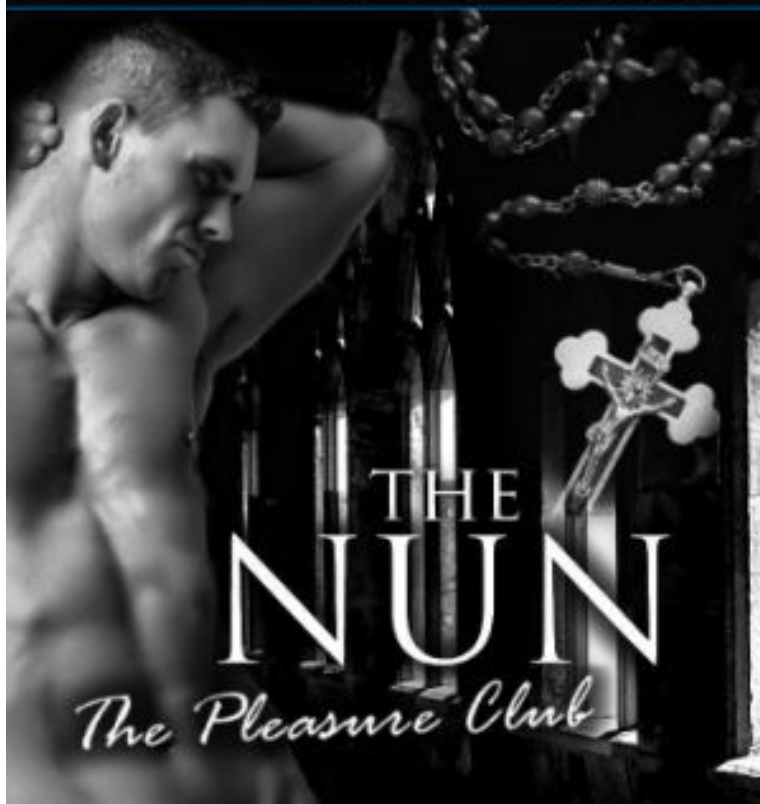


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WICKED

Kate Austin



The Pleasure Club:

The Nun

By

Kate Austin

The Pleasure Club: The Nun by Kate Austin

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The Nun

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Dedication

To all the women—and the men—who understand that though fantasy is necessary, sometimes real life is even better...

Welcome to The Pleasure Club

Jake Drummond,

We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.

As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.

We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.

When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here to pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you and your Pleasure Mistress can be reached.

Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club.

Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.

Yours truly,

The Pleasure Club Management

The Pleasure Club: The Nun by Kate Austin

* * * * *

Jake Drummond,

*Your Pleasure Night will begin Friday the 13th, 7 PM at
the corner of Main and Norton.*

Your safe word is Trinity.

Sincerely,

The Pleasure Guardians

It was time.

He'd harbored this decidedly unhealthy obsession for far too many years. It wasn't as if he'd been brought up in the Church, but when he thought about it, maybe *that* was the root cause.

His best friend Geoffrey had gone to Catholic school. Although he hadn't been Catholic either, his mother had decided that he'd get a better education there. He couldn't argue with that—Geoffrey was the smartest man he knew. But Geoffrey had no such obsession.

Actually, Jake blamed the whole thing on Geoffrey. If he hadn't waited outside of Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows every single day of his life, he wouldn't have seen them, flowing by in the full length black gowns—this was back in the days before they de-formalized their dress—and their beautiful, serene faces framed in the cleanest of whites.

At ten, he'd spent most of his time wondering what their hair looked like.

Were they bald?

He found *that* idea incredibly stimulating long before he had any idea of what an erection really was.

By the time he was fourteen, his imagination was going quite a bit further.

He was picturing—courtesy of an extremely vivid imagination and his father's *Playboy* magazines—just what was under those gowns. In colorful and increasingly erotic detail.

Other women, women without the mystery, had played a part in his life even as a teenager, after he *was* a teenage boy. But they'd never stuck—neither to him or *with* him. And he regretted that.

He wanted a woman in his life. Hell, he'd even been thinking about the possibility of marriage. And children. But those things were never going to happen if he didn't get over the nun thing.

His friends Geoffrey and Calliope had told him, in strictest confidence, of the way they'd met. The Pleasure Club had brought them together and, breaking several of the Club's rules in the process, they had found each other again after their one night together, and they had stayed together.

