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OVERTURE



LYRICAL

V ictoria B lisse

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Lyrical

A Phaze Overture HeatSheet by

VICTORIA BLISSE

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Ah, the sweet haven of my music. I would go completely and utterly nuts if I had to work without my musical security blanket. I mean, it's not a literal blanket; but when I put my earphones in and the noise of the office disappears, I am soothed.

They tried to make me work like the others, once. They told me that I was being anti-social and I was bad for the team dynamics. They took my earphones away for the day and I barely managed half the work I normally would. I got them back the very next day.

People don't even talk to me. I get e-mails if they want me to do something. It all minimises my stress and maximises my work rate, but now and again someone will question what I do. Like just now, at lunch.

"Hey, Pete." Susan, the new girl, smiles as she joins me in the lunch queue.

"It's Peter, actually."

"Oh. Sorry." She blushes and reaches for a bottle of water from the fridge.

"I just thought I'd say hello, as you've had your earphones in all morning."

Now I wish I hadn't taken them out to queue for lunch. But Maureen gets grumpy if I leave them in, and then I end up with small portions.

"Hello," I reply less than enthusiastically.

"Why do you listen to your music all the time? Don't you get lonely?"

This is not a new question. Lots of girls ask it at one time or another. Blokes tend to be far more adept at reading my *Don't bother me* signals.

"Nah, I like to work on my own." I turn to Maureen and ask for my usual. She piles the sausage and chips onto my plate, then dribbles on the gravy. I smile my thanks and Maureen gives me a little wobbly wink.

"Can I sit with you?" she asks as I pay. I roll my eyes.

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“If you like,” I reply, putting my earphones back in and then shrugging.

I walk off, Five for Fighting soothing me with the haunting sound of *Superman*. Susan looks puzzled, then sits at a table with the others. I sit in the corner, alone with my music. Sweet heaven.

* * * *

Another day, another invoice. I sit down and check my e-mail. I’m surprised to see a message from the boss. Well, more apprehensive really, since he only mails me if he wants something boring or messy done.

Pete,

We have a new girl starting today, Chloe. She’s taking over from Charlie and will be sat next to you. I expect you to be polite and helpful. Do not ignore the new girl, on pain of redundancy,

Yours,

Trev.

Oh, great, not only will I have to be sociable, I’ll have to be sociable with a newbie. New people really scare me. They try to interact, they try to make friends. It takes days, often weeks, for them to learn my rules. I am not a people person. That’s why I do this job. It requires no interaction with the public whatsoever, exactly how I like it. We have a high turnover of employees here and I know why. They keep employing sociable people. They need to employ more loners like me.

A sharp finger digs into my fleshy arm and I look up. A willowy, black-haired woman smiles from the seat next to mine. I reluctantly pop out an earphone.

“Hello.” She smiles, her rouged lips pulled back over gleaming white teeth. “I’m Chloe.”

“Hi,” I reply, “I’m Peter.”

“Nice to meet you, Peter.” She turns her green glazed gaze back to the monitor and I feel the boss’s eyes on the back of my neck. Or at least I imagine I do.

“Erm, do you need any help?” I feel my cheeks flushing. I’m really not good at this communication stuff.

“No, I think I’ll be okay, thanks.” She doesn’t even look at me. But why would she? I’m just a fat bloke she has to sit beside.

“Oh, right. Well, just ask if you want anything.” I go to put my earphones back in, then decide I better explain the rules now, in hopes she’ll pay attention. “It’s best if you send me an email. I have my earphones in, you see.”

She nods slightly. I shrug, slipping the soft rounded bump into my ear and turning up the volume on the player in my pocket. I sink into the lyrics, my red cheeks slowly losing their heat as I listen to the Def Leppard beat.

“Ev’ry time I want to love you I get stuck in my room...”

I’ve never had much luck with girls. As a teenager I did actually pluck up the courage to ask one out once or twice, but they all responded in the same way. A tinkling giggle and a “well thanks, but no.”

I know I’m no George Clooney. Hell, I’m not even in the same league as Ricky Gervais. I am chubby, I can’t deny that, but I’m not great big tub of lard guy, at least not yet. I do a lot of walking. I don’t have a car, and buses and trains freak me out. They’re so full of people. So I walk everywhere. That keeps me vaguely fit.

I have nice eyes, or at least my one girlfriend told me so. They’re kind of blue and they darken when I’m in a bad mood or if I’m, well, excited. I keep my brown hair cut short; I hate it when my hair starts getting in the way of my earphones.

