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# *Tickled Pink*

*By Selena Kitt*

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## *Cold Day In Hell*

The wind chill factor, that's what they said on the radio—made you feel like it was well below zero, even when the thermometer read somewhere in the teens. It didn't seem so bad when Matt and I were snuggled up in bed and I hit the snooze on the radio alarm for the third time. So class was a mile walk—I'd just bundle up.

"I'm going to get it running today, I promise," he told me when he kissed me goodbye and sent me on my way. Lucky bastard didn't have any Friday classes.

"Yeah right." I rolled my eyes. Of course, I didn't believe him for a minute. We'd been married six months, and for five of those, our little brown Dodge Dart hadn't even started, let alone run! "It will be a cold day in hell..."

"Maybe today's cold enough?" He grinned and I flipped him off on the way out the door.

It didn't matter so much when the weather was nice, but now that it was cold, I hated walking everywhere. By the time I got to my poetry class, I couldn't feel my fingers, even through two pairs of gloves. My nose and cheeks were so red, and I sniffled so much, the guy next to me kept handing me Kleenex and asking if I had a cold. My teeth chattered through my reading of Alfred Prufrock, and the professor made me stop and told me to go out in the hall to buy a coffee from the machine.

I was just desperate enough to do it, too. That coffee was like sludge, but it was so hot I could use it just to warm my hands if I wanted to. It really helped, and by the end of class, I could actually feel my toes wiggling in my boots again. I packed everything up as slowly as I could, drinking the last of my coffee before pulling my gloves back on.

"Hey, Sara, do you want a ride?"

It was the guy who sat next to me. I could never remember his name, although he clearly knew mine. James? John? At that point, I didn't care—the prospect of a warm car was more temptation than I could resist!

"Yes!" I exclaimed, beaming at him. "I'd love one!"

He talked the whole way back, but I didn't care. I just kept directing him where to turn and cranking up the heat. It was like a furnace blowing over my cheeks, making them tingle, and I was in heaven. When he pulled up to the house, I sat there, shocked, seeing Matt's legs sticking out from under the car.

He's actually working on it!

"Thanks for the ride," I said to John (James? Damn!), giving him a big smile before climbing out of his truck.

I approached Matt, hearing him swearing softly under the car. Something fell and tinked on the cement. He clearly didn't know I was there, and he cocked one knee up, letting it fall to the side as he whistled some tune. All of a sudden, I had an idea.

"Shhhh, don't say anything," I whispered as I squatted between his legs, glancing around. We were pretty well protected by the side of the house, although someone could see us from the road if they were looking.

I pulled one of my gloves off with my teeth, grasping his zipper and easing it down. It was so cold he was actually wearing long underwear—and I didn't even know he owned any! Quickly, I reached in and found his cock, pulling it free and squeezing it toward hard in my hand.

"You're such a good boy," I murmured, glancing toward the road to see if anyone was approaching. "Coming out here in this awful cold to fix the car... let's warm you up a little."

He made some noise and shifted his weight, but my hand was wrapped tight, working up and down his shaft, making him stand up straight. It didn't take long, really. I pumped him hard and fast, feeling his hips bucking up against me. He was a throbbing tower of heat in my fist, much warmer than a cup of coffee, the friction heating both my hands and his cock. I worked him up and down, my eyes still on the road to make sure no one was watching.

When I heard him groan, I glanced back, and then saw the first hot spurt of cum shooting over my fist. I grabbed him in my other hand, squeezing his cock in my glove, letting him spill over onto the material, cleaning the head with it before tucking him back in and zipping him up.

"Don't stop working," I murmured, putting my bare hand against the crotch of his jeans. "If you get it fixed, I've got an even better reward. I'll be waiting inside with a nice warm pussy for you to fuck, baby."

I gave him a good squeeze and, grinning, headed into the house. I was peeling off my layers and fantasizing about making us hot chocolate and tomato soup when Matt came into the kitchen from the living room, seeing me standing by the side door.

"I'm sorry, baby, you look like you're freezing." He came up and gave me a kiss on my cold, flushed cheek. "But the good news is, I met a mechanic today who said he'd come look at the car, so you won't have to walk anymore."

I blushed red, staring at him, my mouth working but no sound coming out.

"Mechanic?" I finally choked out, glancing over my shoulder when I heard the side door open.

"Found your problem!" The mechanic was a balding guy with a ponytail, and he was grinning right at me. "Now, little lady, how's about that reward?"



## *Candy Hearts*

You crack open a fortune cookie and find: "Help me, I'm stuck in a fortune cookie factory!" Everybody laughs...but do you see people up in arms about it, anyone picketing for the ethical treatment of fortune-cookie workers? Some poor guy makes his one break for it, sends up a desperate flare, casts his little message in a bottle, and we all laugh.

But I tell ya, I know how he feels. I've been pouring pink syrup into a machine for six months now, day after day, and I can't take it anymore. I can sympathize with the guy. There's nothing more monotonous than working in a food factory. Nothing interesting ever happens. Well, at least most of the time. I have no doubt the people who made the fortune cookies were driving the people who wrote the fortunes just batshit, and the guy cracked and went all Norma Rae on them. (No bad fortune cookie pun intended, I swear it.)

I ask you, what is so entertaining about some poor man's mental anguish?

That dumb-ass "Unwrapped" show on the Food Network came out to film here around Halloween. They've been airing that episode all week, so lucky me, I get to pick up take-out Chinese food on the way home from work and settle in for a little vegging action in front of the TV, and what do I see? My ass bent over tipping syrup into the hopper. Deja-fucking-vu.

If they weren't so small, I'd figure out a way to print a whole truckload of them that read:

**Help Me, I'm Stuck in a Candy Heart Making Factory!**

So all week long, no one can shut up about it, because I'm the only guy you can see in this little two-minute segment on their nauseating Valentine's Day show—aside from our manager, Sid Vicious. (Ok, so that's just my little pet name for him—but the punk rocker and our fat-ass manager with his big purple Barney ties and pink shirts, I kid you not, have not just a first name in common but a temperament, too. Except I think Vicious was more polite.)

All I hear all week is: "Ooooo Gus is *famous* now!" and "Hey, candy man, come give me some sugar!" (I admit it, that last line might have been hot, if it were coming from Maureen, Sid's brand new little secretarial acquisition, instead a seven-foot, three-hundred-pound man with a tattoo of a barcode on his forearm who wears Ozzfest t-shirts to work. What can I say? Mr. Big just isn't my type!) Woo-hoo, I'm a freakin' celebrity, now, right?

So, Valentine's Day comes around, and I can't wait for the fucker to be over with. That's all I'm thinking as I'm standing there at the hopper, pouring the fourth batch of the day, when she comes up behind me and says there's a problem with the machine down in Text. That's what we call the part of the factory where they have the stampers that put all the messages on the little hearts. Shit like: **Kiss Me. Be Mine.** They're updating them for the millennium now, Sid announced it this season. We've added **Hot Stuf** and **Cool** to the "conversation hearts" shtick.

Now, how is it my business what happens down in Text? I show up and pour syrup. That's my job. That's what I do. But she's standing there in this pink skirt barely covering her ass and a white blouse tied up at her waist, and I can see this girl's got a navel ring, for God's sake, how is anyone supposed to get candy made around here?

So, before I know it, I'm off like some cotton-candy covered knight in a white apron to see if I can fix her problem.

The problem is clear as soon as I get down there. No one's on the floor in Text! Two people stand on the line and are supposed to go through the candy hearts as they come out the end. Quality control they call 'em. Well, I don't know about that, considering so damned many are stamped cockeyed or with the words half cut off, but I guess it makes sense, in the scheme of things, now that I know what "quality control" was doing.

As we're standing there, the machine is going bonkers, spewing out candy hearts with no messages or bizarre letter combinations: **MsC Me** and **KsOI LF**. The hearts are shooting out of the machine and bouncing off the belt into the floor. One of them hits poor Maureen in the face. Lucky thing she was wearing her little rimless glasses!

So I'm off to figure this one out. Something is clearly jammed somewhere. I pop the emergency "off" switch. That's for when someone gets their hand caught in the machine or something. It alerts the boss in his office, so I'm expecting him to waddle in at any moment as I'm looking over the machine.

Maureen taps my shoulder, and I glance in the direction she's pointing with her little chewed-up pen tip. There, I kid you not, are our two quality control agents behind one of the ovens, working up a sweat. I don't remember her name, although I'm not likely to forget what she looked like bent over with her red skirt up and Mr. Big's cock ramming into her like a piston!

The sound of the conveyer is normally so loud we're all supposed to wear earplugs, although no one does, and now that it's off, I can hear every word they're

saying. He's grabbing her hips and fucking her for all he's worth, and she's gripping a piping pole and moaning like all get out.

"Fuck me, fuck me, yeah!" She's practically screaming it, and my face fills with blood as I'm watching, although I think my cock's taken most of the supply. It's straining my zipper and I've never been so glad for my girly little apron.

I've never seen anything like this, even in porn. They're just going at it like two bunnies, and neither of them has noticed the machines are off, or that we're standing there.

"Come on, take it, you dirty little whore!" he yells and, I kid you not, slaps her ass like he's riding some wild pony.

I'm expecting her to turn around and slug him, but no, she arches her back and goes up on her tiptoes and says, "Yeah, baby, shove that big cock into your little fuckslut!"

Jesus Christ! Does this girl kiss her mother with that mouth? I notice the front of her blouse is open and her tits are swinging free with every pop from Mr. Big.

I look back at Maureen and she's turning as pink as her skirt, looking like she wants to crawl under the belt and hide. I clear my throat, hoping to get their attention, but it's no use.

He slaps her ass in rhythm as he fucks her, and she grinds back on him and screams, "Make me come, baby, fuck me harder!" and I'm pretty sure this whole damned thing is gonna get broken up in less than a minute by Sid Vicious.

I don't wanna be caught standing here watching, so I turn back to the machine, looking for what might be the problem. I'm sure I won't find anything. I mean, I don't have a clue what I'm doing, but at least it *looks* like I'm doing something.

I hear Sid. He bellows at Maureen, and her cheeks have now surpassed the color of her skirt and have moved into deep shades of red. She looks over her shoulder and sees him coming, then she looks at the couple still fucking their brains out in the corner, and then she looks up at me as I'm leaning over the conveyer belt, like I've got some magic wand I can pull out of my ass or something.

I shrug at her, showing my hands in white flag surrender, and turn back to the machine like the coward I am. I hear Mr. Big growl, "Yeah baby, I'm gonna come in your little fuck box! Are you ready for Daddy's hot cum!?" She's just screaming now. I can tell you for certain there weren't any intelligible words coming from the woman, unless she was speaking alien.

"Jesus Christ in a sidecar! What in the sam hell is going on down here?" Sid is panting and red-faced, looking like a Weeble in pants.

That's when I find it. There's a lacy red bra stuck in the machine.

I pull it out like King Arthur at the stone, turning around and waving it in triumph. "Here's our problem!"

Maureen stares at it and then looks at Sid, and then back to Mr. Big and red skirt. Sid's just noticed them and I think they've finally noticed us, at least that's what I gather from the way they're scrambling to untangle themselves and pull their clothes back on.

Red skirt sees me holding her bra up and she rushes forward, reaching over the belt to snatch it out of my hands. I shrug, turning toward Sid and Maureen. He's

sputtering, she's biting her lip, and I just stand there and shove my hands in my pockets and try not to look like I'm sneaking peeks over at red skirt's tits while she's turning around to put her bra back on.

"You two, in my office!" Sid finally explodes, his face like a grape. For a minute, I think he means me and Maureen, but he's waving his arms at Mr. Big and the "fuckslut," who turn tail and skulk off in that direction.

"You, get back to the hopper!" he yells, poking his finger into my chest. "And someone turn this machine back on! It's Valentine's Day! We're making candy here!"

So I get back to my post, where I've got to scrap the whole damned fourth batch due to my trip down to Text, and I don't see anyone again until I'm punching out for the day. The time clock's in the office, and I see Maureen sitting at her computer, chewing on her pen. I wave a little and she smiles and waves back, and we say goodnight, but she's flushed and there's no blood in my head because it's all rushing below my belt again.

Maybe being trapped in a candy-heart making factory ain't such a bad thing after all.

Especially on Valentine's Day.

## *Sleep Study*

I never would have known I even snored, let alone had some sort of sleep apnea issue, if Trish hadn't started sleeping over so often. Really, I didn't mind. The sex was pretty good, thanks to Viagra, and she didn't have too many annoying habits, aside from the yoga thing at six in the morning and the sound of crunching Grape-Nuts across the breakfast table. I guess I had to make concessions. Trish said it kept her at her fighting weight, which was altogether too accurate. Redheads. They were always spitfires.

Trish was the reason I was sitting in a pair of gray shorts on a cold metal table in a dimly lit room with a nurse kneeling in front of me. Really, I had a lot to thank her for, I reasoned, watching the blonde's head tilt back and forth as she attached little sticky circles all over my body. She was a tall, cool drink of water, that one, just a young thing, in her late twenties at the most—just the barest hint of crow's feet when she smiled, and what a smile!

"Okay, Mr. Harris," she murmured, fixing one of the sticky circles to my thigh. "I think that just about does it. Now we have to hook you all up."

"You can call me Charlie." I watched her pull several leads over that were attached to some sort of machine. "Is this gonna hurt?"

"No." She smiled, snapping wires onto the metal connectors plastered over my chest.

"Well, Charlie, I'll be honest with you... it might hurt a little when we take these off you."

"I bet." I watched her kneel again between my legs as she started threading leads through my shorts. "Especially in those... ah... sensitive areas..."

"Yes." She smiled, her pale cheeks flushing prettily. That did it. I was a goner.

"So are you married, Ms. Anne Miller?" I asked, reading her name tag. "Any kids?"

"Yes," she replied, her full breasts brushing my thigh as she leaned around to untangle a wire. "I'm married, but no kids."

I nodded, looking down the curve of her hip as the top to her scrubs pulled up a little, revealing a band of flesh at her waist. Damned scrubs—why didn't nurses dress like stewardesses anymore? Oh right, flight attendants. Times change, I guess. Not always for the better. Still, in spite of the shapeless scrubs, her body filled them out nicely in all the right places. And no kids! No stretch marks, no flabby tummy. My mind wandered to all the wrong places.

"I've got three," I told her. She looked up at me and gave me that polite 'Is that so?' smile people always use during small talk. "I think I've got a daughter about your age. She's twenty-three."

"Oh goodness, do I look so young?" Anne laughed, although I was thinking of her as Annie, for some reason. Little Annie. Charlie, you're a very bad man, said the angel on my left shoulder, but I was too busy paying attention to the angel kneeling between my legs. Goddamn, but she was stunning.

"It would be impolite of me to ask..." I lifted one of my legs so she could attach another lead.



"Twenty-nine." She snapped it on and tugged gently on one of the wires.

"Although I start aging backwards at thirty. Whoops, I think we lost one."

She cocked her head again, her eyes staring off into the distance as she felt for the lead higher up on my thigh, and I started wishing I'd worn underwear, because even without my Viagra, this girl was giving me a woody. Just watching her little pink tongue sneak out to the corner of her mouth as she concentrated, snapping the lead back in place, and the soft touch of her hand on my thigh as she pulled the wires through, was apparently enough. I was already at half-mast and rising.

"Okay, now the other side," she murmured, snaking her hand up the leg of my shorts and feeding the wires down under the elastic band.

"So, this sleep apnea thing," I said, trying to distract her, and myself, as she felt along my leg for the little circle. I was praying she didn't find my cock instead—except part of me was hoping she would. "Is it serious?"

"It can be." She nodded, her eyes meeting mine, and she pushed a stray lock of blonde hair behind her ear, snapping another lead in place. She worked her way down that leg, bending over slightly to get the last, her hair hanging in her face again, and I admired the swell of her behind in her scrub pants. Maybe scrubs weren't so bad after all.

"Well, I hope I pass the test." I watched her adjust the wires.

"Hm, this seems tight." She tugged at the leads attached to my legs. I jumped, managing not to gasp out loud. In all her feeding of the wires through my shorts, they had managed to find their way around my ever-rising cock and even underneath my tightening testicles. "Are they caught somewhere?"

Oh Christ.

"Stand up," she said, still on her knees and looking up at me. "Let's free you up, here."

There wasn't anything else to do. I stood, thankful for the first time in my life for my average five inches now being pulled down by the weight of the wires. She was tugging again, and when she pulled aside one leg of my shorts to take a peek, her eyes widened just slightly, a small smile creeping over her face.

"Ah." She slipped her small, soft hand up my thigh. "I see the problem."

She was seeing it all right—touching it, too. In no great hurry, her fingers grazed my balls as she untangled the wires, handling my stiffening cock gently as she unwrapped me. I grew in her hands, although I tried to will my erection away. We all know how well that worked—can't make it happen, can't make it unhappen. Her hand felt fantastic, though, and the way she peered up my shorts, all interested in how things were wrapped up in there, was making my cock literally throb.

"There." She slid her hands down and put them on her knees, looking up at me again. I couldn't help but stare at her pink little mouth and wonder what it would feel like wrapped around my cock. "I think we're all ready."

"Yep." I was ready all right. But not for sleep!

"Now that we have you hooked up, you can lie down over here." She pointed to the twin bed pushed against the wall. At least I didn't have to sleep on the metal table!

"I'll turn the lights off. Just like home. Make yourself comfortable."

"Will you read me a bedtime story?" I joked, sitting on the edge of the bed. It was actually quite comfortable, much more so than regular hospital beds I'd been in.

"Rip Van Winkle?" she teased as I situated myself under the sheet.

"Hope I don't sleep that long." I laughed and she smiled again as she walked toward the door. I couldn't help admiring the soft swing of her hips. Damn, but that was nice. There was nothing like the sway of a woman's hips.

"Have a good sleep, Mr.—Charlie."

"Thanks," I said as she turned out the light and went through the door.

I tried to sleep, I really did. It just wasn't gonna happen with the image of little Annie kneeling between my thighs and staring up at me with those big blue eyes. My cock demanded attention, and there just wasn't anything else to do but give it some.

I knew I was gonna be here all night with a stiffy otherwise, and the irony wasn't lost on me. I had to pop those little blue pills like candy in order to make anything happen with Trish most of the time, but here I was with a raging hard-on that just wouldn't go away. Of course, I reasoned, it could have been sweet Miss Annie on her knees with her hands up my shorts that did the trick. Wish the doc had given me that prescription.

My perfectly average five-inches now tented the sheet and I tugged at it through the material, wishing it away, but it was no use. I glanced around in the darkness and tried to judge how long it had been since Ms. Anne Miller had left the room. Would she come back, I wondered? God, I almost wished she'd come back, just so I could see her sweet little mouth one more time.

That pink tongue! My cock jerked at the memory, remembering the feel of her hand touching my cock as she untangled the wires from around the head. Christ, the way she'd slowly extracted me! It was her lack of hurry or embarrassment that really got

me, the way she peered up the leg of my shorts with interest. The fantasy of nurse Annie coming back into the room was planted firmly in my head now, just as firmly as my hand was gripping my cock.

My hand shuttled up and down the length of my shaft, recalling the way her eyes tilted up, and that incredible smile. Oh God, how I wanted to press my cock to the soft, pink opening of her little mouth, to see her tongue snake out and lick the head, right there, around the ridge. I wet my thumb and ran it over the glans, moving it like her soft little tongue, back and forth, increasing my pleasure.

"Suck it, Annie," I whispered, my hand now the soft, wet tunnel of her mouth, moving my hips and fucking that sweet orifice harder, faster, making her gag and wrap her hand around me to keep from choking. (Okay, so my five incher hadn't ever made a woman gag in my lifetime, but it was my fantasy, damnit, and in my fantasy, nurse Annie was most definitely having a hard time handling my length!)

The temperature in the room was increasing and even the sheet over me was too warm. I pulled it down, and my shorts, too, uncovering my cock and balls to the cool air, my hand working fast now, like lightning, feeling a familiar tightening in my belly. Nurse Annie was pulling up her scrub top, now, showing me her full pink-tipped breasts. I watched them bounce as she jerked and sucked me, moaning around my shaft.

"Play with your pussy," I whispered, and in my fantasy, her hand crept down that taut, smooth belly, digging deep into her panties so she could finger herself, moaning even louder around me.

And then, of her own accord, that sweet little blonde was pulling her fingers out and rubbing her wetness over the head of my cock, dabbing the sticky fluid all over the

tip. I groaned, thrusting up in my hand, feeling the cum boiling in my balls—they were drawn up so tight they felt trussed.

"Ohhhh that's a good girl," I groaned, grabbing her head and forcing my cock into her mouth again, making her taste all her wetness. She sucked greedily, making soft noises in her throat as she fingered herself again, and I caught a brief glimpse of blonde pubic hair over her swollen lips as her hand tented her panties.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" I thrust up into my hand. "You're a good little cocksucker, Annie, you're gonna make me come so hard."

In my fantasy, she pulled her head back for a minute, still stroking me as she looked up at with those brilliant blue eyes and that mischievous little smile and whispered, "Come in my mouth. I want to taste you."

That was it. That was just fucking it. There was no holding back, and I shoved myself into her mouth as I came, flooding her throat with waves of hot, white fluid, and she swallowed it all, too, like a good girl. Of course, that was my fantasy. In reality, I had a sticky cock in my fist and cum all over my belly. I wondered briefly if the wetness might cause a short in one of the wires and I grabbed the sheet and hastily wiped up the mess.

My fantasy Annie had disappeared almost as soon as my last shuddering wave of cum hit the air, and I glanced around the darkened room, feeling guilty for my indulgence. I reached down to the end of the bed and pulled up the blanket, ditching the balled up sheet. When I laid down again, my whole body relaxed. I could definitely sleep, now. Like a baby.

When the door opened, I jumped, startled, and Annie came in, coming over to push buttons on the machine I was hooked up to.

"Sorry," she murmured, glancing at me and smiling. "I didn't mean to startle you."

"That's ok." I flushed. "I wasn't asleep yet."

"I know," she said, her eyes meeting mine before she turned to go.

I wondered at her statement as she glanced over her shoulder at me and said, "Oh, by the way, there's a camera running. They like to watch you in your sleep for anything that could be disrupting you."

I was glad for the darkness, because my cheeks were burning as I watched her turn, that little smile dancing over her face. Still, I couldn't help admiring the soft sway of her hips as she left the room.

## *That Damned Cat*

*It wasn't my fault. It was the damned cat. This is the story of how one little diabolical bit of fluff can ruin a man's sex life.*

\* \* \* \*

"Angel, please... God, please..."

She wiggled out from under me like she was made of liquid, working the buttons on her blouse in the opposite direction. I watched with regret as she swiftly secured all the hard-earned territory it had taken me twice the time to uncover.

"What if your dad comes home?" she whispered, looking up at me from under her straight blonde bangs and hugging her arms under her breasts as if she were cold. I groaned as the full tops of her tits pressed upward and out, her nipples poking against her blouse. My cock strained against denim and I shifted my hips so she couldn't possibly ignore how hard I was against her thigh.

"I told you," I murmured, sliding my hand over the thin material and tweaking her nipple. She shuddered against me when I did that, her eyes half-closing in pleasure.

"He's working late. He won't be home for hours."

"Mark, no," she whispered as I worked the buttons again, trying to make up some of the ground I'd already lost. "Let's go..."

Her mouth was saying no, but her body was saying yes and she moaned as I tongued her nipple right through her shirt and bra, flicking it again and again with my tongue. Her fingers ran through my hair, gripping my head as she wiggled and maneuvered herself so that the heat between her legs was riding against my denim-clad thigh. God, she really loved it, no matter what she kept saying.

"Please," she whispered, her thighs like a vise grip around mine as she arched her back, my mouth searching past the soft V of her blouse, over the pale mound of her breast, seeking the hard pink center. "Oh God, Mark... please..."

I didn't bother reaching around for her bra hooks—I just pulled the cup down, my tongue making fast, wet circles around and around the fat, pink bud of her nipple. Angel wiggled and thrashed underneath me, her breath hot in my ear, my cock like steel against her thigh and aching for release. Her nails dug into my back as I pulled the other cup down, too, spilling both of her breasts and pressing my face between them.

"Mark!" she hissed, bucking under me, her grip tightening, her nails actually digging in through my t-shirt. "Mark, look!"

"What?" I gasped, turning my head in the direction she was pointing, afraid that I had been wrong, after all, about my dad getting off work late. "What is it?"

"The cat," she hissed. "Look!"

I sighed, loathe to give up the ground I'd just secured, but knowing she wouldn't let anything proceed with Sam in the room. He was curled into a soft orange ball in the corner, his sleepy eyes blinking up at me as I approached. My older brother's cat—kitten really—the one Dad said he couldn't have, but here it was, anyway, making himself comfy on a week's worth of dirty laundry.

"Put him out," Angel insisted, and I glanced over my shoulder, gritting my teeth as she worked the buttons again in the wrong direction.

"Bad kitty," I grumbled, picking him up and opening my door. I tossed him gently into the hallway and he landed on his feet, turning to look at me with large, betrayed eyes.



"I can't... with anyone watching..." Angel explained by way of an apology, biting her lip and looking up at me as I came back toward the bed.

"Well, now no one's watching," I assured her, climbing back into my little twin bed and moving in to kiss her. She kissed me back, her lips soft and open. The sweet smell of her hair brushing my cheek made me dizzy with lust as she rocked against me, slanting her mouth across mine like she was looking for something, her hands gripping my t-shirt into fists. Somehow she maneuvered herself onto me, and I decided to start lower this time, working the button on her jeans.

"Mark..." She mumbled my name against my mouth, her tongue playing along my lips, and I slid one hand in through a mis-buttoned gape in her blouse, my finger rubbing her nipple and making her moan and wiggle some more. My other hand was ticking her zipper down a little at a time, and her little hips wiggled on me, driving me to distraction.

"Wait," she whispered as I slid my hand into her jeans, heading for the promised land. "No, wait, don't..."

I sighed, moving my hand to less offensive territory, sliding it around behind and under the waistband of her jeans. Her skin was soft and she relaxed, kissing me again as I inched my way further down, seeking the top band of her panties. Surprised, I didn't find it as the rounded curve of her ass fill my hand.

"Angel," I murmured, confused, feeling my way over the soft globe of her behind. Then I found it—a thin band of material running up the crack of her ass. "Are you wearing a thong?"

"Yes," she admitted, her smile shy, her cheeks pink, her blue eyes looking out at me from under those blonde bangs like she'd been keeping a secret—and she had! "It's more like a g-string kind of a thing..."

"Oh my God." I said, grinning, grinned, remembering my comment last week about the little cotton panties she wore, like a little girl, with all the days of the week. "Let me see!"

She giggled as I tugged on her jeans, batting at my hands, but letting me make quite a bit of headway as the denim slid down her hips.

"What color are they?" I groaned when she moved off of me to stand next to the bed, realizing what this meant. She'd been planning on me seeing her in her new underwear all along! My cock twitched at the thought.

"See for yourself." She gave me a coy smile and turned her back to me as she wiggled the rest of the way out of her jeans. Down, down, down her hips they went, and my eyes traced the thin black strap down the crack of her ass, glimpsing where it disappeared between her thighs. My cock jumped when I saw the crotch of the thong, a little darker than the rest.

"Black," I breathed, moving my hand over her behind as she stepped out of her pants and turned to face me.

Pulling her white blouse up over the smooth, flat expanse of her belly, lifting it high enough to expose her navel, she looked down at me and bit her lip. "Do you like them?"

I nodded, tracing the black triangle I knew was hiding a dark blonde one underneath. The way her thighs swelled at the apex, mimicking the smaller swell

between them, left me breathless. I wanted to shove the little bit of material aside and delve deep up inside of her, with my fingers, my tongue, my cock. The look on my face must have betrayed my thoughts, because Angel let her blouse fall, covering the thong.

"Nuh-uh!" I grabbed her ass and pulled her toward the bed. "Come here."

"Mark!" she squealed, laughing as I yanked her up onto the bed, looking up at her kneeling over my chest.

"I just want to show you how much I love your new underwear." I moved down, spreading her thighs with my hands, positioning myself beneath her.

"Ohhh," she breathed as I nudged her panties aside and found her with my tongue, probing between her lips, searching the slick, wet folds for the little nub of flesh that made her go all weak and fluttery when I touched it. "Ohhh God, Mark, what are you doing...!"

I'd been dreaming about this moment, and the sound of her moans and the taste of her musky juices in my throat nearly sent me over right then. My cock was pulsing hard against my zipper, and I didn't even dare release it for fear of coming on the spot. Angel rocked against my tongue, her thighs trembling, and I watched, delighted, as she pulled her shirt up over her breasts.

I made soft, encouraging noises in my throat, watching her fingers as they squeezed and tugged at her nipples. Her head went back and the sound of her ragged breath filled the room. Fuck! My cock felt like it was going to burst! I couldn't help it—I snuck my hand down and unzipped, pressing my hand over my underwear, rubbing the head of my cock against my lower belly.

"Oh Mark," she moaned, spreading her lips with her fingers to give me better access. "Oh honey, that's so good!"

I wanted to shove my fingers up inside her, but I didn't want to startle her, so I just continued to move my tongue, faster and faster. Her whole body was tense, quivering, her belly undulating as she rocked against my mouth. My cock jerked in my hand—I was stroking it now, just light, easy tugs, squeezing myself every now and then to keep my own climax at bay.

"Oh God, baby, your tongue!" She rolled her hips in fast, easy circles. "I'm gonna come!"

I groaned, squeezing my cock hard as she did, her hands grabbing onto the headboard, her body convulsing on top of me. I couldn't help it—I slid two fingers inside her, feeling the thick pulse of her orgasm as she came and came, shuddering and bucking with the force of it.

"Oh, oh, oh," she breathed, straddling my chest and steadying herself with shaking hands. "Oh my God, that was... that was..."

I grinned up, seeing her flushed face, her half-closed eyes. She was unbuttoning her shirt, peeling it off, tossing her bra aside. Even her breasts were rosy and flushed.

"Liked that?" I asked, cupping her mound with my palm, making her groan. "Lemme do it again..."

"Nooooo," she wailed, wiggling on me, her eyes flying open. "I can't, not again!"

"I bet you could." I tugged at the black thong, wet with saliva and her juices now. "Let's try..."

"No, no," she murmured, trying to get away. I had her by the g-string, though, and the flimsy material snapped as she struggled to climb off me, giggling and squirming.

"Oops," I said, seeing the place where it had ripped. "Fragile things, aren't they?"

"Oh damnit," she swore, holding up the broken piece of elastic. "These cost a fortune!"

"Worth every penny," I assured her, tugging them down her thigh and staring at her nude body as she knelt up on the bed. "Now come on, don't you think it's my turn?"

She gave me a slow smile, her eyes on my hand moving slowly up and down my shaft.

"Okay," she agreed, stepping out of the thong and tossing it over her shoulder. She giggled when it hooked on the doorknob, and I noticed the door was ajar again. Damn cat, I thought. Through the crack, I could see gleam of the cat's eyes watching us, and I grabbed Angel, hoping to divert her before she noticed.

"Come on, baby," I murmured, tugging my jeans down my hips. "Suck it, just a little..."

"Just a little?" she teased, turning so she could grasp my cock in her hand. I groaned, letting her take over. I couldn't get over how much she seemed to love doing this! She made a happy noise in her throat as her soft, wet mouth wrapped around the head of my cock, taking me in bit by bit.

Her hips swung my direction, her ass in the air, and I looked at the soft, glistening mound of blonde hair showing between her slightly parted thighs. I could still feel a slick coating of her in my throat, and the smell of her was intoxicating. I wanted to taste her

again, but I didn't want her to stop whatever she was doing with her mouth—my God! What was she doing? It felt like hot, wet heaven sliding up and down my shaft!

"Angel," I groaned, as her hand joined her mouth, moving the skin of my cock up over the head. Her tongue ran circles around the tip, teasing me, before sliding back down the shaft again.

"Is that enough?" she teased, feathering kisses over my belly, her hand moving up and down my length. "You said just a little..."

"Brat!" I smacked her bare bottom, making her squeal and giggle. "Come here, let's see if I can give you some incentive."

"Wait, no!" she cried, as I grabbed her hips, pulling her so that she was positioned over my face. "Ohhh God, Mark, please... not again... I can't...!"

"Yes," I said, flicking her clit with my tongue. "You can."

She gasped as I parted her flesh with my fingers, easing my way up and down her folds with my soft, wet tongue. I could feel her giving in, her mouth vibrating as she moaned around cock, sending delicious waves through my pelvis. Her pubic hair parted for my tongue and gave way to pink, slick flesh.

I teased her, probing around the tender hole of her pussy, sinking my tongue in and scooping out more of her juices. God, she tasted so good! I lapped at her, burying my whole face against her mound, almost forgetting her hand and mouth working on my cock. I was too lost in her, the sight of her tender asshole winking at me, the soft sound of her moans coming from between my legs.

"Oh yesssss," she purred, reaching between her thighs and parting her lips. "Lick my clit... please... it feels so good right here..."

She was showing me, pointing the way, and I nudged her finger aside with my tongue, beginning to lick her clit back and forth, round and round. I was rewarded with a deeper, more fervent sucking of my cock. It seemed that the faster I licked her, the more furiously she worked my length, until I didn't know where I started and she began.

"Oh hell, Angel!" I cried, my voice muffled between her thighs. There wasn't anything I could do, and I knew she hated to swallow it, but some secret part of me was glad I couldn't stop—that part of me didn't want to stop. I wanted to bury myself in the soft, wet tunnel of her mouth and fill her with my cum.

"Yes!" She whispered against the head of my cock. My balls were so tight I couldn't even feel them on my thighs anymore! "Come in my mouth!"

Oh holy hell! I fastened my mouth on her pussy, licking and sucking at her tiny little clit as she took me into her throat again. She wanted me to come in her mouth! My cock jerked against her tongue. The ease of her soft palate against the tip, feeling it give as I sank deep into her throat, was just enough sensation to push me to that edge.

I didn't warn her, though, because I could feel her body tensing, releasing, the soft shudder and shake of her as she came against my face almost sending me into orbit. Her thighs trembled in my hands and her juices flowed like water down my chin and cheeks, her clit throbbing against my tongue.

I didn't think I'd ever come so hard before or since. I'm surprised I didn't choke her with that first, thick blast. It went straight to the back of her throat, it had to, the force of it bucking my hips up with a growl and a grunt. I couldn't stop it if I tried.

The cum boiled out of my balls and roared out of the tip of my cock like a geyser, coating her mouth and tongue in seconds with white, hot fluid. I jerked and groaned

beneath her, the spasms threatening to buck her right off of me as I came, every thick surge like some final dying release into heaven.

And to my surprise, she swallowed that mouthful and then every last drop, licking my cum off her fingers and shaft, making me shiver in the wake of my climax.

"I thought you didn't... like to swallow," I gasped, the feel and taste of her still all over my face.

"We never did it like that before," she murmured against the tip of my cock, licking the sensitive head and making my eyes roll back with the sensation. "I like it like that..."

I groaned. "Then we'll have to replicate that... a lot..."

She giggled, turning around to kiss me, the slightly acrid taste of my cum in her mouth.

"Now?" she urged, straddling my thigh with her wet mound.

"I think I've created a monster." I laughed, tweaking her nipple and making her squeal. "Come on, I'll drive you to campus. Don't you have art history this afternoon?"

"All right," she agreed with a sigh, reaching for her clothes. "Hey... where's my underwear?"

I frowned, still dizzy, the blood not quite thick enough in my head yet. "It was on the doorknob."

We both looked and I blinked as if that would make it appear. It wasn't on the floor near the door, either, we discovered, as Angel cleared away the clothes piled against the closet.



"Mark!" The sound of my dad's voice panicked us both. Angel's fingers had never worked so fast as she buttoned and tucked. I yanked my jeans back up, wiping my still wet face with the back of my hand.

"Fuck!" I whispered, watching Angel pulling her jeans up over her hips. The fact that she was wearing no underwear at all now actually made my cock jump, in spite of the adrenaline pumping through my body.

"We're in here, Dad!" I called, jerking my door fully open and grabbing my backpack off the floor.

"I thought he was working late," Angel hissed, buttoning her jeans and smoothing her long, blonde hair back into a fast ponytail, using a spare rubber band she always kept around her wrist.

"I thought so, too!" I whispered. "Don't worry, I can handle this. It will be fine."

"Hey, Mark," my dad called again, and I followed the sound of his voice out into the living room. He was in the process of shaking his coat off, and I noted it must be snowing outside.

"Hey." I tried to sound casual and not getting too close. Could you smell pussy on someone? I wondered. "I was giving Angel a ride, and I forgot my backpack," I explained, holding it up, as if it would prove something.

"Uh-huh." He nodded, his eyes moving past me. Angel had her coat on, and she looked flushed, but that would have been the case if we'd been out in the cold—right?

"Hi, Mr. Nelson," she said in a soft voice, waving from the doorway.

"Hi, Angel." My dad tugged off his boots.

"Okay, well." I cleared my throat. "We'll just be going."

"Sure," my dad agreed, moving away from the door.

I thought we were home free. Angel crowded behind me as we moved together toward the exit.

That's when my father said, "Oh, Angel, I think you forgot something..."

She turned to him, and I felt her startle. It was like she was trying to say something, but all the breath had left her body. I turned to look.

"Those are yours, aren't they?" My father pointed toward the couch.

My heart sank when I saw my brother's kitten tangled up in Angel's new underwear, the black elastic dangling from one of its fluffy orange ears.

"No," Angel lied, pushing past me, wide-eyed, and rushing out of the house.

I locked eyes with my dad and then we both grinned.

"I probably don't have to say anything, do I?" my dad asked.

I shook my head with a sigh, struggling the thong out of the cat's claws and shoving it into my jeans pocket. "I don't think I'll ever get her back into my room again."

"That's what I figured," my dad said with a satisfied nod.

As it turned out, I was right.

\* \* \* \*

*My dad still tells that story, sometimes, when I bring new girls around. He tells it with a funny kind of gleam in his eye. And me, I still have the thong, broken elastic and all, stuffed into one of my drawers.*

*Oh, and the damned cat? Moved out with my brother—just a few months too late.*

## *The Emperor's New Suit*

Heidi had four minutes to get back with the dry cleaning, or she was going to get a spanking. To say that Mr. Kaiser's methods of discipline when it came to his office staff were strange was like saying Bill Gates had a lot of money.

Still, Bill Gates didn't have anywhere near the wealth Warren Kaiser had accumulated, even after his father's death. Heidi was paid more per year than most women she knew who'd spent years in medical school. If she had to put up with Warren's—eccentricities—so be it.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she swore, checking her watch, which was synchronized to the clock on the mantle in his office and the other one on his desk.

She pushed the elevator button three more times and contemplated the stairs. Forty eight flights? Even her little Pilates-on-Wednesday and Yoga-on-Saturday and a-mile-run-every-morning body wasn't going to be able to do that in under—three minutes.

"Fuuuuuuck," she hissed again, the elevator dinging, making her heart leap.

She waved the throng of people out, as if that might make them move faster and slipped past the last few stragglers, pushing the number for her floor. She couldn't believe her luck—no other passengers! The doors began to ease closed and she checked her watch again. With a straight shot up, she just might make it!

That's when an arm slipped in and a man stuck his head through the doors as they slid back open. Heidi frowned as he and a small boy child stepped into the elevator and contemplated the number panel. She leaned over and pushed the buttons marked: >< to make the doors close.

"What floor, Daddy?" the boy asked, his dark eyes big and round, like his father's, Heidi noticed. His father bent his curly brown head to his son's.

"Forty-eight," he said as the elevator began to move. "Looks like someone else is going there, too."

The man smiled over at Heidi, who tucked a stray piece of blonde hair out of her way behind her ear and returned his smile with a hasty one of her own.

"I can count." The little boy said, sounding proud. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—"

"No!" Heidi cried in dismay as the chubby little finger lit up every number as he spoke.

"Anthony!" The man grabbed his son's hand away from the panel as the door slid open at the second floor. He glanced over at Heidi, seeing her white face. "I'm sorry."

"That's ok," she murmured, trying to smile, her whole body tingling with the realization—she'd never make it now.

Her watch said she had two minutes left, and those ticked away as the doors opened again at the third floor, and then the fourth.

Two men in suits got on and pressed the number twenty-three<sup>3</sup>. When they got off the elevator, she was officially two minutes late.

When the doors opened at floor forty-eight, she was five minutes past, and knew it the minute she stepped off the elevator and saw him.

He was pacing near the front desk, where she knew she should have been sitting five minutes ago, and there were no excuses that mattered. Late was late. She saw him

look past her to the man and the boy and the startled expression on his face surprised her.

"Marcus?" he murmured, looking down at the boy and back up to the man.

"Hey, Warren," the man with the dark, curly hair shook his hand and Heidi stared, nearly dropping the dry cleaning bag to the floor. Warren Kaiser's eyes were wide, his mouth working but no sound coming out

The little boy, Anthony, tugged at Warren's suit. "Are you my uncle Warren?"

"I—suppose I am," Warren replied as Anthony wrapped himself around his leg. "Oh, goodness... Heidi?"

Warren looked over at his secretary, running a hand through his short salt and pepper hair, and she shrugged, her eyes still wide.

"I'm Heidi, Mr. Kaiser's secretary," she said, almost by rote. "Did you have an appointment?"

The curly-haired man Warren had addressed as Marcus glanced back at her, pulling Anthony off Mr. Kaiser's leg. "Oh, I'm sorry... are you busy, Warren?"

"I have an important meeting in—" He glanced at his watch. "Twenty-two minutes. Perhaps the most important meeting of my career. But if you'd like to wait here, I'm sure Heidi could entertain you until I'm through."

"All right." Marcus looked down at Anthony and then over to Heidi. "We'll wait."

Warren looked at his watch again and then at Heidi, who flushed and looked past him to the office door he waved her toward. "Now, if you'll excuse us, I need a few moments with my secretary."

"I'm sorry I was late," Heidi apologized as he closed the door. She hung the dry cleaning bag on his coat rack with a sigh.

"You brought quite a surprise with you." He moved toward his desk and unlocked the top drawer. Heidi saw it was the crop and her heart skipped. That meant it would be quick and hard and quite painful. She squeezed her thighs together and swallowed hard.

"I didn't know." She watched him put the crop carefully onto the desk, perpendicular on the blotter, and unbutton his suit coat. "Your brother? I didn't even know you had a brother."

"No one does." He carefully folded his suit coat over the back of the chair and worked on the buttons at his shirt cuffs. "Half brother, to be exact. Illegitimate bastard, as my mother would say. One of my father's—indiscretions."

"Why do you think he's here?" Heidi watched as he peeled his shirt off, her eyes moving over the strong, hard muscles of his chest, following the dark line of hair running down from his navel and disappearing beneath his belt.

"Money, I should imagine." Warren unbuckled his belt and looked at her still standing by the door, her hands behind her back. He snapped the belt hard between his large hands as he took it off and the sound made her jump. "Come here, Heidi."

She obeyed, clasping her hands to keep them from trembling, out of sight.

He nodded at the desk. "Bend over, please."

She did as she was told, palms flat, fingers spread, her nose nearly touching the crop. She heard him unzipping his pants, stepping out of them, and she waited, knowing he was folding them and putting them carefully over his shirt and suit coat. He reached

underneath the desk, brushing against her as he did, and she felt his erection. He pressed a button, locking the door with a small "click."

"Pull your skirt up, please," he instructed, and she wiggled the navy-colored material up over her behind. She was wearing garters and stockings that matched her finely pinstriped suit—he insisted—and no panties. She wasn't allowed to wear them. It was in her contract.

"Spread your thighs," he said and she did as she was told, glancing at the clock on his desk. Eighteen minutes until his meeting.

"Crop, please." She heard him taking off his socks, his shoes.

Turning her head, she gripped the crop between her teeth, using her tongue to help pull it back more fully in her mouth, but careful not to do so until it was off the blotter. Any bit of saliva there would cost her, as well. She looked forward and held her head up with it clenched in her mouth, waiting.

"Open," he instructed, taking the crop from between her teeth as she did. "Five minutes late. Count it out for me, Heidi, and please remember, there is a small child outside that door."

"Yes, Mr. Kaiser," Heidi whispered, feeling the first sting across her bottom.

"One," she gasped, her fingers wanting to clench against the desk like her toes were inside her high-heeled pumps, but she fought the urge.

"Yes." He came across with another smack, this time on her other cheek, a new sting.

"Two." She closed her eyes, feeling the tears of humiliation. After all this time, six years of service, she thought she'd be used to it by now, but the tears still came. She blinked them back so as not to stain the blotter.

"Three!" she gasped, rocking forward with that one, the crop catching her upper thigh. That was going to leave a welt, she knew from the bright hot flash of pain. He was in a hurry and being a little careless.

"Wet," Warren murmured, probing the crop between her swollen, shaved pussy lips. "Good."

"Four." She winced as the crop found the same spot he'd chosen the first time, bringing a low burning heat.

"Five," she sighed, relieved, feeling the heat spreading over her bottom.

"Six!" she cried out in surprise, glancing back at him, seeing his eyes moving over her ass.

"Keeps you on your toes." He rested the crop next to her on the desk and moving in behind her. His hands caressed her pink flesh, his fingers cool against her skin.

She moaned, low and soft, when he slid the head of his cock between her lips. He was like steel heat sliding into her, and she braced herself, knowing what was coming. It wouldn't be enough to get her off, it never was—she would slip into a stall in the bathroom later and rub herself to completion remembering how he fucked her.

"What do you say, Heidi?" He grabbed her hips and began to pump into her, hard and fast. He rocked and rocked her, grunting with every thrust.

"Thank you, Mr. Kaiser," she whispered, tilting her hips up, giving him deeper access, her pussy throbbing with the heat of him.



"Yes," he agreed, his breath coming faster, his hips grinding into hers, the pencils in the silver holder on the desk rattling with the motion. "You're welcome."

He groaned, slowing, and Heidi glanced at the clock. Ten minutes until his meeting. She wanted to rub her clit, get herself off, but she knew she couldn't.

"On your knees," he said and she turned, sinking to the floor and taking him into her mouth. She knew just what to do—she had done it a thousand times before—hands behind her back, skirt still up around her waist, she sucked him, using just her mouth as a tight, wet tunnel of heat.

"Swallow." He made a low noise in his throat as he came, flooding her tongue with the thick, white fluid. She did so, eagerly, her eyes burning and watering, until she had taken every last bit of him and he was beginning to go soft in her mouth.

He leaned against the desk for a moment, breathing deeply, and Heidi didn't move. She just waited.

"That's all, Heidi," he murmured, blinking fast. "Go ahead and straighten up. And fetch me my dry cleaning."

"Yes, Mr. Kaiser." She stood, pulling her skirt down and retrieving the gray bag, zipped closed, off the coat rack. Her pussy was aching as she watched him still catching his breath.

"Important meeting." He glanced at the clock. Eight minutes.

"Yes." She handed him the bag. She had worked on this deal with him for over a year, and today was the culmination of their effort. His meeting today with the heads of Veruca would be the single largest merger among fashion companies ever, making him by far the richest man in the world.

"I bought a new suit." He sounded proud. She smiled, glancing over at the suit placed neatly over the chair. He had even folded his socks.

"How much?" Heidi asked as he unzipped the bag. It was a running joke between them. He hadn't paid less than \$10,000 for a suit since she began working for him.

"Eighty thousand," he replied with a small smile, looking into the bag.

Heidi turned to him, stunned. "H—how much?"

"It was made in Italy." He hung the bag on a hook on the wall and unzipped it fully. "Kiton. Do you know the name?"

Heidi shook her head, trying to see inside the bag but only finding darkness.

Warren snorted. "I'm sure you haven't. No matter. The most legendary tailor in the world. Their suits are woven by virgins from only the finest fabrics."

Heidi wanted to giggle but she suppressed it. "Sounds like a fairy tale."

"Hardly." Warren frowned at her. "They will only do fifty fittings per year. Most of their suits are made from merino wool. The sheep are reared in New Zealand. It's wool so fine that its fibers are less than fourteen microns in diameter. The most expensive suits have a superfine eleven-point-five micron fabric."

"The lower the micron count, the smoother and lighter the feel of the fabric, and the higher the cost." He glanced over at her.

Heidi stared at him. He seemed transfixed, looking back into the bag. "This suit, however, was made of super-super fine 7.5 micron fabric. Most of the time it takes them fifty hours to make one suit. They call those the 50K's. They cost fifty thousand dollars each. This one took eighty."

"My God," Heidi breathed, really curious now. She glanced at the clock. Five minutes until his meeting.

"Would you like to see it?"

She nodded, watching him slip the bag off. It fell to the floor and the hanger dangled there on the hook, empty.

He sighed. "Isn't it the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?"

"Mr. Kaiser." Heidi looked at the bag crumpled on the floor, sure that the suit must still be in it. She knelt, feeling, but the bag was empty.

"It was made by master tailor Enzo D'Orsi, one of the giants of international suit making. This is the only suit he's ever made like this," Warren said, and Heidi watched, fascinated, as he pantomimed slipping the suit off the hanger. "I told him I wanted something spectacular, something no one had ever seen before."

He was buttoning invisible buttons, buckling an invisible belt. Heidi felt like she couldn't catch her breath.

"I told him to spare no expense, that I only wanted the best."

He shrugged on a non-existent suit coat and slipped on non-existent socks and shoes.

"Mr. Kaiser." Heidi's eyes were wide, staring at his nude form in front of her. "The mirror!"

The idea came to her and she opened the door to the wardrobe where he kept suits and other changes of clothes. There was a full length mirror inside.

"Yes." He strode over to it with a smile. "Thank you, Heidi. I should check to make sure the lines are straight."

She nodded, eager, watching his face as he looked into the mirror. Surely now he would realize, now he would see—

He frowned, cocking his head. "Do you think the shoes work?"

Heidi's mouth moved but she couldn't get the words out as she stared at his bare feet. She only nodded.

Glancing at the watch, he said, "I'm off. Stay by your desk in case I need you. And keep my 'brother' and his brat busy until I get back, would you?"

Heidi nodded, watching him punch the keypad that would unlock the door.

"Wait!" She couldn't let him go out like that, she just couldn't! "Mr. Kaiser, you—"

He paused, opening the door, his mouth grim. "I have one minute, Heidi. Be brief."

"You—you—" She was panicked, near tears. He waved his hand, impatient, and she recognized the real anger in his eyes.

Sighing, defeated, she whispered, "Good luck."

He strode out the door and she watched him turn the corner toward the meeting room. They would all be there by now, waiting for him.

Marcus grinned as his brother walked by and little Anthony giggled, pointing as Warren disappeared around the corner.

"Uncle Warren's naked!" he exclaimed, his eyes wide as he turned to look at Heidi.

"I know," she breathed, sitting down at her desk chair and waiting for the intercom to buzz.

"Great suit." Marcus grinned over at her.

Heidi looked up at him, her breath caught. "Wh—what?"

Marcus jerked his head toward the hallway where Warren had disappeared. "His suit. My stepfather did a great job, didn't he?"

Heidi just blinked. Was she going crazy?

"I didn't introduce myself properly." He stood and offered his hand to her. She took it, not knowing what else to do. "Marcus D'Orsi."

*It was made by master tailor Enzo D'Orsi...* She recognized the name, staring after Warren as if he were still there, as if she might call him back and warn him. The pieces were falling into place. The meeting today with the heads of Veruca, the single largest merger among fashion companies ever, the one that was supposed to make Kaiser by far the richest man in the world, was about to be...

"When this merger falls through." Marcus glanced at his watch, keeping his son from jumping off of the chair beside him. "And it will—in just a minute now—"

Heidi pressed her forehead to her palm, looking over at Marcus and shaking her head.

"I don't understand—" she whispered, remembering all the hours and late nights she'd spent working with Warren on this deal.

"I'm going to make an offer to Veruca on behalf of Kiton, which I imagine they will accept, and we will become the largest fashion force in the Western world."

Then she did understand—Marcus was staging a coup, and she had let Kaiser walk out of the office completely naked and right into a trap. She got up and walked unsteadily after Warren, but it was too late. The laughter had begun in the meeting room.

## *Toto*

It was the dog's fault.

That I was out until three in the morning was, perhaps, an issue, but I personally didn't feel my odd hours should really factor into the equation. Wouldn't any rational human being be bothered by the high pitched yelp of the Yorkie-gone-mad next door? Was it really just me? I couldn't be the only one considering playing my noise-ordinance card with the local authorities, could I?

Still, I didn't. I rolled around in bed, made sure the windows were shut completely, turned on two fans, the air conditioner, and covered my head with pillows, but that dog's little yap pierced through them all. Eventually, my lack of sleep started to affect my work.

Granted, bar tending wasn't brain surgery, and while the clientele didn't mind an occasional on-my-feet nod and subsequent heavy hand, Tilly, The Rusty Nail's owner, was going to catch on to me eventually. I knew it was getting bad when the sound of the blender could start to lull me to sleep.

And the most objectionable thing was, the Yorkie was adorable. When I yanked the drapes, ready to open the doorwall and go out on to the balcony in a fit of temper, there it was—the little canine seemed sure that it was his duty to run the perimeter of their privacy fence, barking nonstop all the while—but it was so cute, I just couldn't say anything.

In my limited experience of pets, I didn't know what calling the authorities would do. Did they take away barking dogs? I couldn't subject the animal to some ominous threat, no matter how much it yelped. The guilt of living with that wouldn't afford me any

sleep, either, I reasoned—like some twisted Wizard-of-Oz version of the Tell-Tale Heart, I knew that little Toto-face would haunt me. I couldn't be the masculine version of the Wicked Witch of the West, as much as I wanted to when Barkapalooza began every morning at six.

Then, one day, there was no more barking... and I didn't even realize it until I was singing in the shower some time around one in the afternoon, feeling blissfully rested and content. Frowning, I dried off and headed back to my darkened bedroom, wincing at the bright sunlight that poured into the room when I tugged the drapes back to look down into the neighbor's yard.

I was actually worried about the little guy. Was he sick? Were the neighbors on vacation? I didn't know much about my neighbors in the condo complex. The couple on the other side of me didn't have pets—that much I knew. On the Yorkie side, since I'd only seen the one woman, so I assumed she and the Yorkie were it.

When I opened my drapes, there was the neighbor, stretched out bare-assed on a chaise lounge—and what an ass it was! Her flesh flowed past the boundaries of the chair, her bottom dimpled and her thighs thick. She had gorgeous hair—I'd always noticed that about her—thick, curly and blonde. The little Yorkie curled up nearby on the cement in the shade, panting in the heat but quiet as a mouse. I hadn't recalled ever seeing my neighbor home on any afternoon, even on a weekend, since I'd moved in six months ago.

I was marveling at the quiet and making the heretofore unrecognized by me but blatantly obvious connection that my canine-nemesis wasn't barking solely to annoy me,

but was clearly just lonely during the day, when my neighbor rolled over onto her back and all thought went out of my head entirely.

In spite of my regular attendance at bars, with all the drinking and cavorting that tended to occur, I hadn't been near or even seen a nude woman in over a year. I couldn't believe my body's immediate response—the way my belly tightened and my cock jerked.

It wasn't just the shock of it, although there was that, too. This was my neighbor, a woman I'd smiled and waved to in passing. I knew she drove a silver Taurus and wore what had to be at least size 24 suits to work and owned a yelping little dog—and now I knew she sunbathed nude. Startling new information, to be sure, and I wasn't quite sure how to process it.

Now that she'd switched sides, she had to put on more oil, and her whole body glistened with it. Her slick hands began to move up over the swell of her belly to tweak large, pink nipples that topped the largest, most pendulous breasts I'd ever seen. She twiddled and played, pulled and tugged, cupped the heavy flesh in her hands and squeezed them together, the oiled up mass of flesh creating a cleft that I found myself wanting to bury my cock—or my face—between.

Her tongue reached out to her nipple, and I watched, fascinated, as she licked it. Then she lifted her breast to her mouth and actually captured the nipple between her lips, sucking it. I found myself with my forehead pressed against the glass, straining to get a better view, admonishing myself the whole time and swearing I was going to close the drapes... in just a minute



The Yorkie looked up at her for a moment, and I wondered if my neighbor had made some noise—the thickness of the doorwall kept out most sounds, supersonic yelps notwithstanding—but then the dog went back to snoozing with its head on its paws and my neighbor continued to suck her nipple into her mouth. Make that—both nipples! Good God, she had them both pressed and angled together, licking them at once!

There was something really wrong with what I was doing and I knew it—I just couldn't seem to stop. She clearly thought she was alone and unseen, her hand sneaking down the thick flesh of her belly, searching past the folds as she began her autoerotic foray, and I knew I should close the curtains and leave her to her pleasure.

It was just that her pleasure was quickly becoming mine. Watching her body shift, her belly ripple, those enormous tits sway and jostle, made me feel weak with lust. My cock was an iron bar as her searching fingers found the promised land and I saw the telltale darkness of her pubic hair. I found myself wanting to spread her wide, shove those gorgeous, fleshy thighs back and bury my face between them.

I was still wearing a towel, and I edged my hand under it, parting it like a curtain between my legs, seeking the stiff heat of my cock. I couldn't help myself, watching her hand moving with ever increasing intensity between her own thighs. Her oiled hands made everything slick, and I could see her pussy glistening as she spread her knees and lifted her hips, seeking to press her fingers deeper.

The spread of her hips over the chair made me dizzy with lust and my hand shuttled up and down the length of my shaft, my breath coming so fast it was steaming up the glass and I had to move in order to maintain a good view of the sunbathing

Venus that was my neighbor. I found myself wishing I could hear her, wondering what noises she made, how her wet flesh must sound when she sank her fingers into her juicy pussy.

Her other hand was rubbing over the mountain of her breast, rubbing her nipple under her palm. The other breast quivered with the motion of her hand between her legs, her whole body oiled to a fine sheen in the sun. I rubbed the slick, hot head of my cock against the cool glass, sliding my pre-cum in a vertical line, up and down, wishing it was her slit I was butting up against. What would it be like, to slip into the fat little purse that lay under that voluminous belly like a well-kept secret? Heaven... pure heaven!

My cock jerked in my hand as she pulled her legs back, holding one of her knees in her hands so her pussy was spread wide apart, a meaty, moist treasure just waiting to be discovered. Her fingers plundered that trove, her thumb searching for the pearl and finding it, rubbing, rubbing. Oh God, I couldn't hold out anymore...

That's when she began to tremble as if her chaise were sitting on a fault line. She became her own earthquake, the thrust of her hips quivering her flesh. I cried out, watching the tremors move through her like shockwaves, her eyes closed, her mouth open in a delicious "O" of pleasure. My cock erupted in my hand, its own geyser, spewing thick white cum onto the glass. Then I experienced my own after shocks, leaning my forehead against the window and closing my eyes in the final sweet agony of release.

And then I heard the dog. The little Yorkie was at it again! When I opened my eyes, I saw, to my horror, that the little yipper was yapping at me! And my busty

neighbor, alerted to my presence, had covered herself with a towel and was beating a hasty retreat into the house.

With a repentant groan, I quickly grabbed my own towel, wiping the evidence from the window and shutting the curtain again, hoping that the day's irony wasn't going to end, instead of in my calling the police on a yapping Yorkie, in my neighbor calling the police about a peeping Tom!

## *Vagina Monologue*

My Dear, Poor, Sweet Muffin,

I know I should apologize for the rather rough treatment you received last night.

Yes, I know, I know, it was me begging for more. And it was my idea to stand up and bend over the chair, which put him at that deliciously deep angle. I couldn't help it. He's got such a way with fucking me from behind like that, giving it to me with such perfect rhythm and timing, and rubbing your little clit to boot!

You have to admit, Little Miss Muff, you were more than wet enough to pick up any slack. Or so I thought.

Honest, I swear, honey, I had no idea we were going to wake up so sore this morning. If I had... well... I probably would have stopped. Okay, maybe not *stopped* exactly. But at least asked for a little less. Well, maybe not less... It's just, at the time, I really wasn't thinking about the possible consequences of asking for more. Yes, yes, I know it was me begging for it: "Harder, yes, please, baby, come on, harder, harder!" I admit, I didn't consider your soft, sensitive spots at the time.

What do you mean *why*? Um, sweetheart... *you* were there. You were the one quivering with lust, all slippery wet and sucking at his cock like a little mouth. If your "mouth" hadn't been so full, you would have been saying just what I did: "Please, God, don't stop, fuck me harder!" Oh don't give me that, you know you liked it.

What do you mean how do I know? I'm pretty intimately connected with what you like. And so is he. You know you love the way he slides his cock up and down that slippery slit of yours before sinking deep inside. And if I remember correctly, you weren't complaining at the time. That sweet wetness coating my thighs was a dead give away

that you were enjoying it... and God, so was I! The incredible pounding he gave us, the way those big fingers found the little nub of your clit and rubbed it until...

Okay, so you're a little raw. Yes, I know it was all that rubbing. And pounding. And rubbing. God... I've got goose bumps just thinking about it. Okay, I know, I'm sorry, sweetie. Just because you've had that throbbing ache all day long and the bumpy ride down the dirt roads this afternoon on the way to the to the market weren't any fun... wasn't it worth it? I mean, really. Wasn't it?

Remember how he grabbed my hips and shoved himself so deep into you that the whole bed threatened to collapse? That was before the chair, if you remember. Yes, I *said* it was my idea. You didn't think it was a bad one at the time, you know. You like it, too. I know you do, the way you spasm and swell at just the thought of his cock drilling into us like that... and you know I just love that angle, being able to hold onto the arms of the chair, arch my back, give him all of me, give him all of *you*...

And oh God, that was good... remember?

I had to have more... you know you were asking for more, too, begging for more, aching for it, rocking back against him, deeper, harder, working so hard for that next, sweet climax. God. Yes. So worth it. Oh, yes it was. How many times did we come? I lost count... all the rubbing and pounding and begging and sticky, sweaty fucking, oh honey, there was just no way I could have stopped him or even slowed him down. No way. I wanted it too bad...and so did you.

But I really am sorry you're sore today. So red and swollen... you poor thing. Even the warm bath this morning didn't help all that much, did it? I could always try ice, but *brrrrrr*. I do have an idea, though. Want to hear it? Since I was so wanton and

thoughtless and you're oh, so very pouty because I didn't think about the consequences to your sensitive little self...

Since you're still so sore, guess what I'm going to do for you?

Tonight, when he comes home from work, we're going to ask for soft, slow, easy kisses. What do you think—will a hot, wet tongue bath make up for all that hard pounding? Ya think?

Well, it's worth a shot, isn't it?

Let's find out!

XOXO

Me

## *C-u-n-n-i-l-i-n-g-u-s*

"C-u-n-n-i-l-i-n-g-u-s. I spelled it out for him myself."

"There's a word I never got in the spelling bee." I snorted, closing my copy of Plato's Republic and tossing it onto the floor.

Christy was sprawled across her bed, swinging her feet and finishing the last of her Zima, her tongue fishing for the lime. She stretched out to plop the empty into the cardboard container, her shoulders hanging off the bed, her little breasts pointing toward the floor.

"Want another one?" she offered, but I shook my head, wagging my half-full bottle at her. I'd already had too many, but mid-terms were over and we were celebrating. She settled herself back on the bed with a sigh, stretching, her tanned, bare bottom rounding with her arch.

She didn't have to worry, really—we were in an all-girls dorm. Although she got more than her fair share of strange looks at first from other girls, no one ever said anything to her when she walked down the hall to the showers in her birthday suit. She was one of those people who could pretty much get away with murder.

"Then what?" I asked—me, the shy girl, the one who changed every day in the bathroom stalls. I was too self-conscious to wear shorts or even tank tops. I was the button-down, jeans girl, winter or summer, didn't matter. I could spell c-u-n-n-i-l-i-n-g-u-s, but I could count on one hand the number of times a guy had half-heartedly attempted the thing.

"And then he said if I was waiting for him to do that, I might as well put a candle in the window for Jimmy Hoffa."

She rolled over onto her back, putting her feet up on the wall and hanging her head off the end of the bed, making a face at me. I made one back, reaching for another Zima and grabbing a cut lime off the desk.

"And then?" I prompted.

We were a strange pair. Christy was a spoiled rich girl whose father paid for her to attend an Ivy League school. Me, I was there on grants because my parents were incredibly poor. Welfare poor. To say I was a stranger in a strange land wasn't just a cliché—it was also a great big understatement. And still, we got along. We had become fast friends in spite of, or maybe because of, our differences.

"And that's when I left with his best friend." She grinned at me, slithering to the floor and reaching for the remote, flipping channels on the TV.

"Did you do him?" I twisted around on the bed and curled up, propping myself on an elbow.

"Yep." She grabbed a pillow off her bed and fluffed it behind her. "Of course, that's when I thought he was going to return the favor!"

"No tit for tat, huh?"

"Oh, he got plenty of tit." She pressed her bare breasts towards each other with a grin. She was much smaller than me, barely a handful—they were the perkier, prettiest little things and it made me envious. I wished I could walk around like she did, slender and tall and proud.

"Well, maybe not plenty," she amended with a wink, looking at my chest. I crossed my arm in front of my sweated breasts, self-conscious. "But enough, damnit!"



"Maybe next time, you should make sure he does you first," I suggested, taking a swig of Zima. It was half-gone.

"Guess I'm just too generous." She sighed. "That's my policy from now on. Cunnilingus before fellatio."

"Do you want me to make you a t-shirt?" I grinned.

She snorted. "It wouldn't be on long enough for him to read it."

"You're such a slut." I laughed, shaking my head.

"Can I help it if it feels good?" She stuck her tongue out at me. "You could use a dose of slut slipped into your Zima along with your lime!"

"Wish it was that easy." I finished off the last of the alcohol in my bottle, watching her watching me.

"So does the boyfriend do it for you?" she asked. "I mean, when he's not being Mr. Long Distance?"

I shrugged, blushing. "He's tried... a couple times..."

She raised her eyebrows. "That doesn't sound promising. Can you spell c-l-i-t-o-r-i-s?"

"He..." I cleared my throat. "He hasn't figured it out yet."

She smacked her forehead, rolling her eyes. "Then show him!"

I stared at her, naked on our floor, talking about the most intimate things like we were discussing knitting or something. "I don't know how."

"What does that mean?" She sat up, tucking her long brown hair behind her ears as she hugged her knees to her chest.

"Sometimes he finds the right spot," I admitted. "But he mostly seems interested in putting his tongue... inside..."

I was beet red, I knew it, enough to match my hair—I could feel the heat in my cheeks.

"Common mistake." She shook her head. "That's not where it feels best, is it?"

I felt the heat in my cheeks increasing—just when I thought I couldn't get any redder.

"Yep, sounds like the boyfriend needs a lesson," she affirmed. "You just need to show him where to lick."

"Can we not talk about this?" I reached for my copy of Plato, hoping to hide behind it.

"Oh, no." She grabbed my book and tossed it behind her. "You're not getting out of it, now."

"Christy, gimme my book." I sighed.

"Nuh-uh." She grabbed her pillow, laying back on the floor and putting her feet up on my bed, her legs spread. "Look."

"What are you doing?"

"Have you ever looked at it before?" she asked and I stared as she parted the trimmed brown hair between her legs, exposing the dark pink center.

"Wow, Christy." I shook my head. I couldn't take my eyes off where her fingers were spreading her lips. "Running around naked is one thing—but this is all kinds of wrong."

"Who says?" She brought her other hand down, opening everything up even more. My eyes were glued between her legs, in spite of my discomfort.

"It's right here, isn't it?" She rubbed the pink, glistening folds at the top of her slit. "It feels good when he licks you here?"

I just nodded, watching her fingers pull back the wrinkled hood, exposing the little bud of her clit. Her eyes closed as she teased it, back and forth, and I could feel a dull throbbing between my legs.

"I know what a clit is." I swallowed and moved my eyes up to her face. She had a dreamy look on her face and I tried not to notice her fingers moving between her legs. "That's not the issue."

"So tell me," she murmured, making a little "mmm" sound as she rubbed herself. "What is the issue?"

I squirmed on the bed, squeezing my thighs together, feeling the ache between them. Watching her touch herself made me want to touch myself, too. My nipples were hard as I wiggled, rubbing against the material of my bra.

"Christy..."

"You can tell me." Her palm moved over her nipple, making slow, easy circles.

I felt the blush in my face spreading to my chest, through my belly, like my whole body was flushing with the heat.

I tried to explain. "He just can't seem to... stay in the right place... long enough..."

She sat up, kneeling next to my bed. "Well, let me see... maybe your clit is shy... like you... just hard to keep a tongue on..."

I shook my head, smiling. "Forget it."

"Oh come on," she urged, reaching over and unsnapping the top button of my jeans. "You've seen everything I've got... and I've never even seen you in your underwear."

"Hey, come on," I said as she started unzipping my pants. Even as I said the words, I felt dizzy and weak with wanting... something. It's the alcohol, I told myself as I whispered, "Quit."

"Do you even wear underwear?" she teased, peeking under my jeans. "Of course you do, what was I thinking? Are they granny panties?"

"Christy!" I pushed at the hands that were trying to tug my jeans down my hips, but the effort was weak, even I knew it.

"What?" She slid a hand under my jeans but over my panties, making me gasp. "Mmm... warm... are you a redhead all over, Dawnie?"

"This isn't a good idea," I whispered, trying not to get carried away by the sensation, her fingers rubbing over the crotch of my panties, her other hand edging my jeans down, trying to make more room.

"Why not?" She looked down at the V my zipper made, the place where her hand rocked against my flesh. "I just want to show you how to make things better between you and Josh... besides... doesn't this feel good?"

I couldn't help moaning when she managed to wiggle her fingers around the side of my panties, touching the swollen flesh of my lips, the slippery wetness between them, and the sound encouraged her fingers to search through my folds, finding my clit and teasing it.

"There it is," she murmured, her eyes on mine. "Not so shy... feel good?"

I let out a pent-up breath, closing my eyes against it. "Christy, please..."

"Don't be shy, Dawnie," she whispered and I jumped like she had burned me with her lips when she kissed the exposed skin of my belly between my sweater and my unzipped jeans. "For once... come on... do something out of your comfort zone..."

Her words, her fingers, the deliciously slick pulse between my legs, had me hooking my thumbs in my jeans, wiggling them down, toeing them off.

"Yay you." She smiled, her eyes between my legs. "Now, can I see if you're a real redhead? Can't tell with my fingers."

Her hand had more freedom now and she was using two of her fingers between my slit, cradling my clit and rubbing up and down under my panties.

"Okay," I breathed, giving in completely.

"Turn this way," she instructed, and I sighed when her hand slid out from between my legs as I swung around, dangling my feet off the edge of the bed. "Lift."

My bottom went up into the air as she slid my panties down my thighs and tossed them aside.

"Pretty." Her finger found that spot again, moving it back and forth. "You like it when I rub here?"

"Mm... yes." I couldn't help moving my hips, my eyes closing with the sensation.

"What about this?" she whispered and I gasped when her mouth came down to cover my mound, her tongue finding my clit on the first try.

"Oh my god," I breathed as her tongue made circles around and around.

She didn't slip her fingers inside me, like Josh always tried to do, and her tongue didn't move from that spot to probe through all the folds, like Josh's always did. Instead,

she focused all of her attention right there, varying pressure and direction, sometimes moving back and forth, sometimes in circles, sending me off on pleasurable tangents, desperately chasing my own climax.

When she sucked my whole clit into her mouth, I moaned and thrashed on the bed, her tongue teasing it back and forth as she sucked. The sensation was too much, so intense, the soft skill of her tongue a wet heaven between my legs. I could feel my orgasm coming in the tense trembling of my thighs, the aching tightening of my lower belly, and I wanted it.

I couldn't help sliding my hand up under my sweater, then, unhooking my bra up front and squeezing my nipple, sending a hot jolt of pleasure right down between my legs. I did the other one, too, rolling my nipples as she licked me. I was thrusting hard against her mouth, her tongue, wanting more, and she pressed a hand flat to my belly to keep me still.

"Oh, oh, oh," I moaned, my whole pussy on fire under her mouth.

She made these small, encouraging noises, like she was really enjoying it, wanting me to enjoy it, too, and I couldn't stand it anymore, I had to cum. It started with a flood of heat in my belly, and then the waves hit and I felt like I was flooding her mouth with my juices, my clit throbbing and pulsing my pleasure against her tongue. The soft lap of her against my sex was so intense after my orgasm that I moaned and squirmed, trying to get away from the sensation that felt, almost, too good, practically unbearable.

"C-u-n-n-i-l-i-n-g-u-s." She spelled the word, feathering kisses on my vulva after each one. "Now do you see what all the fuss is about?"

"Yes," I gasped, throwing an arm over my eyes, not wanting to look at her kneeling between my legs. I couldn't believe what we'd just done.

"That's why I won't date a guy who won't do it," she said. "And that's why you have to teach Josh..."

"There's no way!" I groaned, sitting up and pushing myself back on the bed away from her. "He doesn't do what you... just did..."

The heat in my face was incredible now that I was looking at her, seeing the wetness on her cheeks, glistening on her lips. That was me, all over her face... the thought made me feel faint and embarrassed.

"But you'll teach him to," She slid up next to me on the bed. I pulled my sweater down, as if to cover myself from her eyes, which seemed silly, and she smiled at the gesture.

"Ok, shy girl." Christy grabbed the bottom of my sweater and lifted it over my head. I struggled and we laughed, but she got it off, and all I had left on was my front-hook bra that was hanging askew.

Her eyes moved over my breasts, much larger and heavier than hers, the pink nipples fat and pursed. "If I had your body, I'd walk around naked all the time."

"You do walk around naked all the time," I reminded her.

"No." She shook her head. "I mean *all* the time."

I blushed as she tugged at my bra, divesting me of the last remnants of my modesty.

"Are you ready for your lesson?" She grabbed a pillow and reclined on it. Her knees were up and open, and I could see a little glistening pink between her lips.

"In... what?" I watched her hand slide down between her legs, finding her clit.

"Let's teach Josh how to eat pussy." She was grinning at me, her finger moving back and forth.

Fascinated, I watched her play. She rubbed herself differently than I did when I played alone. I made fast little circles, but she used the fleshy hood in an up and down motion over the bud of her clit.

"Is it tit for tat time?" I swallowed, meeting her eyes.

"New rule: cunnilingus before cunnilingus?" She rubbed it a little faster, her breathing heavier. "Kidding, sweetie...I just want you to know what to say to him...how to tell him what you want."

I cocked my head at her. "How?"

"You play Josh," she whispered, making that "mmm" sound again, her eyes half-closed. "And I'll play you."

I finally understood what she meant and when I did, my belly clenched. I couldn't imagine doing to her what she had done to me.

"But I don't know how," I countered, frowning. Her fingers were moving faster, her eyes almost closed. That "mm" sound was coming from her in little waves.

"He doesn't either," she whispered. "First, you do what I'm doing... touching yourself like this... he'll like watching you..."

"He will?"

"Don't you like watching me?" She squeezed her nipple.

I blushed. "Yes."

"Then you ask... 'will you lick me?'" Her voice was soft, plaintive. "'Please?'"



I groaned at the desire in her tone, saw her nod and gesture to me to get between her legs. Stretching out, part of me hanging off the bed, still, I moved between her thighs.

"Show him with your fingers," she murmured. "You've been touching yourself there already, and he's been watching. So tell him..."

I could smell her, a slight musk, and she was so wet that the short, trimmed hair on her lips was glistening with it.

"Right here." She nudged her clit, using her other hand to guide my head, and I let her, until my mouth was touching her wetness. "Now... lick it."

Her lips were puffy, her clit a swollen bud between them as I reached my tongue out for it, moving back and forth with the tip.

Christy gave a soft moan, her head going back. "God, that's good."

It was her response that encouraged me to lick a little faster, probe a little harder. She gasped and pressed me in so my mouth was covering her mound.

"Ohhh," she moaned when I started to make circles, too. "God... ok... wait..."

I didn't stop, the taste of her a little musky but the soft feel of her flesh and the way she responded to my tongue like a drug.

"If he goes to move somewhere else," Christy murmured. "Like trying to put his tongue inside you..."

Taking the hint, I slipped my tongue slowly downward, the taste of her changing, the slickness of her juices thick here.

"You say... oh God..." She wiggled when I found her hole, teasing it with my tongue. "Just tell him... 'Lick me here, baby...' and show him... with your fingers..."

I watched as her fingers found her clit, rubbing it, and she directed me back there with her other hand until my mouth was covering her mound again.

"Yesssss," she purred, squeezing and pulling at her nipples. "That feels so good when you lick me there, baby. Please, don't stop."

Her words made my pussy ache and I groaned against her flesh, licking faster.

"Oh!" she cried, looking down at me, hungry and eager between her thighs. "Oh, god, sweetie, you're soooo good at this."

I did what I remembered her doing to me, back and forth for a while, then switching to circles. I had to keep swallowing and swallowing her juices, the taste coating my throat.

"Yes," she whispered, keeping one hand on my head as she rocked. "Right there. Don't stop licking me right there on my hot little clit. That feels so good."

I flushed, trying to imagine saying those things to Josh, wondering if he would respond like I did—it made me want to devour her.

"Oh fuck!" She moaned and I nearly stopped then in shock, hearing the word coming out of her throat in a guttural cry as she rocked against my mouth. "Oh baby, lick my pussy, yessss, you're so close to making me come."

I was panting, lapping at her fast and hard, my jaw aching, my own pussy leaking wetness down my thighs. She was moaning and twisting, still guiding me into her mound, mashing my face and tongue there until I could barely breathe.

"Are you ready, baby?" she whispered, her thighs trembling. I could feel the muscles in her legs twitching against my arms. "I'm gonna cum all over your face."

"Oh fuck, now!" she cried and I thought I would come, too, just from hearing her words, feeling her let go and shudder and roll with her climax, thrusting up against my mouth as she came in huge, quivering waves. She wouldn't let go of me, riding it out until she was panting with the effort, everything slowly beginning to relax as the tide ebbed.

"Whew." She looked down at me still propped between her thighs. "You are fucking fantastic at that, Dawnie. Have you ever done it before?"

I shook my head, blushing, trying to clean up the mess on my chin and neck with my palm.

Smiling, she sat up and I did too, feeling even more shy now in the transition from passion to composure. I didn't know what to say.

"Think you can show him?" Christy asked after a moment, cocking her head at me.

I shrugged. "I can try."

She grinned and winked. "Well... even if he never figures it out... I promise, I'll do you, if you'll do me."

I laughed. "Tit for tat, huh?"

Her eyes dipped down to my breasts. "You win on that score, doll."

"Shut up!" I laughed and nudged her thigh with my knee.

She stretched, looking at the clock. "I need another shower, now, I swear. You wanna?"

I bit my lip, shrugged. "Ok."

Standing, Christy held her hand out to me and we grabbed our towels before heading down the hall.

Except this time, we were both naked.

## *Oedipal Panties*

December 16, 1976

Dear John,

I got your letter and your little surprise! Should I say thank you, or should I just wait and show you how much I love them? I've never owned crotchless panties, you naughty boy. You ordered them through the Frederick's catalog didn't you? I can't wait to wear them for you. Will you be ready to put them to good use when you come home on Christmas Eve? I promise, I'll be quiet... we won't wake your mother.

Oh, by the way... she keeps calling and asking if she should bring things. Like I don't have a turkey baster or an egg slicer? Honestly, John. I am capable of cooking Christmas dinner, for pete's sake! I made dinner for Thanksgiving, didn't I? And don't even start... I still say it was not my turkey and stuffing that made your little cousin, David, sick... it was all that damned candy she kept feeding him.

Anyway, I think I'm all ready this time, since I know a little better what to expect. I've already set up the guest room for her. I told her that she could sleep in "my room" since there's a nice double bed in there, instead of the twin, and that might be better for her back. She complained about her back to me for an hour on the phone (I'm not exaggerating, darling... I had the timer set for a casserole... it was a full hour!) but when I offered her the better bed, she said, "Oh, no, dear, I couldn't take YOUR bed! YOU need to sleep in YOUR bed!" You don't think she knows, do you?

She says she will be coming in a few hours before your plane arrives. I offered to pick her up at the bus stop, but she insisted on taking a cab. I wish it was the other way around, and you were arriving first, just so we could have a little time alone, at least. Is that selfish? Even if it was just a quickie bent over the kitchen table! Is that a good

incentive? I'd wear my new black, lace crotchless panties, just for you, I promise. Can't you get your flight changed and come in, just a little earlier? (So you can cum in... a little earlier? Ha)

You know I have been working all week, trying to get the house completely spotless. I know your mother. Christmas is going to be better than Thanksgiving, I promise. Remember how she went through the entire kitchen and rearranged everything last time? "There's a right way and a wrong way, dear." Yes, that is what she said. I'm not making it up. I'm trying to remember where she put everything, and just moving it there. Oh, and I never did tell you, but she went through my prescriptions last time. I swear to God, John. She said she was "consolidating!" And she threw out my birth control pills! "What did you need those for, dear? You don't have a boyfriend, do you?" ARGH!

I wish you would just tell her, and we could stop playing this "roommate" game. It's been almost a year now! I know, I know... I understand why you don't want to tell her. Maybe we can just elope and move to Alaska? Ha ha. I mean, everyone else in your family loves me, and we get along so well. I just don't understand it. Am I so horrible? Your mother still calls me "That girl you live with," or if I'm lucky, "Heiny." (And just how does she get "heiny" from Hannah, I'd like to know? Don't tell me about her accent—she doesn't seem to have it when she pronounces anything else, and you know it!)

Oh, John, never mind, don't pay attention to anything I've said. I should tear this up and not even send it to you. I know I'm venting and just nervous about Christmas and having your mother here, and trying to make sure she doesn't get Felix sick again

feeding him chocolate. Doesn't everyone know that chocolate is poison for dogs? I'm still trying to get the stain out of the rug in the hallway from that little incident.

You know I don't mean it, right? You know I just want it all to be perfect for you, for when you come home. I hate that you'll be gone until Christmas Eve. I miss you so much. I want this to be our best Christmas ever. And I do so love my little surprise present... should I take naughty pictures of myself in them for you with the new Polaroid?

Do try to get your flight changed, won't you? Please? I don't want to be here alone... with your mother.

Love and kisses,

Hannah

\* \* \* \*

December 30, 1976

Dear Mother,

Thank you so much for visiting us over the holidays. You really didn't have to bring so much food! I told you that Hannah wanted to make dinner. Of course, your turkey was delicious, yes, but we really didn't need two... of everything. And it was thoughtful of you to bring all the frozen meat as well. I'm sure we'll be eating ham and pork loin well into the New Year. There was hardly room in our freezer for it all! It was very generous of you, Mother.

Oh, and honestly, Mom, the reason that I look thinner is because I'm working out again. I found a good gym near the office and stop by there most mornings. I'm getting plenty to eat, otherwise, though, I promise you. Hannah and I switch off cooking meals,

and only eat out on Fridays. She really is a wonderful cook, Mother. I know you didn't try much of her turkey (I didn't think the brining made it taste too salty at all, I'm sorry you felt it tasted too much like ham!) but her asparagus was amazing, wasn't it? Did you try any of that? I'm sorry, but she didn't know you were allergic to sourdough bread, or I know she wouldn't have put it into the stuffing. Is that a recent development?

I really am sorry that your back was bothering you so much. Honestly, you could have used my bed, or Hannah's, either of us would have been happy to take the guest room. And I do apologize that Felix got sick all over the bed in the middle of the night

We usually don't allow him on the furniture. He sleeps in his cage at night. How did he get in there, anyway? It was an awful mess, I think that comforter will have to be thrown out. I'm sure he must have gotten a few too many leftovers offered to him, that's all. He does have a sensitive stomach for a golden retriever.

Oh, and thank you for all the wonderful gifts you brought. How did you manage to get all of it into the cab? Didn't the bus company have a maximum luggage limit? I don't think I'll have to buy clothes again for a year! Three new coats, and all those gloves and mufflers! I'll be warm all winter, and for many to come, I'm sure!

It was nice of you to bring Hannah those different little shampoos, they'll be perfect for when she travels. You certainly surprised her with all those cleaning supplies! And here I didn't even know McDonald's sold \$5 gift certificates. Anyway, thank you for everything, Mother. I know Hannah's already flipped through one of the two books you bought about finding Jesus, although she hasn't gotten to the 6-video compilation of his life, yet. The "Jesus Saves" calendar will ring in 1977 with us, though, thank you!



I do apologize about the perfume Hannah bought. I thought for sure it was your favorite!? When did you develop all these new allergies? You really should get to a doctor, Mother. I think they have pills for that, now. I am glad you liked the earrings and the jacket I bought for you, though. I know I only got you each two gifts, but remember, that's what we agreed on at Thanksgiving? I didn't expect you to be so generous this year, after what we'd discussed! And I apologize that you liked Hannah's jacket better than yours. When did black become your favorite color?

Oh, by the way, I did look into that little house you saw down the street, like you asked me to, but the agent says it already sold, they just haven't had time to put the sign out front, because of the holidays and all that. I guess the houses around here sell pretty quickly. I doubt you'll find one that doesn't sell within a few weeks. It's a hard neighborhood to buy in. I really love it here, though.

Anyway, thank you again for coming. We really appreciated having you here for the holidays. I know you mentioned doing Easter at your place. I think that's fine. I don't think Hannah is up for cooking another holiday meal so soon. Since she doesn't have family here, though, you won't mind if I bring her with me, will you? It's hard to know that your roommate will be all alone on a holiday, when you're off to a family dinner, you know? I know you understand, Mom.

Oh, and Hannah mentioned... her mother's little silver serving tray is missing? The one that she had all those little chocolates on? I wouldn't have mentioned it, but since her parents have passed, those things are important to her. Did you happen to see it? I hope cousin David didn't take off with it. He got sick again, and I think it was from all that candy.

Have a good New Year, Mother!

Your son,

John

\* \* \* \*

January 12, 1977

My darling only son,

It was so good to see you over the holidays. I thought I would never make it, with all the stuff I had to carry. I wish someone had offered to pick me up from the bus stop! That nice cab driver really helped me get it all into the car, though, so it turned out all right, after all.

I'm glad you liked the clothes. It's so hard to shop for you, since I don't see often enough, and never know what size to buy. I'm glad I bought belts with all the pants, though, it looks like you're going to need them! I don't care what you say, you're too skinny, and after seeing your cupboards, it's no wonder! You need to start eating real food, not all that processed boxed stuff, John!

Is that what she buys? Do you eat Pop Tarts for breakfast? You know I never would have allowed that, when you were living here. My boy should be eating a big, healthy, hot breakfast. It's the most important meal of the day!

But you know me, I'm not going to lecture you. You're a big boy, you can do what you want with your life. I was so sorry to hear that little house just down the way from you wasn't available anymore! It would have been perfect. It's getting so hard for me to take care of all of the outside things, since your father passed. It would be nice to have you right down the street.

I sure do wish you would call more often. Your letters are nice, but with your job, I'm sure you can afford to call your mother at least once a week! Oh, and I really am sorry I upset your roommate while you were gone on that business trip. I didn't mean to wake her, but you know, a mother worries, and I saw on the news that there was a gas leak somewhere in Ohio. If you'd told me you were going to be in Pittsburg that week, I never would have called!

The bus ride home was all right, although my back was killing me by the time I got home. I'm sure it was that little twin bed. I'm just used to a much firmer mattress. The dog was a comfort to me at night, though, I tell you. He's the best thing that ever happened to you, that Felix. What a sweetheart. I couldn't stand him locked up in that awful cage. What kind of woman keeps an animal in a cage?

I did have a little concern about him that night he got sick, but I'm sure it wasn't the chocolates. He was chewing on something at the end of the bed and it woke me right up. I didn't know what it was... it looked like... well, like some sort of lacy, black slingshot? I took it from him right away and tossed it in the trash, but he kept going back after it so I tucked them in the night table drawer. I'm sure that's what ended up making the poor dear so sick.

Anyway, thank you for giving me some of those wonderful Polaroid pictures you had me take of you and your roommate by the tree. Amazing gadgets aren't they? Aren't you glad I bought you one? You can see the picture develop right before your very eyes... what will they think of next? They sure don't hold together very well when you cut them, though... not like real pictures at all!

And now... John... I have to tell you something. I wouldn't mention it, but honestly... it's for your own good.

You need to be more careful and keep an eye on your things, because I think your roommate has been "borrowing" your camera. I really do question that girl's morals. Did you know that there are naked pictures in her room? I can only assume they are of her—wearing some sort of... I don't even know what!

And before you start in on me, it wasn't my fault, I was looking for a blanket to cover Felix up with and found them in a drawer! All I can say is that I'm just so glad she's reading the books I gave her for Christmas. Perhaps there is hope that won't burn in hell after all.

I will definitely have Easter dinner here. I'll make you a big ham! Please bring Felix with you, though. I will make up the guest room for him! If your roommate wants to come, too, well that's okay. There's always the pull-out couch. Your room is the same as it always was, darling, and always will be. You know that.

Love to you and call me soon,

Mother

p.s. About the missing serving tray. All I can say is, if your "roommate" was sleeping in her own bed...she would have already found it.

*The End*

## 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.

This sassy, outrageous author lives with her husband and children in the rural Midwest, all of whom she thinks are the cat's meow. 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 isn't pawing away at her keyboard, she loves spending her time belly dancing, attending drum circles, gathering in women's groups, and taking beautiful pictures of everything in her world.

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](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," 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](http://www.selenakitt.com) or email [selena@selenakitt.com](mailto:selena@selenakitt.com)

If you enjoyed [TICKLED PINK](#), you might also enjoy:



### **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 sex acts and strong language.*

Excerpt From ESCAPING FATE:

Cats are the worst. It's the wings. They love to play with the damned wings. I can't count how many times, out of nowhere, I've become some feline's personal play toy. You'd think I'd been rolling in catnip, the way they come after me!

One minute, I'm just sitting here minding my own business—okay, so I'm minding someone else's business—perched on the footboard and watching the show, and the next minute—wham! Now I'm rolling around on the bed with Anna and her new Beau, except they're having a good old time, and I'm trying to save myself from Fluffy's claws!

"Beau, put him out," Anna begs.

Brilliant idea! The damned cat's got my wing pinned and he's about to pounce on my head! I'm flopping like a landed fish and the cat's tail is swishing like mad when Beau grabs him by the scruff of the neck. Just in time! I stick my tongue out at the cat and shake off my wings while he hisses and spits and sails out the door.

"Where were we?" Beau climbs back into bed and dives under the covers, making Anna giggle wildly at first, until she begins to moan.

Damned comforter! I give her a little "push," and she kicks off the covers, revealing the spread of her hips under his hands and the swell of her breasts with their hard, dark nipples. His face is buried between her legs, and he's making those noises, like he's eating something sinfully delicious.

Anna is rolling her hips, her eyes closed, her fingers gripping his head, guiding his tongue. The cat's mewing on the other side of the door, but they're both oblivious, of

course. I've got that funny feeling in my belly again, and I'm thinking about what Alex said the other day. I haven't gotten up the nerve to go back... to the man who could see me. Okay, so I flew by his window and peeked in, but it was dark, and I couldn't see anything.

"Beau, yes, oh god!" She gasps and squirms, spreading her thighs wider and pressing up against his mouth in fast, rhythmic thrusts. Her head goes back and forth, side to side, and she's making this noise in her throat, not unlike the cat outside of the door. When her body stiffens and threatens to buck right out of his hands, he grips her ass, his mouth fastened tight between her legs, his eyes dark and full of lust as she shudders and quakes.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," she breathes as he kisses his way up her belly. She clutches him tight, reaching between them to find his cock. I can't see well enough, now, and I float down toward the mattress, moving off to the side so I can watch them join together. She strokes him, squeezing, and I watch his face—that look of bliss as she slides him between her pussy lips, guiding him inside.

Their eyes meet, and there it is, that low communication, something passing between them, unsaid, but completely understood. It hasn't even been long, a few weeks since they met, but they are deeply connected in this moment. Is it possible, I wonder, watching them move, their hips rocking in a slow-building rhythm. Is it possible to feel it so quickly, to have that instant feeling of euphoria with someone you hardly knew?



The cat's scratching at the door now, still mewling like mad, but they're kissing, completely oblivious to anything but one another, whispering things, urging each other on. His thrusts become deeper, faster, and her nails dig into the flesh of his back, making him arch into her...

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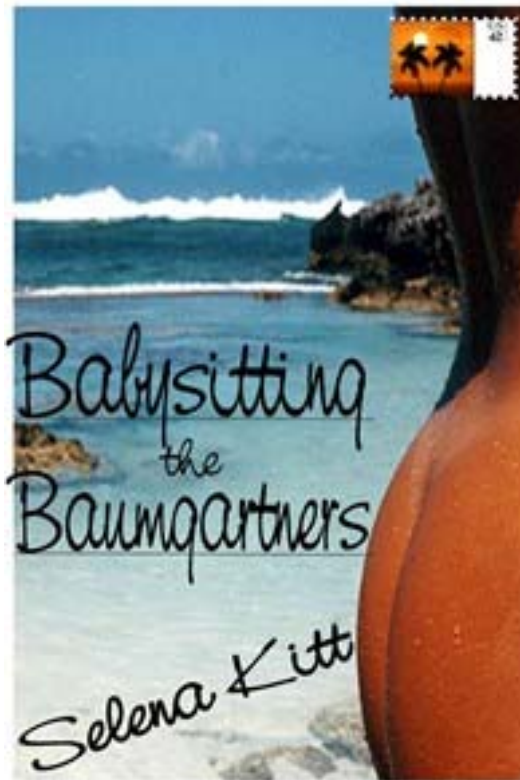


## **NAUGHTY BITS**

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.*

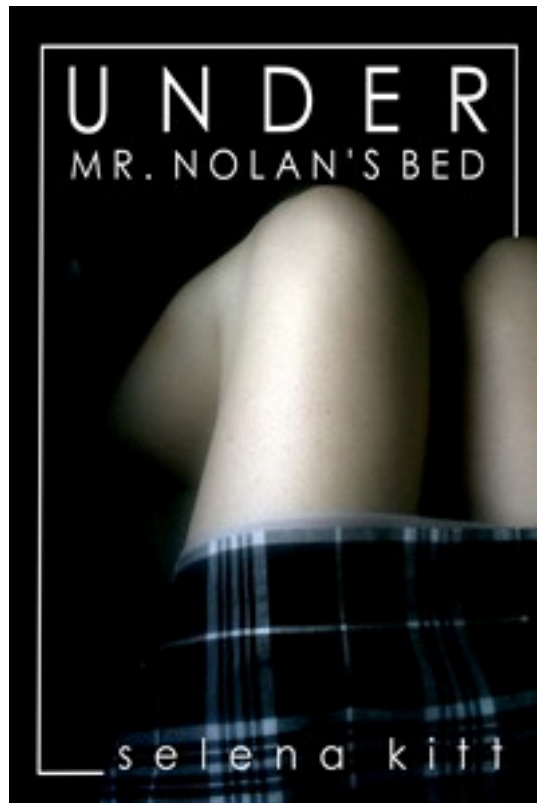


### **BLUEBEARD'S WIFE**

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.*

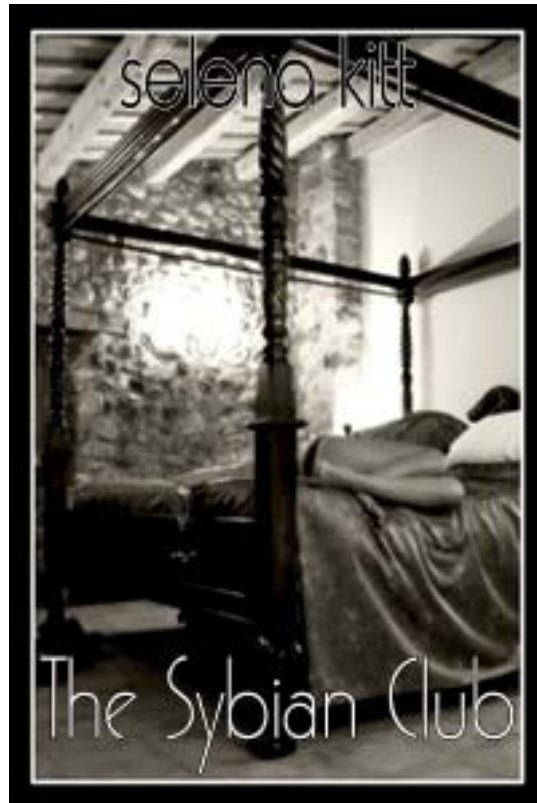


**UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED**

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.*



## **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 untameable Sarah?**

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



## **MERCY**

by Selena Kitt

**Mercy was a typical lesbian in life - at least, that's what her beloved, dearly departed Dee always said - but she's definitely not a typical vampire. Mercy, known as Mary in her former life, is now secretly in love with Angie, her roommate, whose profession as a hospice nurse has taken Mercy on an unusual path in her journey as the undead. Like her acquired name, comes as a dark angel of mercy, delivering eternal life to the dying—but will Mercy's mission of compassion serve to save the one woman she loves most in the world?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and elements of horror.*



## **SILENT NIGHT**

By Selena Kitt

**Justine has left Bruce for another man, left him all alone with their young daughter - while he slowly goes insane. His building, impotent rage leads to sudden, unexpected brutality. But how far will he go?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, infidelity, sex and shocking, horrific elements.*



### [A TWISTED BARD'S TALE](#)

By Selena Kitt

**Did you ever wonder what started the feud between the Capulets and the Montagues? Check out this naughty version of Romeo and Juliet - you'll be surprised and delighted by this twisted Bard's tale!**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and lesbian sex.*