When he watched them, he knew he wanted that love, that closeness for himself.

But none of it would happen until he got over his obsession.

So he contacted the Pleasure Club. And one week later, here he stood.

How had they known?

He hadn't told them, and Geoffrey wouldn't have. Besides, he was pretty sure Geoffrey's involvement with the Pleasure Club was over and done with, although it was possible he was acting as a consultant for them—or that Calliope was. But even so, no one knew about this corner.

No one except Jake.

Being here took him back twenty years, back to when a green, fifteen-year-old had spent hours standing right here. Jake looked down. He wouldn't be at all surprised if there was an indentation in the sidewalk at his feet, exactly the size of his fifteen-year-old self's shoes.

His hands moved inside his big brother's jacket, a jacket big enough to hide what they were doing, while he watched. Ostensibly he was waiting for Geoffrey to get out of school. Instead, he was using the stash of his grandpa's old handkerchiefs he'd inherited to catch the cum as he stood and masturbated, day after day. Afternoon after afternoon.

He wouldn't be able to do the same thing today. He wouldn't *want* to do the same thing today.

But those were more innocent times, and a teenage boy hanging out on a corner—as long as he wasn't smoking or obviously ogling the girls in their school uniforms—was a normal and recognized fixture in that world. Half the boys and girls in his small town went to public school, and most

of them trotted over to the later-finishing Catholic school to meet their friends.

Jake could still remember the smell of it. His brother's musty wool jacket. The cheap cologne he'd taken to wearing in the hopes it would attract the attention of the nuns. The always scent of the river behind the church and the damp cold aroma of the stones it was built of.

And over it all, the smell of his cum gathered up into his grandpa's handkerchiefs.

He wanted to run from it all. Or maybe, he thought, he wanted to run right back to those afternoons.

Standing here at the corner of Main and Norton, the black silhouette of the church rising out of the remnants of the sunset, Jake was transported to another time. A time when he spent every afternoon with dream girls dressed in black and white, their voluptuous bodies only hinted at beneath the flowing cloth.

But even now, Jake recognized that the bodies were the smallest part of what he craved. He wanted the peace and serenity they exuded, the patience they extended to even the most obstreperous child, the sweet smiles they bestowed on anyone who passed their way.

There had been no smiles at Jake's house, no peace, no serenity, and definitely no patience.

And twenty years on, he couldn't get the smiles out of his mind.

* * * * *

She waited behind the gate, watching him. He wasn't at all what she had expected when she'd taken on this particular assignment. He wasn't tall, but he was built, as her mother would say, like a brick shithouse.

Jan smiled to herself. Even though she drove Jan crazy, her mom could make her smile at the oddest of times. And it was hard to get odder than this.

She wiped her hands down the soft cloth shrouding her body, the black retaining the heat of the summer's sun. Jan had grown up in a

commune, mostly naked until she was five when she got sent to school with the other kids. Her mother, the schoolteacher, had taught them everything—from math and science to yoga and meditation.

Jan had loved the commune and had been devastated when her mother decided to leave it and move back into the real world. She still wasn't sure she'd mastered the art of living with people who didn't grow up the way she did—with dozens of brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers. With organic food and handmade clothes and dinner for fifty every night.

She missed everything about it.

And she spent most of her time—at work and in the evenings—dreaming about or painting her memories of those days. She painted the damp, rainy autumns, gloomy and cold. She painted the brilliant summer sun, and the children playing in the gardens. She painted the matriarchs and the patriarchs, their faces lined and as cheerful as the sun. She painted herself.

But only from the back.

She couldn't bear to paint the joy she knew she'd see on that child's face. She just couldn't do it. Some memories were too much to bear.

So here she was, standing at the corner of Main and Norton, waiting for her very first Pleasure Night. She tried to replicate that smile of her memory and thought, in the barely visible reflection in the window next to her, that she'd done a pretty good job. She looked happy—or at least content.

And she was, after all, supposed to be a nun.

She thought about the day she'd decided to go to the Pleasure Club Guardians, had decided to try and break out of her cycle of discontent with her new life. It had taken her weeks to get there, but once she had, the Guardians had immediately set her at ease.

And the training, oh my god, the training. It had been gloriously, extravagantly, erotically more than she'd ever expected. Jan loved the feeling of being in control, of being allowed again—finally—to release all her inhibitions and just go for the pleasure. That's what she had missed the most about the commune—that feeling of unrestrained joy.

The man across the street looked up. She watched as he started to back away then just as obviously changed his mind. He stood at the corner, the setting sun silhouetting his body. She couldn't see his expression, could barely see his face, but she could see his hesitation in his posture.

He was bent slightly forward but his legs were locked tight to the pavement, as if he'd stuck them there with Krazy Glue.

Jan waited.

He had to make the first move. This encounter was all about Jake Drummond, about what *he* wanted. Her job—her *only* job—was to provide him with pleasure. She would wait.

* * * * *

Jake didn't know what to do. He felt the pull of the woman—the *nun*—across the street, but he was pretty sure he'd made a serious mistake. He'd suddenly realized that his obsession, his decades of being haunted by those teenage afternoons, made it impossible for him to have a reasonable encounter with this woman.

He could feel his cock spring to attention—the blood racing through his veins as if for the first time. But underneath that attention was something quite unnerving.

It wasn't just desire. Or sexual fascination. It was deeper and darker and frightening. He wanted her with a ferocity he'd never experienced before and wasn't sure he could control.

That lack of control—for Jake's job meant he was all about being in command of himself and his surroundings—scared him to death. A pilot couldn't afford to be uncontrolled under any circumstance. He didn't drink. He didn't even take pain killers unless he was on vacation.

Jake Drummond had made a career of regulating himself and his passions. Hell, he'd made a career of ignoring his passions, of pretending he didn't have any. His friends and co-workers called him cold as ice. But he'd had enough of giving in to the darker side of himself as a teenager. He'd never let that happen again.

Yet here he was.
And here he seemed to be stuck.

* * * * *

Jan watched his struggle and tried to wait it out, but one of the bad habits she'd learned as a child was impatience. She couldn't wait for anything or anyone.

She began the walk across the street, a walk much, much longer than it had appeared to be when she started. He didn't move. His head seemed as still as a cobra waiting for its prey to approach the strike zone, and Jan felt just like the smallest and tastiest of mammals as she continued her stroll.

She threw a little bump and grind into her walk and saw his eyes narrow. *Ah, he's definitely interested.* She glanced down at the bulge in his tight fitting khakis. *Oh, he's way more than interested.*

Her unrestrained breasts swayed with every step, and she bounced a little on her toes as she hit the middle of the street. Being naked under the robe was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced—so far. She had a feeling, though—looking across at Jake Drummond—that she hadn't even begun to enjoy what this night had to offer.

If, that is, he could convince himself to go through with it.

* * * * *

Jake watched her sashay—he couldn't think of another word that suited her swaying across the street—and knew he couldn't back down now. His cock was so hard it was almost painful against his zipper, and if he didn't get the memory of grandpa's handkerchiefs out of his head, he was going to explode right here on the street. Before he even got to touch her.

And that wasn't going to happen.

He had some plans for that body. He had decade's worth of plans, and he was going to indulge in every single one of them before this night was over.

He waited until she stepped up onto the sidewalk in front of him, the glimpse he caught of her naked ankle more sensual than any of the strippers he'd seen over the years. He knew—without a doubt—that she was naked beneath her nun's robes.

Now that she was close enough to touch, he could see each curve as it moved beneath the black fabric. When she had stepped up onto the sidewalk, her breasts had shifted in time with the movement of her hips. Her body was womanly, no anorexic here.

He hadn't specified to the Pleasure Guardians what body type he'd been looking for although they'd asked him, along with a thousand other questions he'd failed to answer. Besides, he was pretty sure, even at this distance, that he'd never even thought about the type of body beneath the robes, only that there were tits and ass and pussy hidden from view.

And if he'd answered the question, *her* body type wouldn't have been what he'd asked for. So he was damn glad he hadn't said anything.

Jake waited for her to become uncomfortable with his gaze, but he was the one who lowered his eyes. His excitement was building, and he wasn't sure what to do first.

"Where?" he asked, his voice husky and low.

She lifted her arm and pointed across the street. "Right there."

Jake swallowed. "There? The church?"

