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Seasons of Blisse

A collection of erotic romance by

VICTORIA BLISSE

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Gaze

Why do girlfriends insist on dragging you out to noisy clubs when you've just been dumped? And then, why do they desert you to go and dance with fit young men when they get fed up of your "Oh, but I loved him sooo much" whining?

Of course, you have to ask that if I knew all this, why did I let Lindsay, Christine, and Sally drag me out in the first place? I have absolutely no bleedin' idea! I put it down to being in a weakened state. I spent the last weeks of winter sitting in a dark room, eating chocolate and watching every last episode of *Friends*. That could have brainwashed me into thinking that going out with my bosom buddies actually might cheer me up.

Also, the light was returning, the trees were in bud and the new year was moving into spring. I guess my sap was rising. I felt ready to shrug off the mourning period and come out into the sunshine once more. Maybe.

I'd half convinced myself that it'd be fun. I spent a few hours pampering myself in preparation for the big girly night out. This involved me drinking a couple of large glasses of white wine and actually shaving my armpits and putting on make-up. I'd not done so in *such* a long time. Steve liked me make-up free and didn't mind a bit of excess body hair. That thought led to spending an extra fifteen minutes re-applying my mascara.

The first hour or so was fun. We all sat together and drank, giggled and remembered. We'd been quite the fearsome foursome in college. We hunted in packs and

always got enough meat to go round. In fact every time we went out, we ended up snogging at least one bloke each.

I should have known they were on the prowl by their outfits. My three single friends know exactly how to attract the opposite sex—vivid colors, low cut tops, and high cut skirts. Their hair was long and flowing, ready to flick at the flutter of an eyelash.

Lindsay was the first to apologise and split off as we danced round our handbags together. She'd seen an old flame and was interested in checking out if the spark still ignited on her ring o' love.

Christine was next, her apology just as sincere. A dark-haired, dark-suited man wooed her on her way to collect more cocktails. At least he paid for a round of drinks before depleting our group to just two.

Sally left to "pay a visit" half an hour ago and has yet to return. No doubt that red head of hers has been turned by something young, firm and juicy. I guess that means I'm off home via the twenty-four-hour Tesco for wine and several blocks of chocolate.

I don't know what inspired me to look up at just that moment, making contact with those powerful green eyes. I'd not be surprised to learn a spell had been cast on me. It is difficult to see much in a club, where bodies sway and thrash to the music, accompanied by flashing lights and enwreathed in a veil of stale cigarette smoke. Those eyes, oh those eyes, have beamed through all of it. Maybe that's just the "sex on the beach" talking, though.

Those eyes *are* green, not like Jim Carrey in *The Mask* green, but more like that dark green you often see in velvet; that dark, middle of the rainforest green. And those "cool on a hot summer's day" eyes are fixed on me.

I mean, *really* fixed. Not just an accidental crossing of gaze, but a definite stare. My cheeks are burning like they've been baking in the sun and I know they're glowing like a neon light in a kebab shop.

I drop my eyes and take a breath. When I look back up, I expect him to have turned away; but no, he's still looking at me. I'm not weirded out by his attention, just a little uncomfortable. I wonder what he finds so fascinating about me. My hair is not quite brown, not quite blonde. My eyes are blue; not azure blue or stormy-skies blue, just middle of the road, kiddie-picture blue. My face is round, leaning towards chubby, and my features plain. I'm honestly and truthfully very average.

Steve was always saying so. He said I was the most averagely beautiful girl he ever met. I always thought he was being cute. Then he ran off with a stunningly gorgeous model and I realised I had been a stop-gap. Any port in a storm, you might say.

I wonder if Green Eyes will come over to me. I flick my line of sight rapidly to the sleek black hair, ruffled and not overly styled, back to the eyes - yup he's still staring. My gaze flicks down to the soft sensual lips, thin then suddenly plump, then thin again, and lower to the little dimple in his tapered, clean-shaven chin.

Green Eyes is hot. Now I am unnerved. He's been staring at me for what? Two, maybe three minutes and he hasn't made a move. Is he shy? Those eyes don't seem shy; they're fixed right on me for a start. That doesn't shout "shy" to me. Why isn't he coming over then? Is he staring in horror? Have I got something between my teeth or around my face?

I slip my hand up my chest to my chin, then subtly rub at my cheek and face. Nope, nothing obvious there. Is he smiling at me? I see it in those evergreen eyes first, before it travels to his lips. A smile, a sexy smile. And unless I'm much mistaken, a suggestive smile.

I feel a corner of my mouth lifting in a sly, knowing smirk. I look into those deep eyes and gather all the courage I have. I know this is the cocktails working, but I

lift a finger in front of me (right in the middle of our joined gaze) and beckon him over, still smiling.

My heart hammers, louder than the thumping disco music, or so it seems. I lick my lips nervously, my gaze dropping from his, unable to maintain the stare through my nerves.

Will he come over?

I take a few calming breaths then look up. He is there, just lowering tight and tasty buttocks down onto the green baize seat at the other side of the tiny, round table. I panic now. *What do I do?* God, it's a long time since I was last single. I've forgotten how to do this. I gaze intently at the glass in front of me, the sad remains of my last cocktail lolling at the bottom.

I feel the now familiar weight of his stare and glance up. He smiles at me and I smile back, focused in on those harmonious eyes.

"Hello." I barely whisper, the words getting caught around the rock-like lump in my throat. I just hope the guy can lip read or I'm sunk.

"Hi." I see the lips move, but I barely hear him. His eyes are still locked on me. He leans across the table and I feel the heat of his gaze on my neck, then his breath tickling my ear and finally I hear, in soft, husky tones, "I hope you don't think me rude for staring at you. I just couldn't believe such a beautiful woman was sitting alone."

I giggle coyly, dipping my head to my shoulder, then lean over to whisper in his ear,

"Oh, I didn't mind. I just wondered what exactly you were looking at."

This close, I can smell the subtle freshness of his aftershave, see the strong set of his jaw, the slight hint of dark hair in the "v" of his partially unbuttoned black shirt.

"Your sparkling eyes, so sad even when you laugh. You're tapering neck, the soft creamy flesh there and down

into the cut of your low top, wondering how soft it would feel under my fingers, beneath my lips."

I gasp, the sheer tone of his low voice tingling through me. I bite my lip nervously as his hand brushes the side of my thigh, then let out the slightest moan when it settles on my lap, just above my knee. I all but orgasm from surprise as his lips brush softly along the skin just below my ear.

"I was looking at your lips. So plump and inviting, becoming wetter and pinker as the night wears on. I love them now, all the lipstick removed. They look so sweet, so tempting, so ripe."

A slight squeeze to my thigh and he's whispering again,

"And focusing on your lips got me so hard, I hope you don't mind me telling you this, so aroused that I began to think about your other, hopefully wet and juicy lips."

There is no doubt that my lips are juicy now. His lithe fingers stroking my knee coupled with the sexy voice in my ear have definitely seen to that. But I doubt the honesty of his words. Is he just looking for an easy lay tonight?

Actually, do I care? I mean, I've just come out of a massive relationship and I'm not exactly ready to get entangled in another one. I am incredibly horny though, and sex with no strings sounds better and better the more I think about it.

How long has this silence sat between us? I can hear the hiss and puff of his breath against my ear. His hand has not moved from its place upon my thigh.

"I'm speechless." I reply, leaning closer to his ear, "I have to confess, I don't think you're telling the truth..."

A remembered hand print is all that's left on my thigh as his hand moves to the table and covers my own. Grasped firmly, it is pulled below and over, to cup his hard-very hard-cock straining against the soft fabric of his trousers.

"Well." I pull my hand away, uncomfortable with clutching a man's private parts in public. "So you didn't lie

about that then." I cough and splutter, my face flushing with embarrassed heat.

"I want you." His lips are back against my ear. "That is the honest truth. Beyond that I cannot think. I cannot think of anything but your body and how thrilling it would be to feel your naked flesh rubbing against mine."

Fuck. I've got to give this guy points for effort. I've never been this horny from so little contact. As I compose myself to reply, he carries on. "I'm leaving now. I have a taxi ordered. Would you like to share it with me?"

A gentlemanly offer on the surface, but only a step away from asking me to sleep with him. Why should I refuse? The girls have left me alone, I need to get back home and who knows? I might just take the chance and follow my hormones for once. A fuck for fucking's sake seems like a good idea right now.

"Yeah, okay." I reply, "Thank you."

He stands up and offers me his hand. I take it, honestly not knowing how steady I will be on my feet. Cocktails are easily taken whilst perched upon my stabilising big bottom, but standing up could prove difficult.

He slips my arm through his as I stand up and chivalrously walks slowly towards the door.

"Do you have a coat?" he asks. I shake my head. He slips my hand out from the crook of his arm and wraps it around my shoulder instead. "It'll be cold out." he says matter of factly, and before I can complain he is walking forward and pushing me with him.

He's right. There is a chill spring wind blowing as he pushes open the club door. I step out onto the damp tarmac of the road and he follows close behind. The street lights are reflected in shallow puddles, making the ground glow like the yolk of a fresh farm egg. At the pavement edge is a shiny black taxi, Green Eyes taps on the window, establishes it is meant for him, and opens the door for me to step in.

The beauty of the back seat of a Hackney cab is its spaciousness. There is plenty of room to fit three, maybe even four, tipsy ladies, making a cab home a cheap option for a gaggle of girls on a budget. However, sitting with Green Eyes I feel like we're in a child's push car, we're squashed so close together. The more I fidget, the tighter he holds me to him "to keep me warm." It *is* very cold out there; spring is only just starting to emerge. But boy, is it hot inside this taxi!

I find myself snuggling in towards his body, enjoying his solid warmth. His hand slips round my waist and cradles me. I feel peculiarly safe in the arms of this stranger. His hand moves higher and cups my breast. I nuzzle into his chest and feel his hand grow yet bolder, the long fingers grasping the globular flesh, strumming over my nipple.

I let out a little gasp and rub my hand up and down his front, dipping as low as his belly button and sweeping up to the centre of his chest. His hand sweeps down to my hip and slips under the cotton of my tight-fitting top. If the driver glances at us he will see the hand under the stretched material, but I don't care. I feel his fingers prying at the bottom of my bra and then he eases it up and over my breast, making it possible for his fingers to feel my flesh. It spurs me on. My hand dips lower and brushes over his crotch where I can feel he is still hard. Looking down, I see a definite pyramid at the front of his trousers.

"Yesss," the sibilant hiss echoes in my ear as I grip my hand around the fabric and the cock within its confines. I move my hand up and down a few times and feel his hand grasping and releasing my tit to the same pulse.

I find the zip down the centre of his trousers and tug at it. The hand at my breast drops and slithers over my stomach before slipping under the waist band of my skirt. I am highly aware of the driver and the fact he can hear, and possibly see, everything that's going on. I slip my hands

inside and find my fingers gliding over hard flesh. The surprising lack of an extra cloth barrier is sexy. It also seems a bit kinky, as if this guy was hoping to get some action tonight.

"What number was it, pal?" the driver's voice chirps in and my fingers tighten, reflexively covering up his exposed member.

"Seventeen," he replies, pulling his hand out of my skirt. I remove my hand and he zips himself back up.

"Tell me now. Are you coming in with me? If you come in, we're going to fuck." His words are stark and almost offensive, but his voice and tone are compelling. "If you don't want that, then tell the cabby you want to go on home. It's up to you."

I hate decisions. I almost wish he'd not given me this one, but part of me is grateful he did. It shows me that he is gentleman enough to take rejection at this late stage. I've just been massaging his cock, but he's given me a metaphorical "get out of jail free" card all the same.

"I'll come with you," I breathlessly reply. Fuck it. I've had enough of being sensible, and Lord knows I'm horny. My heart thumps, beats and bats against my chest as he takes my hand in his and helps me out of the taxi.

"Have fun." The taxi driver chortles just before he puts his foot down and heads out of sight.

I don't know where we are. The sight of red-stoned terraced rows is one you can see anywhere in this town. The house he is taking me towards looks in good condition and behind the bright-red door is a living room that I am surprised to see is clean and tidy. I can see light, sandy laminate flooring, the deep red of the pristine sofa and apart from a large TV and accoutrements not much else.

"I've not lived here long," he says, after watching me gawk, "so I've not managed to mess the place up yet."

I giggle and he pulls me into his body. His lips reach down and kiss mine. His lips and nose are chilly from the

frosty night air, but the heat of our kiss is sure to change that. Lip on lip, tongue wrestling tongue, our mouths cover each other. Our bodies press together, and I can feel that hard throbbing cock poking into my soft stomach.

His lips roughly pull from mine and trail down the side of my neck, stopping to nibble along the way. I moan and gnaw my lip as his nibbles turn to bites and I run my hands over his back, pulling up his shirt and running my hands up across the bare flesh. As his teeth nibble once more, I drag my nails down his spine.

He moves on, down into my cleavage. His hands grasp the sides of my breasts, squeezing, then smoothing down my waist and over my wide hips, to pull the cloth of my top. He pulls it up and over my breasts. His mouth drops into the crevice of my cleavage as his hands fiddle around my back, until they find and unclasp my bra. My breasts drop a little, still confined in their constraints until his hands return to my front and flip the material out of the way.

I feel a little moment of insecurity as my large breasts all but sag into his hands, but his insistent kneading and the appreciative gasp that escapes from around his kisses makes me feel a little better and allows me to lose myself in the sensations.

"God you're beautiful," he groans as he momentarily lifts his lips from my flesh, before plunging his mouth down over the nipple he is cupping lovingly in his hands. I mewl with pleasure, throwing my head back in pure delight. A nip of his teeth makes me gasp and grasp his hair firmly in my hands and sends a jolt of heat to my pussy. As if he knows, he follows the heat and drops down to his knees, skimming my skirt down my legs.

He sits there staring up at me for a moment, and I look into those vibrant-green eyes and blush. I move my hands in front of myself instinctually. He gently grasps them and lays them at my sides.

"You are a goddess," he gasps, his eyes roaming over my body. Although vulnerable and self conscious, my flesh tingles with heat as his gaze passes over it. His lips move in and trail up my inner thigh; his hands go to my hips and grasp the thin straps of my tiny thong knickers. Slowly he tugs them down, his face centimetres away from my naked pussy, my thong lying between my feet.

I hear him draw in a long breath and release it in an intense sigh. I have never been so closely scrutinized. I feel exposed and cannot work out if I'm scared to death or more aroused and alive than I've ever been.

Thick fingers stroke through my thin smattering of pubic hair and one slips into my slit. My clit sings its thanks, resonating through my whole body. Those fingers spread, pulling my folds open, and after a moment of cool air on my exposed clit, I feel the arousing warmth of his lips kissing and sucking upon it.

Hands move and suddenly they're shoving me sharply backwards. I over-balance and fall, luckily, onto the fire engine-red sofa behind me. I giggle as I land and notice the cheeky smile on his face. He crawls forward and spreads my thighs open. With a cheeky wink he nuzzles his head between my legs and continues his impassioned licking.

His hands rest commandingly on my thighs, keeping them wide-spread as his head delves between them. His lips slide over my wet flesh and I gasp, then pant and groan as the sensations whiz from synapse to synapse. He laps and lingers upon my clit, swirling his gently-rough tongue around it, making me close my eyes as the pleasure pounds through my pussy.

Steve never liked oral sex. Correction: he liked receiving it. I cannot remember the last time he went down on me and he never, ever, licked me like this. I feel exposed, the cold air caressing my skin, tensing it across my breast, my nipples crinkled and aching with the cold and the excitement.

I don't know this man's name, yet he is so very, very close to bringing me to orgasm. His tongue is flicking my flesh at just the right speed and pace to tumble that first domino of pleasure. I can feel it triggering the next and the next until they've all fallen and set off fireworks that fizzle, bang and spark throughout my whole body.

I have no time to recover as he pulls himself up my body. His lips graze over my stomach, once, twice and again as he rises up to his knees. As he stands, I pull him down onto me, the roughness of his clothed body pressing hard against my soft nakedness. His lips seek out mine as he writhes on top of me, edging my body round 'til I am lying along the soft, caressing material of the sofa.

His lips are everywhere, covering my flesh with marks of heat and lust. My thighs are wide around him. As his hands fiddle at crotch level, pulling open his belt and fly, the knuckles stroke across my wet, sensitised flesh, readying me for more. I need more than his fingers, more than his tongue to satisfy me now. I lift my head to stare over the hillock of my stomach and am rewarded for my discomfort by the sight of a gorgeously engorged prick.

I watch as he handles himself, slowly dropping his buoyant cock to my welcoming hole. I watch and feel him pressing into me, the head stretching me, pulling me apart to accept his pleasure. As he slides inside, my head falls back and I purr, the sensation vibrating from my pussy to every part of my body.

"Oh yeah, you're so hot, so wet. Oh fuck, I knew you'd be this good from the moment I laid eyes on you."

His words resonate along my skin, as his cock strokes me like a violinist playing a jig. My legs wrap around him, pulling him deeper. My hands cling to his strong arms, holding him to me, wanting to know it's real.

"They seem to think it's good, too." I freeze beneath him, and go to turn my head to the side. "No, no don't look. Close your eyes."

I so want to look to the window, but I close my eyes, wanting to please him more than satisfy my curiosity. I always want to please; mostly to make my life easier, to keep myself out of the line of fire. I'm surprised by the purity of my need this time. I don't do it for any reason other than to give this man pleasure.

"There are two of them. Young lad, young woman and they're watching us. They're watching you, on your back, naked and legs spread wide letting me, a near stranger, fuck you. Yes, they probably watched as I licked you. They can probably hear you too, you noisy slut."

I'd have slapped Steve if he called me a name like that, but from these masculine lips it sounds almost like an endearment. In this moment, so turned on, he could call me anything and it would make my cunt contract. His rhythm is pounding. My breasts are bouncing wildly and I can hear the gentle creak of wooden feet against wooden floor.

"You love having an audience, don't you?" I nod my head, to indicate that I do. I didn't know it before, but tonight I am definitely learning all kinds of new things. "The idea of that young couple fuelling their ardour by watching me bang my hard cock into your naked, pleading body drives you crazy. I bet they're thanking their luck stars over walking past this window tonight. I swear the guy is stroking his cock. I can just see his shoulder moving. It's harder to tell, but I bet the girl has her fingers in her knickers, too. They're getting off on the sight of you're beautiful body. God, you are perfect."

He groans and his rhythm increases, the rub of his jeaned legs chaffing the inside of my thighs, the edge of his soft shirt tickling my nether lips and fluttering against my clit. My whole body is pleasure. I'm on a plain above orgasm. Every moment, every noise, every sensation is orgasmic and as he growls and moans and stiffens above me I scream out as I spasm around his creaming cock.

His body falls forward, his head against my shoulder and I wrap my arms around him. I'm overwhelmed with emotion, plagued with a host of questions and impended by the inability of opening my mouth.

"Hush." He says, placing a finger, still scented by my juices, over my lips. "We will talk it through tomorrow. Let's just enjoy it for now, okay?"

I nod, and stroke his back. Content in the arms of a nameless man, in a strange place, becoming part of a fairytale cliché. Falling in love with the man who gazed at me across a crowded ballroom.

Inamorata

It was a beautiful, stately English home. It looked big from a distance and the closer the couple got the more gargantuan it became. The grey stonework intimidated and impressed, but rambling vines softened the edges with variegated green explorations and lifted the otherwise depressing look of this, their weekend retreat.

"This place is amazing." Kirsty exclaimed, her green eyes sparkling and her sensuous lips stretched into a heartfelt smile. Matt's heart lifted as his girlfriend expressed her pleasure at his special Valentine's Day surprise.

"It's all ours for tonight," he grinned, "and we have a butler and a cook, too!"

They both chuckled in eager anticipation. A wonderful weekend of pampering and fun was stretched out before them.

The large hallway smelled of years of must and polish. A rich wooden stairway dominated the room and a tall, willowy man in a well pressed penguin suit blended into the thousands of years of history surrounding him. The butler stepped forward and welcomed them stiffly, then turned on his heel and walked towards the stairway.

"We are Lord and Lady of the Manor whilst we're here." Matt smiled and gently clasped Kirsty's hand. "Lady Kirsty, let us retire to our room."

They followed the tails of the butler's formal suit down a maze of corridors to the grandest, plushest bedroom Kirsty had ever seen. With a child-like whoop, she jumped

onto the imposing four-poster bed, laughing as her slight frame bounced on the soft mattress and thick blankets.

Seeing his girlfriend so happy made Matt tingle all over. Eagerly, he jumped onto the bed beside her. Their lips met in a passionate and loving kiss, arms wrapping around each others shoulders and bodies pressed hard against one another. Passion blossomed and clothing shed. Flesh to flesh they embraced, sharing their love and adoration.

"Happy Valentine's Day," Matt whispered as his hard cock slipped between her wet pussy lips.

Kirsty purred as she arched her back to feel more of him inside of her. "And Happy Valentine's Day to you, too."

He reached forward and reclaimed her lips, kissing hard and urgent as his thrusting became more insistent. Soon they were both mewling their release. Matt felt Kirsty throbbing and pulsing around him and could hold himself away from the pleasure no longer; he exploded inside her, growling his delight.

"Well, that was a good start to the weekend." Kirsty rolled to her side and snuggled into Matt's shoulder. "I cannot believe we've got this whole mansion to ourselves."

"Oh yeah, it's all ours. Wanna go exploring?"

"Sure. Let's get dressed, though; I don't want to scare off the butler." Kirsty chuckled as she slipped out of bed and onto the deep pile of the luxurious cream rug.

"I think seeing you naked would make any man's day," Matt replied, slipping on his t-shirt. "I know it always makes mine." His smile was sexy and sincere and Kirsty felt her heart swell with love for him and noticed that familiar lust shooting through her body in reaction to his gaze.

"Well I can only just keep up with you," Kirsty teased as she pulled her short skirt over her full hips. "I don't want to have to keep up with another man, too!"

They kept up the teasing banter as they explored musty bedrooms. They looked at ancient paintings in long galleries and wondered about the faces gazing back at them. They admired the view of the green English countryside from the top-most tower of the manor and looked in tall wardrobes for fur coats and the entrance to Narnia.

Kirsty and Matt made their way back to the ground floor and whilst Kirsty appreciated a particularly grand fireplace, she heard Matt calling her name from the next room.

"Look at this," he grinned, holding the corner of an intricate tapestry in his hand.

"What are you doing?" Kirsty gasped. "Don't rip it."

"I won't," Matt replied, rolling his eyes, "Just look what I've found."

Kirsty looked under the lifted corner and saw a heavy wooden door.

"I wonder where it leads to?" Matt mused, "You know, I bet it leads to the dungeon."

"It's certainly well hidden." Kirsty replied, "How did you find it?"

"I bent down to tie my lace and saw the door bottom below the tapestry. Hold it for me a minute, won't you?" Matt dropped the tapestry into Kirsty's fine hands and tried the door's iron handle. His face registered surprise as the door creaked open.

"Let's go down." he gasped, rubbing his hands together in delight.

"It's awful dark, Matt."

"I'll grab one of those candle holders, then." He snatched up a silver candelabra complete with lit candles and grabbed Kirsty's hand.

They descended the staircase. The air was cold and smelt ancient. The flickering light of the candles seemed sucked in by the never-ending dark.

"I don't know about this, Matt. It's kind of spooky down here." Kirsty shivered and grasped her boyfriend's hand.

"It's probably just a damp old wine cellar or something," he replied as he squeezed back, "Although if it is a dungeon, I might have to chain you and punish you for being such a scaredy cat."

She could tell by the tone of his voice that he was teasing. "Sorry, Master," she replied with a giggle. "Please don't punish me."

Just then they hit the bottom step and the candle light flickered over the small room. On the walls hung crops and chains and a particularly imposing whip. In the center of the room was a pair of old-fashioned stocks. This was definitely a dungeon, but something about it suggested it was created more for pleasurable punishment than real chastisement.

"I don't know, Kirsty." Matt looked at her, his ice blue eyes sparkling in the soft muted candlelight. "I think you need some suitable punishment to help you obey me. What do you think?"

Kirsty's heart raced and she glanced across to the imposing planks of the stocks. The strong iron lock and the well-worn holes spoke of volumes of history. For a moment, she hesitated. But her erotic curiosity got the better of her.

"Yes Sir, Whatever you say, Sir. Sorry, Sir." Her eyes met his and they shared a moment of love and adventure. Matt knew she wanted to play and he was eager as well.

"That's better, slut. However, you've been a naughty girl and you still need to learn a lesson. Come on, into the stocks you go."

Kirsty walked forward into the dank air of the small dungeon and stood before the stocks. Matt bent her forward, gently applying pressure to her back. She then

rested her hands and head within the open dips of the wooden prison before her.

With a click, the lock fastened down; being bent in such a position would soon become uncomfortable, even painful. The wooden confinement around her neck was close but not tight and made her very aware that she couldn't move. She was at Matt's mercy.

Kirsty's skirt was pulled down and left to pool around her ankles. Her knickers followed the same way and the cold, wet air caressed her naked buttocks. Matt stood back and admired the sight of his girlfriend's round, peachy backside.

Kirsty could not hear or see Matt. She caught the noise of something hitting against the stone wall, then a brief rattle of chains, followed by a nerve-inducing silence.

Matt just couldn't decide what to use. Most of the implements that hung from the wall looked capable of inflicting some nasty damage. Matt just wanted something to tease, cajole and perhaps slightly warm that delectable backside.

He found it; a length of leather hidden between two long chains. He picked it up and swished it to hear its crack, the leather strips impacting against one another. Again he flicked the flogger and let the fronds slap against the back of his hand. Yes, it stung but didn't hurt. Perfect.

Kirsty stiffened when she heard the noise of whatever implement it was Matt had chosen. She imagined all kinds of terrors and she found herself wiggling and pulling to escape her confinement.

"Now, now, my sweet, naughty little slut. Calm down. Master can't get a good hit on your pretty buttocks when you're wiggling like that. Hold still or you'll get more than a light lashing."

Matt's hand rested on the small of her back and Kirsty felt reassured and stayed still. The stillness made her very aware of the wetness between her thighs and the hardness

of her nipples. The silence lingered with intent, but Kirsty could do nothing but wait. As each second passed she clenched herself tighter and tighter, waiting for the first impact. As the seconds stretched into minutes she started to relax.

The swish of the flogger gave her scant warning before it connected with her soft flesh. She let out a soft, sighing moan as her buttocks stung with the multiple impacts from the leather straps.

Another blow and another fell, hard and then soft over her warming flesh. Each leather caress sent shockwaves through her, centering down into her damp pussy. Moans became gasps and gasps became sighs. Sighs became exclamations of delight.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you, slut?" Matt's cock strained hard against his pants with each slap of leather on flesh.

"Yes, Sir," she gasped.

"You really are such a naughty, naughty girl. I will have to find some other way to make you obey me."

Matt put the flogger back then hurriedly pulled off his jeans and boxers. Kirsty heard the shuffle of feet and the rustle of clothing but had no idea what was actually going on until Matt placed a strong hand on her warm buttock and slid his cock deep inside her hot pussy.

Effortlessly he pushed inside of her; she was so wet that his heavy member slid inside after just a minimum of pressure. Thrust after thrust assaulted her inflamed pussy and banged against her sensitized buttocks.

"Kirsty, you slut. You're going to suck the come from my balls if you squeeze me much tighter."

"Sorry, Sir," she gasped, "but your cock feels so good inside me."

"It certainly does." He groaned and slipped his cock out of that hot cavern.

Kirsty suppressed an irritated groan as she felt his cock leaving her open and unsatisfied, then let out a contented sigh as something long, hard and cold invaded her aching hole.

Her muscles clenched around it as Matt slid the cold solid object in and out of her.

"Oh fuck, Sir. I'm going to come!"

"Yes, oh yes, sweet one, come for me."

With those words she felt a finger on her exposed clit; it pushed her over the precipice of pleasure. She screamed as her body shuddered, her head banging against the wooden prison. Her hands clasped so hard nail marks were left imprinted in her palms.

"My turn," he gasped as he pulled the whip handle from inside his beautiful girlfriend's cunt. He walked around to the front of the stocks, grasped her long hair and tangled it in his fist. Standing on tip-toe, he pumped his cock. Once, twice. On the third time the pressure released and his warm, wet orgasm exploded all over the face of his lover.

Her knees went weak as he grabbed her hair. Her body ached post orgasm, the wood bit into her and she was eager to be released from her entrapment. However, she happily submitted to the rough hold of his hand and the wet splash of his unctuous semen. She adored watching him come.

"I love you," Matt panted as he unlocked Kirsty from her confines.

"And I love you, too." She wrapped her arms around him, needing to feel him close in many ways. Physically, because her legs would not hold her up and her back was stiff. Emotionally, because she had to feel he meant those words he'd uttered.

Both of them dressed before walking back up the stairs. They shut the heavy door behind them and giggled all the way back to their room.

"Not many women get a good flogging for their valentine's gift," Matt remarked as they entered their room.

"Ah, and it's even fewer who actually enjoy it."

"Hussy." He hissed and chased her across the room.

"You'd have me no other way."

She smiled as she felt his body cover hers and press her into the bed. He showed her then exactly how much he loved her, just the way she was. She may only be the Lady of the Manor for the weekend, but she would be the Lady of his heart forever.

Down Amongst the Daffodils

I've always loved spring. It is the time of year where the earth wakes up, the birds sing their loudest and the sun's warmth comes back after the dark chill of winter. I especially love the flowers. First come the hesitant, delicate snow drops then little oval crocuses in regal golds and purples and finally the king of spring -the daffodil, my favorite flower.