I guess I’m quite boringly average. When you throw in my dislike of people and interacting with them, it’s fairly clear to see I am not exactly the catch of the week. No wonder Chloe chose to ignore me so quickly after making my acquaintance. It’s quite obvious she is beautiful below all that heavy eye liner and mascara and the dark lipstick. Yeah, no wonder she isn’t interested in me.

When that thin finger pokes me again, I turn slowly and paste a smile on my face. She may be beautiful but her damn nails are sharp.

“Yes?”

“I think I’ve broken it,” she giggles, her cheeks flushing. “Can you help?”

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“Sure,” I reply. “But send me an e-mail next, time, okay?” I add, rubbing my arm. I scoot my plastic chair towards her, the castors squeaking over the carpet.

It takes a few clicks to fix what wasn't really broken in the first place. She graces me with a smile and a thank you. Then she gets back to work. I feel a little affronted at her lack of conversation. Why? I'm not sure. Maybe I feel like I'm being used. Or maybe I'm just frustrated by my own failure to take advantage of this situation.

I don't mean to be so anti-social, I really don't. It's just that I trip over my own tongue. After many years of embarrassing myself with the wrong words, I've decided it's simpler just to not talk. There are a few guys in the office who have the gift. They work on the phones and I've heard the magic. People can ring up irate, literally spitting fire down the phone line, but after a few minutes the slick charm of the gab guys has them cooing and purring and even giggling. I deal with databases, invoices and receipts; no charm involved, thank God.

I actually curse when the dagger like nail pokes at my shoulder again. I pop out my earphone and look her way, rubbing my shoulder. She doesn't even look sheepish.

“Have I done this right?” she asks, not even looking up from the screen. “I think I have, but Trevor told me to ask about this kind of thing.”

I scoot my chair over, huffing the air from my lungs in a drawn out sigh.

“Yeah, that looks fine to me.” I nod and go to move back when her hand lands on mine and holds me in place. She points with her other finger to the far side of the screen.

“But what about this?” she asks. As I lean in, I'm very conscious of her cool, slim fingers over mine and her dark, shiny lips so close to my rosy cheek.

“Yeah, that's right. I know it looks a bit weird on the page but its how the boss likes it.”

She nods and turns to me, her lips almost touching my cheek. “Ahh, fantastic. Thanks for your help.”

The hand retreats, the smile fades and her eyes lock back on the computer screen. I push back to my side of the desk and run my fingers through my hair, sighing again but for a whole

different reason. My body is strumming with arousal. I'm not saying I'm easy, but I've not touched female flesh for years, or been touched by it come to that. My skin is hot from the contact and my senses reeling from the scent and sight of her.

I don't particularly have a type, but I wouldn't say Chloe is someone I'd notice in the street. Dark and brooding doesn't really attract me. So why is her touch still lingering on my skin and my heart still thudding like a drunkard's feet on creaky stairs? It's probably anger, right? Yeah, she just irritates me and I'm wound up, that's all it is. Telling myself that is easier than accepting any other option. I am not ready for another unrequited lust.

"Hey, Pete." I didn't actually hear the words through the hum of rock, but I saw the lips move as she sat down opposite, putting her tray down onto the table.

"It's Peter," I reply, pushing a chip between my lips, not pausing to even turn down my rock. She shrugs and begins to eat. I watch her surreptitiously as she delicately nibbles on a sandwich, her dark red lips parting and making my body flush with heat.

A swift kick in the ankles brings me back down to earth.

"Ow," I growl, ripping out my earphones, "What was that for?"

"I wanted your attention. If you didn't have those in," she nods to my earphones, "I wouldn't have had to kick you."

I sigh, my ankle aching and my blood pressure building, heading quickly for sky high.

"Well, what did you want me for, then?"

"Oh, Just a bit of civil conversation. Nice weather we're having, isn't it?"

She kicked me viciously to discuss the weather? This woman is a complete and utter psychopath.

"Yes, it's very dry for the time of year." I nod and she continues to prattle on—asking me about my music preferences, if I enjoy my work and other such mundane dross. I glance down at my watch and realize it's time to return to work.

"I've got to get back." I push my chair out and pick up my tray. "If you want small talk, you might want to sit with the others tomorrow. I don't really do small talk."

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“Well, you just did,” she replies, her lips pulling into a knowing smile. She stands up and turns her back on me before adding, “And I’ll sit with whoever I damn well like, thank you very much.” She stalks off and I shake my head. Some people are so stubborn.

I just hope I’ve actually upset her. I really don’t like feeling awkward and small talk scares me. I stutter and snort and wave my hands about far too much. I make a complete fool of myself. Tomorrow I hope to have things back to normal, to be back in my comforting musical cocoon.

* * * *

For four days she has hounded me. Every lunch time she intrudes into my comfort zone, making banal conversation and giving me plenty of chances to play the fool. I dread lunch now. My stomach is tied up in knots all morning and I feel kind of sick as I wait for it, knowing she will sit with me and talk at me. Why won’t she leave me alone?

It’s not any different in work. I still get a regular prod from her knobbly finger when she wants help with something. I’ve asked her time and time again to email me, but she says it’s a waste of time as I’m only sitting next to her anyway. Least it’s Friday today. I get two days freedom from shoulder bruising and small talk over the weekend. I can’t wait.

I take out my earphones as I place my tray on the table. Today, I don’t want to feel a swift kick to the shins when she sits down.

“Hiya, Pete.” She smiles, slipping into her chair, her dark-denimed legs looking long and elegant. She really suits dress down day. I’ve given up correcting her on my name. It still grates to hear it, though. Pete was the name I used at school, the name that I went by while being humiliated. It’s why I now insist on being called Peter. Peter is a grown up, no nonsense name, a serious name. It’s a name that doesn’t go running to the toilets in tears everyday because the bullies have gotten too much for it. Peter is my shield.

“Hi, Chloe,” I reply, barely looking up from my meal.

“Oh, yay. I’ve finally gotten you trained and civilised. No earphones today, I see.”

“My ears felt sorry for my sore shins,” I say as I roll my eyes, “so they’ve decided to take the pain for a change today.”

“Oh hush, you love the sweet, silky sound of my syllables,” she chuckles. As much as I’d like to say no, I have to admit that she does have a sexy, breathy voice.

“Oh, yes,” I reply, feeling snarky, “but they’re so precious you shouldn’t give so many away so easily.”

“I just think of it as doing my bit for society. I’m giving away diamonds to the poor, to add a bit of sparkle to their sad, solo lives.”

I suspect she isn’t being as general as she sounds, but I shrug, unable to think of a witty rejoinder. It is what I’ve missed all these years, the ability to answer back. I always ends up a tongue-tied mess when hit head on with sarcasm or just plain insult.

“What are your plans for the weekend?” she continues, pricking a salad leaf and bringing it to her mouth. I watched her lips part as she inserts the forkful and smoothly pulls the empty fork back out. My cock throbs. I gently shake my head to try and rid myself of such ridiculous thoughts. I can’t fancy this annoying bitch of a woman. No, that way is where pain and rejection lies.

“I dunno.” I shrug, trying desperately to gain some kind of emotional equilibrium. “I’ll watch the Man U match tomorrow, do a bit of housework. Oh, and I need to do some shopping.”

“Thrilling,” she replies, her eyes rolling this time. “Don’t you ever do anything out of the ordinary? Or is your middle name mundane?”

Her words sting and I just want to crawl away and hide. *Yes, my fucking life sucks*, I want to reply, *go on, make fun of me, I know you want to*. Instead, I maintain a stony silence.

“I’ve got a gig tonight” she continues, seemingly unaware of my discomfort. “At the Old Tin Whistle. Do you know it?”

I nod my head. It’s one of the pubs near my home.

“Yeah, it starts at eight-thirty. It’s basically just glorified karaoke with a few of my own tracks thrown in for good measure. It should be fun.”

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“I didn’t know you were a singer.” I’m genuinely surprised. As I know she has two sisters and a dog and an allergy to bananas, I thought she’d told me everything about herself.

“Yeah, I sing. I’m hoping to make a career of it, you know, but right now I need this job to pay my bills as I wait to hit the big time.”

For the first time in a week, I see a flash of vulnerability in Chloe’s eyes, hidden behind the bravado of her words. Suddenly she becomes a little bit less annoying and a tiny fraction more human.

“Hey, you could come and watch if you like.” She smiles and I nod.

“Well, I might. I don’t know...”

“Oh, come on, Pete, I know you’ve got nothing better to do.”

I have to chuckle because, as offensive as she is, she is right. “Okay, I’ll come. I’m not a pub person, you know. I don’t drink.”

“I’ll buy you a Coke and a packet of nuts, then.” She smiles, “And I’ll dedicate a song to you.”

“Really?” I blush and she nods. “As long as it’s not ‘Creep’ or ‘I Hate Everything About You,’ then it’s a lovely gesture.” She giggles and the gentle tinkle sounds almost tuneful.” No, I was going to go for something more tasteful like that Right Said Fred Song ‘I’m Too Sexy’”

“Ah, going for irony, kudos.” I’ll get the sarcastic fat boy barb in first; it hurts less that way.

“No, true but tacky.” She grins, stands and lifts in one movement. “Eight-thirty tonight, okay? Don’t be late.”

“Okay, boss,” I reply, but she is already half way across the room. I’m confused. It sounds like she just said I was sexy, but she can’t really think that, can she? Damn that woman, if she’s not making my shoulder or ankle ache from her kicking and prodding, she’s giving me a damn headache.

* * * *

My mum would go mad if she could see the state of my room right now. Every item of clothing I possess is thrown on my bed or floor, as I’ve rejected them to wear this evening. Fuck, I’m a bloke! It’s not supposed to be this hard to decide

what to wear for a night out. But for some reason, I want to look my best for Chloe.

It's not that I fancy her. Oh, hell no, she drives me mad. It's just I don't want her telling the others how bad my dress sense is. And yes, my dress sense is bad. I'd ring mum and ask her to help but she'd want to know where I was going and why. Then she'd get the wrong end of the stick and she'd have me virtually married to Chloe within seconds. No, I'll have to make the decision myself.

Inspiration hits. WWTD, as in What Would Trevor Do. He's the best dressed man in the office; his shirt and tie always match and he manages to look smart even on dress down day. So what does he wear on dress down day? Casual-smart is just the look I need for a trip to the pub.

Jeans, he always wears jeans on a Friday. I find my best pair and pull them up over my plain, black boxers. I fasten the button below the curve of my stomach and inch up the zip. An image of Chloe on her knees doing the opposite of these actions makes my cock strain against the denim prison. I shake my head to dispel the picture. I'll never be able to pull Chloe and I don't want to, really I don't. Bloody dick of mine has a mind of its own, I swear.

So what next? A belt? No, Trevor never has a belt with his jeans and I really don't need anything cinching me in. My muffin top certainly doesn't need emphasising. Now should I go for a T-shirt or shirt? I think back to what Trevor wore yesterday and the week before but I only get vague impression. I don't often take in-depth notice of what other men are wearing.

I pull on a dark blue t-shirt, sadly because I know what Mum would say. It brings out the colour of my eyes. The front has a complex silver motif on it and I think it looks kinda cool, even on me. Suddenly I remember what sets Trevor apart in the smart stakes on dress down day—he wears a shirt over his tucked in T-shirt.

There's no way on God's green earth that I'm going to tuck my t-shirt around my swell of a stomach. But, I can throw a shirt over it, to add to the look. I scrabble through the clothes on my bed and grab a blue pinstriped, short-sleeved shirt and pull it

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over my T-shirt. I look into the mirror and see geeky Peter wearing cool Trevor clothing. It will have to do.

It's only a quick stroll to the pub but I feel very self conscious. I don't have my MP3 player with me, so I don't have my music shield. I feel very strange walking through a world of traffic noise, shouting and bird song. Every time a person walks by I feel like they're staring at me. By the time I get to the pub, my confidence has plummeted. If it isn't for a bloke and his girlfriend coming up behind me and blocking my escape route, I wouldn't walk inside at all.

It's packed inside but I manage to creep in at the end of the bar. I glance up at the clock hidden between the spirit bottles and notice it's just twenty past eight. I glance round the room and find a microphone set up in an alcove to the right of the bar. I can't see Chloe but I'm sure she's busy setting up.

"Coke with ice, please," I ask when the bar girl looks my way. She picks up a tall glass, scoops in the ice, sprays in the Coke, and bangs it down on the mat.

"One pound eighty please," she drones and I bite down my gut reaction yell of disbelief. That much for a small glass of Coke? The world has gone mad.

"Thanks," I smile and I actually see a flicker of life in the girl's eyes as she replies.

"You're welcome."

I head towards the alcove, trying to find a seat. Just a bit in front of the mike is a little table with a hastily made paper sign on it.

"Reserved for Pete." It announces in ball-penned spider scrawl. I assume she means me and sit down on a green covered stool.

Anyone who's ever lived knows that a minute isn't always sixty seconds. The minutes during something pleasurable shrink down to far fewer seconds and those you tick off whilst waiting drag out until you've endured hours and hours of staring into space.

Finally I see Chloe, guitar flung over her shoulder, her fingers tweaking and strumming as she tunes up. The jeans she wears stick to her shapely legs and the black t-shirt above them snugly caresses her curves, revealing a strip of flesh over her

tiny, soft stomach. There's a silver ring looped through her belly button, a little charm dangling from it. I want to go closer and see what it is, but I hold myself back. The black tamed hair of work is now let loose, the curls splayed over her shoulders, rippling with every movement of her head.

