

A portrait of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair and red lipstick. She is wearing a white, high-collared, short-sleeved top with ruffled shoulders. She is holding her right index finger up to her lips in a 'shh' gesture. The background is a solid red color.

s e l e n a
k i t t

Confessions

WARNING: This book is not transferable. It is for your own personal use. If it is sold, shared, or given away, it is an infringement of the copyright of this work and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be accessed by minors.

All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are solely the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously, though reference may be made to actual historical events or existing locations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Design: Selena Kitt

Confessions © 2009 Selena Kitt

eXcessica publishing

All rights reserved

Confessions

By Selena Kitt

Author's Note

The question “Is that story real?” seems to come to authors of erotica much more than to writers of other genres. Most mystery writers haven’t experienced a real murder, most horror writers haven’t even felt a cold spot in a supposed haunted house, let alone seen a real ghost, and most sci-fi writers will never travel anywhere near the moon. But we all, presumably, have sex, and we are all shaped by our early experiences. That’s probably the reason erotica writers get asked, usually in a slightly hushed tone, prefaced with, “I loved that story, it turned me on!” followed by, “But did it really happen?”

There is no limit to the imagination. Thankfully, writers don’t have to experience something in order to write about it, and erotica is no exception. We don’t have to have been involved in threesomes, have been tied up and flogged, or have been involved intimately with a member of the opposite sex to let our imaginations run wild and take the reader with us. A good writer knows how to do it, even if they’ve never put a toe into certain sexual waters.

But still, the questions do persist. Like the common, “Where do you get your ideas?” the thought that the story might be real, that there might be a glimmer of truth behind it, seems more titilating in erotica than any other genre. So, in the spirit of answering that question, what is contained here in this book is a series of very short scenes, titled “Confessions”—because that’s just what they are. These are a few of the experiences that shaped my own sexual being.

Are they all completely factual?

Well, honestly, I don't know if a fiction writer ever writes anything that is ever completely factual. Even when we're journaling, we're not journalists, after all. Nor are we poets. We tell stories, we elaborate, we give the truth scope. And so, I will say that many if not all of these did, indeed, "happen" and are "true," in some sense of the word. How much of the experience is mine, and how much was left to my imagination?

That part will always remain a mystery. Perhaps, even to me.

Also, as an aside, these stories were written specifically for audio and recorded by the author—that would be me!. I have heard from readers in the past that their experience was greatly enhanced by the audio version, so you should know that it is available for purchase on audio at <http://excessica.com/index.php/search-by-genre/audio/> and on Fictionwise.com.

And for those of you who may have heard some of these, there are two new "Confessions" here that have never been printed (or recorded) anywhere else before.

Enjoy!



TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Confessions: Roommate](#)

[Confessions: Babysitter](#)

[Confessions: First Blowjob](#)

[Confessions: Joy of Sex](#)

[Confessions: Separated](#)

[Confessions: Student Teacher](#)

[Confessions: Neighbors](#)

[Confessions: Union Station](#)

[Confessions: Watching Him Masturbate](#)

[Confessions: Key West](#)

[Confessions: Back Seat](#)

Confessions: Roommate

My second college roommate was as exciting and adventurous as my first one was dull and introverted. I was actually glad my first roommate decided to ask for a room change halfway through my freshman year. She and I had never really gotten along. My new roommate, Carrie, was a petite blonde, and I knew the minute I walked into the room, seeing her laying with her head hanging backwards off the side of the bed watching Chuck Woolery hosting Scrabble, that we were going to be great friends. I was half right.

We were wonderful friends—but we also became much more than that. It wasn't my first experimentation with another girl. I'd had plenty of sexual play time with other girls as a teenager. I think it's more common today than it was then, or at least, it's more talked about and accepted, now. I had a boyfriend back home—1,000 miles away. Carrie didn't have a steady boyfriend, but she dated—a lot. And she talked about her dates. She liked to give me detailed accounts after we turned the lights out and snuggled under covers in our narrow twin beds.

She never failed to turn me on. Carrie had a knack for story-telling. Especially sexual story-telling. Her favorite thing in the world was cunnilingus. She called it by its technical name, as if she was saying something exotic and exciting. If a guy wouldn't go down on her, she cut him loose faster than Donald could bark, "You're fired!" She wasn't averse to returning the favor. She loved cock as much as I did.

But it was Carrie who really taught me all about pussy worship. And she had one of the most lovely, amazing pussies I've ever had the occasion to adore. Carrie was a tiny girl, only about five feet tall. She had high, perky breasts with dark, fat nipples, and

the tinnest, pinkest, sweetest pussy in the world. Her hair there was blonde—this was in the days before shaving was in fashion. Blonde and curly. We liked to rub our pussies together, my dark red hair meshing with her light pubes, the wet slip and smack of our flesh filling the room as we played with each other's nipples.

But Carrie loved most to be licked. She taught me just how, just where. She taught me, also, to ask for what I wanted, to direct with a moan and a shift of my hips, to not be afraid to whisper, "Yes, there! Keep doing that, just like that!"

We spent hours—literally hours—licking each other at night in the dark, making each other come so hard our ears rang, our pussies and mouths smeared with juices. It wasn't every night, of course. We were usually drinking, and it almost always began with Carrie telling me a story about some dating escapade. I remember the first time, we just masturbated together.

"Are you as hot as I am?" she whispered.

"Yeah."

"Are you touching yourself?"

"Are you?"

"Yeah."

"Me, too."

"Feel good?"

"God, yeah."

"Do you want to come?"

"Yessss..."

"Come with me... come on... oh... god..."

We did that for a while. Then one night she decided to slip into my bed. We'd been drinking a lot. Even now, the details are fuzzy to me. We were kissing and touching each other in the dark, my heavy breasts rubbing against her little ones, her thigh sliding up between mine. We tumbled and rolled on the little bed, and before I knew it, she was on top of me, turning herself around and burying her face between my legs.

There was no way to say no to that sweet, lapping tongue, no way to ignore the heat of her pussy against my cheek, the way her hips rocked as she begged me, "Lick it, please. Lick it, lick it, lick it!" I licked. And licked, and licked. I licked her until my tongue ached and my face was smeared with her come. I licked her until my own hips rocked with my climax and she sucked on my clit like a tiny little cock as if milking it for all she was worth.

She always knew when I wanted her, because I'd whisper in the dark, "Carrie?... Tell me a story..." And we would begin. I hated for that year to end. I ended up leaving school and moving back to go to school closer to home—closer to the boyfriend. Who I later married. He never knew about Carrie. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I'd stayed...

Confessions: Babysitter

When I was sixteen, I started babysitting for a young couple who lived in the apartment upstairs from us. They went bowling every Friday night, and I'd watch their nine-month-old. It was one of the easiest babysitting jobs I've ever had. Their baby was already asleep when I got there, and never peeped once, although I did go check on him now and then, just to make sure. They were a very nice couple, they paid well, and they always said I could use the phone or watch what I wanted or eat whatever was in the fridge. Still, it's strange, being in someone else's house, watching someone else's television, eating someone else's food. It's easy to get bored while you're babysitting, and it's actually a little lonely, sitting there by yourself all night.

I babysat for them for years. The husband and I used to sit in the living room while the wife got ready—she was never ready when I showed up. He was cute, and I liked to imagine he was attracted to me. He liked to flirt and ask me about school, and always inquired whether I had a boyfriend. One night when I was in college, he told me they'd rented a few movies, and I was welcome to watch them. He left them on the top of the entertainment center, and made a point of reminding me before they left, giving me a wink on the way out the door.

When I checked out the movies, I was surprised to find that two of them were porn movies! And this wasn't soft core stuff. How did I know? Well, I put them in, of course. I knew when they'd be home, and I knew I had a few hours before then, so I put the tape in the VCR and started to watch.

It was even more of a turn on, knowing he wanted me to watch, imagining him thinking about me, my jeans crumpled in a ball on the floor, my panties down to my

knees, my legs spread and my fingers working my hot little clit as I watched women putting their asses in the air, begging to be fucked, watching huge, hard cocks sliding into wet, open pussies. I came once, fast and hard, but feeling guilty, I turned off the movie and quickly got dressed.

I tried to distract myself. I checked on the baby. He was fine. I ate some of their ice cream and watched MTV. But my eyes kept going to those cases on top of the entertainment center, and the ache between my legs just grew... and grew... Until I couldn't resist, and I put the movie back in again.

I wasn't going to touch myself. That's what I insisted when I put the movie in and sat on the couch. I just wanted to see... but as I watched, I felt myself getting wetter, my whole pussy throbbing.

I rubbed my hand over my jeans, lying back on the couch pillows, twisting with lust as I watched the blonde on the screen sucking his cock, his fingers playing with her hard nipples. I touched my own nipples, making them hard, watching as he bent her over and began to lick her pussy from behind. I couldn't help it.

I unzipped my jeans and slipped my hand inside, my pussy incredibly hot and wet under my fingers as I began to touch myself. He stood behind her, sliding his cock up and down her wet slit, and I wondered what it would feel like. At sixteen, I still hadn't had a cock inside of me yet, although I'd had one in my hand and in my mouth. What would it feel like to be fucked, I wondered?

I shoved my jeans and panties down my hips, spreading my legs wide on the couch and slipped two fingers into my pussy. I fucked myself as I watched him fuck her, fingering my pussy and rubbing my clit with my thumb. I wondered if he was thinking

about me—the husband—out bowling with his wife, imagining the babysitter sprawled on his couch and getting herself off?

The thought was both exciting and embarrassing, and it made my whole body feel hot. My god, he was fucking her so hard, and she moaned and twisted and fucked him back, her breasts swaying beneath her, her hair falling over her face. He was close to coming, I could hear it in his voice, and then he whispered it, "Fuck! I'm gonna come!" and he pulled out of her pussy, leaving it wet and gaping as he began to shoot hot, white spurts of cum all over her ass.

