

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



The  
PUBLIC *Eye*  
Luck of the Irish  
CHRIS TANGLEN

## **The Public Eye**

Chris Tanglen

*Part of the Luck of the Irish series.*

*Three men and a leprechaun? When Dermot, Greg and Zev meet at the wedding of a past lover, the little green guy offers each man a golden opportunity to possess his greatest desire. Unfortunately, figuring out what that greatest desire amounts to isn't as easy as it sounds.*

Greg Tennerson figures the leprechaun was just an elaborate prank, but quickly changes his mind when he wakes up with Vivian in his bed. She's gorgeous. She's sexy. She's very much naked. In fact, she's Greg's vision of absolute female perfection. She's also more than willing to satisfy his every physical desire. Anything he wants. Any time he wants. As often as he wants. It's a fantasy come true for this successful attorney with his heart set on a career in politics...but there's a catch.

Vivian will only have sex with him in public. And only if there's danger of getting caught!

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The Public Eye

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# ***THE PUBLIC EYE***

**Chris Tanglen**

## **Prologue**

*Ireland, present day*

"This isn't how I envisioned present-day Ireland," said the nerd at the table.

Dermot Stone wished he would quit talking. Every moment Dermot had to spend responding was one less moment available for the task of getting shit-faced drunk.

"So what were you envisioning?" asked the other guy, Greg something. A lawyer.

The nerd shrugged and took another drink of Guinness. "I don't know. More people wearing green, I guess. A few more redheaded wee Irish lasses. Where are the pet leprechauns?"

Dermot really needed to switch tables. He was far from sober himself, but at least alcohol didn't turn him into a babbling idiot. He sighed and looked around the wedding reception. A huge number of people, probably hundreds, having themselves a grand old time and here he was sitting at a table with a lawyer and an intoxicated nerd. Wonderful.

Greg the Lawyer took a sip from his beer, grimacing a bit. The guy clearly wasn't a drinker. "So, Zev, are you here for the bride or groom?" he asked the nerd.

"The bride. Tami's an ex-girlfriend."

That caught Dermot's attention. "Really?"

"Yeah. We were together for about a month when she was living in the states."

"She was my nanny," said Dermot. "I lost my virginity to her."

"Your *nanny*?" asked Greg. "How old are you?"

"Never mind," said Dermot, immediately wishing he'd kept his mouth shut. "It's a long story."

"Yeah, but you're, what, early thirties? She's gotta be about your age, maybe even younger." Greg started to count on his fingers.

"It's not important." It was definitely time to steer the conversation away from himself. "What about you? Are you here for the bride or groom?"

"Groom. But I did sleep with the bride."

"All three of us slept with Tami?" asked Zev. "That's a pretty big coincidence."

"Well, I don't mean to show disrespect for the bride on her wedding day," said Greg, "but it's not all *that* big of a coincidence, if you know what I mean."

The men all nodded.

"I want to hear more about the nanny thing," said Zev. "I bet she sure as hell didn't have to fight to get you in bed by nine."

Greg laughed. "Yeah, I have to say, I really got ripped off in the babysitter allocation. If I was good, all I got was a Popsicle."

"Maybe he *wasn't* so good."

"We were talking about leprechauns earlier," said Dermot, desperately trying to change the subject. "Have you ever tried to catch one?"

"No, not recently," said Zev.

"I know how. Want to try?"

"Now?" asked Greg.

"Sure. It's not like this reception doesn't suck."

"I know I could use an extra pot o' gold," said Zev.

"We all could. Let's go."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Heeeeeeeeere leprechaun!" shouted Zev, as they trudged through the woods. "Here, leper, leper, leper!"

"Please shut up," Dermot requested.

"I think I see one," said Greg. "Hand me the lantern! Oh, no, wait, it was just a couple of ogres and a troll."

"Catching a leprechaun is serious business," said Dermot. "If we do see one, don't grab it. He'll just vanish. And he'll do everything he can to trick you, so don't let yourself be fooled. Let me do the talking."

"Are we lost?" asked Zev. "I think we're lost."

"We've been walking for two minutes. You can still see the lights from the party."

"Oh. I've never been a big forest kind of guy. Give me a good meadow any day."

Dermot ignored the nerd and continued walking. Even though the leprechaun hunt had been an elaborate method of changing the subject, he had to admit that he was now genuinely excited to be out here. He would never admit it to these idiots, but he truly did believe in leprechauns and other such magic, and if only he could find...

"Does anybody know any good Irish songs?" asked Zev.

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," Greg suggested.

"I don't know that one."

"Me either."

Zev began to sing "Twist and Shout". Badly.

Dermot rolled his eyes. They were in Ireland, for God's sake. You were supposed to be able to hold your goddamn liquor.

They marched through the woods for a few more minutes, Zev singing the entire time. Dermot was just about to bash him over the head with the lantern, bury him in a shallow grave, and turn him into another Irish myth when he heard a rustling from the trees.

"Shhhh!" he said.

Zev and Greg fell silent.

The three men stood there, listening.

Nothing.

"False alarm," Dermot said. Zev resumed his singing...and the rustling started again. Dermot waved his hand for silence. As soon as Zev shut up, the rustling stopped.

Greg walked over to the source of the rustling and peeked through the leaves and branches. "I can't see if there's anything in there or not."

"Sing some more," Dermot told Zev.

Zev resumed his abysmal rendition of "Twist and Shout". Moments later, something burst out of the shrubs and danced in the path in front of them.

A little green man, only three feet tall. Dressed entirely in green, with a red beard, a pipe, and a hat. He danced around in time with Zev's singing.

"Keep singing!" Dermot ordered.

The leprechaun, if this truly was a leprechaun, continued dancing around.

Dermot crept forward, waving for Greg to stay where he was. The lawyer nodded and watched the leprechaun in amazement.

If the legends were true, and at this point there was no damn reason to believe that they weren't, he could capture the leprechaun by holding his gaze. He kept moving closer and closer, watching the little green man happily dance around, trying to catch his eye.

The leprechaun made eye contact.

Dermot didn't look away.

The leprechaun stopped dancing and stared at him.

"I've got him!" said Dermot, forcing himself to hold the leprechaun's stare. "Everybody stay cool!" He took a few more steps forward and crouched down, putting himself nearly nose-to-nose with the creature. "Are you a leprechaun?" he asked.

The little green man laughed at him. "Well, of course I'm a leprechaun! What did ye think I was, a unicorn?"

"Then I demand that you take us to your gold."



The leprechaun looked pained. "Me gold? Now, what would a fancy lad such as ye be needin' with me gold?"

Dermot realized that the other two men were moving closer, but didn't dare break eye contact to tell them to scram. "You must take us to your gold."

The leprechaun nodded, sadly. "Aye, lad, I must. Unless ye wish to strike a bargain."

"No bargains."

"Well, aren't ye an impatient one? Perhaps ye should listen to the offer before ye get all huffy about me gold. There are few things finer than gold, save but for a nice pair o' shoes...and, perhaps, wishes?"

"Wishes?" asked Zev.

"Aye, wishes. I can grant ye three wishes. One for each. I can see into your hearts and grant your greatest desire, I can. Now, isn't that much better than a silly pot o' gold, lad?"

Dermot thought about that. He had all the money he wanted, but his greatest desire...

The leprechaun smiled. "I see a reasonable lad before me. Let me free, and I will grant ye each one wish. Ye will get what your heart most desires."

"Go for the wish!" said Zev.

Dermot nodded. "Fine. I release you." He broke eye contact with the leprechaun, hoping he hadn't made a huge mistake.

But the leprechaun didn't run away. Instead he looked at each of the men in turn. "Aye, I have seen what it is ye most desire, and so it shall be granted."

"When?" asked Dermot.

The leprechaun chuckled. "Have patience, lad. Leprechaun magic is a tricky business. It will work differently for all of ye. But it will work, that I promise."

Greg held a hand to his forehead, as if suddenly dizzy, and then fell to the ground. Within seconds, Zev had fallen as well.

“What did you do to them?” Dermot demanded.

“Don’t worry, ‘tis nothing to be concerned with. Their greatest desire lies elsewhere.” The leprechaun pointed into the woods, in the same direction they’d been walking. “Yours lies this way.”

The leprechaun winked, laughed merrily, and then dove back into the leaves. Dermot stood there, listening as the laughter faded.

He suddenly realized that Zev was gone. Vanished completely. Where had his greatest desire taken him?

It didn’t matter. Dermot’s desire lay straight ahead.

Leaving the lawyer snoring on the path, he headed deeper into the woods.

## **Chapter One**

*Orlando, Florida*

Greg Tennerson yawned, stretched, and rolled over onto his side, his face very nearly striking a large, beautiful, yet quite unfamiliar pair of breasts.

*That's weird*, he thought, staring at them for a moment. Greg wasn't a morning person and he was definitely groggy, but there was simply no mistaking this for anything but a pair of breasts. They were, for that matter, perhaps the finest breasts he'd ever seen. He had no complaints whatsoever about their quality. Nevertheless, he hadn't expected to find them in his bed.

He tilted his head. The breasts were attached to a breathtakingly gorgeous woman. In fact, if Greg had been asked to describe his perfect physical specimen of a woman, she would fit the checklist exactly. Long, auburn hair. Green eyes. Full lips. Smooth, creamy white skin.

She winked at him. "Hi."

Greg considered possible explanations for this. If he'd been intoxicated last night, it was remotely possible that he had somehow brought this beautiful redhead home with him without remembering anything about it, but he hadn't had anything to drink, not even NyQuil. He'd watched some morally bankrupt television program and then fallen asleep reading the latest issue of *Newsweek*. Therefore, the only plausible explanation was that she was some escaped lunatic who snuck into the beds of strange men in the middle of the night, and that she planned to stab him to death within the next few seconds.

Shit!

He sat up. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"You don't remember?"

Was it possible that he'd been drinking so heavily last night that he had no memory of even taking the first sip or leaving his apartment? Since Greg was only a light social drinker and didn't keep booze in the house, this would imply that he'd been swigging Listerine, which seemed unlikely. He quickly glanced at his left hand in case there was something else he didn't remember from last night. No wedding ring, thank God.

"I don't remember anything," he admitted, scooting away from her in the bed and preparing to deflect any attacks against his genitalia should it become necessary.

"Nothing?" she asked. "Not the leprechaun, the wish...?"

"The leprechaun? Yeah, I remember the leprechaun, but that was just...it couldn't really...that little green shit drugged me, didn't he?"

Greg had awakened alone in the woods, somewhat dazed and confused, and made his way back to Tami's wedding reception as it was winding down. He'd asked around about the other two guys, but had finally given up, deciding that it had obviously been a joke played on him by the nanny-lover. He'd flown back from Ireland yesterday, and had planned to spend all of today just relaxing. Finding a strange woman in his bed had not been part of the schedule.

The woman shook her head. "Of course you weren't drugged, silly. You made your wish, and so I'm here to grant your greatest desire."

She smiled.

Greg gaped.

She *did* fit his criteria for the perfect woman, and it was remarkably unusual that she was currently in his bed without clothing, but there had to be some other explanation besides the whole leprechaun wish thing. Clearly the other guys had somehow found out the physical description of his ideal woman, hired a prostitute with those exact characteristics and excellent lock picking abilities, and paid her to sneak into bed with him and pretend to be the result of his wish. It seemed like a fairly expensive and elaborate practical joke to play on somebody they'd only met briefly a couple of days ago in a foreign country, but maybe they were really desperate for entertainment.

Her smile broadened, creating an adorable little crinkle next to her left eye. Janet, a girl he'd dated in high school, had a little crinkle exactly like that, and he'd never forgotten it.

In fact, it was an element he'd probably include when describing his perfect woman.

This was just way too weird.

Greg realized he was still gaping. He stopped gaping and spoke. "I'm confused."

"Well, I guess that's understandable," she said. "By the way, I'm Vivian."

"That's my favorite name," said Greg with amazement.

"I know. It's because of Vivian March, your first-grade sweetheart and the lost love of your life. If only you hadn't smeared that paste in her hair, who knows where your relationship might have gone?" Vivian grinned, but then looked concerned. "I'm sorry, I wasn't supposed to let on that I know things like that. It creeps guys out. You won't say anything, right?"

"I'm guessing that won't be a problem."

"Good. Do you like my tits?"

Greg had never been asked that question so blatantly. Was it rude to say yes? To say no? He decided to play it safe and err on the complimentary side. He nodded.

"Perfect, aren't they? I can say that without being egotistical because I know they're exactly what you would consider perfect tits." She cupped one of her breasts and tweaked the nipple. "You have good taste. Last wish I granted, the guy was into these *juggernauts*. Very uncomfortable, especially for somebody who prides herself on excellent posture."

"I guess they...uh, would be," said Greg.

"Do you want to touch them, or do you need a few more minutes to recover from the shock?" she asked, removing her hand. "I can give you a few minutes if you need it, no problem. I'm not trying to pressure anybody here."

Greg hesitated, but then decided that the best way to determine whether or not this was really happening was to grab a boob. He reached out and pressed his palm against her, feeling the nipple harden.

It felt...well, *perfect*.

"I can't believe this," he said.

"Wait'll you see my ass." She tossed the blankets aside and quickly bounced onto her hands and knees, wiggling her butt. It was, yes, a most perfect ass. Smooth, tight, and with only the vaguest hint of a tan line, as if the sun had just briefly touched her creamy white skin as she strolled outside in extremely skimpy bathing attire.

Despite his overall sense of confusion and disbelief, Greg felt himself starting to get hard.

"Like it?" Vivian asked.

"Yeah," he said, barely able to speak. "Yeah, I do."

"Good." She wiggled her butt one more time and then rolled onto her back and spread her legs, keeping her right hand demurely over her crotch. "Like my legs?"

"Yes."

"Me too. Again, you've got good taste. Wanna see what's under my hand?"

Greg nodded.

"You sure?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay." She lifted her hand, revealing the most aesthetically appealing pussy Greg had ever seen. A nice thick patch of red pubic hair at the top, shaved on the sides, and it even looked wet.

His boxer shorts were suddenly feeling *very* constricting.

This was no practical joke.

That leprechaun had been for real.

"So," said Greg, whose mouth had gone dry, "you're here to fulfill my every desire, huh?"

"No."

"No?"

"Not *every* desire, your *biggest* desire."

"Oh. Well, that's still pretty good."

"Most men would think so."

"Did the other guys wake up with somebody like you in their bed?"

"I'm not sure, to be completely honest," said Vivian. "It works differently for everybody. I think I heard something about one of them being tied to a table and anally penetrated by twin witches, but don't quote me."

"Ah. So, I don't think I'm being too forward in assuming that I get to...uh, have sex with you, am I?"

"Not at all. Believe me, we're gonna fuck."

"Cool. That sounds like it'll be...pleasant."

"I think so too. You're cute."

Greg grinned, knowing that women liked his dimples. Though he wasn't exactly *Playgirl* material, his looks had always served him well, most notably his deep blue eyes. He kept his thick brown hair cut short, his face clean-shaven, and the rest of his body in decent shape from weekly trips to the gym. Yeah, he would have liked to add a couple of inches to his five-foot-nine height, but a guy couldn't have everything.

He scooted closer to her, heart racing. His erection was threatening to damage his expensive silk boxer shorts, and he didn't think he'd been this excited since his very first sexual experience at his junior prom.