"It's been sold," she said, "for condos. It's empty right now. The economy has slowed the conversion, and we were able to borrow it for the night."

He hadn't been expecting *this*, that was for sure. But the thought of having her, of *finally* having her, in the church, was more than he could stand.

"Let's go," he growled, grabbing her hand.

"Of course," she whispered, her voice as low and soft and peaceful as he'd imagined. "Anything you want."

He tugged at her, hurrying her across the empty street to the church. "Where now?"

"Around the back."

* * * * *

Jan smiled to herself as he pulled her along behind him. Once he'd made up his mind, he was all there. Her legs were pretty long, but she was having trouble keeping up with him as he hurried through the open gate.

She'd left the back door into the church open and candles burning around the simple bed she'd requested. It was a single bed, the bedstead white iron, the linens covering it simple, white and clean. No pillow adorned the sheets, no decorations, no frills. Only the simple white single bed and the candles.

The room was cool, and once she closed the door behind them, silent.

He had dropped her hand when she had reached to close the door, and he stood now beside the bed, his breathing the only sound in the quiet room. She waited.

Your move, Jake Drummond. This is your fantasy—though it looks more like an obsession to me.

A slight trickle of moisture dampened her thighs. *His obsession, my fantasy. Pure, no holds barred, no strings attached joy. Just like when I was 5 and running through the fields with my brothers and sisters. Just like when I was 10 and we camped out under the stars all summer. Just like when I was a teenager and discovered the joys of sex. Just like....*

Everything she'd given up when she left the commune.

She smiled and knew that Jake saw the serenity. She'd been told many times she looked like a Madonna when she smiled. Maybe that was the reason she didn't paint her own face, maybe she didn't want to see that serene smile pasted on over a mind and a heart and a body that had exchanged peace for the chaos of the real world.

Well, the Pleasure Club was her first stab at embracing that chaos. She had no idea what would happen, but her body was definitely ready.

She could smell her own arousal, a light salty scent growing stronger the longer he looked at her without moving. She couldn't have come up with a more exciting plan herself than to make her wait for his

first move.

The chill air had pebbled her nipples and she shifted a little, rubbing them against the coarse fabric. She sighed, soundlessly, and then shifted again, this time as much for his benefit as hers.

Jan raked that hard male body with her eyes, from the short dark hair surrounding a square tanned face, across the pale blue eyes with black rims—arresting eyes locked onto her like a heat-seeking missile. His body was all muscle, from his broad shoulders and sculpted chest to his narrow waist and hips.

So much for waiting.

“Turn around,” she said. “I want to see the rest of you.”

He glared at her but complied, slowly turning in a complete circle then returning to face her, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes once again locked on her.

* * * * *

He might not have control of himself for much longer, but he was damn sure going to have control of her.

“Your turn,” he growled. “Slowly.”

The woman, whose body smelled like the first grass of spring and the hottest, sweatiest sex, shifted on her feet, her flesh moving beneath the robe. She started to turn, a slight Mona Lisa smile on her lips as she glanced over her shoulder at him.

He suppressed his grin. He hadn’t expected her to have a sense of humor, hadn’t expected her to be so aware of her effect on him.

Hell, he hadn’t expected her to *have* this effect on him.

But he couldn’t possibly deny the physical evidence of it. Not only was his cock as hard as a pistol beneath his khakis, but his heart was beating harder and harder, and he could feel the sweat pooling around his balls and at the base of his spine.

He couldn’t remember ever being this ready.

The problem?

He wanted to make it last. He’d dreamed of this, obsessed over it,

for more years than he cared to remember. He'd spent all of his life—since he had figured out what that sticking out thing between his legs was good for—masturbating to increasingly detailed fantasies.

This woman, this *pretend* nun, looked and smelled like the woman to fulfill those fantasies.

Now all he had to do was taste her.

He took a step forward, waiting for her to back away. Women almost always backed away from him. Jake thought it was probably his eyes—even in the mirror they were a bit creepy. Too pale and too intense. Serial killer eyes, one of his short-term girlfriends had called them.

At first she'd been fascinated, but then she'd been repelled.

But the nun didn't move an inch. In fact, he swore she swayed ever so slightly toward him. He took another step, watching more carefully this time. *Yep, she didn't flinch. Yep, she did sway towards him. Yeehaw!*

Jake laughed at himself and saw her eyes light up at the grin on his face.

Oh, yeah, this was going to be great.

* * * * *

Jan couldn't wait. Not a minute, not even a second. He was just too tempting, and that grin? Wow. It lit his face like a sparkler on a birthday cake. She reached out and traced her fingers down his cheek, just slightly roughened by early evening stubble.

Her pussy clenched at the thought of that stubble on her thighs, on her carefully waxed and ready pubes. A gush of moisture responded and her aroma grew stronger.

She watched and listened while Jake took a deep breath, then another, like a bloodhound scenting his target. He leaned closer, the lemony scent of his aftershave not coming even close to overshadowing the scent of man. He was all horny male. Jan could feel the heat rising off his skin, the deep thrumming of the blood through his veins as she stroked behind his ears.

Each thud of his heart, each pulse of his blood through his veins

sent waves of arousal through her. Her pussy clenched so tightly she thought she might come without a single touch. Cream warmed her bare thighs. Wearing the robe and nothing beneath it was incredibly arousing.

Each time she moved, the cloth caressed her with the lightest of touches, as if she was being loved by a tropical wind. Each time she took a breath, the cloth stroked her nipples, barely the weight of a butterfly wing, yet her nipples grew harder and more sensitive with each stroke.

And now there was Jake—his touch the opposite of the cloth.

His huge hot hands grabbed her hips and pulled her toward him without hesitation or finesse. Her hips slammed against his crotch and, without volition on her part, nestled in so his cock—hard and long and thick—rubbed in just the right place.

She needed that cock.

Jan swayed back, then forward, her clit rubbing against the solid length of Jake's cock. Even through the layers of clothing, she could feel the heat of it, and that heat made her hotter and wetter than she'd imagined possible.

She closed her eyes for a moment, imagining that cock inside of her. It was more than long enough, more than thick enough, more than hot enough, to touch every single aching place inside of her. Maybe even some places she hadn't ever explored.

She could hardly wait.

* * * * *

Jake knew his smile had turned feral, he could feel it on his face. Damn, he could feel it all through his body. This woman made him wild.

And he didn't care.

Because as slight and delicate as she had appeared when he'd first spotted her across the street, this nun was no lightweight, no frightened innocent. No, this nun was as hot and horny as he was.

Thank god.

He wasn't going to have to hold anything back, in fact, he wouldn't be surprised if she—*what was her name?*—wasn't going to push him

further than he'd ever been before. Nothing in his obsessive fantasies had felt like this; nothing in his many years of sexual yearnings and fantasies fulfilled had felt like this.

"What's your name?" he growled.

"Sister Marie Therese," she replied, with a little dip of her knees he remembered from watching Geoffrey's sisters.

She couldn't be a real nun. Not with that naked body beneath the robe, not with that lascivious look on her face. *Not possible.*

"Your *real* name," he growled again.

"Sister Marie Therese," she repeated with the same little dip.

He looked at the stubborn set of her chin and knew he'd never change her mind, never make her speak her real name. He knew because he had that exact same chin.

"Okay," he said, running his thumb across her bottom lip, "I'll call you Marie."

She nodded, unable to talk around the thumb she'd sucked right into the wet heat of her mouth. Jake shivered. She nipped at the tip of his thumb, and his cock jumped.

He pulled his thumb reluctantly from her mouth and pushed her toward the bed. "Sit," he whispered, his throat tightening as he saw the arousal on her face, smelled the ocean sweet scent of her cunt as she responded to him.

"Jake," she whispered. "I'm not sure I can wait."

He smiled that feral smile again. "Oh, you can, Marie, and you *will* wait just as long as I want you to. I promise, though, that it will be worth it. "

The look of sexual pleasure on her face almost blew him away. No woman had ever looked at him that way, as if he were the man she'd dreamed about all those years ago in her teenage bed. The man she knew would take her to the heights she'd read about in all those novels with the dog-ears marking the pages where she'd learned about sex and passion.

The movie star. The international spy. The sheikh from the Arabian nights. The slave she rescued from the evil plantation owner. The English duke who'd rescued her from the highwaymen. The Italian racecar driver.

She looked at him as if he were *that* man, the man of her teenaged dreams.

* * * * *

Jan shivered, the tension almost too much to bear, but she waited.

And as she waited, as Jake stood above her, slowly removing his clothes, she realized that he knew *exactly* what he was doing. The anticipation was killing her. She called on her years of meditation to slow her heart and settle into the moment, and then she smiled up at Jake and enjoyed the show.

He pulled his T-shirt over his head, ruffling his hair as he did so, turning him—for a few seconds—into the teenaged boy he'd mentioned in his application.

She lowered her eyes to his chest. No teenaged boy there. His abs were hard and sculpted, an old scar sweeping across his right pec.

He toed off his boots and reached down to pull off his socks. He had gorgeous feet—long and thin and tanned. Jan's mouth watered; she loved feet and desperately wanted those toes in her mouth.

He unzipped his khakis and ripped them off as if he couldn't stand the pressure of them against his body. *No wonder*. His cock, just as long and thick and hard as it had felt against her body, sprang free. It was stained with color and, released from its bindings, smelled like heaven.

Jan couldn't help herself. She leaned forward and used her tongue for a taste of the moisture spilling from its slit. She was rewarded with a groan from Jake and the salty sweet taste of a fully aroused male.

She licked around the head of his cock, lingering at the slit. Her tongue dipped inside to coax out another taste. Denied that flavor, she moved slowly down the shaft, tiny nips announcing her passage.

She breathed in when she reached the base and had nuzzled her nose into his balls. *Oh, that smell*. Musk and clean sweat and that indefinable something that was Jake Drummond.

Every man was unique, but this spot was where it was most obvious. She inhaled, adding Jake Drummond to her memory banks.

And then she opened her mouth and sucked him in, his balls deep inside, surrounded by her cheeks and her tongue and her teeth. She suckled them, she nipped them—carefully, she rolled them around on her tongue. And her reward was the flexing of Jake’s cock against her face, the tightening of the muscles of his thighs against her shoulders, the sound of his harsh breathing in her ears.

And finally the best reward of all.

* * * * *

Jake grabbed Marie’s head with both hands and slowly, carefully, pulled her away from his balls. One more nip and he’d explode. And he wasn’t ready for that yet.

Okay, he could rephrase that a bit. He was *definitely* ready; he just wanted more time.

He lifted her from the bed and stood her in front of him, her long hair mussed, her green eyes bright, her full lips red and wet and grinning.

“Not yet,” he said, the sound of his voice harsh and guttural in his ears.

He searched the robe for fasteners, finding buttons running down the front seam of it. He began at the top, holding it closed, refusing to expose an inch of her skin until he could see all of it. He wanted to experience the rush of her nakedness in one blow, wanted that unbearable surge of lust.

When he undid the final button—right at her hipbones—he stood for a moment in anticipation. With each button, her heart rate had risen. With each barely-there touch of his fingers, her temperature had soared until now he felt as if he might expose a raging firestorm when he pulled away the fabric.

Jake Drummond was no coward. If Sister Marie Therese had a firestorm waiting for him, then he was more than man enough to put it out.

He laughed out loud at the idiotic images crashing through his brain. *Obviously his cock was running this show.*

He closed his eyes and pulled the robe down over her shoulders, sweeping it to the floor.

"Step out, sweetheart," he said, his eyes still closed. He waited for her to step forward, then pulled the robe away and dropped it on the floor behind him.

"On the bed," he ordered.

He wanted to see all of her. He *needed* to see her completely naked first rather than begin with a glimpse of her shoulders or her breasts; he wanted to feast on the sight of her before he devoured her.

"I'm ready," she said, hints of both passion and laughter in her unsteady voice. Jake found the combination almost impossibly arousing.

He opened his eyes.

She had spread herself across the bed as if she were an offering, her right leg bent to expose her glistening pussy. Jake tried to remember to breathe.

Her arms were stretched out beside her, her back slightly arched. Her body—long and lithe with breasts and hips to die for—was made for sex.

No fragility in this woman, Jake realized. She could take or give whatever he demanded of her.

He knelt on the edge of the bed and took one more look, his gaze traveling from her laughter-filled eyes to her pink-tinted toes. He knew that once he touched her there would be no stopping.

And so he took the plunge, leaned forward until his lips met hers, stealing the breath and laughter and replacing it with heat. Heat as dense as a summer noon in the tropics; heat as bright and unceasing as the August sun in the Kalahari. He fell into that kiss as if it were an oasis in that August sun.

His hands reveled in the shape of her waist, the light dusting of hair on her arms. He couldn't get enough of her, couldn't reach deep enough, couldn't taste enough. His body felt as if any moment it would burst into flames.

His cock rubbed against her thigh, the heat intensifying with each stroke. And then she lifted her hand from her side and stroked him, hip to

chest, her fingers lingering at his belly button, then at his nipples. He imagined her tongue and her teeth following the same path.

* * * * *

Jan dropped into sensuality as she often fell into dreaming, without conscious intent, without planning. His hands and mouth lured her into the wildest type of passion.

She wanted to touch him. She wanted to impose herself on him so that he would never forget her. She wasn't in love—that was impossible—but she was obsessed with his body, with what she might do to it and what he might do to her with it. She didn't understand why, didn't really care.

They had only a short time to be together, and so she hurried, this woman who had always taken everything slowly. She hurried to touch him, to suck him, to lick him, to tease him into a frenzy. And by doing these things, she became frenzied herself.

She raced from one end of his body to the other, licking him from his toes to his forehead and missing not a single inch in between. She slowed when she reached his torso, lingering at the hard curve of his belly and the slight indent of his navel. She slowed again when she reached his nipples, already taut and reddened with passion. Her teeth gathered them up and her lips caressed them.

She slowed once more when she reached his armpits, nestling into the light dusting of hair and the scent—once more—of Jake Drummond.

But she lingered nowhere for very long. Her body wouldn't let her.

She lowered her body to his, their heights so close that they fit perfectly together, her knees outside his, pushing his legs together. Her pussy aligned with his cock, their breath meeting, her forehead resting against his.

She felt the heat of his cock, the pulse beating within it, the restraint he put himself under not to move. She moved so he wouldn't have to.

Jan raised herself up on her knees, her fingers spreading the folds of her pussy. She wanted no delay once she began.

Jake reached up so his big hands spanned her ribcage, steadying and encouraging her downward, slowly, ever so slowly downward. His cock pierced her, then filled her, then—when it seemed impossible—filled her even fuller. His cock settled against her cervix, and she wiggled until it hit the exact spot, the spot that always made her come.

And amazingly, without a single movement more, she did. She felt first the gush of fluid, then the earthquake rumbling through the walls of her vagina. “Don’t move,” she whispered. “I don’t think I can stand it.”

* * * * *

Jake heard her whisper but he couldn’t do what she asked. He flipped her over onto her back and settled into her, their pubic bones meeting with a crash like a door slamming on all his good intentions.

He tried to move slowly. If he couldn’t be still, perhaps he could—at least—give her time to recover. He couldn’t.

The waves roaring through her transfixed him, then compelled him into movement. He rocked into her, roaring with the sensations she engendered in him, moving, moving, moving, until he felt as if he had become a part of her.

When he felt her shift beneath him, he slowed for a moment, but when she wrapped her warm, silky legs around his waist, he was lost. His cock—he imagined it harder than it had ever been—dove into her, time after time, until finally he exploded.

He thrust once more, then collapsed onto Marie, his body, his head, his cock, all drained of energy.

He lifted his head so he could see her eyes and saw his joy and exhaustion reflected back at him.

“Roll over a little bit,” she whispered, as if that were all the voice that remained to her.

He did, pulling her back into his chest and settling there as if they’d slept this way forever.

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The Pleasure Club: The Nun by Kate Austin

Jake raised his head from the pillow. The bed was bathed in reds and blues and greens from the stained glass windows above him. Marie was gone—though how she'd slipped out of his arms he couldn't imagine—but she'd left him a rosary and a business card.

Maybe next time we could play out my fantasy...
Marie

Jake smiled. He could hardly wait.

Author Bio

Kate writes women's fiction, magic realism, paranormal and erotica. She writes short fiction, poetry and novels. She's had dozens of stories and poems published over the years, and her eighth book *Seeing Is Believing*—about a woman who sees death in photographs—was published in October 2007 and her novella *Dreamer* is online now from Spice Briefs. She has published nine books since 2005. Kate blames her mother and her two grandmothers for her reading and writing obsession—all of them were avid readers, and they passed the books and the obsession on to her. You can contact her at her website at www.kateaustin.ca