

"See, I told you." Kelly turned the emergency stop off.

"Okay, so tell me." He watched her pull panties up, skirt down. "The truth."

She winked at him, straightening one stocking. "I guess you'll have to do it again to be sure."

Trevor's eyes brightened as the elevator doors slid open. "Maybe I just will."

*The End*

## ABOUT SELENA KITT



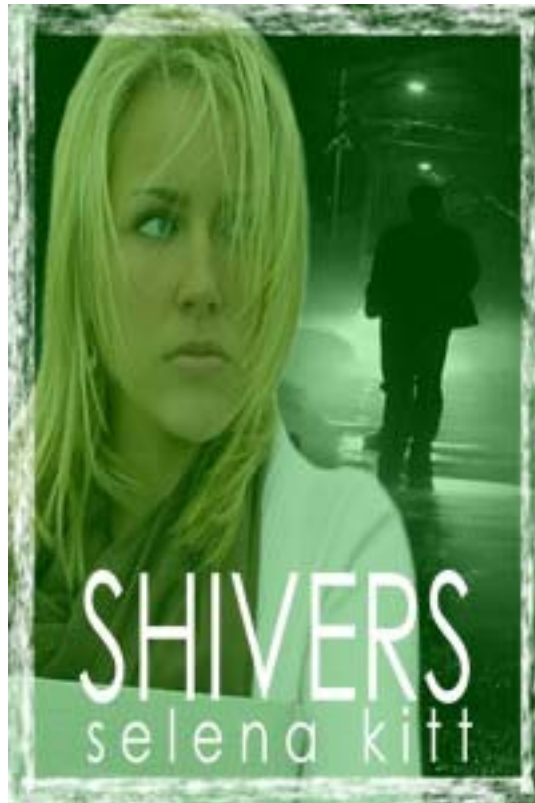
Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company ([www.excessica.com](http://www.excessica.com)) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals four kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: [\*Rosie's Promise\*](#) published by Samhain and [\*Torrid Teasers #49\*](#) published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels [Christmas Stalking](#), [Blind Date](#), *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at [www.selenakitt.com](http://www.selenakitt.com).

If you enjoyed [QUICKIES](#), you might also enjoy:



## **SHIVERS**

By Selena Kitt

**Eight darkly erotic and horrifically delicious stories guaranteed to give you shivers, in more ways than one! Stories include: The Velvet Choker, Pumpkin Eater, The Ride, Mercy, Advent Calender, Silent Night, The Laundry Chute and The Gingerbread Man.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and erotic horror.*

Excerpt From "Advent Calendar" in SHIVERS:

"So, seriously, what's the joke?" I asked.

She was hanging her head off the end of my bed, watching the tail end of A Charlie Brown Christmas Special upside down.

"Don't you love the way they talk? Wah, wahhh wahhhhh. Isn't that totally how you used to hear grown-ups?" She lolled her head off the corner and put her bare feet up on the wall, crossing them at the ankles.

"I still hear grown-ups that way," I snorted, pulling my t-shirt on. "Come on, Betz, give."

"Oh, this wasn't enough for you?" She teased me, opening her thighs and pointing between them. Her pussy lips were still a little swollen and they glistened. I sat next to her, my hand inevitably drawn to the wetness, rubbing the moist and slightly sticky skin with my thumb. God, she's intoxicating.

"Everything isn't about sex, you know?" I tried to sound serious, although my fingers betrayed me and slid through her slit as my cock began to throb against my thigh.

She laughed--god, I loved her laugh--it tinkled, like ice crystals forming in midair. Rolling off the bed, she grabbed for the remote and started to flip channels. "Do you have CNN? I have to see if they're broadcasting any other signs of the apocalypse."

"Ha." I said. "Ha." She grinned up at me, sprawled naked on my floor, her hair like dark chocolate streams covering the generous swell of her breasts. "Well, if you're not gonna tell me what it's all about, I'm not opening any more of those stupid doors." I grabbed a new pair of briefs out of my top drawer, shoving the advent calendar aside to do it. It toppled toward the wall and balanced there, its first five black doors hanging askew showing five decidedly blank white spaces.

Every morning I felt like a fool, opening a new door in the hopes that this time, something would appear. I had noticed a different odor each day--first the oranges and cloves, then cinnamon, then something I couldn't identify at all, then something that smelled faintly like pumpkin pie. I joked with her on the phone that she had invented the world's first "Scratch 'N Sniff" advent calendar. She just laughed. There was a different

smell today, like those red and white pinwheel peppermint candies my grandmother used to keep in her pocket to keep us quiet in church, but it didn't linger long. I was getting really tired of whatever game Betsy was playing.

"Nice ass," she commented softly. I didn't reply, tugging my jeans on. God, she pissed me off sometimes.

"Is that all I am to you?" I tossed her jeans off my bed and into her lap. Her eyes were bright, dancing, as she looked up at me, incredulous. I stopped, my jaw as slack as hers. "What the fuck?" I said softly, out loud, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. What the hell am I saying? What the hell do I care?

"I'm gonna go home." She started to get dressed. I couldn't see her face as she bent to slide her panties on. I felt bad all of a sudden and then I was pissed that I felt bad. This wasn't good at all. I watched her slide her jeans on, her back to me, her panties caught slightly in the crack of her ass. My cock jerked reactively, just seeing her bent over and sliding denim up her shapely thighs. I sat on my bed, uncertain.

"You don't have to keep opening them if you don't want to." She kissed my cheek and smiled softly before opening my bedroom door. She must have been chewing gum because she smelled like peppermint.

"There's no point!" I called after her. "It's not funny!" I heard her laugh and gritted my teeth. This wasn't gonna fly. I was done. I don't care how much she gets my dick hard, no girl is worth this kind of hassle and game-playing.

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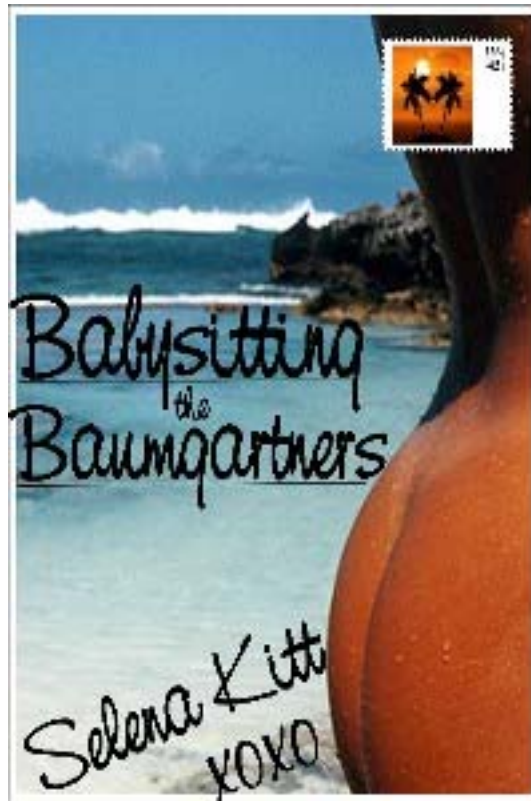


## **NAUGHTY BITS**

By Selena Kitt

**David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?**

*Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.*



## **BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS**

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

*Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.*



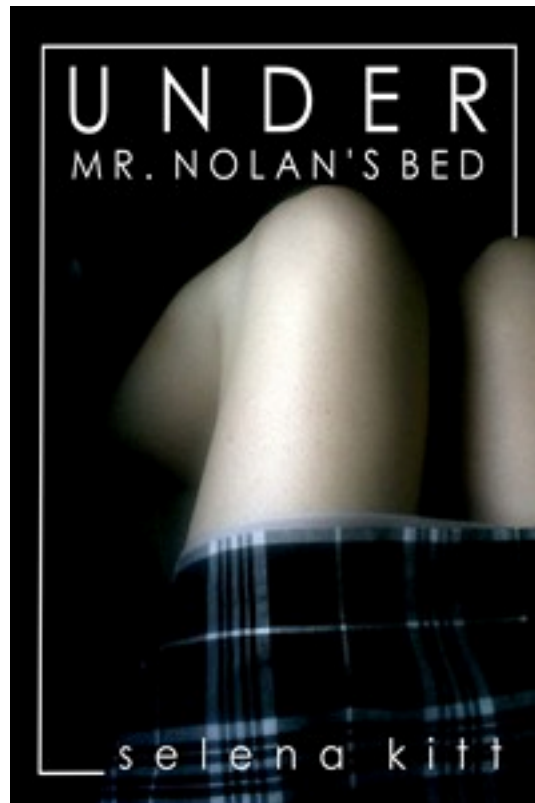


### **BLUEBEARD'S WIFE**

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

*Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.*



### **UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED**

By Selena Kitt

**Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.*



### **THE SYBIAN CLUB**

By Selena Kitt

**Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.*



## **STARVING ARTIST**

By Selena Kitt

**Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.*



**ON CHERRY HILL**

By Selena Kitt

**Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...**

**But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.*



## **ESCAPING FATE**

By Selena Kitt

**Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.**

**When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?**

**When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!**

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



**TICKLED PINK**

By Selena Kitt

**Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*





## **PAPERBACK ROMANCE**

by Selena Kitt

**Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*



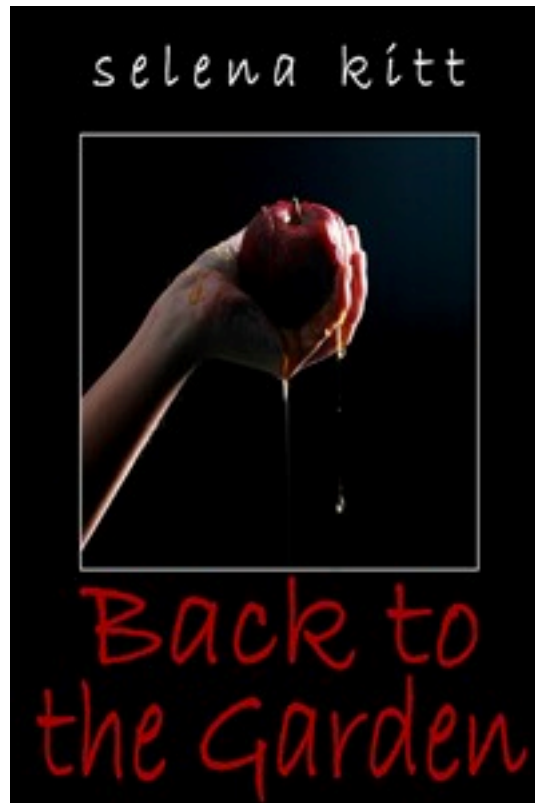


## **TAKEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untamable Sarah?**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.*



**BACK TO THE GARDEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.*



## **ECOEROTICA**

By Selena Kitt

**Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?**

**This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.**

**Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*

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