My own lips go dry as I contemplate her lips, bruise red and begging to be kissed. Her eyes are heavily made up, the colour over her eyelids a shade lighter than that on her sexy pout. She looks up, fastens me with her dark green gaze and smiles. I smile, waving that little kind of part wave people do when they're kinda nervous. She waves back, wiggling her fingers one by one and giggling.

"Good evening, everyone." She speaks into the microphone as she leans herself comfortably on the high stool. "My name is Chloe Green and I'm going to entertain you tonight."

A rowdy cheer goes up from a group of drunken, big shoulder guys at the end of the bar but Chloe just smiles and takes it all in stride.

"I'm going to mix up some classics with a few songs of my own. Join in with any you know and please enjoy your evening."

She sits back, breathes in deeply and closes her soulful eyes. Her hand rests gently on the guitar and then strums down in one, smooth movement, the note gently reverberating through me.

I do not know what she sings. The moment her mouth opens I am captured by her voice. Clear, low, and sexy. I feel the sound wrapping round me, sliding down my back and chest, dipping to my crotch and teasing my dick to life. Each note is pure and unsullied, her tone perfectly plucking at my flesh, making it prickle and the tiny hairs stand on end.

I vaguely notice that the pub has gone so quiet that I can hear the clink of glasses. She pauses for breath and I erupt with applause. She stops to take a long sip of water after singing several melodious songs.

"This last song is dedicated to someone special." She grins, leaning into the microphone. "I've only recently met him, but he's unlike any other man I've ever known. I think I've been driving him wild all week." She winks my way and my cock hardens further as my cheeks burn red with that attention. "Pete, this one is for you."

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Her voice flows over me again, the strum of the guitar a perfect background to her low, throaty whisper. I try hard to pick out the words as I watch her lips dancing around the song she's chosen for me.

*You know I can't let you
Slide through my hands.*

Her voice swells as the chorus repeats,

*Wild horses,
Couldn't drag me away,
Wild, wild horses
Couldn't drag me away...*

I realise for the first time that I wouldn't want them to drag her from me. She has driven me to distraction all week, I have the bruises to prove it, but I wouldn't want it any other way.

I clumsily leap to my feet, clapping as hard as I can. She inclines her head in a small, modest bow as the whistles, claps and calls fade away. As the pub gets back to business, I sit down, my heart beating like I've just seen Rooney smack in the winning goal at a Derby.

"Hey," she says, swinging herself onto the stool opposite me.

"Hey," I reply, nodding slightly and wondering about what to say next.

"Thanks for coming, I owe you a Coke and some nuts, right?"

"Oh, no, don't worry. I enjoyed it so much, you don't need to pay me for my top notch listening services." She giggles and the soft tinkle strokes my soul and my confined cock. "You were amazing."

"Thanks," Chloe shrugs, "I did my best."

A silence falls, not quite friendly but not immediately threatening. The silence builds as the tension soars higher and higher.

"I'm glad you came, I was worried you wouldn't."

"I'm glad I came, too." I smile, "You are certainly talented."

"And singing is only the second best thing I do with my mouth." She licks her lips and grins suggestively, "You live near here, right?"

"Yeah, just a few minutes up the road." I manage to push the words out then I take a gulp of my warming Coke to loosen my tightening throat.

"Well, take me home and I'll demonstrate my other mouth skill." She winks and I nod, unable to speak. "Just let me put my guitar away." She pushes out from the table and picks up the guitar she'd left beside her on the floor. "Then we'll go."

I try desperately to think of other ways her talented mouth could be skilled. Eating and playing the kazoo leap to mind momentarily before being replaced by an image of her on her knees with her plum lips wrapped around my straining erection. She can't mean that, though, surely. I'm just Pete; girls don't flirt with me, they avoid me.

But then, Chloe isn't like the other girls.

* * * *

"I'm sorry it's kinda messy, I wasn't expecting anyone to visit." I pick up the video game boxes off the sofa and throw them down beside the TV. "Would you like a drink?"

"No thanks," Chloe smiles, sitting down on the sofa. "Your flat is lovely, very blokey."

"Erm, thanks." My eyes flick around the room, seeking out anything else I can move quickly and make the place look presentable.

"Sit down," she commands, patting the black leather beside her. "It's fine."

"Oh, okay." I pull off my shirt. I'm suddenly boiling hot. I lay it over the sofa back before sitting down next to her. I don't feel relaxed in the slightest. My heart is galloping like a thoroughbred horse and my flanks are sweating like one, too. I have a girl in my flat. This is an unprecedented first, folks, and I don't know what to do. What do you talk about with a hot girl who has shown some kind of sexual interest in you?

Sad to say, this has never happened to me before, not ever. Yep, that's right I'm a complete and utter first timer. I've not

even seen a woman naked, well apart from those few on the Internet.