It's a warm day, perfect for a stroll through the park. Maybe I'll bump into Stephen, the Park Keeper. He's a lovely lad. We went to school together, but then went our separate ways. I always had a soft spot for him, but I was shy and geeky back then and Stephen was one of the popular lads. He was always nice to me, kind even, but we were never close.

Only a matter of months ago, I saw him for the first time since leaving school walking through this park. He was pruning the roses. I wasn't going to say anything as I walked past, but he recognised me and said hello. We talked for a while and each time we have met since. He has been charming and cheeky. From the unexplained touches and sexy smiles, I am sure he is flirting with me.

I became sure that he fancied me as much as I fancied him last Saturday night. We shared a kiss at a night club. I was on a girly night out and he was with the lads. We danced together for hours, constantly being pulled apart by our friends. They wanted to keep the sexes apart, but we wanted to be together. Later, as I walked out with the ladies, he pounced on me. He pressed me against a column

and kissed me 'til I couldn't breathe, his hands cupping my abundant breasts.

It was over as soon as it happened. He whispered goodbye in my ear, then followed his mates out into the cool spring air. I told my girlfriends that the free-flowing vodka had made me sick and took a taxi home. I lay in bed masturbating 'til the small hours, remembering his straining cock pressing against me through his jeans.

You would think it was the heat of the strong, spring sun that made my cheeks flush so red now, as I stroll along the path between the ordered beds filled with rampant flowers. But I know it is the memory of that kiss which warms up my cheeks just so. I scan around the park, taking in the childish squeals coming from the roundabout in the playground, the dog barking beside its owner and the young couple in uniform, wandering hand in hand towards the school across the street. No sign of Stephen. Oh well.

The intoxicating smell of the earth envelops me as I step under a low canopy of trees, away from the concreted paths to the mud and dirt lined tracks beyond. I love the beauty of the organized park, but it cannot compare to the wild, eclectic mix created by Mother Nature. It may be random, but the combination of flowers, leaves, grass and trees is magical.

"Oh, hey, Rachel." A familiar voice makes me jump a little. I look round, and beside a swathe of butter-bright daffodils stands Stephen in his dark-green work overalls.

"Hiya," I reply and walk over, making sure I don't step on any of the beautiful blooms. "How are you?"

"I'm fine." He answers, blessing me with a warm smile. "How are you? I hope the girls didn't keep you up all night on Saturday."

"Well, not really. I went home not long after..." I pause, looking at his lips, "after you went on with the lads. Where did you end up going?"

"Oh, I told them I was feeling really sick from the booze and got a taxi home. For some reason, I wasn't in the mood to be dragged round more packed clubs, drinking and later falling down."

It's his turn to look at my lips and as his gaze lingers, I gently run my tongue around them and I am sure I hear him moan.

"So we were both in bed early, then," I remark, looking down to my feet, hands thrust into my coat pockets. I can feel that my cheeks are warm and probably bright red.

"Yes," he coughs. "I must be getting boring in my old age, although if I'd have gone to bed with you, I wouldn't have been bored."

"Or boring," I add, looking up coyly.

"Thanks." He picks up a small piece of litter with the long grabber he's been holding. It's so quiet; I can hear the birds singing and the wind gently rustling in the daffodils around our feet.

"I love daffodils." My words break the quiet. He looks up, flicking a small hair from off his face as I continue: "They're just so bright, and such a beautiful shape. The trumpet is almost phallic. It's like they're proclaiming the potency of spring, the new life and the processes that create that new life."

I'm sure there had been a good couple of meters between us when I started talking, but now he is right next to me, his nose virtually touching mine. I smile weakly, my cheeks flush even more and my body strains to touch his. Without a word his head dips and his lips kiss mine.

My stomach flips over, tightening with pleasure. It is shocking enough to feel his warm lips caressing mine, but when he clasps me in his arms, my mind turns to thoughtless goo. My body is in charge; my hands grasp at his buttocks and pull him in, 'til I can feel his hard cock pressing into me.

"God, I want you," he groans, as he draws breath. I feel him pushing me backwards and I struggle against him. Part of my brain is trying to tell me that we can't do anything here. What if someone sees? It's a losing battle, though. I trip over a root and land roughly on my bottom in the muddy grass. Stephen lands on top of me, forcing me to lie flat on my back. All I can see now is the stems of the proud daffodils.

"Are you okay?" Stephen gasps. He splits my legs around his kneeling body, leaning over and kissing my lips, my cheeks and along my throat.

"Yes," I gasp, enjoying the tingling of his kisses. "The ground is soft and my bottom is well padded."

"Oh, yes it is." Stephen groans and his kisses continue down my neck, and into my cleavage.

My heart pounds as his fingers grasp my zip and pull open my jacket. I gasp as his cold fingers lift up the cotton of my t-shirt and his lips kiss across my stomach, his fingers easing my breasts from their confines.

"We can't do this here," I weakly protest, feeling the soft heat of the spring sun on my exposed flesh and the wind gently caressing my nipples.

"We sure as hell can," Stephen exclaims, taking a nipple between his lips and sucking, then nibbling at it. My back arches and my crotch rubs against his. "I've waited far too bloody long for this, and I am going to have you now, right now."

His mouth ravishes my boob and once more I object. Albeit feebly.

"We might be seen..."

"Let them watch," Stephen hisses, slipping down to my belly button, his tongue dipping into it. I wonder how that tongue would feel dipping inside my damp pussy, which is getting wetter with every lick. "I could have thumped those idiots who dragged me away from you on Saturday. Rachel, I wanted you so much. I went home and thought

about you all damn night. I wondered how you'd feel, how you'd taste...and I'm going to find out now. I can't wait any more."

His fingers flick my skirt up and I hear him groan. I remember that I hadn't put on any knickers this morning.

"I like to feel the wind caressing me," I whisper, blushing.

"I knew you were a naughty, dirty girl," Stephen hisses. He grins then looks down between my thighs. "I've got to taste you."

He slides his body down. It's a good job his overalls are green or the grass stains would be a bugger to get out. Then I'm not thinking at all.

His breath tickles my thighs as his fingers slip along my slick lips, peeling them open, revealing my most intimate parts to his gaze. My head rolls to the side and I look up at the daffodils, imagining little tongues hanging out of their trumpets as they jealously watch on.

Stephen's tongue is magical. I pull out fistfuls of grass as he laps up and down my wet slit, slipping inside my clenching cunt then licking round and over my excited clit. I try so hard not to make noise, but moans and gasps slip through my lips as his tongue pokes and prods, laps and licks me 'til I'm teetering on the point of ecstasy.

I groan with frustration as the tongue moves away, leaving me desperately writhing into the soft grass, releasing the spring smell of damp earth. I lift my head to see what he's doing and gasp as I see the hard, reddened cock sticking out from the fly of his dark-green overalls.

I watch as he moves forward on his knees. It's an erotic image to me, seeing that hard, thick cock getting closer and closer to my aching pussy, but if anyone else saw him, they would probably laugh. I remember where I am and glance around, relieved to not see anyone coming up the path. Hopefully no one will come until we have.

The tip of him presses against my eager opening and I feel the rough material encasing his legs chafe at my thighs. I push my hips up to meet him, but he holds back, teasing me.

"Please," I gasp. I'm desperate now, and I want him to know it.

"Impatient." He grins, pressing inside me just a tiny millimeter more. "I'm savoring this moment; I've been waiting for it for so long. I went home on Saturday and fantasized about this..."

His cock slips inside me as his words wrap me round in an erotic bubble.

"...about fucking you."

I press my hips up again, moaning as I force him in a little further, knowing he can't hold out for much longer.

"Do you want to know what I fantasized about on Saturday night?" I ask him, smiling provocatively. His head nods as he groans, slipping deeper inside of me.

"You. I imagined you kissing me in the club. I imagined your hands grabbing my boobs under my top and then slipping under my skirt and grasping my bare buttocks. I imagined opening your fly as we swayed to the thumping beat of the music. I rubbed my clit as I thought of your hard cock inside me, your big cock fucking me."

My pussy contracts as I remember that fantasy and pull him in to the hilt. He cannot hold back now, and he growls as he bends over. His big hands press into the soft earth on either side of my shoulders and his face hangs above my own as his hips begin to pump.

With every thrust I notice the exciting contrast of clothes against soft flesh. The sensation of him inside me is overwhelming. I cannot think, only feel. The earth gives beneath us as we fuck, and I know I will be covered in mud and grass when he's finished, but I don't care. I care about nothing but his pubis bashing against mine as his cock drives into me over and over again. I am ecstatic. I thrash

my head and my curls break loose and swirl around my face. I run my hands up his arms and grasp on to his shoulders as he drives deeper and deeper into me, rubbing my clit with each thrust in and bringing me ever closer to a mind-numbing orgasm.

Just as I reach my most abandoned, my ears pick up a familiar sound. Footfalls.

"Someone's coming." I freeze and Stephen looks round.

"Shit," he curses as I try to struggle up from our compromising position.

"No," he hisses, pressing his body flat down on top of mine. "Stay where you are. My work gear will hide us."

We lie flat with his cock still rock hard inside me, pressing against my sensitive pussy and his pubis pushed down into me, exciting my pulsing clit. It is sweet torture being joined like this, so close to orgasm and having to stop, knowing people are passing and that we could be discovered at any moment. I try hard not to breathe, my heart thumping so loud I am sure it's audible. I can feel Stephen's heart beating against my chest and his breath caressing my cheek. All I can see are the stems and proud golden heads of the daffodils. They are raised and erect, straining upwards, as if listening for intruders. I can hear the footfalls. They are closer now.

I hold my breath, convinced we are a moment away from being discovered, and in Stephen's case probably fired. My body strains to hold still, but I feel my pussy clenching around the hard invader resting expectantly inside. I hear a catch in his breath, and feel slight movement as he presses his hips down and his cock nudges deeper into me. I have to keep quiet, I have to stay still; but my slutty pussy is craving stimulation and it squeezes Stephen's cock again. The people are so very close; I can hear their conversation. I want to moan as Stephen presses into me, to scream, but I can't.

"Aren't those daffodils beautiful." a strange female voice comments. Stephen and I clench all our muscles, knowing she is looking towards us. A few other voices agree and the footsteps stop. I am scared, yet so excited and stimulated that the barest movement will make me come and come hard. I am relieved to hear no barking or panting. These are just walkers, not dog walkers. I mentally cringe as I imagine the nose of a curious pooch discovering our hiding place.

The strangers continue on their way and yet we lay still, straining our hearing 'til we are certain we cannot hear them anymore. I let out a sigh and am about to comment on how close it had been when Stephen lifts his chest up off mine and commences pumping his hips. It's not a slow tease now, it's a desperate need. I gasp and groan with every hard thrust, completely forgetting the strangers, surrendering to the fucking.

My eyes are closed against the spring sun, but in my mind I can still see the daffodils swaying to the rhythm of our coupling. Their trumpets are straining as the rubbing against my clit drives me closer and closer to release. Then I'm coming. The pressure is released and the built-up pleasure floods through my system. I scream out my pleasure, I can't help it. Stephen's hand clamps over my mouth as he pushes deep inside me with one last forceful thrust. I feel his cock shudder as his whole body tightens and his orgasm pushes mine into a second wave of intense ecstasy.

Stephen removes his hand from my mouth and leans over, kissing my lips with such tenderness that I feel a tear of happiness welling up in my eye. I kiss him back, and feel him slipping out and away from me. I fasten my top and stand, brushing the loose dirt from my skirt, trying not to dwell on the grass stains.

"At least your grass stains blend in with your clothes," I joke. He laughs, wrapping me in a tender hug.

SEASONS OF BLISSE

"We'll do it without the daffodils watching tonight, if you'll come to my house for dinner." He smiles wickedly into my eyes.

"No," I reply. His face falls. "I like the daffodils watching. So, I'll bring a bunch with me when I come to your place for dinner."

He chuckles loudly and shakes his head. "Whatever turns you on, sexy."

With one last kiss I walk away, already looking forward to performing for an eager daffodil audience again tonight.

Artistic Sights, Heavenly Delights

Bashing back tree branches that whip at her and picking carefully through thorns, Hermione wonders why she'd said yes to this posh young man. She'd like to say it was for his good looks and charm, but she had to face the fact that the money involved had motivated her.

"We're nearly there." His upper class accent sparkles in the cool spring sunlight and refracts harsh light into her ears. "I told you it was a bit overgrown. It's worth it, though."

"I'm sure it is." Hermione drags her bags and canvas case through the dense thicket and glares at the back of rich boy's soil-brown wind cheater. She's grumpy at herself for doing this. Money should not dictate art. If some rich guy wanted to offer her an obscene amount of money just to paint his portrait in a certain place - what else could she do? Rent needed paying, food needed buying, she had to swallow her pride and accept the job.

However, she hadn't realised she'd be pushing her way through overgrowth as thick and thorny as in the fabled Sleeping Beauty story. She'd thought he was talking about a neatly manicured corner of the manor's gardens. It wasn't until he headed into an enclave of shady, newly-leafed trees that she began to suspect otherwise.

* * * *

Landon is not completely unaware of Hermione's worries. Every tut and gasp and long exhalation indicates

her less than positive enjoyment of the day so far. It's more than a little disappointing, as Landon hopes to seduce her by the end of the day.

He'd wanted to do this sooner, but whenever he saw her, she was busy. Playing with her daughter or scribbling away, capturing someone's portrait. He spent many lunch hours observing her bent over a large board, pencil in hand and soft, conker-colored curls escaping their elasticized confines to slip over her ruddy pink cheek.

Every day she worked, no matter the weather, setting out her two fold-away chairs, her sign and her board. Every day he watched from his office window or from a bench in the park. He lusted for her and imagined ways to consummate that lust. Landon doesn't like being so consumed by a woman. He's a player, a cad and his mother despairs of him ever finding a nice girl and settling down. She constantly tries to match-make him with eligible young ladies. And when it doesn't work she sighs, "I'll never have grandchildren, will I?"

Much to his annoyance. It's his life and not his mothers.

"Here we are." Suddenly the mess of twigs gave way and an obvious clearing came to light.

"Wow." Hermione is impressed by the sudden vista exposed before her. Not more than a few hundred yards away the ground just disappears. From the heights of this cliff she sees the villages and roads before her, like looking down upon an actual map.

"You didn't lie, did you, Landon?" She smiles at him and he grins back.

"This is the most beautiful view I've ever seen." He sighs and stares into the vast blue sky.

"Why is it hidden away?" Hermione wonders out loud.

"Either they wouldn't believe me or they'd destroy the wild beauty and tame it as part of the "formal" gardens. I couldn't bear to let that happen."

Landon's eyes lock with Hermione's and for a moment he sees the hard, bark-colored eyes soften in understanding.

Hermione agrees, surprisingly enough. This secret and wild place would be ruined if someone tried to run a path through it or tried to prune back the bushes. Maybe Landon isn't quite the stark, stuck-up snob she believes he is.

"So, I was thinking I could sit over here." Landon strides off and over to a large fallen tree, its roots dangling like a wooden waterfall.

"Fantastic." The artist in Hermione takes over and directs Landon to sit on top of the large trunk. "Just sit at an angle a bit. No, no. To the left a bit. Yes, that's it. A bit further back."

Hermione tuts and firmly grabs him by the large, muscular shoulder and pushes him back, angling him to her requirements.

Landon enjoys the feel of her soft but strong hand and the view down her v-necked top. When he glances up, Hermione is looking him straight in the eye, her hands on her hips.

"S-Sorry," He stutters, a blush across his high cheekbones, but a sparkle in his eyes. "I couldn't help myself. It looked so very inviting down there."

Hermione flushes and covers her bare chest with a single hand before stepping back to set up her stool and get to work.

"Don't move an inch," she shouts over her shoulder and roots through her bags and boxes for pencils and paints, affording Landon a very nice view of her rounded buttocks through the material of her long, corduroy skirt. Just an inch or so of milky flesh shows above the plain white ankle sock and practical flat heeled, fruitcake-colored shoes. That inch of flesh fires his fertile imagination. He wonders about the flesh of her thighs and whether her pubic mound is hairy or not. Thankful that the way he was posed means that Hermione's unable to see his crotch, he wiggles

his bottom a little in hopes of moving his engorged cock into a more comfortable position inside his bluebell jeans.

"So, if you can stay as still as possible for me," Hermione smiles as she settles herself on the small, folding stool, "I should be able to get this done fairly quickly."

"No problem, I could sit here all day. Oh, is it okay for me to talk?"

"Yeah, it's fine. I might ask you to shush though, so don't be offended if I do, okay?"

"Okay, it's a deal."

Hermione is in artist mode. She deals with chatty customers every day of the week and as long as they're happy, it doesn't bother her. When Landon first approached Hermione, his sharp upper class accent jangled on her senses. The expensive suit, the briefcase and the clean cut, sharp-nosed look set off alarms in her head the moment he opened his mouth. It wasn't him as such. Growing up with a gypsy father meant she disliked "the suits", as her dear Daddy always called them. She had been determined to say no right up until the point where he offered her three months rent and a pair of new boots for Ellie, in cash, for her services. Survival instincts kicked in and she agreed before she'd really thought it through.

A soft semi-silence falls; birds chirrup and leaves rustle in the shivering, spring breeze. Landon enjoys watching her work, but not the feel of the rough bark on his already desperate-to-wiggle bottom. Not sure how to proceed, Landon is irritated. He's never before had to work at getting a woman, not in all his life.

Women threw themselves at him, at his money, at his name and his title and he caught the ones worth playing with for a while.

It really stuck in his crawl that he'd had to offer her money before she accepted, but it also attracted him to her all the more. They say you always want what you can't

have, well, Landon wants Hermione and she isn't making this seduction easy at all.

What is he staring at?

Unsettled by the feel of his eyes upon her body, she hides herself behind her work. Her skin tingles in response to the gaze, and her heart flutters, even as she tries to resist his charm.

She is ninety-nine percent sure that he is not her type. He's clean-cut for a start. He has no facial hair, not even any real stubble and she likes it when it scratches along her skin as she is kissed. How would Landon's soft cheek feel rubbing against her own cheek, his lips over her lips... she shakes herself out of it before her thoughts get much more risqué.

"How's Ellie?" Landon's voice cuts through her thoughts.

"Oh, she's good. She's with a friend today." Hermione isn't quite comfortable chatting with a near stranger about her daughter, even if Ellie had been to be quite taken by the man when she'd met him. Ellie was normally shy around guys, yet she happily talked to Landon whenever he walked by.

"She's a little star. Very bright. She'll make her mark on the world, I know it." Landon nods his head slightly, blushes and holds still once more.

"She sure will," Hermione smiles. "Glad to know it's not just me who can see it."

Again the silence falls and Hermione concentrates on her drawing. The outline done, she can see this is going to be a good painting.

"Are you okay there?" she asks, noticing Landon's pained expression.

"Yeah. Not bad." he rasps, smiling that disturbingly disarming smile.

"Sounds like you need a drink. Hang on." She reaches into the recesses of her bag and pulls out a slim bottle of

water. Popping the sports cap, she strides over to Landon and offers it up to his lips. He smiles and accepts the tip of the bottle gratefully. As Landon gulps, Hermione tips the bottle more, standing on tip-toe to get the necessary angle.

She over-balances and can't catch herself. She crashes into Landon's thigh and the bottle flies out of her hands, splattering them both with water, then dropping to the ground.

Landon's hand automatically wraps around the falling female body.

Their words pour out and stumbled over each other

"Are you..."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Don't worry. Are you...?"

"Yes. I'm fine."

Hermione looks into foliage green eyes and stops. Her hands are on his chest, her stomach against his thigh. Landon's arm wraps around her and his fingers gently grip the opposite shoulder, holding her reassuringly in his warmth. The bark of the tree rubs across her calves and her knees sting from their impact against the log.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

She focuses on his liquid-lashed lips and stutters. Landon's instincts kick in as she looks up, her hazel-hinted eyes loaded with lust. He presses his own lips down against hers.

Surprise is the gentlest of the emotions Hermione feels as his lips plant themselves upon hers. A whole sea of emotion rolls over her as she lusts for him, shocked at herself.

She reacts, pressing her lips back, gently caressing his plump soft folds with hers. Lamping her fingers around the thick material of his top, pulling him further against her before she fully realizes what she is doing. Ignited like a bush fire, passion burns through her, unabated.

Landon is equally in turmoil. He ceased thinking as his lips stretched down to hers. All other women made it more than clear that they wanted his lips on theirs; he'd never taken a risk like he'd just taken. But, oh God the risk was worth it!

Eventually Hermione draws away from the kiss and takes a step back. Landon's hand rests on her upper arm as she straightens her hair.

"I'm sorry...I don't know what came over me there." Her cheeks are brightly flushed, her eyes focused on the grassy floor.

"Please don't apologize." Landon smiles. For the first time today he feels almost in control as he rearranges his limbs "I do believe I've broken pose though."

Looking up at him, she sees the cheeky glint to his eye and laughs, a true deep laugh that startles Landon in its intensity. The depth of amusement in her eyes thrills him.

"I think it's time to break for lunch," he adds "Is that okay?"

Hermione is completely incapable of fine motor skills right now, so she nods her head. "Good idea. So that basket is a picnic then." She chuckles. "I did wonder."

"Yup. I thought we might be here a while." Landon hops down off the log and moans happily. "Ouch, my buttocks have gone to sleep. Want to wake them up?"

Hermione giggles and flushes some more.

"Cheeky!" she splutters. "Are you asking for a good spanking?"

Why was she asking something so sexual? Maybe it's being surrounded by budding erotic spring or maybe it's the fact she's not had sexual contact with a man for more years than she likes to remember. At just twenty-five, that is a depressing thought.

Landon chuckles and presses his stomach to the log before him, bending over.

"Yes please, Mistress," he chirrups and is pleasantly surprised to hear steps behind him and to feel the gentle slap of her soft delicate hand on his buttocks.

"Naughty, demanding little boy." Hermione giggles and spansks him again, enjoying the look of his slim buttocks bent over and protruding out at her.

"Sorry, Mistress." Landon's voice still has a chuckling edge to it. When Hermione plants another slightly harder spank on his bottom, she is still doing so in jest, even if her body seems to be taking it more seriously than that. Her nipples feel as if they're out and exposed in the cruel, whipping just-out-of-winter wind instead of encased snugly beneath her orange top and cotton bra.

The next time she swats his ass, she lets some of her sexual frustration out and Landon actually yelps in pain, mostly because his hardening member bangs painfully into the side of the fallen tree.

"I'll spank the insolence out of you, posh boy."

She lets herself get lost in it, hand swishing down and connecting with force to his jean clad buttocks. He's not protesting and even if he were, she's too hot to stop now.

"Sorry, Mistress." He repeats the words with more feeling and less jest. This is a new game, but he likes it. He's spanked girls before, tied them down and done the masterful Lord of the manor thing but he'd never been treated like this and he was slightly surprised to find himself this turned on just by the dull thump of her hand against his bottom.

Suddenly, self-restraint pulls through and Hermione stops her thrashing and gasps,

"Oh hell, I'm so sorry. What was I doing? Oh my. I think I better go."

Panting, her heart throbbing, she dashes over to her paints and brushes. With shaking hands she begins to bundle them back into her bag.

Landon swears under his breath and pushes himself up and off the log,

"Hermione, Hermione, please don't go. You were enjoying yourself, I was enjoying myself. We were playing, just playing. Please don't go."

The genuine catch in his voice makes her turn to face him, a paint-filled brush grasped tightly in her hand. "We shouldn't be, though, I barely know you. And . . . And you're my customer. I can't. I shouldn't. I really just shouldn't."

"Hermione," his hand reaches out and grasps her shoulder, "please don't ignore this. I've been watching you for so long, I've fancied you for so long, I've wanted you, wanted this for such a long time. Please don't deny me now."

"You mean to say you hired me because you fancied me?" Suddenly she's enraged, jerking away from his hand. She continues to pack her things. "Now I'm insulted as well as embarrassed. Fuck you, Landon. What the hell were you thinking?"

Landon sees his opportunity fading, all his seduction plans draining away like sand in an upturned egg timer.

"Hermione, I love your work. I sit and watch you ever lunch. I adore your art. I also fancy you. Please don't condemn me for using the only opportunity I had to speak with you, to meet with you. I did what I could to interact with you."

"I feel like a damn whore, Landon. I feel like you've bought me. Do you realize how degrading that is?" Her voice is bitter, her eyes blazing.

"I've bought your art. I truly want you to paint my portrait; I'd not want any other artist to do it." Landon sighs whilst running his fingers through his barley colored hair. "I can't help that I love the curves of your body, the soft velvety pout of your lips, the dusty color of your skin. I

can't help that every time I look into your eyes my whole body explodes with lust." He looks up and sighs.

Hermione's livid. She's been used and conned. Why she isn't as outraged, as she feels she should be? Maybe it's because she's caught up in his passionate plea and all she wants to do is to kiss away the pained look upon his face. However, her stubborn nature has her zipping up her bags and striding across the glade, back the way they had come.

"Hermione!" Landon shouts, once and then again. He decides to throw caution to the wind and chase after her. Reaching her within a matter of moments, he whips her round to face him. Her eyes are wide with shock. He desperately lunges forward. She gasps as his lips press to hers. The force makes her step back. The back of her ankles hit something hard. There is rough bark against her back and shoulders.

Her lips surrender to him in surprise. Her hands drop her bags. They wrap around his shoulders, pulling him down onto her, pressing his body into hers. She refuses to let him make this decision; she's taking charge. She pushes back, making him stumble. There's a hard knock to the back of Landon's shoe. With Hermione pushing against him, he can't maintain his balance and falls back into the long grass, Hermione landing on top of him.

Their lips do not part, not even for a moment. The kiss continues. Hermione's tongue slips between Landon's lips and takes command of his mouth. Her legs are between his, his erection pressed just under the curve of her stomach. Landon's hands wander across her, stroking down her back and under the curve of her breasts.

She needs to feel him on her bare skin. She pushes up, her thighs parting to straddle him. She catches his eye as she lifts her top, exposing her tanned tummy to his sight. His gaze rises with the material as she eases it up her arms and over her head, throwing it to one side.

Landon loves her beautiful, rounded body and moans as she snaps off her bra and throws it to the grass. He follows a trail of goose bumps to her nipples and admires the dusky-pink volcanoes delicately perched upon her sun-kissed breasts.

She feels his cock stirring. Smiling, she reaches forward to unzip his gillet. Once it's open, she rolls up his shirt until she see's his tiny nipples. Whilst holding the top up she leans down and takes one between her lips, sucking and nipping at it.

Nothing matters but the urgency of their lust. Hermione's sick of thinking, of shielding herself from the world and her desires. She's going to sate her throbbing need, no matter what.

Stretching her torso, she dangles her heavy breasts over his face and is rewarded by his lips and teeth grasping and gripping at whatever flesh they can reach. She feels sexy, aggressively so, her mind consumed with her needs. All false pride is forgotten.

Landon is unaware of what has changed the balance, but enjoys every moment of this. As Hermione crawls up his body, he feasts on her flesh wherever it becomes visible.

"Show me you're sorry. Prove it," she whispers just as her thighs envelope his face and her long skirt settles around his head. The smell of her sex is intoxicating. It combines with the dewy grass and fertile soil to form an Elemental aroma. Sticking out his tongue, he encounters the thin strap of her thong. Through the heavy material of her skirt, he hears her moan as his tongue travels up and down the length of her thong strap, on either side of the material strip.

Using his nose, he moves the strap to the side and smothers his nose and cheeks with sweet, aromatic juice. From the squeezing of her thighs Landon knows Hermione

is enjoying this as much as he, and so continues to lick and lap around the small bud of her clit.

Hermione's closes her eyes and throws her head back, enjoying the sunshine and wind on her skin. She has always been aggressive in sex and this was what she enjoys most, what she revels in; *taking* her satisfaction from her lover. Landon's lips, tongue and nose are doing a great job of teasing and taunting and suggesting satisfaction, but she needs something more to really satisfy her need.

She lifts herself off Landon's face and rolls onto her back in the cool grass.

"Come on then, Lover," she taunts "persuade me to stay and finish your portrait."

Sitting up, Landon looks down on Hermione as she lies on the grass, her body surrounded by luscious green growth. It frames her like the greenery in a fine bouquet of flowers; her skirt, rucked up around her waist, forming petals around the stem. The most beautiful woman he has ever seen, surrounded by the most beautiful landscape in all the world. Perfect.

"I'll do my best." He crawls to her, throwing off his jacket and jumper, oblivious to grass and mud stains. Next, he loosens his belt and lowers his jeans, pulling his boxers with them and freeing his wet-tipped erection. Scrambling between her legs, he rubs himself up and down her wet, thong-covered slit, hooking it to one side with his thumb. He notices the sparse hairs decorating her pussy with satisfaction. He pushes forward and presses his cock into her. Slowly he slips in, feeling her pussy contracting around him, holding him as he eases in and then out and repeats the action.

This is what she needs, what she craves. Hermione moans in deep appreciation as Landon slip his cock inside her. Her pussy spasms and clenches in tiny, body-pleasing explosions with each frenzied thrust of his hips.

He places his arms either side of her shoulders and puts all his energy into thrusting his hips and enjoying the moment. This is the first time he has enjoyed a fuck on more than a physical level. Deep within, his soul is crying out with pleasure as it molds and combines with hers. Looking into her eyes, he knows she feels it too. It drives him to thrust all the harder and to nuzzle his lips against the nape of her neck and down to her breasts and nipples.