She closed her legs. "Not here, though."

"Are you sure? I just changed the sheets yesterday."

"I'm sure. You get to fuck me any way you can, lots of times, but not here."

"Where?"

"Somewhere in public. And only if there's real danger of getting caught."

Greg blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

"That's your greatest desire, to have sex with your ultimate fantasy woman in a public place."

"I don't think it is."

"Yep. It is. Trust me."

Greg considered that for a very long moment. "That doesn't sound much like me."

"Sure it does. What about that time in college when you were feeling up that blonde whose name you can't remember? You knew that your roommate would be back from class at any minute, and that made it even more exciting, and you kept trying to get her to have sex with you but she wouldn't because you were supposed to be studying for your biology test."

"I wanted to have sex with her because she was hot! It had nothing to do with getting caught by my roommate. And her name was Lisa."

"Laura."

"Laura, whatever. All I'm saying is that sex in public is not my greatest desire."

"I'm afraid you're wrong," said Vivian.

"No, no, I'm sure I'm not. The leprechaun obviously messed up somewhere along the way, got his wishes crossed or something like that. No big deal. He got the fantasy woman part right, but my desire is to have sex right here in this comfortable bed." Greg patted the mattress.

Vivian sat up. "Okay, let's just say for the sake of argument that your greatest desire isn't to have sex with me in public, which it is. Here I am, the most perfect woman you've ever seen, all naked and stuff, offering to fuck the living daylights out of you if we do it in public. Why wouldn't you jump at the chance?"

"I just can't do it."



"Why not?"

"Because I'd be putting my reputation at stake. People know me in this city. I'm a prosecuting attorney...one of the best. I tried the Rankin case last fall. I can't get caught having sex in public; there'd be a huge scandal. Hell, I'm even planning to run for city council next year!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You didn't know that?"

Vivian shook her head. "I'm not omniscient. I just know things that directly relate to your greatest woman-related desire. I thought you were happy being a lawyer."

"I *am* happy, but my dream has always been to get into politics. So obviously I have to watch my public behavior. I can't put my career at risk."

"That is a bit of a pickle, I have to agree," said Vivian.

"Can't we just have sex here?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm here to fulfill your greatest desire. Now, if the deal was for me to fulfill *one* of your greatest *desires*, you'd be in me as we speak, but I've got to go with the exact terms, and your greatest desire is to fuck me in public. I'm sorry."

Greg sighed. "Can't you talk to the leprechaun or something? Explain the situation to him?"

"No."

"Does he have a cell phone? I'll give him a call."

"Sorry. Unless you fly back to Ireland and manage to do another catch-and-release, you're stuck with the original wish."

"That sucks."

"Yeah."

Greg gazed longingly at her breasts, but then extended his hand. "Well, I guess this is goodbye, then."

"Oh, I'm not leaving."

"I told you, I can't do this."

"I have to fulfill your greatest desire. That was the wish. Those who return without granting wishes are cast into the Pits of Flaming Anguish, where their flesh is horrifically sizzled from their bones as they shriek in eternal despair."

"Are you *serious*?"

"No. I'll just be reprimanded."

"Oh. Good."

"Not good. I don't like being reprimanded."

Greg nervously tugged at his boxer shorts. "Okay, well, I'm sorry, but as much as I'd like to go through with this, it's not worth risking my career for. I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

"Uh-uh."

"What do you mean, 'uh-uh'?"

"I mean, uh-uh. It's a fairly inarticulate way of saying that I'm going to stick around until you agree to fuck me in public."

"Yes, but we've already established very clearly that I'm *not* going to fuck you in public," Greg explained. "Therefore, our arrangement is over, and it's time for you to go."

"Nope."

"So, what, you're going to tie me up, drag me out of the house, and force me to have sex?"

"No. That's only your fourth greatest desire."

"I could call the police."

"You certainly could. But I'd vanish after they arrived, and you'd have to explain to them that a gorgeous naked redhead magically appeared in your bed and offered to grant you a leprechaun wish, and I'd reappear as soon as they left. Nobody will believe your story. You'll be like the boy who cried pussy."

"Okay, then...then...then I'll just throw you out!"

"I'd kick your ass."

"I don't believe you. No, wait, I take that back." He sighed. "This isn't fair. How am I supposed to compete with supernatural peer pressure?"

"Just give in," said Vivian, circling one of her nipples with her index finger. "It's your greatest desire."

"I refuse."

Vivian smiled. "Well then, we have a bit of a challenge before us."

## **Chapter Two**

Greg's luxurious third-floor apartment was exquisitely furnished with a tropical flavor. He had a wide-screen television and an entertainment system that was the envy of everybody he knew, along with thousands of CDs and hundreds of DVDs. He was also an avid reader, particularly of mysteries, and an entire wall of his living room was taken up by an enormous bookshelf. Not to mention his state-of-the-art computer system with all the trimmings, and a home office as well stocked as any office supply store.

Yet despite the numerous distractions available in the apartment, he simply couldn't keep his eyes off Vivian.

"Oh dear," she said. "I seem to have dropped something upon your floor. I have no choice but to retrieve it." She bent over, and the sight of her glorious ass nearly made Greg bite through his palm in frustration. This was cruel. Unbelievably cruel. Satan-style cruel.

But he was strong. He'd put himself through law school. He'd once rescued a remarkably ungrateful Doberman from a burning automobile (and still had the scars on his arm to prove it). Several months ago he'd passed a kidney stone. He could darn well handle a beautiful naked woman wandering around his apartment. And he'd bedded plenty of attractive women during his past fifteen years of non-virginity. So she could flash her pristine ass all she wanted, but it wasn't going to change Greg's mind.

"Oh, silly me, my first attempt to retrieve the dropped object was unsuccessful. I shall be forced to try again." She bent over a second time, this time giving him a glimpse of her pussy from behind. Greg hoped that she didn't hear him whimper.

"You know what really turns me on?" asked Greg. "A nice heavy coat. I've still got a parka from my trip to Minnesota this winter, so why don't I grab that for you? Oooh, baby, shake those multiple layers of clothing."

"Nah. I'll stay nekkid. Wanna see me do a handstand?"

"No."

"Cartwheel?"

"No."

"The splits?"

"No."

"C'mon," said Vivian, putting her hands on her hips. "Why make this difficult? You know you want my mouth on your cock. You're just minutes away from tongue-swirling ecstasy."

"Okay, how about this? We do it with the windows open."

"No good. None of your neighbors have telescopes. Anyway, that's not technically in public. Mind if I touch myself?"

"I'd rather you didn't."

"I think I will." Vivian's left hand slowly slid down over her thigh. "You don't have to watch."

"I won't."

"Yet you are."

He was. Greg could barely take his eyes off her. God, she was absolutely stunning. Of course, she had an unfair advantage being a shapeshifter and all (at least he thought she was a shapeshifter; something supernatural like that, anyway), but still, the woman was astounding.

Her index finger moved across the top of her pubic hair.

Fuck it. He'd watch. If he wasn't going to actually score, he might as well get one hell of a show out of this whole leprechaun thing.

He sat down on the couch. "I'm ready."

"You think you can take it?"

"It'll give me something to do until Judge Judy comes on."

Vivian parted her legs some more, and with excruciating slowness traced her finger down her vagina. She held it up to show him that her finger was glistening, then closed her eyes and gradually worked it up and down over her pussy, moaning with pleasure as she did so.

Greg realized he was gripping the seat cushion *way* too tightly, and forced himself to relax. *Long, deep breaths...inner peace...you're doing fine...*

She moved her finger like that for at least another minute, and then slid it inside.

"Oh, Christ," Greg whispered, entranced.

"What was that?"

"I said, oh, Christ, I'm bored shitless."

Vivian slid her finger in deeper as she stroked her clitoris with her thumb, and her moaning grew louder. A trickle of sweat slid down the side of Greg's face.

Be strong...be strong...heart of steel...ice in the veins...eye of the tiger...fuck, I need a cold shower...

"Oh...oh, my, I think I'm gonna come," Vivian announced.

Greg involuntarily leaned forward in his seat.

"It's on its way...it's gonna be a doozy...oh, I sure wish your cock was inside me to enjoy this one."

Greg bit his lip.

Vivian threw her head back and howled as the orgasm hit.

She kept going for nearly thirty seconds, breasts heaving, entire body quaking. Greg was so hypnotized by the sight that he didn't even worry about what the neighbors would think.

Finally she finished, dropping to her knees. "That was a nice one," she informed him.

"I got that distinct impression," Greg tried to say, but the best response he could actually vocalize was "uh-huh."

"Well, I guess I'll be off now."

"No!" Greg almost shouted.

"No?"

"Uh, I mean, good. I'm glad you're leaving. Go."

"That bulge in your pants says you'd like me to stick around. It's a nice bulge, by the way." She placed her hand on her forehead in melodramatic despair. "Oh, if only I could taste it, my life would be a banquet of endless joy."

Greg couldn't take any more of this. Fuck inner strength. Fuck his bravery with the kidney stone. He needed her. He needed her bad. "Fine!" he said. "I'll do it!"

"Do what, lover?"

"I'll follow the rules. I'll have sex with you in public. Where do you want to go?"

"How about a nice restaurant? You up for an early lunch?"

"Yes. Yes, I am. An early lunch sounds good." Greg's heart was racing. "You should probably wear something besides your naked skin."

Vivian touched her nipple, and suddenly she was wearing a tight fitting but elegant red blouse and skirt.

"Not quite the same as twitching your nose, is it?" Greg asked.

"Ah, that was just for show. Let's get out of here. Orgasms always make me hungry."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Your menu, sir," said the middle-aged, balding waiter, placing it on the table in front of Greg. The waiter handed a menu to Vivian as well. "May I start you off with something to drink?"

"Just water," said Greg.

"Do you have anything minty?" asked Vivian.

"I'm afraid not."

"How about an iced tea then?"

"Very good, ma'am." The waiter left.

Since it was only eleven, the Italian restaurant was almost empty. There was an elderly couple on the other side of the room, and a party of four two tables away. Greg wondered if he should have found someplace more crowded, so people would be less likely to notice any sensual activity.

"So what's good here?" asked Vivian, opening her menu.

"I'm not sure. I've never been here before."

"Ah, picking a place where you won't be recognized as easily, huh? Good idea. I think I'll have the eleven-layer lasagna. What about you?"

"I'm not sure."

"You're thinking about sex instead of food, aren't you?"

Greg shrugged.

"That's okay, I don't blame you."

"So, are we, I don't know, meeting in the bathroom or something?"

"Oh, no, no, no. We're doing it right here, lover." She leaned over and whispered into his ear. "How about a blow job?"

"That sounds...more than acceptable."

"Good." Vivian pushed back her chair, winked at him, and then slid under the table. Greg frantically glanced around to see if anybody else in the restaurant had noticed, but they all seemed to be occupied with their own conversations.



The tablecloth didn't seem nearly long enough to cover everything. Would the waiter see her under there when he returned? What if somebody came around to sweep the floors? What if she knelt down on a dropped fork?

He felt her hand on his crotch, and then she slowly unbuttoned his slacks. When she unzipped him, he was positive that the sound echoed throughout the restaurant like cannon thunder, alerting everyone present to the unwholesome activities about to occur.

He was completely hard. Vivian freed his penis and gently stroked it.

The waiter arrived with their drinks. "Are you ready to order, or should I come back when she returns?"

"Uh, that's okay, we're ready to order. She'll have the..." Greg sucked in a deep breath as her warm mouth enveloped his cock, "...eleven layer lasagna."

"Excellent. Would she care for soup or salad with that?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Greg, straining to keep his voice steady. Vivian's mouth slid all the way down his shaft.

"Soup or salad?"

"Ah...soup."

He could feel her shaking her head with his cock in her mouth.

"I mean salad."

She nodded.

"What kind of dressing?"

"What kind do you have?"

"We have ranch, thousand island, French, bleu cheese, creamy Italian, and a wine vinaigrette."

Greg let out a gasp as her tongue swirled over the head of his penis.

"How about ranch?"

Vivian shook her head again.

"Make that thousand island."

She continued shaking her head.

"Or French."

She still shook her head. The waiter gave Greg a curious stare. "Are you feeling all right, sir?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine."

"Should I wait for the lady to return?"

"No, no, she'll have bleu cheese."

Vivian shook her head.

"Or...shit, what were the last choices?"

"Creamy Italian or wine vinaigrette, sir."

"Creamy Italian...no, wine vinaigrette."

Vivian nodded and sucked him more vigorously.

"Are you certain?"

"Yes. Wine vinaigrette. That's what she wants on her salad." Greg wiped some sweat from his forehead.

"And for you sir?"

"Same thing."

"Wine vinaigrette on your salad as well?"

"Yes. Exact same thing." He gritted his teeth. This was the best blowjob he'd received in his entire life, and it was taking an amazing degree of self-control to stay quiet.

"Very good, sir." The waiter glanced at the table, frowned, and left.

Greg exhaled deeply and leaned back in his seat. Now he could see Vivian's head bobbing over his waist.

"That feels incredible," he whispered.

The hostess showed a well-dressed party of three to the table right next to them. One of them, a pretty blonde in her early twenties, smiled at Greg as she sat down.

Vivian sucked on him with a level of enthusiasm that he'd never experienced before. He was almost worried that she was going to hit her head, but obviously as a supernatural creature she wouldn't do something like that.

She hit her head. Loudly.

The people at the next table turned to look.

Vivian giggled.

"Smacked my leg," Greg explained to the other restaurant patrons, face burning with embarrassment.

Vivian pulled her mouth away from his cock, ran her tongue down the shaft, and began to lick his balls. This was one of Greg's biggest turn-ons, and he closed his eyes, just allowing himself to enjoy the experience.

After she'd licked them thoroughly, Vivian returned her attention to his penis, stroking it with one hand as she licked the tip.

Greg opened his eyes and realized that the blonde was staring at him.

He also realized that he was only a few mouth strokes away from a really sensational orgasm. What was the pre-ejaculation etiquette with somebody sent by a leprechaun to grant his greatest desire? She'd definitely swallow, right?

He decided to play it safe and leaned down. "I'm gonna come," he whispered.

"Good," she replied, and then began to suck with even more vigor.

Greg smiled at the blonde, who no doubt thought he was having a heartfelt conversation with his dick. But he quickly forgot all about her and where he was as he shot toward his release.

He came so hard that he nearly fell backwards in his chair. He could practically *feel* the other people in the restaurant watching him, and he didn't even care. His entire body was tingling.

Her mouth kept moving back and forth over his cock as he continued spurting. Greg was practically dizzy by the time he finished. This was better than anything he'd ever felt; better than anything he'd even *imagined* that he'd feel. And knowing that other people were right there in the restaurant made it even more pleasurable.

Shit! She'd been right!

He was an exhibitionist pervert!

Shit!

Vivian crawled out from under the table, daintily wiping her mouth. "Now *that* was enjoyable," she said. "Wouldn't you agree?"

The blonde hurriedly turned her attention to her menu.

"It was...I can't even describe how that was," said Greg.

"I hope this restaurant doesn't have hidden security cameras."

Greg sat upright and hurriedly looked at the corners of the ceiling. "You think it might? Oh, crap. Is that one?"

"No, that's a fan."

"I think it's a camera!"

"It's a fan."