She moaned and rolled her hips like she liked the feel of it running down the crack of her ass, through the wet, pink cleft of her pussy, and I couldn't hold back anymore, hearing him cum, watching waves of it erupting from the thick head of his cock, and I was coming, too, right there on the couch, my hips bucking and twisting, my whole body trembling.

Feeling guilty again, I quickly pulled my jeans up and turned off the movie. I watched MTV and fell asleep on the couch until they got home. I couldn't even look at him when they paid me. But I do remember, the next week when I went to babysit, he asked me, "Did you like the movies we rented last week?" I froze and blinked at him and he winked. "I noticed you didn't rewind them." Ah, the days before DVDs. VCR tapes told tales.

Meekly, I apologized, but my whole body flushed at the hot look in his eyes. He was about to say something, but his wife came in and he didn't have the opportunity. I knew, then, that he'd imagined me doing just what I did on his couch that night, and the thought made me wet. They didn't leave any porn this time, but I didn't need it. I

stretched out on the couch and touched myself again that night, remembering the way
he looked at me...

Confessions: First Blowjob

I got myself into a lot of trouble while I was babysitting. That's probably where the idea for Babysitting the Baumgartners came from in the first place. I actually had an affair with a married man while I was babysitting for his kids. He drove me home every weekend after I babysat for him and his wife's two kids. It was innocent and fun at first. Just simple flirting, his hand on my knee.

Was I attracted to him? Yes. Very. He made my stomach fill with butterflies. It grew, this feeling, this thing. We started parking down the block from my house and kissing. That progressed to touching. I ached every time I stopped him and we drove the rest of the way to my house so he could drop me off. I inevitably ended up in my bed those nights, rubbing my soaking wet pussy to a delicious, mind-blowing orgasm, imagining just what happened one night soon after in the front seat of his car.

It was the first time I'd ever had a cock in my mouth. I'd had plenty of them in my hand or rubbing up against me in the dark. But I'd never been brave enough and the boys I'd been with had never been bold enough, and so I'd never actually tasted the thick length of a cock before. Until that night. This man—let's call him David—parked the car down the block, like we'd been doing. We proceeded to kiss and touch and do all those things we'd been doing for the past few weeks.

I had his cock in my hand, stroking it fast and hard, making him moan as he shoved my skirt up and pulled my panties aside. I'd learned quickly to wear skirts instead of jeans, giving his probing fingers easy access to my aching pussy. He almost inevitably made me come within a few minutes, shuddering against him, squeezing his dick in my hand until pre-cum leaked from the tip.

That night, he didn't stop after that first one. He grabbed me, my hair in his hand, pulling my head back so he could kiss me—hard—his tongue probing deep into my mouth. His fingers kept pistoning in and out of my flesh, his thumb rubbing my throbbing little clit, and I twisted and arched against him, aching for that second come, working for it, rocking on his hand and begging, please, please, please.

That's when he lowered my mouth slowly to his lap. I remember understanding what he wanted, but being afraid. Afraid I'd do it wrong, or not know how. It really didn't matter, though. He was good at guiding me, sliding my mouth down onto his cock. I remember gagging a little, feeling him back off, catching my breath. So this is how it was done. Up and down with my mouth, the same motion I'd been making with my hand.

It was sloppy and uncontrolled, but I don't think he cared. My ass was in the air, my panties pulled down around my knees, my skirt up, and if a passing car had gone by and looked in, they might have gotten quite a view. He distracted me with his hand, fingering me as I sucked him, my pussy already on fire from his earlier attention. It didn't take me long to catch back up and I ground my hips, sometimes forgetting about the throbbing cock in my mouth altogether.

The sound of his breath, his words, filled my ears. "Good girl, god yeah, such a good girl, suck it, baby, that's it, god that's so good..." My whole body filled with warmth and I sucked him harder, faster, making him buck and moan. I wanted something from him, I just didn't know what. I wanted something for myself, too. His fingers worked expertly in my pussy, finding my clit and rubbing, making me moan around his cock. I was so close to exploding I thought I would die.

I couldn't say anything—my mouth was too full of him—but I felt my climax coming and it made me suck him even harder. I was going crazy all over his cock, sucking and slurping, the noises obscene and thick in the front seat of the car, the windows fogging with our panting breath. I was coming with his cock buried in my throat, gagging on it at the same time as I rocked with my orgasm, fucking his hand, wanting more, more, more.

He cried out then... and it happened. I cried out, too, in surprise, as thick, hot jets of cum flooded my tongue. I didn't know what to do but swallow it, wincing as the acrid taste slid down my throat. It just kept coming, and he shuddered and grabbed my head, keeping me there, filling my mouth to overflowing again, so I had to swallow, and again, god, so much of it, hot, pulsing waves of it as he cried, "Oh fuck, oh god, oh yeahhhh baby yeah!"

He kissed me when it was over. Pulled my mouth to his and kissed me—hard. He thanked me, too, and whispered into my ear what a good girl I was. I wanted to do it again. He was soft, now, cock and balls just a fleshy mass at the base of his zipper, and when I reached for him, he stopped me. Still, the longing in me didn't stop. I wanted more.

We had sessions after that—and I learned a great deal about how to suck his cock, how to make him wait for it, how to tease him and take him to the edge. But I'll never forget that first time, the sweet surprise of it, and the longing to suck, and suck, and suck... for that sweet good girl reward.

Confessions: Joy of Sex

It's no secret that I've been with women before. I was with girls long before I was with boys, actually. My first real sexual experiences were experimenting with girlfriends, "practicing" how to kiss, first on pillows, then using our tongues. My best friend, Shawn, was a year old than I was, and her mother was divorced and had some interesting things for us to explore in her bedroom. The first was a huge illustrated copy of the "Joy of Sex." We read about how to touch ourselves, how to suck a cock. We lay on the bed together, flipping pages, our faces burning, our hearts racing, our sweet pussies aching.

After a few times of doing this, Shawn decided to show me what was in her mother's top drawer. I hadn't seen one yet, although I would later discover my mother's, too. It was the standard issue white vibrator, circa 1970-something, the kind that took two D—or was it C?—batteries and got incredibly hot after it had been turned on a while. That first time, I just watched her. Shawn was absolutely shameless about her body and her desires. She pulled her shorts and panties down to her knees – it was the middle of summer – and spread her legs wide. The hair between her legs was dark and thick, and the inside of her pussy was shockingly pink as she spread her lips and began to rub her clit with the humming end of the vibrator.

She watched me watching her through half-closed eyes for a while, until her hips starting moving all by themselves, and her eyes finally closed, and I might as well have not even been there for all the attention she paid me. She was completely lost in the sensation, and I cupped my own pussy over the satin of my shorts, pressing hard against the ache as I watched her breasts rise and fall, her nipples harden under her t-shirt. It didn't take her long to get off. She made these high, squeaky noises just before

she was going to come, and then her whole body trembled with it, her back arching, her face flushing, her soft moans growing louder. We were both breathless when she was done, and then she handed the vibrator to me, still wet with her juices, and said, "Your turn."

I felt shy, embarrassed, but my whole crotch was on fire, and the hum of the vibrator in my hands drove me on. I had to know if it felt as good as it looked like it did. So I slid my shorts down over my hips and spread my legs, closing my eyes so I wouldn't see her watching me. The first touch of the vibrator to my clit made me cry out in surprise and my eyes opened wide. Shawn smiled and nodded. "I know. Keep going." I did.

Oh, god, I did. The delicious buzz against my young, tender clit drove me wild and I rubbed and rubbed the tip against that sweet nub. It was still slick from Shawn's pussy and growing wetter as I worked it through my wet slit.

"Oh god, Shawnie, oh my god it's so good. I can't stand it. I can't..."

"Come on," she whispered, and I saw her through half-closed eyes, rubbing herself again as she watched me, her t-shirt up over her breasts now, her nipples poking straight out. "That's it, come on, come on." I couldn't hold out anymore, although I wanted it to last forever. My hips pressed up as I came, my legs spreading wide, wider. My climax shook me, the bed, Shawn, too, her fingers buried in the thick dark hair between her legs, working hard and fast as she rubbed herself as she watched me, both of us panting and crying out as we came.

Embarrassed now, I rolled to my belly and turned off the vibrator, pushing it away from me on the bed, as if it were possessed – or had it possessed me? Shawn

collapsed next to me, breathing hard, her eyes closed, a small, satisfied smile on her face. We lay like that for a long time before we got up, got dressed, and went downstairs to get something to eat. We didn't talk about it then. We didn't even talk about it later, really. But we didn't stop. It might have been the first time we used her mother's vibrator together... but it was far from the last.

Confessions: Separated

I was separated from my first husband for about nine months in our fifth year of marriage. It's a long story, but suffice to say we were living in his parents' basement at the time, he was failing college classes left and right, and we had two small children to take care of. I graduated college that year and moved out. Took the kids with me and got a job. I was done waiting for him to grow up. I thought our marriage was over. We ended up back together for another three years... but I didn't know it was going to turn out that way at the time.

When I got married, other men ceased to exist. I can honestly say I didn't even think about sex with other men. When I fall in love, I fall pretty completely. After we were separated, though, the whole world of men suddenly opened up to me again. They were noticing me—not that they'd ever really stopped, but more importantly, I was noticing them. For a while, I was staying with a friend, and I happened to notice her ex-fiancé, Rob.

He was in the service and heading back to Europe on Sunday and staying at her place because it was closer to the airport. I think there had always been a low-grade attraction between us, but I hadn't noticed because I was married and he was with my friend. Then they broke up, and I was separated, and he and I spent the evening in her living room while everyone else was asleep. Rob played guitar, and I'm a sucker for a guy with a guitar. I insisted he sing every song he knew how to play, and when he ran out of those, we just sang together into the night. Before we knew it, it was two in the morning, and things were happening.

He put his hands on my shoulders, and I didn't say anything. I leaned back between his legs, and he didn't say anything. He slid down onto the floor from the couch and put his arms around me. I tilted my head back and up at him, searching his eyes, and that was really the moment we both said yes. I hadn't said "yes" to another man in years. I was nervous, excited. I didn't know what to expect.

I felt like a teenager, fumbling with his clothes, mine, rolling around on the floor, our mouths hungry, our hands eager. In spite of the fact that my friend had told me about his incredible size—13 inches—they measured—I was still surprised when I found his cock in my hand. I've never seen anything that big before or since. Funny, he seemed just as eager to get my top off to expose my sizeable breasts, much bigger than my friend's perky ones.

We reveled in the newness of each other for a while, and before I knew it, he was kneeling up over me, that monster of a cock pressing against my lips. I opened for him, tried to take him, gagged a few times—my god, he was so big. My jeans were undone, my hand shoved down my pants as I sucked him, rubbing furiously at my clit, delirious with lust. Not only was I having sex with my friend's ex-fiancé—I was still technically married, and my friend was sleeping in the bedroom right above us and could come down at any time. The sound of a toilet flushing upstairs surprised us both, and he completely lost it, coming in a flood in my mouth. We separated quickly, and I pulled my clothes together, going upstairs and finding the bathroom empty again. I took a quick shower, feeling horribly guilty—but I couldn't help touching myself, shuddering against the tiles, remembering the feel of his cock in my mouth and wondering what it would feel like shoved up inside of me.

The next day, he and I flirted mercilessly, finding every opportunity to touch each other, rub up against each other, while my friend wasn't looking. I had planned to go back home that day while I knew my ex and his parents were out of town to get some more of my stuff. When I mentioned this, Rob offered to come with me as "protection"—just in case my ex showed up. We both knew why he was really coming along, and I'd barely opened the door when we were on each other. There were no pretenses. We both knew exactly what we wanted, and could continue, uninterrupted—and we did.

We ended up in the bedroom, our clothes coming off quickly, both of us in a hurry, even though we didn't have to be. The experience of being with another man after so long was dizzyingly exciting. His kisses were different, he touched me differently, and the newness of it all made me incredibly wet. When he hooked his arms around my legs, pushing them back so he could slide himself deep inside of me, I was more than ready. I begged him to fuck me—hard. And he did, his mouth crushing mine, his cock like a steel rod rammed between my thighs, again and again. I couldn't get enough of him. I didn't know where all this crazy lust had come from, but I gasped and panted and begged him for more, more, please, more, give it to me harder, god, don't ever stop...

When he rolled onto his back, pulling me with him and impaling me on his enormous length, I thought I'd faint from pleasure for a moment. I rocked on that hard cock until I took us both right up to the edge, his mouth teasing first one of my nipples, then the other, his thumb rubbing my clit as I fucked him. He gave me a little warning, just a whispered, "Wait." But I couldn't stop. I was too close.

I ground my hips down against his, squeezing him with my muscles, leaning in to kiss him as I came, feeling him shudder under me, his body bucking, our bellies slick

with sweat as we writhed together on the bed. I felt every pulse of his cock—he was so big inside of me, shoved so deep, that his cum immediately began to overflow and pool between us. I haven't talked to him since that day. He gave me a kiss on the cheek and a sly wink before he left for the airport the next day, and that was it. I wasn't disappointed, though. I never told my friend. Or my husband—even after we later got back together. It's just something that seemed better served being held secret. Until now.

Confessions: Student Teacher

For a while there, I was going to be an English teacher. I even did a semester of student teaching. And I got an A. Although I still wonder sometimes if that was because I earned it grading high school essays about "Why Ms. Kitt is My Favorite Teacher Ever" written by students who thought I was "cool"—or if it was because I was fucking their "real" teacher.

Or, more aptly, he was fucking me. I didn't start it. At least, I didn't make the first move. Does that count? Would it hold up in court? We were both adults—aside from the ethics of the thing, there wasn't really anything wrong with what we were doing. But it felt wrong. It felt so very wrong, and maybe that's why it felt so incredibly good.

Mr. Kennedy—his name was actually John, believe it or not—was a hot young teacher, and all the girls had crushes on him. I couldn't blame them. He was just thirty-something, with dark hair that curled around his ears and the nape of his neck and even darker eyes that radiated heat whenever he looked at me. He was charming and cocky and loved to crack goofy jokes with the kids that pushed the limits of propriety—almost. He hovered on the edge of dangerous all the time, and I liked to sneak up behind him to see if I could convince him to go over.

And one day—he did. We were both staying late, completing progress reports, which involved a dizzying amount of sharpening number two pencils so we could fill in the correct circles on computerized forms. We talked about the kids, we talked about our lives—he wasn't married and was in between girlfriends. There had been plenty of flirting and innuendo between us, and I think we both knew what we wanted. The question was—did we dare?

It was just a subtle shift. I uncrossed and crossed my legs in the soft, respectable-length gray skirt I was wearing, hanging one heel off the edge of my bare foot and rolling my neck.

"Tired?" he asked, putting down his pencil.

I nodded, yawning and stretching, feeling my blouse pull out of the waistband of my skirt a little. "But it could be worse. Most teachers make their student-teachers do all the drudge work like this. At least you help with that part... and you let me do the fun stuff, too."

He smiled—god that smile!—and stretched, too. "The fun stuff is the best part. I wouldn't exclude you from that."

"I appreciate it." I said exactly what I meant. I think he knew it. Without saying anything, he came and stood behind me, sliding his big hands over my shoulders and squeezing. I groaned and rolled my neck back, unable to resist. "God, that feels good!"

"Does it?" He said it like a question, but it wasn't one. He knew. His fingers kneaded my muscles and I relaxed back against him, feeling the hard muscles of his belly, the bite of his belt buckle. I think I knew what was going to happen, and my body was tingling with anticipation. I moaned softly, and the room sounded like sex long before I was actually bent over the progress reports in front of us.

When his hand slid down to unbutton the top button of my blouse, I didn't protest. In fact, I made a point of arching my back, showing him just how eager I was. And god, I was. His hands moved under my bra, kneading my breasts the same way they'd massaged my shoulders, making me squirm in the chair. I tilted my head back to look

up at him, and that's when he leaned in to kiss me, his mouth hungry on mine, sucking my tongue immediately in.

"Oh god," I whispered against his mouth when one of his hands slid down, cupping my pussy through my skirt. He rubbed me like that for a while as we kissed, fingering my nipple, making me writhe against him. At first, I worried about getting caught—a custodian coming in maybe. But as things progressed, I forgot all about anything but the sensation, the feel of him against me, and my desire for more.

He pulled me out of the chair and we were locked together for a moment, our clothes a nuisance as we rubbed our bodies against one another, each of us looking for a way in. He pulled my skirt up, cupping my ass in both hands as I fumbled with his belt, too distracted by the way he was spreading my cheeks to make any progress.

"Let me," he said.

And I did. He turned me around and bent me over the desk, shoving my skirt up over my hips and pulling down my panties. I wasn't wearing stockings at all—although I was supposed to be—and when his fingers slid inside of me, I thought I was going to pass out from pleasure. He groaned as my muscles clenched over his pumping fingers and leaned in to kiss my pussy like that, sitting in the chair behind me and shoving his face between my legs.

"Oh!" That was all I could say, over and over and over. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" I rocked back against his tongue as it lashed between my wet, naked slit. He found my clit and stayed there, eating me with such a greedy hunger my body trembled with the force of it. It didn't take me long to come in his mouth. I warned him softly, still aware that what

we were doing could get us both in very big trouble, "John, you're gonna make me come...."

He just made a soft, eager noise in his throat, licking me faster, pressing me toward climax, and I gave him just what he wanted, shuddering on the desk as I came, spreading my legs wide and shoving my pussy against his face as my orgasm shook through me. I was still recovering when he stood up behind me and unbuckled his belt. Just the sound made me pant and quiver with lust and I turned to look at him over my shoulder, to see what I might expect, and was happily surprised at the thick length of him as he shuttled his hand up and down his stiff cock before positioning himself behind me.

He didn't ask, but he didn't have to. I reached back with both hands to spread myself for him as an offering, making him gasp as he let the head of his cock disappear between my pussy lips. He grabbed onto my hips to pull me in, driving himself deep, and I took every bit of him, going up even further on my toes in my heels. I glanced at the door, giving a fleeting thought again to the danger of the moment, but then he pulled back and began to really fuck me and all thought fled.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped, giving in to the thick slide of his cock, my pussy still fluttering a little from my climax. I was wet and ready for him and I grabbed back and hung onto his wrists as he began to drive me forward onto the desk, feeling his fingers clenching, digging into the flesh of my hips and ass. "Oh god, John, that's so fucking good!"

"You like that?" he asked, moving faster now, shoving deeper. I gasped in response, feeling my pussy contract around his length. "Come on, baby, rub your pussy for me."

I did what he asked, needing little encouragement to slide my hands underneath me, opening my slit and using my finger to nudge my clit toward a delicious release. I gave into all of it as he fucked me, seeing one of our student's papers through half-closed eyes—Brad Haley, whose conduct was satisfactory and whose grade was in the B range. I rested my cheek on Brad's progress report and wondered what he'd think if he knew his student-teacher was being fucked on the very desk she taught from every day, her breasts swinging free of unbuttoned blouse and pulled-down bra, her ass up in the air as she begged for more.

"Oh yes! Yes! Fuck me harder, baby! Harder! Give me that big cock! Give it to me!"

"Oh god your pussy feels so good..." John leaned into me, splaying me on the desk, and I squirmed beneath him as our motion sent number two pencils rolling and progress reports sailing off the edge to flutter to the floor. His cock seemed to be swelling inside of me, filling me deeper as he fucked me even harder. He grabbed one of my legs behind the knee, shoving it up onto the desk so I was spread even wider for him.

"Oh that's good!" I cried, feeling the angle change, his cock getting even more of me now. I rubbed my clit faster as he fucked me, using two fingers on either side of it as I arched back to take him, wanting more, more. I was so close to climax, my thigh muscles taut and trembling, my pussy on fire with the heat of our fuck.

He grabbed my ass in both hands and I begged him to come, feeling my own orgasm begin with a shuddering surge. The rapid squeezing of my fluttering pussy around his cock must have sent him over, because I felt him tremble and grip me hard

as he buried himself into me. I moaned and squirmed on the desk, whispering things I don't even remember as he filled me with his cum.

Most of the progress reports were salvageable, if a bit wrinkled from our foray onto the desk. We didn't finish them that day. Instead we shoved them into John's briefcase and went back to his place to do it all over again, this time bent over a chair in his living room, and later in the softness of his bed, and then in the heat of the shower...

We never took a chance at the school again, like we had that night—instead we found other places to meet to indulge in our pleasurable little secret. Eventually, the job ended, and so did our affair. But it was hot—incredibly hot --while it lasted.

Confessions: Neighbors

When I was a teenager, we lived in a condominium complex with very, very thin walls. Not only could I hear my parents having sex—my girlfriends and I labeled my mother “Lassie” – think Kim Cattrall in *Porky’s*—but my room happened to be right next to the neighbors’ bedroom. My mother was loud, yes—but all she really did was moan. There were no real words, not even a “yes” or “oh god!” Just lots of feminine noise.

My neighbor, on the other hand...

The funny thing is, she was the most straight-laced, button-down, uptight woman on the face of the planet by day. She was my best friend, Sarah’s, mother, the woman who insisted we take our shoes off the moment we walked in the door, who required coasters under every glass, and who took down and washed her curtains twice a week. Tall, thin, with short, blonde hair and bright blue eyes behind sensitive-80’s-glasses, she wasn’t what anyone would really consider a sexual powerhouse.

At night, however, Mrs. L turned into an animal. This was the woman who taught me—at a rather young age, and of course, unbeknownst to her—how to talk dirty. Really, really dirty. The sound of the headboard against the wall usually woke me up, a rhythmic pounding. I knew exactly what the bed looked like, where it was placed. I could even imagine Mrs. L, naked and spread wide, Mr. L towering between her legs. I have to admit, the thought excited me. Mr. L always had a ready smile, he liked to tease us girls, and once, I’d been spending the night over there and had walked by their bedroom on the way to the bathroom and saw him snoring away, covers thrown off, his cock standing straight up, hard as a rock.

It wasn’t Mr. L I heard, though. It was Mrs. L, telling him what to do.

"Come on! Fuck me harder! That's it! Ream that hot, wet little cunt!"

I told you it was dirty.

My face flushed in the darkness, but the ache grew between my legs as I listened. I couldn't believe it was Mr. and Mrs. L on the other side of that wall, rutting together on their bed in total abandon. "Give me that big dick! Come on! Ahhhh god, that's so good!" The fire that spread through my body at those words was so hot I thought I'd explode. I couldn't help touching myself. My pussy begged for it, and I gave in, pulling my nightgown up, my panties aside. I was wet already, just from listening. My fingers slid easily between my slit, parting the soft, red pubic hair and searching in the darkness for my throbbing clit. It always thrilled me when I heard him, too. Mostly it was just her, but sometimes I heard him growl or grunt something low and oh, so hot: "Get on your knees, bitch! Suck it! Suck it!" Then I wouldn't hear anything for a while, but I didn't stop rubbing, the delicious sensation growing between my thighs as I tweaked my nipples through my nightgown. I strained to hear something, anything, trying to imagine Mrs. L on her knees like he told her, sucking his cock. I'd had a cock in my mouth before, I knew what it felt like, the insistent thrust, the tangy taste of precum. "Oh god, yes!" Her voice rose, grew closer somehow, and I arched toward the wall, my fingers buried in my wetness. "You like me bent over for you, baby? You like fucking me like a dog?"

The heat of her words made me want to hide my face in the pillow, but my fingers worked faster, harder under the covers.

"That's it, don't stop! Oh god, don't you fucking stop! You're gonna make me come all over that big, hard tool!"

Mrs. L was a slut. A naughty, dirty whore. She said so herself. "Fuck your little whore! Fuck her 'til she comes!"

I heard him groan, long and low, and that made me twist and buck on my little twin bed, hearing her finally lose her words, lost in her orgasm, just moaning with it now, over and over and over. My climax found theirs and I came, too, whimpering and shoving my hips up to meet the wet thrust of my own fingers, shuddering with pleasure as the sound of their coupling faded.

I always had a hard time looking them in the eye the day afterward. Of course, they didn't know I'd heard. And I never said anything. But they sure taught me a lot, late at night, after everyone else was asleep...

Confessions: Union Station

It's been over ten years ago, now, that my ex and I were separated, and I flew to Chicago to meet a cyber lover. Dan was a former DJ, charming, arrogant, cocky, and a staunch Republican. We were like gasoline and a match-- the sparks flew. I was twenty-five, separated with two kids. He was thirty-something, a year out of a serious relationship with the "love of his life" and liked kids... the way some people like cats... "with a nice honey glaze sauce."—Those were his exact words.—I don't know what I was thinking. Okay, I know. I thought I was in love. I probably really was. But it was doomed from the start. Still, love doesn't pay attention to that, does it?

Perhaps my body knew, because I got my period the Friday I left. It started heavy and fast and I called him in tears, because of course, after all the cyber sex and phone sex, real sex was definitely on the menu. I had new lingerie and had planned not to wear any panties on the forty-five minute flight. My body had other ideas. He comforted me on the phone, said it was okay, we'd just spend the weekend together doing... other things.

And we did. We kissed the minute I got off the plane. We kissed a lot that weekend. We cuddled a lot. I certainly alleviated my oral fixation more than once with him. And Chicago was a fine town to play in. It really was a good time, and I remember it fondly. In fact, when Sunday rolled around, neither of us wanted to go home. We walked, hand in hand, through Union Station, where he was going to meet his train. It's very stately and beautiful, and we spent an hour or so on one of those benches. We didn't talk much - but we felt a lot.

Considering how things ended up, I'm glad I had an excuse not to have sex that weekend, but at the time, I was simply aching to be with him. I spent the whole time in a constant state of arousal. The anticipation for our meeting was incredible and I didn't know how I was going to make it through. But I did - the entire 48 or so hours - with no orgasm. He had a few, and giving him those made me so filled with lust I thought I was going to burst. But I just rode the waves, let them ebb and flow. The problem was, each time, the water got higher. And higher. And higher.

Until I put my head in his lap on that bench. He stroked my hair and told me how beautiful I was. I rested my cheek against his crotch and felt him beginning to harden. When I smiled up at him and asked, he admitted, yes... seeing me curled up on the bench was turning him on. It was winter, and I was wearing jeans and high suede boots and a little black sweater that my nipples poked right through - and not from the cold. When his hand brushed one on its way to my hip, it made me shiver.

"Are you turned on?" he whispered, glancing around at the people milling through the station.

I nodded. "Since the first time you kissed me..."

He smiled. "You once told me you could make yourself come without using your hands..."

It was true. I'd done it before, in certain situations, when I was extremely aroused and couldn't, for whatever reason, touch myself. I hadn't climaxed once all weekend, and my whole body was on fire with need. I glanced around, unsure, seeing the light in his eyes. There was no one sitting on our bench, but there was a man reading the paper across from us. New people were constantly coming in and out of the station, up and

down the stairs. He wanted me to make myself come... in such a public place? Could I do it, without touching myself?

"Do it for me." His hand moved upward, cupping my breast. The movement of his thumb over my nipple was hidden, as I was curled up toward the back of the bench, my cheek resting against the line of his zipper. The sensation went straight to my clit, making my pussy come alive almost instantly, like a cat that had just been waiting for its prey to make a sudden move. My body pounced on the idea and I began to squeeze my thighs together, moving my hips in almost imperceptible circles.

He watched me, his eyes shining, his thumb moving faster over my nipple through the fabric of my sweater. I felt my clit rubbing against the seam of my jeans - a useful stimulant under the circumstances - and tried to control my movements. I wanted to writhe and buck and twist on that bench, to come so hard people on the incoming train could hear me. But I stayed quiet... my breath coming faster, growing shaky, my face flushing with the heat of my pleasure.

The shadow of someone passed over us and I slowed, biting my lip, but Dan encouraged me, tweaking my nipple, making me sigh and gasp. I wanted to tuck my hands between my legs, to rock against my palm, but I didn't dare. My clit was throbbing as I nudged myself, bit by agonizing bit, toward orgasm. My thighs were flexed so tightly that, three days later, I would still feel the soreness in my muscles - but I didn't notice it then. His cock strained against his jeans - I could actually feel it pulsing through the denim - and that turned me on even more. I longed to take him into my mouth, to make him come, too...

But he was focused on me, whispering things I could barely hear, "That's it, good girl, do it for me, come on, baby, that's so good, you're so beautiful, don't stop, don't stop..." I couldn't have stopped if I wanted to. The delicious, winding spiral that had been stretching between he and I all weekend was pulled to its maximum, taut and trembling with such force that my thighs, my breath, my whole being shook with it. I knew it was going to snap back, and the sensation would send me into orbit.

"Oh god..." I whispered it. I think I whispered.

My hips moved faster now, my thighs squeezed together so tight they hurt, my little clit rubbing over the seam of my jeans again and again and again. Dan moved his hand surreptitiously to my other breast, shifting his weight, his thumb touching my nipple and that did it - the feeling reached its limit and my whole body stiffened with pleasure and I quivered in his lap, burying my face against the hard, heated length of his shaft as I came, feeling surge after surge shuddering through me.

We didn't talk afterward. He stroked my hair as my body began to relax and the flush in my cheeks began to fade. I didn't open my eyes for a long time, too afraid of what - or who - I might see around us. Later, Dan said he didn't think anyone had noticed, and considering how busy it was, he was probably right.

I didn't sit up until it was time to go to his train, and we walked, hands swinging, to where he would start his part of the journey home. He kissed me goodbye. It was the last time I'd ever see him, although I didn't know it at the time. Things didn't work out... relationships often don't.

But I'll never forget that weekend. Or the time we spent together on that bench in Union Station.

Confessions: Watching Him Masturbate

I love to watch a man masturbate. It's a little fetish of mine, and I think it started because my ex-husband claimed he never masturbated. I couldn't imagine—I know I did, all the time, and according to the statistics, men supposedly did it much more than women. It took him over a year before he was willing to let me give him a handjob—and it was even longer than that before he would masturbate in front of me. And that was after I caught him. Or, really...he caught me watching.

I'd been watching for a while. I was a bad influence on him—I introduced him to porn. He discovered he loved watching two girls together, and I'd purchased several tapes of girl on girl porn just for him. He couldn't resist. Which is what I was hoping. At night, after he thought I was asleep, he'd sneak into the living room and put on some girlie porn. Me, I'd wait to hear the low moans of the girls on the television before sneaking out myself, watching from the doorway.

The angle was a good one—I could see his profile, leaning back into the couch, his cock standing straight up in his pumping fist. I could also see the television screen, the girls there humping a double dildo between them, riding a pink jellied cock and moaning loudly. It was hard to decide which to watch, the movement of his hand up and down the length of his cock, or the sweet sight of two wet pussies, one blonde, one dark, impaled on a slick dildo. Just standing there, my panties were getting wet.

When the girls on screen started moaning louder, fucking faster, pressing their pussies as close as they could, his hand moved faster. When the blonde reached out to squeeze the dark-haired girl's nipple, I heard a sharp intake of his breath, and his hand moved a little faster still.

"Oh, god, baby, I'm coming, I'm coming!" The dark-haired girl moaned, her belly quivering, her whole body stiff, and I saw his hand squeezing the tip of his cock—hard—a bit of precum gathered at the tip. The sight made me breathless with lust, and I ached to go lick it off, but I didn't want him to know I was there.

I finally gave into the ache between my legs, sliding my hand down to touch myself. I was afraid to interrupt him, thinking he'd be too embarrassed being caught that he'd stop. I didn't want him to stop. I wanted to see him come. The dark-haired girl had moved position, so she was licking the blonde, using the dildo to fuck her at the same time, the end in her hand, the cock had been inside her pussy, still shiny and slick.

"Oh yeah," I heard him whisper as the blonde played with her nipples, pinching, squeezing, moaning, begging the other girl to lick her faster.

"Oh, baby, yes, that's soooo good!" the blonde moaned, reaching her fingers down to spread her pussy lips wider. "Eat that wet cunt! Oh god! Lick it 'til I come all over your face!"

He was jerking himself fast now—so fast!—his breath filling the room. His hand shuttled up and down his thick length, finally focusing right at the head, his eyes half-closed as he watched the screen. My eyes went from him to the TV and back again, my fingers wet, rubbing my clit while I watched. My pussy ached, my nipples hard under my t-shirt, as he pumped faster, harder, his breath coming in panting gasps, his hips bucking up, his toes curling. He was close. So was I.

"That's it!" The blonde arched, spread, came, the dark haired girl pumping that slick cock furiously into her cunt, her tongue a blur over her clit. "Ohhhh I'm coming! I'm coming!"

He groaned as he came, his cock spurting hot, white jets of it over his hand, landing thickly on his belly. Just the sight of his cum made me come, too, shuddering against the doorway, pressing myself there, feeling like I was going to collapse.

I moaned, unable to help myself—I couldn't keep quiet - and that's when he saw me. Our eyes locked, and I saw a myriad of emotions cross his face—from embarrassment to excitement. Finally, the latter won out, and I went over to the couch to join him. From then on, he masturbated in front of me when I asked him to.

But sometimes I still liked to sneak out and watch when he didn't know I was watching.

Confessions: Key West

There is just no place on earth like Key West. The Florida Keys are beautiful, of course—white, sandy beaches and long, rolling shores of clear water so warm swimming feels more like bathing—but Key West is a whole different world altogether. We were young when we went for the first time, in our twenties, and we'd only been married a few years. It was one of the first trips we'd made away from the kids, and the freedom of not having two little ones hanging onto my skirts all day was exhilarating.

We'd traveled with, among others, my brother-in-law and his girlfriend and her two older teen girls. They were more energetic than we were after the long plane ride, and spent their first night out in a bar-slash-nightclub. In the morning over a free hotel breakfast muffin, my brother-in-law related the night's events with wide, naïve eyes.

"A *guy* tried to pick me up!" he professed, lowering his voice and looking around as if to make sure no one overheard him to whisper, "He was gay!" As if we hadn't understood the first time. I hid a smile and exchanged a quick, amused look with my husband. His entire family—aside from him—was wildly homophobic. It had surprised me when his parents suggested a trip to the Florida Keys, with a stay in Key West, considering the population, but who was I to argue with a week away?

"Really?" I took a sip of orange juice to hide my smile. "So what club was this?"

He told me, and then went on to describe the compromising position he'd found himself in, speaking in hushed tones. I was tempted to ask, "So why didn't you take him up on his offer?" but I knew the teasing could only go so far before I crossed a line. That's the way it was with them.

But things were different in my marriage. We'd recently been talking about "other people," talking about jealousy and commitment and what sex had to do with all of that. Neither of us was in any way homophobic—rather strange, given his Mormon upbringing and my prejudice father—and in fact, both of us were open to the point of having experimented with a member of the opposite sex at one time or another.

He loved hearing about my exploits with my college roommate, and would often ask me to relate a "bedtime story," about the times she and I had spent in bed together. The thought of watching or being with me and another woman inevitably turned him on, almost instantly. All I had to do, it seemed, was suggest the idea, and I could make him hard. And I had to admit—the thought appealed to me, too.

I'd joked, packing my suitcase for our trip, that maybe we'd find someone to take back to the hotel when we were staying in Key West. I was half-kidding, half-not, and his response matched mine, "Maybe. Who knows?"

Of course, talking about it wasn't doing it. Actually doing something crossed a line, it seemed, and as we spent the afternoon at the beach, swimming and soaking up the sun, I thought about how we could eat our cake and have it, too. Was it possible? Would things change forever, if we did something like that?

We all ate dinner together, but when he took my elbow as we were leaving and murmured, "Want to go hit that club?" in my ear, I smiled, and felt my bottom clench in excitement. It was within walking distance of the hotel, and when we all parted, I grabbed his hand and started walking. We were dressed for dinner—nice, but not too nice. It was still warm, although the last of the sun had faded out of the sky over an hour ago, and my skin was just slightly damp with perspiration.

His hand moved around my waist, massaging my hip through my skirt as we walked. We didn't talk, but the air was charged around us, electric with possibility. I had no idea what might happen, but I hoped. I think he was hoping, too. The truth was, I'd never been inside a gay bar. In fact, I hadn't spent much time in bars at all. Neither of us were big partiers, but we both had adventuresome spirits that longed for...more.

It wasn't anything like I expected. Somehow I'd stereotypically pictured something out of *The Birdcage*. What we found wasn't very different from most other night clubs or bars. It wasn't full of flashy costumes, although both the men and women wore more leather than the general population, and had more tattoos and piercings. Or maybe that was just the bar crowd.

He brought a drink to a table I found near the back—something girly and fruity, because I hated the taste of alcohol—and we sat together, quiet, drinking and watching, through several songs. He ordered more drinks, and I didn't object, although I was a lightweight. Two drinks and I was feeling warm and fuzzy, everything softening around the edges. Three drinks and I was bold enough to grab his hand and pull him onto the dance floor—another thing we didn't do very often.

The heat, the darkness, the music, all combined to move my body all on its own. It was me, but it wasn't me, like some scene out of *Dirty Dancing*, grinding against him, eyes half closed. I felt him respond, his hands moving over my hips, my waist, down over my ass. It was like having sex in public, and I followed not just the music but the throb in my lower belly and between my legs, making me rock against the hard press of his thigh between mine.

I don't know how long we danced—I lost time, until he finally pulled me back to the table, where I collapsed into a chair, so dizzy it felt as if we'd been flying.

I drank the rest of the now iced-down fruity concoction in my glass and ordered another. He raised an eyebrow, but didn't say anything as I sucked that one down in huge gulps. I felt like I couldn't get enough of...anything, everything. When his eyes met mine, they blazed with an unbelievable heat as his gaze moved over my body. I pulled my hair up in my hands and gathered it at the back of my head, leaving my neck exposed to the breeze. The front of the bar was open, letting in the night, and everyone with it.

"Having fun?" he asked and I just smiled in response, leaning back in my chair and spreading my thighs under the table, letting the breeze in under my skirt, too.

"Sure looked like it." The voice startled us both as a woman grabbed the chair between us, turning it around and straddling it as she put her drink on our table. "You're a great dancer."

"Thanks." It was all I could think of to say in my surprise.

She winked at me, her eyes heavily made up in dark black. Her hair was dark, too, short and straight and shaggy, her lips bright red. She had a nose ring and her eyebrow was pierced, and a tattoo that, in the darkness, looked like a mangled butterfly on the top of her bare right arm. She wore a black leather vest laced up the front with nothing underneath, her body full and lush.

"So, wanna go again?" She knocked her drink back—it was nothing froofy like mine. It came in a shot glass. Standing, she set it on the table, jerking her head toward the dance floor. "Come on, let's go."

It was a clear invitation, and she moved away, somehow confident I would follow. Or maybe she wasn't confident at all, I don't know. But I did. I didn't even look at my husband, to tell you the truth, not even a glance. I just stood up and followed, and before I knew it, we were dancing together, the same way he and I had danced, only it was softer, *she* was softer, her breath a combination of whiskey and Juicy Fruit against my cheek as we rocked, limbs entangled, bodies writhing.

I don't know how long it was before I noticed him watching. He'd moved to a table close to the floor, but he didn't join us, although I motioned for him. Shaking his head, he waved me on, his eyes blazing hotter than I'd seen them yet. That spurred me on, and I found myself giving in to her touch, her hands small and soft but surprisingly firm as they pressed my lower back, our breasts meshing, our faces close.

I didn't think twice when she kissed me. I didn't think at all. I just felt, her tongue, her teeth, the sharp intake of her breath when I responded, my own hands moving down to cup the swell of her ass. It had gone far beyond invitation now, and somehow I knew where we were going to end up. For the first time, I had no doubt, and I was right. We spent another hour, maybe two, dancing, drinking, talking over the music, all of it a slow, precious tease.

Her name was Meg but I still didn't know her last time by the time we all reached our hotel room, and I guess I really didn't need to. She had me pinned to the bed within minutes, arms above my head, skirt up to my hips, her leather-clad thighs pressing mine open as she kissed me, and I forgot for a while that my husband even existed in the world. There was nothing but this hot, breathless, demanding woman, drawing things from me I didn't even know existed.

Where I fumbled and giggled, she was sure and serious, undressing me quickly, drinking me in with her eyes. Leather and lace, we rolled, hungry and clutching each other. I was more than a little drunk, which made things blurry. I couldn't think, so I just let myself feel, the weight of her nakedness, the soft press of her flesh. Her breasts fascinated me, soft and round and full in my hands, her nipples dark tips that made her moan and thrash when I sucked them.

Her fingers found me wet and open, parting the red fuzz to delve inside, her thumb strumming my clit with a slow, steady, growing pressure that left me gasping into her mouth as we kissed. Just the feel of her tongue twining with mine as her hand worked between my legs left me weak with lust. She pulled me up to straddle her face, her tongue parting me this time, her hands moving up my waist to cup my breasts, roll my nipples in her fingers as she licked me.

I grasped the headboard, moaning softly as I rocked against her open mouth. Glancing back, I saw her stretched out on the bed, her fingers working between her own legs. Her dark hair was shaved except for a thin line of hair above her cleft, and her pussy lips glistened in the lamp light. The sight of her made me hungry, eager, and then out of the corner of my eye, I saw my husband and remembered him for the first time.

He was sitting in the big chair in the corner, just watching. Well, not entirely *just...* he had his pants unzipped, cock in hand. But he didn't seem disappointed in not joining us. In fact, he looked thrilled to be watching our little show, although I hadn't considered that was what Meg and I were doing.

"I want you, too," I murmured in explanation as I moved, hearing her whimper as my pussy left her mouth, turning so I could lick her smooth, shaved mound. She

moaned and gasped against my clit as I found hers and pressed it with my tongue. She was wetter than I could have imagined, and I played in her juices, my fingers spreading her wetness over the impossibly soft swell of her lips, drawing it inward toward the tight clutch of her pussy as my fingers slid in, as if I could somehow push it all back inside.

“Oh yes, yes,” she whispered. “Fuck me, baby. Fuck my puss.”

I did just as she asked, plunging my fingers in and out as my tongue lapped at her clit. I felt her tremble, her hands clutching my hips as she moaned against my mound. I couldn’t hold off much longer—the press of her tongue made me spread and rock, I couldn’t help it, rolling my hips in her hands.

Through half-closed eyes, I saw my husband stroking his cock and biting his lip as he watched us, and that, too, was incredible, knowing how hot he was just seeing us together. Precum glistened on the tip of his cock, steadily leaking, and I used my other hand to pull her lips wider, showing him the open, pink spread of her pussy. He groaned, and I licked and fucked her even faster, barely able to keep my mouth on her as she bucked and thrashed beneath me, her belly already tightening with her impending orgasm.

“Ohhhh fuck!” I gasped when the hot, wet press of her tongue sent me right to the edge. “Oh god, yes, make me come! Please!”

“Nnnn nnnnnn,” was all she could manage—her mouth was too full of me to get out any more. But she was coming, too, I felt it in the tight shudder of her beneath me, the gentle pulse and clench of her muscles around my fingers as I fucked her. And when I looked over, I saw he was coming, too, a white-hot geyser spilling over his fist.

“Oh god! Now!” I moaned and ground myself against her tongue, taking myself there, making her take me, and she did, wrapping her arms around my hips and pulling me in deep, swallowing every last bit of me.

When she and I finally lay pressed belly to belly in bed, breathless and satisfied, my gaze followed the design of her tattoo. It wasn't a mangled butterfly, but some Celtic design, repeating over and over, and I traced it with my finger like a mandala until she dozed. I didn't know then that it was the closest I would come to a threesome as my husband came to bed, too, pressing in behind me, and we slept that way for a while before she got up and dressed and kissed me one last time.

Confessions: Back Seat

I hung out with a “bad” crowd. That’s what my parents told me. The funny thing is, I wasn’t a bad kid. I didn’t do all of the drinking and smoking and drugs that everyone else I hung around with did. It just wasn’t my thing. I didn’t like to dull my senses. I liked the experience too much as it was to even think about “enhancing” it with all of that stuff.

My senior year in high school, I had a friend who was dating some “older guy.” He was in his twenties, had his own place, and had a lot of friends. She kept trying to hook me up with one of them, but the only thing they seemed interested in was sex. And while that was appealing to me on a certain level, it only went so far. I wanted more than that, and so I resisted. Someone had dubbed me the “Ice Princess,” because I would actually sit and read a book while everyone else found a room and made out.

The truth is, I wasn’t unaffected. The soft moans of pleasure made me wet, and there were times I went home and touched myself, remembering. But I couldn’t seem to get out of my own way, past my inhibitions and fears, and so I just watched, or listened, but never participated. Besides, most of them were already coupled, and I was the third wheel... or the fifth, or the seventh, depending on how many of us there were.

That was, until I found myself with two unattached men in the back seat of a car on a dead end dirt road in the middle of the night. I don’t remember why we couldn’t go back to his house, but for some reason it was off limits that night. We’d all gone to a movie, and two of his friends had tagged along. I found myself between them most of the night. They were both fun to hang around with, charming and cocky and funny. They

teased me, bought me popcorn, and because it was a horror flick, they both got their share of my grabbing one arm or the other and hiding my face in a masculine sleeve.

When it was time to go home, my friend and her boyfriend decided they wanted to go parking. I stared at her, incredulous, as she agreed. There I was, sitting between two guys—two considerably older guys, mind you—and what, exactly, were we supposed to do? Go for a walk, while they got it on in the backseat?

But as it turned out, they took a blanket and climbed up into the roof of the car. While me and the two guys sat there and...hung out. At least, we did for a while. They talked and joked, and I joined in, but the tension was thick, and only got worse. We could all hear my friend moaning—it was summer, and the windows were down. Someone suggested a game of truth or dare, and I agreed. A good distraction, I thought, as the car began to rock gently with the movements from up top.

That was probably my biggest mistake. I don't remember the question I wouldn't answer. Of course, they turned sexual and horribly embarrassing, and I'm sure it was something like that, but I finally took a "dare." One of the guys—he had long dark hair and a great smile—dared me to touch his cock. I knew then I should have just answered the question, but when he pulled it out, thick and hard, and grabbed my hand, there was no turning back.

He groaned when I slid my hand over the head, moving his hips forward in response. I admit, I was wet. Listening to my friend being fucked on the car roof, hearing her soft moans, was making me crazy. Clearly, both of the guys were just as affected as I was, because the other guy—he had short dark hair and an earring—was watching me stroke his friend, his hand rubbing the seam of his jeans.

“Enough?” I asked, starting to take my hand away, but he held it there, his breath coming faster.

“Don’t stop,” he whispered, and that’s how it happened. “Please, baby, don’t stop.” The pleading tone in his voice, the insistent pulse of his cock, and that need in me to please combined before I knew it and I found myself with two cocks, one in each hand. Because the short haired guy wasn’t having any of this sort of inequity.

He even said, “No fair,” as he pulled his cock out. He was a little smaller than the other guy, but his cock seemed to curve right toward me, and I took it into my hand, making him moan softly, too. I was glad, later, that I was wearing jeans. If I’d been in a skirt, I might have ended up having sex that night with them both. Instead, I could only squirm on the seat between them, feeling the seam of my jeans riding against my clit as I tugged and pulled and squeezed their flesh.

It wasn’t easy, dividing my attention. The whole car rocked with the motion from the sex going on outside, and I was sure they were oblivious to the action going on in the backseat. I flushed red in the darkness, but I didn’t stop. The swell of their cocks, the sound of their moans, the way their hips moved, each thrusting faster into my hands, spurred me on. It was a powerful feeling, beyond exciting, and I didn’t want to stop. I wanted to make them both come.

At first I would stroke one, focusing on that fast up and down motion, while I just squeezed and played with the other. Then I’d switch. I loved the sound of their breath, getting faster as I worked harder, giving me cues to the motion I should use. They both touched me, through my clothes at first, cupping my breasts through my bra, playing with my nipples. Finally, my t-shirt was pulled up, my bra pulled down, and they both

fondled me, one on each side, every tweak of my nipple sending hot sparks between my legs.

I rolled my hips, looking at first one hand and then the other, both of them filled with the thrust of a cock. I worked even harder as the moans grew louder in the car, the sound of my hand against flesh, slapping faster, filling all the available space. I moaned softly at the sight of it, the feel of their hands cupping my breasts, the roll of their hips and mine. It was the guy with the long hair, the one who dared me, who got there first.

There was no real warning. He let out a low growl and bucked his hips, and suddenly his cum spilled over onto my hand, hot and shocking. I gasped, almost letting him go, but he grabbed my hand in his and pumped, his head back, eyes closed, his cock throbbing between my fingers.

“Oh god!” I whispered, watching, almost forgetting about the guy on my other side, his cock pulsing in my other hand. He whimpered, pulling my attention, and I stroked, fast and hard, breathless with my own pleasure as I rubbed my clit back and forth against the seam of my jeans, my face flushed with lust.

“Yeah, make me come!” He already was, the other guy now, filling my other hand with heat. I rubbed the head, making him moan and thrust, his hand clamping down on my breast as he came, my nipple caught between his finger and thumb. That stimulation was just enough to send me over, too, and I shuddered between them, biting my lip to hide my orgasm, ashamed and lost and surrendering all at once.

They both found me napkins to clean up with, shoved into the pockets in the side of the door, and by the time my friend and her boyfriend got back into the car, any evidence of what we’d done was gone—except the flush of my cheeks at the memory.

ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

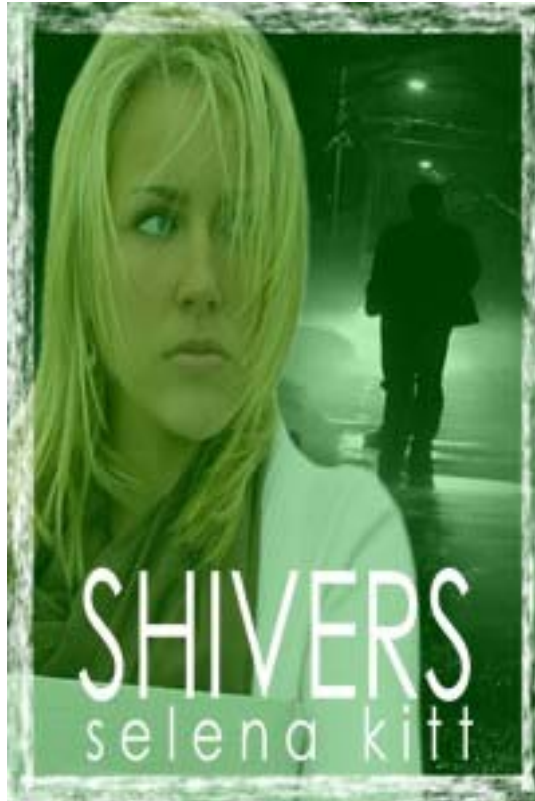
When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company—www.excessica.com—and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals five kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: [Rosie's Promise](#) published by Samhain and [Torrid Teasers #49](#) published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, French Lessons and I'll Be Your Superman in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#), [Coming Together: At Last Volume II](#), and finally, [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), as well as her novels [Christmas Stalking](#), [Blind Date](#), [The Surrender of Persephone](#). *The Song of Orpheus* is also coming soon! She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), and [The Erotic Woman](#).

Her novel, [EcoErotica](#) was a [2009 Eppie Finalist](#). Selena's story, *Connections*, was one of the two runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality." Her story was chosen out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind"—without author's name available.—

She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com.

If you enjoyed CONFESSIONS, you might also enjoy:



SHIVERS

By Selena Kitt

Eight darkly erotic and horrifically delicious stories guaranteed to give you shivers, in more ways than one! Stories include: The Velvet Choker, Pumpkin Eater, The Ride, Mercy, Advent Calendar, Silent Night, The Laundry Chute and The Gingerbread Man.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and erotic horror.

Excerpt From "Advent Calendar" in SHIVERS:

"So, seriously, what's the joke?" I asked.

She was hanging her head off the end of my bed, watching the tail end of A Charlie Brown Christmas Special upside down.

"Don't you love the way they talk? Wah, wahhh wahhhhh. Isn't that totally how you used to hear grown-ups?" She lolled her head off the corner and put her bare feet up on the wall, crossing them at the ankles.

"I still hear grown-ups that way," I snorted, pulling my t-shirt on. "Come on, Betz, give."

"Oh, this wasn't enough for you?" She teased me, opening her thighs and pointing between them. Her pussy lips were still a little swollen and they glistened. I sat next to her, my hand inevitably drawn to the wetness, rubbing the moist and slightly sticky skin with my thumb. God, she's intoxicating.

"Everything isn't about sex, you know?" I tried to sound serious, although my fingers betrayed me and slid through her slit as my cock began to throb against my thigh.

She laughed--god, I loved her laugh--it tinkled, like ice crystals forming in midair. Rolling off the bed, she grabbed for the remote and started to flip channels. "Do you have CNN? I have to see if they're broadcasting any other signs of the apocalypse."

"Ha." I said. "Ha." She grinned up at me, sprawled naked on my floor, her hair like dark chocolate streams covering the generous swell of her breasts. "Well, if you're not gonna tell me what it's all about, I'm not opening any more of those stupid doors." I grabbed a new pair of briefs out of my top drawer, shoving the advent calendar aside to do it. It toppled toward the wall and balanced there, its first five black doors hanging askew showing five decidedly blank white spaces.

Every morning I felt like a fool, opening a new door in the hopes that this time, something would appear. I had noticed a different odor each day--first the oranges and

cloves, then cinnamon, then something I couldn't identify at all, then something that smelled faintly like pumpkin pie. I joked with her on the phone that she had invented the world's first "Scratch 'N Sniff" advent calendar. She just laughed. There was a different smell today, like those red and white pinwheel peppermint candies my grandmother used to keep in her pocket to keep us quiet in church, but it didn't linger long. I was getting really tired of whatever game Betsy was playing.

"Nice ass," she commented softly. I didn't reply, tugging my jeans on. God, she pissed me off sometimes.

"Is that all I am to you?" I tossed her jeans off my bed and into her lap. Her eyes were bright, dancing, as she looked up at me, incredulous. I stopped, my jaw as slack as hers. "What the fuck?" I said softly, out loud, rubbing my chin thoughtfully. What the hell am I saying? What the hell do I care?

"I'm gonna go home." She started to get dressed. I couldn't see her face as she bent to slide her panties on. I felt bad all of a sudden and then I was pissed that I felt bad. This wasn't good at all. I watched her slide her jeans on, her back to me, her panties caught slightly in the crack of her ass. My cock jerked reactively, just seeing her bent over and sliding denim up her shapely thighs. I sat on my bed, uncertain.

"You don't have to keep opening them if you don't want to." She kissed my cheek and smiled softly before opening my bedroom door. She must have been chewing gum because she smelled like peppermint.

"There's no point!" I called after her. "It's not funny!" I heard her laugh and gritted my teeth. This wasn't gonna fly. I was done. I don't care how much she gets my dick hard, no girl is worth this kind of hassle and game-playing...

BUY THIS AND MORE TITLES AT
www.eXcessica.com



eXcessica's [BLOG](#)

www.excessica.com/blog

eXcessica's [YAHOO GROUP](#)

groups.yahoo.com/group/eXcessica/

Check out both for updates about eXcessica books, as well
as chances to win free E-Books!

And look for these other titles from SELENA KITT:

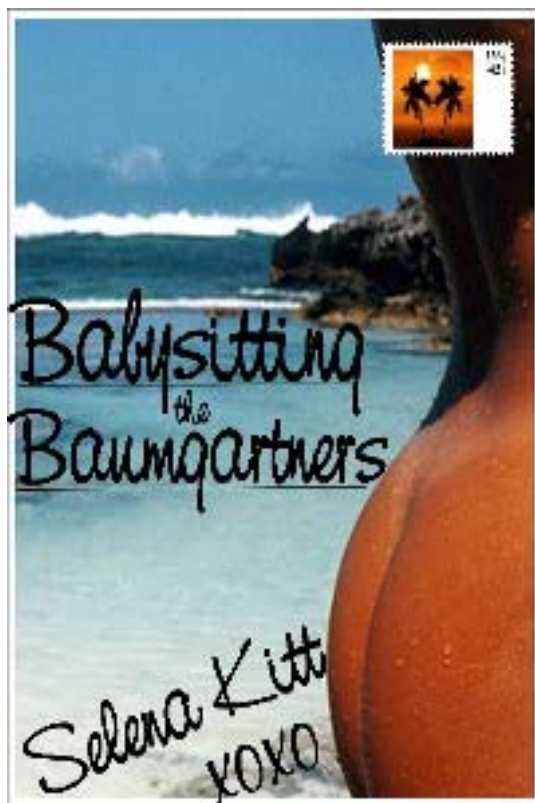


NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.



BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.

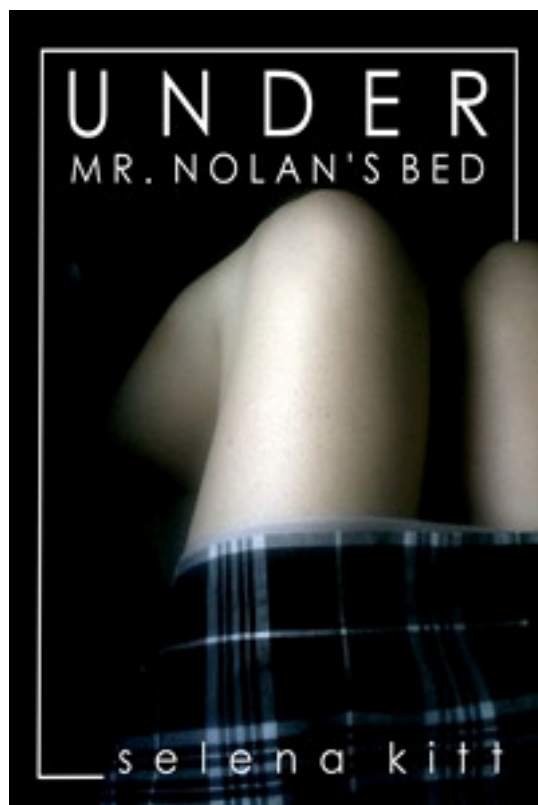


BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.

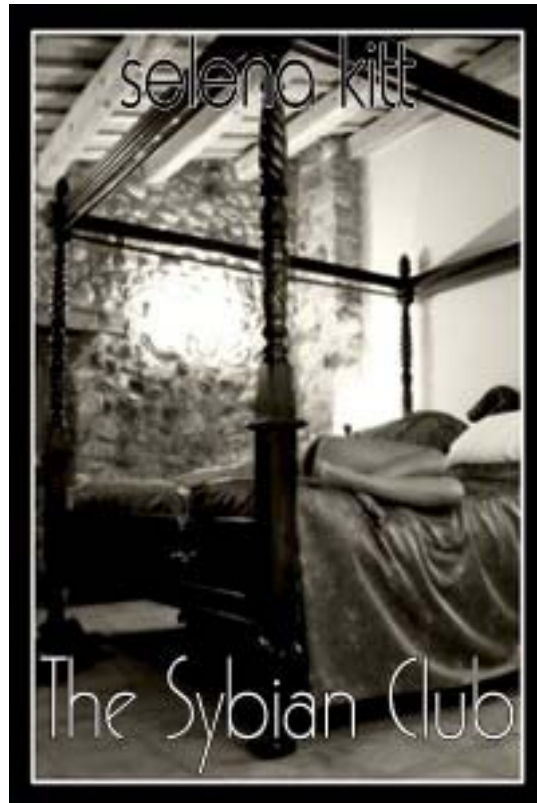


UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



THE SYBIAN CLUB

By Selena Kitt

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

by Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

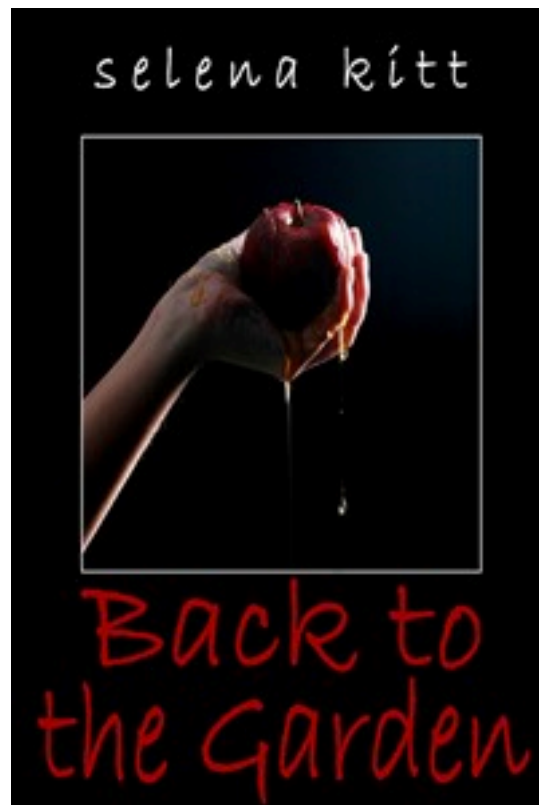


TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untamable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



BACK TO THE GARDEN

By Selena Kitt

Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and mother-son, father-daughter incest.



ECOEROTICA

By Selena Kitt

Mother Earth is one hot, sexy Mama, and in this tribute to nature and the environment, Selena Kitt pays homage to her beauty, her grandeur — and her conservation. Who else could tackle topics like global warming, strip mining, animal endangerment and environmental toxicity, all while making it hot, hot, hot?

This anthology includes six sexy and environmentally provocative stories that will rock your world—and arouse and raise more than your environmental awareness.

Stories include: The Break, Cry Wolf, Genesis, Law of Conservation, Lightning Doesn't Strike Twice and Paved Paradise

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

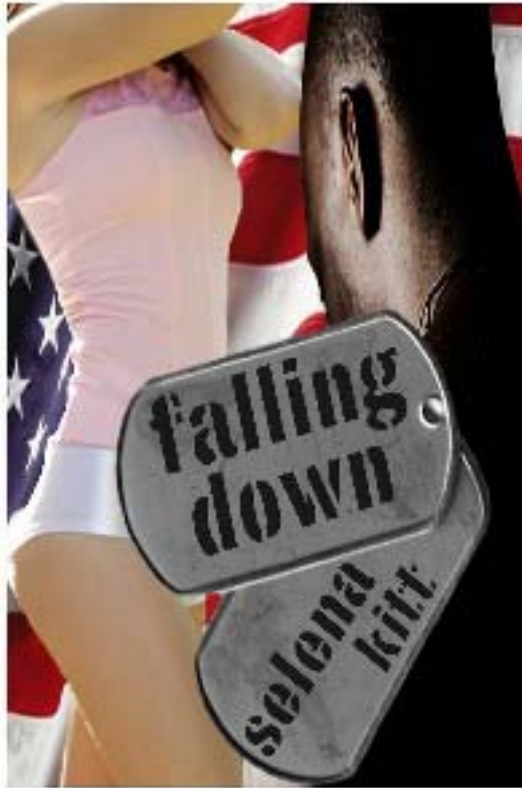


QUICKIES

By Selena Kitt

Whether the story is about a quick encounter of the erotic kind or it's just a fast and furious read, here is a pulse-pounding twenty-five story anthology, promising to take you on a headlong express to ecstasy. Join Selena Kitt on a swift, delightful ride, from stories of heart-racing sex in elevators or across office desks or in dressing rooms, to the impatience and excitement of the first time experience - you're sure to have a blissful ride on the these racing rapids of erotica!

Warning: This title contains graphic language, explicit sex, nonconsent, prostitution, sibling incest and lesbian and m/f/f group sex.

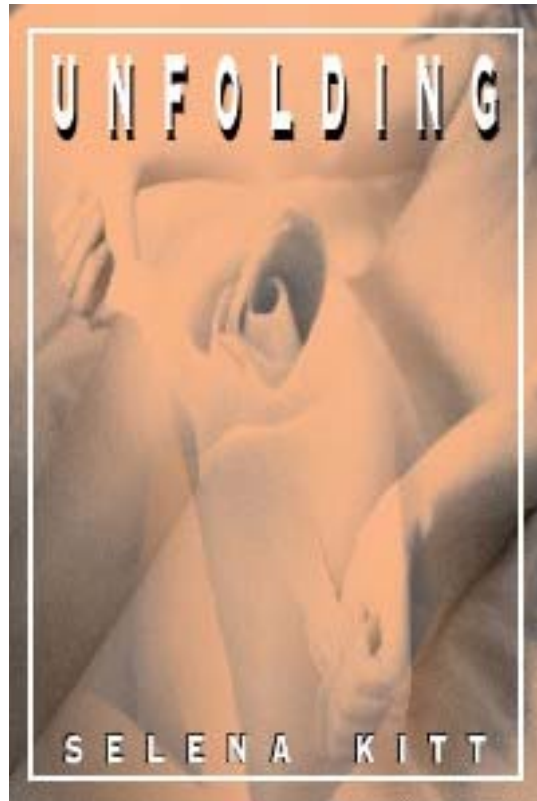


FALLING DOWN

By Selena Kitt

Lindsey is a bad girl, and she's determined to stay that way. She's been called a slut enough to know it's true, and she's not ashamed of the fact anymore. She makes it known to every man she comes in contact with that she's available for the taking—the rougher, the better. When she meets Lieutenant Zachary Davis, she finally finds a man who refuses to treat her like the trash she believes she really is. But can Lindsey change her wayward, dangerous ways and learn to value herself the way the Zach seems to?

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.

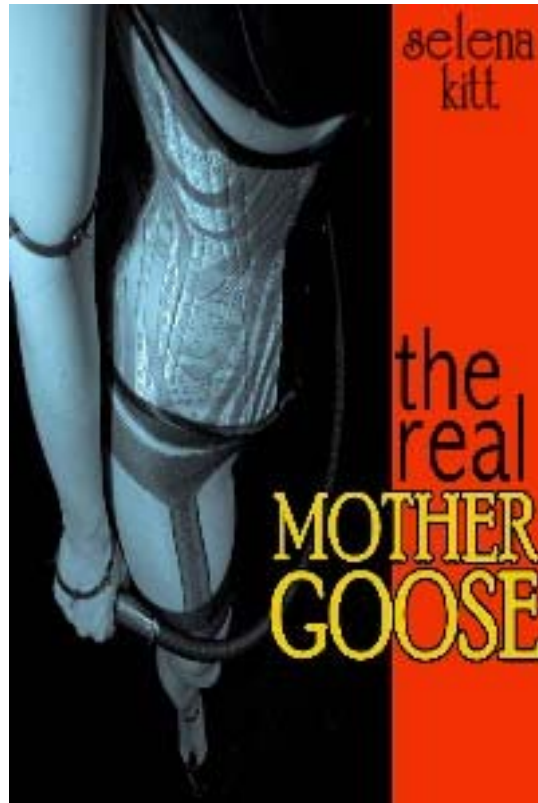


UNFOLDING

By Selena Kitt

Charlie lives an average life in an ordinary home, and she isn't complaining. Jack is a good husband and they have beautiful children—but when she discovers her penchant for a secret taboo, she finds that it suddenly turns her sex life from a mundane distraction into a mind-blowing, transcendent experience. This is the story of a woman's exquisite unfolding, as her sexual discovery and yearning for something more pushes she and her man to the edge, testing boundaries and forcing her to surrender to something much deeper than herself.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, a m/m/f threesome and anal sex.



[THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE](#)

By Selena Kitt

Charlie lives an average life in an ordinary home, and she isn't complaining. Jack is a good husband and they have beautiful children—but when she discovers her penchant for a secret taboo, she finds that it suddenly turns her sex life from a mundane distraction into a mind-blowing, transcendent experience. This is the story of a woman's exquisite unfolding, as her sexual discovery and yearning for something more pushes she and her man to the edge, testing boundaries and forcing her to surrender to something much deeper than herself.

Warning: This title contains graphic language, a m/m/f threesome and anal sex.



STARGAZING

By Selena Kitt

Turn up your collar, feather your hair, put that big comb in your back pocket, and splash on some Polo, because we're going back to high school in the '80's! Sara is obsessed with pop star Tyler Vincent, and as she nears the end of her senior year, she's determined to find a way to be with him - although her best friend, Aimee, keeps telling her to find a different escape from her desperately violent home life.

Complications arise when Dale, the mysterious new transfer student, sets his sights on Sara, and she falls for this rock-star-in-the-making in spite of her better judgment. When Sara wins a contest, she is faced with a choice - travel to Tyler Vincent's home town to meet him, or stay and support Dale in a Battle-of-the-Bands hosted by MTV. Their triangulated relationship is pushed to its breaking point, but there is another, deeper secret that Dale's been keeping that just may break things wide open...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.