Hermione's senses reel from the stimuli within and around her. The smell of the fresh crushed grass and soft fertile soil, the cool breeze on her naked parts, the sight of the natural beauty surrounding her and the miracle of nature above and inside her. This is more than love-making; it is elemental in its impassioned ferocity.

Landon is just as in awe of the situation. Eyes closed, lips fastened to Hermione's, he pushes harder and deeper into her, feeling her breasts wobbling with the impact, her nipples grazing his chest.

"Oh, Landon," she moans and he feels her squeezing around his cock, feels her shudder and shake as she pours her natural juices over him. Her orgasm pushes him to thrust harder and faster. He shouts out her name as he explodes.

Panting, they lay side by side in the spring sunshine, hand in hand.

"Are you ready to pose again?" Hermione grins. "I'm ready to paint."

"Sure. Though I think I've gained some grass stains here."

"Good. That's just what I was aiming for. I need you to blend in more with your surroundings."

They both laugh. A great masterpiece is born.

Come On You Reds

"Come on, you reds!" I chant, flopping into the sofa, then straightening my United top.

"Sod off, you reds!" He imitates me, waving his blue scarf in the air.

"Oh, shush you, before I start singing 'bog off, you blues' and it starts to rain."

He shrugs and wraps the scarf back round his neck, the ends draping over the blue top below it.

"Aren't you hot with that thing on?"

"Well, yes actually, I am," he replies, "but I've worn it during every other Chelsea FA cup match and I'm certainly not going to take it off for the final."

"Because your scarf is obviously the only thing keeping them in the competition," I giggle. He rolls his eyes and picks up his can of lager.

"Better than being kept in by the referee..."

"Oh, don't start that again," I flap at him, my fingers making gentle contact with his arm. "It was a bloody penalty."

"Yeah, but the one Sheffield should have had wasn't? Yeah, right."

We've regurgitated this exact argument for weeks, my Chelski scum of a boyfriend and me. You see, when I met him in the club I did not ask which team he supported because he was hot. Tall, sleek and blonde, he reeks of pleasure taken and wildness just tamed. I kissed him. I kissed him hard and I kissed him long and I kissed him into bed that very same night.

No, I'm not some kind of slut; it was just a moment of perfect sexual clarity and I just knew that holding out would do me no good. I needed him and he needed me. We barely made it to the hotel, even though it was only a short walk. We walked as some strange four legged freak of nature, folding in and out like a concertina, sharing kisses and gropes with barely a glint of streetlight between us.

We kissed past the reception desk and straight into the elevator, where he lifted my dress and rubbed his fingers along my lace covered slit. I nipped at his neck, leaving little red marks I wanted to trace down his whole body, like an exotic tattoo. I pulled open a few buttons so I could continue on my mission, before the door pinged and slid open at our floor.

We stopped at my room, it being the closest to the lift doors. In the morning, we woke to find the door ajar and fucked again as we discussed who might have been watching our lusts the night before and what they might have been doing. We walked down to breakfast, as thick as thieves. We were both there for the same conference, his employer being my employer but our departments being in separate cities.

It wasn't until we were seated that I found out his affiliation.

His workmate looked at us all awry, shaking his head.

"What are you doing bedding the enemy, mate?"

"Oh shut up, Pet," he scowled, crunching a spoonful of cornflakes between his teeth.

"No, no. You once told me you could never be with a Man United fan and what do I find you with here, at breakfast? The biggest red in the damn division."

"Why, who do you support?" I ask him, curious now. I assume it's Manchester City or maybe, God forbid, Liverpool with our location. "Chelsea." He sighs.

My blood runs cold.

"Oh."

Now, for those of you who did not experience first hand the battle for Premiership dominance between Manchester United and Chelsea during the 06/07 season, here is an analogy. Imagine I am a lion—well, lioness—and I have my pack. He is another lion with his own pack and if we ever cross paths, snot and hair go flying. Can you see the problem now? Good. Let's carry on.

We continued breakfast in silence.

The conversation came later on, over tea and biscuits.

"I didn't realise you were a southerner."

He sighed.

"I'm not, but my dad always supported Chelsea, the way his dad always did and I just followed suit."

"Oh," I nodded, biting into a custard cream, the sweetness masking the bad taste in my mouth. I'd fucked a blue; a blue for heavens sake!

"This isn't going to make a difference, is it?" he asked, idly stirring his tea.

"No," I shook my head. "Oh, geez no."

I thought it was going to be a one night thing. Why should his football allegiance spoil that?

"Good, because you're the most adorable fucking red I've ever met." He spent the second half of the boring conference proving this to me in the privacy of my hotel room. We swapped numbers before departing on our separate coaches and that, I thought, was that. Until he called. Then I suddenly became the girlfriend of a Chelsea fan.

And then, as you could well predict, Chelsea and Manchester United ended up in the FA cup final and the sniping began. Sniping that will hopefully be brought to an end today when Manchester United wipes the floor with the opposition.

"They're singing the national anthem –not long 'til kick off now." I snuggle back into the sofa, tucking my legs up

behind me and leaning my head on the shoulder of the enemy.

"Oh, yes?" he questions, lifting my chin.

"Oh, come on. I always watch the telly like this –are you telling me you don't want me pressing my soft flesh up against you?"

I grin and press my breasts against his arm with an exaggerated sexy movement.

"Oh, okay, stay there then." He rolls his eyes and grins.

"Thank you. Oooh, they're kicking off."

Silence falls as we both transport to opposite sides of Wembley stadium. He "ooh's" in excitement as I "ahh" in fright. He leans forward as I cringe into his arm and he turns his head from me as I hiss "yes!" and shoot him an I-told-you-so kind of smile.

As the tempo slows and the game hits a lull, he wraps his arm around me and plants a kiss on the top of my head. I snuggle back and grin up at him.

"I feel like I'm sleeping with the enemy."

"Well, it's not been that exciting of a game, but I'm not snoring yet."

"Oh, okay, smartarse. I feel like I'm fucking the enemy, then."

"Am I the enemy?" He asks, kind of seriously.

"Well, yes."

"Oh, well in that case you're not fucking the enemy 'cos I'd know about it if you were. But, I want to say I'm not opposed to the idea."

"Slut." I laugh, kissing his cheek, one eye on the screen.

"No my dear, that would be you."

"Bastard." I slap at him but he captures my wrist in his hand and plants a hot, heavy kiss on my lips.

"Now, now. You're going to get it if you're not careful."

"Get what?" I reply, letting my other hand slip over his jean clad thigh, to skim the delights held within.

"A Yellow Card," he whispers hoarsely. "I keep it in my pants."

"Go on then, get it out," I taunt, tugging on his zip.

"Do you really want it? It might turn into a red one if you keep taunting me."

"Mmm, I do hope so." I pop open his button and stroke a finger down his boxers. I'm delighted to find a stirring of arousal.

"You wicked girl," he groans as I slip him out of his boxers and slide to my knees between his thighs, oblivious now to the television (but only because it's half time).

I gently stroke his cock, enticing it from its dark cave. I moan and move my lips closer to his crotch, my breath tickling his hot skin, making him buck and curse as I gently press a tight-lipped kiss to his head, watching with amazement as his dick continues to fill out, growing towards my lips like a flower stretches to the sun.

I love teasing him, but there is a point when my desire to taste him overtakes my desire to torture him. That moment has come. I lean closer, inhaling musk mixed with his light, citrus scent. It's an aphrodisiac. I gently slip my lips around him, pressing him into my mouth, enjoying the slow filling of my mouth. I slip down, then retreat before pressing forward even more on the second stroke. His hands drift down into my hair to press my face further on to his aching member.

"It's been a lack lustre first half..." the pundit on the TV drones. "Neither team has taken dominance...."

"Yeah, they've both sucked," the young partner adds, barely veiled disgust in his voice.

My cheeks crinkle in a smile as I build up the pace around his cock, 'til his fingers grip my hair and pull my head back, making me wince.

"What are you smiling at?" he pants, his cock temptingly close to my lips.

"The pundit. He's talking like the match is a fuck," I explain. He thinks for a minute, then smiles.

"Oh, I see. Well, if we're sucking in equal measures, I guess it's my turn." He drags me up by my hair. I "ouch" all the way, 'til I'm standing and he's easing off the pressure. I shriek as he pushes me onto the sofa.

"What the fuck..?"

I love his randomness. He often takes me by surprise, like now.

"What are you playing at?" I gasp, but moments later I moan as he sinks between my thighs and starts kissing there, under my skirt. I squeal as he pulls me to the edge of the sofa, hooking my legs over his shoulders and pulling me open.

I squirm as he sits and surveys my pussy as it sits an inch from his face. A deep inhalation is matched with a moan and I purr as he lets that breath back out and over my sticky folds, tickling my engorged clit. The game has resumed. I open one eye and take in the opening kick before his lips press against my pussy. His tongue laps up and then down my slit, making my excited flesh tingle and throb with need.

My eyes flick down to his head, lower to his brows, his nose and just the merest glimpse of his lapping tongue as it extends over me, sending shocks of passion through my pulsing pussy and into my mind. He continues to lick and suck at my clit as I throw my head back and surrender to the sensations.

"I need to be inside you," he gasps, standing. I nod, turn around on the sofa (glancing at the TV) and spread my legs as I hitch up my skirt.

"What a gorgeous cunt," he groans, letting his trousers drop to the floor as he steps forward, placing himself gently between my spread thighs. He spears me, sliding into the

slick cavern, wet from the flicking of his tongue. He laughs as he pulls out and drives himself deeper.

"I said Chelsea would fuck United today." He grins, "I didn't realise I meant it so literally."

"Bastard." I slap his cheek and he thrusts his cock inside me hard.

"Bitch." He hisses, crushing his lips to mine as I dig my nails into his shoulders, hoping to put a hole in his crappy blue top.

"Chelsea seem to be on top at the moment..." the commentator drones and we grin at each other as he continues to bash into me, my cunt squeezing tighter and harder the quicker he goes.

"...United's attack is waking up now," the pundit adds. I slip a hand between us and caress my aching clit. "They're looking for a way through, they need this, they want it. You can see it in their eyes."

He is staring at me, his gaze fastened to mine as I gently stroke my sticky clit. His hips pumping, his cock swelling inside of me. I'm so close to my orgasm. I can feel the tingles of anticipation, my stomach tightens and I pant. I can see he is close too. He's driving harder and harder into me, knocking the sofa arm nosily against the wall with his power.

I notice the crowd noise from the television getting louder and more agitated, but I can't concentrate on the commentator's words. As I reach my peak, I hear an explosion of noise from the television. "Yes!" I yell, my eyes closing.

I hear his voice melding and melting into mine as he echoes me. Our voices blend in with the crowd noise..

"What a goal!" The commentator's voice is rough with passion, "I can't believe it. The fans are going wild..."

He collapses onto my chest, his blue next to my red and we both look to the screen, once again concentrating on the passion on the pitch, instead of on the sofa.

An Unorthodox Exercise

"Andre will be with you in a moment."

The austere blonde receptionist smiles thinly as she takes my name and appointment time. Sliding the glass divider shut, she turns on her high heel and continues to look intently at a wall of filing cabinets.

I find a seat on the far side of the small waiting room. The room is painted a lovely shade of buttercup yellow and several nice prints are on the walls. An attempt to make the room feel warmer and less like a hospital waiting room, I would imagine. You can't get rid of that smell, though. You know the one; it's like a cross between an old woman and a musty charity shop, with a sharp hint of pine disinfectant.

I am early for my appointment so whilst I wait, I decide to do some of my exercises. Gingerly, I un-strap my wrist from the restricting splint. Gently, I remove the strapping and stretch my fingers. My wrist is still sore and stiff from my accident. I begin to flex it, up, down, left, right. Just like the Physiotherapist showed me when I had the plaster removed last week.

"That's what I like to see, a patient doing her exercises."

I jump at the sound of a deep, mellow male voice. Looking up, I am even more startled. He is gorgeous and his eyes twinkle, his mouth stretching into a big smile.

"Sorry to make you jump." He grins, "I'm Andre and you must be Caitlyn."

"Yes, that's right," I smile and stand.

"Just follow me," he smiles, his brown eyes glimmering like burnished bronze.

"Okay," I chirp, my voice catching as I watch him confidently stride away from me and into the treatment room.

"Here, take a seat."

I sit upon the orange plastic chair and feel my cheeks burning red.

"Okay, Caitlyn..." He smiles.

"Call me Katy, everyone else does," I interrupt before he can go any further; I am not a fan of my full name, only my mum still insists on calling me by it.

"Okay, Katy."

Again, he looks me straight in the eye. I can only take so much of his confident gaze before dropping my eye level. That makes me blush more, as I imagine what his strong chest must be like under the white uniform.

"So, obviously it's your left wrist you've broken."

His voice lilts, softly wrapping his accent around the harshness of the English language; he sounds local to Liverpool, yet not roughly so. I nod in agreement.

"And you had two pins inserted?"

Again I nod and he sits down upon the bed to the left of me, picking up a clipboard and a ball point pen.

"How did you do it?"

"I fell down the stairs."

I carry on, having heard every possible joke over the last eight weeks, "And no, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't pushed. I tripped over my own feet."

"It's easily done," Andre replies and runs a hand through the thick, dark-chocolate hair that has fallen into his eyes, simultaneously clearing his view and making my vision blur with longing. Andre continues to ask about my injury and all about myself.

"I'm left handed," I tell him. "I do *everything* with my left hand."

I can't believe I'm being so blatantly sexual. My masturbatory habits have been seriously affected; maybe the build up of sexual urgency is making me do strange, un-Katy like things.

"Oh no!" He winks, making my cheeks deepen to a dark-pink blush. "This must be really frustrating for you then."

I watch as he shuffles in his seat. I wonder if he is feeling as erotically charged as I am.

"Okay. I just need to know what job you do."

"I'm a writer," I reply, dreading the next, inevitable question.

"What do you write?"

"Romance novels," I reply, lying slightly, I can't bring myself to tell him I write erotica. It's possibly the most ironic possible job, a virgin erotica writer. Little does anyone know that my sexual descriptions all come from self-exploration and the use of some hastily-purchased sex toys.

"Very interesting."

Andre's voice cuts into my self-pleasuring thoughts and once again I jump a little in my skin.

"Oh, and one last question. I hate asking it but it's on my list."

"Fire ahead."

"Has your injury affected your sex life?"

I blush dark crimson now, noticing I am not the only one.

"I can see why you don't like asking it!" I giggle, trying to make light of the issue, "but no, I'm a virgin. So you don't have to worry about my sex life!"

"Oh," he exclaims, looking shocked. He's probably never met a twenty-five year old virgin before.

"Right, let's get a closer look at this wrist."

An effective way to change the subject. I gasp as Andre puts down the clipboard and shuffles to the edge of

the bed. At his signal, I lay my hands upon the towel-covered table before me and follow his instructions so he can see the difference in movement between the two.

"Is it very painful?"

"Pretty painful." I smile.

"Okay, well I won't poke at it too much today, then. We'll make an appointment for next week. By then I should be able to manipulate it without it giving you much discomfort. I'm going to have a feel at your wrist and hand, though, just to assess it."

"Okay," I smile. All I can hear is the thump, thump, thump of my heart booming in my head as Andre's hand moves to grasp mine. His touch is soft and gentle; his hands well looked after. The fingers, long and supple, would feel wonderful playing with my...

"OW!"

I jump on reflex and move my right hand to cover Andre's in an attempt to pull it away.

"Sorry," I stammer when I realise what I have done, quickly I snatch my hand away. "It was a reflex."

"It's okay, Katy." He smiles at me. "Some people's instincts lead to me getting a fat lip."

"Really?"

"Oh, yeah. Sorry I hurt you. I needed to know how much mobility you had in your wrist. Obviously not much yet." His eyes sparkle as his hand rests over mine, his thumb rubbing slow circles.

"Anyway," he lets out a long, shuddering breath and lifts his hand away from mine. "Continue with your exercises and I'll see you the same time next week."

"Thanks," I smile. "See you."

It's probably my over-active writer's imagination, but I swear I can feel his eyes upon my back and generous buttocks as I walk out of the room. I find myself swinging my hips slightly, in hope he *is* looking.

As I walk home, I whistle and murmur love songs, my mind totally consumed by Andre. I get home and run to my computer. Suddenly, I have the inspiration to write again.

* * * *

A week passes quickly and once again I sit in the physiotherapy waiting room. Almost unconsciously I have dressed up a little this time. My prettiest bra and knickers are covered with a short, floaty summer dress. The flowers on it look like they're dancing in the wind as I walk.

"You look lovely and cool."

Andre's voice reaches out from the physio ward

"Oh, hi," I smile and blush, standing to walk over to him. "Yeah, I am really glad I'm out of plaster for this heat wave. Though this damn splint isn't much better."

Andre nods distractedly, his cheeks red and his eyes glazed.

"Follow me."

He coughs and leads me to a curtained-off cubicle. Again he makes me show him my hands and my exercises.

"Good," he smiles. "I can tell you've been exercising your wrist."

I look up at him and smile. If only he knew how. I'd spent hours typing a new erotica novel in the past seven days and each night I would try to use my left wrist to satisfy the niggling itch left over from my sexual writings. I feel a thrill rushing through me as I notice him squirm on the bed, his cheeks flushing. Maybe he *can* read my mind.

I watch closely as he manipulates my wrist, up and down, pressing hard and making his muscles strain. In his short-sleeved uniform I can see his biceps flex and I realise how much hard work he must put into his job each day.

"You're fit," I exclaim.

He looks up from my wrist, looking slightly confused.

"I mean, erm... to, erm... do this. You have big muscles. I mean, it must be hard work..."

My words collapse in on themselves and I get buried in the landslide. I might be able to build with words on paper, but in real life they often end up falling down and getting me into trouble.

"Oh, yeah." A mischievous glint shines in his eye. "It's an incredibly physical job."

I smile and feel my blush receding. The blood rushing from my cheeks makes me feel a little dizzy.

"Are you okay?" Andre placing a hand upon my shoulder. "You just lost a lot of color in your face."

The pressure of his strong hand reassures me and enflames me. I feel safe and secure yet wild and dangerous all at the same moment; I smile and nod.

"I'm fine," I manage to blurt. "I just went a little dizzy."

I feel a squeeze then the weight is lifted. My body craves to feel those fingers again the instant they're moved.

"Let me get you some water."

He disappears out of the cubicle and I run a hand through my long straight hair in an unconscious, settling act. I am just pulling on the hem of my skirt when Andre walks back in.

I jump, causing the hem of my skirt to rise on my thigh. "Here's your water," he chirps, thrusting a plastic cup towards me

I lift my hand to receive it, but I am now unable to pull my skirt back down with my left wrist injured and my right hand filled. I take a slow sip, savouring the icy coolness washing down my throat. It suffuses my whole body with its chill. As I look over the rim of my plastic cup, I notice Andre's gaze firmly fixed on the exposed length of my thigh.

"That's better." I smile and take pleasure in seeing him jump nervously, jolted from his dream world. "Where shall I put this?" I indicate my water cup, still half full.

"Here, I'll take it."

As our hands meet, I get nervous and let go a second before I should. The plastic cup drops and lands in my lap, its contents splashing all over my dress.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Andre says, grabbing the paper lining off the bed and dabbing away at my stomach, thighs and up to my breasts.

"It's okay," I reassure him in short gasps. My nipples are painfully erect from the effects of the icy water and Andre's dabbing. He looks up at me and I see uncertainty in his eyes.

"Thanks for cleaning me up." I smile and place my good hand upon his shoulder, squeezing to let him know his actions didn't upset me.

"Alright," he sighs shakily, straightening at the same time.

I giggle, despite my nerves. "I'll air dry on the way home," I say, and see the worried look lift from Andre's eyes.

"Sorry about that." He smiles, and I notice yet again how thick and pink his lips are and think how much I'd like to feel them upon my skin

"Don't worry, I'm back next week. I can get my revenge then," I quip as I stand and brush the hem of my skirt down to my knees.

"I look forward to it." He smiles back and we share a moment of laughter, his mellow tones blending with my high-pitched girlish giggle.

* * * *

The summer months passed. Soon my weekly physiotherapy sessions were reduced to fortnightly. I began to realise that I had to do something.

Andre, though seemingly confident, had not made a move to ask me out or anything of the like. I guessed that had something to do with me being a patient and hoped that was the case. I was certain he was attracted to me, but

maybe my sexual need was sending me confused signals. You can never quite tell.

Each visit was filled with laughter and conversation. I found out we enjoyed the same authors and same television programmes. We even shared our sense of humour. Each time, I came away from the visit longing for Andre's healing touch on places other than my wrist.

So I plotted. I hummed and I hawed and eventually a plan of seduction was created... and ready for use.

* * * *

I walk into the waiting room, very late for my appointment, puffing and blowing. My hair is windswept and my cheeks rosy from exertion.

"Andre!" I shout, seeing him just inside the physio room.

"Hey, Katy." His handsome face flowers into a smile. "I thought you'd forgotten about me." A cheeky wink accompanies his comment

"Nearly," I pant. "Sorry, I was so caught up in my latest story I totally forgot the time. I've run all the way here."

I hadn't really; I'd just hurried the last steps through the corridor whilst running my hands through my hair and pinching my cheeks, rushing past confused orderlies and patients alike.

"Well everyone else is gone, I was just going to pack up myself...but you're here now. Let's look at this wrist."

"It's feeling much better," I tell him. "I don't use the splint at all. It just gets in the way."

"That *is* good." He smiles as he leads me into an empty booth. I sit in the plastic chair and rest my hands on the table in front of me.

"Hang on a minute. I'm just going to lock the door. We should have all gone home by now, and I could get in trouble for seeing someone after the physio clinic is shut."

"Oh, I don't want to get you in trouble," I emphatically exclaim.

"Don't worry," he says, "you won't, but I'll lock the door to be safe."

"Okay, well if you're sure," I call after him, watching his buttocks swing as he walks. I hear the clink, clunk of a key turning in a lock and soon Andre is back in the fabric cubical.

"We'll have to roll up those sleeves, Katy."

Andre pointed to the long sleeved magenta top I was wearing, the sleeves tightly cinched round my wrist.

"Oh, hell." I exclaim. "I can't roll this sleeve up, it's too tight." I pull and tug on the cotton material for emphasis. "I totally forgot I had it on."

"Well..." Andre let the word roll out. I could almost hear the cogs spinning in his brain. "You'll have to take the top off, then."

"Yeah, I suppose I will."

I hide my smile and slowly lift the top over my head, pulling it off my arms and away from my wrists. Carefully, I fold it and place it on the table, my hands on top of it.

Of course, I had on my latest purchase, a bra that I chose especially for this occasion. Deep, sensuous red in color with all lace panels, so you can see my breasts and nipples through the weave of the material.

It sculpts to my form perfectly, pushing up and out the heavy flesh of my bosom. It and the red lace full knickers to match cost me a small fortune, but I knew they would be worth every penny.

Pushing my arms straight out in front of me pulls my breasts closer together and pushes them up, spilling ever so slightly over the cup. Andre's ragged breathing is clearly audible. The physio department, usually buzzing with activity, is now eerily quiet.

He clears his throat.

"Right, then."

He sits on the bed next to me to do the same old exercises.

Normally the banter is flowing by now. Today, there is a sense of something about to happen and an erotic silence falls between us. I see his eyes wandering to my breasts, then darting back to my hands.

Our eyes meet once and he knows I see him looking. He squirms in the seat and firmly grasps my left wrist.

"You know the drill, Katy. If it hurts, just yell."

I giggle at the weak joke, too loudly. It echoes around the room, then is eaten up by the silence.

Andre leans in and over my wrist, further than usual. I guess it is to try and get my breasts out of his line of vision.

A deep musk fills my senses. A sharp tang of eucalyptus and a deeper more masculine scent underlies it. Andre turns his head to me, obviously to say something and my body takes over. As soon as I see those pouty lips, I press my own to them. I feel his body tense with the surprise and I shut my eyes tight, almost holding my breath, hoping to the high heavens I haven't misread the signs.

The touch of his lips is electric. My lips are on fire, prickly and lusting to move. I can't press the kiss further until I know he wants it. The time drags on, our lips brushing together. I feel like crying; the torture of being so close but not sure if I am doing the right thing pulls at my guts.

Just as I contemplate pulling away and running out of the room, to hide myself away from the world for the next millennia, the pressure of Andre's lips grow. His right hand moves up my naked arm still it rests upon my shoulder, the other hand coming round my body, gathering me close. My hands dislodge from the table, making it fall to the floor.

His lips part and press deeper into my own. I press back, my body elated and relieved, my hands snaking up his body to rest on his cheeks, pulling him harder into the kiss. I can feel a nerve pulsing under his skin. I can feel the

tension running through his body, centring upon the place where our lips join.

I feel his hands roam upwards and into my hair, cradling the back of my head as the kiss deepens. I part my lips and feel his tongue darting through, finding my own and gently caressing it, stirring it to wrap itself around this pleasant invader.

Suddenly, he disengages from the kiss and his lips move along to my cheek, down onto my sensitive neck, where he proceeds to nibble.

I gasp in delight as Andre uncovers one of my most responsive erogenous zones. My hands reach up and round into his long thick hair, pulling his head closer to my neck, prompting him to nip and nibble my pink flesh.

"Oh, Katy," he groans as he comes up for air, pausing only a moment before continuing down my neck to the curve of my heaving chest. Sweet little kisses flutter along the topside of my confined breasts and as Andre's mouth introduces itself his hands rudely greet them, tugging and pulling them out of the bra, letting them hang obscenely over the stretched red lace.

His mouth kisses down onto my left breast, gently, slowly, tentatively. My hand brushes through his hair, encouraging him to boldness as he clasps my very hard nipple between his lips, sucking it like a sore thumb.

"Andre!" I cry in ecstatic abandon as my virgin body responds to the ravages of this mans talented, lustful mouth and hands. He slides over to sample the other side, the shock of the cold air on my wet nipple sending pleasurable shockwaves to my pussy. My eyes close and I throw my head back, forcing my breasts into his face.

My hand rest upon his shoulders, my fingers curling into his flesh as his teeth nibble and pluck at my sensitive nub. Suddenly, Andre pulls away, standing up straight he gasps for breath.

"Katy... we shouldn't be doing this, we're meant to be exercising your wrist..."

"Andre," I butt in, raw emotion catching in the back of my throat. I can't bare rejection now. My tear glazed eyes look into his.

"Please?"

It is the only word that will come out of my mouth. I have so much I want to say, but I can't. My mouth and mind are just not on the same track. I plead with him with watery blue eyes.

Andre takes a deep breath.

"I know a rather unorthodox wrist-exercising programme. Are you willing to give it a go?"

"Yes," I answer, delirious from lack of his touch.

I watch as he unbuttons his uniform, dropping the long white overall to the floor. Next he pulls off his t-shirt, exposing his chest to my hungry gaze. A smattering of hair tickles around his nipples, and his chest is flushed red with lust and exertion.

I hear a zipper and watch his hand hovering over his crotch. In one movement he pulls down his trousers and boxers, and I am greeted by the most sexually exciting vision of my life. Beneath the material of his trousers, something amazing hid. Now it is exposed to my sight and I feel in awe of its sheer masculinity. I want to feel it, touch it, and explore it.

It has similarities with the plastic dildos I play with at home, yet is alive and so very different. Threaded with little blue veins the purple redness of his cock intrigues me. The stiff tautness of the skin and the sheer density of the flesh makes me want to examine it closely and in depth.

I want to weigh those balls in my hands, feel the light growth of hair tickling my palms. I want to know what a real cock feels like in my hand, in my mouth and in my cunt.

"Okay then, first exercise."

Andre walks towards me, putting himself within reach of my hands.

"Use your left hand to pleasure my cock."

I strain my neck back on the chair to look up into his gleaming eyes.

"That is if... err... you want to."

I love seeing the little boy in him, seeing that vulnerability.

To answer him, I reach out my left hand and tentatively touch the tip of the magnificent manhood in front of me.

I let my fingers flutter over the surface, feeling the sticky wetness of pre-cum on the tip and the hard heat of the shaft. I move my fingers up and down the body of the cock and then onto the balls.

Gently I caress them, stroke them, run the tightening bag of skin through my fingers, gently squeezing the testicles within.

Andre gasps and moans as I explore, occasionally rocking his hips forward.

After a while inspecting, I take my small hand and wrap it around his cock. I squeeze tentatively, loving the feel of it, like putty beneath my fingers.

Slowly, I begin to stroke, gripping lightly, not wanting to hurt him. As I gain confidence, I squeeze tighter and feel him rocking in and out of my hand, aiding the friction.

"Is...your... your... wrist okay?" he pants.

"Fine, doctor," I tease, "but it is starting to ache." With great restraint he moves his hand to cover mine, removing it from his member.

"Okay then, rest for a while."

He sits down on the bed, his cock now at my breast level. I turn my chair so I am facing him straight on, scooting my chair closer so my knees, resting together, rub against the cold plastic covering of the mechanical hospital bed.

I watch fascinated as he takes himself in hand. The author in me takes in every detail. How he pulls his foreskin up and down, enveloping the cock head completely and then rapidly revealing it to my sight.

I lean closer. Acting on instinct, I lick out and flick my tongue across the very tip of him. I taste the salty mellowness of his juices and I want more. His cock slips into my mouth easily, and I feel it grow between my lips as I suck upon it, enjoying this new taste sensation.

