

Ménage



Habu

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by habu

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Preface

To a bisexual sex is sex is sex. The sex of the partner or partners is not as important as that they arouse in a way that can lead to sex. Stories that appeal to these folks are not as easy to find in the literature as those targeted to readers with straight—or even gay/lesbian—preferences. This eighteen-work anthology brings together, for the convenience of interested readers, the combined mix-and-match sexual partner stories and themes of prolific eXcessica author habu under one title. Included herein are separate stories of varied couplings along with extracted scenes of bisexual encounters from various habu published novels. So, pick out your favorite hot boy or girl or boy *and* girl—or boys and girls—partner(s) and enjoy the ride. This one is for you.

Surrogate Loving

“It’s no use, I can’t; I simply can’t.”

“But we’re almost there. This time, we’re almost there, Kyle,” I said, trying to keep the pleading tone out of my voice, nearly overcome with the passion of the moment and not wanting to stop here.

But stop here we did. This time Kyle had managed to suck me hard after what seemed to be an interminable time of preparation through fondling and kissing. And I was just maneuvering him to my lap—to setting his well-prepared and opened ass on my throbbing cock—when he froze again. I could feel the tension in his body, the stiffening of his muscles. And I could almost feel his ass close tight around the thumb I had in it to prepare the way for my cock.

He turned over on his side in the bed and I could tell he was fighting hard not to break out into sobs. I know I was trying just as hard not to show my utter frustration and disappointment.

“I’m so sorry,” Kyle whispered. “I want you; I really do. I just can’t will my body to carry through with this. It’s no use. We’ll simply have to stop trying.”

“Shush, shush, baby,” I said in my most comforting voice. I laid down behind Kyle and drew him to me in my embrace. I pulled him close to my engorged cock so that it ran up the small of his back, letting my cock tell him in no uncertain terms how badly I wanted him.

I wrapped my arms around him in a close embrace, waiting, hoping that he would lose the tension and he could make another try to permit me this ultimate intimacy. We

were lovers in every sense but this, but we both needed this final melding of our bodies. I needed to fuck Kyle.

I would fuck Kyle. I just had to find a way. We just needed to get across this barrier of his mind and body resisting my possessing him to the fullest.

I stroked his body until I could feel the tension draining out of him. His breathing told me he was near sleep. I took my hand and pushed my cock to his crack and I started to slowly dry fuck him across his crack, letting the side of my cock rub against the rim of his ass, trying to bring him into the mood.

But I felt him tense right up again. "I can't do it, Clem, I just can't. I'm so sorry."

"There, there," I shushed him, returning to stroking his body, trying to release the tension once more.

"Do you think a surrogate would help?" I asked after a lengthy time of calming him down once more.

"A surrogate? What do you mean a surrogate?" he asked with a dreamy whisper.

"A woman, maybe," I said. I wasn't quite sure what I was saying myself, but he was showing interest at this idea, so it was something for me to try to develop. "Perhaps I could feel as close to you if I watched you fuck a woman and maybe was permitted to do some fondling while you two were doing it." I had no illusions that this would be enough for me, but it was at least another way to approach it.

"Maybe," Kyle said after a few moments of silence.

At least it was a beginning. I stroked and kissed his body until he drifted off to sleep, but I made no further attempt to take him. There was hope now of the possibility

of another approach to my goal. I would fuck Kyle. It was just a matter of developing a new approach.

Over the next week I thought about the problem with a good bit of intensity. I don't know what made Anna pop into my mind, but there, suddenly, the possible solution to the problem was in my mind. I knew that Kyle would react well to Anna, and I knew from previous experience what Anna liked. With luck all three of us could get what we wanted. Kyle clearly wanted me to fuck him—he had said so constantly—he just needed his mental and physical barriers lowered. Yes, I thought, a surrogate could be just what we needed.

I had no trouble convincing Anna to be our surrogate. She was an accommodating lass who loved to be stuffed, and I had been with her before in the arrangement I was planning. She would have no illusions what her role would be; she just appreciated thick and deep cocking from handsome men, and both Kyle and I could give her what she wanted in that department.

And Kyle proved to be taken with Anna too, just as I knew he would be. On the designated evening, we gathered for a brief period of shared wine and foreplay in my living room and then I sent Kyle and Anna off to my bedroom to become much better acquainted. I told Kyle that I would be joining them after he had gotten comfortable with Anna and to the extent that he could remain comfortable with me giving them both attention.

I waited for twenty minutes and then I stripped down and climbed the steps to my loft bedroom. Anna was still on her knees between Kyle's thighs, sucking his cock big, and he was playing with her tits with one hand and had his other hand stretched across

her back and a finger searching between the crease between her butt cheeks. They were both fully naked. I sat on a chair well within sight of Kyle and kept my eyes locked on his, while I stroked my cock and Anna rose up from the floor and straddled Kyle's thighs. She took his cock in her hand and guide it inside her and then she moved up and down and back and forth on his joystick while sitting in his lap.

After Anna had gotten Kyle really worked up and Kyle had taken over the pumping of her cunt with his cock, I came onto the bed behind Kyle and rubbed his shoulder muscles and his nipples while he and Anna were pumping each other. I let him feel my engorged cock in the small of his back, and he alternated between kissing Anna's lips and mine.

When Kyle was obviously comfortable with this sharing, Anna, as prearranged with me, came off of Kyle's lap with one leg and, without losing her encasing of his cock, brought both of them down on their sides. I then moved behind Anna and entered her ass with my cock. I had done this before with Anna, and she moaned her welcome of this double penetration, Kyle pumping her cunt and me pumping her ass.

The woman Kyle and I now were sharing was compliant and flexible and moaning loudly, sandwiched there between us. She was languidly writhing between us, satisfied with the double filling, not caring that my intention was that we would actually be making love to each other, Kyle and I. I took Kyle's hand and placed it covering the root of both of our cocks, so close together, both buried inside the trembling Anna. And I held it there with my hand, making Kyle fully feel where the three of us were joined so intimately.

Kyle could feel our cocks together, so close together as they gently stroke in and out of Anna. His hand was rubbing against both cocks at the root, with my hand covering his, Kyle and I sharing our sharing of the woman—and each other. Kyle obviously found this arousing, as I had intended him to do. His free hand wrapped itself around one of my firm butt cheeks, pushing me in and out, giving me the rhythm of my fuck inside the woman's ass. My other hand moved to between Kyle's chest and Anna's, bringing her nipples against Kyle's, rubbing and tweaking them together.

I held Kyle's eyes in mine and I could see the rising passion and lust in his eyes. He was melting to me with the help of the surrogate woman. I moved into a lip lock with him over Anna's shoulder. We were both searching deeply each other's mouths and tongues.

Anna cried out and went rigid as we both ejaculated inside her, simultaneously, and our cream flowed out of her ass and cunt and met and mingled under our finger-laced hand.

We all lay there panting. Kyle started to move away, but both Anna and I held him there with us and we started the dance of love all over again. Both Anna and I focused on bringing Kyle back to arousal with our hands and lips, and within a short time, Kyle's hips were in motion once more and I could tell from Anna's sighs and moans that his cock was once more alive and stroking inside her.

I left Anna then and came around to the other side of Kyle and tongued his ass as he pumped the surrogate woman. He hardly seemed to notice; he didn't object, even if he noticed when I started to finger fuck him in rhythm with his fucking of Anna. What I had set in motion had successfully taken his mind off of my fucking him.

He didn't tense up at all this time as I entered him with my cock and ran slowly in all the way to the hilt. He was in full rut now, enjoying his second go at Anna and even more aroused at my lovemaking inside his ass.

When Anna had seen that I had successfully breached Kyle's defenses, she left us, as prearranged, and Kyle and I continued making love, me stroking his ass deeply and vigorously with my cock and turning him in various positions, for the next half hour or more. He was moaning and groaning his love for what I was doing with him, with no evidence of the fear or tenseness that had previously plagued us, and I knew that we no longer would have trouble with me fucking him deeply and hard—all thanks to our surrogate, Anna.

Cynthia's Box

I held her up against the corridor wall with my hands supporting her hips. The bunched-up silkiness of her shiny black skirt made rustling noises, as my dick rubbed back and forth below the folds, making probing thrusts deep into her. Judith was panting heavily and making little mewling sounds as I thrust again and again, each time reaching a new depth. Her thighs perched on my hips, her long fingernails scrabbled at the cardboard of the stacks of boxes on each side of us in the back corridor of the art center, and her head was flopped down on my shoulder. I felt her shuddering start just as I felt I could not hold myself in check anymore, and we both gave little animal cries as our juices flowed and mingled inside my Judith, my wife, my wanton sexual charmer who became so wondrously aroused and arousing when we stole moments of deep passion in dangerous environs.

A few afterglow kisses, murmurings of affection and fulfillment, and the rearrangement of our formal clothing and, via different paths, the successful architects were back working the crowd in the center's main hall. If any of the guests recognized the flush and lazy smiles and languid movements of postcoital liaison, they did not mention it—at least not to the honored host and hostess. There probably were at least two there that evening, however, who recognized it and were irrevocably drawn to it.

An hour later, the crowd was beginning to thin out when I noticed Cynthia circling Judith. I had heard rumors about Cynthia Standall, and I felt an immediate lurch of protectiveness toward Judith. I'd heard that Cynthia—and her husband, Thad, for that

matter—were sexual predators, who, thanks to their millions, were used to getting what they wanted.

As I watched Cynthia corner Judith near the shadows of the stairs to the gallery mezzanine and clink glasses with her to the delight of both, my first instinct was to fly to Judith's side and assert my recently solemnized position in her life. But people were leaving, very important and influential people were demanding one last short conversation with a member of the architectural team of Caldwell and Parnell. This opening of drawings and perspectives of Judith's and my considerable architectural projects in this rich little ocean-resort town was our first, an event that marked our ascendance to acceptability by the wealthy "first towners" of Winston Harbor. Tonight had been a huge success, as Thadeus Standall was making quite clear to me, in urgent whispered tones, his handsome, expensively creamed and massaged face leaning down to mine and his perfectly capped and whitened teeth and diamond cuff links flashing in the overhead lighting as he held my elbow in with his long, manicured fingers.

"What, right now?" I answered with surprise at the suggestion he was making while I waved the Thorndikes through the door into the warm, star-clad night.

"No time like the present," Standall said with a big smile. "What you've put on display tonight has convinced us that you and your wife would be perfect for the addition we want to make to Cynthia's Box."

"Cynthia's box," I said in embarrassed confusion, as I searched his face to see if he was joking. Probably because of my last thought of what his wife was up to—indeed to what she and I had so recently been up to—I'd jumped to a conclusion about what he

was referring to. But I knew that couldn't be right. Standall was looking intensely into my eyes, trying to convey I know not what.

"Yes, our ocean house up on the bluff at the headland," he was saying, showing me those big pearly teeth again. "We call it Cynthia's Box. We had it built in our cubist period, and now we want to add a wing that will soften its lines without destroying its character. We love what you did with the Winston Harbor community center, and we can't wait for you to see our house and give us some first impressions on what you can do for us."

"We'd love doing that, of course," I said, while my mind was already racing, calculating how many zeros I could flip on the backside of a project estimate and not queer a gigantic deal like this. "But we can't leave the opening just like that. All these guests. . ."

"All what guests?" Standall asked with a hearty laugh. "It's well past closing of the exhibit, and all of your guests seem to be gone now. You don't have to pick up the glasses and do cleanup duties, do you?"

I looked around, and sure enough, Standall and I seemed to be alone in the vast gallery. The waiters were already moving around and picking up glasses and napkins and hors d'oeuvre trays and just then the lights went out in the mezzanine.

"Well, OK, that would be great," I said weakly. "If Judith doesn't think it's too late, of course. I'll have to track her down."

"Oh, your wife has already left with mine," Standall said. "They've gone ahead up to the house. Your wife seemed to love the idea. They've taken our car. I'm sure you won't mind driving me up in yours."

My wife had had a bit too much to drink tonight, I'd noticed, especially from the pitch of her giggling when we were making love in the dark corridor. And now she was already in the clutches of Cynthia Standall. After this fact hit me, I couldn't get Standall out of the gallery and into my vintage Mercedes 190SL sports convertible fast enough.

As I was speeding up into the hills overlooking the ocean, the top down on my two-seater Mercedes, my mind was racing concerning the moves Cynthia Standall might already be making on Judith. I was so much obsessed with these thoughts that I didn't for a minute consider the other possibilities in what might be at play here. Thus, it came as a great surprise as I was driving along and approaching the foot of the hill up into the "first towner" section of huge ocean-view homes perched on the heights when Standall put his arm around my shoulder and his hand in my lap and started feeling up my basket.

"What are you doing?" I asked dumbly. It was obvious what he was doing. He was measuring my cock through the thin material of my summer tux pants.

"I like to know whoever I'm working with really well," Standall said in a hoarse voice. "Really well. We will need to be special friends if you are going to be redoing my house. Just relax," he continued. "There, that's a very nice tool you have. And it seems to be responding nicely."

"Mr. Standall. Thad," I said plaintively. "I don't know . . . I don't want . . . You'll have to stop this. I'll crash the car."

"No need for pretense. I know you fuck men; I've seen you in the sauna at the racket club." Thad was nothing if not direct. "Surely you don't find me unattractive."

Egotistical bastard he might be, but Standall wasn't wrong about that. I did indeed find him attract, as my hardening dick attested to.

He had my zipper down, and long, sensuous fingers had dug through the opening and encased my cock. I was trembling all over. I didn't want this, but with each stroke of my cock, my body was telling both me and Standall that I did, in fact, want this.

"If you don't want to crash, pull over," Standall said in a husky voice. "There's a small park just ahead, right before you have to ascend the hill. Pull into the parking lot there and over to the far end."

I did as he told me to do, while he was unbuckling my belt and pulling my pants and briefs down to my knees. I stopped the car at the far end of the small parking lot, close under a tree and turned to him to try to find some way to reason with him, but when I turned my head, he had his lips on mine, forcing my mouth open and running his tongue into my mouth. He was stroking my cock with one hand and the other was buried in the hair at the back of my head, holding my face to his.

I had kissed a man before, but never one with lips and a tongue this insistent and powerful. His hand came off my cock and started frantically unbuttoning my tux shirt and vest. That done, his fingers flew to my pecs and nipples, and then moved down my belly slowly, his lips now following ever slowly behind—finding my nipples and sucking them erect and then tonguing down across my belly and pubes and swallowing my cock in one slurping gulp. His hand continued on down to flipping my shoes off and then pulling my pants and briefs down to and off my feet. All the time he was searching my dick head with his tongue, pushing the tip of his tongue into my piss slit and then pulling off and rimming where the glans met the skin of the cock shaft.

He deep throat me several times, and then wrapped his hand around my engorging rod while his lips made their journey back up my belly and ribs to my pecs and nipples, and then back to my mouth for a deep kiss. I was sighing and moaning. I'd been serviced by other men in college—and as he noted in the sauna at the club—but never like this. One of my hands almost inadvertently went to feeling his well-muscled torso through his tux shirt and then to unbuttoning his shirt and finding his heaving pecs and erect nipples.

"In the back," he commanded in a low, husky voice, as he broke away from the kiss.

"The back?" I asked dumbly. "There is no back."

"Up on the tonneau cover," he was saying. "Now!"

I obviously wasn't fast enough in figuring out what he wanted, because he was lifting me out of my seat with hands under my arm pits, and he set me down hard on the leather convertible top behind the seats. My legs now were draped down into the passenger seat, and Standall was standing above me, stripping his clothes off. It was obvious that he spent more time in the gym than in the board room, because he was one mass of muscle, and the muscle hanging between his legs took the prize in the set. Once stripped down, he settled his bulbous butt cheeks on my thighs and wrapped a hand around both of our cocks, sandwiching our tools together. I was a respectable size and length, but his cock was both longer and thicker than mine.

After a few minutes of dick-to-dick bliss, he pushed me down on my back on the trunk of the Mercedes, and I watched as he went up on his knees and, first, produced a condom packet from somewhere and opened it and rolled the condom on my cock and

then produced a tube of lube from somewhere else and greased up both my sheathed rod and his asshole. Then, he brought his pelvis over my hips and slowly descended his ass onto my cock, slowly, ever so slowly, burying my cock inside him deep and then beginning to stroke, fucking himself on my rod. I just laid there and watched the show, feeling and delighting in the undulating sensations of his tight ass canal, as his huge, hard cock flapped up and down on my belly. At length, I took his cock in one hand and cupped his balls with another, and we both groaned and gasped to our separate climaxes.

When we were back in our pants, not bothering to put our shirts back on, and somewhat straightened up, I put the Mercedes in gear and started racing up into the hills again. Who knows what Cynthia Standall might have had time to do with and to Judith while I was being blindsided by Thad Standall. It just might be that Standall had arranged all of this just to do me, but I'd seen the feline look on Cynthia's face when she had cornered Judith by the staircase at the gallery, and that look very much worried me.

When we swept into the forecourt of the Standall cliffside mansion, there were no lights on in the house. My first inclination was to storm up the front steps and kick down the door and run from room to room in the vast house, fearing what I might find. But Thad Standall turned me and pointed to the big black Bentley at the side of the courtyard. One of the back doors was ajar, and a light glowed in the interior. A burly, black chauffeur was leaning his butt against the driver's door and had a big, sloppy grin on his face.

"I don't think the women have made it to the house, yet," Standall said with a laugh. "Shall we check out the lay of the land?"

The lay of the land turned out to be the lay of my wife. The women were sprawled out on the deep cushions of the Bentley's back seat. Both were naked, their clothes scattered about them. Cynthia Standall was close beside Judith, with one of her long, shapely legs draped over one of Judith's legs, holding Judith's legs well apart. The blondness of Cynthia was contrasted well with the deep brunette of Judith. Both women were voluptuous, with tiny waists, good firm, flared hips, and fair-sized breasts that were taut and firm and well-rounded, without being pendulous. Cynthia's lips were on one of Judith's rosy quarter-sized nipple aureoles, and one of her hands was holding a pulsating vibrator to Judith's clit. Judith's back was arched in ecstasy, and when she saw me, she waved a friendly wave of assurance that nothing was happening to her that she wasn't enjoying.

As we watched, Thad Standall standing close behind me, his protruding basket pushing at my butt and his hands on my pecs and nipples, Cynthia moved the vibrator a tad until the tip was positioned between Judith's cunt lips, and then she slowly pushed the vibrator in. Judith twitched and moaned, and she pulled Cynthia's head up to hers and they kissed.

I felt frozen, unable to move, not fully comprehending what was happening. But, with an animal sound, Thad Standall was on the move. He was stripping off his pants again as he shortened the distance between where we were standing and the open door to the Bentley's backseat. Briefly there were three people in the backseat and then I saw Cynthia exit and start moving toward me with a smile. Before she reached me, I saw Thad Standall go down between Judith's open legs with his knees and pull her hips up to his pelvis with his hands on her buttocks. Judith had her hands on his shoulders

and she was arching her back. She threw her head back and was moaning what clearly was “Yes, yes, yes,” as I saw Standall entering her cunt with his big, thick cock. Then Judith was hidden from my view, by Standall’s broad, rippling-muscled back and firm, pounding butt cheeks. The Bentley was rocking now, and Judith was being very vocal about how much she was enjoying being deeply fucked by a horse-hung stud. She clearly didn’t want any protection or help from me, and I would have felt somewhat deflated, if Cynthia Standall hadn’t reached me and was kissing me on my lips and nipples and feeling my rising cock through the now-damp material of my pants.

The chauffeur walked across the courtyard and opened the front door to the house, started turning on the interior lights, and disappeared from view.

“Come, let me show you where we want the addition added on to the house,” Cynthia said gaily, as she took my hand and started pulling me toward the house. “I think Thad and beautiful Judith will be occupied for a while.”

And then, when we reached the door, Cynthia said “Welcome to Cynthia’s Box,” with a throaty laugh. I had to admit that Cynthia had a very nice box, and, considering what Judith was enthusiastically engaged in at this moment, I didn’t plan on waiting too long before I explored that box of Cynthia’s and saw what I could do to fill it for her.

* * * *

Having enjoyed the charms of my wife, Judith, only to turn her willingly over to some vigorous swordsmanship by her own husband, Thad, in the back seat of the

Bentley parked in their front court, the maddenly naked Cynthia Standall turned her full attentions on me.

She took my hand and pulled me through the entrance into their cliffside mansion. She gaily ran me through the house and into what must have been the master bedroom and beyond. We stepped through a bank of open sliding glass doors onto a large flagstone patio in somewhat of a triangular shape, with the glassed wall of the house creating one side to my back, the rise of cliff above on the left, and a low rock wall on the right, beyond which the mountain abruptly plunged down to the lights of the city below and the ocean beyond. The long arm of an L-shaped pool stretched out before me and then made a turn toward the right and ended in an invisible barrier cut between the rock walls, making it appear as if the pool cascaded down the side of the mountain cliff. And for all I knew from my present perspective, it did. A couple of pool deck lounge chairs were positioned on the patio in the crook of the L, and on my right, between where I was standing and the rock wall, was a rope hammock suspended on a sturdy freestanding frame. Muted lighting around the patio and in the pool itself gave the area a mysterious air, and the twinkling lights of the city below beckoned me to dive into the pool, take that turn to the right, and just swim on over the edge of the cliff.

“Where is it you wanted to put this addition?” I asked, mindful that I had been summoned here upon a possible design commission for the architectural firm my wife and I owned. “My understanding was that it went somewhere out in this patio area.”

“Yes, that’s right,” Cynthia exclaimed. “We want it extending out from the house along the face of the cliff there on the left. A large lounge below completely open to the pool area. Two rooms above; one will be my art studio and the other will be just mine for

when I want to invite a special friend over and have some privacy.” I turned and looked at her, and she was giving me that come-hither look. I was torn between Cynthia’s considerable charms, which were fully evident, as she was standing there, reflected in the pool lights, in the altogether, and loyalty to and concern for my wife. But just then Judith resolved that issue for me.

I saw three naked people coming toward the patio area through the house. Thad was dragging a laughing Judith along by one hand, but there was a third naked figure, the generously built black chauffeur trailing along, holding Judith’s other hand. At the frame of the glass doors from the bedroom onto the patio, Thad let loose of Judith and came out onto the patio and plopped down on one of the lounge chairs, where he had a good view of the entire patio. Judith, however, stopped at the frame of the door and turned toward it, letting her arms slide up above her head to the corner of the frame. The black stud went down on his knees behind her and had his lips and tongue working her asshole in no time at all. Before I turned my attention back to Cynthia, I saw one of his big-fingered hands come up between Judith’s thighs and four fingers spread out on her lower belly. I had no doubts where the middle finger was buried. Judith was obviously enjoying the attention. She had her butt jutted out and her back arched, and she was laughing a tinkly laugh.

I turned as Cynthia put a hand on my forearm and started to speak. “The best place to get a perspective on the addition we want, though, is from the far end of the pool there. Let’s swim over there and see what we can see.”

“But I didn’t bring any bathing trunks,” I said dumbly, still somewhat disconcerted by Judith’s wanton behavior.

“Precisely,” Cynthia said with a laugh. “And neither did I. Strip and leave your clothes over on that chaise next to Thad, and then I’ll race you to the other side.”

I did so, somewhat embarrassed, even though Thad and I had already been about as intimate as we could have been, because Thad closely watched me undress and made little clicking sounds with his tongue. He playfully reached out for me when I had stripped down, but I evaded his grip and went back over to Cynthia and neatly dove into the pool and swam to the other side. I lifted myself out of the water and turned, my feet and calves dangling in the water and took a perspective of where the addition was to go, my mind already racing on design possibilities.

This thought process was short-lived, however, because Cynthia surfaced between my open thighs, pulled herself up with arms that she wrapped around my waist and her mouth went directly to my cock. I could fully understand how Judith had so easily surrendered to Cynthia’s charms. Her mouth was amazing. Soft, but able to take me all in and to apply pressure points with her tongue, teeth, and cheek walls to all of the sensitive spots. She brought a palm of one of her hands around, spread it on my belly, and gently pushed me down on my back and let the hand run up to my chest, where it played in my curly thatch of hair there.

She was driving my cock wild, and I felt I need to be more active. I came back up, and the first thing I saw, across the pool, Backlit by the bedroom lighting, was Judith and the black stud. Chocolate on milky white. Judith hadn’t changed positions, but the stud had. He had stood, and his pelvis was cuddled into Judith’s buttock now. I could tell by the angle that he was fucking her in the ass. His hand was no longer coming up between her legs, but was snaked around the top of her thigh now, heel of the hand on

Judith's lower belly, and at least two fingers buried up her cunt. His other hand was cupping an ample bosom, two of his fingers trapping a very erect nipple between them, and Judith had her head turned and thrown back so that they could maintain a deep kiss.

A flash of anger went through my body, and I grabbed Cynthia by the back of her head and started to pull her head back and forth in deep strokes, fucking her face savagely. I expected Cynthia to object, but, instead, she pushed me onto my back again. Then she brought my legs up so that my heels were dug into the edge of the pool, and she stood up over me.

"Here, stroke up into me," she instructed. She positioned her open mouth so that I had to thrust up into her with my hips and wrapped a hand around my balls at their base, so that when I thrust up, they were extended down. It didn't take long in this position for me to cum in heavy bursts in her mouth and all over her face.

Cynthia laughed and let loose of me. She yelled a cheery "I'll race you back to the other side." Then she had turned and was stroking neatly across the pool. I followed, but she'd had quite a head start, and I had just been exerting myself to the limit. When I came up the side of the pool toward the house, Cynthia was there, her legs open, her cunt in magnificent invitation. I thrust my head between her thighs and started searching between her vagina lips with my tongue. When I found her clit, I pushed back its hood with my tongue and began to go to work on Cynthia, trying to bring her as much pleasure as she had brought me. I brought a hand up and started exploring beyond her clit with my fingers. She sighed and moaned for me, getting wetter and wetter.

I heard two splashes and felt the answering wave turbulence, but I was too preoccupied in giving Cynthia pleasure for some time before I looked around to see who had joined us in the pool. Cynthia's body started trembling and then lurching, and a sudden shudder, followed by a contented sigh, and Cynthia's collapsing onto her back on the patio signaled that she'd had an orgasm. I looked around then and saw that Judith was now sitting on the side of the pool at the shallow end, and Thad was between her legs and facing her. The bobbing of his butt cheeks back and forth indicated that he was fucking Judith rather vigorously. She had her hands laced around his neck and her torso arched back. He was holding her at the hips on either side and he had his mouth buried in her breasts. With each forward thrust, he reset her tits aquiver. I put my face back between Cynthia's legs and brought her to a second, more prodigious and prolonged orgasm than the first with my lips, teeth, and tongue.

I was about to rise up and cover her and fuck her deep, when I noticed that Thad had broken off his plowing of Judith and was back on the chaise lounge. My cock was bursting again and aching to be buried in someone, but I looked up and Judith was standing there near Cynthia and me and shivering in the night air.

"Oh, you poor dear," Cynthia cooed as she nimbly pulled away from me and got up to her feet on the pool deck. Thad threw her a towel, which she expertly caught in the air and wrapped around Judith. "I'm being such a terrible hostess. Here, let's get you a shower and the chlorine out of our hair."

They turned and padded back into the house. The accommodating chauffeur was nowhere to be seen, for which I was very thankful. I didn't want Judith to get too addicted to chocolate.

I heard a clucking noise behind me, and I turned to see Thad motioning to me. He had another towel, and my clothes were on the lounge chair next to where he was seated, so I went to him. I could see as I approached him that his dick was still rock hard, so I guessed he hadn't consummated his mating with Judith at the pool's edge. There was that, at least, although she certainly seemed willing to give it out to everyone and anyone tonight.

I stood at the side of where Thad was laying, and when he pulled on my leg, I followed his apparent direction and moved my leg over the lounge and came down on the lounge with my knees at either side of Thad's expansive chest. Thad pulled me to him by my hips. He took my still-hard cock in his hand and rubbed the exposed head of it on his cheek. He was stroking his own cock with his other hand. Then he raised his head to my cock and took the glans into his mouth and sucked it while flicking his tongue in the piss slit. I moaned appropriately for him and he released me and gave me a warm smile. He was rubbing his hard cock on my thigh.

"As you can feel, I saved myself for you," he said in a husky voice.

"I don't know, Thad," I replied, somewhat nervously. "You and your wife have pretty much tired me out. I'm not used to such vigorous activity."

"I understand," he said, but understanding didn't mean that he stopped stroking either my cock around his face or his with his hand. "Perhaps you'd like to take a little rest. Doesn't that hammock over there look inviting?"

It sure did look inviting, and I gently pulled away from him and walked over, still naked, and climbed up and lowered by belly onto the rope netting. I had set the hammock to a gentle rocking, and the lights of the city below and the breeze flowing up

from the ocean and caressing my nakedness soon had me drowsy. I turned my head toward the house and saw that Cynthia and Judith were just finished drying each other off with towels and were settling down on the bed. They had both a vibrator and a purple dildo shaped like a pretty formidable cock, veins and all, to play with, and they had started with passing the vibrator back and forth and using it on their curves, crevices, and nipples.

Watching them as I got drowsy kept me hard, and I soon found that someone was fumbling with my dick from below, pulling it through the wide netting of the rope hammock, and enveloping it in a wet, warm mouth. I looked down and saw that Thad was under me, giving me sensuous head. He was doing marvelous things with his tongue and teeth on and around the rim of my glans. His tongue kept darting into my piss slit, harvesting the precum as I produced it. He licked down and up the sides of my cock, tracing my veins with his tongue. He then deepthroated me several times, holding his teeth at the root of my cock, very still, as I throbbed inside him. His tongue went to my balls, through the openings in the rock netting, and he tongued and nibbled at those until I was moaning deeply. He positioned the top of his head just below my belly, and set the hammock to glide back and forth vertically. He held his mouth still and open for my cock to slide in and out of while the hammock rocked.

I didn't even try to hold myself in check, and soon had shot off down his throat. He cleaned my cock off with his tongue, and then I was left at peace to slowly drift again. I looked over to see that Cynthia's vibrator had disappeared up Judith's cunt. The women were kneeling on the bed, facing each other, on their haunches, and they were passionately kissing.

I was nearly asleep again, when the hammock started its vertical sway once more and my butt cheeks were being spread. Thad's lips and tongue were at my ass, and it slowly puckered and opened to deeper thrusts of his tongue, and then his fingers. I was groaning and grunting from the pressure, but it felt too good for me to suggest that he stop.

And then I felt the full weight of Thad's body on mine. His strong thighs were encasing mine. His barrel chest was pressing into my shoulder blades. His elbows were holding my arms close to my side. His pelvis was pressing into my hips, and his engorged cock was insinuating itself between my thighs, under my balls. I was ready for him now, wanting him. I raised my hips, and his cock just glided into my ass and slowly up to the root. We lay motionless except for his pelvis and my hips, both undulating in languid and syncopated motion. He was deep, deep inside me. He somehow got one of his hands wrapped around the root of his cock, and he was rotating his tool around my ass walls, deep, sending my muscles into convulsions of ecstasy. He was kissing me in the hollow of my neck, and I was giving him deep-throated moans of confirmation that I'd never had a sexual experience this intense.

When he was done with me, I drifted off to sleep. When I woke, he was gone. I looked into the master bedroom, and I saw that he was in a chair watching what I thought was Cynthia only writhing in slow motion on her back on the bed. A closer look, however, revealed that Judith was under her and holding the purple dildo at Cynthia's rear entrance. At least I assumed it was the dildo I'd seen earlier. There wasn't more than an inch of it showing outside of Cynthia's ass.

Cynthia saw that I was awake and motioned me to come into the bedroom. I slowly approached the bed and then mounted it, straddling Cynthia with my hips over her face. She took my cock into her mouth and sucked it until I was hard again. Then, with Judith still under her and slowly stroking the dildo in and out of her ass, I moved off the bed and approached Cynthia between her legs and let my cock slowly enter her and run to the end. Thad leaned over and took possession of his wife's clit with his thumb and forefinger, and we made her writhe more and sigh and moan louder. He took two fingers and ran them down the side of my pumping cock inside her, giving both Cynthia and me a whole new, exciting sensation.

I was surprised by feeling a body come up from behind me. I looked down to see two chocolate arms coming around my body, and two large hands covering my pecs and stroking my nipples. The chauffeur had joined us, and before I could have second thoughts about that, he had tipped me up over Cynthia so that I now was fucking down into her, and his cock was plowing up my ass. The ride was a long, wet one for all of us.

Later, after Judith and I had gone off for another shower in one of the guest rooms and were dressed, we returned to the door of the master bedroom to view Cynthia and Thad happily humping each other in traditional missionary style on the bed.

We were whispering to each other on whether we should break in and say anything to them before we left, when the chauffeur appeared at the end of the hall and motioned us to him. He had also showered and now was decked out in casual, but very expensive-looking slacks and a shirt.

“No need to say good-bye to them,” he told us. “They will be going at it for hours now. Cynthia’s a little frigid with Thad, you see. She has to be stimulated for them to click as they should.”

He continued on as we processed this. Had Thad just been using the two of us to get Cynthia’s engine going. Was the architectural job only a hoax? “We would like to know if you are still interested in designing the house extension for us.”

“We?” I couldn’t help blurting out.

“Oh, I see,” the chauffeur said with a big smile, followed by a laugh. “Of course you don’t know. Cynthia and Thad are actually employees of mine, close associates, but all on my dime. I own the house and all of the business paying for this. But I don’t like to socialize—or acquire my own amusements on my own. Cynthia and Thad do that nicely for me.”

Yes, quite, was all I could think to say to that. But I certainly wasn’t stupid enough to say it out loud.

“So does that change anything?” he politely asked. “Does that mean you are not interested in working on the redesign of this house—and all it entails—including all it has entailed this evening?”

Judith and I just shook our heads in bemused surprise, but Judith, the minx, managed to come out with “Oh, no, we’d love to work with—and under—all three of you on this, umm, project.” He then politely and quite civilly escorted us to our car, and we started the journey back to the mundane world, never again to be the same in our perspectives.

Surprisingly, I was still so horny from all we'd experienced this evening that I pulled off in the park at the bottom of the mountain on the way back and pumped Judith deeply and endlessly on the trunk of the Mercedes. I admit that I was more than a little curious how her attitude toward me and our own sex life would be after this experience. It didn't take long for me to figure out that we'd do just fine—just with more than a little more variety, intensity, and open mindedness than before.

New Year's Gala Indeed

The river cruise ship supposedly had all sorts of amenities, but in the two days we'd been aboard thus far the only "amenity" I had discovered was Carey's vagina. I had thought that a New Years holiday cruise down the Rhine on the MS River Explorer was just the ticket for our honeymoon. Carey's idea of exploring, however, was seeing how deep and how often I could plow her from supper to lunch of the next day.

Not that I was complaining, mind you, but this had become much of a surprise to me. I could have had anyone I wanted at the university—I was quarterback to a winning football team and paid whatever my scholarship didn't cover with male modeling gigs. But Carey hadn't let me fuck her before we'd married. She been friendly enough and we'd gotten real close to the whole package, but she'd always hold off. And now that we were married, she was showing me that she'd known all of the moves all along. If anything, she was a lot better at it than I was. She certainly sucked cock better than the guys I'd been with did, not to mention any of her sorority sisters—all of whom I'd had in one way or another.

But the whole reason for this expensive cruise was beginning to slip out of our grasp. As much as I liked her writhing under me on one of the narrow beds in our cabin—we could have rented out the other bed, as we'd yet to need it—I'd been raised to appreciate the value of a dollar. So, by the second night on the ship, I'd decided we needed to make use of some of the luxury we were paying for.

It was the ship's New Years Eve gala ball, and the ship was in the middle of the channel in Cologne, Germany, all set to add the world-famous First Night fireworks display there to the party spirit and hot band playing in the Latitude 52' Lounge.

I was glad that I had unwrapped Carey's legs from around me and pulled out of her and sent her off to the shower and to dress for dinner, insisting that we'd paid for this New Years bash and jolly well would take advantage of it—that we could fuck to our hearts content for the next 50 years. When I'd taken my own shower and was struggling into my tux, I caught sight of her in her formal, and her beauty took my breath away. It was all I could do to carry through with the plans to party with others tonight.

And party with others we did. Yes, indeed we did.

Being nearly the only younger paying passengers aboard, and being given special treatment in honor of our honeymoon, we were seated at a well-placed table with another couple who turned out to be minor celebrities. Raul, a dusky-skinned Cuban who had really taken good care of his conditioning, was a former major league baseball player who had made many millions at the game and left it a few years ago. His raven-haired wife, Jessica, had been a near-the-top sex siren movie actress of two decades previously. Both had cashed in on their success early and were now specializing in being seen in all of the pleasure spots of the world. I was in awe that Carey and I were in their dazzling spotlight this New Years Eve. Everyone in the room was aware of our quartet—the four of us, a very young couple and a very-well-known couple in their early forties—glowing in beauty and laughter and easy conversation in the focal point of a festive little world on a luxury cruise ship in the center of an ancient German river city.

Jessica bubbled with laughter and Raul oozed with charm and worldly conversation, both showing surprising interest in the lives that Carey and I had only just started—indeed we were several lives behind the fascinating ones Jessica and Raul had already lived. And Carey and I were both completely disarmed that the two of them would show such interest in us rather than reveling in themselves and their own world. We also were being disarmed by the champagne and mixed drinks Raul was ensuring we both readily had at hand. Raul's conversation became increasingly suggestive and sensual as the party moved toward its peak, and although Jessica wasn't babbling as much as she did at the beginning, her infectious laugh still tinkled at Raul's comments, and she was pulling first me and then Carey into her intimately with the come-hither gazes of her hazel eyes, set off all the more by the contrast with her silky raven-black hair.

When the sirens and noise makers of New Years went off and the fireworks began to burst over the banks of the river beyond the ship, I turned to Carey, but Raul was already there ahead of me. And before I could raise an objection or do anything else, Jessica's lips were on mine. And the kiss she gave me wasn't a friendly peck, but a full-blown exploration of my senses that had my cock stirring against the silk of my tux.

As we were downing the New Years glass of cheer, Raul made a couple of comments that were well beyond suggestive, and I turned to Carey in a bit of alarm, worrying about how she would react to such explicit talk. But she was smiling, her mouth a little slack. Her face was even more lovely than earlier in the blush of too much

to drink. I thought that it must only because of how much she had consumed that she hadn't been shocked by what Raul was saying.

Jessica may have been more sober and more aware of Raul's stepping over some sort of line, though, because she suddenly said she needed to powder her nose and would Carey like to accompany her to their suite just a few steps away on the Navigator deck? When they had swept away, Raul sat back in his chair and gave me a lopsided grin. Then he reached in his pocket and pulled out a couple of cigars, obviously expensive Cuban cigars, which he no doubt had no trouble obtaining.

"Care to join me?" he asked, with a sly grin.

"I'd love to," I said, "but this ship is all nonsmoking, except out on the deck, and it's much too cold to go out there, I think."

"Let's go to your cabin, then," Raul said. "I've just got to have a cigar."

"Can't smoke in the cabins, either," I said with true regret. I would have liked a good Cuban cigar just then as well. It might have sobered me up a bit. I felt that both Carey and I were way out of our league here—somehow losing control in an unknown and maybe dangerous way with this highly sophisticated older couple.

"Who's to know what we do in your cabin?" Raul said. And that sly grin was back.

Before I could think of what to say to that, he was standing and was pulling me up with a strong, beefy hand on my black silk-covered elbow.

"Which way to your cabin, young man?"

I dumbly rose and led him down to our cabin on the Explorer deck. I flicked on the light as we entered. The cabin was compact and I could see our reflection in the mirror above the bureau as soon as we entered. He closed the door and then was

standing close behind me as I faced the bureau. Very close behind me. Too close behind me for me to misunderstand.

I stared at him in the mirror, his face nearly beside mine over my shoulder, his smoldering black eyes capturing mine in the mirror. I was mesmerized and immobilized as his body pushed at mine from the back. I could feel the power of him rising against my butt. I watched in shock and awe—and in arousing interest—as his arms came around my sides and his hands went inside my tux coat and then pulled my shirt tail out and went up under my shirt. His strong brown hands on my skin, rippling my shirt with his movement as I watched, captured by his sensual beauty and power, his audacity, and the numbing of the reflexes the liquor he had plied me with had caused. It was not like I hadn't done this before with a man, of course. Knowing this and lost in the moment, I simply stood there, resisting nothing.

He had a hand on my naked belly, holding me to him, and I melted to him. He nuzzled the hollow of my neck with his lips, sensing that I would not resist him. I did make one feeble attempt, though.

"Umm, Raul, we came here to smoke. What about those cigars."

"I have a cigar for you to smoke," Raul answered in a husky voice.

And indeed, he'd already had his cock out of his pants and was stroking against my trousers from the rear with it. He turned me and forced me onto my knees, and I gave him the soft and warm mouth that he sought. He wasn't unusually long, but he was unusually thick, and I struggled a bit at getting all of him inside my mouth. But I knew what a well-conditioned athlete would want, and I gave him long strokes and encompassing pressure and was rewarded by groans and moans and guttural

mutterings in his native Spanish, which I took as expressions of pleasure and approval at what I was doing to his tool.

In short order I had initiated that volatile nature he had been famous for as a baseball player, and he lifted and turned me and laid me down on the table between the beds and under the picture window and pulled my trousers off. He had his lips on the rim of my ass and one of his hands encasing and stroking my cock, as I watched the ceiling of the cabin slowly rock back and forth to the motion of the river waves lapping against the ship's hull. I held my legs out wide as he moved first one, and eventually three beefy fingers into my ass, preparing me for his assault. And then he turned me on my stomach, and I watched the New Years fireworks on the banks of the river at Cologne through my cabin window and listened to the band in the lounge above us as Raul swiftly stroked his cock in and out of my ass and fairly quickly climaxed in a warming flow inside me.

As we sat close together on one of the beds afterward and smoked his Cuban cigars, I wondered what Carey was thinking and where she was and if she was frantically worried whether I had fallen off the ship—or worse was just outside the door to the cabin about to discover Raul and me there, both half dressed, both obviously sexually satiated with each other.

But Carey hadn't been thinking about me at all. When she and Jessica had entered the suite on the deck above, Carey had sat at the dressing table, touching up her lipstick and hair as Jessica was standing behind her and admiring Carey's ripe youthful beauty in the reflection of the dressing table mirror. Half lost to the world and floating in champagne and wine, Carey had barely noticed as Jessica's hands came

around her and ran lightly over the younger woman's firm breasts through the clinging taffeta of her bodice.

Carey lean her head back into Jessica's own breasts and raised no objection when Jessica pushed the low-riding bodice off Carey's chest and cupped her pert breasts in her hands, all the while holding Carey's eyes in thrall with her own hazel orbs in the reflection of the mirror.

Carey was trembling and sighing as Jessica expertly worked her breasts, and her head turned up to Jessica's face and her lips opened to a willing kiss when Jessica's lips possessed them.

Jessica worked Carey's breasts and lips there until the younger, highly sexed woman became putty in Jessica's overwhelming beauty and expertise. Jessica pulled Carey over to the bed and sat her down on the edge, and Carey laid back and stared at the fireworks through the cabin window and sighed and moaned and groaned and listened to the band down the corridor as Jessica pulled off Carey's panties, came down on her knees between her thighs and made love to Carey's nether lips and clit with her own lips, tongue, and sensuous fingers.

When Raul and I entered the suite, still somewhat disheveled, after deciding to find out what the women were up to—with Raul obviously already having a very good idea what the women were up to—I found Jessica seated, naked, on the side of the bed, legs spread wide, with an equally naked Carey sitting in her lap, Carey's back pushed into Jessica's breasts. Jessica was encasing Carey in her arms and she had a humming vibrator in her hand and was servicing Carey's clit with it. Carey's head was thrown back on Jessica's shoulder, lost in the strands of her long, raven-black hair, and

she was giving little cries of ultimate pleasure, cries that I hadn't heard since earlier that evening when I was pumping her hard and deep with my cock.

Raul took charge as we entered the cabin, and none of the rest of us gave objection. We were all lost in the peak of passion and lust. Raul stripped down completely and bid me do the same. And then he went over to the bed, picked Carey up out of Jessica's lap, and turned her and moved her up on one side of the queen-sized bed until her head almost touched the pillows. He spread her legs and came in between them with his knees and just slid that thick cock of his—not as long as mine, but a good deal thicker—into her cunt and began stroking her hard and deep. Carey's back arched and her head shook back and forth and she was emitting guttural sounds of approval, willingness, and pleasure.

Jessica smiled at me and patted the bed on the side next to where Raul was fucking my wife, and, at his wife's bidding, I laid down on the bed next to my wife on my back. Jessica straddled my hips between her luscious thighs, took my rehardened cock in her hand and placed it at her cunt and just slid down on it. And then up and then back down, and on and on and on and ever deeper. Waves of pleasure rose over me and I groaned under her expert fucking.

I looked into my wife's dreamy eyes, swimming in sexual satisfaction and desire, and we simultaneously moved our heads toward each other and kissed deeply, as our older, more experienced new friends worked hard on top of us to consummate their well-orchestrated scheme of seduction—and engaged in some lip work of their own.

As we listened to moaning and sighing in four-part harmony backed by the dance band down the corridor and the fireworks continued outside on the banks of the old city

of Cologne, I wondered if Carey and I would ever again experience either a wedding anniversary or a New Years Eve gala as stimulating and satisfying as this one. Not likely.

Anniversary at Big Dick's

If it hadn't been for the hidden video, I probably would have remained clueless and would have lost her altogether. Aira and I had been married for nearly three years, and whereas Aira was the first woman I'd done more than a quick fuck of release with, I had no illusions about her experience. In fact, she had been dating a big black guy named Buck when I met her, and she made no attempt to hide his sexual prowess from me. I was amazed then as much as now that she agreed to marry me.

I thought our sex life was just fine—at least she managed to get me off quickly, which was helped by her big blue eyes; pendulous breasts; long, flowing white-blond hair; and that tantalizing little accent of hers. And she seemed satisfied with our lovemaking—or at least I thought so until I happened upon that homemade video she'd been keeping secret from me.

We'd had an electrical storm go through downtown Manhattan one day while we were both at work. She'd telephoned me that she had to work late, and so when I got home, I went around to all of our electronic gear to make sure the storm hadn't screwed any of them up. She'd left the DVD in the TV set in her office area. I flipped it on to make sure the TV was still working, and there she was, in living color. It was a film of her and a black guy—Buck, I assumed—having sex.

I was mad, of course, at first. My first reaction was that I was being cuckolded. Then I decided that this must have been filmed before Aira and I had started dating, and Aira had been honest with me about what she and Buck had done—in fact, she'd told me what they'd done so graphically that I blushed, as only red heads like me could do

so vividly. Then the anger turned to a sense of hurt, confusion, and frustration. If Aira was watching a DVD like this secretly, what did this tell me about how well I satisfied her in bed?

I sat down and started watching, trying to figure out what he was doing that I didn't. Aira was moaning and crying out for him and writhing under his attentions in ways she never did for me. It was disturbing, yes, but as I watched, it was also highly arousing. Not just her, but him as well. Neophyte that I was, it took me the longest time to figure out what he was doing to her. She was kneeling on all fours at the end of the bed, and he was behind her and pumping into her. It was only when I saw one of his beefy hands snake around her waist and palm itself low on her flat belly and when she lurched and cried out as a finger snaked down and entered her that I realized that he was fucking her in the ass.

I was mesmerized and didn't even realize that I'd lost my pants and was stroking myself with one hand and probing my own ass with a finger while I watched the black dude fucking my wife in the ass until I jacked off right there in front of her TV set.

I told Aira nothing about what I saw, but I went out and bought myself a big black, cock-shaped dildo, with standout veins and all. I found where she was hiding the DVD—behind laundry detergent stuff on the shelf about the washer, which, I had to admit, was a very clever place for her to hide it. And then when I knew Aira would be gone, I played the film over and over again and became quite proficient at using the black dildo on my ass while I watched the black guy service Aira's ass on the TV.

I introduced Aira to the dildo too, trying to achieve the same lust level from her by working her ass with the dildo while I fucked her. She never quite got to the same

moaning level as she had done on the DVD, although she certainly seemed to respond to the dildo in her ass better than my cock inside her cunt, even though I had nothing to be ashamed of in the size of my equipment or my staying power. I kept watching the film, and I decided that the problem wasn't with Aira; it was with me. The black dude was in such ecstasy when he was pumping Aira on the DVD that I decided this was the missing ingredient. I wasn't being aroused enough in sex to heighten Aira's arousal. I loved that dildo up my ass as much as she did.

I went out and bought a strap-on belt to go with the dildo and tried to interest Aira in putting that on and doing me during our lovemaking, but she didn't really show interest in doing that.

And then life became so tense for both of us that Aira declared she wanted to go back to Helsinki to see her family, that she was homesick for Finland. Of course I let her go. The worst thing for our relationship would be me trying to hold her here. We were just shy of our third anniversary, though, and I was wondering if it was all over for us in such a short time just because I was a twinkie redhead instead of hulking black guy.

I had to do something. I didn't want to lose Aira.

I made my plans and, fortuitously, was able to set up a short rotation to my company's London office. This enabled me to convince Aira to meet me in Copenhagen on our anniversary to mark the occasion.

"I can only fly there for a day," Aira had said. "A favorite aunt is coming down from the north especially to see me."

"That should be enough, I hope," I said. And then I rushed on. "I just think we should spend our anniversary together."

“Will you be meeting me at the airport?” Aira asked.

“It might be hard for me to know which flight you’ll be on at this late date,” I said.

“How about just meeting where we’ll start the celebration?” It sounded pretty lame to me too, but I was still excited just that she’d agreed to the trip.

“Where?”

“Do you think you can find a place called Big Dick’s on Radhusstræde near the university? Say 4 PM.?”

She wasn’t more than fifteen minutes late, which was pretty much how she scheduled her entrances anyway. And a startling entrance she made at Big Dick’s. Every head, male and female alike, snapped around to the door when she appeared there, all white-blond beauty with those long, long legs and those big breasts. She was wearing a sun dress with straps holding up the halter top and a hemline above the knees and miles above the floor. She was as stunning as the first day I’d seen her, and my heart nearly burst with longing and the pride that she was mine—if I could keep her.

I was sitting at the long bar, at one end, on the side away from the small band that was playing, in the shadows. Big Dick was behind the bar, along with two other bartenders, and it was a slow enough afternoon that he’d taken time to talk with me at length. He left no doubt that he found me attractive. I’d known about his story. Richard Featherstone, or Big Dick as he had been known by, had been a fullback for the New York Giants football team ten years earlier. He was a bulky, strapping black guy with the looks that attracted lucrative endorsements but the appetites that contributed to his downfall. He’d been caught up in an athlete doping scandal—and had the musculature to support the charge he was on enhancement drugs. Before it got to the indictment

stage, however, he'd quit football, left the country, and opened up this bar in the red light district of Copenhagen, Denmark.

I had warned him about Aira, but I could see from the look in his eyes and the drool on his chin when she'd shown up at the door that I hadn't done her full justice in the description. Aira saw me and sauntered over and sat back on the bar stool next to me.

For the next half hour, Big Dick lost all interest in the rest of his clientele and stood there at the other side of the bar, chatting up both Aira and me. Happily, what I'd heard about him when I'd asked around back in New York panned out—he was paying as much attention to me as he was to Aira. But that was a lot of attention. He was turning from one to the other, running his fingers up and down our forearms, and talking up a storm to both of us, capturing our attention with meaningful dark looks with his eyes. It wasn't long until he told the other bartenders to take over and he came around the bar, lifted Aira off her seat, sat down himself, and then brought Aira's rear back into his lap.

I was watching Aira's eyes, and they lit up, as I thought they might, when her ass came in contact with Big Dick's basket. Big Dick must have caught my gaze, because he took a big mitt of his and reached out and placed it on the back of my head and brought my face to his and gave me a lip-lock kiss that started off in a question and ended up with hungry possession.

Aira's eyes were as big as saucers when I came up for air and centered myself back over my stool, but they went all glassy when Big Dick then turned her face to his and gave her a kiss of equal intensity. Sometime during that long kiss, one of his hands

cupped one of her breasts and the other hiked up the hem of her sun dress and went between her legs. I caught a glance of silky white-blond hair and realized that Aira wasn't wearing any panties. But I only got a brief look because beefy brown fingers were settling in on that region.

Aira squirmed under the onslaught, but I wouldn't exactly say she was fighting it. Big Dick's hand came off Aira's breast and moved to between the stools, found my thigh, and then slid up. He was tracing my cock through my straining trousers, testing to see if I was aroused. And finding that I was—very.

When Big Dick and Aira's kiss was completed, Big Dick said in a husky, low-pitched voice, "I have a very nice room in back. Very private. Would you two like to see it?"

Aira was eyeing me, waiting for me to object and take us out of this bar. Assuming that this was too much for me to bear.

"Sure, why not?" I said. "OK with you, honey?" This was the moment, the most dangerous moment of all. What would Aira do? There had been almost no preliminary maneuvering. Big Dick had gone almost immediately to the big question.

Aira's hand went to the where Big Dick was palming her belly and making his middle finger disappear, and she held her hand there, making no move to make his finger withdraw.

"Yes," she said in a faraway voice. The look of her eyes, still intently focused on mine, took on a look of awe, a questioning, a not quite being able to grasp how we had come to this point look. But she obviously couldn't resist the feel of that finger inside her and that basket pressed into her rear end.

Inside the back room, which featured a large bed, a few chairs, a big ottoman, and mirrored walls, it took no more than a tug of her sun dress over Aira's head to make her naked. It took Big Dick and me a few more moments to strip down. But then we were all revealed. The beautiful, long-legged, big-breasted, white-blonde Finn who was my wife, The muscular black stud, and the red-haired, slender, twinkly, fully aroused me.

Big Dick guided Aira to the bed and had her sit down on the edge. Then he brought out a bottle of lubricant, handed it to me, and said. "Get her ready. Both entrances."

The start was no more elaborate than that. I knelt in front of Aira, pushed her onto her back with the palm of my hand, tilted her pelvis up, and spread her legs. Between the lubricant and my tongue, I opened and wettened her cunt and asshole while she sighed and flicked her nipples with her fingernails. Big Dick spent some time kneeling at Aira's head, making her work her tongue and mouth on his cock until it achieved admirable proportions. Then he left the bed, knelt behind me, pulled me up to a crouching position, and was wettening and opening my asshole up as well with lubricant and his tongue. I was doing as much sighing then as Aira was.

"OK, good enough," Big Dick said at length. "You go sit over on that ottoman and watch for a while. There's a dildo over there. I suggest you use it. You'll want to be opened wide when I get around to you."

I did as he told me. This was all new and fascinating and just a little scary for me. I found the dildo and hunched back on the ottoman, lost in the scene of this big black dude fucking my wife, just as I had been regularly lost in watching the DVD of Buck

doing the same. I lubed up the big black dildo I'd found and put it to work on my hole as my other hand stroked my meat.

Big Dick, after rolling on a condom, crouched between Aira's open, long, slender legs, sank his cock slowly into her cunt and fucked her slowly for a couple of minutes until his cock was all aslather with her flowing mixed with the lubricant. Aira was moaning softly and lifting her hips to meet each of his thrusts down into her.

This didn't go on very long, though. Big Dick pulled out of her and stood up, bringing Aira up off the bed with him. He then turned and sat on the bed and slowly brought her back down into his lap, her back against his chest.

I watched Aira's eyes go wild and then dreamy as he slowly pulled her down into his lap, and her lubricated anal canal onto his rock-hard cock. He snaked one arm firmly around her waist, palm on belly, and two fingers on her G-spot, and found her pendulous breasts with his other hand. His lips went to the hollow of Aira's neck and they started a rhythm of fucking that went from slow and languid to fast and furious. Aira was moaning and crying out in passion as she never did in our lovemaking.

"Now," Big Dick cried out. "Come over and fuck her now."

I rose up off the ottoman and crouched between her legs and thrust my cock deep inside her cunt and began fucking her in deep, passionate thrusts. We were all quite vocal now, crying out in lust and ecstasy and panting and moaning and breathing heavily.

Big Dick lifted Aira and me up enough that he could get out from underneath Aira and then he came around behind me and lifted my hips in his beefy hands. I cried out in pain and surprise as he entered me. This was a different feel than the dildo, but I was

very lucky that I had used it first. Big Dick was bigger than the dildo, and his action was rougher and more relentless than I had been doing to myself with the dildo. Him sliding back and forth inside me, his cock throbbing, wasn't anything like the controlled movement of a plastic phallus. He'd hold for the longest time as expectation rose, and then there would be a long, filling thrust that took my breath away and made my eyes water. I felt completely in his control and completely possessed.

My cries and moans reached a whole new level of passion. This surprised and further aroused Aira, and she, in turn, turned up her counteraction to my cocking several notches. She exploded in a lurching orgasm underneath me.

"Go back to the ottoman now," Big Dick whispered in my ear in a hoarse breath as he pulled out of me. "I'll give her another lift and then I'll get her to do what you need."

I pulled out of Aira and went back to the ottoman and sat down there as Big Dick turned her on the bed and brought her up on all fours, ass facing the edge. He buried his cock inside her ass again and reached around her with both hands, one going to her swinging breasts and the other to where he could thrust fingers into her vagina. And he fucked her anally in long, forceful strokes—just like Buck in that DVD did—until her knees turned to jelly, her moans turned to screams of passion, and she melted in yet another long, lingering orgasm.

Big Dick lowered his chest onto Aira's back then without withdrawing his cock. He held her body up to his, hovering over the bed, like a rag doll. She was clearly spent and fully satisfied. He kissed her on the neck and cheek and whispered in her ear. She was murmuring back to him.

He let her fall gently on the bed. She turned over and watched as he came back to me.

“On your knees, your chest on the ottoman, butt up, legs together,” he said. Big Dick didn’t seem to waste any words. I did as he instructed and turned my head and watched as Big Dick brought out a strap-on device, inserted the big, black dildo in it, and, motioning Aira off the bed, showed her how to strap it on herself.

Within minutes, her hands on my hips, her nipples rubbing against my shoulder blades, and her fine, white-blond hair whipping across my shoulders, my wife was fucking me vigorously and deeply to ever-higher decibel levels of passion and lust with that black dildo strapped to her. Some of the vocalizing was hers, though, and it was obvious that my heightened passion was heightening hers as well.

When I couldn’t take it anymore, I rose up, took her up in my arms and dumped her on the bed and began furiously fucking her, alternating between her cunt and her ass until she exploded in a third orgasm that met my own ejaculation and flow. Big Dick was long gone now, having left after showing Aira what to do with the strap-on.

Laying there, panting, breath heaving, and our hips still writhing against each other to eke out the last possible stimulation of our shared flow, I whispered, “Happy anniversary, honey,” in Aira’s ear.

“That was amazing,” she whispered back in a guttural voice. “How could this be happening?”

“I arranged it all, Aira,” I said. “I thought we needed—and deserved—saving. I asked around in New York and found that Big Dick offered what we both needed.”

“If only . . . ,” she began and then stopped.

“If only what, honey?”

“If only it could last,” she said. “But, I’m sorry . . . I . . .”

“Hush, hush,” I whispered, feeling myself come to life again and slowly starting to stroke deeply inside her once more. “That’s the beauty of it. It can continue.”

“I don’t understand. Ohhh, yes, like that again. Ahhhhh.”

“I tracked down Buck back in New York. He’s more than willing to threesome. We have a standing date starting from whenever you return from Finland.”

“Oh gawd, yes. Tomorrow!” she cried out, as I moved the dildo back in place and started slowly screwing it in to the rhythm of her panting and thrusting back into it.

Pleasing Marian

I lay as still as I could on my back, my face turned to the balcony door, staring out onto the expanse of foamy sea with just a hint of desert shore beyond. I was controlling myself to the best of my ability, as I was to be the closer. And I had to remain hard until then. Marian was astride me. She liked to drive early on—until I couldn't take it anymore—and then she wanted to be driven hard.

I strove to keep my pelvis steady, in check, as, palms pushing down on my chest just under my pecs, fingers wrapped around to my side, Marian leveraged her torso, with swinging breasts, to move her cunt in a circular motion on my erect dick, rubbing my thick silver cock ring as it pleased her along her channel walls. Her long, auburn hair tickled my chest and belly as she leaned her head down and coaxed the attention of my eyes to hers.

My eyes flicked away from hers momentarily, having caught in their periphery the big black hands come around her side and spread across her pendulous breasts, fingers and thumbs closing over her taut nipples. But my attention returned quickly to Marian's eyes. I wanted to see the expression on her face at the point of penetration. And I wasn't disappointed. Flames flared up in her eyes, and she arched her back up and away from me and threw her head back and emitted a groan rolling up deeply from inside her as Jomo slowly drove his cock up into her ass from behind. Her hands went up to scrabble at his hands covering her breasts, fingers working her nipples hard. She moaned in the way that always told me she was intensely enjoying the experience.

Marian had been leery about taking this cruise from Dubai to Mumbai, assuming it was be a dull seven days of turbulent sea and dead coastline, but I had known of the possibilities of entertainment on this particular cruise line—I sometimes thought that's why Marian hadn't discarded me yet as she had always so easily done with other young men she had bought to escort and fuck her. I knew how to discover the more exotic possibilities, and, with me, Marian had moved out of the zone of being fucked by a single man twenty years her junior with a big cock as being satisfying enough. I had introduced her to the world of threesomes and ass fucking. And now she couldn't get enough of it.

Jomo was driving now. I continued to lay still and prone—for now—as he drove Marian from the rear, the slow thrusting of his cock in her ass moving her cunt on my upthrust dick. I looked back toward the balcony at the waves passing by. And in the effort to hold myself in check, I concentrated on the neatly folded and stacked room attendant uniform placed precisely on the ottoman in front of the suite's sofa. Jomo was neat and precise in everything he did, which was a little surprising, because he was such a large, muscular young man. I wondered idly as I concentrated on holding my cock steady and hard inside Marian's undulating cunt how often Jomo provided this extra room service for the cruise passengers.

It had been a surprise to find such a massive man working in the somewhat confined spaces of a cruise ship, but even the first glimpse of Jomo in action had shown how graceful and limber he was. He had said he was from Ethiopia and had given us an open, all white-teeth against dark chocolate skin smile when greeting us at our stateroom door. I could tell at once that Marian was smitten with him and wanted him.

“Your stateroom is all prepared for you and your luggage is within, Mr. and Mrs. Wilston,” Jomo had said through that brilliant smile. “I will not bother you again. Just leave this tab in your key slit when you are not in the room, and I will service the room when you are not here. Any laundry you need done you may leave in the plastic bag, and I will have it back to you within four hours.”

“Ah but I don’t mind seeing you,” Marian had said, flashing a look at me that I didn’t fail to interpret. “You may come in the room any time you need to—or wish too,” she concluded.

“Yes,” I said to him, flashing that stateroom key card in the special maroon color that I had paid quite a bit extra for—well, that Marian had paid quite a bit extra for. Jomo’s eyes went large when he saw the color of the card, and, if anything, his smile broadened.

“I believe we would like to be serviced at four this afternoon—the ship sails at two, doesn’t it? Does that suit you, Marian?”

“Yes, it most certainly does,” Marian had replied. Her tongue was rimming her lips and eyes had moved on from Jomo’s bulging biceps and chest muscles and were scrutinizing something below his belt.

“Yes, yes, of course, Mr. Wilston. It will be my pleasure.” His hand closed over the fifty-dollar bill I placed in his palm, and his long, thick fingers interlaced with mine for a moment. I must admit I felt a chill of pleasure run up my spine in anticipation that I would enjoy Jomo as much as Marian would.

Jomo was driving hard now in long, deep strokes, and Marian was moaning and groaning loudly. I felt Marian being lifted up and away from me, and I dug my elbows

into the bed, grabbed Marian's buttocks in my palms to keep myself embedded in her cunt, and scooted toward the foot of the bed as Marian was being dragged away. My unusual length permitted me to maintain position inside her and we moved. We were standing now—or at least Jomo and I were—at the foot of the bed. Marian was sandwiched between us, suspended in air, her legs folded above my hips.

Jomo lurched and Marian jerked and cried out as he ejaculated inside her. And then he sat down in the desk chair that had been turned toward the foot of the bed, with Marian's ass still impaled on his dick, and it was time for me to take over the driving. Crouching in front of the sitting figures, I began to pump Marian's cunt hard, and she resumed her moaning and groaning of ecstasy. Jomo was smiling broadly at me over her shoulder. His hands left her beleaguered nipples and reached out for mine and started playing mine with thick thumbs and fingers as he had done Marian's. I leaned my chin on Marian's shoulder. Jomo turned his face to mine, and we kissed deeply as I fucked Marian hard. He opened his mouth wide and sucked my tongue in and held it captive as I continued to work Marian. It was Jomo's turn to feel the channel move around on his embedded cock as I made Marian's pelvis undulate with my slow, rhythmic thrusts as I moved to my release.

Marian was mewling dreamily to herself as I pulled out of her and lifted her off Jomo's thick black cock, rising now again from the rest it had gotten while I took over the fuck. I turned and laid her on the bed. I could tell from the expression on her face that she was well satisfied.

When I looked back at Jomo, he had stripped off the spent condom and was rolling on another one. I turned Marian on her back and spread her legs, ready for Jomo to cunt fuck her now as I had been doing and for me to take Jomo from behind.

But Jomo had another idea altogether—one that I had rarely done, but, in seeing the size of his cock and his magnificent musculature, one that I found sorely tempting. At the same time, however, it scared me. He was just so big.

We wrestled for control for a few brief moments and I broke away, and headed for the balcony. I had barely gotten the door to the balcony open, when he took me in a bear hug from behind. We stumbled out into the salty air and over to the railing, where I was bent over to where I watched the waves lap against the side of the ship four decks down while Jomo first ass fucked me deeply with his tongue and then more deeply and at much greater stretch with that big black dick of his.

Filling me, a big black mitt at the back of my neck, pushing my head down over the railing. Another one still at a nipple, teasing and pinching. And that mighty black cock of his churning inside me. Through our spread legs I could see Marian stretched out on the bed, a hand to her crotch, laying there and watching us. Marian liked to watch me fuck men—so I guess it was a little added thrill to watch a big black stud fuck me over the rail of the cruise ship. It was all about pleasing Marian. I could get pleasure as sort of a by-product, but it, first, was all about pleasing Marian.

And as much as she had enjoyed this afternoon, this cruise—and its special entertainment for anyone holding a maroon room key card—we had already finished what we had come to the Near East for—or at least that was what Marian thought,

which was why she hadn't been all that enthusiastic about taking this cruise; she thought she'd been taken to the highest plateau in Dubai.

Marian had thought she was quite a swinger and had already been through a long list of young men with big cocks before she met me. We'd met in LA—up in Beverley Hills—a key party at some heiress's swank West Coast home. Marian had been among a bevy of rich, currently unattached women, who were looking for their next young hunk of a joy stick. I'd been in LA for a photo shoot for an A&F men's clothing spread and the model agency had been asked to supply a bunch of guys for the key party. I hadn't had anything better to do that day and didn't mind earning \$500 for an afternoon of fucking lonely rich women. The party started with nude bathing in the pool. All the guys had been given keys to various bedrooms in the villa that sprawled around the pool, and Marian had walked around with a basket collecting them. She and her friends then dipped into the basket and went off to the rooms with whatever well-hung prize had been assigned that color key.

Marian drew me, although she admitted to me later that she had palmed my key while collecting them, so it wasn't really chance that we first met.

I pride myself in being able to gauge women—men are a little harder for me to read—and I was right about Marian. I sensed that she wanted to control, at least at first, but that she also was looking for something different—for something more than she had been getting. I recognized her from the papers and knew that she was one of the richest women in the world. It helped that she was also beautiful—and well preserved for a woman in her late forties—but primarily I was tired of scraping out a living from

modeling and knew I only had a few more good years of that. So I had an incentive to please Marian.

She was delighted that I was content to lay on my back on the bed and let her drive initially—and then she was both surprised and pleased that I was able to sit up and get my knees under her butt and push her back, all without disengaging my cock, and piston her through an orgasm. Then she gasped and signaled reluctance but eventually surprised ecstasy when I turned her on her stomach and, after getting her thighs between my knees, pulled her butt cheeks apart with the palm of my hands and slowly entered her ass, first with my tongue and then, ever so slowly, with my cock ring-crowned dick.

Marian had never been ass fucked before—probably no man had dared think of even trying that with her before. But I had watched her closely all afternoon, and I decided—correctly, as it proved—that she really wanted to push the edges.

I was gentle with her that first time. After I'd worked my whole way in, I raised us both and sat back on my heels. She was arched back against my chest. I worked the fingers on one hand into her cunt and found her clit while the fingers on the other hand were working her tits. She writhed against me, in increasing waves of ecstasy, while I brought her to two orgasms before filling the bulb of my condom.

After dinner and drinks by the pool—still in the nude—the key basket went around again.

I watched Marian scramble around in the basket—in disappointment—and my hopes were confirmed when she gave me a quizzical, half-amused look when I lifted my key and dangled it in the air. I had kept it hoping there would be another session. Now

that I knew she had wanted me to fuck her again, I put a quickly devised scheme in motion.

I walked over to her. "Is this what you were looking for?" I asked.

"Yes," she said almost breathless. But when she reached out to take it, I closed my fist over the key.

"Why just one? I think you want more. Take another key as well. I suggest the green one."

I would see and hear the effect of Marian's intake of breath. She was trembling. This was the dangerous edge of my plan. I couldn't be sure how she would react. It would have been better if I could have prepared her more slowly for the possibility. But she didn't give me an indignant "no" and walk away. She stood there, trembling and considering how to react. At length, though, her hand closed over the green key.

"Room 16," she muttered.

"Yes, I know. He's over there. The Hispanic hunk. I'm sure he'll please you. I've already told him what you like."

"You know what I like? After only one time?" she said. She was smiling, but in a challenging way.

"Yes, probably better than you do. I will always know better than you what you like." There, I had planted the seed.

I sat in a lounge chair near the bed and watched Marian ride the Hispanic hunk's dick for a while. I'd told him beforehand she'd want to drive at first. I'd also told him what came later and he didn't voice any objection.

When she got that dreamy look about her that presaged an orgasm, I rose and came around in back of her and pushed her forward onto the Hispanic's chest. I was still working my cock into her ass when she spasmed into an orgasm that sent her into groaning writhing that helped bury my dick to the hilt. After the Hispanic had ejaculated and Marian experienced a second orgasm as I slowly pumped her ass, I gently laid her over to the side on the bed and let her watch as I worked my knees under the Hispanic's buttocks and spread his legs and fucked the Hispanic to my own release.

It was all new to Marian. She found it quite pleasing, and she was even more pleased when I told her it could be even more tense than that.

We were married within two weeks—and I came out real well in the prenuptial. We'd fucked before the preup meeting, but I hadn't finished her, saying we could continue if I was still there after the session with the lawyers. The session went well—with Marian conceding to whatever I suggested—and she loved the dildo work in her ass while I cunt fucked her.

Soon I didn't have to do all of the planning and "what iffing." The basic concept of the trip to Dubai was Marian's idea. She told me of a fantasy she'd long had but supposed it would never happen. I used my connections and made it happen.

In a back alley in Dubai, we found a discrete club named The Hareem. There, while I watched—Marian got an added thrill when I watched—Marian dance in diaphanous veils for a group of six hand-picked Turkish men and then was ravished by them. Even I had never before seen two men sharing a woman's cunt while a third adroitly took her in the ass. I would not have thought it physically possible if I hadn't seen it being done.

After that, Marian had assumed there was nothing else in the Near East to enjoy. But it was clear that she did enjoy Jomo, our monstrously hung Ethiopian cabin attendant. In fact, for the four first days of our cruise, she enjoyed him so much and so often that I'm sure the cruise ship had to assign another attendant to our line of cabins to do the job Jomo was paid by the cruise ship to do. Jomo had a nice thick black rubber dildo in his cart, and he was able to satisfy Marian in both ports at once.

I became a little reluctant to become involved in what Marian and Jomo had going, because as much as I had enjoyed—on the whole—Jomo's dicking on the balcony of our suite, it had left me quite sore. I wasn't accustomed to being a bottom and certainly not for a top as big as Jomo. An Indian waiter at our dinner table seating had much more appeal for me. He was small of stature but very well proportioned. Light-chocolate skin and silky black hair. His eyes were dark and doelike—all innocence and welcome when they gazed at you—and his eyelashes long, like they were mascared. His eyebrows had gone up in an arch when I had produced my maroon key card at the first evening's meal to sign for the wine. He was extremely solicitous to me—almost unctuous, I might say—from that moment forward.

I knew he wanted to be fucked.

I also saw, however, that he was sniffing up a little nose-in-the air tart who was serving a nearby table. She seemed smitten with me, but she didn't appear to want to give Lal, our server, the time of day.

The fifth day out, I decided not only to fuck Lal but to give him a present too. But being there to please Marian, my plans had to be a bit elaborate. There were two Australian brutes seated at our table. The Australian national rugby team had been on a

tour of the Middle East and were sailing toward home, taking their time of it as a reward for having bloodied every opponent team from Cairo to Riyadh. The two at our table were not very pretty, having had their faces rearranged regularly, but they were all muscle and height and bulk. Marian melted to them and purred in their presence.

I took one of them aside the fourth night and asked. “Fancy my wife, do you and your friend?” I asked.

“No worries, Mate,” he said. “She’s a right nice Sheila, but we’re just talkin’; we’re not trying to make her.”

“No worries here, either,” I said with a smile meant to be disarming. “She fancies you two, and she’s used to getting what she fancies. Would you like to take her to your cabin tomorrow for a private scrum?”

“Pardon me?” he asked in disbelief.

“Would you like to fuck my wife? She likes to double. She’d go with you two in a flash?”

My wife left dinner with the two Aussie ruggers the next evening with an expression of sheer delight on her face. I more than slightly regretted that I wasn’t going with them.

The tart serving the next set of tables over had been broadening her territory for the last couple of nights, coming by and asking if there was anything else she could get me. I made sure that my maroon key card was out on the table so she had no question about the services to which I was entitled on this cruise—but yet she still came nosing around. Lal didn’t mind at all that she was hustling in on his territory. He was heartsick

over her and was just happy she was coming near even if she wasn't even acknowledging his existence.

That evening, as my wife was being escorted away for the rugby match of her life, the tart drifted my way.

"Will there be anything else tonight, Mr. Wilston?"

"Yes," I growled in a low, husky voice full of lust, which if I geared it correctly, made her start to flow in anticipation. "A bottle of Shiraz in my cabin in twenty minutes—and a box of condoms. You needn't wear panties."

She was swinging her tail and looking quite pleased with herself as she moved away from the table to fill my order.

I told Lal separately to come to my cabin in forty minutes—that I would leave the cabin door unlatched—and to enter quietly. That he would enjoy the rest of the evening, I thought.

Lal did enter quietly and stood in the shadows of the entry way. The tart was on her knees at the foot of the bed, her back to the door and her mouth sucking my cock. When Lal arrived, I made her crown my cock with a condom, and then I pressed her belly down on the bed and started fucking her doggie style. She seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. I motioned for Lal to strip and roll a condom on and then waved him over to the foot of the bed, and we barely missed a stroke as I pulled out of the tart and he stepped in and thrust inside her. She grunted and flopped around a bit in indignation that Lal was now fucking her. But I lifted my leg and straddled her buttocks in front of Lal, and soon she had something else to think about as I was working my cock into her

ass. Lal, his chest rubbing against my shoulder blades and my butt cheeks pressed into his groin, sighed and moaned in my ear.

I don't think the snotty little tart had ever been doubled before, but I don't think she'd ever again be so uppity with people after Lal and I had done her together.

I only worked her until she was completely subdued and the fight had gone out of her, and then I lifted my leg over her again and came in behind Lal and slowly worked my cock up into him as he groaned and grunted in trying hard to accommodate me. We all then just banged away to exhaustion and full satisfaction. The tart no longer was fighting the fucking Lal was giving her. The next evening, the tart was a whole hell of a lot nicer to Lal, so I imagine they hit it off quite well after that. I was glad to have been of service.

And I was also glad that Jomo had been of such good service to Marian. On our last night aboard, I invited him in and sat and watched as he pushed Marian down on her back at the foot of the bed and spread her legs around his hips and gave her a proper, multiple-orgasm fucking. It was my last chance at him, so when he was fully engaged, I crouched behind him and fucked him as hard as he had done for me on the balcony several days earlier. I don't know if he appreciated it—and I don't care. He took it with nothing more than grunts and moans.

Lying in bed that night, Marian spooned into my body, my dick deep inside her but tumescent in postcoital repose, I whispered in her ear. "You never told me how you got on with the Aussie ruggers."

In response, she moaned and I felt her fingers go to the base of my cock at her cunt entrance. But it was a satisfied moan. Her finger was rubbing the vein running

down into my penis from the base and I felt myself rising again. Marian obviously wanted another fucking tonight—and to please Marian I knew I would have to build up the strength to comply.

“Any trouble handling two of them?” I murmured in her ear.

“I managed,” she whispered back. She was squeezing her channel close to my cock and then releasing and squeezing again—and I was responding.

“Good. Because I’ve made an appointment for you with six of the buggers at once when we’ve reached Mumbai.”

She shuddered, but I knew that she was pleased. Good. That’s what I was here for.

The Golden Triangle

(Extracted from novelized memoir *Flying High*)

I hadn't been at my new—and first—embassy posting for more than three days when the Vientiane chief of station called me into his office to give me an important assignment.

"Yes, I can see how important the assignment is, Luther," I said to the Agency's head spy in Laos, "But why me? I mean I didn't finish training at the Farm until three weeks ago, and I'm barely on the ground here and you're already giving me a make-or-break assignment."

"Look around, Win," Luther said in a slow drawl, as the paddle fan flapped overhead trying to coax out a breeze in the humid afternoon. "Do you see a whole lot of American agents just sitting around here waiting for an assignment? Besides, you fit the bill precisely for what we need."

I didn't know exactly what Luther meant by that comment. The Agency wanted to infiltrate a team into China's Yunnan Province, and Vientiane station was assigned the job of negotiating with the Kwei Lin, the Mien tribe warlord of the Miang Sing area of Laos bordering on China and Myanmar for passage through his region and to provide guides across the Chinese border. The Agency was prepared to overlook Kwei Lin's opium operations through Thailand, since there wasn't a whole heck of a lot that the United States or anyone else could do to stem the flow of heroin from the Golden Triangle anyway, in exchange for Kwei Lin's help. But why, I wondered, did I fit the bill for the assignment—other than being the only one available, I concluded.

“We have a sweetener for Kwei Lin,” Luther was telling me in explanation. “He has a weakness for Fahrang—that means Westerners here—blondes, and we’re sending a bit of honey with you for him to gaze at during the negotiations and then to have overnight as a reward for giving us favorable terms. Her name’s Gail, which is all even you need to know about her. And you are a big, young, strapping dude, so I figure you can get her up north in good condition for Kwei.”

I met Gail for the first time on the tarmac before boarding the small plane that would take us up to Chiang Rai, Thailand, where we’d pick up a Mien escort back across the Mekong River and into northwest Laos to meet with Kwei Lin at Miang Sing. Gail was a gorgeous Nordic blonde with melon breasts straining at the fabric of her cotton jungle shirt, which was unbuttoned down to where she was showing a cavern of cleavage that made my groin boil.

We were sitting knees to knees, facing each other, on the two-hour flight in the small plane, and I spent the whole time slowly insinuating my knees between hers and planning how I was going to get my hands on that mound of flesh between her cotton-pants-clad thighs. All the time she was teasing me, acting like she didn’t even know I was there, but I could tell that she was interested as well, because of the looks she gave me when she didn’t think I was noticing and the hardness of her nipples against her flimsy cotton shirt.

I had my hands on her knees and was working my way toward paradise, when Gail covered my hands with hers.

“I don’t think that’s really a good idea, Win,” she said. “You are here to protect me from this. Maybe afterward . . . and maybe not,” she added to tantalize me.

“I think you want this as much as I do,” I said in a lust-clogged husky voice.

“Be that as it may,” she answered primly. “We have an important job to do here. Or am I the only one here willing to make such a sacrifice for the Agency?”

I couldn’t argue with that.

We landed in Chiang Rai near twilight and were hustled off immediately to a dinner in an open-air fish restaurant alongside a water lily-clogged khlong waterway. Gail looked ravishing in the light from the torches reflecting in the water, and I wanted to rip her clothes off and fuck her right there. She allowed me to run my fingers up and down the soft, blonde down on her forearms, but when one of my hands went to her knee under the table, she laughed and slapped at it.

She rose and went to the ladies’ room in a separate hut back in the shadows of the restaurant. I followed her and when she came out of the ladies’ room, I pulled her around the corner of the hut on a wooden porch suspended over the khlong and pushed her up against the hut wall with my body. She started to object, but I covered her mouth in a brutal kiss that took her breath away. I cupped one of her breasts with a hand and got a hard nipple between two fingers. And I went straight for her mound with my other hand. It was warm, and I could feel that it was moist through the cotton pants.

Gail returned the passion of my kiss briefly, her body trembling under my searching hands. But she abruptly stiffened and pushed me away from her and hurried back through the dimly lit restaurant to our table. When I returned, she was telling our escort that she was ready to go to the hotel and wanted to get a full night’s sleep before our trip north through the jungle the next day.

I got the cold shoulder all the way to the Suanthip Vana, an exclusive resort with individual guest houses on the outskirts of the city, where we had been booked for the night. Upon arrival at the hotel, Gail and I were whisked off in different directions, our escort having sensed the tension between us and, not knowing what it might be based in, feeling it best to keep us apart. The wrath of the Vientiane station chief was no doubt something our escort didn't want to risk.

I was still very much hot and bothered, and very hard from the brief encounter with Gail at the restaurant, when I was shown into my guest quarters. A massive four poster bed occupied the center of a room that was sensuously decorated in orangish-red Thai silks, and it didn't cool me off to consider what I'd like to be doing with Gail in that bed just now.

Two Thai attendants, one female and one male, both looking very presentable and decked out in matching Thai silk sarongs, were standing at attention by separate posters at the foot of the bed. As I entered the room, the male attendant helped me off with my coat, as the female attendant quizzed me in silky, demur tones whether either of them could do anything to make my stay any more enjoyable or restful. Anything at all she kept saying with a sweet smile on her lips. If I hadn't been so worked up over Gail, I probably wouldn't have been so bold, but in the heat of the moment, I reached over and undid the sash holding up the young woman's sarong, and it fell down around her sandals.

She was no voluptuous Gail, but she was exquisite. Her golden skin shimmered in the soft lighting of the room, and her long, black hair hung down straight to her waist. She was small and thin, with pert little breasts, and was perfectly formed.

The male attendant drew a bath while the woman slowly undressed me.

“Do you do this for all of your guests?” I asked.

“If they want,” she answered. But then she went on. “But we offer special treatment to yellow hairs like you. Yellow hair is considered very lucky here in Thailand.”

Moments later I was luxuriating in a large tub of warm water. I was laying back against the curve of the tub’s side, with my eyes closed. The male attendant was behind me, massaging my shoulders, neck, and temples and helping to ease all of the pent-up tension over Gail from my body, while the female attendant was more than doing her part toward this end. She was in the tub with me, naked, and was straddling my hips with her legs. At first she glided over my skin with a soapy sponge and perfumed water with one hand, as she slowly worked my cock with the other one, stroking me and making me large. I sighed as she then placed the head of my engorged cock at the opening to her cunt. She used my cock to tease out her clit from its folds and rubbed it against her clit until we were both trembling. Then, as the male attendant’s massaging of my shoulders and neck muscles worked deeper, the female attendant descended her hips onto my cock and pulled me ever deeper into her and started to slowly pump me with her pelvis.

Before I climaxed, they had me out of the tub, dried off in intimate pattings with deep-pile cotton towels and had me face down on the four-poster bed. The female attendant was crouched above my head and was deeply massaging my back muscles down to my waist, and the male attendant was crouched below me and massaging my legs and my butt cheeks.

I felt that I was drifting off toward sleep, when they rolled me over and the female attendant moved her body over mine, her bottom and vagina to my flicking tongue, and her tongue and soft mouth to my cock. Her luxurious, straight black hair was swishing across my chest, belly, and sides, and I reached up and played with the large, hard nipples of her pert little breasts. I tensed as I sensed that there was more than one mouth and one pair of hands working on my cock and balls and stroking my inner thighs, but the female attendant pulled away long enough to tell me that servicing a yellow hair was a high honor for Thai men as well, and that I would be doing both of them a good turn by allowing them both to make love to me.

It was as if I was drugged with lust and a languidness from the bath, massaging, and other attentions and transported to a world of Mai Pen Rai, that convenient Thai world of “never mind” and “taking pleasure openly and guiltlessly where it could be found.” The female attendant came up on her knees over my head, giving me easy access to her clit and her sweet, perfumed cunt with my lips and tongue, while I felt that male attendant lower his hips onto mine, facing her. I sensed that they were embracing and kissing above my chest, as his asshole slowly descended on my still-hard cock. I could feel him trembling with pleasure as my cock made its long journey up his ass canal. And when I was in to the hilt, he slowly started to pump me in short and then longer strokes, until I came deep inside him.

They doused the lights then and were entwined with me in the bed, me facing the female attendant, and the male attendant encasing me from behind, his half-hard cock rubbing against the small of my back. I dozed then until I was brought back to a level of sexual arousal by four hands gliding across the curves and crevices of my body. I rolled

over on top of the female attendant and rubbed and explored her cunt and clit with the fingers of one of my hands until her juices were flowing and she was writhing under me. I fucked her then, hard and fast and deep, while the male attendant crouched behind me and massaged my butt cheeks and thighs.

I fell wearily back into the double embrace of my attendants and went into a deep sleep. When I awoke later, shortly before dawn, to the sound of a brief torrent of rain pelting the thatched roof of the guesthouse, I was alone. I drifted off to sleep again and awoke to the smell of strong coffee coming from a breakfast tray set out on a coffee table in front of a small sofa and perfumed smells from the bathroom. A bath had been drawn for me, and the water was still warm. When I returned to the room, my clothes had been laid out on a made bed. But my attendants from the night before, or their replacements, were nowhere to be seen.

* * * *

Gail was still acting decidedly cool toward me as we started out north in the morning in a couple of jeeps. She made sure we were in separate vehicles. She'd dolled herself up for the encounter with Kwei Lin in a three-quarter-length cotton skirt and matching halter top in a sky blue that set off her blonde complexion to perfection. But I had no delusions that she'd be looking nearly this fresh when we reached Kwei Lin's mountain stronghold at Miang Sing.

We crossed the Mekong into Laos, near the Myanmar border at Mae Sai, and it was here that I learned both just how well Gail had prepared for Kwei Lin and that she

wasn't nearly as cool toward me as she wanted me to think. The Mekong was in full flow, and our primitive wooden barge nearly capsized. We were drenched with brown water, and Gail clutched at me in fear as we were nearly swept away. I held on to her for dear life, not being all that brave or assured myself, and the cotton of her skirt and halter top went transparent, revealing that she was wearing nothing under them.

While our escort and the boatmen fought the river for control of the barge, I was getting a very good feel of both a very nice set of tits and of Gail's pussy through the thin, wet material. She wasn't fighting me either. Our mouths latched in a searching kiss, but we abandoned that almost immediately and tried to put some distance between ourselves when the boat started to win over the current and our escorts were able to parcel out their attention to more than just keeping us alive.

We rode in the back of an ancient truck from the border up into the mountain jungle of northwestern Laos. As we were jostled back and forth, we dried off slowly in the humid air. Gail and I purposely sat across from each other in the truck bed, drinking each other in with our eyes for the remainder of the trip. At one point, the two tribesmen who were assuring us a safe escort into the Mien warlord's fiefdom were jabbering and pointing to Gail and me in an animated fashion. When I asked our interpreter what they were saying, he reiterated what I had heard the night before about yellow-haired Fahrangs being good luck and how rare it was to see two more yellow hairs together in this region—that Gail and I could be taken as twins. I meant to ask the interpreter what they meant by “more yellow hairs” in this remote area, but I figured that out soon enough myself, because, just then, the mountainside redoubt of the Mien warlord's lair came into sight.

The stronghold was well concealed, especially from the air. It consisted mainly of a large, open-air pavilion set on a rock outcrop at the side of a narrow ravine that appeared to be easily defended. It would be very hard to pick out from the air, because the columns that supported the thatched roof of the pavilion were the trunks of live jungle trees that widely spread their canopies over the whole complex.

As our truck came to a stop at the mouth of the ravine, I looked out and saw that Kwei Lin and his most trusted cohorts were spread out along the low rock wall separating the pavilion from the cliff edge. I had no trouble picking out Kwei Lin; he stood head and shoulders above the rest of the Mien tribesmen and was as blond as either Gail or me, his golden hair flowing down to his shoulders in a full-bodied cascade of curls. It was immediately obvious why he was able to maintain his status as the guerilla band chief. Luck was with him just by virtue of his golden blond presence. It also was understandable why he had insisted on the reward that he had for accommodating the insertion of our team into China. He would perpetuate his myth of the golden leader of the Golden Triangle by mating with a blonde woman, while at the same time, he would be getting a taste of the world he'd left behind.

Kwei Lin was wearing the same indigo Chinese-style, close-fitting rough-fabric pants that came down to just below his knees and a loose-fitting crossover jacket made of the same material that the other men were wearing. But he was slimmer, taller, and more distinctly muscled than his adopted compatriots. Like his comrades, as well, all of his torso and arms that we could see were covered in an intricate design of blue tattooing that even ran up the side of his neck.

He spoke excellent French as we negotiated our business, but I never could discern whether he could speak English as well. I was careful not to ask him too many questions about his past, especially since he knew I was a direct agent of U.S. intelligence, and he didn't offer any personal information. It was clear that the Mien tribesmen would do anything he approved, and they seemed in awe of Gail, who just lounged coolly in a nearby rope sling, being as enticing as possible for Kwei Lin as she had been instructed to be, while the chieftain and I hashed out our agreement. For his part Kwei Lin wasn't nearly as attentive to Gail's presence as his cohorts were; his attention was locked on me and what I was proposing.

We were able to strike a very acceptable bargain within a short time, and, as twilight descended, a couple of women were shuffling around and lighting small torches extending from the live columns but well away from the thatched ceiling.

Making quite clear that the U.S. government was quite pleased with the arrangement, I ceremoniously beckoned for Gail to come forward so that Kwei Lin could claim the sugaring of his deal. She languidly unfolded herself from the rope sling and floated over to the center to the pavilion, up to the edge of the table where Kwei Lin and I had spread our maps during the negotiations.

I had the interpreter announce to Kwei Lin that Gail would accommodate him for the night and was turning to return to the bottom of the ravine where a tent had been raised over the truck bed for the rest of my party to spend an uncomfortable night, when Kwei Lin spoke out in a commanding voice.

"He wants you to stay, Sir," the interpreter said, with a funny look on his face.

"Stay?" I asked dumbly.

“Yes. He wants you to make love to the blonde woman.” the interpreter said in embarrassed tones. “He said he was promised two yellow hairs who would perform for him and his lieutenants.”

“Two yellow hairs?” I said with a catch in my throat. “To perform? Here? Now.”

“Yes, Sir, that’s what he said. And I don’t think he’s negotiating about this.”

Damn that Luther, I thought. So this was what he meant by my being perfect for the job. It was because I was a blond, although a silver blond in contrast to Gail’s yellow blonde and Kwei Lin’s golden hair. I wasn’t on this mission because of any intelligence skill I had—just because I was blond and had a cock. Well, I didn’t mind fucking Gail, as long as she was good with the change in plans, and I wasn’t that squeamish about doing it in front of these tribesmen, either.

In a short, whispered monologue, I explained the situation to Gail, whose only response was to reach around and unhook her halter top to much jabbering and oohing of appreciation from the gathered tribesmen, and to lay her back down on the top of the sturdy wooden table, with her butt cheeks on the rim. I stripped off my shirt and moved in between her legs and came down to her lips with mine. While we were kissing deeply, my hands were gliding over her breasts, rubbing and pinching her nipples, making them hard. I tongued my way down to them, and she arched her back for me in willing response. I was gathering up her skirt with my hands, bunching it up at her waist, showing Kwei Lin and his comrades that she was wearing nothing underneath. They oohed and awed and talked in rushed tones among themselves to see the golden yellow of her triangle.

My fingers entered her, searching for and finding her hooded clit and freeing it and making it hard. Gail was moaning for me, and my fingers were getting wet from her flow.

She had been running her fingers through my hair as I tongued her nipples, but she took them away and I heard her give a little grunt. I looked up, and saw that Kwei Lin was standing beside her head at another edge of the table. He was naked now, although he seemed clothed by the intricate webbing of dark tattooing all over his torso and arms, which extended down his thighs to his knees. He was holding an imposing, hard dick at the root, where curly yellow-gold hair pubic hair met the base of his cock, with one hand, and the back of Gail's head with the other. She was sucking him off, and both seemed to be enjoying the play. She had one hand wrapped around the hand he was guiding his cock with and the other palmed across his flat belly.

I kissed and tongued my way down Gail's belly and soon had my lips on the sweet lips to her golden triangle. My tongue searched beyond these lips until it found Gail's clit, and I sucked on that until it was hard and her pelvis started to undulate. I then let my tongue explore further into her wet, sweet-smelling canal. I had a thumb buried in her ass and I rotated that as Gail's hips strove to find my rhythm. My cock was hard and throbbing now, and I unbuckled and unzipped my pants and dropped them to the floor. I took my cock in my hand and rubbed it against her clit, while she trembled and moaned her appreciation and became wetter and wetter. Then I pushed my dick past her clit and into her tight, wet tunnel and glided up into her to the hilt until my silver-blond pubic hair intertwined with her golden yellow hair. I pumped her in short and long strokes, trying to match the rhythm of Kwei Lin's thrusts down her throat.

Our audience of Mien tribesmen was enthralled by the golden triangle that was performing a primeval dance of lust for them, and I could only suppose that Kwei Lin was piling up heaps of political capital with them for having brought them this spectacle.

I watched as Kwei Lin pulled away from Gail's mouth and then lost sight of him as he moved in behind me. I felt his hand come between my legs and his fingers inserting themselves alongside my stroking cock inside Gail's canal. He pulled my head to the side to meet his lips and gave me a long, lingering kiss. He then pushed me down onto Gail's chest with a strong hand in the small of my back, and Gail and I entwined our arms and allowed our tongues to duel with each other. She clearly was enjoying this double attention. And I was immensely enjoying the rubbing of her taunt nipples against mine.

Soon thereafter, I felt Kwei Lin's fingers, wet with Gail's flow, at my asshole, and he was fingering me, finger-fucking me in the ass. I barely had time to decide what, if anything, to do to counter this move, though, when the head of his dick, still wet from Gail's sucking, was pushing at the ring of my hole. I tried to raise up as he entered me with his big, thick cock, but my arms were entwined in Gail's and he was pushing firmly down on my back with his hand. Then he was in, past my sphincter, and I was groaning and gasping for air from the pain and stuffed sensation. He now had both hands pushing down on my shoulder blades.

It seemed to take forever for him to bury his rod up me to the hilt, but then my undulating ass walls were accommodating him, and the pleasure was beginning to overcome the pain. And I pumped Gail and Kwei Lin pumped me, and we all reached our orgasms nearly simultaneously. And the Mien tribesmen jabbered among

themselves at the incredible good luck that the golden hairs were spinning out for them before their eyes, no doubt looking forward to a bumper opium crop this season as a result of our exertions.

Purloined Tryst

Natalie had arranged the tryst beforehand with Thane. Her whole idea of a swinger's costume swap party at an inn to celebrate Halloween was to get Thane's pants off—or in this case, his kilt off, as he had come as a Scottish bagpiper. He had such good, firm legs that Natalie had wanted to run her hands up under that kilt to check out the “do they or don't they” legend as soon as he entered the door. She refrained from acting on that impulse, though, there in the hall, with all of the others surrounding her, including her dopey husband. The most she permitted herself while she was whispering her directions in his ear and patting him on a nicely rounded butt cheek was that she had some bags she wanted him to pipe when they were alone.

The logistics for the party were simple. Their swingers club had rented an entire inn for the weekend with more than enough bedrooms for their purposes and had doubled the asking price to have the inn staff disappear for the entire weekend. Natalie was in charge of arranging the pairings, and she had placed numbered buttons in four baskets: His for her; hers for him, his for him, and hers for her. The dance floor in the lounge would do nice later in the evening for the “one for all” crowd, which wouldn't need buttons. Even with all of these baskets, there were often hers who wanted a him and him, and there were a whole lot of hims who would prefer a her and her, but, as usual, these folks would be left to make their own arrangements.

Theirs were a very civilized club and didn't force anyone to pair up with anyone who didn't attract them, although they were a very picky club too and hadn't included anyone who wasn't extremely attractive in their membership. Most of the enthusiastic

partygoers this weekend had made sure they would be attractive by going with a minimum and/or provocative costume choice. The first part of the evening was devoted to dancing and swirling about to the tune of an all-girl's band, decked out as cat women with their perky rouged-nipple breasts exposed. Natalie herself had gone to great pains to find and audition the band, and had spent several hours monitoring their practice.

During this early evening time of testing and “shopping,” couples would match buttons, make determinations, and either take a room key off the desk in the front lobby and get on with the pleasure of coupling or trading buttons in the baskets to test their luck in enhancing their pairing. If they went with the shared key, they could withdraw from the party with their matching number for as long as they wanted—returning and depositing their buttons in the baskets again as they pleased when their time upstairs was finished.

Natalie, of course, had circumvented the system that she herself was supposed to be monitoring. She had kept a button for herself and had slipped Thane the corresponding numbered button when he had entered the inn. He had palmed this when he ceremoniously dove for a button in the appropriate basket. The two of them then went through an elaborate search of the party room for the one with the matching number, feigned great surprise when they matched numbers, and pretended to spend some time deciding whether each was acceptable to the other. Well, in fact, they barely managed to contain themselves for thirty seconds before they were in a clinch on the dance floor and she was discovering that something under the kilt was very large, cylindrical, unsheathed, and throbbing, and he was discovering that at least this ice

skater-for-the-evening used very flimsy, moistened material under that flouncy butt-twitcher of a skirt she was wearing.

Natalie and Thane were still in a clutch when the band broke for a break and the two of them agreed that they had established their right to be paired off and headed for the lobby. They selected a key and were checking the room number, when one of the band members pulled Thane aside and started talking to him about some sort of problem with the sound system that she assumed was his responsibility to get fixed. Thane waved Natalie on her way, saying he'd be up as soon as he'd sorted this inconvenience out.

Natalie went on to the room, stripped off her skating outfit, and sat on the edge of the bed, facing away from the door, her attention arrested by the setting sun behind the mountain she could see through the bedroom window beyond the balcony.

She sighed contentedly when she heard the door open; Thane had taken no time at all in coming to her.

Within seconds, Natalie's lover had bounded across the bed and was sitting close against her from behind, strong legs encasing her hips. She leaned back into her lover's chest. But this wasn't the soft chest hair of Thane she had expected. These were pointed breasts. And those legs wrapped around her weren't bare and bulging with muscle, they were shapely and covered in black latex. Those hands now clutching at her left breast and at the V between her legs were not the hands of Thane. They were relatively small and the fingers were slender, and, Oh, my god, they were invading Natalie's vagina.

Natalie twisted her head around and only had time to register that this was one of the cat women from the band before her mouth had been possessed in a searching, deep kiss.

Natalie struggled, but the harder she struggled, the more her body folded into her attacker's and the more the cat woman squeezed her breast with one hand and worked her clit with experienced fingers of the other hand.

She managed to break away from the kiss long enough to voice her protest, to which the cat woman gave a throaty laugh and tossed a numbered button on the floor in front of their writhing bodies. It was the right number. It was the number that matched Natalie's button.

She was confused and disoriented, and the cat woman took advantage of that to intensify her lovemaking. Natalie couldn't help herself. She was flowing for her assailant now—her admittedly very sexy and forceful assailant. A primeval moan started deep in her throat, and as it rose up and escaped her mouth, she lurched orgiastically, sparks flew through her body and brain, and she flopped back against the cat woman in full surrender. She sighed and groaned as her captor played her nipples and belly and her secret folds, and she arched her back with a second orgasm.

All of the fight was out of her, and the cat woman pulled her up onto the bed, on her back, and buried her face between Natalie's trembling thighs. Natalie watched with intense pleasure, as the curly, luxuriant hair of the feline lover cascaded and swished softly across her thighs, belying the fire raging where her lover's lips and tongue searched the wet and slippery crevice between her legs. She arched her back again

and rose up on one elbow, the hand of her other arm going to hold the cat woman's head close to her crotch.

Natalie was giving little cries of exquisite pleasure when the beating started on the door.

Thane wanted in the room, and he wanted in there in the worst possible way. He was growling that he'd seen the cat woman take his badge and that there wasn't a damn thing wrong with their sound system.

The door was giving way, and the cat woman rose off of Natalie and pounced off the bed, giving a satisfied little laugh. Natalie could have sworn she was purring. The woman had the window open and was half way out onto the connecting balcony there when Thane got the door open.

He was visibly angry, and barked at the cat woman, who only had time to turn and hiss and give a throaty laugh before she was gone. Thane's eyes went to the bed, where he saw a disoriented Natalie stretched out, still undulating her body across the sheets in vestiges of the rhythm of the loving she had just been receiving. Natalie looked at Thane with slitted, sex-filled eyes. Thane looked at Natalie, her legs spread, her pussy wet and inviting, and, his anger partially transformed to animal lust—but only partially. He bounded on top of her, flipped the front of his kilt up, and buried his engorged cock root-deep in her flowing, stretched, and wide-open cunt.

He was deep thrusting into her, assuaging his combined anger and lust, barking his need to possess her fully, taking her forcefully and roughly, just as she had hoped he would.

But as much as Natalie had planned for this and as much as she enjoyed what Thane was doing between her legs and deep inside her, she laid back and gave a little wistful sigh. Having experienced both now, she wasn't at all sure she didn't prefer the feline over the canine.

Can He or Can't He?

I had heard that Lewis Hart had checked into the Mandalay Bay, but I didn't really believe it until I saw two luscious babes, one blonde and one a red head, cooing over an old guy at the hotel pool. He could have been anywhere between seventy and a hundred and seventy. It wasn't that he looked a wreck, but that he looked like he'd been totally replaced a couple of times over his lifetime. That was Lewis Hart, the head of a pornographic magazine empire. Rumors had gone around at one time that he was gay, but, if so, he put up a really good show with the young women he kept on a string. I'd always assumed that the rumor had just been floated by his competitors.

He was known to keep at least two young girls on the leash at a time, and I recognized the blonde as last year's Miss July, and the red head quite possibly was the following November. I had to laugh at seeing the highly and obviously very carefully preserved Lewis Hart in the flesh—or maybe better said in the plastic—with those young girls, because I remember having jacked off for the first time to “reading” the photo spreads in his signature magazines in my parents' basement after having discovered why my dad stole off into the basement from time to time and came back upstairs looking so satisfied with himself. Knowing how old those magazines were, I bet some of Hart's girls—who were known as just that, the Hart Girls—were grandmothers now.

As I watched the three of them by the pool—the LBs—luscious babes, as I couldn't help from thinking of them—codling the thin old guy in the chaise lounge between them, I couldn't help but wondering if the other legend about Hart was true—

that he had a twelve incher and was able to keep his girls happy with more than his money and a promise of glossy photo coverage in a high-circulation skin magazine. Couldn't tell now, though, as he was wearing pretty roomy wild-colored boxer swim trunks. He wasn't in bad shape, however, and I certainly hoped I'd be able to manage his muscle tone if I was lucky enough to reach his age. Of course, to do so I'd probably have to make the sort of money he did and keep a closet full of plastic surgeons handy.

More important than size, though, I wondered if a man his age could get it up anymore. And, if not, I wondered if either one of those babes cooing over him needed some handholding on the side. I decided to assume that they did.

My eyes went on to the LBs, not only because I was now thinking if they might be lonely behind those smiles but also because they were wearing next to nothing and left nothing to the imagination of how well they were toned up—which was quite nicely.

The blonde reminded me of Sheryl back in Tennessee, who was one of the biggest reasons I was out here in Las Vegas. She had nice knockers like that and the sweetest smelling cunt. If I'd just been caught fucking her under the bleachers at our junior college, I would have been hailed as a stud across campus, but since Tad, the football team's quarterback was humping me at the same time, I quickly gained a reputation of being perhaps a bit too cosmopolitan and free and easy for the sleepy southern town I was living in.

Someone told me that Las Vegas was the “anything goes” town, so I drifted out here and looked for a job that would give me casual access to lots of fun folks and a variety of sex. Joining the wait staff at a major casino hotel fit the bill perfectly, and the clientele at the posh Mandalay Bay Hotel was great on the pocketbook. I'd ball some

filthy rich widow or be balled by some corporate CEO in the afternoon in their hotel suite and, depending on how grateful and generous they were, I'd be able to hit the casinos or the swinger or gay bars of the old downtown area in the evening.

I wasn't really on duty, but I hadn't taken off my uniform yet, so I grabbed up a tray from the bar and went over and asked if there was anything they needed in the way of drinks or snacks or quick fucks or anything. Luckily for me the red head was thirsty—and I'm happy to say that both girls gave me the look over and appeared to be pleased with what they saw. I happily replenished their drinks and even more happily took note of their suite number when the red head signed for the charge. The man himself just laid there and looked hard at me. I think he was smiling, but I'm not sure he knew he was—with the amount of plastic surgery he'd had to look like Cary Grant, I don't think he could feel his face at all.

I went over to the other side of the pool and sat under the thatched roof of the bar kiosk and watched the three of them at play. The more I watched the more I wanted to take Lewis Hart's position between the LBs—and to have them paying the attention to me that they were paying to him. I had tried various combinations in sex before, but I hadn't yet balled two babes at once. I wasn't even quite sure how the logistics of that worked. But I certainly was willing to give it a go.

As I watched, Hart grew more animated at the attention he was getting. I kept an eye on the crotch of those wild-colored swim trunks to see if there was any evidence that he was alive down there, but I didn't see any. He certainly seemed able to play kissy face, though, and his hands were roaming in some pretty interesting places among the LBs. It was getting pretty interesting and moving well beyond a G rating

when Hart said something to the girls and they started gathering up their considerable paraphernalia. As they headed for the hotel elevators, I raced to the central kitchen and sat beside the room service call-in board.

I still was off duty, but the kitchen staff never turned down extra help or a bit of money under the table now and again. And by now they knew I was one of the “fringe benefit” staffers in the hotel—one of those willing to make a certain type of well-heeled hotel guest happy without being too picky. I figured I could fuck or be fucked by almost anyone as long as the tips were good and the hotel kept those nifty blackout curtains on its guest room windows.

I sat by the board and, sure enough, an hour later the Oriental Suite light lit up, and a call came in for two bottles of champagne and a cheese tray and three glasses. I snatched up the ticket when the order was ready and stopped by my own room before going up to brush my teeth and hair and grab up a handful of condom packets. No reason not to be prepared, I thought.

The lounge was empty when I passkeyed into their suite after discretely knocking and receiving no reply. But I heard murmurings from the bedroom, so I plowed on through, almost not believing my luck and hoping I’d find them still at it. They were in the king-sized bed, all of them, when I entered the room. The red head smiled at me with a sardonic smile when I entered. “You the only one working the drinks service throughout the hotel today?” she asked.

“Yes, just about,” I answered. “That OK with you?”

“Yes, more than all right,” she answered. She was wearing a nice, welcoming smile and nothing else. I could feel myself going hard at the mere thought that I was

having a “the weather’s nice, isn’t it?” type of conversation with two naked LBs in bed stretched out on either side of a naked octogenarian. I took my time setting the champagne and cheese tray up. And as nice as the four tits winking at me were, I must admit that my curiosity went to verifying that legend about Lewis Hart’s dick. And, sure enough, the legend was true. There must be about a foot of him lying there against his thigh. It was soft now—and one curiosity was replaced with another one: had he been able to get it up at all for whatever playtime the three of them had had in the last hour? Something must have made them thirsty. I could only hope that it was unfulfilled lust for the two LBs—which I would be more than happy to help them with.

I’d worn what I called my “glad rags” uniform, having changed into that after coming off shift and before going out to the pool. These were my “a bit small” shirt and trousers, which showed off my goods to the best advantage. I’d been going to the pool to snag a roll in the hay and a big tip, as I originally fancied going over to the casino down at the Golden Nugget in the old town that evening. Seeing Lewis Hart and the LBs there at the pool had just readjusted my plans a bit—a bit longer campaign for a bit more potential benefit. And it was no longer a matter of money. If I could threesome fuck with the LBs, I’d even pay for it, if need be.

The LBs must have liked my “set the champagne up and flash my basket” routine, as now it was, surprisingly enough, the blonde who made the proposal. Up till now she just sat around with pouting lips and perky tits and a naturally blond bush and watched me.

“Sorry we don’t have a tip on us at the moment.” she said—and I guess she was being funny, because they didn’t have a stitch of clothing on them among the three of

them. “But if you’re able to come back this evening about eight and, um, provide some room service, we’ll tip generously.”

Needless to say, I was back at their door at the strike of eight PM.

Once again a discrete knock got no response, and once again the lounge was empty when I passkeyed myself in, although the door was open to the balcony and the curtains there were billowing in the evening desert breeze. Hot damn, I thought, as once more I went on through to the bedroom.

Double hot damn. The LBs—and only the LBs—were on the bed, and they didn’t hear me knock if for no other reason than they each had their faces in the twat of the other.

The red head came up for air long enough to say, “Oh there you are, dear boy. How nice of you to come. We’ll do what we can to help you come again. Make yourself comfortable.”

“Yes, and perhaps you can help us by making yourself as big a possible before joining us,” the blonde added.

I stripped in no time flat as the girls went back to munching on each other’s cunts. And then I pulled a chair up near the foot of the bed and settled myself into watching that action and started stroking myself off as the LBs massaged and fingered and licked and sucked each other to distraction—certainly to my distraction.

“My, my, my,” the red head said, surfacing. “Look at what a fine cock he has, Cindy.”

“Magnificent. Powerful,” Cindy answered. “Firsties, Dawn,” She then said.

Ah, yes, Dawn was the name, I thought. The red head indeed had been Miss November then. What might have put me off was that she must have shaved her cunt since the photo shoot. That V of curly strawberry hair at her crotch had been quite memorable, whereas now she was hairless down there—although her perky labia were rosy enough. I'd try not to complain about the loss of hair as I sank my cock between those two puffy wings.

"Come on up and see us, love," Dawn chirped.

I didn't need to be asked twice. I was so hard I felt like I was dragging it across the carpet between the chair and the bed.

I squirmed up between the two of them and assumed the Lewis Hart position—on my back between them. I had parted the waves while they were in the 69 position, so we started from there, Dawn opening her lips to mine and Cindy closing her lips over my cock head and flicking at my piss slit with her tongue.

They took a time out to raise their torsos over my belly and do some kissing of their own, while I took a tit from each and rubbed the taut nipples together. They moaned together—Dawn in soprano and Cindy in a rich contralto—and then Cindy went back to sucking my cock and fiddling with my balls and, after giving me a bit more mouth-to-mouth work, Dawn started a long tonguing journey down my neck and onto my chest, where she sucked on my nipples while Cindy proved that she could deep throat. And then Dawn resumed kissing down my sternum and across my belly, which quivered nicely for her, and on down to join Cindy in licking and teething my cock, each girl to a side.

I warned them that I was about to shoot off, but they both just laughed, and it was Dawn whose mouth came down over my cock and took and swallowed my spouting cum.

Here's where I thought I would be giving the girls a thrill. The question was still out whether their sugar daddy could get it up—but I don't think there was much chance that at his age he could keep it up and reprime it every fifteen minutes as a young virile stud like I could do.

Immediately after I'd shot off—and still being hard—I came up off the bed and grabbed the nearest girl I could, who turned out to be Dawn, and pushed her down on the bed with her butt at the foot of the bed. I reached over for my trousers and found a condom and crowned myself while Dawn cooed and ran the tops of her toes up and down my calves. Then I parted those rose labia lips with the fingers of one hand while I palmed her belly with the other, and I slowly inserted my cock between those two puffy wings. Dawn splayed her legs for me, and Cindy scrambled up and straddled her chest and presented Dawn with her own cunt to kiss and tongue while I shallow-fucked Dawn, rubbing the bulb of my cock up and down across her clit until she shuddered in orgasm. And then I deep-dived my cock into her and rode her hard to my second ejaculation.

Dawn scampered off the bed then, and Cindy laid back on the bed as Dawn came out from under her and I barely had time to pull the condom off and Cindy was licking my balls and playing with my cock with her mouth again. I brought my chest down to her belly, running my hands between us and covering her tits and worrying her nipples with my thumbs and forefingers, and my lips and tongue found her cunt.

Meanwhile, Dawn was knelt behind me and was licking and fingering my asshole.

I had no idea what Dawn was up to back there, and I was too occupied with lollypopping Cindy's cunt to concentrate on my own ass. But I should have known they were setting me up—that Lewis Hart was probably hiding somewhere in the shadows and enjoying the show—because the next sensation I had was of my hips being seized in broader hands than Dawn's and the twelve-incher of Hart's starting its long journey up into my ass channel. I should have known that he was lurking about all of this time and that he was calling the shots—that he had used the LBs to get me in position for his own devices.

And, more important—he was, without a doubt, still able to get that whole foot of cock hard. Because he was stuffing it all inside me and it most certainly was hard and he had one hell of a back swing.

Simmering Guilt

My blood ran cold and I almost blacked out when I saw the return address on the lavender-tinted envelope on the hall table where the maid had left it. The simmering guilt shot right up to the boiling point. I had lived in fear for twenty years of seeing that name on an envelope addressed to my wife. With trembling hand, I reached for it, but it was too late. Joan was at my elbow.

“Anything interesting in the mail, Hon?”

“Mainly bills,” I responded in the calmest voice I could handle. “But here, there seems to be a letter from Lena Gerson. God, it’s been years. Is she even on our Christmas card list still?”

“Yes, silly, of course she is,” Joan replied, as she reached for the lavender-tinted envelope. “If you spent any time reading the cards and letters at Christmas, you’d know we have maintained contact since the KL days. She’s in Winston Salem now. Retired.”

“I thought she’d taken on the family business in Kuala Lumpur,” I said weakly. I had to act naturally. I couldn’t have managed to keep Joan from seeing the envelope. Was this it, then? Surely not, if she’s been sending us Christmas cards for over twenty years. But Winston Salem. That’s just down the road from Roanoke. God. I couldn’t let Joan see me sweat, but I felt like melting into a pool right there in the foyer.

“Ah, well, what’s Cook got on for lunch?” I asked, desperate to indicate that I wasn’t ruffled.

“You’ve got a tennis and lunch date at the club,” Joan answered. “Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten that.” And then she gave me a peck on the cheek and turned and

marched toward the back of the house, waving that lavender-tinted envelope and provocatively swinging her hips. She was still beautiful, trim, and auburn haired after all these years. Still something to look forward to going to bed for. But would whatever was in that envelope change all of that?

Tennis. That had been my nemesis to begin with. That and the fact that I went out to the embassy position in Kuala Lumpur four months before Joan was able to join me.

The Hamiltons had been the toast of the KL English-speaking expatriate community when I got there. Lena—Lena Hamilton then—came from one of the wealthiest foreign business families, the major carpeting importers for the entire country. The Gersons were Americans and maintained their citizenship, but they'd been living in Southeast Asia and doing business there for two generations. Vance Hamilton had been the tennis pro at the English Club, at least until he landed Lena. After that he was just the handsome boy toy face in the company showroom and in the dining room (and bedroom, as necessary) for the company's big spenders.

They were probably the most handsome expat couple in the country when I got there to take up my economic attaché posting at the American embassy. Because of their resemblance in looks and attitude to two of the reigning American movie stars of the early 1980s, they were referred to in social circles as Kathleen (for Kathleen Turner) and Harrison (for Harrison Ford). In Lena's case, the resemblance was startling, down to the throaty voice, which, like Kathleen Turner, Lena put to good use in the local English-language theater company.

I found these nicknames amusing, not the less so when my wife finally arrived in KL and she and I were promptly dubbed Ken and Barbie.

Several things intersected to entangle me in those first few months of what was my first foreign service assignment at the attaché level. It was made clear to me that I was to foster friendships and service to the American business community, and Lena was a spoiled and demanding heiress of the American business community. I also had been trained to the theater and had the minor assignment of fostering American arts in Malaysia, and Lena was a sultry-role actress in the English-language theater in the capital city. In addition, both Lena and I played pro-level tennis, Lena was sexy as hell and begged for servicing in every smile she flashed, and my wife was nowhere to be seen yet.

The day I got roped into playing mixed doubles with Lena and Vance at the English Club was the same day Lena dumped her husband for me as a doubles partner on the regional tournament circuit as well as the same day that I serviced her in my temporary digs in the embassy housing compound. She would have been irresistible even if I hadn't been told to please the local American business community in any way I had to and even if she hadn't told me in no uncertain terms what she, as the heiress of a leading American business in the country, would consider good service.

Our doubles tennis match had been hard fought and went on longer than I anticipated. I was running late for a cocktail party, and my ride back to the embassy flat was long gone before the match was completed. Vance had a singles match and Lena said she was going to the same cocktail party I was and would drop me by my flat where we both could shower and change. She told me she'd wait for me while I

showered, but I discovered that she was waiting for me in the shower. She sucked me to excitement and then I raised her hips up, back against slippery wall tiles, spread her legs, and, crouching my thighs under hers, lowered her puckered cunt onto my throbbing tool. Sliding her up and down on the wet tiles, I fucked her under the cascading water until her sexy, throaty moans brought me to ejaculation. Then, as the bed was between the bathroom and the door, neither of us made it to the cocktail party.

Within a couple of weeks, I found out what kind of leash she had Vance on, because he came upon Lena and me fucking on a chaise lounge in her company's cabana by the club pool one afternoon, and, rather than make a scene, he stripped off his swimming trunks and joined us. I was pretty squeamish at first, but they fell right into the threesome as if they did this all of the time, which I'm sure they did. At first, all of the concentration was on pleasuring Lena. Whatever position we took, I took care of her cunt and Vance took care of her ass. We met somewhere almost every day or night, though, and it wasn't long before I found Vance fondling me—and then kissing me—as often as he was servicing Lena. It was sort of a gradual thing. I had no idea, really, when we had progressed into that. But Vance was a very attractive and sexy and inventive man. And I found that I was excited when he kissed me and invaded my ass with his fingers while I was fucking Lena.

The day came within two months of my arrival that Vance sought me out without Lena and romanced me into fucking him.

I kept up the three-mode subterfuge—Lena and me, the three of us, and Vance and me—for a couple of months. I'd never done anything like this before, and it was an intoxicating experience. But, of course Lena eventually, inevitably found us, naked, with

my cock pumping up into Vance's ass, and she screamed bloody murder and made all sorts of threats. Three days after that Joan arrived in Kuala Lumpur. And on that day my simmering guilt was born and sat there for years as a threat over my head—until years and several foreign assignments up to the ambassadorial level after that, it just faded away in the understanding that it was all in the past. Now, with the arrival of a lavender-tinted letter, more than twenty years later, it was all back on the front burner. And my wife was telling me that we never really had lost contact with Lena.

The foolish affair with Lena was just the start of my two-year Kuala Lumpur tour. I had a job to do. And I couldn't do that job and avoid Lena on multiple fronts. I obviously had to maintain connections with her family business. And she insisted that we team up for the regional tennis circuit, all the more important to her now, because she unceremoniously dumped Vance, who managed to find an British expat club in Manila that needed a tennis instructor. She also wanted juicy parts in the English-language theater's plays, which she could get on the strength of her own looks and acting ability, but which were assured when I took on directing duties for two plays a year at the club. But our affair had already stopped, dead in its tracks, three days before my wife arrived in KL.

The irony was that Lena and Joan became instant and almost inseparable friends. The even greater irony was that some months later, when Lena and I were winning our tennis matches and traveling all over Southeast Asia to defend our record and titles—and when Lena popped up in a starring role in every play I directed, the rumors started throughout the community. Lena and I were lovers. We had to be. It no

longer was Kathleen and Harrison and Ken and Barbie. The whispers were all Kathleen and Ken—and poor Barbie.

My wife took it all like a queen. She never questioned me once. Her friendship with Lena never flagged. She never showed an ounce of jealousy or any indication of having heard the rumors at all. And she never had a reason to suspect that anything happened after she arrived. I'd had my little, titillating, naive fling with the jet setters and the whole sexual liberation bit. Well, sure, over the years I fell off the wagon now and again—with both women and men—but these were always brief couplings of circumstance, immediate need, and momentary heat. But each time I fell off the wagon, the simmering guilt of those three months in KL jabbed at me.

I was in agony for the rest of the day after the envelope arrived. I even lost my tennis match, which I still almost never did. I dragged home, up the oak-lined drive, to that old plantation house south of Roanoke that we'd lovingly restored as we prepared for our retirement from the foreign service, fully expecting to find my suitcase on the portico when a sticky note attached telling me that Joan would use our family lawyer and I could jolly well find my own right after I'd found someplace else to live.

But, no, there was Joan, seated on the stone terrace back by the pool, my evening screwdriver chilled and all ready for me.

As I settled into the wrought-iron patio chair, I saw the slitted lavender-tinted envelope sitting on the table between us. Joan didn't keep me in agony for much longer.

"The letter from Lena suggests we take in the Spoleto music and theater festival in Charleston with her next month; she says she has a condo rented there for a week

during the festival and she'd love to see us again and to take in the festival programs with someone she can discuss them with."

"Well, I—" I stuttered. I usually wasn't this slow in reaction. I had to find some out before this went any further. What sort of game was Lena playing with this? I had to . . .

"I posted back a yes, of course," Joan said. "You've always said we must go to the Spoleto Festival, and it would be great to see Lena again. We have so much to share."

So much to share. I was panicked. Joan didn't know the half of how much we had to share if Lena decided to share after all these years. She'd indicated she wasn't real pleased when I just cutting the affair off. She'd pretty directly said that if I stopped fucking Vance, I could—and should—resume fucking her any time she wanted to—that she didn't care what Joan or anyone else said. In fact, for months, whenever we were alone she came on to me. But then, of course, she wasn't the one who had something to lose. Not just my marriage; at that point I could have lost my whole career.

A month now to worry myself to death about the situation. And worry, I did. I came very close to taking up smoking and drinking again. Not fucking. That's what had gotten me in trouble in the first place. In fact, I was so taken with guilt, no longer simmering, but slowly coming to a boil, that I found it almost impossible to perform with Joan. And that had never happened before. She was one sexy lady. We'd fucked like bunnies several times a week our entire married life.

If Joan noticed anything was wrong, she certainly didn't reveal it. While I got more nervous and worried with each day approaching our trip down to Winston Salem

to pick up Lena Gerson and take her on to Charleston, Joan seemed to take on a higher luster glow and a happier demeanor with each passing day.

Lena was still stunning. She now lived in a deceptively designed “cottage” on a lake near the Wake Forest University campus. It looked cozy and quaint from the outside, but the interior was expansive, and the furnishings revealed that the carpeting business in Southeast Asia had remained very lucrative. Everywhere I looked there were art photographs of the highest quality. Joan had told me that Lena had left Malaysia and become a photojournalist, but she hadn’t told me just how successful Lena had become at it.

The same Kathleen Turner smile and throaty laugh, but Lena had done far better at keeping her figure and holding the wrinkles and sags at bay than Kathleen Turner had managed. And when I saw her, despite all those years that had gone by and despite the simmering guilt, my body still told me that it remembered exploring her body and still was interested.

Joan and Lena fell comfortably into their old friendship and gossip of mutual friends and instantly deep discussions of shared interests, which were many and varied. We sat for two hours over a simple, but delicious meal that Lena whipped up with Joan’s help in short order. I watched, drinking too much wine, numb and with the feeling that an open carton of eggs lay right under my feet, threatening to smash and throw yolk and egg white all over the combined kitchen-breakfast room at any moment Lena decided to strike. While I was in suppressed agony over these thoughts, the two women danced around the kitchen in a coordinated movement that could not have been more efficient and artful if they had choreographed it. Joan seemed totally at home in the

kitchen—in the whole house, actually. She didn't have to ask where anything was. She and Lena seemed to match each other perfectly in where they would keep anything and what they'd use for any cooking procedure.

After dinner, we retreated to a screened porch overlooking the lake, to listen to the sounds of the evening and to finish off the second bottle of wine. The two women continued their discussion in murmurs while I lost myself in the pages of a spy novel I'd brought to read on the trip. We were leaving the next morning for the drive to Charleston, so, almost simultaneously, Lena and Joan decided to turn in early. I said I'd be along in a half hour or so, that I wanted to reach a certain point in the book before I went to bed. They said that would be fine and waltzed off toward the stairs to the upper level, arm in arm, and whispering like two long-lost sisters.

A jolt of fear sizzled through me as they left drifted into the house. Was this the moment Lena would take her revenge and end my comfortable life? This would be a perfect theatrical moment for that, and Lena wasn't anything if she wasn't theatrical. I stared hard out to where the light of the moon picked up the rippling of the lake waters and waited, heart heavy, the effect of the wine suddenly intruding and causing my head to throb.

I was straining to hear what they were whispering and giggling about as they mounted the stairs, but I couldn't pick it out.

And then silence. No ceiling caving in, no wail of disbelief and betrayal from the upstairs.

I returned to my book and finished the current chapter. I looked at my watch. It had been a good half hour and it was getting late. If I got into reading another chapter, I

wouldn't be fit to drive two chattering women in our smallish BMW across the expanse of North and South Carolina the next morning.

I mounted the stairs, determined not to wake anyone. But half way up, I discovered that this wasn't necessary. I could hear them murmuring still. I turned to the left and looked into the guest room, but the bed was empty. The hall bath was on the right, and I turned to enter that.

They'd left the door to the master bedroom, farther down the hall, open. They'd wanted me to see all along. They even had candles around on tables and the dresser, and the king-sized bed was in full view of the hallway where I stood.

Both of the women were naked and were in close embrace on the bed. They were kissing deeply. Joan was running the fingers of one hand along Lena's hip and was rubbing the nipple of a pendulous breast with the fingers of the other hand. Their legs were entwined, but their pelvises were separated a bit. They were separated enough for me to see that Lena had a couple of her fingers buried deeply up Joan's slit. Joan's back was arched away from Lena, her long, auburn hair cascading on top of a pillow. They were both moaning. The soft soprano moaning of my wife that I knew so well and assumed that only I could ignite. And the deep alto, throaty moaning of Lena that I also remembered as if I'd heard it only yesterday.

I tore my eyes away from shock of what I saw in the bed and looked wildly around the room, just to be accosted by more shock. The room was filled of photos of my wife, Joan, in provocative nude positions, and of both Joan and Lena, making love. I stood there, numb and unable to move, as Lena made love in three dimension color to

Joan with her embedded fingers and as Joan began to writhe and groan and, finally, give several little lurches and a whimper and bury her face between Lena's breasts.

"Well, are you going to join us?" It was the throaty alto voice.

"Come here, Ethan. Don't be afraid." The soprano voice beckoned to me. It sounded calm and rich and satisfied.

I moved into the room and over to the bed like a zombie. The women came up on their knees and undressed me and pulled me down onto the bed between them.

Hands were roaming all over me, from either side of me. Joan was taking possession of my lip with hers and Lena was taking possession of my cock with her lips.

For time interminable, we moved together on the bed, sharing kisses and caresses, my cock being taken into the sweet channels of both women, the fingers of both women exploring the inside of me and of each other. The three of us writhing and moaning together. Soprano, alto, baritone. Murmuring, whimpering, crying out, kissing, moaning, groaning, twitching, sighing in harmony.

Much later, as the candles were sputtering out one by one, I finally found my voice.

"What—?"

"Hush, sweet Ethan." Smooth fingertips to lips and the throaty alto voice. "Rest now. It will be dawn soon, and we have a lot of driving to do."

"But . . . but—"

"Do you mean how long?" The soft soprano voice. A little chortle in matching harmony. "Lena and I have been lovers since way back then, when I arrived in KL.

When you two stopped, she and I took it up. The rumors about you two was the best cover for us.” Another laugh.

But of course. Joan knowing where everything was in the cottage just as if she’d been here often. All those weekend trips she supposedly took for women’s auxiliary meetings in Richmond—she had come here instead. I should be mad, or sad, or indignant. But . . . oh, god, how ironic.

The condo in Charleston only had one bedroom. We had no need for more.

Jules and Jim and Juliet

She sat in the first row of tables in the smoky basement room in the Village on both evenings I was reciting my poetry. I was a painter really—a portraitist mostly of real life, its sensuality. I was compared—or at least I compared myself when asked—to Whistler or Renoir in my use of rich colors and lush settings to set off the sensuality of the human body. But I wasn't confined by the Victorian conventions that, I believe, had limited these artists' works. Often when I looked at a Whistler or Renoir portrait—of perhaps a woman in a brightly painted kimono resting on a daybed—I looked into her face and divined that the artist had painted her right after he'd fucked her, his semen still floating in her eyes and her mouth puckered in the recent memory of the shape and movement of his cock.

I endeavored to capture this mood earlier in multiple art forms—while she—or he, if the mood struck me—was still being fucked. My art thus took on an even greater dimension, and I took it all very seriously indeed. I didn't paint this way just to have frequent free fucks; I was developing a whole new art form. And that girl in the first row of tables had a face that was perfect for my art.

It was fortunate that she liked my poetry so well—that my poetry recitation in that smoky basement room in the Village aroused her to wanting to fuck me. I knew she wanted it because she put the moves on. I was content to go home to Jules and paint her just from memory. She didn't move me enough to ache for the full use of my technique. A memory portrait could suffice. But I could go either way with that. I wasn't a fanatic about my art; it was comfort rather than an obsession for me.

I stood down from the stool in the center of the bare wooden stage to the sound of applause scattered around the room that was all the more satisfying because many present were too stoned to know they even were there, let alone that a poetry reading had ended. And those who were fully conscious were dulled by the clouds of marijuana smoke swirling about them. As I brushed past her table, she tugged on my arm and arrested my movement.

“That was simply marvelous,” she said. “That went straight to the center of me. I feel so open and wet. Wasn’t that simply wonderful and sensuous, Petey?” While still clawing at my sleeve, she had turned to the young man sitting beside her—or, rather, who was slouched in the chair beside her. I could tell from his eyes that he wasn’t fully here. In any event, he didn’t respond. He probably wasn’t tuned in on her frequency anymore. He had likely brought her here because she told him she melted to poetry—which he otherwise wouldn’t be seen dead in association with—and he thought he might get lucky with her afterward on my preparation. I was amused by the thought that I was probably the one who would be reaping what I had sowed for him. Ah, well, his loss; he needed to learn how to use drugs rather than be used by them.

“How open? How wet?” I asked leaning down toward her. I saw no reason to be coy under the circumstances. I had already nearly passed by her chair, and the angle at which she had clutched one of my arms permitted my other arm to come around her shoulder. I slipped a hand under her arm pit and palmed a breast. She wasn’t wearing anything under her cotton blouse, and I verified her arousal from the feel of her hardened nipple. I squeezed her breast and she shuddered appreciatively and pushed into my hand. I leaned farther down, lost in those flashing eyes of hers, already reaching

in my mind for my paints, and she brought her lips up to mine and opened to my tongue. There was no doubt she was mine to fuck.

Petey didn't seem to mind or even to notice.

"Do you live nearby?" she asked breathlessly when I released her lips. "My name is Juliet—I assume the program is accurate and your name is Jim. Do you want to make love to me, Jim? I mean for real? You have already made me melt with your poetry. It's as if I've already given myself to you."

I did want to paint her, and I guess that meant I wanted to fuck her as well. Jules would not be pleased. But Jules had not been pleased many times before and yet he was still with me. And there was my art. Fucking went with my art.

"I'll take you home and fuck you if you let me paint you," I answered.

"You want to paint me?" Juliet said with a little gasp. I could tell that the idea of this was even more arousing to her than my poetry was.

"Yes, in every way," I answered.

Juliet was quite surprised when she later learned what "in every way" meant, but she was so aroused and curious that she didn't hesitate in the least. She merely rose from the table, without another glance at the semicomatose Petey, and preceded me up the stairs to the street. I guided her with a hand on her buttocks that made quite clear that she at least temporarily was mine.

She stripped for me in my studio loft apartment, under the skylight with a strong afternoon sunlight streaming onto my daybed. I wrapped her in an orange and purple kimono and arranged her on the daybed, supine, with the kimono open to reveal her ample breasts, nipples erect, and her naked, shaved cunt.

I then did a baseline sketch on the canvas, leaving the face blank, and set up the cameras, both video and still, and set the timer on the three still cameras set on high tripods at various angles around the daybed so that they would snap off photos at fifteen second intervals for an hour. I then brought my paints, pallet, and brushes together near the foot of the daybed and brought over a low easel and rested the canvas, with its basic sketching of the lines, scale, and perspective of Juliet's partially draped body, on the easel.

I stripped and sat down on the edge of the daybed next to Juliet's hip. She was still looking at me with curiosity and with a dreamy look that had deepened as she watched me strip and saw that I was more than adequate for the job. I leaned down and took her lips in mine again, while I moved a hand to her mound and ran a finger into her nether lips and found her clitoris. She sighed and reached for my cock and encircled it with a hand and began to stroke me.

It was at that point that Jules returned home from his practice on the dance line for a soon-to-open play up on Broadway. I could hear his grunt of disapproval and disappointment as he entered the loft and spied me at work. My art had been dormant for a couple of weeks—which made it all the harder for Jules to see that I was working again.

Jules knew of my art technique—what it entailed and what it required—and he didn't seem to mind when I painted and fucked him. But he just could not help but be jealous and to look on my work with other models with disapproval. I normally went in two-week sprints with my models—and when they were willing, they lived with me during that time and we fucked constantly. It was all part of my inspiration process.

Between my model periods Jules was as happy and contented as he could be. At times like this, as I was beginning with Juliet, however, Jules was a real bore to be with. During these periods he often threatened to leave me—and I told him to go ahead if he must because I had no control over my muse—but I fucked him so well in the intermediary periods that he never had carried through on this threat.

As I started to prepare Juliet, Jules sat quietly in the shadows and glowered and sighed heavily.

“Have I intruded?” Juliet whispered to me, aware of Jules’s oppressive presence. “I didn’t know. Shall I leave?”

“In a week or two,” I murmured. “I could not bear to let you go now. My muse is already painting you in my mind.”

“Is there anything you need me to do to inspire your muse?” she asked.

“Well, since you asked, some of my best work is done after a blow job.”

Juliet laughed softly and placed her hands on my hips and guided me in straddling her breasts and bringing my cock to her lips.

I heard the intake of breath and muttering from across the room, and Jules moved from the shadows and exited the loft through a door closed more soundly than technically necessary.

When I felt sufficiently aroused, I moved back to where my buttocks rested on Juliet’s ankles, and I picked up my pallet and dabbed on the colors that she inspired in me—cobalt blue, emerald green, and deep purple. And I began to paint. In my own style.

Juliet looked up with surprise as I began, but then she gave a throaty laugh and arched her back up from the daybed and placed her hands on the back of her neck. Her breasts jutted up at me and I painted the nipples blue and ran a corkscrew of green winding around each breast to meet at her sternum and then green and blue lines running down across her belly. I painted an elaborate necklace in all three colors, highlighted in gold leaf. Then I let my conscious go blank and my brush to follow its own devices as Juliet gently writhed under me in the pleasure of the brush. I painted her labia deep purple with a line of emerald green around the inner entrance.

As I painted Juliet, I took moments to turn to the canvas and render her there as well in all of the rich colors I was using. All the time the video was whirring and the still cameras were clicking at fifteen-second intervals.

Throughout I remained hard as did Juliet's nipples, and she maintained her dreamy expression of intense arousal and enjoyment.

When I had her as I wanted her—on canvas as well as real life, I raised up on my knees and painted my cock a scarlet red. I raised her hips to me and slowly parted the green-trimmed purple labia with the scarlet shaft until the red had disappeared altogether.

And then I fucked her in long, slow strokes, holding her close at full length, both of us writhing on the daybed under the soft evening light from the skylight, the undulating mix of our body colors creating new and unique patterns and images—all as the video camera ran and the still cameras continued to click off their photos. And while I fucked her, I painted in my presence in the canvas, aided by a series of mirrors set up beyond the rim of cameras.

I painted her face on the canvas nearly last, wanting to catch her expression at the height of orgasm, as I plumbed her deep, my knee inside one of her legs, leveraging off the sole of my foot of the other leg on the floor beside the daybed, and holding her other leg up and out in my free hand—pulling dick bulb to her entrance and then lingering over her clit with it before plunging to the hilt in a long stroke that took her breath away—and repeating the pattern rhythmically as the cameras clicked on.

Thus was the uniqueness of my art—painting in a multidimensional sphere—performance enhancing canvas art and augmented by a photographic capture in time and angle. All of it went together to form one artistic, arousing whole. And my art sold well—there were connoisseurs who came to me begging me to sell them one of my multidimensional studies—whether of me, the artist, with a woman or a man.

Jules came home very late that night. He stripped in the dark and laid down on his side on our bed and reached for me, finding the root of my cock as was his usual preparation for my fucking away his cares of the day in the demanding theater world. But I felt him jerk when his hand discovered that much of my cock was inside Juliet, who was spooned into me on the other side and was sleeping peacefully after her unique experience, which included several rounds of exhausting fucking—including, to her surprise but great arousal, in the ass as she bent over the tub washing the paint away. Jules grunted and started to leave the bed, but I turned and held him close to me until he calmed down and was no longer trembling. And then I raised his leg and positioned my cock at his hole and slowly entered him—and fucked him to an exhausted sleep.

When I woke in the morning, I was alone in the bed. I struggled up from the clutches sleep and out of the complete draining my painting session—which had been

one of the best I'd ever had—and stumbled into the kitchen alcove at the back corner of the loft. Jules and Juliet were both sitting, slumped, at the table, drinking coffee but both looking sullen and studiously avoiding looking at or talking to each other.

This edge-of-warfare situation continued for nearly a week. Juliet had moved in temporarily as I requested as she modeled for me almost daily. But Juliet and Jules proved to be opposites. He loved classical music and she preferred loud rap—which I solved with two sets of ear phones. She hibernated in layers of this and that and thus could be seen as sloven by a neat freak—which defined Jules. I found I could do little about this. And both of them, although intellectually accepting that I needed to have them both, showed—both consciously and inadvertently—their displeasure when I was fucking the other.

At last I hit on what I thought was a brilliant solution—one that would take my art to new heights and that would be perfect to fulfill a contract from a very rich and very, very private prospect client. A threesome. I'd never done that before.

I explained what I wanted to Jules and Juliet, and such was my sexual power over both of them that they both acceded to my plan even though it was obvious neither was at all pleased with the inclusion of the other.

I started with sketching in Juliet, naked on a blue-velvet covered daybed now in front of rich maroon brocade drapery. I painted Juliet in purple and emerald green again. I initially fucked her myself, me painted in gold and white. And then I drew away and introduced Jules's cock to Juliet's cunt, and painted Jules in silvers and bright red. Both initially were stiff and unanimated while I sketched Jules into the canvas, but then I came in behind Jules and fucked him while he was fucking Juliet, and both of them

appeared to warm to the ménage à trois while I expertly guided three sets of hands, lips, and hips.

When I found my release and rose off of Jules and Juliet, I turned my attention to finishing the canvas as Jules and Juliet fucked on, now in deep lust in their individual need for full satisfaction and in response to the exotic situation.

That night, in the dark, both of them were fully engaged in our three-way fucking in my bed, and I went to sleep with the self-assurance that I had maneuvered them into tolerating the other for the time Juliet was with me.

On the morn, I found myself once more alone in my bed and padded over to the kitchen alcove to check on whether the ice had been broken between Jules and Juliet.

But I found the kitchen deserted, with a note left on a stark-white slip of paper on the table top. My scheme had gone much too well. The note briefly told me that Jules and Juliet were in love and had left me—that neither had room for me in their lives now.

I laughed a deep-throated laugh and sat down at the table to savor the joke that I had played on myself. I wished both well, and I could always find another male lover and unpaid housekeeper and female or male model for that matter. But my art I could never compromise. And I did not have to do so. I knew without reviewing the canvas and checking the video and camera stills that the previous night's session had been magnificent and that I could live for a year off of what that rich, very private client would pay.

I did rather wonder, though, where the art could go from here. Perhaps more than three? Debauchery at the French Court, perhaps? The possibilities were delicious.

L.A. Tours

Monique had been incredibly easy. She had a sophistication that couldn't be counted on from nearly anyone but the French and she was of an age and financial status that made it seem like she was the one taking advantage. She was easily in her late forties, but she had been very nicely pampered; she'd kept her looks and figure and had the appetites that helped them reason that if it hadn't been them, it would have been someone else.

In fact there was no one before Monique and it was Monique who put the idea in their heads to begin with.

It was a deluxe six-and-a-half-hour highlights tour of the Los Angeles area organized by a company called L.A. Tours. There were several other choices in day tours too. Most going on these tours were picked up at their hotels in the morning and taken to a central location, where they were dispersed again on their scheduled tour and then returned directly to their hotels after the tour was over.

Keith, Erick, and Sean weren't the run-of-the mill tourists, though. Keith was a super hot New York male model, out in L.A. for six months for a photo shoot for one of those sexy jeans television commercials that was being done in a series. He had a studio apartment just off Wilshire near Beverley Hills. They didn't shoot on Wednesdays, and after two weeks on the job, he decided he wanted to know more of what there was to do in the spread-out Los Angeles area. And what better way to get started than to take a regular tourist overview tour?

Erick worked at Twentieth Century Fox as an assistant set designer, and his boyfriend, Sean, had recently started working for the L.A. Tours company as a scheduler—helping to match reservations with hotel pickups and tours. Sean's employers had encouraged him to take some of their tours so he would be familiar with them, and Erick was off on Wednesdays, so one fine Wednesday in the spring, they found themselves on the L.A. City Highlights tour with eight other people, which included two elderly ladies, who were traveling together; a young couple from England; a middle-aged couple from the Midwest; a strikingly handsome French woman; and a hunk of a young guy, who Erick had trouble keeping his eyes off of.

Erick and Sean's relationship was pretty open and Sean wasn't the jealous type, so early in the tour when they stopped for twenty-five minutes for a short walk around Venice and Muscle beaches, Sean volunteered to show the hunk, Keith, where muscle beach was. Thus, the three of them were introduced to each other early in the tour. If Erick was interested in this Keith guy, who Sean wasn't at all surprised was a male model, Sean had no qualms about helping to set up whatever might happen. Erick and Sean often engaged in threesomes, and Sean didn't mind as long as he got to dip his dick in a male ass in the process—and as long as Erick came home to him at night and spread his legs for him.

And Sean figured the best way to gauge which way this Keith guy was hanging was to take him to Muscle Beach and watch how he reacted to the bodybuilders there working out only in gym shorts.

The reaction wasn't exactly what he hoped for, though. Keith barely looked at the guys working out. His gaze went more to the Venice beach and the scantily clad women

there. In fact, the three men were a study in contrasts, and it's a miracle they ever did hit it off. Keith was interested in women—and not even in a standard way. Keith was an ass man. He liked fucking women in the ass. That left their cunts free from him to work with his fingers. He found that once they accepted the idea—and his melting looks were usually enough for him to convince them to try it—the women went wild for his technique.

And although Erick and Sean were a loose couple, Erick was bi and would fuck anything with a hole and loved a cock up his ass as well, while Sean was a dominant gay top.

While the three men were hovering between Muscle Beach and the babes out on the sand on Venice Beach, the French tourist Monique was hovering nearby and watching Keith's reaction to the choices of flesh as well. And she smiled a little smile when she saw Keith's attention go to the women rather than the men. She hadn't come on the tour just to see the sights. She would be lonely tonight, and she'd been able to pick up young men on tours like this before.

While the tour bus was cruising down Sunset Boulevard a little later and the bus driver was pointing out all of the famous clubs along the stretch of road just beyond Beverley Hills, he suggested that those on the tour might want to return there in the evening to check out the clubbing life. The two elderly lady friends twittered at that remark, but neither Sean nor Monique were laughing. Both of them tucked this idea away in their mind in relationship with possibilities for corralling Keith. Sean hadn't given up on putting Keith and Erick together yet, and, in fact, was so fixated on this that he

failed to notice that Erick was taking an interest in Monique now rather more than in Keith.

Sean got moving on his idea first. The tour bus set them all free for an hour for lunch in the Farmers Market area, next to the CBS television studios, and Sean, a helpful guide, as always, recommended a Mediterranean meze restaurant there to Keith and then found it fortuitous that he and Erick were eating there as well. During lunch, Sean brought up the Sunset Boulevard clubbing idea and asked Keith if he'd done that yet.

"No, I haven't been in town long enough," Keith answered, "but I do want to try out that scene one of these days."

"Why not tonight, as the tour driver suggested," Sean answered. "Erick and I know our way around the clubs there. We'll be happy to introduce you to them, won't we, Erick?"

"Sure," Erick said agreeably. He sensed what Sean was up to, and he wouldn't mind at all being cocked by this luscious hunk if Keith was at all interested. Of course he wouldn't mind getting that French woman on the tour alone and cocking her himself either. Sometimes being bi really complicated his life.

So, later, when Monique found Keith at an outdoor café in the old Mexican city center on Olivera Street later in the afternoon when the tour was winding down and directly propositioned him, she was just a bit too late. But, determined woman of the world that she was, she didn't give up the idea easily.

"I would really like to try out the Sunset Boulevard clubs this evening as the tour guide suggested," she said with a little pout after taking a sip of her wine. "But a woman alone in that area, I know it isn't wise. Perhaps you might be free this evening?"

"Well, umm," Keith started.

"I would be happy to pay for the evening in the clubs, of course," Monique continued. "And pay for what comes afterward as well if you might wish to see me safely back in my hotel room."

"Please don't misunderstand," Keith said. "You are a lovely woman . . . and I do find you intriguing. But I've already made arrangements with those two men on the tour to go with them this evening."

Monique arched an eyebrow. "Have I misjudged? They are a couple, non? From observation, I did not think you . . ."

"Nothing like that," Keith answered hurriedly. "It's just that I'm new to Los Angeles and they aren't and they offered to introduce me to the clubs. I was planning nothing further."

"I wouldn't mind if they came as well," Monique said. She was nothing if not persistent, and this man was beautiful and she'd already seen from the tightness of his jeans that he bulged very nicely between his thighs. She had already had two spontaneous orgasms in the tour bus just thinking of him cocking her.

"Back to your room as well?" It was Keith's turn to arch his eyebrow. He had meant it as a joke, but Monique was prepared to ride him to the ground on this.

"They could watch. I wouldn't mind if their eyes would be on you rather than me."

Keith laughed at this. And suddenly he was very interested in this woman. But there still was probably a deal breaker. He liked what he liked. She had been direct with him, so he decided to be direct—and raw—with her, and, taking her hand in his, he looked her directly in the eye and said, “The truth of the matter is that my interests in a woman are specialized. I like to fuck in the ass.”

Monique didn’t flinch. Giving him a little smile, she responded. “That would give your hands some place else to play, would it not?” And then she added, “I am French,” as if that explained all. And perhaps it did.

The four of them went clubbing on Sunset Boulevard, but only briefly. In Monique’s hotel room, Monique had no trouble with feeling lonely as Erick fucked her in the cunt after Keith had prepared her and worked his cock into her ass. Monique had thought that Erick and Sean were just there to watch, but she laughed a throaty laugh when Erick couldn’t resist while Keith was tonguing her ass and fingering her cunt and he stopped stroking the cock he had freed from his pants and came over and took her breasts in his hands and her nipples between his fingers and found her lips with his.

When their lips parted, Monique lowered hers to Erick’s hard cock and swallowed him. She flinched and gave a throaty laugh again as Keith started working his cock into her ass. She was working her hips back and forth on Keith’s cock, fucking herself, when Keith pulled her back onto his thighs and reached down and put his hands under her thighs and spread them wide and Erick gently extracted his cock from Monique’s mouth and crouched down between her spread legs and entered her cunt. The three moved into an intricate rhythm of the double fuck.

The talented, world-wise Monique was firing off orgasms left and right and triggering ejaculations in the two men that electrified the air and filled the room with the musky scent of lust. As Monique neared exhaustion from the double attention she was receiving, Sean livened the mood by saddling up behind Erick and driving everyone for one last trip around the park with the thrustings of his cock inside Erick's ass channel.

Although Monique happily returned to France, purring all the way with memories of her California visit, the three men had had such a good time that the wheels of opportunity and possibility began to spin.

* * * *

Another Wednesday, and the two young Danish blondes, Anna and Briget, were on their first trip to the States and, while in Los Angeles, decided they'd take a short overview tour of the town to decide what they wanted to do in more depth.

They chose the four-hour basic city tour offered by L.A. Tours. When the tour bus turned into Sunset Boulevard as they came out of Beverley Hills, the tour guide suggested over the loudspeaker that those taking the tour might want to return that evening and do a club crawl through the various clubs on offer in the upper Sunset Boulevard strip.

Anna commented to Briget that she'd love to do that, especially if that hunk, who looked like a male model and who was sitting in the row in front of them on the other side of the bus, came along.

The beefier of the gay couple sitting behind them heard what Anna had said and leaned over and said that the guy she was talking about, who had been introduced to him as Keith and who, indeed, was a male model, was, in fact, going on such a club crawl that evening with he and his friend, Erick.

The three guys took the Danish girls to a lesbian club on their third stop that evening. The Danish girls had already had quite a bit to drink and were giggly, if not drunk. Briget remarked that she and Anna could do better one-on-one with each other than the two bimbos on the stage were doing.

Sean, the guy who had invited them on the club crawl, said he very much doubted they could, and the hunk Keith smiled and challenged them to try.

In the girls' hotel room, Anna was on her knees on the bed hovering over Briget's pelvis and tonguing her clit, with all three guys sitting off to the side and stroking their cocks, when Keith knelt down on the carpet next to the bed and behind Anna and started tonguing her ass. Anna who, upon seeing Keith naked thought she would have done anything to have that cock of his inside her moaned for him. Her moaning moved a couple of octaves deeper when his hand came between her legs and his fingers moved between her labia and found her clit.

Briget groaned loudly at the plunging of Anna's tongue inside her cunt in response to the attention Keith was giving Anna's ass and cunt. And Briget's eyes opened wide at the feel of something hard and warm stroking her cheek. Her surprise broadened as she saw that it was Erick's cock that was stroking her cheek. She had thought he and his friend were gay. But he was really, really nice looking, and Anna's

tongue was driving her to the moon, so she opened her mouth to Erick's cock and let him stroke it in and out of her cheek cavity.

Anna groaned and raised her head off Brigit's cunt and arched her back as the lubricated fingers of Keith's free hand entered her ass and moved deeper and stretched her there. No one had ever done that in her ass, and she was being challenged on her resolve to let the male model hunk do whatever he wished with her.

Anna was groaning and starting to object as she felt something larger and thicker at her ass hole than Keith's fingers.

"Shush, shush, sweetheart. You'll love it, I guarantee it," Keith whispered in her ear before he took her ear lobe between his teeth and breathed that sexy breath in her ear. "I'll be gentle. You'll feel incredibly possessed."

Anna concentrated on what a hunk he was—the best body she'd ever had working her, trying to ignore the cramped pain she felt as Keith slowly worked his cock into her ass. He had found her clit with his forefinger and was rubbing it back and forth, swelling it and making it more and more sensitive to his touch, and incredibly, the combination of his attentions to her ass channel and her cunt, in conjunction with just the image that she was being totally fucked by such a luscious man, made Anna lose any inhibitions she might have had left in being taken in the ass.

She didn't even seem to notice that Brigit had been pulled away from her and flipped to her back and was writhing and crying out as Erick insinuated his pelvis between her spread legs and thrust his cock into her cunt and started pumping her hard.

Anna fired off an orgasm under the attention Keith was giving her clit, and he withdrew his fingers and, having bottomed in her ass, start a slow, deep pumping that had the gasp from her orgasm just keep rolling. Keith let her chest drop and her breasts fell into the palms of his hands and he started kneading her tits. She was looking into Brigit's face now, and the lust she saw there at the fucking Erick was giving Brigit encouraged Anna to drop her lips to Brigit's in a long, deep kiss.

Sean saddled up behind Erick and the thrust of his dick into Erick's ass channel triggered Erick's ejaculation, which caused Brigit to bite Anna's lip, which caused Anna to jerk, which initiated Keith's ejaculation deep inside Anna's rear canal.

All held in place, gasping for breath, rebuilding their faculties. Then Keith withdrew from Anna's ass and walked around the bed and pulled Brigit from under Erick, who was being piston fucked by Sean.

Brigit was moaning weakly as Keith carried her over to a nearby chair and pushed her down with her knees in the back of the seat. She was still reeling from the orgasm Erick's cunt fucking had given her and was too groggy to struggle, as Keith covered her close from behind. She objected weakly and with no success as she felt Keith's cock bulb lodging itself inside her ass rim. Her feelings were too mixed for her to galvanize any defense or even any serious objection. Like her friend, Anna, she melted to the very idea of being fucked by a hunk like Keith no matter what his preference.

His cock head in place, Keith ran one hand around Brigit's side and down her belly and snaked his fingers inside her cunt. His other hand moved up her sternum and stopped briefly to tweak a nipple and then it lifted to her throat and cupped her chin, holding her too him. When she was sighing and moving her hips for him from the

working of her clit by his fingers, he started the long, stretching journey of his throbbing cock up her ass canal. She whimpered out of fear, but she was totally his now. He could have brutalized her, but he didn't. He invaded her as she was able to accommodate. And he whispered all of the right things in her ear and turned her face to his and kissed her lips and cheeks and eyelids sweetly. And he fucked her cunt expertly with his fingers, sparking orgasm after orgasm, so that when he was fully sheathed inside her, Brigit started working his cock on her own, won over to this aspect of the fuck that would make her ask for it henceforth from the lovers who especially moved her.

Meanwhile, Erick was bent over the bed, looking down at Anna's luscious body, moving his hips to the fucking Sean was giving him from behind. Overcome with lust, he pulled her to him and turned her on her belly and brought her up to her knees under his chest holding her close inside his arms. He moved his cock head to between her puffy labia and started to force his cock into her now-restricted cunt. She groaned and tried to separate her legs to open more to his invading cock, but he didn't let her, he just kept pushing into her tightened channel. Soon he was deep inside her, though, and she was loving it and panting and moaning and the three were moving in unison to their last, exhausted releases.

* * * *

Wednesday rolled around again. The L.A. bus tour was a cruise through Beverley Hills pointing out the houses of the stars. The return trip went down Sunset

Boulevard strip, and when the tour guide suggested that those on the tour might want to return to the strip that evening to taste the clubs, several in the bus took notice.

There were no luscious young women on the tour today. Nor was there a mature and experienced handsome woman of discerning and universal tastes. But there was a young couple from Tennessee who were quite good looking, each in his and her own right, and who were dripping with wealth and totally self-centered and narcissistic. And, not incidentally, as Sean was observing, both flirting unabashedly with one of the other passengers on the bus, the male model Keith.

Both latched immediately onto the idea of tasting the clubs that evening and they were eyeing Keith like they were already tasting him when they asked him if he was interested in doing that as well.

“Fortuitously,” Sean said, as he leaned over the seat back between the young man and his wife, “Keith here is going to the Sunset Boulevard clubs with my friend, Erick, and me this evening. Erick and I know which ones are the best to hit. Would you like to come along? And then maybe we can do something special afterwards.”

Both wife and husband were smiling and licking their lips.

Perfect Harvest Year

The sun was in half stride to the top of the sky, And Xulatiki stood proudly, his purple cloak billowing around his perfect body in his first year of full manhood. His eyes, and, indeed, the eyes of all those about him, all of the woman of the empire who were able to walk or find someone to carry them to this place, were focused at the top of the smoking sacred mountain and the swirl of color that could be seen there. Xulatiki's flawless body, tallowed and glistening in the rays of the god sun, whose full presence had emphasized the perfection of this year's ritual, was taut and trembling slightly with anticipation. Other than the purple cape attached at golden bands around his biceps, wrists, just above his knees, and at his ankles, the young prince was proudly naked.

The full appearance of the sun on this propitious day was only a further favorable sign for this year. Xulatiki was starting his kingship today by right of the ritual; he had been judged to be the most magnificently formed of all the young men in the empire who had come into full manhood this season. But he also was becoming king by right of position, which would mean there would be no maneuvering for power among the elite this year, maneuvering that could only detract from the purpose of this ritual. Eighteen years before this ritual day, his own father and mother had been the chosen ones, and thus he was doubling chosen, something that not even the oldest croon now staring intently at the stone platform built on the rim of the smoking mountain top above their heads could remember to have happened.

The women spread across the mountainside were the first to notice the change in the activity on the platform above. The cessation of the swirling dancing of the many

colors, the raising of arms that brought up a curtain of purple, brown, deep blue, green, aquamarine, yellow, and orange capes surrounding the altar at the center of the platform, and the slinking into a cower to below the lip of the platform of the figures in the black, gray, and red capes. And when the women saw the change, their murmurings and chants changed to loud ululation. They were trilling loudly, clicking their teeth together rhythmically, and raising and swaying their arms in praise and joy.

Xulatiki saw the reclining figure of Queen Norinana, naked but streaked with red, being bundled away from the surface of the altar by white-robed elder woman, and the figures in the brown and deep blue capes rose up above the raised curtain and capes, onto the surface of the altar. They each had a large earthenware jar in their arms, which they tipped over in unison, washing the blood of the queen from the altar. And then, as they receded downward, rising up between them to stand fully erect and majestically, his arms opened wide to those on the hillside, was elevated the most magnificent figure of all, robed in gleaming gold. The highest priest of the sun god, chosen when the previous highest priest lost his virility, chosen by right of having the straightest, most robust body in the empire combined with a phallus of the longest and thickest dimensions.

The highest priest rose tall on top of the altar and raised an object over his head in one hand and a bloody knife in the other, and the woman spread across the hillside cried out in unison but then went immediately silent. The highest priest of the sun god handed the object and the knife to the last of the white-robed ancients and they scurried down the hillside in the wake of the departing figure of the reclining queen. In response, the crowd of women lathering the mountainside slunk away into the surrounding jungle

at the based of the coned peak, which was spewing its puffs of smoke into the air. As the women faded away, they were replaced by a great army of men, naked and tallowed, each with his own color of bicep, wrist, knee, and ankle bands. These were their passports for traveling beyond their villages. The color of the bands designated the village origins of their wearer in the broad empire running around the sacred mountain and to the sea in every direction except the border of the forbidden land of the man crunchers.

The highest priest of the sun god raised his arms and his face toward the sun and let out a bellow that was joined with the deep-voiced yells of joy and anticipation of the men who had replaced the women on the side of the mountain.

This was Xulatiki's cue. the sea of men between him and the top of the smoking mountain parted, and Xulatiki slowly ascended this path, proud and welcoming, his head held high, his bulging breasts rock hard and nipples taut, his comely cock swinging against newly manned thighs, his eyes locked on those of the waiting highest priest of the sun god. He would be king. And kings must suffer for their people.

The colorfully caped men on the platform were moving fluidly about again in their slow-motion swirling dance. They could not be clearly seen because of the smoke coming out of the cauldron the mountain possessed instead of a peak, but as Xulatiki came closer, he could see that they each held a spear in one hand—all except for the three undulating around below the rim of the platform. These three were moving in circles that had a pattern to it. They were moving as if to intercept Xulatiki before he reached the summit. But now the other caped figures—all save the golden-caped one who remained standing astride the altar, legs out wide, cock proudly at full erection—

were circling to come between Xulatiki and the other three, and as Xulatiki reached the platform, they had driven the three—the black-caped fury representing pestilence, the gray-caped fury representing the human enemies of the empire, and the red-caped one representing devastating fire—back behind the platform and under the lip of the smoking cauldron.

Xulatiki stood at the edge of the platform now. Everyone, priests, furies, and men on the mountainside alike, held their breath for the longest time and looked to the skies to mark the ascension of the sun. It was almost exactly overhead now, and as the sun moved into that position, the minor priests—the yellow-caped one representing the grain, the orange-caped one representing the fruit of the land, the green-caped one representing the game of the forests, and the aquamarine one represented the bounty of the ocean—encircled Xulatiki. As they lifted him straight up in the air, two with strong hands on his arms and above his rib cage and two with hands on his thighs and under his round and firm buttocks, the highest priest of the sun stretched himself out on the surface of the cruciform-shaped altar, his arms spread wide on the cross arms of the altar and his prodigious cock standing straight up in the air. The two high priests, that of the earth, caped in brown, and that of the sky, caped in deep blue, were at the lip of the cauldron, ensuring that the three furies were keeping their distance.

The men on the mountainside started to chant as the minor priests lifted Xulatiki high in the air, suspended over the altar and that monster spike of the highest priest. Benetiki, the purple-caped king, stood at the head of the altar, arms outstretched, his eyes plastered firmly on Xulatiki's eyes, as the ritual of the passing of the kinghead began. Xulatiki was returning the king's gaze, and he was chanting the chant he had

been taught to use at this time, a chant that was meant to divert his attention, steel his resolve, and clothe his fears as much as possible to the ritual that had begun.

The sun hit its zenith and the two minor priests who were holding Xulatiki's legs spread them wide and all four of the minor priests brought Xulatiki's virginal passage down onto the erect manhood of the highest priest of the sun. Although both the phallus and the passage were slathered with tallow, the entry was not an easy one. Xulatiki's initial cry of pain was covered by the scream of possession and victory let loose by the reclined highest priest of the sun. This signal of the beginning of the year's seeding cycle released an exaltation of joy across the mountainside, and as the minor priests raised and lowered Xulatiki on the sacred seeding spike and Xulatiki raised his face to the sun to howl the chant he had been taught to use at this time, the women, now as naked as the men, flooded back onto the hillside and mingled with the men. The tension in the air was palpable as the highest priest's flow began to rise for the ritual seeding of the year's crop through the symbolic breeding of the new king.

The highest priest's pelvis lifted off the surface of the altar in rhythm with the downward thrustings of Xulatiki's torso, and at the triumph scream from the highest priest's lips of release and flow of the seed, the multitudes across the hillside fell on each other in an orgy of symbolic-and in many cases actual-seeding—man on woman and man on man and woman on woman, as they pleased. There would be many a new baby to comfort and challenge the men and women of the empire in the coming cool season.

The start of the ritual precisely when the sun had reached its zenith was yet another propitious sign of a good harvest year. But even more significant was the dark

cloud that blotted out the sun and began to release its life-giving nourishment to the empire at the precise second the highest priest had ritualistic spouted his seed inside the new king, marking the precise moment Xulatiki had become the new king of the empire. Miracles of miracles, yet another sign simultaneously came from beneath their feet. The mountain began to laugh, to rumble and move, showing its approval of the new king and giving its blessing on the new growing season.

The old king, Benetiki, not yet a year older than Xulatiki but already a defunct king, was dispatched exactly as the ritual called for. The opening of the sky had brought a deluge of water that hissed loudly when it hit the burning embers inside the mountain's cauldron. In the cloud of smoke that ensued, the three furies, pestilence, human enemies, and fire, crept up out of the cauldron and snatched Benetiki. They stripped him of his purple cape, pulled him below the lip of the cauldron, and, in succession, seeded him deeply and roughly in their fury of not having been able to reach the new king.

It was the time in the ritual now for the high priests of the earth and sky to give their seed blessings to the new king. The highest king of the sun came off the altar and moved to the front of the platform, facing the sexual feast of people of the empire. He stood there, legs spread wide and arms crossed and blessed the seeding of the nation going on before his eyes. The high priest of the earth stood on a ledge running on either side of the altar, the altar between his thighs, and the four minor priests turned the new king so that he hovered over the altar, his back toward its surface. And they brought the new king's pelvis in toward the groin of the high priest of the earth, and he entered the king's passage with his phallus and bred him. The high priest of the sky straddled the

altar over the new king's head and entered the new king's mouth with his phallus and bred him there.

When earth and sky had seeded the new king with their blessings, the king was laid flat on the lower arm of the altar table. His wrists were bound to rings on the cross beams of the altar, and one after another, the priests of the grain, the fruits of the land, the game of the forests, and the bounty of the sea straddled the altar below the king and blessed him deeply with their seed. As they did so, the favored maiden Tianana appeared beside King Xulatiki and poured mother's milk on her plump breasts and suckled the new king. This marked the validation of her selection as the new queen.

All of the favorable signs rang true. The crops were bountiful that growing season and the game of the forests and bounty of the sea were plentiful. The winds blew strong across the peninsula, not giving pestilence a chance to place its claw on crop, or animal, or human. The rain was plentiful and no fires of destruction flared. The coastal villages of the empire did see a great armada of war ships on the sea, but it floated past the empire's lands. Smoke was seen rising soon thereafter above the land of the man crunchers. And for the first time in many years, no enemy force appeared to try to deprive the empire of its crops or bring grieving to the hearths of its people. The year's harvest was the most abundant the empire had ever known.

The sun god having been ascendant for the ritual of the blessing of the crops, the moon goddess was given her due for the ritual of the blessing of the harvest.

On a night of the first full moon following the harvest, King Xulatiki met and coupled with his new queen, Tianana, on the altar of the sacred mountain. The white-clad select virgins of the empire danced around the platform in the moonlight as Xulatiki

met with Tianana on the great altar. Xulatiki stretched his bride out on the altar and hovered over her, touching her here and there and running his hands here and there as the moon ascended the sky. And when the moon reached its zenith, he thrust his phallus inside her. She sang to the moon as he thrust and thrust and thrust. The two perfectly formed favored children of the empire merged and coupled and twisted and entangled and sighed and moaned, pleasing the moon goddess greatly in their breedings. The king masterfully seeded his new queen repeatedly through the night, passing on in great flowings of golden seed the blessing of all the gods of earth, sea, and sky that he had received at the beginning of the growing season.

Peace and plenty reigned over the land through its fallow season and there was only joy and nurturing of the human fruits of the growing season ritual orgy throughout the empire.

The new growing season was upon the empire once more. The ritual had begun again at the altar on the sacred mountain in keeping with a never-ending rhythm. The high and minor priests were swirling around the altar, the women of the empire were spread across the mountainside below, their ululations wakening the gods in the heaven to the empire's supplications. The furies were at the edges of the platform, being held at bay by spears of the priests. King Xulatiki had taken up his position at the head of the altar. He looked briefly down the mountainside at the new king expectant standing nervously, trying his best not to appear nervous, in his purple cape at the base of the mountain. Xulatiki looked back to the altar spreading before him. His beloved queen, Tianana was stretched out on the surface of the altar. She was groaning and moaning. The highest priest of the sun was straddling the altar and her, standing on the ledge

running down each side of the altar. He had a long sharp knife in one hand. He was gently rocking his pelvis back and forth, entering the queen with his phallus and pulling back out and then entering her again.

He was playing the part of the sun god, welcoming the fruit of the queen's womb into the world, the empire's most sacred baby of that year. His phallus was entering the queen and reaching to the new baby, coaxing it to appear precisely at dawn, as would be a perfect sign to cap a perfect year and to bring promise of continued good fortune in the harvest. The queen's attendants, a bevy of old women in white, were moving about her, kneading her belly and doing this and that to either prolong or shorten the childbirth, doing everything they could to have the baby appear exactly at dawn.

At a signal from the attendants, King Xulatiki leaned over his naked wife and started suckling her breasts, causing her milk to flow. And the highest priest of the sun god increased his rhythmic beckoning of the child with his stroking phallus.

There was a gush of blood and fluids and the high priest of the sun god pulled his phallus out of the queen and stepped down from the altar, just in time for dawn to strike and for the head of the new baby, a strong son, to appear. The highest priest of the sun god announced the arrival, exactly at the most propitious moment, of the new prince. As he cut the umbilical cord with his knife, an exultation of joy went up from the throng of women gathered on the hillside.

But then the greatest of miracles. A cloud drifted across the rising sun, and it became night again. But as soon as the cloud had come, it was gone, and there was a second dawn. And there was a second child coming out of the womb of the queen. This one was a girl child, with very healthy lungs. In a trembling voice, the highest priest of

the sun god, who in all his years had never thought he'd see the empire blessed as it had been in this year's harvest cycle, announced the arrival of a princess, and the women on the hillside went wild.

The queen and the babies were rushed away and the women were flooding away from the hillside and the men were flowing onto the hillside in a ritual pattern that basically never changed no matter how blessed or cursed a particular year was.

Still, King Xulatiki, king for only a few more moments, couldn't help but look down on the young purple-caped man standing nervously at the base of the mountain and to pity him. This had been the perfect harvest year, more propitious than any of the past and probably more so than any of the future. That could not help but be a disappointment to the short rule of the young man standing below. Xulatiki's breast puffed up with pride and self-congratulations.

Yes, the perfect harvest year, the fading King Xulatiki was thinking, not yet aware of the fingers of the furies of pestilence, human enemies, fire that already were seeking purchase on the hem of his purple cape from the rim of the volcano's cauldron.

The Yellow Cadillac

I was feeling quite horny and knew it wouldn't be long before I was hungry too, and I didn't expect another check for two days, so I decided to saunter on over to that county park near the campus that had a lot of out-of-the way parking places and was known in my circles as a pickup spot. With luck, I'd pick me up a short-term sugar daddy with munch and lunch on his mind—or maybe even a hot momma with boy toy sex for pay on her mind. I was sitting there on a picnic table near the entrance, contemplating the condition of my fingernails, when a big yellow blur whooshed past me and turned off into a wooded area, well away from the main picnic section.

I didn't think much of that for a couple of minutes, until I heard a somewhat irritated voice wafting a question from over that direction.

“Well, are you here for something special, or are you just wasting the day away? If the first, get your little ass over here.”

I unfolded myself from the picnic table and strolled through the fringe of trees to the small parking area. When I got to the clearing, I saw a hippie-type guy leaning up against an old yellow Cadillac convertible. He had a craggy face that looked somewhat familiar, except the dark sunglasses hid quite a bit. He had a light beard and mustache and long silky dirty blond hair that reached below his shoulders. He was wearing a T-shirt with his own face and some writing on the front, and there was a guitar case in his backseat. And then it dawned on me. This was a guitarist from a local band that had gone national and still had tunes on the charts. At least that boded well for a free meal possibility.

I stood there and looked at him, and he sat up against his car and looked me up and down, and I didn't quite know what to say.

"Well, up close, I like what I see," he said in a twangy voice. "So, do you want to come around and get in, and I'll give you a ride?"

"A ride?" I asked lamely.

"Yes, a ride." And then he snickered, having become aware of the double entendre he'd created all on his own.

"Why do we need to ride anywhere? We can just do it here, can't we?" I asked.

"This park's too well known. I know where there's another one nearby that's safer."

"OK, why not," I answered. I bleakly walked around to the passenger side, we both got into his car, and he pulled out of the parking area.

"Drag?" he said, as he offered what obviously was more than a cigarette to me. I politely declined the offer.

"Don't worry, I won't keep you long. Gotta gig myself, but I like, you know, like to get off before I go on stage. And after too, for that matter," and he gave another little laugh. "And on stage whenever possible." This one gave him the giggles. I don't know how high he was already, but I kept very quiet so he could concentrate on his driving.

"Do this often?" he asked, as we drove out into the countryside?

"No. No, I don't," I answered.

"Sweet."

He pulled into another, larger county park and drove into the far end of a secluded parking lot, where he turned around the Cadillac around and backed it up to the edge of a little dell.

“Get on out, and come around to the trunk,” he said, as he opened his door, got out. Without fanfare, he stripped his jeans and briefs off and threw them in the back seat beside the guitar case. We both walked around to the trunk of the car. He got me between him and the trunk and turned me so that I was facing him.

“Take off the shirt.” I did as he asked, and he ran his hands around my torso.

“Nice,” he said, as he took the joint out of his mouth and offered it to me again. I declined once again.

“Oh, well, your loss.” Then he unbuckled my belt, unfastened my jeans, pulled down my zipper and took my jeans and briefs down and off my legs.

“Oh my, yes; nice, very nice indeed. Lean back on the trunk, please.” I did so, and he asked me to hold his smoldering joint and started tonguing my chest and nipples, his silky hair swishing over my torso, producing a not-unpleasant sensation. He worked his way down to my cock and balls and then pushed my legs up into my chest with both hands and started tonguing my asshole. After a while, he stood, releasing my legs, retrieved a condom from his pocket and got it rolled on his dick and spit in his hand a couple of times. He worked this into his sheathed cock. He lifted my legs again and spread them wide; walked his pelvis into mine; plugged his hardened, but not particularly large, rod into my asshole; and started a slow pumping movement. He was manageable, but I gasped and moaned for him involuntarily anyway as he worked his hard cock around in my channel.

After a while, he asked for the joint back and puffed on that while he worked my ass with his dick. He had one of those cocks that started off unimpressive but lengthened and thickened nicely with the proper attention. He came inside me and then slurped his cock out of me and instructed me to put my clothes back on as he walked around to the driver's side. He asked me where I wanted to be driven, and he dropped me off right at my dorm. Before I got out of the car, though, he put his hand on my arm.

"Here's a twenty for the trick. Best fuck I've had in a week. I'm good and ready to go on stage now. Thanks a lot." And then he handed me a ticket, which had a red band on the side. "Here's a ticket to my concert here Saturday night. The red band on it will get you into the party afterward. Hope to see you there." And then he just drove off and left me there on the curb.

The twenty saved me from writing home for a quick bridge to my next regular check, and come Saturday, I ran across the ticket to that crazy guy's concert among the junk on my dresser, so I thought why the hell not check out that scene.

The featured band really was quite good. They had a large crowd in the university's soccer stadium, and it was even being filmed for national sale as a video. The rocker who had fucked me had a great, raspy, character-laden voice, and he played a mean guitar. I was also impressed with his backup singer, a statuesque brunette in a halter top and flowing crinkly skirt. She played a hand harp as well as sang. The drummer was an evening's entertainment all himself. Stripped to the waist, and sweating from the exertion, he was a massive, muscle-bound Jamaican, with flowing dreadlocks that flew all around him as he made love to his drums. The spots were on him more than on anyone else that evening.

Caught up in the euphoria of the concert, I decided to see what my special red-banded ticket would get me. I really wanted to see that brunette up close. My wish about that was granted, because when I was ushered back to the rocker's dressing room, she and he were in a lip lock and fondle exercise over on one of a pair of couches that faced each other in an alcove. The room was thick with the smoke from various drugs, and a small crowd was freely handing around a foaming drink in big plastic cups. The rocker saw me and waved me over. I sat across from him and the striking brunette. They offered me a joint, but I turned it down, just as I had the other day. I did take a drink and down it, though, which likely was a mistake.

I think I had been slipped a Mickey of some sort, because it wasn't long before I got groggy and my connection with all that was going on around me kept going in and out. I started to disappear, while the brunette appeared wrapped up in whatever conversation I could muster to avoid telling her I was here because her colleague had had me for a snack a few days earlier. She must have fancied me herself, because after my first blackout, I found her on my sofa, sticking her tongue in my ear and playing with my chest and belly. My shirt had disappeared somewhere. I didn't stay aware long, and the next time I put in an appearance, the brunette was still there, toying with me, but my rocker friend was now on the other side of me.

My pants were down around my ankles, and the rocker and brunette were kissing each other across my body and each of them had a hand on my hardened cock. Surprisingly enough, the room still seemed to be full of boisterous people. Next I was aware; the brunette was sitting astride my lap with my cock up her cunt. Her skirt still flowed around us, but her big tits were hanging free and flapping against my chest and

her long hair was whipping my face. The music, which had a good beat, was louder than the crowd now, and, good musician that she was, she was keeping great time with the beat in her bucking in my lap. As far as I remembered, the rocker was puffing a weed and playing with both the brunette's tits and my nipples as they bounced against each other.

In the next scene that I was awake enough to witness, the brunette was still fucking herself with my hard cock, but now the rocker was under me. I was sitting in his lap now, my butt nuzzled into his pelvis and his hard penis up my ass.

I don't know how all of that came to a climax, but it must have satisfied them, because they gave me a ride home in the rocker's yellow Cadillac convertible. For the brief time I was awake, I found that I sort of was sitting sideways on the back seat of the Caddie, at least the back part of my bare butt was in the brunette's lap. She was sitting in regular fashion on the passenger side of the backseat and must have been sitting on a cushion, because we were sitting pretty high up out of the seat. I was leaning back against the side of the car, and she seemed to be playing my torso like her harp and spending a lot of time on my still-hard—or hard once again, as far as I knew—cock and my balls, while I weighed and squeezed her big jugs.

My left leg was draped up onto the back of the seat and my right leg was draped over into the front seat and my calf rested on the rocker's shoulder. He was driving while trying to suck my toes. What was most interesting, though, was that the Jamaican drummer was kneeling between my spread legs. He had a club of a dick disappearing in my asshole and reappearing from my asshole in a heavy rock rhythm, while he drummed a beat to set his pumping with his fingers on my belly. His beautiful, glistening

chocolate chest was heaving and rocking back and forth, and his head was spinning, keeping his long dreadlocks twirling in the air in time with the thrusts of his pelvis into my ass. It was really a wonderful sight for the short time I was aware of it. I'm sort of sorry I missed most of the performance—and especially the climax.

They were nice enough to get me to safety on the front steps of my dorm, where my roommate found me I don't know how long thereafter. By the next morning, the memory of what all had happened was beginning to drain from me, so I sat right down and wrote out as much as I could dredge back up. I wasn't going to do anything with this as far as getting it published or anything, but it was one hell of an experience, and I didn't want to forget it altogether. I bet I would have always remembered that old yellow Cadillac, though.

The Picnic

“More cream for your tart, dear Constance?”

Lady Emma brushed my hand with hers as she passed me the silver-clad tub of whipped cream, and I blushed—not only at her intimate touch by a hand that had known me to the depths, but at the tight little smile and the arch that had gone to her well-plucked eyebrows when she mouthed the word “tart.”

I felt so exposed. I had never intended to be in the combined presence of the two, and yet here I was, sitting in a small glade above the Thames at Lord Thomas and Lady Emma’s Caversham Park retreat having a civilized picnic during an interval in the annual Henley Regatta, and the tension in the air was palpable. Or at least it was in my experience. I could hardly breath—and it wasn’t all because of the tightness of the bone corselet or the heat of the day heightened by the billowing skirt and layers of petticoats I was wearing. Thomas and Emma, conversely, looked perfectly comfortable and in their element.

I had not meant for it to happen—not any of it—most especially my trysting with Lord Thomas. But when that life-changing event occurred, I had barely come out of mourning for my dear Trevor, lost in the Boor Wars at such a young age and leaving me with barely enough wherewithal to exist and certainly with no skills to improve my lot unless I could find an appropriate place at court or as a tutor or as a companion for another, better situated, widow.

It had been my first outing to Covent Gardens after two years of widow weeds—and I had always been so young and gay before I lost Trevor. Lady Helen, my

companion for the evening, succumbed to the vapors with the concert barely started, and, it was foolish and selfish of me, I know, but I had stayed on at the theatre when she had withdrawn. I assumed there would be carriages available for the return to my nearby modest mews townhouse—and there may have been—but Lord Thomas offered to accompany me home in his carriage at the end of the concert, and I had no reason to refuse.

I was so young and naïve then. I had known nothing of Lord Thomas's reputation or his arrogance and audacity. But part of the fault was mine, I must admit. I found Lord Thomas intriguing, even when viewed from afar and regardless of my feelings for Lady Emma. I should have enquired about Lady Emma—asked why she was not with him at the theatre. But I did not.

And he did not take me home in his carriage—or at least not at once. Not for well over an hour. His carriage furiously rumbled out into the countryside and then back into London. On a rural byway, where there was no one but Lord Thomas's driver—and henchman—to hear my pleas, Lord Thomas took advantage of me in his carriage, cruelly, forcefully, and despite my gasping begging that he forbear, with no one there to heed my cries of violation.

I cannot accuse him of deflowering me, as I was a widow, and my Trevor, who had been highly sexed and—to my own enjoyment as well, I must admit—had claimed his husbandly right nearly nightly in our short time as man and wife. In fact, I ached from the absence of his more than dutiful cocking—which may have contributed to the ease of Lord Thomas's victory over me.

Almost before I knew what was happening to me in that darkened carriage, Thomas had one hand inside my bodice and the other under my skirts and on my mound. And then for miles and miles through the rural roads, I was trapped between the carriage seat and his plunging pelvis, as he pushed my skirts above my waist and spread my legs with his hands wrapped under a knee and around an ankle and cocked me with a member much more filling and able to reach deeper inside me than Trevor ever had done. Lord Thomas was a master cocksman, which I only later heard rumored frequently around court, and I was vulnerable and without attention for so long after a brief period of fully satisfactory lying with my young husband. And I am shamed and embarrassed to admit that I moaned and flowed for Thomas repeatedly in that lurching carriage while he seeded me twice—in separate channels. I later could attest that Thomas seemed to prefer the nether channel as being tighter and giving his cock more pleasure.

I refused to see him after that—for a full two weeks. But one rainy afternoon, he had tippled too heartily at his gentleman's club, and he forced his way into my small mews home and pushed me down on my knees in front of him and made me give him suck before he carried me up to my bed and pounded that big, hard, ruby-red-headed cock inside me while I gave him every reason to believe that it was just what I wanted him to do. When he finished in my vagina and, having hardened again, he turned me on my back and took me in the other channel—something my husband had never done. I denied him nothing and cried out for the feel of his semen flowing deep inside me. Nothing made me more lustful for a virile man than the prolonged loss of the one I once

had. And Lord Thomas had a commanding presence, a comely body, and an oh so insistent and masterful hard member.

And, I cringe to say, it was all overwhelmingly exotic and arousing for me. In those two weeks I denied him, I melted to the remembrance of his member working inside me and mingling his flow with mine after more than two years of abstinence. And I blush to admit that I especially enjoyed the close fit of his cock in my arse channel. From there the decision was almost too easy to make to accept his offer of a stipend if I opened my legs to him whenever he called on me to do so.

A young widow who has been raised in the gentry and finds herself bereft of her honorable support has to do what she has to do. Life is cruel and a constant danger for such as I.

If that had been all there was to that, it would have been nothing special or unusual. But my wantonness inside the lord's household had already been established before that momentous carriage ride.

I have no idea what working of the humor of the gods had set Lord Thomas on me, but perhaps my having already been a tertiary figure in his vast household had set his ardor and determination in motion. I had barely met him before he assaulted me and made me a wanton woman, however.

The earlier connection had been Lady Emma. Less than a year after I learned of my husband's untimely death on the South African battlefield, I was introduced to Lady Emma, who was taking a tour of Italy, unaccompanied by her husband, and who needed a suitable traveling companion. A friend who knew of my plight recommended me to Lady Emma, and I found myself in Florence and then in Venice, and then, no

doubt as a result of the exotic and sultry environment of the Italian phallus-shaped peninsula and all those suggestive statues of naked young men, writhing on a chaise lounge just inside a balcony on a Venetian canal with Lady Emma's head between my parted thighs and her tongue lapping between my labia and at my clitoris.

Again, my young, highly sexed Trevor had brought out needs and desires in me that had, in their sudden and prolonged denial, weakened my moral fiber and turned my head—and opened my legs upon clever and well-planned seduction.

Upon returning to England, Lady Emma had granted me a small stipend for the privilege of visiting me in my bedroom and disrobing and sharing a forbidden love with me that I increasingly took a full share in.

Thus, my dilemma when the invitation came for a weekend in the country at Lord Thomas's Caversham Park retreat to take in the Henley Regatta, the shell-boat racing on the Thames. If I had known that I was to be the only guest, I would not have come despite my cravings and fatal curiosities.

"Strawberry, Mrs. Wilson?" Lord Thomas asked, offering me the porcelain bowl filled with the reddest, ripest strawberry's I'd ever seen.

"Yes, thank you, My Lord," I responded with my eyes cast down. When I lifted them to take the strawberry, Lord Thomas held my hand for a few seconds longer than necessary in the exchange of a plump berry. Then, as I watched, he took one himself and worked it slowly between his lips in a sensuous movement that sent my heart palpitating. All the time his eyes were watching mine, and he was undressing me with them—as slowly as he disrobed me before laying with me on those few occasions when

he wasn't in such high heat that he took me, like a dog, on the stairs to my bed chamber.

I turned and looked at Lady Emma, hoping beyond all hope that she was not seeing the possessing look Lord Thomas was giving me—but her eyes were on mine as well, and they had the same look of ownership and domination that her husband's had. Then she looked away and I also looked back at Lord Thomas.

He was holding a strawberry in his mouth and Emma turned her face to him. She brought her lips to his, and they lustily shared the fruit, the red pulp dripping down their chins. I cast my eyes down, not wishing to intrude on this intimate moment between husband and wife, and I saw that Thomas had pushed Emma's bodice off her breasts and he was cupping one of her pointed orbs in his hand.

I gave a little involuntary cry and lowered my eyes to my hands as they lay in my lap.

"Oh Constance. Sweet, sweet Constance," Emma murmured, and she moved around to one side of where I was sitting on the picnic cloth and Thomas moved in closer to me on the other side. It was only now that I noticed that Thomas's breeches had been unbuttoned and Emma's hand was just now pulling away from his freed and aroused cock.

Emma turned my face to hers with a delicate hand cupped under my chin, and she gave me a sweet kiss on the lips. I felt a hand at the straps to my summer frock and my bodice being lowered to my waist and a hand—Thomas's hand—was cupping my breast. His thumb and a finger closed on my nipple, and I moaned.

"Oh, Lord Thomas! Lady Emma! I don't think . . ."

“Hush, hush, my dear,” Thomas whispered in my ear. “No need for pretense. I know you and Emma have been lovers. I have known since before I took you myself. We are able to share and share alike, we are.”

“Oh,” I moaned. Lady Emma was working on the lacings at my back, freeing me of the confines of my dress.

Lord Thomas snapped his fingers and muttered, “Champagne,” and a handsome young footman stepped forward with a chilled open bottle of the liquid. As he stood there, smiling down at me, in ready attendance, Thomas’s hands were working under my skirts and petticoats, pulling away my undergarments. I nearly swooned as his strong hands cupped my now-bare mound and I felt a finger enter me in search of my secret treasure.

I fell back into Lady Emma’s arms in a near faint, as Lord Thomas called for the champagne.

But he did not drink the cool liquid; instead, he tipped the bottle over my chest and let the champagne cascade down on my bare breasts.

And then both Thomas and Emma, one at each breast, were drinking of the champagne off my heaving orbs and nipples. I was shuddering and moaning and, yes, sighing at the lips nibbling at my breasts and at the working of Lord Thomas’s meaty finger inside me, which had found the prize it was seeking.

Emma left Thomas to his devices for a moment, which were to raise me up and completely disrobe me and then to pull my back into his chest and bring me down into his lap, positioning my rear channel onto the great rosy bulb of his member. And I cried

out and groaned as he slowly descended me on the full link of his mighty cock and impaled me to the quick.

Meanwhile, while the handsome young footman stood there beside us, at attention, Emma had unbuttoned his breeches and was giving his cock suck. And his cock was enjoying the attention and was acquiring a prodigious erection.

Then Emma turned her attention to me. Lord Thomas placed his hands under my knees and spread them wide and tipped my pelvis up on the cock he had staked up my arse hole, and Emma knelt down on her knees and placed her head between my parted thighs, parted my labia with her tongue, and fed on my inner sweetness while I gasped and moaned.

Emma raised her head long enough to turn and utter a command to the footman and then, as she returned her attentions to my inner channel, the footman approached her from the rear, lifted her skirts over her back, crouched, and slowly entered her and started to fuck her in long strokes. His eyes were on me, though, and on Thomas's hands working my breasts as his hips went into a circular motion that permitted his cock to provide attention to every nook and cranny of my arse channel. The young footman raised his vest and shirt off his chest, and I moaned at the sight of the muscling on his body and how it strained and undulated as he pumped inside Lady Emma.

The young footman leaned down and took my lips in his and kissed me deeply.

He pulled away and smiled and his lips went to my ear. I gasped at his whispered, "Permission to fuck, Ma'am? Thou aren't so, so sweet." I was overwhelmed by the attention at the suddenly freeing knowledge that I need no longer keep one lover

secret from the other. And having unclothed himself entirely as he was servicing the Lady Emma, I melted to the fine form of this young god.

I murmured my acceptance. And after the footman had leaned down and whispered something in Lady Emma's ear, she moved her lips away from my nether lips and sat back on her haunches, as the young footman went down on his knees between my spread legs, Lord Thomas tipped me back on his impaling pole. The youth took his mighty rod in his hand and inserted it inside me just to the point where his bulb was rubbing against my clitoris, and he worked me there for some minutes while I watched his bulging chest muscles tremble with the effort and waves and waves of pleasure rolled over me. It was not long before I shuddered my surrender. At the point of my orgasm, Lady Emma took my lips in hers and swallowed my cries of release.

And then the young, virile cock was plunging into the quick of me and the strong thrusts of the young footman were sending my arse channel to rising and falling on Lord Thomas's cock. Thomas bellowed in a cry of release, and he bathed in the insides of my arse as the young footman joined him in a victory spouting and I joined them in a second orgasm of my own.

A picnic never to be forgotten that sent me to paradise in waves of ever-heightened pleasure. Ever the while, however, I was speculating to myself whether I would continue to enjoy separate stipends from Lord Thomas and Lady Emma—when I wasn't wondering how I could meet with the young footman's glorious cock and muscled body again. A young gentry woman widowed and set forth in the world on her own must be every mindful of her future prospects—and not all of her needs were monetary.

Winging Away

(Extract from the novella *Tuscan Twilight*)

Ohhh, Rosella was right about the artist Giovanni. He has a strong and long-lasting cock. I am thinking of how good this feels, how wonderful it is to be in control and to have a man doing my bidding for a change—being of some use to me without taking all of the time—as I rock back and forth on Giovanni’s rock-hard member on the pavilion divan.

I was just toying with him at first, when I took him into the garden of the Villa Montebella to paint my portrait when the old man, my grandfather, the Conte, was too indisposed for his own sitting with the portraitist this morning because he had taken the young American stranger to his bed. I meant to seduce Giovanni and then to rebuff him as soon as he was really hot and bothered. I am mad at grandfather, the Conte; I am mad at all of the controlling, philandering Ghiberti men. Well, maybe all except for Vincenti, off doing his business in Rome. My older brother has promised that I can go to Rome too when I no longer am of use to grandfather and have an allowance to do whatever I want to do.

I want to ride long plump cocks like this one of Giovanni’s and to have handsome men and beautiful women sucking at my clit. But when will that be? The old man just lives on forever, controlling all of our lives, treating me the same way Ghiberti men were treating their women in Tuscany two hundred years ago—like possessions.

I lean my head down from where I am astride Giovanni’s hips, pumping up and down and back and forth on him, and he gazes adoringly at me with those wounded

fawn eyes of his and opens his lips to receive a kiss, but I swoop lower and attach my teeth to one of his taut nipples.

“Ayieeee,” he exclaims in surprise and pain. But although he flinches, he doesn’t try to withdraw from me.

“Does that hurt, dear Giovanni?” I ask mockingly, as I let loose and turn my eyes up to his. His eyes show his pain, but more than that, they show his love and devotion to me. I wonder what it will take to turn him into yet another Tuscan man pig. Surely if I give any sign of relinquishing control to him, he will become yet another Tuscan man. “If you don’t like this, I can leave you now, Giovanni.”

“No, no, please, Gabriella. This is heaven. You are like velvet inside, so sweet and tight.”

So unlike my grandfather I think. And then, when I think of the American stranger and my grandfather together last night with all of the shackles the old Conte imposes on me, I have a flash of anger and descend on Giovanni’s other nipple. I draw blood this time, but he makes no sound. There’s just an increase in his heavy breathing beyond the exertion he’d been showing by moving his throbbing cock inside me. He makes me very wet, and that tonguing he gave my lips and clit below was heavenly.

Giovanni has potential. When I tried to emasculate him for letting my grandfather’s threats override his burning desire for me despite my seduction here in the pavilion, he flared and became inventive, showing me that I mattered more to him than Tuscan tradition and power. He took his sable-haired brush and a box of melted chocolates and painted my breasts and belly and cunt—and then he followed the chocolate with his tongue and lips. Very enjoyable. He’d given me two orgasms already,

when most Tuscan men would not have bothered whether I'd had even one as long as their dicks spouted and were satisfied.

Yes, perhaps a good man, Giovanni. I dip down to him again and feel him tense under me, not knowing where I will attack next. But I have mercy, at least at first, and this time apply my lips to his. We kiss deeply. But slowly I sense him asserting himself, struggling for control. I bite his lip to show him he's gone too far—this tryst is all about me asserting control over my life in a dismal situation. He pulls away and yelps, but when I come to him with my lips again, he willingly opens to me and lets me dictate the kiss, having learned what I will tolerate.

I sit back up in the saddle and pump him hard. He will cum shortly. But I want my third orgasm before he does. I reach back with one of my hands and find his balls. I bunch them together with my fist and twist. His eyes bug out and his mouth forms a silent scream. He knows not to do more than that, however. He may be trainable. The only trainable Tuscan man.

I see concern registered in his eyes, but it's not for anything I am doing to him. He tells me he thinks he hears someone coming down the path toward the pavilion. It might be my grandfather, the Conte.

I don't care, however. Let the old man find us thus. Maybe that's what is needed for him to release me and to let me have a life of my own in Rome.

Giovanni's face takes on a surprised look now, and he's looking intently beyond my shoulder. I feel a hard-muscled naked body saddling up behind me, obviously a man from what I feel pushing up my spine. A hugely endowed man. Arms come around my chest, and hands are cupping my breasts and squeezing hard. I cannot help but cry out.

I turn my head. It's the well-built blond American stranger who fucked my grandfather in his chamber all night long last night, so much so that the old man was unable to appear this morning. The American had gone to the fields with my younger brother, Paulo, this morning and no doubt had just returned from fucking him in the grape arbors as well. I saw the lust in Paulo's eyes for this man. I suppose he now thinks it's my turn.

A hand comes up, and he grabs me by the chin and holds my face turned toward him. His thick, sensuous lips attack mine. He pushes my lips apart and fills my mouth with his tongue. He is very good and very, very desirable. But he is a pig of a man, just like my grandfather and all his Tuscan breed. I bite him on the tongue. He pulls away from me and just laughs and then he kisses me brutally and bites my lip. My flow increases. My body wants this man. But I cannot give in now.

He pushes me down onto Giovanni, crushing my breasts against Giovanni's chest. I wonder what he intends, until I feel his cheek against mine. He's kissing Giovanni on the mouth, and Giovanni is responding to him. Giovanni's hands come, first to cup the flowing blond hair of the stranger as they kiss, and then behind my back to the American's beating breast. Giovanni's a pig too—unquenchable sexual appetite for men as well as women. I must escape Tuscany altogether.

The blond American's hands come between my chest and Giovanni's, and he's rubbing my nipples against Giovanni's, sending little electric shocks through my body. I can tell Giovanni is also affected, as his cock increases in length inside me. The American's long, thick cock is pushing at me from behind. I gather my strength and push up hard, pulling the American's mouth away from Giovanni's and regaining

position in the saddle. It angers me that Giovanni's cock has gained more strength. I know he's gained it from the American, not from me.

The American is squeezing my breasts hard again, and roughly rubbing his thumbs on my nipples. He has his lips and teeth in the hollow of my neck and is giving me a hard sucking kiss there.

I hear the bell start. The bell in the villa's tower is ringing. My heart soars and takes wings, wings that will take me away from Tuscany forever. I look down at Giovanni and see that he understands what the ringing of the bell means as well, and he has a contented look on his face, his fear of reprisal subsiding. His cock becomes more active; he is pushing up with it when I push down on it. He is on the edge of wresting control whenever it seems possible. So, Giovanni is a Tuscan man underneath it all as well. I will not leave him with regret.

The American doesn't seem to be noticing. He's still kneading my breasts, feeding at my neck, and rubbing his hard cock up and down the small of my back.

I start to relax now. The fighting is over. I've won.

The American senses the change and assumes that he has seduced me with his undeniably ample charms, that I'm now ripe for the picking. He's so cocky. He's used to fucking anyone he wants to fuck.

But at least he recognizes the fight that I've put up and gives that some sort of grudging respect. His lips come up to my ear, and he speaks to me in a whisper.

"Permission to enter, Signorina Gabriella? You will enjoy me, as I'm sure I will enjoy you." I examine his tone, gauging whether he's mocking me, but I don't think he

is. I think he's saluting me, giving me a status in a relationship between a man and a woman that the old male guard of Tuscany will not give.

"Yes, why not?" I respond in a low, throaty voice.

He kisses me deeply again, this time in gratitude. And I let him think he's won. He takes his hands from my breast and places them on my shoulder blades and presses me once again into Giovanni's chest. But this time he does so slowly and gently, and I respond in feigned submission. I feel his bulbous cock head at my puckering rear entry, and then he's in me, slowly pushing his way in to the hilt. I have two men in me now, Giovanni in my cunt and the blond American, Dakota, in my ass. Giovanni's cock is big, but the American's is longer and thicker. We begin fucking again, the three of us, and this time I do so joyously.

Dakota may have fucked the Ghiberti men in residence, first my grandfather, the Conte, and then my young, impressionable brother, Paulo, but he is fucking me last. He saved me for last—and he sought my permission before he entered me. I can tell that he's loving me, that he's lost in my charms and my own abilities. And he thinks he has won me over and that I'm giving him such a good fuck because I have given myself to him. But that's not true. I've maintained control. I am celebrating my liberation. Now my grandfather will never have him again.

The tolling of the bell has continued, and Dakota finally has the presence of mind to ask me what it signifies.

"The bell only rings at the passing of an era in the Ghiberti family, I answer triumphantly. The Conte is dead. My older brother, Vincenti is now the Conte."

I feel a tremble and a sense of sadness go through the American's body, and I respect him for this. But as for me. This has given me wings to fly from Tuscany and into the world.

Encountering Mrs. Rich

(Extract from novel *Hard Knocks U*)

There were other peculiar “assignments” Coach Seeman seemed to be volunteering me for among his friends. One day not long after my limo blow job I was accosted by a woman who knew both my name and to drop Coach Seeman’s name and his “do it if you know what’s good for you” admonishment to get me into her car; and a very nice car too, a big white Bentley.

The woman looked nice and rich too. She was on the edge of being a matron, but money had kept her on the well-maintained side. She was in great shape and would be very attractive in candlelight. And, knowing by now that this was probably leading to sex, I certainly was ready for a change of pace.

It took us more than five minutes just to drive from the road up to her big house on a hill. As we walked up to the door, it opened and it all came together for me. Standing in the door, welcoming us in was one of the school’s prize wrestlers, Samir, who we called Sam. A tall, rangy son of the Levant, Sam was a cream and coffee-colored hottie, with strong legs and a long, lean torso topped with broad shoulders and tremendous biceps and pecs. It appeared that in this world, though, he was Mrs. Rich’s butler.

He was wearing a tight tux shirt with big cuffs and cufflinks and a bow tie, topping a pair of silk, skin-hugging black pants that fit every contour of his body from his waist down to his calves and then flared out to hems topping a nice pair of patent-leather pumps. And it obviously was Sam who had gotten me hooked up with his mistress,

although my mind was working double time to try to figure out just what form of mistress she was to him. Sam was giving us a big welcoming grin.

Mrs. Rich led me to a guest room, waved at the closet, and told me to strip and put on the items I found in the closet. She assured me that there were several of each item in there and I should be able to find everything in a size that would fit me. After I changed, she said, I should look over on the dressing table for further instructions. She told me where she wanted me to come after I'd changed and left me in the room alone. I stripped down to my briefs before checking the closet out, enjoying the uncertainty of what I'd find behind that door.

When I appeared in Mrs. Rich's bedroom nearly thirty minutes later, I was wearing a scarlet silky slip, a blonde wig, and a heavy layer of bright red lipstick. Under the slip, I was wearing a black lacy bra and what I'd call black lacy breakaway bikini panties, meaning that they tied at the sides with string and could be easily pulled off. I also was wearing a thin garter belt around my belly, which held up black, fishnet stockings. On my feet were strapped black stiletto heels, which had been a little difficult to walk down the hall in. I must say that this getup somewhat amused me, and I was game to see where this would lead.

I met my double when I entered Mrs. Rich's bedroom. Mrs. Rich herself was identically attired and was stretched out on a chaise lounge facing her gigantic bed. She looked fine in this light, but I wondered if I perhaps didn't look a little bit better. She looked me up and down and told me in no uncertain terms that she liked what she saw. Then she asked me to go over and perch at the foot of the bed, and, after I'd done that, she rang a buzzer and Samir appeared.

She simply told Samir to come over and sit beside me on the bed and to make love to me, as if I was a woman, until she told him to stop. She pointed out that there was a tube of lubricant on the coverlet beside me, which he could use, but that in all other ways I was to be a woman to him and that I was to consider myself to be a woman to him, a woman who loved him and would deny him nothing.

Hookay.

Samir sat down on the bed beside me and gently cupped my chin and turned my face to him. He gave me a gentle kiss, and I opened to him in the way I felt a woman in love would do. He seemed surprised at my response, at my willingness to play this game, and his kiss turned passionate. He put his right arm around me at my hip and bunched up the silk slip in his fist. His left hand went to my belly, which he caressed and then let his hand drift up to my neck and then down my cleavage and to my breasts. I covered his right fist with one of my hands and raised my other hand to his cheek.

And I sighed for him as I thought a woman would sigh when he touched my breast. This seemed to send a little thrill through him, and I wondered if he was begging to forget that I wasn't really a woman. From across the room, I could see that Mrs. Rich was enjoying this immensely.

Samir had bunched up my silk slip on one side to the point that the hem had come up to his hand. He moved the other hand down to my other hip, and we broke our kiss while he pulled the silk slip up and off me. His lips went to the hollow of my neck, and he went into a lingering kiss of my pulsating artery there. His right hand was spread on my lower belly, his little finger just under the waist band of my bikini briefs. His left hand was frantically exploring my breasts above the bra, feeling me and squeezing me.

He seemed to be into this exploration even though I didn't have big breasts. Of course, I didn't have little breasts either; my pecs were very well defined, and he could certainly feel my taut nipples through the flimsy material of the bra.

Thinking that this is what a woman would do, I took his hand and moved it under my bra. He flinched in pleasure at this, and I heard Mrs. Rich laugh with pleasure as well. I slowly unbuttoned his shirt and pulled the tail out of his pants. He released his hands while I pulled his shirt off his back, but then he returned them to where they had been, but now his right hand was even farther down on my lower belly. It was interesting that when I pulled his shirt away, his black bow tie and his cuffs remained.

Mrs. Rich had decked him out as a Chippendale stud. And he would have fit in that line up just fine; a magnificent chest and biceps and long tapering abs down to a flat belly. His chest was heaving slightly now, as if he was having trouble controlling both his breath and his sexual appetite. He was like a lithe tiger, trying to pace himself, prolonging the kill, even though he was already loaded to pounce. And I could tell he was already loaded by the tenting in his crotch area.

I reached behind me and undid the snaps of my bra, stripped it off and threw it to the side, and then I arched my back backwards, supporting myself on my hands, my long blonde hair streaming down my back, my "breasts" open to him. And he responded immediately, burying his face in my chest, going after my nipples with his lips, enjoying me just as if I were a big-breasted woman.

To help the illusion, I sighed and moaned and shuddered just as if he had found my sexual switch and now would not deny him anything as long as he carried through with ravishing me. And, truth be known, his work on my nipples was turning me on. He

left that, bringing his lips back up to mine and devouring me. His bare chest was rubbing against my bare chest, and the electricity of this contact was surging between us.

I moved my right hand to his tented crotch and let him know I was interested in what he had and how big and thick it already was—and I could feel that he had a big pair of balls to go along with the package. He moved his left hand to on top of my package as well and just held and appreciated my engorging cock, while I moved on to freeing his.

With a thrill, I discovered that the front of his pants were some sort of codpiece, which I could unsnap and pull away, leaving his pants on but exposing his cock and balls. A slit seemed to run even farther, I assumed to permit access to his asshole as well if that was what was wanted. I began stroking his cock but lost leverage when His lips went back to my nipples and then started down my sternum.

Time for the woman to take control, though. With a laugh I pulled away from him and sank down in front of him, between his legs, pushing them out, wrapping a hand around the root of his cock and slowly taking it in between my ruby-red lips, giving him a woman's suck, the most intimate of a woman's service to a man. And Samir let me service him, first leaning down over me and hefting and manipulating my "breasts" with both his hands and then, eventually, as I was bringing him to new levels of ecstasy, arching his back backward, supporting the weight of his torso on his hands and rolling his head and panting and heaving his chest, slowly giving all control over to me and concentrating his pleasure to those ruby-red lips giving his cock and balls suck.

Mrs. Rich's view of all this were parted black-silk legs, between which kneeled a bare-torsoed figure with blonde hair cascading down its back, and a bubble butt cheeks

barely covered by black lace panties, gathered up into the valley of butt cleavage, and a black garter belt holding up black mesh stockings covering strong legs and ending in black stiletto heels pointed at Mrs. Rich. Above the bowed and bobbing blonde head, arms could be seen running up a man's heaving torso, digging into his bulging chest, ending in the underside of a man's chin, working itself back and forth and emitting small animal sounds of pleasure.

But then with a shudder and a loud animal sound, the tiger came alive and moved to regain control. Samir's torso came up and his hands came down to my waist and pulled me away from him, He stood and brought me up as well. He turned both of us around and laid me down on my back on the bed. His hands went to my panties, which he pulled off me, snapping the strings. The proof I wasn't a woman was obvious. I was somewhat amused that I was as hard as he was and was both longer and thicker than he was. Samir didn't seem quite as amused, though. He went for the tube of lubricant, got a big gob, and went straight for my ass. Not to lose control, I got a gob too and worked on his cock while he was working on my ass.

Mrs. Rich's view was of a man standing between the legs of a reclining woman in black mesh stockings, He was finger fucking her, opening her up, and the woman was arching her back and moaning and voicing pleasure and in being finger fucked and opened up (just as I was doing) and stroking the man's cock, keeping him hard and interested. The only visual illusion was that Samir was lathering up my asshole rather than a cunt.

Samir pushed me back on the bed with a thrust to my sternum, obviously wanting complete control, but I slid my butt toward him, maintaining a grip on his cock. I

wishboned out my legs, bringing my high-heeled feet up to dig into the edge of the bed, and it was I who rolled the condom onto his cock when he'd split open the packet and who guided his cock to my hole and brought him in to me until the point where my sphincter took over and drew him up my ass.

Then, with a laugh, I just relinquished control and let him pump me. His hands came down onto my chest and worked it as if he was kneading big tits. For Mrs. Rich's benefit, I screamed and yelled in ecstasy and put on a show with those stocking covered legs, holding them up and out briefly, and then wrapping them around above Samir's bouncing butt as if I was drawing him into me as far as possible (which is what I was doing) and then just swinging them wildly in the air as if he was splitting and ravishing me (which he certainly was trying to do).

"Stop!" Mrs. Rich commanded and both Samir and I stopped in mid thrust. Samir turned and sat on the bed beside me as Mrs. Rich rose off her chaise lounge and ambled over to us.

"I can't let you finish with Ron here, Samir. I have no idea how long it will take you to recover and the two of you were so marvelous that I'm simply a fright. If I don't get some right now, I think I'm going to melt into my shoes. Be a dear, Ron. You go over and sit on the chaise for a while now." Still panting from the exertion but mildly amused, I did as she directed. Thereupon, Mrs. Rich plopped down in the spot I'd vacated.

"Now, Samir, Baby. I want you to do exactly the same things you did to Ron. And I'm so impressed by Ron's performance that I'm going to do exactly the same things to you."

And, so, they went through the scene again, but this time, with a real woman. As far as I could tell, Samir and I had done just as well as Samir and Mrs. Rich were doing.

When Samir got to the point of finger fucking Mrs. Rich, she grabbed his hand and laughed. "The same as with Ron, Samir." So, he took a gob of lubricant and went for her ass instead of her cunt.

At the same point where Mrs. Rich had stopped the scene between Samir and me, she stopped the scene between Samir and her. A "Stop!" rang out, and Samir, on the edge of shooting off, responded to her command immediately. I wondered both at his control and what control Mrs. Rich must have over him to keep him in check like this.

"I can have you anytime, Samir. But today's treat is Ron. He's better looking and better built than you are, anyway, don't you think, even as presentable as you are? And he certainly has a longer and thicker cock. I think he can go where you couldn't. Please be a lamb and pick up your things and be ready to take Ron home when I call."

A sullen Samir grabbed up his shirt and codpiece and stalked to the door and out of the room. Mrs. Rich beckoned to me and said, "Now, once more from the beginning, shall we? You can be the man this time." And so we did, and I must say, Mrs. Rich could have taught me a thing or two about blowing a man, and I was never so happy to be tooling around in a woman's vagina once more.

When I withdrew from Mrs. Rich and turned to leave, she produced two hundred-dollar bills and tucked them into my garter belt. With this brief act, she turned me into no more than a paid prostitute, even lower in status than Samir, who had been perfunctorily dismissed as inferior in equipment to me.

Springing the Honey Trap

(Extract from the novel *Vortex*)

Now I could put the ultimate part of the plan to save Doug, the man I loved, from the male sex coven he was entangled in into operation. Having sex with another man outside the coven was punished by expulsion, and his expulsion from the coven was exactly what I sought.

The brunette I had chosen to help make that possible was good at what she did. On the date she specified, she had everything set up, and all of her directions, as I had outlined to her, were followed to a tee. We were in her darkened bedroom, stretched out on the bed. I was the one in the black mesh stockings and the spiked heels. I had shaved my legs, just like the coven liked them. I also made sure I was buried in pillows so that my torso and face were covered in the deeper shadows in the room. The brunette was straddling me, doing a very good job of pretending that two cunts were being rubbed together in ecstasy—when, in actual fact, she was getting a deep fuck that she seemed to be enjoying immensely.

She had told Doug that she wanted to surprise a girlfriend of hers. That she understood he was known for having a monster cock, and that her girlfriend enjoyed taking monster cocks up the ass. It was her friend's birthday, and she wanted to surprise her with a threesome. Doug was intrigued with the idea and agreed to enter the dark apartment through the door the brunette would leave open, to shed his clothes in the living room, and to quietly enter the bedroom and plow the girlfriend's ass while the

brunette serviced her from above. She had told him that then he could fuck both women together if he wanted to.

Doug arrived exactly when and as told. He'd popped the cock-enhancement capsules that added spice to sex within the coven, so both women were going to get the ride of their lives. As he entered the bedroom, he could barely make out the pair on the bed. But he saw the back of the brunette he knew, her hair flowing down her back and her pelvis rubbing up and down on the figure under her. The figure under her had nice legs, accentuated by enticing black mesh stockings and stiletto heels. Her legs were wide apart, knees bent on the edge of the foot of the bed, and Doug could see that her ass was wide open to him.

He came up to the humping figures. To let the brunette know he was there, he put his arms around her, covering her ample breasts with his hands, and jiggled her quarter-sized nipples while nuzzling his face into her neck. The brunette giggled and then took in a gulp of breath, as she felt Doug's now-huge cock run up between her shoulder blades.

Two impossibly hung men—as I had taken some of the magic capsules as well. Her resolve faltered for a brief moment, while she considered not fulfilling her part of the deal in trade for the possibility of having thirteen inches run up her from both sides at the same time. But a deal was a deal, and if she played it right, she might eventually get both of them in her simultaneously anyway.

The brunette turned her face to Doug and gave him a deep kiss and then whispered in his ear to go ahead, that she'd help control her "girlfriend."

So Doug moved back, sliding his dick off the brunette's back, and carefully putting his hands on the bottom figure's ankles, he lifted the legs up and away from him, rolling the two figures so that the butt rolled up on the one with the stockings and further exposed "her" asshole to him.

There was an exclamation from the top of the bed, which was muffled by the pillows, and the stockinged legs flinched. The brunette soothed her friend.

"It's OK, Suzy." the brunette cooed. "It's my birthday surprise to you. A hot, heavy cock from a real hunk, right up your ass. Just the way you like it. Just lay there and enjoy it, Honey. Debbie's taking care of everything. You'll simply drool when you see how hunky the man is who plowed you."

More muffled noises from the top of the bed, but "Suzy" obviously didn't object to this surprise. Doug went down on his knees at the foot of the bed, running his hands down the stockinged legs to the thighs and holding the butt in the presentation mode. The brunette's butt draped down to where Doug couldn't get a look at "Suzy's" twat, but he could clearly see the asshole. It gaped a bit. It was quite apparent that "Suzy" indeed liked to be plowed in the ass. That was all the confirmation Doug needed. His nose and mouth went to her crack. She was lightly perfumed in an enticing scent.

Doug kissed the hole, and the butt twitched. He rimmed it with his tongue, and the stockinged legs trembled. He inserted and flicked his tongue and he could hear a moan that was distinct from the considerable moaning and sighing the brunette was doing, and my cock gained interest, thickened, and marched farther up the brunette's cunt. If the capsules and Doug's ministrations combined well, the brunette would enjoy at least four more inches of me before her role was done.

Doug went to work seriously in moistening and opening the asshole. When he was satisfied, he stood and placed the head of his dick at the entrance to my ass. He rotated it around in what was a remembered way as he slowly worked it in the first inch. I moaned for him appreciatively and moved my ass for him to help him gain purchase and to show him I was interested and ready for him.

I thought the game was going to be up then, though, as he lifted one of my legs, flipped the shoe off, and started to roll the stocking off my leg. In the heat of the moment he either didn't realize my leg was as heavily muscled as it was or he thought he'd encountered a woman runner and weight lifter, but it probably turned out to be a really good thing that I'd shaved the legs and painted my toenails. He then began kissing my feet, ankles, and calves and as far up the leg as he could get without losing the position of his dick helmet in my ass. Where his lips couldn't reach, he sent his hand, and his fingers continued from my leg to my ass and, as he had done with me on the coven altar, he inserted three fingers, at nine, twelve, and three o'clock, between the sides of his shallowly emplaced cock and the sides of my ass canal. He slowly worked his fingers in two inches and spread them. His dick followed along behind, between the fingers, and he was in two inches. This was a maddenly inventive and sensual entry plan that, I'm sure, worked equally well for men and woman. I let him know I appreciated the performance by groaning and moaning in falsetto and lurching my butt toward him as best I could to take him in another half inch. He met the challenge by digging deeper with his fingers, spreading and gaining an extra inch of buried cock. He was well beyond my sphincter muscle now, which pulled him on another inch, and he withdrew his fingers. I showed him how much I was enjoying this by working my free

foot, the one on the leg not being run up the left side of his magnificent chest, and the one still in stockings and heels, to where I could push the toe up under his ball sac and apply pressure behind the root of his cock.

Doug exclaimed and laughed aloud. Then he grunted as I started running the toe across his perineum in search of his asshole. Then he yelped and pulled my foot out from between his legs and flipped the shoe off. Grabbing both of my legs at the calves he wishboned me and ran his cock into me at six or seven inches and began a slow and shallow fuck of my ass. I had hoped he wouldn't notice that I was equipped with a prostate—and, to tell the truth, I didn't know whether than even could be discerned by a cock in full heat. But, by chance, I had encouraged him to push even deeper. He slowly mined the depths, pumping me at several levels. At eight inches, he brought my legs back to run up between his now-heaving chest and the brunette's back. I had been playing with the brunette's tits, just as she was playing with mine, and I just got my hands away in time for Doug to take over. He must have been rougher on her tits than I was, because she was yipping and moaning and groaning and bouncing a bit on my skewer, which went to eleven inches under her attention.

After a few minutes, he wishboned my legs again so that he could bury his meat to nine inches, where he spent some time in an energetic slide in and slide out fuck. It seemed like this was as far as he was going to go, not having any idea of my tolerances, but in the highest and most muffled voice I could manage and still get the idea across, I yelled, "Deeper, harder. Debbie said you were a hung stud. Feed me some meat."

With a flair of anger, he pushed immediately to the eleven-inch level and to alternating long and short strokes.

“Deeper, deeper,” I cried, and the brunette was writhing and throwing herself about now, as I was plowing her deeper too.

“You asked for it, Babe,” Doug muttered, as we dipped more than twelve inches. I was expanding and contracting my ass muscles just to let him know that I could play a good game to.

Doug let loose of my legs again, and grabbed for the brunette’s tits, trying to keep her from throwing herself around so much. While one hand squeezed a tit, the other moved down her belly, in search of her cunt, ready to play with her there as well.

And that was when he learned there was a dick up her cunt, not another cunt rubbing against hers.

Luckily I had reached thirteen inches inside the brunette by then and was bathing her deeply with semen, my ejaculation coming at the precise minute that Doug had encircled the root of my cock with his fingers in wonder of what he had found down there.

“Now!” I yelled at the brunette. “Off now! As agreed.”

The brunette dutifully rolled off from between us and over the side of the bed. She hobbled over to a lounge chair, turned the lights up a notch at a nearby switch, draped herself in the chair, and watched the two hung studs go at it while she rubbed her clit with a very experienced finger.

And then it was just Doug and me. I was stretched on the bed and he was posed over me, in shock, his cock twelve inches up my ass. As I was prepared for this, I was

faster off the mark than he was. I wrapped my legs around his ass, holding him inside me, while I pulled him onto the bed. Rolling him with my body, I got him on his back, with his legs off the foot of the bed. I was straddling him, still encased in his cock, and I planted my hands on his shoulders at the arm pits, while I wildly bounded up and down on his cock, driving him even deeper into me.

“What?” He was crying. “Kevin? What? How? Why? Stop that. Get off me!”

“No,” I exclaimed. “Pump me. Fuck me. Deeper. Deeper. Plaster me deep with your cum.”

“Oh, God! No, I can’t,” he cried.

But I didn’t listen to him. I pulled his torso up to me and parted his lips with mine and went into a full, French kiss. Our tongues met, and slowly he succumbed to me, as I continued to fuck myself on his cock in deep, shallow strokes. His head flopped back and my lips and teeth went to his nipples. His hands went to my butt cheeks and squeezed hard.

He was moaning and groaning, fighting me, but with ever weaker resolve. And eventually, he let out an animal sound and overpowered me. Rather than retreating, though, he pushed me over on my side, during which his dick was extracted from my ass. But he went on his side as well, and nestling my butt into his groin, he lifted my black-mesh stockinged leg high into the air and entered me again. This time he stopped briefly at my prostrate to get my cock bubbling precum again and then slid deep into my ass. We were in his favorite position. I had won. He was mine. I hummed quietly to myself as he deep fucked me to the thirteen-inch level. He was holding my flat, panting belly firmly into his lap with his free hand, sliding the black stocking off with the other

and running his hand up and down my smoothly shaved legs and deep kissing my mouth. I heard him sigh in resignation as he came deep inside me, lathering my insides once more with the powerful spurts of his man juice.

We lay there for an eternity. Both of us full of drugs that held us at full erection. Doug allowed me to drop my leg, but he stayed encased deeply inside me. His hand now was playing with my long, thick cock and my balls.

“You know why I did this, don’t you?” I whispered into Doug’s neck.

“The coven. Revenge for the coven experience. I can’t go back now. I’ve had sex with a man outside the coven.”

“Right,” I answered. “But it was for me too. I want you inside me. This seemed the only way. I wasn’t going to join the coven.”

Doug laughed quietly. “But I like variety,” he said.

“So do I,” I replied. And danger, if it comes to that.

“I could just ignore that this happened, and continue with the coven, you know,” Doug countered.

“Probably not,” I replied. “I know where the mansion is. I’m sure I could convince the master you’d fallen off the wagon.” And then I told him the address of Donatien’s mansion, and Doug rewarded me with another dry laugh.

“It was getting as little dangerous there for me anyway,” Doug whispered. “Donatien was losing position as I was gaining it. He could only see that as a threat.”

“I noticed,” I said. “No one, including Don, made love to me that night like you did. I’m sure he noticed.”

A cough was heard from across the room. "If you boys aren't using those big long cocks, I know where you can find cases for them." The brunette who had helped me and who politely stayed off to the side, enjoying the show, as I seduced Doug and he fucked my brains out was pleading her case.

"So, would you be up for our hostess?" I asked Doug.

"I'm still very hard up your ass," he laughed. "Does it feel like I've lost interest in a good fuck?"

"OK, she's was very good about this," I said. Let's give her a thrill.

We bounced off the bed, and Doug asked, "Cunt or ass?" as we strode toward a surprised, but very pleased buxom brunette.

"Ass, I guess," I answered as we got to the chaise lounge and lifted the brunette up on her feet. "I've plowed her cunt already tonight. She probably will appreciate the change."

The brunette looked like she would very much appreciate the servicing by the two luscious studs no matter who stuffed what where.

Doug grabbed the big, square pillow off the back of the chaise lounge and plunked it down on the bottom edge of the lounge. He then sat down on it, with his feet on the floor, and directed the brunette to sit in his lap, facing him. She did so, and Doug positioned his erect phallus at the entry of her cunt, held her up under her breasts with his strong hands, and slowly lowered her onto his totem pole.

The brunette gasped and moaned and sighed and gave little yipping sounds as she slowly descended his rod.

“Oh my, oh yes. Oh, my God. No, it’s OK. I’ve already had one this size up me tonight. Go ahead. Oh, yes. Oh, Baby. Oh god. Pump me. Fuck me deep. Oh, Baby.”

When she was fully skewered, Doug began to lift and push her down, alternatively, fucking her deeply, as she had requested. The brunette’s neck loosened, and her head flopped around. She was clearly enjoying this.

I came up close behind her and let my cock run up her spine just as Doug had done earlier. I brought my hands around her and worked her tits just as he had done. And she moaned as deeply for me as she had for him. This time, however, her chest was pushed into Doug’s, and I was playing with his tits as well. I got their nipples on both sides in line and brushed them back and forth across each other, and both rewarded me with sighs and moans. My chin rested on the brunette’s shoulder, and Doug and I kissed each other deeply.

“You, you. Now you,” the brunette whispered in my ear insistently.

So I moved back, tilted the brunette’s pelvis up and tongued her asshole briefly. She had used the same enticing perfume on her ass that I had to fool Doug. Then I slowly entered her ass, while she cried out in pain and ecstasy, telling me in no uncertain terms not to stop pushing up her ass no matter how she screamed until she had all thirteen inches of both of us. I obliged, and once rooted, both Doug and I moved our cocks in and out and around, until, in a flopping frenzy, the brunette achieved her orgasm, which was well timed with Doug’s ejaculation.

The brunette was cooing when I pulled out of her, pushed her and Doug onto their backs on the chaise, spread Doug’s legs, and entered him. I didn’t stop to rub his

prostate or anything else, but pushed in a good six inches, before he had the presence of mind to scream.

The brunette started laughing and pinned Doug to the chaise with her ample bosom. Doug fought me with his powerful legs, but I already was deeply encased, and pushed in farther with each of his lurches.

“God, you’ll split me. Get off,” Doug yelled.

“Don’t be a baby,” I said, as I pushed to ten inches. “I saw you get fucked at the coven affair, and you were liking it then. This is all part of the plan.”

“Ohhh, Awww,” he screamed as I pushed in eleven inches and then started a furious, long-stroked pumping action.

Doug heaved up furiously, and the brunette went off one side of the chaise, and Doug and I went off the other side. Doug and I landed in a side-split position, with me still embedded, and I lifted his leg high in the air and drove the full thirteen inches in. He let out a cry, but that soon subsided into a whimper, which changed to a sensual moan and a purring sound deep in his throat, as I pumped him in the ass with long and deep strokes and worked his tool and balls with my hand. In short order, he was moving in rhythm with me, and I was learning why he liked this position so much. When I came, our lips were locked together and our tongues were dueling. Our hostess turned out the lights and collapsed on her bed with a very satisfied sigh, while we lay there on the floor next to the chaise lounge the rest of the night, with me buried deep inside Doug, as the drugs wore off. I felt he was truly mine now.

Ada's Men

(Extracts from the novel *Raven's Possession*)

"Shopping the Goods"

Ada was in ecstasy. Just by going down the Pike, pulling an amused Charles Raven behind her, she was transported to Rome, Jerusalem, Paris, the Tyrolean Alps, Siberia, an Eskimo village, Japan, and a floating trip through the whole Creation. Her world was limitless now, just as she had known it would be if only she could get to the St. Louis World's Fair. The Pike was to the 1904 St. Louis Fair what the Midway had been to the 1893 Chicago World's Fair—the entertainment sector of the exposition. This was worth everything she had done to get here, even though she had to admit that she had enjoyed what she had done. That was all part of the greater world she wanted to grasp. It was the twentieth century, and she wanted to be a twentieth-century woman.

Charles hadn't been able to fully understand this. He had understood only that she wanted to get to the St. Louis Fair and that she was willing to lay with him, to let him make love to her, to get there. But Ada fully realized that the fair was only a symbol. It was a symbol of all she wanted out of life. It represented sophistication and wonder and the greater world. And Ada wanted all of that. She wasn't selling herself to get it. She was opening herself to new pleasures and understandings. And she was doing so on her own terms. On her own terms, no matter what a conniving Hiram, or a sour-dispositioned father, or a pursed-lipped Aunt Martha, or a crestfallen William Hagen, or even, yes, even an amused Charles Raven thought.

But she loved how Charles Raven made love to her too. He was teaching her so much, giving her so much pleasure. Their first night in St. Louis he had shown how she could heat and melt to him even without him forcing that thing deep inside her and wiggling it about and stroking it in and out. That had brought her pleasure, certainly. But that first night in St. Louis, when he had sat her on the bed and pushed her back onto the satin spread and held her wrists in his hands and used his tongue and only his tongue to bring her to flow and a shooting off of electricity within her, she had reached heights of pleasure and fulfillment that she had never imagined possible.

And then he had taught her how she could excite him with her tongue and lips as well—how she could make that thing of his, what he called his cock, expand and throb and then enter her and make her groan with pleasure pain and moan all over again. She had had no idea. She had had no idea what wonders there were. It all made Natoma, Kansas, and her father's sterile world look all the more dreary.

Ada did fleetingly wonder why Charles seemed to be pressing to teach her the ways of love in such depth so quickly. It gave her the sense that he was fleeing himself. She did surmise briefly, but only briefly, that he may be so taken with her that he couldn't help himself. But the realist inside her told her that Charles was only really totally taken with himself.

Only when Charles had suggested that they might just stay in the hotel room and make love and learn new aspects of making love forever did Ada snap out of her new, opulent world. No, she had come here for the fair. They must go to the fair.

And here she was in the very center of the Pike, gazing in fascination at the Magic Whirlpool and its sixty-foot circular waterfall. And looking to the top of that, she

saw in the near distance the 265-foot Ferris wheel that had been brought here from the Chicago fair of 1893. They simply must go on that. She must be on the top of the world. But she was on the top of the world already without the Ferris wheel. And they said there would be a full-scale naval battle at two that afternoon they could not miss, and there would be snowfall at the ice skating rink after that even now in the dead of summer, and then they must try that ice cream in a cone she'd heard about, and . . .

It was hours before Charles was able to bring Ada back to earth and get through to her that he wasn't there only for pleasure—that he was here to work—and that, since she was here with him, she wasn't here fully for her own pleasure either, nor could she expect him to spend every moment they weren't making love here at the attractions of the Pike.

And even then it took some time for his entire meaning to sink in. They were eating lunch beside a make-believe Venetian canal and he was telling her that they'd have to put in an appearance soon at the Palace of Varied Industries outside of the Pike, where his boss and benefactor, the Chicago department store mogul George Vaughn, was snapping up orders for the household appliances of the future that no one would understand how they existed without ten years from now. And Charles also wanted her to meet his younger brother, John, who was temporarily working for Vaughn's close friend, the automobile manufacturer James Shaffer, who had an exhibit at the Palace of Transportation.

Charles was sitting at the café table stroking Ada's forearm and sending chills of pleasure through her when he carefully moved into talking about just how far what she could be doing to aid his work here at the fair extended.

“You are actually particularly blessed that you will be meeting Vaughn and Shaffer,” he was saying. “They are tremendously powerful men.”

“Umm, yes, and you are a tremendously powerful man,” Ada said, as she brushed her hand unobtrusively over Charles’s groin under the table.

He winced and pressed on. “No, I mean, you say you want the whole world, that you want to live large and broadly. These men can do that for you, Ada. And in the process you could be helping me tremendously.”

Ada was perhaps a little innocent, but she was no dummy. The chills from Charles’s stroking hand were augmented by chills from the stroking of his tongue.

“You mean you want me to be nice to these men, Charles? Especially nice?”

“Yes, I do mean something of that sort, Darling. I mean if they are taken with you—and I can’t imagine they wouldn’t be taken with you. Anyone would be taken with you. I mean it’s something you might enjoy as well.”

And it had better be something I would enjoy, Ada was thinking darkly even while trying to keep the smile plastered on her face. Otherwise she had no intention of being nice in that way. She hadn’t grasped control of her world just to lose it as quickly as all that.

“We’ll see, Charles,” she said in a prissy little voice and removed his stroking hand from her forearm. “We’ll just have to see.” At least she now knew what Charles had been giving her such a complete and hurried course in lovemaking. And there was a glimmer now of leverage she could have over Charles. Yes, she’d try—but she’d just have to see about what he was suggesting.

They met Charles's brother, John, at a restaurant in a pavilion at the Palace of Fine Arts for lunch. John was little like his brother. He was as handsome and finely constructed as Charles, but he was more like William Hagen in disposition than he was like Charles. He was very shy and quiet. But he was Charles's brother, so Ada turned her full charm on him—and John was mesmerized by her. Before lunch was over, Ada was convinced that John would follow her anywhere or do anything for her that she asked him to do. She learned that John lived in the lake district of north-central Indiana, where he would be opening an insurance business of his own after the fair was closed. Both his employer, James Shaffer, whose automobile manufacturing plant was near Detroit, Michigan, and Shaffer's friend George Vaughn, whose department store was in Chicago, Illinois, were helping John get his firm established—so John was setting it up between those two cities.

After lunch, the three of them visited Charles's and John's employers at the Transportation and Industrial palaces. While the two brothers reported on their professional activities, both Shaffer and Vaughn, in turn, ogled Ada. Neither Charles nor Ada were surprised that the two of them were invited for dinner that evening at the home on Lindell Avenue in the nearby fashionable district that Shaffer and Vaughn had rented together for the duration of the fair.

That evening Charles spent as much time and energy on what Ada was wearing to dinner as he did on his own attire. And Charles was such a dandy about his own appearance that Ada had no illusions concerning how important this evening and her participation in it would be.

Both of the industrial giants were charming and full of intelligent conversation at dinner, conversation that treated Ada as an equal and as a worthy dinner companion. She was charmed and formed an instant liking for both of the men. They were both bigger than life, in stature as well as in intellect. And the two were ruggedly handsome. Both were from sturdy northern stock, Shaffer descending from Norwegian immigrants and Vaughn from French Canadians dating back to the pre-Lewis and Clark expedition fur trapping days around the Great Lakes. They could both be described as robust—not exactly rotund, but well fed. They carried their weight well, though, and both obviously believed in exercising the body as well as the mind.

And the men were very comfortable with each other. Ada knew that they must be very powerful men separately, but their power must expand exponentially when they went into projects together. Their deep and close friendship one for the other was evident if only from their decision to share a house during the fair. There was no evidence of a Mrs. Shaffer or Mrs. Vaughn anywhere in the house, but Ada was too polite to follow that line of questioning.

Ada was sitting beside Vaughn, who was at the head of the table, during dinner, and like many of the French Canadian stock, he was quite expressive with his hands. Expressive and free with his hands. Off and on during the meal, he had placed a warm, dry hand on her arm in expressing a point to her, and toward dessert, she found him stroking her forearm with his fingers as Charles had done earlier in the café. It all happened so naturally, and Ada enjoyed it, so she made no effort to withdraw. Thus welcomed, he had a strong grip under the table on her knee while they were finishing the meal with coffee.

From the other end of the table, James Shaffer announced that he was going into the parlor for a brandy and a cigar and anyone who cared too was welcome to join him. Charles quickly accepted the invitation, but George Vaughn said he wanted to tarry for a while and get better acquainted with Ada.

Ada thought that George was already becoming very well acquainted with her—his hand under the table had now moved a lot closer to her mound of Venus. He was soon to discover, she thought, with some sense of excited anticipation, that Charles's choice of her clothing for the evening did not include undergarments. She was past any qualms about this assignation, however. She found George Vaughn fascinating, with or without his department store. If she had any qualms, it was that James Shaffer had left, because she found him equally desirable.

After Shaffer and Charles had left the room, Vaughn turned to her and in a low, tremulous voice propositioned her. "Would you mind terribly, my dear, rising and coming here and sitting in my lap a bit. I must admit that I find you irresistible."

Ada just inclined her head and gave him a smile of assent. She brushed her hand across the bulge that had developed in the crotch of the businessman's trousers, which told him all he needed to know.

Vaughn stood and pulled his chair, which had arms on it, out away from the table after Ada had left her chair, and then he pulled her armless chair a bit away from the table as well. He sat in the chair she had vacated and then, when she came over and started to sit down in his lap with her back to his chest, he turned her. And as he pulled her down into his lap, facing him, he lifted her skirts.

Vaughn gasped, with a deep intake of breath when his hands under her skirt discovered that she was naked of foundation garments. As he pulled her down into his lap and started rocking her pelvis back and forth on his groin on the now-stretching material of his trousers, he was panting and groaning. She looked into his eyes and they already seemed to be filled with semen. She knew in an instant that he would be strong and virile, and he didn't disappoint.

He pulled her bodice off her breasts and tried valiantly to swallow her nipples whole while he continued to rock her private parts on his engorging manhood. She loved what he was doing to her there and felt herself beginning to flow for him. She arched her back and lifted her chin and let her hair cascade about her bare shoulders.

Ada felt the store magnet fumbling around with the buttons on his trouser and then his prodigious member was free and he was rubbing it against her clitoris, getting it slathered with her flow and making her moan and sigh for him. Then he was entering her and plowing her at great length and rocking her back and forth now on a fat, throbbing spike.

She didn't know how long Shaffer had been lurking in the shadows of the room, watching them in their possessed lust, before she noticed him. But when she did, he was standing there, near the table, a sloppy grin on his face, his eyes hooded in arousal. He held both the brandy snifter and a smoking cigar in one hand, and he had his trousers fly open and his penis out and was stroking himself with the other hand. His member wasn't as big as Ada thought Vaughn's must be, but it was a large one.

At length, he came over behind Vaughn and leaned down, put his head on Vaughn's shoulder, and took Ada's lips in his. He was a fine, sensual kisser. Then he

put his lips to Ada's ear, told her she was beautiful and then spoke. "Charles tells me of your lovemaking with your Kansas beau. I want you now too—in that way—in the other channel. May I have permission to join you two, Mam? May I mount?"

Ada was gasping, lost in the plowing that Vaughn was giving her. And she wanted Shaffer too. She simply rolled her eyes and smiled wanly in assent. Shaffer was behind her now, lifting her skirt and hunching his strong thighs over those of Vaughn. Vaughn reached under Ada's skirt and took one buttock in each hand and tilted her up as he spread them. Ada heard Shaffer spit into his hand and also rub his hand around in the flow that was being created in Vaughn's lap by their lovemaking. And then Shaffer slowly entered her ass with his engorged cock. She was being possessed by both powerful men now, powerful in position and powerful in lovemaking. They were sharing her deeply, rocking her back and forth. Vaughn was kissing her lips and her nipples. Shaffer was kissing the back of her neck and fondling her breasts in his strong, auto mechanics hands.

And then Vaughn and Shaffer with kissing each other on the lips too, across Ada's shoulder. And their hands were roaming among each other's clothing, and all three were groaning and moaning and sighing and fucking.

After both men had released themselves inside Ada, they continued rocking her on the chair in syncopated rhythm for several minutes. And then they unentangled themselves from her. Shaffer lifted Ada up in his arms and Vaughn led the way to what appeared to be their shared bedroom, with only a single gigantic bed in the center of it. Vaughn undressed Ada and Shaffer together and then Shaffer bent Ada over the bed and fucked her in the ass again while Vaughn undressed and watched. Ada was then

handed over to Vaughn, who turned her on the bed and plowed her vagina, while Shaffer plowed Vaughn's ass.

When Charles tiptoed into the room and pulled Ada away from the ménage à trois and they quietly left, Shaffer had Vaughn on his belly in the center of the bed, and he was closely covering his colleague from behind and stroking his cock down between Vaughn's raised butt cheeks.

Ada had no way of knowing it then, but this was how a life-long three-way friendship was struck.

* * * *

“Closing to an Old Life”

Ada sighed, leaned her head back, and kissed the automobile manufacturer James Shaffer deeply on the lips and then turned back and watched Shaffer watching her in the mirror. Shaffer, naked, was sitting on a velvet-upholstered boudoir chair closely facing a wide, full-length mirror. They were in the master bedroom of the Highland Park lakeside mansion of James's department store owner friend, George Vaughn, on the banks of Lake Michigan in the northern suburbs of Chicago. Ada, also fully naked except for red lace-up dress boots, was sitting in his lap, also facing the mirror. Shaffer had his legs spread a bit, and Ada's left leg was lying on top of his left leg, and her right leg was held higher above his right leg by the crook of Shaffer's right arm. His right hand was palming and squeezing Ada's left breast, the fingers of his left

hand were rubbing inside her slit and flicking at her clitoris, and his cock was encased in her ass.

Shaffer was gently stroking up and down inside Ada, and from time to time he'd elevate her pelvis with his thighs so that both he and she could watch the root of his cock sliding in and out of her, at sight that enhanced both of their level's of pleasure and desire. The fingers of Ada's left hand were engaged with those Shaffer was rubbing her clitoris with, alternating between moving his fingers with hers to heighten the pleasure he was giving her and moving her fingers to touch where the root of his hard and thick cock was stroking up into her. He was making deep, rattling, and gasping noises at the base of his ragged breathing as both of them watched themselves giving and receiving a long-practiced pleasure.

The third person in the room, George Vaughn, was standing next to the mirror, also fully naked, and stroking his erection as he watched James and Ada take their pleasure with each other. He had been able to stage this occasional ménage à trois because his wife was somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean on a ship en route to a shopping spree on the European continent,

After a few moments of voyeurism, Vaughn came over to the chair and crouched down, his thighs on either side of Shaffer's, and Shaffer accommodated his friend by elevating Ada's pelvis and by spreading the lips of her vagina wide with his fingers. Vaughn's cock was then slowly fed into the shared Ada. Ada panted and moaned heavily as she always did as the two friends bottomed themselves in her and started a well-practiced rhythm of double penetration.

For some twenty minutes there was only the sound of bass and baritone groaning and grunting and a higher, feminine-pitched moaning, sighing, and purring. And then, nearing mutual ejaculation, Shaffer and Vaughn became more wildly active, kissing Ada's lips and neck in succession and each other across her shoulders, and using their hands to squeeze her breasts and work on each other's nipples and to lift and sink her body on theirs in ever-quicker motion until Ada's cries of fully being taken and of flowing inside both of her passages marked the shared climax. As the three cooled down, they stayed there in front of the mirror and murmured endearments to each other and explored each other's curves and crevices with their hands.

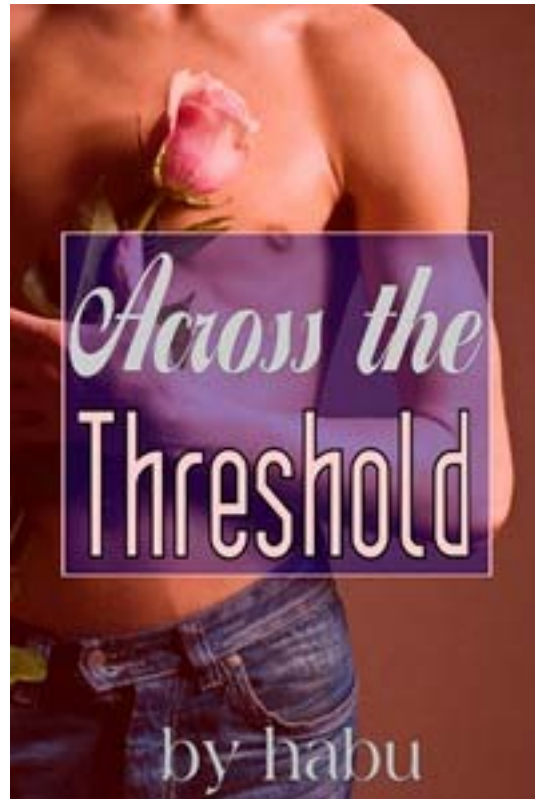
And then, in what had almost become a ritual, as the two men slowly became aroused again, Vaughn pulled Ada up from Shaffer's lap and carried her over to the edge of the bed, laid her gently down there on her back, spread her legs, and slowly entered her once more with his reengorged cock and fucked her while Shaffer came behind Vaughn, entered the department store mogul's ass with his cock, and, in turn, fucked his friend. And, as their periodic meetings of the fourteen years that had now transpired since their first three-way coupling all ended, Ada eventually left the two men on Vaughn's bed, entwined in each other's arms, Shaffer fucking Vaughn, and went to her bath and then to her own room for the night—alone.

The End

ABOUT HABU

habu, a bisexual former supersonic spy jet pilot, intelligence agent, and diplomat, is a published mainstream novelist and short story writer under another name and in another dimension of his life.

If you enjoyed MENAGE, you might also enjoy:



[ACROSS THE THRESHOLD](#)

By habu

What gay male can ever forget his first full-blown sexual experience—a particularly memorable first time, given the conventions of society? The first time can be the culmination of long-held frustration, or completely casual and come as a complete surprise. It can be traumatic or sought; imprisoning or releasing, disappointing or far beyond the wildest dream. First times can be prearranged or ritualistic; spontaneous or unexpected by both parties. The first time could have been instigated by a predator, a new lover, or a savior, or even by the first timer himself. The situation and venue can be sordid or off-the-cuff convenient, or might involve silken sheets, candles, champagne, prolonged seduction and foreplay.

But for most men, the one thing it cannot be is forgotten.

This anthology provides a treasure trove of thirty-five short stories of separate, varied “first time” gay male experiences, from the stalked to long anticipated, from the romantic to the brutal, for the young or not so young. The one central theme of all of these stories, however, is the experiences depicted all result in the beginning of a new lifestyle, not the ending of a world.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Excerpt From ACROSS THE THRESHOLD:

“So, don’t tell me you haven’t thought about it, Jake. We all do, of course. Don’t you?”

“No . . . Ummm, yes, I guess so now and then.”

Wrong answer. The hand that wasn’t using its fingers to brush my arm was now tentatively fondling my cock. And my cock was responding, not paying a bit of attention to the signals of confusion and muddleheadedness and panic that were racing around my body.

Lance was still lulling me with a nonstop soothing chant in the sing song voice of his. He was pulling me with him through the opening in the rock into the first, more confining, more private pool—the pool with the cascading waterfall that filled my ears with the sound of rushing water. I was crying out as Lance’s hands raced across my body, finding curves and crevices and making me tremble and twitch and feel oh so aroused and concerned and needy and reluctant and violated all at once. The splashing of the waterfall dulled even to my own ears my cries and moans of receding protests as Lance turned me and hunched down and made a lap to accommodate the mounds of my buttocks. My own cries should have steeled my defenses against the feel of his strong, throbbing cock running under mine and his fingers pinching at my nipples and

his teeth nipping at the hollow of my neck as he pulled me closer into him and let me feel the heat and inviting hardness of him. But the noisy splashing of the waterfall covered all of that, dulled my senses of what the cries should have alerted me to.

I did clearly hear the cry of pain and invasion when Lance lifted me and settled me down on his cock head and forced his way past my virgin ring and ever so slowly and relentlessly filled me to capacity to the bottoming depth deep inside me. But it was too late then for cries. And there was no one else in this forested fastness to hear me or to come to my rescue or to witness this passing beyond a threshold that I never again could regain.

My whimpers of pain and violation slowly receded into cries of passion and urgings of filling and satisfying as Lance lifted and lowered me in that watery swirl on his powerful tool. He nuzzled my cheek with his lips and continued to whisper calming words of endearment and encouragement to me, as he lifted me up and down on his manhood with strong hands on my hips. I arched my back in the taking, first, stiff as a board, but as I realized both that I had now given up all there was to surrender and that I not only could now accommodate it but also was enjoying it, the tension flowed out of my body and I began to match the rhythm of the fuck. Sensing I had melted to him, Lance nibbled at my cheek and I turned my head to him and let him possess my mouth, making my surrender, my acquiescence, my complicity complete.

He settled me down into his lap, his dick far up into me, just holding now, as he moved a hand around to my cock and stroked me off until the water around us was cloudy with my cream.

Then he raised out of his crouch and moved through the water, still buried deep inside me, back to the middle pool. He moved over to the side of the pool, near where our clothes lay. He made a cushion of sorts with my clothes on the rocky ledge dropping right at the side of the pool and, pulling me off his tool, turned me and laid me gently down on my cushioning clothes on my back. He was standing in the water between my legs then. He lifted and spread my thighs, pushing my knees up into my torso, with his strong hands, and slowly slid his cock back inside me and fucked me, fucking and fucking and fucking until I felt him give a little lurch and then pull his cock out and shoot his warm cum on my belly...

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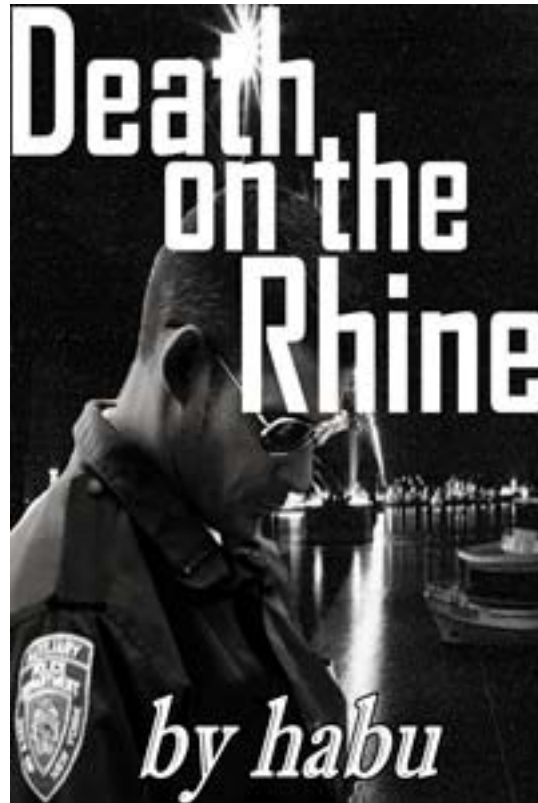
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And look for these other titles from habu:



DEATH ON THE RHINE

by habu

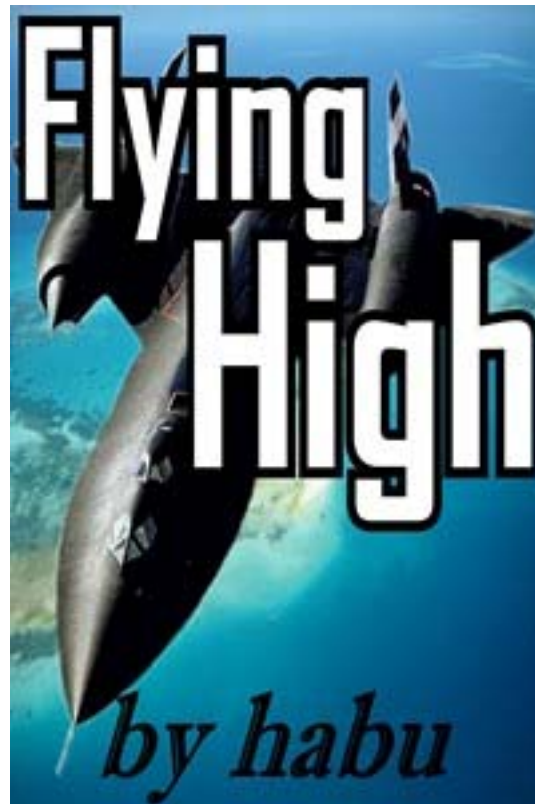
When his partner and lover is murdered in an investigation of an international crime syndicate, New York police detective Clint Folsom takes leave from his job and flies to Europe in pursuit of the killer. Folsom finds his quarry on the Rhine River gay male-oriented cruise ship, the MS River God, murdered in the same sadomasochistic manner his partner had been killed. As the cruise glides down the Rhine toward Amsterdam, stopping at German cities along the way to add flavor and twists to the increasingly complex plot, Folsom is thwarted at every turn in his inquiries. He slowly unravels not only what is at stake but also who is involved while finding sexual release among the crew and passengers of the River God. When the German police inspector Sigmund Frist enters the scene, Folsom himself becomes the pursued in more ways than one. A traditional “who done it?” detective murder novel chockablock with intriguing gay male characters and encounters.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m sex and violence.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR DEATH ON THE RHINE BY FROST’S FANCY: 4/5

An astonishing opening rockets the reader straight into the heart of this very intense novel...Death on the Rhine is a truly nonstop rocket of a story with sexual adventures that never end and murder, sadism, and sociopathic evil determined

to carve its wedge out of society...Not for the faint of heart, Death on the Rhine is still a fascinating, explicit, suspense-laden mystery which will keep the reader flipping the pages with caught breath.



FLYING HIGH

by habu

Warning: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Flying High provides a three-decade memoir of the gay portion of a male bisexual's awakening to, nearly unfettered enjoyment of, and sometimes bittersweet reflections on the active gay lifestyle on the international scene in the latter third of the twentieth century. The author was a male model and film actor who turned to international intelligence service during the Vietnam War era, a career that started off in the stratosphere as an SR71 photo-reconnaissance jet pilot and moved on to more earth-hugging intelligence and diplomatic service in Asia and the Middle East

Although coming late in his late twenties to the gay scene, the author's sexual encounters and experience as a willing bottom blossomed quickly in the exotic, sexually free, risk taking, and pre-AIDs environment of Bangkok, Thailand. Flying High covers the high points of the author's sexual experiences in twenty-three short stories that are chronologically laid out.

These stories take the reader from the author's male-male initiation in Bangkok in the mid 70's through sexual encounters during stints in Japan and the Middle East to the concluding years of the last decade of the twentieth century as he thought his gay life activity was waning, only to be joyfully reawakened. The author provides a no-holds-barred, insightful, never shirking from bittersweet remembrances series of snapshots that move from the free, sensual, "anything goes" international gay scene through the realities of the horror of AIDs to appreciation for the deep, lasting relationships that arise from the world of men loving men.



SECOND COMING: EMILE LACOUR UNLEASHED

by habu

Emile LaCour, scourge of the finest young male flesh of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the plantation area of the Louisiana delta region, has been freed from his tomb to sustain himself once more by loving the young men of New Orleans to death. He does so by draining them of their blood and vitality which then rejuvenates LaCour.

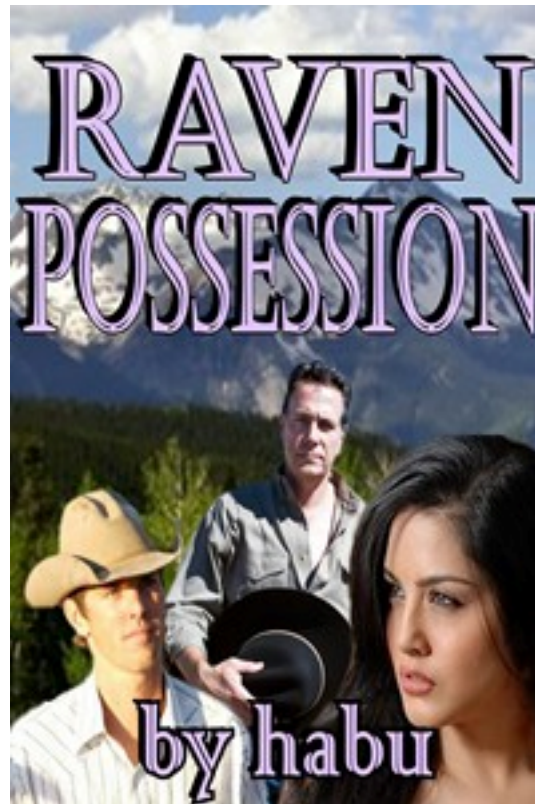
Lamont Breaux, who is responsible for freeing LaCour in an effort to uncover the vast fortune LaCour's family hid before LaCour was entombed, oversteps his greed and falls victim to LaCour's wrath. Needing a new financial manager and now wanting a companion as well, LaCour seduces Gage Angle, a blond giant member of a motorcycle gang.

LaCour's experiment to find the balance between making love to Gage and loving him to death goes awry when the curse of LaCour's never-ending life and the extreme requirements to sustain that lifestyle are transferred to Angle. Angle, however, is not the self-possessed moral decadent LaCour is, and his struggle with what LaCour is and what he himself has become leads to a fiery conclusion.

[Review for Second Coming by Frost's Fancy, Rainbow Reviews:](#)

Emile LaCour is a tantalizingly subtle novel of the paranormal and a neat interweaving of historical and contemporary settings. Settle back in your favorite armchair and curl up for an enjoyable read of characters, plotting, and vivid imagery... Prepare to be tantalized and scintillated by Emile's upfront eroticism...he is like a force of nature. Caution: kicker ending!

Warnings: This title contains graphic language m/m sex.



[RAVEN POSSESSION](#)

by habu

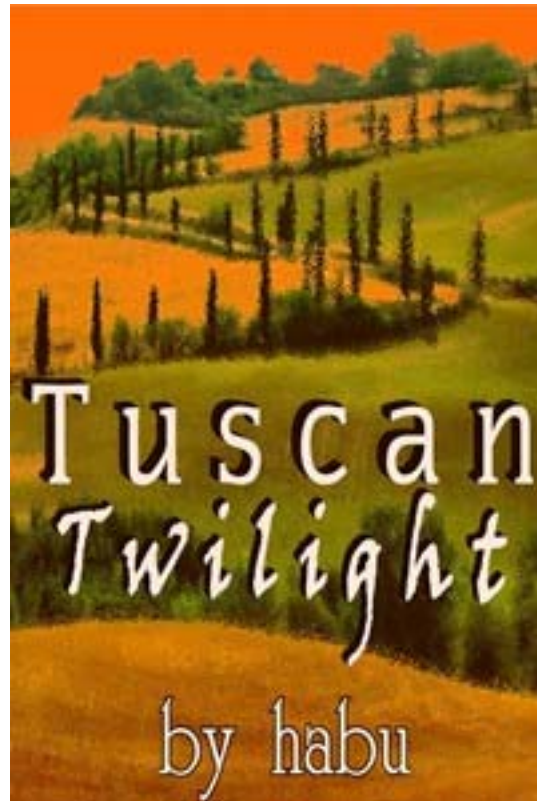
Raven Possession is the saga of six decades of a remarkable woman's life and of a strong man's vendetta of possession and control over that woman's family. Ada Raven, born in poverty and religious fundamentalism, wanted "it all" out of life and strove successfully to get it, but at a high cost, torn between an acclaimed

novelist of enormous ego and determination and the man who patiently waited in the wings for decades to provide her refuge. J. H. Kincaid, a larger-than-life novelist of men's adventure stories and of "bonding" and sweeping appetites wanted not only Ada but her sons to the third generation as well. Ada wanted to experience and escape the world at the same time. And she wanted to be loved by men, powerful men, and her ravenous beauty guaranteed that she was. This saga of the Raven family takes the reader on a journey through the highlights of six decades of American history from the homesteading of the West to the false interlude of peace in the 1960s. It follows Ada from the small town Midwest, the St. Louis World's, Fair, and the Spanish flu epidemic to a celebrity dude ranch in Colorado and ultimately to the halls of government in Washington, D.C., and the exotic Southeast Asia. But everywhere she turns, there is the brooding presence of J. H. Kincaid, manipulating and subjugating her family, until it all ends in smoke and explosion.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and f/m/m threesome sex.

DARK ANGEL REVIEW FOR RAVEN POSSESSION BY FROST

habu demonstrates a particular gift for winning the reader's attention immediately while weaving a complicated plot with numerous main and secondary characters swimming in a sea of erotic stimulation and suspense buildup... Caution, reader: once you open the first page, you're hooked!



TUSCAN TWILIGHT

By habu

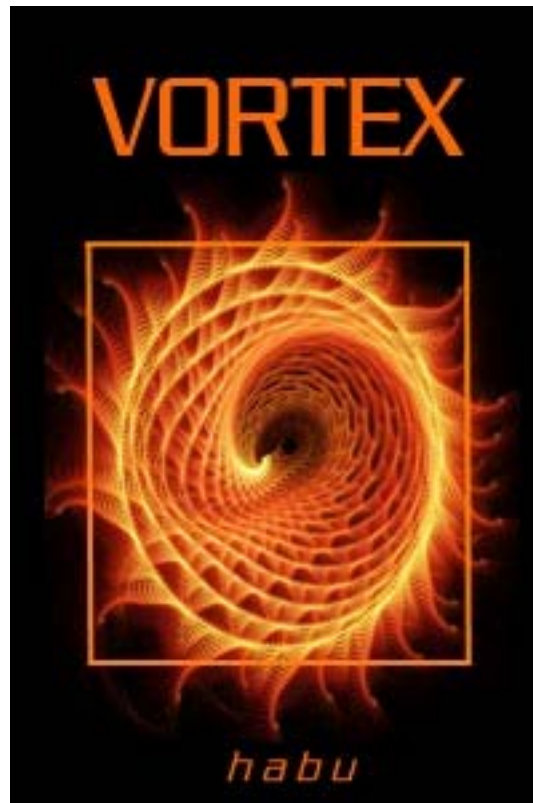
The aging Conte, Luciano, in an autumn glow of romance, takes the stranger, Dakota, as his long-lost lover, whom Luciano had forsaken to take up his traditional role as the head of the family. Dakota quickly begins to act as a catalyst throughout the moldering Italian noble family, already too overly burdened by a quickly disappearing traditional order of society in the vineyard-clad hills of Tuscany.

The Conte's grandson, Paulo, training by family tradition for the priesthood, latches onto the American stranger as his deliverance into another lifestyle altogether, while the Conte's granddaughter, Gabriella, thoroughly disgusted with the paternalistic order she is bound to, seeks any avenue of escape. Rosella the maid—and Conte's mistress—a woman society designated to serve the noble family, and the local villager portraitist, Giovanni, besmitten with Gabriella but unable to break the barriers of social status to claim her, are both also caught up in the winds of change unleashed by the appearance of the American stranger.

This is the story of five men and women, all thrown toward disintegration and release by the appearance of one young, blonde American stranger, the fiery spark who sets the sun on an ancient Tuscan order.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR TUSCAN TWILIGHT BY FROST'S FANCY: 5/5

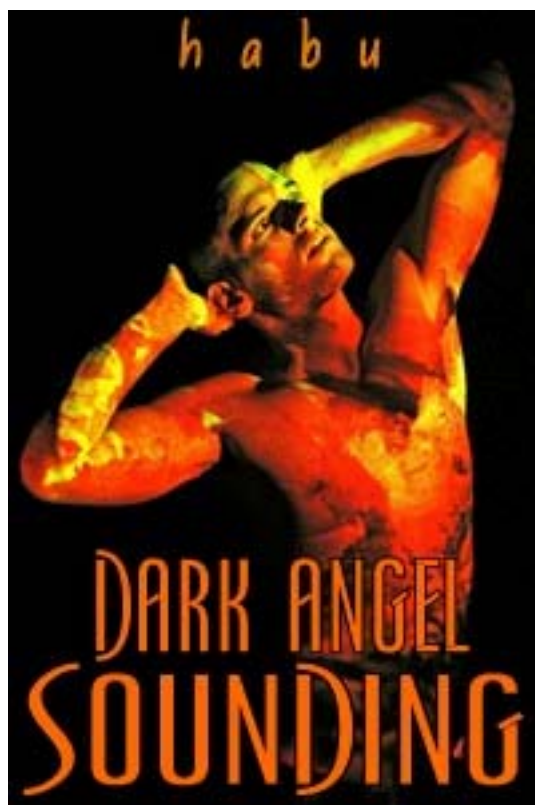
Author habu once again captivates with his winning lyrical prose style, and immediately catapults the willing reader into entrancement... Even when setting his fiction in an exotic locale ~ in this case Tuscany ~ habu is a wizard of enchantment and entices readers into his cave of magic with a few well-chosen phrases, then introduces us to characters who come to seem as close as our family, friends, and neighbors...Again habu serves up a don't miss, steaming, character-driven story that deserves reading and rereading. Tuscan Twilight is very special.



VORTEX
By habu

Young, naïve and enticing, Kevin is driven by curiosity in alternate lifestyles and finds himself smitten by hunky Doug—and more, is willing to be taken by him. But what Kevin doesn't know is Doug has only seduced Kevin to provide a virgin for the satanic “rejuvenation” ritual of a coven mastered by the rich and hugely endowed Donatien. Still driven by his attraction to Doug, Kevin schemes time and again, in a spiraling vortex down toward despair, to pull Doug from the clutches of the coven and to escape Donatien's obsession with possessing him. Will both Kevin and Doug be sucked into hell on earth, or will they eventually find a way out of the whirlpool together?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, bdsm, nonconsent, m/m and anal sex.



DARK ANGEL SOUNDING

By habu

A young man's personal experience cautionary tale of falling ever deeper under the sway of a practitioner of one the most dangerous and invasive and least discussed and written of male sexual practices—sounding—in his pursuit of being totally and fully dominated and possessed. How fully can he be taken? Will he succumb to the satanic magician or escape the wand of control invading his very being?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, elements of bdsm, fetish, sex toys as well as m/m, anal and group sex.

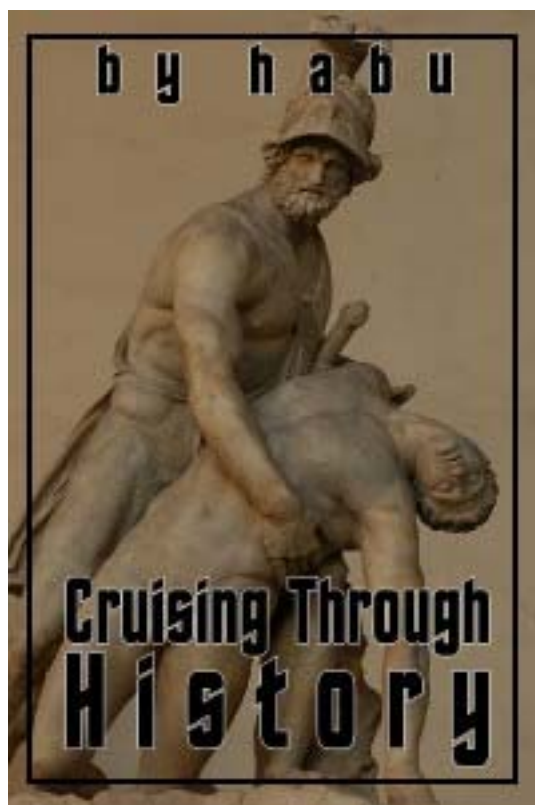


HARD KNOCKS U

By habu

Ron might be a hunk, but he's incredibly naïve, and now that he's transferred to a college far away from home, he quickly becomes the prey of both male professors and students alike. His logic professor manages to seduce him by—what else?—using logic, and when he goes to the dean-slash-wrestling-coach to complain, he's taken in once again. When the wrestling team starts handing him around like popcorn, Ron decides the only way to escape his predicament is to recruit a replacement—and sexy, young Ben is just the sort of naïve student he's got in mind...

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, mmf, anal, group and nonconsensual sex as well as bondage and sex toys.



CRUISING THROUGH HISTORY

By habu

Since the beginning of man, the unfolding of history has been dominated by the forces of conquest, seduction, and lust. And the pursuit of man by man, although mostly carried out in whispers and in the shadows, is as ancient and constant as history itself. This is a cruise through history in twenty-two short stories, careening from a brash assault on the gates of a Chinese brothel by an adventuring, demanding West to the shores of Tripoli, from an American Revolutionary War colonel's tent to the brutal dawn ravishment at Pearl Harbor—and even on to alien visitation and into outer space itself. Herein you will discover a fast and furious journey of varied and unique tales, touching down capriciously here and there in unexpected places and events in time where men seek out other men for conquest and pleasure. You will be entertained and heated up to the fantasy and treachery and the triumph and glory of the passion one man can have for another—and the sometimes dire, sometimes fully satisfying consequences, that can have in the pursuit of that passion—down through the ages.

Warnings: This title contains m/m, mmf, bdsm, graphic language, fetish, anal sex, group sex, violence and nonconsent.



DEATH IN EDEN

By habu

In the second Clint Folsom gay male murder mystery, unapologetically promiscuous bottom NYPD detective Folsom finds himself flying to a wealthy hunt country suburb of Washington, D.C., at the request of a former lover, Peter Blair, who is now the Loudon County, Virginia, police chief. He has been summoned to whitewash the murder of a former Mafia sex-torture assassin, Johnny "The Club" Wallace, who had once assaulted Folsom himself. Wallace has been salted away in the unlikely rich hunt country location with the witness protection program but, at the time of his death, was close to being charged in the molestation of the Loudon County Commonwealth Attorney's luscious blond hunk son, Jason. Blair himself was known to have threatened the life of Wallace. Although obviously meant to finger the Mafia for the hit on Wallace, the Loudon County authorities haven't counted on the dedication, honesty, and tenaciousness of Clint Folsom.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, anal and group sex, bdsm elements, fetish, sex toys and rape.

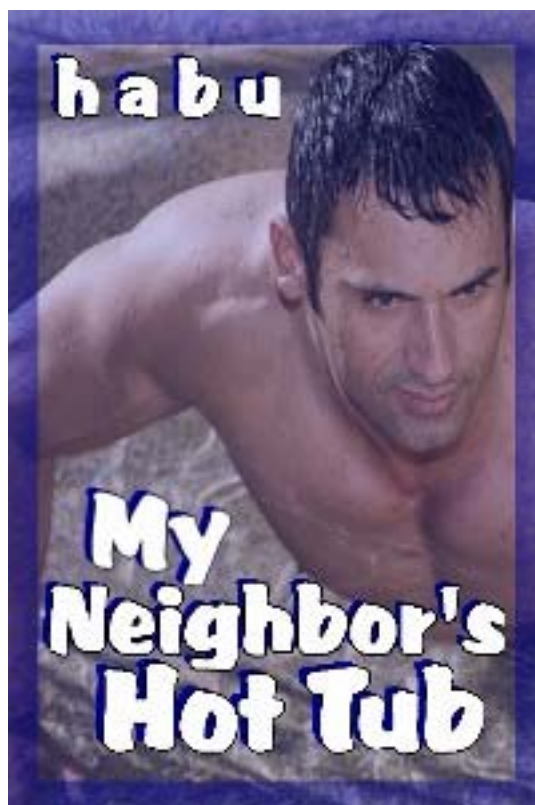


MAN'S MAN: TALES OF A HIGH-PRICED GAY HOOKER

By habu

Brian Hinton hasn't set out to be a high-priced male prostitute based in L.A. but traveling far and wide to serve the desires and fetishes of rich and powerful men who can afford to pay \$3,000 an hour for his attentions. Like many young, handsome men with acting talent that shines brightly on the small-town stage, Brian wants to break into movie stardom. But also like many of these young men, he finds that his greatest talent and charisma is in being at the beck and call of already-successful men who have unusual appetites and thick wallets. Unlike some of these other men, though, Brian embraces the possibilities and makes the most of the natural allure that he evokes in other men and, with gusto and without apologies or reservations, enters into a fascinating life of making the most of what he has in a reality-based arc in the spotlight that begins in naïve, overstretching ambition and ends with a satisfied sigh.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, bdsm, fetish, sex toys, and m/m, anal and group sex.

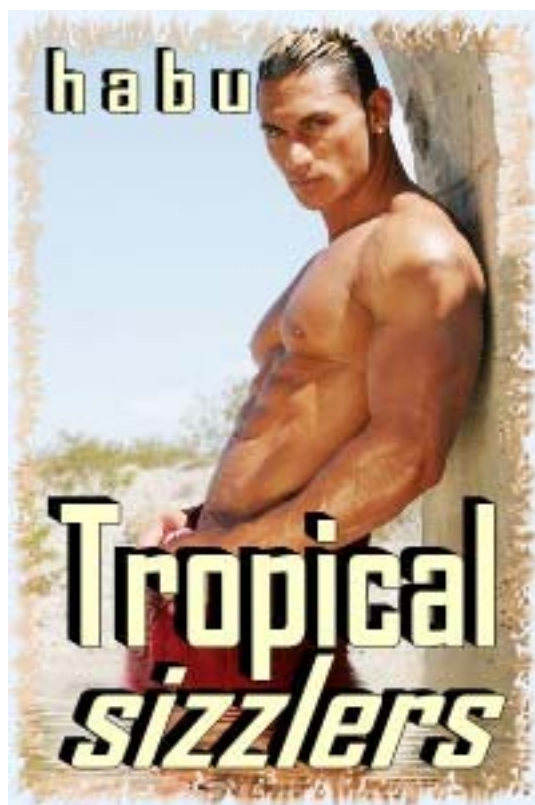


MY NEIGHBOR'S HOT TUB

By habu

A warm spell after a particularly cold winter and early spring can be unHINGING, leading one to be open to adventure, getting comfortable, and letting loose. Young Glen is straight but is the curious sort and always is happy to experiment in search of pleasure and new adventures—and his wife has gone to her mother's for a week. These events intersect to find Glen accepting an invitation to try out the hot tub of his older, but hunky divorced neighbor, Marty, who is prone to bringing young men home from the gym. The result is inevitable and explosive.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.

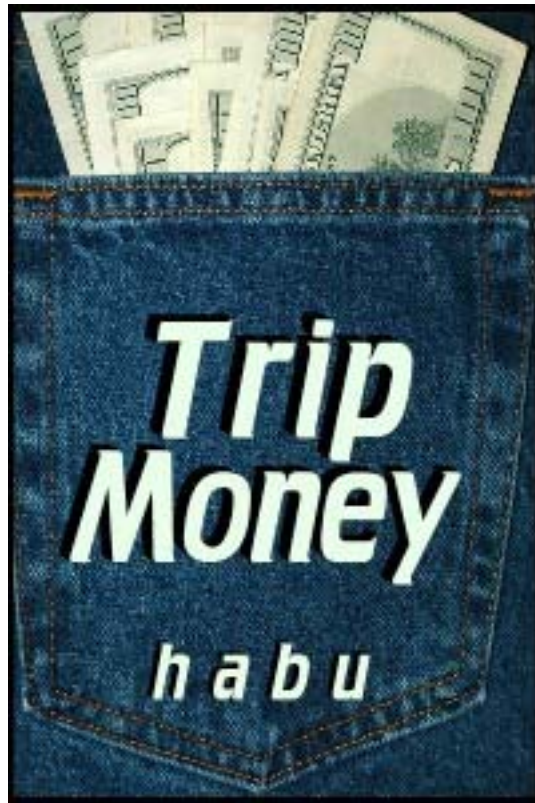


TROPICAL SIZZLERS

By habu

Steamy climates. Hot men. Sizzling man sex. This meaty forty-story anthology takes you around the tropical and semitropical belt of the world in a whirlwind introduction to some of the hottest and most exotic male-male action and varied tales of taking you could wish for. We have served up for us herein spicy platters of drama, amusement, pathos, domination, discovery, arousal, melting of reluctance, irony, and surprise: your porn stars gone wild, your jungle soldiers in search of adventure, your older men dominating young hunks, your sex-rocked yachts, your gay bordellos and male prostitutes on the prowl, your no-swim suit pools, your exotic sex nests, and your hot night life and full-throttled spirals into seduction and realization of dreams and hot-blooded passion. So, pull on your Speedos (or not) and head for the tropical beaches of the Caribbean, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific to see how many ways and in how many different hot and humid locales you can be aroused and satisfied.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m, fetish, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.

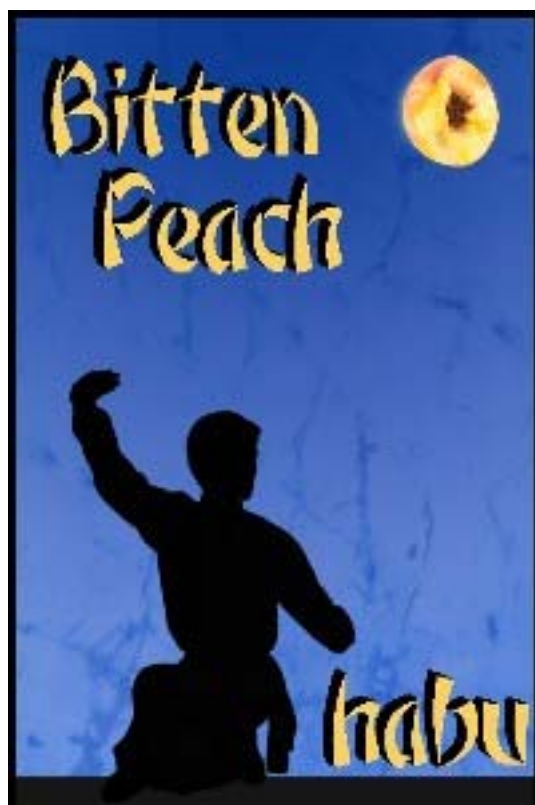


TRIP MONEY

By habu

It was not a good day for Ben. He'd stumbled upon the sight of his best friend, Digger, in the sack in their shared university dorm room with his girlfriend, Stacey, who had put off his own advances because she was "saving herself for marriage." Then suite mate J. D. both lets Ben know that Digger and Stacey had been going at it all semester and then comes on to Ben himself. Confusion sets in when Ben realizes that he was more attracted to Digger than to Stacey when he'd seen them in the act. Ben doesn't know for sure who he wants, but he is soon put on the spot when Digger calls for a beach trip to his parents' Nags Head vacation house for the whole gang. Ben doesn't want Digger and Stacey going to the beach without him, but he doesn't have the money for the trip. Enters older gym buddy Clint, with an interesting business proposition to help Ben earn his traveling money, a proposition that only adds to the pressures and confusions Ben has fallen prey to.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.



BITTEN PEACH

By habu

Bitten Peach is an eleven-story anthology capturing the essence of the deliciously euphemistic Oriental world of men making love to other men, arranged in a chronological sequence covering a 2,200-year period. These are stories that go beyond the random act of sexual release between men. They offer more complex and context-richer studies of gathering age-old themes, exotic settings, and all-so-human characters up into the Floating World of the Orient in which men give themselves to other men-some more freely than others-for something in return, whether it is for money, position, power, survival, honor, service, devotion-or, not all that rarely, really, in unconditional love.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m and nonconsensual sex.



DEAL CLOSER

By habu

An unabashed male-male, wall-to-wall action adventure of the lengths corporate executives will go in providing fringe benefits to close the deal with the big client.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m anal sex, intense group sex, bondage and double penetration.

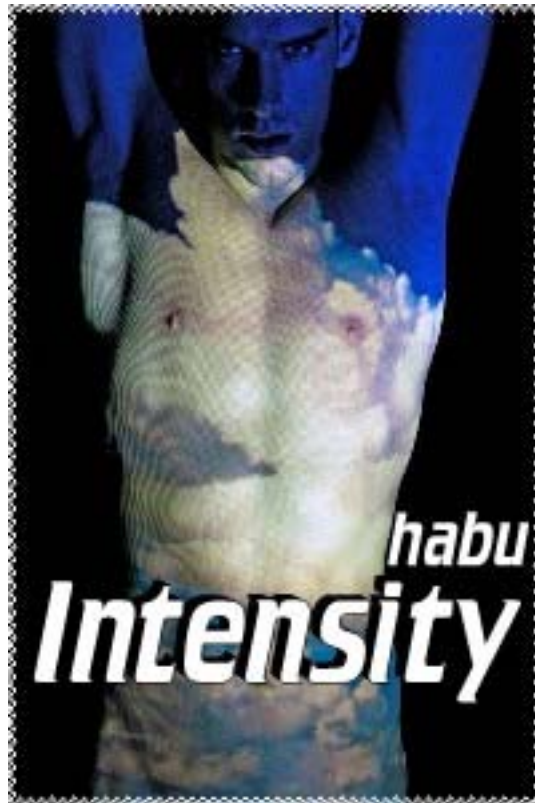


BLUE ROSES TATTOO

By habu

Laurie is living a dull life as a diner waitress in a nowhere town in a Podunk state. She craves adventure and the exotic but is left to settle for small-town life and Sam, the truck driver. And then one day, Hank, a James Dean-handsome mysterious stranger with a full-body blue roses tattoo walks into the diner and sees Laurie as someone who needs his help.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, as well as mind control and anal sex.

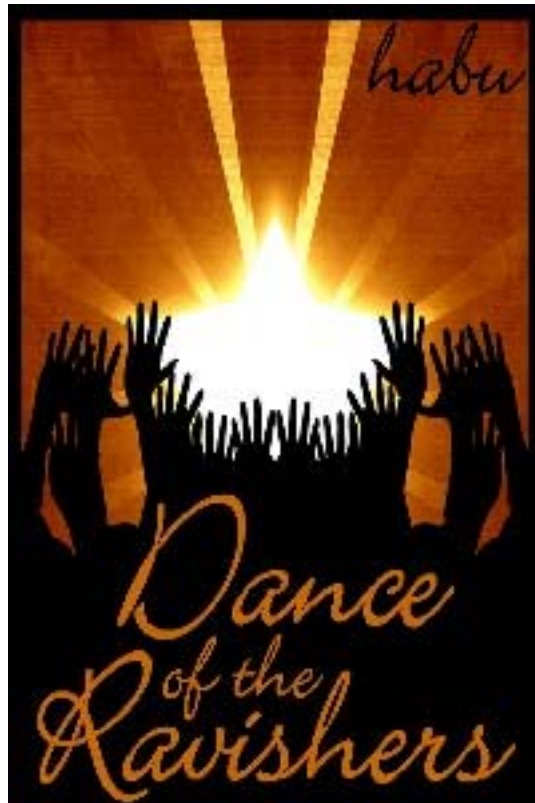


INTENSITY

By habu

The thirty stories offered in this anthology explore, agonize over, and celebrate the ever-present atmosphere of intensity in the world of man coupling with man. Choosing the gay male lifestyle is, in itself, an emotionally charged rocket ride from the heights to the depths. The gay male always lives in the spotlight-and is always directly in tune with that very next breath, that very next encounter. The intensity reflected in these stories of physical emotion and relationship, in both the dance of choosing and joining together and in the frequent loss-is one of those sweet, albeit sometime bittersweet, emotions that make life worth living.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, anal, m/m, group and nonconsensual sex.



DANCE OF THE RAVISHERS

By habu

When Beau Lafleur was awarded the graduate student slot in the Sudan archaeological excavation project of the legendary Dr. Emmet Emory, he assumed he would have to curb his voracious appetite for gay male sex. What he discovers, however, is not only is the dance of sexual release rampant within the expedition's camp but also that the men of the expedition become swept up in a local tribe's fertility ritual, the Dance of the Ravishers.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, fetish, and m/m, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.

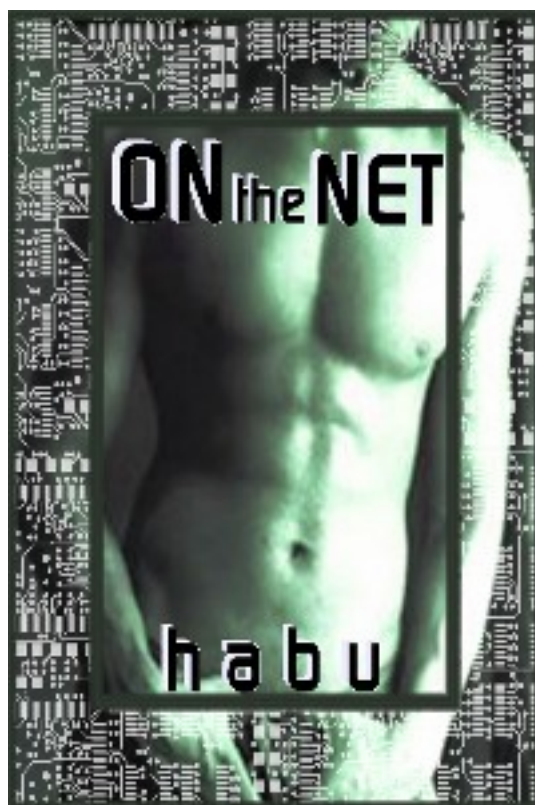


SMILE

By habu

There are all kinds of smiles: happy smiles, wicked smiles, knowing smiles, ironic smiles, surprised smiles, sneery smiles, guilty smiles, pleased smiles, “I told you so” smiles. Sex is usually viewed as serious, tense, emotionally charged-and this is especially so with gay male sex. And erotica tends to take the act more seriously than does real life. However, sex can be great fun-and playful sex is often the best, most satisfying kind. Here are nineteen gay male stories designed to evoke at least a trace of a smile of some form from readers. Enjoy. Smile. Go on, you know you want to.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, fetish, m/m, anal, group and nonconsensual sex.



ON THE NET

By habu

The advent of the computer age-and especially of the Internet-opened up whole new worlds, not the least in the realm of erotica. For the gay male, the Internet has provided access to whole worlds of possibilities and connections. This fourteen-story anthology explores male connecting with male, sometimes with humor and surprise and sometimes poignantly-but always in steamy hot discovery and fulfillment-across the realm of computers and the Internet in all of its variety and complexity.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex, including fetish, anal and nonconsensual sex.