"Thank God."

"You really need to be less uptight. But the blowjob you just received should help."

"So, was that my wish? You're not leaving, are you?"

"Oh, no, lover. There's plenty more in our future. But first, eleven layer lasagna."

It was delicious.

### Chapter Three

"So now where do you want to go?" asked Greg as they walked out of the restaurant. He had a bit of a spring in his step.

"I've always been partial to libraries," Vivian said.

Greg considered that. Tall protective bookshelves, squeaky floors to alert them when somebody was approaching, plenty of reading material afterwards...it was the perfect spot.

"Sure. Let's go."

He was almost giddy as they got in his car and drove toward one of the smaller branches of the Orlando public library system. He tried to convince himself that his feelings were ridiculous, that this was just standard-issue sex and nothing to get all worked up over, but he was wildly unsuccessful.

*Just calm down. You've been laid before.*

*But never like this!*

*Don't be stupid about it. Yeah, she's your dream woman, at least in a physical sense, but she's definitely not worth putting your career at risk. Don't get busted.*

*Maybe the publicity would boost my chances for winning an election! After all, I'd vote for somebody who gets to fuck people like Vivian.*

*Shut up.*

*Okay.*

He had to admit, this new side of him was a little bit scary. He'd never used illegal drugs in his life; he'd never stolen anything apart from a pack of grape bubble gum when he was four; hell, he rarely even exceeded the speed limit, and yet here he was on his way to purposely violate the local ordinances against lewd and lascivious behavior.

But that was okay. He'd get this "fantasy woman" thing out of his system, and then resume his straight-laced life of future political glory.

They arrived at the library (where Greg, of course, had no overdue fees) and wandered toward the back of one of the rows of shelves.

"How about this?" asked Vivian, taking his hand and firmly placing it on her breast.

Greg looked around and shook his head. "Too much traffic. People could show up on either side. The second floor is more isolated."

They walked over to the elevator. Just as Greg began to entertain thoughts of a heavy make-out session between floors, a man in a business suit stepped around the corner and waited for the elevator with them. *Bastard.*

On the second floor, they immediately walked past several people seated at tables as they headed toward the back corner of the room to the psychology section.

"What do you think?" Greg whispered. "Seems pretty isolated, right?"

"Looks safe to me."

"Do you think anybody will be able to hear us?"

"Depends on your volume control. I can be quiet if you can."

"I'll try my best," said Greg. He looked into her brown eyes. It was hard to believe she wasn't a real person; or if she *was* a real person, that she didn't really look like this. There was a spark in her eyes, something lively and wicked, that made it difficult to accept her as simply a creature conjured up to fulfill his fantasy.

She put her arms around him and they kissed. It started out tender, but quickly grew in intensity. Only seconds later her tongue slipped into his mouth as they clutched at each other, kissing passionately.

And loudly. Too loudly.

Greg pulled away. "We need to tone it down."

"That's no fun."

"I know, but we can't get caught."

"Just listen for footsteps. It'll be fine."

"You don't have, perhaps, psychic ability or Spider-Sense or something like that, do you?" asked Greg. "That would sure help me relax."

"I know something else that will help you relax," Vivian said, dropping to her knees.

*Ah, yes. Blowjobs were definitely relaxing, at least to the recipient. Superb idea.*

Using the skills she'd practiced at the restaurant, Vivian unzipped his fly and took out his penis. She slid her fingers down its length. "Has your cock ever felt fresh air in such an educational environment before?" she asked in a whisper.

"Never."

"Does it turn you on?"

"Oh yeah."

"What about this?" She extended her tongue and gently ran the tip along the underside of his rapidly growing erection. "Is this a turn-on?"

"It is indeed."

"Good. Enough of the cutesy stuff. I wanna suck on you." She began to do just that, moving her lips back and forth in a slow but firm motion. Greg gasped with pleasure as he carefully listened for the sounds of somebody approaching.

It felt so incredible that Greg's knees began to buckle. He closed his eyes and just let the ecstasy overtake him.

*Eyes open at all times, dumb ass!*

He opened his eyes and continued watching for unwanted company. He couldn't believe how good Vivian was. She knew exactly the right pace and the right spots to focus on with her tongue. If he hadn't already known that she possessed magical abilities, her oral sex technique alone would have been reason to suspect that there was something superhuman about her.

He ran his hand through her hair and kept his moans as quiet as possible.

Were those footsteps?

He froze and listened. Vivian kept going.

No. False alarm.

She sucked on him for at least another minute, reaching around to tightly cup his ass through his pants with both hands. He didn't know how much more of this he could take. He felt sorry for those poor students who were probably doing miserable research for school papers when the library had much more exciting things to offer.

Vivian pulled her mouth away from him and wiped it off on her sleeve. She grinned. "You are one erect gentleman, Greg Tennerson."

"Thanks."

"Of course, I'm feeling the female equivalent of that. Wanna taste my wet pussy?"

Greg nodded.

"Then I'll just have to let you do that." She stood up. "I'm going to show you a trick that teenage boys who have problems with bra straps would *kill* to learn."

She snapped her fingers and her clothing vanished. Completely. She stood in front of him, every bit as naked as she'd been when he woke up this morning. A thin trickle of moisture ran down her leg.

"Wow, that is a good trick."

"One of my most popular. Well, except for becoming twins, but that's a completely different fantasy. On your knees, big boy."

Greg crouched down in front of her and gazed at that beautiful pussy. Absolutely sensational. And there was no reason to believe that going down on her wouldn't be the best oral sex performing experience of his life.

He gently licked her, bottom to top. He loved the taste of a woman, and she beat them all.

Vivian quivered.



He ran his tongue all over her vagina, moving in a quick spiral. Vivian whimpered softly and gently pushed herself against him. Could she actually feel this, or was her reaction exclusively for his benefit? He desperately hoped that she was enjoying this every bit as much as he loved doing it.

"You taste so good," he said.

"Perfect, I'll bet."

Greg quickly moved his tongue from side to side, and her whimpers grew louder. He didn't care. He licked her all over, tongue lashing frantically against her, completely losing himself in her taste and scent and heat.

She was so wet. Greg wanted to be inside her, right now, but that would mean stopping what he was doing, which simply wasn't an option at the present time.

Vivian moved her legs apart even wider. He slid his hands up and down her thighs as he licked, his nose pressed into her tuft of pubic hair.

"Squeeze my ass," she said.

More than happy to oblige, Greg slid his hands over her firm buttocks, squeezing them and pulling her even closer to his mouth. He traced his index finger between the cheeks as he licked her with more energy than he'd ever —

"Is there a book I can help you find?" inquired the icy female voice behind him.

Greg's tongue stopped moving.

He removed his index finger from Vivian's butt crack.

He cleared his throat.

"Isn't this your sex education section?" asked Vivian.

*No! Not jokes! This is no time for bad jokes! This is a time for sincere, heartfelt apologies!*

Greg started to move, but quickly realized that the librarian would be less likely to provide a good description of him to the authorities if he kept his face pressed against Vivian's pussy. "I'm really sorry," he said, voice muffled.

"There are *children* in this library!" the librarian informed them. "What if one of them saw you? How would you explain this? Did you even think of that?"

"I'm really, truly sorry," Greg repeated. His erection had made a hasty retreat, and he tucked his penis back into his pants, keeping his face where it was.

"I'm going to call security," said the librarian.

"No, no, don't do that," Greg said. He'd never tried to carry on a conversation this close to a vagina before. "We'll get dressed and leave."

"The least you could do is *stop* that while I'm here!"

"I'm not doing anything," Greg insisted. "I swear."

"He's not," Vivian confirmed. "Trust me, I'd know if he was."

"You're both disgusting!" said the librarian. "You should be ashamed of yourselves!"

Greg was starting to think that a new tactic was appropriate. If he did get busted, he didn't want the librarian explaining to the police that he'd been on his knees talking into a pussy. Summoning as much dignity as he could muster but still keeping his back to the librarian, he stood up.

Then he grabbed Vivian by the hand and ran like hell.

She slipped out of his grasp. Or disappeared from it; he wasn't sure. Greg kept running and didn't look back. Fleeing the scene of a sexual encounter and leaving a naked woman behind was far from the most chivalrous thing he had ever done, but he had a pretty good idea that Vivian could take care of herself. If she could make her clothing disappear with a snap of the fingers, she could evade an offended librarian.

Greg sped around the corner, lost his balance, twisted his ankle, bashed into one of the bookshelves, and pitched face-first onto the tile floor.

It hurt.

He quickly got back up and staggered toward the front of the room. "No running in the library, please," said an elderly male librarian who was shelving books.

Greg could just see the headlines: *Local lawyer arrested for cunnilingus, running in library.*

He reached the elevator and pressed the “down” button approximately eighty-three times as he desperately waited for the doors to slide open. He couldn’t hear anybody chasing him, but didn’t want to turn around to see if that was actually the case.

The doors opened and he hurried into the elevator. He pressed the “close door” button approximately forty-seven times before the doors closed. Finally they did and the elevator headed downward.

This series of events did not rank high on his list of personal accomplishments.

When the doors opened again, he quickly made his way to the library exit and back to his car. Vivian was in the passenger seat, fully clothed, waiting for him.

“I can’t believe you let me go unfulfilled like that,” she said as Greg started the engine. “Why were you chatting with the librarian instead of licking like you were supposed to?”

“Very funny,” he said. “That was *way* too close. I can’t believe I did that.”

“Oh, come on, you had fun.”

Greg pulled his car out of the parking space, closely watching the front doors of the library to make sure that no armed security guards burst through them. “Yes, I had large amounts of fun until we got caught. But the fun stopped when it occurred to me that I was a thirty-two year-old professional male running from a librarian. Maturity was not on my side.”

“It could’ve been worse.”

“How?”

“You could have been completely naked. I could have been sitting on your face. She could have had a shotgun. You could have broken your leg. The floor could have collapsed underneath us. The bookshelf could have burst into flames. We could have had a tragic fellatio accident.”

"I guess you're right. I should count my blessings."

"So where to next? Know any other good libraries?"

Greg chuckled as they drove out of the parking lot. "I think that maybe the librarian catching us in the act was a sign that this isn't such a good idea."

"But your brave escape was a sign that it's a great idea!"

"It was a cowardly escape."

"But it was a cute cowardly escape."

"Yeah, I'm sure it was. At least my dick was put away before I fled."

"Wanna go to the movies?" Vivian asked.

"Nah."

"I'll fuck you in the theater."

"I understood that."

"So let's go."

"No."

"Why?"

"Why do you think?"

"I can't think of any good reason that you'd pass up the chance to fuck me in a movie theater."

"I can think of lots of them."

"Please?"

"No."

"Please?"

"Okay."

## Chapter Four

Greg was beginning to seriously question this relationship. It just seemed like the kind of relationship that he should seriously question. He knew men often did stupid things for sex, but he wasn't that kind of man. He wasn't a mega-prude or anything, but he was certainly a responsible, cautious adult, and if he ruined his chances for a political career, would it *really* be worth it to look back and say, "Well, it was one hell of a blow job!"

No.

Of course not.

Not a chance.

*Turn the car around.*

He kept driving toward the movie theater.

*Stop driving toward the movie theater.*

He kept driving toward the movie theater.

*Cross into the right lane, apply the brake, turn at the next light, and drive back home.*

He kept driving toward the movie theater.

*You're a fucking idiot.*

He acknowledged that and kept driving toward the movie theater.

Really, what were the chances that he'd get caught? After all, he'd made it through the library experience with his reputation unscathed (unless they were dusting for prints at this very moment), and a movie theater was nice and dark. He'd be fine.

But then what? Sex on the hood of his car in the middle of rush hour traffic? A lengthy fuck on the courthouse steps? A bisexual threesome in Epcot Center? Where did he draw the line?

Obviously not the movie theater. He pulled into the parking lot, found a space, and shut off the engine.

"What're we gonna see?" asked Vivian as they got out of the car.

Greg squinted and looked at the marquee. Twelve choices. What was the crappiest movie playing there? No, no, that wouldn't guarantee low attendance. What had been out the longest? Was there something with subtitles?

They walked up to one of the open ticket cashiers. Greg scanned the list of starting times. *Trusting Sasha* started in five minutes, and from what he could remember its box office had been extremely low. It seemed like the best choice, so he bought two tickets.

"Want anything at the concession stand?" he asked.

"Yeah, some Raisinets," said Vivian.

They went to one of the two open concession lines. A college-aged girl smiled and greeted them.

"A box of Raisinets, please," said Vivian.

The girl retrieved the box of candy and set it on the counter. "Anything else?"

"Do you have any cinnamon flavored body oil?"

"Excuse me?" asked the girl.

Greg felt his stomach drop. "She's just kidding."

"How about cherry?" asked Vivian. "Do you have cherry?"

"Really, she's just kidding," said Greg, gently taking Vivian by the elbow and pulling her away from the counter. "She likes to kid," he told the girl.

"We do have some cherry Icee syrup," the girl said. "I could put some of that in a small cup."

"Just the Raisinets, please. She was only kidding."

"Are you sure? It wouldn't be a—"

"Raisinets only."

Greg paid, handed Vivian the box of candy, and headed for theater nine. "What the hell was that all about?" he demanded.

"Do you have some sort of an aversion to cinnamon flavored body oil?"

"Don't be cute."

"Seriously, Greg, what's she going to do? Call a press conference? It was a joke."

"I know it was a joke. It was even kind of a funny joke. But don't do it again. I mean it."

"Okay."

"Promise?"

"I promise that I will never ask that specific concession cashier if they have cinnamon flavored body oil again."

Greg stopped. "Promise me that you'll behave."

"I thought the whole point of coming here was to *not* behave."

"You know what I mean."

"Sorry, but I can't promise that I won't do more little things like that just to mess with your fragile mind. I can't even promise that I won't ask the usher standing in front of our theater which row he would recommend for fornication."

"Please don't do that."

"I possibly won't."

Greg glanced at the bored-looking, pimply-faced usher. "We're not going into that theater unless you promise not to say anything to him."

"I promise nothing, lover."

Greg wanted to scream with frustration. "How in the world can this be part of my wish? You can't tell me that when you gazed into my mind and saw that my greatest desire was for sex in public that it also included a sub-desire for humiliation beforehand."

"Okay, Greg, I won't say anything to the usher. I won't make any promises about what I'll do after we walk by him, but I promise that I won't say anything to him."

"You can't turn around and pinch his ass."

"I possibly won't."

"That's the most I'm going to get out of you, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so."

Greg sighed and walked with her into the theater. She didn't say anything to the usher, nor did she pinch his ass.

*Trusting Sasha* had been an excellent choice. The theater was empty as they entered and took their seats in the very back row, and nobody else had come in by the time the lights dimmed and the previews started.

Greg put his hand on Vivian's leg, leaned over, and began to gently kiss her neck. He did this for several seconds, but stopped when he realized that she wasn't responding.

"What's wrong?" he asked, pulling away.

She gave him a sad smile. "You're going to kill me."

"Why?"

"This theater doesn't count."

"What do you mean, it doesn't count? This is a public place."

"But there's nobody else around. There's no danger of getting caught."

Greg just gaped at her in a stunned silence.

"Sorry," she said.

"But...but an usher could come in. They always come in to check on things, right?"

"That's not enough."

"We could be surprised by latecomers. People always come in late to movies. It pisses me off."



"Still not enough. We'll have to change screens."

"You're not really supposed to do that."

"Well, we can't fuck here."

Greg ran a hand through his hair in frustration. "My greatest desire, huh? I'll bet you anything that if I made that wish right now, my greatest desire would be for a therapist."

Vivian stared deeply into his eyes for a long moment. "No, actually, your greatest desire is still to have sex in public. Go figure."

"Okay, you were right back at my place, stuff like that is kind of creepy."

"Sorry."

"I guess we'll find a different screen. Something that hasn't started yet, though. I hate people who interrupt movies."

They stood up. Just as they did so, two men and a woman, all in their twenties, entered the theater and found a seat in the middle row, center. Greg and Vivian happily sat back down.

The lights dimmed all the way and the feature started. The opening shot took place at night. Perfect.

Greg placed his hand on Vivian's leg and began to kiss her neck again. This time she responded, tilting her head back to make it easier.

He kissed her neck, her throat, her chin. When he kissed her on the mouth, she parted her lips and teased him with her tongue.

Greg glanced at the other moviegoers out of the corner of his eye. They were all still facing forward.

He kissed Vivian passionately, his tongue sliding over hers, adoring the feel of her soft, warm lips. He closed his eyes and just let himself fully enjoy the sensation.

*There go the eyes again, dumb ass.*

*Ah, screw it. It's dark.*

They kissed through the first two scenes of the movie, presumably causing Greg to miss crucial details of the plot setup, but he could always catch it on DVD. He put his hand on her breast, feeling her erect nipple through the fabric, and then began to unbutton her blouse.

He pulled it open, exposing her red lacy bra. At least he thought it was red; he couldn't be quite certain in the dark theater.

They kissed some more.

Greg reached around her back and slid his fingers over the clasp to her bra. It fell open as soon as he touched it. "Did I do that?" he whispered.

Vivian nodded.

"You're lying."

Vivian nodded again.

"I *do* know how those things work," he said.

"Just making sure. I realize that you're in a stressful situation."

Greg grinned and pulled away her bra, then leaned forward and licked a slow circle around her right nipple. Vivian sighed and ran her fingers through his hair.

He licked for a while, alternating breasts, and then gently sucked on each nipple in turn. She began to squirm. The more she squirmed, the harder he sucked, until he suddenly worried that her moans were getting kind of loud.

They really should have gone to an action movie with lots of gunfire, explosions, and car chases. Oh well. Something to consider for next time.

"Want me to go down on you?" she asked, as he licked the underside of her breast.

"No way. I never got to finish my previous task."

"Oh, that's right. Thank you so much for reminding me."

Vivian stood up, causing Greg to wince as her seat let out a loud squeak. The three people in the center row were obviously engrossed in the movie and didn't look back.

"Relax," Vivian whispered.

"Getting too relaxed is what caused the issue in the library," Greg pointed out.

Vivian unbuttoned her pants and slid them off. She wasn't wearing any panties. "Want me to lie on the floor?"

"A movie theater floor? God, no."

"Good. That was a test. Should I just sit back in the seat or would you like me to bend over it?"

Greg's mouth went dry. Obviously the correct answer was: a) that she should sit back in the seat. But the thought of licking that wonderful pussy from behind...

No. They couldn't be that blatant.

Of course, she could bend over the back of the seat in front of them. It wouldn't be as safe as just having her sit normally, but it wouldn't be quite as obvious as having her face the back wall.

Oddly enough, when he went to bed last night he'd never expected to be contending with such decisions as which way a woman should be facing when he licked her in a movie theater.

Caution or joy? Caution or joy?

"Just sit normally," he said.

*Good boy.*

Vivian sat down, then scooted further down in the narrow seat, allowing her to spread her legs wide. Greg crouched down in front of her, figuring he could afford a new pair of pants, and put his head between her legs.

He ran his tongue over her pussy. Pure bliss.

She put her legs on his shoulders as he went down on her, pleasuring her with long, slow licks. He wondered again if he was *really* pleasuring her, but cast that out of his mind. For now, he'd just lose himself in the fantasy.

He moved his tongue all over her, swirling it around her clitoris, and then almost all the way down. She twitched and trembled but kept her moans at an acceptable volume.

"Do you need me to describe what's happening on the screen?" she asked.

He pulled away for a moment. "Nah, I'll be okay," he said, before diving back in.

He pressed his entire mouth against her, kissing, licking, and sucking. He reached up and caressed each of her breasts.

"Mmmmmm, that feels wonderful," she said.

He pulled away again. "You're keeping an eye on the people in front of us, right?"

"Of course. I think they're a threesome, by the way."

"What makes you say that?"

"She was leaning on one guy's shoulder, and now she's leaning on the other's. Also, she has one hand on each of their cocks. And last night she did both of them in the same bed, doggy-style."

"I thought you weren't omniscient."

Vivian smiled. "I'm not. I was joking. But did that turn you on?"

"A little, actually."

"Good. Keep licking."

Greg returned his attention to her pussy. He couldn't even hear the movie over his own wet licking sounds, his heavy breathing, and Vivian's soft moans. He squeezed each of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, making her coo with excitement.

If anybody interrupted this, he was going to have a nervous breakdown.

He licked her until he started to lose feeling in his tongue, not even missing a beat when she opened the pack of Raisinets.

"Chocolate and sex," she whispered. "My own wish has just been granted."

He kept licking, turning down her offer of some of the chocolate covered raisins.

"We need to fuck," she finally said.

"Uh-huh," said Greg, his face still buried between her legs.

"How do you want to do this?"

He *wanted* to bend her over the seat and thrust away, but that seemed kind of dangerous. "On my lap," he said.

"Okay."

Greg sat back down in his seat. He quietly unfastened his pants and slid them down to his knees, along with his underwear. It felt good to free his erection.

"Do I need protection?" he asked. "I've got a condom in my wallet."

"Don't worry about it. I'm supernatural. You won't catch anything and I won't get pregnant."

"That's what I figured. But it was only polite to offer."

"You're a good man."

On-screen, the hero and heroine were yelling at each other about something pretentious. Their shouting covered the sound as Vivian rubbed her ass against his tremendously hard cock, and then sat down on his lap, facing the screen. He slid deep into her wet vagina, confident that his eyes were bugging out of his head.

*She was so tight. And warm.*

"Oooohhhhh God," he moaned, unable to keep from vocalizing how good this felt. She began to gently bounce on his lap. The chair was squeaking.

Greg raised himself just a bit, and the squeaking diminished but didn't stop altogether.

*Don't turn around, people, don't turn around, please don't turn around, just watch the movie, enjoy the Oscar-caliber performances, engross yourselves in the fine writing...*

He reached around and cupped her breasts as they fucked in the seat. But he also tilted his body to the right just a bit, so he could watch the other people in the theater. Vivian couldn't necessarily be counted on to raise the proper alarm.

She placed her hands on the armrests, bracing herself, and bounced against him more rapidly.

It felt sensational.

*Too sensational.* Greg rarely had this problem, but he could feel his orgasm approaching much more quickly than he'd anticipated.

"I'm gonna come," he whispered.

Vivian pushed against him harder. "Me too."

He thrust up harder to meet her. *Don't make the seat squeak. Don't make the seat squeak. Don't make the seat squeak.*

Greg bit his lower lip. He was only seconds away.

"I'm almost there," Vivian told him. "I'm almost—"

She pitched forward and slapped her hands over her mouth as she started to cry out. Greg thrust into her as hard as he could, biting down on his own hand to keep from howling as he came inside that wet, hot pussy. He was coming so hard that he didn't even care if the people turned around and caught them in the act, and having Vivian thrash against him in her own orgasm only made the experience that much more intense.

The seat squeaked like crazy.

When it was finally over, Greg collapsed back in the seat, completely spent. Vivian twisted around in his lap, kissed him on the lips, and then got off him. Her ass looked fantastic in the dim light from the movie screen.

Greg pulled on his underwear and pants. Vivian, cheating, snapped her fingers and was suddenly fully dressed. She sat down next to him and nibbled on his ear.

"Have fun?" she asked.

"Oh yeah. Did anybody see us?"

"I'm not sure. Did they turn around?"

"Not that I saw."

“Not that I saw, either. Your virtue is safe, lover.”

They snuggled in the back of the theater for the rest of the movie.

## Chapter Five

They returned to Greg's apartment, talked for a while, and then decided to take a nap. Vivian fell asleep right away and Greg lay naked in bed, spooning her while he thought about the situation.

The sex was fantastic. No doubt about that.

Physically, Vivian was absolutely perfect. Of course, that was the whole point of her existence.

She was fun to be around. Frustrating, yeah, even maddening and insanity-causing, but definitely fun.

Yet as he kissed her shoulder, he suddenly kept thinking about the fact that he didn't love her.

This was an unexpected psychological twist. Love should not have even been a consideration. After all, she was part of a leprechaun wish. He wasn't *supposed* to love her. He was supposed to have as much wild sex as he possibly could before the wish expired. When a woman mysteriously appeared in his bed and pressured him into a public fuck, it was safe to say that love was never meant to be part of the equation.

He understood that, and couldn't figure out why it bothered him all of a sudden. It wasn't like he was some hopeless romantic, staring moon-faced out the window waiting for his one true love. He'd slept with plenty of women he didn't love, and one that he didn't even *like* just because she had such great tits, although he did feel guilty about it afterwards. So after having great sex in the movie theater, why was he lying here worrying about his lack of emotional attachment?

*You got laid, and you're gonna get laid some more. Enjoy it while you can. Stop being such a weenie.*



*Why was he being such a weenie? Why, in the one sexual relationship of his life where love should be the least important, was it worrying him?*

He thought about that as he lay in bed, unable to fall asleep.

Then he figured it out. Here he was, with his perfect woman, and he didn't love her. They didn't stand a chance of living happily ever after. After being with Vivian, how could any other woman compare? How could he have a real relationship with anybody else after this?

*What a stupid-ass thing to worry about. This is your time to fuck. Fuck as much as you can. You should be fucking right now instead of lying here in bed being all whiny and soul-searchy. You need a good solid kick in the ass. Most guys would give up their favorite testicle to be in your situation.*

He kissed Vivian's shoulder again. It *was* a pretty dumb thing to worry about. He didn't need to worry about love; he needed to worry about the fact that he was so obsessed with the sexual element that he was willing to risk everything for it. If he kept going like this, he was certain to get caught in a situation where the solution wasn't just to run from a cranky librarian. Actually, the lack of love was a *good* thing, because it would make it that much easier to put this demented relationship behind him!

He spooned her for about an hour, but never did fall asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Greg staggered into the office of Hansen, Tennerson & Hansen the next morning, bleary eyed and exhausted. He'd had sex with Vivian in a park, another restaurant, a Laundromat, and almost in the dairy section of a grocery store. In the Laundromat, he'd taken her from behind against a dryer, missing getting caught by seconds. This was completely nuts.

"You look like crap," said Harold Hansen, Jr. Harold was in his early thirties like Greg, and they'd opened the firm with the elder Harold Hansen two years ago. He added a third packet of sugar to his coffee and took a sip. "Rough night?"

"You could say that."

"Get any?"

"Yeah, actually."

"No kidding? The wife gave me some last night, too. Surprised the living shit out of me. Must be something in the air. Anybody I know?"

Greg shook his head and poured himself a cup of coffee.

"One night stand?"

"Not exactly. She's from out of town."

"How hot is she? Scale of one to ten."

"Ten, without a doubt."

"Bullshit. You scored with a ten?"

"Yep." Greg took a sip. The coffee burned his tongue, but that made him feel a bit more alert.

"Was she good? Do anything freaky?"

Greg shrugged. "Nah."

"You hesitated before you denied it. You did freaky stuff, didn't you? What was it? Food? Restraints? Toys?"

"Nothing freaky."

"Special guest appearances?"

"No."

"You're holding back. You videotaped it, didn't you?"

"I certainly did not."

"I can tell when you're lying. You videotaped it. You probably edited it, added a soundtrack, and dubbed it into different languages for the foreign market, you kinky bastard."

"No, nothing like that."

"Aha!" said Harry, adding yet another sugar to his coffee. "So it was like something else. There was role-playing involved, wasn't there? You wore a gladiator outfit, didn't you?"

"No."

"Then you dressed up like a cartoon character."

"No."

"Well, shit, you did *something*. Narrow it down for me. You did it in this office, didn't you?"

"No."

"Somewhere else public?"

"No."

"You're lying. I can tell when you're lying. You did her in public. I must say, I am shocked." He tore open another packet. "We really need to get stronger sugar in this place. Where'd you do her?"

"None of your business."

"Aha! Confirmation! Where was it?"

"Nowhere."

"Where?"

"A movie theater," said Greg, lowering his voice even though there was nobody else in the room.

"Which movie?"

"*Trusting Sasha*."

"I hear that sucked."

"The ending wasn't bad."

"Wow. So she's pretty much corrupted you, huh?"

"No. Well...no." Greg lowered his voice some more. "Okay, let's speak hypothetically. You've met the most beautiful woman in the world, the absolute *perfect* woman —"

"Buffy the Vampire Slayer?"

"Buffy's your perfect woman?"

"Hell yeah. Have you watched that girl kick?"

"Anyway, it doesn't matter who it is, but let's say that you've met your perfect woman. She'll have sex with you anytime you want, but only in public, and only if there's danger of getting caught."

"That doesn't sound like Buffy."

"It doesn't have to be Buffy. What would you do?"

Harry thought for a moment. "That's kind of a weird kink. She'll *only* do it in public?"

"Only in public, yeah."

"If she looked like Buffy, I'd do it on a float in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade."

"What if you had political aspirations?"

"I don't."

"But this is hypothetical."

Harry sighed. "Why is it that every conversation about my having sex with Buffy has to be hypothetical?"

"I just don't think it's worth the risk of getting caught. And I don't love her."

"Uh, so?"

"That's exactly what I was trying to tell myself: 'Uh, so?' But it's not working."

Harry shook his head and chuckled. "Greg, buddy, love has nothing to do with this. She's a freaky exhibitionist chick. Get what you can get while the getting is good."

"I know."

"Is she really a ten?"

"Eleven, probably."

"Damn. Your life is awesome."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm home," Greg announced as he opened the door of his apartment just after seven in the evening.

"In here, lover," Vivian called out from the bathroom.

Greg tossed his briefcase on the sofa and glanced in the bathroom. Vivian was lying in the tub, enjoying a bubble bath. She gathered a handful of suds and blew them at him. "How was your day?"

"Filled with lots of boring lawyer stuff. How was yours?"

"Not too bad. I touched myself quite a bit."

"Sounds productive."

"Well, you know, just keeping myself frisky for you." She sat up and pushed some of the suds out of the way, exposing her breasts. "Remember these?"

"Oh yeah."

"Would you like to make use of them?"

"Here?" Greg asked, excitedly.

"Of course not. How about a dance club?"

"You know, I have to say, as much as I enjoyed yesterday, I'm still very uncomfortable with this whole setup. There are only so many times we can do this before I end up in jail."

"So we're back to protesting, huh?"

"Yeah. I think so."

"That's just silly," said Vivian.

"No, actually, it's extremely practical," Greg insisted. "Every time we do it increases the chances that we'll get caught the next time."

"That's incorrect. Overall, yes, if you do it fifty times, your odds are much higher for getting caught than if you only do it five times; however, that doesn't increase your chances of any individual session resulting in getting caught. So, for example, your thirty-seventh public fuck is no more likely to get you caught than your thirty-eighth. It's like flipping a coin. The odds of getting heads ten times in a row are quite remote, but if you get heads nine times in a row, your chances of flipping heads on the next try are still fifty-fifty."

"Oh," said Greg.

"So let's go fuck."

"Yeah, but the odds are still...ah, screw it. Let's go."

## Chapter Six

Greg liked to go out and have a good time, but he really wasn't one for crowded, noisy dance clubs. However, this one was cranking out some really great 80's tunes, and even though Greg wasn't much of a dancer, the energy on the dance floor was contagious and he found himself getting astonishingly funky.

Vivian, of course, moved flawlessly in her black skirt, and even seemed to know all of the correct lyrics. Greg noticed several guys staring at her, and had to admit that he enjoyed the waves of jealousy that were clearly emanating from the unfortunate souls who had probably never even *seen* a leprechaun, much less caught one.

In the middle of something by the Go-Go's, Vivian put her arms around his shoulders and wrapped her legs around his waist. She gave him a passionate kiss on the lips, but Greg was too shocked to return it.

"You barely weigh anything!" he said.

"Just making it easy for you."

"Well, it's weird."

"What about this?" She pushed herself up so that her legs were resting on his shoulders and her crotch was in his face. Greg quickly placed his hands on her ass to keep her steady, even though she seemed to be perfectly balanced.

"Don't do that!" he said. "People are staring!"

"Just keep dancing. Don't lose your groove."

"Vivian, I mean it. Get down."

"I'm not wearing any panties."

"I can see that!"

She tossed her skirt over his head. Greg tried to pull her down, but she was firmly locked onto him and clearly not going anywhere.

He could feel the heat from her pussy, smell its musky scent, but there was absolutely no way in hell that he was going to partake of it right here on a crowded dance floor.

Around him, people were whistling and applauding.

Greg released Vivian's ass and tried to get his head out from underneath her skirt. The cloth was sticking to his head as if by vacuum power.

*Oh my God, she's trying to suffocate me!*

He stumbled around the dance floor, miraculously not crashing into anybody. The other club patrons were now clapping in a rhythm and chanting, "Go for it! Go for it! Go for it!"

The song ended.

Vivian jumped off of him as the crowd's rhythmic clapping turned into enthusiastic applause. Greg stared at the floor, cheeks burning, and followed Vivian as she gracefully moved to a corner table. He sat down next to her.

"You hate me, don't you?"

"No. I *like* you. I was expecting a little bit of tongue action, though. I guess I should have scooted closer."

"Listen to me," said Greg, keeping his voice as stern as he could manage. "Don't ever, *ever* do something like that again."

"You can't tell me you didn't have fun."

"I can, actually. I can tell you in no uncertain terms that I didn't have fun. That kind of behavior is best left to drunken idiots."

"A drunken idiot wouldn't have had the grace or balance necessary to pull off something like that. He would've fallen on his ass. Watch...that drunken idiot over



there looks like he's going to try it with his girlfriend. His ass will be on the floor in ten seconds."

Greg slammed his fist on the table. "I mean it, Vivian. You have to knock this shit off."

"It's not my fault you made the wish."

"Hey, all I did was nod when the leprechaun said he was going to grant my greatest desire. I know damn well that I didn't wish for some lunatic lady to show up and destroy my life."

Vivian looked genuinely hurt. "You think I'm destroying your life?"

"Yes! From my point of view, it looks like a full-on, dedicated assault."

"I just wanted you to have fun."

"Well, I'm not."

"Okay. I understand. I need to use the ladies' room. If you'll promise not to run off and leave me, I promise I'll behave from now on. Deal?"

She looked so deeply hurt that for a moment Greg was almost ready to offer to go back out on the dance floor and lick her pussy. But he didn't. Instead, he extended his hand. "Deal."

Vivian shook his hand, grinned, and headed off to the restroom.

Greg wondered if she needed to use the restroom when she was in her natural form, whatever that was. Then he decided that he probably shouldn't be thinking about such matters.

He had to put an end to this, once and for all. Whatever it took to complete this wish, he needed to do it. This thing with Vivian was headed for disaster, and as a formerly responsible adult, he needed to avert that disaster before it was too late.

He looked around the club. Nobody seemed to be paying any further attention to him, except for an adorable brunette seated alone three tables away. She was a bit

overweight but not in any way unattractive, and Greg wondered how she could be alone in a place like this. Her boyfriend was probably in the restroom or getting drinks.

She gave him a shy wave.

Greg waved back.

Was it considered cheating to flirt with somebody if the person you were currently with wasn't of human origin?

*Go over and talk to her.*

*Yeah, right, let's piss off Vivian, why don't we? She's probably got all kinds of curses and death spells and flesh-disintegrating powers.*

The brunette held his stare.

Greg looked away.

He had to focus on the current problem. Vivian couldn't be his public love slave forever, could she? There had to be a point at which the wish was officially granted.

Or maybe there was a way to get rid of a leprechaun wish. He didn't know much about leprechauns or Irish tales...you had the pot of gold, of course, and the blarney stone that you were supposed to kiss or something like that, and the four-leaf clover, but what else? He needed to do research.

Not in a library, though.

He glanced back at the brunette. She was watching the dance floor, looking lonely.

Greg jumped when he realized that Vivian was standing next to him. He hadn't even seen her approach.

"Ready to go?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Got another place picked out?" asked Vivian, taking his hand as they stepped out of the club and walked along the sidewalk toward the parking garage.

"I don't think so. We should just go home."

"Ooooooh, does somebody have the grumpies? I told you I was sorry."

"I know you're sorry. I'm sorry I snapped at you. But I can't do this anymore, I mean it."

"You don't mean it."

"I do. I one-hundred-percent mean it."

Vivian stopped walking. "Okay, Greg. Look me in the eyes and tell me that you never want to have sex with me ever again, and that you want me to leave and never return."

Greg fixed her with a steely-eyed stare. "I never want to have..." He trailed off, unable to finish. "Dammit!"

Vivian resumed walking. "See?"

"No, no, I can do this! Let me look in your eyes again!"

He followed her along the sidewalk, cursing himself. He'd never had any sympathy for people who were too stupid to get out of dysfunctional relationships, and now here he was in the mother of all dysfunctional relationships, being just as stupid. Christ, he should tell her he never wanted to see her again and then go back and talk to the brunette.

"No, really," he said, tugging on her arm. Vivian turned to face him and he stared into her eyes again. "I truly do not want to...aw, *fuck!*"

"Gotta work on that willpower."

Greg couldn't believe that he was letting this happen. He was weak. He was a weak, weak person.

No...he was pussy whipped! Just like his brother!

*Take control of your life. Be strong. I am man, hear me roar!*

"I'm going to have a seat in the lobby of that very nice hotel up ahead," Vivian informed him. "If you wish to accompany me, you're more than welcome."

"I don't want to," said Greg, knowing perfectly well that he'd be accompanying her to the hotel lobby.

He watched her go. The gentle sway of her ass as she walked made his mouth water, and he felt himself start to get hard. There were worse things in life than being pussy whipped. After all, he could be a severed head living in a jar.

He hurried after her.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lobby of the hotel was well lit, opulent, and certainly the type of establishment that did not take kindly to visible intercourse. Vivian walked through the doors, nodded politely to the doorman, and took a seat on a couch directly across the lobby from the registration desk. Greg sat down next to her.

"Here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Right here? In plain sight?"

"Under this blanket," she said, handing him a folded pink blanket that he was sure hadn't been there before.

"Does it have to be pink?" he asked.

"Yes. It does."

Greg scooted closer to her, unfolded the blanket, and draped it over both of their laps. As with most places in Florida, the lobby had the air conditioner running full blast, so it *was* a bit chilly, but the blanket still seemed out of place.

One of the desk clerks, a cheerful-looking woman in her forties, smiled at them.

Greg bunched up the blanket a bit so that it wouldn't be immediately obvious what his hand was doing underneath, and then moved his hand over Vivian's knee. She spread her legs without pretense.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," he told her.

"I'm a bit surprised myself, to be completely honest," Vivian admitted.

Doing his best to maintain a casual demeanor, Greg moved his hand between Vivian's legs. He stroked her pussy with the tip of his index finger. Completely wet.

"So do you have total moisture control?" he asked.

"Maybe. Trade secret."

He stroked her some more, and then slid his finger inside. He half-expected her to arch her back and moan or do something else to call attention to them, but thankfully she did nothing but wink at him.

He worked his finger in deeper. It felt so smooth, soft, and warm.

The desk clerk looked up from her book and smiled at them again. Greg smiled back.

"That feels *so* good," Vivian told him. "You like being this naughty, don't you?"

Greg didn't respond, but began to stroke her wet clitoris with his thumb. She sucked in a deep breath and closed her eyes.

As he stroked her more rapidly, she moved her hand onto his crotch, and then unbuttoned his fly.

A bellboy walked past them, pushing a full luggage cart. He nodded politely as he passed.

"I did mention how good this feels, didn't I?" asked Vivian. "I wouldn't want to withhold such crucial information." By now she'd freed his cock. She slid two of her own fingers into her pussy, gasping as she did so, and then withdrew them and wrapped her wet fingers around his penis.

They sat there, stroking each other, breathing heavily.

The desk clerk regarded them closely, frowned, and then returned her attention to her book.

Greg was fully erect. He wanted her so badly. "We have to find someplace else," he said.

"What for?"

"So I can fuck you."

"Oh, that sounds good. Keep your cock out. Just cover yourself with the blanket."

Vivian wiped her hand on the underside of the blanket and stood up. She adjusted her skirt and walked away from the sofa. Greg followed her, feeling ridiculous with a pink blanket wrapped around his waist, but eagerly looking forward to the next activity.

"Nice blankey," said an obvious tourist wearing a Universal Studios t-shirt, a fanny pack, and a camera around his neck.

"Thanks."

Greg and Vivian walked around the corner into a long hallway. They proceeded past the restrooms, and Greg stopped at a broom closet. "How about in there?"

Vivian pushed open the door and peeked inside. "I don't know. It seems kind of secure."

"Not if we left the door ajar. Somebody could barge in at any second."

"Yeah, but I'm not sure that's gonna cut it."

"I could go back into the lobby and spill a drink. They'd have to come here eventually."

Vivian laughed. "Okay, I'll give you this one. Let's go."

## **Chapter Seven**

They ducked into the broom closet and Greg pulled the door almost all the way shut. He dropped the pink blanket. Their arms were immediately around each other in a tight embrace, kissing passionately, tongues exploring. Though he knew it was true that somebody could barge in at any second, the broom closet did seem relatively safe, and he felt like he could let himself go.

He continued kissing her, his hands moving over her arms and sides. She seemed able to anticipate his movements, and their kisses were hungry, intense.

He moved his hands over her firm breasts, then leaned down and kissed them through the fabric...which suddenly vanished. She stood there, topless. Greg considered making some sort of comment about her stealing jobs from local sex participants, but couldn't come up with a sufficiently amusing way to phrase it. Instead he locked his mouth on her breast.

"Ooooh, you do that so good," she said. "Suck it. Lick it all over."

Greg did as he was told, running his tongue completely over each of her breasts, not missing a single spot and doing multiple passes over certain key areas.

He realized that he was making primate-style grunting noises and tried to tone it down.

He kneeled down and kissed her tight belly. Her skirt fell away as soon as he touched it. It was too dark to see much, but he had a good memory.

"Are you up for some sixty-nine?" she asked.

Greg chuckled. "Always. But I don't think there's room."

"Sure there is. Remember, I can be very light, or even weightless."

She squatted down and put her hands on the floor, then walked up the shelves behind her until she was doing a full handstand. She did a quick turn, and suddenly her pussy was right up against Greg's face.

"Your talent knows no bounds," he said.

"I know." She pushed herself into the air, wrapped her arms around Greg's waist, and took his penis into her mouth.

Greg wasted no time in darting his tongue over her pussy and the inside of her thighs. Vivian sucked on him rapidly and noisily. Giving her pleasure while he was receiving such exquisite pleasure himself was such an overpowering sensation that Greg worried he might drop her. But, hey, he wasn't really holding her anyway.

He rolled his tongue (a genetic trait he'd always been proud of) and licked the center of her pussy, almost probing it. He ran his hands over her ass as he did so, thrilling to its perfection. He parted her buttocks and kneaded them deeply, picking up his pace as she began to suck more rapidly on his cock.

He could feel sweat trickling down his forehead as he licked her. He just couldn't get enough. They could get locked in this closet for the next month and he'd be perfectly happy to just stand here, engulfed between her flawless legs.

Vivian kept on sucking him, not relenting for an instant.

Greg pulled away, taking a few moments to catch his breath, which was hard to do with Vivian sucking on him with such vigor. He almost cried out but caught himself in time.

Vivian released her grip on his waist and placed her hands against the floor again. She did an upside-down hop backward, spun in a 180-degree turn, and then walked back down the shelf into a crouching position. She stood back up, put her arms around Greg, and kissed him deeply.

"I want you inside me," she said.

"I can do that."



She kissed him once more, then let go of him and turned around. She reached for the shelf, bracing herself against it, parted her legs, and bent over slightly.

Greg stepped forward and reached around her, cupping her breasts with each hand. She was so wet that he didn't need any assistance guiding himself in, and slowly slid his cock all the way into her, biting down on the side of his mouth to keep from moaning with pleasure.

"Ooooooh..." she said. "You feel *huge*."

He began a steady pace of thrusting in and out. He tweaked her nipples with his fingers as he fucked her, his waist slapping against her ass with each stroke. He gritted his teeth and struggled to stay in control.

"Oh, fuck me," she whispered. "Fuck me hard. Put it in me deep."

Dirty talk like that, though somewhat lacking in creativity, was always a tremendous turn-on for Greg. He didn't even care if somebody burst in on them. It'd be worth it. *Any* price would be a fair one for this experience. He could lose his job, lose his chances for a political career, wind up homeless in a gutter, and it wouldn't matter, because he'd always have the memory of this excruciatingly pleasurable sexual experience.

He fucked her harder.

"Yeah, just like that," Vivian said. "You're a stud, you know that?"

Greg didn't respond. It seemed kind of egotistical to agree that he was a stud, even if right now he felt like the Ultimate Stud Warlord.

He squeezed her breasts and kissed her back as he thrust into her, harder and harder.

"You're trying to make me come, aren't you?" she gasped. "You naughty boy."

Greg gave her breasts one last squeeze, slid his hands down her sides, and tightly gripped Vivian's butt as he kept thrusting.

"Have you ever fucked in water?" she asked.

"A couple of times," Greg replied, not slowing his pace.

"Fun, isn't it?"

Greg had a pretty good idea where she was going with this. "You want to find a hot tub?"

"No, this'll do."

As he kept fucking her, he realized that the front of her body was starting to lift up, as if she were floating in liquid. He held her down and fucked some more, then guided her away from him and easily turned her around to face him. She spread her legs wide, pussy glistening.

"This is *really* cool," Greg observed.

With his hands on her waist, he pulled her floating body toward him, impaling her on his far from weightless but gravity-defying cock. He stood in place, pulling her back and forth, getting the best visual angle of himself fucking that he'd ever had in his life.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Very acrobatic."

He almost wanted to spin her in a circle, but since that would have caused her to smack her head on the floor, he refrained.

Greg pulled her toward him with more and more force, making Vivian squeal. "Can you make me weightless, too?" he asked, panting.

"No mid-air sex, sorry."

"Damn." He put his hands on her ass as he continued to ram her into him, feeling himself get closer and closer to his release.

"I'm gonna come," Vivian whispered.

Her words were enough. Greg felt his own orgasm approach, and knew that there was no way in hell he was going to stop this one.

"Oooooohhhh...oh God I'm gonna come..." said Vivian with a gasp.

Greg slammed her into him as hard as he possibly could, over and over.

Vivian closed her eyes, put her hand over her mouth, and let out a muffled cry just as Greg spurted into her, putting his head back and groaning with intense pleasure. He came so hard that Vivian slipped off of his cock and floated a few inches away from him as he continued to spray on her.

They both said "Oh God!" simultaneously.

Vivian said something that was incoherent but a definite expression of how good she was feeling at the moment.

Greg stumbled backwards, nearly hitting the wall. He didn't think he'd ever come this much in his life. She was a goddess. He was going back to Ireland to round up every goddamn leprechaun in sight.

"Oh, that was..." he said. "That was just..."

"I know. I had fun, too."

"I mean, I can't even..."

The door opened.

It was the tourist who'd complimented him on his pink blankey. "I *knew* it!" the tourist said, beaming. Then he snapped a photograph and ran off.

"Shit!" Greg exclaimed. "Frozen shit on a stick!"

He stood there for a split second, wondering when he'd become the kind of hillbilly who said something like "frozen shit on a stick", and then frantically struggled to get his clothes back on. "Son of a bitch! Mother of fuck! Damn, damn, damn!"

"You should let him go," said Vivian. "I'm sure he's harmless."

"*Harmless?* He practically got a fuckin' come shot!" Greg pulled up his pants and rushed out of the broom closet.

He was screwed. He was so screwed. He saw the tourist disappear around the corner, toward the lobby, and took off after him.

Maybe he wasn't screwed. Maybe the pervert was just going to put the picture in his photo album: "*Here's* me shaking hands with a Harpo Marx look-alike at Universal

Studios, and *here's* me giving bunny ears to Mickey Mouse, and *here's* a post-coital couple in the broom closet at my hotel, and *here's* Aunt Margaret accidentally sitting on the cat."

Greg tore across the tile floor, ignoring the stares of the other people in the lobby.

The tourist pushed past the doorman and ran out onto the street. Greg did the same, and promptly collided with a young woman, knocking both of them to the ground. Greg smacked his head on the sidewalk and everything went black.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Greg opened his eyes, he was lying on the same couch that he and Vivian had used to fondle each other. Vivian was nowhere to be seen. Instead, the adorable brunette from the dance club was crouched down next to him, looking concerned and holding an ice pack to his head. The doorman stood behind her.

"Ow," Greg said.

"Do you feel okay?" asked the brunette. "You hit your head pretty hard."

"I'm fine," he said, sitting up. "How long have I been out?"

"Just a couple of minutes. The hotel is getting you a doctor in case you have a concussion."

"No need. I'm fine." He pushed himself to his feet and promptly collapsed back onto the couch. "You were at the club, right?"

She nodded. "I'm Kimberly."

"I'm Greg." He noticed that her arm was scratched up. "Oh, jeez, you're the one I crashed into! Are you okay? I'm so sorry!"

"Don't worry about it; it's just a scratch. I'm a big girl."

"Did you see what happened to the lady I was with?"

"No. I didn't see her walk by. Maybe she went back up to your room."

"Nah, we're not guests." Greg got back up to his feet and this time managed to stay upright. He shakily headed for the door. "I've got to go."

"Sir, you really should stay where you are," said the doorman uncomfortably.

"It's okay, I'm fine."

"Sir, I'm going to have to insist."

"No need to insist. I'll be going now."

Kimberly followed him. "He's right, you really should lie back down."

"It's okay. I hit my head all the time." Greg walked across the lobby, pushed open the door, and stepped out of the hotel.

"He got away with your camera," said Kimberly. "I would have tried to get a description of him but I was lying on the ground."

"It wasn't actually my...I mean, thanks."

"Are you sure you're okay? Can I buy you a coffee or something?"

Greg stopped walking. "Yeah, actually. That would be nice."

\* \* \* \* \*

Greg and Kimberly sat down at a table with their coffee. Greg had tried to pay for it, using the argument that he'd been the jackass who caused both of them to get hurt, but Kimberly had insisted.

"You know what's funny?" she asked. "I was kind of hoping I'd see you again. I didn't expect it to be quite so violent, of course, but I was hoping."

"Really?"

"Yeah. When I saw you at the club I just felt this amazing..." She trailed off. "Sorry."

"Sorry why?"

"I mean, you're obviously taken. I just thought it was really cool what you did on the dance floor. I wish I had that kind of courage."

"Courage had nothing to do with it."

"She's very pretty. How long have you been together?"

"Not long."

Kimberly looked into his eyes, then turned away, smiling and blushing. "I'm sorry. This is completely unlike me. I don't go to places like that, ever. And I don't offer to buy coffee for strange guys, and I definitely don't offer to buy coffee for strange guys with beautiful girlfriends. I should be at home right now, reading a romance novel and mentally superimposing my picture in the heroine's description." She frowned. "I really wish I hadn't told you that. That just makes me sound beyond pathetic. But at least you're getting a free coffee out of socializing with me."

"You're not pathetic at all," said Greg. "You want to hear about pathetic? For the past couple of days I've —"

*Ix-nay on the ish-way, umbass-day.*

"—I've just been really pathetic."

"Well, your kind of pathetic looks like fun."

"It has its moments, but overall, kinda pathetic."

Kimberly's cell phone *rang*. She gave Greg an apologetic look and answered. "Hello? Just getting coffee. Again? All right, I'll be right over." She sighed and hung up. "My sister is going through a nasty divorce, and she's locked herself in the bathroom for the third time this week. I have to go."

"Oh, okay. I, uh, hope she lets you in."

Kimberly smiled and stood up. "I'll be seeing you, hopefully. Bye."

She left the coffee shop. Greg sat there for a moment, finishing his drink. Kimberly seemed really nice, definitely the kind of woman he'd want to date, even with the self-esteem problem. And he had to break off the wish thing with Vivian before it destroyed his life...if it hadn't already. The sex was practically life-altering, but there was no future, and he got *way* too obsessed and careless when he was around her.

Maybe he should give Kimberly a call sometime.

Easier said than done, considering that he hadn't gotten her phone number. Or her last name.

He threw out the rest of his coffee and went home.

## **Chapter Eight**

"Have a nice evening, lover?" asked Vivian as Greg walked into his apartment. She was wearing the sexiest blue lace bra and panties he had ever seen.

"Could you change into something...Victorian? We need to talk and I don't want to be distracted."

"Distracted by little ol' me? How could such a thing be possible?"

"I'm serious! I can't do this anymore."

Vivian yawned. "Heard it."

"No, really. This was the last straw. That asshole has pictures of us! Who knows what he'll do with them?"

"Oh, yeah, that," said Vivian, biting her lip nervously. "I'm not sure if what I have to say will make you feel better or worse."

"What?"

"I don't show up in photographs. Which is good, because there won't be a picture of us having sex, but bad, because it will look like you were in the closet playing with yourself."

Greg stared at her.

"Sorry," she said.

"Oh, this is nice. This is just wonderful. Happy, happy day for me!" Greg began to pace around the apartment. "This is like 'The Monkey's Paw', isn't it? Where the family gets three wishes, and they wish for money and it kills their son, and they wish him back from the dead but he's all gnarly and stuff, and the whole point is that wishes really fuckin' suck."



"Technically, you never see that he's all gnarly and stuff," Vivian corrected. "It's implied, but never shown."

"What I'm saying is that my wish is like that. Oh, sure, a few public fucks with the woman of my dreams *sounds* like the ultimate joy ride, but instead it's a complete nightmare!"

"You can't tell me you didn't have fun. I heard you making happy sounds during our closet tryst."

"I did have fun. But I can sure as hell say that the consequences aren't worth it. Oh, I can't wait for that picture to show up on the Internet. Maybe people will give me a fun new nickname, like Masturbation Man or Wanker Lad or something like that."

"You seem upset. Maybe we should talk later."

"Look me in the eyes," Greg said.

Vivian folded her arms across her chest and looked him in the eyes. "Yes?"

"I want you to leave," he said, holding her gaze.

She stared back at him for a long moment.

"No."

"No?"

"No. Request denied."

"What the hell do you mean, request denied? I looked you in the eyes and said that I wanted you to leave!"

"Yes, you did. But I choose not to. Sorry."

"What?"

"Wanna fuck?"

"I want you out of here! You know what I'm like? I'm like a cocaine addict, snorting up a line of pure uncut Vivian. So I'm going cold turkey."

"You can't. Your wish hasn't been granted yet."

"Yes, it has! You say I wanted sex in public. We had plenty of sex in public!"

"And we'll have plenty more."

"When does it end?" Greg demanded.

"When I feel that you're satisfied."

"Okay, I'm satisfied. I came really hard. Now leave."

"Nope. And I'm not dressing Victorian, either. Victoria's Secret, I can do."

"I just can't believe this."

"Well, next time you catch a little green leprechaun, you'll make sure that you have a slightly different greatest desire in your heart, now won't you?"

"I can't get rid of you, can I? I'm stuck with you forever. I'll be ninety-eight years old, having sex with you in the TV room of my nursing home."

"Maybe. Viagra opens a lot of doors."

"I'm going to bed."

"Me too."

"Then I'm sleeping on the couch."

"Suit yourself. I'll be sleeping naked, possibly on my hands and knees." She snapped her fingers and the bra and panties disappeared. "You're free to look, but don't touch." Vivian wandered into his bedroom, glancing at him over her shoulder and giving him a wicked smile as she vanished from sight.

Greg flopped down onto his couch.

You're doomed.

"Doomed" seemed like a harsh word. Vivian was sexy as hell, after all. Maybe he'd dump the whole career thing and just be a drifter, roaming from city to city, fucking Vivian across the nation.

The fact that he'd considered that for even a split second was incredibly depressing.

He had to get rid of her somehow. There had to be some sort of antidote to leprechaun wishes. Whatever it took, he'd find it and get his life back.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You look really tired," Harry observed as Greg sat zombie-like in front of his desk. "Too busy for sleep last night, huh?"

"Something like that."

"Hey, you won't believe the picture I've got."

Greg turned around so quickly that he almost hurt his neck. "What picture?" he demanded.

"Jeez, chill out. It's a picture of Lucy Maven whacking the crap out of her ex-husband's Mercedes with a bowling pin. A neighbor heard the commotion and snapped a photo. I don't know why she even had a bowling pin in the house, but it'll make our case go a hell of a lot more smoothly."

"Oh. Good."

"You seem kind of out of it this morning. Anything to do with all of the frantic sex?"

Greg turned around in his chair. "Harry, what do you know about magic?"

"You mean David Copperfield or the spark of true love or what?"

"Spells. Curses."

"Not much. When my wife's sister flew down for a visit we went to this place downtown...The Gargling Gargoyle or something like that. It had all kinds of freaky magic-type stuff. No, the name couldn't have been The Gargling Gargoyle, that's too stupid, but it was something close to that. Why?"

"Just wondering."

"Your girlfriend wants to have sex in a magic shop, doesn't she?"

"Yep. That's it."

\* \* \* \* \*

After looking up the place in the yellow pages, Greg took an early lunch. As he walked to his car, he saw Kimberly across the street.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Hey, Kimberly!"

She looked around to see who was calling out to her, noticed Greg, and waved.

"Hold on a second!" he shouted, hurrying over to the crosswalk. When the light changed he ran across the street to her.

"Wow, I can't believe this," said Kimberly. "Are you following me?"

"No, I just left for lunch."

"That's so weird. I never get out to this part of town. I took the day off work so I could get my parents an anniversary present. Where're you headed for lunch?"

"Well, first I'm going to this place called The Glass Gargoyle. Have you ever been there?"

"I've passed by it a couple of times, I think. Downtown, right?"

"Yeah. Are you busy? We could get something to eat afterwards, if you wanted to tag along."

"What about your girlfriend?"

"This wouldn't be a date or anything. Besides, it's not really working out. I slept on the couch last night."

"Oh. Yeah, sure, I'd be happy to come with you."

\* \* \* \* \*

"That's just so weird, us meeting again like this," said Kimberly as they drove along the highway. "I was thinking about you all last night."

"Really?"

"I can't believe I said that. I sound like a stalker, don't I? I never stalk. Never in my life have I stalked, I swear."

"I believe you."

"But I thought we made a connection last night. Even though we only talked for a few minutes and you knocked me to the ground, I just felt like there was something there, which again is completely freaky because I never get these electric spark kinds of feelings."

"Never?"

"Never. I don't believe in love at first sight. I'm very practical. But seeing you and your girlfriend last night, I guess it just tapped into one of my fantasies...again, something I can't believe I just told you."

"What fantasy?"

"Nothing. It's too embarrassing."

"Tell me."

"It's just my exhibitionist side speaking, which is bizarre since I am such an introvert it isn't even funny. But being out in public, doing stuff like that with people watching...why the hell am I telling you this? Oh, by the way, you're drifting."

Greg swerved the automobile back into the proper lane. *Holy shit*, Vivian's possessed a human host!

No, no, that couldn't be it, but this was getting way too weird. Not that normalcy had been a major part of this life these past couple of days.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shelves of The Glass Gargoyle were piled high with...crap. Crap galore. More crap than any crap collector could handle. Greg was certain that this had been a wasted trip.

"May I help you?" asked the thirty-something guy behind the front counter. He was wearing blue jeans and a polo shirt. You'd think he'd at least wear a pointy hat with stars.

"Hi," said Greg, walking over to the counter as Kimberly browsed the crap. "What can you tell me about leprechauns?"

"Ummmm...they wear green, they have pots of gold, I think they have red hair, and they speak with an Irish accent."

"What about their magic? Specifically, wish-granting abilities."

"To be honest, we handle a lot of Wicca and voodoo here, but not so much leprechaun magic."

"I understand. I'm an attorney, and I have a client who claims to have captured a leprechaun and been granted a wish. My client is, of course, mentally deranged, but as a good attorney it's my job to help him if at all possible."

"What'd he wish for?"

"His greatest desire. Actually, if you want to get really picky, he didn't even make that wish, the leprechaun did it for him. Is that even proper leprechaun etiquette? Anyway, he claims that his wish was granted, but now he's changed his mind. How could he get rid of the woman?"

"I guess he could fart in bed."

Actually, that didn't sound like such a bad idea. If this didn't pan out, maybe he'd try it. "But let's say that he wanted to try a non-flatulent approach. What could he do?"

"You say that the guy is mentally deranged, right? I'll just sell you a five-buck brass trinket. Tell him it has the power of the King Leprechaun and blocks all wishes."

"Okay, I could do that," Greg admitted. "But let's say he really, truly believes in this leprechaun, and would know if the trinket was a fake."

"How would he know that? I'll get you one that looks good. It'll have a crystal in the center and everything."

"Fine, but let's say, for argument's sake, that it needed to have magical powers. Not real magical powers, of course, since I don't believe in that stuff, but the kind of magical powers that *you* would believe in."

The guy behind the counter smiled. "You're the mentally deranged client with the leprechaun, aren't you?"

Greg glanced around to see if Kimberly had heard, but she'd disappeared behind one of the shelves. He leaned forward and spoke in a whisper. "You've gotta help me. I caught a leprechaun in Ireland and he offered to grant my greatest desire if we'd let him keep his gold and when I got back my perfect woman showed up and offered me all the sex I could handle but said that it had to be in public and so help me God I did it a few times and some asshole took my picture but it's going to look like I'm jerking off because she claims not to photograph and I just want my life back and you've gotta help me, please!"

"Your greatest desire was for sex in public?"

"Yes, apparently."

"Did you do it anyplace cool?"

"It doesn't matter. Can you help me?"

"I think I can." The guy made a sweeping gesture around the store. "See everything on those shelves? That's junk we sell the tourists. What you need is something from *this* shelf." He turned around and began to peruse the well-stocked shelf behind him. "Like I said, we don't have any specific anti-leprechaun magic, but your spell is sexual in nature. Now, if you'd said that a witch had done this to you, I'd have counter-spells out the wazoo, but as it stands I'm going to have to go with something a bit more general."

He lifted a small but extremely ornate golden box from the bottom shelf and carefully set it on the counter. It was carved with hundreds of small symbols that Greg didn't recognize but that looked sufficiently mystical. The guy took a set of keys out of his pocket, selected a tiny golden one, and unlocked the box. He raised the lid with a flourish.

Inside was a thin golden bracelet, also marked with similar symbols.

"What's that?" asked Kimberly, making Greg jump.

"This is an incredibly powerful charm," said the guy. "If you feel that somebody has used sex magic against you, all you have to do is touch them with the bracelet while you're wearing it, and the spell will be broken."

"How much?" asked Greg.

"To buy it? One million dollars plus sales tax."

"You're joking, right?"

The guy shook his head. "I'm guessing you'll be interested in our rental plan."

"Yes. How much to rent it?"

"Five thousand dollars a day."

"How do I know you aren't just trying to rent me some worthless junk?"

"I'll show you what we can do here in The Glass Gargoyle." He dipped his finger in a small tin of powder and touched Kimberly on the arm.

Her eyes widened and she turned to Greg. "Fuck me with that hard, fat cock of yours! I need you to fuck my wet pussy before I—" She immediately stopped and returned her attention to the guy behind the counter as if nothing had happened.

"I'll take it," said Greg. "Do you accept credit cards?"

"Sure, if you have ID."

"And how much for that powder? No, no, forget I said anything."

Greg took out his Visa and his driver's license. The guy swiped his credit card and removed the bracelet from the box. "You need to have this back by this time tomorrow, or make arrangements to pay for an extra day. If it's not back at the scheduled time, your balls will fall off."

"I understand," said Greg, slipping the bracelet around his wrist.

The guy pointed to the shelf behind him. "See that purple vial? That's the antidote if your balls fall off. It costs ten thousand dollars. Don't forget to return the bracelet."

"I won't."



## Chapter Nine

"You may be wondering why I just spent five thousand dollars to rent a bracelet that breaks sex magic spells," said Greg after he and Kimberly got back in his car.

"I am, but I figured it was probably none of my business."

"It's a very long story. No, actually, it's not all that long, but it's a very odd story. You wouldn't believe me even if I told you."

"I might," said Kimberly. "A lot of strange things have been happening to me lately."

"As strange as having a defective wish granted by a leprechaun?"

"Uh, no."

"Let's change the subject. I owe you a lunch, don't I? Tell me a little about yourself."

\* \* \* \* \*

As they sat in the deli having enormous sandwiches, Greg realized that he really, really liked Kimberly.

No, she wasn't his physical ideal like Vivian. And he didn't feel like it was love at first sight, as if he were gazing upon his soul mate, the one woman in the universe that was right for him. But he felt like Kimberly was somebody who could be a friend and a lover, and...

That was it. That was why he couldn't feel anything more than obsessive lust for Vivian. Because there was no friendship involved!

Well, the fact that she was a supernatural creature might have contributed to it, but mostly it was because he couldn't love somebody who wasn't also a friend.

Wow.

Kimberly felt the same connection, and said it often. But he truly got the sense that she was telling the truth, that this genuinely wasn't the kind of thing that happened to her, and that she was simultaneously confused and delighted by the turn of events. Greg had to wonder if there was supernatural intervention at work, maybe wish-residue or something.

"When do you have to get back to work?" Kimberly asked.

Greg checked his watch. They'd been talking for nearly forty-five minutes. "I'll just say I'm going through some documents at home."

"Cool."

Then he remembered Vivian. "However, I really should be getting back to my apartment. I've got something to take care of."

"Oh, okay," said Kimberly, looking a bit disappointed.

"I'm not blowing you off," Greg insisted. "I really do have something I need to finish before it's too late."

"No, I understand." She smiled. "Will you call me tomorrow?"

"I'll call you tonight."

Then he thought about it. Maybe if he brought Kimberly home with him, he wouldn't need to touch Vivian with the bracelet. Maybe she'd see that he found somebody else and leave, sparing him the unpleasantness of destroying her magical spell. The guy at The Glass Gargoyle hadn't said if it hurt the spell caster or not. What if it sent her to some oblivion dimension or something?

"Want to come back to my apartment?" he asked. "Not for sex," he hurriedly amended. "Just for company."

"Sure, I'd love to."

"Great. Let's go."

\* \* \* \* \*

Greg slipped on the bracelet as he approached the front door of his apartment. "The woman from last night might be here, and it might be unpleasant," he warned.

"Maybe this isn't such a good idea," Kimberly decided.

"It'll be fine, though."

"I don't want to get involved in a domestic dispute. You can just invite me back later. I guess I'll need a ride back to my car, though."

"No, no, it's okay. If it gets ugly we'll leave. I promise."

Kimberly didn't much look like she wanted to go into the apartment, but she also didn't look like she wanted to leave his side. Finally she nodded. "All right."

He unlocked the door and pushed it open. "Vivian?" he called out.

Silence.

He walked inside. "Please, have a seat," he said to Kimberly, gesturing to the sofa. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Anything with caffeine and sugar."

"Mountain Dew?"

"Perfect."

Greg did a quick walkthrough of the apartment, checking in each room. No sign of Vivian. He returned to the kitchen and got some glasses from the cupboard.

Perhaps she was gone for good. Taking Kimberly home might have been the solution to all of his problems. That didn't seem so difficult. He could've saved five thousand bucks.

He returned to the living room with two glasses of Mountain Dew and sat down on the couch next to Kimberly. "She's not around."

"Do you live with her?"

"No, she was just staying here for a couple of days."

"She won't go psycho if she comes back and I'm here, will she?"

Greg hadn't even considered that. But, no, Vivian was a bit controlling but she was anything but violent. "Nah. It'll be cool."

"You have a very nice apartment," said Kimberly.

"Thanks."

"How long have you lived here?"

"About eight months."

"Do you bring a lot of women back here?"

Greg shook his head.

Kimberly shifted uncomfortably on the cushion. "I haven't had a date in over a year."

"Seriously? Why not?"

She shrugged. "Nobody asks me out."

"That's twisted."

"It's true. The guys I know, they all want the gorgeous model types with the perfect bodies. I'm not quite like that. Of course, I also have a tendency to forget how to talk when guys are around. That could have something to do with it."

"You're beautiful."

"You're just saying that."

"No, I'm not."

She looked deeply into his eyes. "You know, I don't think you *are* just saying that to be nice. That's really sweet. Thank you."

"You're welcome. Feel free to compliment my looks if you want."

"That would be too easy."

"Well, not all of life has to be a challenge."

Kimberly scooted closer to him on the couch.

She set her drink on the coffee table, then took his glass and did the same with it.

"I've never asked a guy this before," she said, "but can I kiss you?"

"Yes."

He put his arms around her, leaned in close, and gave her a tender kiss on the lips.

"I was supposed to kiss *you*," she said.

"Oh. My mistake. Carry on."

Kimberly gave him a kiss that was every bit as tender and loving as the one he'd given her. Then she gave him another one, and tenderness wasn't involved.

Moments later their bodies were a flurry of action. They kissed, groped, and squirmed on the couch like ravenous animals who'd spent the past few years locked in a cage on a vegetarian diet. Kimberly's kisses were completely unrestrained, as if she was scared that she might lose him and wanted to squeeze a lifetime of passion into about forty-seven seconds.

But they kept kissing well past the forty-seven second mark. Kimberly reclined back on the cushions and Greg climbed on top of her, their lips and tongues never breaking contact. Vivian had the physical skills and timing down perfectly, but in terms of raw intensity, his experience with her just couldn't compare to this.

In fact, he didn't think he'd ever been kissed like this before.

He liked it.

Greg wasn't sure how long they kissed before the first article of clothing (his right shoe) was shed. Ten minutes? Twenty? It didn't matter. His left shoe followed, and then Kimberly pulled off her shirt, leaving her own shoes on.

She had large, full breasts and wore a faded tan bra. She also had a pierced navel. "Did that hurt?" Greg asked, hooking his pinky through the ring.

"It's fake," said Kimberly, popping it off. "It makes me feel sexy and rebellious without really puncturing my stomach."

Greg ran his hands over her stomach and kissed her navel. "Definitely sexy."

"It is not."

"You have no say in the matter," Greg said, before covering her stomach with dozens of kisses.

Greg's socks and Kimberly's shoes went next. Then he slowly removed her socks, kissing her feet all over as he did so. Despite his total lack of a foot fetish, he had to admit that she had beautiful feet. He gently massaged them for a few minutes, then climbed back on top of her and returned to the passionate kissing, during which his own shirt made its way onto the floor.

Kimberly planted numerous kisses on his chest, then moved her tongue in slow circles around his nipple, teasing it with her teeth. She gave the other nipple the same treatment as she ran her fingers all over his chest.

His pants left the scene shortly thereafter. His full erection showed no mercy to his boxers. Kimberly's jeans followed the trend. The two of them lay on the couch in their underwear, hands exploring, mouths roaming, legs wrapped around each other.

He cupped one of her breasts in his palm and kissed the other one through the fabric of her bra. Though not as blatant as his erection, her stiffened nipples were clearly visible, and they felt wonderful beneath his fingers and between his lips.

He kissed her neck and nibbled her earlobes.

"I feel like I'm in a fantasy," she said, softly. "It's been so long for me that it's almost surreal."

"Fantasy or not, we're not going out in public dressed like this," said Greg.

She giggled. "Nah, that's not my biggest fantasy."

"What is?"

"You don't want to know."

"Yes, I do."

"It's silly."

"That's okay."

"It's embarrassing."

"I promise I won't laugh."

"You'll think I'm weird."

"I promise I won't think you're weird."

Kimberly was silent for a moment, as if debating whether or not she should tell him, and then spoke. "Bubble wrap."

"Excuse me?"

"I've always wanted to have sex on bubble wrap. Sometimes I'll buy a sheet of it from an office supply store and just sit at home and pop every single one of them."

"Big bubbles or little ones?"

"It doesn't matter. Both are good." She grinned sheepishly. "I know, you're wondering how you ever got involved with a chick with a bubble wrap fetish."

"I've got bubble wrap."

"Don't tease me."

"I've got bubble wrap in my office. A bunch of it. I mail lots of packages."

Kimberly giggled, tried to say something, then giggled again.

"I could go get it."

"No, you don't have to do that for me."

"It would be no problem. I mean this. The bubble wrap is in my office for the taking. I have no qualms whatsoever about not using it as packing material."

"Go get it," she whispered.

"I will."

Greg climbed off of her and got off the couch, a bit embarrassed by the protruding front of his boxers now that they weren't actively making out. He hurried into his office, opened the closet door, and retrieved the large roll of bubble wrap from the top shelf. He popped one of the tiny bubbles in the corner, feeling a sense of childish glee.

Before returning to the living room, he went to his bedroom and took a box of condoms out of his nightstand drawer.

"Bubble wrap delivery!" he announced, entering the living room and holding it up with a flourish. He set the box of condoms on the couch armrest and tossed the bubble wrap to Kimberly. "Does it meet with your satisfaction?"

She popped one of them. "Oh, yes."

"Here, give me a hand with this," he said, taking one end of the coffee table. They quickly moved it out of the way, and then Kimberly knelt down on the floor and gave the roll an enthusiastic push. "How much should we use?" she asked.

"Oh, hell, the whole roll."

"I love you."

They tore the bubble wrap into strips and covered a bed-sized area on the living room carpet with multiple layers. Kimberly put her arms around Greg and gave him a long, deep kiss. Then she unfastened her bra and tossed it aside.

She had great breasts. Not quite as...

She's *not* Vivian. *She's* real.

The presence of the bubble wrap seemed to have reduced some of Kimberly's shyness, and she removed her panties as well. Greg hadn't seen a truly hairy pussy in quite some time...the women he'd been with recently were shaved or mostly trimmed...and the erotic sight was enough to make Greg just stand there staring.

She sat down on the bubble wrap. Some of them popped beneath her ass, and her face lit up into a grin. "Join me?"

"I think I will."

"Join me naked?"

"That works, too."



He stripped off the boxer shorts and sat down next to her on the floor. They both slowly leaned backward as if reclining into a too-hot whirlpool, moving inch by inch, listening to the bubbles pop beneath them.

Once they were completely prone, Kimberly reached over and petted his cock with one hand and squeezed bubbles with the other.

"Which is better?" Greg asked.

"I'll plead the fifth."

She giggled and rolled over on top of him. They kissed, squirming and shifting as bubbles popped beneath them. Kimberly grabbed a strip and pulled it on top of them, then rolled onto her back, popping bubbles as Greg licked her breasts. She arched her back and exhaled deeply.

After he'd given each nipple ample attention, he kissed a path between her breasts, down her belly, and down her left leg.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

He kissed his way back up the leg, across her waist, and all the way down her left leg.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.

As he made his way upward again, he gently pushed her legs apart and kissed her inner thigh. Then he put his head between her legs and touched his tongue to her pussy. The effect on Kimberly was so great that she stopped popping the bubbles for nearly eight seconds.

She tasted wonderful.

He licked away.

"Oh, God, that's good," Kimberly said, parting her legs wider. "I need this so much."

Greg licked her with more fervor as she wrapped her legs around him. She was actually doing it a bit too tightly for maximum comfort, but since she was so clearly enjoying herself, he didn't want to say anything that might spoil the mood.

His tongue thrashed to the sound of soft moans and bubbles popping.

He pulled away momentarily and gazed up at her. She had one hand over her face, looking almost as if she was in a state of disbelief. He loved knowing how much she was enjoying this, and returned to his licking duties.

"Oh, you're so good, you're so sweet," she moaned. "Please don't stop. Please don't stop. Stop."

"Why?"

"You need a condom. Now."

He got up and walked over to the box of condoms. Kimberly rolled onto her side to pop some more bubbles as he tore open the foil wrapper and pulled the condom over his extremely firm erection. She lay on her back again as he returned, then pulled one of the strips of bubble wrap so that it covered her chest.

Greg climbed on top of her in a push-up position. He gave her a kiss, and then another, and then she helped ease him inside. She squeezed her eyes shut and let out a pleased gasp.

He carefully lowered himself onto her, and then began to very slowly thrust into her. Bubble wrap popped between their bodies. Kimberly opened her eyes and kissed him, breaking into sexy giggles as she did so.

They made gentle love for several minutes.

As Greg picked up the pace, Kimberly stretched her arms above her head and moaned. She grabbed a double handful of bubble wrap and squeezed it in her fists.

He thrust into her harder and harder, faster and faster. Kimberly got more and more into it, thrusting up to meet him and moaning and laughing and popping bubble wrap like crazy.

“Do me on my knees,” she said, right before slipping her tongue into his ear.

Greg pulled out of her and scooted back as she rolled onto her belly and then got onto her hands and knees. He wasted no time in putting his hands on her ass and fucking her from behind, gently at first, but increasing the power with each thrust until he was slamming into her as hard as he could.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.

Poppoppoppoppoppoppoppoppop...

Kimberly cried out in the throes of her orgasm. Greg wanted to give her another one, two more, a dozen, a thousand, but the sight of her thrashing body was more than he could take, and he continued thrusting, not trying to hold back.

He came seconds after her, pleasure exploding through him.

They both made enough noise to get him evicted.

Finally, they collapsed onto the bubble wrap. Greg removed the condom and tucked it into some bubble wrap, and then rolled onto his back, and Kimberly nuzzled against his chest, breathing heavily.

They lay there in silence for a long, long time.

Pop.

Greg grinned at her. “Sorry,” said Kimberly.

“That’s okay.”

“I guess you won’t be mailing any important packages with this.”

“I guess not.”

They lay there for a while longer, just soaking in each other’s company. Finally Kimberly sat up. “Can I use your bathroom?”

“Of course. It’s the door at the end of the hallway.”

“Thanks.”

She stood up, blew him a kiss, and then walked out of the living room. Greg enjoyed the way her ass moved.

He popped one of the bubbles himself. Life was good.

“Hello, lover,” said Vivian, her voice coming from behind him.

## Chapter Ten

Greg stood up and faced her. Vivian was wearing a hot pink bra and panties.

"Busy, busy," she said. "I can't leave you alone for a second, can I?"

"Listen, Vivian, it's exactly what it looks like, but I can explain."

"No need to explain. How come you never fucked me on bubble wrap? Aren't I cute enough for you?"

Greg looked at her carefully, trying to figure out her current mood. He couldn't tell if she was hurt or furious or ambivalent about the whole situation. "It's just...I just...I can't do the wish thing anymore."

"I know." Vivian smiled. "You're off the hook, lover. As much as I'll miss that delicious cock of yours, my work here is done."

She stepped forward. Greg stepped back, warily.

"I'm not going to hurt you," she insisted. "Really. I'm happy for you. More happy than you can imagine."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. C'mere, you!" She stepped forward and gave him a tight hug.

Her arm brushed against his bracelet.

Vivian stepped back as if she'd been burned with a hot poker. "What was that? *What the hell was that?*"

Kimberly stepped into the living room, looking concerned and then scared as she saw Vivian. She watched in horror as Vivian dropped to her knees and wailed.

"It's okay, Kimberly," said Greg, panic rising in his chest. "Just...just stay where you are!"

Vivian clutched at her arm. "*What have you done?*"

"I didn't...I wasn't going to...you weren't supposed to..." Greg tore off the bracelet and tossed it aside. "I'm sorry, Vivian!"

She screamed so loudly that the furniture shook and bits of plaster fell from the ceiling. Her body darkened, reddened, and her eyes began to glow with an eerie green light. Her arms lengthened. Her hands transformed into claws. She continued shrieking, revealing sharp, wet fangs.

Her body continued shifting, ripping the hell out of her bra and panties.

Greg stared at her, paralyzed with fear.

In some distant corner of his mind, he wondered if having sex with her had been bestiality.

Kimberly screamed and ran into the kitchen.

When the transformation was complete seconds later, a huge, scaly, demonic-looking creature stood before Greg. He wanted to rush for the door, but he couldn't leave Kimberly behind, and he couldn't get his legs to work anyway.

"Vivian? Are you in there?" he asked, voice trembling.

"*Fool!*" the creature said, its voice booming and echoing throughout the apartment, causing books and CDs to fall off the shelves. "*You will pay the price for your infernal ignorance!*"

There was a knock at the door. "Uh, Greg? You okay in there?" asked Larry, his neighbor.

Kimberly rushed out of the kitchen, a frying pan in her hand. She proceeded to whack it against the creature's back, until it struck her with its taloned hand and knocked her across the room.

Greg curled his hands into fists. He immediately felt really stupid for curling his hands into fists, considering what he was up against, but you never knew. The creature could have a glass jaw.

"I'm, uh, gonna call the cops," Larry announced through the door. "Hope everything is hunky-dory."

The creature stepped forward. Greg braced himself. At least if he died in these next few moments, he'd gotten to have sex on bubble wrap.

Then the creature abruptly transformed back into Vivian and slapped him across the face.

"You asshole!" she said. "Don't you realize what you did?"

"You were out of control," Greg insisted. "I had to get rid of you somehow, and I couldn't think of any other way!"

"You've ruined everything! Your greatest desire, it was never for sex in public!"

"It wasn't?"

"No! When you were granted your heart's greatest desire, what you really wanted was a woman to truly love you. Well, that's all sweet and adorable, but true love magic is tricky. You can't just snap your fingers and make it happen. It's complicated. I had to use magic to bring you two together, but it had to be indirect. I had to work with both of your desires, and set off a ridiculously elaborate chain of events and a bit of mind control and all kinds of stuff that would melt your non-magical brains if I tried to explain it in detail."

"I *knew* my number one fantasy wasn't sex in public," said Greg.

"Don't kid yourself, pervo. It was still number three on your list."

"What was number two?"

"The one about being tied up and dragged out of the house that I said was number four."

"Oh. How disturbing." Greg looked over at Kimberly, who was shakily getting to her feet. "So, she and I are truly meant for each other?"

"You *were*."

"Were? I mean, I know I screwed up with the bracelet and all, but we're still together, right?"

Vivian shook her head sadly. "You fucked with magic. Now that you've destroyed the wish, *nothing* can bring you two together. If you try, the consequences will be dire. You'll go on a date, and she'll get a phone call saying that her house is on fire. Try again, maybe you'll find out that your parents were killed in a car crash. Keep pushing it, and one of you is dead."

"Oh, Christ," said Greg in a soft voice.

"I'm sorry," said Vivian. "I really am."

"There has to be a way to reverse this," Greg insisted. "I mean, it's true love. That conquers all, right?"

"It conquers all when you don't zap me with a fucking magic bracelet, yeah!" Vivian rubbed her arm. "It still hurts."

"Sorry."

She continued rubbing her arm. "But it shouldn't hurt. Actually, I should have been summoned back already. What the hell is going on?" She closed her eyes and appeared to be concentrating deeply.

Greg glanced over at Kimberly, who was giving him a questioning look. Greg shrugged and gave her a questioning look right back.

Vivian's eyes flew open. "Holy shit!"

"Holy shit what?"

"You only brushed against me!" Vivian said, her voice filled with excitement. "It wasn't enough to destroy the wish! You messed it up, but you didn't destroy it completely! There's still a chance, but you don't have much time! I'll be summoned back any minute now!"

"What do we have to do?" asked Greg.

"You and Kimberly have to fuck in public."



"What?"

"Everything got cross-wired. To fulfill your true greatest desire, you have to fulfill the desire that I was tapping into with the woman who will be fulfilling your greatest desire."

"I'm not sure I—"

"Get out there and fuck, asshole!"

Greg and Kimberly looked at each other, and then ran for the door, still completely naked.

"Good luck!" Vivian called after them as they hurried down the flight of stairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

They rushed out of the apartment building and got into Greg's car. He pulled out of the apartment complex and drove down the street. A police car passed them in the opposite lane. In the rear-view mirror, Greg watched it turn into his complex.

"Where do we go?" Greg asked.

"The closest place you can find!"

"And you definitely want to do this?"

"For true love? Of course!"

"And you believe everything she said, right?"

"Greg, the woman transformed into a hideous demonic monster. I think that boosted the credibility of her story."

"Just making sure." Greg pulled his car over to the side of the road and slammed on the brakes. They were in front of another apartment complex. "This is public, right? I mean, anybody could see us. Anybody could drive by."

"Looks good to me."

Greg put the car in "park" and they got out. "On the hood?" Kimberly asked.

"That'll work."

Kimberly sat up on the hood and spread her legs. Greg stood between them and stroked his limp penis.

"Hurry," she said.

"I know, I know. It's just been a stressful past few minutes."

He kept stroking. A car drove past them, not even slowing down.

Nothing was happening.

"Should I suck you?"

"Yeah, I think so." Greg stepped back and Kimberly crouched down in front of him. She took him into her mouth and sucked vigorously. His body wasn't responding.

After about thirty seconds, Kimberly took her mouth away. "Greg, this is for true love."

"Don't pressure me! I'll never get hard if you pressure me!"

Kimberly resumed sucking. Greg closed his eyes and tried to think peaceful thoughts.

*C'mon*, you can do this. Think of the repository of sexual images *you've* acquired these past couple of days. Get horny! Now!

It wasn't working.

"Mmmpph mmmunnn."

"What?"

She pulled her mouth away. "Cop's coming."

Greg turned around. A second police car was approaching. "Shit! Get back in the car!"

They hurried back into the car. Greg sat behind the wheel and tried to look casual, while Kimberly folded her arms over her chest to conceal her naked breasts.

The police car pulled up alongside them and came to a stop.

The red-and-blue flashers turned on.

Greg put the car into “drive” and slammed his foot on the gas pedal. They sped off. The police car did a U-turn and followed them.

“This is bad,” Greg observed. “This is really getting bad.”

“Do you think it’s too late?” asked Kimberly, her voice panicked. “Maybe she’s already been summoned?”

“I’m still here,” said Vivian from the back seat, scaring the shit out of both of them. Greg saw in the rear-view mirror that she was still naked. “May I be so bold as to ask why you haven’t fucked yet?”

“*You* try getting an erection under these conditions!”

“Kimberly, suck his cock while he’s driving! Do I have to think of everything?”

Kimberly leaned over and resumed sucking Greg’s penis. It felt great, but it wasn’t having the necessary effect. The cop was speeding behind them, siren blaring.

“Can’t you magically harden me or something?” Greg pleaded.

“Come on, Greg, you can do this!” Vivian said. “I have faith in you.” Then she winced. “Oh, crap, I’m being summoned...”

“No!”

“I’ll fight it. Just get a fucking boner, will you?”

Kimberly lifted her head from Greg’s lap. “Is there anything else I can do? Any places I should rub?”

“Oh, shit! Shit!” Greg slammed his fist against the steering wheel. Traffic ahead was stopped at a red light, and there was nowhere to turn. He applied the brakes.

“Get out and run!” said Vivian.

Kimberly sat up and opened the passenger door. She got out of the car and Greg scooted after her. They’d stopped beside a strip mall, and several people in the parking lot turned to stare at the naked couple running towards them.

Greg stepped on a jagged rock, twisted his ankle, and nearly lost his balance. But as he flailed his arms to keep from falling, he accidentally struck Kimberly in the side. She tripped and hit the ground.

"Freeze!" shouted the officer. Greg turned around. It was a big guy, gun unholstered and pointed at him. "Get on the ground!"

Vivian had gotten out of the car and was staggering toward them.

Greg almost made a move to run, but then realized that getting his dick shot off was no solution to his dilemma.

It was over. He'd lost his true love, and his reputation was in shreds.

He knelt on the ground.

The officer hurried over to him, gun still extended. "On your stomach! Now!"

Greg did as he was told. Kimberly was crouched on the ground, tears pouring down her face. Vivian stood next to her, swaying in a non-existent breeze, looking ready to collapse at any moment.

Realizing that there was nothing he could do, Greg let the officer handcuff him.

He'd never know what it felt like to have Kimberly slap the cuffs on him.

It was certainly an arousing thought.

*Work with that! Lose yourself in a bondage fantasy!*

The officer pulled him to his feet. He was starting to get a hint of an erection, but even if he'd been free to fornicate, it wasn't nearly enough to get the job done.

Kimberly watched him, frantic.

She stood up.

"You! Stay on the ground!" the officer shouted.

Greg desperately tried to picture himself tied to a bed, Kimberly writhing on his lap, but it wasn't doing any good. What little erection he'd achieved was fading.

Kimberly stared at Greg, as if trying to see deep within his soul. As if trying to find the one pressure point, the one thing that could spark his penis back to life, the one

fantasy that was so powerful that it could burst through the barriers of worry, regret, and fear.

Then she turned, put one hand on Vivian's pussy, one hand on Vivian's breast, and gave her a long, sensuous kiss.

Everybody in the parking lot stared.

The police officer stared.

Greg stared.

His penis began to quiver and harden.

Vivian returned the kiss, putting her own hand between Kimberly's legs. They began to rub their breasts together as their tongues visibly connected.

The officer lowered his gun.

The women broke the embrace. With perhaps the single naughtiest look Greg had ever seen in his entire life, Kimberly began to walk toward him and his rapidly growing cock.

Then she impaled herself upon him.

Many of the people in the parking lot cheered and applauded.

As the officer pulled Kimberly away, Vivian began to glow with a bright orange light. She smiled, gave Greg a "thumbs-up" sign, and then vanished from sight as the crowd in the parking lot gasped.

"What the hell?" asked the officer, hurrying over to the spot where Vivian had stood. "Where did the pussy...I mean, where did the woman go?"

Greg looked at his true love. They kissed.

## **Epilogue**

"You know what one of my biggest fantasies is?" asked Kimberly, nuzzling against Greg as they lay in his bed, basking in the afterglow of a really great lovemaking session.

"What?"

"Leaving the city behind. Just going out and living in a cabin out in the forest."

"That's a pretty good one," said Greg. "Considering that my chances of a political career are history and my partners at the firm are probably scratching my name off the sign as we speak."

"Oh, don't be silly. Yeah, your political career probably isn't gonna happen, but your partner was kind enough to post bail."

Greg chuckled. There was very little chance of his case going to trial, considering that an important element of it was a naked woman who vanished in an orange light. Worst case, they could plea bargain down to a fine, maybe a bit of community service, but it was very unlikely that the officer would actually want to testify against them, despite the presence of dozens of witnesses.

"Can I ask you a very serious question?"

"Sure," said Kimberly.

"Would you still love me if a picture of me turned up somewhere that looked like I was masturbating in a broom closet, even if I really wasn't?"

"I might love you even more."

"Good."

They snuggled happily in the privacy of Greg's bed. So what if his future was uncertain, his political aspirations in tatters? He'd found his one true love. Nothing else mattered. With Kimberly in his arms, Greg Tennerson had nothing to worry about.

Moments later, he had something to worry about.

## **Epilogue II**

"You got distracted, didn't you?" asked the guy behind the counter.

"Shut the fuck up and give me the purple vial."



## About the Author

Chris Tanglen writes sexy comedies for Ellora's Cave. Chris is a fan of energy drinks, red licorice, gummi bears, short walks on the beach and intercourse.

Chris welcomes comments from readers. You can find a website and email address on Chris' [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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