“Why are you so tense, Pete?” she asks, running a hand down my arm. “Don’t you want me here?”

“No, I mean yes, I mean don’t go.” I flush and she giggles. “I’m just not sure what to do next.”

Chloe shifts in her seat to look straight at me, her nose a bare inch from my own.

“Kiss me.” She whispers in a voice barely louder than a breath. Her mellow green eyes fix on mine as I tilt forward. She encourages me wordlessly on with the lustful spark in her eye. Oh please God, let it be lustful and not disgusted or faintly amused. I suck at reading people, I really do.

My lips touch hers and the worry slips away from my mind. I’m now consumed with the sweet pressure of her lips on mine and the undulation of our mouths as we kiss. I’m tense at first, stiff and rigid, but with gentle movements and great patience her lips break through the barrier and my mouth slips open. I groan deep in my chest as her tongue darts inside of me. It feels so intimate, as if I am being fucked by her tongue.

“And this,” she says, pulling away from my lips and giving me a moment to breathe, “is where my real talent lies. Would you like to see more of my oral technique?”

I am struck dumb; well dumber than usual. I just manage to incline my head in a slight nod.

“Good, let’s play a game. I love games.”

She jumps up from the couch and, waving her hand up like she’s cupping the air, she signals me to do the same. I stand in front of her and she smiles.

“Good.” She drops to her knees. “Have you got a timer on your watch?” She is pulling at my belt and I still can’t quite believe this is happening. “Okay, get it ready and when I say go, press it.” The buckle gives and she moves to the button, popping it open and pulling down my jeans, with my boxers going at the same time.

“Nice,” she hisses and I feel incredibly exposed as well as turned on. My cock is rock hard and I barely worry about her reaction to my curved stomach.

“Go!” she yells and as I press the timer button on my watch, she swallows the length of my cock. I yelp and groan as her lips slip and slide up and down. My mind is white-hot arousal and my knees buck under the strain. All I can feel is her mouth and the heat in my crotch. With every stroke and flick, I move closer to coming. I try and hold back, but she really is good with her mouth.

“Gonna come,” I gasp. The only other girl to ever suck me insisted I didn’t erupt in her mouth, so I’m ultra surprised when she clamps her mouth even tighter around my cock. I can’t think and I can barely breathe. My balls ache and my cock just can’t take any more pleasure. I come, screaming and thrusting my hips forward. Her gentle suction draws the liquid from my balls and when she’s drained the last drop, she gasps.

“So, how long did I take?”

I remember my watch, look at it and deduct ten seconds because I wasn’t paying attention.

“Two minutes and forty-three seconds.”

“I’ll have to try harder next time.” Her eyes twinkle as she winks and I really just don’t know what to say.

“Now, it’s your turn,” she smirks, standing up.

“Now, wait a minute,” I shake my head, “you’ve not got a cock, have you?”

“No, silly.” She sits on my sofa and pulls off her boots.

“Well then, if you haven’t got one, I can’t give you a blow job,” I reply, completely confused.

“You’re joking, right?” She looks at me and realizes I’m not. “Oh, come off it, you’re not telling me you’ve never gone down on a woman.” She stands up again and pops the button on her jeans, then pulls down the zip. “Really, you’ve never licked pussy or tongue fucked a cunt?”

“No.” I shrug, my cheeks red with embarrassment.

“Oh goodie,” she winks, “I get to train you to do it just the way I like it.” She wriggles out of her jeans and I am transfixed as her gorgeous legs come in to view. Her skin is pale and reminds me of thick cream poured over hot apple pie. At the juncture of her thighs is a sprinkling of wiry curls. As I stare closer, I can see the merest edge of pink peeking through.

“Alright, perv. That’s enough of that. “

LYRICAL

I look up at her face and giggle like a schoolgirl with nerves.

“Sorry,” I apologise, “I’ve never seen such beauty before.”

“Well, you use your mouth well for compliments, I’m sure you’ll use it just as well for pleasuring me.” She sits back on the sofa and spreads her legs. I stare again. I stare at the sweet pink that is open to my gaze. Damp and so very alluring. I’ve never seen a girl’s sex so lewdly displayed. “Come on, darling, it won’t bite.”

“I’m sorry, I...”

She shakes her head.

“Hush, no excuses.” She bends her finger and beckons me forward. I drop to my knees and crawl the few feet over to her. “Your watch, please.” I look confused again, seemingly a state that I have mastered. “The game, silly. I need to time you.”

“Oh, yeah, of course.” I fumble at my wrist and she stops me with a thin finger and swiftly releases the watch.

“Are you ready?”

“Yeah.” I nod my head and then I look down and shake it. “Well, no. I’ve never done this and I don’t know...”

“It’s okay,” she strokes her soft hand down my cheek, “just go with the flow, I’ll help you all I can. No pressure, okay?”

I nod. It’s all I can manage.

“Okay, then, go!” She slides her hand behind my head and pulls me into her crotch. I don’t know what to do, but I stick out my tongue and press forward into the warm stickiness of her folds.

“That’s it,” she hisses, and I slip my tongue down then flick it up. She squeals, tightening her hold on my hair. I continue to lick and flick. She tastes sweet, like butterscotch, and I find her juices addictive. I love the reward of its stickiness on my tongue as I part her flesh and tease her opening.

“Higher,” she whispers and I wonder what she wants. “Your tongue,” she gasps, “higher.” So I lap higher, find this sweet little nugget of flesh and flick it with my tongue. Chloe clamps her thighs around my head and groans deeply, the reverberation echoing through my tongue. I change my focus to this girly nub and find her squirming and writhing beneath me. Her juices are

smearing all over my cheeks and her scent is getting even more powerful.

I circle it with my tongue, and then experimentally I suck. She digs her fingers into my hair, pulling it tight against my skull. I keep sucking and she begins to shake. I set up a rhythm and she dances to it, her hips bouncing up into my face. She grinds against my mouth.

“Fuck, yes,” she groans and she clamps around me. Her whole body vibrates and I realise she is coming. I keep sucking, at a slower pace. She relaxes, then pulls my head from her crotch.

“That’s enough, now,” she pants, licking her lips. “It’s too sore to take any more of your good tongue action. I thought you said you’d never done it before?”

“I haven’t.”

“Pfft.” She looks at the watch. “Oops, I forgot to stop it. Never mind, I can clock you next time.”

“Next time?”

“Oh yeah, next time.” She winks, leans in, and kisses me. As her wonderful lips and tongue stimulate mine, I remember my cock. I mean, I was aware of it stirring whilst I was licking her delicious cunt, but it was a secondary to her pleasure. Now my mind is consumed by the fact that my cock is hard and, for once, I actually have a way to relieve the pressure.

“Fuck me,” she pants and I eagerly scramble onto the sofa to comply. I push her down on to her back and place myself between her thighs. “Condom,” she hisses. “There’s one in my bag.”

“Where’s that?” I ask and she points over her head. I stand up and stride round the sofa, annoyed at the interruption. I pass the small black oblong to her and she clicks it open, then pulls out a small foil square. “Come here,” she whispers and I walk towards her. She lifts herself up into a sitting position and opens the package.

Condoms aren’t sexy, but the way she handles this one turns me on. That may have to do with her hand stroking along my shaft, pulling the condom tight over my hardness, ready to penetrate her warm pussy. Yeah, definitely something to do with that.

Once again, I place myself between her thighs and she smiles sweetly.

"Kiss me," she commands and I press down onto her, my hands resting on either side of her head and she lifts up to claim my mouth with a harsh, needful kiss. Her hands slip down my sides and grasp the bottom of my t-shirt. She pulls it up and I flinch as her fingers slip over my stomach. She moans and pulls her lips away from mine.

"Let's get this off."

"Nah, I'm okay." I shrug and her brows knit. Then she lets out a gasp of realisation.

"Okay, tit for tat." Chloe pushes me up and un-entwines from me. Walking over to the stereo she flicks on the radio and "Black Velvet" slinks through the airwaves.

"Yeah," she hisses and sways to the beat. "Now this is music I can strip to."

Sexily, she sways over to me, her fingers tightening on the hem of her t-shirt and raising it higher, exposing her navel and the cute sparkly jewel implanted there and then pulling it lower to hide the delicious flesh once more.

She laughs and whips the top over her head, throwing it to the floor. Her black lacy bra barely encases her bubbling white breasts and she twirls around as her fingers seek out the back fastener. She flicks at it in some magical way that makes it fall open.

She takes the material into her hands, shaking her shoulders until the flimsy straps collapse and she can pull it away from her. Chloe is standing before me, stark naked, and she is beautiful.

"So, come on. I've given you the tit, now I want tat."

I shrug and shake my head.

"Oh, come now." She stands in front of me. "I'm naked."

"Yeah, and you're gorgeous," I humph, my insecurities really raising their heads. Even the soothing music cannot seem to rescue me and my erection. The condom drips from my flaccid cock.

"You might as well just go." I turn from her, curling up my body.

"No," She sits behind me and wraps her arm across my shoulders. "No, I won't go."

I stubbornly face away from her. My heart thuds and my palms sweat. I'm out of my depth. She is beautiful.

"Pete, talk to me. What's the matter?"

I shake my head, "Nothing, just go. It can't work."

She moves away and I let out a breath. She'll go now and leave me alone. I am okay on my own, in my own little world. I can deal with things on my own. I don't care if I'm ugly, I don't have to think about it. I don't care if I'm mad, I like me, but I can't pull Chloe into this world. She thinks I'm normal, despite all the evidence otherwise. I can't pull her any deeper in, it's not fair.

A soft hand strokes my knee and I look down. She's kneeling in front of me.

"Now, whatever gave you the impression I'd give up that easily? Fuck, Pete, you're bloody hard work, but I'm not going to give up now."

"Chloe..." I start the sentence but can't seem to find the words to finish it. She pushes her way between my thighs and wraps her arms around my waist.

"Look, I know you've got this whole 'guy with issues' thing going on. I get that, but it hasn't stopped me getting this far has it? I mean, if you'd not noticed, you're not exactly easy to talk to, you know?"

I look down and nod, a little wry smile stretching my lips.

"I've got this far and it's been damn hard work, Pete. I'm not giving up, okay?"

Chloe cups my face with her hand and I smile.

"It's not fair on you," I blurt out. "I'm fat, ugly and on top of that the biggest scaredy-cat ever. You deserve so much better." I realize I sound like a clichéd movie script, but I've never been good with words.

"Pete," she strokes her thumb over my cheek, her dark gaze fixed on me. "I fancied you from the minute I sat next to you on my first day. You're hot. I don't care what other people think, I don't even care what you think. I want you." I open my lips but her finger rests over them and she shakes her head. "Hush," she smiles, listen to the music.

Now I've tried to talk to you and make you understand

LYRICAL

*All you have to do is close your eyes
And just reach out your hands and touch me.*

The lyrics by Extreme filter through my brain and Chloe smiles again as I reach my arms around her and stroke her back. She leans her head forward and I accept her kiss. Her lips flutter across mine and there is heaviness to the air as we forget words and play sexual Pictionary with our tongues.

I don't protest as she lifts my t-shirt, breaking our kiss as she throws it away. Her lips recapture mine as soon as she has me naked. Her hands running up and down my skin make me thankful the barrier is gone.

She pushes me back, landing on my chest, crushing her breasts between us. Chloe's kisses turn frantic and my cock swells. I want her, oh God, how I want her. I scooch back onto the sofa and she climbs on top in a flurry of legs. She straddles me and I admire her sensual frame. I then remember the condom and she must register the slight panic in my eye. She just grins and feels down the back of my sofa.

"Back up," she whispers as she pulls out a silver packet and hands it to me. I tear into it and roll the condom onto my cock as quickly as I can. My cock twitches in its eagerness to fill Chloe's cunt.

More than words...

The lyrics flow through me as she grips my cock and sinks lower. Her contracting cunt pulls me deeper and as her flesh engulfs mine I groan out, drowning the music from the radio. She steadies herself with a hand on my chest and rolls her hips so that my cock keeps pushing in, then pulling out of her scalding hot wetness. It's as if my dick is on fire and it's so fucking good that it's close to being painful.

I fight back the pleasure weighing on my lids and watch her thrusting onto me. Her pert breasts bounce and settle with each movement and a different gasp or groan accompanies it from her lips.

I grab onto her hips and she moans even deeper, the rumble traveling through us both as I dig my fingers into her creamy skin. Her song is beautiful, each moan and groan mixing

seamlessly with the last and I can't help but harmonize with deeper grunts and curses as I come ever closer to exploding.

"Yes," she groans, her pussy gripping me tighter. "Oh, fuck yes."

I give up and come, the pleasure ripping through my body as my juices shoot inside her. Her cunt crushes me as I continue to pump into her and she collapses to my chest as the final bars of our orgasms fade to black.

I've been hiding from the world for so long, my music the separating wall. But now I have the words to match my tunes, and Chloe sings them.

"Thanks," I whisper into her hair as she wriggles against me.

"My pleasure," she replies. "And besides, I've been dying to handle your conductor's baton for days."

She laughs and I laugh. We might be as different as rock and country, but I can see a new crossover band being formed that brings out the best of both.

Notes

“Wild Horses” lyrics by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards

“More Than Words” lyrics by Nuno Bettencourt and Gary Cherone

About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her books please check out her website at <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk> Victoria loves to make new friends, so if you're on Myspace pop over and say hello: <http://www.myspace.com/victoriablisse> Or send an e-mail to her at Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk.