

Hotter After
Dark

EVELYN STARR

Payback, so they say, is a bitch. Rita's heard that time and again. But she's never believed it. Never saw a need to believe it until she falls under the silver-tongued, diabolical spell of the late-night radio DJ known simply as Damon. And then payback becomes a necessity. Payback becomes a reason to *live*.

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Hotter After Dark

By

Evelyn Star

Dedication

The old Edge in Pittsburgh is gone. The building sits dark and derelict at the top of Mount Washington, only a shadow of itself. This is for all who remember its glory, and all who found romance there.

Chapter One

“You again?”

Rita Shriver didn’t know whether to shiver or to laugh.

The voice at the other end of the phone had a tendency to do that to her...make her shake violently inside while she laughed on the outside. Nervously. Of course, he *was* her favorite late night DJ. And it *was* his business to have the kind of shivery-sexy voice that painted all kinds of wild and hot fantasies in a girl’s imagination. *Her* imagination.

So she wrapped her battered chenille robe tighter around herself in defense against a late November chill, and in an effort to end the shivering and the thoughts that, more than the cold, brought it about. Steeling her stomach, she ordered the unseemly twitter of nerves at its bottom to be gone and the tension around the base of her spine to relax. Then she sighed. Very softly. Very wistfully. “You know what I want.” Her terrible yearning for the man she couldn’t have came through very clearly. “Don’t you?”

The man on the phone laughed softly. Not at all with yearning. “I forget,” he replied in his throaty DJ’s murmur. “So tell me again. You do this every night. So what exactly *do* you want? Why do you keep doing this?”

Only the nights when you’re on the air.

Shyness overtook her. Bringing her to a stone cold, shivering-harder-than-ever halt.

Jeff?

He was why. He was what she wanted. With all her heart.

Jeff Royalle was the man she loved. The man she thought about constantly, the man for whom that one particular soft and misty, fraught with meaning love song was reserved in both her heart and her mind. And she requested the song every chance she got. Every time Damon was on the air, in the long-shot hope that Jeff would hear and Jeff would know. So maybe Jeff would react. Though what

he could do when he was married to her sister and thus firmly, forever, beyond hope of her reach, was something Rita hadn't ever considered. Because considering the foolish hopelessness of the whole thing would only increase the shyness that had been the bane of her existence for as long as she could remember. Shyness that set her back socially to about the early part of the second grade.

Still, stubbornly and foolishly, she clung to the idea of herself limpid with need in the throes of staggering passion. Herself inside the circle of Jeff's sheltering arms.

As ludicrous and increasingly alarming as the fantasy was, she clung tight to it.

So, why do I do this?

Rita shook her head.

Because it seemed like her last hope of inserting any kind of romance into her dreary, dreary life. Because everyone seemed to listen to this particular DJ with his excitingly exotic name of Damon. Because Damon was the one who played the kind of drifty-dreamy songs she needed to hear and was capable of saying the kind of things she could never bring herself to say...the only one who didn't make murmurs of love and timeless longing seem out of place. Out of step with a modern, technology-driven world she found way too practical. Way too terrifyingly pragmatic.

Or was it because she hoped, with more of that foolish, fatuous longing that Jeff was one of the ones who listened?

Not sure, not sure she would ever be sure, she sighed again. Resigned. Or maybe frustrated. "I want you to play that song. You know."

Damon was silent. Waiting.

Rita could *feel* him waiting.

What the devil is he trying to do?

He'd never argued with her before. Never pretended to be obtuse.

He'd simply done as she asked. Played her song. Thanked her for listening and promised to fit the song in before the night was out. Then always, invariably, he'd hung up.

"I want you to play that song about old-fashioned love. You know the one?"

Damon laughed again.

Name of God, what *was* he doing?

Not for the first time since she'd made his over-the-phone acquaintance, Rita felt unusual. *Uncomfortable*. Though for the life of her she had no idea why that should be.

"And who should I say it's from?" Damon already knew. Of course he knew. Just like he knew who the song should be dedicated to. Because the song was always dedicated the same way, to the same person.

"Just say..." Pausing, Rita had to work to get hold of herself. This time she had to struggle more mightily than ever, with a kind of determination she found hard to summon.

She almost slammed the receiver down. Almost give up right then and there, never to call again.

Never to proclaim her undying devotion to Jeff again.

That thought, that one thought only, gave her strength to go on.

"Just say for Jeff. From the one who loves you."

Silence. On the phone.

Had Damon hung up?

"H...hello?"

More silence. Until *she* almost hung up for real, completely demoralized.

"Are you still there?" Despite her ongoing efforts to stay cool and collected and to sound cool and collected, she shuddered.

"I am. And you never answered my question."

"Qu...question? Which question was that?"

Damon's laughter burned her ear, even over what could be very long distance. Even through cold technology that both separated them and brought them together for whatever short time he would spare her. He laughed, and the sound burned through the wires...across the endless miles and miles of microwaves that separated them. He laughed, and the sound was incendiary...was summer smoke drifting in lazy wisps over a crackle of consuming yellow flame. The sound was a prairie grass fire roaring out of control. "I wasn't aware I'd asked more than one."

"But could you r...repeat it?" The feeling of unusual was spreading. From the middle of Rita, where more and more unusual was beginning to be the norm, the perfectly usual, it spread out and up, out and down. Infusing her. Suffusing her from the top of her dizzied head all the way down to the farthest reach of her tingling, tantalized, terrified toes.

“Why do you keep doing this? It’s been...what? Three months?”

More like five.

Again Rita shivered.

Three months would be disturbing.

Five bordered dangerously close to obsession. Didn’t it?

She’d been all kinds of things in the past. Shy, always. Painfully shy. Along with lonely and forlorn. Frustrated with her inability to interact because she always felt so inadequate. So frightened.

Oh, there it was. She felt frightened. Lots of times. *Most* of the time.

“At least you could give me a name.”

“I just told you. It’s for Jeff.”

Damon paused again.

He did that for effect. Rita felt certain he did.

“Does this mysterious Jeff have a clue how you feel about him?”

“What?” The question shocked her a little.

The questions were getting a little personal.

“You’ve been calling me forever. Always with the same thing. The same song, for the same man. So I have to assume he hasn’t reciprocated. Why else would you keep on...”

“Is that really any of your business?” Now it was Rita’s own question that shocked her.

Where the hell had it come from? Where the hell had she found so much daring and freedom? To say what she felt when she felt it?

Repressed Rita, as she’d been known in high school and beyond, would never dream of saying a thing like that. Or even, really of thinking it.

Damon laughed. And God, the sound was smooth. God, the sound slid over her and right through her like a few dozen quivers of advancing, heat-laden mist. Not at all the smoke she’d envisioned before, this was moist and murmuring. Moist and moistening, and way more disturbing.

“I’m the one playing the music, aren’t I? So if you really want to keep up this attempt to reach out to your...whatever he is...”

“Rita.” She blurted it. Around the spiraling hurt of desperate loneliness that surfaced for good as it kicked in stronger, she simply blurted it. Right out loud, before she took a second to think about it. Before she could stop herself.

“Rita.”

It sounded pretty when Damon said it.

His voice silked smoothly over it. Seeming to embrace and caress each of the short and unsatisfying syllables. His voice silked over and added unimaginable sensuality to everything he said. No matter what he said.

“That’s right.” Gulping, swallowing hard, Rita felt that way again.

Unusual.

“Rita. Such a beautiful name.”

Are you as beautiful?

The timbre of his voice, composed of that silk and the smoke she’d envisioned before, mixed with a vast dollop of wildest honey, suggested he wanted to say it. Might be about to say it.

The suggestion sent a new chill through her. Momentarily stopping the misty moistening and making her want to hang up again. Quickly.

Then, in the precise instant when she decided she might actually be about to do it, Damon muttered “hang on a sec.” And he was gone.

She was on hold. And how could she hang up on that? How could she be so rude, when the stranger at the other end of the line had been polite, if nothing else comprehensible?

Across the bedroom, from the little blue plastic radio on the stand next to her bed, his voice came to her. From an entirely different dimension than the one they’d shared just the moment before, his voice steamed from the set in a way that would surely set it ablaze in another second or two.

“We fast approach midnight. Staying up late. Until the witching hour commences. Until it creeps upon us to bewitch us with strange magic and seduce us with the mist of its melody. To bewitch us with its whispers and its innuendoes. So that I am suddenly you, and you become me.” Damon paused then, for the kind of effect upon which his listeners and, Rita had to admit it, she herself thrived. “And then the hour arrives.” He laughed softly, seductively as behind his voice the opening strains of a slow, sensuous song...not *hers*, not the one she’d requested but one every bit as soft and lovely...swelled. “Now here’s one meant for *you*. For everything *you* might come to be.”

Damon took his sweet time about getting back to her.

Rita had no idea what kind of things he had to do at the unseen radio station. What kind of things might be necessary to get that

music out over the airwaves. To get it to stream so silken-moodily from her little blue radio.

She couldn't imagine it was all that complicated or should take so much...

"Rita?"

Her heart jerked when suddenly he was there. Back. The sound of her name on his lips, the way he half-whispered and half-murmured it gave her a good, hard case of the quivers.

"You still there?"

She shook herself. "So, how long do you think? You know. Before you get around to playing my song?"

He laughed again. More softly than before. Knowing exactly the effect his satin-sexy voice had upon her, he laughed and she shivered. Hard. Feeling the most startling stirring in the most private flesh she always did her best to ignore, because it was generally untried flesh. Because any stirring there couldn't be good. Any stirring that awakened it to dark and lonely longings was best avoided. No matter what the cost. No matter the agony, she would feel later, inevitably, in that most secretly seductive of dark places, down there between her legs.

It was all she could do to restrain herself. All she could do to not reach down with Jeff's unaware face swimming in an increasingly vague and uncertain cloud of longing before hers. To not touch cautiously, then not at all cautiously the flesh that had begun to weep frankly.

If she touched, she would progress. She would begin to stroke. To try to ease her suffering flesh and tease it out of its tight, suddenly swollen misery.

That kind of touching never did any good. That kind of touching only, always, had the completely opposite effect. It only set her flesh free. Only added fuel to longing fires she barely kept banked as it was. Only made the flickering smolder higher, eager to burst into open flame.

"Do you really think it's a good idea to carry on with that line of thinking?"

Rita's mind jerked. As did her heart.

That kind of thinking? How the hell did he *know*? How the hell could he even guess what she was thinking? What she was trying so hard not to feel?

Biting down hard on her lip, she could only pray a measure of pain would chase away the unholy urges before they got a grip on her. Before they hooked themselves tenaciously, with deadly insidious claws, all the way into her.

"I mean, night after night..." Damon was no less astonishingly incendiary when he didn't laugh. "Let me ask you something else, beautiful Rita."

Hearing it, hearing him say it, she blushed. All alone in the privacy of her dimly lighted bedroom she burned hot, hot crimson with the force of a blush that reached all the way into the heart and soul of her. "Wh...what?"

"I'm warning you. I expect an honest answer."

She said nothing. And he waited.

He had all night. Rita *felt* him having all night.

"What kind of results are you getting from this?" he murmured at last, directly into her ear. "Does this Jeff person have any clue that you're alive? Or is he the kind of witless fool I find myself thinking he is?"

"I..."

That really is none of your business, Mister.

Gasping, shaking in every muscle and fiber, Rita couldn't force the words out.

"Ahhhh." Damon's laughter burned. It sizzled, steamed, scorched, seared. And screamed at her. "I thought so."

"Are you going to play my s...song for me?"

"Did I say I wouldn't?"

"You haven't actually said a whole lot of anything." Once again she amazed herself, this time when her voice turned tart.

"I'll play it." He sounded unaccountably pleased with himself.

"Soon?"

"Listen. Rita."

"What?"

She had to wonder, then, how dead-calm silence could be so inherently suggestive and sensual.

"I want you to think about something before you call me again."

"Wh...what's that?"

"Because you know you're going to call me again."

She wasn't so sure of that. But she wasn't about to argue the point, either. Not just then.

“So, what...Damon? What do you want me to think about?”

He laughed. Sighed. Sounded suddenly far away and impossibly distant. “I want you to think long and hard about what you’re doing to yourself. What you’re about to do.”

* * * *

Women were bitches.

All of them. *Bitches*.

As soon as he disconnected the call, Wally Alden leaned forward in his chair. He reached for the mic switch.

Women’s primary function was to *be* bitches. In the strictest, scientific meaning of the word, their primary function was to be fucked. Often. By those who knew exactly how to fuck them.

“You’re listening to Pittsburgh’s Plus Rock,” he crooned softly, moving his lips right in close to the mic. So it would sound like he was crooning softly into every bitch’s ear within reach of his signal. “This is Double-L, WLLW FM 93.5. It’s ten o’clock on a Thursday night, and looking out my window I see ten thousand stars gleaming in the early winter sky. I’m Damon, and I’m here for *you*. I’m here to please you and pleasure you, with promises that every one of those stars has been created especially for you. Every one shines for you. Accept this as my gift...a gift of the night that is and always will be Hotter...After...Dark.”

It was the name of his show.

Hotter After Dark.

It was the way he inflamed them. The way he caught the bitches’ attention and held it. With the repetition of it. The eternal reminder of it and the promise he knew how to put into it.

Pushing the button, turning the mic off again, Wally sat back and dropped a hand into his lap. Rubbing his fingertips along the swollen ridge there, between his legs, he began to massage. Slowly. Thoughtfully. Staring straight ahead just as thoughtfully, at his reflection in the glass that separated the studio he occupied from the dark and vacant one next door. Reaffirming his conviction that women were bitches, and nothing more. That that was the scheme of things, and they’d better know he adhered to it. Scrupulously and religiously.

Women were bitches in *beat* as far as he was concerned. They always had been. Always would be.

It was up to the *man* to decide who he wanted to fuck. Up to the man to decide when he wanted to fuck, up to him to pursue and up to the bitches to be ready whenever he called upon them. It was the bitches' place to be ready, and waiting. To put their legs in the air and spread them wide, damned glad when they were given their chance to be fucked. And *this* bitch...

This one was about to drive him crazy. With her endless calls. With her stupid chasing after some poor slob who deserved better, but apparently didn't have the balls or the wits to stand up to her and tell her so. Just like he didn't have the balls to take her and fuck it right out of her.

Massaging harder, Wally smiled.

Shit, his fuck-stick twitched.

He wouldn't make that mistake. Women were bitches, and he'd never met one he couldn't handle...who stood even the smallest chance of resisting when he decided to exert his charms.

Oh, he wasn't Damon. The way he made his listeners think Damon should be.

Wally'd never kidded himself about that.

To look at, he wasn't much at all. Just a slight, skinny guy with nothing much to catch the attention. Or the eye. As long as he kept his mouth shut and his uniquely distinctive voice under wraps, he was nobody the bitches would look at twice. And that was half his power. The very greatest part of his power. With his dull-brown hair and dull-brown eyes, his glasses that were thicker than they should be for a man his age, in the middle part of his thirties, and features that would have been better suited to an undercover FBI agent because they were plain to the point of making him invisible, he was no one the bitches ever expected to be dangerous to their idiotic sense of empowered self-esteem.

But he was. Dangerous.

He had his voice. The inherent ability to charm and cajole that came along with such a voice. And a fuck-stick.

He had a goddamned *big* fuck-stick. And he knew how to use it. How to make it live up to its name...how to *fuck* with it.

His smile widened as he massaged that very same fuck-stick. Massaging it endlessly through the layers of his clothes, sighing as the

expected tight and anticipatory spiral of satisfaction began to curl inside his balls. As it began its inevitable slither from there into his gut, then to shoot immediately outward and upward. Into waiting muscles. Into his eager and waiting mind.

He was ready to fuck. And the way to do it, the way he always did it, was to get to whatever bitch he had in mind by *using* his mind to overcome the appearance that was as much a blessing as it was, at times, his unpardonable curse.

Using his mind to overcome his appearance was half the fun of seducing the bitches. It was *all* the fun of seducing them.

Chapter Two

Rita lay back across her bed. She *sprawled* backward, across crumpled and wilted covers, staring into clotted darkness just beneath the room's low ceiling. Imagining him. Jeff. She imagined the way he would look if somehow, miraculously, she found him in the shifting darkness next to her. Above her. And with the imagining she began to tingle again, exactly the way she hated to allow herself to tingle because in that way of tingling lay the approach to disaster. And disappointment.

The blue radio poured out its endless soft streams of music and she settled in to wait. For her song. The one that would finally, tonight, reach out to Jeff. The one that would let him know because all her prayers centered upon him knowing. How she felt. How much she...

Hotter After Dark.

She smiled. Her song was the kind of sweetly sensual song Damon preferred. The kind he always played, for people like her. People who wanted love. Who reached out for it. People who needed to make themselves known to those they loved in ways they couldn't for themselves. Forlorn and melancholy people like her who feared, just as she did, to reveal they loved...feared the repercussions of admitting they loved.

The darkness above her bed moved with endless shadows.

She'd lit candles and set them on the dresser, and their drifting light joined a more golden-hued glow from the streetlight outside the window. It mingled and murmured with the gold, dancing with it when tree branches danced and tossed as wind swept them. And all that movement, all that combination of movement, swished across the ceiling in near perfect time to the sad strains of the music Damon played for shattered hearts.

Outside, the night had turned cold.

November was moving along too quickly toward the end of the year. Everything was moving too quickly toward the total loss of color and life the end of the year represented, and Rita hated it. She hated November. Especially *this* November, when her months and months of unrequited longing, when her increasingly saddened dreams, seemed to be taking her nowhere.

Every evening she lay exactly as she lay then. Every evening she stripped herself naked and wrapped herself in her shabby old comfortable robe before calling to request her song. Every evening she then removed the robe and spread herself naked atop the rumpled bed she no longer seemed to have the energy to make up or straighten to any semblance of order. Every evening she turned her blue radio on and lay dreaming her much bluer dreams as she listened to the lovely murmur of Damon's voice. His music.

Her dreams were always the same. Fraught with so many futile hopes. That they would ever amount to anything more than dreams. Sad and failing dreams.

Damon was playing more music tonight.

Since he'd hung up her call, he was talking less than usual. And when he did speak, he seemed different somehow. The same as always, yet not at all the same in some way she couldn't explain.

For some reason the image of Jeff's face didn't want to come to her tonight. Though she knew it would. If she waited long enough, if she prayed hard enough and let herself drift and dream far enough with eyes closed, she would summon that cherished image. And maybe then, maybe with its coming, she would dare to give herself over to the urges his image had started inside her...images like none she'd had before. And maybe, when those images had been assuaged and put to rest, she'd find she'd magically worked out a plan to get him to notice her. Or at the very least she would be able to drop into a sleep so black and dense, so exhausted and complete it would cancel out everything else with its approximation of death.

Death.

Jeff.

Any more, the two seemed to be one. One thought, one reality, one concept.

What more do I have to lose by trying this one last time?

Sighing as the music changed, smoothing into something old and blue without the softly sexual patter with which Damon usually accompanied such transitions, Rita parted her legs.

Sweet God, the urges I feel tonight.

The urges!

Her efforts to attract Jeff's attention during the turbulent beginning of this dreary month had done nothing to ease distress that spiraled higher and tighter inside her whenever she imagined being with him. Being loved by him and made love to by him. Even if she increasingly suspected Jeff might have used her by leading her on with his flashes of smiles here and there. With the brushes of gazes that might or might not be as casual as he tried to make them appear. With his occasional word, his occasional smoldering hint that didn't quite fit with the surface image he always seemed to project. Of her sister's devoted, dedicated, not quite faithful in his heart husband.

Oh, Jeff had led her on, all right. He'd played games with her. He'd smiled at her in a way she couldn't possibly have misunderstood. He'd touched her with gently strumming fingertips, just along the innocent flesh at the bend of her arm. Just along the back of a quivering hand in the process of reaching for something at the precise instant she, too, reached. And then, when he had her attention and her dreams, he'd shut her down. Cold. He'd rebuffed her halting attempts to respond, making it clear the games no longer amused him.

He'd *used* her. He'd made a mockery of her, and all she dreamed. And shut her down, just like that.

Shy, Rita might be. Shy and under-experienced she unquestionably was. But even so, she didn't like being treated that way. In her book, that was the most despicable kind of behavior. Taking advantage of another's weakness for purely selfish reasons.

She knew, as few who had not grown up shy and vulnerable to exactly that kind of leading on did not, how badly such games hurt. How deeply they wounded, how terribly, terribly grievously.

Her admiration for Jeff Royalle slipped a little, then. It flickered but didn't go out. Nothing that longstanding or firmly rooted could go out just like that. In the breath of an instant. But it *did* falter. And that startled her. As did the notion that someday, somehow, she wasn't going to take it anymore. Someday, somehow, she was going

to find the strength and determination...the way...to get even with all the using and abusing. And never let anyone do it to her again.

Oh, the day was coming. She felt it coming.

But none of that stopped the distress that spiraled heavy and hot, higher and tighter. More out of control with every day...night...that passed.

Gingerly, she touched herself. There. On scorched, parched, weeping and inconsolable flesh between legs spread wider than she'd ever tried to spread them before.

It was a ritual she'd come to enjoy. Listening to Damon's music as she dreamed. As she touched herself, every time more firmly and more confidently. Remembering things she wished she'd said on her calls to him. Remembering things she wished she'd dared to say, and things that had happened. Remembering, too, so many more things. So many incredibly beautiful ones that had never had a chance to happen, for reasons she still wasn't able to fathom. Because hadn't she wanted Jeff? Hadn't she tried to let him know how fiercely she wanted him? And hadn't she devoted herself so diligently to her thoughts of him, and being the kind of woman he would want her to be?

She had. And that had to count for something. Didn't it?

Her only answer was a soft misting from the flesh she caressed. And then a scourge of unbidden tears that marked aching trails along her cheeks as she whimpered aloud with no one to hear.

She strummed her fingertips purposefully over herself. Over the ridged, starved regions of herself. Seeking ease and relief. Seeking release from a veritable hell of pent up needs and desires and the shrieking fury her dreams aroused without the slightest concern for what had to happen next. What would happen when, if, one day those dreams could not be met with a simple stroking or a gentle touching.

Rita sank into a miasma of fresh pain.

Her fingers searched and prodded, and desire spiraled higher. Desire tightened more. So that when her body began to respond, it wasn't in any way she could have anticipated or wished for it to respond.

This response was reluctant. Almost. This response was infused with the strangest, sweetest soaring of lightness and wonder she'd ever known. *Ever!* This response was a subterranean whimper that

quivered, though it wasn't actually a sound at all, in the air above the bed. Quivered with as much force and impact as a fully realized shriek released from a too-tight throat.

What the hell is wrong with me?

Shock waves of her unvoiced shriek traveled with uncommon speed straight back to her. They struck her, especially the exposed private parts of her, with brute, blunt force that made her whimper again. Aloud, for real, this time.

Beneath her touch, the folds around her opening pulsed heavily. Emitting a dry and radiating heat, they pleaded with her. They begged and cried. Needing satisfaction she was never going to be able to grant them. Because it wasn't the satisfaction, the physical sensation of the satisfaction, she wanted at all.

She wanted to be kissed. Beneath the high and golden November moon that floated beyond her window, behind the barely-obscuring lacework of trees browned and bared well toward their eventual wintry dormancy.

She wanted loving hands to play soft rhythms across her. Infinite rhythms across her. Exactly as her own fingers played soft rhythms upon herself in that very moment. She wanted a touch, someone else's touch, to tantalize. To reduce the eagerness of her flesh to the kind of relaxation for which she'd so long yearned.

The desperation of her touch traced itself along each ridge and each sunken crevasse in its turn. The desperation of her touch grew as it sighed in every one of the darkened, aching places between those ridges and folds.

Flesh tingled. Burned. Demanded what it wanted. When it wanted it.

Now.

"It's said heat grows hotter as the night grows deeper." Damon's voice murmured without warning from the radio. Shimmering across the room toward her, its deep richness carried a new quality. A very *strange* new one with quietude simmering in the midst of it, and in every word he uttered. A new huskiness echoed in every tone of it. As if he pushed himself to some kind of limit. As if he'd already reached a point from which he found himself reluctant to return. "And if this is true, if you believe in your heart of hearts that heat is on the rise in the night that surrounds you and enfolds you, then I'm here for you. Listen to the fading echoes of my distant voice and

know that I am Damon. I am the heat that flares higher within you. I am the heat that flares constantly for you. I am Damon, and I am saying that your world does indeed grow Hotter After Dark.”

Rita’s flesh shook.

Beneath her fingers, those few small millimeters of flesh shook with yearning. Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes, and her hands momentarily lost their functionality. They momentarily lost all sense of direction as her tears gathered themselves and grew heavier, heavier, heavier in their effort to slip away and down. Along her temples. Along the sides of her face, and then to drip unashamedly onto pale lavender sheets.

“Now here’s a very special one,” Damon murmured. “There’s no name on it. But is a name really needed, when one person speaks intimately to the one for whom the yearning, the *need*, is so dearly desperate?”

My song?

Was he going to play it now? In a way she hadn’t asked him to play it, with words she’d never asked him to use while playing it? Lending an all new and disturbingly strange meaning to the idea of playing it?

Rita didn’t care.

Her tears dripped harder. Faster.

“You know who you are,” he continued. “You know where you are. You know what’s in your heart, and what it means to the object of your most feverish, most fervent desire.”

Music swelled behind Damon’s voice, then away from it. Above it. And a sob tore free from Rita’s throat.

Not her song. Not at all.

Knowing she was out here listening, still listening, Damon had decided to toy with her. He had decided to play games with her as Jeff had decided to play before. He had decided to use her beautiful, beautiful song against her by making it meaningless with every instant he refused to play it for her.

Her next sob was harsh. Cramping. Eager to strangle, it caught at the bottom of her throat and held fast for a second. Then it quivered to life in the swirling air...low, heartfelt, incurably hurt.

Wanting so badly, her fingers tugged harder. All ten of them tugged, at flesh freshly aroused by the thought of how *much* she wanted. And her flesh wept with the tugging. Madly responsive in

ways it had never been before, her flesh wept and whispered, whimpering in its own inimitable way with its fresh release of swiftly softening musk.

The sound of Damon's voice, low with its half-uttered promise and alight with uncommon electricity, seemed to fill her room even long after it vanished. Even though nothing remained but the music, the memory of his voice wrapped itself around her and held her fast. The shimmering memory of the things his voice had said to her caught her up in the full grip of unexpected enchantment.

Squeezing her eyes shut as tight as she could squeeze them, Rita cried. For real, with tears that streamed unrestrained because she had no strength left for restraint. Her tears streamed hot. Free. Her body's last-ditch effort to release the wretched pain in her most private tissues through the equally delicate and susceptible ones around her eyes. By inundating her pain with a numbness that increased constantly, alarmingly, in every place except the one where she most needed the numbness. Except in the incredibly oversensitized patch of need between her legs. Where she lavished more futile stroking. More useless attentions.

Slipping her fingers, several of them, one at a time, into the depth of herself, she began to explore intimately. Knowing she would need to know more about herself if she was ever going to help herself.

It was marvelous. The sublime smoothness her fingers encountered the instant they passed beyond the outermost barrier was indescribable.

Her flesh was muscular beneath pervading softness. It was flexible beneath incredible smoothness...the most intrinsic spirit of smoothness. Not as satin would be smooth, nor as silk. Because satin or silk would crumple and grow sodden under the pressure of the extreme wetness she awakened inside herself with that single penetrating touch. Jungle wetness that intensified with every following touch, no matter how light or how fleeting. No, satin and silk would corrupt. Satin and silk would degrade beneath the flow of wetness, and grow rough. Clinging. More by far than her flesh grew rough and tried to cling as it stretched itself and conformed itself in accommodation to her every exploratory plunge.

And then suddenly, for reasons she did not fathom because she didn't dare to fathom, her body lost inhibition. Lost its smallest and last bit of control.

Her body teetered on the edge of running wild. Of rampaging so completely that in no time at all and with very little added encouragement she wouldn't function at all, except in this one way. This spectacular way. As she continued to do, nonstop, what she was doing right at that moment.

Her fingers slipped deep. Then deeper. They slipped easily between softened and parted flesh, all the way to the knuckle. They slipped until they could not slip farther.

So many sensations!

Rita shivered.

She'd never known there could be so many. So much shivering through places that closed steamy-stormy and tight around the fingers with which she plunged and groped. Seeking...always seeking.

So many sensations to which she responded instantly with freshets of soothing, smoothing elixir driven by the eager contraction of inner muscles she'd barely acknowledged before. Muscles designed much more for acceptance of advances than for rejection. Her body poured forth its private moisture in enormous quantities...unthinkable, seemingly inexhaustible quantities. And even when she did withdraw her fingers, when she had to withdraw them because they had reached their limit and there was nothing else she could think to do with them, the flow continued. Sweet and fast. Sweet and fascinating.

The force of her release thrummed from afflicted tissues. Quickly, oh so quickly, it thrummed. Unerringly finding its way to every part of her and lodging there. Everywhere. Enervating, debilitating, her release simultaneously charged her with fresh fire and depleted her with quivering delight.

In and out. Out and in. She dragged her fingers repeatedly along increasingly aggravated flesh that couldn't possibly *be* more aggravated. More sensitized.

Dazed, she paused long enough to lift her hands to her face.

Had she used both of them upon herself?

She didn't know. Had no way to know.

Low and scalloping in motionless air grown suddenly summer warm even though the November night chill waited right behind to reclaim it, a moan ripped from her.

Her fingers, the shimmery essence that coated them, smelled like sex. Pure and raw, unadulterated *sex*, the scent rising in soft curls into

the heated, waiting air. Not visible, yet easily detected. Easily inflaming in one way or another every one of her other senses.

On the little blue radio, the distant drift of music finished.

"It's eleven fifteen now," Damon murmured intimately, the whispery magic-melody of his words playing havoc upon Rita's heart. And her soul. "On the coolest November night, made for you and your love. Whoever you decide that love might be, it's time to huddle together beneath a high vagrant moon made of crystal. It's time to share the music, this music. Eleven fifteen on a November night, and I trust you have discovered the one who exists in your world and no other. The one who fills your hours of darkness and turns it hotter. The one who turns to you with flaming eyes, to urge you to let the darkness surround you, let it fill you with passion, and let the passion touch you softly. With pleasure."

Damon spoke to her. His strong voice turned softly breathless. A new, unaccountable rawness lurked beneath and behind the silken strength of every syllable.

"Let yourself give in to longing," he urged as music swelled softly, faintly, in the dim and distant background, teasing in its own way with familiar strains the mind couldn't quite catch. Because of course the mind listened only to the *man*. Who spoke, surely, only to *her*.

A cry tore from Rita's throat as she did exactly what he commanded. Simply because he *did* command. Parched and aching, her cry seemed to carry a very, very great part of her faltering heart with it when she touched herself again. When she gave in to passion that awakened pleasure. When her fingers brushed flesh that had never been brushed in such a way before. With both hands, she touched. And immediately both hands grew frantic, each wanting to outdo the other. Each seeking to gain ultimate advantage over the other in its need to be the one, the first, to give the reward she sought. The relief that would burn so bright. So endlessly.

"Give in to your passion," Damon urged. And her hands got in the way of each other, stumbling infuriatingly against each other in their urgency. "Give in as the night grows hotter. Then hotter still. As it always grows. Hotter After Dark."

New quantities, obsessive quantities of silvered essence burst in her. Something sizzled, then burst deep inside. Something, that same something, made her quiver to her marrow and her quick. Unleashing

upon her more vibrant forms of need, more virulent ones that would not let her be. Not let her rest.

Damon *taunted* her. With his music, soft and soaring, as much as with the tones and tremors of his voice, he taunted her. Because he knew somehow, through some sort of second sight that frightened as much as it intrigued what she was doing to herself as she lay within the circle of his lingering voice. And why she was doing it.

Because he knows what I've only just started to suspect about Jeff? Because he knew she was increasingly sure she'd fooled herself and been her most gullible, her most pathetically vulnerable when it came to Jeff?

No.

That was unthinkable. That made no sense.

The only sense in the spinning, shaking, stuttering world lay in the way she stroked herself so endlessly. The only meaning lay in the sparking sear of her touch upon herself, touches she could no longer stop because they'd become intrinsic parts of herself. Touches that would go on and on, could do nothing *but* go on and on as they debilitated completely with the ferocity of their strength. Touches that in the end must and would cripple her for life with their non-stop insistence that there was nothing left of her life outside her own stinging urge to have more, and more, and infinitely more of exactly what she could not have. The touches of others. The touches no man, especially not Jeff, had ever been willing to give.

Rita groaned again. Softly, now.

Whether he knew it or not, whether he'd made up his mind to chide her for what he'd perceived as the foolishness of her infatuation with Jeff or whether it was simply coincidence and he wasn't even aware of the torment he inflicted, Damon *did* taunt her. In every way, the worst ways possible, he taunted her with every strain of the love song he played though it wasn't *her* song. Her special song.

The music soared sensually, soft around her.

Abandoning fingers, Rita took up with her thumbs instead. And they were better. So much more agile. So much stronger, and so much more versatile...better suited for the kind of driven plunging, tugging, pulling with which she tried to tear her own body to pieces.

Deep within, as unstoppable as the non-stop rhythm of the hands that tore at her and struggled with her, effervescence rose. Recklessly

spiraling, leading her steadily toward exactly the kind of passionate derangement Damon spoke of.

Something needed to give, and something did.

For a moment it was pressure only. For a moment it gathered, obliterating everything else, including the murmur of the radio that faded into a dimly distant dream...a buzz of nothing. Shadows ceased their endless swirling dances across the ceiling and began to gather, heavy and thick in every corner as Rita's eyes lost capacity to register. To recognize. Feeling fled all but the most central and vital part of her as her sight faded, her hearing faded, all of reality faded. And she hung suspended. Between here and there. Between pain that was the present moment and absolute, unconditional pleasure that must come in the next. Between a past that was already finished and a future she couldn't see because she could scarcely imagine it. A future that seemed to embody every possible kind of change as it beckoned, perceived but far from understood because of course perceptions could deceive. And the future lay far beyond the next corner. The next turning in the course of her life.

For a moment Rita lay breathless. Suspended as time slowed, trying to readjust itself and realign itself. Gasping, sweating, shaking, her body convoluting strangely, beyond distress, she lay for the most split of seconds only before her body arched. Up, back, straining to touch the ceiling and its sultry shadows. Straining to find something there as the world resumed its pace slowly at first, then faster and faster. Spinning again. Orbiting again.

Awareness returned. As did sensation, and a long-wavering cry dredged up from the deepest part of her soul. All of it returned upon a staggering rush of the tropic brilliance of heat-shot inner flesh that released what it had previously held jealously. Determinedly.

Rita's heart quavered. It stuttered, and maybe stopped altogether. For a telling moment or two.

On the surface, nothing had changed. Nothing about her and nothing around her had changed. But underneath, where it mattered, all of it, every bit and smidgen of it, had changed unquestionably.

Entirely.

Chapter Three

Wally took a moment, half a dozen very long and satisfying moments, to rest while the music entered its key phase. Its *hook* phase.

He'd outdone himself this time.

Tingles rushed up and down his spine, delighting him.

He'd accomplished so much in such a short time. Without having to rush things by getting too personal too soon. He actually had to work to control quivering titillations of excitement that tried to soar and swell before he was ready for soaring and swelling...before he conquered the latest bitch sufficiently to carry his conquest of her to the next, the desired level.

This was arousal. Exactly the way he liked it. Without need for unnecessary contact, personal contact. This was ultimate arousal, without the danger he'd be expected to make some kind of commitment. Without some bitch's emotion rearing its ugly head too early, getting in the way of all the boundless pleasure she would very soon beg to rain down upon him.

It was a damn good thing he'd taken a minute to lower and shut the blinds.

The studio boasted a wide window. A floor to ceiling window on the side of the building that faced the street. And the boss liked the blinds to stay open. The puny bastard all but demanded they stay open because he wanted anyone passing by to be able to get a really good look at the equipment that was pretty modern for a fairly small station in a medium sized market. And the on-the-air talent who manned the equipment.

It was like working in a fucking fishbowl. Especially after dark.

Wally hated it. He chafed at the stupidity of it. At the way he so often had to suffer needlessly when his balls filled and his fuck-stick

grew hard, because those fucking blinds were open at the precise time he needed to ease himself and render aid to himself immediately. Without delay.

Thank Saturn, Jupiter and Mars he'd picked tonight to go against the boss's mandates and close those fucking blinds at the start of his shift! It was like he'd known ahead of time that his fuck-stick was destined to be roused to an aching that turned it into a stabbed and dying son of a bitch.

And he'd been right.

His fuck-stick hurt like hell. It had from the instant he'd answered the phone and heard the bitch's...Rita's...voice.

He'd walked around for weeks and weeks thinking about her. Thinking about getting to her, getting *into* her. He'd walked around with a goddamned ramrod jammed into his jeans, and it had been...was...fucking *enormous*. It was a ramrod, stiff and unyielding, with the diameter of about a ten-gallon drum and all the pleasant personality of a thug-wielded lead pipe. All because the inconsequential, moronic bitch kept plodding on and on in her witless dedication to that poor bastard...what the hell was his name? Joe? Jeff? John? The one who obviously had better things to do with his time than waste it diddling her. Dipping into her, and failing to get anything of substance at all out of her.

He'd thought pretty much non-stop about the bitch, and that had saddled him with a nearly non-stop erection so intense he was barely able to sit these days without twitching. And he'd had e-fucking-nough of it.

For now, there was only one solution. Rising to pace back while the sappy music droned on and on with no end in sight, he took the ramrod out of his pants.

The November air in the studio was cool to the point of shivering coldness, thanks to the boss's cheapness in turning the thermostat down to the lowest minimum for human survival, then locking the mother-fucking thing up so it couldn't be changed even when survival showed all signs of ending. The November air was damned, downright frigid. And it didn't do one goddamned thing to cool the raging, raving thing that hung freed between Wally's thighs.

He had no idea how the hell the bitch had done it. How she'd gotten to him. Except that she'd made herself a challenge with her persistence. And there was nothing in the world Wally Fuck-Em-

Hard Allden liked better than breaking down a *challenge* and making mincemeat of it.

Back and forth, he walked. Reaching the end of the headphone cable and then turning around to go back, to the other end where he'd turn again. Back and forth and back and forth behind illegally closed blinds, exposed fuck-stick rearing obstinately between his hands. Exposed fuck-stick stabbing jubilantly at unresponsive air with every step and every movement. Back and forth and back and forth, fuck-stick between his hands and hands dedicating themselves entirely to massaging it.

The problem was, his touches only aggravated. Unlike other times, most times, his movements only agonized until he had to realize, couldn't help but realize that nothing in the world that he could do was going to cool the over-swollen thing down.

Only conquest was going to cool it now. The kind of complete conquest upon which he doted.

He'd had lots of bitches during his career. Plenty of bitches.

It came with the territory. With the job, and his singular ability to succeed at the job.

Bitches practically lay themselves down before him and spread their fucking legs for him as he walked down the street. Or they would have, had he had the misfortune to look the way he sounded. Had he had the misfortune to be as attractive on sight, and therefore utterly unable to creep up on them and take them by surprise, the way he liked to creep and take.

But when he did, every time he did, the bitches did indeed spread their legs for him. Right away. Sometimes before he had to tell them to do it. And the way they looked at him...up at him...with their doe eyes. With so much avarice in their eyes. Wanting the fuck-stick no matter how the rest of him looked. Because when he talked to them...when he murmured to them and stroked them, when he said his useless, pretty things directly into their ears so they thought it was only for them...

Grappling with himself, Wally tilted his head back on his shoulders and smiled at the sound-absorbing ceiling.

Bitches begged him to take them. Have them. And the fact that Rita hadn't...the fact that she'd gone on and on persisting in her ignorant, bull-headed determination to dedicate her putrid little love ballad to the same man over and over and *over* again...

That excited him. It incited him. More hopelessly than he'd been excited or incited before. Even the times...four of them...when he'd let his fuck-stick be excited and incited into marriage, for Christ's fucking sake.

But he'd learned.

Hardness in the fuck-stick, even iron-rod unyielding hardness like what afflicted him now, was no reason to lose his head. And arousal, no matter how hopelessly irreversible and difficult, was no reason to make an ass of himself.

He'd learned. And now he tightened his grip on the suffering monster he'd been holding and cradling like the thing it was. The most vital, most important part of his self and his life. He tightened both hands around it, seeking to squeeze the misery out of it.

Squeezing hurt. Like hell.

Parched, overstressed, overextended and stretched to such limits that tautness and tightness didn't even begin to describe the torment rioting inside it, his fuck-stick urged him to emit a scream. Of sheer, unendurable pleasure.

Of course he didn't utter it. He couldn't utter even the smallest semblance of it.

Making a narrow tunnel of his hands, joining his fingers tight and snug so that they would not be tempted to separate in the heat of a startled instant, Wally slipped his fuck-stick into it. He slipped it swiftly, surely, running his entire hardened and still hardening length along the entire distressingly ridged, delightfully arousing distance his hands allowed.

His fuck-stick leaped at the tightening of his touch. It leaped expectantly, eagerly, diabolically. And it wasn't enough. In this situation, not nearly enough.

He had to have Rita. Had to conquer her.

She probably looked like a warthog, or worse. He wouldn't expect anything else. The bitches pretty much all looked like warthogs when they got in heat and all sweaty with their need. When they got all ready to let him do what he wanted. And that was okay with him.

He could always close his eyes.

Warthog bitches like Rita he could handle. It was the pretty ones, the rare ones with something truly *hot* going for them in the looks department who were dangerous. They were the ones who could

make him forget himself and could rope him into all kinds of things he might not necessarily want to do.

But Rita...

Smiling at the ceiling as he paced and paced and paced, he decided he had to know her. He had to feel the slippery, shimmery, slickness of her succulent tunnel as he slipped his fuck-stick into it. As he pierced mercilessly with his fuck-stick ready to subjugate her and make her plead for the mercy that was his to give, and his alone.

He would refuse at first, of course. He would make her beg once he had his fuck-stick inside her. Once he had her speared on the point of it and helpless to do anything but squirm her fat warthog's body beneath him.

His smile faltered, then. It failed.

The song was ending. *And Christ, I don't have another one ready.* Didn't have a thing thought up to say, or the slightest idea how the fuck he was supposed to make his hands let go of himself long enough to rectify the situation. So he bumped the mic switch with his elbow. With his fuck-stick entrenched in the ridged enclosure he'd made for it, he leaned in close. So the uncommonly raspy heat he felt and heard in his own breathing would carry clearly, unmistakably, to his listeners.

"This is Damon on double L," he whispered, struggling not to shudder as he managed, finally, to tug a hand away from its preoccupation with his swollen, engorged erection. "Coming here tonight, into your life and your darkness, to ask the only question that pertains. The only question that has meaning. And that is..."

The slow drag of his remaining hand backward roused a fresh jerking, a freshly tortured leaping in his gut and in the badly swollen creature he still held and clutched.

The struggle to resist an overpowering desire to scream lent a new tone to his voice...an urgently throbbing one that matched perfectly in both speed and timbre the beat of his own excruciated fuck-stick in the circle of the one hand that still held it.

Somehow he managed to manhandle a CD from the rack above the console. It didn't matter which CD. Didn't matter which song. They were all the same. All putrid. And he was stroking harder now. He was encapsulating, tightening, tugging, torturing the length of flesh he'd never completely let go because he *couldn't* completely let go.

“Do you feel the intimate delight of flesh upon yours? Of flesh stroking flesh?” Without looking, he jammed the CD into the machine. The way he’d like to jam something else into Rita. Swift and hard. Swift and sure.

“Do you feel flesh touching your flesh as your mind meets with and connects with another? As your infinite mind, your sensual mind, reaches and touches, do you feel the heat that results? The heat of passion surrounding you with the heat of mystery, the heat of promise? The sizzling stimulation of punishment deserved and punishment inflicted?”

Christ, he was shaking all over. Not just in his voice. That shook plenty fucking much, but so did every other part of him. Including, especially, the lengthened and still lengthening part that would not allow any acts of tunneling and stroking to coax it away from its sweaty dream. Its one desire. Its unmet longing.

He was *going* to have Rita.

It was not a question of if. It was strictly a matter of when.

Soon.

Sweet Jesus.

A quick downward slide of an eye, all the slipping and sliding and grasping back-and-forth urging of his hands caressing his fuck-stick while he spewed his vaguely-couched filth to the bitch who listened to him from her place out there.

The five buttons on the phone remained dark. All five buttons.

What the hell?

Was he losing his touch the way he occasionally, very rarely, worried it might have to come to an end someday?

Shit.

Maybe he was.

The soft hum of silence, of dead air, hissed in his headphones.

“So now I want you to settle back,” he crooned as if the gap had been intentional, inserted for the undeniable heat the gap of a well-placed pause could generate. “I want you to settle in with your love.” Murmuring, he stroked his own kind of private delight harder into his own aroused *love*. “Settle in with your lover, whoever your lover might be. I want you to know for yourself the sweetness and softness of your lover. I want you to feel for yourself, as only you can, the silken fire that truly does burn Hotter...After...Dark.”

Unable to do more than two things at once, wondering how in the hell he was supposed to manage to do even those two when one was the thing that overrode everything else and almost completely excluded every other pursuit in life, Wally leaned forward. So far that the tip of his fuck-stick, softly silvering itself in its efforts to lubricate and prepare for what it wasn't yet destined to have, touched the edge of the narrow counter fronting the console. He leaned so far forward that he feared he'd lose his balance and treat every last, damned one of his listeners to the sound of himself crashing headlong to the floor.

And then he *would* scream. Then he would shriek unrestrainedly, working at himself. And all of it live. All of it on the air. All of it public.

Somehow he managed to slam his chin into the button and activate the CD. It hurt like hell, but he didn't let the pain slow him down.

He liked pain. Thrived on pain, especially where sex was concerned. And his hands had grown frantic. Their strumming-stroking-streaking futility was growing ever more frantic as his fuck-stick refused to respond in any way he wanted...refused to give way before his strumming and stroking and streaking caresses.

Shit.

His chin throbbed. But the music had started. His hand had returned to his fuck-stick after its momentary excursion away, and he was still on the air, the mic still live and waiting in case there was anything else he might care to add. Or share.

There wasn't.

So he leaned in again. In a slightly different direction. He put slightly different, entirely maddening new pressures on his trapped and supremely functioning fuck-stick when he went for the mic switch.

It was a toggle and a hell of a lot easier. It was nothing to catch it with the out-flung bend of an elbow over which he still maintained some marginal, manageable control. Almost nothing to flip it to the off position.

The instant the red on-air light went off, all the air escaped his lungs in a long and lasting, low yet shrill sigh of absolute agitation.

The music filling his ears, while the studio beyond remained quiet, the sound shimmering right into the center of his brain, was

puerile. It was overly-sweet with orchestral strains swelling and the low-pitched, alto sexiness of a female voice crooning out ages old clichés of passion couched in words with double meanings. And that was his stock in trade. Utterly lacking the fire and fury of the hard and disrespectful punk rock he preferred, that really turned him on, it was the kind of music the bitches liked. And that was enough...hot enough...to keep him at it.

His legs shook. Somehow he'd managed in the second or so since he'd turned off the mic to wander halfway across the studio that was almost claustrophobically small, yet seemed unforgivingly large when he realized he needed to sit and had nowhere to do it.

His legs turned to water, and he had no choice but to drop. Crash. Fall dead-weight to the floor between the console and the chair he'd shoved away at some point, into a far and unreachable corner.

The only thing that saved him from bone-crushing injury, the only thing that saved the tendons and ligaments of his knees from crippling tear and separation, was the cushioned pad installed there to silence the sound of feet approaching in the event some emergency dictated someone having to enter the studio while the mic was live.

The pad was thick enough, resilient enough, to cushion the blow. So he fell to the floor, and curled sideways. Into the nearest approximation of a fetal position a man with a fucking iron-lined ramrod jammed between his legs could hope to achieve.

"Christ in fucking heaven."

He was breathless. Completely. Able to do little more than wheeze out what sounded vaguely like syllables, but didn't at all resemble the things he wanted to say.

"What has the mindless little bitch done to me?" Or to be more specific, what the hell had she done to *Damon*?

Driven from lungs and throat and suddenly numb, barely responsive lips, the softness of a sob hovered in the air above and around him. A sudden thrust of pain, a merciless stabbing that did not let up at all once it started, burst inside his fuck-stick. His swollen, engorged balls. And every other ready-to-fuck-this-instant inch of goose-bumped flesh and tissue that underlay every inch of his overtaxed genitals.

Wally couldn't believe he actually sobbed, whether in delight or a new form of distress he'd never experienced before. But it was all he

could do. Almost more than he could do as he lay there on the studio floor, having to focus every bit of his concentration and energy on the tight-knit hands that dragged ever more furious futile paths along his surging, rock-hard and drag-resistant length.

His fuck-stick couldn't possibly harden more. But it did. It hardened beyond any point he thought he could endure.

He was losing consciousness.

The music droning softly in his head was soporific. Lulling. Dangerous.

Thank the fucking stars it had not come anywhere near its conclusion. Because the way his own erection was leading him on, the way it kept coaxing him deeper and teasing him with all the possibilities the bitch Rita represented to him and to it, it was going to be a while before he could physically pull himself together. Not to mention mentally, which wasn't likely to happen until...

His fuck-stick gave a mighty lurch. Wanting her more. Because it was God's own instrument of instinct and desire. Because it was a creature designed for, living for and looking forward to having its every desire met in full and satisfied to its limit.

For a second it seemed like his fuck-stick might be about to air-fuck itself and divest itself of everything it harbored inside. And that wouldn't do. Not at all. Not when...it was all Wally could do, but somehow he got things to solidify. Somehow he managed to deny his fuck-stick as he'd seldom if ever denied it before, all with the promise that when it got what it wanted, it was going to *get* what it wanted. And then some. And in the denying and promising, he only urged it on. To more hardening. New hardening that was going to persecute like hell in the short run so that it could pay off big-time in the long.

His fuck-stick thrust harder. At nothing except his hands. At the dissatisfaction of utter emptiness beyond the constricted tunnel of his hands.

His fuck-stick sought mightily for what it wasn't going to find.

"Mother-fucking Christ in heaven."

Weakness overcame him. Along with an engulfing tide of blackness. Tears scourged the sides of his face with delicious heat, and sobs tore at his insides. Sobs echoed and ricocheted, as hard as the unyielding hardness he held deliberately inside his fuck-stick. Sobs echoed and ricocheted from the deepest pit of his stomach to

his lungs and throat and all the bits and tatters of tissues associated with them.

Up, he dragged with increasingly unsteady hands. Always tightening them more. Up, he dragged to the extreme tip of himself. As far as he could drag, shuddering as the ridge of each finger bumped and rubbed against strained, overheated skin. Up, he dragged and then immediately stroked downward. Sweeping smoothly where he had bumped torturously the instant before.

Scorching and searing, a column rose up inside aggravated flesh. Calling on him to drag upward again. To cajole it to rise to the very last, the very slimmest edge where he would be able to hold it in check.

Downward, upward, downward, upward.

His strokes took on the quality of light...the speed of light. Or something quite near. Stroking, stroking, stroking while the music ran on toward its end, Wally groaned and cried overheated tears. Twitching, his aching legs splayed themselves as wide as the narrow confines of the studio would permit, and he stared straight up. Straight into the fluorescent fixture at the center of the ceiling.

Wally lay prone. Waiting for his fuck-stick to accept the hardness he would force it to endure. The hardness that would drive him insane soon, and mad with the fury of his need and his readiness to decimate. Cold-minded in his determination to have what he wanted, all he wanted, Wally lay prone as sweat beaded heavy on his forehead and soaked his hair. He lay motionless now, with even his hands no longer working. No longer touching.

He lay with his fuck-stick leaping and reaching, gyrating with its own red-hot force as it began to seek and demand.

He lay breathing. No more.

The internal column became a red-hot steel rod. The internal column seared itself shut. Satisfyingly shut.

It was going to hurt like hell when he got around to cooling that anguish. It was going to hurt like more than hell to relinquish his rigid control and allow the pent and possessed hardness to release.

The only sensation in the universe was the increasingly tremulous tear of his substance trying to escape its confining prison of hardened flesh. And the stuttering leaping of that prison, of course.

Rising, rising, the scorch of suffering broke higher and higher. Grew hotter and heavier, under ever greater pressure.

Wally sobbed aloud, and the sobbing allowed him to deepen the breaths he drew. Until they could sustain life. Until he could reason again. Think again. *Live* again.

Rita had made him cry, and he smiled at the sound-absorbing ceiling.

Rita had made him cry as none before had managed to make him cry. And he was ready. He was going to make her pay.

Chapter Four

Jerking violently when the moist profusion of sudden release spilled profusely across her fingers, Rita fought to stay on the bed.

Weakness had overcome her. Balance had been lost almost entirely. So it was difficult...nearly impossible.

Dimly, as if from a world entirely unconnected to the one in which she lay steaming, sweating in chill November night air, Damon's voice rose above fading-soft music on the radio.

"This is Damon," he whispered, the sound of his voice different yet again. Different enough to capture Rita's attention immediately, even through the haze and miasma of sensuous overload in which she'd immersed herself. "Damon on double L."

She couldn't say exactly how he sounded different. In what way. Just that he sounded like a man undergoing some kind of terrible distress. Some kind he'd never shown before. Not to her knowledge, anyway.

"I'm coming into your life tonight." A note of new disquiet, almost of exigency, came alive in every word. Throbbing with muted desperation, with something urgent yet unnamed, erratic yet unswerving. Something that beat with an audible pulse she swore she felt in every part of her body. As if he had invaded her. As if he had taken up a strong and irresistible vibration that left her wanting...insatiable.

"I'm coming into your life, into your darkness, to ask the only question that pertains. The only one that has meaning. And that is..."

Rita could scarcely hear.

An odd and strangely ominous humming filled her head. Seeming to grow louder at once. Seeming only to grow more insistent as his words continued to smoke from the radio.

Only a third of them registered clearly.

"Intimate," she heard. And "stroke." So she did. She stroked furiously, frantically. Intimately, at both the inner and outer layers of her wounded flesh. She stroked new fire into what had threatened moments before to expire in a haze of hellish, shrieking and screaming agony.

Or was he talking about having a stroke?

It could be.

Was he talking about dying? Instantly, on the spot? With a sheen of hidden blood obscuring her vision and darkness swallowing her whole, swallowing her alive?

Either seemed possible...either one seemed likely.

Lifting her head away from the bed and its rumpled sheets, its halfway discarded blanket moist with sweat and spotted with the flow of essence that would not in any way be stopped, Rita struggled to breathe. With each breath rasping harshly, quivering and shaking in the shadowed air.

"Flesh touching flesh," Damon murmured in his newly provocative voice. And she groaned. Aloud.

His words propelled her. Forward. They propelled her deeper. Propelled her to more, filling her mind with suggestion and command she could hardly resist...could not in any way resist. Imagination fired, her body already spiraling and glistening upon wave after wave after wave of night-lit shock that worked harder, with increasing fervor, to escape.

"Heat that results," he intoned, and she tried to imagine how he would look with those words burning upon his lips.

Much like Jeff, she decided as her hips rose from the bed, seeking to claim more of the fingers she did not deny. Seeking to find more of the satisfaction it became increasingly clear she could not provide.

Damon would be dark, like Jeff. Ruggedly attractive, and tall. With a smoky sensuality evident in every feature, every way of looking and every way of moving.

"Heat of passion." Damon's voice steamed, echoing exactly, perfectly, every thought that slipped and shimmered inside her mind. "Heat of promise." His voice quivered, then was followed by...nothing. Only the softest hiss of silence that went on and on, forever.

He would be earthily irresistible as Jeff was. Only better. He would be every bit as compelling and pleasurable to look at.

The thought surprised her. Startled her and shocked her. She tried to clamp down on it, but it would not be stopped. Nor would it be diverted in any way she knew how to stop or divert.

"Settle back," Damon instructed, and she imagined the strength in his jaw and the squareness of it. "Settle in with your love. Your lover."

Rita's body bucked beneath her next touch. With the kind of convulsive twitch usually associated with convulsion. Or electrocution. Arching and bowing, her body pulled itself tight enough to nearly shatter itself into small and irreconcilable pieces that would bear no resemblance to any whole it had ever been.

"Feel for yourself the silken fire."

God!

Of course Damon would be handsome.

Rita twisted atop the rumpled bed. Searching for a better angle. For deeper satisfaction and greater stimulation.

Damon had to be handsome, because Jeff...and wasn't it strange, how increasingly difficult it had become to remember what Jeff *looked* like? But Jeff *was* handsome. She thought she remembered Jeff was handsome. But Damon...

"Burn." He was hoarse now. *Damon* was hoarse. His voice grew breathy. Low. Barely registering, his voice seemed to become the most integral part of the hiss and faint murmur of the radio waves that carried it to her. Carried it through the little blue plastic radio and set the air to quavering between the radio and her ears.

Sweetness, softness. A silken dream.

He was part of some distant universe. Some delicious one. And he was carrying Rita there. He was offering her a chance to savor, *forcing* her with his every word to savor all the new universe offered. All that was...

Satisfying?

Hardly!

"Hotter..." The sound of the voice on the radio faded nearly into obscurity. The obscurity of her own tormented, troubled mind.

Hearing the echo of it, Rita cried out.

Her scream was weak, warbling, pathetic. Managing nonetheless to convey as no strong and more definitive sound ever could the depth of her despair. The heated longing of her existence.

Her scream was passionate. Impassioned. Laced with the ringing ache of life threatened.

“After...”

Damon’s voice was incredible. Breathless. And she shivered. Violently, a chill surrounding her and permeating her. Infusing her through and through with the fresh weight of...and it was a hot chill. Not a cold one. It was a burning chill. An explicitly undeniable one.

Rita’s hips lifted higher into the massaging futility of her hand. Her next cry, breaking from lips she barely felt, aching heavily inside her constricted and contracted throat, was barely a cry at all. Her next cry was merely a shiver of air escaping. Barely a memory of a shiver escaping.

“Dark.”

Suddenly she felt sure, eerily and unsteadily sure how Damon would look in that exact, precise instant.

He was using himself. In much the way she used herself, grappling and groping in distress so similar to hers that it might as well be part and parcel of hers. He was using himself as he spoke to her.

To *her*.

It was a weird sensation. A strange and peculiar, peculiarly exciting and enticing one.

Jeff had been hers in dreams, while Damon...

Now, somehow, Damon was remaking himself in her thoughts. Damon was no longer simply Damon. He had become someone else entirely. Had become inexplicably more than just someone. Now Damon seemed to be two people...two separate and entirely different men, neither of whom had much, if anything, to do with the other. Neither of whom had any connection with, any relation to, her. And yet...

Unsettled, locked into the infernal struggle from which she found no escape, the infernal struggle that only drove her deeper and deeper into a morass of sensuality aroused only to lie unsatisfied and desire awakened only to taunt, Rita had no idea how she sensed that Damon was two. One real man, and one she knew on the radio.

Heat locked her hands to her. Heat locked her touch inside herself. Deep inside where no touch had ever reached before. Where no sensation had permeated as completely.

Heat.

Intimacy.

Wanting and fever, need and desire.

It was more than unsettling.

It was all-encompassing. And oddly soothing somehow.

She wanted Jeff.

God, she wanted him so badly. Wanted the closeness of the man who had blurred in her imagination seconds before, the man she'd worried she couldn't remember in the minutes before. She wanted the strength of him and the instinctive intuition that in him, at last, she had found someone who would understand her. How she felt. How she dreamed.

It was scary to feel so intimately connected with someone who'd never actually acknowledged her...who'd never taken a moment to stare with real meaning into her eyes or to brush the smallest sinuousness of anything but the most impersonal touch against her. It was the scariest thing she had ever known, in every imaginable way to feel that she was about to surrender herself entirely, to someone who wasn't even...

Rita collapsed. Suddenly. Her body dropped from its high arching. Back to the bed that accepted her sudden motion with a loud protest and a creak of outraged springs.

She shook. With awakened fear. And sudden surgings of freshly pleased pain that ripped through thighs, hips, and the inner flesh her thighs and hips shielded.

Heat burst from her and within her. Searing every inner millimeter, it coursed downward and outward in its search for escape. Only to sear again, anew, her fingers when it flowed in a non-stop, liquid tide of release that was in no way a release at all. Only to sear repeatedly as it ebbed and surged, ebbed and leaped toward the outer air of the bedroom. And the air failed to so much as promise to cool. The air refused categorically to ease or relieve. The air only tried to swallow for its own ease and relief everything it should have been offering to her.

It was all she could do to whimper, her gaze fixed unwavering upon the blue plastic radio. All she could do to emit a thin and

mewling sound when the only response that came from the radio was the lonely tease of a saxophone, backed subtly by a shimmering of guitars and drums played so softly they might as well not be played at all.

No voice.

No lovely, indispensable words.

No...her cry was filled with heartache. All the same heartache that had long since infused the rest of her. Her whimpering only incited more surging and seething in the flesh she stroked so endlessly, dragging hooked fingers into and out from the center where her essence gathered and gathered and gathered, scorching harder. Singing deeper.

But there was no way out. There was no hope of relief. In any form.

She was going to die. All because she had allowed a man to fire her imagination to degrees it had never been fired before. She had allowed a man she barely knew, didn't at all know, to awaken as never before desires she'd previously only suspected. And allowed him to provoke her, with vaguely lovely ideas and beautiful enticements.

Tugging almost inhumanly at her flesh, whimpering again in her confusion and distraction, Rita stroked as deeply as it was possible to stroke. And as thoroughly. The long and groaning, moaning sound of her whimpers rippled and twisted in music-murmuring air, momentarily drowning out the sound of the music before it somehow, inevitably and miraculously found its perfect place among the undulating waves of hazy heat collected in clouded air just beneath the ceiling.

She was *going* to die.

Her body poured out all it had, all its vitality, from every pore and every cell. And even when everything was poured out, even when it had tried so valiantly to empty itself, her body continued to pour more. And then more. All in preparation for the end. *Her end.*

She was going to die. Longing and yearning. Unsatisfied. And recognizing the inevitability of it, Rita accepted it.

If that was the way it had to be...

Then a sudden, different bursting caught her by surprise. Stilling hands that did not want to be stilled, momentarily granting a measure of ease to flesh she had long since decided would never be eased

again, the new bursting caused her mind to begin to collapse as her body already had. And her soul as well.

Rita began to cancel herself out. She began through her own efforts to cancel herself from existence on a purely cellular level. A purely *molecular* one.

Shuddering, she fought. Strained. Struggled beneath searing explosion after searing explosion as the gathering mounted immeasurably high for the briefest of moments, and then finally, improbably, escaped. With killing force, heat burst from her. Heat burst across twisted hands and eagerly waiting flesh. Heat burst with staggering force, releasing itself and turning itself back upon her so that it inundated her. Reduced her to a prone and writhing column of heat and light.

Strength streamed from her.

A wild shriek filled the regions above her bed and layer upon layer of it ricocheted madly. Echoing sound creating endless, echoing shock waves.

Blind-eyed, mindless with the mixed joy and vexation of being unable to release enough, fast enough, Rita focused upon her hands. Upon the flesh they tugged and tortured. Pulling at herself, pushing at herself, she ached within. Growing ever more desperate in her escalating attempts to put an end to her suffering.

“P...pl...*please!*” She had no idea what she wanted. Only that she did want. And need. To make the situation tolerable.

Managing to shake her head somehow, she stared at the radio.

No voice.

No man.

Only a nonstop stream of softly inflammatory murmurs and whispers of music.

The radio had nothing to do with her. Nothing to do with anything she needed or wanted. Nothing at all to do with the sound that slipped and shimmered without letup from her partially opened, parched lips. And yet...

“Please?”

No one would hear.

She barely heard.

Hot liquor flowed beneath and into hands that rocked so violently they barely remained under control. Hot, vital, steaming, the tumultuous stuff of herself streamed in massive quantities,

unimaginable quantities, across twisted knuckles and grasping fingers. Scaring her with their fury, leaving dark-shaded tracks across her most private, most secret and sacred regions.

Tears scalded hot-red tracks across her cheeks and temples as she began to lose definition. As she realized she would not be able to continue for much longer.

Shivering, she prayed.

Please. Just that one word. Only that one word.

Please, please, please, please, please!

God, she was scared.

Somehow, everything she had thought she knew and understood, everything she believed, had changed. Somehow, all of it had turned around completely, and now seemed about to become something else.

Somehow, she had lost track of where she stood. And that was the scariest thing of all.

"This is for *you*," Damon whisper-rasped on the radio. "You know who you are."

God.

He was smoked velvet. He was the lilt of violin and oboe and electric guitar that surged gently to life behind the sinuous razor stroke of his voice finding the ravaged remnants of her soul.

Rita *wanted*.

Crying openly, her hands more engaged than ever upon wreaking their own peculiarly deadly lightning against flesh that would not stop its unnerving release now that it had started, she wanted inside. Viscerally.

"Cool breeze sweeps across the moon," Damon murmured, his voice reaching out to touch her and entrance her. "Cool breeze makes the light shine there, just as it shines in the city tonight. In all cities tonight. And that breeze is you. That moon is you. The waters that dance and swirl and foam in three lovely rivers drifting beneath the moon is you. Shimmering from within, all of the water is you. But you know that, don't you? You linger in your sweet-cold darkness, hungering upon every word. Knowing in the depth of your heart that you are the darkness of the night and the glory of the dawn." Damon's voice dropped as he spoke. It rasped to a lower register. A softer one. Shot with whispered silk.

His words blended, sibilant, one into the other into the other. His entire speech became one long and distant blur on a horizon Rita could no longer see. Nor even discern as a part of her dream.

Damon's voice dropped and the opening strains of the song, *her* song, the one she always wanted, swept the dim-dark room with the force of thunder-shot lightning.

Rita shuddered. All the way to her core. Her flesh gave up the last of its hoarded essence. Her body drained itself of every vestige of life-giving nature. Every liquid, molten drop. Pouring it out in stunning effusion across fingers so weak and formless they could no longer manipulate exhausted flesh that had no more response, no further sensation, to offer.

Worn out, Rita rolled to her side and curled into a fetal position.

She *needed*.

She just didn't know *who*. *What*. Or *why*.

Chapter Five

*A^{ba}.
Right on cue.*

Wally wasn't sure how he spotted the blinking phone line.

He was still on the floor. Still incapacitated... sprawled flat with his legs spread as wide as he'd ever spread them and the tip of his fuck-stick still pointing straight up, resolutely. Still rock-hard erect and more determined than he'd ever known it to climb all the way to and then through the sound-muting ceiling tiles. He lay stroking. Sweating. Smiling, his mission...his *first* mission...to deny it exactly what it wanted the most. A good, hard manhandling that would have it squirting in no time. Like there was no tomorrow. He'd made it his mission above any and all others to tantalize it and drive it half-mad with no intention of granting any kind of relief. Not yet, anyway.

Relief could wait for later. Once he primed the fucking thing to its limit and brought it to the point where it was ready to explode at the drop of a hat.

He'd been counting on Rita.

Planning on her.

And now there she was.

One line on the phone blinked and blinked, happily and patiently blinked.

It had to be her.

Who else would it be but her?

He wouldn't accept it being anyone *but* her.

Teasing his fuck-stick, he opened his hand so that on the next upward stroke only the smallest tips of his fingers touched its quiver-prone flesh and sent trails of fresh and more furious anguish down into the base of its awakened length.

Let her wait.

He smiled.

Let her suffer.

It was her place to suffer at least as much as he was suffering. Just for making him suffer at all, it was her place to suffer *more*. If he had the first mother-fucking thing to say about it.

He could just see the phone from where he lay. He could just keep an eye on the blinking light, and saw without difficulty when it stopped its blinking. When she gave up. Hung up.

Or maybe...

Visions of his boss drifted through Wally's mind. Very briefly drifted.

The program director was an obnoxious jerk. A mindless, witless, kowtowing mother-fucker with undue concern about the station's owners, and no experience at all. With no goddamned knowledge of the first thing about the job he was supposed to be supervising.

He was...what? Five years out of college? Six? With no more than a minute's on-air experience and no opinions that mattered worth a fuck in any case.

The little prick thought he knew more than Wally. More than Damon, who was a veteran of the airwaves in a dozen cities...a proven success in all of them. But that didn't mean there was no cause for worry.

Wally had been lying on the floor of the studio for a while now. Diddling himself happily and playing all kinds of thrilling games with himself. He didn't know how long. The CD in the machine had two dozen songs, maybe more. Wally had burned the CD himself, in the production studio at another of his past jobs. He'd put together one God-awful collection of the sappy love songs his listeners mindlessly adored, for just this purpose. He'd put it together so that one song faded seamlessly into the next, and the whole mess would play endlessly, effortlessly, for the better part of an hour. Without a goddamned soul noticing he'd made himself absent. So he could play with his fuck-stick any time a half-promising bitch called to present herself. Any time an even halfway promising bitch got him to stand up and take notice, all hardened and enthusiastic just at the sound of her voice. Or maybe the content of what she said.

He'd used the CD, and several others like it, often. He had, in fact, gotten himself ensnared with at least two of his wives by playing

it and using it and letting his fuck-stick get way too involved in its dance to it.

No one would notice. No one *normal*.

But the officious little goddamned prick who was his boss would. The officious little goddamned prick lived on such details, and he would jump on it faster than Wally could jump on a whore.

And that was pretty fucking fast.

Overhead, just within view, the phone line began to blink again.

The officious little prick.

There was nothing to do but give up his pleasure. Nothing to do but sit up. Push himself upright and climb into the chair, his fuck-stick still out and still throbbing at its extensive, full length. All of that in the time it took the phone line to blink three, four, five times.

"WLLW 93.5," he said into the receiver. Crisply. Minding his Ps and Qs and doing things the way the fucking prick would have him do them. Not the way he *or* Damon preferred to do them. Which was by breathing "Hotter After Dark" into the mouthpiece in a way only he could. A way guaranteed to melt the fucking thing, and in the process set the person on the other end to creaming himself or herself instantly and helplessly. No matter *who* was on the other end. No matter what their sex, their age, or what the hell they thought they wanted from him.

Just in case it *was* the prick, he did it the approved way. Because he had no intention of giving the prick the pleasure of creaming himself. Not now, not ever.

There were some things even Damon wouldn't consider.

At the other end of the line, he heard a pause. A soft hiss of nothing at all coming through, though the line was open and live. Though unquestionably someone was there.

"Hello?" Automatically, Wally raised his voice a little. Prick or no, whoever it was on the other end of the line was taking up his time. His valuable time, that he meant to use for better pursuits...for long overdue gratification. And he meant to let them know it.

"T..."

Christ! His fuck-stick jumped. Damned near to the ceiling. And it damned near carried him right up there along with it.

"Rita." He was good enough that she never needed to know what he'd been thinking. Or that the sound of her voice breathing out that one little sound had been enough to damn near make *him* cream

himself. He was so good and so quick that she never even had reason to suspect.

"I don't know why I'm calling you again." She sounded confused. Shaken.

I'll just bet the fuck she is!

Shaken was exactly what he'd meant for her to be after that last little speech of his. The one that had veered way closer to anything he'd tried over open airwaves before. The one that had gotten so close to absolutely specific that it would have been only the smallest of steps for him to just go ahead and announce to the world that he was talking to lovely Rita and had made it his plan to fuck her any day now.

"Don't you?"

Good again.

Wally congratulated himself. *Good, good, good.*

He'd asked it with just the right touch, just the right amount of soft-voiced suggestion, so that the bitch sounded like she was creaming herself already. Like she had been for quite a while now.

His plan was proceeding right on schedule.

"I..."

Wally smiled at the phone.

Let the goddamned CD run. Let anybody try to complain.

He'd talked his way out of similar situations before. Often before. He had no doubt he could do it again.

"We didn't exactly end that last call on a good note," he replied, letting the sound of a smile creep into his voice. Just the way they'd trained him to do in college. As if every one of them was hotter than hell in the balls to sound like a mother-fucking Top Forty dweeb. But the effect was good.

The effect was that the bitch warmed audibly to the conversation.

"As I recall, you accused me of not knowing what I wanted." Her words were harsh and unfriendly, an accusation in themselves. But the sound of then was something else again. The sound of them was so breathy and so unsteady that he almost pictured her. Almost...

You're lying there with your little wart hog's face all scrunched up into what you think is an expression of passion, aren't you? Lying with your hot-wet cunt pointed straight up at the ceiling and your hands trying to do for yourself what you don't know how to do for yourself. Aren't you?

His fuck-stick danced.

You're lying there with your cunt dripping wet.

The old fuck-stick leaped visibly. Strutting and straining, preening itself.

He wrapped a hand around it. In order to calm it and quiet it. But the little mother-fucker leaped anyway. In spite of his touch. And that made Wally frown.

That wasn't good. It wasn't what he wanted at all.

"Damon?"

"So, *have* you decided what you want, Rita?"

Bitch?

"I don't. I mean..."

Shit, why didn't she just say it? He was getting damned sick of her coy hemming and hawing. Wart hog or not, it made her sound like some kind of witless bimbo. Not that there wasn't a place, a very, very good one, in this world for witless bimbos who were just another pair of legs and another mindless cunt asking to be laid, and quick. It was just that he'd thought maybe this time he'd find himself dealing with some kind of wits. He'd been getting pretty damned tired of the witless bimbos, and had been looking forward to finding himself fucking somebody with the intelligence to know what he was doing to her. And the wits to enjoy the experience because she knew she'd asked for it.

"It's time for you to decide what you want, little Rita." Again, he put just the right spin on it. He used just the right touch, the right tone, in murmuring into her listening ear.

"I know." She sounded unsteady, breathy-foamy, and completely off her mark.

She sounded *hot*.

His fuck-stick danced again, pulsing inside the circle he'd made of his fingers, and making pretty damned good use of it. Letting him know he'd primed it, and now he'd better follow through. Better...

"Rita. Listen. I think we should..."

"I think I have to see you." She blurted it out in that same hot voice. Quickly, as if she'd never meant to blurt anything and it just slipped out on her.

So, there was the weakness. Her weakness. The thing he would use to control her. The thing he would build on until it was time to start fucking her and using her.

Rita was desperate for attention. As desperate as any bitch he'd known...as desperate as he'd believed from the start. And that was...

"Oh, Christ."

"Damon? Did you..."

Damn it. Damn her.

With no warning whatsoever, Wally's fuck-stick stiffened to an extent never known before. Standing up ramrod straight, at full attention, it quivered and shook mightily. With no warning whatsoever the column he'd hoarded and subdued so jealously broke free.

Damn her with her provocative tones and her suggestive murmurs. Her 'I have to see you' and her barely-concealed arousal.

Damn her to all eternity.

She had no right. Not until I was ready!

But he couldn't help himself.

The column he'd held so deeply buried inside himself soared upward. The one he'd meant to keep there until the time was right and she was right. Until he had her exactly where he wanted her.

Helpless to resist, the column soared and soared, upward. To his constricted tip. Clotted, hard, the column ripped at his tip and tore into it with a clamor he swore he actually *heard* above the dying strains of whatever the fuck song was currently running out.

Then the column turned liquid. Also without warning. It turned into a liquid that burned white-hot as it shot out into air that instantly steamed around it and took on the feel and the smell of it. Liquid and light, airy and yet gritty as nubby molten silk, Wally's effluvia covered his hands. Thick, silken, it coated his fingers long before he was ready. And the flesh between his fingers too. It eased his way and the pressure he exerted. Made his drags and hesitations and strokes take on a startling new ease. A never before known rapidity.

"What about dinner?"

"Wh...aye..."

That got to her.

He'd meant it to.

Smiling, Wally relaxed as he finished with himself and looked around for something other than his shirttail to wipe the evidence of his finishing off his hands.

That one small question had put him right the fuck back where he wanted to be and was supposed to be. In control. Of everything.

* * * *

Rita frowned. Regarding the blue radio with troubled eyes.

Damon acted like he thought he'd gotten the upper hand. And maybe he had.

Nothing was very clear any more.

It seemed the entire world had paused along with fingers she'd stilled within herself without removing them. Caught as unaware and off guard in mid-orbit as she'd been caught in mid-plunge. Mid-stroke.

Damon sounded...

She couldn't decide how he sounded. Just that he didn't sound shy.

She doubted he was the kind of man who would be likely to sound shy in any case. After all, wasn't it his business, his daily life's blood and method of operation to sound at all times like he knew exactly what was going on? And what he was going to do about what was going on?

He sounded more shaken than anything else. And that made her breath catch in her throat. It made her mind whirl even more madly, disintegrating into a crazed spiral from which it was never going to recover.

She shook her head.

Why on earth should a man like *Damon* be shaken by the likes of her?

It made absolutely no sense.

"Dinner?" She sounded pretty shaken herself. "What...I mean..."

"Will you have dinner with me?" Rita couldn't tell how he sounded then. Like he wanted to laugh. Or maybe like he was already laughing, and had no more need to try to conceal or contain it.

She scowled at the phone. Gave it her blackest look.

"Rita?"

She could hear him breathing. Waiting for her response.

But she had frozen in place. She lay paralyzed, unable to make the simplest or the most thoughtless decision without strain.

Her body continued to simmer. Her earlier desire for some nameless person or thing that would magically and wonderfully

release her from her state of self-induced suffering had only thickened. Bringing her perilously near the point where all her emotions, all her passions, would have to boil over or kill her. All of her desires had combined to leave her terribly vulnerable as she approached that point...that edge, where she would drop helplessly over into the crater of a veritable volcano of sensation and reflex from which she would never emerge unscathed.

That instant, with Damon waiting and her hesitating, stretched on. And on and on and on.

The last thing he'd said, her name, hung inquisitively, trapped in the phone line. The echo of it murmured and shifted, more beautiful than it had ever been because *he'd* uttered it. In his incomparably beautiful, incredibly fluid and gleaming voice.

"You don't *really* want to have dinner with me?"

"I asked." His voice turned unreadable. Devoid of anything she might even hope to read. "Didn't I?"

Name of God, he had.

Rita couldn't help but feel flattered. Although that did nothing to erase her confusion, or lay rest to it.

Quiet fell on the phone line. Again. Softly thrumming and intoxicating, expectant silence.

This was leading toward...

Shaken, shaking, she didn't have a clue.

Out of respect for Jeff, for everything she still wanted to believe she felt for Jeff, everything she wanted always to feel, she knew she should refuse. She hesitated, all too aware that she should already have refused without so much as an instant's hesitation.

But she hadn't refused.

She wasn't going to.

"Rita?"

"I'm..."

Flattered.

She couldn't say that. It sounded stupid. Any woman in the city would be flattered. Every one of them desired this man with the heart-thrilling voice and lovely personality. Every one of them desired his company, and he'd probably heard that same old line time after time after time. To the point of crippling nausea.

She wished she could think of something witty and clever to say.

She wished she had the experience, or at least the quickness of wit, to think of something.

"Listen," she said instead, upon the deepest breath she could manage. The deepest breath that failed entirely to steady or prepare her for the things...she had no idea what things...she might be about to say next. "Damon. I don't even know you. And you..."

"It surely would help me to know your last name."

"Wh...what?"

The strangest buzzing filled her ears. The most peculiar...

"Your last name. Why don't you tell me your last name, for starters?"

"Shriver." She mumbled it automatically. Never meaning to mumble anything at all. "Rita Shriver."

Maybe her odd tone, her strangely subdued and strangled one, would make it impossible for him to make it out.

A girl could hope.

"Nice," he responded. "Shriver."

Excitement soared hot and sweet inside her heart.

What the devil was she doing?

This man is going to reject me. The way men, any men of real substance, anyway, almost always rejected her once they got a look at her and realized how shy she became when they *did* look at her...how uncertain, even though she knew she wasn't all that unattractive or all that plain-Jane unappealing.

"It's got a nice ring to it."

She laughed. Almost maniacally, nearly hysterically. "I'm no kin to anybody named Kennedy, or anything, if that's what you're hoping for. It's just a name that came from...well, I don't know where it came from."

God. She was babbling.

She wished she could kick herself. To stop herself.

She wished she could let go of herself and get to her feet so she could kick herself.

"So, about dinner..."

"Okay."

At the other end of the phone line, Damon chuckled. The way he sometimes did on the air. The way that sent her blood pressure skyrocketing, and her body temperature, too.

That couldn't be good.

She had no idea what she was getting herself into.

She was behaving like a fool. A fool, fool, *fool*, who deserved whatever she'd just set herself up for.

But the word was out, and she couldn't take it back. The word still shivered across the room, the night, the world. And the world shivered too, as hard as she did, trembling on remarkably motionless air like an earthquake barely getting started.

"Tomorrow?"

Silence.

She couldn't speak.

"I'm off tomorrow," he coaxed quietly. Smoothly. "And I didn't want to wait another week. I'm really anxious to..."

The rest of his words, all his unsaid words about why he was anxious and what it meant that he was anxious hung there. *Heavily*. Glistering and promising. Very possibly threatening.

"Tomorrow," she murmured with no clue what she meant by the murmur.

"So it's a date, then?"

Dear God.

Is it?

She'd lost her head.

"How about if I pick you up at about..."

"No!" she almost screamed. The last thing she needed was for him to know where she lived. Where he could find her if for some reason, any reason...

Damon showed the good sense to not persist. Or insist.

"I...I'd just much rather meet you. You know. There. Wherever..."

"Seven o'clock tomorrow?" Once again his tone turned unreadable. "At The Edge?"

"Oh, God." Rita cringed inside.

It wasn't the most exclusive restaurant in the city. Or even the most elegant. But it came close, darned close, with its stellar reputation and its even more stellar location, hanging precipitously over the edge of Mount Washington with its face turned toward downtown and its glittering array of blue-white, golden lights.

"Or someplace else, if that's not..."

"I've just. You know. Never been there."

"Well then, that's all the more reason." Damon sounded pleased with himself. Very, very pleased. "I'll make the reservation for seven. And how will I know you? In case you get there first?"

"Blue." Her voice came out all weak and unsteady. As if the tremors she felt inside heralded another big, another enormous quaking of the desire she'd barely put behind her.

She was moistening again, between her legs.

She thought she was moistening. Madly, impetuously, insanely moistening.

"Blue what?" he laughed. "Blue eyes, or..."

"Yes. Blue eyes. Blue dress. Just look for the most unremarkable woman sitting alone in the place. That'll be me."

His laughter was easy. Charming. Devastating.

The moistening and readying between her legs came harder in response to it. Came without regard to, without concern for, anything that might seem right or proper in the world. Without regard to any feelings she had in any other direction, as if Damon was the one...

Dear God.

She shouldn't be doing this!

"A blue dress," he repeated. "And an absolutely remarkable woman."

Rita didn't have anything to say to that.

She didn't *try* to say anything. She just shivered.

"What about you?" she asked directly. A little brashly.

"What about me?"

"H...how..." *God, the beat!*

Was she going to have to do it all over again? Was she going to have to take up all the gropings and strainings, all the futile grapplings necessary to achieve even a little bit of release that wasn't in any sense of the word any kind of release at all?

She almost groaned aloud. Barely managed to stop herself before she did groan aloud. "How am I going to know you?"

"It doesn't matter."

When he laughed again, she felt ready to scream.

"It d...doesn't?"

"No. It doesn't. Because I'll be looking for you. I'll know you the instant I see you."

Chapter Six

This *was* a mistake.

That had been Wally's reaction the night before. His instantaneous, just about overwhelming reaction the second he'd hung up the phone. And afterward, too, while he'd sat alone in the studio as usual, staring at the ceiling as if he thought he could read the meaning and purpose to every part of the universe in its random pattern of sound absorbing pockets and ridges.

This was stupid, foolish, *insane*.

He'd had an ungodly strong reaction to Rita. The kind of reaction that had gotten him in so much trouble in the past. He'd known his reaction was too strong, known it was going to prove to be a mistake even while he'd been making it...*before* he'd made it. He'd known it was the dumbest, most ill-advised idea of a life in which dumb and ill-advised ideas tended to be highly featured attractions.

He should have kept his big mouth shut.

He should have learned by now.

Bitches were good to play with. When he knew who they were and *what* they were. When he'd had enough time to consider, and to know enough about them to be sure he could control them. Exactly *how* he could control them. Bitches were good, best, when they were hookers. They were safest when he paid them to do what he specifically said he wanted, the way he wanted it. When he could be certain the evening's paycheck was all they were after, all they expected, and there would be no unfortunate strings attached later.

But this bitch...this Rita...

He hesitated before stepping off the curb and onto the street.

There was no way he could see into the restaurant from there. From where he stood, just across the sharp bend at the very end of Mount Washington, The Edge presented only a blank gray wall. The

blankest of blank walls, with only a pair of glass doors turned away, at an angle, hiding everything on the inside. He'd have to walk right up to those doors and practically press his face against them to see anything. And even then...

November wind, the coldest and most forbidding wind of the season so far, hammered at his back. Dead-dry leaves skittered across the pavement ahead of it, skirling and swirling around his feet with a nervous little rattle that expressed almost exactly the way he felt in that moment. A rattle that sounded for all the goddamned world like the tumble and fall of bleached bones scattered by the onset of hell's pure-white fury.

There's still time. He could still leave. Still go to the hookers for his relief, if he had any goddamned sense at all.

This Rita bitch was almost certainly another fortune hunter, another gold-digging slut worse than the worst piece of gutter baggage selling herself on the street. At least the gutter baggage on the street was honest about what they were doing. While the women who allured with soft voices and shy mannerisms, with deceptive promises and professed *ideals*...

This Rita was undoubtedly after him because he was Damon. Because she thought, the way they all seemed to think, he had all kinds of money. That he would lavish it all over her if he did, the instant she fluttered her baby-blues at him and tried to hypnotize him with a quick and entirely misleading glimpse of her fucking milky-white breasts.

He should run like the hounds of hell were hot on his tail.

So why the fuck was he crossing the street?

Why the fuck did his feet seem to have grown minds of their own, and why were they plunging ahead without listening to a single goddamned word his better judgment had to say?

Already he was on the little concrete bridge that crossed the ravine to the door. Already he was reaching for the handle, drawn by enticing and irresistible electricity that made him pull on that handle and step through. Into a warmly muted blaze of candlelit color that was worse, infinitely worse than the street outside.

"Good evening, Sir." A young woman approached him, and he gave her the quick once-over. Always looking forward, always planning for future times.

She wasn't worth his time.

She was a cheap little twit. A blowsy bleached-blond bitch in a black skirt she wore too short and too tight to suit her unappetizingly stringy, lumpy figure. She was at least ten cuts below the hookers on the streets who walked around with their cunts barely covered.

At least the hookers and their cunts made some kind of attempt to look remotely appealing.

If Rita had the decency to look like this revolting excuse for a woman, he'd be in the clear. He'd be able to charm her, seduce her, and leave her without so much as a backward look. Be able to get on to the real fun of the evening before the evening was out, with one of the bare-cunt hookers he should have taken advantage of in the first place.

The lumpy bodied hostess' smile notched up, the way she was paid to notch it up for anybody who had the fucking presence of mind to step through the goddamned door. "Do you have a reservation for this evening?"

Shit. He hated her. Hated her kind.

"I do," he said, and instantly Lumpy Bitch's look changed.

Recognition dawned in her little pig's eyes, and her smile did its ridiculous notching-up thing again.

"The name is Damon," he said. "And I'm supposed to..."

For a second and a half, maybe two seconds, they made eye contact. Then automatically, seeing as how the blonde *was* remotely female, his smile did *its* thing. It beamed itself directly into Pig-eyed Lumpy's face, a shaft of divinely inspired brilliance even *she* couldn't manage to misinterpret.

"The young lady is already here. If you'd like to follow me..." The bitch turned away, and Wally looked down.

Follow?

Fuck, no!

He'd rather puke his fucking guts out than have anything to do with that lumpy hunk of cellulite that passed for a swaying ass.

But she wasn't waiting for him. Already she was moving toward the assigned table, jiggling her way down the first flight of steps that led to the restaurant's lower terraces, arranged in a downward sweep to afford the best possible view to every table in the place. And even if he wasn't yet willing to contemplate the indignity of having to trail along after that unattractive ass, the place itself was beckoning him.

Enticing him with the magnetic pull of candlelight, and the woman he spotted at once.

Rita.

He had no idea how he knew her. Instinct, maybe. But for damned, fucking sure she looked nothing at all like his imagination...his hopes of getting in and out without risk of entanglement and the usual black-hearted bitch's efforts at entrapment...had painted her.

She sat alone. That was the first clue. She was the only bitch in the mother-fucking place who sat alone. She sat at the table he'd requested with his irresistible Damon-voice. The best one in the house, on the lowest terrace, right next to the window. And she *sparkled*. That was the only word for it. She sparkled diabolically, just like the beautiful restaurant that surrounded her. She sparkled deliberately, a man-eating, soul-sucking trap of a bitch if he'd ever seen one.

He could still turn. Still run.

The bitch sat with her face turned away. She sat with alabaster-white elbows propped atop the linen draped table. Sat with a long stemmed wine glass cradled lovingly between long fingered and rosy tipped, perfect hands the same pale, creamy shade of white, taking in the dreamscape below with a contemplative look on her heart shaped face.

She was an eyeful. A better eyeful, even, than his third wife, Jo. And Jo had been a model. A top one, in her day. Before she'd caught him hook, line and sinker. Or so she'd thought. Before she'd decided she was safe enough to stop trying, and started to turn as dumpy-lumpy as the hostess bitch, who'd finally reached the table where Rita sat.

Rita turned.

Slowly, and no doubt deliberately, knowing the effect she would have on any man with red blood flowing in his veins and even a minimal amount of testosterone filling his balls. Slowly, her cap of smooth platinum hair swept provocatively across the shoulder of her sapphire dress.

The bitch was gorgeous. And she knew it...gorgeous in a classy-sparkling way she'd no doubt worked years to perfect, just for times like this and suckers like him. A way that diminished completely the

spectacular spread of the night-lit Point and Golden Triangle that struggled to measure up beyond the windows at her back.

Wally's fuck-stick stood straight up. Twice as hard as it had ever been, the goddamned thing stood up so instantly and so virulently it was a wonder it didn't catapult him backward head over heels all the way across the restaurant. Announcing as if with a blare of raucous punk music that something had happened, and exactly *what* had happened.

Unremarkable.

That was how she'd described herself. The bitch.

Wally almost snorted. The bulging discomfort at the front of his pants almost snorted.

She looked up at him with blue eyes that twinkled with reflected candlelight, eyes the same sapphire as her dress. Moist and molten, superheated sapphire eyes with just the faintest touch of glittery-gold topaz lurking in their depths.

Her mouth moved.

Damon, he thought she said. Though he couldn't be sure.

He was too busy battling the rearing chaos inside his pants. Too busy trying to breathe in a hot-hot fog that rose inside the room and very nearly obliterated it with a sudden steam that closed deadly, fatal fingers around his fuck-stick.

Like all the rest of her, her voice was a shimmering murmur. A rising and falling suggestion he knew very well from her phone calls, yet realized he knew not at all. A provocative suggestion when combined with the unexpected gorgeousness of her appearance, that somehow encompassed half a dozen scalloping, sibilant musical notes in the space of just those two impossibly short syllables.

The bitch.

He hated her. Just like he'd hated Wife Number Three. Hated her for thinking she was going to entice him with a beautiful face. Hated her for being more beautiful than a bitch had a right to be. Hated her for *being*.

"Let me guess," he murmured with his most urbane smile and a provocative lilt to his Damon-voice. "You're disappointed."

A frown creased her face. Making her look more impossibly, more hatefully, gorgeous than before. "Why would I be disappointed?"

The skin revealed by the one bared shoulder of her dress gleamed the color of peaches. The exact, faintly rosy shade of peaches smothered in heaviest cream. And on the other, what he hadn't noticed before, in his initial preoccupation with the perfection of her face, a small dragonfly glittered. Made of green and gold stones, it drew him on. Drew him inexorably, irresistibly.

Quickly, he sat. As smoothly as he could, to hide the growing, hardening ridge of desperate, demanding *need* inside his pants.

She was going to pay for this. The bitch was going to pay big time for what she was trying to do to him. What she had already done to him.

"I know I'm not what people expect," he continued in his easiest, breeziest voice. "I know I'm not six foot three and built like Mr. America. And the glasses..." Smiling again, the deliberately most self-effacing smile he could manage, he used an index finger to shove those glasses back up onto his nose.

"I try never to have preconceptions," she said, ducking her head a little as if she thought he wouldn't read the lie too clearly in her gaze. As if she thought he wouldn't read the lie at all. And she blushed. Charming, disarming, Beautiful.

He hated her for that, too.

Thinking she could lie to him and he would believe her. Thinking he was that stupid.

He knew exactly what bitches thought when they got their first look at him. He knew exactly how embarrassed they were to be seen in the company of a stoopy little nothing nerd like him. And he loved it. Loved to play it up, loved to wear things like the slightly baggy khakis and nothing-colored not white and not yellow shirt he wore tonight. Loved to make sure his tie was messily tied and his hair not quite combed, his brown loafers scuffed, and a button hanging loose on his no-count gray jacket.

He loved to watch them squirm. Trying to figure out how they were going to get out of this and get away from him before somebody they knew saw what they'd gotten themselves entangled with.

Rita did none of those things. She just took the hand he'd offered without really meaning to, and now she held it in a pseudo-shy way that, even if he knew it was fake and sickeningly coy in the way

bitches were these days, caused the hell about to boil over between his legs to seethe and scorch a little hotter.

She was good.

Damned good.

Devilishly good.

The old fuck-stick danced and darted, and he ignored it. Telling it to bide its time and wait. It would have its reward soon enough.

“Actually, my name is Wally,” he said and retrieved his hand before the touch of her scalded all the flesh right off it.

“It is?” Rita didn’t look confused. Or even surprised.

“Wally Allden.”

Shit on a fucking shingle.

The thing between his legs wasn’t listening to a thing he tried to tell it.

The thing between his legs was a fucking traitor, taking over his entire nervous system and informing him it wasn’t about to let go.

He couldn’t run now.

Couldn’t get away, even when alarm bells started to shriek inside his head, warning of danger, danger, *danger!* Couldn’t even think of escaping now that he’d caught sight of her and his fuck-stick was demanding its fill of her. Demanding every bit of her.

“How’s the wine?” he asked on a fresh and scalding wave of hatred. Accompanied by a deliberate lowering of the voice with which he would woo her and win her. And eventually capture her completely.

Distracted, Rita looked down at the shimmer of crystal between her hands.

The wine shone pink. As softly rosy as the candlelight around her. As dusky-apricot as the dancing highlights that played in flickers and shadows across her shoulders and the loveliest features he’d ever had the misfortune to see.

“So how did you know me?” His radio experience, ten years of it, came in handy. It allowed him to sound smooth and even. Not at all shaken by the strange and uncontrollable things that were going on inside his mind and his pants. “How did you recognize me?”

"I don't know," she admitted, and then she damned near undid him when her hand moved away from the place where he'd dropped it onto the table.

Long and pale, so delicately strong-fingered that he couldn't help but wonder how it was going to feel when he got her to wrap it snugly around the girth of his fuck-stick, her hand came up. Her fingers brushed the jeweled dragonfly at the shoulder of her dress and fidgeted with it. They stroked it exactly the way they were going to stroke his fuck-stick before he was done with her. They caressed it, and...

Shit.

Wally wished he was alone. He needed to be alone, back at the studio or in his professionally decorated, Spartan bedroom at home. He needed to be anyplace where he could take his suffering fuck-stick out of his pants and give it a little bit of attention, right *now*!

Screw her hands. He needed to wrap his own around the beast immediately, and beat some sense into it. Make it understand in whatever way he could that this was not going to be a permanent arrangement. This was not going to be anything but a quick fuck-and-strike. One night's satisfaction in a lifetime of dedicated, carefully planned one night satisfactions.

The bitch.

It was all he could do to control his hands. All he could do to steady them and keep them in their place atop his knees beneath the droop of pressed white tablecloth. And way too tantalizingly near the very thing they twitched and twittered in nearly overpowering desire to seize.

"I guess it was your eyes."

"My eyes?" Barely able to concentrate with the pressure inside his heart, lungs and mind, not to mention his fuck-stick and all its attached appurtenances nearing fatal intensity, Wally retained only enough control to shake his head. "How the devil could my *eyes*..."

"I don't know." She shrugged. "Exactly."

Pale-shimmering waves of wheaten hair swept her covered shoulder and her bare one. Pale-shimmering waves of it covered the dragonfly pin, and reduced it to a peeking, glittering sparkle of pure, diabolic enticement.

His fuck-stick wanted to die.

"I guess I saw something...smoky?...in them."

Smoky?

Wally blinked. Fighting to keep his hands still and unengaged, it was almost more than he could do to ignore the aching impulse to grab himself *hard* and pump away at it in earnest. No matter who the hell was looking on. No matter who the hell might decide to take self-righteous offense.

His eyes?

Well, that was a new one. That was one he'd never heard before.

He hated her more than ever.

"Your eyes look the way you sound."

The bitch intrigued him. And he didn't want to be intrigued. Didn't want to be so rock hard already, and so raring to go. So heated up, in ways that made even the thermonuclear releases of a reactor in full meltdown seem mild...a Sunday picnic at the amusement park.

She was going to pay, all right. Before the night was out.

Wally almost licked his lips in anticipation when he thought of the ways she was going to pay. The ways he was going to make her pay.

"I really can't explain it any better than that." A wrinkling of peaches-and-cream satin shadow creased her forehead. Another sparking sparkle of scintillating sapphire flicked in the gaze she fastened upon his face, and he felt for the first time at a loss. Ominously at a loss.

"So." He managed to control his hands. Managed to restrain their nervous quivering when they picked up the menu and he pretended to study it. "Have you decided what you'd like to have for dinner?"

"No." Distracted at last, looking down at her own menu, she was marginally safer. But way too far from safe. Way farther from safe than he would have imagined possible when he'd made the date.

He wondered if he'd be able to eat with his fuck-stick all twisted to hell and back and demanding to get inside her. With his gut all hardened and contracted with the effort of controlling his loathing of her fucking perfection. Her fucking *irresistibility*.

He hoped he wouldn't puke right in front of her. All over her.

Or did he?

Maybe that was exactly what she needed, the harlot. Maybe that was what was called for, to take her down a peg and make her understand that that was all she was. A self-serving whore who had

the mind-numbing audacity to believe she was something better than a whore.

Wally smiled.

It was exactly what she deserved. To drown in a tide of his disgusting spew. To sit in her fucking enticing dress with reeking vomit dripping from her face, her hair, her revoltingly modest little jeweled pin. To sit with everybody staring at her and him laughing at her while she gagged and choked and struggled to wipe the nastiness from herself.

It would be hard as hell to be entrapped by her if she had upchuck all over her. Hard as hell to screw the fucking daylight out of her. But not impossible.

He could force himself. Could bear the stench and the sight of her, and in the end it wouldn't much matter if he had to let go and spew his guts over her a second time.

Either way, she'd be punished.

Either way, she'd know beyond a doubt exactly what he thought of her, and either way his fuck-stick would have what it wanted.

Looking up, she saw his smile. And returned it with one of her own, with eyes bright, and so astonishingly beautiful that his fuck-stick just went wild with impatience. Belting the fucking hell out of him.

"What the he...ell?" He had no breath left. Rubbery, toneless, his fingers let go of the menu and it fell with a dull splat that sounded pretty much like the sudden, inexplicable sinking he felt inside as his stomach let go, too. As his stomach went soft and mushy-mooshy.

The bitch frowned again. "What the hell what?"

Suddenly, inexplicably, he couldn't look directly into eyes that pierced straight into his soul and made him shake all over.

What the hell *was* this? What the hell did she think she was doing to him?

He was too pinched. Too cramped, and way too strained and uneasy.

"Should we go?" Rita stared at him wide-eyed. Apparently reading some if not all of his difficulty in the way he sat, or the way he moved or, God forbid, the way he looked.

This was a mistake, all right.

Seeing the surreal, gas-flame blue shimmer of her gaze in the split second before his mind began to shriek more warnings at him, he

veered dangerously close to becoming a madman. A nutcase, about to get the hell out of Dodge before his fuck-stick had its chance at what it deserved.

“Go?” he asked as nonchalantly as he could, retrieving his menu so he could study it again. Equally, he hoped, nonchalantly. “We haven’t even ordered dinner yet.”

“I know.” She sounded concerned. Another form of bizarre magic with which she obviously thought she was going to suck him in. “But you look so...”

Strangled?

Tormented?

Almost laughing, he had to struggle again to keep from shifting restlessly in his chair. Or reaching down to readjust the horrid, hurtful swelling of his fuck-stick that kept reaching blindly toward nothing attainable, nothing at all.

He was going to be careful tonight. Exceedingly, exceedingly careful. More careful than he’d ever been in his life.

Chapter Seven

Rita hoped her surprise...make that astonishment ...hadn't been too obvious.

Wally Allden didn't look at all like Damon sounded.

He'd asked how she'd known him, and she hadn't been able to answer. Because she didn't know.

She'd simply spotted him the instant he'd started across the room toward her with an unreadable expression stamped across his face. She'd known him, had no doubt it *was* him, even before he'd opened his mouth and spoken to her in that unmistakable voice informing her that he was Wally. Letting her know he thought she'd be disappointed.

She wasn't. Despite her protestation that she'd had no preconceptions, she really had. And the difference between them and reality had come as a surprise. A somewhat major one.

He had sandy hair. Slightly dull, not blond and not brown, and a touch unruly in the way it stuck up in spikes and whorls in one place only to droop in others. And he had brown eyes. They weren't wide-set or wide. And they were serious, vague, maybe a bit distant as they regarded her across the remains of dinner as seriously as if she'd just handed him a court summons. Or an inheritance of a million-zillion dollars. Eyes all but hidden behind thick-lensed, not quite up to date wire rimmed glasses.

Nothing in his appearance explained why she'd known him or how she'd known him. And nothing explained why her stomach kept leaping whenever he looked at her or spoke to her.

It just did. Leap and flutter and do a million or so other things she couldn't name even when he quit looking at her or speaking to her.

It had to be because she was so shy, and always had been. Right from birth, as her mother and sister kept telling her. It had to be because that profound and sometimes crippling shyness made her unused to men. Unused to being with them, especially when they were men like Damon. Or what she'd long imagined Damon to be.

Shy.

That had to be why Wally seemed so nervous and ill at ease. Like he was getting ready to bolt.

She didn't want him to do that.

She only needed to figure out how to hold his attention, and maybe he wouldn't. And then after this practice, after she figured out what to do and how to do it, she'd have some kind of chance with Jeff. Some kind of chance to...

She didn't know why the thought of Jeff should surprise her. Or the realization that she still lusted after him and hoped to attract him and have a relationship with him.

She had no idea why, but it did.

Candlelight shone on polished windows. It bounced off effortlessly and struck the smooth, not unpleasant planes of Wally's not remarkable face. Lighting it and everything in its vicinity with cruelly magic light that taunted and teased the way all the boys and men she'd ever known had taunted her and teased her, making it their goal to underscore her undesirability simply by paying attention to her.

This was a mistake.

But the candlelight just kept on shining on everything. Including her shy misery.

"You don't have to stay if you don't want to." She refused to let the full extent of her suffering show by word, or inflection, or expression. She had that much dignity left. That much ability to hang on to the last, roughest edge of dignity.

This wasn't Jeff.

She had to keep reminding herself of that.

This wasn't Jeff, and it was Jeff she wanted. Jeff who mattered. Jeff who was her fantasy and her dream, the one who would devastate her if he continued to reject her.

"Why would I not want to stay?" When Wally looked at her, something whispered. Inside her. Inside her head. Something that sounded incredibly, astonishingly, like Damon doing the whispering.

"We're finished with dinner." She motioned feebly, indicating the half-eaten plate of lemon sole she'd done her best to enjoy and look like she wanted to finish. "I know there must be other..."

Things you'd rather be doing. People you'd rather be with.

She was moist. Between her legs. Uneasily moist for no reason she could understand, giving vent to a whole host of regretful mists and bursts that embarrassed her a little because they were so unprecedented. Coming as they did outside the privacy of her own bedroom. Where her singular purpose in recent weeks had been to achieve exactly such mists and bursts in preparation for her planned rendezvous with the sole object of her desires.

Jeff.

"I know you've been wanting to get out."

There. She sounded exactly the way she'd been so determined not to sound. Miserable. Lost. Forlorn.

Forlorn?

Automatically, she shook her head.

Forlorn had nothing to do with it. Forlorn had no place in this scenario, because it wasn't a real scenario. Wasn't anywhere even close to a real scenario.

"You don't have enough self-confidence, Rita." Dropping a wad of cash in the middle of the table, Wally got to his feet.

She had a hard time thinking of him that way. As Wally. Not Damon. Even if the idea that he wasn't the man she'd dreamed up to match the voice on the radio should have reassured and made her more comfortable. Even if the idea that he was much closer to being like her than she ever would have imagined should put her at her ease and made the whole unbearable set-up at least tolerable.

Embarrassed, and not just by the non-stop misting that threatened to reduce her entire body to a column of stirring, shifting sexual vapor if she didn't figure out a way to turn it off, and soon, Rita ducked her head.

It was true.

She didn't. Have enough self-confidence. Have *any* self-confidence.

And how do you propose to change that for me, Damon? Wally?

She would never dare ask.

That was the kind of thing shy girls never asked. Because it might be answered. Because she might be humiliated and annihilated by the derisive laughter that came along with the answer.

And then what would she do? Then what the hell would she say? How the hell would she get out of here and away from him with her dignity even marginally intact?

Wally waited. With his hand on the back of her chair. With a gentlemanly solicitousness she'd never known before. A gentlemanly solicitousness she found more devastatingly sexy than if he'd torn his clothes off and thrown her down right there on the restaurant floor amidst wild and impassioned begging that he be allowed to make rabid love to her on the spot.

Gazing down at her, he looked thoughtful. Not panicked, and not in any way repulsed.

In response, her stomach quivered. It shivered.

Why the hell was it that her whole insides had turned so completely jittery?

Why the hell couldn't she do anything but sit there like some seventh grade idiot at her first forced-attendance finishing school dance, *looking* at him? Looking at Wally and waiting for him to say something since he was the one who was so good with words.

He didn't.

For a long, long time, he didn't make a sound.

"Well." Her mouth tried to quirk into a smile. And didn't succeed.

Wally looked at her, and Wally smoldered. With the oddest kind of attractiveness she'd ever seen.

"Isn't this fun?"

His eyes started to burn. Uncannily to burn, with the sudden onset of a sultry intensity that set off all kinds of reactions inside Rita's body. A whole razzle of reactions that tingled like nothing she'd known before. Not even in the midst of her most successful attempts at self-stimulation. Reactions she hadn't a clue how to handle. Any more than she knew how to handle the heavy silence that hung over them. Between them, as the unstoppable radiation of her unexpected reaction beamed out of the disturbed and volatile center of her. Almost certainly visible to anyone who took the time to look. Undoubtedly visible to Wally when he cleared his throat and motioned toward the door.

“Maybe we should...” He stopped. Cleared his throat.

She didn’t wait for him to pull back her chair. Didn’t give him a hair’s breadth of a chance to help her from it, or take her arm to escort her from just about the fanciest, most elegant restaurant the city of Pittsburgh had to offer. She simply leaped to her feet. And ran. In a way that would have been laughable if it had been at all funny. Even vaguely funny.

She wanted to do things. Lots of things.

She suspected most of them were exactly what any living, breathing woman would want to do when she found herself face to face with the kind of sputtering, smoldering sex appeal she’d suddenly seen in Wally Allden’s face. Sex appeal that lurked barely concealed beneath the not-at-all unattractive surface of a man who didn’t catch the eye immediately but made one *hell* of an impression once he did.

Sex appeal.

That was the key to her shivers. Her quivers. That was the key to the strange magic that filled the street outside when she burst from the restaurant, escaping into it. That was the answer to all the fleeting and fantastical, scarcely glimpsed possibilities that filled every shifting shadow and gleaming spark of light.

Sex appeal!

And she’d thought she was escaping?

Wally-Damon stood right at her elbow. He hovered at her elbow, asking if she was all right. If she needed anything, or...

Sex appeal.

Wally-Damon wore it as naturally as he wore his skin. Probably as unconsciously as he wore his skin.

He could have any woman he wanted. With barely an effort. So the realization that apparently he wanted her made her cautious. Very, exceedingly cautious.

She was a Plain Jane. A nobody.

What the hell could he want with...from...the likes of her?

“Well.” Tilting his head forward a little so that his expression and his eyes, which were way too expressive for her mental health or her safety, hid themselves in shadow, Wally laughed a little. Lightly. The way *Damon* always laughed. “If I only knew what to...”

“I’m sorry.” Rita looked down. Around. At the night-lit city that floated just beyond the iron railing at the edge of the mountain’s

drop toward the rivers, and the valley, and the lovely, lovely Point in between.

She looked everywhere but at him.

She shouldn't have to apologize.

Nobody had asked her to apologize. Nobody ever did. But apology just came naturally to her. Apology just seemed to be needed and expected, somehow.

If she hoped to rely on him to follow up what he'd started to say and give her some sort of lead, she knew at once it wasn't going to happen.

Wally seemed suddenly aimless. Nothing like the purposefully seductive man he portrayed on the radio and seemed at times to be in the flesh as well. He seemed to have no idea what he wanted. What to do next.

A cab.

That was the thing. That was what she needed.

She'd taken one here, anticipating the wine and knowing that since she seldom if ever drank it, she'd be wise not to try driving tonight.

"I need to find a cab."

Her stomach did a quick-step tap dance.

"I'll take you home when we're ready." His voice was low. Soft. *Damon's.*

"You really don't need to do that. A cab is perfectly fine."

Her stomach shook more than before. More than at any other time in her life, with deep-rooted tremors that heated their way through her in ways that couldn't be described in words. Ways that couldn't be dismissed as something that was likely to go away in a minute or two.

That was the wine. That had to be the wine.

She hoped she wasn't going to throw up in the street. In front of him.

This trembling, this tremor, was fundamental. It, and the unsteadiness that came along with it, spoke of and to the strongest, most basic needs Rita possessed. The ones she'd always held rigidly inside. This tremor awakened all of them and fanned fires kept banked for so long that it seemed impossible they could flare now. Even if she inexplicably wanted them to flare.

This internal quiver was sure to immolate her if she didn't quash it soon. It was sure to crush her mercilessly beneath a power and a force, an unbridled ferocity, she was in no way prepared to handle. Because it was an aberration. The most deadly aberration imaginable, in the suddenly torrid balance of things.

"What's your hurry?" Wally asked.

She didn't have an answer for that. Didn't have the wits to have an answer.

"Let's walk," he suggested when she stayed silent, holding his hand out to her.

With no warning, without waiting for her to reply, his fingers found hers. His fingers wrapped firmly around hers with a touch that was warm, his fingers lean and gentle. A touch that nonetheless possessed an inherent strength that flowed into her somehow, from skin into skin and nerve ending to nerve ending, giving her a not-very-wise boost of courage.

Shivering, she wrapped her shawl around her shoulders. Covering the bare one and concealing the come-hither twinkle of the antique dragonfly brooch she'd impulsively pinned to the other.

The shawl's creamy wool had been more than adequate earlier, when she'd strolled blissfully through lavender twilight that retained much of the day's unseasonal Indian summer heat. But a breeze had sprung up with the onset of night, and it was brisk along the top of the mountain. Scattering browned leaves underfoot and sending them rattle-clattering into shadowed gutters at either side of the street.

Shivering, she tried not to let Wally see.

Now the woolen shawl seemed as insubstantial as gossamer silk. Breeze-blown, its long fringe stroked the backs of her calves, and that only made her shivering worse. That only made it that much harder to hide.

"I didn't much feel like dessert," he observed after a while, with a small and soft, incendiary laugh. "Not that kind of dessert, anyway."

That time Rita didn't even try to hide her shivering.

That was a suggestive remark if I've ever heard one!

That was a remark to be remembered. To be looked back on for the rest of her life, and savored. Whether it led to anything more or whether it just sat there going nowhere. Accomplishing nothing.

Wally tugged on her hand. Lightly, but firmly enough that she had no choice but to go along. A willing and obedient hostage following as he strolled along the sparkle-scalloped edge of the drop-off.

She barely saw the city below. Only as the most improbable of floating dreams. She barely noticed the rush and flow of cars and busses and bicyclists along Grandview Avenue on their other side.

There was too much else to see, too much to experience and try to hold for her own. As her own.

There was the *sky*.

It was black. The color of pitch. Covered with a dusting of clouds that barely dimmed the twinkle of stars and the full, chill orb of a white November moon. And the golden radiance dropping from streetlights along the mountaintop to pool in thick golden puddles around their feet. To pool sparkling on flecks of mica, making plain cement gleam as if magically suffused with stars fallen from the black heavens. To touch drifts of fallen leaves with bronze, and copper, and deepest bloody red. Making the ground seem to flutter with flame from the inside out.

That was what she saw. The sky, the stars, the drifted, burning leaves. That was all that seemed to have meaning in a world turned and still turning rapidly inside out. Rapidly upside down.

“What *is* this?” Her voice floated. Dreamy soft, and not quite steady. Almost effervescent.

“A night of moonmist,” Wally murmured in reply, just as dreamily and in the Damon voice she’d begun to realize wasn’t so much his own as an extension of and amplification of what was his own.

Moonmist?

A strange lightness infused Rita now that she’d decided, without actually deciding anything at all, to follow where he led.

She could accept moonmist.

She thought she might have been waiting her entire life for moonmist to strike.

And the fact that it hadn’t struck in connection with Jeff? The fact that this moonmist, all moonmist, seemed to come as part and parcel of someone else, someone entirely different and not at all well known to her?

Those were nagging questions...doubts. And she shoved them aside. Quickly, briskly, rudely aside, into a place where she wouldn't have to look at them or consider them now. Or, hopefully, ever.

"Or is it stardust?" Wally's next murmur was accompanied by a slight lifting of his chin in a gesture aimed straight toward the misted stars drifting in the sky overhead.

Once again, wind tore through the fabric of her shawl as if it was spun of nothing but moonmist and stardust. Once again it gave rise to endless shivers that exactly mirrored everything she felt on the inside.

"Or maybe it's imagination. Yours, and mine. Spreading itself out for us. To take and use however we want. For our own. However we need it to be."

"I think..." Her voice sounded thin. And reedy. Altogether unreliable in the midst of all the pooling, flaming, unreal perfection that overtook her senses and overwhelmed them.

Her gaze drifted upward, to the sky. And time hung in the balance. All of existence hung in the balance as they strolled, so casual on the outside but with sweat slicking the small of her back and the inside of her shaking all out of control, as if seized by a terrible, fatal ague.

She'd been right in her instinctive assessment.

This was a mistake. And she didn't know how to get herself out of it.

Very suddenly, probably because all her caution had reawakened and her common sense along with it, she became aware of Wally. Still beside her. Silent again, and...when had he gotten so tall, when he hadn't been before?

"Or maybe it's just that predicted cold front," he observed as if there had been no gap, no seething and steaming break, in the flow of his soft commentary. "Rolling in right on schedule." Nothing about it...not its seeming disconnection from the reality of the world or the magic of what he'd said before, not even the fact that he delivered it in his own still uniquely beautiful but not quite so mesmeric *Wally* voice...did anything to end the enchantment he'd created.

Somehow his arm was around her. Somehow it encircled her and pulled her close. Snuggling her against the unexpectedly hard planes of a body that radiated surprising heat. *Consuming* heat.

Her heartbeat thundered. Inside her head, it thundered violently. Abnormally.

Wally laughed, and the sound echoed, seeming to bounce off the insubstantial moonlight. Seeming to intensify the way every filtered mist of moonlight intensified when it dropped into golden drifts of streetlight. So that all the moon-white and incandescent gold surrounded them and isolated them in a world gone suddenly, inexplicably deserted.

Wally pressed the point of a knuckle to the underside of her chin and lifted. In the reflected gleaming-gold light, he looked like he was about to say something else. His lips parted slightly. With strange excitement and intense allure.

Rita heard a soft swoosh. The softest.

Maybe it was a car, passing along Grandview Avenue. Maybe it was enchantment. Maybe, probably, it was a subtle skittering of her own unsteady nerves as Wally moved. Maybe it was nothing but a bronzed-spice scent of chrysanthemums drifting on the breeze and the light of the demon moon breaking through a gap in foamy clouds high, high above. Or maybe...

It was a kiss.

The first touch of Wally's lips to hers was light. So light, it might not have happened. So ethereally fleeting that she thought she had surely imagined it as a part of one of her misguided, grievously misplaced fantasies. But his lips definitely touched hers. And in response her mind emptied itself.

Conscious thought fled as his lips found and covered hers.

The steamy softness of his tongue slipped effortlessly between lips and teeth she'd parted in the act of starting to say his name. Or something.

He was strong. As with the sudden, inexplicable increase in his height, he was in one instant much, much stronger than he'd ever looked. Holding her to him. Against him.

And she soared. Oddly, lifting lightness swarmed her body and her mind, clouding reasonable thought as all the vulnerable and visceral parts of her came awake and alive with surging currents of energy intended by their very nature to lift her from her feet. Sending her higher still. Into some rarefied danger zone.

Instinctively Rita twisted her body and her head. Angling for better position. Perfect position for claiming the more and more and more of him she found herself wanting and needing.

She'd always known she was missing out on something. And this must be it. This must be the way other women, desirable women, felt. This must be the delicious way it was *supposed* to be when a woman and a man found each other and wanted to explore each other. Or maybe just wanted to spend a little time with each other.

The most delicious quiver ran up Rita's spine, then back down. A dozen times. A multitude of dozens of times.

She might have wept, had Wally given her half a chance. But he didn't.

As her body reacted to his, his was reacting to her. In ways she felt distinctly, though she possessed few words and still fewer concepts to express them.

His body hardened against hers. And her mind spun. Whirled. Wheeled madly on rising, scorching, internally lit columns of electricity. Intoxicated.

Damon...*Wally*...murmured softly. His words were incipherable. Meaningless. But they didn't need to make sense.

Everything, every part of her starved body and her longing soul, every one of the dreams she'd just about given up on slipped smoothly into another gear. Another, sweeter, plane of existence. Centering themselves upon Wally. Upon the way he captivated her and awakened her. The way he brought to life each and every one of the nerve endings she'd denied for so long and with such deliberation. In the name of waiting for a man she increasingly understood she could not have and would never have.

Wally did what Jeff had never bothered to do. He brought to fully awake awareness every too-long denied part of her body and her mind, and made her aware of her own emptiness.

His fragrance was soft. Indefinable. Driving out all coherence, all possibility of resistance. His fragrance all male, all musk, all earthy, and oddly akin to the drifting whisper of chrysanthemum spice. He was golden leaves and late autumn air stirred by the crispest hint of rising curls of smoke. He was the very essence of smoke, the smoke she heard every night on the radio as she listened to his words. To the sultry-sensual meaning behind those words.

Breaking free, leaving behind any realm in which she'd always dwelt in favor of another, larger realm of perfect awareness and perfect appreciation, Rita tightened her grip. On Wally and around him. Seeking deeper depths with questing-searching, seeking fingers, she searched out the deepest, crispest hair at the nape of his neck and tunneled into it. Entangling herself in the roots of it, she gulped in the scent of him.

Let it last a lifetime?

She would settle for less. Of course she would. She would gladly settle for whatever she could have in the here and now if it meant an instant's ease from emotional starvation and loneliness.

But, please. Just let it last...

Wally took her face between his hands. He pressed the flat of his palms against her cheeks, and they were smooth. Cool. They drew the heat of combustion from her even as he intensified his kiss and penetrated new depths with recurring strokes of his tongue.

The inescapable hardness-softness at the lower part of him, the tantalizing promise of what lay between them, intensified at the same time. Growing quickly, it became at once the most indispensable part of the tenuous, not yet formed connection they'd forged with the first small touch of one pair of lips to the other. And Rita responded. With a rush of moisture both external and internal, she responded. With weakness. Dissociation.

Thick and swirling, Wally's autumn-rich haze surrounded her and overwhelmed her. Hard-muscled, possessed of licking strokes of accompanying fire, his arms slid down to surround her. And when they finished surrounding her, they drew her down farther. And then down more. They drew her under. Toward the bottom of an unseen ocean made up of moonlight, and stardust, and the autumn musk that surrounded her...them. They drew her toward her doom, and she didn't care.

"You have so much to learn." Wally's whisper laughed against her lips. And she didn't care about that, either.

He was starlit fire. He was surrender, absolute and unconditional. He was wonder sweet, wonder mysterious, an entire galaxy of wonders representing not just the most delicious delight imaginable but the most potent danger as well.

He was...

He tormented her with his kiss. Drove her insane, in a most utterly unprecedented way.

Chapter Eight

This was so insanely unexpected it damned near blew Wally's mind.

He hadn't planned on anything like it.

He'd conquered easy marks before, but...

Conquering Rita was going to be like falling off a log. Just about inevitable, and so damned easy it was going to be laughable.

Twining her body around his, *all* around his, she was just right. Just what he liked.

The bitch was sinuous. Sensual and sultry enough to arouse firmament upon firmament of seething sensation and non-stop need in him.

One quick seduction, one swift one-night fling once he got her into the first convenient place where he could indulge in some wild sex to his heart's and his fuck-stick's content, and he'd be on his way. Out of her life, with her out of his thoughts.

Anticipating, he almost laughed.

But that wouldn't do. That would ruin it before it ever got started. So he clamped down on the desire to burst out in untimely laughter. He quelled it by concentrating upon the demanding, hungry rumble that emanated from somewhere so deep inside his overheated balls that it couldn't truly be said to start *in* his balls at all, and let her have her way with him. Let her do whatever she wanted to do with him. For now.

The bitch was trying to make herself a part of him. At least he *thought* that was what she was trying to do, in her own inept and ineffectually inexperienced, dreary way. She worked hard at trying to make herself what she imagined to be an integral, physical part of him. With some success. A surprising amount of success, all things considered.

Down deep in the tensed and readied layers of aroused tissue beneath his surface, down where the strange and portentous rumbling had begun scant seconds earlier, his hunger was already searching for a route of escape. A quick one, a convenient one.

Responding to her, Wally wanted her. He wanted more of her. All of her. He wanted her touch, her heat, the softly swelling rosininess of her lips and the even more blazing softness of the body she pressed insistently against his swollen and still swelling eagerness. He wanted to smell her soft lilies-and-lavender sweetness because it pushed him onward. A little farther than he might have wanted to go at that precise instant, but onward all the same. Toward the edge of cataclysm and his ability to allow her to continue unimpeded. His ability to control himself before the rampaging desires she awakened came down to one inescapable, one predetermined outcome.

Lust.

Passion-stirred, barely constrained, he lusted after her with every elemental part of him that knew how to lust. He lusted in the way he thought only he knew how to lust. And he used the lust in the way only he knew truly how to use it.

He barely knew her. And the rising, scarcely tolerant lust in his heart told him he would be successful in his first objective of never knowing her any better. Except as a bitch ripe for the plucking and more than ripe for the fucking. And all of that was to his advantage. All of that was entirely to his liking, and entirely in line with his fondest desires.

So what if she was obviously repressed in some way he couldn't fathom? So what if she was maybe slightly depressed, and more than convinced she was madly in love with some poor, stalked man who couldn't care less if she lived or died?

All of that was ammunition for him...ammunition dedicated to achieving his purpose. All of that would make it so much easier for him to use her to his ultimate advantage without damage to himself.

If it had been any other way, if the man in him had spared so much as a second thought for her and what such a using might mean to her, Wally guessed he would stop. Right then and there. And run as hard and fast as he could in the other, completely opposite direction.

Luckily, none of those things happened.

None of those things had any place in the current, delightfully progressing state of affairs.

Wally let her go on and on.

He let her respond to him in the way she seemed to think was so irresistible.

He was content to bide his time. Let her get a good, hard head of steam on, and then...

This was going to be fun. This *bitch* was going to be fun.

Her innocent-eyed, groping naiveté made that a foregone conclusion.

So Wally gave his body its lead. He let it give in to the safest bet in this or any other universe.

He ached. Slowly. His ache swelled and swelled endlessly with burgeoning need to take her.

He had plenty of time to indulge in pleasant suffering and a lot...*lot*...of steaming anticipation.

Wally let his tongue sink deeper. He let it seek as deep as it wanted, and let it seek as hard as it wanted for the preliminary satisfaction any act of a kiss could give it...him. He allowed the early warnings to multiply and grow...all those sensation-riddled warnings that release from all the sexual need and tension he'd held pent up since the last time he'd found and seduced a suitable woman were about to be met in full. And probably exceeded.

The search was the sweetest part of it. The weighing and gauging, the testing of the waters in every direction before he settled on his target and his approach to the target were the best. Because it was the finding that gave the greatest satisfaction in just about every way. That, and the anticipation of the rewards he invariably got at the end of his searches and his seductions.

For him, the act itself was almost an afterthought. Nothing more than a necessary bit of business that had to be conducted if the exercise was to be truly thrilling. But he was smart enough to know that it wasn't the same for the bitches. He'd gained a hell of a lot of experience in his years of trial and error, been wounded and bruised a whole hell of a lot before he'd figured out how to get it all right. To know that bitches were wired different. That they expected things, and if he knew what was good for him and his fuck-stick, he'd have to pay at least a little attention to those things.

He had to let the bitches think their expectations were about to be satisfied, or he'd never have the satisfaction of swooping in for the kill.

He was a good actor. Even by his own estimation. So, he relaxed and took to exploring, intimately, every last depth of the current bitch's raspberry-hot mouth that proved not to be so bad after all. That proved to possess a few secret-sweet, simmering depths that, once awakened, returned everything he deigned to give. Fully and eagerly returned.

There was no genuine relief in a kiss. Only a start toward relief. But he hadn't *expected* relief. Or meant for it to be relief. He'd only meant for it to be a stop-gap. A way to keep his fuck-stick from blowing its fucking top before he got her ready for it to blow its top. Before he got things set up so that blowing its top would be as enjoyable as blowing its top could be.

"Let's walk." Breaking off the mouth to mouth contact long before he knew she was ready, Wally reveled in the way she groaned.

The sound of it was pure anguish. And so was the way she looked at him. With perfect suffering in her eyes and on her lips.

Taking her hand, he turned deliberately away from that look...that open and unmistakable expression of *her* need. *Her* longing.

It wasn't time yet. Wasn't the place.

Wally had his tastes when it came to these things. And they were specific. Very, very specific. They had to be met exactly if he was to get his enjoyment out of what was going to happen. They had to meet his standards.

Now that the chase phase was at its end, he would never be satisfied merely to fuck the bitch until she couldn't see...until she literally cried for mercy. Though that *did* have its charms, that would go only part of the way toward satisfaction. So now that Rita was groaning softly at his side, now that he'd conquered her and made her want as much as the quality of every one of those groans said she wanted, he needed to get on with it. Get on about it.

They'd have to stroll for a while. *Troll* for a while. And compliant as ever, Rita went right along with him.

Glancing covertly at her, he sized her up.

She looked sweet. Absolutely unhardened in her dreamy-eyed beauty.

He already knew she was inexperienced. Not virginal, maybe. But definitely lacking in the experience department. So how the hell was she going to react?

He smiled. Grinned.

How the hell was she going to take it when he got around to suggesting, as he would, that they do things they way they were *going* to do them?

Was she going to be exciting? Was she going to be as eagerly compliant as instinct screamed she would be? Or was she going to surprise him again, the way she had with the unexpected sweet sultriness of her kiss once he'd gotten her started? Was she going to turn into the kind of wild woman instinct predicted she could be? The kind of wild woman who would prove thoroughly entertaining in ways he wouldn't be likely to forget any time soon?

Mouth watering, fuck-stick hammering, he couldn't wait to find out.

Even as he thought about it, even as he was conscious of the continuing arousal that suffused him and promised the greatest of things for him in the very near future, his gaze started to roam on ahead. Searching the mountaintop street for what he needed. What he knew he would find there if he was patient and looked long enough.

What he found almost at once, almost without trying.

Up ahead, a dozen yards or so ahead, a familiar figure leaned against the railing, appearing to stare out over the vista of light-sparkled city and slow moving, dark as ink rivers. A woman. One he knew. A woman dressed in the tiniest of miniskirts and skin tight white stretch boots. A woman with big-fluffy hair working hard to look like she wasn't waiting for anything. And all the time waiting. All the time ready, if the cash was right and the customer was right, to do the things she excelled in doing. Things Wally had paid her time and again to do with him and with others.

Taking Rita's hand more firmly in his, Wally picked up his speed.

"Where are you running off to all of a sudden?" she asked dreamily, not exactly resisting, but not exactly busting her bitch's tight ass to keep up either.

His internal rumbling rose. It swelled again, almost intolerably. It swelled upward and outward, leaping and bounding. Preparing him by further distending the already distended, in no small measure

completely ready creature that had once been a fuck-stick, but now bore no living resemblance to anything a man could consider strictly human.

“Blazette.”

The woman in the miniskirt turned.

Is that her real name?

Who knew? Who *cared*?

The only thing that mattered was that she was good. She was an accomplished whore. The best one, an honest one. One he could count on to do anything he wanted as long as he was willing to pay the price. Which was known to be steep.

For a fraction of a second Blazette’s smile welcomed. For a fraction of a second as she turned toward him, arranging herself along the railing in a manner designed to simultaneously show off her assets to full advantage yet keep them under careful wraps in case it was a cop and not a john who’d just presented himself to her, she was the consummate professional. She invited with her smile. And her look that automatically measured and sized. Automatically inquired what she could do to help him, and how best she could go about doing it.

A shock wave shrieked through him.

Anticipation!

His free hand gravitated immediately to the over-excited swelling between his legs. Cupping himself, he fondled his fuck-stick lovingly. Openly.

His fuck-stick knew Blazette. And it wouldn’t give him another instant’s rest once it caught its first whiff of her and remembered the seething wet warmth it would find inside her.

What had started as the most subtle and tentative yearnings back there at the restaurant at once reached such epic proportions that Wally feared it was going to be the end of him. He feared it was going to send him screeching to his knees long before he could take care of the business he needed to take care of.

Then Blazette’s brows rushed together. Midnight black, strong slashes of strength across the pale make-up with which she coated her face, they drew together into a perfect approximation of a storm. A *human* storm. “You!”

Wally's hand tightened on his fuck-stick. Gripping hard, painfully, it massaged and stroked up and down a length that had never hardened or ached in such agonized ways before.

"You bastard," Blazette all but snarled. "Didn't I tell you before to keep your fucking self the fuck away from me for the rest of your fucking life?"

"Okay. Maybe that last time was a mistake. Maybe..."

"Mistake?" she spat. "Mis...fucking...*stake*? That bastard...your date's fucking *boyfriend*..."

"Wally?" Rita came out of her dream. A little late, but out of it all the same. "What..."

He ignored her. He had to, if things were to work out the way he needed them to work out. "You know I'm sorry as shit about that, Blazette, but how was I supposed to..."

"That shithead beat the fuck out of me. And the girl, and you, too. Or do I need to remind you?"

She didn't.

Wally remembered every detail of it. Every excruciating, upsetting detail.

To say the asshole had beaten the fuck out of all three of them was putting it mildly. For Christ's fucking sake, he'd had to take a vacation from work. One of the few he'd ever taken, because his lips had swollen to four times their normal size and he hadn't been able to speak a word. *He'd* been the one who'd had to suffer having both eyes blackened and swollen so tightly shut that he hadn't been able to *see* to get to work even if he'd been able to talk once he got there. But he'd put it behind him. He'd written it down in his book of experience, and gone on from there. So why the hell should Blazette, a paid *whore*, for God's sake, hold it against him?

"C'mon, sweet cheeks," he cajoled, putting his best Damon-foot forward. "You know I'm sorry as hell about that. But..."

"Wally?" Increasingly, Rita sounded uncertain. And nervous.

"Just another second, Babe," he said, and waved her to silence a little impatiently.

"So the big man feels bad." Blazette's voice stayed hard. But her whore's gaze was on Rita. Already taking Rita in. And her whore's imagination...

"I paid your hospital bills. What more do you want?"

Blazette's gaze never wavered. "Well, for one thing, to be sure..."

"You know I promised I'd swear off ever again having anything to do with people's apartments. Or their houses."

"And what makes you think I'll believe a fucking word you have to say?" Blazette strove to sound like she hated him. But something had kindled in her voice...a warmth Wally knew all too well. One he welcomed. And she was still sizing Rita up, with more and more approval as time slipped on.

"This is Rita." Grabbing the bitch's elbow, Wally shoved her forward. For Blazette's inspection. And approval.

"Wally!" Rita's voice choked and thickened with a rising of some terror thinly disguised. "I don't know about this. I don't know what you think you...I don't know the first thing about you, and I don't understand what you..."

Wally smiled.

She doesn't. Understand. And he damned well meant to keep it that way until she was into it and it was too late for her to think about resisting and trying to back out.

Rita had no business knowing. Not about his tastes. Not about the way he liked to fuck anybody, man or woman, he could cajole into fucking. With witnesses. Participating witnesses, who gave as much as they got while watching people be fucked by people they'd never intended to be fucked by.

It wasn't Rita's business to know. Not yet.

Her business was to be fucked. Soon.

"This is Blazette," he said, turning his gaze back to Rita.

The ignorant bitch shuffled her feet. Nervously. She looked like she'd like to run. If he would just let go of her hand so she could.

He tightened his grip. "Blazette's an old friend of mine."

Blazette didn't say anything. She just kept on taking it all in. From Rita's modestly long blue dress to the way her fluttering, golden-fringed shawl covered way more than he liked it to cover. Then, at last, she looked at him. "Seein' as how I was outta commission for halfway to forever the last time, it'll cost 'ya."

"I have no doubt it will."

The whore looked at Rita again. Seemed fascinated by whatever she saw in Rita. The fucking glittering dragonfly pin, maybe, peeking out when the fucking concealing shawl dropped away a little, to reveal at least something of her charms. "You got someplace?" Blazette asked.

"N...n...I mean...what..." Rita looked at him. Beseechingly.

"No," he said, focusing his attention strictly upon Blazette.

"Then if she ain't, where you plannin' to go, stud?"

Wally glanced around.

Dark yards separated houses and apartment houses at the opposite side of the street. Narrow spaces of necessity since this mountaintop location facing the best view of any city in the country was some of the most expensive...maybe *the* most expensive...real estate in the city. But the houses and buildings were built for the most part without windows on the sides, where they'd be forced to look directly into each other. They were built with little or no landscaping. Just those narrow spaces shielded by a few trees between.

The narrow spaces were black and dark. Black and *sweet*. Private canyons offering all kinds of opportunity for...

"Any place," he growled. "Over there. Between the buildings."

Blazette accepted that without even a lift of midnight brows. "You a screamer?" she asked, looking at Rita.

"Wh...what?" Rita was still looking at him. Still looking a question or two at him.

"You ever done this before, Girlfriend?" Blazette wanted to know

Rita didn't answer.

"Well, then." Blazette turned back to Wally. "I reckon that's gonna cost you more than a lot. That's gonna cost you double." And then, reconsidering, "No, that's gonna be triple. From now on, triple for you, lover boy. After that last fiasco. And no way to know if there's gonna be more medical expenses in the future. And seein' as how we're getting into real amateur hour stuff, here, too, of course."

"Amateur hour?" Rita looked really confused. Really ready to bolt.

Wally had a choice.

He could release her and run the risk she'd do it. Or he could release himself so he could reach for his wallet. His platinum card.

Whores took them these days.

And this particular whore was already writing up the charge. Already pulling a portable credit card machine from the oversized bag, almost a valise, where she kept all the tools and tricks that made her such an acknowledged expert at her trade.

“Wally...” Rita tried to back off a step. A few steps.

So he chose to let go of his fuck-stick. Tightening his grip on her hand, he turned his Damon-look upon her. He turned the full force of his most mesmerizing gaze to her and spoke in his best Damon-voice.

“Delight,” he breathed. “Is never to be found in solitary company, Rita. So it’s up to you. Will you help me find delight? Will you help me find the kind of sweetest delight I’ve never in my life been able to find?”

Still writing up the charge, Blazette snickered.

“Wh...wha...” Rita looked more confused than ever.

“You have a sense of adventure,” he whispered, almost purring as he leaned in closer to her ear. “I know you do. I know you have the most insatiable need to find what’s written in the stars...what the stars mean for you. For me. Don’t you?”

Handing him the completed charge slip and the pen, Blazette snickered again.

Wally glared at her.

“I...” Rita licked her lips.

Full lips. Rosy lips. Potentially the richest, sweetest lips of his entire career.

His fuck-stick kicked, And that sealed the bargain. That sealed the little, sniveling bitch’s fate.

“Haven’t you wanted this for us?” he murmured seductively, his fingers tightening even more around her arm, his lips brushing the very, swirled top of her ear.

Rita groaned, and he smiled.

“Isn’t this exactly what you’ve wanted? From the beginning of time?”

Chapter Nine

Blazette led the way.

Picking one of the deserted spaces between houses that showed no lights, she pushed branches aside and plunged ahead confidently, with Wally and Rita close behind. She led them away from the light. Deeper and then still deeper, until darkness surrounded them. Until the autumn scented darkness grew heavy, weighted with the hint of something about to happen. Something *interesting* about to happen.

“Wally?” Rita still sounded uncertain as hell. But she followed the way he wanted her to. Mostly because he gave her no choice.

He was still clutching her with one hand. And with the other he once again clutched his fuck-stick, giving it the smallest of reassuring squeezes every now and again, just to let it know he hadn’t forgotten about it. He hadn’t forgotten all that he’d promised it and all that it had looked forward to with such eager, raging anticipation.

“It’s all right,” he answered, and had to reign himself in somewhat harshly so he wouldn’t chuckle in his own anticipation that his fuck-stick would not, might not, probably would not be anything close to *all right*. Not for quite some *interesting* time to come, anyway.

“I just don’t understand. What are we...you...I mean, I thought...” She faltered, trailed off miserably. A little bit desperately. Ripe, ripe, *ripe* for the picking, now that he had her so terribly, terribly confused.

“You have to open yourself up once in a while,” he replied smoothly. And he meant to see that she did. With Blazette’s very capable assistance, he meant to see that she opened herself up wider, in all possible ways, than she’d ever thought about opening anything in all her repressed, unsuspecting, dull and boring little bitch’s life.

“But...”

“You have to open yourself to adventure once in a while, or what good is life? What good is trying to live life?”

“I just wish you would tell me. I mean, I wish I could understand what you expect of me. What you...she...”

There wasn't much light there, in the narrowness between the houses. There was only a little...only enough of a drifting from some dubious and distant source to allow Wally's eyes, once they took a second or two to readjust, to pick out the pale ethereality of Rita's face. And the painted, more self-sure and hardened façade of the whore who was about to facilitate what he felt sure was going to be a real eye-opener for everybody.

Rita was looking at Blazette. Trying subtly, in a way she probably didn't even realize, to draw away from Blazette. So he tightened his grip. Refused to allow the backward movement and forced her into a little, a very tiny, forward step instead.

His fuck-stick leaped. Ground at the inside of his pants. Tried to grind its way to freedom and the two waiting cunts. The two he hadn't quite promised it would have, but which he hadn't quite *not* promised, either.

Despite his years and years of thoroughly entertaining participation in moments of arousal as insurmountable as this and the ones still to come, in spite of his long experience enduring excitement every bit as simmering as this, Wally realized he'd never felt anything like it before. Anything so *intense* before.

Shivering and shuddering, he wanted to crumple in the face of it. But his hunger for Rita, for the moments and minutes, and maybe the hours they had to go before he would let her go, wouldn't let him crumple. His hunger kept him erect and upright, every part of him, because crumpling wouldn't be in his best interest or their best interest. So he hung on. To his fuck-stick, his patience, his presence of mind.

“We can start any time,” he informed the whore as soon as darkness settled around them, and his voice lost all trace of roughness. His voice was deliberately smooth, perfectly silken, purely Damon's again. More for Rita's benefit than the whore's, since Rita was the one who needed silken smoothness to calm increasingly, obviously jangled nerves right about then.

“Start what?” Oh, she sounded fearful. Almost terrorized. And that whetted his appetite. That sharpened it, making the little bitch's

coming capitulation that much more to be anticipated and that much sweeter to be contemplated. Once again, his fuck-stick hardened. Once again, it jumped and leaped beneath the controlling hand he pressed against it, no longer bothering to try to stop or soften its leaping madness.

Now he could only stroke up and down and up and down, with fingers that did their best to reassure, even though reassurance was in no way possible. Or even desirable.

Not long, now. It won't be much longer.

"Damon...Wally." Rita's voice shook audibly. For the first time in a long time, she exerted her resistant pressure again. That smallest, unendurably pathetic bit of a backward tug upon the guiding hand with which he continued to urge her forward, unfazed.

If anything, he only strengthened his unspoken demand that she step up, step in, face the things that were coming to her.

"Is this is such a good idea?" she quavered, still trying to resist. "Couldn't we just go back to...you know. Back to the street? Couldn't we just go for a walk along the mountain, and then..."

Too late, bitch. I already paid.

In the same instant, Blazette opened her coat. There wasn't much to see in the darkness except, again, a pale blur of exposed flesh. But Wally didn't need to see to know what lay revealed by the unwrapping of that layer of soft, wraparound wool. He'd seen it all before. Time and time before, though never without a certain amount of swollen, swelling delight.

Beneath the coat, Blazette wore one of her tightly fitted corsets. One that looked complicated, but was in truth released with a flick of the wrist. Released, and opened all the way to the waist so that in less than a second her lush-heavy breasts burst from what only appeared to be tightly laced constriction.

He'd paid for those breasts. After a particularly erotic night, a particularly ripe one involving he couldn't quite remember how many drunken, delirium-stricken attendees of a rock concert the station had hosted with him as personality in attendance, he had in a flash of unprecedented magnanimity agreed to *fill her out*, as Blazette had put it. He had agreed to pay for implants, some of the fucking biggest he'd ever seen.

Blazette placed her palms upon their artificial fullness, and then she waited. Palms down, fingers barely visible as they sought out and

then held their ground against the fully darkened circles at the centers of those massive breasts, she waited. Ready to massage when the moment became right. Ready to stimulate herself so she'd be prepared for the moment when...if...Wally decided he required her to serve him.

Nothing happened.

Everything stopped, and the entire world waited alongside her. Uneasy yet thrilled, uncertain yet knowing absolutely.

"Nice merchandise." Laughing softly, Wally reached out. He took one of the bared breasts with the hand that until then rubbed at his fuck-stick. Catching the nipple between his thumb and his first finger, he gave it a nice little pinch. Not a hard one, not as hard as he liked to pinch and usually pinched. This was just a little one. Just a little prelude of what he was going to do once things really got rolling around here.

Just the smallest of pinches. But enough to draw from even a whore's throat a sharp, staccato gasp of surprised pain.

"Why don't we begin with something simple?" he suggested, murmuring the words directly into Rita's ear though he meant them entirely for Blazette.

Down below, his fuck-stick started to thump in earnest. And thumping so hard, it took to aching with a tight, cramped, twisting heaviness.

He had to surrender the ripe roundness of Blazette's breast in order to release the fuck-stick from the ever-tightening confines of dress pants that had never been designed to confine anything so independently alive and virulent.

It hit the night air with a thump that nearly stirred up a resulting breeze. And the hardened flesh responded instantly, perfectly, readily. Already in hot pursuit of what it wanted and what it expected to have.

The relief of that release, of the streams of night air striking its scorched surface, was momentary at best. Even if the air was softly moist. Even if it did caress him with its dewy essence that rose off the grass beneath their feet, grass that was still vivid and green, having not yet had the opportunity to wilt beneath a killing frost and stiffen to the sere deadness of winter.

The air did amazingly well in its instant, but then the instant was over. Then the cooling faded, and the fuck-stick sprang back to

fevered clamor with full vigor. Full life. Full impatience to be cooled for good, in the only way it had any intention of being cooled.

Wally ran his fingertips along it. Relishing the feel of their stroking against the small and fragile ridge near the tip of it...the small vane of skin that had been designed just for stroking. Just for his own very personal, very satisfying pleasure.

"We'll begin with a repeat of that kiss," he murmured seductively, leaning toward Rita again.

"But..." As he closed in on her, the bitch moved her head. The bitch cast a glance sideways at the whore.

Blazette had moved right in next to them. She stood very, very close to both of them, with her hands already between her legs. With both hands pressed hard to her bared cunt as she knew he wanted them pressed. The whore was massaging herself. The whore was murmuring softly as she did, making her explicit, wordless sounds of encouragement as she stopped just short of pressing right up against the bitch or against him until he gave her permission.

Wally's mouth met the side of Rita's face. Not the intended, richly plump curve of her lips. Disappointed, displeased, he grunted.

"He wants to fuck you, honey," Blazette whispered. "You need to spread your legs for him. So he can put his nice, big cock into you."

"Wally..." Rita froze. Almost solid. Immovably solid.

For the moment Wally was content only to search for the bitch's mouth. And when he found it, no thanks to her, he was content to close his mouth over it, cutting off the possibility of protest.

"That's it," Blazette urged into his ear. Or maybe into Rita's. She was so close now that there was no way to be sure. "Tongue her deep, Damon. You tongue her and taste every bit of her."

Murmuring again in the toneless way he'd noticed made Rita respond whether she wanted to respond or not, Wally intensified the pressure he exerted. He pressed harder against her mouth with lips that lost all trace of gentility. And he hardened elsewhere. He hardened exponentially, and made sure the bitch was fully aware of it. Pushing the fully bared length of his heavily hardened fuck-stick tight against her, he sought one of her hands in the dark. Either hand would do. And when he found one, he lifted it. To the thing that awaited it. He lifted, made her fingers wrap around it, and when she grunted and stirred in a last-ditch attempt to protest what even a

bitch as stupid as she had to know lay in store for her, he kissed her harder.

Shit. The fingers upon his fuck-stick were cool. The way even the grassy-dewy autumn air hadn't been cool. They were chill with hesitation that had her twitching uncertainly, trying to move away again.

He didn't let her.

Locking his own fingers tightly atop and around hers so that she had no choice but to know intimately the swollen enormity he forced her to hold, he shoved her backward. Shoved her until she came up against the side of one of the dark houses, and grunted his satisfaction as Blazette did her part and followed.

The whore stayed close. The whore stayed ready and available, exactly the way she knew he expected.

For a moment longer he devoted himself entirely to Rita. Entirely to pouring the fully concentrated potency of his kiss into the incendiary pit of Rita's mouth.

It opened beneath his. It opened wide. Then wider.

Ready.

He sighed-grunted when his fuck-stick gave an entirely satisfactory kick inside the circle of her hand.

Body against body, he took her in the first of the many ways he planned to take her or see her taken before the evening ended. He took her mouth with his, fully understanding the junkies who claimed they were lost, hooked beyond redemption from the first instant they sampled whatever substance had ended up killing their souls and taking over full control of their lives. He'd *always* understood that, because it was exactly how he felt about sex. Exactly how he felt about *his* kind of sex, his way of finding a ripe little unsuspecting bitch, and making short work of her. Making her capitulate, very often with a lengthy and protracted fight that was doomed to fail before it started. With barely a whimper. Barely a twitch.

The bitch *had* capitulated.

Either she' forgotten about Blazette watching and waiting in the shadows, urging softly whenever a little urging seemed in order, or she'd discounted the whore's presence completely.

Wally didn't care. Wally didn't believe it mattered very much, one way or the other.

Either way, Rita was pouring herself into his kiss. Either way, she was returning the kiss, her fingers closing and opening upon the ridge of flesh he'd made her clutch. And beneath his touch, as he left her to clutch the fuck-stick all on her own because he'd gotten her to *want* to clutch it, beneath the swift stroking of his hands up and down the length of her body, the bitch softened. Infinitely.

She had both hands at his fuck-stick now, and both of them were hard at work upon it. Wreaking a singularly unique, thoroughly unexpected and searing magic upon it. Though once again her actions made it clear she lacked both the experience and the imagination to know that what she was doing was perfect. Under the circumstances. For a while. That nothing more was required of her than that simple sliding along the demanding thrust and pound of his fuck-stick.

Stroking, strumming, she surrounded. Caressed. Moved the outcome of a few of the more esoteric activities he'd imagined from the realm of merely probable into that of the inevitable.

She sealed her own fate. Unaware that she could withdraw from her stroking and strumming at any time, she didn't. Because she no longer wanted to withdraw.

None of the bitches ever did, once he got them to the place where he let them hold the fuck-stick.

Once he let her experience the truth of him, once he made her find the unexpectedly enormous length of his erection and let her understand that he knew perfectly well what to do with it and how to do it, she couldn't want to back down. Or away. Because what God had denied Wallace Hartley Allden in outward appearance, he'd seen fit to concentrate into the kind of endowment most men would die for...kill for. The kind that any living, ready to be fucked bitch found herself powerless to resist.

He'd been big every time. Impressively big. But never as big as he strained in that moment, between and in the circle of the hands of the most likely, most delicious bitch he'd ever seen fit to invite to get closer.

Wally smiled into the continuing heat of the kiss.

He was large, all right. By any standard, he was already enormous...surely the equal of the old-time gangsters he'd heard about, who'd been large enough to need a fucking *holster* to carry the

fuck-stick in. Even when it wasn't hard. Even if it hadn't elongated itself to an unbelievable length.

He was large enough to captivate with any promise he chose to make. Of anything he intended to do. And he was making plenty of those promises right then. Pulling his hips back and slightly out of the obligingly tightening circle of the latest bitch's hands, he strummed himself luxuriously against their enticingly ridged circumference. And then he rammed forward again, almost hard enough to make her lose her balance. If she'd been free of the wall that supported her and confined her. Free to lose balance.

He thrust and rammed. Repeatedly. Setting up the kind of rhythm that carried the most clear-cut of promises.

This is what I'll do to you...to your dripping, pleading cunt. Eventually. If you're lucky. If I decide I want you enough to give it to you. And when I do...if I do...you'll beg me to never stop.

Rita groaned.

He responded with a groan of his own.

And she tightened her grip around him. As if she wanted to strangle him. As if she couldn't quite believe what she'd found in him.

"Your legs, hon," Blazette prodded gently. "You need to open your legs for him now."

Wally smiled. His lips never strayed more than a millimeter, if that, from Rita's. But he smiled expectantly.

"M...my..." Rita shuddered when he intensified his pressure. Refusing to let her say more.

Redoubling the pressure with lips, and body, and especially the swollen ridge of his groin, Wally urged her to soften again. More. And this time there was nothing subtle about the way she went about doing it.

The bitch shuddered when he tugged at her dress.

It didn't budge.

The fucking thing was made of some kind of Kevlar. Something indestructible.

When he pulled at it, it stood in his way. A hindrance. So he pulled harder. Until he heard the soft sibilance of fabric tearing.

It was a small sliver of sound. The smallest, rippling and echoing, barely audible and yet completely audible beneath Blazette's nonstop stream of soft speech.

The tearing was magnificent. The result even more so.

As her dress began to give way beneath his persistence, as he parted all that hot and sturdy, concealing stuff, Rita made not a single sound of protest. She was too far gone now to protest, with her body rapidly losing tone. Nearly every bit of its tone.

I could do it now. Whatever he wanted, he could do it.

"Listen to Blazette, Rita." His voice was quiet. Commanding. Not to be refused with any deed or any word. "Spread your fat little bitch's legs for me."

She moved. A little. Too little.

Sluggishly, as if her body had lost ability to comprehend what her mind asked of it, one foot slipped away from the other. Causing her some apparent difficulty in remaining balanced, she slid her feet apart and parted her legs.

"That's not enough." Wally's voice became harder. Harsher. Finding a lock of her hair, he wrapped his fingers tightly into it and tugged a very little. "Spread your fat, fucking legs wider."

He expected her to do it. Because he told her to do it. Immediately do it, because immediate was what he wanted. And she struggled to comply. It was obvious she struggled. Her every nerve twitched. Her every muscle quivered and shook, and in the end the gap between her legs widened scarcely at all. They simply refused to give him the opening he wanted.

Only her mouth seemed ready to respond.

Refusing to leave his even in the pitched heat of her battle to obey his commands, her mouth became a wild thing. A savage thing. Beneath the pressure he continued to exert upon it in order to control it and her, her lips sought eagerly. Greedily. Making it their obvious business to hold his and keep his, openly hungry for whatever sustenance they could draw from his. Whatever sustenance he would permit them to draw. Which wasn't much.

Wally preferred to keep his bitches hungry. Keep them close to starvation, and desperate to end their starvation.

"That's not wide enough," he growled. "I want your legs spread wider. I want you to spread them like a good little bitch."

She whimpered. But she did jerk mightily. In every muscle she jerked, and just when he was deciding he'd asked too much of her and she was never going to be able to comply, somehow she forced her legs to do it. She forced them to part for him. So enraptured was

she with the spell he'd woven over her, with the length he'd put between hands that grasped and grappled rapid-fire in increasingly laughable efforts to satisfy it, she came fucking close to *squatting* before him.

Rita sank down, along the rough-walled side of the house that supported her. Sliding her back along its unforgiving ridges, she pulled him down with her as her legs splayed wider and wider and wider with every millimeter of height lost. Exerting tight, taut pressure upon the throbbing fuck-stick she clutched with manically twisted fingers, as if she knew it represented her final form of existence, she pulled him into a squat with her. An almost impossibly wide-legged squat that almost exactly mirrored her own. And held out some very interesting possibilities for both of them. All of them.

For of course Blazette was still there. He'd paid her nearly three thousand dollars a few minutes earlier, so she'd better fucking well be there. She'd better keep herself as unobtrusive as she knew fucking well how to be unobtrusive, and she'd better follow their every fucking move and mimic it exactly, or she was in for trouble like none she'd had before. Not even when the fucking, lying bitch's boyfriend had intruded upon their fun and tried to beat the fucking shit out of her.

Blazette squatted right next to them, her shaved whore's cunt almost groveling in the dirt. And then, knowing her cue when he gestured once, with a swiftly impatient hand, she moved in.

Murmuring something he didn't catch because there was really nothing to *be* caught, she reached out. Reached into the steaming gap between Rita's legs.

Wally knew Blazette reached her mark when she laughed softly, her rough voice grating in soft approval of what she found. He knew, furthermore, because Rita cried out every bit as softly, but in real alarm.

Instinctively the little bitch tried to move sideways. But he stopped her. Blocked her. Forced her to rub herself against Blazette's touch and into it.

"Now, ain't these sweet and pretty?" Blazette murmured breathily.

Rita whimpered again.

"Ain't these just about the most precious little lace panties God ever seen?"

Now Rita stiffened. She made another sound. Two more sounds, worried sounds.

“Now, you just take it easy for a minute, Girlfriend.” Blazette paused. Gave herself a minute. Probably enjoying the sweetness of those lacy little panties before...

Wally’s fuck-stick leaped at the picture the thought painted.

A layer of lace. Pink, probably. Or maybe that pale, putrid shade of faded purple bitches seemed to think was so spectacular.

A layer of lace stretched tight over bulging, weeping bitch’s flesh. And a whore’s fingers stroking and exploring. Searching for a way through. A way in.

“W...w...w...” Rita groaned, but Wally pressed his mouth tighter to hers. He ground his mouth down brutally atop hers and thrust his tongue forward so far that the bitch could either accept it, or choke on it.

There was nothing else she could say. Nothing she could do, now that he’d brought them this close to satisfying his wishes and his desires. And her own.

Not that her wishes mattered a fuck, anyway. Or her desires.

This was about him. About the way she belonged to him now, and the way he meant to have his fun with her.

“Now, how am I gonna get you out of your pretty little panties?” Laughing again, Blazette moved, leaning closer. “We wouldn’t wanna get something so pretty and sweet torn. Would we?”

“N...n...” All Rita could do was whimper. And hang on helplessly to Wally’s fuck-stick when he forced her jaws to open impossibly wide, painfully wide. So wide that any further pressure he might exert would force them to dislocate.

Wally thrust his tongue all the way to the back of her mouth. Finding the sweet mound of her tongue, he pressed it and intertwined his around it.

“Lift your pretty little foot, Girlfriend.”

Rita lurched. Gently. To one side.

“Good girl!” Blazette encouraged. “Now the other.”

The bitch lurched again, and this time she topped it off with a gasp. A harsh one, of trapped air struggling in the steamily deep pit at the bottom of her throat.

He pictured what was happening now.

The whore had laid her bare.

The whore had gotten the fucking panties off her, and now her fingers were exploring what he himself hadn't taken time to explore.

The ridges.

The hot-soft whorls of bitch's flesh already aroused to creaming by the small...oh, so small and inconsequential...things he'd done to her so far.

Inside the circle of Rita's grip, he creamed a little himself.

Rita stiffened, and he laughed.

"Ain't little Girlfriend just all soft and wet?" Blazette crooned.

Rita cried out, stiffening more. And Wally's fuck-stick thundered. Breaking free of the circle of hands that seemed to lose every bit of their ability to grasp and retain, his fuck-stick pummeled thin air. His fuck-stick savored the instant even as it demanded they move on to the next. And the next after that, and the next and the next and the next.

"Tell me, Blazette," he ordered, moving his mouth a scant, barely sufficient millimeter away from Rita's. "How does she feel? How hot is the bitch? How wet?"

Wally imagined again. The whore running her fingertips across softened, superheated ridges between Rita's legs. Running them ever so slowly around the steaming opening to Rita's cunt. Kneading there and massaging as she made a first, entirely preliminary attempt to enter into that steaming opening and find out what lay below. So she could describe it to him. For his pleasure.

"Girlfriend is all soft." Blazette's voice shimmered on suddenly thinned air. Confirming his imaginings and sending a white-hot sizzle of excitement through his aching, agonized flesh. "Girlfriend is soft and hot. Soft, and hot, and *wet*."

"Wall...y...Wally...I...p...p...p..."

At some point, intrigued and enchanted by the visions of Blazette going about her work, touching the little bitch with an intimacy he felt damned certain the little bitch had never known before, Wally had released Rita's lips.

He thought about taking them again. Pressing his against them again. But then he decided against it.

He liked her better this way. Liked to hear the way she muttered her repeated, meaningless syllables in a nonsensical way she obviously thought gave them some kind of meaning.

And then he was glad he'd made the decision. Because everything changed. Rita changed.

Forced into her legs-splayed squat, pinned against the wall by his body and tormented by the whore's hands that did not let her rest and would not until he decided it was time to let her rest, Rita lost her shyness. Just like that, faced with the torment of hands, and lips, and encroaching heat, her hesitation evaporated. Like dew before an advancing sun. Leaving in its place an animal instinct that set her to growling, her tone lowered to one of never imagined guttural aggressiveness.

"Oooh," Blazette approved. "Look here at Baby Girl! Ain't she just the wettest thing any old whore has ever got herself a hold of?"

Wally's fuck-stick shot out a bolt of sheer, crippling pain. It twisted...seemed to twist, though in reality he thought it didn't do anything but hang there jerking, trying to slam itself against the quiver of his thighs, or the quiver of the air, or the stuttering quiver of *something*.

"I'm feelin' our Girlfriend up now," Blazette sighed into the surrounding, encompassing darkness. "I'm feeling up all her nice little lady's ridges and mounds. Feelin' the way they all swell up and start sweating themselves silly every time I touch a finger up against one of them."

"Wally, *please!*" Rita moved her body desperately. Against the whore's touch. Into the whore's touch. She moved it side to side as much as Wally allowed her to move in the impossibly, cruelly narrow limits he'd set up for her. "Name of God, Wally!"

Obviously she needed more room. More movement. More freedom to sway herself side to side.

He delighted in denying it.

"Girlfriend's got all kinds of little hills and valleys," Blazette crooned as Rita moved the way Wally wanted.

Giving the whore everything, Rita begged with her movements, since words had long ago failed her, for more. She begged openly for more of the increasingly extravagant anguish that had to be awakening inside her by now. She begged for him, the whore, someone, to reach it and eradicate it.

She communicated her need very well. Very nicely and succinctly.

When Blazette leaned closer, to intensify her explorations, Wally felt the sumptuous swell of a bared, artificial breast against the lower

part of his arm. He wished with a desperation bordering on obsession that he could move a hand to take it. Fondle it. He wished like hell, but didn't dare.

He still wasn't sure about Rita. He wasn't sure what she would do if he gave her a chance at freedom...a chance for escape. So he only pressed his hands tighter against the wall at either side of her, blocking her while leaving her completely open, completely susceptible to Blazette's blandishments.

Biding his time. Minding his Ps and Qs. Holding his fuck-stick rigidly in check, even when holding it in check was becoming more and more *not* an option.

He couldn't touch with his hands. No matter how much he wanted to, no matter how much he liked and approved of the kind of monster jugs the whore wore on her chest...the kind that should have her down on her knees and crawling in the gutter the way bitches were supposed to crawl, unable to stand beneath the full-swollen weight of them...he couldn't do it. But his mouth...

"Mmmmm." Turning his head, ducking it a little, he found one. His lips wandered almost endlessly across the swollen-soft surface of one of those artificial mounds, and when he found the dark-circled aureole at the center of it, he fastened upon it the full depth and breadth of his tongue and his mouth. "Mmmmm," he hummed, and laved approvingly.

Blazette made not a sound.

"Have I told you how magnificent these are?" he asked, stroking every word into the tight flesh that covered the whore's trembling softness. "Have I told you how much I like these tits of yours?"

"You have," Blazette laughed, twisting herself into his caresses while keeping up the ones she offered Rita. "Dozens of times, since you had 'em installed."

Rita cried out. Mindlessly.

"Don't worry, Girlfriend. I got you. And you ain't got nothin' to worry about."

"Don't talk to her. She's a bitch. She doesn't deserve to be talked to."

"You got that right, Baby." Blazette kissed his forehead. She kissed the top of it. "You're the one who matters. You're the man."

"Damned straight. From now on, you to talk to *me*. You do it to her, and you tell me about it." Then he lowered his mouth back to

Blazette's tit and closed everything...lips, tongue, teeth...on the nipple. Not gently.

"Okay, then." No offense echoed in Blazette's voice. And no hint of pain.

They'd better damned well not echo there. Not for what I paid.

"I'm slippin' my fingers into Girlfriend's hot little hungry hole right about now."

Instinctively, Wally pressed a hand across Rita's mouth. Just in time.

It gaped as she got ready to scream at the entry. Then she did scream, and only his hand stopped the warble of sound and saved them all from the embarrassment, the quite possible legal consequences, of being caught in a flagrant threesome in the darkness in somebody else's public side yard.

"I got my fingers right up in Girlfriend's cunt," Blazette reported. "Oh, I got them so far up Little Girl's cunt that I'm never gonna get them out of her. She's never gonna get them out of *herself*."

Rita groaned. Her breath was hot against the palm of Wally's hand. Torturing his skin. Torturing his fuck-stick until it tried to damage itself.

It needed some attention. Required some attention.

But from where? Who?

As many hands as they possessed in this little threesome, they were rapidly running short. Rapidly running out. Except...

"Rita..."

Unable to move, unable even to twist in her agony as he pressed her up tight against the wall that confined her, Rita melded her body to his.

Her chest quaked. Rising and falling, it struggled to exhale a riot of harsh breath, excited and exhilarated breath.

"Touch me, Rita."

She groaned.

"Take me in your hands."

Her groans were heartfelt. Low, slipping from the base of her throat on a remarkable, increasing tide of softness that twisted her body anxiously. Eagerly.

Wally felt her fingers. He felt them try, slip, falter. Felt the softness with which she failed utterly, completely, to take him.

"That's not good enough," he grated, moving his mouth from Blazette's enticing breast to the top of Rita's ear. To stroke there, nowhere near as happy or contented as it had been in the moment...moments...before. "I want my fuck-stick in your hand *now*. This instant."

She tried.

The useless little bitch tried hard.

The peach satin of her fingers brushed his overheated flesh and closed around it. Sort of.

It was a weak grip. An ineffectual one.

He almost missed a beat in his renewed tasting and sampling of the whore's bought splendor when he felt it upon him.

It was a new sensation. A very, very fraught one. And along with it came the first faint niggling of an idea.

He had never denied himself a bitch. Never once denied his partaking in what he wanted from a bitch. *Never*. But this time....

He knew it, then. Knew it with a strength that was rapidly becoming a certainty.

He was going to fuck Blazette tonight. He was going to fuck the whore over and over and over again right there. Right in the darkened space between the houses. He was going to fuck her until he wore the both of them out. And the bitch Rita was going to help. She was going to...

"Hold me," he ordered, already using the tip of his fuck-stick to seek out new depths inside the circle of hands with which she barely gripped him. "You're going to hold my fuck-stick. And I'm going to use it."

"W...W...Wall..." She sounded ready to cry.

Let her!

He didn't give a fuck if she did, or if she didn't.

"Hold my fuck-stick nice and tight, now, Rita. Hold it nice and steady so you can guide it."

Her fingers pressed him. Pressed into him. Tightened around him, enough to satisfy him. Enough to satisfy what he wanted from her.

"Hold my fuck-stick and guide it," he insisted. "So I can fuck Blazette with it."

Rita...the bitch...whimpered. But she did as she was told.

She held his fuck-stick so he could direct it to the whore's wide-open cunt. So he could shove it inside. Jam it inside, and ram it inside, and hold Rita's hands so tightly between their close-pressed bodies that there was no way she could extricate them. No room at all for the long, low ripple of her anguished groan that went on, and on, and on.

Chapter Ten

Rita couldn't think. She could barely remember how she had gotten to this point, or more importantly, *why*.

Her hands were pressed between two bodies that had locked themselves together in the most primal, most potent form of human connection. Her hands had locked themselves around the engorged hardness of Wally's length, at the base of his engorged length. And they could not free themselves. Not from it, and not from the astonishing wetness of the woman's body into which he pressed that length hard, with a force that must hurt like sin...a force that surely would kill any woman so penetrated, or at the very least crush her to a bloody pulp in the attempt.

The woman...Blazette...laughed as Wally ground himself into her. Filled by him, flowing without reservation in response to him, she laughed repeatedly. Hoarsely. Throatily.

Clearly, she was enjoying herself.

And why shouldn't she? She had Wally the way Rita wanted to have him. She had all of him inside her, moving inside her. She was not forced to crouch endlessly in beset silence, feeling with hands only the place where Wally effected his entry. And the way her flesh strained and swelled, rippling to accommodate the wondrous girth of him as he took her.

Wally penetrated Blazette. He worked himself into her and out of her, worked himself in an endless series of plunges that drew only that softly taunting, softly derogatory tide of laughter from her. And in the meantime, Rita...Rita...

"G...God!"

Rita was being penetrated, as well. She was being manipulated by Blazette's long fingers that had never left the place between her legs where they had long ago embedded themselves. She was being

subdued and coerced by deceptively soft, incredibly strong fingers that had taken over that flesh and now tugged at it. Twisting at the entrance to it and deep within it at the same time. Fingers that worked diligently to drive her to heights of something that couldn't be...wouldn't be satisfaction. Because Rita didn't want to be so satisfied with such viscous, virulent swirlings of overheated moisture. She didn't want to succumb to the tides that demanded she succumb...tides of over-wrought mist that slipped effortlessly down and out, across the prostitute's pressing, grasping palms.

But the prostitute only pressed onward. Upward. Jamming the flats of her palms against outer ridges that cried in agony at the ruthlessness of the jamming, the prostitute used the strength in her fingers to shove them far, far, far, into the impossibly, painfully aroused flesh beyond.

Rita wanted to cover Blazette's hands with her own. She wanted to pull them out. Wanted desperately to pull them away from the place they had awakened and continued demonically to awaken. Yet at the same time she wanted to urge them deeper, shoving at them and pleading with them to give her *more*. Take her *harder*.

She was unable to decide. Uncertain what she wanted any longer, or from whom. So she groaned. The sound rippled into the dark night air and seemed to hang there, seemed to ask for things she didn't understand. Because she had no idea what those things could be.

What am I doing here? What does Wally expect me to...

He held her. Tight. Held her close to his body, and close to Blazette's. His arms were hard and taut, keeping the three of them together in a way that made it perfectly clear he had no thought of letting go. Not of her, and not of Blazette.

At first she was stunned. Disbelieving. A little in awe of and more than a little shocked by what Wally was making happen. She was all kinds of things at the beginning...confused, apprehensive, doubtful. And curious.

Lord, God in heaven, I never expected to be so curious!

Was this woman's touch revolting? Terrifying? Or was it the most extraordinarily arousing thing that had ever been done to her?

Always, always, the maddening repetitiousness of the torment Blazette administered with her expert's touches and caresses continued. Always, always, they brought Rita to more and ever more

softness. Ever more massively endless softening that was so much more than she could have dreamed for herself or caused for herself in even her most heated nighttime attentions to herself.

When her body responded, where the softening of it had once seemed, internal or external, to be her chief, her most extraordinary and useful weapon in any battle with sensual stimulation and sensual arousal, it now became a detriment. Because it would not let her go. Would not let her retreat, would not let her so much as *try* to resist.

Even if she truly wanted to retreat, it was already too late.

The woman who touched her more intimately than she'd expected ever to have any woman touch her began to whisper in the softest of tones. She began to whisper suggestions. The most simultaneously unthinkable yet irresistible suggestions, right up against the outer curve of Rita's ear.

Blazette whispered the softest obscenities. Combined with intricate descriptions of everything she was doing and everything else that she merely wanted to do.

The touch, the brush of the woman's lips against the top curve and inner whorls of Rita's ear amounted, almost, to the softest and most delectable of kisses.

Blazette whispered, and Rita moaned.

Blazette's fingers delved deep into Rita's most sensitive depths, and they were soft. They were so unmistakably female in their caresses. Their eternal caresses at quivering, private flesh. Caresses that stroked the most inner portions of her flesh until it began to weep, beside itself. Until it began to weep openly, with sighs and shivers around the embedded length of twined fingers that only twisted inside her and turned inside her...fingers that spread themselves wide at the first hint of misting moisture, and tugged at her. Opening even more deeply buried flesh wider in preparation for further thrusts, further penetrations. Only to allow it to close once the anticipated thrusts and penetrations were accomplished.

Rita had never been very experienced. She'd been too shy for real social awareness or experimentation in high school. And she'd known only a few boys...young men...afterward. At Junior College. She'd habitually associated only with those as shy as herself, those who had the greatest difficulty and the most woeful lack of knowledge or experience. And even then she had known them only briefly. Only as long as it was possible for anyone to know her under

the torturous handicap of mutual shyness and backwardness that had always held her and her dates tongue-tied.

She'd known a few gropings. A few uncertain attempts at intimacy and even, once, an awkward and memorably miserable unfinished attempt at entry.

All of the touches, all of the attempts, had been rough. Hard. Brusque. All of them had been thoroughly *male* in their lack of softness or tenderness.

But not this touch. Not this caress.

None before had ever approached this. Not even the dark of night caresses she'd eventually learned to lavish upon herself if she didn't want to descend into a hell of sheer, irrevocable madness brought about by sexual longings that couldn't and wouldn't ever be satisfied.

Crying out again, barely able to summon enough strength of sound to cry out, Rita shivered. Violently and viciously. Virulently.

And then her body began to undulate. All on its own it began to sway in ever-widening arcs against the ethereal softness of the female hands that held her and taught her about things she'd never thought to question before. Side to side she moved, unsteady. Increasingly having to struggle to remain on her feet, even in the low to the ground clutches of the squat Wally and the prostitute had urged upon her.

"That's it, Baby Girl." Blazette's whisper-coo into her ear was accompanied by another sweltering touch of full lips, lush lips, along its uppermost curve. The prostitute paused then, to lavish a long, slow, laving caress upon the inner part of that curve. Following those initial words of encouragement with the command that Rita "respond, Girl Friend! Get yourself all nice and wet, so's we can go on to the next level."

"N...n...n..."

Next level?

Rita whimpered, her mind all but gone. And shuddered again as she felt herself responding eagerly to the touches and the laving kisses. With more softening. With an attempt to spread her cramped legs wider, though there would physically be no wider unless she was allowed to change her position. Move away from her position.

Dear heaven, next level? She didn't dare consider what that might be. How that might be.

If she was a woman, and Blazette was a woman, then how...

But her mind wouldn't go there. Her mind had only the barest concept, the most basic and painfully unformed, of how it would be when a man and a woman...

Her mind didn't have the faintest idea how it would work in other ways. It didn't know what questions to ask, or if it should try to ask.

She was at a loss. Unless...

Did Blazette mean *Wally* was the next level?

It was about time he got into this. As something more than just the captor...something more than the strong-arm who tried to control her and subjugate her even long after she'd realized, to her own surprise, there was no need to hold her any longer against her will.

"I need to..." Rita's words, the upward sweeps and far more unsteady downward quavers of her voice sounded absolutely foreign to her own ears.

I need to lie down.

It never happened.

Wally pressed his mouth, just as he had earlier, against hers. He added infinitely, inestimably to the unpredictable self-torture inherent in the way Rita ever more diligently stroked the full length of her awakened body against his and the prostitute's.

Endlessly, helplessly, hopelessly, she stroked it, all the while opening her mouth wider. Barely able to concentrate in the wake of the fresh, rolling and reverberating agony of pleasure the combination of Wally and Blazette awakened between her legs, Rita allowed Wally's tongue all the entry it requested. All the entry it demanded. She allowed him to penetrate depths and infiltrate corners that remained fundamentally impossible to infiltrate and penetrate, except by the most drastic of means.

Taking charge of her own passion, she directed it into avenues destined to lead straight to her own shaken satisfaction. It wasn't easy. But it was an impulse. One she could no more ignore than she could ignore or subdue the rioting chaos of response between her legs.

Small animal sounds ripped from her throat. They weren't mewls, weren't growls, weren't anything human, either. They were strange,

echoing. And even before, long before, those echoes died, carried away on the chill sweep of November wind, she grew pliant.

Her legs would not part more. But she tried anyway. Madly she tried, desperately she struggled, willing her feet to slide farther apart. To allow more room at their juncture...more width and more flesh with which to welcome Blazette's touch and invite more. *Please, God, more!*

Blazette laughed, seeming fully aware of the tides and storms she awakened inside Rita. Fully aware, too, of how much Rita liked them and wanted them.

Greedy and hungry, Rita writhed when the prostitute's fingers located the small, hidden kernel inside. It wasn't the first time the woman had found it or taken advantage of it. But Rita would have been willing to swear in any court of the land that it was going to be the last.

A low shriek escaped her, an entirely involuntary and reflexive one, when Blazette began to stroke that kernel with new deliberation...very *deliberate* deliberation. She stroked expertly, perhaps the tiniest bit roughly, laughing softly as Rita shimmered with moisture and drenched the fingers that buried themselves within her.

The air misted around them. No longer cold air, no longer in any way November air.

Somehow, Rita summoned strength enough and wit enough to pull a hand free and lift it. Just one. A shaky, shaken one. Somehow she found control enough to press it to the back of Wally's head. To dig with clawed fingers deep amongst the roots of his hair so that she could hold him there. Where she wanted him. Intertwined with her and with Blazette, locked into the rising swirl of engulfing pleasure that depended so much, so inestimably much upon each of them doing his or her part. Each of them contributing to the pleasure and cooperation of the others.

Against Rita's thigh, Wally's erection grew. His shaft, stunningly large already, hardened again, into a torrid ridge that signified his wholehearted approval of everything she did and everything Blazette did. Murmuring something Rita didn't catch in a thick-choked whisper she didn't believe was meant to be caught, he tightened in every muscle and every inch. Growing suddenly manic in his search for all the softness the intervening presence of Blazette's hand denied

him, he thrust against the back of it. Thereby shoving its grasping, strumming length all the way into Rita.

She'd lost her ability to feel. Most of her ability to feel anyway.

Nothing remained to be felt except in the jungle-drenched, heated space where Blazette did her work. Nothing remained of ability to comprehend except in terms of that one basic concept. Of male hardness and willingness, male eagerness, and readiness denied by the incandescent thrill of female softness, not her own softness, pressing against her and into her in direct opposition to, overpowering resistance against, any and all male hardness.

Moisture swept Rita. Swept *from* Rita. And concurrently, in perfect unison with it, a sound of rumbling anxiety rose from Wally's throat. Joining her groans, it combined with them. Harmonizing with hers to create an all new kind of music. A terribly urgent kind that was better than any driving rock and roll song she'd ever heard. Better than any of the deceptively crooned, wistfully romantic melodies Damon liked to play on the air.

"How you doin', Little Girl?" Blazette's sigh shimmered breathlessly into her ear.

Rita couldn't answer. She needed to laugh. Feeling alone suddenly, and very, very confused, she wanted with the most insanely searing desperation to cry.

Tremors rumbled nonstop through her. All kinds of tremors, accompanied by all kinds of imaginings. Of all kinds of things that had already happened and other things that had yet to happen. Delirious things still immured inside the mists of longing heat that engulfed her mind and saturated it.

Tremors rumbled through her, and she wanted to know them. Wanted to accept them and invite more of them. Wanted them never to stop. Because in stopping lay destruction. In stopping lay disappointment, desperation, perhaps death.

"P...please!"

This was the kind of mind-numbingly titillating thing that happened in the racy novels she liked to read. The novels she downloaded off the Internet because old Mrs. Winston at the neighborhood bookstore wouldn't understand. Because old Mrs. Winston was a prude, who wouldn't consider selling anything more sexual than those chaste little monthly romance novels that never contained anything more than the most insipid of kisses. If a person

was extremely, exceedingly lucky. This was the kind of thing of which Mrs. Winston would *not* approve. And that only made it more exciting. That only made it *desirable*.

Tears streaked her cheeks. Tears of genuine joy, ecstatic joy burned insidiously at the curved edge of her jaw, and an overpowering urge to laugh swept her.

She gave it free reign.

Her laughter bubbled out, a low shimmer of sound. A silken thunder of sound that had built and built in her chest and throat for much too long. A thunder that escaped into air gone entirely sultry with electrical charges more reminiscent of summer's overheated evenings than of breezy nights encroaching rapidly upon winter.

Blazette held her firm from the outside as well as the inside. Massaging Rita's draining flesh with strokes both deep yet simultaneously shallow, she increased the penetration of her fingers until her knuckles pressed hard against Rita's pulsing outer softness.

"D...dear G...God."

The prostitute ground her fingers into the deepest flesh Rita possessed. Making her ache. More. Tightening the ridges of flesh she'd captured with her knuckles and stretching them taut. Opening them. Strumming the swollen billows of them so that Rita's need only soared. Demon-driven, they soared. Arrowed unerringly into flesh grown hot from the inside and the outside. Flesh tender and swollen, flesh ready and primed when suddenly more fingers, an entirely other set of fingers, joined the ones already hard at work inside her.

Wally's touch joined Blazette's in a searing blast. Somehow they joined with Blazette's and combined with hers to fill Rita impossibly.

Four hands pulled at her now. Four probed at her, four whose efforts sought to do things that could not physically be done. To arouse things that physically should never be aroused.

"W...wait." It was all Rita could say. And it wasn't enough. It didn't even slow them.

This time it was Wally who laughed. This time it was his trademark incendiary incitement that struck straight through to the core of her.

Or was it his touch?

It could be.

The brush of his fingers was as hard, almost as brutal, as Blazette's was soft and gentle. He entered Rita with thicker fingers, more unforgiving fingers that tore carelessly at her distended ridges.

Blazette had prepared the opening. And now he used it. Murmuring a soft "mmmm" of approval.

"Aren't you g...going to..." Rita faltered. Hesitated. Shuddered.

Make love to me?

That seemed totally inadequate. Laughably inadequate. Because love had nothing to do with this. This was *sex*, raw and simple.

Have sex with me?

That didn't work either. That made it seem like she'd gone to the restaurant tonight expecting to have sex with him and planning for it. And nothing could have been farther from the truth.

So she bit down on her lip. Worked hard to keep track of herself in the face of the rising, swelling tide of sensual confusion the two of them worked together to try to foist upon her.

"Fuck you?" Wally suggested in his Damon voice. "Is that what you want from me, Rita? For me to fuck you?"

They both laughed. He and the woman he'd brought along to torment her.

"What do you think, Blazette? Do I fuck her, or do I..."

They plunged deep. Together.

Oh, sweet God, so *deep*!

Rita's back arched. Her throat constricted with the effort of trying to force a groan that wasn't going to come.

"You just go ahead and fuck whoever you want." Blazette's voice sounded muzzy. Blurred. Distant. "You got the right to fuck anybody you want. And I'm sure Little Girl here would agree with me. If Little Girl was able to agree with anything."

Dimly, Rita caught the sound of movement. Even more dimly, she felt it. Felt an overheated, parched thing drop into her hands. The *one* thing. The one she'd thirsted for and lusted for, the one she wanted Wally to press as deeply between her legs as he and Blazette continued to press fingers they'd somehow joined to form a knotted, gnarled twist of pain at the heart of her.

His shaft struck her upper thigh with scalding force. And she shrieked. Flexing madly the opening that could not possibly accommodate it because that opening was already thoroughly occupied, Rita did her damndest to shriek. But something pressed

against her lips. Other lips. Full, ripe lips, covering hers and spreading hers so that when the sweet heat of a searching tongue tried to intrude, she was utterly powerless to resist. Utterly powerless to do anything but kiss in return, wanting to possess them as fully as they possessed her. To promise them the same kind of incomprehensible things they seemed to promise her. Taking the offered kiss, caring not a whit which of them offered it, Rita opened herself to it and plunged herself into it. She plunged her tongue into it and swirled lazily, passionately, tenderly. Engaging the one she met, the sweet-ripe tongue that was offered her with a low and sibilant groan of utter, devastating satisfaction.

Moisture swelled. Moisture roiled in the invaded flesh between her thighs, and sprang wildly from it in a fresh outpouring whose endless flow and flutter left her vulnerable. To anything anyone wanted to do. Any way they might want to do it.

"I want to know what *you* think," Wally murmured. Making it clear it was Blazette's mouth that owned hers. Blazette's mouth pressed unstopably against hers, possessing hers, awakening her to sudden, sinuously delicious surgings and a simple, overriding desire to *have*. To continue. For as long as the other woman continued to arouse and refresh.

"Which bitch do I fuck?" Wally rasped. "Which bitch do I want more?"

There was no answer.

Blazette was too busy to answer, and Rita too captivated. Neither of them had the time to answer, much less the capacity to answer. So he did it for himself. Chose for himself.

There was no need for a choice, anyway. As dimly as she'd done anything in the previous lifetime or two, Rita knew he had never left Blazette in his mind. His thoughts. Oh, at some point, some unmarked and unremarked juncture, he had allowed both of Rita's hands to escape the prison he'd made for them between his body and the prostitute's. But he'd remained joined with the prostitute in his mind, much the way he now returned the full attention of his body to hers. Much the same way he now, once again, intimately joined himself to the prostitute. Ultimately joined himself to her. With her.

There had never been any need for a choice. But he'd made it anyway. "So sweet," he moaned softly, delving deep into Blazette.

“So very, deliciously sweet.” His body jerked with a force that shoved Rita back against her unforgiving wall.

She hurt. Wanting. Suffered, and roiled, and ached with her need for him...her need to feel him and be filled by him.

“God,” Blazette murmured almost as softly and, Rita felt sure, deliberately. “You’re as big as I remembered, Stud. Bigger.”

“You want it,” Wally murmured seductively. “Don’t you, Rita?”

She didn’t answer. Couldn’t answer.

The prostitute’s mouth had claimed hers again, and was well on its way to laying waste to hers for good.

“Oh, how badly the little bitch wants me.” Wally’s voice rose and fell, rose and fell. Becoming Damon’s for an instant, then returning back to Wally’s softer and more subtle, not all that different one.

Every motion of his body was designed to inflame. Every exuberant, rapid forward ramming was designed to enlighten, and every backward sweep designed to awaken desire...pressing, burning desire...for even more enlightenment.

Rita wanted them. Both. Enlightenment, and the desire for more.

“You want this,” Wally murmur-urged again in his moonlight-and-mist voice. “You want me to fuck you, Rita. The way I’m fucking her right now. Deep and hard. Do you have any idea how deep my fuck-stick is inside her right now, Rita? Can you have the slightest notion how deep I can go? What I can do to her...what I could do to you with it?” Laughing, he thrust. Hard. Burying himself in the prostitute’s willing body and then holding himself endlessly there. Eternally there.

Over-stressed, over-stimulated, Rita’s body gasped out another sudden, far more harsh rush of the moisture that should have been his. The hard-won essence that should have smoothed his flesh and eased its entry into her own body. Crying out in hoarse tones that exactly mirrored the way that searing rush felt as it made its escape, Rita came hard and came repeatedly under the combined, undeniably expert ministration of Wally’s words and the prostitute’s hands. She came in great, gasping gushes as he continued to pound the full length of his shaft into the body Blazette opened for him.

She felt every ripple of his body meeting Blazette’s and emptying itself into Blazette’s. And as a sudden engulfment of darkness rose, seemingly from the increasingly unsteady ground that reached out to claim her, a wail of despair soared from Rita’s parted lips. Small,

watery, insignificant and unimportant on its own, it stirred the gold-lit darkness of leaves in the trees lining the not-distant street. Her cry surged out in a single whistling rush, and was instantly lost in a nighttime rife with astonishment. A night heated with intensity, and full, dying disappointment.

Finished, Wally shrank to nothing. Finished entirely, he dropped back and away, to fall with a nearly audible plop to his back on the dark-shrouded grass.

“You always know what I want,” he laughed softly. Approvingly. “You always know exactly what to do to me. With me. Don’t you, Blazette?”

Chapter Eleven

Rita was going to call him back.

Wally knew she was.

She couldn't help herself. Even if she'd surprised him one fucking hell of a lot with her resilience and her gumption, one hell of a lot more of both than Wally'd ever suspected or supposed, she was *going* to call.

She wouldn't be able to help herself.

So the only valid question was...when?

Normally he got a hell of a lot of satisfaction out of encounters like the one they'd shared five nights before. Normally he enjoyed knowing he'd awakened desire in whatever bitch he'd chosen for such attentions. Normally the suffering he imagined he aroused in them and refused to allow to be eased was enough to carry him through, carry him on to a whole series of sexual and sensual climaxes that only seemed to grow hotter and more satisfying as time rolled on toward the next episode.

Normally he wouldn't even have noticed the bitch hadn't done her part and called him back. *Normally*.

Only this time...

Groaning, he dropped a hand to his lap.

What the hell was the bitch thinking? Who the hell did she think she was?

He'd even *told* her to call. A first, among all his conquests. He'd done it more as a challenge, to see how desperate he'd made her than out of any real need to tell her.

He'd told her, and she hadn't complied.

It had been five days. And nearly as many long and aggravated nights.

His fuck-stick was wracked the way he had never known it to be before. With pain like none it had felt before...sharp pain, unendurable pain, unprecedented pain.

He was suffering the tortures of the damned, and the bitch was off living the life of Riley somewhere. Off laughing at him, refusing to call him the way he *knew* she wanted to call.

She'd left him standing alone at the top of Mount Washington, strangely unsatisfied mentally even in the afterglow of his complete physical satisfaction at the way he'd denied her any satisfaction. She'd just walked away. Leaving nothing in her wake but the sound of wind picking up in the trees overhead. A desolate sound. Bringing down flurries of dead-brown leaves and driving them ahead of it in quick, skittering waves across the pavement.

Quick. Skittering.

Who the fuck does that little bitch think she is?

Wally had their roles down pat. He'd rehearsed them a hundred times, put them into effect a hundred times, managed them perfectly a hundred.

So, where the fuck does she get off thinking...

It was up to him to let *her* off the hook. Up to him to decide where they went with this. Up to him and him alone to decide they were going to go anywhere at all.

The little bitch wasn't playing by the rules. And he didn't like it. No more than he liked the twisting pain in his crotch or the fact that the bitch was ignoring his invitation...ignoring *him*. Deliberately ignoring, deliberately playing some kind of fucking *game*.

Irritated, he scrubbed the palm of his hand down the length of the fuck-stick he'd released at the start of his shift. In the stupid hope that his own hands, no matter how eager or how willing, would have any effect upon it whatsoever.

The fucking thing just kept throbbing. The way it had throbbed constantly since the second she'd left him with daylight imminent and the world getting ready to turn pale gray beneath a wash of cooling November rain that *should* have been the perfect antidote to any lingering aftereffect of the greatest, most passionate victory he'd won in the longest of long, long times.

What the living hell is the bitch...

And now the fucking music was ending.

He was sweating and shaking. With an ague so terrible it had to be real, had to have a definite physical cause other than his swelteringly unsatisfied sexual state. An ague that maybe, probably, was going to turn out to be terminal. Some scourge of a disease springing out of some ignorant, fucking third-world country. Something that had nothing at all to do with sexual stimulation, but had simply decided now would be a fun time to imitate ultimate sexual torment and torture while it settled in to decimate him with fearsome, scorch-scarring strength.

Shivering as sweat poured from every part of him, he touched his afflicted fuck-stick gingerly.

She'd *damaged* him.

The bitch had seriously damaged him.

In his headphones, the music swelled for an instant before it softened, beginning its final fade.

The music was ending, and he had nothing set to follow. Had no care for anything he should have been getting ready to say in the gap that was going to follow if he didn't find some way to fill it, and fill it fucking soon. But he continued to sit with both hands in his lap, both hands busy with their struggle to ease the scourge that had taken root there.

Muttering angrily, he swung an elbow around and bumped the mic switch.

"The fortress has been breached," he breathed, huddling forward. And it was all wrong. He didn't sound like Damon. Or like Wally. Or any of the other, fledgling personalities he'd created early in his career when he'd been experimenting and getting a feel for himself and what was going to work for him. "Stillness reigns. But you know that. Each and every one of you knows the stillness will not last. Because it cannot last. Because the desolation is complete. The destruction is forever, and nothing will be the same. For you, for me, for eternity."

Christ, the bitch has me completely off my mark.

He was hoarse. Like he'd caught a bad cold and never given himself a chance to get over it.

Of course there had been no cold. There had been nothing but a growing, burgeoning desperation that...

Jesus, mother-fucking Christ.

That was the last thing he needed. The very last he'd ever expected of himself.

Desperation?

Shit.

He did not get desperate. Ever.

The little bitch, Rita, was nothing. Nobody. She was only one more, only the latest in a stream of far more entertaining and satisfying, in the end eminently forgettable nobodies placed upon this earth for his pleasure. For the humoring of his whims.

“Only darkness exists,” he rasped into the mic in that strangely sensual, oddly enticing new voice. “And music.”

Shivering, he paused for a moment. A long, long, suggestive and thoroughly inflammatory moment.

Maybe I've stumbled onto something, here.

It was true he had to force one of his hands to release his fuck-stick. It was more than true that he had to work with it, sweating more than ever, to convince it to rise and open. Open and close while ultimately doing one of the things it, and he, were paid to do.

Start the next song.

He needed the music as badly as anyone. More, maybe. After all, it was the way he attracted them. The women and sometimes the men who listened and responded from their dim, dull little corners of the vast, black nowhere out there. The ones who hung on his words, his insinuations. The ones who called him with the notion that the music had been sent especially to them. As some sort of secret, coded message meant only for them. The ones who fell for him and gave him his chance to choose the most likely among them.

The music was the way Wally caught them. The way he convinced them, usually long before he ever spoke personally with them, that they might have a chance with him. It was the way he made them believe, for the little while that belief was necessary, that he wanted them as much and as permanently as the sound of his voice and his music made them want him.

“The music is in the stars,” he murmured suggestively, using his new and strangely rougher voice to its maximum now that he’d become aware of it.

Behind him a shimmer of that very music lit up the background. Swelling provocatively. “And there are thousands of them. Thousands of *millions* of stars So look up, lovers. Look up into the satin sheen of soaring dark sky, and witness the way they shine for you.”

What the fuck had he been thinking, anyway?

He didn't need Rita!

The thought, coming straight out of nowhere, made him smile.

There were all kinds of bitches in the world. Millions of bitches, of one sort or another. One persuasion or another.

If Rita didn't call, another would.

All he had to do was sit back and spin his magic, sit back with his engorged fuck-stick in his hands and wait.

They would call, and he could have one of them...*any* of them.

He was Damon. He'd had them in New York. Chicago. Calgary. Detroit. Dallas. He'd had scads and scads of them, in scads and scads of places better and more exciting than this hell-hole dead steel town whose *glorious* past was a murky, sooty, nasty small town attitude that persisted in the murky, sooty hearts and minds of the people he met on the street every day.

Small town people. With small town minds and smaller town delusions of grandeur.

Small town people who were easier to charm than the more sophisticated ones in the really big cities...the cities where class predominated, and awareness was wide open and cautious.

He could find another one.

So what the hell am I waiting for?

"See how the stars light up this misty November night," he crooned to the small minds, enfolding his fuck-stick in his hands again. "See how they cast their sweet glow upon solitude. Emptiness." His voice nearly broke on a note of unrestrained passion as his palms gave a moment's leaping, startled relief to the relentless monster pressed between them.

Sexy.

He smiled to himself.

Now, *that* had been sexy.

On the counter next to his mug of untouched, cold coffee, the phone lit up. Almost in a single instant, three lines lit up.

Three small minds responded.

"Feel the emptiness," he urged with new satisfaction. "Feel it aching inside your heart, and know that I am here."

Thank the loving Gods this particular piece of music has a long as fuck intro! Thank them in all their infinite wisdom he still had a few more bars before the singing began...before he'd have to shut the fuck up and

get down to business with the idiots who waited for him on the phones. Wanting to simper at him and slobber all over him in the hope he'd favor them with some of his attention.

"Feel all of it." His voice dropped. Shivering, shimmering to a fraught whisper that trembled anxiously and eagerly upon the end of his last word. "Feel my presence in all of it. And wonder. How will it be filled? How will you survive the sweet, sweet filling?"

On perfect cue, voices rose. Singing began. And his hand released his fuck-stick. Reaching up and out with a quick, smart flick of a wrist, his finger switched off the mic and reached for the phone.

"Hotter After Dark." He gave it just the right inflection. Not as sensual or sexual as the last words he'd spoken across the airwaves. Not enough to outrage anyone who might for some bizarre reason be calling for some reason that could damned well wait for later. Until someone else, who gave a shit, would be there to take care of it. "You're with Damon. So talk to me." His hand closed around his fuck-stick. Gave his fuck-stick a long and gliding stroke as he prepared to hear the want and the need in her...*make it a her tonight!*...voice.

"Wally, what the shit is going on over there?"

Uh-oh.

Wally continued to cling to his fuck-stick. Maybe a little harder now, and a hell of a lot more protectively since he'd recognized the voice and the threat in the voice. Though that didn't do anything to change the full engagement of the thing, or diminish it toward softness at all.

"Kenny."

On the line, the station's program director, Wally's *boss*, breathed harder than he usually did. Which was saying something, since Kenny was one of those wound-up, perpetually worried mouth-breathers who looked for disaster and thrived on it.

"What's happening with *you*, Kenny?"

Kenny also had the hots for Wally. Or more specifically for Damon.

Holding fast to the old fuck-stick, holding tight, Wally massaged it and stroked it.

If this is all fate is going to dish up...

"What the shit do you think you're doing?"

Stroke, stroke, stroke. "I dunno." Rub, rub, massage. "My *job*?"

"It's enough to melt the goddamn radio. You sound like you're sitting there with your cock out, getting ready to fuck yourself."

Wally laughed. Easily.

So what if I am?

"You want a piece of that, huh, Kenny?"

"I want you to fucking knock it *off*! Before I have advertisers calling up to cancel everything they've paid for." Kenny paused a second. Wheezing asthmatically. Wheezing *hard*. "In case you've forgotten, they're the ones who pay your salary."

Wally laughed again.

"They're the ones who make it possible for you to sit there with your cock in your hands night after night, jacking yourself off. Or whatever the hell you think you're doing on their dime."

Jacking myself off.

Looking down, Wally eyed the swollen-red creature between his hands.

A diamond drop had appeared at its tip.

Not cum. That would come later. If it came at all.

He'd been having a little problem with that over these last several days. Since Rita had committed the unpardonable sin of walking away from him without a word before he was ready for her to walk away, he'd found it easier than hell to build and build. Until his fuck-stick felt like a goddamned volcano primed to let go and destroy everything in its path. He could build and build and build until his balls felt like they fucking dragged between his feet, bumping along in stony-textured torment without end. But somehow he couldn't seem to finish. Couldn't get the fuck-stick to pop a load for the life of him.

Kenny had never stopped ranting.

"...don't care what the fuck you do with your prick!" the little bastard was shrieking.

Wally groaned. To himself.

"But when you start doing it on the air, when you start sounding like you're doing it...well, that's where I start drawing a few fucking lines."

"Listen." Cupping a hand around the fuck-stick, Wally made a little tunnel of it. So he could drag it along the length of the fuck-stick, with a little extra attention to the tag of flesh at the underside of its tip.

If he had any hope of relief at all, that was where he'd find it. In that little vane of thin skin where it seemed every nerve ending in his body converged and connected.

Stiffening, the fuck-stick jerked. A stab of sharp-hot pain sliced straight down both legs and into the floor, but the thing just went right on mocking him. Right on rocking him to his foundations while it did nothing at all, nothing perceptible, to right the situation. Set it to rights the way it needed to be set to rights.

"Kenny."

He eyed the phone.

One line had hung up. But one remained. Blinking endlessly.

"I got other calls. You done reaming my ass?"

Kenny breathed. Heavily.

Shit. A suggestion like that was probably just what Kenny needed to set him to creaming himself inside his fucking, pressed and perfect Levis.

"You haven't been reamed yet, you son of a bitch. You don't know what it is to be reamed."

"Kenny..."

"One of these days you're going to go too far. I hope you know that. And when you do, I hope to God I get to be the one to call you out. I hope to God I get to be the one who gives you exactly what you deserve."

"Ken..."

"But in the meantime, I'm *ordering* you. Put your dick back in your pants. And keep it there. I don't care what you do in your own personal time, but I want you to cool it while you're on the air. You hear me?"

Yawning, Wally watched the remaining phone line blink and blink and blink. Endlessly blink.

He heard.

"You done?"

Wheeze. Breathe. Shudder.

He'd been wrong. The little fucker was already creaming his pants. Right then and there. Right as they spoke or didn't speak.

Wally laughed a little. Not even bothering to try to hide it.

"I haven't even started." And then Kenny hung up.

Wally's smile widened. His fingertips drifted pleurably across the electrified vane of exposed skin that shrieked helplessly beneath his touch.

Rita.

He punched the button for the remaining lit line.

"Hotter After Dark." His voice said everything. It said exactly what he was doing. Exactly what he wanted from her. Because after his last little speech, it had to be her. *Had* to be.

"H...hello?"

It was a female, for sure.

She sounded about thirteen.

Uh-oh.

Wally's fuck-stick hesitated a little, though it didn't stop what it was up to. Mostly because he didn't stop fingering it in the fondly inciting way that kept the stabs and swirls of electricity flowing inside it.

Jail bait.

He didn't go for jail bait. Never had, never would. After all, who the hell wanted to waste his time fucking flat-chested, ignorant *kids* when there were women out there? Grown women, and grown men too, who knew what they were doing? Who knew damned well how to fuck, and how to enjoy fucking?

"Do you have a request?" He didn't remove all the sex from his voice. That would look stupid. That would make him look like a hypocrite.

"Yes." A shiver of sigh trembled in the immature voice.

"And that would be..."

The music drew to a close, and Wally started the next piece. With both his hands free for the moment, freed by the wave of distaste that swept through him when his caller replied with a childish giggle, he slipped a CD into the machine, touched the button, and eased back the volume on the fading song so the new one could take over. Take center stage.

Perfect segue.

They always were.

"I want...want...I want to..."

Giggling was unmistakable now. Both in the voice that spoke, and behind it. Behind the hesitant, amateurishly lowered voice that obviously thought it was being sexy. Irresistibly sexy.

"I want you, Damon!" She said it in a rush. Egged on, no doubt, by the giggling three or four or half-dozen pre-pubescent females with which she was sharing her stupid company. "I want to s...spread my l...legs for..."

"How old are you, anyway?"

That didn't stop her.

"My legs are hot for you, Damon!"

He bit back a groan.

Unattended now, his fuck-stick still reared up straight and true between his thighs. It still danced a little and searched endlessly whenever he moved. But not because of this conversation! If anything, his fuck-stick should have deflated completely by now. No doubt it would have if that bitch Rita hadn't made it impossible for it to find a second's rest.

"Are you trying to get me arrested?"

The girl laughed. "There's six of us here. And we're all hot for you."

Yes, but what about your legs?

Are your legs hot, too?

What the hell did that mean, anyway? How could *legs* be hot?

Wally almost laughed in the stupid kid's ear at that one.

"We'd like you to come over tonight, and...later. You know. You could come over here and f...f...fu..."

"Whoa, there. Does your mother have any idea what you're up to?"

"My mother?" Her giggle turned nervous. Really, really nervous and less attractive than ever. If less attractive was even possible. "My mother has nothing to do with..."

"You're about thirteen years old. If that. And your mother has everything to do with this."

Silence.

Dead silence.

"Are you going to tell her what you've been doing?"

More silence. Deader silence.

"You're going to get yourself into trouble if you don't stop this. You're going to get yourself involved with the wrong person...the really, *really* wrong person." *Like me, if you were about eight years older.* "And you're going to wind up in all kinds of trouble you aren't even old enough to know about."

Nothing.

No response.

“Do you understand what I’m saying to you?”

Very suddenly, a click.

A buzz.

A dial tone.

Wally hung up the phone.

It sat dark. And silent.

No calls waited. No one waited. No *Rita* waited.

“Where the fucking, shitting hell are you, you little bitch?”

With Kenny’s recent warning only halfway, not seriously, on his mind, Wally reached for the button again. Preparing to lean forward over the mic and *into* the mic. As much as the soaring-hard stabbing of his fuck-stick would allow him to lean. And he gave it a second’s thought.

If Rita wasn’t enticed by now, he’d have to step up his efforts. He’d have to entice her in a way she couldn’t ignore. One she couldn’t help but succumb to. Because she was *going* to be his again. Now more than ever, he’d made up his mind that that particular female, that one toying, tormenting little bitch of a female who thought she was so much better than him was going to be his exclusively. Until and unless he said otherwise.

She was going to belong to him. Body and heart and soul. For longer than he’d ever permitted any bitch to belong to him before.

She was going to belong to him until he finished with her. Until he used her up. Every last, fucking bit of her.

So only the nagging, discombobulating question remained.

Where the hell *was* the bitch? Why the hell didn’t she call?

Chapter Twelve

“A wisp of stardust.” The voice emanated from her blue radio softly. Low and hypnotic with a new, inexplicably husky hoarseness. A suggestive hoarseness that threatened to turn Rita inside out.

Breath sobbed in her throat. Its escape filled her bedroom with wave after wave of fully ripened anguish that trembled on cold air like...

“A kiss of night mist upon a full moon.”

Damon was not at his best tonight. He had gone so far beyond his best that any previous best could only seem pathetic by comparison.

“A kiss from your lover, and the stage is set for magic to reign supreme. In all lands, all realms where magic is said to exist. And any who feel its pull is helpless to resist. As you yourself are helpless now, and in my thrall. Helpless beneath my enchantment.”

Sweet God in heaven!

Moisture drizzled from Rita. Vital moisture, pure heat of moisture slipped and shimmered in vastly over-stimulated rivulets from the naked place between her widespread legs.

Could he be talking to *her*?

How could he be talking to her? How could he even know she was...

“This is Damon,” he murmured. “Spinning every enchantment for you. Weaving potent magic that leaves you now, forever, Hotter. After Dark.” Sighing all his words, he halfway moaned the last three. Riveting her with the sheer weight, the sheer, sensual import of them.

Rita shivered. Her flesh emitted its fulsome, tormented moisture in a long and glistening river that was about to bleed her dry. That would very, very soon drain the last vestige of useful life from her.

After the episode of a few nights ago, she'd had some wild thoughts. Some purely vengeful ones, dealing with how she should get even with Wally. She'd even halfway begun to hatch a plot to carry through that need for revenge to its bitter conclusion. But hearing his voice, hearing the rising and falling silken delight inherent in the tones of it, those thoughts seemed to flee her mind.

She couldn't remember, even, what those plans, that plot, had been. Only that in the moment when Wally, being Damon again, spoke directly to her, none of them seemed important or even relevant.

That might change in the future. A small and deliberate, festering and detached part of herself told her it was more than likely it would. But in the here and now, in the present time when she sprawled on her back across her bed in the mist-lit darkness he'd described so eloquently, once again desperate and grappling with flesh that would not allow her to stop, she could only struggle to penetrate her own storming body with shaking fingers. Once again, she cried out in real anguish when the eventual entry of two intertwined digits failed utterly to accomplish any sort of satisfaction. So Rita gave in to an unholy urge.

She cried.

Tears streaked the sides of her face. They crept undaunted into drifts of hair that spread themselves across her blue bedspread... rippling drifts that waited to receive the pouring tides of tears that, like everything else about her and inside her, did not want to stop.

What in heaven's name was wrong with her?

Has she caught some terrible tropic fever?

She couldn't fathom how.

Pittsburgh in the grasp of November chill was as far from a breeding ground for tropical anything as it was possible to get.

Still, entrapped in the fever that seized her, she'd opened the windows before she lay down. She'd opened every window in the house in hopes of finding relief from heat that just kept on building. Internal heat. The kind of heat that by its own simmering nature would allow no relief at all. And the pain...

"Name of God!" she cried to the blue-shadowed ceiling so far overhead.

The pain!

Heat had turned to agony. And even agony had gone seriously awry. Dangerously awry, and utterly out of control.

Even the gentle shifting of the bed was becoming too much to bear. Too much stimulation to bear. Its small but significant unsteadiness set all kinds of unsettling waves to surging and murmuring inside her stomach, her mind, and especially her incandescently aroused loins.

It was him.

She'd been sure of that for four days. Ever since she'd fled in abject despair through the lamp-lit darkness of Mount Washington streets in search of a bus or a taxi. Any bus, any taxi. In the hopelessly naïve hope that by fleeing she could return to normal. To the life she'd known in her heart she had already given up completely in the first moment she'd allowed him to put his outrageous, outrageously alluring plan into action.

She hadn't understood then that such giving up was likely to lead to places from which it would be impossible to return. Until now. When she found herself in the untenable position, the once unimaginable one, of knowing she had liked the sensations. Of having another woman's hands upon her. Of having that woman do to her the kind of intimate things she'd never known one woman could do to another.

She hadn't understood that by giving in and going along, by allowing herself to be awakened to so many possibilities and so much never before imagined delight, she was also, somehow, opening herself to possibilities with Wally. Or to be more correct, with Wally acting as Damon.

He'd gotten to her. He'd gotten deep, deep under her skin. And that was the part that outraged her. That was the part that enraged more than a little, despite the incredible desire that coursed feverishly through her and besotted her every time she thought about him or listened to him speak. That was the part that made her want revenge.

The way he'd used her. The way he'd gotten to her with no thought, ever, of what his using and getting might mean to *her*. The result it might have upon her.

He was a cad. A scoundrel. A self-indulgent jackanapes loser, and a monster of no small significance.

He was diabolical. His effect, his moonlight and roses, was unconscionable. Cunningly contrived to be unmistakably sexual, and very much feared for what it aroused...could always arouse...in her.

He, acting as either Damon or Wally, was inherently evil. And abominable.

And what did that make her?

Shuddering, she twisted the hands with which she tortured herself. She twisted them around herself, moving the fingers she held resolutely embedded deep inside herself.

If Damon-Wally was the worst of the worst, and if she couldn't make herself get enough of listening to him and fantasizing about what it would be like to have him and know him in every possible way, what the sweet, seething *hell* did that make her?

Sobs echoed in the dim-lit room. Fraught, maddened, they bounced and rebounded from every available surface in the room and beyond.

How in that sweet, sweet hell was she ever going to reconcile herself to needing this man when she resented him so terribly? When she had in some ways begun to hate him for his callousness, his fakery and his breezy self-assuredness?

And what the hell had happened to Jeff in the midst of all of this? Where the hell had Jeff vanished to, when this was all about him, really? When he was the one...

No way. Not now. *Not anymore.*

Clamping down harshly on the notion that none of this was about Jeff at all any more, Rita lay spread-eagled on her back, sweating in a drifting of cold breeze that only stroked more flame into every scintilla of flesh it found and touched. Immediately stoking it beyond any point where it could be extinguished except through the most drastic, the most unbelievable of means.

She was out of control. Her body was out of control. She knew it. And she lay in her darkness listening to the prettily worded drivel Damon spewed, fighting with everything she possessed to stroke caressing fingers into herself in her never-ending search for relief. *Any* relief that might remain open to her.

Groaning, she was loath to let go of herself even partially. Even when she had to do it. Even when the next action became necessary and unavoidable if her life was to continue.

Letting go with one hand, rolling first to her side and then to her stomach, she punched at buttons on the phone.

Thank God she'd saved his number! Thank God she'd called the radio station often enough and persistently enough that it had seemed only reasonable to save the number to speed dial. And thank God for speed dial. Because otherwise...

Her hand shook. So badly, as badly as her body and her mind, that she wouldn't have been able to punch in a phone number. Wouldn't have been able to even *see* the numerals printed in impossibly small digits upon the buttons.

"Hotter After Dark," he said, not quite crisply and not quite suggestively after three rings.

She couldn't respond. She was too lost in her own scorching moment. In the increasingly liquid agony of her own need to hear him and know she could still have her chance with him. Her *deserved* chance.

"Hello?"

The best she could manage was a tormented gasping.

Even to her own ears it sounded like the agony of a woman in sexual extremis. A woman who had already ignited herself and awakened herself, and now that the igniting and awakening was complete, lacked ability or sensibility to finish immolating herself.

"Listen." He sounded nothing at all like Damon then. His tone turned harsh. Impatient. On the very smallest verge of very, very angry. "We covered this before. I am not interested in you or your friends. So you need to stop calling me. You're a little girl. Do you get that? A *little girl* who needs to stop calling grown men and trying to entice them with..."

"N...name of God." Rita's voice quavered badly, and she gasped harder. Breathed her anguish directly into the phone, directly into the demon bastard's ear. "You..."

"Rita." Was it overheated imagination, or did he sound relieved?

"You *bastard*."

"I've been waiting for you to..."

"You have another one? Already? And she's a..."

Another woman...another victim.

"Child?" he asked with no discernable hesitation.

Shivering, shuddering, Rita tried to tell him what she thought of him. She wanted to tell him what she thought of him.

Who the hell are you? What the hell are you?

"She's a pest," he said so quickly that she never had the chance to try. "I never asked her to call me. And I am *not* interested in her." Snapping it out, he sounded angrier by the instant. More outraged by the instant. "And where in hell have *you* been all this time, Rita?"

"Where the hell have I b...been?" Her voice rose. "How dare you talk to me like that, after everything you..."

"You sound like sex."

At that, she could only shudder.

Was it any wonder?

"You sound like you're *having* sex."

Again, a shudder.

It was the best she could do.

Her body continued to simmer beneath the fever of her own touch. Her body continued to veer so far beyond control that she was never going to find her way back from the beleaguered place where her body took her.

"Who are you fucking, Rita? Is it him? Is it your dream lover who never had a clue that you existed?"

"You *are* a bastard."

"You don't deserve him, you know." Dropping, Wally's voice took on the moonlight and mists sizzle it had had only moments before, when it had reached her through the little blue radio. "You don't deserve this Jeff you're so madly in love with."

In the background, on the radio, the music changed. The music melded from one hopelessly incendiary love melody into the next, even more inflammatory swirl and swell of softly played horns and electric guitar.

"Wh...who s...said Jeff was m...m...my..."

God, how her fingers ached! Her wrist, too. How they ached from the constant pressure she'd placed upon them for days upon days in her fruitless efforts to penetrate herself enough. Sufficiently.

In and out, the fingers of the one hand with which she continued to work at herself dipped. Up and down, they ripped. Tore. Tugged.

"God! Wally..."

"What is it that you want, Rita?"

She smiled. To herself, in the privacy of her inflamed bedroom.

Want?

Him. Of course. She wanted to have him. Again. Completely for herself. Completely to herself, for the satisfaction of her own pressing needs.

At some point she had changed. And her obsession had changed. From Jeff to...

Revenge!

She smiled again as her body rained its endless anguish out over her fingers and her hand.

She was growing stronger. Thanks to Wally. Or maybe in spite of him. She was growing so much closer to knowing what she really wanted. And how to go about getting it. Even if she wasn't ready to put the knowledge into concrete terms, concrete plans, as of yet.

"I guess I should be asking you the same thing." Her voice was stronger as well. Stronger and firmer, despite the ongoing infirmity of her physical condition. "Because you sound like you're fucking somebody, too. And I'd like to know who *she* is."

Wally...Damon...laughed. Luminously. "Why haven't you called, Rita? In all these days and nights, why the *fuck* haven't you called?"

"Why should I?" Her voice rose again. Aggravated now almost to open fury. "After what you..."

"You're nothing but a whore. And you liked it."

"I..."

"You know you did, whore. You know you liked everything we did the other night. You liked it just fine."

Strangely, the challenge gave her insight. Her first small, shining inkling that she might be about to gain the upper hand in a situation she'd despaired of ever controlling. That she might already have the upper hand. But it didn't diminish the anger. Not even a little. And she was supremely glad of that. Because for some strange reason the anger she felt, the same anger she sensed she'd aroused in him through no real effort of her own, gave her even more strength.

Startlingly, the anger turned her *on*. The cold-hot chill and thrill of it surging through her veins added a little extra something to the surging swell of pent-up desire in the private regions she'd so far succeeded only in aggravating. The chill and thrill settled there in hard, almost jagged lumps, demanding its escape. Giving her exactly the shattering blast of excited adrenaline she'd needed in order to realize that she might soon actually be able to do it. Be able to retaliate.

She flowed harder. The escape of elixir with which she anointed her own twisting hands intensified, the rain of it slicking her every surface. Her every ridge and swollen edge.

Groaning softly beneath the combined ferocity of anger and the need for revenge, she found she had to struggle mightily for every breath. So hard that once again speech became impossible. Speech became superfluous. A luxury she couldn't afford, because it had nothing to do with and no place in boiling desperation that would not rest. Would not stop.

"I'm not the whore," she retorted. "I'd think you, of all people, would be able to recognize that."

"Who, then? Blazette? She's twice the woman you'll ever..."

She should hang up. Would, if there wasn't that little bit of unfinished business that now more than ever needed taking care of.

"Not me, and not Bl...Blazette. You."

"Me? How the fucking hell do you figure..."

"You brought Blazette into it, didn't you?"

"That doesn't make me a whore, Rita. A whore is the one who spreads her legs the second she's..."

"You intruded her into what was supposed to be..."

"What?" His tone turned cutting. "What the fuck did you think it was going to be, Rita? Before God, I don't know what you want from me. I don't know what the fuck you expect."

She didn't know either.

Her awakening?

Maybe.

Her release from her own shyness?

If that was the case, she'd surely done that!

"It's all irrelevant anyway."

She bristled. "How the hell do you figure *that*?"

"None of it changes the fact that you liked it. You liked everything about it."

Seething in every way it was possible to seethe, she said nothing.

So what if I did? That has no bearing on...

"For all the hell I know, you're dying right now to have it again." He said it with full bravado. Full strutting, preening male assurance. But underneath his voice broke. A little. Enough to hearten.

Rita could picture him. Sitting there in the solitude of his studio. Sitting with his swollen shaft clutched between hands that shook and worked at himself with frantic intensity. With no result.

"For all I know," he started, only to finish with a quick and fervent "Jesus Christ!" And then "You're listening to Damon," *rasped* from the blue radio on the table by the bed. "Reminding you that it really is and *you* really are Hotter After Dark."

A moment, less, of silence, and he spoke into her ear again. "For all the fuck I know, you're married to some thug who'd like nothing better than to come around and beat the shit out of me for even talking to you. And leave me for dead afterward."

"That's just stupid, Wally. That's nothing but..."

"Not from my point of view, it isn't."

"If I was married to a thug, why would I..."

And just what the hell are we talking about?

Fullness ached in the deepest regions of her.

She lay saturated with her own wetness, filled with fresh energy by the never ending flow of her own wetness. Filled to the brim with a kind of abiding endurance that flowed directly to her fingertips and made them crook wickedly inside her weeping body.

Delighted, she cried out. Unmistakably delighted.

Wally laughed, but bitterly this time. "You're fucking that bastard right now, aren't you? You're fucking him while he listens. While both of you listen."

"Don't be an idiot, Wally. Don't..."

"Fine." His voice grated. Harder and more unpleasant than she'd ever heard it. "You're not married."

"I'm not!"

His reply, his immediate reply, was a shudder. "Then what the h...hell..." His voice rose then, on a sudden sob. "What the hell *are* you? What the hell kind of fucking shit are you trying to...Jesus God, Rita. Are you some k...kind of mother-f...fucking n...nun?"

"What kind of nun would I be? To b...be...a n...n...n..." Seizure rippled through her. Purely self-instigated seizure upon seizure of quivering, quaking delirium as her seeking fingers found their mark and *made* their mark. "What the hell kind of nun lies here with her hands on herself? With her fingers buried so deep inside herself that she's afraid she'll never see them again?"

Wally shuddered now, too.

“What the hell kind of nun thinks such things and does such things to herself? What the hell kind of...”

“What kind of things?” His voice became barely audible.

Rita smiled at the ceiling.

She’d caught him.

Good!

Reduced to a virtual puddle, tormented by her own imaginings and her own responses to the terrible strength of those imaginings, she felt strengthened more than before, more than ever. She felt incredibly strengthened and thoroughly capable of outlasting him. Of outwitting him, and beating him at his own nefarious game.

“Tell me what things,” he insisted, sounding ragged.

“And if I do? What will you do if I tell you?”

“Anything.”

“What will you give me?”

“Whatever you want.”

Twisting her fingers tighter into herself, Rita smiled again.

The bedroom simmered. The bedroom was redolent of sex. And sexual dreams. Of sexual fantasies not yet realized.

“I’m touching myself,” she whispered breathlessly, almost laughing. “So deeply. So tenderly.”

And with that touching, victory was going to be hers.

Chapter Thirteen

“**R**ita, what the hell are you...are you trying to...”
Kill me.

That’s what she was trying to do.

Wally knew for a fact the bitch had set out to fucking kill him.
Cold. Dead. Absolutely.

He knew it as absolutely as he’d known she would call again sooner or later. He’d known because somehow her trying to kill him was predestined. Inevitable and unavoidable.

Stroking his fuck-stick a little more gently now that the possibility of relief and release seemed to be creeping back into sight, Wally tilted his head back so that he could see only the soft gray of sound-absorbing ceiling tile. So that no blinking lights on insistent phone lines could intrude upon the delight of the moment. He tilted his head far, far back and smiled as he listened to the dulcet rise and fall, shimmer and swell of the bitch’s voice in his headphones.

He’d about lost it to her. He’d about lost his aplomb...his self-control.

That had never happened before, and it might have been cause for worry. If not for her attractiveness, her stone-cold gorgeousness that made the aberration understandable. If nonetheless terrifying.

She was gorgeous, and he’d faltered. He’d had an instant of weakness, but that was over now. He was back in the flow of things...back in charge of things. And now it was time to get it over with. Get finished with her the way he would get finished with her, because he always had and always would.

He smiled. Pervasive relaxation had started to creep over him now that he had her back in his fold, and he could afford it. He could afford to give in and enjoy it for a little while. Always confidently stroking. Always anticipating the release he was going to achieve just

by listening to the silken swell of her voice as it rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and...

"So," he said after a suitably long-short pause during which he hoped like hell she'd been thinking about him and falling under the spell he'd grown so adept at casting. "What do you feel, Rita? What do you feel right now, when you're touching yourself so tenderly? What do you f...f...feel when you..."

Damn. Almost lost it again.

If he knew what the hell was good for him, he'd hang up on this bitch right now. He'd watch out for her, and never accept another call from her.

Fortunately, his better sense kicked in just in the nick of time, reminding him that he could handle her. She was a bitch, and he knew how to handle bitches. He'd learned how to handle them, even when they grew persistent. Even when they became pests, and their behavior bordered on outright stalking.

"How I feel." Her voice was breathy. Insanely breathy and increasingly hard to hear. Increasingly hard to make sense of.

Closing his eyes, he imagined her. Imagined the way she must look at that moment. With the long and rosy strength of her fingers played indulgently across supple and richly mounded flesh. He'd never seen that particular flesh, but then why would he need to?

He'd seen plenty of that kind of flesh. More than plenty.

He was well acquainted, intimately acquainted, with exactly the way it would look right then.

Rosy. The flesh between her wide-spread legs would be rosy. Veering toward dusky. And cherry-like in the way it stretched, swollen, beneath pressing fingertips. Cherry-like in the way it split in response to pressure, and opened itself wide so the pressing, exploring fingers could enter.

His fuck-stick kicked. Hard. So hard that he had to bite back a sharp cry and work harder to focus his attention, everything he had of attention, upon the random pattern of dots and depressions on the ceiling tiles. A new smile flicked across his face, fleetingly this time, as he took time to empty his mind of every thought except one.

His satisfaction. His fuck-stick, and *its* satisfaction.

"I feel..." The bitch hesitated, and Wally could feel her searching. For the right word. The right words.

“Heat,” she finished after a while. As if she wasn’t satisfied with her answer, but thought it the best she could do...the best she could manage.

“Heat.”

It worked for him.

Stroking purposefully, stroking ever more longing along his infuriated length, Wally tried to promise it with an encircling of fingers and a dragging specifically along and against the eager ridge beneath its tip that it would have everything it wanted. Very soon it would have whatever it wanted. And it had to believe. Because he had never once denied it. Never once thought of denying it since the age of twelve, when he’d realized there was no purpose in denying it, no reason for ignoring it, and no earthly good in refusing the pleasure it gave him.

“What does that mean?” he wanted to know in a voice he allowed to husk with suggestion and not-so-hidden meaning. “Heat? That’s not good enough, Rita. I want to know what you *feel*. Specifically. Definitely.”

“But I...”

Jesus Christ. His fuck-stick responded even to that. His fuck-stick pulsed wildly at his smallest touch, emitting one of its hopeful beads of preparatory fluid. Silking itself with it and smoothing itself. Getting itself ready to ease the passage that wasn’t going to come...the passage into *her*. Heating more, heating infinitely, its surface no longer felt parched. No longer felt so desperate for smoothing or soothing that it would do anything at all to attain them. Even when it already knew there was nothing he would refuse it, and no way he would *dare* to refuse.

“Tell me what the heat’s like,” he urged. “When you touch yourself.”

“D...” She gulped. Audibly. “Don’t you have to...you know...”

Play some music?

That was hardly fucking likely!

Not when the puling little bitch was so far under his power. Not *now!*

“What I need to do right now is hear from you,” he murmured, not ready to give up the infernal intoxication of imagining what she was going to say next. How she was going to express herself when she tried to explain what he made her feel. And then, just to seal the

deal, he summoned up one of his promises-of-sweet-sweet-champagne speeches. "I need to know if you're growing hotter the way the night does," he Damoned, lingering dulcetly upon *hotter*.

It worked.

He'd known it would.

"Ohhhh." Rita shuddered audibly. "There are slashes."

"Slashes?"

"Of heat. Wherever I touch. Whenever I touch."

"What does the heat do to you, Rita?" *Bitch*.

"S...smolders. It smolders, and swelters. There are flashes of it and slashes of it. Heat that's trying to burn right through me."

Not bad. For an amateur.

He could hardly have expressed it better himself!

Clutching harder still at his fuck-stick, he beat a little more of his constrained and too badly restrained passion into it.

"Heat, Rita? Inside?"

"Ins...side," she agreed at once. "And outs...side. Oh, God, Wally." She paused for another long and sibilant shudder mixed up and stirred in with the most heartfelt of groans. "I f...f...feel."

"How many fingers?"

"Wh...what?"

"How many fingers are you using? On yourself? Inside yourself?"

She cried out again. Sounding like she might be approaching extremis. Or maybe she was already *in* extremis. "T...two. I..."

"I want another."

"What?" Disbelief rang loud and clear in her tone, and denial had already arisen in every syllable.

"I want you to use another finger. And once you do that, I want another."

"F...*four*?"

"Are you doing it?"

"I...Wally, I c...can't!"

"But you can." *Bitch*. He laughed. In the way no bitch who possessed life and breath and half a wit could bother to try to refuse. He laughed in the way that would escalate whatever paltry heat the bitch had instigated in herself, and hopefully make the resulting firestorm of scorching lava burn her alive. Until she lost the last of her will or her desire to resist. "I want four fingers in your cunt," he

murmur-breathed. "I want them all the way in. As far as you can shove them in."

Silence.

The bitch didn't even shudder at him.

"I want them in so far they hurt."

Still, silence.

"Are you doing it, Rita?"

Rapt silence. Enraptured silence. *Compliant* silence.

"Now, try to imagine how large my fuck-stick is." As if she was watching, as if she could see, he stroked it. Made it larger than he'd ever made it before. "Imagine having my fuck-stick inside you instead of your own fingers."

"Oh, God, Wally. I can't..."

"My fuck-stick is bigger than you can imagine. I have it right here between my hands, right now. And it's so..."

She rewarded him with a small sound. A delicate mewling that had him imagining the way she did as he ordered. As he imagined with more thundering pulses and increasingly virulent jerks shaking the flesh beneath his hands.

Four fingers. Small fingers. Tugging at a cherry-red opening, Tugging it wide. Stretching it and straining it tight and taut. Readying it to be traumatized when...

"My fuck-stick would fill you, Rita."

Another mewling.

Close, now. *So close.*

"My fuck-stick would fill your cunt until you screamed. My fuck-stick would rip at you and plunder you, and make you..."

Mewling changed to a sigh. The softest of sighs.

"Are you helping me, Rita? Are you doing what I told you to do?"

Hesitation. Then a small, shivery, quivery "I am."

"How many fingers, Rita?"

"F...four."

Wally allowed himself a particularly long, particularly slow plunge and drag at a fuck-stick that was all but beside itself now. That was damned near explosive in this, its moment of self-fulfilling glee. "Are they all the way inside?"

"Yessssss." Just as mewling had turned to a sigh, now the sigh turned to a softly, sexily sibilant hiss of surrender.

“Push harder.”

“I...”

“Push your fingers into your cunt, Rita.”

There was no way he could tell if she did. No real way, except that the sound of her breathing grew more tortured in his ear.

Sitting as upright in his chair as his current state of arousal made possible, he reached for a CD. Automatically set the next song in motion so that for all anybody knew, all anybody would care, an unbroken series of softly romantic chords and lyrics and music were exactly what he'd planned.

Screw the fucking listeners.

They were probably busy as hell, anyway. Screwing their witless brains out, and not caring a fuck what the hell he played as long as he just *played* it!

Finished with his little bit of necessary business, Wally settled back and coiled his hands tighter, his fingers joined into an even smaller circumference. Something the size he imagined Rita's virginal little cunt would present if he ever deigned to investigate the reality of it. And then he forced the constricted circle down over a fuck-stick that was almost, damned near, too big to fit inside.

Almost.

Damned near.

It made no difference.

No matter how small, he'd never met a bitch he couldn't get himself into when he chose. No matter how tight, there was no bitch he couldn't take. And sometimes, often times, they'd plead with him and beg him to stop. Because the size of him hurt them and frightened them. And he loved them for it. Fucked them harder and longer, more determinedly for it.

Holding his fuck-stick between his hands, he exulted in the largeness of it, and wiped away the shimmering distressed bead of moisture gathered at its tip. “Are your fingers all the way inside your cunt, Rita?”

“Y...yes.”

Good. Not even a hint of hesitation that time.

“Say it.”

She groaned.

He, his fuck-stick, heard the suffering in that groan and responded instantly, magnificently. Leaping visibly, the two of them.

“Wally...”

“Don’t use my name.” His voice sharpened. Hardened. Took on a steely-flinty note. “I want you to call me Damon.”

“D...D...Damon, then.”

“Good. Now, say it. Tell me where your fingers are.”

“In my...my...”

“Cunt. You can say it.”

“Cunt. They’re in my cunt, W...Damon.”

“Again. Say it again.”

“They’re in my *cunt*, Damon! They’re so far into my cunt that...”

“Now pump at yourself.”

Silence.

“Are you pumping, Rita?”

“Yesssss.”

She was gone. Far, far gone. The things he was forcing her to do, with nothing more than the power of his voice, were way beyond her. Way out of her league and way beyond anything she’d done to herself before. He’d taken her right up to the edge, and now it was time to make her linger there. Linger as painfully as she’d made him linger when she hadn’t called. Until he had his fill of her. Until...

Releasing the fingers with which he’d encircled his fuck-stick in approximation of the smallness of her opening, he whispered. Into the bitch’s ear. Over God only knew the fuck how many miles of phone connection. “Pump at yourself now, Rita. I want you to pump hard. Ram your fingers into yourself. Ram them deep. And imagine how lucky you would be, what a thrill it would be, to have my fuck-stick there instead.”

She murmured. Unintelligibly.

“Are you pumping?”

“Y...yes.”

“Ramming?”

“Yes. D...D...Dam...on.”

“At what?”

“My cunt.”

“Say it louder, Rita.”

“Cunt!” she exclaimed.

“Say it again. And again and again and again. Tell me what you’re thrusting at.”

“My cunt!” This time it was a scream. Damned near loud enough to tear his ears off. So damned, unconscionably loud that it was a wonder he didn’t hear it in the air without the aid of the phone. So fucking loud that he had to spare a hand to turn down the volume of his headphones before she blew out his eardrums.

You’re a fucking, worthless little bitch, Rita.

He didn’t scream it at her. Didn’t scream anything.

Because she was doing it. She was doing exactly as he’d ordered.

“Cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, *cunt!*” she shrieked non-stop, with her repetitions so closely spaced that it seemed to be one long word instead of many. One hypnotic syllable pulsating and pulsating while his fuck-stick jerked between his hands, jabbing mightily at the thin air that was all it would have for its troubles. For the time being, anyway. As his fuck-stick echoed the rhythm of her repetitions and in some vague way mocked them for the ineffectual, amateurish things they really were.

Wally bit back a shudder. He would not allow Rita to hear it, because that would be admitting his own vulnerability. Something he absolutely, unequivocally would *not* allow himself to do.

Her moaning was softer after she stopped her shrieking. Her protests grew soft. Wounded. Muted, and worthless.

“Fuck yourself,” he commanded. “Fuck yourself hard. The way you want me to fuck you.” And in the background he heard sounds. Unmistakable thrashings and creakings and groanings. A rumpled rustling of a distraught body moving and writhing upon the crumpled bed she occupied alone, because who the fuck was ever going to occupy it with her? Who, besides him...the fantasy of him and the tantalizing promise that if she was very, very good and very, very obedient he might one day actually put himself there?

The idea was laughable. But she didn’t know that...didn’t need to know that.

Smiling at the ceiling, he imagined her bed.

It would be narrow. Ruffly. Pink, or maybe lavender, and the sheets would be satin. Definitely feminine, and blotched from the bursts of moisture he could feel emanating from her overwrought body even at a distance. His fuck-stick hardened at the thought of her twisting endlessly upon those satin sheets, her hands knuckled hard against the swollen area between her legs and her body glistening beneath shining rivers of sweat. And all because she

thought she was delighting him. All because she thought she was doing something that could ever come close to satisfying him.

Maybe it's time for a new city. A new gig.

Adding the next CD to his unprecedented non-stop marathon of music, Wally thought about it.

Maybe this high point was his warning that he'd spent his limit of time in Pittsburgh. Gone through the limited pickings a city this size had to offer, and established enough of a vaguely uncertain reputation for himself that in so many quarters the picking was starting to get a little...awkward. And a little less easy.

Maybe when he finished phone-fucking this current bitch, he would think about moving on.

Tampa, he thought distractedly as the bitch's moans and whispering murmurs continued at the edge of the background of his attention. Or *Miami*.

He hadn't done a stint in Florida yet. But they would hire him. Once they heard his tape, they always hired him. And he knew how *hot* it could be in Tampa or Miami. He'd heard all about Latin bitches, and how hot they were once a man took the trouble to get them started. Just like he knew how deadly dangerous their boyfriends could be until he convinced them they needn't be left out of the action. Until he convinced them he always had room for one more, and they were welcome to join in to their hearts' content and fuck all they wanted. They could fuck her, or him, or both of them in any way they wanted.

Yep.

"Dam...mon?"

The bitch. He and his fuck-stick ignored her. *It's getting about time to move on. Before winter sets in and Pittsburgh gets fucking cold. Fucking colder.*

Time to move on.

Just as soon as he finished having his fun with magnificent, gullible little Rita.

Chapter Fourteen

She'd brought him near tears.

Rita heard the echo of them in his voice.

Shuddering softly, she withdrew the hands with which she'd been all too glad to torture herself until the time was right, the time was perfect. Like now.

She'd brought herself to throbbing. With a softly persistent pulsing that penetrated inner layers she'd never managed to reach with hands alone, touches alone. Because the places into which the pulsing insinuated itself, where it settled to repeatedly arouse and excite, were unreachable by any other, any outward means. They were that deep. That hidden, and that unknown even to herself.

Wally had never touched them. No one had. No one until she'd stumbled across them at some point...some very *recent* point...in the last few struggling, suffering days. And now that she'd aroused and awakened them...

Shuddering in a way that pervaded those secret precincts as much as anything else she'd done to herself, she realized she could do nothing now but wait. To see. What would happen next.

But at the moment, with Wally so near tears and working so obviously hard to conceal them from her, she'd found something else to occupy her thoughts and her time. Something upon which she could capitalize, and maybe base a future victory she could actually *sense* in the heated air surrounding her own arousal. She could actually feel the burn of victory with every new, every deeper simmer of her own lovely, lush moisture.

It was an opportunity she couldn't afford to miss. An opportunity she wouldn't miss, to urge him on and on. All the way to the point of

complete and unconditional surrender to the power she suddenly sensed *she* possessed.

"I n...need..." he whispered.

"What?" she whispered back, mimicking his tone and taking some of the quavered desperation she heard in it for her own...some of it to use for her own.

"Are you shoving at yourself? Are you still shoving your fingers into yourself?"

She laughed. Breathlessly. "I can."

"Then do it. Do it so..."

Laughing again, more breathless than at any point in her previous, her other life, Rita slipped a digit...only one...into the deep channel she'd only just abandoned. "I wonder if you can imagine," she murmured, once again echoing what he had done and the ways he had tried to empower himself over her, "How it feels?"

"Tell me."

Plunging deeper, plunging that one and only finger to its full depth inside the blazing-misting narrowness that closed deliciously around it, Rita had to pause then, to shiver. No shudder. No sound. Just a shiver that like the newly awakened sexuality that suffused her completely, with a tremor of internal movement. *Deeply* internal movement. So deep that it almost wasn't a movement at all.

"Rita?" His voice shook. Reflecting what she felt so far down there, inside.

She sighed. Gave herself over to indescribable pleasure for another second or two. Then she laughed again. "I'm shoving," she murmured. "Just a finger. Just one. Into myself."

"Are you..."

"I'm starting to blaze, Damon. I'm starting to soften."

"I want..." Gaining strength, he started to demand again. Sounding very near the edge of beginning to demand again.

"I'm misting," she whispered, the sound of her voice as perfectly descriptive of that word as a voice could ever be. "Around what's inside me. What's possessing me. And don't you wish it was you?"

The soft gasp of a sigh was her only answer.

Smiling, she added a second finger to the first. "Can you imagine what it would be like if it was you there? If it was you who fueled that fire and created the mist that tries to extinguish it?"

"I..." The soft quaver of his next sigh came on top of, was nearly drowned in the endless depth of what had to be and could only be an honest to goodness, unabashed sob. "...need. To know. More."

"What color is sex, do you think?" she asked, ignoring him deliberately because she'd made the most incredible discovery. That ignoring him was the one way to get to him. The one way to drive him to that state where his voice shook and his words shook and, she imagined, his entire body must be shaking as well.

She laughed again. So softly that it was barely a laugh at all...barely anything more than a half-uttered taunt. "Sex comes in *all* colors, I think. I have no idea why that's true." No longer thrashing as she had moments earlier, she paused for a split instant, to enjoy the deeply repetitious natural hum of a quiver that penetrated more flesh. That penetrated places it surely had never been meant to penetrate. Because from there, from that low and enclosed place where it settled as she paused, there would be no release. There was no outlet for release, no way supplied for release.

So, this was a permanent thing?

This was to be with her for the rest of her life? For as long as her life might be?

On the thought, she misted harder, surged and broke and splashed over the two fingers she joined now with a third.

She liked that idea. And found she possessed the strength to laugh once more, aloud and joyously this time, her joy only accentuated by the new sharp prick and prickle of agony never to be released.

As it had become crystal clear Wally meant never to grant anything of the kind.

She let the throbbing rhythm sink in for another moment. A very, scintillatingly long one. She let it register fully.

"But it is true, Wally. It's so very, crystal-clear true."

"Wh..."

He was handling himself. Rita felt sure of it. He had that long and silk-covered length that she'd never been allowed to glimpse, the one she'd only been allowed to feel and long for in its full, vital length, between his hands. He was strumming fresh life into it. Creating within it fresh demands for the very flesh he'd denied himself. *Her* flesh. And the real wonder of it was that in the strumming, in the

self-denial, he had given her the ultimate power. Over him. To decide if she meant to give herself to him or not.

At the moment, her body tensed around the invaders with which she teased and enlightened herself, she thought not.

But that could change.

Much of that would depend upon Wally himself...upon what he said or sobbed in these next few all important, critically important minutes.

"What's true?" he gasped so unsteadily that she knew all her imaginings, that whole scenario of imagining, was absolutely true.

"That sex has colors," she replied instantly, her tone one of spiraling suffering mixed with healthy doses of pure, sheer wonder and a teasing note she put there deliberately. To torment him as much as she knew how. "Sex has so many colors, Wally. Who would have suspected? Such a rainbow of colors! One to fit every mood...every kind of sex. Who would have...and the one I choose is..."

"What the hell are you trying to do to me?"

"Don't you want to know what color I choose, Wally? Don't you want to know how..."

He sobbed. A very little. That was his only answer, and it seemed to take everything out of him, because there was nothing after it. No more after it.

"I choose blue," she finished after an appropriate moment. One very appropriately *long* moment.

"B...bl..."

"The softest blue." Lost in herself, lost in the loveliness of the three stout, sturdy and strong fingers with which she pleased herself, she ignored him. "The blue of a summer-day sky, I think. The blue between clouds, the blue of heaven above the clouds."

Wally sobbed again. Unmistakably sobbed.

"You like that, do you?" Gasping now, all laughter fled into the ethereal blue she'd pictured for herself, Rita writhed upon the bed. Lifting her hips, straining with back, and buttocks and shoulders, she writhed as slowly as it was humanly possible to writhe. And attempted with the most powerful muscles her body possessed to crush to a pulp the inserted length of fingers that soothed to every depth they could reach in the same instant that they only inflamed more, inflamed intolerably the gaping wound she'd torn at the center

of herself. "You like to think of me slipping into myself and slipping out of myself in the same blue way you use your voice. Such a lovely, lovely voice, Wally. Or should I say Damon? That's right...you told me to call you Damon. And your music. Oh, Damon! Such m...music..." She missed a beat, then. Her overtaxed body missed a beat. Half a dozen beats. "Such soft music, sexy music, *blue* music." The music that drifted from the little blue radio...*blue*, and wasn't that significant?...even as she lay vibrating, misting, bursting. No longer in short-lived and highly inadequate ripples, now the moisture streamed forth in sweet surges that only ended up doing fifteen times more harm than good. That only aroused fifteen times more sensation than it doused.

"I chose blue because it calms." Steeling herself for the strength it increasingly took to speak intelligible words, she sighed. As mistily, as softly, as longingly as her body sighed beneath her own touch. "Even now I choose for it to be blue. Even when I can't see the blue, even when I can only imagine it, the blue is inside me. Such soothing blue."

Not really.

She sighed more deeply. More audibly.

"I *feel* the blue. Have you ever felt a color, Damon? Have you ever felt what a color can do to you?"

"No." His voice said he'd nearly gained control of himself. The razor edge of his initial anger had long since gone, long since been muted into something much less obvious. Something that now approached, very rapidly unless Rita was mistaken, dissolution simmering at the very edges of a new kind of control. "Tell me."

"Your song is ending, Damon."

"Screw the song."

"And if I insist? If I want more of the music?"

"Then screw you. Tell me, Rita. Tell me what..."

She responded with a sudden, immeasurable increase in the vibration that failed utterly to soothe. Because of course it had never been designed to soothe. Never been designed to do anything but throb its persistent way all the way, straight, into the core of her. "Don't you *wish*?"

For a second she thought he was going to hang up on her. For an instant she thought he *had* hung up.

The softest of clicks echoed like a gunshot along the phone line.

Pulling the receiver away from her ear, Rita stared at it. Bewildered, yet not at all bewildered.

Then the radio came to life.

"Tonight is ripe," Damon murmured seductively from it, his voice stirring every shadow to the same kind of uneasy life that rustled inside her. Very little quaver underlay his words, his syllables and sounds. Very little, unless a person expected it to be there. Unless a person *knew* it was there, and was listening for it to be there. "Ripe with moonlight." Very little quaver, but it *was* there. *Was* thrilling, enchanting, exciting.

Rita's body responded with a heated gush. A heated expulsion of energy so explosive, so brilliant, it stunned her mind. And all the worlds her mind inhabited.

"And ripe with stars. The world..."

"I'm fucking myself for you." She had no idea if Wally could hear. She had no idea how these things worked...if the phone cut off completely when he did whatever he had to do to put his voice on the air, or if there was some way her voice could still reach through to him. She had no idea if she was wasting her effort, expending her torment uselessly upon some distant and remote, wholly inhuman hold function. But she was willing to take the chance. Just in case he could hear. As his voice seemed to confirm when he stopped unexpectedly, publicly shuddering out an unguarded sigh for all the world, all listeners, to hear and marvel at and wonder over.

"The night is ripe with the promise..."

"You can hear me, can't you? Wally? *Damon?*"

"...of what is yet to come." His voice almost broke once. Twice. More times. And Rita laughed. Softly. Sure of herself.

"Can you imagine how I'm fucking myself for you?"

Again, a sigh. Eliciting more thrills from her. Eliciting a fresh rising of unsuspected, unexpected sexuality of the very kind she'd known when he'd made Blazette touch her. When he'd ordered Blazette to teach her startled flesh how it felt to be truly aroused and truly driven.

"I urge you to dream," he rasped. "I urge you, all of the lovers within the sound of my voice, to..."

"I've plunged so deep," Rita murmured. Smiling her own version of the dreamy smile he urged, she allowed a stealthy, steady murmur of wonder to infuse her voice. For his benefit. "Imagine how deep!"

“Dream because you are the children of dreams.”

“So much deeper than you’ve ever been, Wally. Into places so much more...”

“Y...you are children of the un...iv...v...”

She’d done it.

Made him do what he never did. Stammer. On the air.

“..verse. And your night...this night, is...”

“Your shaft.” She whispered the word as seductively as it was possible to murmur. In order to seduce with subtly faint suggestion. “It’s between your hands right now, isn’t it? You’re holding your long, long shaft between your hands, and it’s hard. It’s swollen with longing. For something more. Something so much richer, and so much warmer.”

“this night is ripe for d...dreams that never end.”

“I want *you* to dream, Damon. About your shaft inside me.”

“Dream with your hearts. Your...”

“Dream about the way your shaft would fit inside me.”

“...m...minds. Your souls.”

This was a battle of words. Of thoughts. This was the most pitched battle the planet had ever known, a battle that pitted every uttered nuance against every suggested thought.

For the moment it seemed Wally might be winning.

His voice steadied. Regaining control. A good measure of control. “And most of all, dream with your souls,” he murmured, attempting to seduce *her* now. “Dream with the tangled heat of bodies that know no rest because there *is* no rest.”

“Don’t you want to be inside me now?”

There was no way to be sure he hadn’t regained control simply because he’d switched her off. But Rita thought he hadn’t. She thought he was too far gone to do anything as simple, anything as monumentally effective, as switching her off.

No, he was still there. He was still listening. Still placing outrageous pressure upon the straining length he most certainly had to be holding between his hands, clutched with manic fervor right at the point of full, depleting boil.

“This is *so* good,” she murmured-breathed-shuddered. “So very, very good. You, with your shaft in your hands and your heart about to explode. You, screwing your shaft against thin air while you listen to me and wish more, deeper...”

"You will never find rest," he promised her and everyone else in a new and creeping, dark tone. "Because I decree..."

"Screw your hands, Damon."

"...there will be no more rest."

"Screw them *hard*."

"...until your dreams reach out. Until they fill the night."

"Screw the empty circle of your hands, and dream those dreams for yourself."

"Unt...til your dreams fill every c...corner of the night. Unt...til..."

Smiling, her face flushed with the force of the smile, Rita tasted victory for real. For eternity. And bolstered by the taste and the spice of it, she tried a new tactic. Took a new direction into throbbing, shuddering human flesh that demanded new directions and new tactics as if they were a birthright. A foregone conclusion.

She silked the smoothness of her fingers from side to side. And responded with a quickening of every sensation. Striking new jolts of electricity from her heart and straight back into it.

"Oh, my God! Damon!" That came out better than expected. That came out in a tone of full, unquestionable rapture and a *seethe* of breath that ignited the air, and all the passion in the air.

Passion filled miles and miles of air. Surely it had to be miles between the place where she lay in her extreme extremis of delight and the place where Damon-Wally sat, with the emptiness of longing all too clear in his voice as he murmured "Dream your dreams until they distill the universe to its purest..."

"Screw yourself, Damon. Screw your hands. And dream how it would feel to screw *me* this way."

"...its most primal..."

"Screw and screw and screw, Damon."

"most elemental liquor."

"You want to screw me. You know you do."

"The liquor of ignited passion pleading to be..."

Sex.

He was talking about sex, and...

Rita held her breath.

Was he going to say it? On the air? The way she felt his increasingly addled, shrieking and whirling mind *wanting* to say it? Needing to admit in terms no one could misunderstand exactly what

he meant and what he thought. Exactly what he so clearly and desperately *needed* to admit.

She held her breath. For a fraction of a second. And then, “say it,” she urged into his ear. “Why don’t you say what you really think? What you really want?”

His hesitation hung in her ear.

Victorious, imminently victorious, she laughed. “Fucked, Damon. Say it. I dare you to say it. Now. Right now. I dare you to say you want to be fucked.” Sultry heat exploded within her.

“But I leave it up to you,” Damon went on doggedly. Raggedly.

“Coward.” A laugh. Soft. Burning with the pure elixir of combustion. “*Fucking* coward.”

“I leave it to you to imagine. What is ignited. What flames and fires...”

“You want me.”

“...sear among us. Among you.”

“You want me so badly your cock is ready to explode.”

“...tonight.”

Music swelled from the blue radio’s small speaker.

Swelled.

That was the key. The entire world, the entire universe revolved around and centered upon that single word. And the concept behind it. *Swelled. Swollen. Sweltering. Everything.*

“Wally?”

His only response was a rasping of caught breath. A heavy, hard rasping.

“You can hear me. I know you can.”

“You *bitch*.”

She laughed.

“You fucking, no good gutter-whore bitch. What the fuck are you trying to do, here?”

Rita blinked. Lying still, paused for the barest hint of a moment, she blinked at the ceiling above her bed.

Win the battle? Be the victor?

She’d thought that was pretty damned obvious. But apparently he...

“I thought that was what you wanted.”

“What the hell is that supposed to...”

“I thought you *wanted* me to talk to you.”

Soothe, soothe. Her fingers took up their old rhythm, and did not let up.

She was coming. The shimmery shower completely uninhibited, pouring in ethereal, unstoppable streams across the smooth and steady surface of her fingers.

"If you think for one goddamn, mother-fucking minute that that excuses what you...screw you, Rita. Just screw...*you!*"

"Isn't that the point?" Her voice shook, then soared as a second, a third, a fourth, climax burst inside a body that no longer seemed to tire, or to run out of sinuous, throbbing elixir. Lifting her hips completely from the bed, so high that she could lift them no more, she felt the smile drift from her face. Replaced by the shimmering, flushing, rush of utter ecstasy. "That you want to fuck me?"

"Not while I'm on the mother-fucking *air*, Rita!"

Giving herself over completely to the shimmering emerald moisture that only led to more moisture and created more flowing moisture in its wake, Rita did the impossible. She lifted her hips even higher. Ground them against the hand and onto the fingers that continued to stroke, and stroke, and stroke, at every bit of flesh that remained capable of producing for her...showering her. And she stroked the air as well. With the rise and flow of her voice. And the heat she heard in her voice. "It's what you do, Damon. It's what you make everyone else w...w...want."

"You fucking, presumptuous bitch. I ought to..."

"I don't know why you can't admit it. You want me like you've never wanted anyone."

"I'm warning you, Little Girl. You're playing with fire."

Rita laughed. Heady with laughter, delirious with it, she could not stop laughing. And silence was Wally's answer. Aggrieved silence, outraged silence, *dangerous* silence.

She'd never played with fire before. Never allowed herself to venture close enough to play with it. But the release of yearning that had possessed her body, the continuous and escalating, self-induced release, infused her with sudden lightness. With the lusciousness of sinking after release so that she could swell again and rise again. So she could find more release. Endless release. Rivers of release that made her first reckless, then courageous. With fear of no man, word, or thought.

“So that’s all the mighty Damon has tonight? His *hands*? His poor, forgotten cock between his hands, when everyone out here has *somebody* to fuck? Is the sad little pressure of your hands enough to satisfy you, then? Even when your cock has never been so long? When it’s never been so hard?”

He breathed. Wordless. *Angry*. Into her ear.

“Ahhh, well. At least I’m satisfied.”

And she was. She was sodden with satisfaction built, satisfaction realized, satisfaction expended. Motionless across her bed, she sighed. Softly. Almost regretfully. “I can’t tell you how satisfied I am. How wet.”

He breathed harder.

“And whose fault is that? Whoever said you had to deny yourself...”

“Rita...”

If there was a warning in that tone, she chose not to hear. “I came because of your words. *Damon’s* words. I came because they’re potent, and all the time you were sitting there with your...can I ever tell you how much that disappoints me, Wally?”

“Listen to me, Rita.”

No way. Not on this earth, or any earth she could imagine!

He was in the palm of her hand. He was very nearly...

“Rita, I have to...I need to...”

“*Come*? Is that what you need, Wally?”

“By all the fucking saints. You know what I mean, Rita. You know I need to see you.” His struggle was obvious. It was monumental. It was inherent in the way he sobbed, suddenly in tears he made no effort to conceal or contain. “Again. I n...need to...”

“Yes, Wally?”

But the rest of it never came. The rest of it remained right where he’d left it. Right there in mid-air, a scant hint of imagination most longing. Most sweet, and thoroughly inadequate.

Imagination.

Chapter Fifteen

Insanity.

That was the only way Wally could justify it. Even to himself.

Insanity.

Just thinking about it, he felt sick to his stomach. Literally puking-his-guts-out sick.

Monday night, just Monday, just a day or two earlier, without realizing he was going to do it until he'd let himself get all caught up in the spell that goddamned, mother-fucking bitch wove with her diabolical little attempt at seduction, he'd done something he'd never done in his life.

He'd misidentified a switch. Not that that was the hardest thing in the world to do. There were myriads of them on the console in the radio station. Switches that controlled every last, damn thing that went on in the studio or around it.

He'd misidentified a few before in his lifetime. In the beginning. When he'd been new at the business, before he'd learned to make absolutely sure of what he was doing and how he proposed to do it. Before he'd learned to know his way damned near blindfolded around every major piece of equipment any modern radio station had to offer.

But he'd never made this particular mistake. The wrong, wrong, *wrong* mistake. The fatal one.

Quivering inside, hot and ice cold with rage at the same time, he scowled at the wide window of his bedroom, in his house on Middle Road. Where he'd been holed up since Tuesday morning, nursing the indignities that had been heaped upon him...*him!*...and the ache in his goddamned balls that felt like they dragged on the ground whenever he tried to sit, or stand, or make any other move a man might have to make in trying to live his day to day life.

Goddamn Rita. Goddamn the little bitch all the way to mother-fucking hell, and back.

Goddamn her with her insidious laughter and her stupid comments. Goddamn her deliberate effort to drive him straight into ruination. Goddamn her for all eternity for the choice she'd caused to be given him.

Choice!

Balls in his hands as he prowled back and forth, back and forth, sweating in the raw in front of the bedroom windows like the caged animal he was more and more coming to resemble, Wally laughed. And it was bitter, that laughter. It was unpleasant as hell, boding no good for anybody caught in its path. Like Rita. The bitch. Mainly her, especially her.

It was her fault.

"Choice," he snapped at his reflection in one of the mirrors he passed on his travels. "Some fucking, goddamn *choice*."

His reflection leered back at him. Teeth bared, lips curled in a disturbing, inhuman apelike grin, his reflection mocked him. The way he moved so awkwardly, with his pendulous hurt balls cradled in the palms of his hands.

Infuriated, he kicked the shattered remains of his bedroom stereo with an unsteady foot. And nearly went down on top of it.

It had been an expensive set. The best. His favorite, in fact, for the sound it had put out was something extraordinary. Something to set the mood whenever he wanted the mood set. Something to set the perfect mood for times like now, when his balls demanded that little extra something he'd previously never had any trouble bestowing upon them.

Previously.

"Goddamn fucking *bitch*." He kicked the ruined receiver. Kicked it all the way across the room with a single well-planted thrust. Sent it skittering across hardwood floor into the wall next to the door. Where it gouged out an enormous, jaggedly ugly chunk of expensive plaster.

"Goddamn fucking son of a bitch!"

It had been an expensive set, the best, because Wallace Hartley Alden never denied himself anything. He got what he wanted. Always.

The bitch was going to have to pay for the set. The wall. The long, ugly scratches his destruction of the set and his subsequent abuse of the remains of the set had left in the highly polished floor. All of that was Rita's fault, and she was going to pay for it. Among a few dozen other inexcusable things she'd done.

She was going to pay the very next time he saw her. Which had damned, fucking, better well be soon.

It wasn't the money.

God knew he had enough money to buy ten dozen cheap-ass stereo sets and re-plaster twice as many fucking lopsided walls.

This was about the principle. The *choice*.

It was the apology that had made him grab the goddamned fucking third-world piece of crap stereo up and hurl it to the floor. And made him stamp on the sparking, shorting remains in a frenzy, just so he wouldn't ever have to listen to the radio station secretary...the goddamned, fucking, overweight, stringy-haired little *crow* from the reception desk for Christ's fucking sake!...speaking all frankly and honestly from it. In a tight-ass shy voice that made it clear she, the whole goddamned, mother-fucking crew at the goddamned, mother-fucking station, couldn't possibly lie. Couldn't possibly be looking out exclusively for number one with every self-serving, mealy-mouthed, fucking word she said as she tried to cover their mother-fucking, shit-caked asses with a blanket of mother-fucking roses.

"Shy my fucking ass!" Wally brought his foot down on a stray part of the stereo's shattered plastic case. He brought it down hard, his balls still clutched, and felt a minor thrill of gratification at the way the shards crunched and cracked away to nothing. "Honest my double-fucking, mother-fucking, *Jesus*-fucking, white goddamned ass!"

He'd listened to the thing a dozen times. More. The *apology*.

The station had played it goddamn near every half hour since he'd been pulled off the air without warning on Monday night. Since the instant fucking no-balls, know-it-all Kenny had appeared like the Demon Of Wimp with fucking, mealy-mouthed *Pamela* in his wake.

Pamela!

Looking as half-asleep blowsy and blond bitch bimbo confused as ever.

Wally spit on the remains of the stereo. It was childish, he knew. But it felt damned, fucking good. So he did it again. Hawked up a great big ball of spit and let the mess on the floor *have* it. But fucking good.

The two of them had made him stand there and listen while they cut off the music he'd been playing in mid-stream and shoved fucking Pamela into his seat. A bitch in *his* place, taking over *his* airwaves. On *his* air, and reading what had already been typed for her...because sure as hell she couldn't have so much sentient thought locked up in that fucking little blond bitch's brain of hers...on a white index card.

It was a scene, a speech, that would burn in his memory for all time.

"This is Pamela on Pittsburgh's Double L, all Plus Rock, all the Time," she'd read in a piss-ant, superior little voice. With a piss-ant, superior smile plastered all over her ugly ape's kisser. *Pamela!* The fucking secretary who thought she was hot as shit because they let her double as weekend news girl! "All of us at the station appreciate your patronage and value your support. We wish to assure you of a quality late-night listening experience, and we sincerely apologize for this evening's unfortunate occurrences." The bitch was an amateur. She was ridiculous, stumbling over words and mispronouncing them left and right. Even the simple ones.

Shit, the stupid slut hadn't even bothered to comb her hair or put on lipstick.

"Double L wishes to reassure each and every one of you that station management does not take this incident lightly, and has taken appropriate measures. Including a voluntary report to the FCC and other authorities. Again, we appreciate your patience and understanding, and we pledge to do everything possible to ensure no further incidents of this kind take place on our airwaves."

The bitch had paused then. Had slanted him a look and then gone on as if it was her God-given goddamned *right* to go on. "Now, let's start off Late Night In Pittsburgh with some classic rock from the Beach Boys."

The Beach Boys!

Crapping, fucking hell!

Wally squeezed his balls until they hurt like crapping, fucking hell.

The goddamned fun-in-the-sun and kiss-me-cause-you're-my-sugar, white-bread Beach Boys. On *his* shift?

He wouldn't say he'd never played the Beach Boys. But never as Damon. Never in the last hundred-million mother-fucking years! Never since he'd grown up, and...and why the fuck was he wearing himself out thinking about the *Beach Boys*, when he'd been taken off the air. Humiliated in front of everybody. Yelled at on the spot, in front of the slut Pamela and then again on Tuesday morning. Summoned to the station offices with a curt 'you'd better be there or your ass is fucking grass' command, and then forced to wait outside goddamned Kenny's office for two fucking hours. Listening over and over again to the goddamned, fucking recording of the apology being played for everybody in the world to hear. Listening while everybody in the fucking station walked back and forth leering at him. Delighting in staring at him.

And *then* he'd been reamed out. Reamed to the bone, then sent home like some kind of stupid, retarded third grader and ordered to *stay* there.

Pausing, he spat again on the crushed bits of plastic that littered the bedroom floor. He spat twice for good measure, then ground his heel into the whole mess for more good measure.

He had Rita's goddamned phone number memorized.

He didn't need the goddamned, fucking index card on which he'd written it a long time ago to jog his memory.

He'd been ready to dial it for the better part of a day and a half. He just needed to get a little fucking madder. A little more certain of what the fuck he was going to say to the sniveling bitch and how the fuck he was going to say it.

She'd heard the apology by now. And she was no doubt gloating over it. The bitch.

"Number one, fucking Double L," he muttered. "Number one fucking ass kissers, you mean. Fucking Pamela's not going to last a week, you fucking assholes. Your fucking *station* isn't going to last a week. Not without Damon."

The place had been in the crapper when they'd hired him to pull them out of it. They'd been going down the crapper for the last time with all hands on deck. And he had saved them. *He*. Not mushroom Pamela. Not that insufferable old fart Middy Rodriguez who bored the world to death every lunchtime. Not the shit-ass news staff who wouldn't know a goddamn news story if it crashed through the studio window and fucked their goddamned asses, and not the sports

staff or the weather staff, who fell right, slap-dash in the middle of the same fucking category.

Dweebs. Wimps. Jackasses. Every last, fucking one of them.

He was the one people wanted. *Damon* was the one they tuned in for. And the thing that chapped his hide...the thing that really, really chapped his hide was the way the fucking bastards hadn't even offered to let him do his own apology. They hadn't let him show how sorry *he* was. They hadn't had the goddamned wits to understand *he* needed to apologize so he could save himself. Save his mother-fucking *life*.

They could have given him that much dignity after all he'd done for them. But no...because of Rita...goddamned, tight-ass bitch Rita...

Suddenly he lunged for the phone. He forgot all about his overextended balls and his need to hold them and coddle them and reassure them that they *would* get what was coming to them. In his hurry, he forgot all about the distended hard-on he'd sported non-stop since Monday night.

"Fucking mother of whores," he growled when he finished dialing her number and the bitch didn't answer on the first ring. Or the second. "Who the fuck does she think she is? Trying to slither out of being reamed a new goddamned asshole of her own?"

"Hello?" She picked up on the fourth ring.

"You mother-fucking *bitch*."

"And a bright and breezy good afternoon to you too, Wally."

"Don't give me any of your fucking lip, Rita. You know why I'm calling."

There was silence for a moment. Just...silence. In which the bitch didn't hang up. In which she didn't make one more living sound.

"You're nothing but a goddamned, worthless, pussy-brained piece of gutter *cunt*. And you goddamned well better open that goddamned, dick-sucking little mouth of yours right fucking now. You'd better give me one hell of an apology. And one good, mother-fucking, goddamned reason why I shouldn't..."

She whooped. Suddenly. With laughter. She whooped so loud the whooping hurt his ear. So loud he had to hold the phone half a mile away from his ear. She whooped, and Wally saw red.

Very literally he saw his vision explode into a solid, unrelieved, blinding wall the exact shade of escaping life's blood.

The ferocity of the explosion transmitted itself straight, magically, into his rearing fuck-stick. And it thundered. Ominously. Ready to split itself right in two so all the trapped black rage inside could blast its way free at last. Blast its way up and up, right up into the stratosphere.

“How dare you?” He sounded ready to kill. As ready as he’d been from the first instant when she’d humiliated him and made a laughing stock of him. “How dare you have the mother-fucking nerve to...”

“You know...” The bitch was laughing so hard she could barely choke out an intelligible word.

“You think this is *funny*, whore?”

“You want the truth?” She didn’t sound contrite. Or afraid. Not the way she was going to be both contrite *and* afraid the next time he got his fucking hands on her. The next time he got his hands around her fucking *throat*. “I’ve always wanted to hear someone do that. I’ve always imagined somebody saying the Seven Words You Can Never Say On The Radio *on* the radio. I’ll bet everybody has. I just never thought it would God’s-honest happen in my lifetime.” And then she was off again. Laughing her ignorant bitch’s ass off at his expense. “People in Pittsburgh are going to be talking about this for years!”

Inside his eyes, red turned to scarlet. Then vermilion. Then mother-fucking *maroon*. Then some shade he couldn’t even begin to describe, because he thought no human being alive or dead had ever witnessed that precise reddish-blackish-purplish-exploding shade before. “I want to know what the hell you thought you were doing, making me...”

“Oh, now just wait a second there, Jack.”

His fuck-stick quivered.

This had better be good. Or the things he’d done to her the night of their ‘date’, the humiliations she thought he’d heaped upon her then were going to be nothing...*nothing*...compared to what he would do the next time he got the chance.

“I didn’t do one single thing,” she went on. “For sure I didn’t make *you* do anything. You did it all by your...”

“*Did* being the operative word,” he snarled. “Because thanks to you I’m finished. Over. Kaput.” He managed to stop himself just in time. Just before he got so honest and wrought up he’d never be able to plan any kind of revenge. “I’ve been suspended,” he grated,

grappling two-handed with a fuck-stick that chose that instant to respond at last, fully, to all his clutchings and jerkings.

"I heard." She sounded marginally less amused. *Very* marginally. "They've been talking about it on the ra..."

"For three months. My career is finished, Rita. My life is finished."

"I seriously doubt that."

Wally could only breathe. Too enraged for the moment to do anything but breathe. "Damon's finished," he growled. "I've been informed..." *by piss-ant Kenny* "...I'm never to use that name or personality on the air again. I'm supposed to knuckle under and let the mother-fucking bastards do what they want with me. I'm supposed to give up *myself*. The one I've worked so hard to build, just because..."

"To be perfectly honest, you did say you were hot to fuck my cunt on the radio, Wally."

"I..."

"You did tell me I have the sweetest mother-fucking little cunt you've ever seen. On the same radio. And you did say you had the longest, hottest fuck-stick for me to suck."

Had he?

Frowning, his uncertainty did nothing to mollify his fury.

He couldn't remember, exactly. Though he did have the distinct impression he'd used 'screw' a time or two, as well as 'fuck'. And 'whore', and 'pussy' to supplement 'bitch' and 'cunt'.

A lot of what had happened wasn't clear even now. A lot of it had faded into a dim, sickening blur. Because it was just about the time he'd worked himself into a real lather and was informing Rita in excruciating detail of the ways he wanted to fuck her cunt to death that he'd noticed two things.

The phone. Lit up like a fucking Christmas tree, with every line blinking.

And the light. The little red one. The On-The-Air light, burning bright as a fucking ten alarm fire right in front of his face. Where he should have seen it and *would* have seen it if the mother-fucking little cock-tease hadn't been so busy...

"Are you happy, Rita? Are you completely, mother-fuck..."

"Wally..." Now she sounded confused. Honestly. "You did this to yourself."

Mother fuck!

"Surely you can see that?"

He just breathed again. Heavily, his breath tearing gigantic goddamn holes in his throat while his fuck-stick kept on with its stuttering. It shaking and its fucking stammering.

"*You* were the one who turned the microphone on, weren't you?"

Still struggling to breathe, he held his fuck-stick and commiserated with it while it blew out the spewing, steaming load of its life.

"I wasn't there. And if I had been I wouldn't have known how to turn it on. I wouldn't have...you did it to yourself. You kept pushing, and pushing, and pushing. You left the microphone turned on, so that..."

"You...you..."

His fuck-stick blew out, almost in a single instant, the most massive load it had *ever* blown out. While Rita kept on mouthing her idiot's drivel and worthless rationalizations at him.

"I listened to you night after night, Wally. I heard the way you kept skating up to the edge. Right to the point where things were about to turn outrageous. You were good at it."

Damn straight he'd been...*was*...good at it!

Thick white semen shot in congested clumps from the tip of his fuck-stick. The heaviness of it arced up between his hands. Coating them. Spattering messily, profusely, across the quaking flesh of his bare thighs. Inhumanly thick semen clawed its way out of him with cruel, razor-tipped fingers and shot and shot and *shot*, doing not one goddamned bit of good. Relieving not one goddamned bit of the solidified heat impacted inside his mother-fucking balls.

"Your problem is that you just didn't know when to stop, Wally."

"Now, just a fucking..."

"No!" the bitch spat. "You need to listen for a change!"

Breathing in jagged rasps and gasps, Wally couldn't do much but listen.

His balls were in that kind of state. His balls were convulsing. Emptying themselves of every goddamn thing they'd held in reserve for this precise, poorly timed moment. His fuck-stick was laboring, straining under the pressure inside it and the demands his balls placed upon it.

His fuck-stick was going to die, and that was going to be on her head, too.

"You're so busy looking for somebody to blame," she said in such a reasonable voice that he just wanted to *puke*. "But the truth is right there where anybody with half a wit can see it. You pushed and pushed, and finally you got so sure of yourself that you pushed too far."

"What the fucking hell do you know about it? What the fucking hell could a nitwit like you possibly know, when you yourself said..."

"I might be a nitwit." She didn't even have the grace to sound offended. Or hurt. "God knows I probably am, for...but I do have some common sense."

"What the hell is that..."

"I think I would be smart enough, if I was sitting in a radio station, to know there was a microphone in front of me. To understand there was a potential for disaster there, and take every step I could to..."

Wally grunted. Half-heartedly.

His fuck-stick had run out of oomph. Out of thick and white, arcing cream. And out of hardness. His fuck-stick had softened and started to sag, limp and miserable between his hands. And the running out, the softening, wasn't in any way relieving.

His fuck-stick *hurt*.

And the bitch was *going* to pay for it.

Chapter Sixteen

“I don’t know why you find it so hard to admit...” Rita stopped in her tracks. Right then, and right there. Before she went too far and said too much in the wrong way. Before she made Wally so angry he’d hang up on her for good, and give up on her entirely. Before she had her chance to exact the payback that minute by minute, second by second, was becoming clearer in her mind. And more necessary, if she was to move on from this brutal, in some ways fascinating, learning experience. “You have to know you were at least partially responsible.”

And that was saying something. That was giving him one whole hell of a lot more leeway than he deserved.

Blame her, did he?

The bastard.

Wally didn’t answer. Apparently not willing to admit anything.

That was too bad.

She’d really liked him in the beginning. When he’d been a disembodied, lovely voice on her radio. She’d looked forward to liking him later, too. When she’d gathered up her courage and gone to meet him that very first time and walked with him in autumn moonlight along the most romantic street in the City of Pittsburgh. She’d even liked him when he’d hatched his initially bizarre, later surprisingly exciting sex plot around her. And she’d been prepared to go on liking him. She could easily have gone on liking him, might have that much more easily liked him once it was revealed that he was no superhuman celebrity to be held a cut above all the rest, after all. When he’d been revealed as entirely human, entirely fallible, undeniably flawed.

None of that would have stopped her. None of that would have made one hoot of difference. But this...blaming her for what he'd done and seeming genuinely to mean it...

Rita stayed silent.

That was going just a little too far. That was revealing a little too much self-absorption on his part...an obnoxious amount of self-absorption.

Right about now he was looking like a man who needed to be taken down a peg or two. A man who seriously needed to learn a *serious* lesson. And now that she understood the depth of his depravity and the incontrovertibility of his need to learn that thing or two, she hoped like the devil she was the woman who had it in her to give it to him. All of it.

Patience. Her mind counseled patience.

Wait. Her mind told her to wait. See what he did. If he did anything. And she would.

Wally was silent too, for so long that she almost decided she'd been wrong. He wasn't going to do anything. And then...

"We need to meet again." He said it so suddenly that the notion...the effortlessness of his capitulation...took her breath away. So suddenly that despite an initial and intoxicating surge of satisfaction, alarm bells rang inside her head. All kinds of alarm bells, putting her fully and acutely on her guard.

She'd heard the clear chill of rage in his voice when the conversation started. She'd certainly heard it as recently as fifteen seconds before. And she'd heard the old expression about leopards, too. Changing their spots. And when she put the two together...the capitulation from anger and the leopard...together, she'd have been as stupid as he obviously thought she was if she didn't have a bell or two ringing.

She smiled.

Wally no longer sounded accusing. No longer close to shouting. He'd gone all silken-voiced. All low-voiced, his every utterance aquiver with something entirely different and absolutely the opposite of rage.

He was good at aquiver. Whether he was being Damon or not, this man was better than good at aquiver. He was the best. In a very deft and deliberate way that warned he could be dangerous, too.

Dangerous, and uncontrolled, and unpredictable with repressed rage that 'aquiver' didn't even begin to cover.

The thought of pitting herself head-on against such danger excited her. Thrilled her and titillated her right down to her no-longer-afraid-to-be-thrilled-and-titillated core.

She moistened all over again at the thought of pitting herself against that kind of danger.

"So," she said carefully. Oh, so carefully. "Maybe we ought to...you know. Talk first. A little."

"About what?" He was still silken-voiced. Though a little more noticeably grudging.

"You say your life is over."

"It is." Borderline grudging became all-out sullen.

"How can that be?"

"It just is."

"I really find that hard to believe, Wally."

He snorted. "And that would come from the depth of all your perspicacious insight, of course."

"Perspi...catey...I don't even know what that means."

"All your vast and acute discernment."

"Well, there's no need to get sneery with me."

He didn't respond. For a long, long time, though she waited patiently, he didn't make a sound at all.

"I *am* on your side."

"Yeah. I'll just bet."

She sighed. "I'm *trying* to sympathize. I'm trying to understand, but you make it so damned hard. And for the life of me..."

Once again he didn't respond.

"I liked you. I really did."

"In the beginning."

"Well..." Basic honesty, a long lifetime of habitual and even automatic honesty forced her to be just that. Honest. "I did. I thought...I don't know what I thought. Just that..."

"What the fucking hell does any of this have to do with me anyway, Rita? What the fucking hell does any of this..."

"I just thought you might want to..."

What the hell...fucking hell...indeed?

"Isn't there something you can do?" If one approach didn't work, and it hadn't, she wasn't above trying another. And another, and

another, and another, until she found the one that worked. "Isn't there some other direction you can take in your life? Some new direction? Some place you can go if conditions here aren't to your liking?"

"And if I don't *want* to?" he demanded belligerently. "If I don't see any reason to want to?"

"That's pretty stupid." And it was. *Just about criminally stupid.* "I'd think you have plenty of reasons to want to get away and make a fresh start. But far be it from me to..."

"I asked you once before, and I'll ask you again. As politely as I know how. What the fucking hell do you know about anything, Rita?"

"Some politeness."

"Are you going to answer me?"

"I just know that's what I would do."

"Well, I'm not you, Rita. Radio's the only thing I ever wanted to do. And I've never done any fucking thing else." Again his voice grated, hard and angry. As well as glum, hopeless, and more sullen than ever. "So that's where your so-called wisdom gets you."

If she had two cents' worth of sense, she'd just hang up. Except that he'd gotten her number somewhere...from caller ID maybe, or maybe just the good old-fashioned way, from the phone book. Either way, any way, he had it and he would just keep calling and calling and calling if she hung up. He would just keep calling and calling until she got sick of it and went to the trouble of changing her number. And then he'd probably only manage to get it again, and she'd have to...

Might as well finish what she'd started, right now.

Wally was still talking. Like he hadn't even noticed she'd lapsed and gone away for a little while. "...got my first job at a radio station when I was in high school. Got it so I could get out from under my mother's fucking thumb. And then when I managed to escape again, to go to college, I majored in broadcasting because it was the perfect fucking thing for me."

Rita had to swallow a snort.

Perfect. She'd have bet he thought so!

"I work at radio stations. It's what I do, Rita. It's my talent."

"But surely there must be some other...just for the time being..."

"It's the *only* goddamned thing I do. And I resent you...anybody...telling me I'm not supposed to do it!" His anger was quick, explosive. And afterward silence...crackling, *alive* silence filled the phone lines. Or microwaves, or whatever else connected his phone with hers.

"I wasn't trying to tell you any such thing, Wally. I was only..."

"*They* told me," he growled in a low, infuriated voice. "Those mother fucking bastards at that mother fucking radio station. They said they'd been warned about me before they ever hired me."

So.

Somehow, that vindicated Rita. That took away any lingering suspicion, and she had had a few, that she really might have been responsible in something other than the most minor of ways for his carelessness and his downfall.

He'd done this, or something very close to this, before. If supposition was even halfway as accurate as she thought it to be, he'd pushed his luck before, and left a long string of hurt and wounded, very probably destroyed women in his careless and unthinking wake. Though probably not with anything near the disastrous consequences he'd brought down upon himself *this* time.

"Warned?" she asked, a tight knot in her stomach releasing with the vindication.

Wally didn't answer right away. And when he did, he sounded as grudging as ever, and once again self-righteously angry.

"I've had some...misfortunes," he muttered finally, none too eagerly.

Misfortunes?

That had to be putting it mildly. But Rita couldn't trust herself to ask for more information or an explanation of what, exactly, that meant without allowing some note of skepticism...of outright disgust to creep into her tone.

"Maybe I haven't always been as careful as I should have been."

Coming from him that was quite an admission. An absolutely stunning, incredibly stellar admission. But she didn't have time to wallow in the glory of it. Unable to help herself, she snorted "no!" so suddenly that she didn't even give herself a chance to wallow. "*You?*"

"There's no need for you to get sneery with me, either," he shot back. "Now, you've got me in the mood to talk about it. So do you fucking want to fucking listen to what I have to say, or don't you?"

"Fine."

There was no winning with him.

"Go ahead. I'm all ears. Tell me."

"I like sex. Okay?"

No. You?

Rita almost, damned near, laughed.

Wally wouldn't take kindly to that, though, so she kept her silence. With no small difficulty, kept her silence.

"I like sex a lot. A lot of the time. I like to...well, that doesn't matter."

"It doesn't?"

Rita had a good idea, the best of ideas, about some of the things he liked. Some of the things he liked to do. Even if instinct warned she'd barely scratched the surface of everything he liked, and liked to do, she didn't think she needed to hear any more. But it seemed, now that Wally had gotten himself launched and into this particular orbit, there was no way she could avoid hearing. All about it.

"The mother-fucking bastards," he spat in new fury. "They had the mother-fucking nerve to tell me they knew all about me. Because in spite of all kinds of laws about that kind of thing, damned near every fucker who's ever hired me has been passing along stories about me. Lies about what I was supposed to have done, and things I was supposed to have said while I was working for them. Things that gold-digging bitches with an eye out to strike it fucking rich supposedly *told* them I did."

Lies? Gold-diggers?

Rita found that hard to believe, too.

It all went back to the notion that Wally Allden hadn't done anything recently that he hadn't tried, and practiced, before. Very often before. Whether he was being Damon, or whether he was being himself.

"And you resent that." She kept her voice even. Cool. Purposefully even and cool.

His responding laugh was hard. Brittle. Without a bit of the banished Damon in evidence now. "You bet I resent it. I resent the shit out of it. Nobody gets the right to say those things to me. About me."

"Wally, if they were true..."

"I'll tell you what they were!" he all but shouted, nearly deafening her. "They were fucking eager to hire me! The mother-fuckers creamed themselves, they were so excited to hire me. Because I was the one who could save their piss-ant asses. I was the one who pulled their sorry little fucking radio stations that were going nowhere but down back up into the limelight. That was me, Rita. *Me*. And don't you think for one second I'm going to be sorry for that, or apologize for that!"

"Your ego's still healthy, I see."

"And I resent your tone! I've been used, Rita. You stupid little bitch. I've been used by everybody who's gone out of their way to believe whatever the fuck somebody told them about me. Without giving me so much as the common courtesy of telling them how fucking wrong they are. About every fucking bit of it."

"So, you're saying you never...be honest, Wally. Were they true? Were any of the things your former employers said even remotely true?"

Wally caught his breath for a second. But only, barely for a second before he blurted "that's not the mother-fucking point, Rita. That's not the shitting point of *anything*, and any mother-fucking cunt with half a goddamned, whore-sucking brain would be able to..."

"There's your problem," she cut in. "Right there. Your language. That's what got you into all this trouble to begin with. Not so much the things you said, though those were pretty inflammatory, too. It was the way you said them. The language you used to say them."

"And who the fucking shit cares *now*?"

"Well, anybody could be listening. You should know that. Your phone could be tapped, or mine. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't be surprised if one or both were, after..."

"I'm not at the goddamned station, Rita."

"Even so..."

"Okay. So what if a thing or two was true? What the hell difference does it make, when I feel so...so goddamned violated? Because they're not supposed to be doing that! They're not supposed to talk about things like that to future employers. There are laws about that kind of..."

"Now you're whining."

He caught his breath again. "You're damned straight I am," he agreed in a rough, impatient voice. "Don't you think I have a right

to...And none of what they said matters anyway, because the bitches liked it.” His voice found a new level of harshness. A new register that grated, like ground glass rubbed against a frayed nerve.

Rita’s back went up. She almost did hang up, then. Except that this was getting fascinating. This was a look, like none she’d ever had or expected to have, into the seamier, darker side of human nature. Into one particular human nature so warped by monomaniacal concern for itself and by some vaguely referred to problem with a mother he no doubt blamed the way he seemed to blamed everyone else, that it couldn’t think straight. Couldn’t see that it couldn’t think straight. “How the hell do you figure that, Wally?” she demanded, unable to completely conceal the disgust rising in her tone.

Fortunately, he didn’t seem to notice. “Every goddamned one of those bitches with their goddamned, fucking tales of woe liked what they got. I guarantee you they did! Every one of them *asked* for what they got. And who the fuck’s fault is it that I was glad to oblige them? Give them everything they asked for and everything they begged for? You tell me that, Rita!”

“Damon wouldn’t have whined.”

“Fucking Damon is *dead*. Remember? Killed by Double-fucking L and the double-fucking, goddamned FCC.”

“So, then, what *are* you going to do?”

“Cut off my balls with a dull knife and feed them to myself.”

“I’m trying to be serious, Wally. I’m trying to be sympathetic. And if you’re not going to at least try to meet me halfway...” She made a move, a very, very preliminary one, to hang up the phone.

Wally made a small sound. A rude one. Stopping her before she pulled the receiver more than a fraction of an inch away from her ear. “Nobody’s giving me a fucking choice about what I’m going to do next. And anyway, it’s my private business. In case you’ve forgotten. My *private* business.”

“As long as you don’t conduct it over the radio, I guess I’d have to agree. But what happened the other night was hardly...”

“So now I’m supposed to belong to them. Their words, Rita. Not mine. I’m supposed to sit out my fucking suspension, doing God knows what. Playing with my balls since I’m apparently not supposed to cut the fucking things off, either. And then I can go back. Then I can turn my asshole up for them to fuck.”

“Wally...”

"I can do things their fucking way, or be out on the street. In three fucking months I can go back on the air. *Their* air, as they so fucking kindly reminded me. I'll use a name of their choosing and a personality of their design. I'll do a midday shift. A fucking midday beginner's shift, replacing that old fart who's on there now, and sounds like he died a fucking century ago! I can do their fucking noon news and their sucking coffee klatch talk show. I can play the fucking bubble gum music they hand me...*approved* music, they called it. Music for fucking blue-haired old ladies who should be dead and rotting by now, too."

"Well, if it's your only shot to redeem yourself..."

"They plan to monitor every goddamned word I say, Rita. They plan to have some snot-nosed kid sitting there with a finger on the mute button, riding herd on me. *Me!* Like I don't have the wits or the intelligence to take care of myself. As if I'm some kind of bad, stupid little kid."

"I think you pretty much proved that already, Wally."

Silence thundered. Deafening silence, *blinding* silence. Sense-stealing and soul-crushing silence.

"What?" he asked after the longest time, in the most hate-filled voice Rita had ever heard. Ever hoped to hear. A voice that sent cold, cold shivers of renewed dread and, she had to admit it, thrilled excitement all the way down her spine and then all the way back up again.

She didn't make a sound. Didn't even dare to *breathe*, for fear it would make a sound.

"What did you just say to me, you fucking, cold-hearted bitch?"

She said nothing. Fearing she'd gone too far at last, blown her last chance at last, she continued to make no sound at all.

"I need to see you again," he said finally. Simply.

"Under my terms, this time." If Rita had ever encountered a time to be as exceedingly careful as it was possible to be, this was it. This went way beyond it.

"Whatever the hell that means."

"I'll meet with you in a week. In a place of my choosing. At a time of my choosing. I make the arrangements, and you show up. *Alone*, you show up."

"What the fuck is this, Rita? A week! What the fuck do you expect me to do for a mother-fucking *week*, while you..."

“One week from tonight, and no sooner. You can take it, Wally. Or you can leave it.”

Chapter Seventeen

“We have a bit of business to conduct first.”
Rita blushed.

She was new at this, And the man seated next to her in the limousine knew it.

She was new, and she was nervous. Because she was out of her league. And because the gown Wally had sent her to wear as his demand for a ‘compromise’ in the planning of this evening, was too skimpy for her figure. Too skimpy by far, and too tight by at least two sizes, so that she felt like one of those cheap teenaged pop star tarts with nipples popping out of their clothes in the most public of places without warning. Or, trussed up and stuffed into it the way Wally’s slightly highhanded ‘compromise’ had demanded, with nothing at all under or over it, she felt like the cheapest whore in the cheapest bar in the worst section the city had to offer.

Oh, she was nervous. And growing more nervous by the minute.

But Robby didn’t seem to notice.

Or maybe he just didn’t care.

As drop-dead big and handsome as she’d demanded when she’d called the escort service to hire him, Robby just leaned back into the well-cushioned depths of the limo’s long leather seat and smiled at her. Unsurprised. Unflappable. A vision in his perfectly-fitted tuxedo.

He was a professional. In everything she’d asked of him so far. And, she devoutly hoped, in everything she was going to ask of him before all of this was over. And that included his soft-voiced yet hard as nails mention of ‘business’.

Absolutely, consummately professional.

“Business?” Blushing again, she reached for the glass of champagne that had waited for her, dewed and misting, faintly fizzing in a Baccarat flute on a silver tray when the limo arrived to pick

her...them...up. And felt a nipple spring to freedom, just as she'd feared. Then the other.

Her companion smiled serenely at her across the width of the car.

He'd probably seen it all in his line of work. Probably nothing surprised him.

Grabbing the glass of champagne, she prepared to take a fortifying gulp.

Instantly, Robby reached out. And stopped her, with a gently firm hand on her arm. "Did the...gentleman...provide that for you?"

Rita frowned. "He sent the limo. He must have ordered the champagne."

"Then I would strongly urge you not take it."

"You don't...you think it could be drugged?"

Robby only smiled. Saying it all with his expression.

Dear God.

Wally hadn't been happy when she'd demanded to make the plans for the evening. He'd been about as unhappy as he could be. And if the limo and the gown he'd demanded to send her had seemed so harmless...if the nipple-popping thing that was supposed to be a gown was such an unqualified attempt to regain the control he'd lost, then it was only a small step...the very most minute of steps...to admit that he could have drugged the champagne for the very same reason.

"Thank you." Swiftly, she set the glass back onto the tray.

"I would suggest you be very skeptical about anything the gentleman says or does this evening."

Shaken, she started to turn away. To try to tuck her nipples back where they belonged.

"Allow me." Before she could stop him, Robby did it for her. "Did the gentleman provide your costume as well?"

"Yes." She blushed furious red.

"You have no reason to be embarrassed, Rita."

There was nothing she could say to that. No way she could extricate herself from it. So she just blushed more.

"You are exquisite." Robby's smile widened. Widened to the most perfect, most heart-thumping thing she had ever seen. "Now. About business."

"I've paid you already." She didn't look at him. She didn't dare move, for fear her nipples would make another untimely appearance. "Is there some other charge I wasn't aware of?"

Robby inclined his beautiful head downward in a gesture every bit as exquisite and breathtaking as all the wide-shouldered, dark-haired, muscular rest of him. "My services and the chemical aids necessary to ensure those services are included in the agency's fee. You are paid in full until dawn tomorrow. However, there are certain other considerations I should like to discuss."

Breathless, Rita waited.

Considerations.

Dear God. What might *those* be?

"The gentleman we will be joining for the evening." Robby turned to the exquisite soft leather case he'd set on the seat next to him. "Some information about him would be in order before we meet with him."

Licking her lips, her nervousness increasing by leaps and by bounds, Rita couldn't move her gaze away from that case. "In...formation?" she asked, licking them again.

Smiling, Robby unfastened silver buckles. Opened the dark-leather softness, and displayed...

Dear God.

"What is the gentleman's preference, for example? Is there some sort of device, some sort of assistance..."

"P...p..." Rita could only stare at the glittering, chilling, sparkling array of ...items...in Robby's case. Neatly packed, each in its separate, specially designed pocket of soft, clear plastic, they were strange. Faintly ominous. Leather straps in shades ranging from purest black to more erotic jewel tones of sapphire and amethyst and burning ruby, aglitter with studs and buckles and unrecognizable bits of metal in the most unusual shapes. All of them waiting. Ready to...

There was something about them. Something about the variety of them.

A sudden, visceral scald of steam burst between Rita's thighs. Making her shake and quake in her tight whore's gown. Putting her in imminent, real danger of another episode of nipples escaping her whore's gown.

She shrank back in her butter-soft, deep-cushioned seat. "Robby." She licked her lips again, "I don't have the first clue..."

What those things are.

"What you mean when you say...preferences."

Robby smiled again. Slowly and deliberately, in a practiced way that said he knew exactly the effect his movie star smile had on...everybody. "Does he prefer pain?"

Rita scowled. "Well, he likes to inflict it, if that's what you mean."

"I see. The reason I ask...any of these items can be used to enhance the gentleman's experience, and yours." Robby allowed his hands to wander slowly, lovingly, across the items on display.

"But I..." Lip licking would no longer do. No longer help in any way to ease her nerves or restore her aplomb. Terrified, twisted into private knots and gnarls, she could only gulp deeply, and struggle in vain to get hold of herself. "I'm afraid I just don't know. The...gentleman...I really don't know that much about..."

"Shall I choose for you then?"

Flooded with relief that nearly struck her unconscious, she could only nod. Gulping harder and trying still to drag her gaze away from the items in that terrible, that fascinating case.

"For you..." His hands wandered an instant or two longer. Then one of them stilled, paused over a sleek bit of emerald green and silver.

Rita gulped again. No longer breathing.

Then the hand moved on. Stilled, paused, moved on again.

"F...for me. What?"

With a flick of his wrist, Robby shifted a partition in the case. Revealing a whole new grouping of items. Similar in color and style, and every bit as incomprehensible as the ones in the first array.

"I have a number of appliances," he murmured thoughtfully. Devoting a very great deal of thought and consideration to things that seemed...things she couldn't imagine being used upon a human body, or how they would be used.

Name of God.

"Robby, I really don't think it will be necessary to...I really don't think anything like this..."

"I can enhance your pleasure," he murmured, still searching, "in ways you have not dreamed possible." Then his hand stopped again. For good this time. Over something Rita couldn't see, because it was too small to be seen.

That didn't inspire much confidence. That didn't...

"I shall require you to spread your legs."

"In this dress?" Rita had already turned to pure fluid down there. Aching, absorbing fluid diverted entirely, exclusively, into that small and weeping, endlessly misting patch between her legs. "You've got to be kidding."

The smallest of smiles flickered across Robby's perfectly-formed lips and settled to burn in dark brown eyes that regarded her seriously. Quietly. "Nevertheless, you will need to spread them for me, Rita." Lowering his gaze, he studied the lower part of her gown. "Can you pull your skirt up? Over your hips?"

And sweetest God she'd ever known, she was doing it!

Shuddering, shivering, bewitched, she was shoving and tugging at the skin-tight, purple and faintly prickly fabric, drawing it up and up. It felt like a scrubbing pad. Something designed not for use in a kitchen but for this particular purpose...to abrade skin raw and scrub it from underlying flesh and then to scrub and score the flesh itself, removing it from bone. But she did push it up. And she did splay her legs wide once she was revealed...once she was naked before Robby's unwavering gaze, with nothing left to protect her from...from...

Before he finished speaking, Robby touched.

"Wh...what..."

"This will take nothing but a minute."

His hands were softer than she'd expected. Probing expertly, feeling their way around tight-clenched flesh at the entrance to her, his hands were soft as silk. The finger with which he probed her and felt, the one with which he located the small and all-important hidden nub of sensitivity and gave it an easy, swift tweak that set it to screaming was strong. But incredibly gentle.

"It will go easier if you relax, Rita."

"Name of God." She could not relax. Did not *want* in any way to relax. "What are you going to do to me?"

"You are indeed exquisite," he murmured approvingly. Now he replaced the single searching finger with equally strong, equally gentle thumbs.

Rita's mind spun. It swirled, and could no longer convince her legs to cooperate...any part of her body to cooperate. She wanted this touch. Loved this touch that was like none other she'd known before. She craved this touch, and very suddenly, with no input from

her overly dazzled mind, her knees dropped away from each other. Toneless, strengthless, compliant.

Laying her head back against the top of the seat cushions, Rita dragged in a breath, caught it, and exhaled in an instant when her body gathered itself together and then burst for him. Burst *profusely* for him.

“You must be aroused first,” Robby explained.

“Y...yes.”

She didn’t care. Couldn’t care. Those long and lovely, infinitely and intimately caressing thumbs were all she cared about. All she could ever care about again.

Bursting in more vast, more unlimited quantities, driven to the wildest possible moistening not only by her own aroused and eager anticipation, but by his slowly massaging thumbs as well, Rita lost all track of herself. All track of anything that should concern her.

Maybe she could just forget about Wally.

Maybe she and Robby could find another hotel...another place. Maybe they could just spend the night together. Enjoying their night together. Enjoying...

Robby wouldn’t mind. He wouldn’t protest.

Robby had been paid...excruciatingly well paid...and he would do as she asked. Whatever she asked.

Head lolling nearly lifeless against the seat cushions because she could not lift it or voluntarily move it, Rita teetered on the brink of suggesting it.

Robby continued to prod. Deeper his thumbs went, and deeper between the quivering folds he set on fire in the simple act of separating them and stroking them. Deliciously deeper, they set streams of heat into motion within her. Bringing more streams, scorching streams of deep-spun essence, to the surface of her. Coaxing them to burst explosively within her and *from* her. And then, so unexpectedly that she frightened even herself, so unexpectedly that though she had to know it was coming, she jumped. And screamed. Madly, insanely, instinctively jumped and screamed, emptying her lungs in a shriek of utter, astonished anguish as the soft motion of thumbs and fingers with which Robby manipulated her was punctuated by a jolt of pain so intense it brought tears to her eyes and awakened her heart to a completely out-of-control jerking thumping.

Thank God there was an opaque-glass partition in the limo. Thank God it appeared thick and bullet proof. *Sound* proof. Otherwise the driver might...

She wanted to glance his way.

Wanted to make sure he hadn't heard, and wasn't even now opening that partition to ask...

She couldn't move. Held in her place by whatever pierced her flesh with pain that did not stop. Whatever made it feel destroyed. Incinerated by a new and heavy, tugging pressure. A pinch so cold she could not have described its intensity or the rippling shock wave of pure and unadulterated agony that surged, intolerable and frightening through her with a vise grip of blinding, piercing misery.

"God, *Gooooooooo!*"

Misery that intensified when Robby's fingers moved again, restlessly. And then there was another tight sliver of pain, adding to the first and accentuating the first as he drove something else into the tenderly awakened part of her. Something small that instantly swelled, just as had the one before, into an enormous, engulfing blare of agony that tightened, and tightened, and tightened. More and more and more. And *more*.

Rita writhed against the seat. Her hands struggled. Found their way to the place where she was being invaded and murdered. Finding Robby's wrists, her fingers tightened around them. But that was where it stopped.

She was too weak to pull. Or to push them away. Or even to slow their steady, deliberate movement.

"Christ in heaven!" she screamed. "What...what..."

"Easy." His practiced hands continued to excruciate her. Moving upon the ridges of flesh he'd set out to torture, he continued the tightening. Threatening to tear her into very small and very, very bloodied pieces.

She could only scream. Repeatedly. No longer possessing words or even a concept of words. Trying to lift her head, she couldn't.

"Another instant or two." The tightening continued, and her body stiffened. Unable to protect herself from inflicted agony, she arched upward. Resting only upon feet planted firmly on the car's floor and shoulders braced just as firmly against the top of the seat, her body *shoved* itself toward Robby and into his massaging, not at all soothing caresses.

He tugged at the afflicted ridge of her flesh, and she could feel it then. A bit of metal. The tiniest bit. It felt like an enormous, spiking shard from some terrible vehicular accident. Piercing her as Robby manipulated it. Stroking across it and tweaking it against...into...flesh that could stand no more.

"You respond well, Rita."

"You're making it w...w...*worse!*"

But his hands were gone. His hands had retreated. Leaving only pain that ripped at her and tore all the way into the quick of her. Writhing inside her as if it was a living thing with a mind and an evil intent of its own.

"Wh...what have you done to me?" The pain controlled her. Controlled every one of her attempts to think clearly. "What the hell have you..." Out of strength as suddenly as she had been seized by it and shocked by it, Rita sank back into her seat.

It was difficult...make that impossible...to sit comfortably with that massive spear of metal thrust into the most intimate part of her. "What?" she cried desperately. Beseechingly.

"The appliances are not permanent." Already Robby had returned to his diabolical case. He was concentrating on it, closing it and securing it before...before...

She had no idea before what.

Her body was on fire. Anguished by what he had deliberately done to her.

"I don't und...derst...tand! Ap...ppliances? What...what...pain. Oh, sweet heaven, I don't think I c...can...there's so much *pain*." Every time she moved, she felt it. Punishment. Renewed. Inside her and such an intimate part of her that she could not escape it, could not avoid it, could not stop thinking about it.

"That is natural," he murmured, unperturbed. "You will feel a certain amount of discomfort until your body grows accustomed to..."

"Discomfort? Name of loving God, discomfort? Robby, this is going to kill me! This is going to..." She sobbed. Pressed her hands flat against the opening to herself, but feared to take it any farther. Feared to do any more, concerned that any intimate touching really would kill her. Force her to die.

"You will grow accustomed to the rings very quickly. You are very receptive, so you will feel them intensely. But soon now, already,

I think, your body will begin to realize the pleasure the rings will give.”

“R...rings,” she wept, much as her devastated flesh continued to weep unstopably, in more quantity that she’d ever known it to weep before. For *any* reason. “I really don’t underst...tand.”

“They are perfect for you. You will enjoy them once you accept them.”

He was right.

She was still unable to tolerate the slightest bit of her own weight upon the things he had implanted inside her. But forced to remain as she was, bowed tightly upward with her body locked in an aching arc, her teeth gritted and tears stroking hot trails from wide-open eyes, forced to endure sweat that pooled in the palms of her hands and the hollow at the base of her spine, force to endure the silken spume of essential moisture that steamed from her tortured flesh and soaked quickly, instantly, through the thin and inadequate fabric of her gown, she realized the sensation had begun to change.

The sticky, steamy *pain* had begun to change. It began to mute itself and dull itself. Began to shimmer in a way she’d known before. An infinitely satisfying way, even if it did remain torturous and tumultuous. Even if every movement, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant continued to arouse in her depths of shrieking, screaming response that thrilled her and chilled her in every way possible.

“The rings are temporary only,” he advised, settling back to watch her with his calm, dark, serious gaze. “You are wearing a pair of them. I find they are more desirable in pairs. Much more pleasurable, once...”

There he went again. Talking about pleasure, when she...she...

“Honest to God, Robby. I don’t know if I can b...bear this. I don’t know if I’m strong enough to...to...”

“The rings can be worn in any part of your body. Any sensitive part.” His smile widened as his gaze dropped. Slipped silkenly down. Almost a caress she felt. Almost a fond caress that made her *shiver*. “Sensitive flesh like nipples.”

She’d fallen out of her dress again. With the fit of it, how could she not have fallen out in the course of her agitated struggles and writhing?

Both breasts thrust shamelessly free, nipples erect, quite probably irreversibly erect.

"Exquisite." Robby's hand lifted, and Rita flinched. Or she *tried*, and found she had no strength left for flinching.

Sweet heaven. He isn't going to...

Closing upon one nipple, he caressed. Very lightly at first, then harder and harder.

Breathless, nerveless, her body responded. Her body scourged her with a response that ached, and boiled inside her. Escaping only as steaming clouds of vivid steam that once again saturated her dress, and dripped from the hard-strained curves of her thighs to the sculpted leather seat beneath. More vital than any moisture she'd emitted before, this moisture tingled wherever it touched...burned whatever it touched, like a long and languid string of low-voltage electrical shocks deliberately aimed at inflicting the maximum torment possible in the form of awareness. Arousal. Alarm.

The things within her were intolerable. The bits of metal embedded in the clefts and folds somewhere deep between her legs had to be removed. Quickly. Completely.

Would she be able to do it? Would she be able even to *find* them, much less figure out how they operated?

Her mind was clouded. Too distracted by the provocation the rings had started to think clearly. To formulate a plan. To do anything.

"You are a novice," Robby murmured, leaning toward her to give his quietly inflected words the emphasis he obviously thought they warranted. "I would not recommend you try to remove the devices yourself. It would be dangerous to try to remove them yourself."

"Then...you...will..." Dropping, exhausted, to the seat, she cried out hoarsely when the embedded rings ground into each other and against each other...ground into flesh that hadn't been pierced but experienced the burgeoning agony of piercing exactly as if they had. "Will you..."

"Will you just try them?" he murmured, and leaned forward more, to lave the nipple he'd captured between strumming fingertips with a lazy striking of perfect lips and ethereally steamy tongue against the peaked tip. The hard-molten tip.

The resulting jolt of over-energized sensation rocketed through her. Fulminating directly into the perforated folds that were the source of every bit of her agony. Every bit of her anguish and her...

Anticipation?

Wasn't that strange?

What more did she have to anticipate? Except for the suffering to stop?

Shuddering, she lay back. Too weak to try to lift herself away from the torture of sitting upon the softness of the limo's well-padded seat again. Too weakened by the murmur and shimmer of Robby's lips, his entire mouth, across the tormented tip of her aggravated breast.

"Now, we have very little time left before we arrive." Abandoning her, leaving her alone in the misery of incapacitating sensation that burst with self-renewing fury inside her shocked flesh, he settled back comfortably into his seat.

God, how I wish I could do that! God how she wished the cruelly embedded metal fragments would stop driving themselves deeper. Stop shimmering with that awakening, blossoming frenzy that wracked her with escaping essence. That wracked her with pang after pang of essence that flowed faster and faster as she felt the movement of the car around her, the rumble of streets beneath its tires and its perfectly smooth, silken glide upon those tires.

He said I would adjust.

"Wh...when?"

Robby glanced around. Glanced at the dark-tinted window glass and the early-nighttime city streets.

He was right.

"So soon?" Rita whimpered. She wanted to cry, but lacked the strength to do that, either.

Looking at her again, he smiled again, "We've been nearly twenty minutes in route. You will need to compose yourself and...arrange yourself soon." Never breaking the lovely, calm and unruffled perfection of that smile, he flicked his gaze down. Taking her in. Taking *all* of her in.

Gasping, more and more intrigued with movement and the sensation that resulted from movement...sensation that grew less and less painful as the pain transmuted itself into sheer, wild-eyed and breathless enjoyment, she realized she sat with her legs spread

wider than ever across the leather seat. She sat with them *splayed*, really, the weeping flesh between exposed fully, shamelessly.

Lifting herself a tiny bit, gritting her teeth against the resultant torrents of pain and escaped essence as the rings rubbed harder together and harder against her traumatized flesh, she tried to fix it. Tried to adjust it. And instead, finding the wide, ribbed and cushioned swell of the soft leather seat upon which she could not bear to sit, she discovered it had other delights. She discovered that when she concentrated upon it, when she focused every bit of energy she still possessed upon it, when she rubbed the agonized swell of her distressed flesh against it...

Robby smiled. "As you are already discovering, with the rings in place every movement arouses. Every attempt to satisfy arousal only magnifies the effects of it. Every movement causes arousal to become more intolerable. So that you try harder. Then harder."

Something incandescent crept into the equation. Something white-bright, diamond-brilliant, a harder wave of sensation. Something that had gone far beyond the merely human sensation. Something unearthly, unreal, coiled tight inside her with every stroke of her sizzling, tingling flesh across leather so soft it *hurt*. Leather so unyielding it taunted. And antagonized with the promise that if she could just drag herself harder across the small roughness it offered, if she could only...only...

"Please, Robby." Her voice broke. Shattered, as the tingle of endless response turned to a sharp and stabbing thrust that went nowhere. Did nothing. As the indescribable incandescence gathered hotter and tighter in the pierced flesh that felt heavy suddenly. And enormous. Illuminating the true magnitude of what this man had done to her even as it threatened to incinerate her alive. "I want to stop moving now. Can you help me stop?"

She was growing desperate. Reaching down to touch, reaching down to slip a hand up next to the flesh that worked itself endlessly, uselessly, against the swells and valleys of unresponsive, unsatisfactory, lifeless leather, she discovered it had swollen. Flesh bulged beneath her fingertips. The outer striations of her intimate flesh bulged enormously between fingers that automatically pressed. Eagerly, catching already engorged ridges between their tips and the smooth infuriation of the seat's ridges and swells. Catching and pressing, because that only made the swirling of sensation more

heated. That only made the endless swirling of sensation weaken her more, debilitate her more, drive her closer to the edge of utter, mindless insanity the embedded rings were coming more and more to represent.

"If I could just stop." Groaning, she shuddered. And began to cry. "Just for a second."

"You can't." Robby's voice remained calm. Taking a moment, he lowered the screen. Ordered the driver to "take it once more around the block".

Sobs tore from Rita's throat. Sobs wracked her diaphragm, jerking it and jerking her voice as it rippled and swelled, much as the kneaded, stroked, outraged flesh rippled and swelled. Head back against the seat cushions, she pressed it so hard into the cushions that it would certainly leave a permanent imprint there, marking the scene of her martyrdom for all eternity.

What the driver thought during the few seconds her groaning, mewling, pleading voice was audible to him, she didn't know. Didn't care.

"I c...can...t?"

Once again, Robby had told only the truth.

She couldn't.

Grunting from the very depth of her diaphragm, gasping in short, entirely animal and unintelligible syllables, lifting her head to stare down at the part of herself that had gone beyond reason, she could only move. Faster, and faster. As if she had conquered the bulge of masculinity Robby didn't bother to conceal beneath the snug fit of his tuxedo pants. As if that, and not the pathetic substitute of fingers and pillowed seat cushions made her jerk and thrust, jerk and moisten, jerk and ache, responding wildly and irresponsibly in her pathetic attempts to ease herself.

"Already your body has grown addicted,"

"Ad...dicted?" Sweat stung her eyes. Dimly felt the sweep of chilled night air striking repeatedly, with sledge hammer force at nipples hardened to the consistency of iron. Nipples as swollen, painfully, as any other bit of her flesh. Nipples that shrieked for attention, all the while knowing there would *be* no attention.

"To sensation. To awakening. In the few minutes you've worn your rings, your life has changed forever. You crave what you now possess. And you will only continue to crave. With a craving that

grows and grows until you will touch yourself without stop. Until touching yourself or not touching yourself will not matter, because nothing you can do, nothing you can find will ever..."

"But it won't st...stop!"

"It's not meant to." Seeming barely aware of her mounting panic, Robby adjusted her gown. He attempted to adjust it, tugging with firm hands at the neckline. Tugging it up, its narrow top utterly insufficient to cover the out thrust peaks of her enraged nipples. "Very soon you will plead with me to install the rings permanently."

"You mean I have to endure this..." Panting, she brushed her fingers across her swollen ridges and then plunged inside. With tightly woven fingers, four of them, she shoved as far inside herself as she could reach. And the sensation intensified. The sensation...

"For as long as you wear the rings. And then afterward, once they are removed, for as long as you remember, you will crave the feel of the rings."

"I really need you to..."

"There is no time. We've arrived."

As he spoke, the limo slowed. Stopped, in a place where brilliant light shone from an overhead canopy. Where there were people and movement. Where the world existed in forms other than terrible sexual turmoil.

"N...nooooooooooooo!"

"Can you lower your lovely dress for me, Rita?"

Her hands would only pull at herself and tear at herself. Her hands would only plunge and retreat, non-stop, as unable to stop as she had told him...*told* him, damn his evil-black heart and his shining-white devil's smile! Damn his infernal hide to an eternity of hellish, hot and unforgiving...

Without warning, the door opened.

The chauffeur stood just outside, and she lay fully exposed to him. Fully engaged in her struggle, and no longer desiring to stop.

The man simply stood waiting. His face expressionless, tall and unmoving. As if the sight of nymphomaniacal women working themselves to sexual death in the back of his car was an everyday sight. As if he found the resulting reek of aroused sexuality nothing unusual. Nothing remarkable.

"Rob...beeeeeeee..." Writhing, Rita cried out. Twisting, she delighted in the rubbing contact of the rings and the scrubbing

tension of them pulling at flesh they threatened increasingly to tear fold from fold. Strumming her swollen folds back and forth helplessly, compulsively against the placidly dispassionate leather seat, she treasured...cherished...screamed shrilly in the wake of every searing blast of pleasure that shot out and back. Out and back. Out and back.

"I shall require a little more information before we go inside."

"Inf...formation?" She couldn't focus her eyes. Couldn't *stop* to focus her eyes. Mute, she pleaded with him. Pleaded that she couldn't stand a lifetime of this torture. Couldn't...

"The gentleman's name." Somehow, Robby pulled her dress into place. Somehow, he separated her dripping hands from herself and made her sit. Somehow he lowered her dress over legs that tried to spread themselves wide again, and shook when they realized the tightness of the lowered skirt prevented any such spreading...prevented anything but a newly infernal rubbing and scrubbing of embedded metal as her thighs moved against each other and touched each other intolerably.

Somehow, Robby pulled the complete inadequacy of her gown's top up to cover nipples so inflamed and so peaked they would scarcely *stay* covered.

"How should you prefer I address the gentleman?"

Dear God.

He was helping her from the car. Was half-dragging her, half-lifting her. Forced to stand, as drunken with addiction as any genuine substance junky, at a crazy angle in front of the chauffeur's still impassive, slightly averted face.

Was that a rise she saw in the man's pants? Was that a tell-tale swell of hardening that said this man, too, was going to have some urgent business to attend very, very soon? Before he went anywhere?

"Rita!" Supporting her, slapping her face lightly, Robby made her look at him. "You must walk now. Into the lobby. Across the lobby." He urged quietly, but his hands were persistent. Insistent. Guiding her into motion.

Sensation!

She cried openly, unable to stop or hide her tears.

"You will have enormous difficulty walking," he murmured close by her side, almost in a purr.

So much sensation as flesh rubbed flesh and metal stroked flesh. So much throbbing. So much agony with every step he forced her to take.

“Please, Robby. Please...”

“What do I call the gentleman, Rita?”

“D...D...Damon. You should c...call him D...Damon. And, Robby, if you could just take a second to help me...and remove...” Her knees wanted to buckle. And they almost did, when Robby’s hand faltered. When he shook with a sudden, silent burst of what could only be laughter, and his touch almost dropped away from her arm.

“Not *the* Damon? The one who demanded on the public airwaves, and forgive me because I’m paraphrasing here, to fuck a whore’s cunt until it bled? To have her, what was it? Suck his aching fuck-stick while he rammed it through the back of her throat?”

Rita managed a shaky laugh. “That’s him.”

“I see. And would you be the woman in question?”

She blushed. And nodded.

Quantities, enormous quantities of moisture drained from her with every step. Drenching her folds, her thighs, her dress, as she forced one quaking, unsteady leg to place itself in front of the other. As, leaning heavily upon Robby’s arm, she struggled to look only half-wild as they entered the hotel.

Chapter Eighteen

Things had gone from bad to worse, and Wally was furious about it.

Where once, not so long ago, he'd been completely erect and struggling to pop a load that resisted like hell even when his fuck-stick kept telling him the load needed to be popped, once he'd finally gotten the twisted thing to release, it had immediately, irrevocably swung entirely the other way.

Now he was *impotent*.

His balls were hard. Harder than hard, building pressure upon pressure upon pressure. For the goddamned mother-fucking week the fucking crazy bitch had demanded, just building! His balls were hard enough to explode. And his fuck-stick...

It was limp. Dangling lifeless between his thighs. Flaccid. A joke that refused to rise and shine no matter what he did to it. No matter how the fuck *hard* he did it.

"You're gonna pay for this, bitch."

And speaking of the little mother-fucking little whore...

Grabbing the impotent thing impatiently, he shook it and stroked it, hurting himself as he crossed the suite to the windows. Already knowing no amount of shaking and no amount of stroking was going to make one fucking bit of difference.

The bitch had killed it, and the bitch was going to pay, if she ever got around to...

"Where the fuck are you?" he shouted into the narrow opening between curtains. "I have a fucking problem, here!" Brushing the palm of one hand, then the other, then the backs of both against the impotent fucker between his legs, he tilted his head back and shrieked at the ceiling. "And by mother-fucking God, that makes it *your* problem!"

Nothing happened.

Limp, a useless husk of flesh, his fuck-stick only hung there. A burden in its flaccidity as it had never been a burden, never been in the way at all when it was strong, and virile, and thrusting with unashamed life.

Rita was going to scream for this. For mercy. He was going to make the fucking bitch scream like she'd never imagined screaming before.

He might not be able to fuck her, but by God, he knew how to make her suffer for what she'd done to it.

But first she had to arrive. First she had to get her stupid, whore's ass into...

"Where the *fuck* are you?" He screamed again. And was answered at once, immediately by a soft knocking at the door. A soft and suggestive knocking. What the puerile little waste of time probably thought was seductive knocking.

He crossed the room in half a dozen steps. Leaped across it, dangling and impotent in his own hands, and making no effort whatsoever to conceal his own squishy-soft droop.

"Get your whore's ass in here," he ordered even before he finished yanking the goddamned door open.

She stood there. Dressed in the gown he'd bought for her and sent to her, demanding she wear it for him because she'd given him no other kind of say in what they were going to do tonight. And the sight of her in it, looking exactly like a goddamned whore with her overblown tits all but dangling out of the top of it and her whore's cunt outlined in sharp, unmistakable relief against the tightness at the front of it, should make his fuck-stick dance. Should make the fucking thing start to gyrate in its dancing, iron hard, ready-to-shove-tight way that should be killing him with its instantaneous erection.

It didn't. And she just stood there, too visibly unsteady to step into the suite.

"You're drunk?" he demanded, holding the door open fully wide. Caring not at all who, mothers or fathers or wide-eyed toddlers, might be in the corridor beyond to see.

Right now, there was only a man in a tuxedo. And he didn't matter. He could look, and stare, and leer all he wanted. All that mattered to Wally was...

The self-serving bitch.

“Get your fucking ass in here.” And when she didn’t, “Seven days,” he snarled, using supporting fingers to shove his flaccid mess toward her. “This has gone on for seven days, bitch. And you’re going to fucking do something about it. After I get finished beating your fucking ass senseless, you’re going to fix this.”

“G...good evening, Dam...mon.” Loose-lipped and unfocused, she ambled her way into the room. So drunk she swayed dangerously from side to side. So drunk she obviously had no care for anything other than her own goddamned, fucking bitch’s self.

“I should beat your ass so hard you’ll never walk again.”

She ambled. Took three staggering steps and then stopped. Stood again.

“Don’t you look like a whore tonight?”

That set his blood to boiling. But not his fuck-stick.

Nothing at all, down there in the old fuck-stick department.

“Don’t you have anything the fuck to say about this?” he demanded, thrusting his hips forward. Making his flaccid fuck-stick dance and wiggle and jiggle in all its soft and uninterested glory.

Rita regarded him. As dreamily as ever, with eyes that were a mess beneath hair that was a real bird’s nest of a mess. She regarded him silently, her brain obviously too pickled to come up with even her usual half-intelligent insults and comments.

“You’re drunk,” he sneered. “You’re a disgusting, worthless bitch.”

Then another voice spoke. From the hallway.

“It would appear you really do have a problem,” the asshole in the tuxedo—a tuxedo, in fucking Pittsburgh, for holy fuck’s sake!—said.

“Who the fuck are you?”

The man was big. He was twice as wide as Wally, and muscular in the arms and the legs, muscular in the thighs, muscular in the outrageous virility that bulged between them. He was twice as tall, too. Probably. And way the fuck better looking.

And he was in the room. Reaching out. Touching! Running appraising fingers over the dangling softness between Wally’s legs.

“What the fuck...” When Wally tried to jerk back and away, the man in the tux grabbed him and held on. Like he was shaking Wally’s hand, only...

"I shall have my work cut out for me this evening," old Tux-Face said.

Incredulous, Wally glared at the bitch. "You brought somebody *with* you? You brought a fucking male *prostitute* with you?"

Unhanding him, *and about fucking high time*, the male whore laughed. "That's what male prostitutes do, Damon."

"You told him?" Wally's voice rose. It shrieked and shrilled, for one of the few times in its goddamned life it *didn't* sound like Damon and nobody would have needed the fuck to know it belonged to Damon. "You told him who I am?"

Wally didn't know who to hate first. Most. The bitch. Or the bitch's tall-dark-handsome, fucking dildo.

The male whore's touch slid and glided. Assessing him and measuring him.

He didn't care.

If the bitch thought that was a way to get to him and embarrass him...

Wasn't the first time a man had touched him. Wouldn't be the last. He had nothing against men, or fucking men. In fact, that might be just the thing. Just the jump start the old fuck-stick needed to get it going again.

He let the male whore fondle him and fawn all over him while he glared at Rita. "Is that cum on your new dress?"

Shit, she was out of it. Visibly shaky. Visibly disconnected from anything that was supposed to...he had planned to...resemble reality.

Maybe the stuff he'd put in the champagne had been a little too much for her. Maybe she'd had more than one glass and maybe, most likely, he shouldn't have dumped the stuff into the bottle, but into the glass only.

"What the hell were you thinking, Rita? Getting your little cunt drunk, when you had a date with me? When you knew I'd be waiting for you, and you should be saving yourself...*all* of yourself..." He turned his glare to the male whore. "...for *me*?"

"He's as charming as you said," the whore said dryly, never taking his gaze, his mother-fucking *hands*, off Wally.

"Shut your fucking mouth," Wally growled. "You're nothing but a paid whore, and from now on you'll keep your mouth shut until I tell you..."

"I have indeed been paid for the evening." Very tenderly, as if he cared in any way at all, the whore enfolded Wally's dick in an enormous beefcake hand and reached with the other to escort the bitch into the room, carefully kicking the door shut behind them. As if *she* mattered half a hoot in hell, either. "And while I am indisputably, as you express it, a whore, I am not in your employ. You are nothing to me, and therefore..."

Ignoring him, Wally glared at Rita. "Dump your tits out of that dress for me. I want to see your tits."

"In a moment. You'll have whatever you want. More than you want. But first there are a few ground rules..."

"I said, shut your mother-fucking mouth!" Once again, Wally didn't look at the man who was quickly, annoyingly, getting to be one regal, royal, tuxedoed pain in the fucking ass.

The man massaged the lifelessness between Wally's legs. "First we need to make it clear that I have been hired by the lady to do what the *lady* wishes. When the lady wishes."

"Lady!" Wally laughed. "She's as much of a fucking whore as you. Now, show me your tits, bitch. Show them to me right now!"

The male whore looked at her.

Still out of it, still more disconnected than ever now that she had open dispute raging around her and in front of her, Rita nodded. Slightly. So slightly that Wally couldn't be sure he saw it.

At last the male whore removed his hand and lifted it. Hooked two fingers into the skimpy neckline of the bitch's dress, and that was all it took. One small tug, and her breasts toppled, tumbled, exploded out.

Her tits were red at the peaks. They were hard and outthrust, the nipples large and succulent. Well-purpled and shamelessly erect.

If anything should harden him, that would be it.

Still, nothing.

He looked down.

He hung. Small and insignificant. And his rage grew. By leaps and bounds, it grew and grew and grew. Focused half on the fucking male whore with his confident, perfect smile and half on the blowsy bitch who hovered close at the whore's elbow as if she couldn't survive without him. The bitch who smiled with lipstick-smeared mouth, seeming barely aware that her boobs hung unfettered, drooping like over-inflated water balloons halfway to what passed for her waist.

"My name is Robby," the male whore said and then he made himself busy. Leaning over the bare-boobed bitch, he pressed a wet, open-mouthed kiss to one of her hard-peaked nipples, then the other.

Rita shuddered. Her shoulders shook with the force of her shudders, with unnatural force, and so did her breath.

"Back off, asshole." Grabbing at himself again, almost defensively, Wally glared.

The mother fucker was going too far. Overstepping his bounds. Taking, openly sucking at what Wally meant to have for himself. What belonged to him and was supposed to be given up only to him.

"Rita?" The male whore didn't take his mouth away from Rita's tit.

She only shuddered. Again. In the same sibilant, unquestionably sensual, impossibly aroused way.

"How much for you to go away?" Wally glanced around. Searching for his wallet. Wondering if, like Blazette and so many of the others he'd bought and known, the male whore took credit cards.

"I'm afraid you misunderstand. Sir." The whore straightened, once again looking at Wally, his dark-dark eyes shining with something that had better damned well not be derision. "I'm already engaged for the evening."

Engaged for the evening?

Who the hell talks like that?

Even *Damon* didn't talk like that!

If Rita didn't watch her ass, if she didn't mind her fucking ass, and if her whore didn't start to toe some pretty damned narrow lines any second now, Wally was going to...

Christ, Wally *salivated* for a taste of those tits.

Those fucking tits did everything but wink at him. Everything on earth to tantalize him with husky-toned suggestions that they really were there for him, and they wanted *him* to take them. *Him* to use them.

"Everybody has a price." Wally licked his lips. He couldn't take his gaze off Rita. Off the semi-conscious way she looked, so ripe and primed for the picking. Couldn't think about looking for his wallet the way he'd meant to, couldn't even look at the male whore.

Christ.

He *ached*.

His fuck-stick ached way down inside the way no fuck-stick had ever been designed to ache. His fuck-stick all but thundered with the futility of its predicament and anger at its predicament. His fuck-stick rumbled and tried to pulse, almost beside its fucking self with its own unremitting softness and uselessness and its abiding, abounding need to be *hard* again. To be ready, and effective.

"I suggest we begin." Turning to Rita, as solicitous as if she was the mother-fucking Queen of England, the whore loaned her an arm. Supported her so that she could move in her unsteady, staggered-swaying way that made no sense at all, her tits dangling carelessly, in full sway over the top of her gown.

"You have the mother-fucking nerve to ignore me?"

Wally was losing control of the situation. And he damned well meant to get it back.

"You have the nerve to turn away from me when I'm trying to..."

But the whore did exactly that. Ignored him.

So did Rita.

Stumbling, she undulated on. She undulated into the room and looked around. "Robby, I think I need to s...sit."

Instantly, the whore responded. With more of that Queen Of England solicitousness, he guided her ever so carefully to the edge of the king-sized bed and deposited her there, somewhat untidily, upon the nubby-dark spread.

Rita twitched when she sat. It was the damnedest thing Wally had ever seen, and for a moment he forgot everything else in his fascination with the way she began at once to stroke her cunt against the spread. Side to side she stroked, eagerly, then from front to back and then in an impossibly erotic circular motion that shimmered up through her entire body as enticingly as a belly dancer's openly sexual invitations.

Rita stroked as if she could not stop. Her eyes focused a little, and took on a sudden, inexplicable sheen as she stroked and stroked and stroked.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Rita?"

Smiling, her smile widening as she lifted herself a little with hands braced atop the bed and feet even more firmly braced against the floor, she stroked again. Harder. Rubbed the lifted flesh deliberately, thrusting it hard at the bed that wasn't...he could tell her it wasn't if

she looked like she was in any shape to listen...going to give her what she clearly wanted.

A fuck-stick.

A nice, big fuck-stick.

Anybody's fucking fuck-stick.

'Whore' didn't even begin to cover the way she acted.

Wally actually felt a little stirring, a very small one that came to nothing at all, in the deadness between his legs.

He hadn't realized the fucking drug, in any kind of amount, would have effects like *that!*

He couldn't respond with his fuck-stick, but when she turned her smile to him, the brilliance of it, the absolute, dissolute lack of restraint in its brilliance, set his ears to buzzing. In a way that hurt like fucking hell.

"Jesus Christ." Wally's tongue had swollen. Suddenly conscious of his pathetic ineffectiveness, he tried to hide his deficiency. Tried with both hands to cover and conceal the fact that even what Rita did, even the shriekingly sexual way in which she did every bit of it, had no effect upon his woeful inadequacy.

The whore was quick to stop him. "It seems you are in dire need of assistance, Damon."

"You said that before. What the fuck do you think you're going to do about it that I haven't tried already?" Pugnacious, about damned ready to boil over with rage that would be released about as easily as his fuck-stick seemed set to never release a steaming load again, Wally lifted his chin. Met the whore's gaze straight-on, and didn't even think about backing down when, with a swift movement, the whore caught his wrists.

The whore was strong.

Wally would give him that.

It didn't matter that Wally tried to keep his hands where they were, shielding himself from view and from any other indignity. The whore pulled his hands away without seeming to flex a bulging muscle. Then the whore lifted them again, and held them far the hell out to Wally's sides. And had the fucking *gall* to smile, thoroughly amused, when he looked down at Wally's...problem.

Nothing stirred. Nothing near the top and nothing deep inside. Nothing in fuck-stick, and nothing in balls or anywhere else. And the male whore knew it. His smile said he knew it, and said he enjoyed it.

"I'm a professional," the whore said after the longest of times. Very quietly. Almost soothingly. As if anything the fuck he said could ever come close to...

"Anything I need or don't need is no concern of yours." Enraged, Wally tried again to escape.

The male whore hung on tight.

"Rita," he said, inclining his head toward a dark leather valise on the bed.

"Where the hell..." Wally blinked, shaking his head.

Am I losing my mind along with my ability to fuck?

He'd never seen the valise before. It hadn't been there before.

"Where the fuck did that come from?"

Still staggering, Rita released the grip of a hand that had clutched, crumpling and rumpling, at the bedspread. She swayed toward the valise and grabbed it. Dragging it since she didn't seem capable of the kind of coordination needed to actually lift it, she brought it close to the edge of the bed. Close, to the point that the whore could touch it if and when he reached for it.

"Time for you to sit. Damon." Hooking a foot around a leg of one of the room's chairs, an uncomfortable looking armless tufted purple French-whorehouse fucker, the whore swung it around. Tugged it to them, tugged so that it faced the bed and the woman who gyrated as fulsomely as ever on the end of it.

"You don't give me any ord..."

"Right there."

The mother-fucker looked like he'd be willing to pick Wally up and seat him forcibly if Wally didn't comply. He looked like he'd enjoy doing it. So Wally cut his losses.

Wally sat.

"Now." The male whore bent over him. So close that Wally smelled the scent of him...the deliberate, sterling musk of some kind of pheromone the bastard spread all over himself so that he would be irresistible. So that he would...

For the briefest of instants, Wally thought the whore was going to kiss him. He got ready for the kiss, looking forward to the kiss.

It didn't come.

"How long did you say you've been this way, Damon?" the whore asked, taking Wally's fuck-stick in his hand and stroking again. With cool and calculated calmness that infuriated.

"That's none of your fucking business. That's between Rita and I. And that's not my name. My name is..."

"That's what I've been instructed to call you." The man looked unperturbed. "That is what I will call you. As I help you in your...difficulty. *Damon*."

"I said I don't need your help!"

"I'm afraid your soft little useless cock would beg to differ." Turning his face away, the whore indicated the valise with a flick of his head. "If you would please, Rita."

She opened the valise. Manipulated gleaming metal fastenings with hands that fumbled and shook, and opened it.

Son of a bitch.

The male whore moved in so that Wally could no longer see it. So he couldn't see what was inside. And when he did so, he released Wally's wrists so he could turn to it and bend over it.

This was his chance.

Wally's legs twitched. Every muscle in them twitched.

He should take it. Seize it, and run with it...get himself the fuck out of here to a place where he could recoup his losses and figure out how in the hell he was going to...

And how the fuck am I supposed to do that? When he was naked as a dozen jaybirds, and limp as a dozen eunuchs? How in the hell was he going to find some other place where he could hide himself without raising all kinds of hues and cries and police presences in the process?

His fuck-stick stirred. And so did his balls, though there was an element of fear there now that made everything down there creep in a way unrelated to anything sexual at all.

He stayed right where he was. Right as he was.

"You'd like me to fix you, wouldn't you?" The whore asked, bent over his valise. "I can feel the way you want me to fix you."

"What the hell do you think you're going to..." Wally hated his voice the way he'd never hated it before. It shook. With fear. And that disgusted him. Outraged him, and enraged.

The whore turned back. With something in his hands. Something Wally didn't see because it was just that fast. Just that smooth.

"Has no one ever told you, Damon, that you catch way more flies with honey than vinegar?" Suffocatingly close, the whore slipped the something he held around Wally's waist. Something totally not human. Something hard and yet soft that tightened around him in the

same instantaneous, expert movement the whore used to wrap it around him.

“What the fuck...”

Whatever it was, whatever its intent was, the thing dug into him.

“This will be perfect,” the male whore said, and tightened it around him. Making it dig into him.

“The fucking thing hurts!” Wally protested.

The strap the fucking whore had fastened around his waist was eight inches wide. Give or take half an inch or so. It was smooth on the outside, as soft and supple as a baby’s ass. But hard, too. As if it was lined with another belt made of good old-time Pittsburgh forged steel. It was bright red, and lined with something that prickled and stung. Something that felt for all the world like a trillion pinpoints of hellfire itself,

Studs. Myriads of them. Small and pointed, aiming themselves directly into softest, most vulnerable flesh around his sides. Where the tightening noose made itself felt in earnest.

“Spread your legs, Damon.”

“Get this fucking thing off me!”

The whore ignored him.

Jerking Wally to his feet with a savage strength at which even his muscled appearance hadn’t hinted, he inserted a knee between Wally’s and forced them to part.

Dazed, Wally looked down.

The whore was hard at work. Bringing another strap up between his legs. Up from the back of the harness. An equally red, thinner and more pliant, frightening strap. And he fastened it with a few deft flicks of his wrists. Wrapped the detestable thing once around Wally’s balls and the base of his fuck-stick, and pulled it tight enough to crush them.

Laughing softly, the whore fastened the end of it to a heavy metal loop at the front of the belt. At Wally’s waist, where it wasn’t going to do one mother-fucking bit of good, because the instant he got his chance Wally was going to simply unbuckle it and release himself from the pain that shot through compressed and still compressing balls when the whore pulled the thing inhumanly tight in the process of fastening it.

Pain shot down Wally’s legs. Pain reached right down into the rounds of his heels so that he swayed. Struggling to stay on his feet

when his vision blurred and his breath hitched and gasped in and out, agonizingly in and out of his lungs.

"This is used for obedience training," the whore said.

"Now, wait just a fucking minute. Who the hell gave you the right to..." Wally's breath trailed off into a startled, lung-clearing shriek when the whore touched his balls again, lifting their helpless hardness so that he could quickly, expertly, tighten the strap a little more. Around them.

Shrieking until he could physically shriek no more, Wally saw stars. Literally. All kinds of stars. Pink stars, blue stars, green and purple and unearthly gold st...

"Very *good*, Damon. You will endure enormous amounts of discomfort as you undergo your training. As you've no doubt noticed."

"You mother-fucker." Wally's voice shook, low with hate and a rising need for vengeance. "I'll only endure this until you give me a chance to release it. And not a sec..."

"But that's the beauty of it." With one of his lightning-deft moves, the whore caught Wally's hands in one of his and made short work of them. He bound them together with a cuff made of the same soft leather as the strap that encircled his package, and connected it to that very same strap. Connected it to the trailing end that hung from the buckle at the front, and pulled. Tightening again. Tightening another scream from Wally's throat and a corresponding stabbing pang from the limp and imprisoned, abused thing that hung helpless in the grip of the strap wrapped around it.

"Get this *off* me!" Wally screamed.

"You will delight in your training," the whore murmured. "You will beg to learn to be obedient."

"Like fucking heeeeeeeeeee..."

The whore pulled hard at the trailing end of the strap.

Pressure soared in the cuff that bound Wally's wrists and the noose that surrounded his balls and constricted them. The whore forced Wally's hands down with the pressure he exerted. Pulling them down and down, tightening them below the curve of Wally's ass as he fastened the strap tight, he made Wally's hands and his privates one. He fastened Wally's harness securely, with his hands and his privates so close together that Wally's body bowed backward.

Strained backward as he bent painfully, desperately, trying to ease pain that would kill. Pain that...

"The thing I particularly like about this device..."

When the whore let go of him, Wally stood. Swaying. Afraid to move because he'd already realized any movement, no matter how small, sent chilling-hot jolts of the most incredible pain through his entire body.

"...is that you can see the fastening while you wear it."

Wally look down. Bowed his head and stared at the bright-silver buckle. Dizzied, he struggled to remain upright.

It was a terrible way to stand. The most terrible, with his hands pulled tight against his ass. So tight that they almost reached between legs he could no longer move together because his hands were in the way. And because it hurt like sixteen kinds of hell to even *try* to stand with them together.

Dizzied almost to fainting, it took every bit of his wits and concentration to stand splayed that way, bent over backwards and desperate to maintain his balance.

"You can see the buckle, can't you Damon?"

"Y...y...yes."

"You can see it so clearly. But you can't release it. You can only wish for that and cry like a baby for that. But you can never reach it. Never undo it for yourself. You can do nothing but live with it. Knowing you belong entirely to the person who controls it. The person who has become your absolute master. Now, I want you to be very careful, Damon."

"C...c...careful?"

What does the fucking whore have up his sleeve now? What the hell can the fucking whore be talking about, when he's already done so much? When there's just about nothing else he can do?

Lifting his chin, Wally glared at the whore. Or he tried to.

"You must be very careful. You must pull your hands down as far as you can and reach between your legs."

"I.. ."

"Are you reaching between your legs, Damon?"

"Damn your fucking h...hide. You know I c...can't. You know I..."

"Touch your balls, Damon. It's the only way you'll be able to sit."

“Sit? Jesus, mother-fucker of all mother-fuckers, what the fuck are you talking about, sit? My arms...”

“Feel like they’re going to snap out of their sockets.” The whore’s voice was smooth. Cool. “I know. I understand. But when they do, I’m expert at putting them back in. Now, try, Damon. Even with your arms pinned you’ll be able to touch your balls with your fingertips if you really, really try.”

Tiptoeing, Wally did. He tried, and he sobbed. Bending backward so that the strain of supple, unbearable leather against and into his flesh became a veritable symphony of deliberately inflicted agony, he struggled to do as he was told. And couldn’t. Couldn’t bend his body enough.

“Now that Damon has learned his first lesson in obedience,” the whore said, “Shall we start?” And then he shoved.

Wally toppled backward. Completely disabled by a haze of flaring, constricting, rocketing pain, he toppled into the chair and sat helpless. Conscious of little else than the maddened swirl of pain pounding violently, viciously against the inside of his head.

Chapter Nineteen

Seated atop his hands, Wally was careful as hell not to move. Any movement, no matter how slight, hurt like hell. Any attempt to use his hands or to adjust pinioned arms that had already started to cramp hurt like more than hell. Because any movement only tightened the strap with which his body had been bound. Any tightening lifted his impotence higher, threatening to choke fuck-stick and balls both off at their roots and separate them from him completely.

“Someday I’ll put this fucking thing on you, you son of a bitching whore.” His tone was low. As cold as any tone he’d ever in his life directed at anyone. Cold with hate and fury at the helplessness that inundated him every time he looked down at the small and twinkling, unreachable buckle that would release him from his hell. “I promise you. One of these days I’ll get the drop on you, and I’ll make you wear this fucking thing until you scream. Until your mother-fucking balls fall off, and you realize...”

“Oh, I assure you, Damon.” Lazily untying his formal bow tie and casting it aside, just as lazily slipping out of his formal, fucking tuxedo jacket, the whore looked back at him and laughed. “I have worn it. Many times. I’ve been trained for my profession since I was thirteen. And I assure you, it was one of the most effective devices used to subdue me and train me.”

“You mother-fucking...”

“Sit, Damon. That is your part for now. To sit quietly in your chair and watch.”

“Watch? What the fuck do you expect me to...”

The male whore unzipped his fly. Slid the darkness of his pants down the long swell of his legs. Revealing himself. Revealing he’d worn nothing else beneath the tuxedo. Nothing but an enormous,

thick and fully erect fuck-stick swollen darkly golden, its engorged head pointing straight at Wally, accusingly at Wally, when he turned to display himself to Wally.

On the bed, Rita stirred.

She'd fallen backward, her whore's dress scant covering as her tits gaped from the front of it and the tight skirt strained, accentuating the swollen mound of her whore's cunt just beneath.

Name of God...

"What the fuck are you planning to do, whore? What the fuck do you think..."

"Lovely, lovely Rita." Sitting next to her, the whore stroked her gently. He stroked her repeatedly as he lifted her. Held her. Removing the dress from her. "Is this what you wished for?"

She moaned. As out of it as before. "I n...n...need," she mumbled, struggling to writhe again, though it was clear she was running out of strength to writhe. Or do much the fuck else.

"Name of Christ, Rita..."

The *thing* Wally wore, the torture device choked his flesh. It cut into his flesh and stabbed at it. Making even the act of breathing a tear-inducing ballet of unadulterated torture no man should have to endure.

"Be quiet, Damon." Bending into the curve of Rita's shoulder, the whore moved his hands over her.

"This has gone fucking far enough, Rita. I've learned my lesson. Now, tell your little Boy Toy there to let me out of this thing. And send him home. So we can get down to the real..."

"Sit quietly in your chair," the whore growled, never looking Wally's way. "You're going to watch."

"What the hell..."

The whore had finished with her. Her whore's dress was gone, and she lay luxuriously spread across the wine-colored bedspread, her body a long series of curves. The longest series imagination could conjure. Interspersed with heart-stopping concavities tinted rose here and peach there, and shadowed in darker shades of the same delectable hues where the glint of golden hair between her thighs was thickest. Most enticing.

Slowly, slowly, as Wally watched, slowly as her paid whore bent over her and to her, she parted her legs. She spread them wide. Revealing full and rubicund, *delicious* flesh beneath that golden thatch.

She revealed herself in a way she had to know would make Wally want her. *Need* her. Need to take her and possess her in any way he still could. Even if his mother-fucking fuck-stick had no ability, and apparently no interest, in possessing anyone.

“For Christ’s sake,” he groaned, trying hard as hell not to stir in his chair as he inhaled the breath necessary for the groan. “You’ve made your point, Rita. Now get the fuck up from there and tell the fucking whore to...”

“Silence!” The fucking whore didn’t look up from what he was doing. From the things he was beginning to do to the bitch who was Wally’s, because Wally had found her first. “Shut up and sit in your chair with your flabby, useless little cock. Or by God, I’ll come over there and put a gag on you. I’ll put on a gag so tight it will make the pain in your balls feel like a day at the spa by comparison.”

Wally froze into silence. Fuming, furious, still looking for a way out and working on a plan for exacting revenge, he sat.

“Now, watch me, Damon. Watch as I take Rita the way you can’t take her. The way you might never be able to take her. Sit and watch, while I...”

Sweat dripped down Wally’s face. Non-stop. And elsewhere, at the small of Wally’s back and beneath the captive between his thighs.

Closing his eyes, he began to realize there was little else he could do. *Nothing* else.

* * * *

“How would you like me to begin?” Finished with Wally, Robby turned to Rita.

She didn’t know what to say. What he expected her to say.

She didn’t even know what she wanted to say.

She hadn’t thought that far ahead. Hadn’t been able to think.

So the question and all the choices it implied left her in a quandary...dumbfounded. Reeling in the fresh arousal of Robby’s lips and his skilled hands drowsing their way over her.

She shivered as the rings inside her, never asleep or silent to begin with, awakened again. In just a few, memorable instants, the embedded bits of metal began to dig deeper into and tug more insistently at her inner flesh, a constant irritant. And the most constant delight she’d ever been required to endure.

Robby was looking at her.

He was looking down at her.

He had asked a question, and she hadn't answered. If she could just remember...

"Wh...what?" Her voice was faint. Too far away and stunned to make more than the minimum audible sound.

She wanted Robby.

He smelled delicious. Powerfully erotic, dusky and midnight-musky. A scent shot through with hints of molten moonlight and warmed by the incomparable heat he radiated as he leaned over her frantically responding body. Infusing her with new and even more frantic life.

She wanted the gentle consideration, the deliberately decisive arousal she knew he would give her. And all she had to do was ask. All she had to do was find her voice, and give herself *time* to ask.

"May I suggest we begin by making love?" Robby pressed himself against her, and she shivered. Still unable to speak a word. Robby encircled her with a heated, muscular arm and pulled her close. And there was no way she could miss the raging evidence, the hard-swollen, pulsing evidence that he was ready for the evening.

"I suggest we do everything it is possible for a man and woman to do together while Damon there watches," he murmured silkily, the tip of his shaft stroking her outer flesh. Pressing tight against her as he pulled her closer into the firm reassurance of his embrace, he teased gently at the tightly-closed folds of her weeping outer flesh.

Deep inside she simmered. Burst with a roiling of the excited moisture that had never entirely quit roiling to begin with, and knew yet again that Robby would please her utterly. Because Robby existed only to please her. For as long as the night lasted. In any way she chose to be pleased, any way she wanted to be pleased.

If only she could decide. If only she could tell him...

Robby's closeness, acting in combination with the hidden rings that sent their continuous stream of greedy heat through every fiber and molecule of her body, was about to constitute a genuine medical emergency. Of the very first order.

She was about to swoon.

That was suddenly, irrefutably clear.

Her desire to feel him inside her, stroking the incredible gift of himself against the rings he had placed inside her so she would be

capable of appreciating that gift, was almost more than she could bear. Almost enough to kill.

And still Robby teased. Waiting for her. Waiting until she told him how to please her and pleasure her. Waiting patiently, patiently, always pressed hard against the closed folds of her outer flesh.

“Dizzy,” she murmured, needing to say something as he took the first step and found his way in. Partially in. Needing to shatter the weight of his entry and the strange tension that came along with it.

Her piercings knew Robby. When he moved against her they recognized him. And when he moved his hardened length inside the aching void between her thighs they paid solemn tribute in the only way they knew how. By freshening the tides with which they moistened her and softened her. By strengthening the ebb and flow of tides that heated her every peak and every valley. Making the possibility of global warming on the most massive scale imaginable seem a paltry, pathetic thing by comparison.

Her piercings throbbed in perfect time with the gentle sway of Robby’s touch. They shrieked in equally perfect time with every ragged beat of her own faltering heart, and surged endlessly with the pulse that tore through her veins and thundered ominously beneath every millimeter of her skin.

Close by yet impossibly far away, Wally groaned. “For the love of God, Rita...”

Rita barely heard him. And paid no attention to what she did hear. For Robby laughed softly in the same instant. And that was all she could hear. All she needed to hear.

“Oh, God.” Her treasured bits of metal hummed-sang-cried their agreement. Their pleasure. Her body misted, and her every muscle grew taut. At first. Only to immediately soften beneath another whispering flow of superfine droplets emitted by tormented flesh.

Unique in the way he combined practiced sexuality with languid effortlessness of movement, Robby stroked harder against the folds he’d parted, and between them. He stroked *marginally* harder. Only hard enough to escalate torment already inflicted. “I think our friend Damon is ready, Rita.” Pressed just hard enough to tantalize, Robby bent the slightest amount. Meeting her and penetrating her at the one right, the one perfect angle, he effected an entry. “Don’t you?”

“Please...” Wally’s tone had changed. His entire attitude had changed. He barely whispered when he spoke this time. But there

was no way to know if he whispered in plea, or if it was just another facet of his anger. Another way he tried to get himself released from the bondage Robby had inflicted upon him. Bondage that placed him at Robby's mercy, and could only grow more, intolerably, worse as the evening wore on.

Either way, Robby remained as he was. Paused just short, inhumanly short, of the place she wanted him to be. The place where all of her increasingly maddened, unreasonably aggravated body centered. Demanding he touch.

"Fuck me," she said. Clearly. And unmistakably. Looking deep into the thrilling darkness of Robby's waiting, liquid eyes.

"Name of God." A tremor infused Wally's voice. Of what, Rita once again couldn't be sure. "You can't be serious about this!"

Breathless, Rita waited for the next soft glide. The shrieking terror of the glide when her flesh would find itself forced to drag across the hardened enormity of Robby's advancing flesh.

Her body jerked when Robby made his move. Her body, and the breath that burst from her throat, ululating and quivering in air rent by the sound of a long and wretched groan. More than one long and wretched groan.

"Christ, Rita! This is *hurting* me! This is fucking..."

"Y...you're a bas...tard, Wally." Shuddering, Rita looked into Robby's eyes. Pleaded with him to finish what he'd started. Pleaded with him to take her higher and higher, spiraling to heights she would never manage to reach by herself. Through her own efforts.

"Is that what you want?" Hunched in his chair and huddled awkwardly, Wally started with the *un*-Damon thing again. The whining petulance that made him sound like a thwarted teen-ager. A spoiled child who for the first time in his life was finding it difficult...make that impossible...to get his own way. "You want me to say I'm a bastard? You want me to say the whole fucking mess is my fault? Fine. I..."

"No." Rita's voice broke. Not because of anything he said or anything he had meant to her. Her voice broke because Robby penetrated deeper. Encroaching upon the embedded rings. Touching them in ways that incited them to a fresh flooding of pain and suffering and sublimity in every one of the ways she had no doubt he was expert at inciting. Only to retreat again, circling once, again, and again. Only to hold his searing tip lightly yet firmly at the very edge

of the entrance between her drenched folds with antagonizing lightness, once again at that point just short of the one where pressing meant the most. Where pressing meant everything.

"I did it all, Rita." Wally's voice rose.

She tried not to listen.

This was her turn. *Her* time.

She wasn't going to miss it.

"Robby?" She shook all over.

"Whatever you say I did, I admit it. I did it all. Now, for God's sake, will you have your fucking whore get his fucking thing off me, so I can...so we can..." Wally's voice droned. Hard-edged. No longer ethereally lovely, but a bore. A real, unbearable bore. "You know it's me you really want, Rita. You know I can be so much better for you than Dildo-Boy, there. You..."

"Robby?" She shook harder. Shuddering.

His eyes were so dark. So lovely. And his shaft burned within her. Not moving now, suspended in time and space at the one single place where suspension had the power, the ultimate and inescapable power, to destroy her utterly with the spiraling sensation it created. His shaft enchanted. Weakened. Promised.

"It would seem your apologies mean nothing to the lady, Damon." Robby smiled. Slowly. His gaze met Rita's...had already met it long, long ago, right at the beginning of time. Fastened unwaveringly upon her face, his gaze stroked deep currents to the heart of her in nearly the same way his shaft, his incredible, buried shaft, stroked them into the flesh he held and possessed without moving at all against it.

Rita mouthed a word. One only.

Please.

He smiled. His eyes said she was the center of the world at that moment. His smile turned lazy, hazy dreamy. His smile was still and only, entirely, for her, and his eyes said no one else inhabited the world. Especially no suffering man who sat nearby, forced to watch and forced to endure. His eyes said she would remain there utterly, entrenched at the center, for as long as she needed. For as long as she asked him to hold her there.

"Give me a break, Rita! Give me a fucking..."

"I can gag the idiot for you. If you'd like." Robby's dark and deep gaze suggested it was what *he* would like to do.

Quickly, she shook her head.

Not if it takes you away from me! Not if it means I'll have to surrender anything more to him!

"Then..." Bending close, Robby pressed parted lips to the side of Rita's throat. He nuzzled her mouth with a soft sigh, in the exact way he nuzzled her fully opened, fully receptive body with the tip of his shaft.

"Ohhhhhhh."

It was absolute torment. And incipient delight.

"Is this what you like?" he asked, pressing deeper. "Is this what you want?" Once again he found and touched the embedded rings. But only for an instant. Only for the space of time it took her heart to lurch through a single, startled beat. And then he withdrew. Again.

But the awakened electricity scorched her.

Crying out, Rita flared with moisture that, combined with the electricity, became a clear threat to annihilate if not stopped immediately. If not *repeated* immediately.

"Please. Robby, I..."

I'd like you to...

Beneath him, Rita struggled. Failed. Struggled again.

I'd like you to...

The plea had never been meant to be voiced. Never, by a suddenly universal power that wilted her as Robby never ceased to circle. Or to endlessly tantalize flesh he'd already conquered, and long since brought to its shrieking, burning peak of softness. And readiness. And desperation.

I'd like you to end this torture. Now.

And then she came. As Robby toyed with her and tormented her, she came in sweetly heavenly droves. She came more than on any of those diamond-lovely, scintillating nights that seemed so impossibly long ago. And so impossibly insipid. Nights when, lying in sex-scented stillness in her darkened bedroom, bringing herself to completion while she listened to Damon's voice radiating its insistently demonic charm over her little blue radio, she'd thought she had it all. Thought she'd found it all.

I'm going to smash that radio.

The thought flitted through her mind. Flickering briefly.

She'd had it with that radio...all radios! Had it with Damon, and all others of his ilk. Had it for all time, and then for time after that. Had it for all...

Far, far away, Wally whimpered. It was a nothing sound. It meant nothing to her.

The sweetened stirring of her mists met every movement of Robby's body, and embraced it.

Robby hesitated. Then, moving more swiftly and far, far more smoothly than Rita had dreamed a man so large could physically move, he let the tip of his shaft weave a very special form of suggestion as, splitting her waiting flesh, her rioting flesh, he plunged. Completely. Fully. Gliding inward with no further stop or hesitation, the tip of his shaft found its mark.

Bolts of white-hot fever surged from the rings. Jagged shards of it swelled and multiplied, finding a hundred, thousand, million ways to embed themselves permanently, impermeably, in the very heart and soul of her. And she shrieked. With lungs coalesced and body overtaxed, she shrieked. Powerless to manage anything more substantial than a shaken whisper.

Chapter Twenty

Christ in heaven.

Rita was groaning. Over and over again, like some kind of fucking nympho who couldn't stop herself.

And leave it to the fucking male whore.

The bastard had positioned her, and himself, perfectly. So that they were entirely visible to Wally. So that everything they did, everything the whore did to her was entirely visible.

From where Wally sat, with his shaft trapped and useless, his hands bound and equally useless, twisted with agony he could not escape, he couldn't help but see everything.

Like that first shove of whore's flesh into hers.

Licking his lips, wishing he could look the fuck away yet knowing all the while that he couldn't and never would, Wally found himself forced to gauge the depth of that penetration. He found himself forced to analyze the way in which it was achieved.

Fast or slow?

Rough or gentle?

Demanding or forgiving?

"Wouldn't you like to touch yourself now, Damon?"

Wally almost resented the whore's intrusion. He almost resented the question that broke his train of thought, intruded upon the fantasy of watching as the bitch was subdued at last, and wishing he was the one, wishing he was still capable...

Annoyed, relieved, allowing himself to hope he might eventually survive after all, Wally replied instantly. With a quaver of sound that no longer resembled anything human or sane.

"Imagine how it would be." The whore pulled back. Advanced again. Exerted a steady pressure upon the bitch's pliant body, her compliant body. And solicited another deep, suffering groan from her.

Wally gasped softly. It was all he could do. Breath rasped in his throat, a whisper of smoldering dynamite. But down below, down there where he needed the smoldering most, and wanted it...nothing.

Still, nothing.

Only flaccid disinterest. Only swollen pressure in the overextended balls beneath, and the promise that there was going to be no release. Never.

"Imagine, Damon." Continuing his non-stop forward glides and backward tremors, tugging at Rita's flesh, pulling it and stretching it in a million ways Wally could clearly see, about which he could do nothing at all, even long after Rita's crescendos of groans said she'd poured out every bit of her bitch's heat and wet for him, the whore kept up a non-stop monologue. A sort of play by play from the middle of the playing field. "Imagine how it must feel. To run your fingers over your cock. Imagine being allowed to have some way to take away the pain you feel. Are you in pain, Damon?"

Silence.

Fascinated, staring, watching the close interplay of male whore's flesh doing its work upon the bitch's female opening, listening as the bitch began once again to groan in her insatiable, inexplicable way, Wally had forgotten about the pain.

"Speak when you're spoken to, Damon! *Are you in pain?*"

He had almost forgotten. Until the fucking male whore's insistence brought it all back to him in a cramping, crushing rush.

"Yes!"

If he could just *move!* Just...

Driven by the suggestion the whore had planted, he tried.

He couldn't sit perfectly motionless forever. He'd sat that way for too long already, and the situation wasn't getting any fucking better. Was only, in fact, getting so much fucking worse it might be about to kill him in another minute or two.

"Good." The male whore varied the angle at which he took her. "That's the way you learn." Tilting his hips, tilting the impossibly long enormity of his fuck-stick that had to be operating under the influence of some sort of pharmaceutical assistance...*had* to be...the whore pressed down on her. Suddenly, unexpectedly, pressed heavily down. And Rita...

"P...p...please..."

The fucking bitch was actually begging for *more!*

Something began a slow burn inside Wally. Something that would be entirely sexual and explicitly sexual if it in any way reached his limp and sagging husk of a stick. Something that should have the old monster rearing its head and demanding its piece of the...*piece*. Something that...

"P...please!" she begged again, and he was helpless. As utterly helpless as he'd tried to make her on that other evening, in the darkness at the top of Mount Washington. As helpless as he'd made scores of women before her, and a dozen or so blushing, prepubescent girls before the women, in the days when he'd been prepubescent, though hardly blushing, himself.

He was helpless. Unable to escape.

For the first time he caught an inkling of a fleeting of a glimmer. For an instant only, since his mind wasn't open to listening to inklings and fleetings and glimmers like that. His mind was in the habit of shoving those things back, and out of the way, since those things were all too likely to sound like the stupid, moralistic things his mother had always tried to impress upon him with too much religion, too much righteous indignation, too many rules.

But he did catch it. And once caught, it proved hard as hell...fucking impossible...to ignore.

Was this what the bitch wanted? To get him helpless? Was this what she'd set up...what she'd ordered her fucking male whore to do?

The whore had prattled on and on about obedience. Had said the piece of shit he'd strapped onto Wally would *teach* him obedience.

Well, maybe.

The piece of inescapable shit was sure as fuck teaching him obedience right then. Teaching him to sit where he was told and do what he was told...say what he was told...because there was nothing the fuck else he could do.

But along with learning obedience came patience. A quality Wally had never in his life lacked. Never in his life *not* known how to use.

Patience.

Sit, and wait.

Sit, and watch, and store it all up. Because sooner or later, the whore was going to have to let him go. Sooner or later, the whore was going to have to take the piece of shit off him, and when he did...when he did...

Wally smiled.

Waiting. Patiently and, on the surface anyway, obediently.

He'd touch himself soon enough. And the whore, too. As soon as he got his chance, he'd make sure the whore learned a thing or two.

"You like that."

The whore was watching him. Fucking Rita, plunged to the full extent his overblown fuck-stick would allow, an extent that had to be impossible because no bitch on the face of this earth was deep enough or strong enough to survive a fuck-stick like that, the whore had his gaze on Wally the whole, fucking time.

Now he stopped.

At the innermost point of her, all trace of his fuck-stick completely vanished as he ground his whore's hips down onto her, forcing her into the depth of the mattress upon which she lay, the whore stopped.

Immediately Rita's eyes widened. Immediately, looking up at him the way a cow would look lovingly, longingly, at the fucking bull of her dreams, she grabbed at the whore's arms and scrabbled eagerly, greedily, at the heavy flesh of them.. "No!" she whispered.

She came for him when she did. Came for the whore.

Wally could see that she came, from the sudden rushing of weakness in her expression. From the way her mouth fell slack and her eyes momentarily seemed to wander away from existence. From the way her every feature softened afterward, and her fingers obviously had to strain to hold their grip on the male whore's arms.

The fucking bitch *came*. Cheap whore that she was.

She shoved herself upward, her manic strength as she deluged the whore's buried, encapsulated length evident in the way his body jerked. In the slight look of approving surprise with which the whore greeted the first of her upward thrusts, and the easy, compensating shifting of positions with which he greeted subsequent thrusts.

And there were many.

The bitch thrust and thrust and thrust. Doing most of the work herself. Taking over the situation in a way that would be unthinkable if it was Wally with whom she contended. A way Wally would not tolerate for an instant. A way that disgusted him just in the process of having to watch it, and confirmed the paid whore was no kind of *man* at all.

Hyper-developed fuck-stick or not, the whore was probably a fucking pansy anyway.

The notion made Wally's smile widen.

Not that he had anything against pansies, or fucking them. He'd known a nice pansy or two in his day. And a man could do some interesting things with them. Sometimes they were better, more rewarding and a hundred-million times more receptive than any bitch.

"See, Damon," the whore demanded, taking up his in and out motion again to a chorus of new cow's moans and groans. "See how I bury myself inside Rita? See how a *man* takes a woman? A hard man, a man who's capable of taking?" He punctuated this with a slow rolling of his hips. Never letting up the pressure he exerted upon Rita, the whore quite literally began to screw himself all the way into her. As if he wasn't the fuck *there* already!

Wally gritted his teeth.

How long, how long, how long...

"Mmmmm." The whore rolled around her. Again and again, harder. "So wet, Rita."

She was silent. Escaped, probably, into her little fucking fantasy world. Unable to handle what a man could give her. Even a *pansy* of a man.

"So deliciously wet, and so..."

Very slowly, the whore withdrew. All the way, he withdrew. With punishing slowness. Torturing Wally beyond endurance. Punishing Wally's fuck-stick that, feigning continued disinterest, was entirely too interested. Just not enough to make its presence felt. Not enough to harden or stiffen, or even to stir half-heartedly in one of those directions.

"Look how wet I am, Damon."

Wally looked. Saw. Licked parched, aching lips.

He could kiss her. There. Could suck her. Could taste the wetness of her. And maybe then he could get hard. Maybe that would be enough to break the dam, and let relief come flooding in. Maybe that would...

"See how I drip with what she gives to me?"

"N...no. Oh, God, Robby, no. Please I...you..." The bitch's sanity was clearly lost. She seemed farther away than ever. Far, far away, and lost in a fog that was entirely of her own creation. A fog

born of her feeble attempts to find sexual fulfillment at the hands of a whore who'd been paid to take her, who would forget she existed before the sun came up and he found his next customer. A fog born of her own rapt pleasure and the expectation, dim-witted and beneath contempt as Wally knew it to be, that such pleasure could go on after the whore pocketed his cash and went his own separate way.

Awkward in his chair, Wally felt every strain of his body. To rise to the challenge. To become the master of the scarlet strap that encircled the most vital parts of him, and prove that nothing so inconsequential could inspire fear in him. Or obedience, or anything else in the long run of things.

He strained, too, to accommodate hands bound so tightly behind him that they were losing feeling.

He strained, shivering, when the whore got slowly, slowly to his feet. When the whore left the bed and took a step toward him. Smiling in a way that couldn't be good, couldn't bode any kind of good for...

"On your feet, Damon."

Wally's chest heaved. His shoulders, too. "On my feet?" he demanded, his voice simmering with low notes of rage. "How the fuck am I supposed to get to my fucking feet, when you've got me all trussed..."

The whore did it for him.

In two long strides, three long strides, the whore reached the chair and reached for Wally. "On your feet."

Wally made a sound. A plea to stay where he was. To not be forced to move until he thought he could endure the pain of moving.

His fuck-stick had been imprisoned for so long. An eternity. His fuck-stick ached and throbbed, a misery of suffering even when he sat hunched and huddled in his chair, secure in his ability to control movement, and the infliction of pain.

"Obey me," the whore grated. "On your feet now, or you'll suffer punishments even you aren't capable of imagining."

Wally tried.

Patience.

Listen to the way that cow of a bitch groans back there, on the bed. Wait, and go along, and know that you're about to get your chance to...

His arms moved as he struggled, heaving and gasping, for balance. His arms moved, and the thing fastened around his fuck-stick tightened. Bringing tears to his eyes.

In the end the pain was too great. In the end he couldn't do it on his own. Couldn't rise, and had to accept the fucking pansy's assistance. Trying not to wince when the tightness of his bindings dug into the base of his fuck-stick and the tender, tenuous place where his balls connected with it.

Oh, when he got his fucking chance...the minute he got his fucking chance...

"R...Robby?" The bitch groaned from her place on the bed. "You can't just *leave* me!"

"In a moment, love." The whore didn't look back at her. Busy hauling Wally roughly, inhumanely to his feet, the whore looked like he was enjoying it. Enjoying the inhumanity.

Love.

Wally snorted. "What are you talking about...love? You're a fucking whore. Paid to fuck the brains out of any stupid bitch who can't manage to get herself fucked by somebody who actually gives a damn."

"Mighty brave words," the whore responded, "from a man who's got his dick in a wringer. Now, over there."

Wally had to admit it.

The whore's touch, when he shoved Wally in the direction of the bed and stepped in behind him to keep shoving, was scintillating. Meandering and pleasurable, seeming to promise to soothe even if he did nothing to remove the torture device he clearly meant to keep inflicting on Wally. The risen tip of the whore's fuck-stick brushed at Wally's back. At the small of Wally's back, just above the crack of Wally's ass.

Once again Wally felt something stir inside. Something try to respond, and fail. Only, this time, it tried again. Tried harder. As if...

The whore's fuck-stick hummed and throbbed against the sensitive spot at the base of Wally's spine, stroking with meandering deliberation with every step he took. And forced Wally, against all his wishes, to obey better judgment and take what he was expected to take.

It was difficult. Fucking *torture*.

He had to mince instead of walking, had to bow his body backward as far as he could convince it to bow, and walk with the tiptoed, swaying mince of a fucking pansy. And that was not okay with him.

He tolerated pansies. Knew how to have a good time with pansies. But he was *not* one himself. And he resented like hell, resented with a low and flickering fury about to burst into an all-consuming bonfire, being forced to do anything in a way that resembled what a pansy would do.

But the whore wouldn't let him do anything else.

Mince, mince, mince. Sweat Beaded Wally's forehead. Sweat of awakening desire, as well as of pain. Sweat dripped into his eyes and automatically, without thinking, he started to wipe it away. But he had no hands with which to wipe. No arms he could move. He could only scream, hoarse-voiced as the attempt to move them pulled. Tightening the drag of leather that was already tight deeper against and deeper into living, suffering flesh. Squinting, chin resolutely up and proud despite an entirely agonized desire to tuck it down against his chest, so he wouldn't be forced to look at anyone and see in their eyes the satisfaction of what they were inflicting upon him, Wally shuffled forward. Mincing and mincing and wincing as the fucking strap tightened and his flesh suffered and stars swam in sultry multitudes across his fading vision, he made his way to the edge of the bed.

Somebody's going to pay for this.

The fucking whore was going to pay, or Rita, or...

"On the bed, Damon. Lie on the bed."

Wally put a knee up. On the foot of the bed. And then he stopped. Unable, unwilling, to go farther. Unable to imagine going farther.

"Face up."

Barely conscious, Wally licked his lips. Searching with his gaze, he tried to find Rita. Tried to see where she had gone, and if she was in any better shape to...and then, there she was.

The bitch lay on the very edge of the bed. So close to the edge it was a wonder she didn't fucking topple off and splay her flabby-wet, disgusting body all over the hotel's thick, clean carpet.

"You can do it, Damon." The whore touched him again. Turning him around so that his back was to the bed and his calves pressed

hard up against the side of it, so that he had precious little balance left, the whore stroked him. Fondly. Running first the tips of his fingers and then the backs of his knuckles along the grotesquely sagging length of Wally's fuck-stick.

His *busk* of a fuck-stick.

"My sweet little *fuckable* Damon," he murmured, and climbed nimbly, easily, onto the bed.

"Don't pat...tronize me. You know the fuck I can't do anything of the..."

Laughing, he moved around Wally. Leaned in so that the fully aroused length of his own unimpeded fuck-stick pressed itself hard against Wally's ass and into the crack of Wally's ass. The whore bent over and around Wally. He nuzzled Wally's shoulder, much the way he'd nuzzled Rita's before. With special, aggravating attention to the small curve of it and the sensitive hollow at the innermost point of it.

The whore nuzzled, and Wally felt a new, far more burning need to respond. Somehow, just...respond!

Then, murmuring, "I told you, you must learn to obey," the whore dragged him backward. Ruthlessly dragged him as if he weighed nothing at all, and threw him onto the bed that squeaked and shook in protest, but did not fail. The whore threw Wally to his back upon the bed amidst a shrieking of alarm from pinioned arms and entrapped balls. Amidst a hoarse and failing shrieking of his voice, and a welling of tears in his eyes. At the corners of his eyes. All accompanied by the most indescribable white-hot bolts of lightning that started from his trapped flesh and rocketed outward, straight into his center. Trying to kill him.

Wally did his best to lie the way he'd stood. With his body arced against the restraining strap that in no way allowed ease.

It was no good.

A second later the male whore's fingers surrounded his fuck-stick. They closed around it with a preliminary gauging and stroking motion not unlike the way he'd first stroked his swollen, engorged length against the top of Wally's ass. Kneeling beside him and over him, Robby bent to him. "Is this even going to work?" he wondered almost jokingly.

Closing his eyes and then opening them again immediately, Wally stammered mindlessly.

Then, bending again, the whore took Wally into his steaming, encapsulating mouth. He took Wally in easily, balls, and small mound of sagging fuck-stick that remained all Wally had to offer, and all.

Wally gasped.

Jerking desperately beneath the male whore's sucking and suckling, he tried to shove his badly quaking hips up. So that the whore would hold him with all that warmth. Forever and ever.

Once again, it was no use.

Once again, the whore did as he wished. He left Wally. Left him dragging in harsh breaths and exhaling even sharper ones. Left him with tongue and throat struggling to achieve speech that would have some meaning. That would convey the depth of his suffering and his need. Left him thrashing helplessly, mindless of his own pain, his body's repeated, urgent pleas for help it could not find. Help it despaired ever of finding.

"Please?" Wally gasped, and it was all he could gasp.

"We have to see about getting you hard, Damon-boy." The whore turned away. To the delight-filled satchel that still sat on the floor nearby. Next to the bed.

"What? No, I..." Wally's voice rose. It shrilled awfully. "No more! I can't! I've tried, and I..."

The whore produced a bottle. A small one. On the face of it, a harmless one. A regular convenience-store water bottle with the label still intact. But the liquid inside wasn't water. The liquid had a ruby-shaded glimmer that said this was nothing any convenience store would ever be allowed to offer.

Opening it, the whore lifted Wally's sweat-soaked head. "Drink."

Wally resisted "What the fuck is this shit?"

"Do as you're told." This time the whore's hand wasn't gentle. "Drink, or I'll dislocate your jaw and pour it down your throat. Until you choke on it. And I think I'll leave you that way. Trying to figure out if disobedience was worth the way you'll suffer when your jaw is wide open, completely out of its socket, and there's nothing you can do but lie that way while I take my time tending to business." Catching the base of Wally's jaw, the whore moved it. With fingers that bit into soft flesh beneath its point, he squeezed. And pressed the bottle to Wally's mouth again.

Newly obedient, reminded that he had to bide his time until it *was* his time, Wally sipped. Cautiously.

“Last chance.” The whore tightened his grip.

Opening his lips wide, Wally pressed them to the bottle and drank. Non-stop, barely having a chance to swallow as the whore tilted the bottle higher and higher, pouring the bitter, rancid brew straight the fuck down his throat.

Chapter Twenty-One

“In another minute, your suffering will start.”
Hasn't it?

But Wally wasn't sure he'd actually heard the words.

The male whore spoke so quietly. Almost lovingly. And there was no denying it. Wally's head buzzed and whined. His senses had somehow gotten caught up in a strange mixture of incapacitating awareness and shuddering mistiness that left him floating. Caught between here and there, with no sense of what might be real and what he could chalk up to his own stuttering, stammering imagination.

It didn't matter anyway.

No suffering in the world could come close to what he'd already endured...the stifled choking that strangled his fuck-stick and did nothing but further solidify a solid week's unreleased clotting inside balls that only continued to grow. Harder. Larger. More engorged, and so much more desperate every time the fucking male whore touched him or made him watch as...

At least the whore had let go of him. The whore had released his hold upon his chin and let his head fall back. The whore had removed his bottle with its bitter yet strangely sweet and altogether too intoxicating dregs.

At least he could *breathe*.

For a second there he'd really, seriously considered that the whore might be about to kill him. He'd thought the fucking bastard was going to force him to drink until he choked. Until he *drowned*.

Gasping, he lay in his place on the bed. He lay with the memory of the male whore's mouth on his fuck-stick, with its simmering moisture still drying on limp flesh. Cooling it. Making the possibility

of life and erection there seem even more remote. Even more impossible.

“Now it’s your turn.”

For what?

Bleary-eyed, Wally looked up at the whore. Wondering what the fucking bastard had in store for him now. And was relieved to see the man holding another bottle, containing something even darker and far more vile-looking, out to Rita.

And she was way too eager. The bitch.

She took the stuff. Drank it without question. Like she knew already what it was and what destructive, debilitating qualities it possessed.

Of course she knows.

Wally didn’t know why the fuck that should surprise him. Or why the fuck he hadn’t realized it from the start.

They were in collusion. The bitch and the male whore. They were out to use him and try to destroy him.

Let them!

“That’s right. Drink up, bitch,” Wally said. Or to be more accurate, he lisped it.

Something had gone seriously wrong with his mouth. His lips. His tongue.

They were numb. Getting numb all the time. So that it was increasingly difficult to move any one of them. Increasingly difficult to speak coherently. His mouth was paralyzed. His face was paralyzed. So leaden with the aftereffects of the drug that while his mind remained perfectly clear and lucid, perfectly aware of everything that was done to him and everything he wished would be done to him, he could articulate none of it. He could do nothing but make the most basic, most animal of sounds.

“Wh...” was all he could manage. Just the smallest exhalation of sound without meaning, sound escaping automatically between lips the paralysis left parted and a throat rendered stiff and hard, movable only the barest amount, and then only in the way needed to swallow.

As for the rest of his body...

Eyes opening wide in practically the only voluntary movement left to him, Wally tried again to speak. Protest.

This time he couldn't make even the 'wh' sound. This time what emerged from his ruined throat was a long and shrill mewl of drugged anguish.

He was on *fire*. The sluggish burn spread from his face to his toes, into his fingers and his balls and every other part of him through which blood continued to flow. And then the burn wasn't so sluggish. After that first curious spreading the blazing-ruby infiltrated madly. Carrying an unmistakably thermonuclear load through every one of his veins and arteries. Right down to the smallest capillary. And from there it worked its insidious, scorching way into every fiber and cell...every molecule.

The whore smiled down at him. "You feel it. Don't you, Damon?"

"Accccccchhhhhhhhh..." Tears flowed from Wally's eyes. Tears streamed down his cheeks, though he couldn't feel them. Couldn't feel anything except the terrible heat. The sensation that whatever he'd drunk, whatever coursed through his body at astounding rates was cooking him alive. Broiling him alive.

"You feel it happening down inside where it can't be stopped."

For the first time, Wally felt afraid.

"Eeeeeaaaseeeeeee..."

Please.

The whore smiled again.

The whore reached out. Took hold of his fuck-stick, and gave it a good, hard yank. "Do you feel it here, Damon?"

He felt it.

Where the rest of his body had faded into useless oblivion, his fuck-stick had *not*. In any way.

Very suddenly, his fuck-stick came *alive*. Desperately trying to surge, seething with some strange fucking thing that tried its damndest to crescendo. In a way that was sure as shit going to scar him for life. The need to harden, the desperation to ejaculate, soared. And still the internal fire rose and rose and rose. Excoriating. Hot enough to melt fucking metal.

Somehow, Wally managed to shift his head. It was a small movement. One that under normal circumstances wouldn't take the minutest amount of thought. Now it took everything he had. To urge his head to tilt backward, so that its top met the nubbed bedspread.

The male whore smiled. He knew exactly what he'd done to Wally, and exactly what Wally needed. And damn his whore's black and fucking soul to an eternity of hell that blazed hotter than the fire he'd poured into Wally's expiring body, he did nothing about it. Did not give any of it.

Rita?

Wally turned his gaze to her.

Her hands would be splendid upon him. He tried to urge them to him with the last power left to him, the confused power of his mind.

Her hands were soft. Small. They would be gentle as they handled him. Deft in the way they would encircle him. Relieving his racked, shrieking torment.

Please.

"F...f..."

Fuck.

It was no use. He couldn't say it. The attempt came out as a rapidly panted, grunted huh...huh...huh. And Rita was lost.

Lying next to him, sunk into an entirely different universe from his, Rita had her hands upon herself. She had her hands knotted next to, just inside, the center of herself. Thrusting desperate thumbs into herself, seeking something deep inside herself that she'd sought all along, and seemed to have no luck finding. Something elusive, something...

Somehow, Wally had turned his head. To watch her. Somehow. Because he hadn't been thinking about it and had just *done* it?

Rita searched every reachable depth of herself with her thumbs. She writhed upon the bed, eyes closed and body sleeked with sweat, streaming with rivers and currents of sweat...writhed in the same way she'd writhed before. As if she couldn't stop and had no desire to stop.

She searched inside herself with her thumbs. She searched herself exactly as the whore would search. Knowing exactly what to do to thrill Wally. Awaken him and allow him to...

"Start with Damon."

What?

Once again, Wally couldn't move to turn his head. Once again he could barely slew his eyes to the side, barely convince them to focus on the male whore's face.

Start what?

The male whore was a blur. A blur of motion, only visible enough through the encroaching fog of drugged insensibility that Wally could make out his movement as he tugged Rita's hands away from herself and forced her to sit up. As he pressed something...a smaller bottle, evil-looking...into her hands.

"Start with that flabby little tab of nothing between Damon's legs."

She was pouring it into her hand. Some kind of thick and golden, vaguely gelatinous cream.

She's going to touch me!

Wally could think only a second ahead. Thirty seconds at the most. Only far enough to imagine her hands upon him.

"T...t...t..."

Touch me!

Crying, not caring if anyone saw him cry, Wally tried to spread his legs.

His heart pounded. His heart threatened to rip itself to shreds with its pounding.

"Here first."

"H...h...h..."

Hurry!

The male whore grabbed his fuck-stick. He swung it around and around a couple of times. Like the gearshift on some kind of demented, maddened, living muscle car. Or, more accurately in this case, on a small and cheap, ineffective sub-compact.

"Rub the cream here, Rita," he instructed, running a taunting finger along the underside of the still limp and wilted fuck-stick. "Rub it in deep."

Rita touched her hands to him.

Name of fucking Christ, her *hands!*

"H...h...h..." He couldn't do it. Couldn't make anything but the most strictly inhuman sounds. Could express only by varying the tone of his grunting and the speed at which he repeated it the urgency he felt. The deep-seated urgency.

Hurry!

"Use lots of it, Rita."

She stroked him. Stroked her fingers along his shrunken length.

For a fraction of a second, no doubt the last fraction of a second of his rational life, the thick liquid felt cool against Wally's struggling flesh. It felt almost cold, almost numbing. And then...

Something tingled. Something made Wally want to writhe, though he still had no ability to writhe. Or do anything else.

"The lotion will harden you," the whore promised, smiling. "The lotion will do what you're no longer capable of doing for yourself."

Harden.

Oh, Christ.

He was. His fuck-stick had started to leap. To bound. To stiffen, and do all the things he had prayed so long, for the entirety of his life, it would do again. But...

"Fire!" He screamed it...the first real word he'd been able to speak in what seemed increasingly like forever. He screamed it to the impossibly dim and faraway ceiling of his torture chamber. And tried to thrust his hips upward, no longer aware of pain, or paralysis, or the bonds that held him inescapably in their grip.

He was on fire. Burning.

"Uhh...uhh...uhhhhhhh!" He was shrieking nonstop as his fuck-stick stood straight erect, irreversibly erect, flaming and scorching as it thrashed wildly at thin air.

Fire!

He had to get away. Couldn't get away.

Rita stroked his balls now, too. Applying her devil's potion to them. Thick and acid, she spread the stuff liberally over them, smiling dreamily. Rubbing and coating, massaging as if she'd forgotten there was anything else in the world, she worked her torturing, terrible magic into every pore of flesh that screamed for her to...please...

Stop! Don't stop! Take it off me! Wipe it off, don't make me feel it any longer, don't make me...

Wally wept. Shook with tears that flowed unstopably as the fire leaped and soared. Lighting him both inside and out as it began to congeal somewhere near the center of his chest.

Hellfire! In his fuck-stick. His balls. Hellfire, trying to burn its way to the outside. Hellfire, incinerating wherever it progressed.

Wally leaped in response. And immediately screamed again. With all the force...puny force...constricted lungs would allow.

He was more trapped than ever in his vise. And he wanted out.

Christ, how he wanted out! How he wanted...

“On your knees.”

“Huh...huh...huh” Wally expended the last of his breath in his response. Not able to understand. Not able to conceive of anything other than the rioting, rampaging response that awakened him and set his heart to staggering into a jagged, unsteady rhythm that was just about to be the final, dying end of him.

The male whore nudged him once, then grabbed the harness he wore and dragged him forcibly to his knees on the bed. Near the center of the bed.

Straps tightened. Not enough to cause any significant increase in pain that could not possibly be increased. Straps twisted impossibly, killingly tight in a way that barely even registered in the face of the...

“F...f...f...”

Fire.

Wally whimpered.

“How did he like to have you, Rita?” The male whore placed his hands on Wally’s shoulders. And just as Wally had imagined, the whore’s hands were harder than hers. The whore’s hands were stronger and much more vigorous as they rubbed and massaged. As the whore leaned forward to brush a tease of caressing lips along and against the folds of Wally’s ear.

“W...what?” The cream still smeared liberally, apparently without the same scorching and blazing effect across her hands, Rita was on her knees as well, next to him. She had stopped rubbing the deadly-noxious stuff onto him and begun to writhe again in sinuous, rippling curves. Turning to the male whore, she began to scrub her cunt against the bulge of muscles at the whore’s thigh. She *lost* herself in her scrubbing. And her addict’s non-stop writhing.

Her voice sounded faint. Impossibly far away.

Tears no longer helped. Wally had already shed more of them in this one evening...in the last five or ten minutes of this evening...than he’d shed in his entire life leading up to this evening. And it had made no difference. Elicited no sympathy. Offered no relief from flaring, endless agony.

“How did our boy Damon like to take you?” the whore repeated. “When he took you?”

“B...but he...” Rita’s voice had shrunk. She sounded farther away still. *Faillingly* far away and small as her viciously desperate scrubbing against the whore’s thigh grew more pronounced.

Or was that Wally? Was it his imagination that made her seem to shrink? Or was it one more bizarre effect of the potions and the creams these two had used upon him to...

"Never?" The whore sounded astonished. "Not once?"

"H...he liked to...to...with me and another...another woman. He liked to..."

"Our little boy likes to play at three-way." The whore sounded amused. Satisfied.

Something brushed the cheeks of Wally's ass. Softly brushed, lightly brushed, tauntingly brushed.

Please.

Wally's fuck-stick jumped. Thrust, and danced, and drove him nearly to insanity.

He didn't care who he fucked. Who fucked him.

He just wanted to fuck. With all his heart and all the turmoil of need inside his soul, he wanted to fuck, and fuck, and fuck. Never stop fucking until he died from fucking.

Please.

Upon that thought, the whore's rock-hard fuck-stick sliced into Wally. Stroking once more, not so lightly, it dragged itself straight to the only opening it could possibly fuck, and cut a hard and grating swath as the whore rammed himself home. Barely stopping to open Wally's asshole with fingers that knew specifically where to touch, the whore shoved his entire length into the barely-opened channel and then, moving his hands around to catch Wally's hips with deep-digging fingers, the whore held himself there. All the way inside.

"C...c..."

Christ.

The whore was big. Bigger than he'd looked.

Dizzied, dazzled, Wally closed his eyes. He succumbed entirely to the searing pleasure of the whore's fuck-stick digging deep, and deep.

The pain of it was exquisite. It was everything Wally had needed...everything he had hoped for. The pain filled him as no pain had before. The pain released him from his prison...almost all his prisons...as the whore dragged himself roughly, brutally backward. So that he could regain with one single, grinding swoop, his position of complete dominance.

Roughly yet smoothly, the whore hammered away at the inside of Wally. The whore hammered hard, rapidly, repeatedly, in a way that

would soon, if it hadn't already, rip enormous exit wounds at the front of him. In the general area of his own fuck-stick that at last stood straight out, strained hard against the bonds of its encircling strap.

The whore dug into him. And with each collision of the whore's hard body crashing into his and possessing his, Wally felt clearly with hands bound at the exact place and angle that would place them within his immovable grasp, the hot and hard dangle of the whore's enormous balls.

"Thank me," the whore whispered into Wally's ear.

The whore's speech rumbled inside Wally, now that the whore had become an intimate, the most intimate, part of him. The rumble of the whore's speech soothed slightly. Promising there was more soothing to come. Soon. As long as Wally demonstrated he'd learned his lesson. As long as Wally obeyed, and did as he was told.

"Th...aaak...ouuuuuu..." It was the best Wally could do.

Laughing, the whore went still. Remaining fully embedded, tantalizingly embedded all the way to his hilt, he offered none of the benefits he'd promised.

"P...p...pleeeeeeee..."

"Rest for a moment, Damon." Holding him firmly, gently, holding him so that he could not escape had he wanted to escape, the whore pressed a long and tingling series of kisses to the side of Wally's face and the shivering, quivering place where his neck met the vulnerable swell of his shoulder. "You need to rest while you can. Before you have what you've wanted. Before you have so much of what you've wanted that you find yourself begging me to stop. Because you know what, my sweet Damon?"

Stop? Beg him to stop?

Fire leaped and gnawed at the inside of Wally. Fresh fire, with freshly sharpened teeth that sprang up beneath every touch of the whore's wandering, ruinous lips and then bit and gouged their way down into every sensitive, sensitized part of Wally's innards.

Never!

"I won't stop," the whore murmured seductively. Nibbling at Wally's earlobe now, the way the memory of his kiss continued to nibble its gnawing, delightful way into Wally's flesh. "I won't stop until I'm satisfied. Until I'm tired."

And I'm not easily satisfied!

Wally shuddered at what the male whore didn't say, even more than he shuddered at what the whore *said*.

Caught in the grip of the moment, in the grip of the terrible, burning elixirs and creams that seemed to have been wrought specifically for him, specifically to interact with his body chemistry to broil him to nothing, caught too in the ceaseless grip of the thing he'd been forced to wear, Wally cried out. Desperately cried. Desperately needing what would most likely jeopardize him permanently. Mentally and physically. For now...now...

He understood punishment. Understood exactly what punishment meant.

Chapter Twenty-Two

“Name of G...G...God.” Rita had no idea what she was supposed to do...no idea how this was supposed to work. How she was supposed to control, and hopefully negate, the thunderous urges that pulsed inside her ears and at the base of her throat.

Shivering, she knelt. Watching, trying not to watch, fascinated by the prospect of watching, as Robby tormented Wally.

She had no idea. But instinct did. And instinct took over. Driving her mad suddenly, with such impassioned fury that she was barely aware of Robby jerking Wally to his knees and making him stay there, getting him ready so that Robby could do inexplicable things to him.

Rita knelt, swaying. She knelt near the men...so near, yet not near enough that the heat of their bodies could meet hers, either singly or together. Not nearly near enough that the risen heat of their bodies could mingle with hers and lay claim to hers in any way.

Wally cried out, and it was a terrible sound. Hoarse, rasping, as wordless as sound had ever been.

Obviously struggling, obviously weakened and depleted by the cream she had rubbed into him, obviously, somehow, far more affected by what he claimed burned like fire than she, he worked visibly to lift his head and turn it. Always blinking rapidly. Always blinking repeatedly, as if desperate to clear his vision.

The expression on Wally's face made no sense to her. Little sense.

His features were taut. Strained, reflecting every kind of sensation, every kind of reaction it was possible to imagine.

Excitement.

Fear.

Longing.

Acceptance.

Delight.

Agony.

Expectation.

Need.

Oh, yes, there was always, first and foremost, the clear shining of need in Wally's expression. For more of what he felt as Robby...Robby...

Shivering, shuddering, thoroughly distracted as a hard knot of need tied itself inside the depths of her own starved body, Rita sank back on her portion of the king-sized bed. Still close enough to the men to be aware of what they did, everything they did, but not enough to contact them in any way, or to come under the mounting spell of their hardness. Their excitement.

"Have you ever had a male lover, Damon?" Robby had been whispering into Wally's ear all along. But where moments before his whispers had been soft and intimate, intended for Wally alone and audible to Wally alone, now their volume increased. Now he allowed Rita to hear as he continued whispering, moving his mouth against Wally's ear first, then his shoulder and his back.

Robby has to be inside Wally.

In a way Rita could scarcely envision, scarcely imagine, he *had* to be.

He could not possibly be so close to Wally without penetrating in some way. Without making some kind of expressly intimate, undeniably joining contact. And the expression on Wally's face, turning rapturous in rapid degrees as Wally moved and swayed, groaning softly every time Robby did the same, the way Wally moved even more anxiously when Robby didn't move, said they were joined. Fully. Completely.

"Y...y...y..." Wally struggled for words. It seemed all he could do. All he'd been able to do for the very longest of times, and...

Isn't it amazing?

Driven by instinct that promised never to let her down, Rita's hand drifted to the place between her legs. The one place that mattered. Her fingers stroked a little and stumbled a little more. Seeking the center of herself. The opening. And then, finding it...

She'd heard of such things. Of men doing things to other men. But to see it for herself...

She inserted her fingers gingerly. Almost afraid to disturb the enlarged and weeping membranes, or the folds and folds of herself that pressed eagerly against her fingers.

The rings.

I have to find the rings!

Robby grasped Wally's hips. Robby surrounded Wally's hips with large hands that pressed visibly, controlling Wally when Wally emitted, so without warning or prelude that it made Rita jump and cry out softly herself, a single wild and out-of-control scream.

Only then did Robby begin to move again. A little more slowly. Always shifting the astonishing, hidden pressure he exerted upon Wally's penetrated flesh.

As absolutely tender as he had been cruelly impatient before.

Robby took on the manner of a lover, the demeanor of a lover. Caressing Wally constantly as he urged Wally's body to responses Rita could not conceive. And that was all right with her.

That was all right for now.

She would allow it for now. Would go along with it. But sooner or later...

Her fingers worked diligently. Struggling mightily, in vain. Unable to rouse her body to the next degree, the most ultimately desirable and urgently necessary degree.

Her embedded rings throbbed and thrummed.

Her rings demanded to have what Wally had...feel what Wally felt, everything Wally felt.

Her rings demanded attention. Sooner, rather than later.

I have to find them. And she redoubled her efforts to do it, plunging and tearing at herself with almost manic determination, while...

"Tell me, Damon." Robby kept his lips pressed against the side of Wally's throat. Varying the pressure only long enough to take a slow nip at the base of Wally's neck.

Taut-stretched emotionally, Rita felt that nip. She felt the resounding shudder of it transmit itself to her nipples, her fingertips, her ring-bruised inner flesh as Robby did it once. Twice. Again, and again, and again.

"Do you like men, Damon? Or do you like women more?"

Wally didn't answer. Probably because he was incapable of answering.

Kneeling, shaking, tears streaming from his eyes and across the reddened, stressed curves of his face, Wally only swayed. Gently, when Robby's very obvious thrusts were gentle and smooth, and vigorously when Robby changed his tactic and the thrusts became stronger. Rougher.

Alone, shaking and shaken with her legs ready to give way and her infuriated body unready to give way to *anything*, least of all the climax that had receded so far into a misted future that she had no hope of ever achieving it or even glimpsing it, Rita strummed thumbs, then fingers, then thumbs again, across the ridges at the outside of herself and the ones inside.

Shuddering, gasping for breath, beginning to sink slowly, slowly, slowly, into a waking-dream state, she found what she'd looked for.

The rings.

Dear, sweet God.

Her body woke to a stroke of sheer lightning when she found the rings and allowed her fingertips to caress them ever so lightly. Ever so deliciously longingly.

Dear, sweet God.

That was okay. For now. As a stopgap.

“What’s the matter, big boy?” Robby’s tone turned almost, not really, mocking as he bent over Wally and strummed obviously, repetitively, into Wally. The way Rita found herself increasingly wanting him to stroke into *her* instead. “Tomcat got your tongue?”

Wally struggled to breathe. Audibly, in a series of painful raspings and gaspings that seemed to accomplish nothing.

Rita swallowed hard.

Her swollen private flesh flexed and flexed, opening and closing in its ongoing struggle to ease its own steaming anticipation.

Her hands continued to drag upon it and toil over it. Also accomplishing nothing in the way of relieving it.

And all the while Robby continued to let his lips wander. Down and down. From Wally’s ear to his shoulder. And his hands crept as well. From Wally’s hips to the front...to the now-straining thrust of Wally’s shaft. To take hold of it. “Men or women?” he asked, wrapping enormous fingers around Wally’s erection in a way that even Rita, even in her increasingly daze-dulled state, knew was meant to torment. “Which, Damon?”

Shuddering, Rita stroked herself.

Shuddering, she plunged her fingers into herself and felt the resulting courings of electricity so sweet and so potent they brought tears to her eyes.

It wasn’t a release. Wasn’t even close.

Her body pulsed. It pulsated. Tried to entice her inserted fingers to go deeper by far than they were prepared to go or capable of going.

“I...” Wally seemed as dazed as she felt. Possibly *more* dazed.

“Which is it?” Robby demanded with another soft laugh. “You have to decide, Damon. But, then, you’ll have plenty of time for that. Plenty of time to think while you’re mine. And you *are* mine. You’re all mine. For as far ahead as you can see. You know that, don’t you?”

“I want you.” Wally’s voice was small. Weak. Filled with all kinds of discovery. That he liked this very much. He liked it more than he’d ever liked...

"You want me in what way, Damon? You want me to do what?"

"I want you to f...fuck me. I want you to..."

"Well, then." Robby withdrew. He pulled away from Wally with a rough lack of concern Rita could actually see. "That was all I needed to hear."

"Nooooo!" Wally jerked with the force of the withdrawal. He wobbled unsteadily on his knees, unable to catch himself or steady himself with arms he'd been denied all use of. With a jerking of internal pain Rita saw and *felt* all the way to the bottom of her soul, a sudden spasm of emptied agony crossed Wally's face. It froze itself irreversibly into his features.

"And do you think you deserve me?" Robby taunted openly now, with every word. Every expression, every look.

Wally begged silently. With his eyes, with the tilt of his head, with the slump of his trapped, staggered body, he begged.

"More importantly, do you think you deserve *her*?" As if to prove he hadn't forgotten about her, hadn't meant to leave her out at all, Robby turned his smile to Rita.

That smile was blinding. Lovely. Beautiful.

"Robby, please." She had to stop to shudder. To get hold of herself. As much hold as she was able to get of herself. "I think..."

Very gently, Robby took her hand.

He didn't have to reach far. She was close enough, so terribly close, that she felt the heat of him burn her before he ever touched her. So close that he really didn't have to reach at all.

She was just...*there*.

Waiting for his touch.

Taking her hand firmly, he wrapped his fingers around hers. And with the full reassurance of his enormous warmth and his even more enormous strength, he guided her forward. Not to the place she wanted to be at all. Not to the place where he would claim her and she would claim him.

He guided her to Wally.

Automatically, instinctively, she shook her head.

But Robby was insistent. He guided her on and on, irresistibly, so that she placed herself before Wally. Scant inches from Wally, and the place where Wally's thrashing tip scribed increasingly erratic, increasingly aroused arcs through hot and steaming, visibly simmering air.

Robby guided until she lay before Wally, exposed to Wally. Until she lay with her legs spread and her exigently aching flesh pulsing and thirsting. Wanting Robby, wanting the gold-shaded immensity Robby displayed to her, but willing to settle for less. Willing to settle for anything. Even the trapped and bound, painfully purpled erection Wally offered.

"Robby?" Uncertain, she looked up at him. Straight up, straight into dark eyes that glinted and sparkled with a sheen of wickedness. A large and significant sheen of wickedness. "I don't think I..."

"Let him take you, Rita."

Trust me, his eyes said.

"Turn over," he murmured with his provocatively perfect and infinitely desirable lips. "Give Damon his chance to take you."

"Robby, are you..."

Trust me, his gaze said again.

"I trust you," she barely whispered. Barely audibly.

"Hands and knees, then," he directed. Holding Wally back when suddenly, belatedly, Wally realized what had happened and reacted by trying to lunge forward, toward her, Robby reassured with another smile.

He was still joined. Still inside Wally. Still controlling Wally, especially when Wally cried out as wordlessly as ever, in a fury of frustration and want denied.

"I...but I...how am I..."

She needed.

Started, outraged, the sibilant flow of moisture from her innermost swellings and concavities, had come to represent more than mere *need*. It had become part of, part and parcel of a steaming compulsion that must be obeyed. Must be fulfilled at once. A compulsion only begun by the rings embedded in her deepest flesh, but fueled by the rising heat of desire to have Robby scrub himself across them and massage them deeper, deeper, incredibly deep, into the flesh they had taken for their own.

She needed to be awakened. More. Fully. To the utterly devastating blast of never before felt sensations she sensed lurking just beneath the surface of the last remnant of human sensibility and civility.

"Hands and knees, Rita. Offer yourself that way to Damon-boy."

"I..."

Again, she wasn't sure.

What Robby meant.

Or if she did know, that that was what she wanted. If she wanted Wally to take and use the same part of her that Robby continued to take and use from Wally.

The rings, the rings...

They cried out to be touched. To be used, and soothed, and manipulated.

They didn't care how.

They just cried out. And the moistening that came with the crying, the misting, was terrible. The moistening and misting of sheer desolation at the realization they might never be used in the way her body most wanted them to be used if she didn't comply. Didn't simply give in, and let Robby have his way. All of his way.

"Trust me," he murmured softly with one hand held out to her, to coax her, while the other maintained its controlling, white-knuckled grip on a hip with which Wally did his best to thrust. His *maddened* best to thrust.

Then she did. As she was told.

Very carefully, following Robby's gentle millimeter by millimeter direction, she went to hands and knees and backed toward Wally. Tilting her backside up and up and up when Robby's touch directed, so that her arms folded and her chin almost rested upon the rough-nubbed bedspread.

She backed herself into Wally. Trusting Robby, trusting Robby's guidance, more than she'd trusted herself or given herself over to any person before.

At last she felt the touch of Wally, the slightest brush of his searching tip at the outermost limit of the place she had never given up to him before. And she heard his corresponding cry as he was stopped, prevented from doing what he so obviously wanted to do.

"Patience," Robby murmured quietly, and it was obviously his doing that Wally parted her flesh very gently, almost not at all. It was obviously his doing, overriding Wally's desires and influencing entirely his movements, that Wally lingered there, with only the smallest tip of his shaft pulsing expectantly against her. As if it knew about the rings she harbored in secret regions and could not wait to be allowed to reach them. As if it knew everything, and had waited and yearned for as long as time had existed, wanting nothing as much

as what it feared it would never find...never have. The delirium of contact with them.

"Robby?" Rita's voice shook.

In response, Wally continued to wait, in the position Robby had decreed for him.

Rita started to say his name again. Robby's name. She started to say it more forcefully, if that was what it took to convince him to make something *happen*. Make something...and then, shuddering, she had to stop.

She had to *come*. Not for the last time, she knew.

"Do you think you deserve me, Damon-boy?" Robby's voice turned deceptively silken-smooth. Reaching around Wally, letting him go to catch the rounds of Rita's hips, he tightened his grip before she had a chance to think. And pulled her back. More tightly against Wally, and what awaited her.

Hovering in the balance, helpless in the balance, she was helpless to resist. Too weak to resist. So she held her breath. Was conscious of Wally jerking against her, crying out suddenly only to bite the sound back with a grating choke that couldn't quite turn itself to a scream of sheer, unbridled delight. And then he pitched forward just as suddenly. Just as unstoppable. And that easily, the deed was done. For all time.

Wally's engorged tip struck hard at the opening Rita offered

Held in her place by the hands Robby had locked onto the rounds of her hips, she didn't move. Couldn't move.

Something had to give, and something did.

With a small grunt of surprise commingled with a sigh of approval, Wally entered her. Not in the way she'd expected, not in the way Robby still penetrated him and held him an utter, now willing prisoner.

Wally entered her from behind, but he entered *her*. The way men were meant to enter women. In the place they were meant by nature to enter. With a long and rapid ripple of swollen flesh, pierced flesh, flesh that rose instantly to meet his penetration. Instantly delirious. Instantly seething, in need of more.

Wally screamed for real, that time. And Rita knew it hadn't been his choice to enter so quickly...hadn't even been his expectation.

Some force other than himself, some force stronger than himself, was responsible. It shoved him forward with an off-balance and out of control lurch, into her. And that force could only be...

Robby.

He was still joined with Wally. As inextricably as ever, in that same incomprehensible way.

It was Robby who shoved, Robby who was in charge, Robby who was responsible for the sudden thrust-and-retreat of Wally's pinioned, basically helpless flesh into and out of her. Robby who elicited the repeated, rising screams from Wally's throat, and Robby who brought her ever nearer, steadily nearer, to a full and boiling state of arousal. Robby who would ultimately be responsible when, if, the heat she generated incinerated them all and killed them all.

"Robby. I think...I mean, I..."

"G...G...G..." Wally hadn't spoken clearly in quite some time. And he had no better luck now. Stammering, gasping, rasping, it was obvious he struggled to breathe. His breath was harsh against Rita's back when the force Robby exerted made him sprawl forward, heavily. Driven beyond his control deep, deep into Rita's body.

It was clear he had no say in the depth of his penetrations, or their rapidity. Clear from the way he dropped, seeming to want to crush her and kill her, against her back that he had no way to plan for them or ready himself for them.

Breath caught, uncertain, Rita held it.

Should she cry out, and risk breaking the undeniable spell of the moment? Should she protest Wally's presence inside her, and demand it be Robby instead, as she'd first wished? Should she protest the unexpected sting of low, gnawing discomfort that accompanied the first of Wally's entries at this unusual, this never before tried angle? Or should she just go with the flow, just see what happened next, and...

The choice was not hers to make.

"What do you think, Damon?" Robby demanded around a soft surge of incendiary laughter. Never stopping, never hesitating, he pulled Wally back almost to the point where he was lost to her. Almost to the point where she would be forced to make a decision...forced to cry out in one of the ways she'd previously only contemplated. But then, before any decision became necessary as a matter of survival, Robby slammed Wally forward again. Robby made

Wally take her again, made him plunge headlong, with everything he possessed, into the deepest depth of her.

Her body answered. With a low prickling of sensation not yet ready to solidify, not yet ready to reveal itself as anything more than the softest, almost unidentifiable shimmering of essence gathered deep inside and not yet nearly ready to make its appearance. Its rise to the degree of swollen, sinuous heat that would make its release not only necessary, but imperative.

"I d...d...kn...ca..." Wally's cry said he knew he was hopelessly trapped. Being hopelessly used.

And Robby's laughter said he was right. *She* had been right. Murmuring softest sounds of unconditional approval in his own remarkably accurate version of the persuasively sexual voice Wally affected when he was being Damon, when he had once *been* Damon, Robby gave him no choice but to take her. Repeatedly. He gave her no choice but to stretch wide in accommodation, her newly incandescent flesh flexing open to accept a series of entries upon which she'd never planned. Entries she'd never expected to have to accommodate.

It was not unpleasant, this whisper of flesh against flesh...this whisper of Wally's shaft that no longer quite touched the rings that still, more than ever, screamed in agony and demanded to be touched. Because the angle wasn't quite right. Wasn't...quite...

"J...eeeeee...eee..." Now Wally gasped. Heavily.

Each and every time Robby drove him forward, Robby tightened the grip he held upon Rita's hips. Each and every time, Robby tugged her backward so that they...all three of them...met and re-met continuously. In a series of collisions designed to shake the universe to its very roots. And the strain upon Wally, the constantly changing pressures and demands, had to be incredible. Terrible.

Wally tried one more time to cry out. With no more success.

He tried with little more success than Rita had when she groaned, fighting to steady herself. So she wouldn't collapse beneath the onslaught. Wouldn't have to suffer the far worse torture of losing the wonder of this particular penetration now that she'd found it...the continuously endless series of thrusts and re-thrusts upon which she had come to depend for her very existence. Her very sanity.

"Answer me, Damon," Robby insisted with another low, not quite derisive laugh. "What do you think? How does it feel to have

my cock up your ass? How does it feel to have me use you to fuck Rita? The way you were never man enough to fuck her for yourself?" Saying it, Robby did it. Again. He slammed forward, taking Wally, wrenching a gut-deep groan from Wally as Wally's tip, through no real choice of its own, made its way into Rita. Encountering flesh that still remained marginally resistant...marginally unhappy, because its true suffering still wasn't being assuaged. Still wasn't being satisfied.

"You should be able to talk now, Damon." Robby ground him forward. Ground him deeper against her, into her. Ground him until he found the rings and touched them. Until, if only briefly, the rings did their inestimable thing and lighted her from the inside. Lighted her with drifting, whirling columns of pure-hot relief.

It lasted only a minute. Less.

Almost at once, Robby changed something. Some angle, some force, some motion.

Almost at once, the touch ceased. And her body began to cry out again, more desperate than ever. Having known the result it needed, having reached the pinnacle it demanded, her body cried out in fresh fury when that result, that pinnacle was immediately lost.

"N...noooooo! Robby, the rings. I need him to touch the..."

"In due time, my beautiful Rita. But first Damon has to answer. Damon has to find a way to talk again. To tell me how he feels. What he feels."

"Good," Wally sobbed at once. "I feel..."

"And my other question?"

"Ot...the...I can't...rem..."

Other question?

Rita couldn't remember, either.

She wondered if it even mattered. To anyone besides Robby.

"Which do you like better?" Changing Rita's position in some infinitesimally small yet vitally important way, Robby urged Wally forward. He pressed Wally's seeking length hard against the rings that leaped in response, and then he held him there.

Joined, their three bodies moved as one. Breathed as one. Very nearly *sweated* as one.

"Would you rather have my dick up your ass for the rest of your life..."

"Yes, yes!" Finding his voice at last, Wally choked on the sudden slurry of words. "Please yes, please...yes!"

"...or would you rather spend the rest of your days shoving your worthless self into Rita?"

"Yes. G...G...God, yes! Please. L...let me..."

"Knowing you could never have it any other way? Knowing the choice you make, man or woman, would be the only choice you would ever have, the last one you would ever be allowed to make, which would you choose, Damon? If it was forever?"

"I d...don't c...c...can't...oh, please!" Wally cried openly. Cried, sobbed, gasped, sobbed again as Robby *shoved*.

"Feel how deep our beautiful Rita is," Robby murmured.

"Robby..." Her voice was weak. Weaker than she'd expected, far weaker than she'd ever heard it.

"Deep," Wally agreed, audibly dazed.

"Robby, I don't think I can take much more. I don't think I have the st..." Try as she might, she could not urge her voice to a louder register. A stronger one.

"Feel how deep she is." Like Wally, Robby seemed barely aware of her. Robby seemed to have no time, no attention to spare for her. "Imagine how it would feel to be free to take her whenever you want." Withdrawing, laughing Robby tugged Wally completely away from her now.

With a last, flaring stroking against the embedded rings as he forced Wally to pass quickly, too quickly, across them, he pulled Wally completely out of her. Depriving her in a way she wouldn't tolerate because it was not in any way tolerable. Not in even the slightest way acceptable.

Wally whimpered wordlessly. And so did she.

With the fight lost, the weight of two men's grown and urgent bodies pressing at the back of her, pressing their combined strength into her, Rita collapsed. She simply fell, a mass of quivering, lifeless, hopeless desires, to her face on the rough-textured bedspread. With a small and puling whimper of her own.

"Did she feel as good as you imagined?" Robby demanded.

"Y...y...oh, God. P...please. I'll do an...anything. Anyth...thing you want. Just please..."

Rita felt Wally straining for her. She felt him wanting so badly to reach out to her, to recapture her...felt him wanting more of her, and more, and still more. Felt the desperation of his knowing it was

impossible for him to reach for anything. Unthinkable for him to reach for anything.

Groaning, she gave in completely to a long and tumultuous, hungering wave of moisture that steamed from her.

“Dear God.” She didn’t recognize the sound of her own voice. It was too sultry. Too inundated by the dreams Robby and, by proxy, Wally, had thrummed into her. Too enamored of the kind of sexual touches she needed now more than ever. More, even, than she’d needed them and wanted them during her sundry, solitary dreams and daydreams of having sex with Jeff, sex with Wally, sex with Damon, sex with any man she had ever known.

It was the voice of a woman approaching death by some unforeseen yet delightful means.

A woman looking forward to it.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Wally had never fucked a woman by proxy. Shit, he'd never fucked *anybody* by proxy before. Never even considered it.

But now that he had...

Christ Al...fucking...mighty.

Can I ever go back?

Would he ever be allowed to go back?

For right now, now that the male whore had forced him to abandon his delirious diddling and dabbling with the very best of what Rita had to offer, the whore was all he had. The whore who shoved relentlessly into him, hard into him. The whore who hit bottom with a grinding jolt, and then only shoved more. Harder. Gleeefully threatening to tear something vital inside Wally. Something that would never be repaired, because Wally would frankly rather live with the damage and the pain than ever have to admit to a doctor or doctors how it had happened in the first place.

Fuck.

He had lost Rita.

Arms pinned, fuck-stick entrapped, body held absolute, not at all unwilling captive, he could look down at her. Look down at the sweet rearing of her succulent, delectable ass, sticking up toward him. Look at the darker shadowing just beyond the lowest curve of that ass, the secret place where he had only recently been, and imagine how it would be to be there again. For real. As the whore had said, for himself and in complete charge of himself.

His fuck-stick danced, dribbled its soft lubricant uselessly into heavily steamed air, and onto the bedspread that swayed and shimmered, almost completely unreal to him, so far below.

Christ, if I could just have her again...could just move...

The whore made it clear he could not.

The whore's fuck-stick was all the way up his ass. And then some. The whore was inflicting him with a frankly enticing series of short, brisk movements that pleased as much as they hurt. Because the whore was reaching some place inside whose existence Wally had never once suspected. Some place where a true depth of enamored passion lay in wait. Ready to be stirred. Ready to storm with sudden heat, unstoppable heat.

The whore rocked Wally from side to side with the vigor of his fucking. And in turn, Wally swayed from side to side. Wanting to touch his own fuck-stick. Wanting to, ready to plead to be allowed, to...

"You can leave the strap on m...me..." he began, no longer caring if the pleading note reached the top of his voice. No longer caring if it shrieked violently in every tone of his voice.

"I fully intend to," the whore laughed. Breathing into his ear, forcing the heat and the rumble of it into his ear.

"Just, please..."

Let me have my arms? Let me touch something? Anything? Let me help myself?

"Yes, Damon?" The whore swept himself back and forth luxuriously inside Wally's asshole. Twisting at him, embedding himself in him, he penetrated deeper than Wally had suspected, even in his fondest moments of butt-fucking and being butt-fucked, it was possible to penetrate.

"I need to t...touch..."

"But that isn't up to you." Screwing himself diligently into those very, deepest places, the whore brushed a kiss against the top of Wally's ear. Stopped briefly to insert the blazing tip of his tongue into Wally's ear, and then denied him that, too. Denied him terribly. "Is it, Damon?"

"P...please." Humbled, helpless, Wally hardened more. Hardened the way he'd once prayed for his fuck-stick to harden. The way he now despaired of hardening because, caught in the fury of a tempest over which he was granted no kind of control, he feared the hardening. Feared what he would be made to do because he could do nothing else...could do only what the male whore bade. Only, instantly, when the male whore bade it. All the while hoping he would not be hurt by the flaming lightning awakened inside his own body. "I'll do anything. Allow you to do anything. If you'll just..."

The male whore laughed again. Knowingly. "But of course you will," he agreed, taking Wally with an impossibly long, impossibly swollen fuck-stick. Reaching deep, trying to orchestrate Wally's thoughts now, as well as his movements. "You have no choice."

Laughing again, the whore reached around Wally's hips. Reached and found, found and fondled the fuck-stick that leaped instantly in recognition, instantly in a shimmering, enamored way that made Wally strain to catch his damnable, fucking, uncatchable breath.

He longed for her.

Burned for the pleasure of shimmering forward, into her again.

Burned with need to shimmer forward into the male whore, if that was how the whore decreed he should do it and would do it.

He *burned*. Period.

"Have you learned to be obedient yet, Damon?"

The whore's breath stroked at the side of his neck. Flared and flamed and singed the side of his neck. The whore held his balls almost tenderly. Held them, flicked them with lazy fingertips, awakened them more than they'd already been awake, and promised them agonies of pleasure like none ever bestowed upon a living man before. If he would just do as the whore wanted. Obey what the whore decreed. Submit to anything and everything the whore...

"Yes," he breathed. Searching the misted, steamed lamplight, searching for something...anything...upon which to focus. Something, anything, to save him from the way the whore entered him. First the promised slow pleasure, lazing forward and conquering all he'd set out to conquer. And then slamming. Then pounding, hammering, forcing upon Wally a fever of pain and distress Wally craved every bit as much as he craved the pleasure of the whore's use. *Abuse*.

Sobbing under his breath, Wally wanted to wipe away his tears. He wanted to breathe. Resented anew being denied even that much human freedom...that much dignity to take care of himself and tend to his pressing, obsessed needs. Cursing himself silently because as much as he hated the mother-fucking bastard who did these things to him and dominated him, he wanted the bastard never to stop doing them. Never to stop punishing him and dominating him, never to stop fucking him in his paid, expert way.

Sobbing, Wally hated the whore, hated Rita, wanted them *both*.

The whore had asked which he preferred. Men, or women?

There was no way he could answer that. Never had been. Because there *was* no answer.

They were different, men and women. There was no way to compare them. No way to compare the uniquely differing ways a man went about taking them once they were seduced to helplessness and utterly pliant to his will and his bidding.

So incredibly different.

Women were soft. Succulent.

Thinking about them, licking his lips as he studied the way Rita spread the barely-hidden softness of her cunt as she half-knelt and half-lay before him with the curving rounds of her ass tilted up toward him, his head swam as he considered the tightness that lay beyond that ass. Beneath that ass.

He imagined shimmering into her. Remembered shimmering into her.

Remembered how she'd begun to mist and loosen in the midst of his forced slams and thrusts at her.

Soft flesh. Sweetly sensuous and fuckable woman's flesh that had wept for him and responded to him each and every time the whore commanded him to take it...take her.

He could do her right now. Do her again, and wanted to. Except that the whore...the hard and at times brutal man who was up his ass and inside his ass right now...

Men were so different. So desirable as well.

So...

Beneath him, Rita writhed upon the bed. She writhed repeatedly, the way she had all through this longer than fuck, hotter than fuck evening, all silent quivers and struggles to have her way with any man who would fuck her the way she was built to be fucked and to like the fucking. Pummeling herself against the bedspread, groaning as she pummeled and writhed, she wept a little. A very, very little.

Shit. Piss. Fuck.

The strap Wally wore had reached the point almost of bursting. The strain of it was heavy and hard against his fuck-stick. Around his fuck-stick and his balls. No matter how supple it was. No matter how incredibly strong, and resilient, and tightly fastened.

Wally shuddered.

Women, Rita, were sweet. Moist. While men, on the other hand...

The whore chose that moment to lave Wally's ear with another of his lingering, half-sucking and half bestowing kisses. The whore chose that moment to make Wally's fuck-stick leap in glee, unfettered in its wild spirit despite the sorry state of its physical confinement.

His fuck-stick leaped eagerly, mindless of pain and no longer in any real way conscious of pain.

Men were more of a challenge. More of a delight in the long run. Because men didn't capitulate readily to the blandishments and overtures of other men. Except for the gays, who Wally didn't really desire at all, men were suspicious of other men. More, even, than women were suspicious of them.

Men guarded themselves more. More carefully. And all that guarding, all that suspicion and standoffishness only made the conquest that much sweeter...the seduction that much more intoxicatingly potent.

Men were *hard*. Physically as well as mentally muscular. Men were his equals. And often, very often his superiors in size and in strength.

Gritting his teeth as the male whore rammed himself home one more time, Wally grunted.

Which did he prefer?

Hard to say.

Impossible to say.

He loved them all. Loved like hell to bury his fuck-stick to the hilt in them all, and fuck the shit out of them all. And he especially loved...

"S...s...stan...ding," he gasped.

"What?" By contrast to his own, the male whore's voice was strong. Firm. Almost unconcerned, and certainly unstrained.

"I like to f...fuck stan...ding. I like to...want to..."

"You haven't learned your lesson at all, Damon." The whore sighed regretfully...mock-regretfully. "You *have* no choice. None at all. And the notion that you think you do..."

"P...please. I'm sorry. I..."

"What am I going to do about you, Damon?" One last kiss, one last scoring, scalding stroke of the whore's mouth against the uppermost part of Wally's ear, and the whore abandoned him.

Completely, utterly abandoned.

Let go, so that Wally collapsed forward across the bed. Crushing his fuck-stick and twisting it to a painful angle more constricting and punishing even than the strap worn tight around it. And left him there. Left him powerless to move or roll over, powerless to do anything but lift his chin desperately away from the bed...desperately child-like, drooling suddenly and stammering as a new wave of the old paralysis, an entirely mental wave this time, seized him and would not let him go.

"What should we do about him, Rita?"

"F...f...f...f..." Wild-eyed, certainly blind-eyed, she writhed against the nubs of the bedspread, and looked up at the whore with burgeoning eagerness.

"I think so." Turning away from Wally, the male whore caught Rita's hips with one hand, and pulled her to him. "I think it's time for some *real* fucking. Time to show our boy Damon how it's done. How it's *really* done, by men who have half a brain in their heads and women who have a desire to be genuinely fucked.

"Please!" Wally's body jerked. Gasping, crying out, he felt the jerk and was helpless to stop, helpless to resist when his body began to stroke itself, with a series of desperate, snake-like strums and sways, a series of armless slitherings designed not for progress forward but entirely for release they were destined never to grant.

His fuck-stick pleaded. With new desperation. Begging the whore to take him again. Show him first-hand what it meant to be well fucked and truly fucked. His fuck-stick pleaded, and he sobbed openly.

Rita was so smooth. The long and tight, gently curved canal into which he had once thrust the full extent of his greedy, manic fuck-stick was silk-satin-velvet.

He wanted it...wanted...

"She belongs to me, Damon." The whore's mouth fondled the uppermost curve of Rita's ear, exactly the way it had fondled Wally's the instant before. Flirting with it, flicking at it with rapid quivers of his tongue, he smiled at Wally. Mesmerizing with his dark whore's gaze. Commanding with it, and making it impossible for Wally to look away, even for a fraction of a second, from the demonically active, no doubt just as demonically superheated tip of that long and pink, seeking tongue. "Rita belongs to me for tonight, and so do you.

So now you'll watch. You'll rub your little dick against the bedspread and watch, knowing only I will touch her from here on out."

Wally's breath jerked. It gasped and hitched badly. Threatening to strangle him in the very moment when sex and sensation reached their ultimate. When they came at him from every direction and every possible source, confusing his mind until it had no idea where to turn. Where to look for pleasure, or even if pleasure was ever going to be found.

The delicious, firm roundness of Rita's flesh loomed before him. Within arms' reach. If he had arms. If he was allowed to use the ones he could no longer feel because they no longer seemed truly a part of him...truly attached to him.

Her flesh loomed. And swiftly became a torment more intolerable than the captivity the whore decreed for him.

Wally groaned, the pain of watching as the whore maneuvered himself over Rita, as she writhed and tormented herself, thrusting herself upward in greedy eagerness to take the tip of the whore's glistening, moistened fuck-stick...the pain of seeing the way the whore added to her torment by whisking himself backward just in the nick of time, forcing her to writhe higher and plead more piteously for it...

The pain was brutal. Incredible. Beyond screaming as it tore at him and tortured him. Shocking him closer to death. Closer to very probable, permanent damage.

He could only groan, as before. And whimper, his gaze riveted to the two before him, who began a sleek and sinuous ballet comprised of the male whore bearing down upon Rita and then instantly, effortlessly, into her.

Oh, Christ.

Christ in fucking, unforgiving heaven.

The whore shoved deep into Rita. He took his infernal, fucking time about shoving into her, displaying the length of his fuck-stick for Wally's lip-licking torment and admiration, and the gentle swaying of balls that taunted with their size and the obvious heaviness of the load they carried. Balls that swayed and swayed and *swayed* while the fucking bastard took his time about pressing all of it...all of the length of that infuriating, possessive fuck-stick all the way into her.

Wally groaned at the sight of Rita's cunt stretching itself to respond to the girth of the whore's fuck-stick. At the sight of the way

it seemed to reach out greedily, helping the whore's fuck-stick to insert itself into the depths she...the both of them...denied Wally in their fucking, mean-hearted spite.

Wally groaned, and that was probably a mistake.

Turning his face toward Wally, the whore smiled as he began a new and tight, familiarly tight, grinding against the deepest parts of Rita. The ones Wally barely knew because he had not been permitted to linger long enough to know.

"Rings!" she shrieked incomprehensibly, arching her back high and rigid. As if even that incredible degree of penetration, even that punishing grind of the whore's flesh into hers, was not enough. Never nearly enough.

The greedy slut.

"R...r...rings!" she shrieked again, and the fucking male whore's smile widened. Seemed actually to *whiten*, in the new tides and tumults of dimness that swept over the room.

Distracted, Wally looked down.

His fuck-stick was erect. Engaged. Congealed, congested, ready to let go at the next, smallest provocation. But something was wearing off. One of many somethings was wearing off for sure.

Wally'd been aware of that for a little while. Speech was coming back to him, becoming easier for him as his body remembered how to speak and how to make itself understood. But this other thing...this terrible thing he felt going on in his fuck-stick...

He'd wanted it to last forever. Planned for it to last forever once he'd found it...once he'd found he could still do it. But no such luck.

His fuck-stick was alive, but fading fast. No matter what he tried to do. No matter how he grimaced, rubbing it against the nubs of the bedspread. No matter how he willed them to massage him into renewed life, something was changing.

He'd lost it. The iron-hard surging of conquest.

Steadily, he softened. Not at all subtly. No matter how he wanted it to be otherwise, no matter how diligently he clung to the memory of Rita's flesh...the way Rita's flesh had felt flowing around his engorged fuck-stick and clinging heatedly to it, his fuck-stick had other ideas. Like softening relentlessly, while he could do nothing but mewl and whimper in protest. No more in control of himself or of what happened to him than he'd been since the start of this hellish, intolerable night.

Chapter Twenty-Four

This, then, was what it meant to be made love to. To be made perfect love to, by a man whose primary objective was to satisfy her and cater to her. To put her desires first, before everything else...before any other consideration that would not now be allowed to intrude into a moment designed specifically, explicitly for her.

Robby plunged hard, then again, harder and deeper than ever. Searing wide trails of maddened stimulation through her, into her, across and amongst every assorted part of her. And in response, the rings he had given her as his very special, indisputably best gift would not stop screaming for him to continue. Would not stop sending scoring blasts of fire and molten desire through her as Robby adjusted and then readjusted his position inside her, thrilling her with the unyielding pleasures only he could give. By plunging the swollen length of his shaft into her. By allowing it to occupy, as it did so very well, the anguished center of her.

Murmuring softly into the misted uncertainty of a universe that had shrunk to include only her, only him, only the heat they generated in their connection, Robby stroked a practiced hand down the long slope at the center of Rita's back. He stroked as far as he could, as gently as any man ever could, until his fingers ran out of distance and his arm ran out of reach. He stroked gently. Purring directly into her ear. Reassuring, reaffirming as the vibration of his words, the tremulous reverberation of them, traveled through her body via his shaft. Igniting her. Making her shiver. Making her embedded bits of metal spool up the intensity of their replying rumbles. Making them almost physically rattle and quiver as she began to shatter deliciously, crying out in a miasma of mingled pleasure and anxiety.

Murmuring still, in wordless and silken tones meant only for her ears, intelligible only to her ears, Robby shoved himself completely to the bottom of the yawning pit he had caused to form inside her body...her soul. And then, just as quickly, almost before he started, he reversed his course. Began to leave her the way he'd so recently promised he never would.

She shivered. Grasped his shoulders with fingers too weak to truly grasp, with palms too sweat-slicked and slippery to allow much in the way of grasping, and cried out again. Cried out in real need, real alarm...in a real, rising agony of exultation and ecstasy.

Robby never broke his rhythm. He never so much as faltered in the slow and methodical, slow and deliberate way he fondled her, leaning forward more so that his position shifted again inside Rita and outside as well. And once the leaning was accomplished, once the resulting cacophony of the rings shrieking and shrilling subsided enough that awareness returned, she felt him nuzzling the curve of her cheek and the concavity of her throat. She felt him move from there, never ceasing to nuzzle as he did, to the top of her shoulder.

He used his considerable skill to prolong the agony that accompanied the spiraling increase in arousal...the struggle in the flesh surrounding the embedded rings to endure. To last. To survive until the end...the end...

"Robby?"

"My love?"

She shivered.

It wasn't true, Of course it wasn't.

This man was paid to say that. *She* had paid him to say it. But that didn't make it any less wonderful to hear. That didn't make her body thrum any less. Didn't make her desire any less to hear it and, for the space of this wondrous, wonderful moment at least, to allow herself to believe it was true. Believe it was heartfelt.

When he shifted his position, as dedicated as she could want him to be to the ongoing giving of pleasure and inspiring of ecstasy, he laughed. Softly. For her, now, and for no other reason.

She clung to him more desperately. Needing so much more and beginning to fear she might not have it. Because already she felt the end approaching. Already, borne on tidal waves of purely combustible steam and storm, she felt the end beginning.

Not yet!

“Oh, God, Robby. Not...”

He shifted his position again. Finding one more in his incredible array of ways to satisfy without bringing her too close to the raw edge of satisfaction and obliteration, not just yet. He shifted slightly. Oh, so terribly slightly. Wrenching a soft groan of absolute, utter despair from her as the inner steam continued its inexorable rise, its irresistible promise, its irrefutable threat of utter annihilation.

“Not yet!” she cried in anguish, moving her hands in small and futile circular patterns against the smooth and shining flesh of his shoulder.

Robby groaned then, too. Sweeping and swirling his length into her and out of her with increasing speed, increasing firmness. “When the end comes...” he murmured, once again in that voice he used only with her and reserved exclusively for her, for tonight at least. “The end will come.”

She shuddered. Tried to resist. Tried to ignore the pleading demand of the rings that drove her on, drove her always. Tried to ignore, too, a sharp staccato of indrawn breath that could only be hers, only come from her, when he paused to grind her down and down. Into the bed. When he came terrifyingly close to smothering with the heavy-muscle pressure he exerted upon body parts that screamed and shrieked, begging for more at the same time that they begged for him to stop, stop, for God’s sake, *stop!*

Rita shuddered. Felt what couldn’t be mistaken for anything but what it genuinely was.

Out of control exhilaration.

Spiraling thrill.

Sheer, provoked, non-stop *arousal*.

And climax, shivering in her. Shimmering through her.

Climax built until it could build no more, built to exactly this shivering and shimmering point for as long as she had been alive. As long as she had been aware of life, and aware of the things...diabolical, demonic, delight-driven things climax could mean to her.

Now it was she who moved her hips. She who forced the first in what she devoutly hoped would be a long...the longest...series of changes in the direction and speed of Robby’s movements in response to every whim that shimmered upward from her fully afflicted flesh. And with each change, each thousandth of a millionth

centimeter of change, she felt Robby's compliance. Felt him adjust and compensate so that always, always, the drag of his embedded flesh was felt as a tender tug, a fiendish and not always gentle tug, upon the torture devices she wore upon her inner flesh.

Each of those elicited a fresh onset of climax even before the preceding one finished. Even if the preceding one proved impossible to stem or to resist.

She climaxed repeatedly. Steaming for Robby and steaming upon him, her climaxes mounting higher and hotter, one on top of the other. Mounting into a living, sentient mass of unrelenting torture and exquisite, hopefully permanent, sexual agony.

Robby touched her deliberately in the place he would know better than anyone else. The place he had awakened and aroused at the beginning of their evening together...so long ago that she could scarcely remember a time when she hadn't known awakening arousal. He touched her expertly. Deepening his smooth and effortless plunges when she believed there could be no further deepening...no less effort expended. Urging her to open wide, open completely, long after she'd believed she was open. Was ready to accommodate with unquestioning, unresisting eagerness the full length he offered.

He urged her to open, took advantage of the opening, made the hidden things thunder mercilessly beneath his touches. So that she anointed him. So that she poured out her special liquor for him, easing his way again. More. Pouring it in such quantities that her body could not accommodate it. Such quantities that it escaped in smoking rivulets, borne only in part by the in and out motion with which Robby never failed her...never paused in his efforts to satisfy her. Wild quantities, untamed quantities of overheated, opalescent essence that burst into sex-scented air grown heavy and sultry.

Climax burst and shuddered in every over-responding millimeter of Rita's body, overcoming her. Weakening her with its continued gushes and surges, stunning her with the escalating dynamite force of each of them until...until...

"Have I satisfied you, Rita?" Robby's words, the way he spoke them, had the quality of a dream. An indistinct one that Rita could barely hear and understood even less, so sunk was she in the midst of the sweet fog her body could not stop producing...fog that was meant to be her salvation, but thanks to the embedded rings had turned out to be anything but.

Robby strummed those rings still. Less vigorously, but hard enough to coax another heated round of ceaseless moisture to rise and rise and rise toward the explosion that while imminent, remained still impossibly far beyond Rita's reach.

The final burst, as he finished with a sudden harder strumming, immolated her.

Frantic, Rita clung to him. With some last, deep and miraculous breath of strength, she retained enough sanity to cling to Robby with fingers, arms, toes, legs, and of course the seething, gasping private flesh that at last, at last, seemed to give up the very last of itself. And sanity enough to know when it was over that it *was* over.

Smiling down at her, Robby pinned her to the bed for a long last moment. He pinned her hips to the bed, ground her into it, his gaze probing and searching intimately...shockingly intimate, even considering the amounts of intimacy they'd already shared.

He wanted something before he allowed her to go. Wanted to know something.

She didn't know what. Couldn't think what.

She wanted only to rest. With no new stroking of the rings, whether by herself or with outside help. She wanted only for her body to have a chance to catch up. Its chance to approach the end of the climaxes that had already drained her and still were draining her with some modicum of sanity...and herself...intact.

"What?" she whimpered, fading and quivering, releasing and always releasing, without end in sight. With only a yawning, descending silken and scarlet-hued depth waiting for her. A new depth of arousal from which there would very soon be no return...new depths of sensual, insatiable longing. "What?" she asked, closing her eyes in an attempt to pull herself entirely into that endless vista of scarlet emptiness. "Wh...what did you want, Robby?"

"Are you satisfied?"

"Y...y...yes."

He exhaled then. In a single long breath and faintly-felt shudder of contracting shoulders.

Depleted, so nearly devoid of life that she might as well have lost all of her life, Rita opened her eyes. No longer able to cling, no longer pinned when Robby dropped away from her, she turned to her side. Gaspd, clutching a twisted fold of bedspread with fingers

that contracted in a purely reflexive spasm, she collapsed. And met Wally's eyes.

Shock chilled her. Surprise, too.

She'd forgotten him. Impossible as it seemed, she had forgotten he was there. Watching everything in what might have been fascinated silence but could just as well have been a shrieking rage of agony, for all that she'd been aware of anything outside herself and the connection she'd forged with Robby.

Wally's eyes were glazed. His breath came in sharp hitches and jerks that, now that she was conscious of them, seemed to thunder like faulty dynamite in the sudden, absolute silence that steamed in the hotel room.

Wally's eyes were glazed, his expression slack and verging upon blank, but his gaze was fixed upon her, and Robby. It was riveted to them. Lingered over them as if he hungered, *starved*, for every minute detail of this new...to her, at least...taking and fucking. As if it excited him. And he was crying. No longer the way he had before. Now he was crying in thick and rough sobs, his shoulders shaking very perceptibly, his body straining hard against its brutal bonds with every strain. And tears ran down his face. Floods of tears and oceans of tears as he muttered constantly, desperately, quietly, "Please, please, please, please." He said it without stop. Without perceptible pause for breath. "Please!" His voice shuddered, and so did Rita.

The air was suddenly stifling. More sultry than it had been even in the instant of Rita's riotous, embedded-ring-induced climax.

It was time to go.

She knew it as completely, as irrefutably as she'd known her climax had come to an end.

It was time to go, and she dug deep into herself, in search of the strength to do what had to be done.

And Wally? What was going to become of Wally? What should she do about Wally?

Robby smiled at her again. As if he knew exactly what she was thinking. Which he probably did, seeing as how he'd proved to be a mind-reader all through the evening. "And Damon?" he asked, proving it. "Are you satisfied that Damon has had enough?"

"En...nough?" She shuddered, reaching despite herself to cling to the very last of the succulence that had misted itself dry, finally, and emptied her of all conceivable essence. "There's..." Turning

away from Wally, peering into Robby's dark, dark, faintly amused gaze, she shuddered at the memory of rippling, searing agony he'd swept into her with every flex of his long and powerful body. "There's never enough."

Robby smiled. Almost angelically. "I was hoping you would say that."

"No!" Wally screamed. Mouth wide, eyes bulging as life and awareness suddenly re-infused them, his face contorted with new suffering and was no longer recognizable. "Please, please, please, *please!*" Shrieking, he made little sound. Almost no sound. His voice simply cracked. Irreparably. And then it shattered into billions of tiny pieces. "For the love of God. I'll do anything. Say anything, whatever you want. If you'll just, please, let me out of here. Let me out of this...this..."

"And your answer, Rita?" Robby barely spared Wally a look. Sitting upright on the bed now, running a smoothly stroking hand along the curve of Rita's back as the sweat began to dry there and the chill to set in, he concentrated fully...very nearly fully...upon her.

"I don't know." Getting to her feet unsteadily, Rita had no more glances to spare for Wally either.

He could lie there for all eternity, for all she cared.

She'd had what she'd come for. A little punishment for Wally and a lot of lovely, perfect satisfaction for herself. So, yes. Wally could lie there for the rest of his life, bound by the bright-red strap that held him in its cruel grip. And Robby could...

"I just don't care anymore, Robby."

"Please..." Wally's whisper was shattered. Completely.

Instantly, Robby sprang to life. Robby grabbed him...grabbed the strap and tugged. Jerking Wally upright on the bed and dragging him right over the edge. All the way to his feet.

Screaming for real now, hollowly and hoarsely, Wally landed hard. On his feet.

"You owe the lady an apology."

"I...I...I'm sorry, Rita. I wish I..."

"I mean a real one." For all its surface civility and politeness, Robby's voice held clear threat. That Wally had better do as he commanded, or the consequences would be dire. More dire by far than any consequences had been for him so far.

Wally shuddered. His face suffused dark, anguished red, and when he turned his lifted face toward Rita, she saw something naked there. Something honest, for probably the first time in his miserable life. Something aching that said he hadn't been made to be cruel or destructive, hadn't even necessarily wanted to be that way, but had somehow managed to catch himself in his own trap. Until there was no choice for him but to go along and accept what he'd done to himself.

"I'm sorry, Rita. You have to kn...know... please tell me you know..." He wanted to lower his head again. Obviously wanted to hide from her, and knew he couldn't.

"I don't care, Wally. Your apology means nothing to me. Robby, he's yours."

The rings were starting to pulse again. To throb and to hurt, in perfect time with the once again rising thunder of her pulse

Rita's head spun. Viciously. It ached, pounded, hammered.

She had to get out of there.

Finished with both of them, she turned away. Searched the floor for her dress, and when she found it, realized it was not going to do...was never going to do again. "If I could just borrow your jacket, Robby. So I can get home. I'll return it in the..."

"Take it." Already Robby had begun to do things to Wally. Had begun to torture him anew, caressing him with hands that did not let up, urging Wally back to the bed and helping him to collapse, completely limp, across it.

* * * *

Wally thanked Christ he didn't scream again.

He had reason to, though not enough breath. Not enough fucking breath, ever. He could only catch it. Hold it and straighten his shoulders as he lay face down across the bed. Face down with the male whore already working him over...already...

"Don't worry about the jacket. I have others. And I'll be here until morning." He ran his hand across Wally's back again. And Wally felt himself go limp. So help him God, he went limper and weaker. In his mind, his body, and once again in his failed, hopeless fuck-stick.

Maybe he should find a new name for the thing.

Fuck-stick didn't really apply any more.

Fuck-stick was no longer...well, maybe he'd just call it nothing. That fit. That explained perfectly what he had down there between his legs, dangling uselessly for all eternity between his legs.

Nothing.

He shuddered.

What are you going to do to me, whore?

He couldn't find the strength to ask. Didn't think the whore would answer even if he did.

"Rita, please! I apologized. For everything. What more do you want me to..."

"You're a jackass, Wally," Rita said, wrapping the oversized black jacket all the way around herself and over the purple-glitter sheen of her dress. "You're just nothing but a jackass whether you're being Wally or being Damon. And the way I see it, quoting your own words, you asked for it. And you liked it."

Wally's eyes burned. Unable to produce any more tears. Unable even to glare at her, at the heartless, evil-minded bitch, when he tried.

"I just don't care. About you, or anybody else. Because I realize now I never had anybody but myself. And I never really needed anybody. Not you, not that asinine creep, Damon, and not that idiot, Jeff. So I guess it's up to you. I guess you'll have to figure out for yourself a way to endure whatever Robby thinks up for you," she went on, heading for the door. Heading quickly for the door.

"Call me," the whore ordered. "You still have the rings."

"R...r...rings..." It wasn't the first time Wally had heard something about that. Not the first time he hadn't understood a word of it, either. "What the h...h..."

"Later," the whore murmured, stroking a soothing...not entirely soothing at all...hand through Wally's hair. "We have all night for me to show you. To make you know."

Oh, God.

Wally subsided. He buried his face in the wreckage of the bedspread.

"You will need to have the rings removed soon. They're not permanent, so you'll have to learn how to remove them and position them for yourself. Unless..." A slow and suggestive grin now slipped into his deep voice. "Maybe you'd like to have them replaced with the permanent model. But you have a day or two. You have..." As he talked, the male whore went back to work. He went back to

stroking lower, then lower, then lower. Until he reached Wally's ass. Until he had to skip and leap over the intrusion of the strap that broke up the smoothness of his stroking. And then....

This time Wally cried out. He couldn't stop himself from crying out when an enormous hand, soothing hand, slipped beneath him. When it ventured into the dead and useless realm between his legs. When it located the limp and pulverized, tortured thing between his legs and wrapped snugly, soothingly around it. "Damon and I still have a few things to settle," he said softly. Intently. "Don't we, Damon?"

"Rita!" But all Wally heard was the sound of the door. Closing. Softly. Definitely.

Sweat dripped from Wally's brow. Again. And again he couldn't wipe it away. Couldn't make it stop its endless, stinging flow into his eyes.

He blinked rapidly against the bedspread. Nervous, and once again unable to make a sound.

"I'll have to see if I can give you your erection back." The whore's voice was low. Silken. But Wally's head hurt.

He wanted to rest. Wanted...

"Let's put you back together, Damon." The whore's words were fuzzy. Indistinct. Like something heard from the dimmest reaches of a barely remembered dream.

The whore touched. The bed shifted, and Wally knew he touched with something other than fingers and palm...something other than the hand that had stroked so harmlessly in the seconds before. The bed shifted, and Wally felt a great weight, almost a killing one, descend upon him. With his hands trapped behind his back as they were, he felt clearly, knew clearly, the very instant when the whore's balls descended directly into his touch.

He hardly had the strength to fondle. Hardly had the strength to appreciate, even when their continued presence there invited fondling, caressing, loving appreciation.

"What can I do for you?" the whore asked. "What can I do to help you?"

And all Wally did, all the sound he made by way of reply was to roll his head to the side, desperate to breathe. And groan once. Softly. Sibilantly.

The truth was painfully clear. As painful as the sudden invasion of the whore's resolutely hard, unnaturally hard fuck-stick into the exhausted, benumbed and yet not at all benumbed depths of his ass.

The truth...

Wally shuddered.

Rita.

He wanted Rita.

He'd completely blown any chance he might have had at winning her. He'd blown that probably right from the start...right from the first instant when he'd written her off as hopelessly virginal and naïve and set about his business of trying to seduce her and use her without knowing her first.

He wanted her. And he was alone. Without her.

He was alone with the male whore she had hired to defeat him, and more vulnerable than he'd ever been...ever known it was possible to be. Alone, and...

Hands pressed against the center of his back. Hard hands, knowing hands. They pressed downward, against shaking flesh between his twisted, constricted shoulder blades. And the other part of the whore, the one the whore used the pressure to leverage and maneuver to full advantage, ground its way like slivered glass into him. Pounding at him and tearing at him from the inside while his hands, Wally's trapped, groping hands, felt the base of the whore's shaft slip into and out of, into and out of, their failed, failing grasp.

Wally lay mute with teeth gritted and muscles tightened, with breath held taut in lungs that no longer seemed able to function, He lay motionless with the male whore atop him and astride him, carrying on nonstop the smoothly effortless rhythm he'd established with his very first, very most striking, enervating entry.

The whore dominated him.

The whore rode him and broke him. Expertly. As if Wally was a favorite steed and he a participant in an often-rehearsed foxhunt, he managed more than ever every instant of Wally's existence with his smooth invasions. Heavy muscles flexed in the thighs he pressed tight against Wally's sides and in the calves and hips with which he surrounded him. Luxuriant muscles, tireless as the whore rose and fell and rose and fell endlessly.

"P...p...please..."

"What's that, Damon?" The whore never broke that rhythm.

Thank God he never broke it!

“What do you say, Damon?” The whore endlessly rammed his length home. Repeatedly, deliciously rammed it home. And home, and home, and home. “What would you like me to do to you? For you?”

Wally shuddered. “P...please,” he sighed, and gritted his teeth against a particularly deep, particularly hard and wrenching entry that surely, surely, would impale him. And emerge as a gaping wound at his other side, his helpless side.

“P...please what?”

“P...please.” There was nothing more Wally could say.

That one word...that wrenched and wrenching word...expressed it all. Expressed everything.

Just...

Please!

Wally’s hands began to open and close. And open and close. Over and over again. All by themselves.

He had no input into it. No control over what was basically a reflex reaction, an automatic response. And no control either, over the new groan that rippled from his throat.

The groan was heartfelt. Utterly heartfelt, one of the few in his life that had been so genuine and so fraught with all the meaning he could pack into his intense, almost obsessive focus upon that one single word that swirled like a crazed tornado inside his throbbing, aching head.

Please.

Shivering, he didn’t move. He was afraid to try to move. Afraid any movement would antagonize the whore and make him go away permanently.

Please!

He just continued to open his hands and close them. To give himself over body and soul to one of the very few, perhaps the only genuine prayer of his life.

That he would survive.

That somehow he would find the strength and freedom Rita had hinted he might. To release the pressure he’d built within. Upon the completion or maybe in the midst of one of the long and ever more silken glides with which the whore plunged into the hidden depths of flesh he offered up more and more eagerly. More and more willingly.

That he would manage to find it and do it before the enormity of his impacted load killed him dead.

About the Author

A native of a small town not far from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Evelyn Starr always had a passion for the glamorous, the exotic, the sensuous. And she's always been willing to travel the world in search of them. Among her favorite places are Boldt's Castle in the Thousand Islands, Tasmania, Australia's tropical Queensland, and all the nooks and crannies of the Rocky Mountains she now calls home.

Like her wanderlust, Evelyn's fascination with words and stories began at an early age. She remembers being able to read and write before she started school, and by the time she'd finished first grade, she was writing her own little one-page stories. Following graduation from high school, she left her small-town home and hasn't looked back. She majored in journalism, romance, and adventure, and eventually married her college sweetheart, who remains the most romantic, and the most adventurous, hero of them all.

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