Musty, sweaty, masculine and intoxicating, the taste of Andre's hot cock is addictive and I find myself bobbing my head up and down upon his shaft, taking long sucks to savour the flavour.

"Katy, I'm going to come, love...oh Katy!"

Being a good erotica writer, I know girls are meant to swallow. I keep my mouth firmly suctioned around his cock as Andre begins to buck and tighten, his hands running into my hair and almost painfully scrunching into it.

His cock swells and I hear him groan. I feel something hit the back of my mouth, once, twice and again. I fight to swallow it all and succeed. I love the deep intense flavour of him, savour its taste.

I look up at him, and smile, licking my lips.

"Mmm... yummy." I wink at him and he wraps his arms around me.

"Thank you," he whispers in my ear. "That's stage one completed."

I giggle as I reply, "What's next on my wrist exercising regime?"

"Hop up on the bed, young lady."

Andre stands up the same time I do, allowing me to the room to hop up on the bed, leaning 'til I rest on the angled back and stretch my legs out straight in front of me.

Andre takes the plastic chair and places it directly at the end of the bed.

"Lift your skirt for me," he asks and happily I comply, flashing my red lace encased pussy.

"Take off those knickers."

Having Andre "ordering" me has a profound effect. I feel naughty and incredibly excited. I long to please him.

"Spread your legs and masturbate for me. Use your left hand, exercise it some more."

"Yes, doctor." I look deep into his eyes and playfully wink.

Taking a deep breath, I brush my left hand over my breasts and stomach, running my fingers through my sparse pussy hair and then ploughing between my wet labia, pressing against my clit as I pass.

I groan and close my eyes, pressing my middle finger deep into my pussy, loving the feel of it slipping in, aided by the copious amount of juice I have already produced. I watch my finger slide in and out of my cunt, whilst the fingers on my right hand stroke and part my pussy lips, so that Andre can get a better view.

I hear a deep, strangled moan and open my eyes.

Andre sits rigid in the plastic chair, his eyes fixed on my pussy and my fingers, idly playing with his cock. I notice that it seems to be coming back to life and I feel a surge of pleasure course through my body, causing my pussy to clamp down over my finger.

I pull my juice-soaked digit from my cunt and take it to my lips. I rest it casually upon my pout and slowly open my mouth, keeping my eyes fixed on Andre the whole time. He watches as I slip my finger into my mouth, slowly locking my lips around it and pulling it back out, making appreciative yummy noises.

"Oh, fuck."

Andre is visibly shaken by my action and his eyes trail down my body as my finger returns to the throbbing ache between my thighs. I hit my clit straight away, needing to come. No more teasing, no more playing; this is it. I rub the

pad of my index finger against my clit in a circular motion, winding myself up like one of those old fashioned crank started cars.

"STOP!" Andre cries out. Reluctantly, I pull my hand away from my dripping cunt.

I have barely moved my hand before Andre is crawling onto the bed. Next thing I know, his mouth is firmly placed around my pussy lips and he is sucking, licking up my feminine juices. His lips and tongues drive me wild, making me thrash and toss around on the bed, biting down on my lip as his tongue catches my clit.

His tongue thrashes backwards and forwards over my clit, rhythmically driving me crazy. I drive my fingers into his thick hair, holding it, twisting it; pushing his face deeper into me.

"Oh, Andre."

I gasp as my body begins to shiver and shake. He forces his head away from my throbbing cunt. I let go of his hair and groan loudly.

"I want you," Andre says, looking into my eyes. I can see my own juices glimmering around his lips and his chin; I can smell the deep dusky smell of my hot cunt emanating from his face. Andre's eyes search mine. Looking for permission to do something to me I have never done. He knows the significance of this act.

"I want you, too," I reply, tears forming. I desperately need to feel this man inside me. He's the one, and I know it deep down in the very core of my soul.

Andre quickly scrambles off the bed, allowing me to see his dark manhood in full bloom once again. I gasp in delight and feel my stomach squirm in excitement. He goes to his trousers and pulls out a little packet. I watch, fascinated, as he takes out the little latex circle and places it round his cock. Gently, carefully he rolls it down and I smile. He wants me and he wants me to be safe. I know I have made the right decision now, not just one fuelled by

the lust of the moment. Again, he crawls back on the bed, between my still spread legs. Excitement surges through me. I may explode with excitement before he even touches me.

He slides up higher, so close I can feel his chest rubbing against my nipples and his cock tickling at my inner thigh. He looks me straight in the eye, again questioning, putting me in control. I bite my lip and incline my head slightly, nodding my ascent. He nudges closer, dipping his groin to bump against mine. I close my eyes and enjoy the intimate feeling of his cock against my pussy lips.

His hand moves between our bodies. Grabbing his cock, he aims it at my tight hole. Soon I feel him penetrating.

"Oh." I gasp, and he stops. I open my eyes and smile at him, stroking his cheek to let him know I am okay, that the feeling of him sliding inside me is overwhelming my senses and making my whole body aware of how I am opening up. He continues to push and slips inside me. I feel him stretching me; it is not an uncomfortable feeling and I know my juices will aid his journey.

The feeling of a real cock, even encased in a thin plastic shield, is completely different from a plastic phallus. I can feel him throb, his cock head pulsating inside me. The weight of Andre's body on top of me, the feel of his breath against my cheek, the smell of his musk combining with mine. Everything comes together to bombard my senses, making me dizzy with ecstatic feelings. And he's not even thrusting yet.

"It's amazing," I croon, wrapping my arms around his shoulders, holding him tight as he sinks his whole length inside of me. I feel him moving, pulling out and thrusting in. Over and over he continues this, each stroke making me groan and each slam making me squeal. The friction drives me wild. I reach my legs around his waist, pulling him

deeper inside me, pulling his body hard against my own, my nipples pinpoints of searing pleasure against the hard flesh of his hair-encrusted chest.

My whole body shaking. I instinctively dig my fingers into his back and clasp my legs tighter, little shocks of ecstasy flooding my whole body, a great pressure point building in my cunt. I gasp for air, feeling dizzy and excited, my eyes squeezed shut, enjoying the feel of our joining.

"Oh, Katy!" Andre shouts, burying his face in my shoulder, his lips pressing against my sensitive neck, his teeth gently grazing the skin.

As his teeth burrow into my skin, almost painfully so, I feel him slam into me hard and deep. I feel him throbbing and straining and my body begins to shake and shiver in response. I feel the pressure dissipating, exploding in shards, my cunt squeezing so tight I can feel Andre contracting inside of me.

Going limp, Andre kisses my neck gently, in apology for biting me in the heat of the moment. I slip my fingers through his hair, enjoying the proximity of his body to mine, feeling our hearts beat rapidly, our chests rising and falling as a result of our coupling.

A glorious warm sense of well-being suffuses my whole body and I wrap my arms tightly around André, pulling him even closer to me.

"Are you okay?" He asks.

"Hell yes," I reply. "Thank you."

"Oh, it was my pleasure." He winks and slips away from me, off the bed to begin the search for his clothes.

"I need to lock up and go, Katy. I'm sorry we can't stay here any longer."

"I understand." I grin, setting about finding my clothes and getting dressed.

"Do you fancy going out for a bite to eat?" Andre asks as he pulls on his t-shirt.

"Yeah, I'm starving. But we can't. I'm your patient," I say, baiting him, a twinkle in my eye.

"My Dear Katy, you are henceforth discharged from my care. Your wrist is nigh on healed. Also, you now have your own private physiotherapist."

"Oh, really? How much do you charge?" My eyebrow arches as I play along.

"You can pay me in sexual favours." His dark eyes sparkle mischievously

"Right then, Lets go find some dinner, then I think I'll need another physio session. Are you up to it, though?"

"I am sure I will be!" He laughs heartily

"I'll see to that." I quip as he re-locks the physio department door behind us.

Hot, Wet and Watched

Lazy, sunny, summer days. You know, the kind where you just want to lie out on the grass, turn up the radio and watch the fluffed up pillow like clouds roll by.

"Oh, Kev, its just way too hot."

I disturb my husband's slightly snoring slumber to move the blanket out of the sun and back into the shade again.

"What do you want me to do about it?" he snaps. Then, looking at my hurt expression he adds, "I'm only good at heating you up."

His eyebrows rise in a wickedly erotic gesture and he wrestles me to the ground, holding my hands above my head whilst his large heavy frame pushes my breasts back into my chest and he grinds his jean clad pubis into my own.

"Kev," I giggle, struggling to move, "get off."

I can look straight up into his face now. His soft baby blue eyes shine in his strong masculine face, his sensual mouth and lips holding wickedly teasing little smile, a short lock of hair dropping forward over his forehead.

I don't get to study him for overly long. Soon those lips are pressed against my own and everything but the taste and touch of his lips fades away. His kiss always captures me like this. Like an invading army trampling all over my property and marking it as its own. I simmer, moan and melt under the pressure of his dancing lips, his thrusting tongue and the scrape of his stubble against my cheek and chin.

After a moment he lets me breathe and I realise that now not only am I too hot, I'm sweaty and more than a little horny.

"I'm even hotter now, Kev," I whine.

"Well, let's get Lucy's pool out then. You can stick your feet in that."

"Good thinking, Batman!" I cry. "You go and get it. I'll find the hose pipe."

I feel bereft as his body lifts from mine. I want to reach out and pull him to me again, but I settle for wiping the sweat from my brow instead.

Many bangs and clatters erupt from the garage as I lay out the hose. Lucy is my niece and I spoil her rotten. I recently bought her a little paddling pool and this bright yellow plastic bathing hole is what my husband is wrestling with in the garage.

"Got it!" He smiles broadly, brandishing a handful of shiny yellow plastic like gold from a dragon's lair.

Next, he has to fight his way back into the garage for the foot pump. This time I stand behind him, enjoying the wonderful view of his blue denim-clad buttocks writhing before me. God, I'm horny; ultra horny. I feel like giving up on the pool and just grabbing him, taking him back into the house where it's cooler and then -oh then, what fun we could have. On the living room carpet, maybe? I doubt I could last the journey to the bedroom. A vivid image of my husband poised between my spread legs, his hard cock poking at my entrance holds me enraptured for a moment.

Just as I am about to say to hubby, "Fuck this..." I notice that he has, in fact, almost finished pumping up the pool and he's already has the hosepipe spewing water into the shallows of the pond.

"Well, I've not run about getting this bloody pool filled for no reason, Vicky," Kev says, pointedly looking at me.

"Alright, alright," I sigh, pulling the sandals off my feet. Putting them safely to one side, I slip my feet into the pool.

"Ooh, that's nice and cold," I moan out loud, my oversensitized body enjoying the sensual caress of the icy water.

Kev joins me, sitting on the opposite side of the pool.

"Well," I say, "this was a terribly good idea Kev, but my body is still pretty hot."

"Mmm, I know it is," he replies licking his lip and lifting a brow suggestively. Blushing, I giggle and stamp my feet in the cool water, splashing him from top to toe. "You rascal," he exclaims, stamping his feet. As we both churn the water, it bubbles up and splashes over the sides. By the time we call a truce, our whole bodies are wet, including our brief summer clothing.

"Well, I'm cool now," I laugh. "But I feel like I'm squelching in these wet clothes."

"Oh, just take 'em off, then," Kev exclaims. I just look at him. "Well, it is our own private back garden."

"Yes, but that is the public park over the fence," I say emphasizing the word *public*.

"So what?" Kev already has his top off and is beginning to inch his shorts down his thighs. I listen to the sounds over the fence as I watch my gorgeous husband's body coming wholly into sight. I can hear children screeching and giggling on the play park, whistles from dog walkers communicating with their pets and the distant hum of cars whizzing along the road.

Kev steps into the pool and gently sits down, his legs outstretched, his penis bouncing on the waves. I sigh and give in. I slip off my top and bra. I can feel his eyes upon my body, as well as the baking heat of the summer sun. Bending over, I slide the damp shorts and my even damper panties off my legs. I feel a slight breeze caress my buttocks and barely contain a moan of decadent delight.

"Now, that *is* nice." I grin and shiver, submerging my haunches in the pool. We must look ridiculous. Two grown ups sat in a small child's pool, just enough water to cover our thighs, the feel of the sun on our tops and the ice cold water under our legs.

I feel Kev's hand resting on my thigh and smile at him. He has such a gorgeous face. Great big eyes, bright and sparkling with sensuous mischief, his lips poised in a small upward curve, plump and inviting and such smooth, blushing skin. I feel my hand move of its own volition to rest upon my sweethearts' cheek, the thumb gently stroking the delicate skin beneath his eye.

"I love you," I whisper, my eyes shining. I see that love reflected in his.

"I love you, too..." he almost breathes it to me, his lips hovering closer and closer to mine 'til they touch lightly, sensation exploding from my lips all the way down within the pool waters. His hands slip coldly onto the warm skin of my back, his fingers stroking as his lips gently brush mine. I feel his body shifting, his bobbing penis now brushing my thigh, noticing that it's blood-filled despite the numbing coldness of the water.

My arms wrap around him, pulling him closer, squashing his cool, wet chest to mine, his cold leg against mine, holding him close; reveling in the sensation of skin against cool wet skin.

He shifts over me and soon he is there between my thighs, pushing me back; his kisses hard, heavy and demanding. As the side of the pool is squished down I feel water pumping out. I am laid out almost flat, the rim of the pool half way up my back, the rest being caressed by soggy grass.

His tongue flicks against my lips. I feel his hardness nudging between my thighs. He is teasing me, letting his cock bounce against my pubic hair and just against my open lips. I can feel them, hot and plump, mostly

surrounded by shockingly cold water. But as I hump my pubis up towards him, the lips become exposed to the searing heat of the sun. Hot, then plunged into cold, teased by the sun and the water as well as by the thick, throbbing cock of my lover.

"Fuck me, Kev," I cry, giving no heed to the fact that just a fence and a few bushes away folks are riding bikes, walking dogs and trundling toddlers to the play park. I really don't give a shiny shit about them. I want this hard cock in my cunt and I want it now.

"Fuck me, damn you!" I scream, my hips bumping up and down in frustrated urgency, my nails digging into the soft flesh of my husbands back, urging him to plunge into me.

As I await the inevitable filling, I find myself focusing on the world around me; the almost surreal brightness of the summer sky, the cool green of the grass beneath my shoulders, the rustling of the bushes, the sound of a dog barking....close actually, that dog must be just the other side of the fence.

As I moan and toss beneath him, Kev suddenly relents. I feel his smooth shaft slip inside of me. Slowly, I feel my pussy stretch around him. I feel the length of him as it travels into me, right to the hilt. I moan, ecstatic at this release.

* * * *

On the other side of the fence, Anna curses her small Jack Russell as she picks her way cautiously through the dense bushes, trying to find him. She'd knew it was a mistake to let him off his lead the minute she saw him disappear at full speed into the densest set of bushes and trees in the whole damn park.

"Sparky," she calls, giving a little whistle. "Here, boy." She keeps her voice calm and encouraging. He'll never come to her if he thinks she's mad. Sparky may be daft as a brush, but he's not stupid.

When Anna comes across her little pet, he is lapping contentedly from a small puddle of water beside a rickety wood fence. Just over it is a large, posh-looking house.

"What a lovely place to live," she thinks, maneuvering around the puddle to attach a lead to Sparky's collar.

"You are a little rascal," she chuckles as she balances on her heels to rub him behind the ears. The little fluff ball jumps up and forward, pushing Anna onto her back. As she lies there, slightly winded, the excitable puppy runs around her yapping. Anna giggles at the silliness of it all.

Pulling herself up, she rolls to her knees, her hand out against the fence to give her leverage. Her hand slips, and is caught by a sharp edge.

"Ouch," she curses, bringing the finger to her mouth. Her gaze is captured by the hole in the fence that caused her injury. Through the small gap she can see two people in a paddling pool.

Moving her slim body around to face the fence, she gawps in amazement. Catching her breath, she soothes Sparky by rubbing him behind his ear, her eyes never leaving the view through the hole.

Right there in the middle of the sunlit lawn are two people having sex. Both completely naked as far as Anna can tell, both moaning and groaning and splashing in the water of the pool.

The voluptuous woman lays on her back, crushing the edge of the child's pool to the ground, the grass around her as damp as the woman's glowing white skin. Her back curves every time her lover thrusts inside, pressing her breasts higher into the air, the small pink nipples straining towards the sun.

Anna's eye move along the scene, looking at the strong shoulders of the stocky man poised above the beautiful, curvy woman. She runs her eyes down his back to his flexing buttocks. Mesmerized, she presses her eye closer to the hole, straining to catch a glimpse of the big man's cock.

Anna can't pull away from the erotic sight before her. It registers in her brain that she is being more than a little naughty, intruding upon this couples privacy. But if they choose to fuck outside, surely they know the risks?

Anna is completely absorbed in the scene before her. Her eye is held close to the wood of the fence, one knee bent and one on the ground. In this comfortable position, she experiences the overwhelming urge to touch herself. Before she realizes it, her left hand is snaking past her tweed skirt waistband and into her panties.

She is already slick, her big, puffy lips slippery with silky liquid. Anna can't believe how brazen she is, but knows she is deep within the bushes and hidden behind the fence. Nobody would see her...or would they? Maybe that's the real attraction. She isn't an exhibitionist or a voyeur as far as she knows, but maybe she has a leaning towards it.

So engrossed in the vision before her, Anna thinks the light pressure on her raised thigh is just her silly dog again. It isn't until she feels the touch flutter up to her hip and cup at her buttock that she starts. A body leans over her and whispers.

"Don't be afraid. Let me help."

The male voice is strong with lust, but not scary or creepy. Anna catches her breath as a pair of hands hold onto her hips, pulling her legs straight so she's bent in the middle, her hands on the fence for balance, her eye still close to the hole.

* * * *

I'm lost in the hot and cold thrill of this fuck. The cold lapping water makes my flesh pucker and goose bump, contrasting with the heat thrusting in and out of my cunt. My eyes fast shut against the harsh light of the sun, I see speckles of multi-colored light fluttering before me, bumping together and writhing in orgiastic pleasure, merging and exploding with each and every thrust. My left

hand snakes down and plunges into the water. I split my fingers apart, pulling my sex lips fully open and exposing my hot clit to the chilly waves of slapping water.

"Oooooohhhhhh," I groan, the pleasure-pain extruding from my exposed clitoris into my body, making me shiver and buck and in turn making my pussy clench tight around Kev's cock. I hear him gurgle and moan in delight and feel him pick up the pace. I know he's close and I begin to roughly rub my pointer finger round and round over my clit, winding myself up to orgasm.

With every wave of water, with every thrust of his hips I get higher and higher, floating away into that place of ecstasy. The place where my body spasms and bucks and my mind explodes and reels into hot/cold pleasure.

Kev's cock is suddenly outside of me and spurting its hot seed all over my chest and belly. Watching his red hard cock exploding over me is the finest conclusion of my pleasure.

* * * *

Anna is getting hotter and hotter. Not only is she watching the most erotic experience of her life, now she is feeling it, too. The stranger flicks her skirt up over her back and rips down her panties before roughly pressing his long, thick cock into her. No foreplay, no building up of desire. It's not needed. The strangers are both hot and horny, needing only to be joined with each other to be satisfied.

His cock fills her, stretching her, making her bite her lip in order to clamp down a cry of sheer delight. She feels the man's big hands gripping her hips and hears the noise of him slapping up against her rotund buttocks. She watches the scene before her, sees the young woman pull open her lips to feel more of the impact of her lover upon her secret places. She watches as she stretches and screams in orgasm.

The woman is sex personified as she comes, her scream cunt-wrenchingly erotic. Her face pulls back in a

grin of pleasure and her body glows with sexual release. It does not surprise Anna at all when her partner draws out his heavy and angry looking cock and wanks it 'til it explodes all over the sexy woman's breasts.

That visual key pushes Anna over the edge. Curling her fingers and nails into the wood of the fence she holds herself up as waves of orgasm crash around her. Her eyes close and she shudders, the stranger behind her pumping like crazy until she feels his seed exploding inside her, his hot wetness splashing against the walls of her orgasm-sensitive cunt.

She feels him withdraw and she straightens up. Her knees are so shaky that she only just manages to pull up her knickers and flick down her skirt. Sparky's lapping at a puddle of water a matter of feet away from where she stands. Of her mystery fuck, there's no sign.

Shakily she moves, tugging on Sparky's lead to make him follow. Her body aches. She has splinters in her fingers and a crick in her back, but she feels so sated that these seem to be such minor complaints. As she edges her way through the thick bush, she hears a female voice from the other side of the fence.

"You what?"

Anna stops, not wanting to alert anyone to her presence.

"A guy and a girl were watching us. I could see the girl peeking through that hole and I could see the top of the fellow's head just above the top. It looked like they were fucking."

Anna's jaw drops in shock. She had had no idea they were being watched.

"Well, I hope they enjoyed the show." I giggle as I hear a rustling in the bushes. "I certainly did. Anyway, let's get back in the house. I always get the munchies after a damn good fuck."

* * * *

Anna laughs and pulls herself out of the bushes. "I think we'll go and get a takeaway, Sparky," she says, a wry smile on her face.

"I'm hungry, too. Can I join you?" a familiar voice says from behind her. She turns round and smiles.

"Sure! Why not?"

* * * *

I watch as the young couple walk past my house, deep in animated conversation. I am glad I wasn't the only person to get a good fuck on this wretchedly hot day.

Sunny, Summer Sex

It has been a long time since I've been dancing in a smoky, crowded club. Tonight I'm doing so under unique circumstances. It's not everyday you get together with a bunch of folks you've only met online at an erotic story site, is it? I'd been the instigator, organising and preparing for this weekend of debauchery, but when it arrived, it still surprised me. Scared me, even. Especially since I'm letting one guy stay in my spare room.

Mike is a twenty year old student who really wanted to attend this meet up. To make it happen, I offered him a room free of charge, so he'd only have to pay his airfare. I'd gotten a little worried as the day approached, but I needn't have. Mike is a sweet young man. His manners are impeccable. Also, he has some pretty damn sexy dance moves.

I've been dancing with him most of the night. Well, he's been dancing and I've been shaking my hips, in the age old tradition passed down to me from my mother. Every now and then his hand reaches out and rests on my hip, our pelvises millimetres apart.

I've always been attracted to him as an online personality. He is witty and thoughtful in his replies, not afraid to court controversy. Someone very capable of listening to a weepy thirty-something's problems. I'd been pleasantly surprised to find he seemed the same in the flesh, with an added bonus of being far sexier. His soft, tanned flesh, long lashes and wide, blue-grey eyes all make my heart thump a little quicker.

"Do you want a drink?" He leans in close. I can feel his breath on my neck and I bite my lip, holding in the shudder.

I turn my head to speak back into his ear. "Yes please, just some water. I'm parched."

He smiles at me; his crooked, cheeky smile elicited by my accent and my "weird" use of words.

"Sure, I'll be back in a minute." His hands rest on my hips for another moment as he grinds against me to the rhythm of the beat. We chuckle together and then part. I am not sure if it's accidental, but he gathers my knee length summer skirt in his hands as he moves, lifting the hem high enough to expose the bottom curve of my buttocks to anyone behind me. I flush. The material drops back down and he winks at me.

My heart continues to thump as he walks away. Of course he knows of my exhibitionist side, everyone here for the meet knows it, having seen various body parts in risqué avatars. I am wearing underwear tonight, unusual for me. But it's a brief, red thong and I know anyone looking will have seen naked flesh. Was anyone watching?

My tummy tightens at the idea, my pussy bunching up with it, my clit throbbing its approval of the image. I continue to shake my hips, pressing into the giggling group of ladies. They smile and wave, and we laugh and shake, enjoying the thrill of being together. It's the strangest feeling, to be amongst strangers that are best friends, who know me so intimately. It's refreshing, sweet and not at all creepy.

Well, overall it's not creepy. There is one man in the bunch who makes my skin crawl. He's been sitting with the other men all evening, supping pints and probably discussing the talent. Andy seems nice enough on the surface; smiling, polite and sweet. However, I've had a run in with his online personality that got intense and creepy after a few short interludes and soon he got dropped off my messenger list. I couldn't prevent him coming to the meet,

being a UK person and a regular he leapt at the chance. I've been avoiding him all evening.

I smiled over at Rick, sitting with the other lads and he beckons me over. I slip, slide and shimmy through the crowd to their table, but before I reach it I come face to face with Andy. I smile, point to the table and try to walk round him, but he blocks my way. I pull a disgruntled face and try again, but his wide frame still stands squarely between me and the group of people I want to reach. He grabs my arm and I pull back. He leans in and whispers.

"Let's dance." His breath is laden with old beer and borrowed cigarettes. I flinch, then force myself to lean in.

"I will later. I was just going for a rest. Mike's bringing me some water. I'm all danced out."

"You owe me," he hisses, his hard eyes screwed up tight. He pushes me through the parting crowd 'til we're up against a wall.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

I spit out the words, shaking my arm, trying to escape his grasp. His thick fingers dig deeper into my flesh. "You said. You told me you'd fuck me if we ever met in real life. Here we are. You owe me one fuck."

The way his harsh accent flicks out the word "fuck" stabs me and makes me cringe back in fear.

"That was cyber talk! If I ever did bloody well say it, it was months, if not years ago. Geez, I've avoided you online ever since. Do you really think I'm eager to fuck you?"

His eyes burn and his nails dig into my flesh. He presses his face forward and squashes his lips to mine. I purse them, close my eyes and push. I bring my knee up, but he shifts his body and blocks me with his knee. He forces his free hand under my thin, strappy top. Pulling down my bra he fondles my breast, grips it, pulls it, tugs it. I cry out in sheer revulsion, toppling my mouth from his for a few seconds.

Suddenly his body is yanked off me. His nails score my shoulder as they're dragged from my flesh.

"Fuck off."

It's Mike, pulling that troll of a man off with barely any effort and sending him packing. Andy doesn't even try to argue; he just fires a scowl at me and stalks off towards the door of the club.

"Jane, are you okay?" I just fall into his arms, sobs wracking my body. The scratches on my arm throb. "Shit," Mike mumbles and wraps his arms around me, holding me to his chest. I'm no short woman. I tend to nestle in a man's shoulder, but I enjoy the comfort afforded by being hidden within these strong arms, his hands gently stroking my back. "I'm going to take you home," he whispers. I feel his lips press lightly on the top of my head, then he takes me under one arm and leads me outside. I hear the chatter of concerns from the others. Mike brooks no nonsense and guides me out into the night air.

Its cold outside, the heat of the day dissipated, replaced by a crystal sky. The taxi rank is empty. It's still relatively early; party goers will be going for several hours yet.

"Www-we should call a taxi firm," I splutter out. I pull myself from under his arm and extract my mobile from my bag. My hands are shaking and I find it difficult to concentrate on the screen. I fumble, and the small phone slips from my hands. Mike catches it easily with his nimble fingers.

"Have you got one listed in your memory?" he asks. I nod and mumble the name of the firm. He finds it and dials. I sit back on the low level brick wall and take a deep breath. The tears of shock have stopped now, but my body aches with it. I feel pins and needles in all my limbs. The scratch marks high on my right arm throb the hardest.

"Someone will be here in ten minutes," Mike sits on the wall next to me. I smile weakly at him. "How are you doing?"

I let out a shuddering breath. "Okay, I think. I...I don't really know."

"Sure." He nods and rests a hand on my shoulder. "What happened in there?"

So I explain, as far as I can. About Andy grabbing me, and what he said.

"Moron," Mike spits, wrapping his arm around me, making me hiss as he hits the scratches. "Oh, I'm sorry, let me look at that." Mike's a medical student. His touch is gentle and professional as he inspects the nail marks. "They're not too deep. We'll wash then at your place and see if they'll need a covering. Fucking reality-challenged moron," he growls, "Excuse the language, but he's a dick."

"It's okay, I'm of the same opinion," I snuffle. "Do people know what happened?"

"No, they just know you got hurt and needed to go home. I mentioned nothing else, as that's your business."

"Thank you," I smile. "I'll fill people in tomorrow, I guess. I hope he doesn't turn up..."

"I'll deal with him if he does," Mike's mellow American drawl harshens with anger.

"I'm sure you will!" I smile, and then shiver.

Mike wraps his arm round me, careful not to brush the scratches, and pulls me close to him. I snuggle under his arm, feeling the soft caress of his dark shirt. His body heat warms me externally only a little, but internally my body is aflame with desire; his soft, musky aftershave reaches my nose, comfortingly masculine.

"Thanks Mike." I lift my head to smile up at him. "I'm glad you're here."

His lips descend and brush mine; softly at first, then with more demand. His arms tighten around me as I fall deeper into the kiss, my lips tingling from the pleasant pressure of his own. The tingle travels lower, igniting me, making me press closer to him. It strikes me, as I feel the tickle of his tongue splitting my lips open, that this was a

real kiss, a wanted kiss and I could carry on this kiss forever. The memory of the one forced on me only minutes ago is already dissipating and becoming "one of those things" to brush off and forget. In this guy's arms, I don't have to worry about anything.

A loud brassy honk of a horn splits us. We look at each other, smiling and flushed, then turn to the cabbie with apologetic grins. We quickly stride to the pavement, where Mike ushers me into the car, slamming the sleek black door behind us. I direct the driver to where we want to go and then wind down the window. The musky, stuffy inside of a Hackney cab is not fun at the best of times, but on a Friday night the smell of stale beer and other, worryingly half-recognisable scents is far too much for my nostrils to take.

I settle back in my seat, Mike's hand slips over my shoulders and pulls me tight again. I look up and smile. His eyes are misty with seduction and his lips drop to mine again. Eagerly, I respond to him. His hand reaches over, running up my leg, lifting my skirt. I deepen the kiss, pulling down on his head, forcing his lips to exert more pressure on mine. His hand insinuates itself underneath the soft material of my skirt and gently strokes the heat of my thigh. I wonder if the cabbie is looking through his mirror right now. He'd be able to see my deep red knickers clearly, between my spread legs. Mike's fingers travel higher and push the material out of the way. His other hand slips down over my shoulder, into my cleavage, pushing away the skimpy top to reveal the strawberry red bra beneath, my breasts perched on top like fresh dripping cream.

I'm not naked, but I feel it. My body is exposed to two strangers, one of whom is becoming more and more familiar by the moment. The taxi pulls to a halt and the driver clears his throat. I open my eyes and smile sheepishly as the older man latches. Mike removes his hands. My flesh cools and I shiver at the retraction.

Cabbie paid, taxi exited, we head into my home. Mike walks with me to the kitchen, pulls out a chair and sits me down by the small table.

"Where do you keep your first aid kit?" he asks.

"Oh, I'll get it." I make a move to stand, but his hands direct me to sit again just as quickly.

"No, you stay there. I'll get it."

I give directions and prospective Doctor Mike goes to work. He bathes the wound with antiseptic, checks it thoroughly, then dries it.

"Best to leave it to the air, to scab over and heal."

I nod and smile, "I'd have just left it anyway, Doctor, but thanks for the thorough examination."

I like the way his cheeks flush, glowing soft peach as his head drops forward, the curtain of almost blond hair swishing into his eyes, causing him to flip it away.

It's awkward. I don't know what to do now. The intimacy of the taxi ride is but a warm remembrance. Is it too much to invite him to my bed? Ever a slave to bad decision making, I walk towards the kitchen door, calling over my shoulder, "I'm off to bed now Mike. Thanks for everything you've done tonight."

"No problem." He smiles sheepishly. "When are we meeting the others tomorrow?"

"Well they're doing the tourist thing in the morning, meeting at ten at the hotel, but I'm not going as I have the party to prepare. I've hired the local social club for tomorrow evening."

"Need some help with preparation?" he asks.

"An extra pair of hands is always welcome," I smile, the twinkle in my eyes obviously lustful and he grins back, eyes equally sexual.

"Well you can have my hands all day tomorrow, and place them wherever you wish."

"Great! Okay then, I'll go to bed. Good night!"

"G'night," he calls. As I walk up the hall, creaking up the stairs old floorboard by old floorboard, I strain my ears to work out if he's following. I hear the clink of a mug in the kitchen and I know I'm going to bed alone tonight. Damn it. I mean, I know he fancies me. He was all over me in the cab. Why couldn't I have asked straight out for a fuck? I mean, he's only here for the weekend. Why didn't he invite me to the boudoir? He was making all the moves before...do I have bad breath? Am I a bad kisser? Do my tits feel weird?

I fall asleep with these ideas in mind and dream strange dreams. In the morning I feel even more drained than when I fell asleep. Mike comments on it when he joins me for breakfast.

"I didn't sleep well," I reply, a little tersely, wanting him to know he contributed.

"Do you have a lot to do for the party?" he asks, then dips his spoon into the milk and cornflakes before him, his face partially hidden behind his hair.

"Not really. A lot of the food is pre-done. I need to do some sandwiches and warm some things through, finish off the trifle and cook some sponge buns." His brows lift like mountains in confusion. "Cupcakes," I giggle. "Mostly, that's it. I have to ferry it to the place, and set out chairs and things, but I don't have to think about that 'til at least six. I don't have the hall 'til then. I think I'm going to make some use of this sun. Do a bit of sunbathing this morning, read my book, catch some rays, doze off probably."

"Groovy," he nods and smiles. "I promised myself I'd do some revision. I'll just do an hour or so, then I'll come and join you."

I run upstairs and throw on my bikini. I'm no model, but what's the point of sun bathing if your flesh is all hidden away? I like the deep red of the soft material, as it brings out the red highlights in my hair. I feel sexy wearing

it, though I would never wear it in public. I'm weirdly shy for an exhibitionist.

It is a hot day, not just warm, pleasant or sunny; it's hot, stifling. I take my towel and book over by the small tinkling fountain. The sound of the water trickling from terracotta pot to terracotta pot gives an illusion of coolness. Today is a day made for doing lots of nothing.

Lying on my stomach, I reach back and unclip the bikini. I hate white lines in a nice tan, and I'm hoping to build up at least a little bit of a tan this summer. It's a naughty little erotic buzz, laying here, my back nude, the sides of my breasts viewable. I wonder if Mike can see me from his window. Actually, he probably can. I'm far enough up the garden to be seen from the second floor. Is he watching me? The idea of those sweet student eyes devouring my body is more than just appealing. I feel a throb in the pit of my stomach, inching lower to my pussy, beating in time with my heart.

What if I slip off my bottoms? I do hate tan lines. The garden isn't particularly over-looked, it's hot and maybe Mike would like to see my rotund buttocks from his vantage point. I sucked at hinting I was sexually interested in him last night. Surely lying here naked should work?

My fingers quake as I lift up slightly on my knees and ease the red panties down my legs, I kick them off, not knowing where they've landed and honestly not caring, either. I can feel the sun beating down on my exposed buttocks. The heat is delicious, the slight breath of wind tickling across my flesh even more so. Now, if this doesn't get him out here to ravish me, nothing will.

I cannot concentrate on the words in my book. I keep imagining his eyes feasting on my body. I wonder if he's an ass or a boob man. Hmm, well he's seen plenty of my bottom, maybe it's time to show him my breasts?

I roll over, careful to keep the book in front of my eyes at all times. I feel my breasts shifting and swaying with the

movement 'til they settle, nipples straining upwards to the sun. I keep my legs straight. He can see my soft, brown pubic hair now. I can feel that the top of my inner thighs are slick. I rub them together, sending delicious shock waves through my body.

"Hey, looks like I'm over dressed."

I look up from my book to see Mike striding across the garden in nothing but a pair of plaid shorts. My God, this man is sex on legs, no he is. Large, broad chest with inviting brown nipples, soft stomach, and the cutest little belly button...

"Oh yeah, I don't like tan lines." I stop gawping and reply to his greeting. "I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? No, of course not." His cheeks flush red, his eyes strain to look only at my face. I smile at him and our eyes lock, Yes, he wants me; it's so open, so obvious in his eyes. I just hope he realises I want him, too.

He lays out his towel, placing down a thick, serious looking book upon it. Then, with his back to me, he slips the shorts down over his buttocks and shakes them to the ground. If I wasn't turned on before, I am now. His bottom is firm and just ripe for kissing and licking and biting and digging my nails into as he drives into me. He lies down on his stomach, obscuring a good view of his front, but I am sure his cock is just as inviting as those buttocks.

"Have you got any sun screen on?"

"I put a bit of lotion on when I came out," I reply, smiling.

"That's a good hour or so, isn't it? And, you're not wearing your bikini now. I don't want you to burn your, erm, sensitive areas."

"Well, I guess I should put some more on," I reply. Then a realisation hits me, "but I can't exactly rub my own back, can I?"

"Ahh, well it's lucky I'm here then." He sits up slowly, taking the small white bottle of lotion in his hands. I flip

over onto my front, watching avidly as he kneels beside me. I can see his cock now and I find myself licking my lips in appreciation of it. It isn't hard, but it's not completely flaccid either. It lies nestled between his plump balls, and as I watch it bobs and inflates yet more. I've not seen a circumcised penis in the flesh before and I am fascinated by it's shiny round balloon-shaped top. I imagine how it would feel in my mouth, then let out a slow moan as Mike's hands touch my shoulders.

I lay my head to the side on my hands and watch as his cock responds to his hands rubbing along my soft skin.

"You have wonderful hands," I sigh happily as they slip down to the middle of my back, slicking on fruity-smelling lotion. I wonder what Mike's lotion would feel like, spitting onto my soft skin, my cheek, my chin. My breasts, maybe, or my buttocks. My body shudders in response.

"I must have tickled your fancy there," he chuckles, the deep timbre reverberating through his hands and down my back as he delights in this English turn of phrase. He dips down into the pool at the base of my spine and his fingers stop just at the top edge of my buttocks.

Mike replenishes the lotion, and I find myself nibbling on my bottom lip in anticipation. His soft, hands combined with the slightly cool liquid lotion sweeping over my warm buttocks is close to ecstasy. In fact, I feel my pussy clench and release as in orgasm, and I cannot hold in the low mewl of pleasure it elicits as he massages the lotion thoroughly into my skin. With his fingers slipping momentarily down the crack between the soft mounds, I feel his finger tip just gently caress over my tight asshole.

I swear he lingers, rubbing harder and longer than is needed, but I don't mind. He could continue rubbing all day for me, except no, I want something else rubbing, not just my arse. His hands flow down my thighs and legs and I wonder what will happen next.

"Flip over." He smiles, as if hearing my un-uttered question. "I might as well finish the job."

I roll over slowly, trying to keep my legs together at the knees, but even so I know he catches a glimpse of my wet pussy as I settle on my back. He starts low, at my toes and the top of my feet. His thumb on the pad tickles and I giggle, making my breasts jiggle and causing his eyes to focus on them. I've never thought of feet as being particularly erogenous, but the way he strokes mine now changes my opinion. If he rubs long enough, I swear I'll come, but his hands continue up my thighs, his body moving with them, nudging my legs apart as he goes.

His fingers on my thighs make me purr, and I wonder if he can feel that they are already sticky. I watch his face closely, squinting into the brightness. His eyes are fixed on the area of skin his hands are working on, but as I see his nostrils flair. I know he can smell my excitement.

His fingers edge up my inner thighs and I hold my breath, hoping. Silently begging for the touch I need. But those fingers glide up and rub into my hips. I watch as he pauses to pick up the lotion bottle, to squeeze out an ooze of white cream and put the container back down. His hands come together, sharing the white, cool gunk before descending to my hips, once more rubbing in circles. He's bending over my centre, his very hard cock, gently bobbing against my pussy, occasionally slipping down and nudging my open lips and the small raised bump of my clit.

His hands continue their path upwards, pausing now and then for replenishment until he is extended over my body. His arms stretch out, his pubic area rubbing against mine as his hands smear my breasts with sun protection goodness. There is tweaking and twisting of my nipples that I know is not necessary for simple sun protection. Now it's no longer a ruse; we're going to fuck.

He pulls himself up over my body. His chest rubs against mine as he rests his arms either side of my head and

dips in for a kiss. I wrap my arms around him, pulling him in, hooking my legs up around his thighs. I show him I need and want this, that I want to feel him sink his hard cock into me. Now, right now.

He smiles at me. Our gazes lock and he tips his head to one side, asking me if I want this, if he can have permission to fuck me. I incline my head and his hand slips between us as our eyes stay locked. His hand brushes past my mound and then I feel his cock rubbing at my entrance. I strain to keep my eyes open through the influx of desire and I see the "O" of pleasure as he slips deep inside of me, my pussy swallowing his length and squeezing it in my warm wetness.

I have to close my eyes as Mike strokes in and out of me. I wrap my legs around him and hold him inside as my body shudders with the intensity of it. I'm aware of the moans slipping from my lips, aware that the neighbours can hear, that maybe they're watching us from their upper floor windows. My cunt squeezes in illicit pleasure, triggering off a length of orgasms that squeeze and massage his cock and makes him spit out the words, "Oh fuck, Jane."

He moves faster, his orgasm building. My hands grip his shoulders, fingers running up into his hair then down the back of his neck, my nails digging into the flesh of his back as another round of orgasms rip through my body and encourage his release. He growls, a low rumbling sound that penetrates to my core and I feel him throbbing and letting go.

I hold him tight as he falls to my chest, kissing him gently, lovingly on the cheek. His cock slips from me and I feel empty, already longing to be filled with him again. He moves down my body until his head is resting on my thigh, just below my cream filled cunt. His fingers slam into me. I'm surprised and delighted by the intensity, screaming it out for all to hear as his fingers fuck me, the cool air of the passing breeze caressing my thighs and chest, cooling the

sweat on my skin and adding to the sensuality of this moment. His thumb finds my clit, rubbing it as the fingers plunge inside of me. I feel my orgasm rolling up, the heat and pressure curling and tightening until it is released and I cry out as it rolls away, as the juices drip from me, combined with his.

As soon as I stop shaking, he pulls his fingers out and lies to my side, wrapping his arm around me and kissing my neck. We snuggle close, no words needed, sated and exhausted, dozing in the hazy morning sun.

* * * *

I feel a hard body beside me, a strong, warm back pressing into my breasts, a tight arse pressing into my groin. I remember last night and lick my lips. This hot body belongs to Mike and we got sexy and sweaty together last night.

"Morning," Mike sighs as I run my hand down his arm.

"Morning, gorgeous. Someone got me all sweaty last night." I grin as he turns over and looks all innocent. "So I'm going for a shower."

"Sounds great." Mike grins, a cheeky twinkle in his light eyes. "I need a shower too. Can I join you?"

"Sure. I'm all for saving water."

As I walk to the bathroom I feel his hand squeezing my buttock,

"You're definitely an ass man," I say, smiling.

"Not really. I just like touching you, anywhere." His fingers stroke up and down my back as I smile at the compliment.

Quickly, I turn and wrap an arm around his shoulder, kissing him ruthlessly whilst fondling his erection with my other hand.

"I'm quite a fan of touching you, too."

Giggling, I skip to the bathroom. The echo of his soft groan makes my pussy ache. Reaching over to switch on the shower, I feel his cock pressing against my buttocks, his

hands on my hips. Leaving the shower to run a moment, I pull back, twirl around and place a kiss upon the end of Mike's nose. Even crinkling his nose like a cute bunny makes him look sexy. I giggle, hop under the warm water jets and groan my appreciation.

"Hey, let me in on the action." Mike steps into the glass booth and squeezes in next to me, his hands grasping my hips, pulling me close.

"Ouch!" The metallic thump echoes and Mike mumbles something under his breath as he lifts the shower head to accommodate his tall frame.

"Sorry," I say, rubbing my hands through his hair, running my fingers down his cheek and to his chest.

"You will be," he replies, grabbing my hips and spinning me round. My hands come up as I stumble, and I brace myself against the wall. The synthetic rain of the shower beats down my shoulders and runs down the sides of my breasts in rivulets, pooling at the base of my spine.

His hand slaps down on my butt. It takes me by surprise and stings a little as another strike lands on my other buttock. I hear him moving, then feel his lips on my tingling flesh. They cover my arse, butterfly kiss by butterfly kiss. Fingers part my flesh and I lean forward, my breasts pressing against the cold wall. I gasp and my nipples tighten. Mike's cool fingers pry me open as the water runs down between my cheeks and flows between my plump lips, tickling sensually. His tongue slips between those exposed lips. Moaning, I grind back on his face, feeling his long, lithe tongue flicking forward, lapping at my clit.

Mike's tongue slips up and down the length of my pussy, tickling back between my buttocks and gently circling my sensitive arsehole. It feels so good, his tongue probing my less-used hole and my moans become louder the further he penetrates me. His finger takes the place of his tongue. I try to relax as he presses the digit in, my effort

aided by his tongue returning to tickle and tease my clit. My knees are shaking and I can already feel my orgasm coming closer and closer. Then he pulls his mouth away, and I groan my disappointment.

A few seconds later I hear the "click" of a flip top lid being opened and feel a thick stream of cool gel sliding down my back and over my buttocks. As Mike rubs it in, over my buttocks and between them, I can smell that it's my shower gel. The citrus scent cuts through the steam and rejuvenates me, enhances the throb in my body. I ache for a release; I need to be filled, to be fucked. Mike stands and lathers me up, spinning me round to wash over my breasts and chest and tummy, I whisper in his ear, "Mike... fuck me, please."

I lean in and kiss his lips. Pulling him to me, my soaped up body slipping over his, my hands running down his back to cup his buttocks. Then one scoots round to his front and grasps his cock. I squeeze and pump it, enjoying the heavy throbbing in my hand as Mike whispers back, "I'm going to. I'm going to fuck that tight little ass of yours."

Anal sex is something I've indulged in before, with little success. The guy has enjoyed it, but I haven't. But from his lips, those words send a delicious shudder of suspense through my body. I eagerly spin around and present my arse to him.

His fingers work in my pussy, the water easing along my back and shoulders, massaging me, helping me to relax. I feel more shower gel being squeezed between my buttocks and then Mike's finger eases into my tight hole once more. As I accommodate it, another is added and his other hand and fingers gently press against my clit, the pleasure alleviating the slight pain of being stretched.

I enjoy the feeling of his fingers in me, in my arse. It feels deliciously naughty and intense. I feel Mike move

behind me. With his fingers still embedded in my anal passage he eases his cock into my gaping, juicy cunt.

"Oh yeah, that's it," I groan out my enjoyment as he slams into me. His cock slips in with no problem and I enjoy the delicious friction his rhythm creates. His spare hand strokes my hip, and I am struck by the comfort and caring shown in that one action.

Our moans bump off one another as his body bumps off my buttocks with each thrust; they echo around us in the steamy confines of the shower. I feel them wash over our bodies like the constant insistent drumming of the water from above.

His cock slips out from my sucking, hungering cunt. I feel his fingers slipping from me, my tiny hole stretched. I am ready for him as he places his cock head at my opening. I feel the rounded head slipping inside of me, and I hiss as it enters, the slight edge of pain eased by his hands stroking my back and hips.

He presses forward as he feels me relax once more, and soon I am feeling intensely full. He rests his cock inside me, letting me become used to the sensation. His hand reaches up and runs along my back and over my shoulder. He presses my arm down, and I slip it from the wall. I lean further in, taking my weight on my other hand and rest the side of my face against the cool, wet tiles. He moves my hand down between my thighs and presses it between my open pussy lips. He moves his hips a little and massages his fingers over my knuckles, pressing my fingers in and onto my clit. As he starts to slowly establish a rhythm, his hand falls from mine and I continue to press and massage my clit. The heat of desire flooding me as Mike creates all kinds of forceful, pleasant sensations by gently rocking in and out of my tight arse.

"Oh, fuck!" I cry out, the sensations overwhelming me, my body shuddering and shaking with the severely sweet vibrations running through my arse and cunt. The rain of

the shower tickles me, heightening the pleasurable experience, until every inch of my flesh is being overloaded with ecstasy.

"Jane, Jane, Jane." Mike is muttering my name over and over as his thrusts become more frenzied. I do not know what is falling from my lips anymore. I'm not conscious of the words and noises at all, they're just escaping from my mouth, releasing a little of the pressure as I build up to my explosion.

"Oh, Jane!" He groans as my pussy clenches and my whole body scrunches up with the intense joy of orgasm. I throb and scream as I come, the tingle of the shower feeling almost painful as it hits my skin, scorching me and leading me to higher peaks of passion.

I feel his nails digging into the soft flesh of my hips as he drives into me, harder and harder. So hard it *does* hurt, but it hurts in such a way that it makes more explosive orgasms cascade through my body. He growls, then roars like a victorious lion as he empties his hot, liquid pleasure into my tight, clenching arse.

I return my hands to brace against the wall. The length of Mike's chest is pressed against my back; his arms wrap round me, holding me as his cock pops from inside. Carefully, I move round and hug him close. The pitter-patter of the shower echoes around us as we kiss and cuddle and revel in the post-sexual bliss. Gasping and panting, we slowly recover, ready to face another day, revitalized and refreshed by more than just the cleansing flow of water. There is nothing like sharing the kitchen and its duties with another person. Especially if that person is a hunky American with the tendency to pinch my bottom as he walks past.

"Right. I've finished those sandwiches." He smiles and reaches out a hand to fondle my naked bottom under the edge of my long, white T-shirt.

"Excellent, I do believe that's everything then." I look up at the clock.

"Time I was getting dressed."

Mike pulls an overly sad face. "Aww, do you gotta?" he whines.

"Yes, I gotta," I mimic his American drawl, and I pinch his cheek in jest. He reaches around me, and grabs a buttock in each hand and presses his lips down on mine with so much passionate pressure I gasp for air when our lips finally part.

"I still gotta." I smile. "But now I wish I could stay here all night with you."

"We can have some fun at the party still," he says, and his hands casually rest on my waist. He leans in close to my ear,

"Just make sure you wear a skirt and no panties and we'll have lots of fun."

"Promise?" I ask, my heart thudding, my cheeks flushed.

"Promise." He smiles down at me, his light eyes shining with sexy secrets.

"Good." I kiss his cheek and run off up the stairs. Does he know how much he's just turned me on? The idea of possibly, maybe having sex at a party, amongst virtual friends (they're not strangers, I've been speaking to them online for what seems like forever) excites me immensely.

Getting dressed is not a long drawn out process; I chose my dress days before, as I planned for this United Kingdom meet of erotically-minded people. A simple red cotton thing with buttons up the front, the bottom two left loose so that as I walk and when I sit you can glimpse my long, lithe legs through the slit. The top is v-necked and sinks low enough to reveal ample amounts of my creamy cleavage. It is beautifully shaped to make the most of my curves, pulled in at the waist to show off my hips and my breasts—simply sexy.

"Just like me," I chuckle as I slip my feet into matching red low-heeled shoes.

"What did you say?" Mike pops his head round my open door, and I jump.

"Oh, I was talking to myself. Are you ready then?"

"I am," he replies, walking towards me. "I challenge any man alive to see you in that dress and to not be ready."

His eyes roam my body, and I twirl for him, giggling.

"Charmer." I smile as I end up in his arms.

"Charming," he retorts and slips his hands up under my skirt, where they stroke my naked flesh. "Very charming."

I grin up at him, a blush flushing my face.

"And you can add cute to that list too," he adds, eyes gazing into mine as his hand trails over my hip. His fingers slip down through my springy pubic hair and between my damp folds. "And hot, *very* hot."

I bury my head in his shoulder, coyly appreciating the comments of such a sexy guy. I let his fingers explore my folds as I breathe in his citrus-spiced aftershave and enjoy the feel of his cotton shirt under my cheek as his finger coaxes and strokes my clit to arousal. He steps away from my body, but instead of walking away as I expect he plucks at my dress, pulling open the buttons. He sinks to his knees before peeling open the dress sides and looking straight at my pussy.

"No knickers, good."

As his fingers pry me open, the tip of his tongue flicks maddeningly over my clit.

"Oh fuck, we've not got time for this..." I groan.

"There is always time for this." His eyes smile up at me as his tongue laps over my clit. I close my eyes and stop worrying. I allow my body to wallow in the ecstasy coursing through my veins. His hands slip down my thighs and then, with just a gentle push, I topple backwards and thud down onto the bed. I giggle and then gasp as Mike runs his hands up my thighs. His face is there, between

them. His tongue probes between my lips to seek out my clit. He drives me to scream his name as his tongue artfully flicks over my clit and sends bolts of joy through me. My whole body vibrates with sexual tension.

His tongue slips between my lips and sinks into my tight, juicy hole, flicking back and forth. I squirm as I moan and pant. I feel as if I'm spinning out of control and when his strong tongue once again sets to flicking a hard rhythm across my clit, I totally lose it. Thrashing and grasping the duvet in my hands I come, long and hard, with a yell that surprises me with its loud intensity. As I lie panting, my mobile rings.

"That was Paul. They're all over at the pub. They'll be at the club in an hour. Fuck, we better get going."

* * * *

I fasten up my dress and we rush out, my pussy still throbbing. "They'll be here soon!" I flap the tea towel in my hand as I panic.

"Calm down," Mike grabs the tray and places it neatly in the only gap left on the packed table, "DJ is set up, food is out, bar is open. Everything is fine. Breathe Jane, breathe."

I let out a shuddering breath.

"Sorry, I get a bit erm, yeah. Sorry." I snuggle into his chest. Being there makes everything seem right, his protective arms shielding me from the stresses and strains of playing hostess. Of course there is a deeper worry in my mind, but Andy wouldn't dare turn up now, would he? Not after nigh on raping me in the club last night. Last night? It seems so much further back in time than that. The ecstasy of being (in every sense of the word) with Mike has left the horror of Andy's forced kisses and caresses a distant, unpleasant memory.

"I'll look after you," he whispers into my hair, his cheek resting on top of my head. "Don't worry." He must

have sensed the unease in the tightness of my hug, and I momentarily squeeze harder.

"Thanks," I reply. "I know you will."

"So this is what she's been up to all day," Rose's booming voice echoes across the musty smelling hall. "Snuggling with the sexy American."

I turn towards her voice, Mike's arms still lightly holding me.

"Can you blame me?" I ask, watching her deep brown eyes look my man up and down in appraisal.

"Not at all" she replies, a seductive pout turning into a broad grin and an echo of laughter leads into greetings and hugs and the start of a party.

* * * *

It's going well. People are mingling, dancing and eating my lovingly prepared food. I haven't been able to spend as much time with Mike as I'd like. I've been mingling, letting people know I'm ok and generally fielding questions about what Mike and I have been up to all day. My pussy throbs distractingly every time someone asks and I can feel my juices coating my thighs, ready for Mike, whenever we next get to fuck.

A camera flash goes off somewhere in the corner and suddenly I remember that I left my camera in the car. I really want to take some photos of the proceedings, so I excuse myself from the dancing bevy of sexy ladies and head outside, across the road and to my battered but cute automobile. The American word jumps to mind unbidden and makes me smile. Mike must be rubbing off on me. Mmmm... what a delightful mental image.

I click open the door and lean in to open the glove box and fish around for my camera. Damning the trend for smaller and smaller technology I stretch further, scrabbling round for the palm-sized square. It finally falls under my fingers.

I leap in surprise as fingers pinch into my stretched buttocks. I stumble off the pavement and bang my knees on the edge of the passenger seat as I land.

"You do look delicious on your knees."

I stiffen as the familiar voice oozes through the air to my ears. It isn't the tempting, teasing voice of my American lover but the harsh, spittle filled notes of Andy's repugnant voice.

"I'd ask if you're pleased to see me," he laughs harshly "but I doubt you can see me from there. Can you feel me though?" His hand runs over my buttock and I edge forward on my knees, shuddering in fear and anger.

"Don't move. Don't scream or I will do more than scratch you with my nails."

I feel a tear drip down my cheek. Why the fuck did I come out here alone? Mike doesn't even know I'm not in the building. I feel my skirt being inched up my legs and I shudder, my skin aching to be away from his fingers, my flesh sparking painfully as the skirt edge tickles past the bottom edge of my buttocks.

"Get the fuck away from my woman." Mike's voice carries over the narrow back street, his shoes clicking and echoing on the tarmac as he strides towards the car. "Fuck off, you pervert and leave her alone."

"Why? What are you going to do about it?" Andy sneers. Mike doesn't utter a word but I hear scuffling behind me and my skirt is dropped. I hear the dull thud of a fist hitting flesh and the low "oomph" of air escaping from a man's lungs. I back out of the car, stand up and push the door shut. Turning round I bump into a familiar strong chest.

Mikes arms wrap around me and claim my lips for a soft, loving kiss. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, thanks, again," I smile sheepishly.

"You're welcome. What were you doing out here all on your own?" He crinkles his brows sternly, but his eyes are smiling.

"I just didn't think. I was only coming to get my camera. How did you find me?"

"I wondered where you were. I happened to ask Rose and she said you were just going out to the car. So, I ran down to check on you."

"Thank God." I kiss him again, my lips pressing hard against his. I hold him close, grasping him as I pour out my gratitude in a long, lingering kiss.

Mike's hands run down over my back, comforting and arousing me. His kiss is fiercely passionate. I can feel his heart thudding hard against my chest, the adrenaline still flowing through him. I want him. My mind is completely consumed by his body, his heat and the hesitant bump pressing into my pelvis. I run a hand over his chest, plucking at his sensitive nipples through his cotton shirt. He growls into my mouth and breaks away, kissing down my neck, biting and nipping as he goes.

"Oh fuck, Mike." I groan as he nibbles and sucks on my neck. I feel my body melt and I lean harder against him, my legs only just holding me up. One hand cups my breast, then slips between us and pops open a couple of buttons on my dress. His fingers grip the weight of my breast through the lacy material of my bra. Roughly, he pulls the cup down and grasps and squeezes my breast, rubbing his thumb over my taut nipple.

"Mike, someone might see us. He might see us."

"Let the sad pervert watch. Let him see that you're mine. Don't deny it Jane, this is turning you on. Besides, baby, I don't think I can stop."

He pulls back from me, grasping both sides of my dress in his hands. Tugging sharply the buttons fall from their fastened positions and expose my naked pussy to the cool evening air.

His body is pushed against me again, his lips claim mine and his fingers slip down into my hot, wet slit.

"Fuck, you *are* turned on," he hisses as he kisses over my cheeks, my chin, my neck, any area of flesh his lips fall on.

"Good God, you're a hot piece of ass," he croons, his hands going round to my buttocks. I lock one leg around him and he slips a hand under my thigh to hold me up. I feel my exposed cunt rub up and down the heavy cotton of his trousers, feeling his cock trying to break through and fuck me.

"Mike..."

The words won't drop from my mouth, but I want to feel him inside of me *now*. He's right, being out here, being so exposed is arousing me. I groan and grind my hips against him, forcing his fingers deep inside of me. The hint of danger, the possibility of someone watching, even that of my attacker watching; it drives me to dizzying heights of arousal. I hear Mike fumbling with the zip of his trousers, his fingers leaving my hungry pussy.

I reach a hand down to help him snap open the button and free himself from the confines of his black trousers and boxers. I look down between our bodies and groan as his hard cock springs into sight. I watch as he runs it up and down my wet slit. I cannot take the pleasure anymore and have to close my eyes, throwing my head back as he forces his cock into my willing, waiting pussy. We both moan as he rocks forward until our stomachs touch. He is fully embedded inside me.

Gripping my thigh, he begins to move in and out of me. I feel so slutty being fucked like this, my naked breast poking from my bra, my dress hanging off my shoulders, exposing my flesh to the air and to the view of anyone looking. Being fucked by a fully dressed guy makes me feel even more deliciously dirty.

"Jane, you're so hot." His teeth nibble on my neck. He bites down as he fucks me and I cry out, angling my pelvis so he can get more of him inside. My hands run through his hair and scratch at his shoulders. I feel him building and I sneak a hand between us. I feel my hard clit, wet with my juices. I rub it up and down frantically as the passion builds.

"Yes, come for me," he growls as his hips buck with greater passion. As he pulls my leg closer around his waist, the extra bump sets off the alarm in my clit. It rings and vibrates like an old fashioned alarm clock as I scream out and dig my nails deeper into his shoulders and back. He slams inside of me and bites down on my shoulder, the harsh pain making me grind against him once more, hitting my sensitised clit and sending a rush of hot pleasure through my body.

He pulls away from me after kissing my cheek and fastens his pants. I hurriedly paw my breast back inside my bra and attempt to fasten up my dress buttons with shaking fingers. Mike comes close to help me and I smile at him, kissing his lips.

"Let's get back to the party. They'll wonder where we've been."

Walking into the room, a catcall goes up and hands clap. We don't understand what the excitement is about, but the shouts of "Bravo!" "Good show!" and "Encore!" make us wonder. Rose comes over to us and pulls us to a large window at the side of the dance floor. Looking out, you can see my car and the wall behind it.

They had seen us fucking. I flush bright red but the embarrassment is tinged with excitement and pride.

Mike speaks up. "We're glad you enjoyed the show, you perverts!" The room echoes with laughter.

* * * *

"I'm going to miss you," I sigh as we walk into the airport. Mike has his luggage on one side and my hand in the other.

"It's not going to be forever," Mike smiles, squeezing my palm.

"I know, but I'm still going to miss you." I look down as tears begin to prick at the corners of my eyes.

"I'm gonna miss you too, darlin'," he sighs, "so very much."

We walk in silence over to the check in. I feel as if I'm walking through treacle, like my chest is being pulled tight into a corset. I always knew it'd be hard saying goodbye to Mike after his time here, but I never realised it'd be this difficult. I don't think I can physically go on.

"We've got some time to kill. Come and sit with me in the waiting room."

Mike smiles down at me and I smile back, a hollow smile that hides the tumult of emotion raging inside of me. I want to cry, I want to scream and stamp my feet. I don't want him to leave. I want to hold him here, here with me, where he damn well belongs.

"Jane, are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I chirp, smiling at him.

"Come on then, let's go and watch the planes."

I follow him meekly as he leads me over to the wall of window looking out onto the runway. He slips around a corner, and takes a seat beside a large, plastic pot plant which isolates the corner from the bustle of travellers on the other side.

I move to sit beside him, but he pulls on my arm and I stumble into his lap. His arms wrap tightly around me so I can't move. I look at him, raising my eyebrows.

"I want to feel you close," he replies, kissing my cheek. I snuggle into his arms and plant a kiss on the top of his head. We sit, locked together and watch the jets moving in and out of the airport. The people contained inside are

going on holiday, travelling for work or going home. The screams of excited children blend with the snaps of stressed parents and the yells of those flyers who've indulged in some Dutch courage before boarding. I feel completely isolated from them.

Mike's hand slips under my orange cotton top and rubs up and down my back, soothing me. I lean even further into him and his fingers snake forward and stroke over the cotton bra cup that hides my breast. His light touch tightens my nipples and I gasp, my eyes drifting left and right; but there are no holidaymakers in view.

"What are you doing?" I hiss into his ear, my hand laying over his. "People might see."

"I'm using the time I have left in England to do my very favourite thing."

I look into his eyes and he answers my silent question.

"Making love to you."

"But..." I try to protest, but the words just won't come. I feel his hand under my skirt, untucking it from between us 'til I'm sat on his lap, my naked buttocks rubbing against his rough jean covered thighs. "...people might see."

"There's no one looking, and even if someone did see, they'd only see a gorgeous girl sitting in a tall guy's lap, nothing more."

I can feel his erection pressing through his pants and now his fingers are there, unzipping and freeing his hard cock. I don't care if someone sees us now, my arousal has awoken and I want him. I need to feel him inside me because I'm going to miss it so much when he's gone.

I turn on his lap so I'm facing out, my legs draped over his. I lift my bottom as he rubs his cock down between my buttocks and I bite down a gasp as he pops inside of me. His hardness stretches me, almost painfully, but as I move my pelvis the pleasure explodes.

His hands stroke through my hair, his lips nuzzle at my ear as he lets out a low, deep, quiet moan that sets my body

on fire. I rest my hands in my lap, one behind the other. Anyone looking on will see me genteelly perched upon my boyfriends lap, enjoying a last snuggle before parting. They won't know there is a cock buried deep inside me, below this billowing skirt, or that my finger is rubbing my clit through the light fabric.

"I'm going to miss this silky neck," he whispers, letting his lips press against the aforementioned body part. "And this delicate arm and hand, the hand that feels so good wrapped around my cock." He emphasises the word "cock" with a harsh lift of his hips that sends shockwaves that make me yelp. I flick my eyes from left to right, but no one heard. My cheeks are flushed with excitement as I wonder if someone is watching us from where we can't see them.

"Oh, and these breasts, these sweet, succulent breasts," his hand squeezes, his thumb gliding over my tight nipple, "and this cunt. I love how it fits me so perfectly. I'm going to miss you so much, so very much Jane."

"I'm going to miss you, too." I can feel my orgasm now, like a heavy weight in my pelvis, growing heavier and heavier until it's tipped away and the lightness fills my being with ecstatic joy.

"Oh, Jane, I love you." He hisses it through gritted teeth and freezes as his seed forces its way into me.

"I love you too," I gulp, as my own orgasm dissipates into bliss. I turn to him, his softened member slipping from me as I wrap my arms around him and sob into his shoulder.

"It won't be forever." He croons, stroking my back. "I'll come back as soon as I can."

"Really? Promise?" I sniff.

"Promise." His lips meet mine and I feel the love, passion and sincerity. It may not take my pain away, but it will at least offer comfort over our long months apart.

"I have to go now, Jane. I'll be boarding soon."

"Okay," I sniff. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologise." He holds me tight. "Don't ever apologise for loving me."

I watch him disappear towards customs and I smile. I'm still sad, I'm going to miss him so very much, but I have his words to keep me smiling.

"It won't be forever, you know."

But I would wait forever for him, if I had to.

I Can't Dance

I don't like to dance. I can't dance, in fact. Forget the clichéd two left feet, when I get going I have at least six or seven of them. I do appreciate good music, though, and so the sensual sound of salsa is soothing my shopping experience.

I like this town. There is so often something going on. Today, there is a group of people dancing. Professionals, dancing with each other. The men are in black from head to toe, their shirts open to reveal golden cinnamon skin below. The ladies costumes are bright and swirling, fringes and layering around the short skirts add movement as they sway and shake their hips. Red, yellow, white and blue dresses swirl to the sexy salsa beat.

I sit on the wall outside the hardware shop and listen. I can only catch glimpses of the dancing as the crowd shifts and people move on, but I can feel the beat of the music slipping and sliding all through my body. I slowly swig from a bottle of water and am aware of the stretch of my neck and the way I swallow. I think of sex, of being on my knees; a cock between my lips, spurting thick cream down the back of my elongated, begging throat.

I shake my head as I drain the last drop and stand to place the bottle in a bin. As I move, my body zings. My nipples are hard and brushing against the cotton of my bra, my legs wobble as after orgasm and my heart is thump, thump, thumping like a rabbit in heat. The music is powerful, the beat taking me over. I'm single, happily

single. I don't obsess about sex, but right now I'd fuck right here, any man, any woman just to get some release.

I can't take it anymore and so I spin away from the music, concentrating on the domestic nature of my trip. I need to go to the butchers and I need a new bulb for the living room light...

I feel a tap on my shoulder, and I look. A man dressed in black grabs the crook of my arm with one hand and gesticulates to the other dancing bodies in the middle of the square. I shake my head, my cheeks exploding with color and I try to pull away, but his grip is tight, the thick brown fingers digging into my flesh.

"Come," he whispers in my ear. "Come dance with me. It will be beautiful." There is a tinge to his voice, a hint of an accent which enhances the low bass timbre of his words.

"No, no!" I shake my head, my voice high pitched and squeaky. "I can't dance." I feel pearls of sweat dripping down my back. The intensity of the sun heats my flesh to a burning point and my heart strains to be away from this man.

My mistake is in looking into his eyes. They are dark, black like treacle, with soft golden flecks which dance to the salsa beat. I cannot fight against him any longer. I am meek. I walk with him and the crowd parts. Suddenly I am contained within a semi-circle of space, other dancers and poor unsuspecting shoppers surrounding me.

I balk, the color running from my face, the fear of public humiliation forcing me to take action, to pull away. He is strong and as I strain away from him he pulls me in hard against his body as if we are already dancing.

"I CAN'T dance." I scream it to his face, the fear pulsing through me, making me behave unlike my usual timid self.

"You can." He wraps his other arm around my waist. "Just listen to the music."

I wonder for a moment if I should scream and cry out for help, but the words will not fall from my mouth. The feel of him so close is intoxicating, the sound so close to the band is overwhelming. The sweet melodies shake through my system, making my hips shiver in unconscious response.

"Yes, that's it." His lips are by my ear. I can almost feel them caressing my skin. "You are so sexy, so sensual. Let the music guide you."

His hand strokes the base of my back and I feel warmth spread through me. My arms hang loosely at my sides, but as he moves me back and forward I lose balance and reach out. One hand lands on his hip, the other finds itself clasped within the strong confines of my dance partner's fingers.

Forward and back he steps and I jerk in response until I establish the same rhythm. I smile at him as I let the music guide my feet.

"See?" His lips are there, just by my ear again, close to my neck. "You can dance." His lips brush gently against my cheek; I bite back a moan, unsure if it's intentional; I want to feel those thick, confident lips pressed against me firmly, long to taste them, feel them against my own.

As the music surrounds me, my body moves with it; sinuously, sensually, sexily. The feelings from before are heightened by the movement of my body in proximity to his. His body is hard and unyielding. It rubs against my breasts, my legs, my groin. He's hard and ready for action from the feel of it. The dance is like fast-paced sex. Raw, wild and frenzied, as if I am being fucked fully-clothed.

It's stopped. I feel my body heaving in shock. I drown in disappointment as his body pulls away from mine. The gathered crowd is clapping and his hand is back in the small of my back, pushing me forward in an awkward bow. He escorts me away from the other dancers as they break into a new, more professional routine.

"Well, er, thanks," I mumble, glancing briefly into his intense stare. His smile is intoxicating, so I drop my head and try my best to walk away, but he's still holding on to me. As I move away he pulls me back, like an intricate dance move and I end up wrapped in his arms. I find him kissing me.

How can I resist? A little voice somewhere in the very back corner of my mind mutters something about being in public, about this being a stranger. But his lips on mine are sending me an even stronger message and it's heading straight between my legs.

I don't protest when he pushes me back, I don't protest when his hands run down to my hips, then up and under my t-shirt. I try to protest as his fingers sneak into my bra, but his kiss smothers me, his tongue slips into my mouth as his fingers brush my nipples and I cannot find my voice.

The cups are pushed under my breasts, propping them up and leaving them exposed. His fingers tease and taunt the tiny nubs before one trails down my stomach and slips under the waistband of my skirt. The little voice is there again, reminding me that the cool breeze I can feel on my exposed tummy is not coming in through an open window. I know I'm in public and I know I should stop, but my body is beyond caring.

I've always been the sensible sort. I was married to a man who liked my sensible side but shunned my sexual side. It hurt me when he left, went off with a big-boobed bimbo who obviously wasn't speaking to his sensible side at all. Now I feel like I'm re-discovering the sensuality held in check for so damn long. It's like this guy, this guy whose name I don't even know, has the key, and he's unlocking my lust.

My skirt is hitching higher and higher, yet his lips have not once left mine. This guy is a seasoned seducer. I flush with embarrassment when I realize he's going to discover I'm knickerless under the long, sunshine skirt. He doesn't

seem to mind. His fingers graze my naked mound and a groan vibrates from his mouth to mine and straight to my exposed pussy. He runs a thick finger down the slit and picks up a glaze of my moisture which he brings to his lips, pulling them apart from mine for a moment. He savours the taste of me, staring deep into my eyes.

I am a goner. That stare has pierced me with nails and fastened me to the wall. My body seems to have frozen and as I hear his zipper, I wait for the inevitable, my heart thumping and my ears listening to the dull bang of shoes passing by the end of the passageway.

He wastes no time, his cock is freed and lodged between my pussy lips. He pushes hard, lifting my feet off the floor as his cock fills me. His hands grab beneath my buttocks and I cross my legs behind him. I don't know how he's holding me up. I'm no waif, but his pounding cock is all I can feel, all that is keeping me in the air.

The wall biting into my back hurts, but that only seems to make the sensations in my cunt all the more pleasurable. I can't help but let out grunts and groans of ecstasy, and I open my eyes briefly when I remember just how close to the crowds we really are. Luckily, no one is paying any attention to what is happening down a dank, dark alleyway as the Salsa music has started up again. I feel his hips falling in with the sensual beat of it.

His cock is stretching me, filling me and driving me wild. I close my eyes and surrender to the beat, arms and my legs wrapped around him, holding him tight as an orgasm builds. I've never felt an orgasm at the hands of another and this feels so damn good. I'm not in control. I'm just letting it happen to me. It feels so fucking good. I let out a yelp and his lips thud down on mine.

"Shhh," He hisses then kisses me as my clit throbs, sending ecstatic pulses through my cunt and upwards 'til the sensation explodes all the way through me, from my toes to my skull.

I scream into his mouth, his lips muffling the sound as he grunts back, driving his shaft deep into me and leaving it lodged there, throbbing and pumping its pleasure into me.

My legs drop as his hands move from my buttocks. His cock slips out of me and he tucks it away as my skirt drops back down, tickling my legs. I press my breasts back in to the confines of my bra then I run my fingers through my hair, smoothing it down.

"Thank you." I smile, leaning in to kiss *him* this time. He blushes, smiles, then returns the kiss.

"My pleasure," he rasps. "I knew you could dance from the moment I saw you. Oh yes, you can dance."

He runs to the end of the alley and as he bursts out into the sunshine an arm captures him and pulls him off towards the other salsa dancers. I continue with my shopping trip, a smile on my lips. It is true what they say; giving way to the beat is truly freeing. I wonder if there is anywhere locally giving Salsa lessons?

Leaf Lessons

"What on Earth happened here?" Mark asked as he walked into the living room and saw the floor strewn with autumnal leaves.

"Yes, sorry." Helen shook her head. She was on her knees in the middle of the living room, orange and red leaves sprouting from her fisted hands. "I picked them all up at the park for school tomorrow, but the black bag burst and well, you can see what happened."

"Need a hand?"

"Oh, yes please, love." Helen grinned as her husband hung up his coat.

"What are you going to do with all these at school, then?" Mark asked as he grabbed a handful of crinkly leaves.

"You're definitely not a teacher are you?" Helen rolled her eyes. "They'll be made into collages."

"Oh." Mark looked puzzled.

"They'll glue them onto paper and make a picture." Helen was used to explaining things in simple terms; she'd been a reception teacher for several years and found her training often helped when talking to her husband.

"Well, of course I knew that. Ouch, what the...?"

"Ahhh, you found one of the horse chestnuts, then."

"That's not a damn conker," he hissed and pointed at the green spiky ball.

"No, but there's a conker inside it."

"How are the kids going to stick that?"

"It's for a display, love," Helen explained, dropping the mace-like ball into the bag. she reached out to stroke her husbands arm. "I'm a big fan of horse chestnuts."

Mark smiled, leaning over to kiss his wife. "Yes, they've always been my favourite tree. But, do you mean we made out under a tree with those damn things hanging above our heads?"

"Well, we did much more than just make out, love, but yes. As you fucked me in the crispy leaves, those things were hanging above our writhing bodies."

"God, Helen, you have such a way with words."

He lunged forward, pushed his wife back with a squeal into the crunchy leaves. His lips found hers and they kissed hard.

"That was good," Helen panted, when he let her breathe, "but we need to tidy these leaves up. We've got Mum coming over for tea in an hour or so."

"Oh hush, woman." Mark held his wife's hands above her head. "We've got ages and I want to make a collage."

Helen looked confused as her husband lifted her top and eased it up and over her head, revealing her bra and the large apples trapped inside. He slipped her trousers down and off her legs, along with her knickers. It left her exposed, the crinkly edges of the leaves prickled her skin.

He rolled her to her side and unsnapped her bra, then pressed her gently back to the floor. The leaves rustled as she settled, almost masking the deep growl that escaped Mark's lips as he surveyed his wife's naked body.

He picked up a red leaf, long and classically shaped, and laid it on her rounded stomach, like an arrow pointing down. He then picked up two yellow hand-shaped leaves, large and bright. He laid these gently over his wife's budding breasts. The soft touch made Helen gasp with need. He filled in the rest of her skin with leaves of varying size and shape. He found a leaf skeleton, fragile and see-through and placed it over Helen's pussy.

"That's gorgeous," he said, "but there's something missing."

He picked up a shiny brown conker and shifted the arrow leaf on her stomach down a bit further before popping the brown nut into the dip of her belly button.

"That's cold," Helen exclaimed.

"Hush, you. Canvasses don't speak." Helen went quiet. She always enjoyed it when her husband was dominant; she just wished he'd hurry up and fuck her. Her need was growing, but she was also painfully aware that her mother was due soon.

"Still not right," he muttered and sifted through the leaves around him. "Ah ha." He picked up a spiky ball, and smiled wickedly down on Helen from between her spread thighs. She gasped as he laid it on her neck and rolled it down over her leaf covered flesh. He watched as the leaves shifted and moved under the motion of the Horse Chestnut pod. He listened intently to the gasps and moans of his wife as he ran it over her nipples, down her stomach and over her thighs.

"Perfect," he gulped, discarding the pod and gently lifting the leaf that barely covered her creamy slit. With one simple motion he unbuttoned his trousers and his engorged cock popped out. He wasted no time. Inching forward, he pressed his cock into her soft, fleshy cunt and moaned in ecstasy.

"Oh, yes," Helen moaned, the leaves crunching beneath her. She remembered the first day they met, which was also the first time they fucked. The autumn leaves lay around them that day as he filled her, the scent of fertile earth filled her nostrils and she ended up with grass stains on her skirt and dirt under her nails afterwards.

Her body shook as he entered her, shivering with pleasure from the very first thrust. Leaves cascaded down from her body as he humped hard and fast, grunting and rubbing her through the leaves. The carpet beneath burned

against her buttocks and back, the pain adding to the pleasure coursing through her veins.

"I love you," he gasped as he thrust, knowing that no amount of self-control was going to stop him from coming.

"I love you, too," she groaned as she felt his cock contract, then expand as he pumped his pleasure into her. He lifted up and tucked his cock back into his pants.

"I need to come," she gasped, trailing a finger down her body to her cream-filled cunt.

"Slut," he gasped, watching her fingers pump inside of her then lift to her clit. She massaged in a circular motion. With each complete circle she wound tighter and tighter.

"That's it, come for me," Mark hissed.

"Yes," Helen cried as she spread her thighs wider.

"Let me see you come, you fucking slut, writhing in the grass in the park. Anyone could walk past at any moment. You don't care though, do you? You just need to come."

Helen came. She screamed as she exploded, her mind filled with the image Mark had created of her wanking in the park, people walking past. She *was* a slut and oh, she loved it.

She opened her eyes and Mark was on his knees picking up the leaves and stuffing them in a bag.

"Come on, you. Your Mum will be here soon."

Helen laughed and grabbed a handful of leaves.

"I don't think I can let the kids use these now," she said and Mark replied.

"Oh, I'll use them. Put them in the toy box in our bedroom." His eyes danced with lust and humour and Helen's heart leapt.

"Yes, boss," she replied and continued stuffing leaves into the bag, the scent of autumn on her fingers.

Love Fucking Hurts

Some of this story is based on historical fact; the building of The Three Mariners exists in Scarborough, but is a private home not a hotel. Ghostly goings on have been known to happen there. However, this is a work of fiction inspired by the old building and the ghost stories associated with it, not a historically accurate document – thank you.

* * * *

A weekend getaway seemed to be the perfect solution to their problems. Cathy and Andrew had been going through a tough time and if something wasn't done, the young couple could easily have ended up on the divorce statistics. Scarborough was an easy decision, too. The local seaside resort was easy to get to and filled with good hotels and the sweet sea air that they enjoyed on their honeymoon. It would be the perfect getaway. They were sure that a few days away from the pressures of work would do them a world of good.

Cathy was more than pleased with the hotel as she wheeled her large suitcase up to its impressive, red-bricked front. The Three Mariners had been her husband's choice, and as she walked into the lobby she was surprised to see what a modern, smart hotel it was. Andrew's common sense had attracted her to him, but his penny pinching ways soon became annoying. Cathy had a ton of credit card debt hidden from her husband. A girl has got to be able to shop and he just didn't get that.

Andrew was also impressed with the hotel; he'd gotten a killer deal on two nights here, and he was pleased to see Cathy smiling at his choice. He'd gotten far too used to the sight of her nose pinching in disgust of late.

He booked them in and they were shown to the honeymoon suite. It was high up on the top floor and in the middle, with a lovely view out over the bustling harbour, and an ornate four poster bed which screamed quality, age and expense. Cathy was in her element. This was the hotel room of her dreams. She was so taken with it that she ran into her husband's arms and kissed his cheek.

"This is perfect, thank you." She smiled and he enjoyed the glow of it, remembering the days when such smiles were a regular occurrence. He bent his head down to hers and their lips met. This was one thing that still held them together, this instant lust that burned between them. She responded eagerly, partly because she felt horny but mostly because she wanted it over with, so she could go out and indulge her senses in all things seaside.

The kiss grew, pulling in hands that grasped and stroked, then chests that mashed together, squashing Cathy's breasts almost painfully against him. They stepped over to the bed, lips still joined. Parting only for a moment, they raced to ditch their clothes. Andrew stripped first and dived onto the bed, his cock proudly pointing up into the air.

She took a little longer, admiring the length, strength and deliciousness of her husband's meat. He lay there, stroking it and devouring her body with his gaze. His intense hazel eyes still made her damp with desire and his body was still a feast to her eyes.

They met in the middle of the bed in a confusion of limbs. Their lips joined and Andrew's hands roamed her body, skimming over her breasts and slipping between her thighs. Cathy moaned as his finger slipped inside of her.

She was already wet and Andrew was soon between her thighs, forcing his cock inside of her.

Cathy would have liked foreplay, it seemed to be something that just did not happen in their lovemaking these days. But the feeling of his cock inside of her, pulling wide her sex walls and tickling her so erotically, erased the thought from her mind. She slipped a hand down between their bodies and discovered her clit. She strummed at it, needing to come and knowing that Andrew would not hold out long. She could not remember the last time they had fucked.

Andrew was looking at her beautiful face, eyes tightly closed as she concentrated on the feelings emanating from her crotch. He was trying his best to hold down the impending orgasm, but actually being inside his sexy wife for the first time in over a month was too much for his wanked-raw member. As the orgasm took over his body, he felt a cold shiver run down his spine and as that shiver tailed off at the bottom Cathy bucked beneath him, the guttural grunt signalling that she too had come.

Slipping off her, he kissed her cheek and they lay on their backs, panting and looking up at the deep red of the material draped over the dark wood frame of the romantic bed.

"Want to go for a walk along the front?" he asked her and she nodded. She would soon be able to give him the slip and disappear into the town for some retail therapy. She did not miss the irony in the fact that she wanted to get away from her husband on this, their romantic getaway but she did not want to analyse it either. She was not going to become another statistic, not after only two years of marriage anyway.

* * * *

"How about a Pirate ship ride?" Andrew asked as they walked along the seafront.

"Are you joking? That's for kids," Cathy replied shaking her head and adjusting the thick wool scarf around her neck.

"It'd be romantic," Andrew countered, his cheeks blushing.

"Maybe in the middle of summer it might be, but not at the end of October when it's cold and grey and windy. You'd be seasick."

"I would not," Andrew countered. "It'd be fun."

"Well go on then, Long John Bloody Silver, go and join the pirate crew. I'm going to go and do some shopping."

"We're supposed to be here together," he snapped. "We're supposed to be having a romantic weekend together."

"Well, I want to shop. Do you want to come with me?" Her reply is icy, colder than the freezing westerly breeze coming in off the sea.

"No. Go shop, selfish bitch. I guess we know the answer to the question of our marriage now, don't we?"

Andrew strode off towards the harbour and the fake looking pirate ship. For one moment Cathy hesitated, looking after him with pain in her eyes.

"Fuck it," she said and walked the other direction, in search of retail therapy.

She was in the middle of Topshop when an attack of conscience hit her. She picked her mobile phone out of her handbag. She dialled Andrew's number and got the voice mail. She did a little more shopping, then tried again on her way out. Again she got the voicemail and stopped the call without leaving a message.

"Bastard's turned off his phone," she mumbled to herself, as she exited the shop and headed for yet another. "Hardball it is, then."

He wasn't back at the hotel when she reached it a few hours later either, which really made her mad. She rang

room service (which Andrew would go mental over) and ordered a bottle of expensive white wine. Once it arrived she poured herself a glass and took it into the bathroom, where she indulged in a long, bubbly bath.

If he wasn't willing to work on this marriage, there was nothing she could do. It's not like she'd been unreasonable; the boat had been a bad idea. He'd obviously already made his decision. The tears stung her cheeks and she dashed them away with the back of her hand. After taking a huge gulp of sparkling wine, she lifted herself from the bath.

She had known things hadn't been right between them for many months now. They barely spent more than an hour or so in each others presence. It had gotten to the point where Andrew slept most nights in the spare room so as not to disturb her when he came in late from work, or so he said. But recently he'd started to sleep in there even when he wasn't working.

How had it happened? Where had it gone wrong? She wasn't quite sure. She pondered the question as she smothered her body in expensive, sexy-smelling body lotion. They had been so in love when they first met. He was her knight in shining armour, saving her from the advances of some skanky male in the student bar. They had fallen instantly in love and she remembered fondly the first night they consummated that love on her small, single bed and how they fell asleep entwined together. She still loved him and he loved her, or at least she thought he did. Why then had they grown so distant? Where had they lost that love?

Was it simply that they were both so busy? She took another sip of wine, then settled down to treat her hands and nails to a manicure. She was sure that if they found whatever it was that was straining this relationship, they could make it good. They were a good couple. Everyone said so. They had loads in common; same tastes in music

and TV programmes and even supported the same football team. Maybe time was the answer.

However, it was clear that Andrew had decided that spending time together was not the answer. Cathy ended up going to bed alone. She sat up as late as she could manage, reading. But as midnight approached, she found herself nodding off. Putting on her black sleep mask, (she could not sleep properly without it) she shuffled down under the heavy blankets and closed her eyes.

She woke to the blankets being violently snatched off her body.

"Andrew!" she yelled. "What the hell are you doing? It's fucking cold in here." She tried to snatch the blankets back, but couldn't find them. She peeled up the corner of her mask but a cold grasp pulled her hand away and pressed it into the pillow beside her head.

"Stop pissing about," she hissed. "Your hands are freezing." She found her other hand clasped and forced up beside her head as well, and became aware of a body above her. "You're drunk aren't you? You always get horny when you're pissed."

Cathy wasn't as scared as she thought she should be, nor as angry as she knew she had the right to be. She was more turned on than she had been in months and when his cold lips pressed against hers she kissed him back passionately. Their tongues danced together as their lips moved in sync.

All anger, resentment and hurt washed away as his lips, still unusually cold, slid down to her throat. She gasped and moaned as he bit her quite violently on the most erogenous zone in her upper body. He was kissing all her right spots and he sank lower, pulling down the top of the expensive new satin nightgown to pull up her breasts and suckle on her nipples.

It was strange how she seemed to still be able to feel his hands holding hers down, though they were obviously

handling her breasts, arousing them with a passion she had not felt in far too long. She put it down to not being fully awake and enjoying the feeling of being held down.

His lips continued lower, over her stomach and down 'til she could feel his cold breath on her juice-covered pussy. His fingers carefully peeled her wet, warm lips apart, allowing his tongue to lap at the nub of pleasure beneath.

"Oh fuck, yes," she moaned as his mouth and tongue lashed at her sensitised flesh, making her writhe and buck, smearing his icy cheeks with her juices. It registered somewhere in her brain that his skin was still cold, but put it down to the strong winds along the seafront. She continued to enjoy the spiralling sensations of pleasure seeping through her body and making her tingle all over.

He took her to the very brink and left her hanging there; she moaned out her frustration and writhed on the bed.

"Don't leave me like this," she moaned, then lifted a hand to her eye and began to slide up the eye mask. A strong slap to her hand stopped her in her tracks.

"Ow, Andrew!" she cursed, but before she got any further she felt the hard stub of an erect cock stuffing itself into her wet, wanting passage. She forgot the words that she was about to lash out with, and gasped instead. His cock felt bigger, harder than it ever had before, filling her in a way that sent actual shivers up her spine and threw her body into orgasmic paroxysms.

Over and over he thrust and over and over she cried out. She'd never been very vocal but Andrew *was* the only lover who had ever managed to make her scream for more of his love making.

"Fuck, I love you," she gasped and meant it. She was stunned by the new intensity in those words, when she'd been lamenting the loss of the spark mere hours ago. When the pace changed she knew he was close, but as her body

shuddered with pleasure all she heard was a far away yell, as if from somewhere out to sea. As she stopped panting, she felt him slip from between her thighs. Those cold lips pressed against hers again, briefly. :

"I love you, always," she heard him whisper. Then a great tiredness swept over her and she knew nothing more.

* * * *

Her mobile phone woke her the following morning.

"Is this Mrs. Wild?"

"Yes, yes it is," Cathy replied, slipping the eye mask off her face.

"Ahhh, Mrs. Wild this is Inspector Kline from Scarborough Metropolitan police, we need you to come in to the station for us as soon as you can."

"Oh, oh. Okay," she mumbled, rubbing sleep from her eyes as she tried to fashion the words needed to enquire as to why they wanted her.

After hanging up on the police officer, Cathy went into the bathroom. The first thing she noticed was a large bruise on her neck. She smiled. It was years since Andrew had last given her a hickey. Good job roll-neck jumpers were in this season. She pulled on a bright red one to compliment her pale features and left the hotel on her way to the police station.

* * * *

"No, no, no it can't be," she gasped, tears spilling down her face. "It can't be my Andrew."

The stocky policeman pulled out a plastic bag containing a wet open wallet that contained a soggy and stained photo of her.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wild, for your loss."

"Not Andrew. No. I mean... he came into our room last night. He was there."

"The pirate ship got into trouble on the rough waters at five-fifteen and capsized only a few minutes later. I'm afraid your husband was caught under the boat. His end

was quick, and we've heard others say he was talking of you when the ship was floundering in the water. He obviously loved you very much."

* * * *

It was not until the coffin was lowered into the ground that Cathy accepted that he was really dead. She cried and cried. Cried for the opportunities lost and the way her last words were harsh and angry. If only she had persuaded him not to go, if only she had not been so selfish.

It wasn't until she told her best friend about the night in the hotel room and how it confused her that she found out the Three Mariners was the most haunted place in Scarborough.

"He came to you from beyond the grave to make all things better," her friend said. "Now that's real love."

"Love hurts," Cathy replied through the tears, pulling down the high neck of her jumper and showing the livid, purple and black mark below that was spreading down to her collar bone and round her neck. "Love really fucking hurts."

Pigtails and Pumpkins

Halloween doesn't bother me. I don't usually dress up. I never tricked or treated as a kid. It just isn't a big thing in England, and I don't do Halloween parties. However, tonight I *am* dressed up, and my body feels like there is a party going on.

I feel like my school uniform is my second skin these days. My husband frequently requests that I wear it, and I eagerly acquiesce. Tonight is another of those nights. As soon as Liam came in from work, he asked me to go upstairs and bring down my uniform. Now I am standing before him, my every day clothes in a pile at my feet, my body completely unveiled for him to see.

"Put your uniform on for me," he says, and I turn to the side to pick up the first article. Before I do, he adds, "Do it sexily." I'm a little caught off guard; how do you get dressed sexily? I know you can strip in a sensuous way, but how do you make putting clothes on a turn on?

I start by slipping my tush into tight-fitting white knickers. It certainly makes me feel horny. They are so tight and constricting, they make me extra aware of my pouting sex lips...and the juices that are already dripping down and soaking into the pristine cotton. I glance towards my husband. I can see he is enjoying the view, his hands gently caressing the bump under his smart suit pants. I slip on the skirt, then pull up each of the long, white knee-high socks. I hear his groan as he glimpses my crotch, wet behind its material barrier.

Just as I'm desperately trying to button up my tighter than tight white blouse, the doorbell rings.

"Damn trick or treaters," I curse as I continue to fumble.

"Well, go and open the door," My husband says, smiling with a sadistic glint to his eye.

"Pardon?" I stop fumbling and look directly at him.

"Now." He doesn't shout the word, he doesn't make it into an exclamation, his voice just growls and rumbles and I know he means business. Trying to press my breasts down into the confines of my blouse, I dash over to the front door. The top button gives up the fight and pops off just as I reach it. I curse and fumble with the latch, holding the door in front of me and peering round the edge.

I am rather taken aback. On my doorstep are not two little kiddie monsters but two adults in costume. The man is a vampire. The long black cloak looks rather like a head teacher's robe, but the fake pointed, bloodied teeth define the wearer's vampiric status. The lady is wearing exactly the same thing I am. Tight, white shirt with her gorgeous breast spilling out of the top, short pleated skirt, socks and pretty little flat shoes.

"Trick or treat?" they grin, both holding out half-filled plastic pumpkin heads.

"Sweets. Yes, erm, I'll have to see what I can find." I stammer and go to turn back into the house. Just as I do, the man with the twilight eyes and the plastic fangs speaks.

"Liam invited us round for a special Halloween party." Something about the way he says the words makes my stomach flip. Just as I turn my head to ask Liam, his voice carries an affirmative, saying that he had invited some friends round.

I open the door and welcome the guests through, keeping the wooden barrier between us.

The lock clicks as I close up behind us. My mind is working overtime to try and figure out what Liam has in store for me tonight.

"Susan, hurry up, please." I rush into the living room and see my husband dressed in a cloak similar to that of his friend, lustily squeezing the other visitor's barely clothed breast.

"Ahh, here you are. Come here and make Sean's acquaintance."

I walk over, smiling nervously. I've never met either of these people before. I thought I knew all of my husband's friends, but obviously not. Then a thought hits me; they don't have to be my husband's friends, they could be new acquaintances, invited here for my pleasure. He's always teasing me about sex with another couple.

I smile up at Sean, and he smiles down at my breasts. A big, tough hand reaches out and delves into my top, popping off another straining button and grasping my white orb.

"Nice to meet you," he says, turning to his partner. "Mmm, she has the most amazing breasts, Jen. You'll love them."

Okay, so yes, I'm completely perverted. Now I know it. A stranger, just greeted me by fondling my tit, commented upon it's fineness to his wife, and I'm horny, not outraged. I want to fuck. I want to fuck right here, right now.

"Though she's ruined her school shirt, Man. What are you going to do with her?" Sean grins and my husband grins back.

"Will you start sorting her out? I just need to get something."

It's a whirl of action. He moves, she moves and I am suddenly draped over strange, strong knees. My skirt is flipped up, my knickers pulled down. No seduction, no teasing, no messing about. I'm dizzy with lust and the cry

that bursts from my lips when his hand slaps my flesh is not of pain, but of ecstatic pleasure.

Raising my gaze from the dark carpet I look into the un-seeing eyes of two pumpkins, then directly into the naked crotch of a woman with whom I've never even spoken. She's sitting on the chair opposite, her legs spread and her exposed pussy glistening with excitement.

The crack of hand against my buttocks is regular and strong, my skin is stinging and singing with sensitivity and I'm yelping. It's strange how my voice sounds like someone else's, but then this whole set up is like a scene from a porno movie. I mean, I'm even starting to long to run my tongue up and down Jen's hairless crack and I'm straight. I am completely turned on; everything is sex, everything erotic.

"Cheers, mate." Liam's voice cuts through my thoughts and his hand helps me up off Sean's lap. I feel Sean's cock twitch as my now completely freed breasts brush over his crotch. As soon as I'm standing up, I'm pushed down. My hot buttocks encounter the cold, hard wood of a dining room chair. The air hisses from between my teeth as the wood stings and then soothes my flesh.

"Now your punishment really begins." Liam smiles wickedly as he kneels in front of me and ties my ankles to the front legs of the chair with soft twine. His lips brush the inside of my knee, then he moves behind me, tying my arms behind the straight back of the dark-wood chair.

I must look so wanton, my blouse ripped open at the front, my skirt hitched up around my waist, my knickers...hey, where are my knickers? Anyway, wanton and horny, that's me. All I can do is watch as my husband walks over to Sean and Jen.

Jen is down on her knees, her mouth working hard on Sean's hardness as he sits on the sofa, and what a wonderfully thick, juicy hardness it is. Liam sits down next to his friend, having already lost his trousers. I just want to

feel his cock in my mouth now. I lick my lips as I anticipate its taste, but all I can do is sit here whilst Jen does the business on two highly desirable cocks.

The two men smile at each other as the slut on the floor in front of them goes crazy, fisting one swelling dick whilst sucking the other.

My heart is grasped by jealousy as I watch Sean stand up, allowing my husband to lie down and stretch out. Jen's lips lock back around his cock and I see the light of lust in her eye and long to be licking him myself. I strain to move, to touch myself, and find that I can manage to make my knees meet in the middle. By wiggling in my seat, I can exert the smallest fraction of friction on my hungry clit.

Jen is straddling my husband's strong thighs now and although I cannot see, I know his cock is slowly sliding into her slippery slit. There's the stab of envy, a jolt of jealousy, but Liam is looking at me. His eyes are on me alone as this hot brunette bounces and moans on his cock. I smile at him, knowing this is all for me, this is all for my pleasure. I feel so very loved at this moment; yet more confirmation I am twisted and perverted.

"Hey, Slut, sit still or else," Liam says, with a wicked glint in his eye. "Sean will punish you and you wouldn't want that, would you?"

Well, yes I would actually. But I'll sit still, for now, and try wiggling some more later, when I'm not being so closely observed.

Jen's boobs are beautiful, Sean has just yanked them out of her cute tied up top and is playing with her large, hardened nipples. My nipples are jealous and I want to touch them, soothe them, excite them, but I can't. Damn, this *is* torture. It's getting worse. Sean's cock is now just in front of Jen's face. He's rubbing his hand up and down it, she's arching her head forward to taste him, her tongue licking out in desperation and Liam's watching and moaning, enjoying the sight, feel and sound of it all.

And the scent. I can smell them from here. Sex, pure liquid sex, filling the room with its cloying, heady aroma. It is so surreal, watching this along with the half-filled, candy carrying pumpkins. It's like, porn for all the senses and all I want, all I need, is to pull myself free of my bonds and join in. I rub my knees against one another again, being unable to resist the temptation. Am I being watched and if so, will I be punished? And why does this thought turn me on even more? I continue wiggling and sliding on my chair, my thighs forced together, caressing my clit. I'm trying so hard to reach release but I can't exert enough pressure and I cry out in frustration.

"Stop struggling," Liam pants. "You'll get your turn soon enough. You'll have to be trained to be a good girl first, though." I moan and he continues, "You're going to get to join in naughty girl, don't worry. We have something very special in mind for you." I hear Sean chuckle, and I wonder what they have in store for me.

Jen is mewling now as Sean is working his fingers into her arse. They look shiny, but goodness knows where he's keeping the lube. Secret pocket in his cloak maybe? One finger, two and now three. She's yipping and whining and...Oh fuck, that looks so good, his cock, sinking into her tight hole. I wish I could be closer, see both of those cocks inside her.

They're all moaning and panting and cursing now. Jen is making a noise similar to that of a howling wolf as she feels those cocks filling her. Her skin is sheened with sweat and she looks so depraved, her uniform rumped up around her whilst being sandwich -fucked by two men. Damn! She's a lucky bitch and I wish that that was me.

Liam is moaning louder and moving quicker. I wish I could see his cock thrusting into her, but her thigh is blocking my line of sight. His legs stiffen and he screams, emptying into the hot, wet cunt around him. I see Sean stiffen and hear his cry. The feel of my husband emptying

into his partner's juicy cunt must have been too much. I writhe in my seat, desperate to get myself, but there is only enough pressure to make me tingle and not enough to push me over the edge.

"Well, now that we boy's have had our fun, I think the girls should have theirs." Liam smiles, kisses Jen and slips from beneath her. Sean meanwhile is untying me from the chair. I hadn't realized how uncomfortable I had been until now. The blood is rushing back to my hands and feet and I'm tingling all over. My muscles ache and stretching is nigh on orgasmic in itself.

"Thanks guys." I smile. "So where do you want me?" I anticipate sinking to my knees and sucking their cocks clean. Liam's reply takes me by surprise.

"Just slip in under Jen. She needs cleaning up."

I blink, draw breath and go for it. It's crazy, approaching another woman, another woman I've not even spoken to, and insinuating my body beneath hers. Slipping under her hanging breasts, pressing back up 'til I'm directly underneath her. Face to, erm, cunt.

As I'm eyeing up the creamy, juicy situation, I feel lips pressing into me and tickling my tortured clit. I groan with sheer delight and my body is lit with lust and desire. I crane my neck higher, pulling her down onto my face, my hands gripping her thighs.

She tastes as she smells; musky, sweet and salty. I can recognize the taste of my husband and that is so very sexy, I can taste my husband's cum mixed with juices exotic to my palate. My concentration actually heightens the closer to orgasm I get. I pause only momentarily to moan and to catch my breath, licking up all around her pussy, sucking on her lips, flipping my tongue over her clit 'til she yells out and clenches her thighs and comes for me. She clamps me against that cunt as it spasms and writhes in pleasure. As she releases me, I gasp and then groan as Jen moves away from my close to coming cunt.

A nervous silence falls. Jen and I straighten our clothes and the guys pull on their pants.

"Well erm, I hope you enjoyed your treats." I giggle, having to do something to break the atmosphere. We all laugh and shake hands, then Sean and Jen pick up their pumpkins and leave.

"Well that was..." Liam starts as he walks back to me, and snuggles next to me on the sofa.

"...different."

His lips touch mine and I melt into a soft, sensual kiss.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asks, his finger tracing down my cheek.

"Oh yeah. It was...sexy," I reply. "I just wish I'd come."

I rub against him, spreading my thighs wide.

"Ahh, well that's your punishment for ripping that blouse. Naughty girl..."

I whimper and pout. I can't possibly stay aroused like this for any longer, I need my orgasm and I need it now.

"...but I can't deny my baby anything. Sit with your back to the sofa arm and spread your legs, slut."

I comply eagerly, spreading my thighs wide and exposing my freshly-licked cunt.

"No wonder I love you. What a beautiful pussy. Now play with yourself for me, baby. Yeah, slip those fingers into that hot, horny hole and play with yourself for me."

I need little encouragement. My fingers are running through my pubic hair and delving into my wetness within seconds.

"Yes, love. Stroke that cunt baby, play with that clit. God, you're beautiful. So hot. Mmm, I know you wanted to be the filling in that sandwich today, baby, and soon, yes soon, you will. Mmm, we're going to play with that butt plug I got you first, baby." My husband's voice is ragged and I open my eyes to see him stroking his hardened cock once more.

"Yes, we're going to train that tight, virgin arsehole of yours to enjoy being filled and stretched and fucked. We'll take it slow, baby, I promise. I'm looking forward to fucking it so much, filling your tightness with my cock. Shit, I could come just thinking about it."

My fingers are trained right on my sticky, juice-covered clit and I'm rubbing round in frenzied circles. I can imagine the feel of him in my arse. We've never done anal sex before; sure he's fingered me there, but we've just never gone any further. Now I want it, I want to feel the horny kinkiness of having his hard, thick member pressed into my most private hole.

"Oh baby, yeah come all over those fingers for me, my sweet slut. I can't wait to share you with another man, to feel you so full, to see you so overtaken by lust and arousal. I can imagine it now, oh God baby, I'm going to come again soon, hun, you're the sexiest woman in the whole world."

And I know he means it. He's just fucked another woman, but I know it was for my pleasure and the knowledge is bringing me even closer to the brink. Knowing how much he loves me is the biggest turn on. My body stiffens, my nerves overload and my orgasm rattles through my body, hitting me like a super-villain's punch.

I watch as he strokes himself frenziedly, knowing that he isn't far from orgasm himself. I moan louder, then feel his warm, wet semen slipping down over my fingers and into my wet slit, causing my orgasm to linger further, and my eyes to fasten closed once more. We pant in unison, our eyes locking on each other as we move to press our bodies together in a tight, loving hug.

"You're my favourite trick baby, and my favourite treat." He kisses my neck, nipping with his teeth. "Don't ever change my sweet, sweet slut."

Unwrapping Mrs. Claus

Ho, ho, bloody ho.

As you may or many not be able to tell, I am not particularly in the Christmas spirit. Okay, yes I am dressed as Mrs. Claus (short red satin skirt and hooded top edged with white fake fur) but I am freezing my ample butt off here whilst Mr. Claus (AKA Chris my boyfriend) gabs on his mobile phone.

I really don't want to go to this stupid fancy dress party anyway. I won't know anyone and I hate going to Chris's work do's. They're all geeky computer types who can only talk about technology or Star Wars and I just end up stood in a corner, sighing. Chris somehow persuaded me in the end, though. Well, he mythered and mythered 'til I just yelled, "Yes, alright!" and then I couldn't take it back.

I've walked twenty minutes in sub zero temperatures because his old banger of a car went bang and would no longer work. And now he is on his bleeding phone, standing on the corner gabbing away contentedly in his warm fur-trimmed red trousers and coat whilst I dance around in my stiletto heels (Damn, my feet are killing me) and white fishnet tights. Viciously I prod Santa in the ribs and give him one of my most feared pissed-off looks.

"I have to go; the missus is starting to ice up," he sniggers into the phone. "See you later."

"Well I am glad you find this amusing. I am bloody freezing," I snap.

"Aw, Honey." He strokes my arm, but I snatch it away from him grumpily. "I'm sorry but it'll be worth it, I

promise you that." He grins at me, kissing my cheek. I can't dodge it; he's too quick.

"Come here, I'll keep you warm."

Without warning, he wraps his arms around me, gathering me up in his cloak, holding me close and kissing my lips with tender passion and heated love.

"Hey, that's not fair," I giggle, (I seem to be defrosting.) still wrapped in his arms. "I was trying to be mad at you." Again he presses his lips to mine and all protests die, deprived of oxygen by that long lingering kiss.

"Come on then Mrs. Claus, or we'll be late for the ball." Suddenly the warming arms are taken away from me and the chill breeze continues to whip around my legs. "Alright, alright," I sigh, "I'm coming."

* * * *

I can feel the sensation coming back into my legs; it's at once ecstasy and pain. The hall is, well, your typical community centre hall, musty, cobwebbed and dark. It smells like school assemblies and Mothers Union meetings. However, there's nobody here, not that I can see anyway.

"Are we early?" I ask.

"No, baby, we're right on time," Chris replies, smiling suspiciously.

"Well, erm, why is it so quiet? I thought this was a damn party..." It was bad enough being dragged out in the cold for a big social occasion but this poor excuse for a get together just adds insult to injury. "...And hey, why are we the only ones in fancy dress!"

That's it. Now I am really steamed up. I have been patient; I have been bloody saint-like in my suffering but now my red-headed anger is bubbling at the surface.

"I can explain, sugar. Come on in here. I have a surprise for you." Gently, Chris lays a hand on my arm and smiles at me, his blue eyes twinkling with mischief

"You better have a good explanation mate..." I grumble, snatching my arm away from his grasp again. "Or you'll be girlfriendless!"

He herds me into a small, damp-smelling side room. "Put the light on Chris," I snap, "It smells like something died in here. I don't want to tread in it if it did."

Click, click. "I can't, sugar. The light's broken. Just listen to me and then we'll go back to the party." I could hear the desperate edge in his voice so I decided to stay and listen. Dramatic storm outs always work better mid conversation anyway.

"Okay, promise you won't be mad." That is never a good start; it means you are going to hear something to make you angry.

"Go on," I growl menacingly, I sure as hell am not going to agree to stay calm when I am already this pissed off.

"Well you know some of the guy's and I get together and play cards sometimes? Well last time I sorta, well I kind of, lost."

"Yeah. And...?" I roll my eyes sarcastically, though it's a bit of a waste, considering the circumstances.

"Well basically we had bet on the game and it was decided whoever lost had to erm, provide stuff for this party."

"Bloody Hell Chris, what kind of stuff?" My mind was going round and round thinking of what he could possibly mean. "Stuff? Well I'd have done a buffet, but you never asked. Oh don't tell me you forgot. No, when you say stuff you mean... fuck, I don't know where the hell to get drugs and you sure as hell don't. Hey you don't, do you? You're not secretly some kind of..."

"No, no," Chris's calm voice cuts in to my insane panicky ramblings. "We have to provide the entertainment."

"You WHAT?"

"The, er, entertainment, love. They need a stripper...."

I'd thump him if I could see him. A stripper? Well, now the light dawns. He insisted I get this outfit, fishnets and all. He pleaded, he begged me to come to this alleged party. I wondered why he was so desperate for me to be here.

"Well, this is a surprise," I say calmly, taking a deep breath "but it's your sodding bet so you can bloody well do the strip."

"Honey, they need a woman. That bet was for you to strip," he pleads with me, putting on his best-worried rabbit in the headlight look.

"Excuse me. *You* bet and *you* lost but *I* have to strip. Something isn't right there. It doesn't add up. I did not lose any bet. I did not agree to this. *I* am going home!"

I grab for the door handle but can't find it. Chris's hands smooth over my shoulders and his mouth presses against me in a placating kiss.

"You said you'd love to do this, remember? You told me you'd love to strip in front of an audience of appreciative men..."

"That was just sex talk," I gasp, "I can't strip in front of your friends. What will they think of me?"

"They're not really good friends, love. I'm not going to have anything to do with them after tonight, but I have to honour my bet. If you have a spare thousand pounds hanging around we could settle it that way..."

"You know very well that I don't have that sort of money and I can't do what you're asking, I mean, they'll see me all naked..."

"Your naked body is gorgeous. You'll drive those men wild, babe. They'll be no touching, no funny business; they agreed to that. They'll just watch as you strip. You know you like to show off, babe. Remember the park?"

I do remember the park. It was a blazing hot day in July and we'd enjoyed a picnic in the shade of an ancient

beech tree. We'd not been going out long and we were still in the 'one lingering look and we'll be having sex' stage of the relationship. He was sat up, his legs kinda crossed and I was sitting in his lap, arms and legs wrapped round him, long skirt billowed out, covering up where his body joined mine. It just looked like we were hugging and kissing but we had sex right there with people walking past all the time. It really turned me on.

"That's not the same as stripping for all those blokes. They'll see my flabby bits."

"Pfft, flabby bits? You'll wow them, love. You're gorgeous. I know you'll enjoy it, I know it."

"Okay." I give in. "I'll do it but don't be surprised if I gamble away your damn clothes sometime soon."

"Thank you, Thank you." He grins, pulling me back out into the lighted hallway, dragging me towards the back of the stage before I change my mind. He kisses me, pinches my arse and steps out on stage to a giant roar of appreciation. Damn, when did all those people turn up?

I can't hear a word he's saying. I am so scared, my heart is thump, thump, thumping and my chest is heaving. I make a conscious effort to calm down. I can't panic. I mustn't panic. Oh hell, I am going to have to take my clothes off in front of a crowd of leering men. Yes, it is a fantasy I have from time to time; but everything is pure fun in fantasyland. I don't have to worry about all my flabby bits flapping around or falling off the stage or having my boyfriend's friends leering at me. Well, I guess I just have to do it now. I said I would. There is no way out of it. I'll have to calm down and just pretend, Yeah, I'll act like a stripper. I can't go out there as me, no way. I'll bottle it if I do that. I'll keep thinking about my wobbly tum and my flobby thighs. No, I shall act sexy, slinky and strip for these guys because it's no problem. I am a stripper and I do this kind of thing all the time. If I keep repeating that to myself, I may just pull it off.

As the first bars of music permeate my thoughts, I chant under my breath

"I am a stripper. I am a stripper. I *am* a stripper."

Taking a deep breath, I walk onto the tiny wooden stage, a moth-eaten curtain behind me. All that I am aware of is the audience, the audience filled with gawping, staring, drooling young men. All their eyes on me. I can feel them, like pin pricks of heat all over my exposed flesh. With my mantra going round and round in my head, I begin to strut towards the front of the stage. I am conscious of every little move I make. My nipples are hard, my heart is fluttering and my breath is coming in gasps. I move slowly, with determination, swaying my hips with each stride. I can hear whistles and cat calls as I move, but nothing seems real; it is as if I'm in a dream. I take on the persona of a sexy star basking in the reaction of my crowd. I glance left and right, throwing winks and sexy looks at whoever catches my eye. I notice a hell of a lot more men have been packed into the hall now, sitting round tables, laughing, leering and drinking beer.

I am a stripper. I am a stripper. I *am* a stripper.

A strange feeling sweeps over me, I feel powerful and in control. This is my space, this is my stage and I am going to give these lecherous beasts the thrill of their lives. I sway seductively and close my eyes. I concentrate on the movements of my body, the beating of my heart and the throbbing of my pussy. I *am* actually turned on, but then who wouldn't be? Every man in this room wants me right now. My eyes flash open at this revelation and I look into the crowd. They look like a pack of ravenous wolves watching, waiting for their prey to falter and fail. They want meat, flesh. I'll give them flesh.

I am a stripper. I am a stripper I *am* a stripper.

Coming forward to the front of the stage, I give an exaggerated wink before turning my back to the masses. I unhook the button on the front of my top with quivering

fingers and let the soft satin material fall from my shoulders. I must look so slutty now, in my short, short skirt and my deep red bra. I turn round and shimmy, shaking my breasts within their confines, making them wobble and strain to escape. I unzip my skirt, turned towards the sea of faces this time. I catch snap shots of lust as my gaze wanders around the crowd. I see one guy gasp as I drop my skirt. My stocking covered legs now revealed, my deep red satin knickers exposed to the world.

Twisting and turning slowly, I let my audience appreciate the sight before them. I can sense the lust and longing in the room. Those men want me. They want *me!* I am so surprised by how good this is making me feel. I milk it for all it's worth. I run my hands over my breasts and down to my thighs, teasing my skin with my caress. I am so hot, so turned on, I feel like a bitch in heat.

Nothing can stop me now; I am carried along on a wave of power and sexuality. I unbuckle my bra and let it fall to the ground. I hear the hoops and hollers of appreciation as I twist and turn my body, arching my back I present my tits as an offering, Pulling and pawing at them in a sacrifice of sexual frenzy.

One hand continues to caress my breast as the other slips down over the curve of my stomach and works its way under the waistband of my knickers. My finger extends down and makes contact with my hot throbbing clit. I hiss with pleasure. I am lost in my own arousal, only barely aware of the gasps and groans of the men watching me. I rub my finger in my juices, play with my clit and moan wantonly.

"Gerr'em off!" I hear a loud cry.

"Show us ya pussy!" another voice chimes in.

"Shake that booty!" yet another gruff tone yells out.

I look down onto the crowd and smile seductively before once again turning my back. This time I peel myself out of my panties, rolling them down my legs, slowly

exposing my big, peachy ass. I wiggle and bounce as I mock struggle out of my panties. I hear the appreciative groans with each ripple of my butt.

Still bent over I reach back and slap my buttock. I keep slapping for a while, oh, it feels so good. I swap hands and bring a rosy color to the other cheek. I just feel like such a slut, spanking myself in front of these men. I can hear panting and heavy breathing, moaning and chairs squeaking. They're getting off on my sex show.

Suddenly I sense the silence. I stand up and turn around as the room erupts with applause and wolf whistles. I grin, curtsy and blow a few kisses into the crowd, then scurry around picking up my discarded clothes. I dart across the stage, my outfit clutched to me as I head for the cleaning closet. All the power and confidence supplied by the space afforded to me on the stage dissipates, and my heart thumps with genuine fear as I rush down the corridor, listening to the baying crowd and hoping none of them are lingering between me and my make-shift changing room.

I slam the door as I scamper inside. The musty smell and the close, bland walls now seem comforting. I sling on my Santa top and skirt. No time for underwear; I'm in a panic now. I'm embarrassed by my behaviour and I just want to get home. I must find Chris and get out. I really don't want to be eaten alive by my appreciative audience. Well, maybe I do and that's what's worrying me. Grrr, I'm going to kill that boyfriend of mine for putting me in such a position. But there is no denying that I enjoyed it whilst I was doing it. Chris is going to have to deal with my excitement. When I get home, I need to fuck right away. I'll give him the lecture later. I am still so hot, so exhilarated even though I am frightened. A heart-thumping buzz seeps through my whole body. I long for my boyfriend's hard cock.

As if summoned by my wish, the door opens. In the blink of an eye Chris is holding me tight, cuddling me

close. There is no need for words. I know he is thankful and he knows I accept his thanks...for the moment.

His hands begin to wander. I realise his cock is hard and aroused and pressing into the softness of my thigh. His lips meet mine in a demanding kiss, whilst his hands reach up under my top and massage my breasts, tweaking my sensitive nipples. I moan longingly into his mouth. I know we should be leaving. Part of me aches to get home but the bigger part of me longs for cock and longs for it right now.

He must be reading my thoughts, because suddenly my back is up against the wall and his hands are fumbling with his Santa pants. I watch as they drop to the floor, exposing his hard cock. My mouth waters at the sight of it. A quick glance is all I get as Chris presses his body to mine, thrusting his hardness up between my satin soft thighs until he reaches the warm velvety confines of my hot, wet cunt.

We both groan in appreciation as his cock slides in. I close my eyes and savour him. His mouth is on my neck. Kissing and licking it, his teeth grazing then biting into the soft flesh. My hands rake through my lover's hair, pulling him closer to me. His thrusts are urgent and demanding. He fills me, stretches me; satisfies the ache left from my exhibitionist behaviour on the stage.

My body is tightening, pressure building with each thrust of Chris's strong hips. I am going to flood him with my juices. I am going to squeeze and massage his cock 'til it spurts deep inside my pussy.

"Yes," I cry, as finally my body convulses in a mind bending, toe curling orgasm. "Yes, yes, oh fuck, yes!" I scream at the top of my voice while a growl issues from my lover's lips. He stiffens and jerks, pumping his orgasm deep inside of me. We cling to each other, panting and shaking from our sexual exertions. As I come down from my rapturous high I hear the door clicking and look up, startled.

"Chris, I think someone was watching us," I whisper into his ear.

"Really, love?" Chris asks, slipping from inside me and smoothing down my skirt. "Oh they got a great bonus there, then." He smiles and winks at me. "Damn, baby, you are fucking hot. I couldn't believe it was you up there on the stage. It was like you were a professional or something."

My cheeks flush and turn pink at his comments and I bury my head into his shoulder, overtaken by a sudden shyness.

"Come on, Sweets, let's get home. I'm not finished with you yet. I'm getting hard again already just thinking about you pulling off those red knickers on that stage."

"Okay, love. I won't argue with that because you've got one hell of a lot of making up to do, you know." I laugh and he sighs. I open the door and he places a kiss on the nape of my neck.

"Thank you. I love you," he whispers.

"Love you, too," I reply. "And it's a damn good job, really."

"I'm a lucky bugger." He grins and we walk quickly towards the exit door.

I'm glad to see he has a taxi waiting for us and I eagerly climb into it, forgetting my lack of underwear. A gust of cold, snow-filled wind whips up my skirt into the air and I hear an appreciative groan from Chris standing behind me.

"Get us back as quick as you can, mate," Chris says to the driver. "I've got a Christmas present to unwrap when I get home."

Master Santa, Mistress Elf

"Oh come on, honey," I coax, "you know you want to."

"I look bloody stupid," my rather disgruntled husband mumbles from deep within the depths of his white, fluffy and very false beard. "And this itches."

"Oh, come on Aidan. I promised Katherine we'd go. We don't have to stay long."

I get down on my knees between his thighs, the voluminous red velvet pants rubbing against my bare arms quite deliciously. I look up into his eyes and I give him the look. We all know the look I mean, don't we? The "pretty please" look.

"Hmm. I might consider it, what have you got to persuade me with?" There's a gleam in his twinkling blue eyes as he looks down at me. He shifts around on the end of the bed and I can feel how hard his cock is. It's good to know that even after a fair few years of marriage I can turn him on so easily. The outfit I am in is definitely helping me out, though. It is cut low to reveal lots of cleavage. It shows more boob than it conceals.

I picked it out on the spur of the moment. It's short, only just covering the tops of my thighs. It's deep, dark Christmas-green and made of shimmering satin. It has a green elf hat to match and cute little turned-up elf shoes, too. It's so much more revealing than I would normally contemplate but I felt naughty at the time I chose it. Naughty, sexy and out to show Katherine O'Connell that I could have as much fun as anyone else out there.

Just that morning she'd had the audacity to call me uptight and boring. She was handing out invites to her annual Christmas piss up when suddenly she sashayed over to my cubicle, filling the air with the sickly sweet smell of too much musky, expensive perfume.

"Here's your invite Claire, though I don't suppose you'll be coming."

I am usually pretty mild mannered. Slow to anger, swift to bless - you know the type. But she picked on me at just the wrong moment. I'd just finished dealing with an awfully snotty customer...and it was just coming up to that time of the month...and I was having a serious longing for a big slab of chocolate that I'd not be able to get 'til lunch time .

"What do you mean?" I snapped.

"Well, let's face it, dear; you and hubby are far too uptight and boring for one of my parties." She smiled then, like a tiger that's gotten its claws in its prey. "But you'd be perfectly welcome to come if you discover what fun is between now and then!"

With that she flicked her long, springy red curls, turned on her heel and went to giggle with Gail from accounts. For such an attractive woman, she has one hell of an attitude problem. She really didn't like me, still doesn't in fact. I decided then that we would be attending her do and we'd have the best bloody costumes going and we'd have fun and rub it in her snub-nosed face.

When I found my perfect costume, I had to try it on. I couldn't turn up to snotty bitch's party in an ill fitting costume. It fit. Oh boy, did it fit, hugging me in all the right places, making the most of my sexy hourglass figure. I felt the lovely satin material as I brushed out the creases, covering my body perfectly.

I had to take off my bra to let the material sit properly on me. I felt wicked, only a thin curtain hiding me from the public eye. I twisted and turned, checking my body from all

angles in the large mirror in front of me. I looked damn good even if I did think so myself. I was remembering all of this, the various thoughts and images whizzing through my mind as I smiled sexily up at hubby.

"Well Santa, I think I might have a present for you this time." I roll down his trousers. He has nothing on underneath them, "My, my. Santa's going commando."

"Well the lining feels nice," he mumbles into his hefty beard and then he gasps as my mouth envelops his cock. This wasn't going to be pretty sex. It wouldn't be long, slow and sensuous. This blowjob had one aim; to make my husband come and come in as quick a time as possible. We've got a party to attend to and I need to taste him. I need to hear and feel him come.

I take him deep into my mouth, straight away running my tongue down in a long line along the underside of him. I know from experience that it will drive him wild. I plunge my mouth up and down his hardness once, twice, then again and my mind begins to wander as my mouth goes into autopilot.

I remember looking at my reflection in the costume shop. I remember how I thought that Aidan would get hard just looking at me. I did something so out of character then that it brings a flush to my cheeks even now, as they are puckered around my husbands cock.

I sat upon the little chair, opened my legs wide and masturbated. Yes, in a public place. It really didn't take me long to climax. I was watching myself in the mirror, my lips plump and red with arousal, my finger rubbing round and round faster and faster, my other hand stroking the satin material over my breasts. I watched as my legs began to shake and spasm. As my orgasm hit, I closed my eyes to savour the moment and bit down hard on my lip to stop myself from crying out. It felt so good. I felt so sexy, so naughty and so very slutty. I went through the rest of the

day with a massive grin on my face and a healthy flush to my cheeks.

Once again, I concentrate on my lovers cock and it only takes a few more strokes of my well-practised mouth to make him thrust and moan in ecstasy before holding still and pumping my mouth full of warm, salty Aidan juice.

I make a show of licking my lips and smile up into his eyes,

"Right. Now you've come Santa, you've got to come with me to the party. Oh, and pull your pants up first will you, please?"

He chortles as he heaves up his pants. "Hell, no wonder I love you woman. Now let's go and get this bloody farce over with."

I know he's only humouring me and I love him for doing that. He's a good man. He's loving, kind and totally, utterly devoted to me. I do take advantage of him and his good nature at times; I know I do. Tonight is one of those times. I'll make it up to him though, so much so that he won't be able to walk for a week. Maybe he's not so hard done by after all.

We pull up outside Katherine's house in the suburbs. There are multi-colored lights decorating the trees and bushes all around the front garden and hundreds more in the windows of the home. Tacky Santa's, illuminated snowmen and abstract reindeers as well as a plethora of Christmas trees.

"It's like bloody Blackpool illuminations." Aidan exclaims his eyes going wide and his jaw dropping.

"It's as in-your-face and gaudy as Katherine herself." I sigh, shaking my head.

"Come on, let's go in before we totally chicken out!"

I don't want to admit it to hubby but I am really nervous now. This costume, though sexy, doesn't hide much. I wish I'd worn the red tights to go with it but on an impulse I'd left them off. My mum always said you should

never wear red and green together. Now I am very aware of the fact that if I bend over, even a little, my buttocks will be exposed to the world. Yes, I am wearing panties, but some of those sexy red ones with nothing to cover your backside but a piece of string. They feel sexy on and go with the cute, red, lacy bra I am wearing, but only now is the full realization of how revealing they are hitting me. Mother never had anything to say about red underwear. I doubt she knew it came in colors other than black and white anyway.

Holding tight to Aidan's hand, I stride up to the front door and firmly knock. I can hear muted party sounds already. Music, laughter and general fun are only a door away. Why do I wish I wasn't here?

"Hello and welcome!" Katherine opens the door, her face caked in a smile.

"Oh, my!" Her jaw drops as she sees hubby and I standing before her.

"Come in, then," she gasps, looking me up and down, tracing the outline of my curvy figure through the satin of my outfit. She is wearing the exact same one I am.

Oh, no! I groan inwardly *how have we managed to choose the same outfit?* Katherine seems to have gathered up her thoughts with her jaw and she whisks us into the house, announcing our arrival to a house full of guests. I take a quick look around but can see no one I really know.

Aidan squeezes my hand for a moment then shouts, "Oy Mate, You've copied my bloody idea!" in the direction of a group of similarly clothed Santa's. I am pretty sure he doesn't know any of them, but they all roar with laughter at his joke. My husband disappears into the flock of false beards. I can hear his hearty laughter, but can't work out which Santa is actually mine.

Being left alone, I begin to wander somewhat aimlessly. I meet elves and fairies (of both sexes) a Christmas tree or two, a devil and one strange middle aged lady who seems to be clothed in just tinsel. I manage to

find a glass of something alcoholic and knock it back. I don't remember how many times I refill my glass but I know I am feeling a little tipsy by the time a green-clad, red-cheeked jolly fellow approaches me with a bottle of wine and generously fills me up again.

"Ho, ho, ho," he cries. "I'm the Ghost of Christmas Present."

And then quietly he whispers in my ear, "Would you like to unwrap me?"

I simply bend my wrist forward and show him my wedding ring. I am terribly tempted to show him another finger altogether, but I'm not quite pissed enough to do that as yet. My lady-like manners are still intact.

All around me people are gyrating and thrusting, I imagine it's meant to be dancing but it all looks terribly disjointed to me. However that might be all the alcohol I've consumed making my head spin. I'm starting to feel decidedly tipsy, I must admit.

I had promised myself we would stay for an hour or two and then go, but already I'm feeling kinda sick and dizzy. Also, more than a little bit bored. I walk back over to see how Aidan is getting on. I can see him laughing and joking with the other lads, their fake beards drooping on their chests so that they can drink their pints unhindered. He looks to be enjoying himself, so I decide not to disturb him. It would hardly be fair considering the pressure I had put him under to get him here in the first place. Suddenly feeling hot and penned in, I push my way to the staircase. I cling to the cool wooden banister as I carefully walk up the stairs, fully aware that it is my head that's spinning and not the stairway.

Reaching the top, I half walk and half lurch into the first open door I come across. I don't bother switching on the light, I just walk in. I can see a large bed with the light from the hallway and make my way over to it. Sitting down heavily, I sigh with relief, holding my thumping head in my

hands. Maybe this was a mistake, maybe I'm really not one for fun. I can definitely tell you I'd much prefer to be snuggled up in my living room with hubby close and the TV mindlessly blaring than here, alone. Quickly I knock back the drink I'm holding in my hand and feel it go straight to my head.

Aidan will not be happy. I get a bit heavy-handed when I am drunk. I end up striking out for silly little things, and often I inflict a bit of damage, more often than not on my long-suffering husband. Actually, thinking about it, he usually kind of enjoys it, especially if he gets a good hard fuck out of it afterwards. There's nothing like a bit of rough sex now and then. It gets the blood flowing.

I *am* horny. I think it's the drink and the heat, combined with this damn costume. I'll give him five more minutes then I'll go and tell him how horny I am and how I want to take him home for a good fuck. I'm suddenly eager to get back home to my own big bed and when I give Aidan that message, he'll be eager to get me into our bed, too.

Suddenly the lights flick on and I scrunch up my eyes. In walks Katherine. Well, walk might be an exaggeration. It was more of a drunken stumble, really.

"What the fuck are you doing in my bedroom?" she slurs, holding onto the light switch for support.

"Escaping from your fucking boring party," I snap back. Like I said, I get nasty with a bit of alcohol in my bloodstream.

"It's you who's boring," she screams, pulling herself up straight. As straight as she can manage, anyway. "You've even had to copy my outfit. Couldn't think of anything original yourself?"

"Fuck off." I pull myself up and off the bed, aware that I'm a little shaky in my elfin shoes. "I didn't know you'd be wearing the same bloody outfit, did I."

"Looks better on me anyway." She shrugs, her eyes rolling in her head, although this might be the effect of the alcohol and not meant as a snub to me, I really can't tell.

"You know what?" Suddenly my blood is boiling and I'm striding towards her, my head light with alcohol and anger. "You are such a stuck up, fucking bitch, Katherine." I really let her have it, the alcohol loosening my tongue and my body as I find myself grasping at the front of her green top.

"You think you're so much better than everyone else." I'm practically spitting in her face now, my nose almost touching hers, our chests mashed together. Somewhere in the fuzz of my mind I become aware of her stiffening nipples.

"Don't hit me," she whines. "I'm sorry." She's shaking in my grip now. "I didn't mean it. I'm sorry."

"Gees, you're pathetic," I sneer. Her eyes are lowered away from my face and she's biting on her full bottom lip, her dark-red curls falling forward over her shoulder, covering part of her face.

Instinctually I grab that hair and slam my fist against the wall.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you, slut." Her eyes look into mine. Are they wide with fear? No it's not fear, it's lust.

"You fucking whore. You're getting off on this aren't you?" She doesn't say anything; she just nibbles on that lip once again.

"Aren't you, slut?" I repeat, as I slip my hand over her breast and twist at the obvious peak of her nipple.

"Yes!" she gasps as I twist sharply.

"You want to fuck me, don't you, bitch? You pretend to be such a haughty cow but really you're just a low slut who wants to suck on my cunt."

I don't know where all this is coming from. Just for a second I see through my alcohol daze and know I will

probably regret this in the morning. I'll be thinking of my mother and how she once washed my mouth out with soap just for saying "Damn." I was only six at the time, mind you. Right now though, I am standing back from Katherine and watching her shake with lust and maybe just a twinge of fear.

"Yes, Mistress," she whispers, looking down, then pointedly looking into my eyes. Now I know the game.

"So, it's like that is it, bitch?"

Aidan often calls me Mistress during our sex games. I get off on being dominant and powerful and hearing that word from her mouth sends a pulse right through my body and ends up soaking my tiny panties. I'm going to enjoy this and Aidan is going to enjoy hearing about it later, as well.

I let go of her and step back 'til I can feel the lip of the bed mattress softly pressing into the back of my knees. Slowly I sit down.

"Okay then, Slut. Come here." She moves as if to walk over to me.

"No. Crawl." I hiss.

She blushes red, but immediately drops to her knees. She isn't new to this game. I bet her husband has her do this whenever he is in town long enough to want sex. Thinking about it, he's away on business so often, no wonder Katherine is the grumpy thing she is. It's sexual frustration.

Reaching my feet she sits back on her heels and looks up at me again.

"Okay slut, tell Mistress what you want."

"To taste you, Mistress," she replies, her breath catching hoarsely in her throat.

"Really?" I coo, slowly spreading my legs, feeling the short stretch of satin material hunch up my thighs.

"So, you want some of this, do you?" I push my hand between my legs and gently stroke at my hot pussy through the damp material of my knickers.

"Oh yes," she moans, then suddenly remembers herself. "Yes, Mistress."

"Hmmm, well maybe I will let you taste it later, slut. First of all get over my knee. You've been an insolent bitch and you really need to be taught a lesson."

I love giving out spankings. I love the feel of my hand absorbing into fleshy buttocks, seeing the red imprint it leaves there, then feeling the sting in my hand radiating through my body.

Katherine hesitates for only a moment before spreading herself across my knees. I leave her there for a moment, not moving, building up the tension inside her until she sighs with release as I lift up the back of her short, elf skirt.

"Who's a naughty little helper?" I gasp as I see she hasn't got even a string of decency over her feminine beauty. Bare buttocks meet my gaze and touch.

"Now, bitch, prepare yourself for your punishment."

Quickly, without giving her anytime to gather herself at all, I slap down my hand onto her buttock so hard that a loud *thwack* is heard as the blow lands. She jerks but makes no noise or any movement to cover her bottom.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

I throw down blows fast and hard, fascinated by the way my handprints are imprinting on her arse. I slow them as I start to hear her yelp and cry out. My soul is on fire with the pleasure of hurting the bitch that has so often humiliated me. Running my fingers over her sore ass, I dip down to her pussy and slide a finger in. She is soaking wet and moans appreciatively at the intrusion inside her.

"Oh, not yet slut, you're spanking isn't over yet, not by a long chalk."

I rain more blows, much harder blows, down upon her delicate and now bright red buttocks. The wonderful garish contrast between the delicate white flesh where I have not been spanking and the livid red of the punished skin that I

am constantly battering with my blows is one of the most sensual things I have ever seen. I stop as suddenly as I started and order Katherine to get down on her knees before me again. I bask in the warmth flooding through me from the hefty exercise of spanking her so well. I watch as she winces, her hot buttocks protesting at being rested upon her heels.

"Okay slut," I hiss. "What do you say to Mistress?"

She looks blank.

"Come, now. Surely you know what to say after receiving a good, hard spanking?"

There's a slight light in her eyes as she hesitantly stutters, "Th...Thank you, Mistress."

"That's it, good slut. You'll think twice before being so bratty in future, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," she pants. I can see her chest heaving and I dwell for a moment on how different things at work will be from now on.

"Come here and tastes me."

I need some relief now. The coil of desire has wound up inside me to its limit, now I need to let it unfurl. My mind is completely consumed by sexual desire; no longer am I thinking of the future consequences, I am completely absorbed by what is happening now.

Eagerly Katherine crawls over to me on the bed. I spread my thighs wide so her shoulders can fit between them and her breath tickles over my soaked panties. I watch a wonderfully manicured hand lift my skirt up even higher then watch as it slides the flimsy barrier of my knickers to one side.

Katherine's face is suddenly thrust deep into my crotch, her tongue licking and lapping like my pussy juice is some kind of addictive drug. The force of this voracious attack causes me to fall backwards onto the bed, opening and spreading my lips wider, allowing Katherine to reach deeper inside me and her tongue to tease my aching clit. I

moan loudly as she slurps at my cunt. I squeeze my breasts through the satin of my top, feeling my nipples stiffen with pleasure as my mind slips deeper and deeper in the sheer sexiness of the moment.

"Fuck, Santa's elves are being naughty aren't they?"

Suddenly a familiar and deep masculine voice startles me from my sexual frenzy. Katherine leaves off her desperate gulping of my juices and looks round behind her.

"Aidan." I exclaim, "I...."

"Shush woman," he says, striding into the room." This was one present I didn't imagine receiving this year. Two gorgeous elves cavorting together in a girl-on-girl twosome. Carry on, carry on. Santa shall just sit himself down and enjoy the show."

He moves to sit at the head of the bed; leaning back I can see the outline of his already hard cock in his pants.

"Well, you hear Master Santa, slut, we're to carry on and give him a show. Get your arse up here and let me suck your pretty, nasty, slutty cunt. I need to taste you, now."

I scooch back on the bed 'til I am lying horizontally across the foot, my head very close to the edge. Katherine eagerly moves round the bed to climb up over my face, placing her hands on either side of my spread thighs.

All I can see now is the tempting pinkness of Katherine's neatly trimmed pussy.

"She *is* a natural red head." I grin, then stretch out my fingers to stroke at those puffy red lips. Immediately my fingertips are soaked with female musk. She definitely is getting off on this.

Again I feel her mouth on my cunt, her tongue eagerly lapping; I stretch up my neck to take a taste of her. It is a similar taste and smell to my own juices, but she tastes slightly richer, more pungent; almost like an iced Christmas cake. I feel a pillow inserted under my head. I smile up between Katherine's legs at my thoughtful husband. He is right beside us now, intently watching me as I continue to

lap at my bully's cunt. I go to it with gusto, squealing with delight when I find her sensitive nub, making her shiver and moan into my hot wet places.

"Okay, my elves; it's time for Santa to get his Christmas present."

I am busy with my tongue, flicking at Katherine's large and sensitive mound when I feel Aidan's presence above my head. Then I see one of the most amazingly erotic sights of my whole life. My husband's erect and straining cock pushing into the soft wet folds of another woman's cunt.

I watch with awe as her hole easily stretches to accommodate his large throbbing pole until it is buried deep inside, my husband's balls dangling in my face. I reach my tongue out and lick at his balls. As he pulls slowly out of her cunt, I run my tongue along the sensitive lower ridge of his cock, tasting my husband covered in Katherine's fuck juice.

I move my tongue along to the sensitive nub of Katherine's clit and begin to lap and suck in earnest. Aidan's cock begins to see-saw in and out, faster and more furiously. I often find my mouth and tongue around his balls or his shaft as the frenzied fucking movement throws off my aim. Katherine is growling and mewling into my cunt, her tongue occasionally lashing over my clit. My husband is panting and groaning and with a gasp he begins to talk dirty, almost shouting, and I know he is about to come.

"Yes, oh fuck, yes! Santa is going to fill his little helper with his white hot come soon. Oh fuck, yes, oh fuck, you are the sexiest elves ever."

Hearing these words winds me up and up and suddenly I am at the pinnacle of my pleasure, exploding into an amazing orgasm, squirting juices all over the face of my work colleague, bane of my working week. The orgasm keeps on going as Katherine's lips clasp around my sex lips

and I hear the unmistakable orgasmic roar of my husband. I watch the cunt above me contracting in its own orgasmic pleasure as the hot cum of my husband fills it. As Aidan pulls out it begins to drip from the stretched hole and I eagerly lap it up.

What an unforgettable taste, the mix of my musky man with the Christmassy-rich flavour of this sexy woman. I gulp it down, poking my tongue deep into Katherine's heaving cunt to get more.

I lick my lips as I finish off my drink of sensually adulterous nectar. I feel Katherine's weight lift off me and roll to the side. I sit up and stretch. Katherine has passed out next to me, her eyes closed. A soft snoring noise is coming from her throat. Aidan stands to the side of the bed, pulling up his trousers.

He smiles at me and I stand. I feel my thong painfully embedding itself in places it should not be. I get a wicked thought. Quickly I pull it off and tuck it in between Katherine's ample breasts.

"Right, Santa it's time to harness up the reindeer and go ho, ho, ho home." I chuckle, my head feeling surprisingly clear after the massive orgasmic experience.

"Okay, my special little elf," he chuckles, a lustful sparkle in his eye. "I think Santa will be coming more than once this Christmas."

"I can quite gleefully guarantee it, Santa," I wink cheekily and our laughter mingles as we leave the room scented with our debauchery.

* * * *

"How long had you been watching us?" I ask as we walk arm in arm down the staircase.

"I came to look for you," he replies, smiling and waving over to the group of now drunken and half-dressed Santa's, "that fucking lot was driving me insane with their babblings."

He stops talking a moment, whilst we negotiate the hallway and front door. He continues as we crunch over the frosty gravel of the drive down to the car.

"Anyway, I walked about looking for you and when I couldn't see you I went up the stairs. The light was on in the first room and the door was wide open. I went to step in then I saw you furiously spanking Katherine's arse. I stopped in my tracks and just watched you, and well, you know the rest."

"Yes I do. I never knew Santa was so perverted." I giggle, slipping into the passenger seat.

"He's been perverted by his naughty elves," Aidan exclaims. "No wonder he always smiles so bloody much."

As our laughter echoes through the car I can swear I hear the tinkling of far away bells and a deep sonorous chuckle. Maybe it is St. Nick himself, or maybe it is just the Spirit of Christmas sloshing around inside me.

Sleigh Ride

"Dashing through the snow on this reindeer sleigh," I sing, off key, improvising the words in my excitement.

Snuggled up beside my husband under soft furs as gentle white flakes flurry around, I feel as if all my Christmases have come at once. It's not every year you win the lottery. It's not every year you get to take your whole family to Lapland.

Even better, the daughter is residing happily with the grandparents, great grandparents and aunts and uncles. Daddy and I have hours and hours of sexy snow time to enjoy. Oh yeah, there are advantages to bringing your whole family away on holiday, even the mother-in-law.

"Yah, yah, yah!" Father Christmas (well he looks like Father Christmas) cries and the reindeer begin to move, pulling the sleigh smoothly behind through the soft, silken snow. I snuggle closer to Jim and squeal excitedly.

"I've always wanted to do this."

Jim smiles at me and gently kisses my lips. I wrap my arms around him and kiss him harder, enjoying the wind whipping past my cheeks. His hands wander (as always) and I feel the soft pressure against my breasts beneath the thick snow coat I wear to protect me from the extreme cold. Brits all think they understand cold. It's not 'til you get to somewhere like Lapland that you realize how mild the weather in Britain actually is.

"In this cold, you're even hotter," he whispers when our lips break. I squeeze his thigh under the furs and he moans appreciatively.

"So are you, sweetie." I smile and slide my hand up his thigh 'til I reach the fastening of his trousers. I slip off my glove and then gently slide down the zip of his pants. My hand squeezes through the aperture and I grasp at the bourgeoning cock beneath.

"Naughty, Naughty," he whispers in my ear, then slips his fingers under the furs, seeking out the waistband of my trousers. His hands slip inside and into my moist, creamy slit as I bite down to hold in a gasping moan of pleasure.

"You're naughtier," I whisper. "I wonder whether Father Christmas there will leave us coal in our stockings on Christmas morning if he catches us at this." We both look up and giggle. Yes, my husband does giggle; it's kinda cute really. The sound means he's genuinely tickled. Well, I do have my fingers on his balls...

"Nah, he'd want to join in." Jim growls in my ear as I wank his cock firmly in my hand. "He'd stop the sleigh and he'd tell you off for being such a naughty little slut." His fingers are dancing between my wet lips, caressing my clit and I'm biting on my lip to contain the cries and sighs I want to release. "And he'd drag you from under these furs and throw you over the side of the sleigh and rip your trousers down."

I can feel his hot cock throbbing in my hand as the cold air whips around my cheeks. My eyes are focused on the pure white canvass of the snowy scene, but my mind is firmly focused on the pleasure brewing between my thighs.

"He'd call you a naughty girl and slap your bum. He'd spank you 'til your ass cheeks glowed hot in this cold air. Then he'd split your juicy buttocks and bury his cock inside your cunt. I'd be in front of you, my cock in your mouth. You'd be taken from both ends, slut. And you'd enjoy being fucked by me and Father Christmas and you'd cream all over everywhere."

I can feel my pussy throbbing and pulsing as the combination of his fingers, his words and the feel of his

cock in my hand push me ever closer to orgasm. I want to give him something now, so I take over and begin to whisper dirty little nothings into his ear.

"And when we get back to The Christmas House, he'd get his wife to join in. She's got long, curly red hair and big boobs and home bakery curves you'll just love getting lost in."

I feel his body stiffen as I describe the woman of his dreams, his cock stiffening and oozing in its eagerness to ejaculate.

"She'll come over to you and help you to take your coat off. You'll be pleasantly surprised when she eases her hands under your top and pulls it off you, then unfastens your belt and removes your trousers and boxers. Soon you'll be completely naked and lying on the big fur rug in front of the hot, log fire. Father Christmas will sit on the sofa, tired from a hard day at work as Mrs. Christmas and I strip off. Slowly we'll reveal our milky white, curvy bodies, stripping each other, our hands brushing over each others skin."

Snow is peppering my cheeks and melting instantly as I'm flushed with sexual arousal, close to coming all over my husband's talented hand.

"Then Mrs. Christmas and I would join you on the rug. We'd rub you from top to toe, up and down your back and over your buttocks and down your legs. Two pairs of soft hands caressing you, breasts whispering over your flesh as we lean over you. Then we'd flip you over. We'd massage your chest and legs, then take it in turns to massage that throbbing cock. I'd let Mrs. Christmas climb onto your cock. She's salivating, yearning to feel it in her hot hole."

His cock is undulating in my hand, his breathing shallow. I can feel him gently pressing up into my flesh. My cunt squeezes in time with my hand as I imagine him buried deep inside me.

"As she rides you," I gasp and pant, leaning closer into his neck, feeling my breath reflecting back to me off his skin, "I lower my hot pussy on to your face. Now you've got hot pussy on your cock and on your face, all you can feel, see, smell and taste is pussy and the air is filled with the panting, moaning and yelling of two hot women coming all over you."

I can feel my orgasm rising as I imagine his tongue lapping at me. He has a strong tongue that knows all my secret, sensitive spots and one of my favourite treats is riding his face, driving his nose and tongue deeper into my intimate folds. I can't stop the feeling that's overwhelming me as his fingers rhythmically rub my clit, as my cunt spasms in orgasm. I bite my lip, holding in the scream, then exhale, quickly continuing the tale as I feel Jim writhe and shake beneath my hand.

"I'd come all over your face. Imagine these juices that are covering your fingers right now trickling over your face as the hot redhead is bouncing and screaming and coming, wrapped firmly round your cock."

I feel his cock throb, swell and spurt warm sticky liquid over my fingers. He groans, and I smile wickedly.

"Merry Christmas, love."

"Merry Christmas," he pants as I re-zip him and settle myself down under the warm rugs, "you pervert."

"You're one to talk., I grin.

"I know. We're made for each other." He kisses me, and I melt in his arms like a snowflake on lusty skin.

"You know, I'm never going to see Santa in the same way every again," I add, chuckling.

"And White Christmas has a whole new kinkier meaning to me now," Jim laughs.

The sexy sleigh ride comes to an end and we run through the snow to our log cabin, to start a new, sexy snow adventure.

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 email to her at Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk ..