



Carnal Passions Presents

Eightball

By

Cat Lovington



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Other Books By Cat Lovington

The Cowboy Way

Jason felt tired and still wasn't fit company thanks to the split with Sherri, his long time live-in. He wiped the bar one last time, turned the dimmer switch to low, and clicked off the outside lights. Even though he was the fill-in bartender on the off nights, business was worse than usual and had gone from slow to stop hours ago. No sense hanging around any longer.

He dug the keys out of the register to lock the door while he counted out the night's receipts, which wouldn't take long because the drawer was practically empty. Before he could walk from behind the bar to set the lock, the door squeaked open and a head of dark, curly hair peeked in. "I see your lights are out. Am I too late for a nightcap?"

The beautiful wannabe customer spoke in a low, throaty voice that oozed sex appeal. No way in hell would he turn a good-looking chick like this away in her hour of need—or his. When she opened the door wider and stepped into the dimly lit room, Jason felt the first twitch of his cock that had been dormant for way too long. Even with his wildest imagination he couldn't have conjured up a finer-looking vision. She had to be at least six feet tall in the red stiletto heels. Her flowery skirt was short, her shapely legs long, and her silky skin the color of chocolate mocha latte.

Dangerously thin straps held up the low cut blouse, partially concealing huge breasts that bobbed erotically as she moved toward the bar. She was the walking, breathing embodiment of every man's sexual fantasy and without a doubt, the most exotic woman he had ever seen.

Breath lodged in his chest when she slid gracefully onto one of the bar stools and leaned forward, showing cleavage that was like the Grand Canyon of beautiful breasts. "If you're still open for business, I'd love to have a vodka martini with two olives." She grinned. "And make it dirty, please."

Jason swallowed hard. "Your wish is my command. You want that on the rocks or straight up?"

Her topaz eyes traveled the length of him, taking inventory. She smiled her approval. "I usually prefer things straight up." Just the sound of her soft, sensuous voice stroked his penis like a velvet glove and made it tingle with anticipation.

His hands trembled when he reached under the bar for the mixing glass. He scooped ice from the bin, poured the vodka, dry vermouth, and a dash of juice from the olive jar to dirty it up, leaned his elbow on the bar, and raised one debonair eyebrow. "Would you like to be shaken or stirred?"

Her laughter floated on the air like a musical instrument an angel might play, and the smile on her luscious lips traveled to her eyes and made them sparkle. Even her voice was smooth as silk and had just the right amount of tease to it. "You sound like 007. May I call you James, as in Bond, that is?"

Jason nodded and wagged his eyebrows playfully. "You can call me anything but late for lunch."

"Well, then, James, I think I'd like very much to be stirred, if you're feeling up to it."

Holy shit! This must be my lucky day. Feeling as if jeans had suddenly become too tight, Jason grabbed the long handled spoon and twirled the icy liquid then poured it into the stemmed glass through a strainer. He added the olives, placed a napkin on the bar, and settled the glass on top, then leaned his elbow on the bar and gave her his super, killer, sexy look that had worked well in the past. "And what would you like me to call you?"

Without answering, she raised the glass and took a sip then licked her luscious lips slowly, letting her tongue linger in the corners of her mouth. "Hmm," she said in a throaty voice that made his cock do a jig. "This is an excellent Martini, James." She reached for the toothpick resting against the rim and carefully slid one of the olives off with her front teeth, chewing it with slow deliberation as if it were a culinary masterpiece that should be savored to the last drop. Her gaze raked his body. "In answer to your question, I am called many things, but you may call me Venus."

Jason thought back to his college days and the art

appreciation class he'd once taken. His mind immediately visualized the half naked body of Venus de Milo. He stared at her ample bosom. "Obviously named for the Greek goddess of love and beauty."

Venus smiled, showing an engaging dimple in one cheek. "I see that you're an educated man, James. I find that very attractive."

Well, that was a change—women usually found him attractive, but not necessarily because he was sufficiently educated. Ordinarily it was his above average height, well-toned muscles, and his exceptionally large penis they were drawn to.

He poured himself a short beer from the tap, finding it difficult to tear his eyes away from the unfettered and ample bosom on display. His fingers itched for a chance to fondle the magnificent, fleshy spheres.

As if she could read his mind, she leaned forward, allowing the front of her shirt to gape and didn't seem to be a bit surprised that his eyes were riveted on her boobs. "I can't help but notice that you're a chest man, James." She took another sip of the Martini, lowered the glass slowly, and placed both hands under her breasts, lifting them as an offering. "Would you like to play with the girls, James?"

Pinch me. This just has to be a dream. His smiled broadened and his sac began to tighten like drying leather. He reached down and made some adjustments so his cock wouldn't strangle. *If this is a dream, please don't let me wake up yet.*

He tried very hard not to jump up and down like a schoolboy on the last day of class, then regained his composure. "Who in their right mind would turn down an offer like that? Yes, indeed, I would like that very much." He took a deep breath, reached out, and let his fingertips glide over her succulent breasts as if he were reading Braille.

"Do you like the way they feel, James?" Her eyelids drooped, her breath grew heavy, and her head tipped back, revealing the long column of her slim neck.

He swallowed hard not wanting to break the spell, but suppose another customer wandered in and interrupted this miracle. Before it was too late, he stood up straight and reached for the keys. "Since we're closed for business,

maybe I'd better lock the door." In seconds he secured the building, then slid onto the stool beside her. "Now, where were we?" he said, letting his fingers do the walking under her blouse.

"Oh, James," she said breathlessly when he tweaked her hardened nipples. "You're making me feel so hot." She slid the straps over her shoulders to lower her blouse then lifted the braless, mouth-watering wonders toward him. "Perhaps you'd like to taste them. I've been told they're sweeter than honey."

This is just too damn good to be true. Maybe I'm hallucinating. He leaned forward, holding the sides of her breasts and kissed first one nipple than the other, flicking his tongue over the dark, ripened buds until Venus gasped and sat up straight. "Oh, my, James. You take my breath away." She licked her lips sensuously and traced the back of her very soft finger against his cheek. "Do you like to play games?"

Jason reluctantly pulled himself away from the objects of his affection and thought about that question. *The only game he wanted to play at the moment was hide the salami.*

"It all depends," he said, smiling rakishly. "I guess you could say I like to play games that I'm good at."

Venus glanced toward the pool table in the back room. "How good are you at playing pool?"

Actually, he was pretty damn good, but not wanting to brag, he shrugged. "I win some, I lose some."

She took another sip of her drink and cocked an eyebrow. "Have you ever played strip pool?"

His imagination kicked in and he visualized her completely naked with a pool cue in her hands. In spite of his throbbing erection, he tried to act cool. "I've played a few hands of strip poker. Is it anything like that?"

She lowered her eyelashes and smiled dreamily. "As a matter of fact, it's very similar." She reached for her drink and drained it. "You make a wonderful Martini." She pushed her glass forward. "May I have another of these while I explain the rules?"

Holy shit! This is right up there with winning the lottery. Usually he was up for anything that might come his way. As the pressure in his groin grew to dangerous proportions, he

quickly created another dirty Martini then put a head on his beer.

Much to Jason's disappointment, after taking a generous sip of her drink, Venus slid the straps of her blouse back onto her shoulders, covering the view he'd grown to love. Being a typical horny, red-blooded American dude, he'd come across more than his share of bare-naked ladies, but without a doubt, she had the greatest pair of tits he'd ever seen.

Venus sat up straight, obviously enjoying her role as teacher. "Now, then, James, the game we'll be playing is eight ball, and to make sure it's completely on the up and up we can toss a coin to see who breaks." She smiled and flashed him a dimple. "And just to make the game a little more interesting, the shooter has to call his shot." Her face grew serious. "But, if you fail to sink the ball you've called you have to remove an article of clothing and the opponent must kiss the exposed body part." A smile lit up her face. "And here's the best part," she paused and took another sip of her drink, "at the end of the game, winner takes all."

He could barely believe his ears. *This was gonna be like shooting fish in a barrel.* He'd played tournament pool many times and won more often than not. He could barely keep himself from salivating. "Sounds like one hell of a plan to me."

They picked up their drinks and carried them to an adjoining room set up with tables and chairs. Venus examined all the cue sticks in the rack hanging on the wall and chose the newest and best one they had. She won the coin toss, broke with surprising expertise, and managed to sink the blue ten ball.

"I'll take the stripes, James, since I've already sunk one of them." With an air of confidence, she hefted the stick and bent over the table in an exaggerated position because of her extreme height from the spiked heels. Her super short mini-skirt raised up, displaying a thong that dug deeply into the crack between her smooth, round butt cheeks.

Jason gawked. *Man, I'd like to rip that thong right off with my teeth and let my tongue take a trip from one end of those golden globes to the other.*

Venus slid the pool stick evenly, back and forth over

the bridge she made with her fingers then finally smacked the cue ball. It covered a lot of green, but much to Jason's delight, her shot went wide. She shrugged, leaned the stick against the wall, and inched the blouse over her head, slowly revealing the huge, voluptuous breasts in all their glory.

Jason remembered the rules about kissing the exposed body part and reached out for the fleshy mounds. He leaned forward and swirled his tongue around the hard, brown nipples. Still not satisfied that he'd done his job properly, he sucked each one of the beaded buds into his mouth and nibbled gently.

Venus took a deep breath and held the sides of his head until he was done. "It's your turn, James." Her voice was lower and huskier. Obviously, he was getting to her. He had a feeling she wasn't exactly the cool cucumber she pretended to be.

Jason picked up his pool cue, called the six ball in the corner pocket, and deliberately missed the shot. "How about that? I was sure I had it." He yanked his t-shirt over his head and tossed it onto one of the nearby tables. He postured, knowing that his six-pack abs, muscular arms, and the huge bulge in his jeans would be impossible to miss.

Venus smiled slyly, walked around the table, and ran her tongue over Jason's newly exposed chest, flicking it against his nipples as she slid her palm up and down the protuberant swelling pushing against his fly. "I had a feeling you'd like this game." She licked her lips sensuously. "I think you're going to be very good at it."

Barely able to contain his lust, Jason's cock pulsed when Venus bent over the table once again to line up her next shot. She pointed the stick toward a corner pocket and called the number fourteen ball. When the cue ball followed the striped ball into the pocket for a scratch shot, Venus leaned the stick against the wall again and calmly stepped out of her thong, which left her with nothing on but the miniscule skirt and stiletto shoes that made her legs look long enough to wrap around his waist twice.

Not wanting to break any of the rules of the game, Jason dropped to his knees in front of her, held her smooth behind in both hands, and trailed his tongue up and down the top of her thighs then dipped it into her slit.

Venus drew in a sharp breath and shivered. "Are you sure you haven't played this game before, James?"

Jason stood, shook his head, and smiled. "No, this is a first for me, but I have a very strong feeling it won't be the last."

He eyed the table and reached for his pool cue. The solid color balls were lined up in almost perfect position for Jason to run the table, but he was enjoying the game so much, he decided to prolong it as long as possible. He sank the six, three, and seven balls then let the five ball ricochet off the side pocket. "Looks like I blew it," he said, removing his Nikes.

Venus flicked her eyes toward Jason's ever-bulging pants and grinned devilishly. "Yes," you have, but I believe that victory is very much within your grasp."

Just the way she accentuated the word "grasp" made Jason's cock twitch with the desire to be free. The pain in his groin clicked up a notch, and he wasn't sure he could hold on much longer.

Venus called the orange thirteen ball in the side pocket and missed by a mile. Hmm, maybe she was missing on purpose, too. Again, she leaned the stick against the wall, slowly pulled the tiny skirt down over her hips like a striptease artist, and exposed a neatly trimmed triangle of black, curly hair. "I have a feeling that tonight is going to be your lucky night." She winked. "Everyone loves a winner."

Dutifully obeying the rules of the game, Jason sank to his knees in front of her and gripped her firm cheeks from behind again. His heartbeat quickened when Venus wove her fingers through his hair and pulled him closer to the apex of her thighs. Jason jammed his tongue into newly exposed slit and searched for the nub of her sex.

When he found it, her gasp of pleasure made him groan as he used his fingers to spread her folds wider. His tongue toyed with her clit until her legs trembled like a newborn deer and she mewled deep in her throat. She gripped his hair with both hands and leaned back against the pool table while she jerked spasmodically with orgasm.

With her juices still clinging to his lips, he stood shakily as the pain in his groin grew more intense and thoughts of what lay ahead made his hands tremble with anticipation. In

preparation of his next shot, he closed his eyes and shook his head then drew in a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves. He stroked the cue stick across the bridge of his left hand and sank the five ball easily. After that, his hands shook so badly he missed the solid blue. *What the hell?* Now he just wanted the game to be over as quickly as possible.

For having missed his shot, he removed his socks and joked, "I don't think it's necessary for you to kiss my feet."

Venus nodded with a smile that showed her dimple. "As you wish." When she bent her bare butt over the table for the next shot, Jason lost control. The sight of her legs spread wide, her back arched, and the inviting twin globes of her buttocks riding high were more than he could take. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans, and stood behind her letting the tip of his rock-hard erection nuzzle the moist entrance to paradise.

When Venus dropped the cue stick and braced both her hands on the table, Jason reached around and palmed her dangling tits, gently pinching her nipples until she squirmed. A deep moan escaped her throat as he fondled her breasts. *God, she was so wet, so ready for him he couldn't wait one more minute.* He inched the head of his cock against the entrance of her slippery passageway then took a deep breath and let it out, trying to focus on not coming too quickly. His throat constricted and his voice came out sounding hoarse and guttural.

"I don't think I can wait even one more minute, so if it's okay with you, Venus darling, I'm going to give you the fuck of a lifetime right now. Hang on to your hat. This is long over due."

She stuck her amazing butt out further. "Please hurry, James and do it! Do it! Do it!"

With his fingers digging into her hips, he entered her slowly, barely an inch at a time, biting back a groan until he was about halfway home. Then, with a final shove, he drove into her until his cock was engulfed in her soft, moist heat.

He pulled out and then plunged into her all the way. Even though she was tight, she was able to take all of him right to the hilt. He began to sweat when she tilted her hips up and met each of his thrusts with a movement of her own until they rode toward the finish line in perfect unison.

When he felt he was close to coming, he reached around in front of her and buried his fingers into her moist flesh, teasing, touching, and rubbing her clit. "I want you to come with me inside you. I want it to be good for you, too."

Venus braced her hands on the table, her arms trembling. "Oh, god, fuck me, James. I'm so close. Fuck me good."

Unable to hold back any longer, he pumped his cock in and out of her moist folds until she screamed and clamped her heated flesh down on his rod. His climax came hard and fast until the last pulsation left him completely drained.

Both panting and trying to catch their breath, they remained in that position until Jason pulled out his semi-flaccid penis. He shook his head, spun her around, and gripped her shoulders. "Do you have any idea just how absolutely fantastic you are?" He hugged her close and stroked the long, sleek lines of her back, letting his hand glide along the sheen of sweat glistening on her dark skin.

He finally released his grip and handed her the towel hanging on the rack of pool accessories. "Venus, baby, I got to tell you, that was without a doubt the best piece of ass I ever had."

Venus let her eyelids droop and smiled mysteriously. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, but the game isn't over yet. It's quite possible that the best is yet to come."

"If you say so, but I don't think it can get much better than that." *What the hell could she possibly do for an encore?* Besides, he wasn't even sure that this whole thing wasn't just a wild fantasy he was having due to lack of sleep and the fact that he was horny as hell. It had been a whole month since Sherri walked out and he'd been reduced to hand jobs in the shower to satisfy a need that went way beyond that.

He studied her face. "What have you got in mind?" He was willing to go along for the ride and felt reasonably certain he could rise to the occasion.

Venus jerked her chin toward the pool table and gave him a Mona Lisa smile. "Go ahead, make your last shots and I'll show you."

With his jeans still unzipped and feeling highly motivated, Jason knocked in the rest of the solid balls and

pointed to the pocket he intended to sink the eight ball. It was a long shot, but it sailed across the smooth, green surface and plunked in easily. He walked toward Venus victoriously, wrapped his arm around her waist, and kissed her. "Okay, now what exactly did you mean by winner takes all?"

Venus pushed him against the wall gently then pulled his jeans and shorts down around his ankles. He slid his feet out of the pants and kicked them away, hoping he knew what she had in mind. He groaned in anticipation when she sank to her knees and held his cock with both hands as if it were a flute, then she licked a salty drop of dew from the end and hungrily drew the length of him into her mouth.

Holy mackerel! This can't really be happening, unless he'd died and gone to heaven. He closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath when he felt himself growing hard again. He hadn't been able to do it that quickly since college. He looked down and watched the bright, juicy lips stroking him slowly. In between strokes she flicked the sensitive underside of his engorged cock with her tongue. Then, just as he felt as hard and straight as a wooden soldier, she pulled her mouth away and stood. He almost wanted to cry.

"That didn't take very long, but I think you're ready again, James." She turned on her heel, walked over to one of the tiny tables nearby, and yanked the red-checkered tablecloth away like a magician. With the swipe of her other hand, she cleared the green felt of remaining balls and spread the checkered fabric over the table. With a mysterious smile, she sat on the edge and swung her legs up gracefully then positioned herself in the middle. "Come join me, James."

His heart almost went into arrest when she spread her incredibly long legs wide open and sank her spiked heels into the side pockets.

Okay, now I know this is a dream. Jason sprang onto to the pool table and knelt between her thighs. His cock was rock-hard and pulsing when he inserted two fingers into her pussy and rubbed her juices over the tip. She braced her legs and raised her butt off the table as he entered her slowly, feeding his cock into her with one hand while teasing her clit with the other.

She gasped and gripped his buttocks when he ground his entire length into her and began to pound away. "Oh, my God, James," she cried, meeting every one of his thrusts with one of her own. "Do it hard," she screamed then wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him in deeper. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she groaned, jerking her pelvis toward him in final frenzy of ecstasy.

As if her groans were a signal, Jason lost any pretense of control and let it rip hard and fast. Each pulsation of his cock was like an explosion of sensation that made him cry out.

Trying to catch his breath, he braced his body over hers. "My, God, Venus," he panted. "That was fucking incredible." He sat up on his knees, leaned over, and kissed her on the lips. "I thought it could never get better than the first one, but I was wrong. This was way over the top."

Venus smiled and touched his face then traced one of her killer nails down his cheek. "It was very good for me, too, James. Thank you for giving it your best."

Jason shook his head and winked. "Nothing to it. Needless to say, you are a tremendous inspiration."

Venus' grin turned wicked. "I would very much like our time together to be memorable. Perhaps I can inspire you again."

"Trust me, even if I lived to be a hundred years old, this is something I will never forget."

She swiveled out from under him and patted the checkered cloth. "Maybe if you rest for a moment, we can continue." She pushed down on his shoulders gently. "Why don't you just relax and let me make you feel very good." Her smile was more than reassuring.

"Okay, I'll leave it up to you." Jason wasn't sure he could get it up again, but eased himself back and rested his head on his hands, willing to give it a try.

Venus knelt between his legs and fondled his cock, then brought her lips to it and worked them up and down. Jason breathed deeply as he watched her lips gliding over his semi-erect cock. Things began to stir when she sucked the end of her index finger and used it to circle his anus. She spread his legs and fondled his testicles, then took one of them into her mouth very gently and began to hum loudly. He felt as if

he'd received an electric shock and began to shake. His cock instantly stood at attention, reporting for duty.

Venus looked up at him knowingly and smiled at his reaction. "Did you like that, James? Did it feel good?"

"Are you kidding?" Jason gasped. "You are un-frigging-believable. Keep this up and I may ask you to marry me."

Venus smiled and touched his cheek. "Then our adventure continues." Very carefully, she straddled him and slowly lowered herself onto his pulsing penis until she was completely impaled. "I knew you could do it, James. Your stamina is quite remarkable." She rose up slowly until they almost lost contact then lowered her body down again, and up in a rhythm meant to tease. She leaned forward, offering him her dangling breasts. He gripped one of the ripe melons and sucked it while teasing her clit.

With her eyes closed, Venus seemed to be concentrating on her movements, and then she picked up the pace, threw her head back, and rode Jason as if he were a wild stallion. Just as he felt an explosion was imminent, she screamed from deep in her throat and her whole body shuddered. He could feel her pulsing as he reached another orgasm.

Jason pulled her body on top of him and held her in his arms. Neither one said anything for a long time. Finally Venus rose up until Jason's cock slid out. She raked his hair off his forehead with her fingernails, kissed him, and smiled broadly. "For a white man, you are quite exceptional."

Jason assumed that was a compliment and smiled back at her. "You are an exceptional woman of any color, Venus, and don't you ever forget it."

Jason climbed down from the pool table and swung Venus down as well.

She touched his cheek with her fingertips and looked at him affectionately. "I guess I'd better get going." She gathered up her clothing and smiled shyly. "I'll just step into the ladies room," she added.

"Good idea." Jason picked up his clothes and headed for the men's room.

When he finished dressing, he tossed the towel and tablecloth into the laundry pile, stood the pool cues in the corner, and turned out the overhead light.

By the time Venus came out of the ladies room, Jason had made her another dirty Martini and poured himself a beer from the tap. He needed one after that workout. He watched her move across the room with the grace of a sleek, black leopard, all sinew and muscle, not a movement out of place. She had combed her hair and put on fresh lipstick. To look at her one would never guess she'd just nearly fucked his brains out.

He shook his head. "I don't know how you do it. You look absolutely fantastic." He slid the drink in front of her when she sat down at the bar, noting a slight heightening of color in her cheeks.

"Thanks," she said with a sly grin. "You look pretty good yourself, considering all that work you did." She took a sip of her Martini, reached into her purse, and handed him an envelope. "This is for you, James."

Oh, shit! What the hell was this, a bill for services rendered? He hesitated to open it, while trying to read the look on her face. Finally giving in, he tore open the flap and pulled out a greeting card. It said *Happy Birthday* on the front panel and had a picture of a guy standing at a bar drinking a beer. Puzzled, he looked at her, and then opened the card to see what was written inside. It read: *Dear Jimmy, hope this was the best birthday present you ever got.* It was signed: *The gang from Chuck's Pub.*

Confused, Jason shook his head. "What's this all about?"

Venus smiled warmly. "Your friends wanted you to have a very special birthday and asked me to help you celebrate."

He chewed his lip for a minute and thought about what she'd said. "Hey, Venus, I hate to tell you this because I really love the way you throw a party, but my name isn't Jimmy and it isn't my birthday. I don't even know any of the guys from Chuck's Pub."

"Oh, my, God! What do you mean, you're not Jimmy?" She glanced around. "Don't tell me I'm in the wrong place?" She covered her cheeks with her hands, her eyes wide with surprise.

"Yeah, I guess that's about the size of it. Actually, my name is Jason, and this is Chubb's Bar and Grill. Chuck's Pub is about a mile south of here. You probably couldn't see the

sign when I turned off the outside lights."

She closed her eyes and shook her head. "Well, I guess the joke is on me." She seemed to think about that for a heartbeat then pursed her amazing red lips and stroked her chin. "But I thoroughly enjoyed myself."

She reached across the bar, trailed her red, lacquered fingernails lightly across the back of his hand, and looked at him through her long eyelashes. "I have to admit that I truly enjoyed the party." She shifted in her seat, raised her eyebrows, and grinned like a Cheshire cat. "Exactly *when* is your birthday, Jason?"

Jason smiled and brought her hand to his lips. "You think next week would be too soon?"

About Cat

Originally from Long Island, New York, Cat Lovington found her way to the warmer climate and bright sunshine of New Mexico. After attending the University of New Mexico, Cat landed a job writing the feature and cover stories for a business and lifestyle magazine for physicians until boredom set in. Then it was on to the wonderful world of fiction, where she eventually heard the call of the wild and began to write erotica and erotic romance.

Cat shares a rambling adobe on an acre about thirty miles south of Albuquerque with her long-time husband and their two toy poodles. During her leisure time, Cat enjoys reading, looking at the mountains from her back patio, and watching the wide variety of birds that use her space as a bird sanctuary.

Cat's motto is: "If it isn't fun, I don't do it." Fortunately, she thinks writing erotic romance is really a hoot, and when it comes to creating red-hot stories, this Cat doesn't pussyfoot around. "I like to feel the heat when I'm writing, and I love to make my readers turn up the air conditioning."

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