



50  
FILTHY

EXPLICIT  
EROTICA  
STORIES

NAUGHTY EROTIC STORY COLLECTION

# **50 FILTHY, EXPLICIT EROTICA STORIES**

Naughty Erotic Story Collection

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# Story One

Once she was on the pavement, Laura paused and took a deep breath of the spring air. The sky above the New England Conservatory Building was blue. It was proving to be a good day. Laura had known she had a good chance of being in “Tales of the Wind”, the orchestra’s premium performance. But with auditions being compulsory nothing was guaranteed. She touched the paper in her pocket lightly; it was the performance pass that gave her the guarantee she needed. The slot was hers.

Her red Volkswagen bug was waiting for her in the parking lot. No matter what anybody said she loved the car. The car was a present from her Aunt Matilda; Laura thought it was cool for a cello player to drive a bug. Throwing her bag in the back seat she took to the driver’s seat. The car’s interior was nothing fancy, Formica on the dashboard, an FM radio with no USB, and her personal favorite the grey teddy bear that bounced on the windscreen. She called him Freeny, a name she couldn’t remember its origin. Freeny had been with her since she was thirteen. What a long time ago that was. So much had happened in the last six years.

Being in the afternoon, the roads were clear. Cruising along Huntington Avenue with WAAF FM was playing a nice love song. To this day Laura couldn’t explain exactly how it happened; all she heard was a big thump when her foot pressed down on the brake pedal. The car behind her, a ford

truck had rammed into her rear side. Lucky her safety belt was fastened on as she would have probably ended up in the windscreen. At first there was no pain and she unfastened her safety belt. But as Laura went for the door knob, pain shot up her knee. She must have jerked her leg upwards and hit something hard. Laura tumbled out of the bug to assess the damage. The car's rear end was badly smashed in. The Volkswagen engine unlike modern cars has its engine housed in the back. On seeing the amount of damage Laura knew she had a big problem. It was the truck owner's turn to assess the damage.

“Oh dear, oh dear. What have I done now?” The woman seemed appalled by what she'd done. Laura approximated her age to be about fifty. She admitted her mistake and promised to pay for everything.

“Oh dear,” the old woman kept repeating. Laura could not get angry with her, she pitied the shocked woman. The Volkswagen would not start again and Laura called CJ Auto and Tow. The traffic cop arrived and proceeded to check out the situation. After taking down their details the officer concluded it was a simple case, and since nobody was hurt they could go. Laura didn't feel the pain in her knee at all. There was no need of complicating issues with such a small thing. She let it pass. The tow truck finally arrived and hauled her beloved bug to the garage. The kindly woman gave Laura a ride apologizing profusely for the accident all the way to Laura's apartment building.

Laura called her insurance agent when she got home. The car would be taken care of; she just had to use the bus for a few days. Her Aunt Matilda was livid when she heard about Laura's little accident. She settled down when Laura assured her she was fine. The accident could not however overshadow the day's good news. Laura had been chosen to play in the season's biggest performance. Her aunt was happy as she knew what this meant to Laura. Ever since she was a little girl, playing the cello was her big dream. In no time Laura was blabbing about the acclaimed Italian director who would be conducting the performance, and the international soloist who will be performing. Aunt Matilda was her only family member. She had taken to raising Laura when her parents had died in a horrific road accident. Laura had been only three years old. Aunt Matilda was not only a mother to her but a good friend. When Laura decided to accept the offer to join the Boston orchestra music program, Aunt Matilda had supported her to make the transition. After a rather long talk they said goodnight. The practice sessions would be running for the whole week. Sleeping early was a good idea.

She felt some pain in her knee when removing her denim pants. Stroking the troubled area, a small swell could be felt beneath the knee cap. She would get some medicine for it the following day. Standing in front of the mirror she gazed at her body. Laura had always been a little on the thick side. Her aunt said she got her full body from her mom. In junior high

school some mean girls had called her names. She did not let their foolishness get to her instead becoming more careful with her clothing. Skirts, dresses and blazers filled her wardrobe. Soon she was no longer fat but curvy. With her auburn hair and oval blue eyes many thought she was beautiful. The only problem was cello practice and her overwhelming shyness. Her dream was to be a great cello player and that took practice. Between daily cello sessions and the studies there was never time for the opposite sex. She'd had only one boyfriend; Kevin. They'd attended the London school of music together. The innocent kisses they had shared were now a faded memory. Nobody else had come close. Now as she looked at herself Laura wondered how her friends felt to have a man touch them. Laura had never had sex with anyone. Only her best friend Selina knew. Selina played the violin at the orchestra and could keep a secret. Laura didn't have time to think about sex. Her career came first then the right guy, she told herself. The right time will come. It was time for a nap, tomorrow she was taking the bus.

Laura chose a tightly fitting cotton top, matched with a black hugging skirt for the big day. It would be the first day of practice leading to the big performance, she wanted to feel good. Laura had realized that she didn't mind when people looked at her. She kind of enjoyed it. Grabbing her bag which housed her cello, make-up kit and other girl essentials she was skipping from the apartment when her swollen knee ached in pain. The knee had swollen some more through the night. Her heels were putting too much pressure on it. Ruffling through her shoe stand she picked out a pair of black loafers. They were not as glamorous as the heels but they would do. She had to get something for the knee. The pharmacy was on her way to the bus stop. The pharmacist was an African American man with rimmed glasses.

“How can I help you miss?” he inquired when she walked in. “I need something for my knee, It is swollen, I hit something yesterday.” Laura explained.

The pharmacist attention was divided between listening to her and staring at the crease of her protruding chest. He prescribed some painkillers. When Laura nodded in approval he got a bottle for her. Laura swallowed two on the spot and promised to see the doctor if it got worse. As she walked out Laura could see the pharmacist ogling at her endowed back side in the reflecting glass wall. She turned her head suddenly looking at him. He was caught unaware staring

at her bubbly buttocks, he looked away embarrassed. She smiled to herself. Laura had that effect on men. The bus was on time and soon she was cruising towards Massachusetts Avenue. Laura loved Boston, its deep history was etched into the city's architecture. The John F Kennedy library and museum loomed large as a reminder of ages past, the U.S.S Constitution and USS constitution museum celebrated Boston's contribution to the greatest constitution in the world. Boston was not lacking in attractions. Laura had felt right at home in the city as soon as she'd arrived. She'd been there for eight months and loved exploring the town when she wasn't very busy.

Selina was waiting for her in the cafeteria opposite the Boston symphony orchestra building. Practice was not due for another fifteen minutes. Enough time for coffee and some gossip. Selina was already on her second mug of coffee washing down slices of black cake when Laura arrived. Selina was the skinny type, never gaining weight no matter what she ate. Laura watched everything she ate and marveled at her friend's stroke of good luck.

"Hello, girlfriend," Selina exclaimed as they pecked on the cheeks.

"Chocolate cake, really?" Laura joked eyeing the cake hungrily.

“The perks of being me.” Selina replied playfully.  
“What happened yesterday?” She asked with concern referring to the accident.

“Well, I was on Huntington Avenue at the connection to the St.Stephen road...” Laura narrated her accident.

Once Selina was sure that her friend was alright the jokes began. They laughed heartily about the old woman who almost went to shock. Selina leaned in and said with a serious face “Do you know if you’d died you would’ve died a virgin. Never to know the feeling of a man inside you!” Selina went on to laugh hysterically enjoying her own crooked joke.

“I hadn’t thought of that. Somebody come and rescue me from this curse.” Laura retorted jokingly. The banter continued and before they knew it fifteen minutes were up. They rushed to the Orchestra, parting at the elevator. As Laura watched her friend run to her sessions she wondered what it was like to be Selina. She loved to have fun. She was always inviting Laura to parties which she declined. Selina loved to talk about her men. Sometimes the details were so real that Laura could picture them. Selina making love to a guy in the park bench was her favorite. It seemed so erotic to Laura. She was not as courageous and doubted she’d have the guts to get intimate in such a public place. She was still a virgin at nineteen; there were not many virgins her age. That she was sure of.

The practice session was held at the auditorium Basiron; named after the famous Renaissance era French composer. Most of her colleagues were already unpacking their instruments and fine tuning them. The assistant conductor walked around passing over the day's score. Laura unpacked her cello in the string section. An orchestra is like an army. Many sections make up the whole ensemble with the soloist being at the helm. The people in the hall were some of the best instrument players in the country. Laura and one other guy who played the bass guitar were the youngest at nineteen. It was a great honor to be there and they all knew it.

Clapping ensued when the conductor walked in. Pablo Emmanuel was an acclaimed conductor who'd won many prestigious awards. He looked the part; with a well cut fitting cream suit. The Italian was in his element. He went around personally saying hi to everybody. When he reached Laura he shook her hand. He was a handsome man, too handsome for a fifty year old. He obviously worked out as his body was sculpted in perfect dimensions. The cologne he wore was musky with a hint of earth. Or was it his aftershave? Laura could not tell. "Miss Laura, I'm glad you could join us." he said softly kissing her hand. Laura blushed struggling to say something. Why did she act like a schoolgirl in front of handsome men? "I was very impressed with your masterly of the cello," he continued. She blurted out a curtsy not knowing what to say. It was said that conductor Pablo could have any

woman he wanted. Notwithstanding that he was married to a Czech super model. As he continued on Laura reprimanded herself. What was she thinking, drooling over a man old enough to be her father?

The orchestra roared to life, the symbols and notes coming alive in the capable hands of the players. The acclaimed soloist Madam Adeline was amazing, the cadenza was magnificent; that moment when all the instruments go quiet leaving only the soloist. The underlying theme was movement; going from one mood to the next. From the old to the new. Rehearsals always ended too soon for her, and it was time to go. Most of her colleagues had other gigs. Laura only played at the orchestra. She helped the librarian organize the sheet music when she had free time. The assistant director called her over as she was going to the records office. “Laura, please help me with today’s score. I am really tied up.” she asked.

“Be glad to.” Laura affirmed.

Nobody was allowed to leave with the music sheets before a big performance. Somebody might leak it. The orchestra world was full of con artists, a new piece from a big composer like Pablo would fetch a pretty price particularly from the many ‘music’ magazines out there. One of the A3 sized sheets dropped to the floor. While picking it up, a sharp pain shot up her leg. She’d unknowingly put pressure on the

swollen knee. Without meaning to Laura cried out in pain. The room went quiet several people rushing to her.

“What is wrong? Are you alright?” Somebody asked.

Everybody knew she was the youngest. They treated her like a kid sister. Now concern was in everybody’s faces. Even the great Pablo was fussing over her.

“It is nothing. I had a minor car accident yesterday. Only a bit of swelling here.” she pleaded.

“A car accident? And you didn’t think of telling us?” the assistant conductor, a motherly woman demanded.

Soon everything was getting blown out of proportion. “This is very serious. If it gets worse you could miss the main performance. Then where will I get another cello player who knows the music? You should rest this week. We will replace you as we cannot put you or the performance at risk” Pablo said after looking at her knee for a few seconds.

Laura wondered which of the two he was more concerned about. She explained for the umpteenth time that she was fine. After a lot of back and forth the assistant director came up with what seemed like a deal. Laura would see a doctor, get medication and if the doctor affirmed she was fit to perform then her practice would continue. The assistant

wanted to know if Laura needed a ride to the hospital. Laura decided to take the taxi instead.

She knew they were only trying to help. All of them apart from Pablo who she thought was more worried about the performance. The taxi dropped her at the main entrance of Girts Medical center hospital. The entrance was right next to the ER. It seemed irresponsible to be bothering the hospital with her small problem while there were obviously people who needed the service more. Finally she worked up the courage and approached the reception. The nurse manning the desk gave her a card to fill up. Bless her aunt for keeping her health cover updated. The nurse glanced at her card and promptly issued her with a pass. “Doctor Mathew at room 51. A nurse will be over shortly to escort you.” She said. Laura waited on the bench.

A nurse carrying a file folder approached shortly. “Laura Daniels?” she inquired. Laura responded to the positive. “I am Agnes. Please follow me.” She gestured. Laura followed the black nurse down the hallway and finally round a corner. The room they were going through read “general physician”. Inside was a couch with two people seated. They seemed to be a couple; Laura wondered what had brought them there. Agnes gave her a chair and went through a white door on the left; the doctor would see her soon. After a few minutes she realized why the couple was there. A boy of about four came out smiling. His hand had a cast which had just been applied. The young lad must have broken his arm. He

stood there grinning at his parents when the doctor followed and gave them a prescription paper to take to the pharmacy.

“One more thing...,” he said to the boy just as they were about to leave. “I haven’t signed your cast” the doctor took out a pen from his coat and made an autograph in the young boys cast. The boy broke out into a big smile delighted beyond words.

The Doctor glanced up at Laura and a lump formed in her throat. “It seems you’re next. Miss err...” he asked.

“Me? Laura, Laura Daniels.” she stammered looking at the brown piercing eyes of the doctor. Why did she sound like a little girl?

“Come on in Miss Daniels, I’m Doctor Mathew.” he said with a smile, heading inside the office.

“Excuse me, should I bring in my handbag or leave it outside here?” Laura fumbled.

“It is okay, you can take it inside,” Nurse Agnes replied with a smile.

The walls of the office were green. Besides the small desk, a chair and the file cabinet there wasn’t any other furniture in the room. A white curtain ran along the length of

the room partitioning it into two. Nurse Agnes gave the doctor her file.

He read it and looked at her. “What happened to your knee?” He asked.

Laura narrated her incident to him trying to avert her eyes from his piercing eyes. “And now without a medical clearance they will not allow me to play in the orchestra this weekend.” She finished.

“You play in the orchestra?” The Doctor asked.

“Yes, I play the cello.” She said with a hint of a smile.

“A cello player? That’s exciting work. I occasionally go to the orchestra myself, as a fan.” The doctor countered.

Doctor Mathew knew most of the big performances in the Boston orchestra. “You are supposed to be in Tales of the Wind this weekend?” He asked.

Laura’s face shone with happiness. “Yes, if I get the medical clearance.” She said looking at him with her kindest eyes. The doctor laughed. He was definitely older than her, with grey strands of hair that appeared silver on the lining of

his hair cut. The white coat he wore hugged his bulging shoulders, doctor Mathew exercised regularly it would seem. Laura was so lost in her assessment of him that he had to repeat again.

“Let me take a look at that knee.” he was saying, gesturing to the curtain. The nurse escorted her to the other side of the partition, it comprised of only a small examination bed. Doctor Mathew took a deep sigh. What was happening to him; his heart was beating rapidly. The first time he had seen Laura in the reception, he’d caught his breath. She was very stunning in an innocent way. Her voice was gentle with a soprano he’d never heard before. He saw tens of female’s every day; why was Laura having such an effect on him. Doctor Mathew had lost his wife six months ago, and for the past couple of weeks he’d found himself remembering her more often. Maybe this was the reason he was so infatuated with the oval eyed girl, the short skirt that showed her lovely legs could also have something to do with it.

Laura sat on the bed, and the nurse started taking her vitals. The nurse removed the thermometer from her mouth. Her body temperature was normal. Doctor Mathew came over, and knelt to take a look at the knee. He was breathing heavily as he felt the swollen part. His fingers circled the hard swell, Laura pulled her leg away.

“I’m sorry, is that painful? He asked looking at her. “yes, a little bit” she lied quickly looking at the green wall.

She could not explain what she'd felt when his fingers had touched her, but it wasn't pain. The doctor took her leg again. "Let us check if there are any other swells on your leg." He said. Laura nodded in silence. He started from her ankle, working his way up. His fingers probing till he got to her knee. He avoided the problematic area, and went to her lower thighs. Laura gasped when his firm fingers touched her soft thigh. He looked up startled, "Do you feel anything there?" he asked.

She felt something alright, but it wasn't what he was asking. "No, Doctor, I'm just a little tired." She replied. What was happening to her? She could feel something building up in her whenever the handsome doctor touched her. "Okay Laura, I'll prescribe some drugs for you. Your knee will need a rub-on relief, a special ointment to prevent the swelling from getting any worse. I will show you how to do it the first time, then you can go home and get some rest. Rub it on the swollen area every day before you go to sleep until the swelling disappears, okay?" He asked. She nodded in agreement. While on the outside Laura looked all composed, inside she was in turmoil. A rubbing ointment? She could not imagine the doctor rubbing anything on her. What would her reaction be? The funny thing was that she was kind of looking forward to it.

Doctor Mathew went over to the table and started filling out a prescription form. The nurse soon came with a bottle of clear liquid. Laura felt a sense of disappointment when she saw Nurse Agnes bend down and start pouring some

of the ointment to her hand. The nurse would be performing the exercise. Laura had hoped the good doctor would be the one to do it. The nurse started to apply the ointment on her knee. At first slowly then faster and faster, pain shot up her leg.” That hurts” Laura pleaded. Doctor Mathew quickly came to the bed parting the curtain on the way. “Let me do it, Agnes,” he said taking the bottle from her. “We are just about done for today, go and see if the ER needs any help” he said authoritatively. “Okay, Doctor.” the nurse acknowledged passing the ointment. Doctor Mathew was left holding the bottle with Laura staring at him. His eyes were hazy as he looked at the young girl in front of him. Her auburn hair hang loosely around her head, her cotton top heaved up and down as she breathed.

“Do not be afraid, I’ll be real gentle” he said as he went to work. Pouring some of the ointment in his palm he rubbed his hands together. After that he carefully placed his palm on Laura’s swollen knee. She closed her eyes for the pain to come. It never came. He very gently caressed her knee with the ointment. His eyes glanced at her and saw the closed eyes. She was indeed beautiful, with a lovely body. He could see the way her clothes covered her. As he continued applying the ointment his eyes darted to look between her legs, white panties with a blue lacing stared back at him. His hand quivered aching to pull them down but he restrained himself. She looked so innocent with her eyes closed. The doctor realized he’d strayed from the knee, his palm was now running dangerously close to her thighs. Laura was silent her mouth now a little open.

Her red rosy lips were trembling with the rhythm of his movement on her leg. He caressed her swollen knee further. Rubbing the ointment deeper and deeper. Her legs arched upwards with every stroke of his fingers. Doctor Mathew could feel himself getting hard as she buckled on the bed. Clearly she was enjoying fighting a losing battle with her body. Doctor Mathew was getting bold, his hands left the knee area and slowly he rubbed her outer thigh. When she didn't protest he went on, rubbing more of the ointment in both hands he started caressing her revealed thighs. Using both hands he went up and down repeatedly. When she bit her tongue and opened her eyes he stopped. "You're so beautiful Laura" he said. Laura snapped from her trance. "Thank you, Doctor. Is it done yet? She inquired. "Yes it is done" he said getting up. What he wouldn't give to be able to continue exploring her.

Laura was afraid to get off the bed. She felt funny down there. Her panties felt damp between her legs. The doctor stood up from his bending position, and she was surprised to see he had a huge hard on. The height to the floor from the bed now seemed higher. The doctor came to her rescue helping her off the examination bed. He held her hand as she got off. She could smell his mild cologne, so manly. As he held her down Laura involuntarily leaned on his chest. He wrapped his arms around her neck, and they stared into each other's eyes. He looked so handsome. The storm inside her started blowing again. Nobody could tell how their lips touched. One minute they were staring like love struck

teenagers and the next kissing hungrily. His mouth was warm, and his hand tightened around her neck.

All she could think about was how hot it felt. He ran his hand over her top rubbing the hidden nipples. She moaned in pleasure. Laura had never felt anything this good. Kelvin had not made her body burn up like this. She pressed her body on his chest finally breaking the kiss. His hands found the lining between her blouse top and skirt, making contact with her naked belly. She lifted her hands placing them on his shoulders. All inhibition now gone they were panting like puppies as he made subtle caresses on her belly. His hands went further up, on reaching her brassiere he cupped both her boobs with his hands. She moaned some more urging him on. He rubbed her brassiere stirring wonderful sensations that ran all over her chest. Without noticing she parted her legs, the doctor now stood his massive frame between them as she sat on the bed. She could feel the heat coming from his manhood. Unclasping the bra from the back his hands let the brassiere fall inside the cotton top. Her tits were now bare, and yearning to be touched.

He continued stroking her back. She wriggled her back and he read her perfectly. His experienced hands found the bare nipples. He rubbed them pinching them softly. Laura could feel her nipples get hard. He seemed to get turned on some more and without warning he picked her up by the waist. Her legs automatically went to his back, tightening around his waist. He stood in the middle of the small office holding her

ass as she pressed tighter. His protruding stiffness was pressed firmly on her panties, which were visible, her skirt tangled up in the waist. Together they started grinding through their clothes. Her panties finally slid to one side exposing her womanhood to his rock hard erection, still tucked in the black trousers. It feels so good Laura thought. He looked at her and she saw raw desire in his eyes.

They kissed again, this time with a raw primal need. He sat down on the small chair, and Laura was now straddling him. He planted kisses on her face, finding the seam of her blouse, he helped her to remove it. The top fell to the floor with the brassiere wrapped inside. He buried his tongue in her chest, tasting her enormous breasts. Laura closed her eyes delighted by the new sensation. He curled his tongue around her nipples, each one in turn. Her panties were now soaked. His expert fingers went down her back until they reached the crack of her butt. With one finger he traced her crack to her back, lifting her slightly her vagina throbbed when it was touched. Was she too wet? Would he get turned off? She did not want him to stop. On finding her so wet, Doctor Mathew went into a rave. It seemed he liked that she was so turned on, so wet. Once again he got up, but this time he carried her to the examination bed, laying her on her back. She hid her face with her hand shyly, feeling vulnerable all of a sudden.

“Do you like what I’m doing to you?” He asked as he fondled her breasts. Laura was silent. “Do you want me to stop?” He continued inquiring.

“No, please don’t stop.” she managed to reply though her mouth felt very dry.

The doctor smiled, obviously relieved. He got onto the bed with her. His tongue went to work again as he made a path from her boobs down to her belly. This time he didn’t stop there, he kissed her navel and went further down. She grabbed his head in alarm. “Don’t worry I won’t hurt you” he assured her, kissing the hands that restrained him. She gave herself up to the storm once again. His tongue licked her waist till it found the lining of her skirt. He pulled the skirt down till it reached her knees. Then he licked the top of her exposed panties. He ran his tongue all over her hidden crotch, and Laura exclaimed in pleasure.

“There, Doctor, right there.” she said as his tongue found a spot that made her delirious. He pulled her panties to one side leaving her clit exposed. When he twirled his tongue around it and sucked she gave out a small scream. Her pink pussy was now throbbing, aching for more. He was not in a hurry. His tongue continued tasting her, finally burying itself inside her hairless mound. She screamed again, now louder.

He removed her panties together with the skirt in her knees. She lay there in front of him totally naked with only her hand hiding her face. He threw his white coat away, and his tie followed soon after. Parting her legs he inserted a finger in her

vagina, the moistness sucked the finger in, the walls closing on it like a vacuum machine. Laura wriggled her ass asking for more fingers inside her. He obliged and started shaking the finger inside her. It was too much for poor Laura. She grabbed his shoulders bringing him down to her. She held on to him so tightly that he couldn't make any movements with his finger. He removed it and she yelped to the sensation. He removed his belt unfastening his trousers in the process. Then he pressed his hard penis, still in the boxers, to her naked pussy. The feeling of his hardness on her brought about a deep need in the depths of her stomach. She clung to him tightly, and the doctor started to pound her with his hidden cock. The feeling in her stomach increased in intensity and Laura was soon making sweet noises as the doctor worked her. Is this how it felt? She wanted all of it.

“I want you doctor, deep inside.” she said in a timid voice. He did not wait for another invitation. He got rid of his shirt, and Laura looked in awe at the well-formed body. She ran her fingers over his white chest hair, and through his muscular shoulder blades. He kissed her, slowly and sensually. Laura massaged his back; she wanted to feel that cock. Her hand finally got into his trousers, and inside the boxers. His cock was massive; it felt like a snake with veins running its breadth. She put her small fingers around it and massaged. The doctor groaned in pleasure. She caressed the shaft running her fingers up and down. The doctor kissed her deeply, sinking his tongue in her mouth. They moved together as she caressed his cock, and he kissed her passionately for a while.

He disengaged from her hold and with one swift motion threw his pants to the floor. With only boxers on and Laura lying naked before him he was reaching his climax fast. He pressed his boxers on her crotch again and began grinding. Laura did not want any more of that. She needed him inside of her. "I want you inside of me; please, I want you to be my first." She begged. The doctor stopped his motions immediately.

"Your first? You haven't done this before?" He asked with lots of concern.

"No, I haven't" she answered.

"Maybe this is not such a good idea" the doctor hesitated.

"No, please don't stop" Laura replied pulling him to her.

When he saw the curve of her hip rounding off to the mystery beneath her navel, all of his reservations quickly went away. She tried to touch his cock but the boxer was on the way. Half sitting she removed the troublesome boxers, and finally the cock stood erect in front of her face. Her mouth went to its tip giving the massive member a kiss. The doctor held her head, she ran her tongue all the way down to the

shaft. There was no taste to it just the smell of sex in the air. When she reached the base she rolled her tongue all over his balls. The doctor moaned a deep groan. She then took his massive tip inside her mouth. She could feel the veins pumping in her mouth as it went in and out, fucking her cute mouth. The doctor was now holding tightly to her head, pushing his cock inside her warm mouth. He quickly pulled it out, when he was just about to explode. He pushed her back to the bed and separated her legs. Slowly he placed the tip of his hard cock on her opening. She twisted trying to get it inside.

“Patience, Laura” he instructed. His cock softly pressed to her pussy lips, it danced around the moistness. Inch by inch he pressed inside, slowly at first and then with more intent. She gasped as the tip of his manliness went inside her. A pleasure that she’d never felt before enveloped her. The doctor knew what he was doing. He thrust in and out using only the tip of his penis. He wanted her all wet, finally with a firmer stroke he urged his shaft inside her. Laura wrapped her arms around him crying in pain and pleasure. With a final stroke he thrust his entire cock inside her, before she could scream he started making love to her, pumping in and out with an unrelenting urgency. Laura felt the dick inside her, strong and hard, her whole body vibrated as he thrust into her with more venom. This was better than she’d expected. The way the doctor moved turned her even more. His tight butt diving into her was the most erotic sight she’d ever seen. The storm inside her was increasing, soon she would explode.

“Do not stop, Doctor, make love to me!” she implored. He thrust in harder, and she lifted herself to meet him.

His body felt weightless on top of her. Each time he went in a shiver would rise from his cock to her body. It felt like nothing she ever experienced. When she thought she was about to burst and couldn't take it anymore he stopped. “go on; don't stop now.” she said. He did not reply but turned her over. Laura's back now facing the doctor. She felt his cock on her bare buttocks. The doctor was running it up and down her exposed vagina. His hands picked her up, propping her behind up. Laura knew this style, the famous dog style. It felt slutty bending over in front of the doctor. His hard cock probed her until it squeezed inside her warmth again. He started pumping as soon as it was in. In this angle he felt bigger inside her. Every thrust was met, Laura seeking to fill the overwhelming need. He dug in harder and harder, and she had to hold on to the bed rails for support. He grabbed her waist, then her hair in his hands. Her pussy was now filled to the maximum; she could feel nothing else but him now. The storm was brewing, soon she would explode. The knock on the door became louder. Neither the doctor nor Laura could hear it. They were entangled in a maddening mating session. The doctor could not take his eyes off her back, her ass and her hair as the whole body rocked to his thrusts. The knock became louder.

“Doctor Mathew, are you inside there?” Nurse Agnes asked, knocking on the door once again. The doctor could hear

Agnes but he couldn't stop. He wanted to go on and never stop. Laura felt so good

“DOCTOR!” the nurse shouted from outside. They stopped their rhythm suddenly, reality finally dawning on them. Doctor Mathew removed his hard cock from her.

“No,” Laura pleaded, knowing it was over.

The doctor gave her a kiss on the forehead.” We have to stop Laura, I'm sorry.”

They put on their clothes quickly, and he made her sit at the table. He then proceeded to open the door. “Agnes, “sorry about that, Miss Daniels had some complications. I was giving her the full body checkup.”

“What complications, Doctor?” the nurse inquired.

“Everything is all taken care of. There is nothing to worry about, is there, Laura? Doctor Mathew asked.

“I am all good now doctor” she replied her eyes shimmying around shyly.

The nurse did not seem convinced. She picked some files and saw herself out, all the time eyeing the room suspiciously. “That was close” Doctor Matthew said exhaling a deep sigh of relief. Laura wanted to finish what they had started, but the mood didn’t seem right. Doctor Mathew gave her the bottle of ointment and some pain killers. He gave her the prescription form and a letter confirming that she was fit to play in the performance. “This should do it” he said. He then gave her his card, in case of any complications. “You can always come to my office, Saturday afternoons are ideal for dealing with any unfinished complications.” He said with a straight face. Laura knew exactly what he meant.

The next morning, Laura went straight to the conductor’s office and handed the assistant her clearance letter. Pablo the great was nowhere to be seen, but his assistant assured her everything was in order; she could join the others for the rehearsals. Laura skipped outside the orchestra building and into the café where Selina was waiting. After their usual niceties complete with the kisses, they focused on the coffee. Selina sipped the coffee and washed down the delicious looking cookie. “How was the medical check? Are you all good now?” She asked.”

“I don’t even feel the swell in my knee anymore. I got a great doctor who rubbed this magic medicine and poof, it went away.” Laura said.

“Wow, that is great, at least you can wear your heels for the big performance.” Selina said.

“I’ll be the most gorgeous cello player in the whole stage” Laura joked. They laughed in unison.

“The doctor also popped my cherry” Laura said as a matter of fact.

Selina looked at her in disbelief.” Get out of here. You’re joking” she said looking for signs of a joke in her friends face. When it sank in Selina let out a shocked scream. Everybody in the small cafe looked at them like they were crazy. Laura went on to narrate the most erotic experience of her life.

The performance had gone well the previous night. Everybody had been brilliant. The musical magazines and websites were already calling it the “performance of the year.” Laura negotiated her bug around the corner and held her breath. It was Saturday afternoon and ahead was her destination. She was going back to the hospital. She had not called Doctor Mathew in advance. She just didn’t know what to say. The hospital was not as busy as the last time she was there. She ignored the reception and headed straight to room

51. The waiting area was empty, Nurse Agnes was nowhere to be seen. She knocked on the white door suddenly feeling stupid. What was she doing here?

“Come on in” a deep bass said.

She slowly got in.

“Laura, you came!” doctor Mathew said standing up from his desk. He was wearing blue denim trousers today, with the same white coat he had the last time. She didn’t whether to hug, shake his hand or kiss him. He on the other hand knew exactly what to do with the stunning beauty standing in front of him. He drew her to him, closing his mouth on hers. He wanted to feel her tongue on his. Pushed her backwards, pinning her tight dress to the door. With one hand he locked the door, while the other caressed her waist. Laura was already burning up and she struggled to remove his pants. The denim fell to the ground, revealing the huge bulge in his shorts. She touched the erect cock and it hardened in her hand.

Doctor Mathew went crazy when she touched him. He pulled the dress up to her waist and started caressing her pussy through the panties. His mind remembered how she felt, a sense of urgency engulfed him. He ripped the panties to one side and to his surprise they came off. She was now bare, waiting for him. He parted her thighs and inserted his finger inside the warmth. She cried out in pleasure when he rubbed

her clit. She couldn't wait anymore; directing the stiff cock  
Laura saddled him. He pounded her pussy there on the door,  
her legs swinging wildly behind him.

When he exploded into her, Laura clung tightly to him.  
All unresolved complications were now settled.

## Story Two

“In Clinical Chemistry, fats are called lipids. There are two types of lipids based on content; these are the good and bad lipids. Anyone here who can give examples of good and bad lipids?” Professor Ellis asked his class.

Dr. Justin Ellis, 43, single, was nicknamed “CC Terror” because of his ability to reduce his students into bumbling idiots during his lectures. His gelled black hair, arched eyebrow, piercing eyes, and thin, determined lips further enhanced his undesirable image.

A few students raised their hands, but Justin deliberately ignored them. “Miss Stuart,” he bellowed.

Brenda Stuart bolted from her chair with a start. She was petite but properly proportioned; small upright breasts, shapely legs and firm rumps. Her shoulder-length brown hair, alluring lips, sharp nose and soulful, black eyes enhanced her exotic beauty.

“Examples of good lipids are vegetable and fruit oils, while bad lipids are meat fat,” Brenda confidently answered.

“Correct,” Justin acknowledged, “those delicious cheese burgers and pork chops you voraciously eat every day

are rich in bad fats. When bad fats are in excess in your bloodstream, this will increase your risk of developing heart diseases,” he pointed to one plump student. The student cringed. “These bad fats can come in the form of triglyceride and cholesterol that have the chemical structures...”

He turned his back to write the chemical formula on the white board. His back was broad and he had perfectly sculptured shoulders that extended to brawny arms and long, sturdy legs. These were evident underneath his immaculate, grey suit.

The whole class fell into strained silence as he whisked through the formula without difficulty. His mastery of the subject matter was a well-known fact in the university, so no one dared to question his stringent teaching style. He was good looking too and students had fallen for him countless of times despite his stern persona. But Justin had remained indifferent to them all.

His dedication to his craft and his patience to extend his working hours to tutor students patiently were also legendary.

Throughout all the years, he remained single. This prompted some rumors that he was gay.

The bell rang and the students bade goodbye as they left the room.

But Brenda stayed rooted to her chair.

“What’s the matter, Miss Stuart? Do you have something to say?” Justin threw her a menacing squint.

Brenda approached him, her steps unfaltering. “Sir... may I ask something?” Brenda’s voice rang loud and clear. “Why do you always pick on me?”

Justin’s face turned cloudy and his eyes widened. “And why do you say so, Miss Stuart?” He bristled.

“It’s obvious, there’s not a day in class that you don’t ask me a question,” Brenda declared. She felt she was being wronged.

“Do you know that every time you recite, you’d be awarded points?” Justin asked her, his thick eyebrows up in consternation. “I’m giving you a chance to graduate with honors,” he continued.

“But ...” Brenda protested.

“Your lowest grade is CC, and I’m insulted that you don’t learn enough from me,” he revealed, exasperated.

“Well, it’s because I find it hard to memorize chemical structures and reactions. Chemistry was never my favorite subject.”

Justin’s eyes crinkled in amusement. “You don’t really memorize, Miss Stuart. You have to understand first before you can write down those formulas,” he quipped.

“Okay, can I see you tomorrow then for tutoring?” Brenda queried expectantly.

Justin hesitated for a full minute before replying. “Do you really need tutoring? Or do you merely want to annoy me?”

“Sir, didn’t you say CC is my lowest grade? I want to improve my grade in the finals,” Brenda explained.

After classes, the following day, Brenda occupied one of the small discussion rooms in the school library. Justin arrived 10 minutes later, carrying a few books with him.

After some brief words of greetings, they sat down and the one-on-one tutoring started.

“When you think about chemical structures, think about an important person you care about,” Justin eyed her under his dark lashes.

“Sir?” Brenda stared at him, not being able to comprehend. “Like a boyfriend?” she blurted out. He’s so handsome, she thought. Is he really gay? She wanted to know.

“Yes, what are his significant qualities that you love about him?”

“But I don’t have a boyfriend; I’m still trying to find one,” her shyness was slowly receding in the background. “If you can find me one, I would appreciate it.”

Justin seemed not to hear her statement. But lines started to appear on his forehead. “Let’s say you have one, what are the qualities that you would most likely remember?”

“I would remember if he is kind, witty and a good lover.” Was he flirting with her? Brenda wasn’t sure.

“So, those traits will help you understand him. The same is true with substances. They have also specific characteristics that make them different. These properties will help you remember their chemical structures,” Justin wrote on the pad before him as he spoke.

Brenda was staring at his beautiful hands, mesmerized by how long and lean his fingers were. How would it feel to have those slender fingers touch my face? Her heart raced.

“Hello,” he snapped his fingers before her face. “Are you paying attention? Or shall we end this session?” Justin was visibly angry.

“Sir, I’m sorry,” Brenda touched Justin’s hands with a slight caress.

Justin abruptly stood up. “I think we’ll end here,” he snarled and gathered his things before storming out of the room.

Brenda watched him with amusement in her eyes. The professor is definitely human; he reacted to my touch, she thought. Perhaps this is her chance to score a higher mark in the finals.

During the days that followed, Brenda was bent on achieving her goal. She listened carefully and jotted essential information during Justin's lectures and in the evenings, she studied diligently. However, she still encountered difficulty in writing down chemical structures and in solving laboratory math problems.

"Sir, kindly tutor me for a week," she pleaded. "I have to earn a higher grade in your subject."

Justin was shaking his head eyeing her cautiously.

"Please, sir."

He gritted his teeth and said, "Okay, but be serious this time. Come tomorrow after classes at the same venue."

The next day, Brenda arrived in the library an hour earlier. Justin came just in time. He looked dashing in his light green shirt and beige coat and tie.

He's such a nerd and a stuck-up, Brenda grinned impishly. Wait till I get my hands on his phallus. She smiled, elated to have a challenge on her doorstep. She loved challenges!

“Let’s start about the various specific properties of these substances,” Justin used a pad paper to write on.

They were seated, side by side, on the small table; their bodies close and their knees and shoulders almost touching. From afar, they were like lovers planning for their wedding. Brenda can smell the clean, tangy odor of his cologne, and it made her want to lean closer to him.

Justin sensed this and he tried to move farther, but ...

“Is the double bond found in this carbon atom?”  
Brenda pointed to the diagram on the table.

He had to move back closer to see what she was pointing at. As she pointed, her cleavage appeared. She did it on purpose to seduce the professor. His eyes darted to the smooth curves of her firm breasts.

Brenda heard his pulse thunder, while his eyes twitched and his pupils dilated. It took several interminable seconds before he replied, “Yes, yes, that carbon atom.”

“The esters will normally attach to this double bond and discard one hydrogen atom, right?” Brenda peered at him at close quarters that they were nearly kissing. She could smell his minty hot breath against her lips.

Brenda expected him to pull away but he was galvanized into inaction, his eyes transfixed on her inviting lips, and her hot body rousing a wild animal instinct from within him.

“Right,” he murmured gruffly, tensing up. He was thinking, good heavens; this little brat is seducing me.

Brenda’s thighs were now gently rubbing against his. She had been educated since primary school in a convent, under the strict supervision of nuns; that was why she was still a virgin at 19. She wanted to get laid and experience the mind-blowing orgasm that her roommates were avidly talking about.

The library was closing in an hour and they were not yet done with the chapter.

“Can we continue the lessons in your house?” Brenda leaned on him as close as she could, and breath into his ear. “I may be able to share some important info as well,” she licked her upper lips as she spoke.

Justin was speechless. It was the first time that his body reacted wildly. There were similar instances before but he had managed to remain calm and indifferent. He was astonished that Brenda was able to arouse his lustful feelings.

His penis was awakening from its deep slumber. His mind refused, but his body clamored for more.

Brenda knew she won. She cleared the table and stood up, “let’s go, professor.”

Without a word, Justin followed her like an automaton. He was in a daze and seemed to be hypnotized. She knew exactly where his car was parked. Justin opened the door for her and she stepped in giddily, joyful of her success.

In the car, she rested her hands on Justin’s thigh indifferently. Justin gasped. Then she began caressing it. He trembled and his dick started to rise to the occasion. “Stop, we’re on school grounds,” he whispered sharply at her.

She stopped and transferred her hand into her own breasts. “Do you know that I’m still a virgin?” she stated, as he started driving away from the university premises. “I want you to deflower me, Dr. Justin Ellis,” she whispered lustily, deliberately showing him how she was fondling her breasts.

Justin glanced at her, “You’re my student,” he said sotto-voce, trying to maintain his composure. “This is prohibited.”

“I’m an adult and will be graduating next month. What’s there to stop us?” she stated, dismayed at his prudence.

He swallowed as Brenda continued toying with her tits and nipples. “I’ve mastered masturbation because there were no men around,” she disclosed, inserting her hands inside her panty. Justin’s manhood stood erect as the musky scent of vaginal juices emanated from her. She was wet and ready.

He abruptly braked to a stop and opened the door. “Please, get out,” he barked in a controlled voice. His face was a mask of conflicting emotions.

Brenda was certain that he was ready to go off any moment. She attempted to stay put but he pushed her off the door, and left her standing forlornly at the curb.

She was indignant and frustrated. You’re a pompous prig, she yelled at him silently, her body smoldering with unfulfilled desires. To hell with you, she gritted her teeth and began walking towards her dorm. If that’s what you want, I’ll give it to you, she muttered to herself.

It took superhuman effort for Justin to let Brenda go, when all he wanted was to hold her in his arms, kiss her and fuck her until she cries out loud for more. He had to make sure

that it wasn't merely a shot out of the blue. She was his student after all. He felt a moral obligation to take care of her.

School the next day was a pain in the ass. Brenda, her body worn-out and grieving had lost all its energy. She was listless as she prepared herself for school. I'll show him that it didn't matter to me at all, she decided firmly.

She entered the class beaming with false gaiety, "Good morning everyone, anyone interested in a party tonight?" She announced. "There will be drinks and food, my treat," her classmates cheered, and that was when the professor walked in.

"What's the riot all about?" Justin queried.

"Miss Stuart has invited us for some drinks this evening," someone piped in.

"Oh, I see," Justin turned to stare at Brenda, who was intentionally flirting with one of her classmates.

During class, Justin and Brenda acted like nothing happened the day before. Justin did not call Brenda to recite and she didn't volunteer. Even after classes, she left through the backdoor ignoring Justin.

Justin was visibly bothered and he was not able to concentrate on work for the whole afternoon. That girl is a fiery animal, he decided, she stops at nothing to get what she wants. He knew it and yet, he was inexplicably attracted to her, like moth to a flame.

He had been pacing restlessly for a whole hour until he could not stand it any longer. That girl can get into trouble by her stubbornness. She might just get laid by anyone she encounters in the party, he assumed. He raced to the party's venue and was greeted by boisterous students.

"It's great you were able to come sir, Professor Walker is here, as well," one student volunteered.

"Have you seen Miss Stuart? He asked.

"She's with Professor Walker."

Justin's heart did a somersault. Was she now flirting with John?

The party was at its peak, with people in the dance floor and some in the swimming pool, all holding their glasses of wine or bottles of beer. There were some students necking

at the pool, and he presumed that some were upstairs doing their ‘thing’ in the private rooms.

Brenda was indeed with Professor Walker. She was beaming at him and listening intently.

There were butterflies in Brenda’s stomach when she saw Justin come in. So, he cares after all, she mused, or was she wrong?

“Justin,” John called out to him, “I thought you won’t be attending.”

“There was nothing to do at home, so I came. They’re our seniors anyway,” he pretended to be unfazed, but Brenda can see through his façade. Liar! She seethed.

“I was discussing with Brenda the Serology experiment I’ll be adding to the lab list,” John explained to Justin.

“I see,” Justin said, trying to catch Brenda’s eyes, but she refused to look at him. “Then, I’ll see you around.”

His footsteps were heavy as he left and plopped himself in the sofa at a near by area. He positioned himself in

such a way that he had a good vantage point of where Brenda and John were seated.

Justin's heart bolted when he saw John touched her lips to remove an imaginary speck of food. Afterwards, they were touching their glasses for a toast, laughing merrily and cozily listening to each other's stories.

Justin was in pain. Did he truly care about her? He always had a soft spot where she was concerned. For all his strictness, he wanted her to graduate with a Latin distinction such as, Cum Laude, Magna Cum Laude or Summa Cum Laude.

He watched them closely as they talked earnestly. It was apparent that they were in the process of developing a great bond between them, and he felt a pang of jealousy consuming his soul. He knew then that he truly cared for her, and he had to talk to her before the night was over. He patiently waited for that chance.

He saw that chance when Brenda stood up and made a beeline for the John. Justin blocked her path as she came out. He yanked her and forced her into a space behind the awnings. Without a word, he kissed her ardently, claiming her lips as his own.

Brenda was astonished by his abrupt onslaught, and she tried to break away from his tight embrace but he was too strong for her. She laughed inwardly, so now, you have come to your senses, you jerk. Do you think I would wait for you forever? Unknowingly, she had responded to his kiss; her plans of taking revenge all forgotten as she clung to him and savored his kisses. They separated with difficulty.

“I’m sorry Brenda for sending you home the last time. I was concerned of your welfare,” he disclosed, his eyes pleading.

She had planned to ignore him but her emotions overpowered her and she replied by leaning on his muscular chest.

“We can continue our discontinued lesson at my house tonight,” Justin suggested. Brenda nodded, speechless, and they sneaked out, not bothering to alert anyone.

They held hands and contented themselves in caressing each other, controlling their passion because they knew that it would be wonderful to make love in his own room, without time constraint.

However, it was just too much for them to bear. They couldn’t hold on any longer. Home was 5 miles away and they

were caught in traffic.

His dick had grown even bigger and it was straining from beneath his slacks. Justin stepped on the brakes when Brenda suddenly ran a finger along the length of his organ. Damn, he cursed, why can't I resist this girl? She's a glaring red light. But I want to fuck her right now. He had not been attracted to a female since his last affair with a colleague a year ago. He masturbated every now and then, nonetheless.

“Shall I free the puppy from its jail term now?” Brenda crooned.

Justin nodded; his face red with passion and his cock, huge as an asp, ready to nab its victim.

She quietly unzipped him and released his angry organ, which sprang readily, protruding upwards, mightily. The throbbing, living piece of flesh captured her heart and soul. She gasped and stroked it tentatively, running her hands along the small engorged veins that snaked around it.

The car finally started crawling forward again. There was still heavy traffic because it was rush hour. They were so horny they wanted prompt gratification. He was trying hard to focus his eyes on the road. But he couldn't.

She massaged his cock with her right hand, enclosing it in the warmth of her fingers. Her fingers went up and down his shaft, very gently, as the other hand twirled his balls, playfully. He was gasping for breath and raising his manhood towards her. He wanted more.

Brenda stooped down and blew air into the tiny hole of his penis. He shuddered and groaned. The car was tinted and was not visible to anyone outside, and the din from their surroundings overcame his groans of delight.

“Suck me,” he commanded. “Go on, suck me.”

But Brenda didn't do so. She pushed the foreskin of his penis and circled its crown with her tongue. Justin sucked in his breath as her tongue whipped that area, once, twice, thrice and again. He grabbed her hair in ecstasy. “Oooooh...” a throaty keening came ripping out of his mouth.

Brenda sucked him then, gradually going deeper and more desperately, as she took in the juicy flesh until she felt him in her throat. Then her mouth moved up and down his shaft, suckling his cock leisurely. The car came to a stop once more and Justin closed his eyes to savor the delightful sensations coming from Brenda's ministrations.

His dick was enormous -around 10 feet - that Brenda nearly choked when Justin raised his hips to meet her mouth. It was just so huge; she could not take it all in. Instead, she used both of her hands and mouth to accommodate his organ. She gripped the base of his thick dick and massaged it with her fingers in a twisting motion as her mouth and tongue sucked and licked its upper portion – not an inch of his cock was left unoccupied. Over and over her tongue and fingers went up and down - gently, tenderly, incessantly.

From what she had heard from friends, the penis was as sensitive as the clit of a woman, so her tongue and mouth rendered service to Justin’s cock just like how she wanted her clit to be venerated.

Within a few minutes, Justin was beside himself in delight. He gripped the wheel tightly and strained for his climax, urging Brenda to go faster and deeper; his hands clutching her hair. “Ummmmm...ummmm,” he groaned, the veins on his forehead bursting with his exertion, “oh holy shit, aaaaah ... ,” he was teetering on the verge of his ejaculation.

Brenda persisted with her blowjob, reverently exploring all the sensitive crevices of his mighty dick, not sparing his two precious balls in the process. She sucked each of them fondly, taking care not to exert excessive pressure. These two eggs are fragile; she smiled contentedly, twirling each of them with her tongue. Justin moaned and trembled in his seat.

Traffic remained at a standstill as Justin continued groaning and murmuring unintelligible phrases until he vaulted and rammed Brenda's head into his cock. He ejaculated profusely into Brenda's seeking mouth, dripping some of it on the car's seat.

"Ooooh ... God ... yes ... that was incredible!" he uttered hoarsely in between his rapid breathing. "For a virgin, you're not bad."

"I've learned the theory from expert friends and I'll have to learn from you about coitus," Brenda purred, her moist pussy wanting to be fondled. "Can we continue the case study in your house?"

Justin helped Brenda wipe themselves off the sticky semen. Its pungent odor pervaded the car that they have to use a car freshener to dissimulate its scent. They held hands afterwards, stroking each other alternately, as the cars started moving forward once again.

They arrived at Justin's house after almost an hour. By then, Justin was hard again and Brenda's pussy was soaking wet, she was certain it was ready for Justin's huge dick.

As soon as they entered the house, Justin frantically clawed at Brenda's clothing, ripping her blouse apart and undressing her as he kissed every inch of her exposed body. She emerged stark naked, her firm breasts craving for attention, her fervid body shivering in anticipation. He pushed her hard against the wall and French-kissed her hard on the mouth, savoring her innocence and pureness. She tasted like a freshly prepared mix of succulent cinnamon and the juiciest strawberries – something he had never tasted before.

“Oh ... ,” Brenda moaned as Justin showered her nape with breezy kisses, his searching tongue bringing wonderful sensations that she only learned at that moment. His kisses were fluffy and teasing, driving her insane. It was like sweet torture, slow and deliberate, but definite and scrumptious. “Ooooooh ... ,” her voice rose in ecstasy.

“We'll have to dilate your narrow opening to welcome my powerful cock,” his voice echoed with passion. “Are you sure about this?” Justin had still lingering doubts about it. “You'll not regret it?”

Brenda shook her head and kissed him in answer to his question.

“I had a crush on you since freshman years, sir, err... Justin,” she professed.

Justin wrapped his arms around her petite frame and returned her kiss with fervor. His tongue worked its way through the erotic spots in her mouth. Brenda did not want to be outdone; her tongue grappled with his and they exchanged mouth juices as they sucked one another, giving off slurping sounds. She stripped him in return, caressing his skin before dropping his clothes on the floor.

He lifted her up easily. “In that case, the first order of the day is to take a shower,” he carried her to the bath tub. “Let’s bathe together.”

Brenda’s cunt was raring to go. She wanted to fill it up so her ‘hunger’ would be assuaged. She was not afraid anymore of the impending pain.

Justin soaped Brenda’s body methodically, taking care to include her armpits, and the folds of her skin. Lovingly, he massaged the soap into her skin, unhurriedly, working the lather, and washing the skin with water afterwards. When he reached her breasts, he sucked her hardened nipples while massaging her tits in circular motion.

They were half submerged in the bath tub water full of soap suds. Brenda let out a contented sigh and groped for his cock. It was slippery as an eel, and twice as big. The professor had a gigantic future; she chuckled and basked in its supersize.

Soon, this “thing” will be invading my pussy. How would it feel to have it ALL in? Her insides quivered with eagerness.

Justin set her on the edge of the bath tub and started soaping her vagina. She spread her thighs wide to provide him full access to her precious jewels. He spent considerable time soaping her womanhood.

“The labia must be extra clean for my tongue to lick later,” he teased her. He took great pains in massaging her clitoris, hitting it with bubbles from the gentle soap.

He squatted in front of her as he washed off the soap from her pussy. She ruffled her hair, relishing the gentle and thorough cleansing of her delicate flower. Every cell in her body was aching with desire.

She did the same to him, lathering his whole body slowly, stroking and caressing each muscle as she washed it. She rinsed off the soap from his cock, while fondling it.

His right hand delved into her pubis, massaging the area steadfastly, his fingers opening her wet petals deftly; first, her labia minora, and then her labia majora. He imagined pointing these parts out as he lectured about them. He cleansed her clitoris the last - the queen of the vagina. He did so with careful attention on the mount of pleasure.

“The clitoris is the most sensitive part of the vagina. It’s the equivalent of the penis in females,” they were both thinking about the lecture Justin conducted during their endocrinology class.

“This is a demonstration of the theoretical portion,” he stated. “This is the clitoris,” he fondled it and tugged it nonchalantly.

Brenda whimpered hungrily, “I know, sir, yes ... it urgently requires your attention now.”

“It’s composed of numerous sensitive nerve endings and women can achieve orgasm by clitoral stimulation,” he informed her, playfully. “I guess we’ll have to go with clitoral orgasm, before vaginal,” he inserted one finger into her vagina and grinned, “Your vagina has to be initiated first,” he grumbled mischievously.

Justin carried her and set her on his study table. Then he knelt and spread Brenda’s thighs wide apart allowing her pussy to be wide-opened. He licked her thighs, and the area around her pussy, sometimes nibbling and sucking the smooth skin of her thighs. When she started rotating her hips, he sucked the lips of her pussy, licking and lapping it like delicious ice cream. His tongue went round and round, and up and down her pussy not touching her clit. These went on for

several minutes until she arched her back and her body trembled. She grabbed his head and urged him on. He then flicked her clit with his tongue.

She gave out a throaty cry of pleasure, “Aaaah... oh, yeah, yeah...”

Justin continued flicking her clit with his tongue, increasing the pace and rhythm. He went on repeatedly until her clit was engorged and throbbing. He then inserted a finger into her pussy, tentatively at first, and then when she screamed with delight, he slid his finger in and out of his cunt. It was tight and slick; her love slit gripping his finger firmly. Eventually her pussy became more slippery and accommodating, he inserted two fingers, sliding them in and out, repeatedly.

“Ooooooh” she cried out loud, jerking her body upwards. “Oh God ... yeah ... yeah.”

The louder Brenda moaned; the more Justin became aroused. His cock increased even bigger in size and was pulsating painfully between his thighs. “Are you ready now?” he grunted.

“Yes, please ... fuck me,” she exclaimed, straining her body towards him.

He cupped her tit with his other hand and they fitted seamlessly into his palm. Her breasts were not voluptuous but they were firm and soft against his kneading fingers. He carried her to an armless chair while sucking her nipples. With one swift motion, he hauled her up and swapped places with her. He was now sitting on the chair and she was sitting astride him; her tits crushed in between their chests and his penis struggling to enter her cunt.

Her vagina was drenched with her own juices and it was demanding gratification. Fuck me! It hollered.

Justin grabbed her ass on both sides and lifted her. He was red in the face with lust and beads of sweat clung to his face. The odor of his pre-cum semen blended with the musky scent of her juices. Brenda understood what he intended to do, and it thrilled her. He would fuck her in a sitting position. She used both legs to tiptoe on both sides of the chair to help him lift her up.

It took a full minute for his cock to find the hole to her love tunnel. It was with difficulty that the crown of his cock entered her pussy. Brenda had to hold it and direct it to her wet cunt. His manhood was so huge, and her 'hole' was just too small for it.

“Hmmm, you’re so tight, honey,” Justin panted, his face contorted in lust. “You’ll have to endure for a while.”

He grabbed her thighs again and lifted her aiming her pussy at his ramrod cock. Brenda wiggled to allow his hard meat inside her cunt. She rotated her hips ignoring the sharp searing pain down there. He raised his hips to thrust and met her halfway. As their groins clashed against each other in vicious passion, Brenda felt a tearing pain. There goes my hymen, she thought. Her longing to be fucked, however, was much more urgent and persistent that she was willing to undergo any pain.

With the continuous thrusting of Justin and her rotating hips, his cock had finally entered to the hilt. She felt like a gigantic elephant trunk has assaulted her pussy. BUT, the incredible sensations coming from it was indescribable. She was floating in the ocean of exquisite delights; each of her senses was being fully gratified.

When Justin withdrew his cock to hump again, her pussy clung tightly refusing to let go, the pleasurable sensation was too much for her, “Aaah ... ooh ... fuck me harder,” her mouth expressed her body’s desires.

Her pleading cries fired up Justin, he withdrew his cock, feeling her virgin cunt sucking it back in, and he went crazy with joy. The friction caused by his manhood and hers,

the sensitive tissues moving against each other, brought primeval sensations that both of them had encountered only then. Though Justin had sexual escapades before, he had not once fucked someone as snug as she was.

“Damn ... you’re skintight ... and slick ... ,” he managed to say in between huffs, as he entered her relentlessly, slamming and grinding his groin against hers in an attempt to get all his dick inside her narrow cunt.

As Justin continued penetrating her with his roaring dick, her pussy became slick as more vaginal juices were secreted and her arousal heightened. Her pain had become an insignificant hum, and her body was ablaze with yearning, the embers of lust had slowly turned into a conflagration that can only be extinguished by a satisfying fuck.

While his penis was busy fucking her, his mouth was also on a quest to conquer Brenda’s lips and tits. Their sitting position made it easier for him to suck her tits when she came down grounding her pussy into his upright cock. Now and then he would suck her mouth as they pause before another penetration.

The tempo was building up and their groans of pleasure echoed inside the room. Their bodies were drenched with sweat in spite of the cool temperature, and their love essences - including a small amount of blood - mixed with one

another. Up and down Brenda rode his bucking stallion, grinding her pussy into his dick, the pain totally forgotten now. She clung to his neck and rode him wildly, stooping to kiss him on the mouth every now and then.

Justin groaned, “Shit ... keep going ... move with me ... aaaaah,” he plunged deeper and wilder.

They moved in unison, slamming their pubis together, uttering words that only they can understand.

“Oh God, aaaah, f...u...c...k meeee!” she screamed and went down heavily into his penis.

There was no stopping the speeding train of their approaching climax. Justin grunted first digging in his cock into her slippery and virgin pussy, then he shuddered and withdrew his cock, massaging it with his fingers as his semen skyrocketed into Brenda’s body. Brenda’s orgasm also broke to the surface, and she sucked his neck as her orgasm erupted and she made animalistic sounds, her body savoring the innumerable pleasures that came with a gigantic orgasm. God, the romance books, were not able to describe these sensations accurately. It was beyond words, she realized.

Justin inserted his still rigid cock into her pussy and pumped again. She convulsed once more in delight, her whole

being was transported to heaven and then back. They kissed and remained glued to each other as the extraordinary sensations responded to their cravings until they subsided altogether.

They lay spent for a full 20 minutes, before they separated and held hands. They slept in each other's arms satisfied and happy.

Brenda had a lilt to her steps the following morning although she still could feel Justin's cock embedded in her pussy. Her pussy was raw, but it was a wonderful feeling, being deflowered by a person she was attracted to. She was blooming and anyone who was smart enough could tell that she had been laid.

“What's up? Your eyes are sparkling.”

Brenda stared at the handsome face of Dr. Walker. “Oh, good morning professor,” she greeted him.

“I have a favor to ask,” he continued. “Can you organize these files for our lab experiment tomorrow?”

“Of course, sir, no problem,” she replied gladly.

“You can join me for lunch, so we can discuss it,” John invited her.

During lunch, Brenda deduced that John was interested in her by the way he gazed at her with yearning in his eyes and by his suggestive body language. He touched her whenever he can, and tried to stay close to her as much as possible.

They talked about the sample they would collect for the Serology experiment the following day.

Brenda enjoyed the company of John. He was witty and jovial and there were no dull moments.

They parted ways when the bell rang for the next class.

It was Justin’s class and Brenda felt a surge of happiness go through her body. The memory of his huge cock inside her brought a broad smile to her lips. He was delicious, she smiled anew.

Justin scanned the room and his eyes rested on Brenda. “How’s everyone?” he asked, his voice elated.

There were mutters of replies but Justin had only eyes for Brenda. There was a perceptible change in the way he treated her; he didn't single her out during the discussions that ensued.

The atmosphere in class had changed drastically as Justin managed to deliver jokes in between his lectures. Students began to relax and the ambiance had a comfortable feel to it. There was also a lively discussion on why excess fats and sugar can cause numerous diseases. Brenda was overjoyed that she was instrumental in bringing a positive change to her class.

Brenda stayed purposely behind to talk to Justin. He grabbed her and locked the door as soon as the last student left.

"I've been missing you a lot," he breathed into her ear.

"Me, too," she kissed him and clung to his sinewy body, wanting him to hold her.

"Let's go somewhere more private," he suggested, his breath coming raggedly.

They decided to proceed to the nearby flat reserved for teachers.

“They all have classes this afternoon, so we can use this room,” he hauled Brenda inside, locking the door behind them.

They kissed passionately, discarding their clothes as they stumbled and rolled on the floor on their way to the bed. Their clothes were haphazardly strewn everywhere.

“Now, I’ll teach you the different positions,” he whispered. He was hyperventilating in anticipation of the act.

“Yup, I’m an eager student,” she murmured against his lips as they rolled on the floor, wanting to dominate the other.

They were completely naked now as they groped and fondled any part that their hands came in contact with – hungrily and frantically. It was, for them, the only thing existing in the universe. They were lost in their own world of passion, when suddenly, the door banged open.

The two naked bodies on the floor were at first unaware of what had just happened. They were focused on gratifying their sexual hunger, until a shadow fell over them. They looked up in surprise and met the astonished face of John.

There was an interminable minute of silence, and then all hell broke loose.

“Scram, get out, dammit,” Justin hollered at John, as he threw objects at him that his hand had gotten hold of.

Brenda screeched at him to get the hell out. She became conscious of her nakedness.

But John continued to stare in awe, his eyes the size of two full moons.

Brenda tried to rise to cover herself, but Justin pulled her down, his cock pointing defiantly and directly at John.

“Ignore him, if he doesn’t want to leave,” he instructed her.

By then, John has recovered from his momentary inaction. He hastily locked the door but did not leave as Justin wanted him to.

“This is too awesome for me to disregard,” he said with bated breath. “Nothing will be disclosed as long as you let me join you,” he blackmailed them.

Before they could reply, he was already undressing, throwing his clothes carelessly on the floor.

Brenda watch his well-toned, muscular body emerge beautifully underneath his clothes. He was another perfect male; handsome, unblemished face and a body that had all the muscles in the right places. His cock stood erect and respectful of her. It was something to die for. Yup, she would want that rod inside her pussy too. Next to Justin, Brenda had admired John's wit and lively character. She wouldn't mind him becoming the third wheel – an excellent wheel.

“We'll have to ask the lady first,” Justin told him, sotto voce.

“I have no objections,” Brenda conceded, her pulses racing with exhilaration.

“This position is more conducive for a threesome,” he stated, thrilled to the idea.

He prodded Brenda on all fours - doggy style - on the couch. He stood next to Brenda's mouth, feeding her his ready cock. Justin half knelt to take Brenda's pussy from the rear, half crouching, one foot on the floor and the other resting on the sofa.

“This is the doggy and fellatio style,” Justin stated, his eyes hungry with longing. “I’m doing the doggy, while you’re doing fellatio with John.” He grunted and bucked frantically as his cock came in contact with the opening of her cunt.

Brenda didn’t care less. She spat on John’s dick and suckled the tip of his dick as he grew even bigger. John held his cock and thrust it in and out of her mouth, enjoying the sensuous motion.

Brenda push her cunt against Justin’s thrusts as her senses raged all over again.

“Ooooooh ... ooooooh ...,” she mumbled with John’s cock inside her mouth. She expressed her pleasure on John’s cock, taking him all in and sucking him gently as her arousal mounted. She wanted to enclose his dick with her fingers but she could not, because her hands were planted on the floor, supporting her weight.

Her body juddered as Justin slammed his cock from behind her. Brenda stopped momentarily to relish the phenomenal pleasure of Justin’s attack on her pussy. It was the second time that she was fucked, and indeed, as Justin said, it was sweeter and more pleasurable than the first one. It was because the pain was gone and all that was left was immeasurable pleasure.

“Aaaaaah, ooooooh, FUCK ME ... harder, harder please,” she begged, crying out for Justin.

This prompted Justin to pound her with everything he got, the veins in his biceps became prominent as he held on to her waist and pounded the hell out of her.

“Jeezzzz, you’re still so tight,” he snarled, “but so good ... God, I could fuck you all day.”

Brenda could barely maintain her mouth on John’s dick because her pussy was vibrating so badly, she sensed it would explode any moment. Justin molded his body on Brenda’s back and stroked her tits from behind, while humping her. That’s when Brenda went crazy; madly grinding her pussy behind, against Justin’s dick as she climaxed. She forgot John’s cock as she raised her head in triumph. The universe exploded in a kaleidoscope of vibrant colors and Brenda felt the different parts of her body savor the delicious sensations that emanated from the center of her pussy. It was Nirvana, all over again.

Justin ejaculated too while Brenda was writhing in pleasure. Her slit has enveloped his dick in a tight embrace as he ejaculated.

John, however, was not done yet. He inserted his penis back in Brenda's mouth but she was in another throes of her orgasm, keening like a wild animal. He needed to fuck her. He pulled Justin away from Brenda and pushed her down the floor.

"This position is called the bridge," John turned Brenda on her back and pulled her closer to him as he knelt and grasped her on the waist with both hands. Brenda's lower half was raised, and her ass was supported by his thighs. Her pussy was firmly wedged into John's cock, forming a bridge, and her legs were spread wide apart allowing John's body in between her thighs.

Whatever the position was, Brenda sensed her pussy had become more elastic. As John pulled her in and out, an orgasm once more hovered in the background. It was so pleasurable that she could not help but sink her teeth into Justin's hands, which were stroking her lips and her breasts, while staying on the sidelines. Justin yelped, "Hey, you're having fun huh?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah ... that's good... yes, right there ... harder ... ," she cried, her body thrashing madly giving in to another orgasm.

"Oh, God, ... ooooooh," she continued, her mind and body focused only on the most delectable cuisine she had ever

tasted – fucking.

At last John climaxed with a groan and his eyes went berserk as he fucked her non-stop until he ejaculated. It was well worth it, he thought, the most wonderful sexual intercourse I've encountered.

They all collapsed to the floor, spent but fully satisfied. "There's nothing more delightful than fucking a wild, willing virgin," Justin gave words to their thoughts, while he stroked her nipples.

"To that I willingly agree," John seconded, pressing his hand against her sodden pussy.

After twenty minutes of stroking and fondling, both men's cocks were back to their erect forms, ready for another performance.

Brenda's vagina was eager for another round, as well, the folds of her lower lips, trembling for another taste of heaven.

"Let's proceed to the missionary position," Justin stated unabashedly. "This position is rarely done these days, and sometimes this primary position is even unknown to some lovers."

Justin instructed Brenda to lie down on her back with her legs together. Then he mounted her, his feet straightened under him too. They were face to face and Justin half supported his weight with his arms so he can have more flexibility in kissing her in the mouth and in the upper portions of her body.

Brenda asked, curious, “you mean I can’t spread my thighs and bend my knees?” She pretended to listen calmly but her body was responding to the caresses that her two teachers were giving her.

“If you bend them, it becomes a different position,” Justin said, his arousal becoming intense when Brenda began rotating her hips and grinding it against his own.

John knelt near their heads and stole kisses from both of them, at any chance he got. He also caressed Justin’s back while he humped Brenda furiously, his climax getting harder to attain because of his two previous ejaculations. But the intensity of the sensations had grown stronger and more exquisite. His face was suffused with blood as he pumped, non-stop, into her slick cunt.

“God of mercy ... Ooooh God ... aaaaah ... so tight, “he muttered continually, rolling his eyes to bask in that moment of pleasure. “You’re still too tight, honey.”

A squishing sound came from their pussy and cock's intimate encounter. It sounded like a suction being pulled up and being pumped back again or a foot stuck in mud being pulled up and back again. Justin moved his hips in circular movements applying more pressure on Brenda's clitoris. Her clit tingled and sent tiny vibrations of bliss up her spine and into every nerve ending in her body.

“HMMMMMMMM ... mmmmmmmmm ... ,” she mumbled, the black of her eyes disappearing from view.

She clutched the pillows as Justin continued to fuck her with sliding, circular motions on her pubis, grinding her bone where her clit protruded, and simultaneously penetrating her pussy until his organ was buried deep in the folds of her vagina.

Justin uttered animalistic groans as his third ejaculation, in a span of a few hours, was nearing its expulsion.

Meanwhile, John was masturbating and kissing Brenda whenever Justin left her mouth free. He was also massaging his dick relentlessly until it grew as big as Justin's. He pinched Brenda's tits at will and placed his hand between their colliding bodies, once in a while.

Then Justin grunted violently and then ejaculated, his body jerking like a puppet on a string that had gone haywire. Brenda climaxed almost at the same time, and her body shook with him in a state of jubilant release.

Not to be outdone, John strained for his climax and joined them in a wonderful chorus of sounds that conveyed their sexual satisfaction.

“From this primary position, you can easily shift to other positions such as, the scissors, the bridge and the helicopter,” Justin stated huskily, his cock still tumescent and awake.

John interjected, “remember the missionary position because it’s utterly satisfying. Eventually, you’ll learn all the other positions.”

Graduation day was fast approaching and Brenda was thinking, I wasn’t guaranteed of another meeting with these two great professors, but I need to take further lessons, she mused. She wanted to master the techniques of the new sensual world that they had introduced to her. She had high hopes they would agree after she had passed their subjects with flying colors.

She put on her IPod's music and started dancing seductively to JLo and Pitbull's 'Live It Up'.

"Now, it's time to teach you some dance lessons, professors," she declared impishly. In her birthday suit, she shook her booty and undulated her body.

The two erudite men stared, mesmerized at the dancing nymphet and resolved that she was worth their time and effort.

"When do you want your next lessons?" John asked expectantly.

"Tomorrow," Brenda replied, her tits and pussy already tuning up for the expected pleasurable sensations.

"Your next case study is Kama Sutra," Justin disclosed, his breathing back to normal.

"Aye, aye sirs," Brenda saluted them.

The two men eyed each other curiously and broke out laughing.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Three

My name is Alden Anthis. I'm 21 years old. And yes, you're right; I'm half Greek, half American. I just graduated from the College of Business, major in accounting, from the University of Wyoming. I'm good in crunching numbers, so I'm sure that working in this profession would be work and pleasure for me. I'm presently looking for a job. It has been two weeks of exhausting, non-stop interviews and still - there seemed to be no hope for me.

There was one last address in my list of potential employers, an accounting firm in the downtown area, Swift Accounting, and I was not too excited about it. But what the heck, since it was the last, I decided to give it a try nonetheless.

I was surprised to find a posh office that depicted elegance and luxury.

"May I help you, sir?" The gloomy-looking receptionist inquired.

My spirits sank and my initial gladness dissipated into thin air. I felt like backing out. If this was a prelude to what the boss was like, then it would surely be hell for me.

"Err..." I hesitated, wanting to bolt for the door.

“Oh, another applicant?” A lovely, blonde haired woman appeared in the doorway to the CEO’s office.

I was captivated by her genuine smile from her heart-shaped lips that reached to her iridescent, brown eyes. Her slinky figure had curves at the most appropriate places; her long slender legs were displayed seductively through the side slits of her purple, tight velvety dress. It was there for all to see. My first thought was: ‘An angel descended from heaven, and she’s causing a storm in my pants.’

“Aren’t you going to come in?” she beckoned to me.

“Huh?” I awoke from my momentary stupor.

“You’re an applicant, right?”

“Yes ... ma’am,” I followed her inside the room.

The expansive room was bare, except for a desk and chair at the middle. It was a sharp contrast to the classy receiving room. The walls were a dirty white in color and the floor was gleaming clean but, obviously, it had seen better days.

“Sit, sit. My, you’re such a cute little thing,” her eyes surveyed me from top to bottom. “I’m Katy Swift. I’m the CEO of Swift Accounting.”

I sat feeling uncomfortable. Was she flirting with me? She shuffled my papers in her hands and studied me under veiled eyes. How come she was personally interviewing applicants?

“Hmmm, impressive! No experience though, in short, you’re a novice.”

“If you’ll give me this chance, then I’ll gain experience and be an asset to your company,” I boldly stated, desperate to get the job because I had nowhere left to go to.

“So, how can you be an asset to our company?” She challenged me.

“I’ll provide the best and most appropriate financial guidance for the company’s clients.”

“Are you willing to work extra hours when needed?” She wanted to know; her flawlessly penciled eyebrows were raised in anticipation to my answer.

“Yes, of course, Ma’am.”

“Well then, report to the HRD office for orientation tomorrow at 8 AM,” she flipped my resume and wrote something on its backside.

I was overjoyed. Yay! I had finally landed a job.

Before 8 AM, I was dressed to the nines, wanting to impress my employer on my first day at work: long sleeved light purple Polo, topped with a gray suit. I’m not narcissistic, but looking at myself in the mirror, I had to admit that I looked dashing with my deep-set blue eyes, perfectly arched nose, and wide, smiling lips. My 6 feet frame and muscular, sturdy body carried the suit well. Who would ever guess that I was a bumbling rookie, who had no self-confidence and faith in himself?

Right after the brief orientation, we were given our assignments. I was one among the newly initiated 14 employees. There was only one female, a severe looking, petite woman with black eyes hidden behind eye glasses, add to that - ugly lips that never smiled.

Among the males, I stood out with my height and body built. I was clearly the winner if it was a contest about physical

attributes. But, sadly, I was the one with the least self-confidence.

I was assigned to the Tax Accounting group, which would be a breeze for me. I excelled in tax accounting in college and due to this my self-confidence went up a notch.

We were told to observe the first day, so all I did was to sit and take note of the flow of work. The 8 hours went by in a flash, and before I knew it, office hours were done. Everyone was preparing to go home.

“Mr. Anthis,” a voice purred from behind me.

“Yes?” I turned and came face to face with the CEO.

“Can you please stay for a few minutes?”

The fragrance of her perfume wafted towards me cloaking the air with sweetness. I felt dizzy. She touched my forearm and whispered, “Report to my room,” her warm, fresh breath hot on my ear, sending a shiver down my spine. Why was she whispering?

“Yes ... Ma’am,” I murmured, my heart feeling the thunder of a thousand hooves. I trembled as anxiety and

excitement overcame me. Perhaps ... ?

I never had time for women in college and I was too shy, so I had remained a virgin. I didn't know how to determine if a woman is flirting or not; it was a totally new experience for me.

I entered the room with faltering steps, unsure of what to expect. She was reclining on the sofa, her voluptuous figure showing off her assets. I swallowed hard and stared, amazed, at the displayed Venus before me.

She had discarded her coat and the thin material of her dress, outlined her succulent breasts and the v shape of her pubis. My schlong quivered and started to become rigid.

“Come, come, sit here,” she indicated the chair in front of her.

Hesitantly, I walked towards her, my knees wobbling and my legs turned weak.

“Don't be shy,” she purred like a contented kitten.

I sat on the chair, fidgeting on its edge, fiddling with my fingers.

“I have a personal favor to ask, if you don’t mind,” she said, her eyes pleading. “Don’t worry; you’ll get paid – double - for overtime work.”

My spirits perked up at the mention of money. “Yes, I’m willing to do your bidding,” I replied.

“I have muscle cramps. Can you massage my legs, please?” she directed me.

“I’m not very good at massage,” I intoned, surprised at her request.

“I’ll teach you how,” she uttered, her voice barely audible. “Come,” she signaled with her fingers, patting the space beside her.

She directed my hands to her calves and said: “Knead this area gently. Just use your thumb to loosen the area.”

I shuddered when my hands came in contact with her creamy, flawless skin. The bulge in my crotch had grown even bigger, and I felt my body ablaze with desire.

“Just, massage it to relax the knots and the hard muscles,” she continued.

My fingers tentatively touched the area. It was good to feel its velvety and soft texture that I wanted to bury my face and kiss every inch of it.

She guided my hands through her legs, splaying my fingers on her skin and then moving them up and down them. Her fingers were atop mine; increasing the satisfying sensation I was feeling. She was definitely seducing me! My breath came in gasps as she pressed on my fingers and massaged her legs with them. Her beautiful face was inches from my own; I could smell her enticing perfume. I wanted to grab her, pin her down and kiss her on the lips, but I didn't have the strength. I was weak all over. Coward! I taunted myself.

“Ah, that's enough,” she abruptly released my fingers. “Thank you. You can leave now,” she said offhandedly.

I was astonished at her sudden withdrawal. I stood up slowly, my body still smoldering with lust, my manhood erect and ready to spring.

She shooed me away with her hand, “Go on, I have a visitor,” she ordered.

I moved towards the door with every part of my body aching and horny and collided into someone. I looked up to meet two alluring eyes gazing back at me. “Sorry,” I apologized and tried to help her up.

“...and what have we got here?” she exclaimed, startled. “Katy ... Katy ... what are you up to now?” her voice faded as the door closed behind me.

I surveyed the empty office, got my belongings and hurriedly left for home. I had unbuckled my belt and brought out my tucked-in shirt to hide my erection. God, that woman is a tease, I concluded. Making me horny and then sending me home. But if she did allow me to stay, what would I have done? I didn't know what to do next, anyway.

I decided to walk a few blocks to cool my burning body. It was the first time in years that I had been so aroused that I needed to jerk off. Damn! I'll have to do it all by myself again.

I went straight to the shower and took hold of my rigid 8-foot cock. It was ready to charge and fuck anyone's pussy, but I didn't have the nerve to go around and find a one-night stand. I had always been timid about this aspect of my life.

I closed my eyes as my familiar fingers enclosed my phallus lovingly. Aaah, now I can have release. I grabbed the

shower head and directed the gentle, jet of water into the tip of my penis and every now and then, my balls. It created a tickling sensation that enhanced my arousal. I masturbated almost daily and I was fearful I might be overdoing it, but the birdie inside my undies was oftentimes awake, I had to put it to sleep.

I turned off the shower and lay supine on the empty bath tub. I reached for the KY jelly on the drawer and squeezed a generous amount of it into my palms. With the help of the lube I massaged my cock with the pressure and speed that I preferred. I closed my eyes and imagined CEO Katy Swift's slender fingers moving the length of my dick and her pouty lips taking in my red meat into her mouth. I sputtered as I climaxed and ejaculated.

That night, I dreamt of Katy's succulent lips, tits and pussy and I was hard again when I awakened. I had to take a cold shower before my erection subsided. I wanted to masturbate but the sensitive skin of my cock had turned reddish and was sore due to so much rubbing.

I reported to work the next morning full of enthusiasm. Every time I remembered what I did after office hours, I felt my body ignite with the flames of passion. I was requested to

report to the CEO a few times during the day, but she gave no indication that she recalled what happened the day before.

“Mr. Anthis, this client is a big shipping company. Make sure you don’t commit mistakes,” she had cautioned me the first time she asked me to report to her.

The second time, she ordered me to find a tax file from a USB storage device. The third time, she requested me to compute for the tax exemption of a wealthy client. All these she did with a poker face; I started to believe that what happened yesterday was a product of my rich imagination.

My assumption proved to be false though, because after office hours, when I was about to leave, her secretary called me in.

“Out of the new employees, why me?” I curiously asked the secretary.

“Employers’ preferences,” she replied.

I almost freaked as I stepped into the room. She was standing by her table, her back to me. I caught my breath when I saw her shapely back and butt crack exposed by her backless dress.

“Mr. Anthis, you’ll have to do overtime work again. Is that okay with you?” she gushed evenly.

My insides rattled, “Yes, okay ma’am,” I managed to reply.

She pushed a button on her desk and the bookshelf behind her table opened.

“Follow me,” she said.

A thrill coursed through my nerves and my cock awakened as I followed her to another room. It was an elegant bedroom complete with a sauna bath and a variety of sex toys I had never seen in my entire life. There was a horse-like contraption that I assumed women used to masturbate. There were dildos of different sizes, colors and materials. There were dildos with clitoral stimulators too.

I stood at the doorway unable to assimilate everything into my mind. My penis was standing at attention and I felt the embers of lust glow inside my groin. I wanted to run to her, embrace her sexy back and fuck her to kingdom come.

“He’s here,’ Katy announced to a person inside the room.

“Oh,” my eyes scanned the room and rested on the woman I had accidentally bumped into yesterday.

“He’s hot,” she warbled, “you’ve chosen wisely.”

“Come, Mr. Anthis. May I call you Al?” she queried.

“Ummm ... sure,” I stammered, my pulses racing.

“Sophie, this is Alden Anthis, our new tax accountant. Al, this is Sophia Jameson. She’s the Assistant CEO. She takes over when I’m not around.”

Sophia had bigger tits and buttocks than Katy, and she seemed friendlier. She smiled a lot and winked at me whenever I stole a glance at her.

“Good evening, ma’am,” I acknowledged her with a forced smile. I sensed my penis eager for what these two gorgeous ladies had in store for me.

“Sophie would want a massage too,” Katy hauled me to the king sized bed where Sophie had lain sprawled in her towel.

Her skin glowed in the dim light and her tempting curves peaked through the pink towel around her body.

I gingerly held one of her legs in my hands and started massaging it. Katy covered my hand with hers and once more guided my fingers in doing the circular kneading massage on Sophie’s calves. Sophie was sighing blithely, enjoying the relaxing feeling. All my nerve endings were triggered and I salivated as my hands reached her thighs and felt the heat of her pussy under the towel. She wasn’t wearing anything. My cock contracted and my hands trembled.

Katy was embracing me from behind my back and I sensed her melon-like tits pressing against my body. I was certain now that my overtime job was to pleasure these two horny women.

“You ought to learn various jobs if you want to work for us permanently,” Katy whispered in my ear. “HMMMM?”

I nodded, unable to utter a word. My body was aching all over, wanting to fuck them.

Sophie flung the towel and said urgently, “Al, massage my body too.”

I almost went berserk with madness when I saw her perfect nude body. Her ripe breasts were waiting to be fondled and the slit between her legs was enticing me, its folds pinkish and inviting.

Katy was still guiding my hand with her own, directing it towards Sophie’s flat abdomen. “Here, massage the muscles and then go upwards.”

The touch of her silky stomach brought a convulsion through my body. “Concentrate, until you’re done. Don’t touch this,” she purposely patted Sophie’s pussy.

My mouth was parched and my chest constricted. I was having difficulty breathing. I wanted to bury my head in her abs and smell the musky odor of her pussy. But Katy urged me to move to her breasts. My eager hands grabbed each one and almost crushed them in my haste.

“Be gentle. The breasts’ pain receptors are ultra-sensitive,” she lectured. “Some men don’t know that our tits should be treated like fragile objects. Too much pressure is not pleasurable.”

She released my hand and rummaged in the drawer. She held a feather in her hand and when she came back. She ran the feather lightly on my arms. “This is how you should massage her breasts – light and feathery.”

I imitated the caressing action of the feather on my skin and massaged her breasts lightly, stroking them gently. Her nipples grew taut under my persistent massaging. They seemed to beg to be kissed and sucked. I was unable to resist as I stooped down to take them into my mouth, alternately. Sophie moaned in elation as I nibbled, sucked and caressed that area. By then my dick had grown to enormous proportions, it was painfully seeking release from its bondage.

“You’ll have to know how to do foreplay properly,” Katy was saying, but I was lost in the pleasure of Sophie’s delicious tits. My initial shyness was now disappearing rapidly, I wanted to strip naked and romp with them in my birthday suit.

Katy was now kissing Sophie, their hungry lips fighting for dominance, their tongues crazily lapping each other’s lips. “And this is how ... you kiss ... passionately,” Katy said in between kisses, she was completely naked as well.

I went mad with lust watching them French kiss, and I attempted to undress myself but Katy shouted, “NO! Don’t

you dare. Learn first.”

“Here, kiss her,” Katy ordered me.

I held on to Sophie’s tits as I crept upwards her mouth and slobbered her like a bitch in heat. I sucked her lower lips, her tongue and her upper lips as my fingers continued to fondle her nipples and massage her tits. I was on top of her and I pressed the bulge in my groin hard against hers, wanting her to beg me to fuck her. But she didn’t. Neither of them touched my body and I was frustrated and eager to be touched. Only my lips stayed glued to Sophie’s lips basking in the sweetness of her torrid kiss.

Then I was pushed aside by Katy. “Watch closely and learn,” she hissed, “this is how you do cunnilingus.”

I stared at her as she knelt on the bed, spread Sophie’s thighs wide apart and buried her head on her pubis. I couldn’t stand it any longer. I pulled down my zipper and brought out my dick in one swift movement. Soon Katy was invading Sophie’s pussy, running her tongue lightly over the lips of her vagina and the area around it, while stroking her thighs with her fingers.

“Oh fuck, right there, babe, yes,” Sophie encouraged Katy, as I watched at the edge of the bed, holding my ramrod

dick in my hand.

“You must not touch her clit ... yet, until she’s fully aroused,” Katy murmured to me, her voice hoarse with emotion.

She went on eating Sophie’s cunt until she was grinding her hips in the air following Katy’s tongue. “This is the right time to nibble and suck on her clit,” she threw me a wild glance.

I nodded, furiously massaging my cock with my fingers. I had to do it lightly because there was no lube in sight. Aaaah ... damn ... why wouldn’t they give me their wet pussies and I’ll fuck their brains off, I screamed inwardly.

Sophie jerked her hips upwards as her orgasm surfaced, “I’m cumming!” she shrieked wantonly, her body moving sideward and upward.

“This is the perfect time to fuck her with your dick,” Katy groaned, as she strapped on a dildo and quickly inserted it to her drenched pussy.

Sophie went wild, thrashing her body everywhere, writhing under Katy’s onslaught with the dildo. Katy went in and out, increasing the dildo’s intensity and speed.

“Ooooooh, ooooooh, oh my God,” Sophie shrieked again, as her orgasm went on and on, and I watched, brimming on the verge of my climax.

“Take note, that you can give a woman multiple orgasms if you know how to do foreplay properly,” Katy gasped and lowered her head to kiss Sophie on her breasts and her lips, all the while humping her as she moaned and groaned underneath her. Katy was delirious with ecstasy.

I gave a guttural cry of pleasure as I blew my load up in the air and down the floor. They stared wide-eyed at my display of power.

After a few minutes, Katy patted me on the back. “Go, that’s all for today,” she shooed me away and I quickly dressed and left them - still naked - inside the room.

What was wrong with these women? They merely wanted me to watch when I had a massive dick that could fuck them properly. During the two days that I had been with them, my shyness disappeared and I was willing to show them what I got, but apparently, they didn’t give me a chance. I was not sure if they ever will. It pained me to watch them and not taste their delectable cunts.

The days that followed were torture for me. I was not aware of the extent of their diabolical plans and this kept me on my toes all week. Whenever Katy called me to her office, I sweated like a pig and my body responded with yearning. There were times I wanted to resign, but the excellent training I was provided by the company was a dream-come-true, so I stuck to my guns.

It was a weekend when I was informed by Katy's secretary of another overtime task. I was thrilled and I vowed to myself that I had to fuck one or both of them.

"Come in, Al," Sophia was seated in the office chair; her long, wavy tresses flowed around her head giving off the fragrance of freshly plucked flowers.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you massage my back, while we wait for Katy?"

I approached her, my nerves tingling and my steps tentative. When my hands came in contact with her bare skin, I shivered, wanting to grab her and kiss her. I was standing behind her massaging her back.

“More to the right,” she coached me. “Press more firmly on that spot.”

I continued massaging her back and assumed that at that pace, I can become an expert masseuse in no time at all. I chuckled at the thought.

“Do you find something amusing?” Sophie asked.

“No, no, sorry.”

I jumped to my feet when I felt something creeping up my pants. I looked down and found Katy caressing my legs, her eyes glinting with mischief.

“You don’t like it?” she rubbed her fingers on my calves. “You have always massaged us, so let me return the favor.”

She kneaded my legs through my pants and my sleeping dick roared to life within a few minutes. I had a huge boner waiting to invade a cunt.

Sophie caught my hands and lowered them to her robust breasts. My body grew hot and my breath came in

gasps. “You have to fondle them gently,” she tutored me, playing with her breast in circular strokes, using my fingers.

I was still behind her, spooning her behind her back, reaching for her tits with my fingers. I rained feathery touches on her skin and tugged her pink nipples gently, like they had taught me to.

Katy was diligently rubbing the muscles of my legs in gentle but firm strokes that the bulge in my pants continued to grow bigger. I wanted her to pull my pants down and stuff my enormous cock into her mouth. But she purposely avoided my dick, teasingly caressing the area around it, but not touching my aching, throbbing penis. I hurled obscenities at her in my mind. Horny bitch!

Sophie disengaged herself and turned her chair around; her bobbing tits came to rest tantalizingly on my chest. I went down on my knees and nibbled her nipples, occasionally sucking them and licking her entire breasts. Her nipples stiffened and she was moaning incessantly, her eyes closed and her head moving from side to side like a possessed woman. I touched her pussy with my eager fingers and it was wet with her juices, the musky smell wafting to my nose. I couldn't control it any longer, I went for her cunt like a madman, using my tongue to taste her and explore her deepest recesses.

“Easy, easy, do it slowly. There’s so much to savor,” Katy patted my head, while Sophie cursed and groaned as I ran my tongue along the folds of her quivering pussy. “Let me release your cock,” she unzipped me and dipped her hands inside my undies to release my pulsating cock.

“Aaaaaah,” I growled, my passion bursting to the seams. “Please, let me fuck you,” I begged.

“Not so fast, young man,” Sophie barked, “you’ve got lots to learn yet. But I’ll give you the next best thing.”

She pushed me down the floor and slowly undressed me, kissing my exposed skin, inch by inch. I grunted and groped for her pussy, it was drenched with her own love fluids. I was lying down on the floor on my back and she was next to me sitting on her legs, her thighs spread apart.

“No, don’t move a muscle,” Sophie pushed me back down when I started to rise.

Sophie positioned the chair above my head and held on to it as she lowered her dripping cunt into my face. Her womanly scent permeated my nose and drove me wild with desire. I sucked her pussy ravenously, inserting my tongue inside her tight opening. But I remembered her previous instructions and reduced the pressure of my tongue. I gently

suck on the lips of her vagina, slowly licking the area patiently.

I gripped the carpet as my body jerked upwards when Katy took my huge penis in her mouth. “Your dick is as sensitive as our breasts so, it should be treated tenderly,” she lectured.

She gently ran her tongue around the crown of my cock, over and over, until I groaned in delight.

“Suck it, suck it,” I commanded her, trying to grab her hair towards my boner.

“Ssssh ... Relax, your climax will be more pleasurable if you do it slowly,” Sophie assured me, rubbing her pussy against my opened mouth.

Katy lowered her tongue along the shaft of my dick and I clutched Sophie’s ass sucking on her clit as Sophie ran her tongue lightly along the length of my dick. Her fingers were juggling my balls gently, causing warm ripples in my groin that traversed into every cell in my limbs. When she took my manhood full in her mouth, I was transported into outer space in the depths of incredible sensations I had never experienced before. I closed my eyes and relished the pleasure as her head bobbed up and down; first very slowly and then

going faster as I met her mouth with my powerful thrusts. I arched my back, straining to achieve my climax.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” I snarled as the built in tension came crashing down to provide me release – the most satisfying climax I ever had.

I sucked Sophie’s pussy as the tidal wave of my climax made my body shake uncontrollably. Sophie climaxed too spewing her volcanic lava into my mouth. I continued sucking her and she gave off moaning sounds that anyone can hear in the other room. Thankfully the room was soundproofed.

Katy hadn’t climaxed yet and we had to fondle her and play with her before she achieved hers. I was starting to grow erect anew, but Katy prodded me to eat her instead, while Sophie caressed her breasts and kissed her lips until she cried out loud, juddering in the peak of her orgasm.

I went home gratified but still yearning for their cunts. At least they had played with me, unlike the previous times that I had to fondle myself to climax. Manipulative whores, I cursed them in my mind.

Work the next Monday was toxic. My mind wandered now and then to the events during the weekend and my dick throbbed whenever I remembered Sophie's mouth sucking it. She was a phenomenal cock sucker, knowing when to increase the pressure and the speed.

“Hey, Mr. Anthis, the CEO is looking for you.”

My heart stopped and then drummed dangerously. I was sure it had nothing to do with the weekend event. I proceeded to the CEO's office nervously.

“Mr. Anthis, what's this?” Katy threw a bunch of paper towards me. I attempted to catch them but some glided into the floor. It was the tax exemption report I prepared for a client.

“How can you commit such a blatant error?” Katy shouted at me.

I gathered the strewn pieces of paper and gazed at them uncomprehendingly.

“I ... don't know ... what you mean ... ,” I stammered.

“Look at the figures, how can you miscalculate?”

“I had computed this accurately,” I insisted not bothering to read.

Her eyes widened in surprise. “You don’t want to accept your mistake and you’re not even remorseful,” she fumed.

I stared at her defiantly. I was certain I made the correct computations.

“You’re fired!” she bellowed, enraged at my audacity. “Who do you think you are? Pack your stuff and go!”

I stared at her dumbfounded, realizing my mistake. I should have reassured her that I’ll go over the document and correct any errors. But it was too late now.

“Go, scram!” she yelled, livid in the face.

I was shocked at how fast things happened and I was unable to move a muscle.

When I didn’t move, Katy dialed the intercom, “security, there’s an intruder in my office, we need assistance.”

Before I knew it, my things were stuffed in a box and I was outside the building, standing at the curb.

Damn, what had just happened? Perhaps, I was too cocksure about myself just because the CEO had sucked my dick? What the hell?

I realized my mistake and struggled against the security guards to get back in, but to no avail. I was thrown like a used rag onto the pavement. I was a contractual employee and I had no legal grounds to sue or demand a redress. I gritted my teeth and hailed a taxi for home. There goes my first job. It was a handsomely paying job and I threw it all away because of my arrogance.

Depression overcame me throughout the days that ensued. I had some money in the bank for the 'overtime work' I did for the company, but that would vanish after a few more days. I had to find another job. But where?

I surfed online and searched the newspapers for a suitable job but found none. I was desperate because my funds had fizzled out. I was trudging hopelessly on the street when I saw a sign that read:

“Wanted cashier: Apply inside.”

My feet led me inside where a chubby, dark-haired woman greeted me with a smile, “May I help you?”

“I want to apply as a cashier,” I stated, forcing myself to smile.

“Uh huh, yes. May I see your resume’?”

I retrieved one folder from my backpack and handed it to her.

“Sit down,” she sat across me on the small table.

I observed her, as I prayed to the high heavens to help me. If you’re there God, please help me.

“Commendable,” she nodded her head. “But I’m afraid you might find the job here as not appropriate for your level of expertise. There are many companies out there needing your skills.”

Please, please, please.

“That’s true, but they want experienced accountants and I’m still gaining experience,” I retorted, not wanting to debase myself by kneeling down, but if worst comes to worst, I had to plead.

“Hmmm,” she ogled me, trying to make up her mind.

I held my breath in anticipation.

After a full minute, she stood up. “Okay, let’s have a one-month trial period. Don’t hesitate to inform me at least a week before, if you get bored and decide to stop working.”

I stood up happily and thanked her profusely.

“Oh, by the way, you can start now,” she shook my hands. “I’m Olga Walker, welcome to Sophie’s Café, Mr. Anthi.”

I did a double turn and stared at her retreating back. Sophie’s café? Why did it sound sinister?

“You can call me Al,” I said loudly so she could hear.

Customers came in droves that afternoon as soon as I put on my new uniform. I admired myself in the mirror; my gelled black hair, and unique looks made me stand out more in my cashier's uniform. The slogan of the café was "Service with a smile" so, I had to put on my charming smile and maintain that throughout the afternoon.

It was easier than I thought, punching on those numbers and counting the money or keying in those credit cards. My feet were sore though because I had to remain standing the whole afternoon.

Finally, it was closing time and the café was empty of customers. Only the crew were left cleaning up and preparing for the next day.

I sat down with a heavy sigh and rolled my head around my neck. My nape and feet were numb, but I was thankful I had a job that would provide for me until I find my proper niche.

"Good work, Al. See you tomorrow." Olga called out.

I changed and went out into the cool, fresh air of the evening. It felt good to be working again. But I missed Katy's yelling voice whenever she called for me and ... my cock throbbed in remembrance of the sensual pleasures Katy's

mouth provided. And Sophie! Those tits are delicacies that were supposed to be licked and caressed. My body yearned for those touches.

I had to masturbate again, when I arrived home. The KY jelly was nearly emptied. I faced upside down as I rammed the pillow into my mouth and fondled and massaged my dick, recalling how Katy rendered the most fulfilling blow job I had ever had.

I woke up the following morning with a start. I realized I had work to do. I arrived at the café just in time for the first customer of the day.

“Al, do you have time after work?” Olga wanted to know.

The radar of my intuition shifted to red alert. Another ‘over time job’? With Olga? A feeling of apprehension overcame me. I was not belittling her but she was twice as old as I was – as old as my mom!

I eyed her round, plump face and stout figure. God forbid!

Olga snapped her fingers before my face and I shook my head from my train of thoughts. I had to accept the extra work if I didn't want to find another job again.

“Yes, I have time,” I murmured.

“That's good. I'll see you here, after work then.”

I was on edge all day, fearful of what the evening may bring. I couldn't imagine myself touching Olga's fat body, no matter how hard I tried. Why did I agree? I balled my hands into fists in desperation.

Work finally ended and I fidgeted in my seat as I waited for Olga.

“There you are,” she greeted me jovially. “This way, please.”

I followed her into a dimly-lit, spacious room that had a big, flat screen and a large luxurious bed. Oh God! No, my mind protested vehemently. I would if my rod cooperated, but my penis lay deflated - like a dead fish -under my slacks.

I hesitated on the doorway and was about to turn back when a familiar voice came from the corner of the room, “and where are you going, Mr. Anthis?”

I stopped in mid-step and spun around. Olga left the room quietly.

“Yes, it’s me Sophie,” her beautiful face came out from the shadows.

I gasped and stared back at her, relieved, yet afraid.

“I didn’t approve of Katy’s actions. It was too drastic,” she approached me unhurriedly.

I remained silent but alert.

“The mistake was most probably because we let you stay up all night,” she stated, touching my arm.

Goosebumps sprouted all over my body and my previously flaccid dick started to enlarge.

“Katy and I talked it over and we decided to rehire you.”

My ears perked up and I was elated. “No kidding?” I asked, confirming her statement.

“Yes, of course.”

“But how did you find me?” I asked, incredulous of how my luck turned out to be.

“I own this joint too, haven’t you noticed the name?” she replied, grinning broadly. “When I saw your resume’, I couldn’t believe my luck, but here you are.”

So, my intuition was right after all. I flopped on the nearest sofa beside me and heaved a sigh of relief. “Well, Katy had the right to get mad, but she should have not fired me on the spot,” I offered my explanation.

“Rectify your error and then let’s proceed from there,” she suggested. “Are you willing to do that?” she sat down next to me and deliberately brushed her voluptuous breasts against my arms. She had a see through, thin dress and nothing underneath them.

My body temperature rapidly increased as she groped for my dick through my pants. I was enveloped with my ardent

desire to fuck her until her brains burst out. I captured her boobs in my palms and fondled them adoringly. These were the things that had kept me awake for a few nights before.

I kissed her and savored her scrumptious tongue and mouth, exploring the sensitive areas and coating them with my own essence. She murmured through my lips but I didn't hear her. I alternately kissed her on the mouth and sucked her breasts through the flimsy clothing. My hands wandered to her cunt and I ran my fingers lightly over the lips of her already wet organ. I applied what I had previously learned from them, and based on Sophie's moans, I knew I had succeeded.

"Right!" she disengaged herself and stood up. "That was easy convincing you. See you tomorrow at the office," she kissed me on the lips and at the tip of my cock and walked away.

"Hey, come back," I called back at her, "hey," but she disappeared through another door.

What do they think of me? I smoldered in anger. A toy that they could turn on and off at their whim? I went home feeling frustrated and irate. I masturbated again that night, and I noticed that it took me longer to ejaculate. I presumed it was because I had already experienced an excellent blow job.

I was determined not to do their bidding, so I stayed home and played computer games all day long. In the evening, I ordered some pizza and gorged myself until I was full. I was about to sleep when my cell phone rang.

I didn't recognize the number. "Yes?" I refused to reveal my identity.

"Hello, Al. This is Katy. How come you haven't reported back to work this morning?" her voice came as a shrill from my phone's speakers.

"I maybe a newbie but I don't want to be treated like an object," I countered with my budding self-confidence.

"What do you mean?" she seemed lost.

"You treat me like a sex toy. You use me and discard me whenever you feel like it." I blurted, unafraid.

"Oh," there was an audible sigh from the other end.

“You never get to fuck us, you mean,” she stated, understanding my revelation.

“Yes,”

“We were teaching you the basics first,” she explained to me, as if to a child. “You can’t run unless you learn how to walk first.”

I was speechless.

“The final lesson will be coitus.”

I didn’t know what to say.

“You’re a good student. With your acquired knowledge, who would know that you’re still a virgin?”

“Ummm,” I didn’t have any answer to her new statement.

“I’m 32 and Sophie is 31. Would you seriously want to consummate the act with us?” She zinged the question at me.

Really? Wow! They were 10 and 11 years older than me? That was some revelation. I presumed they were older, but only for a few years such as, 3 or 5 years.

“You’re hesitating now,” she grumbled on the phone.

“No, I’m not,” my spirits soar on the wings of excitement.

“But, remember to correct the error you have committed.”

“Aye, aye Ma’am,” I enthused, hopeful for a brighter tomorrow.

I went about grooming myself as early as 6 AM that day. The result boosted by self-confidence. I vowed to myself that I would never allow anyone to use me without my consent. I whistled on my way to the office and I felt rejuvenated and in tip top shape.

At the office I perused the tax papers I had prepared, and true enough, there was an error in the computations. No one had touched it yet because the office paid the client, nevertheless. I had no idea though how much trouble I had caused. An apology was in order.

With the corrected files in my hand, I requested for an audience with Katy. I had unknowingly come to like her. She was serious at work but is a warm person outside office hours. I knocked three times on her door.

“Come in,” she prodded me, her silky voice - music to my ears.

“Good morning, ma’am. I’ve corrected the error. I’m sorry for the trouble I had caused,” I bowed my head.

She simply gazed at me for a full minute before, inviting me to sit down.

“I heard you had some gripes about your over time job,” she fixed me with a vicious stare.

“It was a misunderstanding ma’am. It won’t happen again.”

“Are you sure about that?” she persisted.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“That’s great! So, you have no objections of working overtime today?”

“None.”

I waltzed back to the office and sat proudly on my chair. Everything was gradually falling back into place. I couldn’t wait for the clock to strike 5 PM. When it finally did, I quickly ran to the shower and changed into comfortable attire; cotton-stripped, green t-shirt and faded jeans.

My body was frantically pumping blood more than normal that elevated my pulse rate and respiration. My cock was willing and hard that I was unable to conceal the bulge in my jeans as I knocked on the door.

“The door is open,” came Sophie’s voice.

I entered and was met by Sophie. She dragged me towards the hidden room and shut the door behind us. Before I could say anything, her mouth clamped on mine and sucked the life out of me. I was breathless when she finally let go of me. I kissed her back, more tenderly this time, tasting her mouth, twirling her tongue with my own.

“That’s enough,” it was Katy.

My heart sang out for joy as she pulled Sophie and kissed me in turn. I sucked her tongue and slid my mouth over her soft, yielding lips. Her mouth tasted differently from Sophie's. Hers had some pristine flavor to it, like lemon candies and fresh strawberries.

We were still standing, her thin dress clinging to her curvaceous figure as I lifted her clothing and kneaded her breasts and then stroked her cunt.

“Oh, love me, Al,” she guided my fingers to her pussy like she used to. “Now, do what I told you to.”

I strummed her crack gently with my fingers, not touching her clit, while I devoured her mouth. Then I slowly placed her on the bed, undressing her as I kissed her neck, shoulders and then breasts. I ran my tongue around her tits, massaged them with my fingers but avoided her nipples. When her nipples were upright and ready, I twirled them in my tongue and sucked them – repeatedly until Katy moaned in pleasure. “That felt good, sooo good,” she muttered.

Next I kissed her abdomen and the areas between her thighs, sometimes allowing my mouth to wander back to her breasts. She was completely naked now and her half-closed eyes and unintelligible murmurs told me I was doing the right thing.

I caressed and tongued her moist pussy, careful not to touch her clit. I ran my tongue up and down the lips of her vagina poking my tongue inside her slit every now and then. I was half kneeling, focusing my attention in providing her an oral sex that she would never forget. Be gentle and apply light pressure, I reminded myself.

Sophie had carefully positioned herself between my legs and had started stroking my dick. She fondled my rock hard penis and sucked it lightly.

When Katy started squirming and lifting her ass, that was when I flicked her clitoris. She went into spasms as I sucked and nibbled her clit, flicking it with my fingers, in turn.

“Al, that’s right, hmmm, that’s right,” she grinded her pussy into my seeking lips. She climaxed after I ran my tongue over her clit again.

I turned her over and mounted her from behind sliding my huge, turgid organ into her wet cunt, and started humping her.

“Shit, fuck, harder, Al, HARDER!” she screeched at me, pushing her starved pussy into my raving cock.

I humped more furiously as her cries aroused me further. Holy Cow, so this is how it feels. Nothing in this world could compare to the sensations that I was experiencing at that moment. My whole body has turned into one atom, steamrolling and gathering speed for that one shot in a lifetime. It was as if my whole life depended on it. I would rather die than stop now, I realized. She was tight and juicy and the friction intensified the sensual vibrations.

My groin seemed to burst with all the exquisite pleasures the world can offer. Then I withdrew my cock, and then went in deep again, relishing the sweet feeling.

The dam of my ejaculation burst open and I was carried to the land of endless delights as I trembled in ecstasy, a joy that I had never experienced before.

And then I climaxed. "I'm cumming," I groaned as I mashed her boobs behind her back. She cried too simultaneously with me, pushing her ass into my cock as her orgasm overcame her. My body shook for a few minutes before I slumped down on the bed.

"Mr. Lover Boy, we're not done yet," Sophie straddled me and muzzled my flaccid penis. I realized that I was not superman to get my manhood up within seconds, but it started to grow erect anew.

Patiently, we stroked each other, stoking the flames of passion once more. We groped, sucked and fondled, our body cavorting wildly on the bed. Then we rolled on the carpeted floor, exploring our bodies making use of the sex toys displayed in the room. There was a dildo with a clit stimulator and Katy wanted to try that on me.

“I’ll do it while you’re pumping Katy,” she disclosed.  
“I want to feel how a man feels when fucking,” she avowed.

When my cock was at its full size, I pulled Sophie to her feet and lifted one of her thighs and pushed her against the wall. I penetrated her in a standing position, the walls helping to stabilize her body as I held on to one of her thighs and rammed my rod into her. I’ve often seen that position in movies and I wanted to know how it felt. By then, I became familiar with the saccharine flavor of a cunt-fuck that I welcomed Sophie’s tight, slick cunt squeezing my cock. I thrust my dick hard into her and withdraw it slowly, savoring the tight grip of her cunt. Then I rammed it back harder and up to its hilt that my pubic bone bumped into hers. We grinded our groins together, sucking each other’s lips as the indescribable feelings of sensual self-gratification surfaced.

“God, God, Al, you’re so big and yummy, oh God, ooooooh,” she moaned and moved with me with the rhythm of my thrusts.

I went in and out of her, the walls shaking as I rammed my dick into her, ceaselessly, without reprieve and mercy. Her head and body shook as I assailed her continually, groaning in delight at her pure essence.

Suddenly, I felt Sophie behind my back, caressing me, her dildo hanging from her hips, its tip poking at my thighs.

I carried Katy back to the bed, and spread-eagled her atop it. I mounted her spreading her thighs wide, and entered her again. Her fingers clawed my back as I continued pumping her, my arms supporting my body. It was like doing my push-ups, but with an add-on feature – getting a good fuck.

Sophie took advantage of my position and straddled me from behind. She inserted the oiled dildo into my anus very slowly. She knew that I was a virgin both in my dick and in my anus. I stopped pumping Katy as a pain ripped my ass.

“I ... don’t think ... I can ... do that,” I voiced out my thoughts loudly.

“No problem,” Katy rescinded. “I’ll just tease your opening,” she assured me.

I felt a totally different consciousness as Katy played with the opening of my anus. It was strange but I enjoyed it a

bit. “Push it in slowly and a little farther,” I encouraged Katy. She was rotating her hips reveling in the clit stimulator.

“I’m cumming!” Sophie moaned, the black of her eyes disappearing from view. Her hips were raised high as her cunt swallowed my dick up to its hilt. I cursed as my climaxed hovered in the background.

I felt Katy push her dildo a little bit deeper, adding more lubricant. Then I felt my hole tighten and then I climaxed without warning. Katy was also shaking with her orgasm as she maintained the pressure of the dildo on my anus and rubbed her tits against my back, bending over to give me a love bite.

The three of us filled the room with our sounds of delight and murmurs of contentment. We were intertwined in each other’s embrace and our bodies were still attached to each other as we rolled on the bed, fully satiated. The odor of our love juices intermingled with our sweat and perfume.

Katy discarded her dildo and sandwiched me in between them. Katy held on to my semi-hard dick, while Sophie toyed with my balls, happily cupping them in her palms.

I thanked my lucky stars I had these two marvelous women, who had introduced me to the sensual pleasures that the world can provide. Without them, I would probably remain a jobless virgin in this lifetime.

# Story Four

The man was undressing the woman gradually, peeling her layer of clothing, piece by piece. They were kissing amorously and unaware of anything around them. I squinted over the keyhole to get a larger view of the scene. Their lips were glued to each other and the man's fingers were busy on the mound between her thighs. The woman was moaning delightedly and was making funny unintelligible noises. My patch watered as I felt my nipples harden and my breath quicken.

Suddenly, there was a stinging smack on my buttocks. I straightened, taken aback at the abrupt intrusion.

My aunt hollered at me, "What are you up to now?"

She sneaked a peek into the keyhole and her jaws dropped. "Why you, you evil lass, I shouldn't have brought you home. You're a disgrace to my family. Get out of my house."

I stood rooted to the spot, caught in the act of invading my maternal aunt's privacy and with no excuse to offer.

“I should have never adopted you. Get out of my house, you whore,” she shoved me roughly into my room. “Pack your bags and leave!”

I was so astounded that my body moved like an automaton, and before I knew it, I was shoved outside, and the door banged shut behind me.

Events happened so fast I had no time to think rationally. And there I was standing alone in the middle of the street, not knowing where to go. At least, I escaped her wrath. I consoled myself.

The first thing that came to my mind was to look for a place to live in. My parents both died in a car crash two years ago, when I was 16, and I had no other relatives to go to.

That day, I wandered the streets with a few dollars in my pocket, eating whatever I could with my meager budget. I had to scrimp and stretch my money because I didn't know how long my money would last. Plus, I had to look for a job or I'd die on the streets. I bought a newspaper and patiently perused the ads section. There were numerous jobs by they needed someone who had graduated from college and I barely finished my secondary education. There were Skilamalink ads that were apparently dubious with their exaggerated rates.

Dismayed, I bought another paper and went on reviewing the ads section. In the second paper, there was one ad that I could apply to – a baby-sitter!

*FEMALE HELP WANTED*

*Baby-sitter for 2 children (3 & 6 years old)*

*Apply in person*

*Duke Adrien Allard 5110 Westerre Parkway,*

*Richmond, VA 23233. USA (804) 947-4237*

Elated, I took note of the address and hailed a carriage. I was lucky the place was located in the same state where I was.

When I arrived at the place, I gazed – mouth agape - at the spectacular sight before me. Duke Adrien Allard's abode was a sprawling castle - one of the most fascinating castles I had ever seen. I expected that much, but I didn't imagine he would be that wealthy. There were three turrets towering above the castle structure and the medieval design was unique with gargoyles and strange images plastered unto its walls. At the highest turret, hung cascading silvery threads that shimmered in the sunlight. Numerous small, glass windows sprouted from every wall of the castle. The shadowed portion appeared like jigsaw puzzles, flawlessly fitted with each other.

A moat surrounded it, and there was a rickety draw bridge that was lowered, seemingly waiting for my arrival. I looked around for knights, and true enough, there were two immobile knights guarding the entrance.

The carriage stopped with a jolt and I alighted with trepidation. I managed to change into my most modest clothes beforehand and my pastel, long-sleeved blouse and wool skirt gave me the confidence I badly needed. I glanced at the mirror at my dolled-up face; large, brown eyes with long lashes stared back at me. I pursed my thin, petulant lips to make it fuller and gave a final pat to my small pointed nose. At least, I was sure my appearance would give me the edge.

Nimbly, I approached the guard.

“Yes, Miss. What can I do for you?” he queried.

“I saw the ad in the newspaper and I’m here to apply,” I declared, trying to appear confident.

“Oh,” there was a pause as he looked me over, “this way please.”

I was led to the interior of the castle and I caught my breath as the stench of opulence greeted my vision. While the outside looked drab, the inside was a picture of vivacity and

life. Almost all corners had large and magnificent chandeliers emitting their brilliance over the area. There were gigantic paintings of people, who were obviously royalty that peppered the huge brick walls. At the center of the living room, was a grand piano that gleamed from the distance.

“Please, be seated.”

The knight bowed and entered another door. A moment later, the door opened and a tall, strikingly handsome man, around 35 years old, appeared. A pair of blue, sparkling eyes drilled into me. His parish pick-axe and sensuous lips complemented his eyes and I marveled at how a man can be ‘beautiful’. But what caught my attention more were the rippling muscles of his body that seemed to strain for attention as he strode towards me. He was a god in a man’s clothing.

I stood up. “Good afternoon, sir,” I uttered, my voice tremulous.

“Good afternoon, you’re here for the job?”

I nodded, handing him my resume’. “I’m Diana Lancaster.”

“Please, be seated.”

After a while, he looked at me intently and asked, “You didn’t provide any references, how can I trust you?”

“Sir, I promise, I’ll do the best I can,” I replied, almost pleading, wanting to tell him that I was desperate and he would be my savior.

“Hmmm,” he paused and stared at me, obviously reconsidering. “You’re 18, so I guess you don’t have much experience either.”

“Sir, I assure you I’m capable of the job.” Because I baby-sat for my aunt’s kids without compensation, I wanted to add but I bit my tongue.

“Alright, I’ll give you a chance. However, if your work is unsatisfactory within two weeks, you’re out,” he stated sternly.

I was overjoyed. Now, I have a good place to stay that would provide me food and shelter.

“Simon,” he called in a pudgy, old man. “Take Miss Lancaster to her room.”

Simon was mad as hops as he showed me my room. It was bigger than my aunt's living room, and it was elegant and comfortable. The large tiered windows provided an incredible view of the sprawling, verdant landscape below. There were cows and sheep meandering aimlessly on the hills and the horizon was dotted with white clouds against the azure sky.

I sat on the soft, cotton king-sized bed and touched the silky texture of the bed sheets. There was a bedside wooden table and an oval mirror beside it. I opened the rows of dressers and was amazed at the various types of bifurcated garments displayed so flamboyantly. Were these mine?

“Yes, you can wear anything you want,” Simon, replied to my silent question.

“Really?” my eyes grew wide in disbelief.

“Yes, Ma'am. Everything in this room is yours, for as long as you stay here.”

I couldn't believe my luck. It seemed too good to be true. These clothes were all mine and I was sleeping in a room that could well be a suite fit for a queen.

“But, you have to wear the babysitter's uniform inside the house,” he stated unenthusiastically.

My spirits sank but only for a moment.

He handed me a pair of plain, brown straight dress that had two big pockets out front. My smile faded as I eyed the dowdy clothing before me. I quickly climbed out of my dismay, however, when I remembered my dire situation before I landed there. Now, I have a job and a safe place to stay in. It has an added bonus too – an extremely good-looking boss.

After Simon briefly oriented me of my duties, I met my wards. I found them bubbly and fun to be with. I was taken immediately by the youngest one, Alaina. At three, she was open-hearted and inquisitive in a good way; she welcomed me with the warmth of a child still innocent to the wayward evils in the world.

Ana, the older kid, was hesitant at first, but when she sensed Alaina having a grand time, she joined in. Time flew past as we frolicked in the castle's manicured playground. The playground had all the adventure features kids would look for; swings, slides, ladders, seesaws, a sand garden and a running track appropriate for children.

My duties were simple: take care of the children, ensure that they eat their meals on time, play with them and read to them before bedtime. There was a private tutor that came thrice a week, but I was not required to be there. That

would be my time-off, but I had to remain inside the castle. I was granted Sunday as a day solely for myself.

Dinner time was a time to dress formally. I whirled before the mirror several times before I settled for a pink, layered gown with a low neckline and a sequined bodice that had delicate ribbon knots on both arms. There was a jewelry box on my dresser and I chose a pair of dangling, pearl earrings with a matching pearl necklace.

I stared back at the radiant reflection on the mirror. It was like I was looking at a lovely stranger whom I have recently met. Is this me? I appeared totally different from the unschooled, passionate girl that I really was.

Satisfied, I descended the spiral staircase towards the dining room. Everyone was well behaved during the meal, with the kids' controlled giggles in front of their father. I learned that their mother died when the youngest was only 4 years old. Duke Allard seemed to have overcome the misery of losing his wife quite well. There were no traces of his sadness in his language and the jovial way he treated his children. I felt a warm glow enveloping my soul. The duke was every woman's dream; handsome, warmhearted and a loving father. My initial impression that he was cold and unfeeling was thrown out of the window.

The scrumptious food consisted of beef roasts, muffins, red beans and beet soup. A delectable strawberry short cake was served for dessert. I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming. Ouch, that hurt.

After dinner, I washed up the children and tucked them in. I read one short story from their book and tiptoed out of the room, leaving the lamp lit bedside their beds.

I was about to proceed to my room when, “Miss Lancaster, care for some coffee?”

I turned around and Duke Allard was standing by the study’s door.

I was unsure whether it was polite to accept it, but I did so anyway because my heart was drawn to him.

“Sure,” I acquiesced, accepting the cup he offered in his hand.

We settled comfortably on the cozy sofa and remained silent for several minutes.

I didn’t know what to say. I had always shied away from social activities before and I had no idea how to start a

great conversation. I studied him under hooded eyes and admired his sinewy physique, his arms were plated with large biceps that took the breath out of me and made my insides quiver. I remembered the racy scene I had witnessed between my aunt's younger sister and her husband. I imagined the dashing Duke doing those 'dirty' things to me and my heart raced. I felt my cock trap quiver. I glanced at his groin and I could almost visualize his dick springing to action. It must be huge with his build. What am I thinking? He's a decent man. I didn't want to be kicked out for the second time because of my lust. I shook my head, and turned away.

“So, how did you find your first day?” he asked politely.

“It was great; fun and happy,” I smiled sincerely.

“That's good. Feel free to speak up your mind. And, you can call me Adrien.”

“Okay, Adrien.”

We fell into an uncomfortable silence.

“My friends visit me every now and then and I may require your company. Would that be okay with you?” he grinned at me, his dimples showing. My breathing paused, and

then went on irregularly. He was simply oozing with sex appeal.

“If you’d like me to, I will,” I blurted, wanting to please him.

He stood up and offered his hand. “I welcome you to our household. Hope you’ll stay longer than the previous baby-sitters,” he said, and marched out of the room.

I was left there standing, staring at his retreating figure; his broad back, straight as he sauntered to the door.

In bed, I tossed and turned. Vivid images of the Duke occupied my mind; his lithe body and his good looking face permeated my senses. How I longed to be embraced and cuddled by his strong arms. How I wished he would crush my body against his and drink from the essence of my futz.

My body was burning with desire and I took a shower again, wanting to get rid of the flame. But not even the cold water was able to assuage my yearning. No man had ever touched my body and I had never masturbated, so I had no idea how to quell the horny feelings that had unexpectedly surfaced.

I finally slept with my unfulfilled sexual cravings, and when I did, they materialized in my dreams. I dreamt I was in bed with only my undies on, when out of nowhere, the Duke appeared. He was in his birthday suit and his naked glory revealed strapping muscles that ripped with each of his movements. His penis was huge and it was glorifying my virgin love-glove with its shining crown of meat. My pair of cat-heads jiggled as he poked his head in between them and sucked my nipples until they turned pink. The scene resembled what I had witnessed from my aunt's bedroom. And before I knew it, I awakened and the patch between my legs was wet and hungry for a dick. I touched and fondled it and moaned when my arousal heightened. The dream had brought me to near orgasm. The rest was up to me. I poked one finger into my moist futz and got my fingers all wet. This made the 'in and out' movement of my finger slicker and smoother. The sensation emitted hundreds of ticking pulses that radiated to the nerve endings in my whole body. I had to increase the rhythm of my fingers to satiate the growing clamor in my groin.

I felt the current grow and then expand inside until it shattered into pockets of delights all over my body. I trembled and arched my back to meet my fingers as my orgasm came. I continued feverishly to finger fuck myself, with one hand on my breast, until the tiny sensations were fully gratified. I sucked my lower lip, my fingers still in my vagina as my sweat and juices intermingled with each other.

When my body's vital signs went back to normal, I went to the bath to wash myself. It was the first time I experienced a full blown orgasm through masturbation. And I felt that I have indeed become an adult.

In the morning, my face was radiant, obviously reflecting the sexual satisfaction that happened the night before.

“You look lovely,” the Duke intoned at the breakfast table.

I couldn't look at him in the eyes because I was afraid my eyes would betray my feelings. I had made love to him in my dreams and the memory was still vivid in my mind.

I blushed as I remembered how massive his manhood was.

He peeked at me closely noticing the blush on my cheeks. “Is something wrong?” He reached across the table and lifted my chin.

A lightning bolt struck my body as his hands came in contact with my face. I shuddered. Why was I suddenly affected by his touch?

“No ... er ... none ... , sir,” I stammered, self-consciously, turning my face away.

“I’m going to town today. Do you want anything?” He ignored my reaction.

“Nothing, sir.”

When he left, I and the children sang some songs as I played simple tunes on the piano. I had learned to play when I was younger and when my parents were still alive. I felt a stinging pain in my chest when the memories flooded in. It was the first time that I had felt so homesick of my parents. I grew lachrymose all the more, when Alaina kissed me on the cheek and wrapped her small arms around me.

The morning proceeded with Ana and Alaina taking turns in dancing and singing. Soon, it was their nap time and I was left by myself in the living room.

Outside, the sun shone brightly amidst the cloudless sky. I decided to take a short walk in the beautiful orchid garden at the back of the castle.

I was admiring the purple flowers of a hanging orchid, when someone stood beside me and a male voice whispered in my ear. “What’s a gorgeous woman doing alone in the garden?”

His fresh, minted breath was hot on my ears and his pleasant-smelling cologne wafted to my nose. I took a step backwards and stared into a set of clear, hazel eyes and stern-looking lips that seemed to smile rarely. His crisp, auburn hair fell forward on his forehead as he lowered his head to look at me. His skin was ruddy and mottled in some areas, where the sun didn’t seep through. I struggled to keep my balance as I tried to avoid him. He was tall and sinewy that I was afraid he would snatch me and carry me in one swift movement.

“Hey, I’m not a bad person,” he laughed heartily. “Forgive me for startling you. I’m Nolan Baudin, Adrien’s closest friend.”

I exhaled with relief and relaxed, “I’m Diana Lancaster,” I extended my hand.

His grasp was firm, and I felt the warmth course through my hands up to my head and down my spine. Was I sensitive to a man's touch because I had already experienced orgasm? What would it feel to have a penis inside my love hole? I released his hand as a vision of him and I engaged in amorous congress flashed before my mind. Should I make a stitch with him? What's wrong with me? I drove away the lustful thoughts in my mind. Was I a nymphomaniac who wanted sex with every man? I had tasted the pleasurable sensations of orgasm and now, I couldn't stop myself in yearning for a genuine dick.

“You're the new nanny,” he stated with a grin. “I wonder how many days you would last.”

I was perplexed with his statement. “What do you mean?”

“Huh? You'll discover soon enough,” he pouted. “Come, I'll give you a tour. This garden has many secret areas you may not know of.”

He clasped my hand and held on to it, no matter how I struggled to set myself free. “Don't be stubborn. There are lots of slippery spots. You'll slip if I don't hold on to you.”

It was not only an orchid garden. The inner circle was carpeted with small, red flowers that had delicate, green leaves. The walls were creeping with verdant vegetation and were sprinkled with yellow buds that provided the garden a flash of the sun. We ventured farther and I became aware that his forearm purposely brushed my breasts several times as he assisted me in navigating the stone paths. I felt my skin crawl and my tinderbox became wet.

My brain wanted me to slap him but my body responded eagerly to his touch. When he pinned his body next to mine, my breathing stopped. He kissed me then and all my defenses crumbled. I grappled with his tongue and sucked his lower lip, wanting more. I was holding on to both of his arms as he showered my neck and face with ardent kisses.

His hands groped for my creamy breasts underneath my blouse and corset, and I moaned as his fingers stroked and twirled my prized grapes. My hands descended into the bulge in his slacks and his body jerked as I gently rubbed it in a horizontal motion.

Then there were voices calling out my name. My hands stopped in mid-air and we listened as the voices came closer. I quickly disengaged myself and fixed my clothing and hair, my body still aroused and needy.

“Go ahead, I’ll hide here until you’re gone,” Nolan whispered as he ran behind the wall.

The clock in the turret struck 3 pm and I came out as the persistent chiming of the clock continued.

“There you are,” Ana exclaimed. She was with Alaina and Simon. Simon was holding a small iron cage with a parrot. “Look, what Simon brought me,” Ana continued. “She can repeat my words.”

She wanted to boast about her new toy. We went back to the house with Ana parading her wise parrot that can mimic everything she said.

All through the afternoon, I pondered on what Nolan meant by his revelation about the previous baby-sitters. What did the Duke do to make them leave?

The Duke came a little after 7 in the evening, when we were eating dinner. He had a solemn face with a glazed look in his eyes. He just nodded his head in greeting and went straight to his room, while the children called out his name.

After I put the children to bed, I went to his study to check if he was there. He had changed into his house clothes and was drinking a cup of coffee. The expression on his face

was so melancholy that I wanted to hold it and tell him that everything will be alright. I was about to depart, when he noticed me.

“Come in, Miss Lancaster. Do you need anything?” he spoke sotto voce’.

“Oh, no, no, I was just passing by.”

“Come in, I wanted to ask you something, anyway.”

I entered reluctantly.

“Have a seat,” he indicated the chair opposite him.  
”Can you join me for some drinks?”

I sat on the edge of the chair, not knowing what to say.

He offered me a glass of red wine, then another glass, and still another, until I felt dizzy and floating. I never drank any spirits, so my alcohol intoxication was more intense.

“May I ask you something?” he queried, his voice slurred. He must have been a teetotaler too because I sensed he was tipsy, as well. He was half-rats after a few drinks. “Have

you ever learned about a secret love affair ... of a loved one ... after they have died?” his face was livid with rage. The façade of the complete control he had over his emotions was disintegrating and the chinks were showing.

“No ... ,” I answered, “understanding was slowly dawning on me. Did his dead wife cheat on him, while she was still alive?”

“My most beloved wife cheated on me.” There were tears in his eyes and I knelt before him and wiped them away with my fingers, my heart was torn apart by his grief.

I patted and rubbed his back the way my mom would whenever I cried. There was a gnawing ache in my heart, thinking how an apparently good man had been cuckolded. What could drive a woman to do that?

He pulled me up into his lap and hugged me; our bodies igniting as they collided against each other. I sensed my nipples becoming hard against his broad chest. He sobbed some more and I kissed his tears until our lips met in urgency and I rimmed his lips with my own. I caught his tongue and sucked it gently, twirling it in my mouth. He stopped weeping and rested his face on my shoulder. After a few minutes, I peered into his face and noticed that he was asleep already. I had to yell for Simon to help me take him to his bedroom.

Simon left promptly afterwards, but I felt uneasy leaving him asleep in a drunken stupor. I got a clean towel and sponged his face and body not daring to venture below his belt. His skin was clammy under my touch but my hands were searing with heat and my body was on fire. I wanted to suck his lower lips and trace the outline of his chest with my tongue but I held myself in check. Simon might return any minute. I hastily buttoned his shirt and left the room in a huff, my body churning with frustrated desires. I felt bothered wanting to make love with two men. But my body naturally reacted to both of them and I was helpless against my own sexual cravings.

I ran to my room and got rid of all my clothing and flopped on the bed with a sigh. I caressed my breasts and stroked my love glove lasciviously to fulfill my angst. I badly needed a big boy but there was no one to turn to. I closed my eyes and touched every inch of my body imagining the Duke doing it for me with his tongue and fingers. There was a silky scarf in one of the drawers and I used it to tease my nipples and my futz, letting it glide along the edges of my pussy and up my clitoris. Then I drew circles around my nipples, sashaying the soft scarf around my breasts and then allowing it to lightly brush the tips of my nips. The light touch on my skin intensified my arousal and I gasped as my futz craved for a fang.

My cock trapper was already brimming with my love juices, soaking the scarf. I was groaning in felicity that I didn't

notice that I left my door ajar. The sensations became intense and I spread my thighs wide as I started to slide two fingers inside and out my pussy.

My hand encountered a hard object and I opened my eyes to look at what it was. I was stunned to see the Duke kneeling between my legs, in all his naked glory. He was brandishing his 9-foot jackhammer in his hands. My eyes popped out from their sockets. Is this a dream? He just passed out hours ago. I closed my eyes and opened it anew as his dong was now nestling at the entrance of my pussy. I was ecstatic and I went crazy with passion as I raised my hips to meet his angry, red meat.

“You’re too delectable to ignore, you naughty lady,” he hissed, his voice hoarse with emotion. “If I had known earlier how horny you were, I would have banged you the very first day.”

“Yes, I’m horny. Give it to me, please,” I pretended to be demure, while my body thrashed wildly towards his dick. It was my first fuck and I absolutely craved for it. I was not talkative, but at that moment, my need was so urgent, I had to express myself.

He didn’t hesitate. He plunged right through my narrow slit, and I cried in pain as his rock-hard manhood invaded my virgin love tunnel. When he started pumping,

however, the pain dissipated and was gradually replaced by pure pleasure as the friction between my tight pussy and his large thong pervaded my body.

“Oh, yes, yes, please,” I urged him on as he continued thrusting, his face suffused with lust and desire. There were beads of sweat on his forehead and his breath came in gasps. The veins in his enlarged hands pulsed as he pump himself hard banging against my futz incessantly until I was delirious with ecstasy.

Then he stopped abruptly and rolled me into the floor. He turned me upside down like a wheelbarrow. He was holding my legs up with his hands as I supported my weight with my own hands. My legs were slightly off the floor as he held them up and use them to pull me towards his throbbing organ. He slammed his dick into me with such force that my G-spot went into a powerful spin and I stuttered trying to scream in pleasure. My whole body sizzled; I could smell my sweat and the musky odor of my love glove as I was ready to climax.

A gentle hand took a swipe of my nipples and I was kissed hard on the lips. This made me open my eyes once more. I was so surprised to be face to face with Nolan Baudin’s hazel eyes. I blinked again, but he was definitely there, slurping my lips like delicious dessert. Holy fuck! What’s up?

But the sensations were too superb to interrupt. Nolan was on all fours too, and he was massaging my breasts, while showering my face and neck with kisses. Now and then, he would linger in my mouth and draw my tongue out to suck on it.

It was too much to bear. My mind went blank as a vaginal orgasm shook my body that left my legs trembling uncontrollably. It was everything I had imagined and much more. Words are not sufficient to describe the sensual pleasures I was undergoing.

“Sorry, I’m late,” Nolan kissed me playfully, after I stopped shaking, and the Duke roared with his ejaculation.

My knees buckled and I trundled on the floor thinking it was all over, but I was wrong. Nolan lifted me up with his muscled arms and seated me on top of his erect manhood as he lay stretched on the floor. It was slightly smaller than the Duke’s but was thicker; I could see the veins twisting to the tip of his penis.

My pussy was sore but when he attacked it with his dick, I squealed in pure delight, clinging tightly to him as he shoved his weapon repeatedly into my pussy, and I eagerly rode him. The full length of his dick reached the core of my cervix and stayed embedded there for some minutes before he

pulled it back up again with difficulty. It was so thick that my virgin pussy went into jubilant spasms to accommodate it.

The Duke was beside me caressing and licking my breasts and nipples. This aroused me further and the pressure built up until I climaxed in sharp spurts, inundating my helpless body with ripples and ripples of wonderful sensations.

The feeling started once more with a dull feeling and then expanded and enlarged into all parts of my body until it exploded with a loud bang.

I moaned and groaned as spasms after spasms occurred in my body. Nolan didn't miss a beat. He kept me on top, lifting me at the waist and then slamming me down into his furious dick until he twitched and ejaculated. Our juices mixed and oozed down our legs as I clung to him refusing to release his dick until I have milked the last of his juices. It was an extraordinary experience being fucked by two handsome men for the first time. I had no regrets losing my virginity. I slept soundly for the rest of the night and although my futz felt sore; my sexual longing was fully gratified.

My shyness assailed me though when I woke up the next day. How could I show my face after my indecent behavior? I pretended to be sick to avoid the Duke at the breakfast table and came out only when he was gone. Was Nolan still at the house? How did he unexpectedly appear last night? I sensed my face turning hot at the memory.

“Ma’am, are you feeling okay now?” Simon threw me a concerned glance.

“Yes, I’m good.”

“The kids are with their tutor. You can go back to bed and rest.”

I plodded to my room and snuggled happily inside the bed covers. I fell asleep again and when I woke up, it was nearly time for dinner. I was clearly exhausted the night before.

I was dressing up for supper when Simon knocked and informed me that my food was outside my door. I was famished and the succulent lamb chops and hot potatoes offered a satisfying meal. I dared not venture out of my room for fear of meeting the Duke. I didn’t know how to react and what to say if he spoke to me. But my body was yearning for

him again. And, Nolan ... , he was a rampaging dragon out to hump me until my brains exploded.

My body hankered for them, but how can I hold my head up high in front of them now? I cringed inwardly. I was between the devil and the deep blue sea. Should I resign? Was this the reason why the previous nannies resigned?

After my hearty supper, I lingered at the balmy terrace of my room and languidly sipped my cup of coffee. I was getting sleepy when a knock came from my door. I sat up straight, my heart pounding dangerously inside my rib cage. Was it the Duke? Was it Nolan?

“Who is it?” My voice quaked.

“It’s Simon. May I come in?”

I put a coat over my nightclothes and opened the door.

“Is anything wrong?” He asked when we were comfortably seated.

“Nothing,” I denied, refusing to look at him.

“Are you planning to resign?” he probed suddenly that I was dumbfounded.

“How did you know?” I retorted incredulously.

“Those are the symptoms... Not coming out of your room and reporting sick. Did the Duke request you to resign?”

“No, he did not,” I shot back, indignant.

“Then why are you resigning? Have you done something wrong?”

I remained silent.

“I’ll tell you why the former nannies resigned...”

“You don’t have to. I have no business poking into other people’s business,” I interrupted him.

“You’ll have to know, lest you’ll misunderstand,” he insisted. “They resigned because the Duke requested them to. If he fired them, they would have not received their severance pays, so he let them resign instead.”

“But why did he request them to resign?” I was curious.

“Because they overstepped their boundaries, flirting openly with him even in front of the children. He treasures his children the most and wants to be the best father for them.”

I nodded my head in agreement.

“And he dislikes women who openly seduce him.”

I whipped my head to look at Simon. “You mean he didn’t succumb to their wiles?”

“Yes, why are you so shocked?”

“Nothing,” I murmured, deep in thought about the magnitude of his revelations. How come he came in my room and made love to me? My common sense dictated that perhaps he found me attractive. And what about Nolan? What was his role in the incident?

My spirits soared when I realized that he was not a gal-sneaker and that he favored me above the rest. I changed into a long navy blue skirt with matching three-quarter length striped shirt. The colors accentuated my fair, smooth skin and my

pristine features. Who would ever guess that the woman staring back from the mirror is no longer a virgin?

My feet had spring pads as I walked towards the Duke's study. Would he dislike me as well, if I made the first move? It was too late to back out now. I heard his footsteps approaching the door.

We bumped into each other as he peaked outside of his room. His lips widened to a smile when he saw it was me.

“This is a surprise!” he continued grinning. “You’ve been missing the whole day; I thought you won’t come out from your room.”

I smiled back, a niggling tension developing at the pit of my stomach.

“You’re fine now, of course,” his palm touched my cheeks. “Have a seat. Coffee or wine?”

“Coffee, please,” I replied, not wanting to duplicate the drunken event that happened the other night.

My hands wanted to reach out and pull his face towards mine but I hesitated, observing his gaiety. It was

evident he was able to recover from his misery. “You’re not grieving anymore, sir?” I inquired just to make sure.

“No, not anymore. Let bygones be bygones. Anyway, both of them had passed away.”

I was relieved and happy he was over it quickly.

“And again, don’t call me sir, Adrien will do,” he amiably flashed his pearly white teeth at me.

I nodded.

“I’m sorry, I was unable to tuck in the kids today,” I apologized.

“Don’t worry, Simon does it whenever you can’t. He’s used to it.”

We sat there for a few minutes, pensively holding our cups in our hands.

After a while, he positioned his chair right next to me and held my hand. I noticed his crotch and a bulge was brewing. He caressed the insides of my thighs and murmured,

“Do you want a repeat performance of yesterday?” I nodded shyly and placed my palms lightly on top of his erection. He moaned softly.

“Nolan would like to join us.”

Nolan sauntered into the room opportunely.

“Present,” he planted a solid kiss on my lips. I was still astonished at his audacity and sex appeal. He moved with confidence and class that any woman who would refuse him was an ignoramus.

My love glove quivered in fervor. My two heroes are here, I rejoiced inwardly.

They brought me to a spacious room that had a wide soft bed, and several contraptions that appeared to be sex materials. There was a chair designed as a horse, complete with stirrups and a leather saddle. There was also a high, backless chair, obviously intended for sitting positions. There were feathers, silks, cottons, and some strange, penis-like items that were displayed inside the glass cabinets.

They laughed at my stunned rejoinder. “You’ll surely enjoy these toys, my dear,” Nolan had an arm around me. “Step into the world of sensual pleasures.”

“We’re actually experimenting with these items,” The Duke revealed. “It’s not a sin to indulge ourselves with the pleasures of the flesh.”

“What do you want to try?” Nolan led me to the displays.

I was still too shy to express myself. “You choose,” I uttered excitedly, my body already burning with urgency. I wanted to try the saddle but I was unsure what it was, so I rejected the idea.

The Duke started kissing me, holding my face between his palms. He nuzzled my nose and then kissed its tip and then enclosed my lips with his own. His fresh- smelling breath and sweet saliva penetrating my own as I fought back with my own tongue. I slurped his tongue deep into my mouth and sucked it gently. His hands were busy shedding my clothing one by one.

I felt Nolan burying his head under my skirt, while he ripped my underwear with his mouth. It fell on the floor and I exhaled deeply as his tongue ran the length of my futz. He was crouched below me and the Duke, occupying the tight space between our bodies.

“Let me try this,” he held a silky material in his hand.

There was a tingle in my pussy as he flicked my pussy with the object. A keen sensual pleasure started to build up in my pubis. Nolan pulled my skirt down and exposed my constricted pussy. He went on teasing and caressing it with the object until I grabbed his head and directed it towards my clamoring slit. He cursed, and got rid of it as his tongue plowed through my pink petals. They then carried me towards the bed and lay me spread-eagled on it. I was completely naked and my body was one big ticking bomb. The Duke caressed and kissed me from the lips down to my breasts, while Nolan concentrated on venerating my pussy and the areas around it with his tongue and fingers. He sucked on the outer lips of my love pocket and shoved his tongue inside the narrow hole, while his thumb continuously flicked my clit.

My head was sashaying from side to side as my body soaked in the glorious vibrations that beset me. The Duke ran his tongue on my round, firm breast while he fondled the other breast with his fingers. His lips never left mine, making me catch my breath every now and then. The blistering, enchanting feelings inside my body continued to build up. They traversed from my erotic zones and spread tenaciously but surely to all my extremities until I felt all my muscles ready to burst. I stiffened as Nolan continued licking my love hole.

I groped for the Duke's dick and massaged it lightly with my fingers, adjusting the pressure slowly. It grew to enormous proportions in no time at all. My hands faltered at times as their onslaught on my two mouths increased in intensity.

"You love this, dearie?" Nolan sucked on my clit for several minutes, going in gently and then more forcefully. He performed the action repeatedly, until my body jerked and I nibbled the Duke's neck as I convulsed into a shuddering climax. I sighed and basked in it, knowing there was nothing sweeter and more pleasurable than sex.

"It's our turn," Nolan turned me around, face down, and positioned himself below me. We were facing each other but I was on top of him and our bodies were both straightened - toe to toe. "Pleasure us," he commanded.

Nolan's big fudge sickle was poised at the opening of my willing pussy. He wiggled his hips and his conquering manhood slid in, inch by inch. When he couldn't control himself any longer, he held my waist and lifted my body and then crashed it against his. His dick had difficulty entering my narrow opening and I had to rotate my hips to accommodate all of him. The movement triggered my G-spot and I was high once more. He raised my body and slammed it again into his muscular frame as our sex organs became locked to each other. He did it several times until our thighs were wet with sweat

and love juices. The tension in my vagina had almost reached its maximum.

I sensed a hand fingering my anus, and pinching my buttocks. The impression was magnified with my anal stimulation. The Duke tongued my anal area and I was raving mad as he slipped his tongue inside it. I was ready to come. With his tongue's fourth pass, a guttural moan ripped from my mouth. And when Nolan penetrated my pussy harder, my body gave in and my breathing constricted as I clawed on Nolan's chest and bit him as I climaxed.

Before my body stopped thrashing, Nolan brought his dick before my face. "I would like you to suck me," he politely entreated. "I haven't climaxed yet."

Impatient, I clutched his massive dick and enclosed its base with my fingers. I began massaging it, applying gentle pressure and a light touch. I lacked experience to give a good head but I was a voracious reader so I had learned that the penis is as sensitive as my own clit. My tongue welcomed the tip of his dick as it emerged from my fingers. I ran my tongue around its crown and sucked it, making tiny, suckling sounds with my mouth. While I was sucking him I played with his balls. His backed went rigid as I took his manhood all in and suckled it adoringly. Then I withdrew and ran my tongue along its shaft until it grew even bigger.

The Duke's flesh tower was up again and was forcing its way through my pussy. I was awed at how promptly it was able to recover. I was half-kneeling relishing Nolan's dick, when the Duke toyed with my brazenly exposed breasts once again. He seemed to bask in their honey softness.

When the Duke noticed that Nolan was close to his climax, he made me go on all fours and sniffed my pussy from behind. He then licked its opening and sucked the tiny protruding mound at the middle. It triggered a sensuous cascade of wonderful feelings that started from my clitoris to my feet and then back up to my head. The moment he stuck his enormous fire hose into my love pocket, I whimpered, semi-possessed with pleasure. He slid in, taking his time, and then he slowly slid out. He held on to the cheeks of my ass as he humped me from behind - in a kneeling position. Then when my tight pussy clutched his dick, he grumbled and increased his pace, digging deeply and humping more rapidly. The smack of his groin against my ass echoed inside the room as he went faster and faster. I pushed my pussy down to meet his merciless thrusts.

I hardly noticed Nolan spewing his viscid fluid all over my face as his semen jetted out from his dick in short spurts. The pungent odor was thick on my nose and I licked the tips of his dick as he trembled in the last throes of his climax. "God, that was great," he tapped my cheeks, as his semen dripped before me.

“Are you cumming now?” The Duke asked hoarsely. “Say something, my dear,” he encouraged me, but I barely opened my mouth. I was a church-bell.

He humped me like there was no tomorrow until I was dazed with mindless passion and uttered curses under my breath. Mom had taught me to act like a proper lady and to avoid cursing but the slice of heaven I had experienced was just too extreme for words.

I was cumming too and I felt intricate pockets of delight started to accumulate in my pussy. Then a blinding flash of electricity coursed through my body and I convulsed as I squirted my love juices on the floor. The Duke was groaning violently too as he climaxed seconds after me. I grinded my ass against him as the electric pulses continued and my body was ravaged by erotic sensations that I had only experienced then. It was a momentous trip to Nirvana.

We lay there exhausted but blissful and completely sated.

“Why don’t you try the saddle,” the Duke tweaked my nipple as I lay between them. “It’s a unique ride,” he encouraged me. “I’ll ride with you,” he continued.

I stared at the contraption and it seemed beckoning to me. “I’ll do that next time,” I kissed him playfully on the lips, tasting my own juices from his mouth.

“You promise,” Nolan seconded; his other hand on the Duke’s nips.

“Yes, I promise.” I spread my thighs and placed each leg across their bodies. They instinctively fondled me. Nolan went for my love pocket, while the Duke went for my taut lemons. I’m sure we’ll take the tumble anytime soon. I smiled to myself.

I felt fulfilled, secure and happy as vestiges of my own unlucky past were obliterated from my mind. There was no sense in recalling the sad memories and crying over them.

I expected the night to be an unending journey of sexual delights and erotic pleasures. I had conquered the castle

Thanks to my two expert mentors.

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Five

## CHAPTER 1

Jasmine pulled the small red sedan into the Merrowport Mall parking lot and slid into the first empty space that she could find. As she shut off the engine she let out an audible sigh while glancing over at the passenger seat where Tiffany Paige, her best friend, was busy texting.

Jasmine sighed loudly once more and threw her head back into her seat.

“I heard you the first time, drama queen,” Tiffany smirked as she finally looked up from her phone. “Your mom is making you work at a clothing store in the mall not forcing you to join the army.”

Jasmine stuck out her tongue and began fixing her makeup in the rearview mirror. “Well excuse me if I have better things to do after school and on the weekends.”

“Jazzi, we spend every day together,” Tiffany replied as both girls got out of the car. “And we are both extremely skilled when it comes to having nothing better to do.”

Jasmine scoffed as she smoothed out her shorts over her dark olive skinned legs. “Tiff that doesn’t even make any sense.”

“Whatever,” Tiffany smiled brightly as she took Jasmine’s hand in hers and they both began walking into the half empty mall lobby.

It was about ten o’clock in the morning and even though the sun was completely hidden behind a wall of dark clouds, more than a few people were still milling about. As both girls rode the escalator up to the second floor, Jasmine thought to herself about how she had gotten into this mess.

It all started when her dad had been lecturing her about how she was too irresponsible and needed to learn the value of money. Then her mom has suddenly got the bright idea to get her a part-time job at a lame clothing store where her friend Crystal worked. Crystal was her mom’s old friend from high school who had just recently come back to Merrowport to settle down.

“If I didn’t know any better I’d think you were trying to get rid of me,” Jasmine said with a playful frown on her face.

“Oh I wish I could,” Tiffany started to reply before relenting as she saw the look on Jasmine’s face. “I’m joking, Jazzi, jeez. Don’t worry drama queen; I’ll come visit you every day.” Tiffany’s pale cheeks flushed faintly as she gave Jasmine’s hand a little squeeze and they both came to a halt in front of their destination.

They were both standing in front of a fairly small female clothing boutique that had wide glass windows under a neon colored sign that read: “High Five Clothing”. Jasmine sighed once more as Tiffany pulled open the door and led her inside.

While the inside of the store was probably larger than it seemed on the outside, the area was a little bit cramped with all of the mannequins and clothing racks. Looking around, Jasmine had to admit that some of the clothes in here were actually good looking.

“Hello ladies,” a cheerful voice chimed from across the room.

Walking towards them was a tall woman who was wearing a short black pencil skirt and an orange short-sleeved dress shirt with the High Five logo printed on it. Her shoulder length platinum blonde hair complimented her rosy skin.

“I’m sorry ladies, we’re not open today - our grand opening is Saturday.” she said, looking at Tiffany who was standing in front of Jasmine. “In fact, I’m the only one here. I’m Crystal by the way. My new assistant is running late, she was supposed to be here over an hour ago,” she frowned vaguely as she shook Tiffany’s hand.

“We’re not here to buy anything ma’am,” Tiffany smiled. “I’m actually here escorting your new assistant,” she giggled as she moved to the side, putting Jasmine in full view for the first time.

Jasmine locked eyes with Crystal who seemed to have just noticed her for the first time. A few seconds of silence passed as Crystal’s blank gaze bore into her. Jasmine felt slightly uncomfortable but at the same time she couldn’t look away from Crystal’s dark green eyes. It wasn’t until Tiffany cleared her throat loudly that Crystal finally seemed to come back to her senses.

“Hello,” she smiled widely once more. “You must be Clover’s daughter Jasmine.”

“Yeah,” Jasmine replied sheepishly. She was still a little confused about the staring match that they just had. “I’m sorry I’m late.”

“Don’t worry about that hon, as long as you don’t make it a habit. It’ll just be three of us working here for now, at least until I see just how successful the store gets. You’ll meet Kerri tomorrow. Anyway, let’s get you into your uniform.” She put a hand on Jasmine’s shoulder and started leading her towards an area that was marked ‘Employees Only’, completely ignoring Tiffany.

“I guess I’ll see you later Tiff,” Jasmine half shouted over her shoulder. “I’ll text you!”

Tiffany looked back at her with a slightly worried look now on her face. “Yeah, I guess...” she replied, before hesitantly walking out of the store.

## **CHAPTER 2**

“Mom! Dad! I’m home!”

Jasmine loudly closed the front door and walked into the living room where her mom was sitting watching TV.

“Well, how was it?” Jasmine’s mom asked.

“It was ok I guess,” Jasmine replied as she plopped down on the couch beside her. “Your friend, Crystal, is kinda...”

“Eccentric?”

“I was gonna say weird. She’s pretty, fun, and young though.” Jasmine smiled mischievously at her mother before continuing. “I doubt you two were really friends.”

“Oh ha ha, now you’ve got jokes? After you were crying that I was ruining your life with this job,” her mom teased.

“Hey, I still want to quit. I just said it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be.”

“Anyway. Crystal and I were neighbors and we did go to school together. Although she is a couple years younger than me, so we were in different grades. I think she’s like thirty four or thirty five now.”

“Wow! That’s like half your age mom!” Jasmine teased back.

“I guess that means I’m almost a hundred,” the deep voice of Jasmine’s father echoed as he entered the room. He threw his jacket over the arm of the chair and sat down in the chair beside her.

“And you still look as handsome as the day I met you, Mr. Police Chief,” her mom flattered him before planting a deep kiss on his lips.

“Eww... get a room you two,” Jasmine laughed as she jumped off of the couch and started making her way upstairs to her room. Saturday was the grand opening of High Five and Crystal wanted her there bright and early. She plopped down on her bed and started calling Tiffany, who had already sent her over half a dozen messages in the time it had taken her to talk to her mom.

“You’d think that you were my husband, the way you can’t stop checking up on me,” Jasmine joked as Tiffany’s perky voice appeared on the other end of the line. “What do you mean you could do better than me? Bitch please,” she laughed.

### **CHAPTER 3**

“Jasmine! Jasmine!”

Jasmine briskly walked over to the cash register that Crystal and Kerri were standing behind. Crystal was showing Kerri how to do something, while a middle aged woman was tapping her fingers impatiently on the counter. Kerri looked like the poster girl for a punk rock concert - jet black hair that was streaked with purple, and at least three piercings in each ear and one on her right brow. She was few years older than Jasmine and had taken this job to save up money to go to college next year.

“Jasmine, help this customer with the shoes that she’s looking at. I’m sure we have her size in the back.” Crystal said as she finally turned her attention to Jasmine and the older woman. “I’m sorry for the delay,” she said apologetically to the customer before walking off.

Jasmine put on her best ‘retail smile’ (Kerri had taught her that phrase) and escorted the customer to the shoe section.

It was getting close to the end of workday but the store still had quite a few customers who were milling about. Crystal’s thirty percent off ‘Grand Opening Sale’ had been very successful in getting a large amount of customers in the store. Apart from her lunch break, Jasmine had spent the entire day on her feet helping various customers and running behind Crystal, who was enjoying her opening day.

Once the last customers were out the door and Crystal had closed the front door, both Jasmine and Kerri plopped themselves down onto two of the posh plush pouffes that were reserved for the customers.

“Great day, right girls?” Crystal cheerfully asked as she straightened a few dresses on their hangars.

“If you say so, Ms. Holland,” Kerri replied breathlessly.

“Alright,” Crystal slipped back into her authoritative voice and put her hands on her hips. “Kerri, take paper wrappings and the rest of the trash out and then you can go. Remember, Monday bright and early.”

Kerri sprung up immediately and started gathering her things together.

“I guess that means that I can go, right?” Jasmine asked hopefully.

“Not yet, Ms. Summers. We’re going to do some tidying up and a little inventory checking.” She put her hand

on Jasmine's shoulder and steered her towards the employee area.

The small storeroom was cramped and filled with an assortment of boxes and clothes on towering shelves. Jasmine was busy arranging boxes on the shelves while Crystal was ticking off items on an inventory list. Crystal's gaze lingered on Jasmine as she moved around the small room.

"Just those last boxes and then we can leave, Jasmine dear," Crystal said, her eyes never leaving Jasmine. "You know, Clover said that you would be a handful but I don't see that at all. You did well today."

"Thank you, Ms. Holland," Jasmine replied with a small smile as she tried to squeeze past Crystal. "I knew mom would-"

Before Jasmine could finish her sentence, her foot bumped into the leg of one of the shelves and she lost her balance. The boxes that she was carrying went flying into the air as she went tumbling into Crystal who reflexively stretched out her arms to catch her. As she landed in Crystal's arms, the momentum carried both of them backwards, sending Crystal to the floor and Jasmine on top of her.

“Ugh... I’m sorry, Ms. Holland,” Jasmine started to apologize breathlessly. The force of her chest pressed hard against the older woman’s was restricting her breathing. “This is like a comedy scene right out of a sitcom.” She awkwardly tried to joke, afraid of how Crystal would react to her clumsiness. Jasmine braced herself for the older woman, who was staring at her blankly, to start shouting or at least reprimand her.

Crystal’s reaction was the complete opposite.

As Jasmine weakly tried to push herself up, Crystal’s hand moved to the nape of her neck, stopping her movement. Jasmine was caught off guard by this and stared back at her surprised, frozen in place. She could see something stirring within Crystal’s eyes as the older woman’s gaze bore into her.

“Anger?” Jasmine thought to herself. “No, something else... it’s almost like a hunger...”

Before she could give this any more thought, her face was being pulled downwards to meet Crystal’s.

Crystal’s lips met hers, wrapping themselves around hers in a wet embrace. It was as if something had been released inside the older woman. She didn’t seem to care that

she was on the cold hard floor; all that mattered to her was keeping Jasmine here with her.

Jasmine's mind seemed to be struggling to process what was going on. The couple guys that she had dated before had kissed her but not like this. They were always clumsy and sometimes slobbering. Even Tiffany, who would sometimes playfully give her a peck on the lips, was nothing like this.

Crystal knew what she was doing.

Her lips seemed to draw the breath right out of Jasmine. She was aggressive but not too forceful, and everything else around Jasmine seemed to fade away. Crystal's other hand slipped under her blouse, and her fingers began playing around the small of her back. Her touch made Jasmine let out a small gasp and reflexively push her hips in closer to Crystal, who seized this opportunity to part Jasmine's lips with her tongue and dive right in.

Jasmine couldn't help it, she kissed her back.

Her tongue welcomed Crystal's as the older woman's hands started to run along her hips. Then, as if in response to Crystal's hands moving over her skirt, a loud ring erupted from her pocket. The sound echoed inside the tiny room,

pulling Jasmine back to her senses as she jumped to her feet and pulled to phone out of her pocket.

Her mom was calling.

Jasmine took a step back from Crystal, who was now slowly getting to her feet. “What am I doing?” she thought to herself. Not only was this woman almost twice her age, she was also her mom’s friend.

“Jasmine I-” Crystal started to speak but Jasmine cut her off.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Holland. I have to go,” she blurted out as she darted from the room, leaving Crystal standing there alone in the tiny storeroom.

## CHAPTER 4

Jasmine crawled out of bed around midday on Sunday with a strange feeling in the back of her head. As she made her way to the bathroom to take a shower it all came back to her - the storeroom, Crystal's hands on her body, her lips... her tongue. As the water cascaded over her dark olive skin, Jasmine stood there for what felt like an hour, replaying yesterday's events in her head.

She had noticed no prior signs of Crystal being attracted to her, so what had prompted that kiss. Jasmine didn't know what to do. Part of her felt like the right thing to do would be to quit; however, that would mean telling her mom why she wanted to quit. There was another part of her that wanted to go to work on Monday and tell Crystal that everything was okay between them.

Jasmine stepped out of the shower and wrapped her towel around herself before making her way out into the hallway and back to her room. As she entered the room she jumped slightly at the sight of someone sitting on her bed. It was Tiffany, dressed in capris and a small white tank top that exposed her midriff.

"Shit, you scared the hell out of me," Jasmine smiled as she closed the door behind her. "Are you creeping into my

house now, Ms. Stalker?” she teased.

“Very funny. Your mom let me in sleepy head. She said you were exhausted from your first day of work, so she sent me up with breakfast.” Tiffany gestured to the tray of pancakes and orange juice that was perched on the table beside her computer.

“I’ve always wanted a maid.”

“Very funny.”

“Think about it, you’d look cute in the outfit.”

“Anyway, what happened to you last night,” Tiffany asked. “You didn’t answer my messages or anything. It’s like you went completely dark online.”

Jasmine unwrapped the towel from around herself and threw it onto the bed. She fumbled around on her dresser for the comb turning her back to Tiffany, so that she wouldn’t see her blushing. “Oh you know, I was tired from work. We had a huge rush from the opening day sale.”

“Oh yeah, sorry I couldn’t make it. Mom had me babysitting my little brother all day,” she responded. “Boss

Bitch is working you hard then? Yeah she looked like the bossy type.”

“No... she’s ok... I guess,” Jasmine replied timidly, blushing even more, her back still turned to Tiffany. “Anyway, you really shouldn’t be the one calling anyone bossy. You’re the real bossy one Ti-” Before she could finish teasing Tiffany, a loud crack sounded in the room, followed instantly by a sharp pain on her naked butt.

Jasmine screamed and spun around to see Tiffany still sitting on the bed with the towel hanging loosely from her hand.

“Yes, I’m the boss.” Tiffany teased as she stuck her tongue out playfully at Jasmine.

Jasmine smiled and quickly closed the space between them before launching herself on top of Tiffany, pushing her back onto the bed.

“What the hell?” Tiffany shrieked as Jasmine lapped her with her naked legs on either side and sat on her. Then it was her time to shriek as Jasmine started to tickle her repeatedly, making Tiffany wiggle under her.

“Who’s the boss again?” Jasmine laughed as the tickled Tiffany even harder.

“M-Me, bi-bitch,” Tiffany stuttered between shrieks. She then wrapped her arms around Jasmine’s waist and threw her beside herself on the bed. Then she flipped over on top of Jasmine, mirroring the position that she had just been in a few seconds ago. “Who’s the boss Jazzi?” she laughed as she started tickling Jasmine.

“You are!” Jasmine shrieked as she wiggled her naked body under Tiffany, trying to get free.

“I can’t hear you!” Tiffany laughed, as her eyes longingly took in Jasmine’s petite frame and full breasts.

“You are!” Jasmine shrieked even louder as grabbed Tiffany’s hands and pulled her downwards so that she couldn’t tickle her sides.

Tiffany’s head came down softly onto Jasmine’s heaving chest, as both girls lay there panting from the shrieking and laughter.

“You’re crazy,” Jasmine giggled.

“And you’re naked.”

Tiffany rolled off of her and they both laughed as they sat up on the bed.

“Eat your breakfast,”

“Ok boss.”

## CHAPTER 5

Crystal nervously paced through the store, smiling brightly at each customer as she walked past them. Business was going well today, the opening sale had spread the word about her boutique and they had a consistent stream of customers throughout the day.

She glanced at the clock that was perched on the wall behind the cash register. School was over for the day and Jasmine's shift started in five minutes. She would be here any minute - if she was coming in to work at all.

Crystal cursed herself under her breath. When she had first laid eyes on Jasmine something had stirred up deep within her. However, she had pushed those feelings out of her head under the pretense that she could have never actually acted on those feelings. Besides, a young girl like Jasmine would have never been interested in a older woman like her. She had to be her boss and nothing more.

Jasmine had fallen into her arms all of those thoughts, which she had supposedly gotten rid of, all came flooding back to her. With the young girl who she had fallen in love with so close to her in that moment, Crystal couldn't help herself. She gave in to her feelings and they betrayed her.

Jasmine had probably told her mother everything and now they had both probably written her off as some sort of oddity.

The electronic door chime sounded as the front door of the boutique swung open. Crystal spun around, ready to greet another customer. Instead she was looking down at Jasmine's face.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Holland," Jasmine said brightly with a 'retail smile' on her face.

"Good afternoon, Jasmine. Listen, I'm sorry about what happened in the storeroom." Crystal tried to apologize as quietly as she could.

"That's not a problem, Ms. Holland. It was my fault, I was the one who tripped and fell. I'm sorry. I didn't hurt you, did I?" Jasmine replied. It was obvious that she was trying to avoid talking about what had really happened

"No, that's okay. You didn't but-"

"I'm glad," Jasmine cut her off quickly. "I think Kerri is calling you."

Crystal spun around to see Kerri standing behind the cash register, waving for her to come and help. Crystal spun back around to look at Jasmine but she had already slipped past her and was headed towards the employee area to change into her uniform.

The rest of the day passed somewhat awkwardly for Crystal. Jasmine seemed to be avoiding her. Whenever Crystal tried to get close to say something, she would engage the closest customer in conversation or simply answer Crystal politely and quickly move away.

“Well that was a good second day,” Crystal remarked as eight o’clock rolled around and they started to close up the store.

“Yeah, you’ve got a good thing going here, Ms. Holland,” Kerri remarked as she closed off the cash register.

Crystal smiled and glanced over towards Jasmine who was avoiding her gaze. “Anyway, I’ve got something for you girls. Follow me,” she began walking towards the storeroom.

A wave of worry washed over Jasmine as her body tensed up and she remained rooted to the spot.

Kerri looked back at her puzzled. “Jasmine? You coming?”

Jasmine jumped as if she felt an electric shock. “Oh yeah, sorry.”

Crystal led them into the storeroom where there were a pile of boxes that hadn’t been there Saturday.

“These came in this morning. It’s my summer wear shipment that had been delayed.” She opened a couple of the boxes to reveal swimsuits and summer dresses that were sorted by style and brand. “You girls can use your employee discount and have first pick,” she smiled brightly at both of them.

Jasmine’s eyes went wide, she didn’t know what to say.

“No offense, Ms. Holland but these really aren’t my style,” Kerri replied.

“No problem, Kerri,” Crystal said, still smiling. “What about you Jasmine?”

Jasmine looked up at her, wondering if this was her way of apologizing for what had happened. “Well I guess I

could use a new swimsuit or two,” she replied with a faint smile.

“Well you two fashionistas have fun,” Kerri laughed as Jasmine gingerly looked through the boxes.

“Can I try them on?” Jasmine asked uncertainly.

“Well how else are you going to know if you like them, silly?” Crystal teased. “You know where the changing room is.”

Jasmine picked up a few swimsuits and walked over to the employee changing room. As she slipped out of her uniform and started putting on the small blue side-tie bikini, Jasmine heard Kerri say goodbye to Crystal.

A nervous sensation washed over Jasmine. She hadn't meant for them both to be alone together, especially so soon after their 'incident' in the store room.

“It's ok, she apologized,” Jasmine thought to herself. “Nothing is going to happen.” She knew that she was trying too hard to convince herself that they had both moved past the kiss that they had shared. Truth be told, there was a small part of Jasmine that wanted Crystal to throw caution to the wind and kiss her again, dominate her again.

Jasmine would never act on these feelings without provocation. She had mastered the art of avoiding her feelings and burying them deep down inside of her. This was the same reason why she had never cried or even showed sadness after any of her past breakups. The small part of her that wanted Crystal was the part of her that was screaming the loudest. It was filling her head with ideas of how to tempt Crystal into taking her by force.

Jasmine shook her head, as if trying to get the thought out of her mind, and slowly walked out of the changing room.

## **CHAPTER 6**

Crystal was leaned against the side of the counter where the cash register was situated. As Jasmine stepped out of the employee area Crystal felt her jaw drop slightly and her mind seemed to go completely blank.

Crystal had known that Jasmine was beautiful, that much was plainly obvious. However, the petite dark olive skinned girl that stood before her was by far the most gorgeous person that she had ever seen. All of the girls that Crystal had known, that were this sexy, were always complete bitches or

overall horrible people. Yet here was this shy sweet girl that had turned everything that she had known upside down.

“Well? What do you think?” Jasmine asked in a soft uncertain tone as she slowly spun around once. “I’ve never really liked bikinis with ties but this one just seems so cute.”

Crystal shook her head and came back to her senses.

Jasmine noticed her head movement and frowned slightly. “You don’t like it?”

“It’s beautiful,” Crystal finally said after struggling to find the words. “It fits you.” Her eyes lingered on the smooth curves of her waist that ran down to her full hips.

Jasmine noticed her hungry gaze and a sudden compulsion came over her. She slowly stepped towards Crystal, excessively swinging her hips from side to side with each step. She stopped less than a step away from Crystal, leaving about a foot of space between them.

“How about now?” Jasmine whispered as she ran a finger slowly over one of the shoulder straps.

Before Crystal could respond, Jasmine had already spun around and started to make her way back to the changing room, once again swinging her hips seductively from side to side.

“Maybe I’ll try another one.”

As she slipped out of the bikini in the changing room another mischievous thought popped into her head. She undid the tie in the center of the purple bikini top, which she had just put on, so that the loose ends of the top were barely covering her nipples.

Then she strolled out of the changing room.

“Jasmine what are-”

“I told you,” Jasmine said with her bottom lip pushed out in a cute pout. “I never really liked tie bikinis. I can’t tie this one to save my life.” She moved even closer to Crystal at this point. “Can you tie it for me, please?”

Crystal nervously brought her hands up and shakily held the ties in each hand. As she tried to tie the two ends together, her hands brushed against Jasmine’s firm breasts. A shock ran through her fingers and her hands and in response Jasmine arched her back out even further.

Crystal couldn't have stopped what happened next even if she wanted to.

## CHAPTER 7

Crystal wrapped her hands the small frame of the half naked girl and pulled her in, angling her own head downwards to plant a firm kiss on Jasmine's lips. Her hands slowly began to caress Jasmine's body, running down the length of her back and over her rounded butt.

Jasmine was lost in the moment. The small part of her, that had been screaming for her to tempt Crystal, had finally won. Jasmine wrapped her arms around the older woman's waist and allowed her lips to be lead by Crystal's. Something had awoken inside Jasmine, something that she had never felt before and she didn't want to lose this feeling. It was a feeling of control.

"Ms. Holland," Jasmine whispered as she pulled her lips away from Crystal's. She gazed up at Crystal as they both stood there in each other's arms. Jasmine bit her bottom lip seductively before speaking again. "I don't think we should be doing this," she whispered even softer.

“You-You don’t?” Crystal asked with a confused dejected look on her face.

“No,” Jasmine bit her bottom lip again. “Not unless you ordered me too.”

Crystal smiled evilly and spun Jasmine around so that her back was facing her. Then she wrapped one arm loosely around Jasmine’s neck and pulled her in so that their bodies were pressed flush against each other.

“You’re going to do as I say like a good little girl, right?” she said with an air of dominance.

“Yes, Ms. Holland,” Jasmine gasped as she slowly twisted her hips against Crystal.

“That’s a good girl,” she replied as she swiftly tore off what was left of Jasmine’s top and began caressing her breasts with her other hand.

Jasmine let out a series of soft moans as Crystal began to roughly pinch her nipples and softly kiss her neck. Jasmine’s knees felt as if they were going to give way at any

moment, Crystal had been touching her breasts for a few seconds but she already felt like she was going to explode.

Then Crystal bit her neck.

A wave of both pain and pleasure erupted within Jasmine and she wiggled free from Crystal's grasp as her legs finally failed her and she fell to her knees. Crystal had made her orgasm just by touching her breasts and neck.

"I didn't say that you could take a break," Crystal's domineering voice sounded from above her head.

Crystal pushed her over on all fours and swiftly swatted her on the butt with her hand.

"Ms. Holland!" Jasmine screamed. She arched her back and pushed her butt further into the air, teasing Crystal to spank her again. "I'm sorry. Please don't," her words were saying one thing but her body was signally for the complete opposite.

Jasmine slapped her on the butt again. "Little rude girls who don't follow the rules should be punished." She spanked her once more. "Right?"

“Yes, Ms. Holland.”

Crystal spanked her once more before pulling the bikini bottom to the side, revealing the dampness between her legs.

“Ms. Holland, I don’t think you-” Jasmine started to speak but her words were cut short by a high pitch moan that escaped her lips. Crystal had planted her lips on her soft flesh and as her tongue danced deeper into Jasmine’s body, she had also slapped her on the butt once more.

Jasmine had never felt anything like this before. The pleasure that she was feeling had her unconsciously moving her hips and butt in sync with Crystal’s tongue. Jasmine could feel another wave of pleasure rising from between her legs where Crystal’s face was fixed. She couldn’t help it, she climaxed once more as Crystal pushed her tongue even deeper inside her, taking her all in.

Jasmine crumpled to the ground on her side, her entire body shaking from her second orgasm in just a few minutes.

“What am I going to do with such a rude little girl? Not only are you taking a break, you also came without my permission.”

Jasmine looked up to see Crystal standing above her, completely naked from the waist down - her skirt and underwear lying on the floor beside her.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Holland,” Jasmine breathlessly apologized as she got onto her knees and knelt before Crystal. “I’ll make it up to you.”

“Yes, you will,” Crystal replied as she closed the distance between them. She put one hand on her head and pulled Jasmine’s face in between her thighs.

Jasmine had never been with a woman until now. While she had no idea what exactly she was supposed to do, her mouth seemed to be moving on autopilot, trying to recreate what Crystal had just done to make her orgasm. She wrapped her lips around the delicate skin between Crystal’s legs, tracing her tongue back and forth inside of her.

She must have been doing something right. Crystal’s legs had started to tremble, her knees buckling slightly inwards to each other. A series of soft moans escaped Crystal’s lips and she gripped Jasmine’s head, pushing her face deeper between her thighs.

Jasmine was drunk with power at this point. Crystal might be the one acting dominant, however both women knew

that Jasmine was the one that was really in control of the situation. From teasing Crystal so that she would take her right there in the middle of the store, to right now where her legs were shaking as Jasmine licked between her thighs - Jasmine was enjoying it all.

Then suddenly, Crystal convulsed into a chain of spasms, crying out in the deserted store as an explosive climax shook her entire body. She collapsed onto her knees in front of Jasmine, who instinctively reached a hand out to caress her cheek. Jasmine kissed her again, tasting her own sweetness on Crystal's lips as their tongues danced together.

Then, Crystal gently pushed her onto her back, so that she was lying down. Then she climbed on top of her, placing her own bare flesh right in Jasmine's face. She then buried her face between Jasmine's legs, licking at her tight depths. Jasmine responded by burying her own face deep within Crystal's soft flesh.

For the third time that night, Jasmine exploded with ecstasy as she came once more. She threw her arms around Crystal, pulling the older woman down to sit on her face. Crystal climaxed with her at that moment crying out Jasmine's name as she convulsed violently.

When they were finally finished, both women curled up together, sharing soft kisses.

“I guess I’ll have to buy this bikini then,” Jasmine whispered with a hint of laughter in her voice. “It’s soaking wet.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll buy it for you.”

## **CHAPTER 8**

Jasmine was in love.

She would never actually tell anyone about this or even it to Crystal, who she had fallen in love with, but she knew deep down that was exactly what had happened.

Once the sexual tension between them had been dealt with, Jasmine actually found out that Crystal was one of the most wonderful people that she had ever met. After just a month of knowing her Jasmine felt as if they had known each other for years.

She felt completely at ease around Crystal, in fact there was only one other person who she felt that comfortable around.

Tiffany.

“And so what, you just fell asleep when you came home from work?”

“Yeah,” Jasmine answered as Tiffany questioned her about what she had been doing Friday night.

“Damn, that bitch boss of yours is working you too hard,” Tiffany replied. “We should tell your mom. She’ll have to make you quit then.”

“No!” Jasmine exclaimed without thinking. “I mean; no that would just prove to her that I can’t be responsible,” she blurted out.

“I guess...” Tiffany eyed her warily for a second before lying back down on Jasmine’s bed. “And now she’s coming over for dinner at your house later. Have fun with that snore fest,” she laughed.

Jasmine had been going on dates with Crystal secretly behind Tiffany's back for the past month. She didn't want to have to lie to her best friend but she was afraid of how Tiffany would react if she found out that she was dating her thirty four year old boss.

Jasmine had left work with Crystal yesterday and she had then spent the entire night at her house. Crystal had cooked dinner for her and they had laughed, stayed up late watching movies, made love multiple times, and finally fallen asleep in each other's arms.

Jasmine had told her mother that she was sleeping at Tiffany's and then she had told Tiffany that she had been exhausted from work and couldn't go to the movies with her. She was lying to two of the most important women in her life because of the new woman in her life.

Crystal wasn't overly fond of Tiffany but she had tried to persuade Jasmine to at least let her mother know about the situation.

"If she cares about you like I do, then she'll understand." Crystal had lectured Jasmine one night as she walked her to her car.

Jasmine had finally given in and agreed to have Crystal over for dinner tonight with her parents. Jasmine was scared of how her mother and father would react but Crystal was right; they deserved to know the truth.

“Anyway Jazz, I’ll get out of your hair,” Tiffany pulled herself up off of the bed and straightened her dress. “You’ve got you mom’s dinner date to get ready for.” She gave Jasmine a tight hug and kissed her on the cheek. “Call me later, please.”

“I will Tiff, promise. Let me walk with you downstairs.”

She walked linked her hand in Tiffany’s and gave it a little reassuring squeeze. Then they both walk out of the room and down the stairs. Jasmine opened the front door, ready to walk out Tiffany out to her car - there was only one problem.

Crystal was standing in the doorway.

## **CHAPTER 9**

Crystal was standing in the doorway with a wide smile on her face. However, Jasmine watched as that smile faded away as Crystal's eyes went from Jasmine's face to Tiffany's and finally to their intertwined hands.

The dejected look that crept onto Crystal's face hurt Jasmine more than any fist or knife ever could. Jasmine reflexively let go of Tiffany's hand and clasped hers behind her back, as if to hide the offending extremities from Crystal's view. Every fiber in her body wanted her to wrap her arms around Crystal, to kiss her and apologize... but she couldn't find the will to move.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Holland!” Jasmine said loudly in an overly cheerful voice that she hoped her mother heard.

Crystal winced as Jasmine called her ‘Ms. Holland’. Jasmine saw the look on her face and felt even worse; one week into their relationship Crystal had asked her to stop calling her that. Jasmine hated herself right now.

“I think that's my cue to leave,” Tiffany said. She seemed to sense the awkwardness in the air. “Call me later.” She brushed past Crystal and made her way towards her car.

“Bye, Tiff!”

Crystal eyed Jasmine warily as Tiffany drove off down the street.

“I’m so sorry, Kris,” Jasmine blurted out as she wrapped her arms around Crystal.

“Don’t you mean ‘Ms. Holland’?” Crystal muttered sadly.

“Stop it, you’re supposed to be the mature one.” Jasmine teased, trying desperately to lighten the mood.

“Maybe that’s the problem. You want someone your age?”

Jasmine shook her head defiantly. “We’ve been over this Kris. Tiffany is just a friend.”

“That’s not all she wants to be,” Crystal retorted.

“We’re just friends. How would you know what she wants?”

“Because,” Crystal gulped as if trying to find the right words. “Because the way she looks at you is exactly the same

way that I look at you.”

“Kris, I-”

“Crystal!” Jasmine’s mother walked up behind her and bumped Jasmine out of the way with her hips. “So good to see you!” she wrapped Crystal in a tight hug and kissed her on the cheek.

“Hi, Clover.”

“Jazzi, why do you have her standing here in the doorway?” her mom scolded. “Come on in, Crystal. Virgil and I were just setting the table.”

Jasmine and her mom escorted Crystal to the dining room where her father was sitting, leafing through a thick binder.

“I said no work at the table tonight Virgil,” her mom scolded as she snatched the binder from his hands.

Jasmine made an effort to escort Crystal to her seat and make sure that she was comfortable before sitting down beside her. Once they were all seated, her mom started to bring out

the plates of food while her father poured four glasses of non-alcoholic wine.

“Well isn’t this lovely?” her father chuckled as he eyed her mom’s handiwork on the plate in front of him.

Crystal abruptly got to her feet and raised her glass in the air before her. “I would like to make a toast if don’t mind me being a tad dramatic.”

Jasmine’s father nodded his approval.

“Thank you,” Crystal glanced down at Jasmine before continuing. “To being audacious and adventurous. Without these two qualities I would never have taken the risk to open my new store, I would never have become the owner of such a successful business...” She faltered as the last few words tried to escape her mouth.

Jasmine saw that that she was becoming flustered and so she intertwined her fingers with Crystal’s and stood up beside her.

“And I would never have fallen in love with Crystal.”

## CHAPTER 10

Jasmine looked from her mother, who had her mouth wide open in shock, to her father, whose face looked as if it was cast out of marble. Just as she was about to open her mouth to speak, a loud crash sounded from behind her. Jasmine and Crystal both spun around to see what had caused the noise.

It was Tiffany.

Tiffany was standing under the arch that led into the dining room. Her purse was clutched to her chest and the vase that she had knocked off of the side table was shattered at her feet.

“Tiffany...” Jasmine whispered.

Tiffany wheeled around and darted from the room. Without thinking or saying another word to Crystal or her parents, Jasmine took off behind her.

Tiffany darted through the front door and started to make her way towards her car that was parked across the road.

Jasmine finally caught up to her in the middle of the road, grabbing her wrist and forcing her to turn around.

“Tiff, I’m sorry that you had to find out like that.”

Tears were silently streaming down Tiffany’s cheeks.  
“You lied. You lied to me, Jazzzi.”

“I know and I’m sorry, I never wanted to hurt you Tiff.”

“Stop-stop acting like you-you care how I feel,”  
Tiffany mumbled through her sobs.

“Tiffany I do-”

Tiffany never got to hear the end of the sentence. Out of the corner of her eye, Jasmine saw an SUV barreling towards them at top speed. Without thinking she pushed Tiffany out of the way and then tried to jump to safety.

Jasmine was too slow.

## CHAPTER 11

Jasmine groggily pried her eyes open. The first sight that she was met with was the smiling face of her mother.

“Hello darling.”

“Hi mom,” Jasmine groaned. “I feel like I got hit by a truck.”

“Actually it was an SUV, Ms. Hero.” Crystal’s voice echoed from the foot of the hospital bed that Jasmine was lying in.

Jasmine sat up and looked at Crystal. She had bags under her eyes, like she hadn’t slept for weeks and her hair was tied up in an extremely unkempt ponytail.

“How long was I out for?” Jasmine asked.

“Three of the longest days of my life.”

It wasn’t Crystal or her mother that had answered her question. Jasmine looked over towards the doorway to see

Tiffany standing there smiling at her. She had a few scrapes on her face but apart from that she looked perfectly healthy.

“My three favorite girls all smiling and in one room. You sure this isn’t heaven.”

“Very funny,” Crystal laughed as she planted a kiss on Jasmine’s lips.

# Story Six

The putty clay melded into Catherine Armstrong's slender fingers like slivers of sunlight penetrating her splayed extremities. The class watched in awe as Cathy's skilled hands turned the shapeless clay into a flawless vase. Her eyes were transfixed on her work of art; her mouth was slightly agape as she concentrated on molding the best vase in the world.

Jena Dixon and Colton Davis enrolled in Cathy's pottery class because they wanted a distinctive hobby to occupy their free time. There were 20 students in the class and most of them were older women. Colton was the only male and – apparently – the two were the youngest in the class. Jena was 18 and Colton was 19.

Jena and Colton had been dating for a month, but those dates were always chaperoned because Jena was staying at a protestant minister's house as an adopted daughter. When Jena turned 18 the past week, she was finally allowed to go out on dates with Colton -alone. This was the reason why their relationship didn't really take off; they were still young adults innocent to all the sensual pleasures the world had to offer. They had only kissed a few times and these were actually more like smooches.

“Pottery is an art,” Cathy was saying, as she stood up and walked around the room, “and each work of art is unique

because it represents you. You are what you create and every person is a unique human being just as no two fingerprints are alike. You can even mold a roaring lion from that clump of clay.”

Then she went back to her table and spun the pottery wheel once more. They marveled at how her fingers caressed the clay, almost adoringly, like it was her lover.

She continued molding the earthen clay, which was still twirling around the wheel. “Now, change into your working outfit and experience how you, as the master, can fashion the clay into any image you so desire. And by the way class, you can call me Cathy.”

They proceeded to their own tables and got ready to create their own clay masterpieces.

“This is fun,” Colton smacked his clump of clay on his table.

Jena agreed with him and they joined the group as Cathy instructed them to knead the clay until the consistency was smooth and there were no bubbles and dry portions. The day proceeded without snags as the class began using the potter’s wheel.

Colton was busy coiling the base of his pot with his clay when Cathy approached him.

“You have to consider your clay as a part of you. Close your eyes and feel how pliant it is in your hands,” Cathy covered Colton’s hands with her own and aided him in fashioning the base of his pot. “Think about a woman you’re making love to; you have to do foreplay properly to achieve a mind-blowing orgasm.”

Cathy’s touch was harmless, but somehow, Colton found it sensual like she was purposely seducing him. Am I too green-minded? He wondered, sensing his skin crawl. Her fresh flower scent and titillating touch made him teeter on his feet. Judging by her appearance, Colton surmised, she must be in her early thirties. She must be hot in bed, he thought, his dick starting to quiver. Damn, she’s so sexy; I can’t help thinking about her naked. He shook his head when he realized his racy thoughts.

Jena noticed Cathy and Colton’s unusual position and her heart gave a dangerous leap. She felt jealous of the two seeming to cuddle up. Cathy was behind Colton and her arms were around Colton’s body, her palms covering his. It was an intimate and erotic position.

“Cathy, can you guide me too?” Jena was beside them in an instant. She wanted to grab Cathy away from Colton but

her muscles refused to move.

Cathy looked at her with a lopsided grin and said, “Sure,” disengaging herself from Colton. Cathy instructed Jena the same way she did Colton, and Jena was surprised that she was even more demonstrative with her, her face almost touching hers. Jena hyperventilated when Cathy’s hot breath caressed her cheeks.

Colton was staring at them with a strange look on his face.

“Let your spirit roam free. Don’t be bounded by your preconceptions,” Cathy whispered to Jena, as she prompted Jena’s fingers up and down the clay that was spinning. “It’s like living life; you should live your life to the fullest. Doing it half-heartedly won’t do.”

Jena observed If Cathy did the same to the entire class and she was amazed that she repeated the action with modified versions to the rest of her students. She approached each student with the same passionate approach.

After class, Jena and Colton left the classroom in silence, each one deep in thought. The spell was broken only

when the din of the street permeated their senses.

“That was quite a class,” Colton remarked testily.

“Yes, it was interesting. But can I ask you a question?”

“Shoot.”

Jena hesitated for a moment and then uttered: “Was Cathy flirting with you? With us?”

“Hey,” Colton laughed out loud. “I was about to ask you the same question.”

“Perhaps, she’s only passionate about her job,” Jena countered, trying to ignore the niggling feeling of doubt in her mind.

Her doubts only disappeared when she was alone with Colton, and he was back to his loving and attentive self. They decided to take a breath of fresh air in the promenade along the coastal area. He stuck to her side, his arms on her shoulders as they walked, basking in the scent of seawater and the fresh, salty breeze. The sun was setting, so they stood for several minutes admiring the incredible view of the sunset.

Colton kissed her when the last vestiges of the sun disappeared from view.

“Hmmm, do you want to go to my house?” he murmured to Jena. He has grown amorous because of Cathy’s suggestive actions – AND Jena’s proximity.

“Let’s do that,” Jena enthused. She was excited to visit his house and to spend more intimate time with him.

Colton was equally thrilled, as well. He can’t explain it but, more than ever, he wanted to make love to Jena. But will Jena give in to him this time? The previous times, she had always been on guard and had been uptight about losing her virginity. Well ... there was no harm in trying.

Home to Colton was a modest apartment found in the outskirts of town. It was a gift from Colton’s wealthy parents when he turned 18 last year.

As soon as the door closed, Colton grabbed Jena and kissed her hard on the mouth, his tongue seeking and wreaking havoc inside Jena’s mouth. Jena rewarded his advances with a ferocity equal to his own, assailing his tongue with hers and sucking his lower lip as he sucked her upper lip. They groped for each other in the semi-dark room and stumbled on the bed, not bothering to undress. Perhaps, they had waited too long

that was why they were as hungry as starving wolves. But they were still virgins and their actions were measured. Within minutes though, they were not able to control the raging emotions inside their bodies, and they acted as their bodies dictated.

Colton captured Jena's breasts with his hands and nibbled the nipples, one after the other, through her thin blouse. Then he quickly kicked off his pants and undies and straddled Jena. He started pumping his enormous dick inside Jena's vagina that she had no time to get ready. Jena felt the smoldering flame inside her pussy come to a standstill. She felt a stinging pain in her narrow slit and she couldn't help but cry out in pain.

He stopped and breathlessly uttered: "Shall I stop now?"

"No. but please go slow," she whispered.

Colton obeyed her, slowing down his rhythm - but it was only for a while. When Colton felt the sweet sensation of her tight pussy clinging to his dick, he raged on like a crazy bull, humping the life out of her. It was his first time to make love and it burned his groin. The feelings gradually expanded to the entire part of his body until his body was enflamed and he ejaculated with one last grunt.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, I’m cumming,” he writhed spasmodically as the last of his juices squirted from his penis.

Jena felt she was still hanging somewhere in the heat of the fire after Colton climaxed. Her body was craving for more and she was unsatisfied. It was also sore down there with a bit of bleeding.

Much to her dismay, she was unable to say anything though.

“That was unbelievable, babe,” Colton released her and caressed her hair.

Jena’s body responded to his touch and she wanted him to fuck the hell out of her but when she touched his dick, it was already flaccid. She had fantasized about experiencing what everyone was talking about – the Big O, but her spirit was deflated. She wanted to say boldly, “Babe, I haven’t climaxed yet, please make me cum...” but her mouth was sealed shut.

Her body was still hot as a furnace when Colton brought her home; however, she remained silent all the way home. He asked her if she enjoyed their first fuck, and she said yes. Inwardly, she was depressed at how inconsiderate and insensitive he was. She had been raised by a conservative

family though, so she was still having trouble expressing her sexual needs to him. God, I should have not allowed him to fuck me, she thought. Her first experience was a disaster!

At home, she went straight to the bathroom to wash but when her hands came in contact with her body, her physical need came to the fore. Her pussy was clamoring to be filled out. She lay in her bathtub and rubbed her tits, slowly, fondling and caressing them until the nipples tingled. She soaped her sore slit gently taking care not to touch the injured tissue. When her fingers soaped her vagina, they involuntarily slipped into the slick passage, responding to the horny opening.

Jena gave a resigned sigh as she closed her eyes and continued sliding her fingers - in and out - into her eager pussy. If only Colton could do this to her, she yearned. Her fingers went faster and deeper as her womanhood juddered, relishing the slick sensation. Her other hand was busy on her breasts, massaging and toying with its erect nipples.

She went on for several minutes as the pleasurable sensations continued with each of her strokes. She sensed her orgasm building up and she craned her neck and raised her buttocks as her fingers went faster and faster until she felt like something explode in her groin that crawled to her chest, to

her head and down her spine and into her toes. She sputtered as she climaxed and her body jerked upwards to meet her fingers as ecstasy washed over her body and she moaned and sucked on her lower lips. It was her first orgasm, and it was indeed inexplicable. If someone stopped her in mid-orgasm, she would probably choose to die than stop. She lay there spent for half an hour, before she finally took a shower. She slept happily that night, with a big smile on her face and a song in her heart.

In their next pottery class, Jena and Colton were apparently excited about what their lesson might be. "I'll give you enough leeway to exercise your own creativity, so I won't require you to follow the steps religiously. You can do whatever you want. I'll go around observing and pointing out the essential things that you must remember," Cathy disclosed. "Any questions?"

"Do we have practical or written exams?" One student asked.

"Of course, this is to test whether you've learned genuine skills or not. This will be given anytime I deem fit. So be ready," Cathy warned us.

Jena stole a glance at Colton and he had a wide grin on his face as if he was pleased with the revelation.

“What are you so happy about?” She dared to ask him.

“Nothing, I’m just roaring to go,” he winked at Jena.  
“I’m sure we’ll both excel in this.”

Jena nodded reluctantly. He seemed different.

“You okay?” he looked at Jena when she didn’t smile back.

“Yeah,” Jena nodded again, “I’m okay.”

“But you seem unhappy. Yesterday was glorious,” he remarked jovially. “Can we have a repeat performance?”

Jena blushed, thinking about how she masturbated when she went home that night.

“Huh?” she blurted, confused.

“And here are the loving couple,” Cathy was standing next to them, beaming her killer smile. “What have we got today?”

“We’ll be designing the pot,” Colton smiled back, his eyes twinkling in joy.

Was Colton falling for Cathy? Jena’s heart flipped painfully in her chest. Perhaps, she was to blame. She was not an expert in satisfying him?

Jena watched as Cathy made suggestions on what tools they can use and how to use them. From time to time, she would touch Colton’s arms and get closer to him as she gave instructions in using the instrument, their faces almost touching. Jena felt a twinge of jealousy once more. Her hands were itching to pull Cathy away from him.

“...And this here is used to carve smaller designs. See this pointed tip? Be careful though because it’s sharp,” Cathy informed Colton.

Cathy glanced at Jena’s unsmiling face and said, “Jena, why don’t you come over, so I’ll teach you both.”

Jena did so, but her steps were slow and unsure. Cathy queried, “Are you ill or something? You don’t look well.”

“No, no ... I’m good,” Jena countered.

“You can use these tools in creating beautiful designs,” Cathy said, indicating the set of carving tools on their table. “Go on, experiment and let your ingenuity soar. It’s like when you’re making love, you don’t plan everything. Just be spontaneous and act out what your hearts’ desire,” she winked at them, “and you should be open to each other so you can freely express them.”

Jena stared at Cathy. Was she a mind-reader? Could she have guessed what she was thinking previously? She brushed the thought away. It was mere coincidence.

“Colton, come see me after classes,” Cathy instructed him as they were returning their tools.

“Ummm, sure,” Colton replied, uncertain how to react.

Jena was at her table but she heard their conversation. She was still pretending to tidy up her table when Colton approached her. “I’ll go see Cathy first. I don’t know what she needs ... .”

“Go ahead,” Jena replied. She was in pain. “I’ll wait for you at the lobby.”

Colton was excited and anxious at the same time. Why did Cathy want to talk to him in private?

“There you are,” Cathy exclaimed. “Come in, come in.”

The room was cozy and comfortable with its pastel-colored curtains and warm interior. Cathy went to her table and offered a glass to Colton. “Let’s have a drink first.”

He hesitated, “Well, Jen is waiting at the lobby ... ,”

“Oh, yes, I almost forgot.”

In the lobby, Jena was pacing back and forth; her heart was aching, shredded into tiny bits of flesh. What were they doing? Were they kissing now and fondling each other? The pain in her chest was almost physical, like someone kicked her in the chest. It was her fault! She didn’t know how to please his man. She castigated herself.

Back in Cathy’s room, Colton was standing waiting for Cathy’s reply to his statement.

“Relax, this won’t take thirty minutes. Surely, she can wait that long?” Cathy reasoned out. She gently pushed him to

the couch, and handed him a glass of wine.

“Thanks,” Colton managed to say, feeling uneasy but thrilled. If she seduces me will I give in, he asked himself. Strangely, there was no denying that he was attracted to her, but what about Jena? He had to choose one – and only one. He tried to control the tempests of his arousal but it was futile. When Cathy sat beside him, the bulge inside his pants became evident.

”Such a sweet man,” she traced his face with her fingers. “You’re worried about your girlfriend, but you can’t help staying with me. I’m willing to grant you a lesson or two.”

Colton’s body flared up. He had tasted Jena’s crack yesterday, and his slab of virile meat was once more hungry for a prey. Would he give in or not? But he treasured Jena and his life with her was all he ever wanted.

Before his flesh would finally surrender to his horny feelings, he stood up with tremendous effort and stormed out of the room, before Cathy could react.

His face was flushed as he hurried back to Jena, breathless and unnerved, he embraced Jena. Jena was startled out of her dark broodings, expecting the worst. However,

Colton had returned and he was embracing her like there was no tomorrow.

“Let’s go home,” he said, drained of energy.

He clasped Jena’s right hand and whisked her away from the building, half-running, half-walking.

“What happened?” Jena asked with concern.

Colton didn’t reply. He was debating to himself whether to tell Jena or not. They had been honest, so far, that he decided to tell her.

“She was trying to seduce me. I’m not absolutely sure because I ran away before I got snagged in her web,” Colton revealed everything in one breath.

Jena’s suspicions were true. That was why she was feeling uneasy all along.

“That woman is really something ... ,” was all Jena could say, but she was fuming inside.

“Should we quit her class?” Colton queried worriedly.

“We should,” she replied dismayed. “But wait, we had paid in full. Our hard-earned money would go down the drain, if we stopped attending.”

They had decided to continue. Nevertheless, they also vowed to be on guard against her advances. So, in the succeeding class, they positioned their tables opposite each other.

“What’s up with the table arrangement,” Cathy guffawed when she caught sight of what they did.

“It’s to ward off female intruders,” Jena declared, her eyes challenging Cathy.

“Aha!” Cathy exclaimed. “A helpful stranger can be mistaken as an intruder,” she flashed pearly white teeth at both of them, and left.

“What does she mean?” Jena asked Colton.

“No idea. Let’s just concentrate on the next lesson.”

After Cathy's lecture, they continued with their tasks. Their final product was 50% of their grades, so everyone strived to exert their creativity on their works of art.

They were both lost in designing their pots when Cathy stopped by their table. Jena's design was displayed on top of the table, a fascinating drawing of a butterfly, complete with blue colored gossamer wings and a flaming orange-yellow body.

"That's a wonderful drawing," Cathy admired it.

When she returned it on the table, she brushed the back of her hand on Jena's nipples.

Jena was stunned. Did Cathy just invade her body?

"Excuse me?" Jena grasped Cathy's wrist. She decided not to let it go this time. "Can we have a word with you?"

They trooped to Cathy's room in silence.

"Yes, what's the problem?" Cathy asked Jena and Colton.

“I guess, you’re insensitive or you’re just trying to act dumb,” Jena was incapable of controlling herself.

“What do you mean? Can you be more explicit?”  
Cathy countered, amusement mirrored in her voice.

“Were you trying to seduce my boyfriend? And now, you’ve included me as your next target?” Jena confronted her.

Cathy’s eyes drilled back at Jena’s. “So, you mean, I can’t flirt with him? And you’re hands-off to me?” She was shaking her head thoughtfully. “You know, a little flirting is healthy for your relationship. It makes it stronger. If your bond cannot stand those trivial things, then don’t expect to have a lasting relationship.”

“So you mean flirting with me won’t destroy our relationship?” Colton asked in disbelief.

“You’re still so young. You have to wise up to the ways of the world. No, it won’t, silly boy.” She went over to Colton and caressed his cheeks.

Colton remained motionless.

“I can even teach you a trick or two that can help you enjoy a healthy sex life,” Cathy crossed over to Jena and gently touched her lips.

Jena was lost for words and was unable to move away.

“It would be like I’m your private tutor” she smiled broadly at them.

“You mean ... ?”

“Yes, I’ll teach you everything you have to know,” she prodded them encouragingly.

Jena and Colton looked at each other questioningly. Clearly, they had never encountered such dilemma before and they were at a loss on what to do.

“The first lesson is about good communication,” Cathy started without their consent. “You must be able to confide in one another and be able to express your sexual desires openly. Because if you cannot, there will be discontent, which can later result to more misunderstandings.”

Jena stirred in her seat. How did she know that? Was she a mind-reader?

“And you, young man, should ensure that your partner is fully satiated, before going to sleep,” Cathy spoke directly to Colton. Her statement snapped Colton out of his momentary lethargy. He realized that he had not asked Jena whether she had cum or not. How inconsiderate of me, he chastised himself. Maybe he and Jena can indeed learn from her.

Jena was warming up to Cathy. Everything she said was true. She had to admit that they needed help in that phase of their relationship. She and Colton have to learn all that she talked about.

“The most important thing is to trust one another,” Cathy went on. “If you trust each other, problems will rarely occur because you will have faith in each action that your partner does.”

She was saying all the right words that Jena and Colton eventually found themselves listening intently to her.

“It’s easier said than done, but it can be done, if you really want to stay together,” Cathy said in conclusion. “Will you accept me as your private tutor?” she asked boldly then.

Jena clasp Colton’s hand tightly and nodded her head. Colton was convinced too that they needed an expert to steer

them towards the correct path as they start their love journey.

“Let me ask one thing first,” Colton asked with trepidation.

“Sure, go ahead.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“I have to be frank with you. I enjoy teaching the youth about the joys of sexual exploration. It’s also a personal gratification for me when I succeed,” Cathy revealed candidly.

“Well, we’re both inexperienced and this is the first for us, so we do need some help,” Colton acquiesced. “We’re willing to be your students.”

Cathy wasted no time in initiating them. She went over to Colton and began undressing him. “I need some help here, Jena,” she urged Jena. “Kiss him and feel his chest and arms. Tease him with your tongue and fingers.”

Jena did as told. She was self-conscious at first but when Cathy’s hands brushed her nipples, titillating them, she closed her eyes and licked Colton’s lips like it was delectable ice cream.

Cathy was fondling both of them; taking turns in caressing Colton's chest and Jena's breasts. "Remember, a thorough and prolonged foreplay will intensify your climaxes, so take time and explore your partner's body."

Jena shivered as Cathy swiped her fingers on her groove.

"Savor each other's tongue and reach the deepest crevices of your mouths. There are many erotic spots there such as, the roof of the mouth and the insides of the cheeks. The tongue too is armed with sensors that can enhance the act of kissing."

I gave in to Colton's insistent tongue and sparred with it.

"Now, suck on your lips, while allowing your hands to slowly move down. Caress that area with gentle strokes."

She tiptoed to whisper to Colton's ear, "The breast and the clitoris are the most sensitive areas of a woman's body; you have to stroke it with light touches. It's as sensitive as your penis; treat it like you would want your penis treated."

Colton's face was crimson red with passion, and he was breathing rapidly. He was clearly relishing the moment.

“Now both of you can start kissing the neck, the ears, the nape, and proceed downwards at your own leisure. Kiss whatever skin is available for your mouth. You can vary the intensity of the kiss, but light, feathery kisses are more erotic. Take your time.”

Colton went down first, tracing Jena's neck and nape with his fiery kisses. They were still half-naked with Jena's front buttons opened and her bra unhooked, but they were still hanging from her body. Colton edged Jena's blouse away with his lips as he kissed the skin of her arms and luscious breasts.

“Ooooh,” Jena moaned her skin on fire.

“Yes, don't allow your fingers to be idle, caress anything your hands come in contact with,” Cathy whispered, her lips on Colton's ears. “Kiss and knead the area around her nipples but don't touch her nipples yet,” she guided Colton.

Jena's moans grew louder as Colton kissed her skin and massaged her tits unhurriedly, taking time to subject the area surrounding them with equal fervor.

“You can tease her pussy gently, while fondling her breasts,” Cathy’s voice turned into a breezy prompter as Jena was lost in the unusual sensations of foreplay.

“Don’t be afraid to play with his dong, Jena,” Cathy kissed Jena on the cheek and rubbed her back. “Go on, and feel its enormity and hardness.”

Jena groped for Colton’s dick and there it was. She was surprised to find out that it was huge. She never had the chance to size it up yesterday. She looked down on Colton’s 9-inch prize and noticed that it had arched upwards like a scrumptious, peeled banana going towards the direction of her mouth. She wanted to taste it and suck it.

“Not yet,” Cathy wagged a finger at her. “Suck his nipples and chest first.”

Colton was groaning in return as Jena went back and forth from his lips to his chest. Jena proceeded to lick his thighs and suck the soft tissues between them.

“Now, it’s your turn, Jena,” Cathy went on. “Kneel before him and pay homage to his enormous monument.”

Colton raised his head upwards and grunted. They were still standing and Colton had grabbed an armchair to

maintain his balance. His body was taut and brawny with plates of toned muscles rippling with each of his movements.

Jena tugged at his underwear down his legs and nuzzled her face on Colton's pulsating penis. Cathy instructed her to make a pass on both of his thighs with his tongue and she did.

"Do you want her to suck you now?" Cathy ran her fingers on Colton's chest.

"Yes, yes, suck me please," Colton begged; his voice hoarse with passion.

"Now, suck it," Cathy encouraged Jena. "But do it step by step. Run your tongue around its crown and up and down his shaft until he asks for more."

Jena kissed the tip of his dick. Colton shuddered like he was electrified. "Yes, please," he pleaded again.

Jena ran her tongue around the crown of Colton's dong and up and down his shaft and he loved it, clutching a handful of her hair to egg her on. Jena did it repeatedly until she sensed his body tensing. Just then she felt a tingle of pleasure between her legs. Cathy's fingers were busy stroking her wet

vagina. Opening the pink folds and caressing them lovingly with her mild touch.

“Now, put it in your mouth inch by inch,” Cathy kissed her back, as she prodded her on. She was embracing Jena from the behind with her arms around her; one hand was on her massaging her tits and tweaking her nipples, while the other hand was busy playing with her pussy and her clit.

Jena took Colton’s cock into her mouth and sucked it – inch by inch as Cathy instructed. It was so big that her small lips were stretched thinly. Then she took him all in. She could feel the tip of his throbbing love steel touching her throat, and filling the roof of her mouth. She nearly gagged.

“Breathe in and out deeply,” Cathy whispered to Jena. “Let it slide to the sides of your mouth, so you can provide more space. Never allow it to come in contact with your teeth. Control the pressure. It should only be a light pressure.”

Colton, muttered curses under his breath as Jena slid her mouth gently, but incessantly, on his enlarged dick. It has grown even bigger and Jena’s throat was close to gagging. Cathy rubbed Jena’s back and purred like a mother kitten, encouraging her young one to stay still.

Jena's body was also on the verge of exploding. Her pussy was stuffed with Cathy's fingers and there was a spreading sensation all over her body that continued to build up as Cathy's expert fingers fucked her and fondled her tits.

"Jesus, I want to be fucked badly," Jena eyed Colton, no longer afraid to say what she wanted. "Please fuck me," she clamored louder.

"Go on and cum," Cathy urged her on.

But Jena had a better idea. She yearned for Colton's rigid cock. She stood up and reached out for Colton's lips. "Please fuck me now," she pleaded, in turn.

That was all Colton's needed. He fumbled to penetrate Jena's pussy in his standing position.

"Life one leg up, and do it against the wall," Cathy prompted him. "Don't just hump her, but go slowly at first, and then go deeper and quicker."

Colton raised Jena's legs and slammed her against the wall, where he half-carried her as he penetrated her juicy pussy.

Jena clawed at his back as the delightful sensations carried her to cloud nine. The soreness was gone and all that was left was an intergalactic feeling that continued to expand and take control of her body. With each thrust, the ecstasy grew bigger and bigger until she strained to reach it with his increasing speed. Their groins banged into each other as their bodies trembled and their groans became louder and wilder.

“God, oh God, I’m cumming,” Jena cried elatedly as Colton roared out of control and shouted, “I’m cumming too. Let’s do it together.”

And they thrashed feverishly against each other as their climaxes came with a gigantic blast. They held on to each other nibbling and sucking until their passions ebbed and their bodies satiated fully.

Cathy kissed both of them on the mouth as she muttered, “Great, great ... .”

When their passions subsided, Colton carried Jena to the bed and they lay side by side, his arm pillowing her head as they continued to keep each other warm.

Cathy was standing at the foot of the bed, and they were not surprised to find her naked. Her body had all the right proportions, having more flesh where they should be - in her

breasts, and having less flesh in her waists, thighs, and arms. Her abdomen was smooth and flat, and her pussy was covered with brown pubic hair that was kept neat.

“Thanks for the heads up. Why don’t you join us?”  
Colton invited her.

“With pleasure,” Cathy obliged and took Jena’s side of the bed.

“Hey,” Jena faked an angry voice. “Shouldn’t you stay in between us to give you back the favor?”

“Not declining,” Cathy’s voice rose up in enthusiasm.

She hopped between Jena and Colton, and they could smell her musky scent that triggered their lusty hormones.

Colton kissed her and she tasted like marshmallows and strawberries that he rimmed her mouth and suck her full lips. Jena’s taste was more of freshly plucked apples.

While he kissed Cathy, his hands went instinctively to her pink melons. They were ripe for the picking, and Cathy sighed as his finger closed in and tweaked his nips.

Meanwhile, Jena went between her legs and kissed her mound of joy, but Cathy pushed her aside. “I should do the honors first, and you can do me later. I want to know whether I can coach you well,” Cathy said.

And so they shifted positions. Cathy buried her face on Jena’s pussy, while Colton kissed her. Jena was beginning to feel the blossoming delight in the core of her clit once more. She sucked and held on to Colton’s tongue and lips as Cathy’s tongue ran the length of her cock-trapper – over and over. Her body burning with desire, Jena took Colton’s entire shaft up to its hilt.

“Suck it as you withdraw slowly, and massage the base with your fingers,” Cathy instructed Jena. Maintain varying pressures but ensure that the pressure is just enough to cause smooth friction and not pain. Always keep your teeth off.”

Jena obediently followed Cathy’s instructions again. Sucking Colton gently but repeatedly until the whites of his eyes became visible and he went crazy with his yearning for her.

Colton lay supine on the bed, while Cathy stooped down to do Colton. Her buttocks were extended towards Cathy, who was down on all fours lapping her moist pussy.

“Hmmm, your lips are so pink and yummy,” she was elated with Jena’s virgin cunt.

And so, Jena and Colton’s first sexual lesson was done for the day.

The two lovers went home happily, their arms linked with one another. Their bodies were still slightly warm from their ardor.

It was an all too new experience for the couple. With Cathy’s expertise, they were able to enhance the sexual act and make the most out of it. They had learned also to appreciate each other and value what the other person can contribute to their bond, which had definitely become stronger and richer.

They were glad they had agreed to Cathy’s suggestion.

Their clay pots were being completed well with the intricate designs evenly taking shape in the outer covering of their pots. Jena’s design was quite difficult to carve but it was materializing wonderfully with her patience and persistence. Colton’s flowery design is taking shape prettily too that they were sure they would earn good grades.

“Feel free in designing your pots anyway you want them. Remember, your pot is you,” Cathy explained in no

uncertain terms.

The following class was eventful with every student coming up with something unique. There were quirky octopus arrangements, dainty flower arts and lovely sunset settings. In just a slab of clay people can tell the stories of their lives.

The three of them looked forward to the next evening when they can discover and explore anew every sexual fantasy they had harbored deep within themselves.

“So, what’s the next agenda for the day?” Colton inquired, thrilled at the prospect.

Jena was on her toes as well, her body eager for both of their touches. She could sense the heat building up in her body.

When they were at last alone in Cathy’s room, the air was palpable with the promise of more sexual adventures.

“For today, you’ll learn about achieving orgasm. There are three major types of orgasms; the clitoral, the vaginal and the G-spot.” Cathy lectured.

It was the first time Jena and Colton heard that there were different orgasms.

“You achieve orgasm in all cases but the type and quality may vary based on the process. You should not lose the chance to undergo all of these types of sensual pleasures,” Cathy informed them.

“An actual demonstration is in order,” Cathy concluded.

Then she allowed her robe to slide off her body as Jena and Colton once more admired her perfect figure.

Jena and Colton caressed her as she stood there trying to lecture them. Her sex appeal was just too strong that they were not able to ignore her elegant beauty.

It was once more a free for all. You choose what you want and do what you want, as long as it doesn't inflict pain. They were cavorting wantonly in no time at all that their bodies were once more hot with the flames of love.

After the caressing and massaging portion, the fingering and sucking portion came next. Cathy taught them how to search for the G-spot. “It's the area in the vagina that feels rough as compared to the smooth portions.”

Jena felt for it and her index finger encountered a 'rough' area found at the back part of her tight crack. "You can stimulate it by massaging it firmly," Cathy instructed her. She also let Colton feel it. "It's one alternative to clitoral stimulation."

As Cathy instructed them with their anatomy, Jena and Colton found it sexily appealing. The nerve fibers connected to their male and female traits were once again triggered.

Colton continued palpating Jena's spot and found himself getting horny. It felt soft and pliant to his fingers that it made him think of how it would feel to hit it with his schlong. It must be delectable and mouth-watering.

When Colton got into the action, his fingers became deft and Jena rotated her hips to allow his fingers more maneuverability. The G-spot stimulation felt more intense and appeared to produce an excellent orgasm than the clitoral, Jena concluded.

As Colton massaged her, he kissed her and played with her tits; tasting her essence and womanhood.

Cathy took off her dress, as well, and took turns caressing any skin that was free on the body surface of the two

lovers. She would fondle their mounds of pleasure every now and then and would kiss them too.

The tension was building up and the veins in Colton's face were bulging with his effort in arousing Jena. She was obviously as horny as hell as she raised her hips and ground it against his exploring fingers.

Colton increased her pace by using his index finger in flicking her G-spot, while toying with her tits. Jena was writhing, her body moving here and there like a contortionist. "Oh sweet Jesus," Jena groaned in ecstasy, "yes, press it more harder please," she prodded him.

Jena was lying on her back, her legs spread wide, while Colton was crouched over her like a lion devouring her fallen prey.

Cathy alternated with Colton in rendering 'lip service' to Jena; her soft, sensuous mouth - a contrast to Colton's manly rougher lips.

Jena observed that the G-spot massage gave a broader arousal; the tips of her feet and hands were tingling and quivering, and her abdomen was taut as a violin string ready to be strummed.

When Colton used his lips and tongue to enhance the stimulation, Jena howled like she was in pain. “Oh Jeez, Oh God, God,” Jena hollered madly.

“Now, fuck her hard,” Cathy prodded Colton.

Colton didn't wait for a second command; he straightened, wagging his massive dick and straddled Jena, inserting his manhood in one quick movement. Then he pounded like hell, not bothering to stop.

“You have to control your passion,” Cathy held his biceps to reduce his pounding. “Increase the rhythm but bask in the sensation of how her pussy clings to your shaft. Savor the friction of your organs against each other. Let the moment linger and enjoy every moment.”

Colton slowed down a bit but continued pounding Jena, rendering deep thrusts until the hilt of his shaft reached her pubic bone.

The young couple were drenched in sweat, their bodies glistening in the light as their naked, nubile bodies cavorted and twisted wildly.

It was a fascinating scene that depicts the unadulterated human basic need that is sex.

If Cathy had a cam at hand, she would have snapped the image.

Cathy decided she had to be an active participant of the event or she will surely regret it eventually. Colton was on top of Jena, so Cathy strapped on a dildo to her waist. The dildo had been kept clean and sterile in her drawer.

When Cathy nuzzled the tip of the 'do' at the opening of Colton's anus, he gave a start, but didn't care less because his body was out there in vast space floating with indescribable emotions. Only the awareness of his dick existed, and he was swirling in the vortex of joy as his body juddered and every piece of his flesh vibrated with joy. The sensations multiplied as he drove in into Jena's juicy and narrow petals.

It was the first time that Jena and Colton encountered such alien sensations that seemed to have come from outer space. They could not imagine in their wildest dreams that such delicious sensations ever existed.

Cathy squirted the lube all over the dildo and squeezed Colton's ass, "This one's a dearie," she stated jovially.

She then started driving in the ‘do’ into Colton’s anal opening.

“Is it okay?” Cathy asked him.

“Holy cow ... just ... do it,” he said in gasps, expecting pain and pleasure.

“Yes, sireee. Here it comes,” Cathy waited for Colton to thrust and she humped simultaneously with him. This increased the pressure on Jena’s pussy and she bawled like a child, pounding her fist on the bed.

“Ooooooh, yes, yes, harder,” she urged Colton.

Colton felt the tip of the dildo entering his anus and he felt good. It was as if he was defecating one big feces. But on top of that, there was a sweet building up tension in his anus. This intensified as Cathy went deeper and deeper with each thrust. The tension went higher and higher until it was ready to burst.

Jena’s voice was hoarse with her incessant cries and moans but she didn’t mind because she was finally experiencing the big, big “O”.

Cathy's dildo has nearly disappeared in the folds of Colton's anus, and Cathy broke into a sweat as she started pulling and pushing the huge 'do' out of his small anal opening. Within minutes of pumping, Colton arched his back and gave a long drawn-out growl. His whole body shuddered and he ejaculated into Jena's shaking pussy. He withdrew his dick and the viscid fluid squirted upwards and fell, forming tear-drop figure as it hit the bedcover. Cathy had to disengage herself with the dildo and be content of gently juggling his balls as he climaxed.

Jena had also climaxed; her eyes rolling like pinballs, and her body jerking like she was in a catatonic seizure. "Ooooooh, holy Jesus. OOOOOH!" She shouted her delight as her orgasms rolled in, one after the other.

Colton was duplicating Jena's cries and groans of pleasure. He was sure that the physical impressions of the act will remain forever in his memory. It was a one in a million occurrence. His cherry was popped but he was deliriously overjoyed with the results.

Cathy was observing them gladly and felt self-fulfilled that they had listened well and learned from her.

Jena and Colton lay dog-tired on the bed but they were fully gratified with every sensory nerve endings in their body

singing praises to whoever is up there. If there was heaven, then they had just experienced it.

After a few minutes of savoring their sexual fulfillment, Colton said to Cathy: “Teacher, thank you for everything. Can we return the favor?”

“That’s not necessary,” Cathy replied, laughing.

“Oh, please, ask whatever you want,” Jena seconded.

“There’s nothing really, except wishing you all the best in your relationship.”

Jena, however, pulled her on the bed and spread her thighs. “Now, let me show you what I’ve learned,” she said naughtily, as her tongue made a pass on Cathy’s pussy.

Cathy didn’t refuse, but lifted her legs and placed them on Jena’s shoulders. This offered Jena wide access to her cunt. “Now, let me see if you’ve truly learned.”

Jena dived in with her tongue sticking out, ready to rim her outer lips. Jena ran her tongue up and down Cathy’s slit, while her hands tweaked her nipples and tits occasionally. Cathy sighed and surrendered herself to Jena’s adoration of her

womanhood. When Jena noticed that Cathy was following her tongue frantically, she flicked her clitoris, finally.

Cathy gasped and met Jena's tongue with her pussy, grinding against it madly.

Colton was attracted to the scene and his dick started to grow erect anew. He knelt and positioned himself right above Cathy's face. Cathy raised her head to get his semi-rigid penis into her mouth. Colton sighed and held his dick enjoying the attention from Cathy's mouth.

It was a love train with the three of them connected. I have to fuck her, Colton thought, as a gesture of farewell. He motioned Jena to swap places with her. Jena did and soon, she was kissing Cathy and sucking her nipples while Colton was doing cunnilingus.

When the stage was set and everything was in a flame, Colton mounted Cathy. The effect on him was therapeutic. He felt all the stress and fatigue melt away as he thrust into her. Her mound of erogenous one was not as tight as Jena's but there was warmth and controlled tightness that she commanded at will at the most appropriate times. When he wanted her tight, the walls of her slit narrowed and when he wanted her opened, her pussy expanded. "That movement is due to my Kegel exercises," Cathy murmured to his ear. "I'll teach Jena, don't worry."

He penetrated her slowly and lightly at first, feeling her walls and how her petals opened. Then he increased his tempo and the pressure. When he felt Cathy nearing her orgasm, he bucked like a wild stallion and pounded her – going inwards and then outwards with such force that the bed rattled and shook.

Jena sucked on Cathy's nips as Colton shoved deeply into her and held his dick in place as they both climaxed strongly, their bodies joined at the hips while they continued fondling each other. Jena was watching them closely as their bodies burned in the throes of their climaxes and she smiled.

This can be an interesting ride, she thought gladly.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Seven

## Chapter One

Alyssa glanced at the door in front of her. Her curvy body was surveying the area. This was part of the deal that she had to fulfill when it came to her scholarship. She got a scholarship to one of the most prominent schools in the nation, in a field that she never thought that she would get to get into. To her, it was a miracle, but of course, with every good thing out there, there was always a catch.

She knew what she was getting into the moment she agreed to the demands in that office. She sat with the head of Financial Aid, and the woman said that all of the scholarship money would be hers, but she needed to also do a bit of interning as well. She planned to go into sports medicine as an athletic surgeon, one who would be able to help with sports injuries, so the woman said that she would need some time interning with the sports teams. She chose the football team, mainly because she got a glimpse of them practicing the other day, and holy hell, were they hot.

She blushed, realizing that her dream would be coming true. Alyssa would be able to help the coach, get the scholarship that she needed, and then she would be able to work under a coach and some attractive players. They were all big, muscular, and they all seemed determined to help their

team win. She wanted to be a part of that, and that's her reasoning for doing what she did.

That was why she was in front of this office, and with a trepid sigh, she knocked on the door. She hoped that the coach wouldn't be too mean or anything, and she hoped more than anything they would be cool with her. She wasn't the fittest person in the world, but she tried her best to make sure that she stayed in some sort of shape. She did run a couple of times a week, and was working to lose the bit of pudgy that the freshman 15 had caused her to gain.

"Hello there," the man said.

She felt the record needle scratch in her mind the moment that she saw him. Holy hell, he was as attractive as the players. He was but a few years older than her, not some crusty old man that she was expecting. He had brown hair, blue eyes, and a smile that seemed to resonate all over the place.

"You must be Alyssa Smith. I'm Jackson, welcome to the team," he said, extending his hand.

"Thank you. I'm surprised about this already. I was expecting some old dude to be leading the team," she told him.

“Well, I’m not just a pretty face, my dear, I know exactly what I’m doing,” he told her.

She blushed, realizing that this man was already flirting with her. She definitely thought that it was different, that’s for sure, but the man was really nice, and she could see this as a certain benefit in a sense. It was better than being paired with some guy that would rather die than be here.

“So, what do you want me to do?” she asked him.

“Well, I don’t know if they explained anything to you, but I know that our goal is to make sure that we have our team all squared away and ready to win. Your job is to assist me with that. You’ll also be the nurse on-site in case they get any minor injuries. I have you in charge of taping and getting any minor items for minor sorts of complications. Anything major will be sent to the official nurse and sports trainer of the school, but so far the guys know not to fuck around, so I’m sure that you won’t have to worry much about that. I’m glad to have you. It’s kind of nice to have someone training under my wing, especially a cutie like you,” he said with a purr.

That made Alyssa blush. This man was already making her feel even more confused about what to feel, and it was definitely something that she liked in a sense.

“Well, I’m glad that you’re happy to have me here. I’m glad to be here. This isn’t what I was expecting in terms of an internship this year, but this is something that I’ll definitely take,” she admitted.

“I’m glad. I’m glad that you’re enjoying this already. I’m enjoying it too, and I can assure you now that you’ll learn a lot about football by the end of this. Do you know much about it?” he asked.

“Kind of. It’s a sport that I’m not super familiar with, but it’s a lot better than my knowledge of basketball. I don’t know shit about that,” she admitted.

“Well, I’m glad that you’re not helping the basketball team then, and you’re helping me instead,” he joked.

“Totally. So when is practice?” she asked.

“In about an hour, but let me show you around and show you where everything is,” he told her.

“Okay,” she replied, blushing as Jackson brushed against her. She was sure that he did it on purpose, but she was trying her best to keep her body calm as she walked with him to the locker rooms that would be provided for her. They were locker rooms for people that weren’t playing, and she put

her stuff there. He then showed her where water was, where the medical kits were, and even the separate classroom for plays and power points. She felt like she was going to accomplish a lot with this, and she definitely felt like working with Jackson was a dream come true.

A part of her wondered what the catch was, but maybe there wasn't anything. Overall, Alyssa was ready for action, and she was ready for whatever it was that was about to come her way. She was anticipating quite the time, but little did she know that she was about to get the surprise of her life with all of the attractive players that she would be around.

## **Chapter Two**

The first couple of weeks were pretty easy. She was able to hold her own with the coach, putting out the PowerPoints and causing them to change whenever Jackson needed that. She worked hard, and all of the guys liked it. She definitely noticed that she was attractive, and some of the guys were caught staring at her, and Alyssa blushed. She was happy to be some sort of eye candy for them, even though she imagined that she was not going to be taken as a sort of person that would do that sort of thing. She loved to tease, and they all seemed interested as well.

One day, she was working on the field when one of the players slipped. He was the one burly ginger on the team, a guy named Cody. He let out a small cry as he slid on the ground.

“Fuck,” he said.

She looked at him, rushing over to his side across the muddy field. She had the medical kit in tow, looking at him with worried eyes.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

“I don’t know. It’s really painful to move my ankle,” he said.

“Well let me help you up, and I’ll take you over to the sidelines,” she said.

The man leaned on her, and she got a whiff of his musky scent. If she wasn’t so distracted by the fact that she needed to get off the field fast, she would’ve been more turned on by this man. She led him to the side, undoing his shin guards and socks, grabbing his ankle.

“Shit, it’s a bit sprained. I can help tape it up and ice it, if that’s okay with you,” she told him.

“Anything is fine, as long as you do it,” he said with a smile.

She blushed. The man was flattering.

“Are you sure you want to play on this still, Cody? I mean, I would say wait a day or two, but I can see that you’re itching to play once again,” she told him.

“Yeah, I want to. I’m not a weak man,” she heard from his mouth.

“I don’t consider you weak. It happens. Let me get you some water too,” she replied.

Cody watched as she grabbed his water bottle, filling it up on the cooler. He grasped it from her, taking a sip of it. She watched with rapt attention at the water droplets as they cascaded down his throat when they didn’t go into his mouth. A part of her felt turned on, excited, and a bit aroused from that simple action. She didn’t get why she was so turned on by it, but she couldn’t help but salivate a tiny bit at the sheer look of this man.

“Well, thank you. I’m glad that you could help,” he said.

“No problem,” she replied. She was already feeling nervous and excited about it all. She wanted to have more fun with him, but he then went back to the playing field. A part of her wanted to say something more to him, but she held back. She would talk to him about it later maybe, or maybe something else would happen.

She then had to chase down Daniel, who was apparently late for practice. She went into the locker room, searching there. Thankfully there weren’t any guys taking a shower or naked, which would’ve made it all the more awkward. However, when she found Daniel, she blushed, for he was right by his locker, half-naked and looking at her with a glance.

“Sorry about that. The coach just wanted me to check on you to see if you were okay. Practice started ages ago, and he wanted me to track you down,” she chirped.

“Sorry about that, I had to head to the library and such to get some books for one of my classes. I have this project, and it would’ve been closed by the time I got out of practice. Sorry about that. Thanks for worrying about me though,” he said with a winning smile.

When he did that, she flushed. She couldn't believe the fact that it was like this, that she was having to pretend that the flush on her face was normal.

“It's fine. I'll let the coach know,” she replied, heading out of the locker room before anything got worse. She heard the reverberations from the man's body, his giggles echoing over her body. Crap, she probably made a total ass of herself now, this wasn't good, not good at all. But of course, she was trying her best to make do with what she had right now, and for now, the best thing to do would be to retreat to the place that she knew for sure.

She then went back to practice, and already she felt hot and bothered. She wanted to masturbate, but she had to continue work. It was only getting worse with time, for when she came back Jackson could see the flush face she had.

“What's wrong? See a naked guy or something?” he teased.

“Well kind of. Daniel is coming. He's changing,” she said with almost a shout.

Then, the coach laughed once again. “Wow, you really are cute when you're flustered,” he said.

This was only getting worse with time. She had no clue what in the world to do next, and she definitely wasn't getting in the way of this whole ordeal. She hoped that her heart would stop racing over time, but she knew that it would only become worse with every passing moment. She knew that if she stayed with the coach and the players, her desires would continue to run wild, and little did she know that if this continued the way it did, she would probably have even more crazy adventures with these men, adventures that she wasn't ready for yet. She definitely was ready for more, ready for the fun that was about to come out of this, and she knew that it was only a matter of time before things got even better.

### **Chapter Three**

One day, she was sitting on the ground watching the players work on their plays. It was strange, but she definitely wasn't sure of what was different about today in comparison to the other days. A part of her could feel something was strange, something wasn't like how it normally was, but she wasn't going to try and venture into it. Then, Jackson came over, grinning at her, almost as if he had some sort of dastardly plan for her.

“Hey there, Alyssa. What are you up to?” he asked.

“Oh, I was just working on some of the paperwork that we need to fill out for one of the companies. I wanted to make sure that the equipment got here at the right time and such. Also, I was updating the medical records of all of the guys, listing the injuries that they’ve gotten recently. It’s good to know who has a tendency to get hurt or not,” she admitted.

“It sure does. Thank you for doing that. You’ll save me a ton of time in the future. But, I was wondering if you wanted to help with a play cycle. I wanted to show the guys how to use their defense as a sort of offense as well, and I know that we’re short a defensive member today, so I was thinking maybe you could substitute for Jared today,” he offered.

She looked on the field. In front of her were Daniel, Cody, and it would be Jackson as well since he would help. There was also Kenny as well, who was playing in the defensive area. A part of her wanted to know what exactly she was getting into, but she knew for sure that it wasn’t what she was expecting. She could already tell that the coach had other plans for her.

“Well, I’ll see what I can do to help,” she replied.

“Great. Get on the field, and I’ll tell you what to do from there,” he explained.

She did so, heading over there and getting behind Cody. She could see his defined ass in her face, and already she was blushing madly at the sheer notion of this. She felt hot and bothered, unsure of what to do next, but she knew for a fact that whatever the case, she would go through with this.

Then, the play started, and already she was blushing as she moved around. She fell back per the coach’s instructions, but then she ran smack into Daniel, falling down on top of him. Then, Jackson blew his whistle, and the players scattered. Only the defensive members remained, and soon she looked over at Daniel with a blush.

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry. I’ve never been on the field before, so I’m not used to this thing,” she explained.

“It’s fine. It really is fine. It’s not every day that I get to have an attractive woman like you on top of me,” he uttered.

She blushed, realizing that this man was totally hitting on her. She was about to get off, but that’s when she felt it. His cock! She could feel his erection through his pants, and already she felt like she was about to die. She had never felt

this way about a man before and the fact that he was making her blush just by looking at her made everything all the more worse.

“I’m sorry!” she yelled out.

But Daniel didn’t flinch, nor did he act disgusted with her. Rather, he moved closer to her, smiling at her with a smirk.

“Who said that I was offended by that? Maybe I like the idea of you touching my cock,” he said with a smile.

She then looked over. She realized what was going on. All of the players that were on the defensive side were hovering over her, and Jackson was included in this as well. Drew was also there too, and he was smiling with a smile that made her blush. Her brown hair was taken out of the ponytail by Daniel, and soon Daniel was looking at her with a grin as he started to grind against her.

“So what about it? Want to have a little bit of fun? I’m sure we all can satisfy your desires?” he said to her.

She blushed. She wanted this, but at the same time, she wondered if it was okay. She turned to the coach, who was beaming at her.

“Are you sure you want me to do this, coach?” she asked him.

“I never said for them to stop, sweetie. I never said that I didn’t want to do anything to you, and judging from the way that your hips are moving, you want this too,” he replied.

She couldn’t believe this. She was going to have sex with all of these men. She only dreamed about this and masturbated to this at night in her room, but now this was becoming a real thing. A part of her wondered if this was a dream, but as she felt the hard cock under her start to jut up, she realized the truth. This wasn’t some sort of dream, but rather this was a reality that she was ready to enjoy.

“Fuck,” she breathed out, feeling her body start to give into the desires. She wanted this as well, and she knew for sure that the men would give it to her.

Daniel was the first to strike, pulling his helmet off along with his jersey and shoulder pads, pulling her down over him. He started to kiss her, and then, at that moment, she realized that she was lost in the lustful thoughts and feelings that this man gave her, the lustful feelings that she wasn’t ready to give up at any point. She wanted this, and she knew for sure that this was the start of something new and amazing,

something that she craved more than anything else at the present moment.

## **Chapter Four**

Everything started with Daniel's lips against hers. He kissed her with passion, softly, unlike what she was expecting from an attractive man like him. She was expecting him to be a bit rougher, to be a bit more forceful with his lips, but he was still almost perfect in a sense when it came to this. In that sense, she started to kiss him back, letting her lips mingle against his own in a soft and sensual way, and soon he licked the bottom of her lips, begging for entrance. She blushed, feeling him become slightly more forceful with this, and soon she started to open her mouth softly, letting it mingle against his own and her tongue tease his. It was by far one of the best feelings in the world, and soon she was moaning and groaning with wanton pleasure that she hadn't felt with anyone in a very long time.

He started to grind his hips, and soon the other players and Jackson came closer, each of them taking off their gear and placing it to the side until they were all half-naked. They were rubbing themselves through their pants as Daniel continued to kiss her, but then Cody stepped in, placing his lips against hers.

“It’s my turn,” Cody said, kissing her in a forceful manner. He automatically used tongue, and he tasted like mint surprisingly. Apparently he used breath mints before practice, probably not to stink up the area with his own smell. It was nice though, and kissing him was definitely a bit rougher than kissing Daniel.

Then Drew came in, awkwardly kissing her with small touches, but still in a passionate manner. She didn’t mind this, and it seemed like he enjoyed it as well, letting his lips mingle with hers in almost a virgin like away. She didn’t mind it, but he certainly wasn’t as good as the others.

Then there was Jackson, who came over to her and started to kiss her in a hungry, sensual way. His kisses were very wet, and she could feel this man completely and utterly take over her lips with every single touch. He used his tongue a lot, and soon they were mingling them around. She loved it, and she could already feel her body starting to tense up with every single moment, imaging what they would do to her next.

Each of them men pushed her down, and soon Jackson had his hands at her shirt, pulling it up over her head. She blushed as they started to attack her body, leaving little trails of kissed and licks from her neck downwards. Jackson left a lot of wet kisses against her, and when he did that, she let out a series of moans. Daniel was a bit more of a biter, nibbling on

her skin. Drew just let his tongue graze over her neck, and Cody let his teeth sink into her skin, biting her hard. She loved it, even though she knew that she would have marks all the way down her body. Then, she noticed that they were already moving their hands into her bra, and soon she stiffened up, moaning as they started to fondle her there.

“Fuck,” she breathed out, loving the way that it went. It was certainly something that she enjoyed, and she was ready for whatever she was about to get. Then, Jackson pushed one of the cups of her bra down, pushing his tongue deep against it and swirling around the aching and puckered nipples. She moaned, bucking her hips and loving the way that he seemed to suck on them in a soft, but passionate manner.

Daniel took the other bud in his mouth, and the other two stood back, watching as the two of them gave Alyssa the pleasure that she wanted. First, Jackson started to let his tongue swirl around the sides of it, and then he moved right towards the middle of the bud, lightly touching and teasing the tip of it with his tongue. Then, she felt Daniel start to suck on it, and he used a little bit more teeth than the other did. Alyssa didn't mind this, but it did come as a shock when she felt Daniel start to let his teeth against the tip of it, grazing it up to the edge of her nipple. Alyssa moaned, bucking her hips and loving the way that it felt for him to do this. It was by far the best feeling in the world, and she wanted more of this.

The guys continued to touch and tease her hard, erect buds while she felt drew and Cody start to move their hands to the inner area of her pants, moving towards her curls and touching her down there while the two men started to touch and tease her. She moaned, feeling her body start to tense up. She wanted them to continue, but she knew that it wouldn't be very feasible until they pulled her pants off.

Thankfully, Cody realized this, and soon he pulled her pants off from her thick thighs, causing her to gasp as her panties came along with it, revealing her wet pussy. Her dark curls were in front, but within them was her wet mound, ready to be teased. She felt drew push his finger into her entrance, teasing her there, but while she felt that, she noticed Cody move his lips right up against her clit, touching the tip of it with his tongue before starting to nibble on it and then suck on it.

She felt herself become aroused with pleasure from every single area, loving the way that it felt. She couldn't believe that all of this was going on, and then, suddenly, she felt her body tense up, her hips buck, and soon she came hard against them, her pussy tightening around the digit as it curled up right against her g-spot. She couldn't believe how amazing it felt, how she was completely engulfed in the pleasures of the moment.

They continued this for a minute before all four of them pulled away, and soon Jackson started to undo his pants.

“We love your body. Let’s put that mouth to work though,” he said.

She blushed, but soon he pulled his pants all the way down, revealing his aching cock. It was about eight inches, throbbing, and ready to be taken into her mouth. He touched the head of it right up against her lips, and soon Alyssa took it into her mouth.

She never thought that she would get to do this with the head coach. It felt so wrong, so naughty, but she enjoyed it regardless. He started to push his cock in a bit deeper, but Alyssa took her time with it, pushing her lips against the tip of it before curling them over her teeth. She used her tongue to touch the head of his cock, licking up the beads of pre-cum that were cascading out of his wet cock.

She then felt drawn to undo his pants as well, and soon he was stroking his cock while he continued to finger her pussy, using another finger to spread it within her. Daniel started to get an idea, and soon he rose up to the same level that Jackson was, pulling his own spandex pants down and stroking his cock.

“Fuck,” Jackson said, pushing deeper into her mouth. She took him all the way in, savoring the taste of his hard member and using her tongue to lick from the base to the top.

He groaned, and soon he started to fuck her mouth at an even rhythm, not caring about anything else but the pleurae that she got from him.

While he did that, she started to feel another feeling at the other side of her mouth. She looked, and soon Daniel was pushing his own cock into her mouth. She moaned, taking it in and having both of them within her. The two men started to groan a bit louder as she started to move her lips against it, teasing it with every single lick and touch. They started to push their cocks deeper and deeper into her mouth, and soon she was being fucked by both of these cocks inside her mouth.

“Damn, your mouth pussy is so good,” Jackson said.

He pulled out, but soon Daniel was moaning once again, and he pushed it down her throat. When he did that, it was the end for him, and soon he came within her.

“Fuck,” he said as he filled her mouth up with his semen. She licked it clean, cleaning off his cock as well as he pulled away.

“I want to feel inside you,” Jackson said. He spread her legs apart, pushing his cock into her without any second thoughts. She felt the jolt as he filled her up, a bit nervous

about this, but he felt so good that she didn't want to stop, and she didn't feel the need to have to stop.

He started with a couple of small movements, going at it slowly but surely. He then increased the pace, not caring about anything else but the feeling of pleasure that he was able to give to her. He did this without any second thoughts, pushing his hard member deeper and deeper into her. He angled his hips a little bit, pushing them up, and soon she was moaning through the cock that was in her mouth.

She let out a series of grunts and gasps as she was pounded in both of these holes. It felt so damn good, and she couldn't stop feeling this way. However, she then started to feel something push her up a little bit, and then, there were fingers at her backside.

“What's the matter, Cody? You want in on the fun as well?” Jackson teased.

“Yes, Coach, but I want to have fun with this hole,” he said.

He then licked his fingers, and she could hear the pop that elected from his mouth. He then pushed his finger right up against the puckered edge, and soon she was moaning, bucking her hips and loving the way that she was being

penetrated. The three men continued at this at a very electrifying pace, and after a couple of thrusts, she felt Jackson tense up before he came hard, filling her up. Shortly after, Drew let out a small howl, his hips bucking and his body starting to thrash around as he came hard within her and loved the way that she licked his cock clean.

The two of them moved away, but at this point, the other men started to come closer. There was a guy there named George, and he was looking at her with a smile. He was a black guy, and soon he spread her legs apart, pushing his large cock into her.

“I’ve always wanted to see what you felt like,” he told her.

She didn’t care, because this was her fantasy. She couldn’t believe that these guys were getting off to her, and she was able to feel this. While she felt her body start to relax against his hard member, she then felt Cody start to move his fingers deep into her, stretching her out. She had never done anything anally before, but she was ready to start with this.

He pushed the tip of his cock into her, and soon she was feeling him break through the puckered entrance to her back door and then inside. She moaned, feeling her body tense up as she started to feel this man thrust deep into her. It was tight, and Cody was already moaning at the sheer

tightness of all of this, but she didn't care. She loved the way that it felt, and she knew for a fact that it was something that she enjoyed, and it was something that she was definitely going to continue to feel.

She then felt both of them thrust within her, and soon they were setting a pace for her. Another player came on over and thrust his cock into her mouth, and soon she felt another pair of cocks move towards her hands, and soon she took them in there. She started to jerk them in time with her mouth movements, and the only thing that she could hear was the grunts and groans from every single one of these men as she took care of them and was able to satisfy them.

She never thought that this was what her scholarship would turn into, but she was super ready for whatever was about to come next. She then felt them pick up the pace, and soon she started to feel the others push against her as well. The other members of the football team had their cocks out, stroking in anticipation as she continued to satisfy the four men there.

She then felt the black guy who was within her pussy tighten up, and soon, he pounded right up against her g-spot. She howled in pleasure as the man came within her, and she could feel him fill her up with his seed. It was by far one of the best feelings in the world, and she knew for a fact that she definitely didn't mind the factors that came with this.

Then, she felt Cody tense up within her backside, and soon, he groaned, coming hard into her ass. She could feel her ass getting filled up with his hot cum, and when she felt that, she let out a guttural growl that was muffled by the cock that was within her mouth. It was by far one of the best feelings ever though, and when her clamp on the cock on her mouth started to tighten up, that other man came hard as well.

“Fuck,” he said out loud as he came hard within her mouth, filing her up more than the others before. She licked it clean, and when she did that, her fingers ghosted against the top of the two cocks that were within her hands. They started to both groan and scream out in pleasure, and after that, they too released their seeds and started to come hard against her body, decorating her with their white cum.

Then, she was flipped over by Jackson, and soon he took her ass once again.

“I’m hard already once again due to your hot actions. I want more,” he said.

Daniel was the same way, and soon she was being pounded in the ass and finger fucked by Jackson while Daniel continued to indulge in her warm cavern. She loved this, and with every passing moment she knew that this was what she wanted. This was a dream come true for her, and she knew

that every single player on the team was going to have fun with her. That was what she wanted.

She soon felt Jackson push his cock deeper and deeper unto her gaping butt, and soon she felt Daniel push his cock into her mouth. The two men moved at a rhythm, and soon she felt like she was going crazy. Then, some of the other players came on by, pushing their cocks up against her backside and juicy ass.

“That’s right. You love this don’t you? Naughty girl,” Jackson teased, slapping her ass with his hand in a playful way. She moaned, startled at how good it felt to have this, and soon he started to increase the force of his slaps, loving the way her plump butt jiggled with every single touch.

He continued to do this for a long time, and soon they started to let out sighs. She felt their hot cum against her backside and ass, and she loved the way that it felt. They felt so good, and she knew that it was only a matter of time before the others finished.

Daniel was the next to come, but instead of finishing in her mouth like last time, he pulled out, spraying his hot cum right up against her mouth. She let out a gasp as he gave her a facial with his seed, and after a moment or so, she could feel Jackson pull out on, spraying his seed right against her back

hole. It felt so good, and she knew for sure that this was probably the best thing ever.

Soon he pulled away and she was twisted around, and she repeated many of the same things once again. She couldn't believe how good this was, to be taken by the team and to participate in a gangbang to bring the team closer together. With every single spray of cum, and with every single pant and moan, she knew that she was doing the right thing. She had wanted this, and she knew deep down that although this was a bit different from the conventional extracurricular activities, she was certainly ready for this.

She then spent the rest of the time during practice giving these men the pleasure that she knew and loved. It was by far one of the best things ever, and at the end of it, she laid back, her body covered with cum almost to the point where she was barely recognizable. She looked around at the end of it, and all of the men seemed to be happy and satisfied.

“Well I guess that was a good practice,” wasn't it?” Jackson joked.

“It really was. I was shocked at how well everything went. Plus, it was great to see all of this and the way everyone seemed to enjoy me. To be honest, I've been thinking about all of you in this way for a while. I wanted to say something, I really did, but I know that it's not easy for me. I know that it's

weird to feel like this with the team you're supposed to be helping, but I do want more of this. I want more of you guys, and I was happy to be satisfied," she said.

"Well, tell you what, clean up and then head to my office. We can surely work something out," he said with a smile.

Alyssa nodded, rushing to the changing rooms and taking a shower, feeling the white cum rush off her body. She did have the plan B pill with her, so she took it to help stop the pregnancy. She hoped that it would do that, because if she did get knocked up, she would have quite the issue.

After everything with that was said and done, she then went over to the office, knocking on the door and looking at it. There she was once again, but this time everything had changed, and she knew for a fact that this was the start of it all. She knew that today, she had woken up a whole new world of pleasure that she had never felt before, and she knew for a fact that it was the start of something new and amazing.

After a moment or so, Jackson opened up the door, and soon he looked at her with a smile.

"Hey there," he said.

“Hey yourself,” she replied.

“Come on in. I’ll tell you what it is that I have planned for us,” he told her.

She stepped inside, and then he closed the door, looking at her once again. She shivered with anticipation on what’s to come.

“I thought of that being a sort of reward for the rest of us. Maybe you can reward the player of the week if you so choose, or something of the sort. I don’t know, I think we all enjoyed you very much, and we certainly would love to again. I already have the intention to make sure that if there are any problems with your internship and the future of your schooling, everything will be okay,” he told her.

“She nodded. “Thank you. And I think that’s a great idea. I mean, I know that it’s certainly something that we all would enjoy, and plus I think it will be even better to have this sort of relationship with the players. I mean, I know it’s not easy for the rest of us, but I’m sure that it’ll be even better over time. Plus, I think we all want to do this again,” she told him.

“Well, I for one would love it, but at the end of the day it is your choice,” he offered,

“I want it then. Let’s do it again. I want to feel all of you inside of me,” she replied.

The coach smiled. “Great. Let’s do this as an incentive to win the first game. You will be the prize after it if we win,” he told her.

She nodded. “I would enjoy that,” she replied.

Then, he smiled back. “Good. Well I guess you’re dismissed. Have a great night,” he offered.

She nodded, waving back at him as she got out of there. A part of her felt a rush of excitement as she thought about everything that had happened. She couldn’t believe that she actually got to do all of that, and to make her dreams come true. A part of her was shocked by this, but that other part of her that was happy and excited was ready for more.

She then went over to her car, heading on back to the dorm that she had. When she got there, her phone rang, and when she looked at it, she realized that it was her mother. Her mother did call every so often, and she wanted to check in on her daughter. She picked it up.

“Hey there, mom,” she said.

“Hey there, Alyssa. How is school?” she asked.

“Really good. I’m happy that I came here. It’s definitely a good thing that I picked my first choice school and went through with it,” she told her mother. It was her first choice, and she knew for a fact that whatever the case, she was just happy that she didn’t back out in terms of coming here.

“Well I’m glad you did as well. How about that internship though? Is that too much for you? Is it hard?” her mother asked.

Well, it was hard in another way, but she wasn’t going to explain to her mother about the recent illicit actions.

“No it’s great. It’s probably the best thing that I ever did. I don’t regret it at all,” she told her mother.

“Well good. I’m proud of you, Sweetie. I really am, and I know that you’ll do well. I’ll check back in within a week. I hope everything is okay,” her mother told Alyssa.

“It sure is,” she replied.

They hung up, and Alyssa looked out. She couldn't believe that this was the life that she had been given, the life that she wanted to continue to have.

“I won't let this internship leave. I'm ready for whatever the case may be that is going to happen with this,” she told herself. She knew at this moment that her desires were being fulfilled, so she knew for sure that no matter what the case, it would be okay. She did finally get to have her dream come true, the dream of finally being able to have an amazing fuck with the football team. She couldn't wait for the future, when she would get to do it again, and she hoped that this would for sure be the incentive that they needed to lead the team to victory each and every time.

# Story Eight

## Chapter One

“Alvin, throw the ball!” the coach screamed at the tall, bulky brunette who had the pigskin in his hand.

He threw it to his teammate, a guy named Carl, and soon the other man started to rush it. But then, Alvin was boxed in by his rival and friend George.

“You’re not getting away that easily,” the man said.

The two of them started to move against one another, the scrimmage game that they did for practice becoming a sort of rivalry for the two of them. Both of them have been rivals for a very long time, and it was something that they were used to. They had been rivals since high school, and now that they were freshmen in college, the two of them continued this rivalry.

Alvin was your typical meathead football player, but he did have a brain and an eye for strategy when he wasn’t so slow to the throw. George however, was a bit smaller than him, but wasn’t really the smartest guy on the team. He usually just took orders from everyone else. The two of them were trying to prove to one another who the best player was on

the team, and thus, the rivalry was born. The two of them didn't mind a little bit of friendly competition, but for these two, they loved to play for blood.

It started with a couple of little jerks and punches to each other. Now, the two of them would only go after the other person, and the teammates wondered if there was some sort of reason. The reason was simple: they loved to rival one another in everything that they did. It was something that was going to have to be the par for the course, and since they both made it to the football team, they would continue this rivalry no matter what happened.

They continued to cover each other; both of them running to either intercept the throw, or become someone that their other teammate could throw at. The coach thought that a scrimmage would be great for them, since they did have a game this weekend. What's weird was that Alvin and George did have this rivalry, but they did work together to make passes and plays. It was strange because they would only start trouble with one another during practice, but they would put aside most of those bygones once practice was over. Of course, George did still love to gloat to Alvin whenever he scored more points during a game, and Alvin would do the same.

The two of them continued to cover one another, until their teammate Carl threw the pass. He was blocked by one of the other team's players, and soon it fumbled. Immediately,

Alvin and George ran to it, both of them determined to grab the ball and run it.

“You’re not getting it this time,” George said in muffles through his mouth guard.

“Just watch me,” he told the other.

The two of them immediately went to the ball, neither of them giving a damn about anything else but one-upping the other person. The two of them were certainly boys, but they also had in mind the intention of impressing the coach. They loved to do that, and they were both working really hard in order to do so.

That’s when it happened.

When they got there, they didn’t realize that they were both going into the same place. That’s when George ran into Alvin head-first, both of them hitting each other with a thud. The force of their bodies was enough for them to let out cries, and soon their legs got tangled as well, both of them falling to the grass with a thud. The coach blew the whistle, heading towards the two men as they writhed in pain.

“What the hell was that for?” Alvin said.

“Me? You’re the one who ran into me!” George said.

“Will you two stop it? Are you okay???” the coach said.

George and Alvin looked at one another. They both thought that they were okay, that is until George tried to get up.

“Shit, my ankle,” he said. He used his hand to brush the mouth guard out so that he could speak in almost a coherent manner. Alvin did the same.

“It looks like both of you suffered a collision. Tell you what, I think the two of you should get that checked out with the nurse. Carmella is a really good nurse, and she can help you two out. I know that you probably want to continue this rivalry, but the last thing that I want, is for the two of you to have to sit out the game this weekend because of your foolish efforts. You should head on out and get checked out,” he demanded.

They both wanted to argue. It wasn’t fair, it’s not like they wanted to collide with one another. Then again, the nurse might be able to help them get back to top health in no time. It

was definitely something that they wanted to do, especially since it could jeopardize the future of their game.

“Yeah, I guess we should head there,” Alvin said.

“I think so too. As much as I hate to visit the nurse and be a little bitch, I think it’s something that is necessary,” George replied.

They helped each other get up, much to their own dismay. They were still going to blame one another for it, and they certainly didn’t mind the rivalry continuing. But what they didn’t know was the fact that the nurse was not what they were expecting, and the two boys were in for quite the treat.

“All right, get a diagnosis, and tell me the state of what’s going on,” he told them without saying anything else.

The two men nodded, both of them a bit worried about the possibility of them having broken ankles. That would be the one thing that they didn’t want. Hell, even a sprained ankle isn’t a good thing, especially when it comes to playing. It would leave them incapacitated for the next game at the very least, which wasn’t fun.

The two men then went in the direction of the nurse’s office, wondering what the lady would tell them in terms of

their future and ability to play the game that they loved.

## Chapter Two

They walked to the on-campus nurse office. George turned to Alvin, looking at the other guy with a glance.

“I know that you’re supposed to be my rival and shit, but do you know anything about this new nurse? I heard that the old one retired. I heard the old one was a crusty old chick, and it creeped out most of the students. That’s just the rumors I heard in the locker room.” George stated.

“Well, I’ve heard that she’s pretty hot. One of the guys who got a minor concussion in the game last week wouldn’t shut up about how hot she was. I mean, I don’t really know. Could be some old bat that one of the desperate guys has the biggest hard-on for,” he told George.

“True. But I am curious. Maybe we both get a really attractive nurse. That would be fun, especially since she can clean up our wounds and tell us how naughty we are for doing what we did,” he said with a grin.

“You’re a hopeless pervert,” Alvin said. Of course, he was probably thinking the same thing. Alvin wouldn’t mind a hot chick as his nurse, and George was probably just voicing what he was really thinking out loud. But of course, he wasn’t going to be a creep about that sort of thing. If she wasn’t interested, then he could admire from afar. There wasn’t any harm in that, right?

They got to the nurse’s office, and when they saw the sign that she was there, they immediately went in. They expected the place to have students, but it was empty. However, when they got inside, they checked the office, and suddenly, they noticed it.

It wasn’t her that they first noticed, it was her butt. It was big, round, and it was hugged perfectly by the tight dress that she wore as part of the uniform. She had on a white coat and one of those white hats, but they could see the outline of her backside against the fabric that she had on.

She turned around in her chair, looking at the two of them. That’s when they both stopped, trying to figure out what to say. The woman had raven-colored hair, big blue eyes, and was busty as all hell. Her breasts were huge, and they both wondered if they were real. They certainly hanged like they were real. She was about twenty years their senior, and she looked amazing.

“Hello there. How may I help you?” she asked with a sly grin.

“Oh, hey there. Sorry, we got injured during practice, and we would like for you to check us out—I mean make sure that we’re okay,” George said. He was stuttering his words, and he was growing nervous with delight. Alvin couldn’t help but think this chick was attractive as hell too.

“Well, both of you got to the examination room, and I’ll check out you,” she said. She was excited already, two new men for her to have some fun with. She would certainly check them out, but not just for any injuries that’s for sure.

They went to the room, both of them sitting on the bed and waiting for her to show up. George looked at Alvin, grinning like a madman at the sheer notion of this woman.

“Holy shit, this is like a dream come true!” he screamed out.

“Don’t get your hopes up. You shouldn’t be too excited about this. She probably already has a boyfriend or a husband,” Alvin replied.

“I don’t think so. I could see it in her eyes. She seemed excited to see us. Of course, that could just be me,”

George said.

“It might just be you. I wouldn’t do anything until you think it’s best,” Alvin replied. He was more of the type to analyze and perform his next move before anything else.

The nurse thought it was her lucky day. She wanted to get together with some hot guys, and she was a hot cougar just waiting for a bit of fun. She never imagined that she would have someone so fast. Sure, there were others that came in, but these two were certainly the best ones imaginable. She was already wet with desire as she tried to hold herself back, lightly teasing her pussy and trying to quell the raging feeling that was coursing over her. Of course maybe the two of them would be willing to help her out as well. That would be really nice, especially considering how horny she was feeling.

She waltzed into the room, looking at the two of them with a smile.

“All right, take off your clothes. I have to examine you. You can keep your underwear on, but I want to make sure that not anything else is injured,” she instructed. She tried to sound natural, but the truth of the matter was, she was horny and excited. She was ready for action, and these two were certainly the perfect type of men.

They didn't seem to mind being asked by the hot nurse to undress. They looked at her, both of them grinning. It was strange because they thought that she would leave the room while they did that, but she looked at them with a predatory grin, both of them blushing at the sheer fact that she hadn't left them alone. They wanted to say something, but the truth was, they weren't going to mess up this chance of having a hot chick look at them. She was much hotter than the bitches at their school, that's for sure.

“That's the spirit. My, I have to say that the two of you look very nice,” she said in a very sensual and sly manner. She couldn't help it, she loved it when she had some hot man candy come on in and get checked out. It was the best part of her job, that's for sure.

“Well, we're happy that you enjoy it,” Alvin said with a smile.

“Yeah, we're happy that you think we're hot,” George said.

“Well, I definitely am interested, but let me check those legs and arms first. I want to make sure that the two of you aren't going to get worse. I'm supposed to be a nurse, remember?” she teased.

The two men did remember, but that didn't stop them from growing hard at her words. They wanted her to continue this, to check them out in ways they had never been checked out by a nurse before. She sauntered over to Alvin first, moving her hands down to his ankle. She felt the area, moving up his leg.

“Well, you haven't broken it, so that's good,” she said to him.

“Thank god. The last thing that I want is for me to have to sit out a few games cause of it,” he said.

“Yeah. Well you wouldn't be standing or even walking if that's the case. It hurts though when you do so, right?” she asked.

“Yeah, it's pretty brutal,” he said.

“I think you just sprained it and bumped it then. I mean, that's still not fun, period, but I definitely feel for you. I mean, the best thing that I could tell you to right now, would be to take a small break. I know that's impossible with football season going on, but I can tell you right now, that the only thing that will heal this is if you actually sit out and try to rest it,” she told him.

He nodded. She then moved up his leg, feeling him there. She danced her fingers around his thigh, and when she did that, immediately Alvin started to grow a bit worried. He couldn't believe that she was touching him there, in such an erotic place, but he didn't get mad or anything. In fact, he wanted it. Her touches felt good, and her fingers were soft despite it all. She then moved up towards his upper thigh, her hands dangerously close to his cock.

It was starting to harden a little bit, and the nurse smiled.

"I can see that you're getting a little bit excited," she said.

He blushed. "Sorry," he said.

"It's fine. Oh, and my name is Michelle. You don't have to call me 'doctor' or any of that crap. I'm just your friendly nurse, and I definitely like what I see," she cooed.

Alvin was trying his best to hold himself back, but with her words, he was already growing harder with each separate moment. He wanted her, and soon she was moving her hands up to his arms.

“It looks like you have a bit of bruising on your arms as well. The best thing to do in that situation is to just ice it. I mean, it goes away after a day or two, but I can tell you right now that it will probably hurt if you put pressure on the area,” she said.

“Okay,” he replied.

“Now, time to check out the next one,” she said, firing a glance at George. George was already biting his lip, struggling to keep his cool despite it all. It was certainly growing harder to do so with every passing second.

She sauntered over to him, and soon she did the same thing to him, checking his leg and seeing what the hell was going on. It was certainly a very interesting process to George, since she seemed to almost be massaging the area, and he was trying his best to not moan in approval. Sure it did hurt when he felt her against the area, but when she did the rest of his legs, he did find it pleasurable.

“That feels good,” he said.

“I’m glad. I checked your leg, and it looks like you have a minor sprain. It’s not as bad as Alvin’s but it’s something that might cause you to have issues for a few days.

I mean, you might recover before the game, but don't play the hero if you still feel bad," she told him.

He nodded. "Very well," he said.

She then started to check the rest of his legs, feeling his muscles. He let out a small groan, and soon she looked up at him, her eyes cloudy with lust and excitement.

"What's wrong? You already hard over me touching your legs? My, you're very naughty then," she said.

He blushed, realizing what was going on. "Fuck. Sorry about that. I'm trying, I really am," he said.

"Its fine, I'm glad that it's you. You're quite the cutie," she replied.

He then started to blush once again, and soon she moved her hands up towards his hip. She grazed her hand over it, and soon he let out a groan.

"My, but it seems like you do have a bit of bruising there. I can only say that it will probably be there for a few days, so do be careful," she replied.

She then moved her hands up, dusting right over his nipples, and soon George was moaning out in pleasure. She then moved her hands up to his arms, feeling his bulky biceps.

“Your arms feel fine, and I’m glad that you’re able to move around. I don’t think you’re too hurt, and I’m glad about that. I was a bit worried about what might happen to the game if it were the case,” she said.

“Yeah. Thank you nurse,” he told her.

“My pleasure. But I think the two of you want something else, right?” she said with a small smile.

They turned to her, and soon she was looking directly down at them. The two of them were now super hard, and soon she was grinning wickedly.

“I’m sure the two of you know that I’m not just a nurse. I’m a nurse with needs, and I’m sure that the two of you would love to satisfy me,” she cooed.

They didn’t have to be told twice. They nodded eagerly, and she started to laugh.

“Look at you! You’re already so hungry for me. This is going to be fun,” she said to them.

The two men then moved towards one of the beds, both of them blushing madly. What was she going to do to them? They wanted to know, but for now, they would have to just wait and see.

### **Chapter Three**

Michelle wasted no time. She started to move her hands up their bodies, lightly grazing over them. She then got to their cocks, massaging them through the fabric of their underwear. They both started to groan, both of them excited about this, and Michelle was enjoying the hell out of it. She continued to let her hands move against the area, loving how they both seemed to give in immediately and start to grow.

“My, the two of you are already this hard? What, you haven’t gotten laid?” she said to them with a quirked glance.

It had been a long time since that happened. They had girlfriends earlier this year, but it seemed like as soon as they went off to college, it was over. They didn't want to put in the commitment, and it was hard to find a college girl that could satisfy them.

“It's been a bit hard. Pun not intended,” Alvin groaned.

“Yeah. Most of the girls here are lame. We don't like younger women,” George replied.

“Oh? So you like older chicks then. I like that,” she told them. She continued to stroke their cocks with each hand, petting them with soft touches until they were both standing erect and painfully hard. The tents that she made, the beads of precum that were already staining their boxers, made her smile. It was so nice to see, and already she was having a ton of fun.

“Well, before I have a little bit of fun with that area, I have my own plans,” she told them in a dark and husky voice. It had been a long time since she got laid too, but she knew how to make guys writhe and scream in pleasure. She then moved towards George, straddling his hips and lightly shaking them. He could feel her panties graze over his boxers, and she was right over his hard cock.

“Fuck,” he let out. She smiled, taking his lips against her own. She started to kiss him hard, almost intoxicatingly, and soon he was groaning and moaning into her mouth. George missed this, the feeling of intimacy with someone, and the fact that it was with a woman who had no intentions of doing anything else but having raw, hard sex, was something that he enjoyed.

Her kisses were amazing, and he was addicted. She knew exactly how to use her tongue, and the fact that he was actually kissing someone with so much experience, and it was certainly something that he enjoyed. She then pulled away, lightly shaking her hips once again.

“Now, let me taste the other,” she said with a dark smile.

She moved off of him and onto Alvin, who was already trying to bite his lip back. He could see her dress hiking up, barely touching the edge of her ass. He then started to feel her shake and sway her hips against him as well, and when that happened, he let out a low moan. She smiled, excitement plastered on her face, and soon she started to kiss him as well. Her kisses were additive in his mind too, and soon he started to kiss her back with the same force that she did. Man, how in the world did he get so damn lucky? This was insane, but he loved it.

He continued to kiss her without any holds barred, and soon she was moaning against him as well. She started to dig her hips and crotch against his own, and soon he was groaning, becoming even more turned on just from that. She was shocked at how easy they were to manipulate, and in a way, she loved that about them. It had been a long time since she had been able to take men like this, and the fact that they were so pliant only made things better.

She pulled away, smiling at them as she got off his body. She then moved to George's crotch first, looking up at him.

"I'm going to make you come hard, and you're going to love it," she said.

George blushed. She was so outright with all of her words, but he wasn't going to complain. In a sense, he found this extremely arousing, and soon she pushed her hands to his boxers, sliding them off with one move. His aching cock was freed, and soon he hissed at the sudden change of air as he felt the coldness touch him. However, as soon it came, it disappeared once again, replaced by a warm mouth.

She started with little tentative licks against his cock, and soon he was groaning. He started to moan, and soon he could feel his body growing harder with need. She then took him in, moving her lips up and down against his aching cock.

She was a damn pro at this, and even he was impressed with her skills. He couldn't believe that the school nurse could give such good head. She only took the top half of his cock into her mouth, but then, for the bottom half, she then started to use her hands. He moaned, and soon it was making him go crazy with lust and pleasure. It was the most amazing feeling ever, and soon he could feel his body starting to grow tense. He wasn't going to last long, but he didn't want to lose this. It was by far the best feeling in the world, and he honestly wanted more of this woman than he ever thought he could get.

She obliged him, that and so much more. She started to take him down her throat, taking him all the way down. Apparently she didn't have a gag reflex, and soon he was letting out moans of pleasure as she did this. He started to cry out, his body growing harder and harder to control, but he didn't want to come yet. He was struggling to keep himself, but with each and every passing moment, he could feel her starting to grow even more impassioned with her actions, and when she started to graze his balls, he immediately screamed out, his body shaking, and soon, his cock released itself.

He let out a shot of cum, filling her mouth and throat up with it. She took it all the way in, moaning in shock at the sheer amount of it, but at the same time not caring because it tasted so good. She took it all the way down her throat, looking at him with a small, coy smile. She licked the rest of it clean, and when she stared at George, he was already starting to grow limp and tired.

“Done already? The fun will begin later, I hope you know that,” she said.

“Really?” he said. He couldn’t believe that this woman had all of this planned.

“Well, I know you have more in there than you let on, so I’ll give you a break. Of course, if you want a taste of me, you can have it. Same with you Alvin. I’ll get to you in a bit. I think denying you a bit of an orgasm will make what I have planned for you worthwhile,” she said.

Alvin blushed. What in the world was this chick going to do? He couldn’t believe that she had even more planned for them. Was she that undersexed that when she did get a chance to have it, she went crazy on the men she was doing it with? He didn’t mind, but it was something that shocked him in a sense.

That’s when she did it. She pulled off her jacket, throwing it onto the floor. She then unbuttoned her dress, looking at the two of them with a catlike grin. When she undid that, she was then in just her bra, panties, and some stocking. She kicked her heels off ages ago due to the pain it gave her, and soon she could feel her body growing even more aroused at the looks that were bestowed upon her. She then moved her breasts in front of them.

“Go ahead, touch them,” she cooed.

The two of them wasted no time. They touched her breasts, and soon she was smiling. They fondled them through the fabric of her bra, amazed to realize that they were real.

“So they are real,” George said.

“Of course. I wouldn’t get fake ones. They’re all natural,” she replied.

They couldn’t believe it. This chick had huge breasts, and they were real. Suddenly, Alvin started to strategically remove the bra with only one of his hands, pinching the back of it and taking it off. She smiled looking directly at the other man.

“Ahh, I take it you know how to take off bras with one hand. Clever boy,” she teased.

“Well, it’s a skill I think every man should know,” he replied.

She unsheathed the bra from her body, exposing her large breasts. Her nipples were peaked and hard, and

immediately, Alvin latched onto one, sucking on it softly. He started with little sucks, touching and teasing it with his lips. George did the same after he caught his breath, shocked by her huge breasts. He was already starting to grow hard once again, and at that moment, Michelle smiled.

“You both are so naughty. Getting hard over a woman’s breasts,” she said. But she moaned after that as George started to suck on the teat. They started with little swirls of their tongue, loving the reaction that they got from her. They could see the composure that she had start to diminish, replaced by a feeling of lust and need as they continued to tease her body. They started to do so even more, both of them lightly sucking on it with their lips. They then did it harder, and soon they were moving their lips in a fast fashion, both of them loving the results they got from it.

Michelle was moaning, feeling excited already. She grasped their hands, directing them to her pussy. They slipped her panties off, and soon she started to feel their hands explore her pussy, touch and tease her clit. She started to gasp, feeling the pleasure envelop over her. They then penetrated her with their digits, letting them move in and out of her.

She loved this, and with each movement, each suck, each thrust, she could feel her body starting to grow insane with lust and pleasure. They continued this for a little bit, both of them enjoying the way that this felt, and after a couple of thrusts, she could feel herself about to come. She pushed their

hands away, and soon they unlatched themselves from her breasts, her nipples painfully hard and her pussy soaked.

“I have to give you an orgasm first, before you take me in that is,” she cooed.

They looked at her with shock. What in the world was she going to do to Alvin? But she looked at him, smiling in a devious manner as she started to move her body towards him, smiling as she started to see him look at her with wide eyes.

“You’ll love this,” she teased. She then started to move her lips right up against the tip of her cock, loving the way that it felt. He groaned, suddenly shocked at the sudden feeling of her warm lips. She was so good, and even just licking the head was enough to send him into a tizzy. He tried to stay in control, to figure out how to do this, but already he was starting to lose it with every single movement and each thrust that he did with his hips.

She took him further in, loving the way that he looked at her with wide eyes. She was amazing, and he didn’t think that any other girl in this school could do what she did. He knew that she had years of practice and an edge over them, but in a way, he didn’t want that. He liked this older woman, and he definitely would continue to enjoy this.

She looked at him with a smile, loving the way that he awkwardly glanced at her, wondering what she was going to do next. Would she deep-throat him like how she did with George? Or something else.

But then, she did something that even he wasn't expecting. She took her large breasts and put them around his cock, smiling at them.

"I'm going to make you cum with my tits," she told him with a low growl.

He immediately blushed, and then he felt her start to move them up and down. He groaned, feeling his body already starting to go crazy with pleasure. She started to move her tits up and down the shaft, occasionally licking the tip of it. While she did that, George moved behind her, spreading her ass cheeks and sticking his tongue in. She let out a small gasp, a bit shocked at the sudden nature of this man, but she let him continue it. She did have a big ass after all.

He started to tease the puckered area with his tongue, loosening it up a little bit before he pushed it in. While he did that, he grasped and touched her ass, smacking it each time that he could. She let out a series of moans, and each time she did that, it jerked her tits, making it even better for Alvin. They continued this action for a long time, before Alvin realized that he was at his limit. There was no way he could

continue with this, and that's when he let out a moan, and soon, he lost it.

He came hard, and it all was on her face. She was decorated with his white cum, and when she looked at him, she smiled with a wicked grin.

“You naughty boy,” she teased him.

Already, he was growing hard once again. He wanted more from this woman, craved more, and he could feel his dick already growing even more adamant on feeling her.

“Well, now that we've done that, who wants to take me from the front? I'm sure that you do Alvin, considering how much George loves my ass,” she teased.

George did love her butt. He was still touching it, eating it out, and he was definitely interested in feeling it.

“There's lube in the drawer. Knock yourself out,” she demanded.

George did so, and then she got back on the bed. Alvin barely had a chance to recover before he was hard as a rock

once again, and soon, she was hovering over him with her ass out.

“Let George prepare me first, and then I’ll get on you,” she instructed.

He didn’t have to be told twice. He watched with attention as she stuck her butt out, her large ass cheeks right up against George’s body. He started to push his finger into her, causing her to let out a moan. It had been a while since she had done this, and the fact that this was happening to her was definitely something amazing. She continued to writhe in pleasure as he started to push another finger into her, loving the way that he filled her up. He started to scissor the area, spreading her out and making her moan like crazy. He smiled, definitely happy with the results that he was getting, before he finished up, pulling the digit out and lubing up his cock.

“Okay, I’ll have Alvin go in first,” she said.

She moved her pussy right up over the edge of where his cock was. She slid down on it, and soon he was moaning, already thrusting his hips in to get deeper. It was a bit of a shock initially because he did push himself in super fast, but she didn’t mind it. It was certainly a great feeling that she did enjoy regardless of the speed.

Once he filled her there, it was then George's turn. He spread her cheeks, pushing his cock into her backside. She let out a small shudder, enjoying the sudden feeling of being filled up, and when he did that, he stayed like that for a moment, relishing in how she was taken all the way in. It felt amazing, so good, and after a moment or so, he started to thrust into her. He started with slow, even strokes, and after a little bit, he started to move faster and faster, loving how tight her butt was.

Then, Alvin started to move, thrusting his hips up to hit her in all of the right places. He angled his hips a little bit, and when he did that, the curve of his cock pushed right up against the edge of her g-spot, making her moan out in wanton pleasure. She continued to move herself as well, feeling the two men penetrate her and make her go crazy with excitement. She couldn't believe that this was happening, that she had both of these hot football players right where she wanted them, and the two of them were happy with the way that she was moving, thrusting, and enjoying the sensation.

Then, Alvin started to move his hands up to her breasts, starting with a couple of caresses, but then, he started to lightly squeeze them, taking the nipples and pinching them. That was enough to make Michelle scream out in pleasure, feeling her body tense up at the sheer force of his actions. She loved this, craved more of this, and she definitely was really feeling herself go crazy with excitement. They continued this for a while, until Michelle felt it, and when Alvin pushed right

up against that spot once again, she knew that this was it, that this was the end and she lost it.

She screamed out, her pussy tightening against them as she started to feel the force of her orgasm take over her body. She could feel the world falsas by for but a moment, and soon she came hard against them, her tight pussy hugging both of their cocks.

That was enough for Alvin, who was already struggling to hold back his second orgasm the second she was around his aching cock. He let out a groan, feeling his cock twitch for but a moment before he sprayed his white seed deep into her. After that, it was George who came, his own body tensing up. The way her ass hugged his cock was almost too much for him period, and soon, he felt his own body tense up in wanton pleurae as he came hard inside of her.

The three of them all felt like there was nothing else that they could do. Theywere enraptured in the pleasures of the moment, and they definitely were going to have to do this again. They never expected that this would happen, and that they would get to do this sort of taboo thing with one another. After they pulled out of her, all three of them took a minute or two to catch their breath, their bodies a bit tired, but would be ready for more in due time.

“That was amazing. Holy shit,” George said.

“Yeah, I never thought that I would get that sort of a checkup from the nurse when I got hurt,” Alvin teased.

She looked at them, her large, heaving breasts hanging down against the bed. “Well, take it as a compliment. I don’t do this with just about anyone, and I think you definitely would love to do this again as well. So what do you say? Want to do this again?” she asked.

The two men looked at one another. Sure they were friendly rivals, and they probably would try to one-up one another with this woman as well, but at the same time it felt so good, the pleasure so raw and amazing, that they wouldn’t care what happened to the other, they just wanted to try this again.

“Well, I’m okay with putting aside our rivalry, at least for this,” George said.

“Yeah, I mean that rivalry is saved for the field. We can be friends and fuck buddies outside of the field,” he said to George.

The three of them looked at one another, all of them happy with what had happened. They did want to do it again, but it might take a little bit for everyone to recover. That is,

until they heard the door open, and suddenly, Michelle's assistant Tiffany showed up.

“Hey Michelle, I was wondering what you were doing. Apparently the faculty wanted to—“

That's when she stopped. Tiffany was the assistant nurse, but rarely showed up unless Michelle needed her for something. Michelle looked at the woman with surprise. Tiffany was cute, a bit younger than her, and also really pretty, and when she looked at her boss, she immediately grew a bit pale.

“What the hell are you doing in here? I thought that you were on the clock,” she told her.

“I am, but I figured I could have a little bit of fun as well. Why, is it bad?” she asked.

Tiffany wanted to say that it was, to tell her boss that she shouldn't be doing that, but deep down, she had a crush on Michelle from the moment she worked under her. It was definitely pretty enticing, and the fact that she was doing her internship under such a hot woman definitely had its perks.

“Well, it's not proper and stuff,” she said.

She watched as Michelle came over, looking at the other woman. “Well, how about I show you why I like to become so improper. Perhaps you would like a taste of both of these men, and of me,” she cooed.

Tiffany looked at the woman, wide eyes plastered on her face.

“I-I would like that,” she said with a blush.

Then, Michelle smiled, excited to have this woman on her side. She knew of the little crush that Tiffany had, but she certainly never expected her to be like this.

“You’re so cute. I can’t wait to mess you up,” she said with a grin.

There wasn’t anything else said after that. Tiffany looked at Michelle, feeling like her dream was finally coming true. She did like men, but the sheer fact that Michelle of all people was proposing sex to her was something of a dream. She never thought that she would get to have this moment, especially with her boss. She thought that she would leave this as nothing more than a lowly assistant, but at the end of it, she realized that she was about to get what you want.

Then, she felt Michelle's lips against her own, kissing her hard. Tiffany knew that she wanted to join in this situation, because this was what she had been craving for a long time. She stayed there, kissing the attractive cougar, and soon they started once again with each other what Michelle had been doing for a long time with the two boys around her.

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Nine

“Miranda, you should be studying,” her mother said.

Miranda sat in the parlor, looking at the crystal balls that were in there. She didn't want to deal with that sort of crap right now. She was more interested in doing her own thing.

“No, I don't want to,” she simply said to her mother.

Her mother paused, looking at her with a glare.

“Are you talking back to me?” she told her. She couldn't believe that her daughter was doing this yet again.

“Maybe I am, Mom. What are you going to do about it? Bitch me out like last time?” she asked her mother. She was sick of this bitch trying to control everything that she did.

“Well, maybe if you studied or acted more proper, you would be able to find a fitting husband. I'm sick of you being a freeloading child here,” her mother replied.

She scoffed. Her mother didn't seem to give a shit about her, other than marrying her off to some rich fucker.

She wanted to do her own thing, and right now she was relaxing. Her mother needed to take a serious chill pill.

“What are you doing, Miranda? I thought you would go to your room by now?” her father said.

“Fuck you guys, I’m heading out,” she said to them.

“But you have to study for school!” her mother said.

“Whatever. I’m beating this place. You guys are so lame,” she told her parents.

They grew angry with her, but Miranda flipped them off, hiking her skirt up past her ankles as she headed on out. She was 21 years old, and she was sick of them telling her what to do.

She went out to the bar to get a couple of drinks, being merry with the other men there. She didn’t feel like she needed to be tied down to her parents. She was an adult, and she was sick of them ruining her time. She couldn’t believe that they still bothered her about that sort of thing. The one thing that she was looking forward to was going back and sleeping after she had a few drinks.

She drank a bit too much, stumbling back to her parents' manor. When she got there, her mother was glaring at her.

“What are you doing?” she said.

“Fuck off, Mom. I'm heading to bed,” she told her.

“No, you have chores to do. Remember, you are to collect any other eggs and such at the end of the day. Plus, I thought you would tidy up your room. Why haven't you done that yet?” she asked her.

Miranda was growing sick of her mother's antics. She wanted to just live her own life, not one that was hampered by this crazy woman.

“Because, Mom, maybe I don't want to do that shit. I'm an adult, and I'm not going to do it,” she demanded.

“But you're supposed to do them in exchange for living here. You know that's the agreement that we had. You're an adult, and I can send you away at any time,” her mother admonished.

Miranda didn't believe her. She knew that mother was a total pussy when it came to that sort of thing, and she doubted that her mother would even have the guts to send her off anywhere. Maybe to some military school, but even then they usually didn't allow girls into there.

"I would like to see you try, Mother. But screw this noise, I'm going to bed," she told her.

"You're going to regret everything that you've been doing Miranda. I know that you're an adult, but you're going to learn your lesson the hard way, and I'm sure you're not going to like it," she told her daughter.

The only response her mother got from Miranda was Miranda flipping the bird to her. She was so tired of her mother holding her back. Her Dad would try to pull the same shit, but she would talk back to him and that should shut him up. She didn't believe that her parents would even bother to do this sort of thing, rather she just assumed that they were doing this to intimidate her. It pissed her off, and she knew deep down that she wasn't going to really get punished by them.

But little did she know, that her mother was already making plans with Duke Travis Willington. He was a Duke that lived nearby, a reclusive man who rarely got out, but he was looking for female companionship. He wanted a new

maid to work for him, and she thought about sending her daughter to work for the man. That night, she went to her husband and sat at the table in the study, both of them pursed and worried.

“What do you suppose we do? She needs to learn some manners. Nobody is going to be interested in a woman who is like that,” he told her.

“Indeed. I think the Duke might be the best option. I’m sure that it was going to be a wakeup call for her, but she needs it. I’m sick of her treating the family like dirt, and I think it might be for the best,” she told him.

“Then let’s do it. Let me make the arrangements with the Duke, and we can send her immediately,” he said.

They agreed on this, both of them tacitly doing all of this behind Miranda’s back. Three days later, Miranda got back to the house, only to find a couple of suitcases stuffed in the doorway. She got closer, and she realized it was her things.

“What the hell is this?” she said.

She stepped inside, but that’s when she noticed the third figure in the sitting room. It was a man, about twenty

year her senior with dark brown hair and chocolate eyes. She blushed, immediately thinking about how cute he was. It was definitely something that she didn't mind, and to a degree, she kind of enjoyed the way he looked at her with a dark glance.

“What the hell is this?” she asked her parents.

“We're sending you off to work for Duke Travis here. He's looking for a house maid, and we figured this would be perfect for you,” her mother said.

“But I don't want to work as a stupid maid mother!” she cried out.

“I know you don't, but you know what I don't want to hear more of? You whining and being rude to us. We're sick of it, and we warned you that we would take matters into our own hands if you didn't knock it off. Now is the time, and you're going to get it,” her mother said.

She was serious about this, and Miranda was already growing angry. Travis looked at her with a dark stare.

“I take it you're not excited to work with me,” he said grimly.

“Bullshit, I’m sick of this crap,” she said.

“Well, you have no choice, Miranda. Maybe you’ll learn a thing or two about manners once you work for him,” her father said.

Miranda wanted to fight this, but soon they pushed her out the door and into the carriage where Travis was. He just smiled, and Miranda partially wanted to punch him in the face, partially wanted to get to know him better. It bothered her how attractive he was, but at the same time, she was also pissed off about the situation she was in. As the carriage took off, she realized what was going on, and she also knew that at this point, she didn’t have a damn choice. She was stick with this Duke, and for how long she didn’t really know.

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When they got to the Duke’s place, he stepped out, still silence. She got out, pointing to the carriage where the suitcases were. His driver was already inside, but Travis just shrugged.

“Those are yours. You’re supposed to take them,” he said.

“That’s crap. I have other people take it for me,” she told him.

“I don’t care. Either take your crap or walk around my home naked,” he said.

When he said those words, a part of her felt the sting of it immediately, and she couldn’t help but find it kind of hurtful. But at the same time, even though she thought what this man had said was piggish, she didn’t mind the idea of walking around the house naked. Maybe that would help soften him up. Or in some areas, harden him up.

“Whatever,” she said. She would try her tactics out later. She wanted to have this man take her, but at the same time, she wanted to keep things pretty tame for now.

When she got inside, he led her upstairs. There was a simple room, but on the bed was a uniform.

“What’s this?” she asked.

“Your uniform. Get up at nine every single morning, and you can then start the chores. I know that you’ll be able to do so, or else I’ll punish you,” he said.

“Yeah right, like you would punish me,” she said.

He glared at her with a dark look, moving closer to her.

“Listen, you little cunt, do you think I’m joking? You’re going to learn some respect, even if I have to teach you it the hard way.” he said in a chilling tone.

She looked at him, a part of her frustrated by how attractive he was, but at the same time irritated by how annoying he was as well. She shrugged, getting away from him and sighing.

“Whatever, man. I’m not going to fight,” she said.

“I suggest you don’t, or else you’ll learn your lesson,” he told her.

She nodded, getting ready for bed as he slipped out the doorway. She couldn’t help but think about what sorts of things this man would do to her, and at the same time, she could feel her pussy growing wet with desire.

A part of her wanted to be treated roughly by this man, to be disciplined in his own unique way. But she also didn’t

want to give him that satisfaction right away, and she wanted him to work for it. Whatever, she would wait for the right moment to strike, and when it did happen, she would certainly do whatever it took.

The next morning, she didn't wake up at the right time. She then felt someone come in, and when she heard the click, the figure slipped near her, pulling the covers off her body. She then felt him pull her nightgown up, and when he did, she cried out. Then, his hand made contact with her backside, and soon she screamed out.

“Fuck!” she cried out, feeling the sting of the spanking on her ass. He smiled, striking so four more times after that before pulling away. He then looked at her, and soon she realized that it was indeed the Duke who did it.

“What the hell are you doing?” she almost wept.

“Simple. You were late, I spanked you. Now go get dressed and meet me downstairs to have you show you your chores. And make sure to stop acting so bratty. If you don't, you'll get punished again,” he said.

She blushed, feeling her pussy get wetter at those words. She wanted to act out, mainly because that would mean he would punish her once again. But then again, she

wanted to see where this would go, and she hoped that no matter what, she would get him to continue to touch her.

She put on the maid's uniform, but when she slipped it on, she realized just how short it was. She was expecting the uniform to be slightly racy, maybe something above the ankles or something, but this was above the kneecaps, which was something that she had never felt before. She felt like she was showing off so much, but at the same time, she liked the idea of being daring as well. Maybe this was what she needed, for this man knew exactly how to get under her skin.

She went down to where the kitchen was, and there was the Duke. Travis smiled at her, eyeing her up and down and grinning madly.

“My, don't you look cute,” he said.

“Shut up,” she said.

“Aww, are you already trying to talk back? I have a punishment for you if you do,” he told her.

She then looked at him, and she wondered if she would get spanked again. She wouldn't mind it, but maybe trying to act right would be the way to go.

“Fine, I’ll be good,” she said.

“Great, now let me show you some of the chores you have to do,” he told her.

She listened to him, following him as he showed her everything. He was a professional about this, and after a bit she realized that she didn’t feel like wanting to back talk him. Of course before she started he gave her a wry glance.

“Turn around. This is for your behavior yesterday at your parents’ home. I know that you’re probably just sick of living under their yoke, but that is no excuse to act out,” he said.

She was then spun around, her skirt pulled up once again. She blushed, realizing that her bare ass was hanging out. She couldn’t find any new undergarments, but apparently Travis didn’t mind that. He grasped something, and she realized it was a whip, and soon he gave her a few smacks. She wanted to hold back the moans, but they escaped, and soon he continued that again. Even though this did sting and it was punishment, at the same time this was also something that she heavily enjoyed, something she wouldn’t mind doing again and again.

“Now, will you do your work? If you do, perhaps there will be a reward in order,” he said. The way the words slid off his tongue like butter made Miranda want to do whatever it took to appease this man.

She started to do the chores, with the Duke in his office working on some paperwork. Then, she looked to the side, and she noticed that Travis was looking directly at her, the gaze penetrating her body. She blushed, and soon she started to hike up the skirt, blushing and showing off more of her body than she normally did. Her skirt barely covered her butt at this point, and she could feel the penetrating gaze grow even stronger from the other man.

“Do your work Miranda, or else I’ll punish you again,” he said.

“How so?” she asked.

“Don’t test me right now. I’ll spank you again, and I’ll have another little surprise as well,” he told her.

She continued to do what she was doing. She wanted to get this man worked up, and it was certainly working. He went to the kitchen where the icebox was, grabbing something. He then came up behind her, rubbing the ice cube in his hand right up against her crotch.

“Ahh!” she screamed out.

“I told you to stop being a tease. If you’re a good girl and do what you say, I’ll make sure to make it worth your while later on. You need to learn some damn respect, and you’ll do so by my hand,” he told her.

She then felt him push the ice cube right up against her nipple, making her moan in pleasure. She didn’t expect this at all, but she was certainly excited about it. He started to push the ice cube against the puckered edges, and then the tip, making her let out a small series of moans and gasps. When the cube was gone, he pinched her nipples, making her moan out.

“Now, will you be a good girl and do your work? You’ll get a reward if you do so,” he offered.

There was an offer that she couldn’t refuse. She immediately nodded, blushing madly at the prospect of this. She couldn’t believe how easy it was to give into this, how she was submitting to this man so easily.

“That’s fine,” she breathed out.

“Good. Then get to work, and at the end of the week, I’ll make sure it’s worth your time,” he said.

She did so, working on the chores and different cleaning actions that he wanted. She followed his orders, and in a sense, she didn’t mind doing so. The fact that he was actually pretty nice towards her, despite ruling with a sort of iron fist, was pretty hot in her opinion, and since he was so easy to talk to, and the fact that he was very hot, it only made her want more of this.

Suddenly, the days passed, and she started to feel something stronger for this man. She wouldn’t call it love per se, but maybe that’s what this would evolve into when the time was right. She loved submitting to this man tough, for whatever reason it might be in her eyes, and she was ready to do whatever it took to have this man give her the reward that she wanted.

She also did talk with him a whole lot more after the initial meeting. She found out the Duke was bored with life, wanted something bigger and better, and he liked her a lot. Maybe the attraction would be more than just a superficial thing, maybe not. What she did know however, was that it was getting a whole lot harder to concentrate with every passing moment, and it made her wonder if there was anything that she could do regarding all of this.

After a bit of time, she then finished up the last of her work, and when she looked at the Duke, she smiled.

“I did the work, sir,” she said.

“Good job there. Now, come with me to the bedchamber, and you’ll get your reward,” he replied to her.

The two of them started to move towards the room, with her hands shaking and her face burring with anticipation. She couldn’t believe that this was actually happening, that she was going to bed with the Duke. It was exactly what she wanted, and when they got inside, he pushed her down on the bed.

“What are you—“

Before she could finish the sentence, he kissed her passionately, both of them making out with one another in a soft, passionate gesture. This was the reward she had been waiting for, and soon he pulled off her maid dress, leaving her in nothing but the frilly panties and the stocking she had on that were attached by garters.

“My, you look even better than I expected,” he mused.

“Did you expect anything different?” she asked.

“No, but I’m happy to see how excited you are,” he said with a smirk.

Then, she felt his hands move against hers, bringing them up. She was confused for but a moment, then she felt something bind together. She looked up, noticing there was some rope on her hands.

“What are you doing?” she asked him.

“I figured I could give you both a bit of pain, and some pleasure tonight. Your reward is me, and I’m sure you’re fine with whatever you get from me,” he said with a smirk.

In a sense, she really was, but at the same time, she kind of wanted this to be a normal sort of affair. Then again, she was already dripping with desire, so she was long gone.

“Do it,” she breathed out. She wanted this, and there was no turning back. He moved his lips over hers once again, kissing her passionately. She gave into the kisses, giving them back to him and enjoying the way he felt against her lips. His tongue slipped into her mouth, and although she tried to dominate him, she knew it was a feeble attempt, and she would just have to give into him. It’s not like it was a bad

thing or anything, especially considering how he was already overtaking her mouth and making her moan in wanton pleasure.

She wanted more from this man, craved more from him, and as he started to trail his nails up against the sides of her body, she moaned. She didn't mind this at all, and the fact that this was a reward made it all the more better. He then started to move away, kissing down her neck in a soft, gentle fashion. However, he then did something that shocked even her, and soon she let out a small yelp of pain but also of pleasure.

He bit her. She couldn't believe that he actually did that. He started to lightly nibble against her neck, and then he bit down and sucked on the flesh there. At first it was shocking and did hurt a little bit, but then she moaned, bucking her hips and loving the way that it felt. He continued to do this for a while, biting and caressing his teeth against her skin. She could already feel the bruising that was about to form, but she didn't mind it at all. In fact, she almost welcomed it, because it was a sort of discipline and pleasure that she enjoyed.

A part of her wondered if maybe the reason why she acted out in the past was because she craved someone to dominate her and make her theirs. She always wanted a man to do this, but her parents told her she wasn't allowed to date due to the fact that they wanted her to be with the generic guy

that they chose for her. In her eyes, she thought that it was boring, but with this man, she craved more of his touch. The best part, was the fact that he knew exactly what he was doing, and she submitted to the pleasure that seemed to ache through her body.

He then reached her collarbone, touching and teasing the flesh there while his hands trailed down to her breasts. He cupped them, making her moan in pleasure as he started to massage them. Then, he moved his fingers away for but a moment before he pushed them against the top of the nipples, pinching them hard.

She moaned, a bit surprised at how much it hurt, but at the same time endorsing the pleasure that also came over her body. He pinched and twisted the little buds, making her moan and buck her hips in aching pleasure. She loved this, loved it more than she ever thought, and soon he was tugging on them a bit harder, enjoying the sounds that came out of her mouth. It was by far one of the best things he had ever heard, and he knew for a fact that this was definitely what he wanted to give her.

Soon, he tugged on them again while he bit down on her skin, and when he did that, she let out a series of guttural longing moans and soon she could feel her entire body going crazy with pleasure. It was the best moment ever, and after a while, he then slid his lips downward, taking one of the nipples in his mouth. He let his teeth thread through the little

nub, touching and teasing it with his tongue as it swirled around in circles. In her mind, this was by far one of the best moments ever, and she wanted more from this man. She couldn't believe how hot this was getting, and the fact that she could feel him getting harder from the inside of his trousers was certainly something. When she pushed her hips up, he smiled, grinding his own hips against hers. The friction was almost too much, with her moaning and screaming out in wanton need and pleasure, her hips thrusting up to meet his own aching cock.

It was a torture that she knew and loved, and it was one that she enjoyed more than anything. Soon, he sucked on the bud a bit rougher than before, lightly pushing his tongue against it and flicking it upward. She moaned, thrusting her hips up and loving the way that it felt. It was by far one of the best moments ever, and soon he was pushing back down against her. She couldn't believe it, and at the same time, she felt like she was in some sort of different world that she enjoyed more than anything else in the world.

He then moved his hands away from her breasts, giving it one last tug and allowing her to moan from that action one last time. He then trailed his hips downward, touching her taut stomach with little caresses. Her brown hair tickled her face, but she was holding back the anticipatory moans that were struggling to be held back by her own desire and resolve. She loved this, and she loved what he was doing to her.

He then got to her panties, where he touched her soft and bony hips. He was amazed at how skinny she was, but also at how curvy the right areas were. He dotted his hands right up against the edge of her stomach, until he pushed his lips downward and bit down on her hip lightly. She let out a moan, bucking her hips in wanton need and pleasure from this man.

“Fuck,” she said.

“Do you like that? Do you enjoy the reward that I’m giving you?” he asked.

“I do master,” she breathed. She didn’t mind calling him that in the bedroom, especially since when she did he let out a groan of liking and longing.

“Fuck,” he said. He was ready for whatever was about to come next. However, instead of her getting her panties taken off, he undid his pants, sliding them off along with his underwear until he had an aching cock.

It was bigger than she thought it would be, bigger than she anticipated. However, she was ready for whatever was about to happen, her body aching and wanting more of this

man. He moved his hips up to where her face was, his cock right by the entrance of her mouth.

“Do you want a taste?” he said.

“I do,” she replied.

She realized that she wasn't allowed to use hands, which was fine to her. She then felt the man push his cock into her mouth, and soon she started to use her lips against the tip of the member. There was a small bead of precum on the edge of it, which she licked up before teasing with her mouth. She licked against the head of his dick, and when she did that, he let out a series of moans and groans, giving into the subtle pleasure that her mouth provided for him. She started to tease it slightly, using her tongue against the tip of it before maneuvering it around. She continued to move it slightly, pushing it against the head and then moving her tongue in a swirling fashion against the top half of his aching cock. He was trying to hold back the shudder that coursed through her body, and she smiled. This was the first time she had ever seen him submit, even a little. Even though she was still being dominated by this man, even seeing him like that was a treat in her eyes. Then, he started to push his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth, in which she continued the same sort of actions she had done before, with the swirling of her tongue, the teasing of the shaft, and licking it up and down. He let out a series of groans, his body already feeling kind of close. He

wanted to submit, he really wanted to, but he wasn't going to let the woman he was trying to discipline get the best of him.

Then, he started to lightly push his cock in and out of her mouth, moving at a slow fashion at first. She was only able to keep her mouth open, her lips curled so that her teeth didn't get on his aching member. Of course, that was enough for her, because she loved the feeling of him fucking her mouth with his aching member, and soon he started to move against it faster and faster. Soon, he wasted no time relentlessly fucking her mouth with his aching cock, and soon she was taking him all the way down her throat.

He wanted to come there, but he wanted to savor her other holes. He pulled out, and soon she was breathing hard. He grinned at her, and soon she was blushing.

“Your mouth pussy felt great,” he said.

When those words were uttered, Miranda couldn't help but blush. Being called that by Travis turned her on, and she wanted more of this man, preferably in other areas.

“Well, if you want there are two other holes to play with,” she said, spreading her legs and smiling at him.

“Good. I'll have fun with both,” he told her.

He then started to move his lips against the edge of her panties, slipping them off with his mouth. He then pulled off the rest of the garment with his hands, and soon she laid there naked before him. Her pussy was glistening, and through the curls, he could see her clit nice and hard.

“Have you ever had sex before?” he asked.

She blushed, realizing that it was indeed a bit embarrassing to admit this, but it was the truth.

“I haven’t,” she replied.

“Oh, well then I’ve got quite the show for you,” he told her.

He then pushed her legs apart, letting his fingers curl up against the edge of her clit. He first dotted his hands over the tip of it, and soon she was letting out a series of moans, holding onto the ropes as best as she could as he started to tease her. It felt amazing, and a part of her wanted even more. He then replaced his fingers with his tongue, teasing the tip of it while his hand started to explore her folds. His finger was draping right over her entrance, and when he did that, Miranda let out a moan. She had never been touched there before by a

man, and the fact that he was teasing her like this was making it so much harder to hold back.

Sure, she had masturbated a few times with her fingers, but this was different. He pushed a digit into her tight hole, loving the way that it felt. She let out a gasp, enjoying the way he filled her up. He started to tease the tip of it, circling it around and loving the way that it felt. She couldn't believe how good he was at this, and soon he added another finger to the affair, curling it up and touching that one spot that made her go crazy. She let out a small scream, and soon he was pushing right over the area.

He continued this for a bit, and soon he got her close. Miranda was about to come, but she didn't want to yet. Of course, the feeling was too much, overtaking her. However, before she could, he slipped his fingers out, licking them erotically.

“Don't think I'll let you come that fast, princess,” he said.

A blush flew over her face. She wanted to come, but at the same time, she wanted to see what else the man had to offer. Then, he pushed her hips up, and spread her ass cheeks, revealing her puckered back hole.

“You look amazing her as well. Let me tease you here,” he said.

She was expecting a finger, but didn't realize that he would use his tongue instead. She soon felt his lips right up against her ass, and soon she felt his tongue curl around and tease her entrance. It wasn't what she was expecting, not by a long shot, but then again, it felt amazing as well. He started to push his wet tongue against the edge of her entrance, pushing it deeper and deeper against the area. Soon, he was penetrating her ass with his tongue, and she was writhing around as much as she could with her hands bound, letting out a series of small moans and screams, enjoying the pleasure that this man gave her.

Soon, he pulled away, replacing his finger against the edge of her butt, pushing it into the tight entrance. Soon, she shuddered, loving the way that it filled her up. It was a bit different than what she normally felt, but she liked the burning sensation that she got from his finger within her ass. He started to push his finger against the edge of it, pushing it inside and moaning as she took him all the way in. She shuddered, screaming out as he continued to do this, but before she could come once again, he slid his finger out of there, smiling warmly.

“You're not letting me come,” she whined.

“I’m letting you savor the feeling of pleasure. I don’t want you to come just yet,” he said with a grin.

She couldn’t believe that this was happening. He was denying her an orgasm. It was certainly not what she was expecting, that’s for sure. Suddenly, he pulled her legs apart, looking at her with a smile.

“Are you ready for me to take your virginity, princess?” he asked.

She thought about it. This was the first time she had ever been taken like this by this man. Suddenly, she nodded, blushing madly at the thought.

“Yes please. Can you untie me though? I want to touch you,” she said, blushing at her words. She couldn’t believe she was asking this of this man. However, he nodded.

“Of course. For your first time, I would love to,” he said with a smile.

He undid the ropes, and soon she fell back, lightly massaging her red hands. Soon, he pushed his cock up against her entrance, and a part of her felt nervous. Would this be okay? She had only heard from the other women of what

happens when a person has sex for the first time, and she didn't know if this would turn out the way she was expecting.

Soon, he pushed his cock deep within her, breaking her virginity and making her moan. She couldn't believe how painful it was, but at the same time, he kissed her and made her think only about the actions that were at hand. Soon, he started to push his cock within her, penetrating her deeply. She thought that she was reaching a whole new world with this, and soon he was taking it upon himself to push it even further within her.

He was relentless with his thrusts, but at the same time gentle as well. He was passionate, but also knew how to not hurt a woman. Soon, she could feel his cock sliding into a different area, pushing right up against her sweet spot that he found before. When he did that, she let out a small scream, her body thrusting against his. That's when she felt it, the moment that she had been waiting for, the moment she had been denied before.

She came hard, her pussy tightening up and her hips thrusting hard. She couldn't believe how good this felt, and soon she was going mad with the pleasure that she was feeling. He smiled, pushing it harder and harder within her, and when the moment struck, he let out a groan as well. He filled her with his seed, his cock pumping it out in ways he had never before.

The whites that appeared in her eyes when she came made her feel even more amazing than she had ever dreamt of. She thought that this was some sort of dream, but the truth was, it was the life that she had been waiting for. She wanted this, and soon, after she came, the two of them caught their breaths. He pulled out of her, and soon he turned to her, smiling.

“Did you like that?” he asked.

“I certainly did. I can’t believe this is happening,” she told him. She couldn’t believe she just had sex with the man that was supposedly supposed to teach her a lesson. Of course, in a sense it did teach her the lesson that she wanted, the one that required giving respect before deign what she really wanted.

“I’m glad. I was shocked at how good you were. I have to admit, the reason why I even chose you as my maid was because I always thought that you were cute,” he said.

She looked at the man, the one twenty years her senior. She couldn’t believe that this older man made her feel all of these amazing things. It felt like something out of a dream, a dream that she was ready to finally embrace.

“I’m glad that I took the chance then and went with you. To be honest, I thought you would be the same old Duke that was just an old man who was miserable. But after a while, I realized that I liked you too, and that I wanted to listen to you. If you want the honest truth, I think the reason why I was having such an issue with my family was because I didn’t want to listen to them. They never gave me a chance to find the right man that I was looking for, but instead they forced these guys on me that I never liked. I told them that I wanted to do my own thing, but they would never listen, instead they would try to force me to cater to their whims, which sucks,” she said to him.

“I feel you on that, that’s for sure,” he told her.

“Yeah. But I’m glad I took the chance that I did with you. You’re an amazing man, Travis, and a guy that I think I needed. To be honest, my parents have tried this whole arranged marriage bullshit before, but I never enjoyed that and always acted out. I was a brat, but I think it’s because I wanted someone like you to be with, someone who takes care of me and is a great person,” she admitted.

Travis smiled, pulling her into his arms. “Then it’s settled. If you want to stay with me, then I’m definitely fine with that,” he told her.

She thought about it. She knew that she was sent to Travis to be taught a lesson, but the lesson that she did learn was that she was falling for Travis, and that this was the man that she had always wanted. Maybe this was love, she didn't know for sure, but if it was, she would be fine with it.

“I want to stay with you Travis. To be honest, you're the person I've been looking for, and I want to work with you both under the sheets, and in life. I mean, I don't feel the urge to be a brat anymore, at least not around you. Of course, I can be a bit of a back-talker if that's what you want,” she teased.

“I wouldn't mind that from time to time, but if you want to stay, you're more than welcome. Plus I think there is something between us that's stronger than we have both thought possible, isn't there?” he said.

She nodded. “I think so too,” she replied.

The two of them laid in bed together and kissed one another, with Miranda realizing that this was what she wanted. She never believe in love or any of that sort of thing before, but at the same time, she was happy to have finally felt this way about a person.

After a bit of time, she continued to live with Travis, working for him and also growing in her relationship. The two of them grew together, loving each other and realizing what love was. Miranda was shocked the moment she realized she was in love with him, but after talking and expressing their feelings, she realized that she was in love.

Her parents weren't all too happy when they found out that Miranda and him were together, but Travis insisted that he would take care of her. Even though there was a lot of tension between her and her parents, Travis was a good mediator, and things seemed fine after that.

After a bit of time though, Miranda started to feel a bit sick. She then realized after a few months that her stomach had gotten bigger, and soon she was pregnant with Travis' child. It was a bit scary to be this young and pregnant with the child, but Travis stayed with her through the entire affair, making sure that she would be okay. It was crazy to think about how all this went down, but she knew that it was for the best. The two of them did feel the love for one another that kept them going, and even with the shocking pregnancy, they knew that no matter what, everything would be okay.

They had the baby, and after that the two of them got married. Her parents weren't too apply with her life choices, but they did respect her, and the fact that she was out of their hair for a long time was nice. The two of them did live their own life, and as Miranda started to grow with Travis and he

daughter, she realized that she did make the right decision. Perhaps being a brat to her parents and being sent off was the best life choice she had ever made, for if she hadn't done that, she probably would never be in this position, and never realize what love was in the first place.

# Story Ten

## Chapter 1

“FUCK...that’s it. That’s the spot... Harder! HARDER! Oh yeah...fuck! .Mmmmm....Don’t stop... OH FUCK!”

“You like that bitch?!...Oh baby.....Uh!...Uh!...Uh!... UH!...Come on baby! Take that dick! DAMN...That pussy is so fucking wet.”

Jessica woke to the sound of screeching metal frame beating against the wall. It pounded against it like a hammer slightly muffle by the padding of drywall and insulation. It did little for the noise, however. Through the squeaking rock of the bed and the hard thumps against the wall, Cherry and Jonathan’s screams and grunts grew louder feeling her room with echoes. It was an early Monday morning. Jessica opened her ocean grey eyes and glanced at the clock. She grunted pulling the covers over her head attempting to drown out the world around her. The sounds grew louder as her roommate began reaching her climax and their pace quickened. Defeated by the festivities from the next room, Jessica quickly gave up on the hopes of sleeping in. Jessica threw back the thick, warm flowered comforter sending strands of blonde wavy hair gliding down on her face.

She pulled herself up, removing the cover from her silky, light bronze legs, and swung them over the side. Her feet barely touched the cool hard wood floor as they dangled in the air. It was almost a depressing feeling leaving the comfort of her sleep. She rubbed the tiredness from her neck looking at the wall separating the two rooms. Slightly agitated, she moved across the room to the wall. She hammered on it attempting to quiet their animal hauls. Once again, she felt short with defeat as the commotion grew louder. Making a hasty decision, she quickly grabbed her clothes and headed to the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, she was alone and felt peace. It was quieter on this side of the apartment. Jessica removed her clothes and tossed them to the floor. She turned the knob of the shower head bringing the water to a beaded life. It reminded her of a waterfall as the water raced from the head and landed on the stone like tile below it. The sounds it made as trickled down was therapeutic and created its own melody. She turned to the radio perched on a shelf suspended on the wall. She turned it on and flipped it to her favorite station.

She entered the steamy shower closing the frosted glass door behind her and stood underneath the cascading water allowing it to run down her slender body. It beat against her back massaging the stressed knots still dormant from the weekend's parties. She applied a generous amount of the lavender scented shampoo to her hair and gently massaged the

sweet smells in her scalp allowing the scent to feel the room. Stepping back into the beaded waterfall, she rinsed the suds from her hair. The bubbles raced down her back encircling her legs as it made its way to her feet and drain.

Retrieving the lavender soap, Jessica began bathing her body in a similar manner carefully massaging and cleansing the creases and folds of her axis. She reached for the shower head and removed it from the wall. She held it to her allowing the water to trickle down from her shoulders and legs and the suds circled the drain as the water raced down her body. Taking a seat at the corner of the bathroom, she opened her legs and began rinsing the soap.

The water pounded gentle against Jessica making her feel warm. She lowered her hand to the water. She started gingerly rubbing the flap of tissue with the tips of her fingers. The sensation increased. Her breath felt heavy as she started to moan. Sliding her finger down, she entered her body and another level of ecstasy. The water continued to splash with her fingers pulsed within her. Jessica moved her hips with the motion of her fingers pulsating in her vaginal opening. She groaned and grunted against the tips as juices slid out from her and dribbled down between her cheeks.

Jessica slid her finger from inside her and grabbed the purple, waterproof hummingbird toy she had brought with her. She slid the smooth shaft inside her vaginal opening. Pressing the button, the silver beads began to rotate and the shaft lightly

vibrated and moved in a small circular rotation massaging her insides. The nose of the hummingbird also began to vibrate as she placed it on the flap of skin. It outlasted and moved vigorously along her vaginal area as moved it in and out, slowly at first. She groaned as the toy slid easily within her. She bit her bottom lip attempting to restrain her excited bursts of emotions.

Jessica quickened the motion as she began thrusting her hips forward. Her body turned warm and her breath felt husky as her sensation increased. Warm liquids rushed from her body. She moaned louder unable to contain the excitement as quick rushes of air expelled from her mouth. She moved the shaft more rapidly as the water beaded down her and the toy pulsated intensely. She pushed it as deep as she could, filling her entire canal with rotating pleasures. Suddenly, an explosion of intense sensation filled her lower body as met her climax. Her body convulsed sending rapid excitement throughout her. Her toes curled and her muscles contracted. She let out a satisfying grunt with each convulsion. Her heart quickened and she became limp, exhaustion setting in.

Jessica returned the shower head to its place feeling the weight of her arms. The water slowed to a drip as she turned the knobs silencing the shower. She climbed out and patted herself dry convulsing silently as she touched her now sensitive area. She applied the sweet blossom lotion to her damp skin carefully rubbing the silky smoothness in. She fashioned herself in a three piece business attire she previously

chose from her closet. Her button up blouse was a lacy, pale pink complementing her natural skin tones. Her jacket and knee-high skirt was black with matching pink stripes tracing the length of it. She parted her hair to the side and fixed it in a low ponytail. She applied her make-up to look natural with simple earth tone colors on her eyes. To match her blouse, she chose a light pink gloss with a strawberry taste when licked.

With some final adjustments to her wardrobe, Jessica looked herself over in the mirror with a satisfying grin. She was prepared to give any interview with this look. She opened the door and walked into the living area. Adrian was seated in front of the TV on the brown leather, sectional sofa. She was spread out, half laying on the sofa, with her arm propped on the arm rest. Her bronze legs were crossed and her auburn hair hung in a mess. Adrian looked up at her showing her big brown eyes.

“Where you headed, gorgeous,” she asked eyeing her up and down.

“We have a ‘field trip’ at Mason & Stark’s Industry,” she stated with a slight smile.

“Wowww! Do you think you will get to meet them? I would love to meet them, at least once. They are sooo sexy.”

Jessica rolled her eyes and laughed at her roommate. She flopped down beside her and reached for her shoes.

“What?! Don’t tell me you wouldn’t wrap your legs around Tyler’s waist. Hell, I would fuck him or Derrick.”

“Is that all you think about?”

“Well, what else should I think when I look at them....maybe putting their swollen dicks in my mouth or between my titties.”

The sound from Cherry’s room persisted to fill the room with thuds. The metal frame protested with squeaks as it rocked. The two moaned and grunted with each pound of their bodies.

“Well, at least one of us is getting some,” Adrian mumbled.

“What am I going to do with you,” Jessica snickered as she grabbed her purse and stood.

“Take some pictures for me to fantasize about,” Adrian said with a wink. Jessica shook her head with a smile as she walked out.

\* \* \*

“Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to? You come in here and think I’m just going to sign over my company,” the older man yelled from across the table.

“It’s simple math, Mr. Bowden. Your company is in bankruptcy and we offer the only solution,” Tyler said with a wave of his hand.

Derrick lounged in his leather chair propping his forehead on his fingers. His dark hair was parted and shaped his long face as it hung loosely from his scalp. He looked at the old man and his son through his black, squared framed glasses. His hazel eyes watched and evaluated their clients as they sat fidgety in their seat. His legs were crossed raising his black pants leg. Feeling slightly annoyed, he loosed his silver and blue striped tie allowing it to hang on his black vest. Still uncomfortable, he reached for his collar and unbuttoned the top button of his light blue shirt.

“Mr. Bowden,” he started. “We are a very successful industry and we want nothing more than the best for your company.”

“And what about my workers? Do you want what’s best for them as well,” the old man glared back at Derrick.

“Yes, of course,” he simply said.

Tyler leaned back in his leather chair placing his long fingers together. He listened to Derrick attempting to explain the goal of their company was borrowed time and in time they will get it back. As he listened, Tyler slowly stood from his chair. He tugged at the bottom of his dark grey vest fitting his white, buttoned shirt over his muscular chest. He walked towards the window allowing his dark grey pants to return to the top of his shoes.

“Mr. Bowden, the way I look at it, you have two options. One, you can sell your company to us. We will assume all responsibilities in which you will have no say in the way we run the company. During this time, you can work on your financial situation and get back on your feet. Everyone will remain employed. And we will all profit largely in this,” Tyler stated from the window.

“The second option,” the old man said impatiently.

“The second option is much worse,” he started turning his attention back to the old man and his son. “You could choose not to sell. In a short time, you will have exceeded

your finances and be forced into bankruptcy. Your company will then be auctioned off to the highest bidder for a lower price. They will in turn, sell pieces of your company to others ripping what you love apart. And your employees will lose their jobs and will have to seek new ones.”

The old man exchanged a look with his son. Fear of the unknown spread throughout their faces. The room fell silent. Derrick leaned forward in his chair placing his hand on the table.

“Mr. Bowden, this offer is only offered once. We have the upper hand here and we are extended to you. We won’t offer it again. Sink and drown or take the hand. It’s your choice!”

“How long do we have to decide?”

“Two days. Forty-eight hours, Mr. Bowden. Then, we withdraw our offer,” Tyler stated returning to his seat.

Mr. Bowden nodded his head in acknowledgment as he stood from the leather chair. His son followed his lead as they both made their way to the door exiting the conference room. The door eased closed and the two looked at one another. Tyler reached for the teal blue tie and removed it from his neck. He tossed it on the table in front of him and reclined in

his seat. He lifted his massive beige hands to his face rubbing the weariness from it. He ran his fingers through his amber hair before setting his bright green eyes on the proposal.

“Well, that was a disaster,” Tyler said closing the folder.

“Could’ve been worse. He could’ve said no. At least now, he has something to think about,” Derrick said propping his feet on the table.

“Do you think he’ll sell?”

“Actually, I do. He has no other options. It’s just a matter of time before he runs out of solutions. Just wait, he’ll be back.”

“I hate waiting,” Tyler said reaching for the phone beside him. He dialed the number of his secretary. The phone rung once followed by the sweet voice of Jillian.

“Jillian, I need two coffees, please. And bring me two egg and cheese muffins,” Tyler said. A few minutes later, Jillian walked in carrying a tray of goods Tyler asked for.

“So, what’s next on our agenda, Jillian?”

## Chapter 2

“Can I have everyone’s attention; please... We need to go over a few things before we get on our way. So, just bear with me a moment.”

Mr. Emerson stood at the front of the classroom looking over everyone as he spoke. Jessica watched him from the back of the room as he placed himself in front of the class delivering his notorious speech of rules and regulations. He looked identical to what the idle teacher persona you would read or see in magazines. At least to her, he always did. She had tried to picture him on a normal day off but found it difficult to imagine. He had been her advisor and instructor for almost two years and he generally looked the same every year.

The door to classroom closed with a thundering noise causing every students heads to turn. It was Cherry. She always had a way with making an entrance. She was usually late for things and always the last person to arrive.

“Ahh, Ms. Davis! How wonderful it is for you to grace us with your presence. Please, take a seat.”

Cherry made her way to the back of the room. Her blonde hair was curled and pulled to one side allowing her hazelnut color eyes to shine. Like her personality, Cherry's outfit was an attention stealer as well. She wore a teasing school girl outfit, black with trims of lime green and white with a matching plaid mini skirt. Her shirt was missing the first two buttons at the top allowing her cleavage to be seen from a distance. Her shoes were also black flats and complimented her nicely tanned legs. She was the perfect model for any porn magazine.

“What did I miss,” Cherry asked sliding beside her in an empty seat.

“Nothing much,” Jessica said shaking her head. “He just started his speech.”

“Hell, I should've waited a little longer.”

“I'm surprised you're able to walk, owing to all that sound was coming from your room.”

“The walking is easy. It's the sitting down that I have a problem with. Damn, my ass is sore.”

“Poor thing!”

“You’re just jealous because you’re not getting any.”

Jessica snickered. In a way, Cherry was right. It had been several months since she had any sexual relations with a guy. Her last relationship was a disaster and ended on a bad note.

“So, who are we interviewing this week? I hope it’s someone sexy I can dream about later.”

Jessica dropped her head as a slight giggle escaped her lips. A few people in front overheard their conversation and began laughing as well. Mr. Emerson stopped talking and glanced at the two of them.

“Is there something you would like to share with us Ms. Evens?”

“It’s nothing really,” Jessica stated slightly blushing.

“I’m sure everyone here would love to share your laugh. Please, enlighten us with whatever you found humorous.”

Jessica glanced at Cherry almost accusingly as she opened her mouth to speak. Jessica felt choked by the sudden stares from her classmates. Cherry smiled knowingly back at her friend.

“Ms. Davis!?”

“I was just inquiring about the people we were interviewing. I was interested in knowing if they were cute or had great body or butt...,” Cherry admitted with a grin.

The room around them began mimicking Jessica’s response as it reeled with laughter. The professor also found Cherry’s response amusing as a slight smile curved his lips.

“Unfortunately Ms. Davis, we are not studying fashion or idealism in this room. If that is your interest my suggestion would be to change your major.”

Mr. Emerson continued with his lecture about the interviewing process as Cherry slouched in her seat.

“What a grouch,” Cherry whispered. “I bet he hasn’t had a good fucking in decades either.”

“Shhh,” Jessica whispered back to her friend giggling uncontrollably.

“I have a great idea. You could fuck him.”

“What?! Are you crazy?! That’s just gross!”

“Why not? He’s...handsome. It would be perfect for you. Both of you will get laid and everyone will benefit with good grades and attitude adjustments.”

“He’s in his forties. I’m only twenty.”

“So!”

“Why don’t you sleep with him if age doesn’t bother you?”

“Maybe I will. Beside, the older they are the more experienced and the better the sex is.”

Jessica shook her head half amused. The two became silent as Mr. Emerson’s gaze fell on them. He continued talking as the hour passed. It was a dull discussion apart from the little sarcastic remarks Cherry made. The discussion

seemed endless as the time dragged on. Finally, he concluded his session as he handed out Mason & Stark Industries brochures to the class.

“Oh my God,” Cherry squealed excitedly. “I cannot believe we are actually going to meet Tyler and Derrick. They are sooo hot. What I wouldn’t give to see the two of them naked. I bet they are hung....Oh that’s right! You’re not into older guys...Oh well. More for me.”

Cherry passed the brochure to Jessica and stood to leave. Jessica looked down at the two men in the picture. They looked back at her with intense eyes. They stood shoulder length apart in a nice business suit attire that defined their muscular tone body. She gazed at them fixated on their features. Her body felt warm and her throat felt dry gazing back at them.

\* \* \*

“You have a staff meeting at nine, a conference at ten with the young college editors, and then another meeting with a client at one,” Jillian announced to Tyler and Derrick as she scrolled through their schedule on her tablet. As Tyler’s

secretary and personal assistant, it was her job to keep the company up to date on schedules, prosperous clientele, etc. She stood at Tyler's side as she filled his cup with coffee and waited for further instructions.

Tyler waved his hand dismissing Jillian from the room. Laying the paper beside him, Jillian quietly left the room. They sat in silence sipping their coffee and reading The Journal. The room was quiet apart from the rustling of pages and the chewing of their food.

"So, how did the date go last night," Tyler asked suddenly remembering.

"It was...nice. She had a great personality and..." Derrick started still looking down at his paper. Tyler eyed him suspiciously.

"You hated it."

"I did not hate it. It was quite alright."

"That means you did not have a good time and you hated it... Well, did you at least tap that?"

Derrick straightened his position in his seat ignoring Tyler. He felt Tyler's questioning eyes on him as he waited for an answer. Derrick kept silent.

“I take that as a no...I'm amazed. I set you with a hot, sex craving woman and you didn't even get to first base.”

“Maybe she wasn't my type.”

“She's a woman with big breasts and likes to open her legs wide. What part of that is not your type?”

“She was a red head and that's just not that attractive to me. I am attracted to women with blonde hair. They tend to be more exciting and inclined to try new things.”

“Oh really...Well I'll try to remember that next time I set you up with someone.”

“Maybe you should worry about busting your own nut and allow me to worry about me busting my own,” Derrick stated with a sly grin on his face. “So, what happened between you and Jillian.”

“Now, I thought you said for us to worry about our own nuts!?”

“You asked about mine I figured I ask about yours.”

“It was good. Nothing to really brag about but I would definitely bend her over a desk any time I need a stressful release.”

“Amazing,” Derrick said without glancing from his paper. “You managed to seduce your secretary and gain new potential clientele all in one day. What’s next!? A college intern?”

Tyler let out a loud chuckle finding Derrick’s astonishment humorous. The silence returned between the two of them. Tyler continued reading through the papers. He flipped the page and spotted a picture of them at the top. Tyler patted Derrick on his shoulder.

“We made the paper this week,” Tyler announced folding the pages down. Derrick leaned over to get a better look.

“What is now the most exciting new company on the block, Mason & Stark Industries is making headlines across the nation. Tyler Mason and Derrick Stark are striking back against bankruptcy and saving many companies from dying

out. At age 36, they are the youngest and the most eligible business men of the decade...’ “

Tyler looked back at Derrick with a sly smirk on his face. Derrick leaned back in his seat sharing the same look.

“This calls for a drink,” Tyler announced standing to retrieve the bourbon and glasses from behind them.

He returned to the table and filled their glasses. They made a small toast and quickly down their drink. The burn of the bourbon slid down Tyler’s throat as he swallowed the strong liquids. He enjoyed tasting the warm drink on occasions but preferred not drinking alone. Tyler glanced down at his watch and then back at Derrick.

“Well, it’s time to go pat our employees on the back and tell them about their bonus. Are you ready,” Tyler asked as he stood.

“You go ahead. I just going to hang out here go through this proposal for our next client.”

“That’s what I like about you Derrick! You are all work and hardly any play. I’ll let everyone know you’re tied up.”

Tyler nodded his head walking out the door. The room came silent as solitude filled the air. Derrick reached for the paper and read through the article of their company. He smiled again feeling somewhat like a superhero to the world of business. Turning his attention back to work, Derrick stood and walked to the nearby room. He opened a filing cabinet and retrieved a folder from it. He placed on top and thumbed through the neatly stack of papers in it.

### **Chapter 3**

Jessica stood in front of massively tall building. It's seemingly endless mirrored glass captures the world around it. It was a magnificent piece of structure. The wind lightly blew around her bare legs sending chills up her spine. She pulled her coat tighter around her as she huddled in the crowd. Mr. Emerson stood at the head explaining what to expect. After he finished, he turned and lead the party through the double pane glass doors.

The lobby was an enormous room fashioned like a law firm with leather sofas and glass coffee tables. They gathered in a line at the desk where they were taking pictures and placing them on specially made passes. After the special passes were made, they all congregated in the hall. Mr. Emerson divided them into groups for the elevators and instructed them on which floor to stop at.

The doors to the elevator parted unveiling an endless window stretching from the ground floor to the top. Jessica and Cherry entered the elevator as directed astonished by the sight as they ascended. The scenery was a peaceful wonder stretching to the sea. The more elevated they became, the more the world shrunk around them. It was a glorious painting of different rays of lights and contrasts as Jessica peered out the window. It almost felt as if she had been flying.

The journey to the floor was as entertaining as the classroom. Cherry continuously boasted about Mason & Stark Industries and how their work has changed many lives. Jessica smiled and pretended to listen as her friend's excitement escalated.

They finally arrived to their destination and the doors parted open once again. As they exited the elevator doors, they were greeted by a thin, dark hair woman. She graciously led the group down the hall discussing her position and the company. As she spoke, Jessica realized she needed a bathroom break.

She searched the hall attempting to find any indication of the restrooms. Finally, she spotted the sign and eased away from the group. She entered the room and found the nearest stall to her. Relief. After she washed her hands and looking herself over, she exited the restroom and found herself back in the empty hallway.

The hall was painted a glossy navy blue and decorated with plastic plants. Along the painted walls also displayed large posters of famous Italian Renaissance paintings beautifully brightening the area. She stood in the center listening for the echo of her group. Biting her lip, she began walking the way they were headed. She came to a junction and stood. The halls remained silent.

She let out a huff and decided to search for someone. She walked to one end of the hall to the other. There was no secretary desk to be found. Only more hallways and doors to other rooms were found. She rounded the corner of another hall and stopped. Once again, she found more doors.

She opened the first door along the hall. It was a private office. The desk stood in the center of the room with two wooden chairs neatly placed in front of it. To the right of the desk stood a floor to ceiling window with a view of the city outside. A dark wood bookshelf stood behind the desk neatly displaying books, pictures, and other items. Like the hall, the room was also decorated with plastic plants and posters. Finding no one inside, she exited the room closing the door behind her.

She opened the next door and found a similar setting with no one inside. She continued trying doors one after another. Jessica came to the final door on the hall. She

reluctantly opened it only to find a large empty conference room. A large table with many desk chairs sat in the center. At the head of one side was an enormous framed poster with a small table underneath it. At the other end was another door to a separate room. As Jessica turned to exit the room, a rustling sound erupted from the other room.

Finally, she thought quickly walking across the room to the other door. She reached for the doorknob and began to turn it. The wooden door suddenly flew open as it snatched from her grasp. Without noticing her standing in the door frame, a dark haired man, carrying an arm load of slim folders, walked out and collided into her. Her feet came out from under her and they quickly landed on the floor. Her head was spinning and her knee throbbing as confetti of paperwork glided to the floor.

\* \* \*

“Are you okay,” Derrick asked sitting her up. She grabbed her head rubbing the aching spot. Derrick helped her to her feet and led her to the nearby chair.

“Don’t move! I’ll be right back.”

She nodded her head slightly and he exited the door. He walked across the hall to the employee lounge and opened the cabinet door. He quickly grabbed a bag and filled it with ice. He returned to the room carrying the bag on ice. She was still seated in the same spot. Derrick handed her the bag. He watched her gently place it on her wavy blonde hair feeling a little uneasy.

He walked to where another table stood in the corner and began fixing them a drink hoping to kill any pain. He handed her the glass and she gazed up at him. Her ocean grey eyes captured him. She took the glass lightly brushing his hand with her finger tips. His heart fluttered as he downed his drink. The strong bourbon slid down his throat burning as it touched the parched area. He grabbed the nearest seat and pulled it up close to her.

“Are you hurting anywhere else,” he said softly.

“Yea, my right knee hurts a little,” she said.

“May I,” he asked slowly reaching for her leg. She gave a slight nod and took a sip of her drink.

Derrick took her leg and eased it up to his lap. Starting at her knee, he began to lightly massage the area. He gently

squeezed and rubbed in a circular motion releasing the tense pressure around it. He looked back at her noticing the pass around her neck.

“Jessica Evens. That’s a beautiful name. I’m Derrick Stark,” he introduced attempting to start up a conversation. “Are you with the tour group?”

“Yes, but I got separated from them a second ago and was trying to find them when I ran into you,” she announced with a smile.

“Sorry about that,” he chuckled.

“It’s fine. You must be working really hard on something really important,” she said downing the last of her drink.

“I was. That was until I landed face first on someone.”

“Maybe if you were paying more of attention, that wouldn’t have happened.”

“Maybe! But then again, I wouldn’t have seen those beautiful eyes.”

Derrick stopped short realizing what he said sounded like a pass. He looked up at her giving an embarrassing smile.

“I’m sorry I shouldn’t have...,” he began returning her leg to the floor allowing his fingers to glide along her calf. His face felt feverish as he peered up at her.

“Please, don’t stop,” she softly whispered.

He pulled his seat closer to hers and began massaging again. His heart began to pound and his breath became a little shaky. She watched him with intense eyes as he continued to rub her leg. She tasted her glossy pink lips with the tip of her tongue allowing a low moan to escape. Acceleration heated his blood as it traveled down his limbs and to his groin. His pants began to tighten around his thigh as his hardness grew.

He continued rubbing Jessica’s knees slowly inching his way up her thighs. She leaned her head back giving another enticing moan. At the edge of her skirt, he slid his hands to her waist pushing her skirt up. He lightly gripped her sides and pulled her to the edge of her seat. He lowered his head and kissed her upper thighs tenderly sending chills up her. She reached for his head running the tips of her fingers through his hair.

His finger traced the lining of her underwear until they found their way under the band. He slowly pulled them off continuously kissing her thighs gingerly. He tossed the lacy thong beside the chair softly dragging his fingertips up her legs as he returned them to their position. Lightly kissing her, he slowly moved his lips up finding her sweet vaginal area.

Derrick kissed the top of it causing Jessica to grip the back of his head. He slowly parted his lips allowing his tongue to slip from its home and onto her sensitive area. Her back arched slightly feeling a new sensation hit her body. Derrick swirled his tongue teasing the flap of skin at the top. She moaned and pushed his head closer to her body. Juices lightly seeped from her as she started the move with him. He sucked on the flap of skin, gently nibbling it with his teeth. Jessica grunted with delight.

His tongue began to move even faster sending jolts of excitement through her lower limbs. Taking his two fingers and pairing them together, he slowly penetrated the opening between her vaginal lips. She arched her back as he pushed in.

“FUCK,” she exclaimed closing her eyes.

“Mmmm... make that pussy wet for me.”

With his tongue vibrating her clit and his fingers massaging deep within her, a new tingling sensation began to build. Placing his thumb between the cheeks of her butt, he slowly circling her anus. Jessica began to moan even louder as her muscles began to contract. She jerked and screamed with pleasure. Unable to move, she opened her eyes and looked at Derrick. Pleasure filled her eyes. From behind his head, the door began to open.

## Chapter 4

Tyler stood in the doorway of the conference room shocked by the image his eyes held. Derrick turned and stood meeting his partner's gaze. Jessica slowly stood feeling her face slightly flushed. Tyler quietly closed the door behind him.

“What's going on here,” he asked looking back at the two of them.

Jessica blushed as she looked back at Tyler. Derrick cleared his throat grinning as he looked at his partner.

“I got lost and ran into Mr. Stark,” Jessica started fixing her skirt.

“We collided and I caused her to hit her head and knee,” Derrick stated. “I was...helping...”

“I’m sorry to hear that...my apologies miss. I am Tyler Mason, Derrick’s partner,” he introduced extending his hand.

“It’s a pleasure Mr. Mason. My name is Jessica Evens. I am a student at Long Beach University.”

“I see,” Tyler said looking back at Derrick. “You’re here with the other future editors, correct!?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

Derrick repositioned his glasses on his face feeling almost ambushed. He looked back at Jessica giving her an apologetic look on his face. Tyler followed his gaze and suddenly feeling intrusive.

“Well, I was coming to inform you that we have about thirty minutes before the young editors are done with the tour. Seeing that you are busy...,” Tyler said opening the door.

“Wait,” Jessica said reaching for Tyler’s arm. “You could stay.”

Tyler looked at them with a questioning expression on his face. Derrick gave a mischievous smile to his friend. Tyler pushed the door quietly. He cupped his hand behind Jessica's head and pulled her to him. She parted her lips inviting his tongue in. Their tongue touched and swirled with one another. He lowered his hands to her blouse gently unbuttoning it. He moved his lips to her neck and began to removing the blouse from her arms. It dropped to the floor as Jessica cradled Tyler's head. She moaned with pleasure.

Derrick walked behind them and began unzipping her skirt from behind. He gently slide it to the floor. Kneeling behind her, Derrick parted her cheeks. He pressed his mouth to her pussy slowly massaging it with his tongue.

Tyler slowly moved his hands around Jessica's back finding the hooks to her Victorian style bra. He released it with ease unveiling two perfectly rounded breasts. He cupped both breasts with his hands and lowered his lips to one nipple. He drew in slowly circling it with his tongue.

Derrick stood from the floor and began unfastening his belt. Quickly unzipping his pants, he slid them to the floor removing his hardened shaft from it. He took a seat nearby and pulled Jessica's naked body to him. She straddled his lap placing her back against him. Taking his hard penis with one hand, he slowly entered Jessica's wet vagina. She shrieked

with delight pushing herself against it. Derrick thrust deep within her feeling her body with his penis. He grunted bouncing her in his lap.

“You like that baby... you like my dick in you...you want it deep.”

“Fuck me, baby!”

Tyler moved closer to them and caressed her breast with one hand. Jessica reached for his belt quickly undoing his pants. Placing her hands around the back edges of them, she eased Tyler’s pants to the floor releasing his harden penis. She placed her hand around it gently grasping and pulling it. She pulled his harden shaft to her lips and kissed the tip allowing her tongue to taste his flesh. Tyler cupped the back of her head pushing his penis deep in her mouth. Her tongue swirled and her cheeks caved as he trusted back and forth. He grunted with desire feeling acceleration beating in his limb.

“Yeah baby... suck that cock...ahh yeah!”

Tyler thrust deep in her throat causing Jessica to expel a gag reflex. She withdrew it for her mouth. Grabbing both arms, Tyler helped her to her feet. He spun her around and bent her over. He spread her legs opening them wide. He took

his penis with his free hand and inserted it inside of her. He pushed deep within her as his balls beat against her cheeks.

Bracing herself with one hand, she wrapped her fingers around Derrick's hardened cock. She placed her mouth around it drawing it in deep as she sucked. He moaned as he placed one hand on her head guiding her. As her head bobbed faster, Derrick began thrusting his body pushing deep in her throat.

"Oh fuck," Derrick said pushing down on her head feeling the back of Jessica's tightly rounded throat causing her to gag.

Jessica stood and walked over to the table. Placing a knee on the ever long conference table, she climbed to the center and lay on one side. She held her hand and motioned the two over. Removing their shirts and tossing them to the floor, they climbed on the table with Jessica.

Derrick placed himself directly in front of Jessica and rolled her on top of him. Again, he held his hardened penis with one hand as he searched for the vaginal opening. She lowered her mouth to his, muffling the scream she released as he pushed his way into her. Together, they thrust and rocked pushing against one another.

Tyler knelt behind Jessica's back straddling their legs and placing his shaft between her cheeks. He placed his finger at his lips and expelled saliva on them. He rubbed it on her anus slightly penetrating as he did. Placing the remainder on his penis, he slowly entered her. She expelled a loud moan as she arched her head backwards.

“Take that dick...you know you like that,” he said sliding in and out of her slowly accelerating his thrust.

“FUCK...AHH...AHH...AHH!

Jessica screamed with pleasure as she clawed the table. Her muscles in her body contracting with each movement. She gripped the edge for support as the two plunged deep within her filling her cavities with their hard penises.

Together, they thrust adversely keeping rhythm. Jessica screeched and grunted with pleasure as they push deep within her. As their motions quickened, their thrusting shorten pushing as deeply as possible. They grunted and gritted as their climax was reached. With a final thrust, their body stilled as exhaustion filled them. They quickly removed their penises jerking it as it released its warm liquids on her body. Jessica breathed with relief.

A noise came from the door causing their heads to look in the direction it came from. The door quickly opened for the tour group as Mr. Emerson and Jessica's fellow classmates entered the room. Everyone stopped short at the doorway. Shock spread throughout their faces as they peered at the three of them. Jessica looked to Cherry who stood among the few in the doorway. Her mouth gaped open and her eyes starred wondrously at the three.

“Well, why don't I escort everyone to conference room one while Mr. Stark and Mr. Mason...yeah,” Jillian stated as she ushered the group out and shut the door.

Cherry looked back at Jessica before the door closed. Thank you, she mouthed with a smile as the door eased shut.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renown naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Eleven



Eva set the next dish aside. There was something rough crusted on it. She could feel it with her thumb through the slippery film of rinse water. She wasn't sure if she had gotten all the soap off. Eva didn't care much about leftover invisible soap or left over food stuffs. When she set the table next, she'd just be sure that Seth got that plate.

She wore a tight black dress. She wore a thong and no bra so no lines showed through the material. She wore low heels, but black shoes that matched her dress. It was not dish washing clothes, she knew, but she wanted to feel special, so she tried to wear nice things even during ordinary chores.

Eva was not new to washing dishes. She could do better and her father would not have tolerated soap or crust on his dishes, but Seth was a bit of a slob and even Eva's half-hearted work was better than how he had taken care of himself before he paid her way over to the States.

She had washed dishes ever since she was old enough to stand before sneaking away to America. Back in Freedonia in Eastern Europe, she had three sisters and seven brothers. Most of her brothers, even the younger ones, had gone off to fight in one civil war or another along one disputed border or another. Some of them came back. The ones that did, even the younger ones, married whatever daughter of whatever family

they wanted. In Freedonia, eligible surviving men were scarce. They came back from the fighting mean and cold. She did not want to marry one of them even if they did choose her. So, she came to America to marry Seth and poorly wash his dishes.

Seth was not mean or cold. He was a little gross and puffy around the middle. He needed to shower more instead of spraying on deodorant to cover up his stink. He had an odd combination of being fat and skinny at the same time. His belly was fat, but his arms and legs were skinny. His chest was all bone and very little muscle. He had no ass. Sex with him wasn't exactly terrible, but she had better behind barns and over barrels with horny young men back in the home country.

Seth liked sex with her. He usually came very fast. That was part of what made it tolerable. She had large, natural double D breasts. Her hair was a pinkish strawberry blend between red and blond. People thought it was from a bottle, but that was natural too. She had kept it up in a kerchief before coming to America, but then began wearing it down. She had an ass that men back in her home country thought was too big. Here in America though she noticed men turning in the streets and at the shopping malls to stare. Sometimes Seth asked her to shake it up and down for him. It seemed silly to her, but she was getting quite good at the twerking that Seth showed her in videos. If she twerked for him before they fucked, then he usually came even faster, so she usually put on the bouncy booty dance show for him while he stroked his tiny, hard cock.

Seth gave her credit cards and let her roam freely during the day. Keeping her happy was a priority for him. He just didn't know much about how to do so in the bedroom nor did he have the equipment to get the job done. Eva used her credit cards and allowance to buy dildos and vibrators to use in secret when Seth was distracted with his online business which was most of the day. She had them hidden around the house. As time went on, she was getting bigger and bigger models. She had a large, veiny black one. She had a purple one that was large enough to fight off a burglar.

Eva leaned on the edge of the sink and tried to remember which one she had in the kitchen. She thought there was a clear, double-headed one stowed away behind the Tupperware. She used that one on her pussy and bent it around to tease her ass. The angle worked the G spot she had read about online.

Seth had hinted that he wanted to take her in the ass. He sometimes rubbed his little cock between her cheeks and shot cum up her back. When he started bringing up sex with her ass, she pretended she didn't understand what he was saying and he would back off the idea. She liked teasing her own ass, but she didn't want Seth getting used to taking her that way. He was already obsessed with her plump ass as it was just like all American men. She did not want to feed that particular obsession. She kept her ass play secret from him then. She thought about sneaking a little play in the kitchen to

deal with her horny feelings. Knowing that Seth was a couple rooms away at his computer made it seem that much dirtier.

Seth called from the other side of the house. “Eva? Are you in the house?”

She sighed and was tempted to sneak out the back door. She had a pack of cigarettes hidden on top of the rafters of the mud room attached to the back of the house. She could hide back on the blind spot on the back corner of the house and lot to smoke away some of her stress. Like the ass play, she did not do it often, but sometimes doing something dirty let out the negative energy. That and shopping usually did the trick.

She gave the escape plan another moment of thought and then she called back. “I am. What do you need, Seth?”

She was worried that her words came off too harsh. The only thing that was worse than him trying to hint at fucking her in the ass was him apologizing for offending her. Usually the times he really pissed her off by leaving clothes on the floor or leaving dishes under the bed to mold, he had no clue that he was making her miserable. When she had noticed nothing at all, he would patter on about how sorry he was and would keep asking her why she was mad. He would keep it up until she really was mad. Most of the time it was her accent. It turned him on, but it also sounded angry to him and other

Americans even when she was just stating something plainly with no emotion at all. For all their bluster and tough talk, American men were very sensitive in private. They were annoyingly emotional.

Seth came back with a voice that sounded occupied instead of sensitive. That she could live with. “Do you speak German?”

Eva sighed. “Yes, I told you that I do. You know that. I speak German, Russian, Belarusian, and French. I also speak and read a little Italian, Ukrainian, Rusyn, and Polish.”

“So you do speak German, right?”

Eva growled and closed her eyes. She did not try to hide the harshness in her voice as she shouted. “Yes, I speak German, you trottet dummkopf.”

“Great. Great. Can you come here, please, Eva. I need your help.”

Again he was not reading when she was actually angry.

She pulled off her rubber gloves and dropped them inside out on the counter beside the sink.

“What do you need in German?” she asked as she walked through the dining room.

The dining room table was stacked with file boxes. Papers spilled out from under the bent cardboard lids. Most were yellow and pink carbon paper from visa applications from countries all across Europe and Asia.

“I’m working here, babe. Hurry up, please. I need to know what this says.”

“I’m coming, Seth. Why don’t you use the Google translate like you did from before you knew me?”

“It’s giving me a weird translation. I don’t think it’s right. Come on and help me. It will be quick.”

Everything with him was quick, she thought.

“I’m coming,” she said as she went down the short flight of steps into the den Seth used as an office.

She thought of the den as the lair of some weird skinny and fat bear. It smelled even more musty than the rest of the house. There was a thick orange shag carpet that always

caught in and clogged the vacuum cleaner. She had given up on trying to get out all the stains and popcorn kernels he left ground down into the shag. The wood paneling was dark and gave the bear's lair more of a cave like feel. There were old, water-stained posters of half naked women along the walls. Most of them were busty women in red bathing suits. Their boobs were not real and were from something called the Baywatch.

Seth sat at the computer desk in the darkest corner of the room. His sallow, rat-like face looked sharper in the dull, green glow of the computer screen.

“Babe?” He yelled again without turning around.

“I’m right here, Seth.”

“Right. Sorry.” He clicked his way back up through a screen of text and pointed at a block of lines on the screen.

“This. What does this say?”

Eva leaned out over his shoulder and squinted at the screen. Her lips moved as she read through and shook her head.

Seth turned his head toward her and cupped her breast where it hung down and rested heavily on his shoulder. He

pulled at and rubbed at her nipple until it poked hard through the material of her shirt. He licked his lips and took more encouragement from her reaction than she intended to give. She was getting turned on, but it was a shame that his little cock under his weirdly fat belly was her only option.

She pulled her breast away from his grasp and moved to the side. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see that he was crestfallen.

“Not now,” she said. “I can’t concentrate on this, if you are teasing me. Do you want this translated or not.”

He sighed and turned his attention back to the screen. “Okay. What does it say?”

“It is not German,” she said. “Well, not all of it.”

“What does that mean?”

Eva waved her fingers over the text. “It is a mix of German and Russian. Some of it is misspelled and the grammar is bad. Words are out of order for both languages.”

“Is it a bot?” he asked. “This girl keeps messaging me.”

“Bot?”

Seth waved a hand in a circle. “Is it a computer program putting together random text?”

Eva thought, but then shook her head. “No. I think it is a person, but one that is not good with either language.”

“What does it say?”

She sighed and said, “It talks about bank accounts and transferring money for travel. It talks about trusting God and wanting to serve a higher purpose once she gets to America. That’s the best I can get out of it. Like I said, it is in two languages and badly written.”

Seth scrolled up and deleted the message. “Super. I’m probably getting contacted by someone on the watch list.”

Eva stood up straight and stared at his face in profile. “What is this watch list? What are you talking about?”

“Nothing. Patriot Act stuff. It’s probably some hacker trying to scam me out of money, but it might be someone trying to sneak into America illegally.”

Eva swallowed and narrowed her eyes. “Are you going to get in trouble? Are you going to get us in trouble?”

He waved a hand at her dismissively as he clicked through pictures of women on his computer. About half of the pictures were completely or partially naked. She ignored them as she waited for his answer.

Seth said, “Don’t be silly. I’ve been doing this for years. I got you to America, didn’t I?”

She looked at a woman on his screen bent over and spreading her bare ass for the camera. Seth bit his lip as he stared at the image.

Eva said, “That is true, but a lot of bad stuff has happened since then. Are you worried the police are getting mad about all the women you are bringing into the country?”

Seth sat back in his chair. The back gave a creak from the strain of his weight. He stared at her a moment and blinked several times. Moisture glazed the surface of his eyes. He could have been angry, but Eva knew him well enough to know that he was more likely to cry. American men had their buttons and the ones Eva had met that ordered their brides from Seth’s service had a lot of buttons that made them cry.

She prepared herself for whatever storm of emotion might be coming.

Seth's voice shook a little, but he held it together for the moment. "You don't think I know what I am doing? Do you think I am too stupid to fill out the paperwork properly?"

Eva sighed and shook her head. "I'm not saying that. There are bad people out there that can take pretty pictures online and fill out the paperwork to come to America. Bad people will use you to come here and do bad things. That is all I am saying. I don't want you to get into trouble. I don't want to lose you."

He softened and smiled, but still looked like he was about to cry. American men sometimes cried when women said nice things to them too. Eva thought not for the first time that Seth would not do well at all in a civil war.

As she focused on his eyes moving up and down her body, she realized he was going to want to have sex that night. She began to brace herself for that possibility mentally. If he looked at enough bridal candidates online and she twerked nicely for him, it could probably be over quickly and he would fall fast asleep. She would be able to take care of herself with the purple monster she had hidden in the bathroom.

He said, “I appreciate that. They have to pass immigration screenings. I might fudge the numbers and details a little, but if they have any sort of history. They’ll get flagged and stopped. No problem.”

Eva nodded. “If you say so, then I believe so.”

Seth leaned back from his computer and another Eastern European trying to look sexy in a red teddy. Eva saw Seth was wearing a dirty concert shirt for some metal band she did not recognize and baggy sweatpants. She could see the tiny shape of his hard cock. She fought the urge to grit her teeth. He would notice as he tilted his head toward her.

He held out one hand with orange cheese puff dust under his nails. “Come here, baby. Sit on my lap a second.”

She forced a smile. “I thought you had work to do. I have dishes.”

“Both can wait. Come here.”

She hesitated just a moment, but then moved toward him. She turned and lowered her ass in her tight dress down onto his lap like she was easing into a cold bath. She felt his little prick poking her ass cheek as she settled her weight. She wiggled her hips to try to get comfortable. He gave a breathy

moan and she thought she had made a mistake. She was going to end up having daytime sex in his stinky bear cave den office with pop corn kernels under her bare feet. She decided once he stripped her naked, she'd leave her shoes on. Sometimes that turned him on enough to speed the process along.

His hand found her breast and he started working the nipple through the material. He said, "I'm so glad I found you, Eva."

She smiled without having to force it. "I'm glad ... to be here too, Seth. You changed my life."

All of it was true, she realized.

"How about a little celebration before we get back to immigration documents and dishwashing?"

Eva sighed. "I feel sexier at night. Maybe we wait until then."

His hand slid inside her dress and tugged at her nipple. He slid his fingers across to her other breast inside her dress and Eva shivered. Again, he was encouraged and started twisting her other nipple like he was tuning an old radio. She liked to be pulled and played with rough from time to time, but it helped if she was already turned on.

“You are sexy all the time,” he said.

She licked her lips. His kindness and unbridled attraction to her was nice. It made her feel somewhat like a goddess being worshipped by a lowly worshipper. He was a slob, but he was mostly a humble slob that was in awe of her beauty. She enjoyed that. He had his little honeys on the computer that would do almost anything for him to get to America and get their own worshippers too. As far as she knew, he had not taken any of them up on their offers of blow jobs or dirty, daytime sex since he had married Eva. If he did, maybe he would leave her alone more. Maybe. She might be free to find someone more manly on the side too.

Eva swallowed and said, “I would rather do it tonight. I will make it special tonight. I promise.”

Seth paused. His expression changed a little. It went more flat. He was disappointed. He drew his hand out of her dress, but moved his other hand to rest on the curve of her ass through the tight dress. He was just as stiff as he was before – maybe more.

Seth smiled again. “Listen, speaking of making it special, I have an idea of something new I’d like to try tonight while you are feeling more sexy.”

Eva felt cold inside. This was it. He was going to put her on the spot for ass sex.

The doorbell rang and someone followed immediately with a deep, heavy knock. It almost shook the frame of the house. Eva pictured the person using the heel of his hand in a closed fist for that knock. It was the way soldiers knocked before kicking the door down. For a brief moment, Eva was transported back to the old country where doors were kicked open often.

The deep knock came again rattling the house above them.

“We should get that,” she said.

He patted her butt and she stood up. He took a moment to try to adjust his boner in his sweatpants so that it laid down along one leg instead of standing out straight.

The knocker pounded against the door a third time.

“I can get it,” Eva offered.

Seth waved her off as he waddled toward the steps. “I got it. Hold this thought. I want to come back to our conversation once I get rid of this guy.”

Eva did show her teeth as she followed behind Seth. She was hoping they would move on from the discussion of sticking it in her ass for one more night.

They walked past the overflowing boxes on the dining room table and made their way to the front door.

Seth pulled the door open with the broad shouldered man outside raising his fist for another knock. The man was more than a head taller than Seth. His muscles tested the limits of his steel gray suit. The man had dark hair cropped short and a gristle of beard forming on his face. His eyes were a shade of green that popped out at Eva.

Seth cleared his throat and his voice sounded small and weak as he said, “What do you want?”

The bigger man tilted his head. He pulled a black leather wallet out of his inside coat pocket. As the jacket flipped back, Eva caught a glimpse of a handgun in a holster on his hip. He opened the wallet showing an ID.

The man said, “My name is Agent Cain Bell. I’m with the local office of the FBI. I’d like to take a moment to come in and clear up a few questions we have.”

“What sort of questions?” Seth asked.

“The sort that make us all feel better so that we can move on with our lives,” Agent Bell said.

Seth glanced back over his shoulder at Eva and then back at the agent. “I don’t think I want to do that.”

The agent stared back for a moment. He looked over Seth’s head at Eva and back down at Seth. “I kind of think you do, Mr. and Mrs. Glavin. I really do.”

“Do you have a warrant?” Seth asked.

Agent Bell actually laughed. “No, but I could get one, if that would make you feel better. Warrants let us dump out drawers and confiscate computers. That would probably play hell with your perfectly legal perfectly compliant business, Mr. Glavin. I can go get a warrant and a few of my friends to do all that. Or you can invite me in for a nice, friendly conversation to be sure we can clear everything up.”

“Maybe I should get a lawyer first,” Seth said.

“That’s perfectly within your rights,” Agent Bell said. “If I have to talk through a lawyer, I prefer to do it in a dark interrogation room down at the headquarters. If we are doing things formally, I like to be all official, you understand.”

“Why are you harassing me? I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“Then, you have nothing to hide, Seth. May I come in to talk?”

“Are you trying to trump up charges for some reason? What’s your game?”

Agent Bell shook his head. “If I was looking to charge you or harass you, I would get the warrant and I would take you in to scare you into confessing something in my dark interrogation room. I would be here with a partner instead of alone. So, do you care to talk to me informally or do we just get on with more formal interactions?”

“Just let him in, Seth,” Eva said.

Agent Bell looked at her and smiled. His green eyes struck her again. He said, “Your wife, Eva, has the right idea, Mr. Glavin. What do you say?”

Seth stepped aside. “Come in for a talk, but that’s it. Don’t try to strong arm me into anything, Agent Bell.”

“You got it,” Agent Bell said as he stepped into the house. “Nice place you got here.”

Eva looked around at the clutter around the room and sighed. She thought the agent must be making fun of them.

“Thank you,” Seth said. “So, what do you want?”

“I need to talk with you about a few individuals that you apparently aided in entering the United States,” Agent Bell said.

Seth swallowed and blinked a few times. Eva saw sweat beading around his face. He was looking splotchy too. The sweat made him look greasy to her. He said, “All my paperwork is in order.”

“You mind if I look through for what I need then?”

Seth rubbed his sleeve over his lip and then across his forehead. “You will need a warrant for that.”

“You’ve already invited me in,” Agent Bell said. “I can pretty much look at what I like, if I see it out in plain sight and it looks suspicious.”

Cain Bell and Seth both looked past Eva at the boxes on the dining room table.

“Invited you in like a vampire,” Seth said.

“Now that’s not very nice, Seth,” Agent Bell said. “I am your guest and you are my host. We are just having a friendly visit to clear up any misunderstandings. Remember?”

Seth cleared his throat and then hacked a few times like he was choking on his own spit. Seth said, “Maybe you tell me the names and I see if I can get back to you on the details?”

“Maybe.” Agent Bell stared for a moment. He looked down and took out a small notebook chewed around the edges from being in his pants pocket. Eva saw a flash of his gun again. Cain Bell flipped through the dog eared pages with notes and pen scratches on them. He said, “Let’s start with

Connie Strovett, Hilda Cornov, and Melinda Trigette. What can you tell me about them?”

Seth squinted and looked down at the floor. “I help a lot of men and women around the world find love matches. I might need to do some searching to find details on those three.”

“I can help you look,” Agent Bell said.

Seth looked up, but stared at the agent’s chest instead of meeting his eyes. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“I insist, Seth. It will be my thanks for inviting me in. I’d hate to put all this work on you.”

“I really would rather you not, Agent Bell. I’ll find what you need on those three and send it to you. Can I have your number?”

Bell tilted his head. “It’s more than three, Seth. Those are just the first three.”

“Well, give me the rest of it then.”

“Here’s the rest of it,” Agent Bell said. “We think you are fudging details on visa applications. By think, I mean that we know you are. We think you are in violation of several counts of immigration fraud statutes by gaining permission for aliens to stay in the States by arranging marriages. We think you might be in violation of prostitution statutes by taking extra from the men for guaranteed sex and paying the women a cut for taking care of the men. We think you might need to come down and sit in a cell since we have enough for an arrest. If you are under investigation, we might need to look into your relationship with Eva as well.”

Eva stepped forward. “No, please, Agent Cain Bell, I will tell you anything you want to know. I’ll do anything. Don’t arrest me.”

Agent Bell cut his eyes at Eva and smiled.

Seth said, “Shut up, Eva. There is nothing to tell.”

Bell looked back at Seth. “Afraid of what she will tell?”

Seth blinked and licked his sweaty lips. “There is nothing to tell. You have her scared because she comes from a country where soldiers don’t follow rules. They make up lies

and take what they want including favors from the women in the houses they invade.”

Bell shrugged. “Sounds like an awful, lawless place.”

“Doesn’t it?” Seth said.

Eva took another step forward. “Please, don’t arrest him. I’ll do anything you want. Please.”

Bell sighed and said, “That sounds a lot like bribery. Maybe even some of that prostitution we think you may be involved in. Remember what I mean by think?”

“I do,” Seth said.

“Anything, Agent Cain Bell.” Eva stepped up and dropped to her knees beside Agent Bell with her hands out and open like she were begging for mercy.

“Eva, shut up. You’re making it worse. Don’t be scared.”

Agent Bell glanced down and stared into Eva’s cleavage in her tight, black dress. “No, Seth, you guys should

be scared, believe me. Let your lovely wife talk. I am interested to see what she says – what she offers.”

Seth sighed and said, “She is not good with English, Agent Bell. She does not understand our customs and laws. By taking advantage of her fear, background, and ignorance of the situation, that wouldn’t be hard to prove as entrapment.”

“Look at you, Seth,” Agent Bell said. “You are a smart guy that clearly knows how to get around the law when he needs to, huh?”

“Anything you want.” Eva clasped her hands together in a classic portrait of begging.

Seth closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. His jaw flexed, but Seth said nothing to stop her this time.

“Maybe I hear what she is offering and if I like what I hear, we might work out a deal. After all, this is a friendly meeting. I am the guest and you are the host. It is customary in America to offer your guests something to make them feel comfortable and welcomed, right? Let’s see what she is offering me as your guest and maybe I just might feel welcomed enough to end our visit on a good note. What do you say, Seth?”

Seth opened his eyes and blinked up at Agent Bell. His voice sounded small again. “Okay.”

They both looked down at Eva and she looked back and forth between their eyes. She did not know what they wanted her to do.

“Well?” Agent Bell asked. “What will it be, girl?”

Seth licked his lips and nodded. He said, “It’s okay, Eva. Do whatever you have to do. I love you.”

Eva said, “I ... what?”

Agent Bell rolled his eyes. “Every suspect wastes my time one way or the other. Turn around and put your hands behind your back, Seth. Don’t go running off anywhere, Eva dear. We’ll be coming back to talk to you soon.”

Seth held up his hands. “Wait. Please. Eva, for God’s sake, help me out here.”

“Don’t make me hogtie you both,” Bell said.

Eva lunged forward from her knees and grabbed the front of the agent's belt over his crotch. "No, please, I'll do anything you want."

Bell flipped his coat back and rested his hand on the butt of his pistol. Seth still had his hands up and backed away slowly until his knees contacted a chair and he fell to sitting. Eva realized Seth was abandoning her to whatever the FBI agent planned to do in reaction. He was leaving her at this man's mercy after she had begged for Seth's freedom. Eva felt heat in her cheeks that was a mix of fear and anger.

She said, "Don't hurt me, please."

"Only reason to jump on me like that," Agent Bell said, "is if you are going for my gun or you are going for my cock. So which is it, Eva?"

Eva swallowed. She was still holding onto his belt looking up at him. "I was not trying to take your gun. I promise, Agent Cain Bell."

"Well, then," the agent said, "you better go ahead and show me that you were going for the other. It's okay, Eva. I won't hurt you. Just show me how much you and your husband want to stay out of jail and I'll see if I can make that happen for you. Go ahead."

Eva looked over at Seth seated in the chair with his hands still up. His eyes were wide and he said, "It's okay. Do it, Eva. Do it for us. Please."

She narrowed her eyes at her husband. She could see that his little prick was hard again as he offered her to another man. His little erection made her angry.

She stared at him as she began undoing the agent's belt. Bell lifted his hand off his gun, but he did not unstrap it. He did not even make a move to remove his coat. He placed his hands on his hips like he was waiting on her to finish a chore. The whole situation felt surreal, but his confidence and broad muscled shoulders turned her on. His green eyes looking down at her made her tingle.

She unzipped his pants and felt the thick, hard cock through the material of his boxer briefs. She could tell that he was large and ready.

"That's good," he said. "Be nice to it. Take it out and kiss it."

She started to pull his pants down, but he held on and kept them up. She used her fingertips to ease the waistband of his underwear down off his cock and up underneath his big,

heavy balls. She had to hold on to his thick cock to keep it from slapping her in the face. Her hand would not go all the way around it.

Eva looked over and saw Seth's mouth hanging open in surprise. She smiled at his reaction. As she still looked at Seth, she leaned in and kissed the head of the agent's cock. Seth grimaced, so Eva kissed it some more moving down the side of it and looking over the top of the agent's shaft at her husband. She stuck out her tongue and began licking all around his head, shaft, and balls. Her mouth made smacking noises as she pulled away and then moved back in for more. Soon, she had forgotten about Seth entirely as she worshipping the twelve inch cock and felt herself growing wetter with each kiss and lick.

Agent Bell said, "Oh, yeah, that's the stuff. Take it into your mouth now, baby."

Him calling her baby reminded her of Seth again. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and slid the head of the agent's cock past her lips. She looked over at her husband and watched his expression as she slid down on the massive cock inch by inch deep into her mouth and throat. She could not read Seth's emotions. It was a mix of something. Maybe jealousy and dirty desire, she decided. She went down farther than she thought was possible because she liked the look of surprise she saw growing in Seth's eyes.

Eva felt the agent take hold of her strawberry blond hair in both hands. She braced herself and relaxed her throat as Agent Bell started thrusting in and out of her mouth. Her throat made a clicking noise with each thrust, but she took it all as the agent fucked her mouth with his fat cock.

Spit dribbled down her chin as she caught breathes each time he pulled out before sliding back in along her tongue. Agent Bell reached down and felt her tits through her dress before sliding the straps off her shoulders and palming her breasts out. Eva worked her arms out and allowed her dress to drop down around her stomach as she sat up on her knees servicing Agent Bell's cock. As he felt her breasts, he massaged them and rubbed her nipples gently. As strongly as he was using her mouth and throat, he had a far nicer touch on her breasts than Seth ever had. Eva's eyes began to water and she coughed, but recovered and kept sucking his cock.

Seth started to stand. "I'm going to leave you two alone to finish up here. Give you some privacy."

"Sit back down," Agent Bell ordered. "Stay right there and keep your hands where I can see them."

Eva blinked and looked to see Seth watching with his hands up again.

Agent Bell took his soggy cock out of her mouth and stroked his impressive length with a slippery, wet sound.

“Suck my balls, baby.”

Eva obeyed kissing, licking, and sucking his balls as he stroked himself over her head still wearing his suit and coat.

Agent Bell pulled Eva up to her feet. He leaned down and kissed her passionately on the lips as he felt her breasts. She instinctively stroked his cock as they kissed. Agent Bell pulled away to yank her dress down. He hooked his thumbs into her thong and yanked it down too. Bell took a moment to rub her clit and pussy with two of his fingers. She held onto his shoulders for support and moaned.

“You are so wet, Eva,” he said.

“You make me wet, Agent Cain Bell.”

He laughed and picked her up naked in his arms. Bell carried her across the room and laid her down on the couch. He knelt and spread her legs as he licked and kissed her clit and pussy. Eva put her hands on his head and moaned as she held on. Bell stuck two fingers in her pussy as he tongued her clit. Eva writhed and screamed bucking her hips into his face.

She had three orgasms in a row before she realized what had happened. She did not even know such a thing was possible.

Agent Bell hooked his hands under her knees and folded up her legs. “Will you hold these for me, baby?”

Eva grabbed her own ankles and pulled them up next to her head. Agent Bell grabbed her breasts again and she spread her legs apart to give him better access. His huge, rock hard cock dangle over her exposed, wet pussy.

Eva said, “I want you to fuck me with your big cock, Agent Cain Bell.”

“Are you just saying that to stay out of jail?”

“No, I want you to fuck me hard with that cock. I haven’t had a big cock since I got to America. Please, fuck me. Please.”

Seth gave a strangled cough from across the room. Bell laughed and stroked the head of his cock up and down her slit. He fed the head in and then used his hips to drive it home. She was stretched out and he was balls deep before she had time to prepare.

“Oh, God, Agent Cain Bell, that is the best it has ever felt in my life.”

“I’m here to protect and serve,” he said.

Bell began thrusting until his balls bounced against her ass. Her tits bounced and shook as he fucked down into her bent in half lying on the sofa. She closed her eyes and screamed with pleasure over and over. Bell leaned down to kiss her and then sat back up to fuck her harder.

He flipped her over onto her side on the edge of the couch without taking his cock out of her. Eva hugged her knees into her chest as Bell laid down behind with his cock still inside her. He kissed her neck and nibbled on her earlobe as he fucked her hard on her side. He was driving in even deeper than before as he rammed her hard enough to squeak the springs in the couch.

Eva opened her hooded eyes enough to see Seth staring at her covering his mouth with both hands. A wet spot on the front of his sweatpants told her he had already cum without even touching himself. Watching another man – a real man – fuck her was better than watching her twerk for him apparently. She felt her pussy tighten on the fat cock pounding her and stretching her. She orgasmed watching Seth watch her.

Eva tilted her head back and whispered. “Do you want my ass?”

“As in fucking your ass? Sure,” Agent Bell said.

He pulled out and started to sit up. Eva lifted on her hands and knees and then backed her ass into his cock. Bell quickly aligned himself and she slid her tight ass down on his cock with incredible ease. She shook as she took more and more of him into her ass. She wasn’t sure where it was all going, but she used her own weight to take him in deep.

Seth sat up and craned her neck. “Are you in her ass?”

Bell winked and said, “Give the lady what she wants.”

Eva stared at Seth as she started twerking her ass with Bell’s cock inside her.

Bell grabbed hold of her bouncing ass cheeks as she rapidly fucked the agent with her ass. He groaned. “Oh, Jesus, that is so fucking good.”

Seth took out his little half hard dick and started pumping his fist over it. Eva thought he was going to rip it off

or punch himself in the balls. After a couple seconds, Seth splurged strings of cum out on their carpet.

She felt her pussy tighten even though she was being fucked in the ass. Eva fingered her pussy and flicked her thumb over her clit until she came again.

Agent Bell gripped her hips and said, “Oh, shit, I’m about to cum.”

“Do it inside my ass,” she said.

“I want to cum on your tits and face,” he said. “Get off and lay on your back. Hurry.”

Eva pulled off his cock. She kept touching herself as she fell over to her back on the couch.

Agent Bell climbed up straddling her chest still wearing his suit with his cock out. He put his cock between her tits and started thrusting. Eva pushed her tits together around him and he started fucking harder and faster. His face contorted and cum splattered out between her tits on onto her face. Her chin, cheeks, and forehead were covered in it as she started raking his cum into her mouth.

Bell stood up over her until his cock was done dripping. He put it away and zipped up looking like nothing had happened.

Bell turned to face Seth. “We still need to be sure you are following immigration laws.”

Seth blinked and said, “I ... ugh ... well, I meet the girls here for a thorough interview. If you would like to meet each one for a thorough ... background check ... like the one you did with Eva just now, well, I think we could arrange that.”

“We normally background check before they are already here.” Agent Bell smiled. “How often do girls come in?”

“Once a week at least,” Seth said.

“Hmm, does more than one come in at a time?”

Seth smiled back. “Sometimes.”

Agent Bell nodded. “Do you mind if I come to check on you from time to time, Eva?”

“Of course,” she said. “I want that very much, Agent Cain Bell.”

“God, you are sexy,” he said. “Even a mess all covered in cum, you are sexy as Hell.”

“Thank you,” she said. She was pretty sure he meant that as a compliment.

Agent Bell looked at Seth. “Her ass is mine. Eva can let you jerk off while you look at her, but only I can touch her until I say otherwise.”

Seth swallowed. “Okay.”

“If you are good and follow the rules, I might let her start giving you handjob jobs again.”

Seth nodded and looked away. “Okay.”

“But never touch her ass. Only I fuck that ass. Got it?”

Seth chewed at his lip. “Yes, sir.”

Agent Bell stared a moment longer and then walked toward the door. "I'll see myself out. Thank you for your help in clearing everything up. Call me the next time a girl comes in like we discussed."

After the door closed, Eva sat up and cum dripped off her chin onto the couch cushion. Seth stared at her without saying anything.

Eva said, "Don't just sit there. Go finish the dishes and then come back and clean up your cum off my carpet. Got it?"

Seth blinked, but he stood and walked into the kitchen to wash dishes like he was told.

# Story Twelve

A board fell from the overhang of the grand porch and bounced off the steps. It barely missed clobbering one of the demolition workers walking back through the arch past the missing front doors to continue the work.

The producer, a tall, thin guy with blond hair and hipster circular-lensed glasses said, “Oh, crap. I wish we had been rolling. That close call would have been golden.”

The camera man next to the producer brought the camera lazily up onto his shoulder without starting to film. He shrugged.

“Jeff?”

The producer turned his head to eye the couple standing just behind him in the knee high grass of the neglected property. Jane was short, but had big breasts and a round ass in her tight jeans. She had a sultry Polynesian look with tanned skin, almond shaped green eyes, and shoulder length dark hair. Her hair caught and reflected the sunlight with a shimmer. Her nipples showed through her blouse which was gold for getting a little sex snuck into what was a home makeover show for a rather wholesome audience. Even with the clean crowd that was drawn to this type of programming, sex still sold. She was perfect for TV in almost every way.

Her husband Marvin was a little heavy around the middle. He looked dusty and unkempt. He was the guy that got into the mess and got the work done. That wasn't bad for TV either. He had tight, curly red hair and his teeth were uneven. Maybe the camera wouldn't linger on him during his segments.

“Jane. Marvin,” the producer Jeff said.

“Call me Marv.”

Jeff bit his lip and then said, “Okay, Marv. I'm glad you two could come out on short notice like this. You two are just precious.”

“You're already demoing the house?” Jane asked.

Jeff nodded. “Yes, we are on a really tight schedule with this shoot. One of our contestant designers dropped out at the last minute before we had a chance to shoot any of his segments. That bastard really left us in a bind.”

“Sorry,” Marvin said.

“Not your fault, Marvin ... ugh, Marv.” Jeff pointed down the hill. “Come on, man. We need these shots. You’re second unit. Don’t miss this stuff. Go. Go.”

Jeff slapped the cameraman’s back and he hustled down the hill still not shooting anything. Jeff shook his head.

“What do we need to do exactly?” Jane asked.

“Right.” Jeff wiped sweat off his forehead from above his glasses. “This is an old farmhouse built in 1915 and refurbished in 1957. It has been abandoned since 1998. It sits on thirty acres. It has three floors and a loft. Grand fire place. A balcony. Etc. Reece, the host and the money behind the series, has bought it. The winning designer from this week will spend the next two months remaking the house based on their winning design. In addition to the construction/ design budget, there is a quarter million dollar award. Each week a winner is chosen from the three contestants for each project. The winning designers compete in a season finale to remake Reece’s own mansion with a larger budget and a million dollar bonus. This is week three. We’ll have one segment where you present Reece your ideas. That’s all we need from you. You’ll get ten grand for your appearance even if you’re not chosen.”

“You’re already doing demo,” Jane said again.

Jeff shrugged. “This episode was already underway. You are a later than last minute replacement. Normally, we film a walk through. We’ll shoot a couple close-up pick ups of you nodding and looking up at things. We’ll do the voiceover of him doing the walkthrough from the other contestants.”

Jane shook her head. “I don’t have anything drawn yet. Are we shooting the design presentation today?”

“We have to,” Jeff said. “We are behind schedule as it is. Just stand in the room Reece is using as an office. You give some general design ideas. We’ll add some cut away animations later. It will look like you did the same prep the other two contestants did. We’ll make you look good. Don’t worry.”

Jane licked her lips and tilted her head. “How will he know what I really got planned in order to decide if he wants to pick me as a designer?”

Jeff stared at her for a moment blinking behind his glasses. “Oh ... ugh, we have pretty much already picked the winner for this week. There is a German designer with some avante guard rustic design ideas. Unusual stuff. We’ll need you to come back in tomorrow. All three contestants stand together and Reece makes his pick. You and your husband will be together for that shot. You’ll look disappointed, but congratulate the winner. Easy work for ten thousand dollars.”

“So, the winner has already been chosen?” Jane asked.

Jeff shrugged. “Well, not officially. Reece really does make the announcement tomorrow and can technically pick whomever he likes. We have to have three contestants though. That’s the format of the show. We appreciate you helping us out in this.”

Jane sighed and looked away.

Marv said, “I don’t think I’ve heard of this show yet.”

Jeff smiled. “It’s brand new. The first episode hasn’t aired yet. A bunch of the old home design shows are going off the air this season, so all those networks are rushing new products into production as quickly as they can. Since Reece can bankroll himself, this show was an easy sell. Million Dollar Design is going to be huge. It’s also going to showcase Reece’s energy efficient building materials and green friendly products. All good stuff for him, the network, and the families that are awarded the houses each week. Really will tug at the heartstrings. Tugging the heartstrings is pure gold with this kind of reality TV.”

“I can’t wait to watch it,” Marv said.

Jane rolled her eyes.

Jeff clapped Marv on the back. “That’s what I like to hear. Let’s get some make-up on you two and we’ll shoot some of those pick ups. Where the hell did my cameraman run off to?”

As the trio walked down the hill toward the house, Jane said, “I want a fair shake at this.”

Jeff shrugged. “What do you mean exactly?”

“If we are contestants,” she explained, “then I want to have the same chance to present designs as everyone else.”

Jeff pointed at wood blasting out of a wall where workers were knocking out rotten boards. “Watch your step. Let’s go around through the inside and then around back for our first shots.”

“Lots of space in here,” Marv said as they stepped inside and he looked up at the high vaulted rafters.

“It’s a good space,” Jeff agreed. “The family being awarded the house and property will be very happy.”

“Thirty acres is a lot to maintain,” Marv said.

Jeff laughed as they stepped back out through the kitchen. “Maybe they can turn it back into a working farm.”

“Can I look at the kitchen to start getting some ideas together?” Jane asked.

“In a minute,” Jeff said. “Let me get these shots in the can. Just looking up. Pointing. You can act like you are talking to each other about the house. Stuff like that.”

“We didn’t get make up,” Marv said.

“Don’t worry about it,” Jeff said. “You both look great.”

“Can I have an extra day to put together designs?” Jane asked.

“Over here with the camera. Hurry up, please.” Jeff sighed and turned his attention back on Jane. “I’m sorry. We have no more time. We have to do all these shots today including your presentation and the awarding of the job tomorrow. We are out of time.”

The cameraman knelt next to Jeff and aimed up at Jane and Marv.

“So us being here is pointless,” Jane said.

Jeff rolled his eyes. “Let’s get eyes up toward the house for this shot, please. I’m sorry about the time crunch. We need three contestants and you guys are a last minute replacement. We can talk about bringing you back for that fair shake next season, but this show has to move forward. Eyes on the house. Work with me, dear. Okay. That’s good. Rolling.”

Jane pointed up and waved her finger back and forth. Marv nodded and scratched his chin.

“Not so much, Marv,” Jeff said. “Don’t look at me, Marv. Still on the house. Just more natural.”

“Sorry,” Marv said.

“Doing fine. We almost have it,” Jeff said.

“So, we are not allowed to win after today?” Jane asked.

Jeff sighed. “Still on the house. Still talking. Listen, Reece can pick whomever he wants. He has not officially decided anything. You get to meet with him today. Technically, you have the opportunity to wow him and take it away. That’s the best we can do this time around. Ten thousand is not nothing. If you want to shoot for the moon and see if he’ll throw you the quarter mill for your performance today, then knock yourself out, but you need to work with us on these shots for the show.”

“All I need is a chance,” Jane said.

Jeff snapped his fingers. “Let’s go to the kitchen. Watch your head for the demo. We need to find an angle that makes the house look like it is still before demo.”

“We better hurry,” the cameraman said. “They’re getting ready to take out the cabinets.”

“Come on. Come on.” Jeff hustled them inside. “Stand behind that old island there. A quarter turn toward me. Let’s get set up quick.”

“Lighting is off,” the cameraman said.

“We got no time for lighting,” Jeff said. “Just get this shot as fast as you can where we can see it.”

“Give me a minute,” the cameraman started working with his equipment.

“This sucks,” Jane said.

Marv bumped her shoulder. “What’s gotten into you?”

“We don’t need ten thousand. We need the big money,” she said.

“We can use any money,” Marv said. “Times are tough and this is ten grand with no work.”

“I want to win,” Jane said. “I don’t know why you are so satisfied with losing.”

“If anyone can win this, you can,” Marv said. “I just don’t think it’s in the cards this time.”

Jane looked away. “I’m not settling for a loss. I’m going to do whatever it takes to win.”

“You have my support,” Marv said.

Jane licked her lips. “This Reece guy is the key. I need as much time as I can get with him to sway this in our direction. If you can keep the producer and others busy to give me time alone with the host, I’ll be able to explain our skills to him.”

“You don’t want all that on camera?” Marv asked.

“Jeff is about finishing the shot and hustling us out,” she said. “If we let him start filming, he’ll cut me off before I made my case. Keep them occupied until I can get Reece on my side.”

“Okay, you got it,” Marv said.

“Okay, we’re ready,” Jeff said. “Again. Just act like you’re talking about the kitchen.”

Marv was the one moving his mouth. Jane put on a fake smile and nodded without really listening.

After the shot, Jane asked, “Do you have a working bathroom?”

“Thirty acres around the house,” Jeff said. “Some of it is wooded.”

“Are you trying to be funny or is there not one?” she asked.

Jeff pointed to the hallway behind them. “Up near Mr. Reece’s office there is one. That room will be altered in the design, but for now it is where he conducts business and it’s where we do the presentation shots. You’ll be in there later today to mock up your presentation of designs, but tomorrow we’ll be out front for awarding the job. Don’t disturb him when you go right now.”

Jane looked at Marv and tilted her head. She widened her eyes.

“What?” Marv whispered.

“Distract them,” she said.

“Oh, right.” Marv stood up straight. “Hey, Jeff, while we’re waiting why don’t we get some shots outside. I can be inspecting the woodwork or even crawling under the house to test the joists.”

Jeff smiled. “That’s a great idea. Do we have a light we can use for that shot? That will be different. It will make it

look like you were working hard for the job even though you aren't going to get it.”

Jane frowned and turned away.

The cameraman said, “I think I can find a light. I'll go look in the truck.”

“We'll meet you out back,” Jeff said. “Jane, as soon as you are done, come on and find us too. Marv might be good for dirty shots crawling under the house, but you're the one we want on camera.”

She turned as she reached the hallway behind the kitchen. “Just not after tomorrow, right?”

Jeff sighed. “We appreciate you filling in at the last minute. Did I mention that already? We'll meet you out back, dear.”

Jane looked at Marv. He nodded and winked at her.

She turned and walked up the dark hallway. The banging and crashes from inside the house echoed back through the tight space. She saw the open door for the tiny half bath powder room on one side of the hall. A door with frosted

glass that did not appear to be part of the original house sat on the other side.

She leaned her ear to the door and heard a man's voice talking. Jane swallowed and tapped her knuckles on the edge of the wood next to the glass.

“Come in,” a deep voice barked out from the other side.

She took a deep breath and opened the door. Jane slipped in and closed the door behind her. The man leaning on the desk held up a finger indicating one moment.

He tilted his head away and said, “Right. We can cut that discount, but no further due to tariffs. We still have to turn a profit ... I get that you understand that. I need their minister of the interior to understand that and that is what I'm paying you for ... right.”

The man she assumed was Reece was wearing dark suit pants and shiny black shoes. His matching coat, a pressed shirt, and a dark blue silk tie were tossed over the back of his leather chair behind the desk. Reece wore a tank top white tee that hugged his tight stomach and showed off his muscular arms and shoulders. Jane estimated that he was in his early thirties at the oldest. That made him a little older than her and

younger than Marv. His blond hair was thick and perfectly cropped on his head. He had the slightest hint of whiskers that looked sculpted and purposeful. Reece was grabbing the front edge of the desk and doing dips as he spoke into the headset. The action made his muscles stand out and ripple with each motion. He was tall, so his legs extended far out into the room between the leather chairs in front of the desk.

Reece said, “And is that going to be a problem for me or are you going to give me what I want? I’m a man that is used to being given what I want ... that’s what I was hoping you were going to say. Now, tell me how you are going to do it ... yes, I mean right now. I don’t want you guessing when you are negotiating a contract this big for me.”

The room was painted bright red. There were impressionist paintings on the walls. Jane recognized a few of them. They were not well known, but she was wondering if they were the real deal. He had bookshelves loaded with leather bound volumes. They could have been props for the cameras, but they looked real too.

“Then, that’s what I expect you to do and I expect you to make it work. Call me when it is done.” Reece tapped the button on the earpiece and then pulled it off his head before tossing it over on the desk. He held himself up by one hand as he did it before returning to his dips.

“Mr. Reece?” Jane asked.

He stared at her for three more dips. “Yes, do I know you?”

“Not yet.” She took a step forward and was going to extend her hand, but then stopped herself not wanting to interrupt his exercise. She did not want to put him out and she enjoyed watching it. “I’m Jane. I’m the replacement for the contestant that dropped out of this week’s show.”

Reece smiled. His teeth were incredibly white and even. “Great. We appreciate you coming out. I believe we have one scene to shoot together later today and one tomorrow. We appreciate your time.”

“I appreciate the opportunity,” she said, “but I want it to be a real opportunity.”

Reece stopped his dips and stood up straight towering over her. He lifted a towel off the seat of one of the leather chairs and wiped down his exposed skin. “What do you mean exactly, Jane?”

“I know we are rushing through today because of the demands of the show,” Jane said, “but I would like to be fully considered for all of my talents.”

Reece narrowed his eyes. “I don’t believe we will be able to add another day, if that’s what you are asking. It has to be shot today.”

“I understand that. I just firmly believe I have the most to offer and I want you to be able to fully consider my talent when making your decision.”

“I can appreciate that desire, Jane,” Reece said. “I like your passion too. Aren’t you the husband and wife team? Is your husband here? I thought I was shooting with both of you.”

“You are,” she said. “He is distracting your producer Jeff while I sneak a word with you.”

Reece threw his head back and laughed. He dropped his towel back on the chair before he said, “Tricky move. I also appreciate a person that takes some risks and goes for it. Why not just wait until Jeff brought you in here to present in order to wow me then?”

Jane shrugged. “Doing the pick ups with Jeff I’m getting the impression that I wouldn’t get a chance to say or do much once the actual camera is rolling.”

Reece nodded. “Okay, you got your extra time because you took the bull by the balls, but I’m not sure you have much more to show me than if you waited for the actual presentation. What do you hope to accomplish here?”

“I’m told that I look good on camera. I can get your show more attention than some German man turning a farm house into a piece of abstract art. If that’s your choice, the people that watch these shows will start to think you know nothing about design. I can capture the spirit of this house, make it a show piece, be eye candy for the episode, and be more fun to spend time with than your avante guard German.”

Reece smiled and looked away. “Did Jeff tell you we were leaning toward that contestant?”

“He did.”

Reece shook his head. “That is mostly Jeff’s suggestion. This episode has turned into a mess. It is making me second guess this whole production. I feel like I’m just throwing money away.”

Jane took another step toward him. “I can save it for you. I can relieve the stress and make this your most popular episode.”

Reece sighed. “I’m a builder and construction mogul. I know shit about design. Last two episodes, I just picked one of the names out of a hat.”

“I’m your best choice, Reece. Give me a chance,” she said.

He stared for a moment and turned away. “I think we already have some better shots with the other two. I think this is just about getting the episode over with.”

Jane walked up to him standing between the leather chairs. He turned his attention back on her looking down. She said, “I’ll do whatever it takes to get this win. Anything.”

He stared at her a moment longer and licked his lips. “I don’t think you really understand what you are offering.”

She smiled up at him. “Oh, I think I certainly do. Maybe you are just afraid to really ask for what you want knowing that you will get it.”

He laughed and shook his head. “You need to go back to your husband before you end up taking on more than you can handle, little girl.”

She grabbed hold of the front of his belt. “I know what I can handle. The question is whether you really are a man that’s used to getting what he wants when he wants it.”

Reece stared down at her and said, “Get on your knees then.”

She smiled and obeyed. “Anything else, Mr. Reece?”

He said, “Open my pants and take a look at what you are agreeing to handle. See if you are really up for the job.”

She undid his belt and unzipped his pants. “Looks like I get part of my reward early.”

He laughed.

She took down the front of his boxers flopping his cock and balls out. He was thick and at least twelve inches long. He was still getting hard and growing. Her mouth dropped open inches from the head of his cock. She looked up at him with eyes wide.

Reece laughed again and said, “I warned you. Are you sure you can handle it, girl?”

She gave the head of his cock a long, slow lick and said, "I'm sure."

He smiled and acted like he was going to say something else, but she dove in and took him into her mouth. Jane relaxed her throat and brought him down nearly balls deep inside her mouth. She couldn't quite swallow the last couple inches. He had grown bigger than when she had started. Jane coughed twice blowing saliva out on his balls, but she stayed down on him. She tilted her head from side to side sliding his cock around in her mouth and throat. Reece moaned with pleasure.

Jane pulled back off spitting on the cock. She stroked the slickness of her spit in with her fist and cupped his balls rubbing them gently.

She licked up both sides to the head and back down. Jane sucked on and kissed his balls. Reece gave a satisfied grunt and sigh, so she kept working his balls to continue the pleasure. She moved back up to the head of his cock bobbing it in and out of her mouth. She flapped her tongue all over and around his head. Reece took deep breaths and moaned.

She went back down on him rubbing her tongue up and down the underside of his cock while he was in her mouth. She pulled back off and went down on him a little farther working her tongue from underneath again. She came off and

went back down farther than before. Jane increased her pace until she was bobbing her head.

Reece held onto the back of her head with one hand and held the edge of the desk with the other. His arm shook slightly from the fatigue of the dips he had just done and the dizzying pleasure of her fucking him with her mouth.

Jane took her free hand and unbuttoned her jeans in the front. She shifted around on her knees, but didn't miss a beat in continuing to suck him off. She untucked her shirt and pulled at the front of her open jeans to give herself some space and some slack. She slid her hand down into her own pants and rubbed herself over the top of her panties as she was giving Reece the best blowjob of his life. She brought her fingers back up and slid them down inside her panties finding her shaved pussy wet from the excitement of it all.

Jane rubbed her finger over the top of her slippery clit and then down three fingers knuckle deep into her own pussy. She pumped herself a few times before bringing her sopping wet fingers back up her slit to work her clit again.

As pleasure pulsed through her own body by her own hand, her action on his cock became more impassioned. Reece felt the difference. He stood up straight holding her head with both hands and thrust into her mouth. She gagged once, but recovered and kept sucking him as hard and fast as before. She

started to moan over his cock in his mouth and he grunted back.

Someone knocked at the door and the latch turned.

Reece jumped back pulling his cock out of her mouth. Without attempting to wipe off, he zipped up quickly and ran around to his side of the desk. Jane jumped to her feet, but did not bother to try to button up. She simply pulled her shirt down over her unbuttoned jeans. As the door swung open, Reece opened up diagrams of house designs on the long pages on the desk. He leaned over pretending to analyze them and Jane jumped in beside him standing at his shoulder using one of her elbows to help hold her pants up.

The door swung the rest of the way open and Jeff leaned in. “Am I interrupting anything?”

Reece glanced up, but then looked back down at the pages. “It’s about time you got here. I’ve been waiting to get these shots in.”

“Oh,” Jeff blinked. “Sorry. I didn’t realize you were waiting, boss.”

The cameraman and Marv stepped in.

Jeff said, “I thought Jane was coming back to find us before we all met, sir.”

Reece waved a hand. “I asked her to come in and we discussed her ideas – what she brings to the table. I’m in a hurry here. I have no time for pleasantries.”

“Yes, sir,” Jeff said. “Let’s get set up. Marv, you mind going over to the desk, please?”

Marv walked over and extended his hand, “Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Reece.”

Reece shook Marv’s hand. Jane thought about the fact that she had Reece’s cock deep in her mouth just seconds before this handshake with her husband. She cleared her throat and looked down at the plans. They had to belong to the German designer. She couldn’t believe they were considering doing this to the farm house.

“How about you sit at the front side of the desk and look over,” Reece said. “We can get a camera angle from that side.”

“Do you want to put on your dress shirt and jacket, sir?” Jeff asked.

“No, I’m fine like this,” Reece said.

Marv sat in one of the chairs and leaned forward like he was told.

The cameraman angled around. “That’s good, but, Jane, you are too high in the shot.”

Jane knelt down beside Reece’s chair. She was glad to have her open pants better hidden, but being on her knees beside him made her think about sucking his twelve inch cock and her face reddened with embarrassment.

The cameraman said, “We’re good.”

“Rolling,” Jeff said. “Talk about whatever. We’ll use what dialogue we can.”

Jane pointed to the German’s plans. “These ideas are all wrong. You don’t want to take away everything that makes this great. Every nook of this house has surprises and we want to bring those out.”

Reece's hand slid down beside his chair and grabbed her thigh behind the desk where the camera and the others could not see. Reece said, "Tell me what you would do then."

"I would do everything it took to bring out all the pleasure and passion there is to be found here," Jane said. "We will strip down all of this over here and really work it out. We'll accent each space and do every square inch until the house is finished."

Reece grunted. His hand traveled up the inside of her thigh. He pulled up her shirt and slid his hand down into her panties. His fingers found her pussy warm and wet. He worked his fingers into her slit. First he penetrated her and she bit her lip to contain her pleasure. He worked his fingers back up and gently stroked over her clit. Jane could tell he was a man that knew what he was doing.

As Reece continued to finger her, he pointed to the balcony on the plans. "What about this spot. Is that good?"

Jane breathed out. "It's very good. I'd like to slide the renovations all the way across there. From one side to the other – not missing a spot."

"Oh, I see what you mean," Reece said.

He started working his fingers all the way up and down the length of her slit from her pussy to her clit. She took deep breaths, but tried to act like everything was normal as he pleased her.

Jane put her hand in Reece's lap. He pulled his chair forward more to hide what she was doing. He was still hard and she gave him a squeeze. Jane started undoing his belt and pants again.

Marv said, "Yes, if we take out these walls ... like we already have, I guess."

"Don't say that the demolition has already started," Jeff said. "Start that line again, please, Marv."

Jane brought Reece's cock and balls out again. He was still slick from her spit. Jane cupped his balls pulling at them gently. She then began long steady strokes down the length of his cock as Reece continued to finger her pussy.

Marv cleared his throat and said, "We'll take out these walls and extend the kitchen out. The kitchen will then take up all of this space and this will become the dining room. With these walls gone, this entire living space opens up. Eye lines will flow all the way through and every angle then becomes a grand view. From there ..."

Neither Reece nor Jane were listening as they stroked and fingered each other. Jane bit her lip and Reece licked his lips.

Reece said, "That's very good. Keep going."

Marv smiled and kept talking unaware that Reece was pleasuring his wife's wet pussy while Jane stroked a cock twice as long as Marv's little dick. All of this went on while the camera was still rolling.

Marv came to a stopping point and looked up at Jeff.

Jeff said, "Don't look at the camera. I think we have enough."

Marv looked away from the camera. "Okay. Good."

Reece said, "I want to go over the plans with Jane a little more before I make my final decision. Maybe you can go get some shots of Marv pointing out what he would take out of the kitchen?"

Jeff said, "They've already started pulling out the cabinets."

“Just go get the shots I tell you,” Reece said. “I need some time to talk about these designs with Jane. It’s only fair.”

Jeff looked back and forth between Jane and Reece. “Okay, Marv, come with us. We’ll get some more pick ups before we are done today.”

Marv, Jeff, and the cameraman stepped out. As soon as the door closed, Reece pulled Jane up into a kiss. He squeezed her breasts and pulled her jeans down. Jane pulled away from his kiss and leaned down over his chair sucking Reece’s cock again. He pulled her panties down squeezing her ass and teasing her pussy from behind.

As she continued to bob her head over his lap working his cock, he pulled up her shirt and unlatched her bra. He pulled her bra up off her tits and massaged them as they hung heavy where she was bent over his lap. He tugged at her nipples. Reece licked his fingers and twisted them slippery and wet between his fingers. She pulled at his balls and licked all around his cock before going back down on him.

“I want to fuck you,” Jane said.

Reece pulled her up and bent her over the desk with her bare tits resting on top of the plans. She started to bring her

ass back to guide his cock up into her waiting pussy. He stopped her by grabbing her ass. Reece spread her cheeks and licked up through her pussy from behind and underneath. Jane grabbed hold of the edges of the desk in front of her as Reece's tongue explored her. Even his tongue went deep. It made her wonder how it would feel to take the biggest cock of her life. She wanted it even more. He used his thumb to rub her clit as he continued to fuck her with his tongue. Jane moaned and back her ass into his face as her muscles tried to engage a fucking motion in response to the pleasure he was sending up through her body.

Reece pulled away and took hold of her hips. He guided her back onto his lap. He swiped his cock up and down through her wet lips with the motion of his hips. She started bucking her hips and ended up poking the head of his cock up against her ass. A thrill pulsed up through her body. She reached down underneath and worked his rock hard cock back to her pussy. She held him firm and brought him up inside her. The head of his cock pushed through and already stretched her farther than she thought possible. She had only slid in the first couple inches and already she was not sure where it all was going. She was good and wet from the fingering and his own licking, so that was not an issue. She just needed to get her pussy stretched around his massive cock. She kept going down feeding more of his cock deeper and deeper into her hungry pussy.

Reece for his part gave a satisfied moan. She was so tight and he felt the beautiful squeeze on his shaft as her muscles pulsed from taking him inside her inch by inch.

About halfway down, she paused and took a couple deep, shuddering breaths.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“I’m good. I can do this,” Jane said. “Keep going. Give me all of it. I want you to fill me up with that monster cock.”

“Okay,” Reece said. “If you’re sure. Is this bigger than you’re used to?”

“You are bigger than any I’ve ever had. I think you’re going to ruin me for my husband,” she admitted.

“We better enjoy this now,” he said.

Reece pulled her down and her pussy hugged him as he went inside her up to his balls. She rested her ass in his lap with his cock stretching her farther than she thought possible. She took a moment to allow her to get used to it. She started bouncing her ass on his lap and sliding her pussy tight up and down his length.

He fondled her breasts as he pulled her back and off his cock over and over. She squealed out with pleasure, but then clapped her hand over her mouth to contain it. He stood and bent her over the desk pounding her from behind with loud passionate slaps of flesh on flesh. Jane spread her hands out tearing her competitor's design pages and spilling them out over the floor.

Someone knocked at the door again. Reece pulled out of Jane and ran around the desk. The latch turned.

Reece shouted. "Hold on."

Jane didn't have time to collect herself, so she bolted around to the wall behind the door with her ass, pussy, and tits still showing.

The door started to open and Reece caught it with his cock still out hidden behind it. Jane wondered if the glass was frosted enough to hide it from whoever was on the other side.

Jeff said, "Sorry to bother you, sir, but I have Marv filling out the non disclosure agreements now. We need to get Jane's signatures too."

“I’ll send her out in a moment. We aren’t quite finished,” Reece said.

Jane got back on her knees and took Reece’s cock back into her mouth. She tasted herself on him as she sucked him.

“I can give it a few more minutes, but we’ll need to finish this up to be ready for tomorrow, boss.”

Reece hummed and said, “That’s good. I want to be sure we take this all the way.”

Jane stood up and bent over. Her pussy was still tight, but she slid Reece back in more easily and started riding back on his cock fucking him as he held onto the door.

Jeff said, “I’m not sure what they have told you, Reece, but I still think we should go with the German fellow on this project.”

“I’ve heard what you’ve had to say, Jeff, and I’m going to ride out my options here before I shoot my load. I promise.”

“I just don’t want to end up with a big mess on our hands. I’m not looking forward to cleaning up here again, if I don’t have to,” Jeff said.

Reece took a deep breath. “I’ll see that anything that needs cleaning up gets taken care of.”

“If you are sure, sir.”

“I am. Jane will be out in a second.”

Reece closed the door and took hold of Jane’s hips.  
“You are such a bad girl.”

“Fill my pussy up, Reece. I want you to cum inside me.”

He growled and said, “You are so bad.”

She grabbed her ankles as he held her hips and rammed her making her ass jiggle with each impact. He drove in balls deep and held as he shot his load off deep inside her. Reece pulled out and leaned against the wall beside the door.

He said, “That was more of a workout than I was expecting.”

She walked over and took up his workout towel wiping up the mess slowly dripping out of her pussy. “I hope to work you out again soon.”

“Maybe if you win tomorrow, you mean?”

She winked at him. “I appreciate the opportunity to share the assets I bring to the table is all, sir.”

Reece laughed. “I have a lot to think about. You better get straightened up so that you can go sign those papers.”

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Jane stood holding Marv’s hand, but she was staring at Reece’s body. He stood with his back to the house. They had chosen an angle that put the house at a distance through the tall grass and trees of the property. The house’s demoed sides and windows were hidden.

The broad German fellow whose designs Jane had fucked on top of yesterday was to her left. Another tall, skinny woman with thick glasses and wiry hair stood to her right. Cameras aimed in from behind Reece and to the sides catching them from different angles at the scene.

Jeff called. "Rolling. Start when ready."

Reece straightened the coat of his suit and said, "I have given this a lot of thought. This was the toughest decision of the series so far. I looked at what was brought to the table and how hard each of you worked to drive your points home. In the end, I had to go with the designer that demonstrated the most passion for the project and showed that they were willing to go all the way leaving it all out on the floor in the end. This time that winning million dollar designer is, Jane ... and Marv."

The other two designers were clearly crestfallen, but they gave polite claps. Jane squealed and clapped her hands. Marv tried to hug her from behind, but she locked eyes with Reece and they stared at one another.

Reece stepped forward and shook hands with the losing designers. They stepped off to the sides. He gave Jane a kiss on the cheek and then shook Marv's hand.

“You won’t regret this, sir,” Marv said.

Reece smiled and looked at Jane. “I’m sure I won’t.”

Jeff stepped up. “Okay. Good. We’ve got it. We’ll need to set up schedules for shots over the next couple months to show progress and then of course we’ll have staging and the presentation of the home to the family. We’ll need to get supplies ordered and direct the crew on the work you need completed.”

Reece cleared his throat and said, “Maybe Marv can go with you, Jeff, to get all of that started and oversee the work on the house. I can take Jane ... and look at ordering lumber and being sure everything fits ... into the schedule.”

Jeff stared for a moment and said, “Yes, sir, that should work out fine.”

Marv leaned in and gave Jane a kiss. “Congratulations, baby.”

“Thanks,” she said. “You too.”

Jane hustled off with Reece and they did a lot over the next hour, but did not get much of anything ordered. She used

his workout towel to wipe up his cum dripping out of her pussy again.

Reece came out to visit the worksite a couple times over the next month or two for filming. Jane found a reason to send Marv into town and she found a quiet corner away from the cameras to greet Reece properly. A couple times she even let him slide his fat cock into her ass. It was a tight fit and he came pretty quickly those times.

At the end of the two months, they presented the house to the family. The couple cried at their beautiful home. They hugged Jane, Marv, Reece, and even Jeff.

Marv ended the program by saying, “I hope I’m not stealing the thunder of the presentation of the house, but I’m proud to announce that Jane is about two months pregnant. We’re going to have a baby.”

Everyone cheered.

Jeff tapped the cameraman’s shoulder. “Be sure you’re getting all of this.”

Reece laughed. “Well, I hope your quarter million dollar prize goes a long way to designing your own nursery

and I like your chances at the million for the design prize at the end of the season.”

Marv said, “Yes, it will help. Thank you. We are very excited. We had been trying for so long with no luck and then here she turns up pregnant out of nowhere all of a sudden.”

Reece hummed and said, “A minor miracle, it would seem.”

Reece and Jane held one another’s gaze for a long time.

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Thirteen

Susan dragged herself out of bed, hitting her alarm clock with a force that could only come out of resentment. She looked in the mirror and laughed upon seeing how bedraggled and haggard she looked. It was lucky that she didn't ever sleep with anybody—he'd be scared off the moment he saw her wake up. Susan went into the bathroom and stepped into the shower, allowing the hot water to relax her muscles and rinse her hair clean. When she was finished, she got ready for the day, made herself look ever the professional with a tight, neat ponytail behind her back, a modest-tweed skirt, and a blouse that buttoned up to the neck. This was essentially her uniform when she went into work. Her boss, Tyson Landis, was always telling her to relax, to let her hair down, but it was something she just wasn't capable of doing. She was mortified to think of the lack of professionalism it would require going into the job wearing her hair loose.

When she arrived at the office, things seemed to be in crisis. The looks on everyone's faces would have made her laugh had they not scared the shit out of her just from anticipating the mess she'd have to clean up. Behind his desk, Tyson was pacing impatiently, one hand holding his phone to his ear and the other tapping nervously on his thigh. This was something he did rarely, as the man was typically completely unflappable.

Susan waited for his phone call to be over before she questioned him.

“Tyson,” she said, “What is going on?”

He shot her a look, then sat down in his chair and ran his hand over his head. Tyson was handsome even when he was upset. His skin was dark and smooth, his eyes even darker. He was always well-dressed in suits that were tailored to every specific measurement of his body. His head was shaved bald but he had a black goatee that accentuated the lines of his jaw and cheekbones. Honestly, and she would only ever admit this to herself, Susan had had a crush on him since she'd started and every time he looked her way, a she felt butterfly wings flutter in the stomach. Susan was absolutely inexperienced with men in general, having never gone further than chaste kisses with one, but hoped that if she had to choose anybody to touch her, it would be Tyson Landis.

“They're coming today. Not next week. Today.”

Susan's jaw dropped. Them. The potential partners—the two men who, if the companies merge, would almost double the value of Tyson's considerable empire.

“Why today?”

“They said it would be more convenient than waiting until next week.”

“But one day’s notice?”

“No,” he said, gritting his teeth. “Zero days. They called me this morning.”

Susan blanched, her fingers clenching and unclenching over the leather-bound calendar she was carrying around the office at all times. It was like a security blanket to her and the blanket was tearing, ripped apart by the mere thought of a major unscheduled event, perhaps the most important event they had anticipated all year.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Go prepare the presentation, Susie,” he said, sighing, “and get me coffee, please.”

It took her about an hour to get through the first task, putting together the binders for the presentation as well as double-checking the hardware to make sure everything was ready for display. Susan cursed him for refusing to hire interns—they would have gotten it done much more quickly, but he said he didn’t trust anybody he hadn’t properly vetted and he just didn’t have time to get through the resumes of college

kids. And it was true, but it was also desperately inconvenient for the both of them. As his assistant, Susan was responsible for getting literally everything done that he didn't have time to do himself. They worked in an office full of people and yet he trusted nobody but her. The thought made her feel warm but also annoyed; if he valued her so much, he would have given her a pay raise by now, some incentive to continue on working as hard as she did. Still, she tried not to complain too much.

When she was downstairs waiting for his order at the coffee shop, her jaw nearly dropped when she saw three men walk in, dressed expensively in top of the line suits, walking straight and tall as only the very wealthy can. They must be the company, the men who had demanded the meeting moved to today instead of next week. She panicked when they got on the elevator and disappeared, her hands shaking anxiously as she waited for Tyson's coffee to be finished. She grabbed it quickly when the barista put it on the counter and hurried to the elevator, pushing the button over and over until it finally opened. She pushed the button for the eighth floor and waited nervously until she stepped off. The men were already in the boardroom with Tyson, who was gesturing for them to take their seats. He saw her and beckoned her in, pulling out her chair for her and introducing her around the table. Her boss always had her sit in on his meetings and presentations, insisted upon having her at his side at any given moment.

Susan had trouble not staring at each man sitting around the table. Each was as handsome as the next, all as tall

as Tyson, all well-featured and chiseled. The man in the middle, Edward, with blue eyes and short pale hair, caught her looking and looked back, his eyes dancing, and winked at her. Her face went red and she immediately turned towards the presentation. Watching Tyson work was almost erotic to her every time. He was so powerful, so charismatic that she had trouble imagining anybody would be able to resist doing what he asked of them. She knew that, as his assistant, she genuinely had no choice other than to obey him, but had a feeling that she would do so anyway. His presence demanded compliance.

She felt Edward's eyes on her as she stared at the screen and felt herself growing hot. Occasionally she'd glance back at him and he'd hold her eye, give her a knowing, teasing smile that she had trouble reading. When the presentation was finally over, the four men spoke amongst themselves, with Susan barely paying attention to what they were saying. Everything must have worked out in Tyson's favor, though, because as they all shook hands with him he was grinning ear to ear, practically bouncing out of his skin. After the men had left and they were back in his office, Tyson scooped Susan up in his arms and twirled her around. Never had he shown her such affection. The touch of him made her mouth go dry and she wanted to stay in his arms. Too soon, he set her down on the floor and kissed the top of her head.

“Susie, you're a life-saver. Really. Let me take you out tonight.”

“Me?”

He laughed. “Yes, you. Go home now. Get ready.”

So she did, reeling and nervous, wondering how the night would go.

Susan didn't have much to wear that would be appropriate for going out alone, let alone going out escorted by one of the richest men in the country. She settled on something she thought would be suitable and slipped into her highest heels, waiting on her porch for him to pull up. When she got into his car, he looked her over, smiled and reached around her to unpin her hair so that it fell in waves around her shoulders. Then he unfastened the top button of her blouse and nodded approvingly. Susan was holding her breath, relishing the feeling of his skin on her chest. She wondered if she was blushing, if he could tell how attracted she was to him. She thought maybe he could because he stared at her quizzically for a moment before pulling out of her driveway.

“I suppose you've no idea where we should go,” he said, glancing at her out of the corner of his eye.

“No, I don’t,” she said shyly, her hands clasped in her lap.

“Do you ever get out?”

She looked at him coyly, smiling. “My boss keeps me pretty busy, wears me out.”

“Oh, I haven’t even begun to wear you out.”

That stilled her tongue. If he meant anything by it, he didn’t stop to let it sink in. He kept talking, pulling up to a bar and handing his keys to the valet to park as he guided her inside with his hand on the small of her back. He chose a table and slid across from her, staring at her face until they ordered.

“I’ve known you for three years, now,” he said, sipping his drink. “And I know nothing about you. Tell me.”

Susan took a drink of her wine, holding it in her mouth to savor its bold sweetness on her tongue.

“What do you want to know?”

“If you don’t go out, you don’t live with anyone, what do you do when you’re not at work?”

“I sleep,” she said, shrugging. “I read.”

“And you don’t get bored?” he asked, the tip of his finger tracing a circle around the rim of his glass. His eyes were intent on her face and he was leaning forward, every bit of his attention focused on her. She felt exposed and yet thrilled by his interest. Susan had never thought herself a particularly fascinating person, but his eyes made her feel that way, and so she took another drink.

“I get bored, but I’m shy, and I’m not sure how to do anything else.”

“Shy,” he said. “I see that. You’re shy with me and I see you every day.”

She didn’t say anything, only swished the dregs of her wine in the bottom of her glass until Tyson waved a server over and had him bring the bottle.

“Do I make you uncomfortable?”

“Not necessarily,” she told him slowly. The wine was already getting to her, making her head light and bubbly. She never drank, not even on special occasions, but he was so convincing and she was enjoying herself immensely.

“Not necessarily?”

“You do make me feel particularly shy,” she said, speaking without thinking. His eyes sparkled in the light and he gave her a half smile, raising his eyebrows.

“Why is that, Susie?”

“You’re so handsome.” She reached forward to stroke the back of his fingers. Even as she did it, she knew she would regret it, but the wine made her bold and his eyes made her hot and it was a terribly seductive combination. “And charming and powerful. I don’t know how to act around you.”

He took her hand and held it between his, his eyes grazing over her face, lingering on the spot he had revealed when he’d unbuttoned her shirt.

“You shouldn’t have told me that,” he said. She blushed then, looking away from him.

“I’m sorry.”

“No, no,” he said, his eyes lighting upon hers once more, burning her with their intensity. “But now that I know my attention might be well-received, I’m not sure I’ll be able to help myself.”

“Help yourself?”

He brought her hand to his lips and brushed the knuckles lightly across them.

“I can’t tell you how long I’ve wanted to see you let your hair down,” he said, reaching forward and fingering a strand of it. “And wondered if you’d let me.”

Susan pulled it to one side, draping it over her shoulder. His eyes were bright with drink, studying her face, and his hand was frozen in the air as if he wanted to touch her. She felt shy again, very shy, and when she looked down at her hands he did touch her, tilting her face to look at him.

“Tonight, you’re going to relax,” he said, grinning. “And have another drink. I want to know everything there is to know about you.”

So she talked, relaxing with every sip of wine every time he laughed or smiled at her. She told him where she'd grown up and what her favorite books were. When the topic came up about past relationships, she blushed a deep red and shook her head.

“I've never...” she said, “that is, I've never met anybody I wanted to.”

“Never?”

“No.”

“Mm,” he said, steepling his hands beneath his chin. “Would you like to?”

She looked at him for a moment before nodding. He wasted no time in paying the bill, then led Susan out to the car and opened the door for her. When they were at her house, she let him in, shut the door behind him and sat perched on the edge of her couch. Her head was swimming with tipsy lust, her body feeling somehow swollen and light at the same time. Tyson knelt down in front of her and wrapped a lock of hair around his finger before bringing his face close and brushing his lips over hers. The feeling was electric. It made her body sing, made her wrap her arms around his neck to hold him close. Her mouth responded to his intuitively when he kissed

her, sucking on her bottom lip, then the top, then slipping his tongue into her mouth to tease and toy with her own.

“Bedroom?” he asked huskily when he’d moved his lips to her throat. All she could do was point and he lifted her, wrapping her legs around his waist, and carried her into the small room. He laid her on the bed and began to undress her, unbuttoning her shirt with slow, sure fingers and unclasping her bra in the front to free her breasts. Susan gasped when he touched her there, when he leaned down to pull each nipple between his lips and suck them until they were hard and aching. While he did this, his hands worked to unfasten her skirt and pull it down around her ankles and off until she lay in front of him in only her plain white cotton panties. His palm traced a line down her stomach and stopped at her panty line so abruptly she moaned.

Tyson lowered his face to kiss her then, climbing on top of her. She wanted to feel his skin against hers. She wanted to feel every part of him. While she unbuttoned his shirt, he pulled her thighs apart and traced his fingertips up and down, teasing her so that she was pushing her hips up to grind against his.

The skin of his chest was warm and smooth and felt so decadent against her, felt better than anything she’d ever really experienced. He tasted good, too, like cinnamon gum and amber liquor, and she couldn’t get enough of his tongue.

When he took her panties off, she caught his eye, her body feverish.

“What is it?” he asked, looking over her face.

“Is it going to hurt?”

He groaned then, burying his face in her neck.

“Susie, I can’t do this right now,” he said, crawling off of her, standing up and looking down over her body.

“Why not?” she asked, propping herself up on her elbows. “What’s wrong?”

“I will hurt you if we do this right now. I’m not used to being gentle.”

“I don’t care,” she breathed, lifting her head to capture his lips between her own. “Please.”

He took her wrists and laid her down, kissing her once more, then groaned as he set to dressing himself.

“I want you sober,” he told her. “And unafraid. I want to see that you’re completely comfortable with me before we do this.”

She nodded. She supposed she understood. How would he feel if she showed up to work tomorrow shy and regretful, with her hair tied up tight and her proper shoes as if nothing had happened? She would prove to him that she was ready.

“Good night, Susie,” he said, kissing her forehead, then her lips. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

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Susan felt different the next morning. She had slept naked and the cotton sheets felt good against her bare skin. She took a moment to feel her body with her hands, touching between her legs, her breasts, tracing her own lips with her fingertips. When she got out of bed, she stood in front of the mirror and looked at herself in full. It was something she rarely did, something she avoided. Her body had not been something she associated with particularly good sensation. But

the night before, despite the fact that he had barely touched her, had made her skin feel alive with possibility.

She went to work looking much as she had when they'd gone out the night before. Her long hair flowed down her back and her shirt was unbuttoned enough to show an expanse of bare skin. When he saw her, his eyebrows lifted and he looked her over for a long moment.

“Good morning,” he said, smiling. She shut the door behind her and went to him, bold as anything, wrapped her arms around his neck and lifted her face to kiss him. He responded in full, backing her up against the desk so that she was sitting on top of it, his mouth working hungrily at hers while she ran her hands up and down his chest.

He pulled away just before she could begin to undress him. She was hungry for him, had thought about him all night after he'd gone. Susan felt wanton and unlike herself. Or, like a better version of herself, freer and more relaxed.

“I've been waiting for this since I met you,” he said, licking her top lip in one stroke.

“So have I.”

“So we'll wait.”

“We’ll wait,” she agreed reluctantly.

They went about the day as usual aside from flirty, sensual glances exchanged in passing. Susan laughed more, felt more languid. Something within her had changed at his urging.

When the three men from the merger arrived to iron out the details, Susan didn’t blush when she caught Edward staring. Instead, she held his eye, bit her lip and lowered her lashes so that he was the one who looked nervous. The other one, a very tall, dark-haired man named Will, noticed their exchange and looked at her with a knowing smile.

“It looks like your assistant here has caught the attention of my colleagues,” said the third, a man named Jackson who was broad and thick as a bull.

Tyson cleared his throat and looked at her, charmed, showing no hint of dismay or jealousy. There was something more like pride in his eyes, something warm and welcoming her to continue if she liked.

“I think your colleagues have the right idea,” said Tyson, tapping the bottom of his pen against the table. “But now is not the time.”

“Perhaps later?” piped in Will. “A drink to celebrate?”

“Perhaps,” said Susan, and all four men looked at her with grins on their faces and enchantment burning in their eyes. She felt powerful and richer than the three of them combined, drunk on her own charm and influence. They continued on with their meeting and afterward Edward pulled her to the edge of the room while the other men chatted.

“Tell me you’re single.”

She laughed. “I am.” Kind of. She wasn’t sure what she was doing with Tyson but was free in the meantime, as far as she was concerned. And she wanted to play around a bit.

“Good. Let me take you out.”

Susan noticed he spoke in commands rather than questions. He was used to getting what he wanted.

“Maybe,” she said coyly, and left him there in the corner, moving to join the rest of the men in the group. She felt a hand stroke her waist just barely and looked, expecting to find Tyson, instead finding Will with a smirk on his face. Susan shivered and excused herself, leaving the room

breathlessly. She had enjoyed his touch and Edward's attention, enjoyed the way Tyson was looking at her as if he was having trouble containing himself. When she went back into the room, she clapped her hands together.

“A drink, gentlemen,” she said, “tonight. We have a lot to celebrate.”

They all agreed and she left, going into Tyson's office and shutting the door. Moments later he appeared and crossed the room to her in a few quick steps, pressing his mouth to hers while pulling her skirt up over her hips. He led her to his desk and pushed her up so that she was sitting on the edge of it, then spread her legs.

“That was so goddamn hot, baby,” he said, biting at her thighs, teasing her, stroking them with her fingers so that she was squirming. “Watching you flirt with them. Seeing them want you. My bad girl.”

She tossed her head back when he finally moved his face to her pussy and ran his tongue over her through the fabric of her panties. He found her clit and massaged it with his tongue, soaking her, making her moan with the new sensation.

“Tyson,” she breathed, holding his head still and grinding her face forward against it. He growled against her pussy and pulled her panties down so that they were dangling off one foot, then spread her legs further and touched her clit with the tip of his tongue. It was something she had never felt before and wasn’t ready for it, hadn’t expected the sheer torture the pleasure would bring. She moaned. Loud. And he shushed her while he began to lick her up and down, dipping his tongue inside of her pussy to spread her wetness all over. He buried his face between her legs and licked and sucked hungrily at her cunt, eating her until she flooded his face again and again. He pushed her back against his desk and pulled her knees as far apart as they would go, stroking his tongue in circles around her clit, driving at her relentlessly.

“Tell me,” he said, pulling his face back, looking at her. “Would you fuck them?”

“Yes,” she said, trying to push his face back between her legs, desperate to feel his mouth there.

“I want to see you wild and free. I want to watch you do it.”

She looked at him then and he was smiling at her, his eyes full of heat and longing.

“I could do that.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” she said, and then, “Now, stop talking.”

He shut up and licked her for a long time, tasting her juices, moaning against the lips of her pussy. When he was finished and she was spent, he climbed atop her, kissed her lips. She could taste herself on his mouth, sweet and sensual, and she licked him clean.

“Promise me something, though,” he said against her neck.

“Yes?”

“I get you first.”

Of course she would let him. Of course she would obey him. She had always known she wouldn't be able to resist whatever he said. She nodded and kissed him again, then pulled her skirt down. He took her panties and shoved them in his desk drawer, smiling at her wickedly.

“I can’t wait,” he said, stroking her cheek with his thumb.

“Neither can I.” And she meant it. She felt wild just thinking about it.

She went home to shower before she came back that night to celebrate with the men. Susan put on her sexiest outfit, which wasn’t saying much as she had always dressed very conservatively. When she felt appropriately attired, she waited anxiously for Tyson to pick her up. He arrived within minutes and she climbed into the passenger seat with a kiss. His hand found her thigh and he pulled her skirt up, stroking her pussy with two fingers.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about the way you taste,” he said. “And your moans.”

“You’ll hear plenty of that tonight.”

He looked at her and winked, then pulled out of her driveway and headed toward the office. Will, Edward, and Jackson were waiting for them outside. All were dressed casually as Tyson was in jeans and t-shirts and Susan marveled at how good they all looked, how odd it was that four exquisite

men could find their way into one room together. Upstairs, Jackson pulled out a giant bottle of scotch and while Tyson went to fetch five glasses, Edward approached Susan. He reached up and pushed a strand of hair from her cheek.

“I hope your boss knows you deserve a raise for all you do for him.”

She scoffed. “Tell him that.”

When Tyson entered the room, Edward turned to him.

“Give this girl a raise, Landis.”

Tyson laughed and shrugged. “It’s up to you now, too, you know.”

Will raised his glass, then tipped it to his lips.

“That’s true. Do you think she’s earned it, boys?”

Susan looked at them all in turn, a fake sweet smile on her face.

“She could do a little more, I think,” said Jackson. Susan was more than surprised when he pulled her down to sit on his lap, his thick cock rubbing against her ass through their clothes. She looked at Tyson, who nodded.

“Landis told us about your plan for tonight,” Jackson said, nipping at her earlobe from behind. “Are you really ready to earn that raise?”

Susan turned to him and nodded eagerly, her eyes innocent and wide.

“Yes, please,” she begged, then grinned at him. He lifted his head to crush his mouth to hers, his tongue tasting of liquor and peppermint, and she kissed him back before she stood to undress herself in front of them. Naked, exposed, she looked at each of their faces and saw lust repeated on each and every one. Tyson set his drink down and moved toward her, sitting her down in one of the oversized chairs, and knelt to lick her pussy until she was writhing and ready for his cock. For all of their cocks. The thought surprised her. The whole situation surprised her, actually, and it made her wetter than she ever thought possible. Edward caught her eye as she was moaning and held it, grinning at her as she bit her lip, and tilted his head down to take one of her breasts in his mouth and suck the nipple. Will joined him on the other side and sucked on the other one as Tyson ate her pussy ravenously. Susan thought that had to be the peak of it, that it would never get any better, until Tyson stood up and unfastened his jeans to

reveal a cock that was long and thick and standing proudly in front of her.

“Are you sure this is what you want?” he asked, and she nodded, wrapping her hands around him and pumping him back and forth so that he was throbbing in her palm. He lowered himself and angled his cock into her opening, reaching down to rub her clit as he pushed inside. There was a pinch of pain but she was distracted from it by the feeling of the two men tugging at her nipples. She squirmed uncomfortably for just a moment as Tyson filled her pussy with his swollen cock and began to move in and out of her slowly, his cock hitting the back of her, knocking the wind out of her body. The feeling of his hand on her clit, of their mouths on her breasts made her cum all over him quickly and he laughed when he felt it, fucked her harder and then harder still when he realized she could take it. He pulled her out of the chair and onto the floor so that she was straddling him, and she tentatively began to ride his cock.

In front of her, Jackson had pulled his dick from his pants and was standing in front of her. She took it into his mouth as she rocked her hips back and forth on top of Tyson, pleasuring herself as she bobbed her head back and forth on Jackson’s enormously thick cock. Her mouth was stretched almost uncomfortably wide but she relished the feeling of him in her mouth. She started to hump Tyson harder, her body responding to the arousal of the cock in her mouth, and after a

moment he pulled her off of him quickly and rolled out from underneath her.

Susan pulled her face away from Jackson and felt someone take her by the waist from behind, then flip her over so that her back was on the carpet. Edward was between her legs then and wasted no time in shoving himself inside of her, fucking her brutally, harder than she thought anyone ever could. He held her ankles wide apart, his arms outstretched, and pumped his hips in and out while she moaned and moaned beneath him. She loved how all of their cocks were different, how each of their faces reflected the lust she was feeling.

Susan reached out and took Will and Jackson's cocks in each hand, jerking them both as Edward fucked her. It was only a moment before Jackson came on her cheek and she turned her head to catch the rest of it between her lips. She swallowed the warm, tangy fluid and turned her face in the other direction to wrap her lips around the head of Will's cock as Jackson leaned down and licked her face clean of his cum.

Meanwhile, Edward was still pounding at her so hard it felt as if his hips were leaving bruises against the lips of her pussy. She didn't mind. She was in ecstasy. When Edward pulled out, there was a moment of emptiness, a moment when she needed to be filled before Will took his place and began fucking her more gently than the previous man, more rhythmically, his hips arching inside of her to hit her g-spot over and over. He fucked her like that for what seemed like a

long time until he flipped her over onto her hands and knees and slipped his cock inside of her pussy from behind. Tyson was there waiting, his cock positioned in front of her face, and she began to roll her tongue around it, teasing the head and the vein along the bottom, bobbing her head back and forth in rhythm with Will's thrusting inside of her pussy.

Susan let out a loud cry around Tyson's cock when Will reached around her to knead her breasts and pinch her nipples with his fingers. Tyson came in her mouth at the sound of it, at the feel of the vibrations along his length, and she barely had time to swallow his cum before he pulled out and Edward took his place. Edward didn't give her a chance to begin moving her head before he held it still and began fucking her mouth, making her gag around the head of his cock as he thrust back into her throat. He pulled out when she struggled and she drooled over him, her face red and hot, and then she took him in her hand and brought him back so that he could continue fucking her mouth.

She felt Will pull out of her and then felt the tip of his head press against her asshole. Susan froze while he eased inside of her, the natural lube from her pussy making it easier to take him in her ass. She squeaked when he buried himself to the hilt and felt someone stroke her hair—Tyson probably—and ask her if she was okay. She nodded with Edward's cock in her mouth and relaxed as Will slowly began moving in and out of her ass, his hand wrapped around her body to rub her

clit, to ease the full, stretched feeling of his cock in her asshole.

When Edward came in her mouth, she told them all to stop after she swallowed, and kissed them each softly before pushing Jackson onto the floor and mounting him, knowing the only feeling that would distract her from her ass being stretched was to have her pussy filled by his hugely thick cock. She moaned loudly as she began to ride and felt someone lift her hips just slightly, then heard Tyson moan as he eased into her ass and began fucking her gently. Susan was growing to enjoy the feeling of a dick in her ass and thrust back against it, then thrust forward to push Jackson completely inside of her. Will left the room to clean himself and for a moment she simply lost herself in the feeling of being plugged in both holes, of having two cocks stuff her completely.

Something was missing, though, and when Will came back she begged for him to fuck her mouth. He grinned at her and obliged, rocking his hips forward and backward inside of her throat, filling her third hole so that she was taken at every angle. Still, she wasn't satisfied. She wanted them all four at once. She told Edward to position himself on the other side of her face and alternated sucking his and Will's cocks. Susan came so hard it nearly propelled her upward and off of Jackson's cock but she held firm, pushed forward anyway by the force of Tyson thrusting into her asshole.

“Good girl,” he cooed, stroking her spine with his fingertips. “You’re doing so well.”

Beneath her, Jackson wrapped his arms around her back and held her still as he came inside of her, flooding her pussy with his hot, thick cum. She felt it dripping down her thighs when he slid out from underneath her and left her pussy wanting again. She just couldn’t get enough cock to make her happy. Susan bid Tyson pull out of her and got up, bending herself forward over the table in the center of the room, her ass in the air and her legs spread.

Edward approached her from behind and when she looked back at him she bit her lip, knowing he would ravage her wherever he put his cock. She thought she was ready for it, and so when he raised his eyebrows at her she reached back and spread her cheeks to indicate that she wanted him to fuck her ass raw. The man bit his lip and grinned and slammed into her ass without further warning, beginning to brutalize her tight hole so viciously she thought she might collapse. He pinned her waist to the table to hold her still and drove in and out, then laughed when she started moving back to meet his thrusts, to take him deeper.

“Jesus Christ,” he said, slowing himself down, his body shaking behind her. “You like that, huh?”

“Mhm,” she purred, grinding and writhing against him. He reached below and pushed two fingers into her pussy, teasing her with them as he fucked her ass. She came on his hand more than once, unable to stop herself, and moaning and clenched her asshole over his cock each time. It took him only moments afterward to pull out and squirt on her ass. She felt it, hot and thick, dripping down into her asshole as she waited for the next man.

It was Will. He chose her pussy this time but used the tip of one finger to massage the other man’s cum in and around her asshole. He pushed one, then two fingers in while his cock rocked sweetly in and out of her, providing the raw skin with the relief of gentle fucking. The man knew how to work a pussy, knew just where to hit inside of her to make her cream all over him. He twirled his fingers deep inside of her ass as he worked, pumping his hips in and out, making her moan and shout and shudder against the table.

“Such a sweet sound,” he breathed. “Such a sweet pussy. You ever done this before?”

She shook her head. “I’m a virgin.”

He paused behind her and she felt his cock twitch and tremble within her.

“A fucking virgin?” he asked, and when she turned to look at him he was looking back at Tyson. “She was a virgin?”

Tyson shrugged. “It’s what she wanted.”

“Stop talking and fuck me, Will,” she said, and all of them laughed, heavy male voices echoing through the room.

“A virgin,” he said in awe, and fucked her for a few minutes longer before pulling out and spilling on her back so that she was covered in two men’s semen. And she wanted more. But she needed a break.

Susan made to stand but found that she couldn’t walk very far. She relished the feeling of the pain that was hitting her all over, relished the feeling of the cum dripping off of her body. Tyson took her elbow and helped her to sit down in the chair and she winced, then allowed her body to relax as she rested. She gazed at the naked men all around her and felt her pussy swelling and throbbing for more just at the sight of it. The whole situation was so erotic—so much sexier than anything she had ever imagined, and she thought she could die happy with one more run.

Tyson knelt down in front of her and cupped her cheek with his hand, drawing her forward for a kiss.

“All good?” he asked. She nodded and kissed him again. Her pussy was sore and raw and so the feeling when he put his mouth there and started licking her in gentle caresses was like heaven to Susan. She spread her legs and let it happen as the other men milled about, using the restroom or drinking or talking while waiting for her to be ready again.

Everyone else seemed to disappear, though, with the feeling of Tyson’s mouth on her pussy. He licked in soft but firm strokes from top to bottom, sucked her clit with gentle lips and nipped at it just barely until she came in his mouth. His hands massaged her thighs as he held them apart and then moved back to grab her ass as to pull her closer to his face. He ate her with so much tenderness it made her ache for something rougher, and so after a few moments she slid out of the chair and bid him sit in it, then positioned herself between his legs and wrapped her mouth around his cock. He tasted like sweat and semen already and it made her lick her lips before she started moving her head back and forth to push him into her throat. Tyson groaned and held her hair back so that he could watch her face as she took him back and forth between her lips. She met his eye and he smiled at her, biting into his lip, and began to gently lift his hips in time with her bobbing.

“You’re catching on quick,” he breathed, taking her head into his hands and pushing it up and down. At the same time, she felt someone lift her up and settled underneath her. Jackson’s cock pressed against her asshole and she lowered

herself delicately onto it, pulling her face away from Tyson and biting into her lip so hard it bled. She felt stretched beyond capacity, beyond her limit, but the feeling was so sensual that she began bouncing up and down in slow strokes, pushing him deeper, filling herself further. Susan slid two of her fingers into her pussy, fucking herself in beckoning strokes, rubbing her clit with her palm. She was moaning and whimpering when Tyson stood up and began to jerk himself off above her face. She opened her mouth to catch his semen when he came and then Will and Edward were there, too, and within moments all three had cum on her face and she was licking their salty fluids from her lips while she bounced Jackson in and out of her asshole. She came, her face warm and dripping wet, and Jackson followed soon after, filling her asshole with his cream.

When everyone was spent, after he had caught his breath, Tyson lifted her into his arms and carried her out of the boardroom, pushing through the door of his office and into the bathroom across the room. He ran a shower for her and sat her down, then lovingly washed her hair and her skin, taking his time to let his hands soothe every part of her. She winced and sighed when his soapy hands ran between her legs, over her pussy and then her asshole, and he massaged the soap in before rinsing her off with a rag. He cleaned himself as well and then helped her out of the tub, telling her to hold her arms up as he toweled her off before giving her one of his shirts to wear. It was loose and soft on her skin, soothing where she was raw, and she kissed him sweetly as he got dressed and they made their way into the boardroom. The other three men

were dressed already, standing around and drinking when she entered on unsteady legs.

“Feeling alright?” asked Edward, leaning down to kiss her cheek. For some reason, that made her blush, and they all laughed at her as she sat down in one of the chairs and looked around at them. So handsome, she thought, and didn’t regret a moment of her time with them. She was fully prepared, too, for Tyson to take her home and give her some one-on-one time before the next day.

“So,” she said, smiling sweetly. “Do I get that raise?”

Tyson stroked her cheek with a finger, then leaned down to kiss her.

“And a vacation day,” he said. And she smiled.

# Story Fourteen

## CHAPTER 1:

The vicarage lay hushed and quiet all around her and Clarissa paused, her ears tuned for the quiet footfall that would signal her pale and stern father was approaching.

But of course he wouldn't be approaching, not now or ever again. He'd died and he'd left her both penniless and orphaned, and entirely without prospects as well.

The vicarage would have to be turned over soon, and Clarissa was terrified. She'd spent her entire life in the gloomy parish, perched neatly between the coal mines and the rolling, but entirely barren hills. She too had been perched neatly between two things. Her position as the vicar's daughter meant she could not befriend those in town as they were beneath her socially, and it also meant she was too lowly for those who lived beyond the last stark hill in their tall mansions set neatly on long rolling lawns.

She was neither laborer nor one who had a life of ease. She fit in nowhere and her father's sudden death had taken her wholly by surprise and jolted her out of the safe, if dreary, day-to-day of her existence.

She'd spent the last two weeks trying to find a position somewhere nearby. At first she'd tried for a governess position. She was well-educated after all. But nobody knew anyone in need of a governess. She'd inquired at the houses of the lord who lived beyond the hills and in the houses of the overseers of the mines as well because she had known that they alone would or could afford a governess.

When that had failed she'd tried for a house position. She knew how to keep house; certainly, she'd been responsible for the entire vicarage since her mother had died six years before.

Only nobody had need of her for that either.

Clarissa, who was known to be sassy and pert, unwelcome qualities in any woman, knew that it was likely not her qualifications that kept her from a position but that reputation. She wished, fervently, that she could simply go back in time and be far more sedate and polite but that too was impossible.

She'd been desperate and crushed, and things had gotten even worse when she had received a note from the Lord, whose wealth depended on those mines, stating that a new vicar and his family would be coming to take up residence within a fortnight.

Out of a sense of duty to the new arrivals she'd set out to clean the place thoroughly in order to allow them to have it in good condition. She also hoped the hard work would help her to keep herself occupied as she tried to think of what to do next.

After she was done cleaning and had taken inventory of everything that did not stay with the vicarage she sold every bit of furniture that her father and mother had accumulated, even the stove although its loss left her shivering with cold during the chilly nights and forced her to cook on the open hearth. She counted every penny and scraped together all the money left from the last month of her father's wages and then she'd sold every bit of butter she could churn and cheese she could form before she finally sold the cow as well.

The money was not enough, and she knew that because while her father had been a brilliant orator he'd been utterly unable to manage a single bookkeeping or housekeeping task. He would order more candles than anyone could use and forget they needed groceries. He'd neglect to pay the butcher and order a new altar cloth from a woman known for her shoddy stitches.

Clarissa had done all of that after it became apparent he would spend them into a misery of too many napkins and no bread, and so she knew exactly how far the money would stretch.

Not very far at all.

She had a letter of recommendation from the lord, and from a kindly parishioner. She had the scant amount of money and two valises filled with her plain and somber clothing.

And absolutely nowhere to go.

She'd considered going to London to try to find a position, and she was certain that that was her only hope. There nobody would know she was known for being sassy and proud. She could change her ways, mute her natural pertness, and find a position that would give her a roof over her head and food, and wages. She could think of a better plan later, after those things were taken care of and she was no longer so harried or frightened.

There was a loud and imperious rap at the front door. Clarissa clutched her collar together at her slender throat, her whole body shaking. The new vicar then, come earlier than planned.

Her heart knocking in her chest she went to the door and opened it to see the postman standing there, his cap pulled down to protect his face from the rain spitting from the sullen sky.

She swallowed hard. “Yes?”

Her voice echoed through the mostly-emptied rooms, making her shiver.

He thrust a letter at her, “Here, this be yours. Came early yesterday but the rain kept me from making my rounds.”

She nodded. “Thank you. Very much.”

Her hands shook as she took the missive. It was encased in a crisp and thick envelope. Very good quality. The writing was crisp and concise, and the ink black and heavy. She closed the door and stared down at it. She knew nobody in the corner of the country it had come from and she frowned as she broke the red wax seal in the back of the envelope and pulled out a single and equally thick and fine sheet of paper.

*Dear Miss Clarissa Banks,*

*I am your father's family solicitor. Your father, as you know, was the second son of Mr. Paul Banks and it was his eldest son Roger who inherited the home and grounds when Mister Banks passed away many years ago.*

*Your father has steadfastly refused to return to the home, citing his duty to his parishioners as just cause, and the home has been maintained by an overseer by the name of Reynolds in the absence of family. Reynolds does not live on the property as his business affairs take him away frequently but he is capable and has ensured that the place has been well-kept in the family's absence. The caretaker hired by Reynolds is due to depart at the end of this month however, so a new one must be appointed, or you will need to care for the necessary things yourself until one can be found.*

*I have been notified of your father's passing, as your father had instructed me to do in case of his demise, and so am writing you to make clear that you are now the sole owner and heir of the estate, which is small in grounds but the house itself is large.*

*There is little in the way of money but there is livestock and gardens, all taken care of in the interim, and one could live there comfortably for quite some time.*

*The keys are to be handed over upon your arrival at the house. You will be met by the overseer Reynolds at the train station. He is currently journeying through the country on business affairs of his own but should arrive back in time to meet you.*

*The train runs from the town not far from your father's parish to the town set just below the house and grounds. I assume Reynolds will see to your transportation from that station to the house but you must make your own arrangements to board and arrive.*

*I am enclosing a small amount of money within to assure you of the fare.*

*Sincerely,*

*L. Banister*

Clarissa's breath caught. Surely she was dreaming!

She'd known, of course, that her father came from a genteel, if slightly impoverished family, and that as was usual his older brother had inherited everything while her father had to make his own way in the world.

She'd also known that he had come from the rolling green hills and the wild, rugged coasts far to the other side of the country, as had her mother—who's been a governess before she'd married.

This letter was the answer to her prayers. The money she had managed to acquire would see her through for a short while, and if there was any money with the estate, small sum or no, she could survive. She was used to thrift, after all, and hard work.

She most certainly could not afford a caretaker for the place but if there were, as the letter said, gardens and livestock that had been properly cared for she could manage to keep them up on her own.

The caretaker was leaving at the end of the month. That was in just a few days time. She had to leave the vicarage tomorrow, and there was a train tomorrow as well. The journey would take several days but she should be able to arrive just as the caretaker left, barring delays.

She was already packed as the new residents were arriving and she had meant to go down to the village today to purchase her train ticket, and she had been putting that off in the hopes of earning just slightly more prior to her departure. The fare enclosed was a boon. She fingered the notes with a frown, there would be enough for the fare and she could use her own money for something else she would need later.

Now that she knew she had a place she had so much to do! There were grape seedlings she had meant to leave, and small and tender plantings she had nursed into life that she

would like to take now that she knew she would have a place to plant them.

The books of her father's that she had meant to leave must go too, but adding those things would mean taking along the heavy trunk she had also meant to leave behind.

She hurriedly grabbed her reticule and headed for the door. She had to get to the village's small train stop to buy a ticket to her new destination. That train was always heavily crowded and if she didn't get there in time today to purchase a ticket she might not have a seat available to her.

As she opened the door she was assaulted by the sight of the smoke-ringed village and the filthy coal being brought up from the mines. And it hit her.

She was free!

She was free of all of it. The mines, the need to curb her pert tongue, the rules and strict life her father had imposed upon her and that she had chafed under so terribly. From then on out she would keep her own house and do whatever she wanted with nobody to tell her otherwise!

Smiling and happy she raced toward the village and the train station.

## CHAPTER 2

The valises and the laden trunk were by the door. The new vicar's wife came through the house sniffing and sneering at the humble stone walls and the flagstone floor. She looked down her nose at Clarissa and asked, "No stove?"

Clarissa shook her head. "We had to purchase the stove when we arrived and I informed the lord that I would sell it as I was under the impression you, too, would provide your own."

The vicar, a pale and leaden man, spoke in a reedy voice. "That's untenable. The lord should have demanded you leave it."

Clarissa grit her teeth. She and her mother had done without many small luxuries to afford that stove when they arrived—scented milled soaps and the fabric for a new dress each. Not to mention they'd drunk their own tea weak and very watery for months so her father could have a full measure

of tea in his own cup. Also to be able to afford that stove. She snapped, “The lord had no say. He didn’t purchase the stove. Perhaps he would be willing to aid you in acquiring a new one.”

She headed for the door, determined to stay not a moment longer. She’d enlisted the assistance of a stout and simple young man from the village to carry her luggage down to the village and he stood by the door, his placid face registering nothing.

“We shall be going now,” Clarissa announced. “If you can shoulder the trunk I can manage the valises.”

He nodded and picked up the very heavy trunk quite easily, his broad muscles rippling below his shirt and thin jacket. A sudden bolt of desire shot through Clarissa. She had no idea what that sudden flush of heat was, and chalked it up to the anger boiling through her at the new resident’s high-handed attitudes and dismissal of her hard work to make the place spic-n-span for them.

“Now see here,” the wife said sharply. “You’ve not shown up the gardens or the pantry nor the...”

“I have a train to catch.” Clarissa snapped back. “In case you have not noticed, every single thing in here from

walls to floor and beyond, have been scrubbed to the bones in an effort to make you feel welcome. I have left you a good store of last year's jams and jellies in the pantry, and I could have sold them instead. I put fresh stuffing into the mattresses and neatened the yards for you as well. You have no appreciation and while I would like to stand here and let you continue to abuse me, I have other things to do.”

She walked out. Her back was straight and her smile huge. By God they could call her impudent all they liked! They could go to Hell for all she cared!

She was free and her train would be pulling into the station shortly. She lengthened her steps and hurried toward the village, the brawny simpleton moving easily alongside her.

The train station came into view and she tendered over her luggage and went to sit on the long bench outside. The passengers who were waiting had come off other trains and one of them caught her eye. He was delicious-looking. He was tall and straight, slightly older—about thirty. His hair, a crisp brown with ruddy highlights, was lustrous and thick, and his shoulders wide and strong below the broadcloth coat.

He gave her a careful scan. Her face flamed and she looked away. He sat beside her and asked, “Where are you traveling?”

“Much the same place everyone else is I expect.”

“Saucy, aren’t you?”

The words came out on a laugh. She gave him her sternest look then burst out with, “It’s neither here nor there, not to you, now is it?”

The train approached the station with a screech and a whistle. Clarissa stood, suddenly nervous. She’d never been out of the small and unpleasant place before and now that she was leaving she was seized with a terrible fear.

That fear left her shaken and confused. She held her reticule tightly and took a long breath before dashing into the train to try to find a seat. She sat quickly, trying to scrunch herself into the side of the seat as an astoundingly large woman suddenly plopped down beside her, her bags and cases banging into Clarissa’s sharp elbows and knees.

Desperate Clarissa managed to get past the woman and her belongings but in her haste she dropped her reticule. Just as she was casting about for it the conductor said, “I need your ticket Miss.”

“My reticule! I...I’ve lost it! It was...” All of her money was in there. So was her ticket! Horrified and

frightened Clarissa cast about. She said, “It must be under her.”

The stranger stepped forward. He said, “She’s in my private compartment. I will see to her ticket at the next stop if we do not locate it before then. Please have her luggage delivered to the compartment in the meantime”

The conductor tipped his hat and said, “Of course Sir. I’ll see if I can find the reticule as well. What does it look like Miss?”

“It’s small and gray. There’s a blue ribbon near the top, threaded through the closings.”

Her heart slammed so rapidly against her ribs she was sure she was going to faint. The man who’d spoken for her guided her down the crowded aisles past the cheapest seats, for which she had bought a ticket, and she wanted to protest but if she did she would have to leave the train and she had no money to board later. Or anywhere to stay while she waited as she had so seriously burned her bridges with the new vicar and his horrid wife.

They entered the compartment. He shut the door and gave her a stern look. “You should be more careful.”

Her face burned. “I am grateful for your help but I assure you it wasn’t my fault. That woman almost smothered me!”

His lips curved upward. “I could see that from afar.”

The train began to huff out black steam. Clarissa looked around the compartment. It was small, and the curtains over the windows were closed tightly. Even though it was dim in there she could see the narrow berth of bed and the small built-in table and the neat chair pulled up below it.

His luggage, handsomely matched pieces, sat near the bed and she blushed as she realized that she was alone with him in his bedchamber, something no proper young woman should be.

The train lurched forward and she thrown toward him. Their bodies collided. His arms came up and went around her. Her breath came out in a hard gasp.

He said, “What is your name?”

“Clarissa Banks.”

His body was lean and elegant, very taut. Her breath caught in her throat. He said, “Miss Banks, you deserve a lesson in how to behave.”

Before she could even think he had flipped her neatly across the bed, yanked her skirts up, and delivered a hard slap to her exposed bottom! An indignant squeal came from her mouth and she managed to right herself. She spun around and said, “How dare you?”

Her face was heated. Her bottom even more so. Her entire body was awash in that heat that had hit her earlier when the village boy had so easily lifted her trunk.

He said, “How dare you speak so rudely? How dare you misplace your ticket, and your entire reticule?”

She went down on her belly yet again. Her skirts swung upward and his hand cracked across her bottom again. That time he cupped his palm so that the pain hit directly in the center of the smack. Her cry was one of outrage and desire.

He released her and said, “Now let that serve to remind you to mind your manners.”

There was a knock on the door Clarissa hastily yanked her skirts straight and lifted a hand to her carefully arranged

hair. He opened the door and said, “Yes?”

“We’ve found the young lady’s reticule, Sir. It seems a rather large woman had sat up in it.”

“Oh, of course.” He took her reticule while she fumed, opened it and held her ticket out. It was punched quickly, with the conductor not even looking at the front of it where it was written that she had a cheap seat.

The conductor left and she said, “Well, I will just be on my way.”

“Your luggage is here,” he said, pointing to the door, still slightly ajar, and the valises beside it.

Her face went hot again. “I see.”

He said, “The compartment is much more comfortable than the seats. If they load on more people, and they shall, you may find yourself standing for much of your journey.”

“Well, I can’t stay in here with you, Sir!”

His eyes were a warm and bottomless brown. Her whole body responded to them, and to him. He said, “But why not?”

She lifted her chin. “For obvious reasons, of course.”

He said, “Well, there is a second berth, there, above. That bench that makes the lower berth is far more comfortable and longer and wider than any seat out there, but have it your way. Now, if you would like to accompany me to the dining room to have some luncheon I would be happy to pay for your meal.”

Clarissa paused, torn. He’d just spanked her as if she were a child and she was having a very odd reaction to both that and him, and she wasn’t sure she liked any of it. But she was sure that she wanted the chance to find out if she hated it.

Besides, she was off on an adventure! Once settled into her new home she might have to wait years to meet the neighbors in a good way, and she would likely be very lonely again. As lonely as she had been for so very long. He was older, so spanking her had likely been a fatherly thing to do.

Besides, the idea of luncheon was appealing. She’d packed cold sandwiches and then she’d left the basket sitting in the kitchen. Those rotten mean people who’d taken over her

childhood home were probably eating the boiled eggs and the jam-and-butter sandwiches right then.

She'd been living very meanly for a very long time. Since her father's death and the sale of the stove she'd subsisted on warm tea and the leftovers from the funeral feast as well whatever she had to eat before it went bad. She'd had little in the way of hot meals and her young and healthy body demanded she say yes.

### CHAPTER 3:

Luncheon had been delicious. Her companion, who introduced himself as simply Paul, was equally delicious. He was educated and polite. He was also devilishly handsome, and when his hand accidentally brushed hers, or his knees pressed against hers for just a moment little thrills shot through her entire body.

Their conversation turned quickly to her and she had tried to avoid too much discussion on the subject. She didn't want to talk about the future at all; she had no idea what it held really. She did allow herself to discuss her past and when she said she had a reputation for being too sassy, and that that reputation had been unwelcome to both her parents, and

prospective employers, he'd said he wasn't a whit shocked by that fact.

Back in the compartment Clarissa took a seat and stared out at the rolling scenery. Hills had been replaced by flat grassy land and small villages huddled past the tracks, and blue sky had replaced the black clouds of coal smoke.

Paul said, "So, are you on your way to a better position then?"

"I am."

He said, "Then perhaps I can help you."

She gave him a skeptical look. "How so?"

"You are far too impudent. You really must need to learn how to behave properly."

There was a glint in his eyes that made her body ache. She said, "I see. I suppose you may be right but you are hardly going to be able to teach me a lesson, Sir."

His eyebrow lifted, "I thought I already had."

A naughtiness filled her. This was a game of sorts and she knew it. That freedom of hers was new but she wanted to embrace it and this adventure she had been handed. There might never be another one like it, after all.

“I assure you that you haven’t.” The words were carefully chosen for maximum sauciness.

He came closer. His bay run lingered on the air and his eyes met hers. His teeth, very white and square, showed between his full lips. “I assure you I intend to change that fact then, Miss.”

She gasped out, “Indeed Sir, and how shall you ever manage that?”

He pulled her up from the berth. Her feet came off the floor and her body shook as he said, “I think we will start here.”

His mouth came down on hers; hard. His lips were warm and firm but soft. Hers yielded below that kiss and then his tongue thrust into her mouth, making her whimper and wriggle against him. A thick hardness on his trousers caught her attention and she managed to break out of his embrace for

a moment to stare downward at the plump and full outline of his cock, fully visible within his tight fawn-colored trousers.

His hands undid her buttons so quickly she was stripped bare before her thoughts could fully form. Her skirt, waist-shirt, and petticoats landed in a crumpled heap on the floor, leaving her in only a thin chemise and her frilly underpants.

Then those were gone too.

Clarissa was unused to being nude, and she had never been nude in the presence of another person. Her hands went upward then down as she sought to hide herself from his gaze but he caught her hands and then she was facedown on the berth.

Paul said, “Now I am going to teach you to be less saucy.”

His hand came down on her bottom. Her ass jerked high up in the air and she cried out, her face buried in the small pillows on the berth. Her fingers clawed at the berth’s covering, disarranging them.

The spanking was a torment and an exercise in ecstasy. His hand came down hard, sometimes he hit with his palm,

other times he used his entire hand a long bands of pain radiated out from the marks his fingers left on her pale and rapidly reddening flesh.

Juices flowed down her inner thighs from inside her swollen inner folds. The outer lips were covered in those juices, and slippery and when his fingers ran down the crack of her bottom, tapping gently at the flesh there so that her legs parted of their will, those fluids lubricated and coated his fingertips.

He stroked his fingers up and down the seam of her pussy. Her breath hitched in and out. Paul said, “Now, I want to hear you say you are going to be far less sassy from now on out.”

“I’ll try,” she gasped.

“I see.”

Another hard smack. His free hand cupped her fullness and squeezed, putting pressure on her clit and making her toes dig into the berth. Her eyes widened as pleasure coursed through her. She knew he wanted her to behave, but that they were both enjoying her near-refusal to do so. She said, “I suppose I could try harder. I am just not sure I want to.”

The next slap to her bottom sent her spinning toward orgasm. Clarissa had no idea what that delightful heat, the tightening within her body, meant. All she knew was that she wanted more of it.

“Tsk tsk, young lady,” Paul said.

He slid a finger into her depths, testing the tightness of her walls. Clarissa wriggled and thrust backwards, trying to get more of him inside her body. Her limbs shook and her inner walls opened and parted as he added a second finger and thrust even more deeply with those soaked and slippery walls.

Shivering and close to coming, lost in a haze of desire all she could do was grip the berth as his hands moved over her sore ass. The skin was hot to the touch and his fingers pressed into the muscles below the surface of her skin, teasing little flares of pain to the surface and causing even more juices to spill from her body.

He pulled his fingers from her with a wet pop. His hand, streaked with her oils, smoothed her bottom again and then he lifted her bottom up higher. His hot mouth found her center, his tongue licking away the gathered and beaded juices there on the throbbing flesh of her clit.

Dazed and excited beyond reason Clarissa whimpered and thrust upward and back. His tongue slid along the seam of her labia, parting the slick flesh. Her cries were muffled by the pillows and she smelled starch and lilac water on the sheets as he pulled her back and up so sharply that her tender nipples, stiffened into tight peaks, scraped across the soft linen in a delightfully pleasant way.

His tongue massaged her clit and his fingers thrust back into her. Her toes pushed into the mattress and her fingers clutched at the sheets, nearly ripping them from the bed.

Paul continued to torment her. Her body rocked from side to side as she sought a release from the pleasure and torment, a pleasure and release she didn't even have a name for. More juices spilled along the thick curls at the junction of her thighs and she shuddered all over as he abruptly stopped. He undid the buttons on his trousers and pressed the thick head of his shaft against the narrow opening to her inner folds.

He entered her. Pain lanced through her. Her eyes shot open and she went rigid. A quick hard slap to her ass made her go limp and he withdrew then thrust forward again. His heavy and thick cock split asunder her wet and pulsing folds and then slid deeply into her channel, piercing her and taking her right over the edge into a fierce and explosive orgasm.

Her body went limp as he continued to beat into hers but she rallied quickly and began to thrust toward him as he thrust into her, meeting him halfway in a heart-stopping rhythm that had her gasping and panting, her hair tangled and wet, hung over her face and his balls slapped against her flesh before they tightened and moved upward as he approached his own orgasm.

Wrapped in aftershocks and fresh desire, with his dick opening her snug sheath so that he could move faster and harder than before, Clarissa came yet again. Her heavy oils splattered his cock and made his passage into her that much smoother. His hands gripped her hips tightly and his breath washed over her bare shoulder.

He withdrew suddenly and his hot fluids coated her ass cheeks. She collapsed into the bed and he placed a hand near her shoulder, breathing heavily as he tried to recover.

He said, “Now perhaps you will be more amenable to taking orders.”

Clarissa allowed him to help her to stand. He guided her to the washbowl and she waited until he turned her back to take up the cloth and soap. She pressed the soft cloth to her nether regions, wincing slightly as she did so. There was a soreness there but it was not unpleasant and there was a recklessness filling her. The train ride would end in a few

days, and maybe even sooner depending on where his final destination would be.

She said, “Perhaps.” There was a laugh in her voice.

He chuckled. “I see. Finish dressing and we’ll have a chat.”

She dressed hurriedly and when she turned away from the bowl he took her place, sluicing the used water down the clever little drain and refilling the bowl from the pitcher before washing quickly.

She stared at him greedily. His back was smooth and muscular and his bottom was rounded and curved. His legs were long and straight and very well-formed. All in all he was extremely fit and lithe and she felt a small throb in her crotch as he bent over to retrieve his pants.

He dressed and said, “Now, let’s talk.”

They sat and he asked, “So what is a young woman your age doing traveling alone anyway? I should have asked before I suppose.”

She bit her lips. “I have somewhere to be.”

His dark eyes scanned her. “Are you deliberately evading my questions or do you not have an answer?”

“I have an answer.” She sighed. “My father recently died and I have come into possession of another place to live. I know I should not travel alone and that it is not proper for young ladies to travel alone but there was nobody to travel with me.”

“Not your mother either?”

She shook her head “No, she died many years ago?”

“I am sorry to hear that. So do you have a position awaiting you?”

She shook her head and then said, “I do. I suppose. I have a small...” she stopped speaking. She didn’t want to spill the details. For all she knew he was fortune hunter!

Paul said, “So how long is your journey?”

“Until Sunnyside and Beek.”

“I see. Then I must insist that you stay with me until then. If you wish to, of course. I would never force you. If you don’t care for my company please say so, Clarissa, but I hope you enjoy it as I am enjoying yours very much.”

“Oh, I am enjoying your company very much as well!”

She was. She hesitated then added, “I must admit I don’t have a lot of social skills. You might find me boring. My father was the vicar so I wasn’t allowed to really get to know too many people.”

“I see. My father was a vicar.”

She blinked. “Really?”

He nodded. “Oh, yes. I grew up in several parishes. My favorite was right outside London and a stunning little farm. I have a fondness for lawns and gardens, I will admit, and prefer them over the sight of the massive cities.”

“You saw my former residence at the station. It is all coal clouds and stern people.” She shuddered. “I have no idea of what Sunnyside and Beek is like but it must be better than that!”

“It is.” His voice was quiet. “It has a lovely little village with many stores and churches, a rather large park for children to play in on holidays—and it is there that the fair sets up every year.”

Her face lit up.” The fair?”

“Yes. Do you like fairs?”

“Oh, very much. Ours were rather poor however. Do they allow people to sell things at the fair?”

He smiled, “But of course. I sell things there as well.”

She asked, “Like what?”

He said, “I make furniture. Small pieces. That is why I travel at times. I must sometimes go to people’s homes in order to see better how what they wish me to make will fit into a room.”

“That sounds exciting<” she said wistfully then she added, “I’m on a rather grand adventure it seems and yes, I want to stay with you until it is over.”

He smiled and she saw little golden flecks deep in the dark brown of his eyes. “Then it is a deal,” he said, “But I must warn you I don’t take sass lightly.”

“Oh, I see. Perhaps I shall endeavor to displease you then.”

He smiled and leaned closer to whisper, “Oh my dear, I think you will please me often,” and a long shiver ran down her spine.

As it turned out, he was quite right about that.

## CHAPTER 4

The train huffed into the station and Clarissa stared out the window of the compartment at the side of the station as it came into view. Her trunk had been brought in and readied to depart the train. Her valises, neatly packed, sat beside her trunk. Her hair was tightly pinned to her head and her hair was up in what she hoped was a slightly sophisticated coil.

Her eyes stayed on the plain stone and beam building as Paul spoke. “Ah, so, here we are. Sunnyside and Beek.”

She said, "This is your stop too then?"

"Of course."

She turned her head to face him. "Perhaps we will be able to see each other again?"

It was a hopeful question, and one she desperately wanted an answer to. They'd known each other but a short time but she was wild about him and she had a certainty that no other man would ever do. Most men would never know she needed regular spankings and to make love to her so roughly. Besides, she would be alone at that large and empty house, and she would be lonely.

Paul said, "I am sure we shall see each other."

It was not the answer she had hoped for but it was better than a no she supposed. The porter came to collect their luggage and take it to the little stairs where they would disembark and they walked down the hallway slowly, their bodies touching gently as the train swayed.

They were handed down and Paul said, "Oh, yes, there's the conveyance that will take us to the house."

She blinked. “Us?”

Paul said, “Yes. I am sorry, it seems I forgot to mention that my last name is Reynolds. I am the overseer of the home in which you are now in possession.”

Her eyes went wide. Her mouth hung agape. “You are?”

Paul chuckled. “Yes. I should have told you and I hope you will forgive me for not having done so. It was just that, well, I didn’t want you to feel as if you had to do the things we did because I held your keys in my hands. Literally.”

He reached into his coat pocket and pulled the keys, on a large and slightly rusty ring, out and handed them to her. He helped her into the conveyance and they began the short ride to the estate.

They topped a low rise and Paul said, “There it is, just there. I live in the small house right at the gates, see?”

His finger pointed and she stared at the small wood-and-post house. It was the perfect size for a bachelor. She said so and he said, “Your uncle and I had a nice arrangement. I

have business that takes me out a few times a year while most of the time my work is done in the village. Oh, there's the drive now."

Flowers grew in wild profusion and the house sat on a small but wide patch of grass that had been neatly mowed recently. Behind a fence several well-fed cows grazed and she could see the chicken coops to the right of the house, just beyond the herb and vegetable gardens.

Paul said, "As you can see the house itself is very large."

It was, and beautifully built too of riverstone and wood. The trees stood high and tall and the edges were neatly trimmed. It was so beautiful and green, and so very different from the place that she had always known that Clarissa's eyes filled with happy tears.

It was all here, everything she could possibly need for the rest of her life. Gardens and food and sunlight and air. The thick smell of coal was gone, as was the feeling of smothering under its heavy mantle.

Also gone was the suffocating feeling of holding herself in check, every day. Of knowing she must be good and when she was not—when she failed to be demure or quiet or

soft with her tongue—of feeling as if she were a disappointment to all who loved her and cared for her.

Paul enjoyed her impudence and she knew that he would not change it. He might try to beat it out of her, or make her bend her will to his, but he would only ever do that in the heights of passion, and never check her otherwise. It was not his nature to do so.

She had to be bold.

She would be bold.

As the conveyance clopped away and they stood at the door of the house, now hers, she looked down at her valise's and the heavy trunk, the only reminders of her past and all of its repressions. She would buy pretty fabric in lovely colors and make herself pretty gowns that glowed and moved softly with her every motion. She would wear flowers in her hair if she wished, and she would love the way she wished to.

She said, "Well, your bags are already here."

Paul said, "Yes, they are."

She drew a long breath. “I suppose now that you’ve ruined me you may as well marry me.”

His laughter was long and loud. “Ah, you are a saucy and impossible little minx, now aren’t you?”

“Oh, I am,” she said with a gamine grin. “Very much so. I suppose it shall take years to change me and even then you may never be able to do so.”

Paul’s eyebrows rose and his handsome face creased in a roguish smile. “Oh, I think I know how to try, anyway.”

Clarissa’s breath caught as hope soared. He’d become so very dear to her, and now she had the time, and the room to get to know him even better. Paul said, “I suppose we can leave that luggage for a short time. The caretaker left this morning, and did all the chores before he went, so perhaps we would do better to acquaint you with the house.”

Her smile was wicked. “The house, all of it?”

His smile was equally wicked. “I would say we should at least start at the master bedroom.”

“Perhaps the guest room,” she said as she skirted past him and put the key into the lock. “Or the kitchens? It does seem to me that you feel that a woman’s place is in the kitchen.”

“See? You are already trying my patience.”

His hand went to her hair and yanked, hard. Her tresses fell down and spilled across her shoulders. Her heat sailed off on a small puff of breeze and she let it go.

The door closed behind them and the sound of her laughter, then cries of pleasure proved to be a wonderful christening for her new home, and life.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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tales...**

## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renown naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Fifteen

William Rochester stepped into the spattering rain, donning his hat and pulling the collar of his overcoat up. His medical satchel and small leather suitcase, the only belongings he had, were placed beside him by the driver before the car pulled away. The young man of twenty three looked up at the foreboding edifice that towered before him. This was going to be his designated workplace from now on, without reprieve. It was almost a life sentence, little consolation that he was on the right side of the iron bars.

Kravestone Penitentiary, the dull sign on the high stone wall read. The sun had long since set, the drive there almost took five hours. He looked around. Not a soul in sight. The walls were almost twenty feet high, with barbwire adding another six feet of menacing elevation.

“Doctor Rochester, welcome to Kravestone.” A large man in a dark wrinkled suit walked out from under the twelve foot high Iron Gate to greet him. “I’m Warden James O’Reilly. You must have really pissed off some people high up to get tossed down this hell-hole.”

“Good evening, Warden.” Rochester shook the larger man’s hand firmly. “I was told this place would be good for my health.”

“If you like the company of hardened criminals, ruthless murderers and the worst scum of the Earth, you might find this place refreshing.” O’Reilly snorted, not caring for the younger man’s sarcasm. “Let me show you to the clinic where you will be working, and then your office, which is also your lodgings.”

“How old is this place?” Rochester stared at the darkened walls as he fell in step behind his disgruntled host.

“Built before the civil war...” The warden replied. “More than four hundred years, we can guess.”

“They don’t make places like this anymore.” The young doctor marveled at the robust structure.

“Yeah, but the scum to inhabit them keep on coming.” O’Reilly said with a tired sigh.

“What are my duties exactly, Warden?”

“You’ll head the medical staff...” The warden led him into the clinic. “The guy we had died last week.”

“How many in the medical staff.” Rochester exhaled heavily as he glanced around the dismal working area.

“Just two.” O’Reilly said indifferently. “You and the night nurse.”

“Two?” The young man was taken aback. “But how am I going...”

“You have to figure that out, Doc.” The larger man gave him a tight smile. “This is not exactly General Hospital, you know. Keeping this scum alive and well isn’t really a prime priority.”

“But that’s unethical...” Rochester protested, sitting down on the examination table.

“Is that why you find yourself here, Rochester... because you’re very ethical.” O’Reilly almost sneered, staring right at the young doctor from the big city.

“Thank you for your time, Warden.” Rochester stood up and nodded. “I can take it from here.”

“Good luck, Doctor.” The other man turned away. “You’re going to need it.”

“Luck hasn’t been with me for some time now.” Rochester muttered as he sifted through the tools and medical equipment in the little clinic. “And I doubt she’ll be with me ever again.”

“A little faith and everything will be well again.” A rich lilting voice made him look up.

“You must be the night nurse.” He stared at the woman in a starched and snug white uniform standing by the side entrance to the clinic. “Mrs. Della Swanson.”

“That’s Miss Della Swanson, Doctor Rochester.” The red haired woman smiled, walking up to him. “And I am the night nurse here at Kravestone Penitentiary.”

“And are you the only woman here in this gloomy place?” He asked, his keen eyes trailing along the ripe curves of her womanhood.

“There’s also Elsa the cook and we have a few washer women coning in once a week.” She met his gaze and scanned him head to foot. “Are you in need of more women here, Doctor?”

“Er... no,” He averted his eyes, suddenly feeling uncomfortable. “I was told this is a prison for men.”

“It is.” Her full red lips curled into a sly smile. “We girls aren’t prisoners here.”

“Yes, I’m sorry.” He glanced back at her, nodding curtly. “You’re all employees... as much as I am.”

“You look too young to be here, Doctor Rochester.” The woman placed her hands on her flaring hips and cocked her head, her green eyes glittering.

“I’m old enough.” He stood up straight, smiling tightly. “And it’s not my first choice for a career... but then...”

“Do something naughty out there, in the big city of bright lights?” She smiled knowingly.

“Something likes that.” He grinned, his tension relaxing a little. “Now how do we work things out here?”

“Well, Doctor Scott and I worked fourteen hour shifts, two overlaying hours when we coordinated things. We will do the same. You work the day and I the night.”

“Where are you putting up?” He inquired, his eyes inadvertently drawn to her wide necked blouse.

“I have a place a mile down the road from here.” She noted his gaze and arched her back, exposing more of her impressive cleavage. “I guess you’re holed up in here. One day you’ll have to tell me what you did to get here, Doctor?”

“Maybe, if I last long enough.” He looked up into her intense stare. “The other doctor here, before me...the warden said he died. How did that happen?”

“He wasn’t killed, if that’s what you’re asking about, dearie.” She walked across the floor, swaying her sexy hips mesmerizingly. “This isn’t some murder mystery or soapbox drama here, he just got old and it was his time.”

“I see.” He struggled to keep his voice calm. “Well, would you be so kind to show me around how things work here.”

“Of course, Doctor.” She gave him a wide grin. “And not just because you asked me so nicely.”

“Thank you, Mrs... Miss Swanson.” Rochester nodded, returning her grin just as wide.

“You can call me Della, sweetheart.” She pouted, crossing her hands under her heavy bosom. “You’re my boss, after all.”

“Oh, no... we’re colleagues.” The young doctor blushed suddenly. “I’m not anyone’s boss.”

“Are all doctors as charming as you in the big city?” She pressed on, cocking her head at him. “...and also so cute?”

“I can’t tell if you’re flirting with me or just teasing.” He laughed, with a hint of nervousness.

“You’ll know soon enough, darling.” She said, sighing deeply and sitting down. “After dealing with rough, ugly men all the time something nice like you comes along... it does make things refreshing.”

“Well, that’s flattering...” He didn’t expect her to be so forthright, he wasn’t prepared for it. “I... well...”

“It’s alright, Doc.” She laughed out aloud. “I’m just playing around.”

“Well, you made me feel the most welcome here so far, I would say.” He shook his head, smiling with relief. “Thank you.”

“What can I say; I’ve got a soft heart.” She said, emphasizing by pressing a slender hand over her yielding breast. “That’s why I’m a nurse.”

“Would you join me for dinner?” He offered, struggling to keep his eyes off her obvious charms. “I could use the company and get to know more of this place from you.”

“Sure can, Doc...” She smiled sweetly, rising up again. “My shift starts in an hour anyway.”

Rochester followed the nurse to a small table for two in the corner and sat down with her to a meal of beef stew, bread and milk. The little eating area had a few of the other staff dining as well, mostly the prison guards. Some of them smiled at Della, some ignored them both.

“I’m sure now that no one likes this job here.” Rochester whispered to the nurse as he took a bite of bread.

“You wouldn’t be wrong there, hon.” She replied, sipping some milk. “Some of the worst men in the world are

locked up here. A lot of hate and violence is being bottled down, suppressed and agitated.”

“How do you do it?” He eyed her with genuine concern. “Don’t these men frighten you?”

“As a nurse, I have taken an oath to treat all men alike.” She sighed deeply, stirring her beef stew with a spoon. “And besides, they know I’m here to take care of them.”

“How long have you been here?” He inquired, staring into her eyes,

“Oh, I dunno... ten, maybe eleven years...” She shrugged, pausing her stirring. “Ever since I graduated med school.”

“So that makes you... thirty now?” He ventured carefully.

“I wish...” She smiled and took a mouthful of stew.

“Thirty-six?” He grinned, raising his eyebrows.

“Bingo.”

“You look twenty seven-eight max.” Rochester gave her a bright smile.

“Now you’re flattering me, young man.” She wagged the spoon at him.

“Well, I’m beginning to enjoy your company... and I think I just might find this place bearable.” The young dark haired man took a deep breath. “Lord knows, it’s been a harrowing few weeks.”

“So what went wrong?” She touched his arm.

“I tell you soon enough, just need some time to settle down here first.” He eyed her slender fingers on his forearm.

“Well, it looks like you’ll have plenty of that.” She drew her hand away and leaned back on the chair.

“Yep, I’m here for the long haul.” He nodded, his eyes straying to her ample bosom again.

“And you can have me for company for some of that haul.” She offered, clasping her hands together.

“Thank you, Nurse Swanson... Della.” He smiled, feeling a whole lot better than he had in over a week.

“Oh, now you’re making this old gal blush.” The red haired nurse laughed softly.

“Old?” Rochester slapped his forehead. “You could give Miss Teen America a run for her money.”

“Now I can’t tell if you’re flirting or teasing.” She gave him a petulant look.

“A bit of both.” He laughed, reaching out to touch her hand.

“Well, Doc, great meeting you... hope your stay here is better than what you’ve had before.” She pulled her hand away and stood up. “I’ll be seeing you again soon... it’s time for my shift.”

“Thank you, Della.” The young man smiled tightly. “See you in the morning.”

He watched the woman walk away. She was rather sexy for her age, and kept herself in great shape. She would

probably be the only woman he would get to know now for the rest of his life. He had a day off each fortnight of course, where he could go out and enjoy the surrounding countryside and the little towns near the sea. But then there wasn't much he could do in just two days in a month when it came to finding someone special. This was a life sentence, whether it was officially documented or not, that much he knew. If only things didn't go as they had back there in New York. Everything he had, he achieved himself with his hard work and it all came to nothing because of some stupid fool of a technician. But she was a lovely young thing.

“Oh, well.” He sighed, getting up and walking out of the eating hall. “That's life I suppose... nothing lasts forever, and neither will this... I can hope.”

Strolling through the dimly lit corridors, he found the little room with a single attached bath assigned to him. It was directly above the clinic, on an adjacent wing and from the only window he could see the clinic. She would be in there now, all night, working her shift. He liked the woman. At least she wasn't being pretentious, or so he felt.

The room had a desk and chair by the door and a short shelf of books beside it. A small bed and another chair made up the rest of his furnishings. A metal wire attached to nails on the walls stretching across the room was to be his wardrobe. He shook his head; memories of his extravagant condo in the high rent district mocked his present situation. He

slumped down on the chair and took a volume from the shelf behind the desk. Reading might help him relax, as it often did when he was in med school, not too long ago.

“Damn it to hell.” He cursed, slamming the book shut after a while.

He closed his eyes and leaned back on the chair. Della Swanson’s lovely face floated before his mind’s eye. She was smiling, pouting, her green eyes twinkling. The rest of her filled his mind; he let his imagination divest her of her starched uniform. He hadn’t seen a woman like her in weeks. His breathing grew heavier, and a familiar pleasure of fullness made him sigh out loud. He glanced down at the bulging tent in his trousers and groaned. Who was he kidding, he told himself; she wouldn’t be interested. She was just being kind and friendly to a newcomer, that was all there was to it.

But then she was an attractive woman and he could do with her whatever he liked, in his mind. He took his thick uncut cock out and began to stroke it, visions of her full, rounded breasts and ripe curves dancing before his eyes. Her thick, luscious lips would feel like heaven on his cock, he was sure as he increased the intensity of his strokes. He stood up and walked over to the window, his hand still working his erection. The lights in the clinic had been turned down low. Was she sleeping on the job, he wondered with a grin. It would be great to catch her red-handed and then make her squirm

with a lecture, as he had done with all those sexy young nurses back in the big city.

Of course he had no reason to go and check up on her, she was the veteran there and he the newbie. Then suddenly he realized that he had forgotten his satchel and suitcase in the clinic when he was there earlier. All his clothes and papers were in there and he just had to get them. Stuffing his still rigid organ back into his pants, Rochester grabbed a tiny flashlight and stepped outside. He walked softly down the stairs and stepped up to the service entrance of the clinic.

The side door was ajar and he quietly slipped inside. His luggage was not a priority; he could have retrieved them in the morning. It was Della he wanted to get another look at, and probably catch her snoozing on the job. And if she wasn't he could say he was there to retrieve his stuff.

The little office was empty, but the back room had a faint glimmer of light emanating from it. The patients' beds were there and only in the event of serious injury or severe illness were inmates allowed to spend the night there and that too under armed guard. There were no guards outside the clinic that night. But there certainly was someone in the sickroom. He could hear soft whispers. Her voice was distinct, and the other was deep and low. She was in there, with a man. Who could it be? One of the guards? The warden? Surely, it couldn't be an inmate.

Rochester held his breath and silently tiptoed into a position he could get a view of inside the sickroom without being seen. Della was standing there, her hands on her hips and her skirt hitched up high. The supple roundness of her naked buttocks sent a surge of want through him. Her soft moans echoed inside his head, sending chills down his spine and making his young cock strain painfully against his trousers.

He held back a gasp as he saw the man kneeling before her, his face lodged between her thighs. He looked quite rough, heavily muscled with thick prominent veins all over his tattooed arms. He couldn't see his face, but he was naked and his cock was standing up like a police baton.

“Come on, baby.” He heard her throaty groan. “Skewer me already.”

“Yeah, baby.” The tattooed man rose up and pushed her down on the bed, spreading her legs and thrusting his erection between her moist opening. “I waited all week for this.”

“We have all night, Mel.” Della moaned with lust. “Fuck me, you bastard... fuck me hard, all night long.”

“Fucking slut, I love it when you talk dirty to me.” Mel grunted, slamming his hips hard into hers, his thick cock down

to the root inside her.

He had to be a convict, Rochester decided, none of the guards there looked like that. And what the hell was Della doing fucking one of the homicidal inmates. He swallowed hard, a cold sweat chilling him to the bone. But this was great; he suddenly felt a surge of triumph. This was better than catching her asleep on the job. In fact this could get her fired. A malevolent gleam came over his dark eyes and he wished he had his camera-phone with him then. But he was not allowed to carry one inside the prison. It didn't matter; his word would have to do.

He returned his gaze at the fornicating duo; she was on top now, straddling his cock like a horny cowgirl, her hot sexy buttocks in full view. The convict's massive cock gleamed in her juices as she rode him, sliding in and out of her with frenetic intensity. She didn't stifle her moans at all, whimpering and grunting with abandon. She probably didn't expect anyone to be there and had been doing this for years, the young doctor concluded. This was his chance, he knew, to get a piece of the action. Life here wouldn't be as bad as he had feared after all; he grinned and silently slunk away.

“We will discuss our new friendship in the morning, my dear Nurse Swanson.” He whispered to himself, relishing the memory of her nakedness as he hurried away. “I'm going to take this one day at a time, one beautiful day at a time.”

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“Time?” The redhead stared at him bleary eyed. “Why, sure... I’ve got time. It’s not like I have a life outside this job.”

“Hm, I like your sense of sarcasm, Della.” Rochester smiled as he sipped his coffee. “But you look like hell... not getting enough sleep, or are you working too hard... maybe both?”

“All my life, so far, Doc.” She replied, smoothing down her rumpled uniform with her hands, making her impressive bosom even more prominent.

“Let’s do away with the cumbersome titles, Della.” He said, licking his lips. “Call me Liam.”

“Okay, Liam.” She gave him a tired smile. “What is it you want to know? ...I’ve already briefed you on everything to get you through with the day.”

“Yes, that was very decent of you.” The young doctor acknowledged.

“Part of the job.” Della shrugged. “I’d expect you to do the same when I meet you again this evening.”

“Hey, you can count on me.” Rochester sat upright and drummed his fingers on the desk. “But I was just curious... why would a woman like you – you’re obviously very attractive and could have any job you like... but why here in a prison?”

“I don’t know... maybe it’s my calling.” She yawn and arched her back. “Either this or a nun.”

“A nun?” He almost laughed.

“I like taking care of people... especially lost souls.”

“Like these prisoners.” He raised an eyebrow at her.

“Yes, some of them are truly repentant.” The redhead replied, clasping her hands together under her breasts for emphasis.

“I suppose you play a part in their rehabilitation.” He grinned, his brazen stare lingering on her bosom.

“I do what little I can, and hope for the best.” She followed his gaze and smirked. “Everyone deserves a second chance.”

“Yes, of course.” He looked up at her. “And I’d guess this one is mine.”

“Yes, and no matter what you did to get here, if you truly – deep in your heart – are sorry, you will find retribution, no matter what.”

“I do believe I will, Nurse.” He gave her another wide smile.

“Yes, you will, Doctor.” She smiled back.

“Tell me about the men here, Della, you’ve known them for years... anything I should know, to keep things going smoothly.”

“They’re just the same as any patient for a medical practitioner.” She replied, running her hand carelessly through her hair. “Yes, some are violent in nature, some unbalanced... but they are all in need of help and guidance.”

“I like your optimism, and combined with your sarcasm, that’s quite a contradictory combination.”

“As long as it keeps me focused to do my job well.”  
Della slowly walked toward the door.

“Oh, yes.” He nodded hurriedly. “As far as I’ve seen, you’re doing a great job here... I’ve a lot to learn from you.”

“”You’re not flirting, and certainly not teasing...” She eyed him curiously. “I’m not quite sure what then you’re doing.”

“Just getting down to business, my dear.” Rochester fiddled with a pencil on his desk. “I too prefer to keep profession and pleasure on alternate tracks.”

“Well, I hope I’ve given you all the info you needed for today... I’ve got to get home and crash.”

“Have a good day’s rest, Della... I’ll see more of you tonight.”

“More of...” Her laugh was spontaneous. “There you are... and just when I thought you were getting all stuck up on me.”

“Ha, not a chance, Miss Swanson.” He eyed her swaying hips as she walked away.

“See ya later, Doc.” She waved back at him and left the room.

“I certainly will see you later, my dear...” The young doctor chuckled under his breath. “And I’d want to see it all.”

As the door closed behind the night nurse, Rochester accessed the database on the computer, pulling up info on all inmates known as Mel. He found two. Picking up the phone, he requested the jailer overseeing the men to have them sent in one at a time for routine check-ups. After a few minutes a tap on the door made him look up.

“Prisoner 847-125 as you required, Doctor.” A uniformed guard standing outside his door announced.

“Send him in, thank you... and keep guard outside.”

“Yes, Doc.”

Rochester looked carefully at the man entering the room. His hands were cuffed and he had an inquisitive look on

his narrow face. He was heavily muscled and the standard issue prison garb stretched impressively over his chest and shoulders. The tattoos on his forearms and upper arms were very distinctive, but none that he could recognize.

“Prisoner 847-125, Melchestore Malone.” He addressed the man. “Or Mel, for convenience. I am Doctor Liam Rochester.”

“Hey Doc, whassup? How you duin’?” The deep rumble was instantly recognizable as the one he had heard the night before.

“I’m quite all right, Mr. Malone?” The young man smiled. “And how are you?”

“Call me Mel, Doc.” The muscular convict rumbled. “And I’m duin’ okay. Heard youse from New York. I’m from New York too... it’s all good, yeah?”

“Yes, it’s all good, Mel.” Rochester nodded, fiddling around with some of the equipment. “I called you hear to see if everything’s fine with the inmates, health wise.”

“Yeah, we’re all good here, Doc.” Malone grinned and flexed his bulging biceps. “Lookit me, Doc, I’m stronger than an ox.”

“Very impressive, Mel.” The young doctor smiled as he typed on the keyboard. “And I understand you were all taken good care of... by the late Doc Scott and Nurse Della.”

“Too bad about Doc Scott, man.” Malone shook his large head. “He was a good guy... and Nurse Della, she’s an angel, that sweet woman.”

“Yes, that she may be.” Rochester agreed with a smile. “I hope she’s taking care of everything in the night shift.”

“Don’t worry about her, Doc.” The convict grinned, a gold tooth glinting. “She takes good care of us dumb fuckers... we don’t deserve a goddess like her.”

“And yet here she is, spending her life in the service of men like you.” The young doctor sighed, strapping a pressure reader onto Malone’s dense upper arm.

“Like I said, Doc,” he shrugged his immense shoulders. “...she’s an angel, that Della.”

“We could all do with an angel every now and then.” Rochester said sagely. “Makes life a little easier to live.”

“So why’d you call me here, Doc?” Malone flexed his arm as the pressure increased. “Is everything okay with me... am I goin’ ta die?”

“Far from it, Mel... you’re in the pink of health.” The doctor from the big city laughed, reading the report on the monitor. “I just wanted to run a few tests, is all... for pressure, heart rate, etc.”

“So what do you think?”

“I think you’re as strong as an ox.” Rochester unstrapped the device and patted the man’s broad shoulder.

“Hey, I already toldja that.” Malone grinned, flexing his powerful triceps a few times.

“Is there anyone else like you?” Rochester inquired, narrowing his eyes. “I mean, big and strong...”

“Sure.” Malone nodded indifferently. “Schnitzel Reinhold... he’s from Europe.”

“Schnitzel?”

“Yeah, everyone calls him that... his real names a bitch, way too long to remember... Schwatzellingermeyer or somethin’.” Malone laughed out aloud. “The guy’s a hoot... you’ll like him.”

“I’ll see him next. Thank you for your time, Mel.” Rochester stood up and signaled the guard outside. “You’ve been very cooperative. I’ll see you again soon.”

“Nice meetin’ you too, Doc.” Malone called out as he left. “Say hi to Nurse Della for me.”

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“Nurse Della Swanson.” The young man whispered to himself and smiled, leafing through her file, his thin fingers caressing the ten year old photograph attached to her data sheet. “What on Earth would make you stay here for ten long years, especially since you’re such a looker?”

William Rochester wasn’t particularly interested, but slightly curious maybe. His meeting with the two inmates confirmed that she was sleeping with them, but he couldn’t fathom why she needed to do this. He picked up all the clues right, she preferred her men strong and dangerous. Melchestore ‘Mel’ Malone was in for life, on charges of manslaughter. And Schillizergenmaier ‘Schnitzel’ Reinhold

was a mercenary for hire with a record of killing more than a hundred people.

It was Reinhold who almost spilled the beans, in his excitement to show his appreciation for the night nurse. The European giant of a man expressed his gratitude for her care with a lot more enthusiasm than the New York gangster. And Rochester was sure now that she had a few more men there under her special care, in the night shift. Her duty record showed her taking on the night shift ever since she had joined and almost never had a day off, not even for Christmas.

He glanced at his watch. She would soon be there for her shift. Scott was too old to catch her in the act, and maybe a few of the guards were either paid off or under her special care too to let all this happen. He would be a fool to pass up on this slice of pie that was being dished out here. A click on the door heralded her approach and he turned to face her with a wolfish grin on his youthful face.

“Evening, Doc.” Della smiled as she walked in, her starched uniform spotless and extra tight. “How was your day?”

“Good eve to you too, Nurse.” His grin widened. “I had the most pleasant day... and I hope it continues that way.”

“Glad to know you’re settling in well, Liam.” She exhaled deeply, tossing her purse on the desk. “So what did you do today... anything I should know of?”

“Well, I had a good time... checking up on a couple of inmates.” He rubbed his hands together. “I was terrified at first to be so close to such hardened killers, but I realized as I spoke to them, they’re as normal as anyone, just caught up in the wrong side of the net.”

“I’m glad you see it that way, it’s the first step to rehabilitating them to society.” Della smiled. “Most people would just prefer to let them rot in here for eternity.”

“Eternity is a long time.” The young man nodded. “But I’m curious...how does one rehabilitate mass murderers?”

“Who did you check up on?” She eyed the computer monitor before him.

“Couple of guys... Malone and... Bagel or something... ah yes, Schnitzel.”

“Oh!” Her voice faltered a bit. “...those two are serving multiple life sentences.”

“How do you rehabilitate men like them?” He asked, looking right at her. “Do you have some kind of special method that works on them?”

“Are you asking in rhetoric or me in particular?” The night nurse looked at him quizzically.

“Either... each of them said that they highly appreciated your care for them.” He shrugged his narrow shoulders. “And they seemed like nice, cheerful men, despite their criminal records, so whatever you’re doing for them... must be beneficial.”

“Oh... well, I hope so.” She shuffled her feet and looked out the little window.

“But realistically, even if they do wish to reform, pardoning their crimes would be next to insanity.” Rochester kept his gaze on her. “No court of law would advocate it.”

“That’s true.” She sighed, smiling slightly. “But everyone deserves a second chance.”

“Is that what you’ve been doing for them, Nurse... giving them a second chance?”

“Where are you going with this, Doctor?” The redhead stood before him, hands on her flaring hips.

“I walked in on you and Malone last night...” He replied, in a matter-of-fact manner. “Got the shock of my life, I did.”

“Oh, fuck!” She looked away, her hands balling into tight fists.

“Well, yes.” He smiled at her. “And he sure enjoys the second chances you’ve been giving him.”

“I... you have no...” She glared at the young doctor, her hands clutching at the edge of his desk.

“Him... and Reinhold.” Rochester went on. “And a whole lot of others I’m sure whom I am yet to check up on.”

“You little snoop.” She cried in exasperation.

“Hey, it was too obvious, and I didn’t snoop... I went back down to collect my bags.”

“What did those two idiots tell you?” She demanded, leaning back on the wall.

“Nothing much.” The slender man shrugged. “But I picked up on the clues, being smarter than I look helps.”

“So now you know.” Della laughed sardonically. “What do you want from me?”

“Am I supposed to want something?” He raised his eyebrows.

“Why else would you be doing this then?” She slapped her palm on the desk.

“Does any of the guards know, and how about O’Reilly?”

“The warden?” She gasped. “He’d kick me out so fast... no, none of the guards know.”

“How do they not?” He was surprised for real.

“No one really cares for these prisoners.” The redhead sighed, sitting down on the chair before him.

“Not as much as you have been... for the last ten years.”

“And now I have you to care as much too, Liam.” She smiled at him wanly.

“Why do you do it?” He leaned closer, staring at her hard. “What makes you want to do it?”

“I don’t know.” She looked away, flustered.

“Is it a kind of fetish, or a compulsion?” He pressed on. “Does fucking a dangerous criminal give you a kind of heightened sexual gratification?”

“I... well, kind of... and giving these guys something they crave for makes me feel... well, blessed.”

“And you’ve been doing this for the whole time you’re here?” Rochester withheld an urge to laugh. “How the hell did you start doing this?”

“Not the whole ten years.” She gave him a look of indignation. “I took my time, picked out the right guys, gave

them a little more attention than the others... made them and myself feel comfortable with one another..."

"Hmm." He smirked. "Wow! I mean... that's quite a wild adventure you've been on."

"And now you're going to destroy it all." She said, suppressing her anger.

"Well, I have no love lost for the warden." He grinned at her lecherously. "And I like you the most here... hell, you're the only one I like here."

"So you're not going to tell the warden anything." She eyed him with suspicion.

"Not yet..." Rochester rubbed his temples and leaned back on his chair.

"Damn you, Rochester, you want a piece of the action too... fuck, you're a little blackmailer, aren't you?"

"I didn't make any demands." The young doctor had a smirk on his smug face.

“You didn’t say it, but your leering eyes have been all along.” She replied hotly, running her fingers through her lustrous red hair.

“So what do you say?” He held out his hands.

“When do you want me?”

“Tonight... unless you have prior appointment with your care bears.” He gave her a sly wink.

“No, I don’t have any for tonight.” The redhead stood up, smoothing down her tight uniform.

“That’s convenient.” He eyed her luscious curves and shifted uneasily on his chair.

“But to really get me going, I need to know what you did to get you here... no one in their right mind would want to work here.”

“And yet you are.” He stood up and stepped away from the desk.

“I get my wilder needs fulfilled without the risks.” Della sauntered over to the sickroom and trailed her hand over the bedrail of one of the beds. “The bad boys here can only give me what I want, and take nothing away.”

“But I’m different.” He replied, following her into the small room. “I can take everything away.”

“I don’t think you’d want to.” She turned to face him and began unbuttoning her blouse. “But I still want to know the bad things you did to get in here.”

“Will knowing of my crime turn you on even more?” His eyes were transfixed on her enticing cleavage. “Will that make me bad enough for you to risk getting in the sack with me?”

“Yes on both counts.” She unbuttoned her blouse completely and stood with her low cut bra and heaving breasts exposed. “Now tell me, Doc, what the fuck did you do?”

“Long story, I’ll give you the quick short version.” He said, his breath quickening at the sight of her near naked breasts. “I had a high position in a reputed medical center with my own wing, ran it the way I liked with my own team of doctors, nurses and technicians. We were a great team; we worked hard and played even harder.”

“Quite the prodigy, were you?” She asked, teasingly caressing the upper slopes of her breasts. “What did you play?”

“Games of love not meant for the faint hearted.” He swallowed hard, his erection getting really painful in its confined space.

“Some crazy fetishes, like mine.” She cupped her breasts from under the bra and pushed them higher.

“Yes, with toys and tools of bondage, all that sort of exciting stuff. Our patients paid good money for the special treatment. And then it all went wrong.”

“What happened?” The redhead dropped her blouse to the floor and began working on her tight skirt.

“The board assigned a new tech to my team, not one I’d care to have. But she was hot.” Rochester continued, unbuttoning his shirt and taking it off. “She discovered our special games and I tried flirting with her and taking her in.”

“And she didn’t bite?” Della smiled, dropping her skirt to stand before him in her bra and panties.

“She did bite, quite hard.” He groaned, his hard cock straining against his tight Jockey shorts. “And I had to discipline her. Things got out of hand and we were exposed. I lost everything and now I’m here.”

“And what happened to her and to your team.” She reached back to unclasp her bra, letting it fall to the floor.

“I don’t know.” He whispered, his eyes widening at her big bouncing breasts before him. “I last heard that she was some kind of spy, but I’d bet that’s a cover-up.”

“That’s some crazy shit.” Della stepped out of her panties and stood stark naked before him, a brazen gleam in her green eyes.

“Is it crazy enough to get you going?” He said thickly, dropping his trousers. “Am I nefarious enough for you now... does my badness make you all wet and hungry for me?”

“Well, you didn’t kill anyone.” She purred, running her hand down over her smooth belly and down to the fiery triangle over her enticing mound.

“I did.” He grinned, inserting his thumbs under the elastic band of his underwear. “I think one of the house plants died in all the chaos that day.”

“Fair enough.” She nodded, eyeing the bulge in his shorts and biting her lip. “And I can see you’ve been pretty eager to know me since we first met.”

“I’d have to be a fool not to.” He stepped up closer as she sat on one of the beds. “You’re the first hot woman I’ve seen in a month.”

“Well, I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t attracted to you.” She caressed his slender thigh as he stood before her.

“But you like these tough murderous bastards more.” He touched her hair and face gently.

“Well, beefsteak sure is good, but I crave for chocolate soufflé sometimes too.” She reached for his underwear and slid it down his legs, making his thick six inch cock spring out and bob before her face.

“Well, I wouldn’t consider myself as chocolate... maybe strawberry.” He groaned, thrusting his pelvis forward.

“Mmh, I love strawberry even more.” She said huskily, grasping his throbbing cock and pulling back the foreskin to expose the slimy, pre-cum dripping head. “So pink, so sexy red.”

“Oh, baby.” Rochester moaned as her lips slowly slid over the sensitive glans of his painful erection.

She looked up at him and worked her way down the shaft, going all the way until his pubic hair tickled her nose and his tight balls bumped her chin. His cock was young and really hard, something she hadn't had in awhile. Most of the criminals she was used to were older than her, with much bigger dicks than Rochester's, but his youth promised more.

He trembled as she deep-throated him, her hands expertly massaging his aching balls and tightened buttocks. She wanted to get the edge off to make him last longer when she took him inside her later on. Her tongue and lips worked his throbbing rod into a frenzy and she felt him tremble. His hands grasped her head tight and he almost fucked her mouth. She loved every minute of it, compared to all the wolf-like men she had been enjoying over the years, the young doctor was as gentle as a lamb.

“Oh, fuck... Della.” He groaned. “I'm going to blow... will you swallow?”

She looked up at him and nodded, sucking him with more intensity. He shook violently, and thrust his hips hard, calling out her name as he erupted deep in her mouth. Della was taken by surprise at the force of his orgasm. She gagged as a thick stream of his hot cum shot down her throat. Pulling her head back, she let the rest of his load squirt on her tongue, tasting him as he continued to fill her cheeks.

Della milked him expertly, her hands stroking the thick shaft and coaxing his balls in tandem. She knew he had a great climax and that he would be hard again in minutes, even though it had been a while since she had a man in his twenties to remember of their youthful virility.

“How was that, Doctor?” She asked the panting young man as she licked him clean.

“Heaven...” He gasped, dropping to his knees before her. “I was in fucking paradise for a moment there.”

“Are you ready for the next ride there?” She teased, massaging his shoulders.

“Hell, yeah, baby.” He grinned and grabbed at her smooth thighs. “But first I want a taste of your vintage wine... 1979 was a good year, yes?”

“The best, baby, lap it up.” She leaned back on the bed and lifted her feet to sit spread out before his eager face.

Rochester grabbed her buttocks and stuck his face right into her moist offering, his tongue darting for her sensitive clitoris. Her ecstatic gasps and moans told him he was hitting the right buttons as he slobbered over her entire slit. She arched her back, pushing her 36DD breasts out at him and he reached up to ease their want. His tongue probed in deep, wriggling inside her, filling her with an urge to pee. She threw her head back and laughed at the sensation.

“Oh, Liam... Liam... I’m so fucking hot for you right now.” Della whimpered, clawing at his head. “I want your rock hard cock deep in me, baby... come on up and fuck me.”

“Liam junior is all up and ready to dock into your port, night nurse.” He grinned and clambered over the bed.

She grabbed his erection and guided it into her hot, wet opening. Rochester closed his eyes and gave in to the sizzling furnace that engulfed him. For a woman her age, she was tight. She did well to keep herself in shape; he knew that from the first time he had seen her. His cock had never felt this good in a long time. He knew he wouldn’t hold on much longer, despite having blown his load into her mouth a short while ago.

“Oh, fuck me, Liam.” She cried out. “Fuck this little bitch to your cock’s content.”

“I am, baby, I am.” He grunted, hammering his hips hard against her and feeling his second orgasm building up steam.

“Oh, yes... baby, yes.” Della whimpered as the hot splash of his load triggered her own release.

She hugged his neck hard and shook as wave after wave of ecstasy rippled through her. She was a very sexual woman, the kind that demanded attention. Her legs wrapped around his waist, she intended to milk him of every drop that night. She squeezed him hard, siphoning his seed until she could feel his cock begin to recede. He grinned at her, panting and nuzzling her neck.

“I’m glad you could fit me into your tight schedule, night nurse.” Rochester whispered with a wink. “When can I make my next appointment?”

“Mondays and Thursdays would do fine, and if you’re good enough, I can throw in every alternate Saturday.”

“Oh, I’ll be good, I promise.”

# Story Sixteen

Todd Stellar tripped over a cord as he entered the set. A light flared and then tipped. Todd reached out to try to stop it from falling, but bumped into one of the tech's backs. The guy turned and shoved Todd back. The light casing hit the concrete floor and burst like a bomb. Glass exploded out across the concrete and the plastic of the filter popped up into the air before drifting back down like a jagged piece of leaf.

People all around the set screamed out in surprise. Everyone turned and looked at Todd.

The director said, "Get out ... You, get out. And cut. Reset. Hurry up before we go over budget and I murder someone. It's a damn butter commercial. This should not be this hard."

Todd backed away. His wife Stephanie spotted him and her eyes went wide. She was one of three buxom beauties in tiny bikinis on the set with a guy wearing some cross between a racing fire suit and something that Todd imagined Elvis or Liberachi wearing.

Stephanie covered her face and Todd felt ashamed.

He slinked back into one of the corridors under a set of empty stands. This set seemed to be one that was used for

some talk or variety show when it wasn't being used to film a commercial. It provided a dark place for Todd to hide after his major blunder. This was not how he wanted to celebrate his wife's twenty-fifth birthday – ruining her commercial shoot. If he stayed hidden, maybe no one would connect her with him until they were already gone.

The director rubbed at his forehead. Todd saw that the man was older with hard lines to his jaw. Todd guessed under fifty with a permanent tan. His dark hair was teased up and then combed back in sculpted curls. His muscles stood out on his arms where his sleeves were pushed up. Todd was a bit heavy around the middle. Sitting in an office chair all day every day handling accounts had not done much for Todd. Stephanie worked out regularly as an actress. Todd really had no excuse. Being a director was not a job with heavy lifting involved, but this guy was muscled to the point that veins stood out through his skin. If he wasn't calling cut, he looked like he could be a body-builder.

Make-up had come back onto the set as the crew swept up glass and hauled up another light.

The director shouted. "Get that all up. I don't need the girls cutting their bare feet. That is the last thing we need. Don't give me that look. Just do it. Triple check and sweep it again. Let's go."

The make-up team sprayed another layer of gelatin on the dude's chest inside his open racing suit. It made him look sweaty and greasy. They dabbed moisture off the girls and smeared on golden accents to appear like tan in the sunlight. One of the girls wore a golden bikini. Another had a silver bikini. They were so narrow and showed so much tit and ass that Todd couldn't imagine what channel would carry this commercial. His wife wore a stars and stripes bikini. She had a star over each nipple. Not very subtle at all. There was hardly enough material to put the red and blue stripes on.

Stephanie had long, dark hair. Her eyes were dark too. She had on smoky eyeliner that accented the deep, sultry look. Her full lips were painted blood red for the commercial. She was all tits, ass, and muscle.

Her tight curves again made Todd wonder why she had ever married a guy like him. He had gotten bigger since they got married three years earlier. She had gotten hotter. She was brand new to Los Angeles right out of college. She rode a bus out to Hollywood with no prospects. Todd was ten years older than her. He had a steady job as an accountant and they ended up together before Stephanie really realized she could do better. She was better than he deserved. The sex was mind blowing, but he wasn't sure he was always doing the same for her. Seeing her around hot actors every day worried him. He tried to double down on the oral to make up for what he lacked in manliness with extra enthusiasm. God knew he appreciated what he had in her.

Todd thought he might be the only guy in history that jerked off to thoughts of his own wife. Sometimes it was thinking about her with other men, but it was almost always her. He could not imagine a hotter woman in all the world.

One of the make-up girls was pointing at Stephanie's chest and talking. Todd couldn't hear what was being said on the set. Stephanie nodded. She reached down and pinched her nipples through the narrow material of the bikini top. She reached inside the cups and toyed at her bare nipples underneath. She straightened the top again and her nipples poked through the material hard and visible. That was the finishing touch apparently, Todd thought.

The light came back on and after the actors were reset, the director called, "Okay, quiet this time and I mean it, assholes. Places and roll. Action."

The women pawed all over the actor. Stephanie's hand traveled down the man's sequined belly very near his crotch. Todd saw the fake stick of butter on the dish very near the man's crotch like a bar of gold. It was angled out like it was meant to look like his golden cock. Todd couldn't help but to imagine that this was on purpose.

The actor said in a deep, booming voice, "I only butter my buns with the very best – Holsom's Best Real Butter.

Nothing says America like Holsom's Best. Melts evenly. Spreads perfectly.”

The girls ooped and ahhed as they pawed on him and kicked up their feet. A wind machine lifted a white scarf in the air behind him and stirred the girls' hair.

Todd whispered. “Oh, for God's sake. The butter is actually named Holsom? Really?”

Todd stepped out of his hiding place and tiptoed up the hall to get back to the parking lot to wait on Stephanie. He bumped into a stack of scaffolding off to one side. A pile of loose pipes rolled loose and clattered across the floor behind him.

The director spewed out a string of curses that Todd was pretty sure were in at least three other languages besides English. He followed the curses by screaming. “Cut. Whoever that was this time, bring him to me so that I can cut off his balls.”

Todd ran up the hallway in the dark and rounded the corner. He made it to the exit door and hit the crash bar stumbling out into the bright, Los Angeles sunlight. He made his way around the building back to the parking lot.

Todd sighed and leaned against the door of his car.

After about another hour, people started to filter out of the front doors of the studio. Todd moved around to the other side of the car and turned his back. He hunched over trying to hide himself from anyone that might recognize him from his two disruptions on the set.

The door opened again and Stephanie walked out next to the director. He was taller than Todd had realized. In the sunlight, the man's skin glistened with real sweat. He leaned down and gave Stephanie a kiss on both cheeks very near her mouth. She smiled. She patted his butt as she walked around him and the director returned the favor.

Todd looked away again as Stephanie approached. Todd opened the door and she sat down in the seat. She was wearing loose sweat pants and sandals. Todd licked his lips. Even her toes were sexy to him. Her sweat shirt was zipped down in the front far enough to show plenty of cleavage. She wasn't wearing a bra. From the smooth curve of her ass on the seat, Todd suspected she wasn't wearing panties either.

She looked up at him and smiled. Todd felt himself melt inside from her giving him that smile. She said, "You made quite an entrance and quite an exit, Todd. I'm supposed to be the diva. Remember?"

Todd grimaced and shrugged. “Sorry, Steph. I really am.”

“I know you are,” she said. “Let’s get on the road. Hal gave me the code for his gate. We’re supposed to go get comfortable before we start.”

Todd closed her door and grimaced again. His legs shook as he walked around the back of the car. He was more than a little nervous about what came next.

Todd opened his car door and sat down next to his wife. He started the car and gripped the steering wheel.

After a moment, Steph said, “You okay over there, Todd?”

He swallowed and said, “I’m a little nervous. I’m not used to being in front of the camera at all much less like this.”

“Oh, and you are saying I am?” She tilted her head and raised her perfect eyebrows. “You saying I’m some kind of porn star that does this all the time? Is that it?”

Todd coughed and shook his head as he stared forward at the fence through the windshield. “No. No, not at all. That’s

not what I'm saying. I'm just not used to performing at all. Performing sexually on camera. It's intimidating."

"So you are saying I'm comfortable performing as a slut on camera, huh?" Steph reached out and put her hand on Todd's shoulder. "You want me to give you some of my slut tips to help you out. Is that it?"

"No." Todd rubbed his face. "I'm just nervous. You are so hot. You look great no matter what you are doing. You are hot as hell just picking up around the house. I'm just saying I'm nervous that I will let you down. That's all."

After a pause, Steph leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. It was farther from his mouth than the director had kissed Steph, but it still felt good. She leaned back into her seat and took her hand off Todd's shoulder.

She said, "We don't have to, if you don't want to. This is what I wanted for my birthday for us, but if you are not up to it, we can call it off. I'll be disappointed, but I'll get over it. The money is already spent though."

"I thought this Hal guy was doing it as a favor," Todd said.

Stephanie laughed. “He’s a professional, Todd. Hal Collins is doing it on the cheap and that is the favor. He has to be compensated for his time, the equipment, the editing, and all. We’ll be out the money, but like I said, I’ll get over it. It won’t be the first time I haven’t gotten what I wanted in life. It won’t be the last time either.”

“No.” Todd sighed. “No, I’m not going to mess up your birthday just because I’m a little nervous. If you want a tape of us, then that is what you are going to get.”

She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek again. It was farther from his mouth than before.

She said, “Thank you, baby. You’re the best.”

He shifted into reverse and pulled out of the space. “No, Steph. You’re the best and you deserve the very best.”

They pulled out of the nearly empty parking lot.

Stephanie said, “Take a right here and follow this all the way out into the Hills.”

“The Hills,” Todd said. “Fancy.”

“Hal is letting us use his place to film,” Steph said.

“He’s going to let a couple strangers have sex in his house while he films it?” Todd asked.

“Not strangers,” she said. “He knows me. I’ve done several commercials with him. He’s actually looking into doing more films. He’s getting ready to direct one that he wrote himself. He’ll be a good contact, if he makes it big one day.”

“Well, after this, he’ll probably remember you,” Todd said.

Steph cleared her throat and said, “I’m going to take that as a compliment whether you meant it that way or not.”

“I did,” Todd said.

“Good. This will be a lot of fun. Just relax. We’ll have a nice birthday souvenir for when we are old, wrinkled, and gray together.”

Todd laughed as the light turned green. Traffic was still backed up, but started moving finally. He just made it through the light before it changed again.

It made him feel good that she was picturing them together still once they turned old. She had given him no reason that he should worry, but he did anyway. Todd figured that came with being married to someone out of his league.

A thought occurred to him and Todd felt nervous all over again. “Oh, Jeez, is there going to be a whole crew there?”

Steph laughed and Todd felt his balls draw up against his body.

She said, “No, I think it will just be me, you, and him. It’s a closed set, I guess you could say.”

Todd sighed and swallowed before he said, “I guess that’s better. A dude watching me is still going to be nerve wracking.”

“If you let yourself get all nervous,” she said, “you’re going get up all in your head and you won’t have any fun at all.”

Todd felt himself shrivel a little farther. “Not helping, Steph. Really not helping. Maybe he’s used to filming this

kind of action, but I'm afraid of ... performance anxiety."

"He's not a porn director either, Todd. Hal's doing us a favor here."

"For a fee," Todd said.

"A very small fee," Steph said.

Todd took a couple deep breaths and shook his head. He said, "I'll do my best, but I think we are way past just relaxing and not being nervous."

Steph said, "I'll get you drunk first and then take advantage of you."

"Funny," Todd said. "I might need more than liquor."

"Viagra?" she asked.

"Oh, Jesus, I don't know if I'm ready to start going down that road."

Steph laughed. "There's no shame in it. But maybe I can do a little something to give your plumbing some priming

before our big scene.”

Todd glanced over, but then turned his eyes back onto the road. “Are you serious? Do you mean like ... fluffing?”

Steph cleared her throat. “It bothers me that you know that term. Maybe you are the one spending too much time on porn. I’m not going to touch you because I need you hard when we start shooting, but I can do a little something to get us both going before then.”

The city fell behind and they started winding up into the Hills.

“What do you mean then?” Todd asked.

“Turn up here before we get to the Canyon,” she said.

“Here?” he asked.

“That’s it.”

“Okay, Steph, how far now?”

“Keep going,” she said. “I’ll tell you what to do.”

Todd kept driving along the winding road clinging to the side of the slope.

Steph unzipped her top and pulled it open. She wasn't wearing a bra after all. Her huge tits hung out as she leaned back and parted the sides of her sweatshirt. Her nipples were standing out hard from her pale areolas like they had been under her patriotic bikini in the butter commercial.

She cupped breasts squeezing them and changing their shapes. She teased out her nipples as she held her breasts from underneath. Todd kept looking over trying not to drive off the road and tumble down the cliffs as she was causing a terrible distraction. Todd's shriveled cock twitched back to life and he had to shift back and forth in his seat belt as it fought against his pants.

“Does my big man like that?” she asked pulling at and flicking her nipples for him.

He reached out to grab one of her breasts, but she swatted his hand away.

Todd grabbed the wheel with both hands again and said, “Hey, what gives?”

“You need to be hot and bothered for later ... not satisfied.”

Todd groaned as he glanced at her playing with her breasts again and then back to the road. He said, “If you keep that up, I may just cum in my pants, Steph.”

Her voice turned harsh. “You better not. You have a job to do and that job is fucking my beautiful body on camera, baby.”

“Holy shit.” He breathed out as he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. “What did I ever do to deserve you?”

“No one deserves me,” she said. “You just get me because I give myself to you. Enjoy it. I want you hard when it comes time to fuck me.”

“You’re making me so hard I’m not sure I’m going to be able to walk once I get out of this car,” Todd said.

“Good,” Steph said. “I’ll keep going then.”

She took hold of the waistband of her sweats and pushed them down past her hips. The muscle stood out

between her hips and stomach. Todd shivered as he stole glances at his wife. She lifted her ass and slid her pants down exposing the perfect curves of her cheeks. She uncovered her shaved pussy and stopped halfway down her thighs.

Todd licked his lips as he glanced at her tits and pussy.

Steph pulled at one of her nipples and shook her breast playfully. Her other hand slid slowly down her stomach and down between her legs. She traced up and down her slit with one finger. Todd could hear the wet sound of her finger dancing over her pussy. She twirled her finger causing the tip to vanish between her pussy lips. The lips shifted from side to side with the motion of her finger and the wet smacking sound grew louder. She finally used her other fingers to part her lips showing the damp pink hidden there. She doubled up her fingers and rubbed quickly and lightly over the swollen bulb of her clit.

Her mouth opened as her back arched and her tongue flicked out over her teeth. She gave only a breathy sound at first, but then a high moan escaped with the last bit of air. She closed her teeth and sucked in air again.

The sound of it made Todd dizzy with desire. He gripped the wheel tighter to focus his concentration back on the road.

She slid her fingers down flicking from side to side to play with every inch of her pussy. Steph plunged both fingers inside herself. As her tight pussy stretched around her fingers, she let out a deeper more throaty moan. Her fingers disappeared inside herself up to the last knuckle. She held and shook for a moment with enough pent up energy to cause her tits to jiggle.

Todd blinked at the sweat dribbling in his eyes and stared at the road again. He whispered. “Holy shit, you are so fucking hot.”

She started pumping her fingers in and out of herself. She started rocking her entire body in response to the fucking she was giving herself with her fingers. She released her tit and put her other hand down into her pussy as well. The action caused her biceps to push her tits together and up between her arms. She twirled her fingers in a circle over her clit as she fucked herself with two fingers.

Steph pulled her fingers out of her pussy and held them out under Todd’s nose. He took a deep sniff of her aroma off her fingers. He had to concentrate not to close his eyes.

She said, “Lick them off, baby.”

Todd flicked out his tongue and licked along the fingers as he watched the road ahead. He recognized her taste and desired more. As if knowing how much he wanted it, she said, "More."

Todd stuck out his tongue and lapped up and down the length of her fingers. She turned them over and spread them apart so that he licked up all her juices off of them. She put them back together and said, "Take them into your mouth. Suck them clean, baby."

Todd parted his lips. She slid her fingers slowly into his mouth. He sucked on them as she pumped them in and out of his tight mouth. He was rock hard to the point that his cock ached in his pants. He started to think that the way he was sucking her fingers was like sucking a dick. He felt his cock whither a little.

She pulled her fingers away and used his spit as lubricant as she went back into her pussy again with both fingers. He was back to growing hard again. She slid her fingers up and added a third. As she drove all three fingers back into her pussy, she opened her mouth and screamed. Todd swerved, but regained control of his car. She fucked herself with three fingers and rubbed her clit at a more furious pace. She bounced up and down in her seat like she was riding a cock. Her ass slapped against the seat nearly shaking the entire car.

Steph bit her lip and said, “Baby, touch me. Touch while I cum. I’m going to be so wet for you when it’s time to fuck.”

He reached for her tits with one hand as he steered with the other, but then she said, “No. Not my tits. Down there.”

He paused, but then smiled as he lowered his hand toward her pussy. He glanced away from the road for a second to see where to work his hand down between her two hands.

She said, “No. Not my pussy. Tease my ass, baby. Do it fast. I’m so close.”

His smile faded a little, but he reached over her pussy and down between her legs on the seat. His fingers slid underneath. Her ass was spread against the seat under her in a way that made him think she had done it on purpose. He pressed his fingers against her ass and felt the tight muscles there start to give.

She said, “Not on the inside. Nothing in my ass today. Play around the outside.”

He touched, rubbed and toyed with her ass. He had to concentrate on the road, but he could feel her hands working her pussy under his forearm.

She said, “Lick your fingers and play with my ass more. Hurry, baby. I’m so close.”

Todd wished he had licked his fingers before he had touched her ass, but he wasn’t about to let her down. He brought his hand up quickly like he had done with her fingers. He tasted her on his fingers again. It wasn’t as pleasant as the taste of her pussy. He sucked all over his fingers and thought about dicks again.

He reached back under her quickly with his wet fingers. His fingers slid around her ass slippery with his own spit. She started pumping her hips and he followed her motion to keep working her ass like she had instructed him.

He felt her ass cheeks tighten on his hand. She moaned and her pussy squirted out all over his dashboard before dripping down into the floorboard. She squirted again and it splattered all over his hand.

She brought her hands up to her mouth and licked them off. She said, “Clean your hand, baby.”

Todd brought his dripping hand away from her ass. He licked off his fingers again enjoying the mix of flavors.

Steph slumped in the seat heaving for air causing her tits to bounce. Her fingers went back to her pussy and turned slow lazy circles like she was winding down. He didn't like the idea that he was ready to pop and she was already spent. Maybe it was different for men and women. Todd was thirty-five. He thought he should know these things by now.

Steph said, "Take a right up here. Go slow. This is his driveway and will bring us to the gate."

Todd made the right and noticed she was still casually stroking her pussy. She was making no motion to cover herself. He supposed that if they were going to be making a professional sex tape, that maybe it didn't really matter either way. Still, it seemed weird.

The driveway was easily as long as the road they had just been on. As they weaved through a forest of tall trees that Todd was sure had to be transplanted there, he saw the gate ahead.

"Stop here," said Steph.

Todd did. She opened her door and stepped out with her sweats still around her thighs and her sweatshirt still hanging open to show her tits. Todd enjoyed the view of her ass pumping with each step and her tits bouncing free. She walked as if her pants around her thighs were no big deal. He wondered if Director Hal Collins had security cameras that were going to give him his own private sex tape. A place like this had to have cameras. Todd felt a burning in the center of his chest.

Instead of hitting a buzzer, she typed in a seven digit code. The gate swung inward and she went back around the car. Steph got in and closed the door. She went back to slowly sliding her fingers through her wet pussy again.

Steph said, "Pull up into the circle by the fountain and stop anywhere."

"How do commercials pay for a house like this?" Todd asked as he drove in.

The gate swung closed behind them.

Steph said, "His parents had money and he had some successful infomercials for diet pills and some cleaning products. Like I said, he'll be a good person to know for my career once his films hit."

Todd sighed. "I hate him already."

"Don't you dare embarrass me," Steph said.

Seeing as they were going to be making a sex tape here, that seemed like an odd request.

Todd said, "I'll behave."

That seemed like an odd promise under the circumstances too.

Todd pulled to a halt next to the fountain and Stephanie stepped out still exposed to anyone who might be looking. She pulled up her sweats, but then took a deep breath swelling out her breasts. Todd stared and licked his lips. She zipped up, but stopped well short of covering much more than her nipples and those just barely.

Todd stepped out with her and followed her up the walk. She stepped right in like she owned the place and Todd followed. He looked up the double stair cases which curved up along the wide walls of the foyer to a high balcony and rooms above. Todd felt more than a little intimidated.

They walked through into the living room. Light from the setting sun over the high perch of the mansion on the hills filled the room. The room was set up with couches, a saddle on a wooden horse, and even a swing with fake vines spiraling down the support cables bolted to the ceiling. A camera and lights were set up but off aiming toward the unusual scene.

“What in God’s name?” Todd said. “I thought you said he wasn’t that kind of director?”

Steph swatted his shoulder. It caused her tits to jiggle inside her barely zipped sweatshirt. She said, “He’s not. This is set up for us, dummy. You promised you would behave.”

Todd stared at the swing and swallowed. “I will.”

She walked over to the kitchen counter and pulled open the glass door to a built in cooler. She lifted out a bottle of red wine with a temporary stopper shaped like a silver dragon. It had already been opened at some point and was being chilled along side a dozen more bottles in the racks.

She took two glasses off the hanging racks under the cabinets and poured each of them a glass once she removed the silver dragon stopper. Steph clinked her glass against Todd’s before he had picked it up. She said, “Here’s to us.”

She drank hers down and refilled it. Todd took a sip and set his back on the counter.

Steph asked, “What’s wrong with you?”

“Just nervous.”

“That’s what the wine is for.” She slid his glass closer to him on the edge of the counter.

Todd didn’t take it. “Not sure getting drunk is the best thing for my performance.”

“One way to find out.” She drank down half of her refill before filling her glass back up again.

Todd laughed.

“You need to unwind somehow,” she said. “Why don’t you eat my pussy?”

He laughed again, but she stood up off her stool and bent over it still sipping at her wine. Steph used her free hand to push her sweats down to her knees.

“You’re serious?” he said.

“I’m not kidding,” Steph said. “You need to relax and I need to stay wet. Do your duty, baby.”

“Yes, ma’am”

Todd got on his knees behind his wife and spread her beautiful ass to get better access to her pussy. She was still wet from her earlier squirt, but he didn’t question it. Todd plunged in face first. He ran his tongue from her clit through her pussy almost to her ass. She bucked her hips causing his tongue to hit home on her ass. He wasn’t sure if she did it on purpose or not, but he went ahead and licked her ass as she moaned. He licked back into her pussy. Steph backed into his face fucking his tongue. Todd squeezed her plump ass cheeks as he tongued his wife’s clit.

He heard noises he couldn’t place and thought it might be her making them until she said, “Hey, Hal, just getting warmed up.”

It had been footsteps.

“Don’t let me interrupt,” a familiar voice said. “We might just start rolling.”

Todd jumped up out of his wife's ass with his face glistening with her pussy juices. He saw the director from the butter commercial earlier that day looking even more muscular up close. That must have been Hal Collins. There were two other men standing behind Hal clearly enjoying the view of Steph. Todd stared back in shock.

Hal stuck out his hand and Todd took it. It was a crushing shake. The director said, "I'm Hal. These are my guys for light and sound. We're going to make magic today, I promise."

"Light and sound?" Todd asked.

"This is going to be a top notch, professional piece," Hal assured. "We are all professionals here too. Nothing to be nervous about."

Despite Hal's assurances, Todd reached for his wine glass only to find both were empty. Steph must have downed them both as Todd was licking her ass and pussy.

Steph shook all three men's hands with her pants down and her tits nearly falling out. After she shook hands, she pulled them back up.

“How do you want to start?” Steph asked.

Hal snapped his fingers and the other two men took their places. Lights flared on as the sun disappeared out over the horizon. The other man lifted the boom microphone.

Hal said, “Let’s keep it organic. I’ll give direction, but we’ll just go with it and get the best performance we can. One way or the other, we will leave with a great video, I promise, and as you know, Stephanie Stellar, I keep my promises.”

“I do know,” she said, “and sounds good.”

Hal moved over to the camera. “Let’s not worry about costuming. It’s all coming off anyway. Stephanie, sit down on the swing. Todd ... It’s Todd, right? Okay, Todd, come over and stand by her ... Quarter turn out, Todd. No, out toward camera. That’s right. Take his cock out Stephanie and start sucking it . We’re rolling when ready.”

Steph fluffed up her tits in her open shirt and unzipped Todd’s pants. He was visibly shaking. His cock was shriveled up and limp barely sticking out from his balls. She stared a moment and then looked up at Todd.

Hal said, “Not a problem. Just start sucking, Stephanie, and get him excited. We have time. This is all digital.”

Stephanie took him into her mouth and started sucking. He barely had enough length for her to move up and down on him, but she tried. Todd closed his eyes and held onto the cable of the swing.

“At least look like you are enjoying it, Todd,” Hal said.

Todd opened his eyes. Steph cut her eyes up at him and looked angry, but she kept sucking. Todd looked away.

Hal said, “Take your clothes off, Stephanie. Give him something to look at while you suck him hard.”

She kept his tiny prick in her mouth as she unzipped her sweatshirt as if she were ripping it off. Her tits flung free and she threw the sweatshirt aside. She stood up off the swing and bent over keeping him in her mouth the whole time. Her tongue was working its magic and it felt good, but Todd was too nervous to enjoy it. She hooked her thumbs into her sweats and pulled them down off her ass and legs. She kicked them off back behind her and sat back down on the swing. Steph spread her legs. She toyed with her wet pussy and cupped her breasts. She was exposed to the camera, but had her head turned sideways to work Todd’s unresponsive cock. She reached up and pulled at his ball sack. It was tight against his body like he had dipped his balls in ice water.

Hal whispered. "Good, Stephanie. You're doing great. That is so sexy. Keep going. Get into it, Todd."

Todd put his hand on top of her head and closed his eyes again.

Steph pulled off of him and sighed. "I'm getting nothing here. What do I need to do?"

Todd looked down and saw he was just as shriveled as when they started. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Hal said. "I promised we'd get a great tape and we will. Take your clothes off Todd and see if that helps."

Todd swallowed and shook as he stripped down awkwardly. He tried to suck in his belly, but it didn't work. Steph went back to licking and sucking. Finally, she pulled away and threw her hands out. "I think this is a bust, Hal. Sorry to waste your time."

Hal stepped out around the camera. He signaled back to his light guy who took hold of the camera. Hal stood on the

other side of Steph. The director asked, “You watch a lot of porn, Todd?”

Todd stammered.

Steph said, “Just answer him.”

“Yes, some ... maybe a lot. I mostly fantasize about Steph and that is the truth.”

Steph smiled at him and Todd felt a little better.

Hal asked, “What kind of fantasies? Just you and her? Her with other women? With other men?”

Todd cleared his throat and looked away. “Sometimes, I guess.”

“I promised a great tape,” Hal said. “Let’s unlock some of those fantasies and see if we can get this going.”

Hal unzipped and flopped out a thick, hard ten inch cock. His balls hung fat and heavy.

“What are you doing?” Todd asked.

“Trust me,” Hal said. “Motivation. Imagine this is a porn with Stephanie doing multiple men ... a threesome. I’ll just be here, but she’ll be doing you. Imagine it is one of your fantasies.”

Steph leaned in and started sucking Todd again.

“Is it helping?” Hal asked.

Todd shrugged. “Maybe some.”

Steph pulled off his cock. “Not much.”

“Hold me while you suck him,” Hal said. “Help with the fantasy.”

Steph grabbed Hal’s cock at the base as she sucked Todd.

“Okay, I’m feeling something,” Todd said.

Steph started stroking Hal.

Hal whispered. “Yes, that’s it. Keep going. You’re doing great, Stephanie. Play with her tits, Todd.”

Todd reached down to obey. As he did, he pulled his limp cock from her mouth. Steph couldn’t reach it because of his belly. She turned and licked the head of Hal’s cock instead. Todd stared in shock as Steph took Hal’s fat cock into her mouth and pumped her head up and down its length.

Todd kept fondling her breast and turned to stare into the camera.

“Don’t look into camera, Todd.” Hal order as Steph sucked the director’s cock and cupped his balls. “Eat her pussy again.”

Todd dropped down to his knees and ran his tongue up and down his wife’s slit as he looked up to see Hal squeezing one of Steph’s tits. She held her hand over his on her tit. Hal thrust between her red lips fucking her mouth slapping his balls against her chin.

“You hard yet?” Hal asked.

Todd actually pulled away from his wife’s pussy to look. A tiny string of clear fluid dripped from his limp dick. Todd said, “No, sorry.”

“The show must go on,” Hal said.

Hall picked up Stephanie off the swing and carried her to one of the couches. The camera panned to follow. The boom hung over them as Hal set her on her knees bent over the arm of the couch.

He said, “Lean out, so your tits show.”

She obeyed.

“Arch your back to give me more ass and pussy.”

She did.

Hal lined up his cock and drove it inside. She let out a throaty moan as he started pounding. As he slapped his body against her ass shaking her tits over the end of the couch, he said, “Bring your hair over your shoulder.”

Steph flipped her hair as ordered.

Hal said, “Todd, get in on this. Let her suck you. Surely, this will get you hard.”

Todd stepped forward, but he felt more deflated than ever. He stood in front of her. Steph's mouth was open as she moaned and bounced on Hal's cock, but she turned her head away from Todd.

Hal said, "Todd, you're blocking shot. Take a step to the side. No, the other way. A little farther. Farther. More."

Steph screamed out. "More!"

But Todd was pretty sure she was talking about something else. Todd backed into the swing and stumbled.

"I give the direction here," Hal said.

Todd rubbed at his shriveled cock as he watched his wife get pounded by Hal. Hal gave her a spank on one ass cheek and Steph cried out. "Oh, yes, you fuck me so good."

The camera zoomed in.

Hal flipped her over on her back and Steph grabbed the arm of the couch behind her as she spread her legs wide. Hal drove his cock back into her pussy and rammed down into her shaking the whole couch.

He pulled out and climbed up to put his cock between her tits. Steph pushed them together for him. He was so long that as he fucked her tits, the head of his cock popped in and out of her mouth with loud slurping noises.

“I’m going to cover that pretty face with cum,” Hal said.

Steph wink up at him. She pulled off his cock long enough to say, “You want to fuck my ass before you’re done?”

Todd and Hal both said in unison, “Are you serious?”

“You’re the director,” she said pausing to slurp his cock a few times more times between her tits. “You make the call.”

Hal smiled and climbed back down. He pushed her legs up to get better access to her ass. Steph hugged her legs into her chest to help him out.

Hal snapped his fingers and said, “Get in close for this.”

The light man turned camera operator pulled in close to Steph's ass. Hal spread her for the camera and guided his cock in. Her ass relaxed and stretched as he drove in inch by inch. They both moaned and Hal went in balls deep. He started pounding taking long strokes fucking her ass hard and fast.

Todd let go of his limp cock and folded his arms. He whispered. "She said nothing was going in her ass today."

Hal squeezed one of Steph's tits as he pounded her ass on the couch. He shouted. "Quiet on the set. This will be the money shot."

Todd closed his mouth and gathered up his clothes. As he got dressed, he was going to storm out, but he couldn't stop watching.

Hal spread her legs apart and pulled out of her ass. Steph grabbed her tits and stuck out her tongue. Hal stroked his cock over her pussy and then squeezed. His cum shot out one spurt after another on her stomach, tits, and into her mouth. The cum dribbled down her chin and then dripped off his cock onto her pussy. Hal dropped back onto the couch. Steph licked her lips and then licked the cum off her tits.

"That was hot," Steph said.

“I’ll have an edit for you in a few days,” Hal said.

Steph got dressed like nothing was wrong ignoring the fact that she was drenched in another man’s cum. Steph and Todd walked out together.

“You’re messy.” Todd whispered.

She said, “I’ll let you do your duty and clean me off later, baby.”

Todd turned red.

As they drove away, Steph said, “You’re quiet.”

Todd cleared his throat. “It was all a bit much.”

“You didn’t thank Hal for his work.”

Todd coughed and said, “Thank him for fucking my wife?”

“It was a threesome,” she said. “You got sucked. It’s not his fault you got camera shy ... it got camera shy.”

Todd looked down at his lap and back at the road.  
“Sorry.”

“It’s okay, baby. I think you’ll feel better when we watch it in private while you fuck me. I’ll let you take me in the ass while you watch, if you want.”

Todd cleared his throat and said, “I’m not sure I want to watch that ... again.”

“Do it for me,” she said.

Todd sighed. “Okay.”

Her phone rang and she picked up.

Hal on the other end said, “Are you with him now?”

“Yes,” she said.

Hal said, “I have a copy for you and the extra. Do you want me to go ahead and leak it in the next few days like we planned?”

“That will be fine.”

Hal said, “We’ll work out the press stuff and outrage, so no one knows we did it on purpose. It will be good publicity for our movie. I wasn’t expecting to be staring in it, but when Todd petered out, I knew we needed to change the plan.”

“Good,” Steph said.

Hal laughed and said, “Is Todd going to lose it when this goes public?”

“It will be fine. I’ll talk to you soon.”

Steph hung up.

“Who was it?” Todd asked.

Steph smiled and said, “An audition. We have good things coming up in our future.”

Todd nodded, but kept his eyes forward as he drove.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renown naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Seventeen

She was lost again! Cassie paused at the junction of a long hallway, her eyes darting left and right. Which way were the elevators? Left? Right? Straight ahead?

The entire building made her feel like she'd been somehow dumped into a maze. She got lost easily and often and she hoped that would eventually pass as she familiarized herself with the place. It had only been a week, she consoled herself, surely everyone who ever started to work there had the same experience with the place.

That might be true but she knew that tardiness was inexcusable, especially when it came to meetings that her boss, Carl Marks, absolutely had to be present for, and her heart skipped a few beats if she wondered if today would be the day she was fired, and all because she couldn't seem to manage to find her way to the stupid elevators!

The file in her hand rustled, a not-so-silent indictment. She had to hurry. The meeting was in just a few minutes and she still had to get back to Mr. Marks's office and deliver the file plus gather her thoughts so she could do her job in the meeting.

Oh if only she wasn't so confused! Why couldn't the corporation simply put signage up so it would be easier to

navigate the bland and endless corridors and the often hidden, in plain sight, banks of elevators that didn't always go to the floors she needed to be on.

Mr. Marks was going to be furious if she were late!

The thought of her boss made her start walking again, her eyes desperately seeking some familiar landmark in the sea of cubicles and closed doors. A little shiver ran up her spine as she considered what he would say if she were late today.

What if he didn't fire her? What if, instead, he walked toward her, his dark and perfectly coiffed hair slightly mussed by one strong hand and his dark brown eyes blazing with anger? What if he stopped just short of her body, his lean and elegant frame betraying his rage with a few trembles?

What if he said, in that deep and smoky baritone voice of his, "Miss Wilson, you are late again. This is wholly unacceptable. You must be punished. Lift your skirt, remove your panties, and bend over my desk for your spanking," and then she did bend over his desk like that and he did spank her?

Cassie had no idea where that fantasy had sprung up from. It made her face hot and her panties flood with sticky juices though. Cassie knew about sex, but knowing about it

was as far as it went. At eighteen she'd somehow managed to not get laid at all, and not because she didn't want to either.

The elevators! Relief filled her and she dashed toward them and got in just before the doors closed. The fantasy had vanished for a moment but she got off the elevators and scrambled madly toward the door of Marks's office it came back, causing her face to flush and her breath to come far too quickly.

Marks's office featured both an outer area where her own desk sat, and the inner office where he currently sat. He'd removed the dark Italian wool jacket to reveal the crisp white button-down he wore below, and the shirt hugged the broad expanse of his shoulders and when he looked up and shifted slightly.

The natural flex of his powerful body made her throat dry and her pulse speed up. She said, "I've brought you the file and my things are ready to go. The meeting is..."

He waved a hand at her. "I'm aware of when the meeting is." His eyes stayed on hers and she squirmed, wondering if he was able to see that hidden desire for him written large on her face.

There was a framed print behind his head and she caught a faint and ghostly reflection of herself. Long blonde hair neatly tucked into a bun that pulled her hair back from her high pale forehead. Her blue eyes were wide and two spots of color rode high in her cheeks and her full lips were parted slightly from exertion.

She glanced down to see that her formerly neat blue blouse had wrinkled slightly over her full breasts and her skirt had twisted slightly. To top it all off there was a small run beginning in one of her stockings, right down near her right foot.

Irritation and worry ran through her. Mr. Marks had yet to speak again. She had no idea if she was dismissed or to stay. She gulped hard and asked, “Would you like me to gather anything else before we go, Sir?”

He waved one hand at her, “No, no thank you. I’m merely waiting for Hodges and Slay to show up... oh, there they are now.”

Cassie pasted what she hoped was a very professional smile on her face as the other two men walked in. Hodges, like Marks and Slay, was in his early thirties and extremely handsome. Unlike Marks and Slay, Hodges was a very fair blonde with icy blue eyes and a habit of scrutinizing her closely. Cassie blushed and hastily looked away from his

intense gaze. She was always terrified that he had measured her up and somehow found her wanting.

Marks stood and said, “Please retrieve the necessary items and follow us, Miss Wilson.”

She nodded and followed them out of the office, grabbing her bag as they passed her desk. The worrisome run in her stocking caught her attention again and she gnawed at her bottom lip. She knew very well that her appearance was a reflection of her boss, and that right then she hardly looked her best.

That alone might get her fired and she definitely needed this job. She was fresh out of school, and on her own. She’d rushed out into the world with the money she’d saved from working while she was in high school and she knew, far too well, how little money was left in her bank account.

Those rather depressing thoughts were pushed aside when she caught a whiff of Marks’s cologne floating on the air he’d already passed through. That spicy exotic scent he wore was entirely masculine and she inhaled it then held her breath, hoping to keep it in her nostrils just a little longer.

She knew she was playing with fire. Fantasizing about her boss was a silly, and senseless, thing to do. It was wholly

possible that she would end up losing her job if she didn't start concentrating on more important things than sexual fantasies that invariably left her frustrated and horny, say making sure her stockings were in good repair and memorizing the layout of the building.

They entered an elevator and headed toward the building's highest floors. The elevator gave off a weird little groan and she frowned as it lurched slightly then steadied. A little tremble ran through her but the car's ascent smoothed out and they finished the ride without issue, to her relief.

Several days before a woman had been trapped in an elevator for several hours! Many of the elevators were undergoing repairs and she knew that many of them were being completely replaced due to some damage done to them after that last earthquake.

The doors of the car slid open with a pneumatic whine, cutting off her thoughts. They headed for the large conference room with Cassie walking behind them. She had a perfect view of all their backsides, shown off by their well-tailored pants.

Desire shot through her as the men's long legs moved, their slacks clinging to the lean muscles of their calves and thighs and the firm uplift of their well-toned asses. Her mouth hung open slightly as she watched them move, and she felt

that same pleasurable rush of excitement flow through her body, sending heat sweeping down her lower body and into her pelvis.

She shook her head to clear it as they went into the conference room. The others were gathered, their secretaries and assistants sitting or standing nearby. There were no free chairs so she hastily opened her tablet to make notes and stood at the ready, trying not to look around at the other assistants.

All of them were so put together! The torn stocking and the wrinkled blouse made her feel insecure and slightly ashamed. She was much younger than the other assistants and she was aware of that but she was angry at herself anyway. She had a lot more to prove than they did, and she couldn't even keep her stocking from running!

The meeting had started while she'd been lost in her recriminations. She hurriedly began to take notes, shifting slightly so the heavy bag hanging over her shoulder wouldn't interfere with her hands and arms.

She cast a quick look about hoping someone else might have set their bag down so she could follow suit but, of course, not one bag sat on the floor. The bosses often got up and walked around the tables or toward the spot where the presentation materials were set up. It wouldn't do for one of them to trip or fall.

The meeting dragged on and on. She took her notes and fretted about her appearance. She took notes and imagined Marks taking her back to the office and chastising her in delicious ways for her inability to maintain a proper appearance.

Eventually the meeting ended. Marks, Slay, and Hodges stayed after for a few minutes, discussing something in low tones in a corner as the others all drifted out and headed for their own offices.

Cassie put her tablet back into her bag and forced herself not to fidget. It was far past quitting time, and she was wondering if she was supposed to simply leave or stay. Marks offered no help, his back was to her and the three men were obviously engaged in a serious conversation she was loathe to intrude upon.

Marks finally exclaimed, “We’ve forgotten the time, fellas! Forgive us, Miss Wilson, I didn’t mean to keep you late.”

She smiled, “That’s okay, Sir.”

They headed, in a group, for a bank of elevators. The car came to a rattling halt and Cassie gave it a worried glance

as she stepped inside, accompanied by the three men. The doors shut and the car began to descend in a creaking and halting fashion. Cassie, nervous, glanced around but none of the others seemed to notice and she took a deep breath, telling herself it was fine, after all they didn't seem worried.

Then the elevator stopped. It didn't stop at the floor it was supposed to either. It shuddered to a groaning stop directly between two floors.

Sweat popped up on Cassie's forehead. She stared at the men, at the doors, and the blinking light located above the door where a number should have registered.

Marks swore. "It looks like we took the wrong elevator."

Slay groaned, "Dammit, I thought they had fixed all of these damn things already." He punched the door open button with his broad thumb but nothing happened. He punched it again then hit the button for the floor above, and then the floor below.

Nothing.

A little squeak of dismay came from Cassie's mouth. "Are we stuck in here?"

Marks sighed and ran a hand through his hair, mussing it so that it looked exactly like it did in her fantasies, a development that completely took her mind away from the issue at hand for a moment.

Hodges said, “That just figures, and just when I have so much to get done.”

Slay put in, “Someone got trapped for hours just a few days ago. I don’t know about any of you but I sure as hell don’t want to be stuck in here for hours with nothing to do.”

Cassie said, “We could try to call.”

Hodges said, “Yes, that’s...” he picked up the little phone and groaned. “Not working. That figures too.”

“Try the alarm,” Marks suggested.

Hodges pressed it firmly but nothing happened. They all gawked at each other for a few moments. Slay sighed with impatience and said, “Well, now what?”

“We could try to open the doors,” Cassie suggested, “look and see how close we are to the floor. If we’re near

enough to one maybe there'd be enough room for us to climb out.”

Marks said, “Now that’s an idea.” He tried the doors, his arms with their powerful and lean muscles straining. Sweat appeared on his forehead and he grunted then planted his feet and tried again before cursing loudly.

All three men tried it. Cassie took a few things out of her bag, hoping to find something that might help them to get the doors open but all she had was the tablet, a small laptop, a few files and a single granola bar. “Sorry,” she murmured. “Somehow I can’t help but feel I should have been better prepared.”

Marks said, “Oh? Why? Nobody could have foreseen this. Well, maybe we all should have given the way that damn company that’s replacing these things has been so lax about their jobs, either way it’s absolutely not your fault.”

She smiled, pleased at the slight praise. Then she blurted out, “I’m afraid my first week has been less than stellar all the way around and so I’m apologizing a lot these days.”

“You’re doing fine.” Marks smiled at her and said, “When I started with the company I was on the third floor and

on my first day they gave me an assistant who was having her first day too. She was so nervous she set my desk on fire.”

Slay roared laughter. “I remember that. Your whole desk, including the company computer!”

Hodges laughed too. “That was funny. Whatever happened to her?”

Marks said, “When I transferred up here she went to work on the sixth floor. She was great after that, and you’ll get the hang of it, Miss Wilson. We were all new to our jobs once after all.”

She’d always thought he was cold, and so were the others but now she was beginning to see them in a new light and she relaxed. “Well, so the door won’t open. Is there an emergency exit?”

They all looked around but they saw nothing. Hodges said, “I knew we should have gotten out of there while the getting was good. There goes my drinks and dinner plans.”

Silence fell. Hodges tried the alarm, the phone, and the buttons again then said, “Damned if I know. Anyone’s cell working?”

They all whipped out their phones to see no service available. Marks pocketed his and said, “I saw a television show once where people were in an elevator and they got out of it by going through the top.”

They all looked upward. Hodges squinted and said, “It looks like it’s solid though.”

“We need a closer look,” Slay said. “Here, give me a boost up.”

Hodges and Marks put their hands together and Slay stepped into their palms. They lifted him and Cassie held her breath while he teetered and then said, “There’s a door but it’s...oof!”

Marks and Slay kept him from falling, but only barely. Marks said, “You’ve gained a little weight since college,” in an apologetic tone.

Slay nodded and said, “Miss Wilson, if we lift you do you think you might be able to find the door release up there?”

She gave the high ceiling of the car a dubious look. It appeared to be solid stainless steel but she didn’t want to say

no to them after they'd been so kind, and she also didn't relish the idea of being trapped in a closed elevator all night. She bit her lips, she was not overweight but she was a curvy girl, and she wasn't sure how long they'd be able to hold her. "I think so. Where did you see the door?"

Hodges said, "See that seam there? Follow it down to the corner."

She saw it suddenly and a smile bloomed. "Wow, you have great eyes. I never would have seen that."

She took her shoes off, suddenly horribly aware that the run had grown and spread up her ankle to her shin. She gulped and stepped into their hands and they hoisted her upward. Their hands rested on her legs and somebody's hand slid even higher, along the silk of her stocking.

Below Cassie, Marks exchanged a quick glance with Slay, who was openly staring. Miss Wilson was pushing determinedly at the door but none of them were paying attention to that anymore.

She wore stockings, not pantyhose, and at this angle the lacy black tops of those stockings were very visible as was the delicate black lace of her panties, which were so abbreviated they might as well be a mere string of floss. Marks

eyes lingered on that fabric right where it vanished into the cleft between her rounded ass cheeks. Desire ran through him, making his cock stiffen.

He glanced down and saw Hodges grinning happily as she stretched a little higher, her legs spreading slightly for balance. She teetered and they quickly lowered her. Hodges was breathing hard and Slay wore a faint red flush on his cheeks. Marks' cock tented out the front of his slacks and he turned slightly so she wouldn't see that erection straining at his zipper in an effort to free itself.

That a young and obviously innocent girl had managed to turn all three of them on, and in such an easy fashion, was a trifle embarrassing, to say the least. He cleared his throat and asked, "Any luck?"

Her face was scarlet from the exertion of pushing at the recalcitrant door. She shook her head and little tendrils of the slippery blonde tresses came free to wave around her face. He'd always known she was attractive but until that moment he'd thought her very aloof and cold, and a trifle withdrawn and timid as well. It seemed she was none of those things. Most women would have adamantly refused to even give that stunt a try.

"No," she said, "But if we try again I might get it."

They gamely hoisted her back up. Marks did not fail to notice her panties had somehow moved higher into the crack of her ass, and the slippery silk of her stockings rubbed against his fingertips, exciting him as she wriggled and pushed. He saw that Slay and Hodges were equally excited and Slay was practically groping her ankle.

“I got it!” her voice was thin with excitement.

Then she fell. Marks caught her. Her curvy body hit his and the erection that had been steadily growing became a throbbing and pounding length.

Cassie took a step back. Her breath came far too fast and her eyes went from one face to another. Her skin tingled all over from the press of their fingers and her bottom still registered the hard thrust of his cock against it.

She licked her lips, an unconsciously sexy gesture. She swallowed hard and said, “But, sadly, I don’t think any of us will fit up through it. It looks like it’s all covered with cables and large bolts that hold the cables.”

Marks stepped back. Her eyes dropped. Her face heated. His erection was visible, so visible she could see the outline of his plump and long cock against the fabric of his

slacks. Desire hit her so hard she could not even draw breath. Her eyes stayed riveted to the mesmerizing sight of his cock.

Slay stepped forward and she felt another jolt of passion rocket through her as his erection brushed against her bottom for one single moment.

Cassie blinked several times as Slay moved away. Her thoughts were in chaos. Marks was her boss, and she knew that just fantasizing about him the way she'd been doing was risky and now she was captive, in a small space, with him and two other men and instead of trying to figure a way out of there her mind was busy trying to figure out how she could get them to make love to her, right there, in that cramped and almost airless elevator car.

Marks cleared his throat. Hodges muttered something and Slay made an almost desperate grab for the elevator doors and yanked at them so hard she was positive he'd pry them open with sheer force of will.

Then Marks moved. His body met hers and they fell up against one wall. His hands went to her skirt and the zipper came down with a long purring sound that was very loud in the silence. Her hands found his zipper and his dick sprang out, hard and trembling. She stared at it, the huge thing featured a swollen, blood-engorged head and heavy veins wrapped around the shaft.

Cassie gave it an experimental tug and he groaned, his hips shooting forward. She'd watched plenty of videos and she had an idea of what she was supposed to do so she gave it another fast pump with her hand as his fingers slid up her legs, scraping delicately across the soaked front of her panties.

Hodges said, in a strangled voice, "I'd like to get in on that."

Made bold by the dick in her hand and the feel of Marks' fingers pushing against her panties Cassie gasped out, "I don't mind."

She didn't. In fact she was hoping he was serious.

He was.

Soon all of them were naked. Cassie found herself spread-eagled on the floor of the elevator, her eyes closing in ecstasy as Hodges licked the dripping flesh of her labia then her swollen clit. His fingers thrust into her and she grunted, lifting her hips so he could get a better angle of penetration.

Marks' cock slid down her throat. The pleasure spiraling through her thanks to Hodges' clever tongue only

intensified as her mouth was filled with hot pulsing meat that scraped along the sides of her throat and forced her to open her mouth wider. Slay grunted out something and then his dick filled her palm. She curled her fingers over it.

The feeling that washed over her was so fiery she was lost in it. Flesh filled her, contacted against her skin. Hodges' tongue and fingers created friction and heat that spread through her entire body, sending heated trails of sensation behind it. Her ass shook and her mouth opened wider as the salty and thick cock in her mouth moved faster, forcing her to lift her head somewhat so that she could get it all down her throat without gagging. Saliva dripped from the corners of her mouth and her tongue swirled up and down the shaft as she tightened her lips, sucking harder and applying more pressure with every suck.

Hodges' fingers thrust faster while his tongue circled her clit, and then massaged it in a slow and maddening way that made an even more pleasurable sensation spread through her lower body. Her toes curled and she grunted past Marks' cock, her hand continuing to pump rapidly in tandem with her mouth while Slay bucked his hips and groaned out, "You fellas look like you're having a whole lot of fun."

Hodges' tongue continued to circle the engorged flesh of her clit and fluids streaked from her inner folds, dripped down her thighs and ass crack. Those fluids were oddly chilly as they beaded along the deep cleft between her cheeks and

she wriggled desperately as she tried to get closer to his mouth and the tantalizing pleasure that it was bringing to her body.

Marks pulled out of her mouth with a wet pop and said, hoarsely, “Jesus, Hodges, if you aren’t going to fuck her let me have it.”

Hodges chuckled. The reverberations of that chuckle and the cool air from it brought a whole new set of sensation to her aching core. Her inner walls clenched and throbbed then released a powerful jet of fluids that coated Hodges’ face and chin.

Hodges said, “Let’s let Slay have a little fun too.”

Cassie found herself on her knees. Hodges moved to her head and she lifted her face eagerly as his cock pressed against her now empty mouth. He thrust into her, quickly and easily then he pulled away to let Slay shove his prick into her throat. Slay’s cock was more slender than either Marks or Hodges and she swallowed it easily, her body moving back and forth as marks moved behind her.

His hands met her ass cheeks, kneaded and lifted them. His fingers pressed deep into the firm ripe globes and she said, “Holy fuck, she’s soaking wet.”

Hodges said, “You’re welcome.”

From the corner of her eye she could see Hodges’ fingers tugging at the hard and pulsing length of his cock. The head vanished between his fingers, reappeared again as Slay’s cock slid in and out of her throat. Slay’s fingers tangled into her hair and his hips arched toward her face, bringing the masculine, slightly musky scent of his body to her nose.

Behind her Marks slid his cock against the swollen and soaked entry to her pussy. He grunted then pumped his hips, fast. Pain and pleasure mingled and she realized that he’d broken her hymen. His cock pushed into her, all the way to the end of her tunnel and a low moan broke from her throat but was muffled by Slay’s cock in her mouth.

“Holy fuck, that is the tightest, wettest pussy I ever fucked,” Marks panted as he withdrew and thrust again. Her walls clung to his turgid flesh, cradled it and released it. More friction and heat spread through her as she continued to suck Slay.

The two men thrust and withdrew, their movements sending her shuttling back and forth between their bodies. Her hair fell out of its neat pins and tumbled around her sweaty face. Slay grabbed a handful of it and used it to guide her head. The feel of his nails scraping against her scalp made her toes tingle and her mouth close more tightly around his dick.

Her tongue found the sensitive spot right between his cock's head and the shaft and massaged it, causing him to grunt and moan.

Marks' cock continued to fill her pussy. Her legs shook as the pain evaporated and became pleasure so intense her walls sent more fluids spilling from them. His fingers moved around her waist and found the nub of her clit, and he stroked it furiously while his hips banged against her upturned ass cheeks.

Cassie came again. Her entire body shook and shuddered as she splashed her hot creamy fluids along the beating meat inside her body. Marks grunted, pulled out and came as well, his hand directing those sticky fluids into his hand. Hodges said, "My turn, Slay."

Slay moved to her back end. His cock was nowhere near as large as Marks' but it felt good inside her. Hodges cock went into her mouth and she tasted the slightly bitter flavor of his pre-come as a few oily drops slid from the purple and swollen head of his cock and coated her tongue, he had a masculine scent as well, different from Slay and marks but familiar and her throat, aching and sore, took him in despite the slight discomfort. The feel of his weighty and thick cock in her mouth was as welcome as the feel of Slay inside her dripping passageway.

Slay said, “Jesus, she is tight, even after you fucked her.”

Marks, getting to his feet on the other side of her, said, “I told you. That’s the best pussy I ever had.”

Cassie, turned on by that, moved her ass faster, coaxing Slay to follow along. His grunts grew louder and longer while Hodges’ groans became louder as well. More of his seed spilled from his dick and dripped across her tongue, coating it with a thick and oily flavor that she craved more of.

Her hands, flattened on the ratty carpet of the bottom of the car, ached and stung and so did her knees. She had a good idea that she would have some serious burns there later but she didn’t care. All she cared about was the pleasure coursing through her body, and the way that the flesh inside her body felt as it took her closer and closer to the edge of yet another orgasm.

Slay pulled out and shot come onto the carpet. Hodges, not to be outdone, pulled his cock from her mouth and moved around behind her.

His cock sank into her easily and he drew a long breath before saying, “Fuck yes, that feels fucking good but I want that ass.”

He pulled his dick out of her, causing a wave of fluids to spill from her body. She sobbed as he stuck his cock into her asshole, plunging past the tight ring of muscle that made up her sphincter so quickly the pain was but a brief flash. Heat crawled and flushed across her body, making her teeth grit and her legs jerk.

His hand found her clit and he manipulated it rapidly, causing new sensations to flood her body. Blinking, stunned, and coming hard, all Cassie could do was stay up on her knees as much as possible to keep from scrubbing her face into the rough carpet.

Hodges let out a long and loud grunt then his sticky seed splashed out onto the floor below her. She almost fell into that slippery and thick puddle but he caught her.

Slowly she cooled off. Hodges helped her to her feet and she stared around at them, bemused and still riding the waves of aftershocks from her multiple orgasms.

She said, “Oh, I have some...” she grabbed her bag and found the wipes she carried in case she needed to wipe her face or hands and then she used them to wipe away the sticky and messy fluids gathered on her body. To her amusement they all helped her to wipe off before cleaning themselves. Their

sudden tenderness, coupled with awkward silence that had dropped into the car was both sweet and strange.

Cassie managed to mop up most of the mess on the floor and then she got into her clothes. Slay leaned against one wall, his face wearing a shocked and confused expression and she was positive that her face wore the same expression.

Slay cleared his throat and Marks looked at his feet. Hodges hit the buttons again, his face showing exasperation. The smell of sex hung all over the air and they all gave each other helpless looks then looked away again.

Marks asked, “Does anyone have any bars on their phone yet?”

None of them did. Marks looked up at the small escape hatch and sighed then said, “We would probably get killed trying to climb out that way anyhow.”

They all nodded.

Hodges kicked the door panel. The sound of that blow was dull and very loud, and Cassie jumped slightly. She spotted a long splash of come in one corner and knelt to mop it up, her thoughts so chaotic all she could think to do was clean it away.

The elevator took a sudden and unannounced drop. Cassie, attempting to stand, was tossed quite unceremoniously into Hodges, who caught her and gallantly kept her on her feet as the car stopped then fell again, a long slow slide that made terror steal through her body, sending her close to the edge of panic.

Now that the elevator was moving and they were all hurriedly checking their zippers and tucking and smoothing their clothes she was afraid, and not just because any minute the elevator would either crash into some basement and kill them all or settle peacefully and open to allow them to leave, but because she'd realized the full implications of what had just occurred.

The elevator stopped smoothly. Cassie, blinking and stunned, stood there, speechless. Her pussy was sore, her hands sticky, and her ass aching. There were muscles below her skin protesting in ways they never had before.

The doors opened to show them the lobby, empty but for the security guard. Marks stepped out of the elevator and she followed as did Hodges and Slay. Not speaking they all headed for the door and the fresh air of the city streets just beyond.

Cassie stood still for a moment, not sure what to do next. Hodges cleared his throat and said, “Well, I think we all need to come to an agreement here.”

Cassie nodded eagerly. Slay said, with a wink, “How about what happens in the elevator stays in the elevator?”

Marks looked at Cassie. His dark eyes met hers and he asked, softly, “Miss Wilson?”

She pulled herself together and nodded briskly. “Yes, that’s a perfectly reasonable solution.”

Relief filled her. She’d come to the same conclusion as they’d walked through the lobby. The wild free-for-all sex in the elevator had been the most exciting thing she’d ever done in her entire life, and she would always remember it but she’d never speak of it because Slay was married, and so was Marks. Not to mention he was her boss. And Hodges was a well-known womanizer with a major fear of commitment so she had no doubt that he would forget all about it long before he stepped into the doorway of the offices in the morning.

“Gentlemen, I’ll see you in the morning.”

She started to walk away and Marks said, “Please don’t be late, Miss Wilson.”

She turned and her smile was warm and genuine. “I won’t be. I intend to lay a trail of breadcrumbs down those damn bland hallways.”

Marks roared laughter and Hodges said, “I’ve always thought they should color-code the place, it’s that neutral. It’s so neutral it’s damn confusing.”

Cassie nodded, “Precisely. Good evening.”

They all parted, heading their separate ways and as she walked her pussy continued to throb and sting pleasantly. Her bottom had stopped stinging and as she walked she wondered if any of them were as sore as she was.

She knew that it would be very sore tomorrow, and that she would probably be a little tired too, but she wouldn’t be late. She also wouldn’t be distracted by fantasies about Marks. He’d been as wonderful a lover as she had imagined he would be but now that she’d had her fantasy, and some she’d never even considered before brought to life she was no longer interested in them.

Sex with three men in the elevator. It had been wild and thrilling and she’d never known her body could react that, would react that. But it had.

But that didn't mean she wanted to do it again.

There was so many possibilities to sex, she mused as she walked along the crowded city streets, so why limit herself to just one possibility? There was no telling what she might get up to if she just gave herself a chance to find out.

She smiled as she reached her apartment and saw the handsome man who lived down the hall coming out the door. She'd always been too shy to talk to him but that evening she had found she had a lot of courage and she smiled at him and said, "Lovely evening, isn't it?"

She thought he'd say something in passing and keep going. Instead he stopped and said, "Yes it is. Are you just getting in?"

Suddenly aware of her missing stockings and mussed hair she faltered then took a deep breath and said, "Yes, I got stuck in an elevator at work."

His light blue eyes lit with sympathy. "You must work near where the earthquake hit then."

She nodded. "Yes, do you?"

He nodded, “We had hell with our elevators for weeks. Hopefully they’ll get that fixed very soon.”

“She laughed, “I imagine they will.”

He held out a hand, “I’m Greg.”

She took his hand and smiled, “I’m Cassie.”

He said, “Listen, I have to meet some friends tonight but I’ve been wondering...well...if you aren’t busy or seeing anyone...would you like to go out to dinner sometime?”

All the endless possibilities...

“I’d love to,” she smiled.

Greg smiled back, “Great. Um...I get off at six tomorrow. How about we talk then?”

“That sounds perfect.” She watched him walk away and then let herself into the building. She deliberately skirted the elevator and took the stairs to her floor. Once in her apartment she drew a hot bath filled with fragrant bubbles,

stripped off her clothes then sank into the jasmine and lily scented water, allowing the aromatic steam rising from it fill her nose and relax her body.

She floated there, just letting the memories of the sexy, steamy tryst play out again. To her surprise she was hot, and in need of release just thinking of what had transpired. She let her fingers wander down her body, gliding to a stop right at her clit. She massaged it gently, wincing slightly at the little pain that came from it before it began to stiffen in a very pleasant way. She massaged it like the men had, delighting in the sensation. Her legs pushed against the back end of the small tub and her toes curled as a small but strong orgasm crested then ebbed.

“Maybe I’m a slut,” she said softly to the ceiling. “Or maybe just a nympho. Or maybe I just had a lot saved up in there because I waited so long.”

Her giggles filled the room and she used her toes to turn on the hot water tap, adding a little more heat to the silky waters in the tub. “I suppose it doesn’t matter either way. I intend to try out everything I can.”

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The next morning Cassie raced down the hallways, lost again. Her eyes darted right and left and she cursed under her breath. She'd stopped at the second floor to pick up files Marks would need later in the day and, naturally, as soon as she'd left the echoing room the paper files were kept in she'd taken some sort of wrong turn and wound up in another of those disturbingly bland hallways lined with equally bland cubicles that always confounded her.

She rounded a corner and came face to face with a stunning red haired woman who wore a look of utter puzzlement on her pretty face. She gave Cassie a desperate look and asked, "Do you have any idea to all of where they hid the elevators? I swear I've been here all of four days and I still can't seem to figure this place out."

Cassie laughed, "I'm lost too, it's still my first week and I always get turned around somehow too."

A slender hand came up and flapped at the air, "I can't believe this. I'm all for a little sadism but this is just plain mean."

Cassie blinked, "I'm sorry."

Her smile grew wider, “Sorry, just thinking out loud. I’m Linda, and I’m up on the eighth floor.”

“Me too,” Cassie said, “I’m Mr. Marks assistant.”

Linda nodded, “Ah, your office is just a few doors down from mine. Maybe we can find them if we work together. I hope so anyway since it’s three minutes until nine and my boss is a bear about punctuality.”

They managed to get past the cubicles. The people in them never looked up and Cassie had already learned the hard way asking them for directions was useless. They pretty much knew where the breakrooms on each floor were, where their cubicle was, and how to get to the nearest exit. And nothing else.

They finally found the correct elevator that would allow them access to the eighth floor and when they got in and the doors closed Linda said, “Well, at least we won’t be more than a minute late.”

“No, thankfully.” Cassie was pretty sure she might be able to get by with being a touch late now and then all things considered but she didn’t want to be. She wanted to do her job well so she could advance, and she knew that while she might be able to get by with things like being late with Marks that

wouldn't fly with her next boss, and she didn't want to start allowing herself such bad work habits.

The elevator ground to a halt. The light blinked fitfully. Cassie stared at it, her mind going black.

Linda said, "Oh my God, don't you dare you stupid bucket of bolts."

Cassie had a sudden fantasy, her and Linda on the floor of the elevator, her lips pressed firmly to the flesh between Linda's thighs and her fingers inside Linda's tight and wet pussy. Heat suffused her face and juices filled her panties. The very vividness of the fantasy made her breathless.

The elevator issued a low grumble and roar and then started moving upward again. Linda sighed with relief and said, "Boy, that was a close one."

"Yes, it was." Cassie smiled.

The doors opened and the clock on the wall showed exactly one minute to nine. She and Linda hurried down the hallway quickly, each trying to get to their office before the clock could mark them as late. As she opened the door to her office Linda said, "Well I guess I'll see you around."

Cassie smiled and said, “I hope so,” and dashed toward the door of her office, opening it and sliding into her chair just as the clock’s hand ticked right onto the twelve and nine.

Marks opened the door between their sides of the office and she said, “I have those files for you, Sir, “in a calm and neutral voice.

She proffered them and he took them, nodded and said, “Thank you, Miss Wilson, what’s on my calendar for this afternoon?”

She began to recite through his day but her mind was busy with other things. She was pleased to note she no longer had any need to fantasize about him, and she was glad because it meant now she could get her work done far more easily. He thanked her and walked back into his office and Cassie leaned back and smiled, wondering what might have happened if that elevator had frozen with her and Linda inside.

# Story Eighteen

Jessica moved through the kitchen inspecting the work of the caterers. They glanced over their shoulders at Jess and she could see the smoldering behind their eyes. No one liked having someone inspecting their work especially if they thought they knew what they were doing. The problem was that everyone thought they knew, but it was Jess's job to be sure that everything Sue and Ben wanted for their anniversary party was delivered even when the young couple wasn't sure what they wanted. Jess was the queen bitch party planner in her mid thirties and at the top of her game. She was hired for a reason and any member of the catering staff that didn't like it could take a walk. They would be explaining to their boss why they should keep their job when the top party planner on the west coast wanted them fired.

“Keep the plates even,” she said. “More on this one and less on those two. Is there a problem?”

“No problem. You've got it, Ms. Jess,” the young man said.

Jess looked him up and down. She liked compliance in her young men. She liked a tight muscular butt like his too. Maybe she had time to pull him aside for a talk and a little bit more. A little stress release before the big show was always

advisable. Time was as tight as the server's ass, so she needed to focus.

Jess moved from the kitchen into the dining hall of the mansion. The tables were arranged and the center pieces were set to her perfect specifications. The staff was laying out the silver. Jess weaved between the tables eyeing each setting for perfect placement. She could tell by sight if the distances were right. She had already given the staff a little hell and they were doing it right now. She still made sure to walk through to be seen, so they would remember to do it right even when she wasn't watching.

On the far side of the room, Jess stretched and made her back pop. It caused her breasts to stand out large and impressive inside her bright blue dress. She reached up to feel the blond curls sculpted up on top of her head. It was elegant and ungaudy so as not to draw too much attention away from the real focuses of the anniversary party – happy customers.

Sue and Ben walked in together at the archway. Jess grabbed up two flutes of champagne from the display around the fountain. The bartender looked up at Jess as she passed. He had the smoldering look in his eyes.

She waved back with one of the glasses. "You have two empty spots back there. Take care of that, please."

He nodded and looked away. “Yes, ma’am. Right away.”

Jess stepped up to the couple. They were in their early twenties and just out of college. She also saw that there was about two feet between them. That felt like a problem. It was a little early in their marriage to be having distance, she thought.

She held up the flutes. “I have two extra. Can you help me take care of the excess to celebrate a perfect prep for your party?”

They both smiled and took the glasses from her.

Ben said, “Anything to help.”

He was tall. His hair was brown and combed down in a pattern that looked like a prep school kid instead of a grown man. When she looked at his broad shoulders and the fit of his suit, she saw all man.

Sue sipped her champagne and said, “I needed that.”

Her breasts were modest and her blond hair hung around at chin length in a way that made her look mousey. Jess noted Sue had a nice bubble butt that Ben probably enjoyed

immensely. Having a nice rounded ass herself, Jess appreciated it on other women. She had done her fair share of experimenting in college and still had a taste for the fairer sex from time to time.

“I double checked your guest list and the seating with the recent political concerns you brought to my attention,” Jess said. “The fellows that find themselves on opposite sides of the spending bill find themselves at different tables. All should be well.”

“Good,” Ben said. He took another swallow from his glass. “That mostly came from my father ... and mother.”

“You do everything your father orders,” Sue said and shook her head. “And your mother ...”

“You certainly don’t mind spending his money after I make him and her happy,” Ben said.

“We both enjoy the money.” Sue turned away from him as she kept drinking. “I guess someone should be happy.”

“Not much else to do around here.” He muttered.

Jess looked back and forth between them. “The party will go off without a hitch. I’ve got every detail locked down. Nothing for you guys to do except celebrate, network, and press the flesh, like you asked.”

Sue took a deep breath and exhaled slowly over her nearly empty glass. Jess thought she might have to grab her another. It probably wasn’t the best idea to get the hostess rip roaring drunk before the first guests arrived. Slightly buzzed, but under control was the sweet spot in most cases.

Sue said, “You’re the best, Jess. Thank you.”

Ben sniffed. “At least some flesh should be pressed before the night is over, don’t you think, dear?”

Sue turned and left out through the archway. Ben shook his head and wandered around and up the stairs.

Jess watched them both go and rolled her eyes. She had no idea what had them both worked up except the normal bullshit of being married and the stress of a big social event. This one was laced with more politics than most anniversary parties she planned and coordinated, but all west coast high class affairs were political to some degree. This couple was having deeper issues. She hoped it wouldn’t blow up during the party. Jess planned to keep everything locked down and on

point if she had to keep a stranglehold on every person and every detailed involved. They could blow up as a couple later and Jess would help plan both their divorce parties. Tonight was not going to be that blow up if it took every bit of energy she had.

Jess turned and grabbed another flute of champagne for herself before hustling back toward the kitchen. She heard the bartender grunt behind her, but Jess did not acknowledge him. If he noticed enough to be upset, he noticed enough to refill the empty spot. She finished it and passed the flute off to one of the servers before reentering the kitchen.

Ben's mother was peeking around the caterers and pointing at things. That wouldn't do. Jess walked up and stepped in between.

"Can I help you?" Ben's mother asked.

"I hope so," Jess said. "I have the party details like setting and food covered. I just rearranged the seating chart based on concerns about the awful dust up about that spending bill."

Ben's mother rolled her eyes. "Good luck with that. I'm paying top dollar for this party and everyone will be out of sorts over who gets to spend the most taxpayer money."

“Your money will be well spent. That I promise you,” Jess said. “If you can help me manage the greetings on the arriving guests, that would go a long way.”

“Why would I ever take on such a pedestrian task?”

“Senators may be spoiling for a partisan fight, but they won’t show their displeasure in front of the matriarch of their hosts for the night,” Jess said. “If we can get them on their best behavior upon entering the door, you might have control of the whole room through the night.”

Ben’s mother smiled. “I like that idea.”

“I’ll have a member of my staff see you to the entrance and be sure you have everything you need while you are greeting,” Jess said.

Jess snapped her fingers and sent one of her girls away with the mother out of the kitchen.

“Thank you,” the caterer said behind her.

Jess shook her head without looking. “Whatever she told you, ignore it. Do exactly what I told you and nothing

else.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Jess circled out and found herself at the foot of the stairs. Sue had wandered to the other end of the house. She might have continued out into the garden in the back acres. From there, she could have worked her way down the cliff trails to their private section of beach. It depended on how mad she was. She seemed pretty mad. If Jess could deal with something else first, she might catch Sue on the way back after she had cooled off a bit. That might be better.

So, Jess looked up the stairs. Ben had stormed off in that direction. Maybe to their bedroom or one of the upstairs studies? She was good at reading people. It was an aspect of being the best at her job at this level and in these environments. She thought Ben would go to one of the studies. The bedroom would be a shared space for him and Sue, so he would want to be mad somewhere that was his where he could be in complete charge. She was guessing the main library near the front of the house overlooking where everyone came in. There was a humidor box in there and a bar inside a globe. He seemed mad enough to want to smoke and drink in defiance of his wife.

Jess took the stairs and made a right to check the library first. Ben was there looking out one of the tall windows

between shelves. He had one hand resting on the top of the globe. A scotch neat sat on the edge of an antique table beside a couch in front of him.

He had a cigar in the other hand hooked by one finger. Ben drew it under his nose to sniff it. He didn't appear to have a lighter out. She had one and could offer him a light to start the conversation. He would accept it, if she offered, but Jess got a sense that he did not actually want to smoke it. He was holding it and smelling it. She had seen him do so before without smoking. He was under the shadow of his father and maybe the cigars held some power in that way. She decided not to push him into smoking it.

She was already approaching him when she said, "May I come in?"

He opened the humidor and replaced the cigar before closing it. "Of course, what can I do for you, Jess?"

She sat down on the sofa in front of him near the table and his drink. "I'm here to see to you two. I should be asking what you need from me today."

He took up his scotch and took a long swallow. "You've done all we can ask for and more."

“And yet all is not well.”

He shook his head. “Not everything can be solved with a good party, Jess. We’ll get through today, I promise.”

“I’d love it, if we could do better than just get through.”

Ben set his glass back down and frowned. “You need me to smile more or something, Jess?”

“I don’t need anything, Ben. You guys have been excellent clients and you will have an excellent anniversary party whether you enjoy it or not.”

He laughed and said, “Good to know. That takes off some pressure.”

“I wish there was something I could do to take off more pressure before you found yourself in the spotlight all night,” Jess said.

“Yes, I as well.”

“I know I have no place to ask, Ben, but I’m going to anyway. If it is ugly that I do so, we can pretend I didn’t later. What is the tension about? Why so much pain between you two so quickly into your marriage?”

Ben bit his lip and turned to the side. He was still mostly facing Jess, but he was staring miles away. “I don’t know. It was political. Our marriage wasn’t exactly arranged, but it was the product of forces bigger than ourselves. That’s not enough to build love off of and we tell ourselves that is just a construct, but it turns out that it does matter. We had very little of it when we started and we used up what we had in reserve. Now we are here.”

“You don’t love her?” Jess asked.

“I don’t ... I don’t know. I know there is not much to build a future off of if something doesn’t change soon,” Ben said.

“How bad is it between you two?” Jess asked. “I heard the biting comments downstairs, of course.”

“We fake it in front of guests,” he said. “Not so much in front of staff. No offense, Jess.”

“None taken,” she said. “I’m sorry you are going through this. If there was anything I could do, I would. Anything.”

“I know.” He shook his head and blinked several times. Jess was worried he was about to start crying. That would not do at all. Ben would be all raw nerves then right when Jess needed him to be cool and collected. She needed to deescalate the situation in a hurry. She opened her mouth to speak, but Ben spoke again before she could. “We haven’t had sex in over a year.”

“Holy shit.” The exclamation escaped Jess’s mouth before she could contain it.

Ben actually laughed. “Yeah, I know. I haven’t told anyone before now. It feels good to actually say something. God, it’s been so hard.”

“I can’t imagine,” Jess said.

Ben shrugged. “When was the last time you had sex?”

Jess sighed. “Yesterday. Twice. Once in the morning with a guy that stayed over and once that afternoon with an old friend I met for lunch.”

Ben laughed and then sighed. “Only twice, huh? Rough life.”

“I get by.” She winked at him.

“No sex today though?” he asked.

“I had a party to plan.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Do you want me to give you a few more minutes and then bring you down for show time?” she asked.

Ben stared at the window behind Jess, but she had the distinct impression that he wasn't really seeing anything. He wasn't looking at anything past it. Jess thought maybe she had played this wrong. His confession had caught her off guard. She was surprised he had not exploded going a year without sex. She wondered if he had stepped out to get his satisfaction from other women since his wife cut him off. She did not want to know. Still, she needed him on point for this party to work and she could not afford to be known as the party planner that oversaw Ben and Sue's epic meltdown. She cared about them to an extent, but this was business and having their disaster on

her resume would not do at all. Jess felt she might have painted herself into a corner with Ben and maybe Sue too. She suspected she might have to get messy to get herself out of this mess. Jess wasn't above getting messy in order to win.

“This is not the life I wanted,” Ben said without bringing his eyes back into focus.

Jess needed to build him up. She needed him confident and not wound so tight. Sue probably knew how to push his buttons and he knew how to push back. With all the pent up sexual tension, Ben was liable to be the fuse that set this whole thing off. Jess was going to have to clip the fuse.

“What do you want, Ben?”

He bowed his head and sighed. His body shook at the end of it and she could almost see him melting. He was about come unraveled. They weren't even going to make it to the party if he folded into a blubbering, crying mess.

Jess jumped up from the couch and took him by the shoulders. “Stop, Ben. Everything is going to be fine.”

He blinked at her surprised by the gesture. At least he had not broken down into tears.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

She let go of his shoulders. “You can do this, Ben. Everything will be fine.”

“I can’t live like this,” he said. “How can you think everything will be fine?”

“You can have whatever you want or need,” Jess said. “Even if Sue is not the one willing to provide it.”

“What are you saying?” Ben tilted his head.

Jess took a deep breath knowing where this might go and she was prepared to see it through, if she had to. “You are the kind of man that can have any woman he wants. You don’t have to let one woman that is running cold on you define who you are or what kind of man you are.”

He leaned in as she expected he would and kissed her full on the mouth. She allowed it and took hold of his shoulders again. His hands drifted down and hovered over her breast in her dress. He started to settle and to squeeze, but then withdrew his hand. Jess knew he would probably back down. He would apologize and it would be over. Except he would go

down with his emotions swirling on top of the same tension he had before. That wouldn't do.

Jess decided to take it up a level. She closed her hand over the back of his hand and closed it back firmly against her breast. He stiffened with surprise, but then gave her a confident squeeze. He pulled at her dress and took it down off her shoulders. She shimmied her body and let him pull her breasts free of her dress. She stood there and allowed him to stare in surprise for a moment. He was mesmerized and overwhelmed by the idea that this could happen.

Ben took hold of her breasts and kneaded them just to prove that he could. He dove down head first and began licking and sucking on her nipples. She wrapped her arm around the back of his head and cradled him as he sucked on her. She let him work hard for a moment before she said, "Not so hard."

Again, he started to back down. This was a guy used to rejection and she needed to draw her client forward to victory. This was a day for a win. She pushed her dress down and stepped out of it only wearing a blue thong and blue heels that matched the dress she had just shed. Ben took the hint that this was going forward.

He kissed his way down her stomach and around the sides of her panties on both legs. She enjoyed the tease at first,

but then realized he was hesitating. She tried to remind herself how young he was in addition to everything else he had been through. He was early twenties and not too many years out of college. She was over ten years his senior and though she was confident that she was the hottest piece of ass he had ever had, she was not on a timeframe to let him fumble his way through this. This business needed to be quick and dirty so that it was good but finished by the time Sue wandered back up from wherever she was sulking.

Jess pulled her thong aside in the front and even spread her pussy lips to help him along. He brought his face forward slowly. She could feel his puffs of breath against her pussy. His excitement and near worshipful amazement of her pussy made her wet. She realized that this was going to be more enjoyable than she had anticipated. She wanted it almost as much as he did.

She grabbed the back of his head with her free hand and closed her fist in a handful of his dark hair. She reminded herself to straighten his hair when this was done before she let him go back downstairs for the party. She pulled his face forward and buried him in her spread, wet pussy. He rubbed his face in her slit like he was trying to take on her scent. His nose penetrated her and then rubbed firmly against her clit. She actually shivered and the pleasure surprised her.

“Eat my pussy. Do it now,” Jess said.

His tongue lashed out and he devoured her. His tongue widened and licked up and down. He narrowed his tongue and drove it into her. She moaned and thrust against his face. Ben twirled his tongue around her clit and flicked it back and forth with the tip of his tongue. Damn, he was hungry and she was reaping the rewards. Jess was worried he might cum in his pants. She decided that if he did, she would suck him back hard.

“Use your fingers on me too,” she said. “Keep doing what you’re doing with your tongue, stud. Don’t stop.”

He redoubled the energy of his licking responding to her encouragement and she felt her passions beginning to mount. He slid one finger inside her. Jess bit her lip and felt her hips reflexively buck into his face. She wanted more.

Jess said, “Use two fingers. Twist them once you have them both inside me.”

She felt herself stretch as he slid in a second finger and twisted like she had ordered. His knuckles pressed around the inside as he kept fingering and licking her.

“Is this good?” he asked muffled into her pussy.

“Yes,” she said. “Don’t stop. Keep licking my clit. Faster. Yes. Now use three fingers. Hurry.”

He slid a third finger inside her and flicked his tongue rapidly. Her whole body pulsed and she held onto his head to keep from falling over as her orgasm ran through every muscle and nerve.

“Oh, God,” she said. “I want to suck your cock, Ben.”

He pulled away from her and sat down on the couch unbuckling his pants. She pushed down her soggy thong and tossed it aside. She knelt down on the couch beside him and helped him unzip. He lifted his ass and pulled his pants down revealing his half hard cock.

Ben looked away and said, “I’m sorry about this. I’m nervous. It’s been a while.”

“Nothing to be nervous about,” Jess said. “You’re about to get the fucking of your life. Lay back, relax, and enjoy.”

Ben spread his arms over the back of the couch and laid his head back. He took a deep breath.

Jess bent over him naked resting her breasts on his bare thigh. She kissed and licked his balls. She held and kissed her way up his soft cock before licking around the head. Ben gave a quiet moan. Jess took him into her mouth and started bobbing up and down his length. She let her teeth drag him gently on the way up and he gave a louder moan. Jess went all the way down balls deep with him in her mouth. She pressed her lips together and pulled back up slowly to the head with her lips pressed together over his shaft. She went back down and repeated slowly. Jess started sucking and fucking him with her mouth harder and faster. She used her fingers to hook around and squeeze the base of his cock. She pulled at his balls as she sucked him. Jess felt him growing harder and longer in her mouth, so she kept sucking him.

Ben's hand found her bare ass and squeezed. He rubbed both cheeks and squeezed her ass again. He teased his fingers between and played with her wet pussy from behind and underneath too. He went back to stroking the curve of her ass and gently pinching her.

He was now rock hard in her mouth. He had grown to at least ten inches long and he was thick. She had to relax her throat and hold her breath as she swallowed him down and pulled back off again. She spit thick saliva on his cock and stroked it in with her fist. She went back down on him and twisted her head as she went down and back off. He started pumping his hips and fucking her throat and she timed her bobbing head to make the most of his thrusts.

“Oh, you’re going to make me cum,” he said with his head laid back on the couch staring up at the high ceiling.

She pulled off his cock and looked up at him as she pumped her fist rapidly over his hard cock. “You can cum anywhere you want, Stud, but I would love for you to fuck my brains out first.”

“Oh, God,” Ben said. “I want to fuck you so hard.”

Jess took the invitation and climbed up onto him straddling his lap. She could almost feel his cock throbbing in her grasp. He was close she could tell. She needed to hurry. She aligned the head of his cock and lowered her ass sliding him inside her pussy inch by inch until he filled her up balls deep. She could feel his pulse as her pussy squeezed him back.

Jess started bouncing her ass sliding up and down his cock slapping against his lap on each down stroke. He wasn’t the longest or the thickest she had ever been with, but something about his cock was filling her up and hitting all the right spots. She let out a throaty moan and started fucking him faster. Her pussy tightened up and her lips pulled along his slick cock as she stroked up and then back down each time. She had originally decided to fuck him for his benefit so he would relax and not make a scene at the party, but suddenly

she found that she was getting hers off this young rich stud's cock.

Jess knew that Sue might be on her way back at that very moment. She might be in the house looking for Ben to continue their argument. Getting caught fucking the husband at an anniversary party she was hired to plan would ruin Jess's career faster than anything, but this just felt too damn good to quit. She was going to get him off, but she was going to enjoy every second of getting him there in the process.

He took a double handful of her ass cheeks and squeezed as he worked her pussy with his perfect cock. She felt him grab her nipple between his lips and sucked as he continued to fuck her.

He pushed her over onto her side on the couch. He climbed up to take her from behind, but she flipped back over onto her side and pulled him down onto the couch behind her. She pulled him up and guided him back into her pussy. It was just as good as before. He pumped his legs and drove himself in and out of her pussy. Ben reached around her back and cupped her breast as he continued to pound her pussy. Her other tit bounced with the impacts. She pumped her ass back into his cock.

“Oh, I really am going to cum now,” Ben said.

“Do it, stud. You’ve already made me cum more than once.”

His rhythm became frantic and his cock pulled out of her. He was still thrusting his hips even though he wasn’t inside her. His cock rubbed up and down her slit as he did. She reached down and stroked his cock with her hand and prepared to slide him back inside her.

He cried out. “Keep jerking me off. Just like that. Faster. It’s never felt this good before.”

Jess increased the pace of her strokes and pumped his cock in her fist. He moaned over and over and she felt his cock throb in her grasp. His cum splashed her pussy and stomach. The last bits drained sticky over her knuckles.

He collapsed behind her. She rubbed his cum into her stomach and pussy. Jess licked off her fingers and slurped up the extra cum.

Jess hopped up off the couch and collected her dress. As she pulled it back up and covered herself, Ben reach down and picked up her thong. “What about this?”

“Keep it as a souvenir of the best fucking I’ve ever had,” she said.

He smiled and looked away. “You’re just saying that.”

“Believe what you want,” she said. “I just drank up your cum and gave you my underwear. Be sure your wife doesn’t find that.”

Ben pulled up his pants and stuffed her thong into his pocket. “Right.”

“I’m going down to find Sue,” Jess said. “Get yourself together and I expect all smiles at the party.”

Ben stood up. “Why are you going to find Sue?”

“I need to be sure she’s calmed down and ready for the party,” Jess said. “After a good fucking like you just got, I expect you to be extra nice to her.”

Ben swallowed. “You’re not going to tell her, are you?”

Jess checked her hair in a decorative mirror. “God, no. This is our little secret. Get cleaned up and get downstairs to greet guests.”

Jess stepped up and kissed him on the mouth one more time. He cupped her breast over her dress and she let his touch linger for a moment before she pulled away. She smoothed his hair down in the back and stepped away. Jess left the room and hurried down the stairs without looking back.”

“Have you seen, Sue?”

The waiter passed champagne off a tray to early arrivals. He whispered back. “Not since she left after arguing with Ben.”

“Have you seen Sue?”

The girl held a tray of stuffed oysters out for another guest to lift one with a cloth napkin. “She hasn’t come back in since she left. She took the path toward the beach, ma’am.”

If the staff saw the trouble between Sue and Ben, then other people would notice too. Jess spotted Ben descending the stairs. He smiled and shook hands. At least there was that. A few of the guests approached him with congratulations. He moved to the door pretending not to notice Jess and then he kissed his mother there.

Jess frowned. She hoped he'd washed his face after eating Jess's pussy before coming downstairs to kiss his mother. She didn't have time to think about that though. Jess made for a side door and worked her way outside. She looked at the valets parking cars near the front. She turned the other way and made her way toward the beach.

As she neared the tall grasses that marked the top edges of the cliffs of the back of the mansion's lawn, she prepared to remove her shoes to start down the trail when Sue stepped up into view carrying her own shoes. The hem of her dress was spotted with sand.

Sue tilted her head and her windblown mousy hair fell to one side. She eyed Jess up and down and laughed. "What can I do for you, Jessica?"

"Call me Jess."

"That I can do," Sue said. "I don't think I can accomplish much else tonight though."

"Why?" Jess asked.

Sue dropped down to sitting on the grass still barefoot and sandy. Jess sat down next to her. She looked back toward the house and saw that they were out of view due to the hedges and other landscaping.

Sue said, “My marriage is a sham and celebrating it tonight is going to drive me over the edge.”

“A good party with good food and good wine?” Jess said. “I think you can fake your way through that. Pretend you are celebrating something else.”

“Like what?” Sue asked.

Jess shrugged. “What a beautiful woman you are? Most parties are about that anyway. The men are the least important part of any wedding or anniversary. It’s always about us celebrating how strong we were for putting up with them for another year. So, here’s to you.”

Sue sighed and bowed her head. “I need to get laid.”

“I’m sure Ben will do it after the party,” Jess said. “If you don’t want him, anyone else would do it for you in a heartbeat, I’m sure.”

Sue raised her eyes at Jess. “Is that supposed to be funny?”

Jess said, “Yes.”

Sue stared for a moment with the sound of the wind and the crashing surf below them. Sue laughed and then stopped. Sue leaned in and kissed Jess on the mouth. Jess did not pull away, but she worried Sue may still taste Ben’s cum on her lips. She supposed it had been long enough that Sue probably didn’t remember the taste.

Finally, Sue pulled away. “Hmm. You said anyone would do me. Did that not include yourself?”

Jess shrugged. “You didn’t see me pull away, did you?”

Sue stared for another moment and leaned in for another kiss. Jess cupped a hand to Sue’s cheek. It was the same hand Jess had used to jack off Sue’s husband just a few minutes earlier. Sue reached out and grabbed Jess’s breast. She appeared as taken by them as Ben had been. Sue pulled down the front of Jess’s dress and started fondling Jess’s tits. Jess returned the favor by pulling down Sue’s dress. She unhooked Sue’s bra and pulled out her modest breasts. They were perky and the nipples were hard.

Sue said, "I'm not a sexy woman like you."

Jess leaned down and sucked on Sue's nipples. "You are very sexy. You think I go around fucking women every day?"

"Are you going to fuck me?" Sue asked as she played with Jess's nipples.

Jess answered by pulling off Sue's dress and tossing it aside. She pulled at Sue's panties and Sue lifted her ass to allow Jess to remove her panties leaving her naked. Jess spread Sue's knees and ran her tongue over Sue's shaved pussy. She might not be giving it up to Ben, but she was maintaining the playing field. Jess licked around Sue's clit and pushed her tongue inside Sue. Sue arched her back and clawed at the ground. She moaned into the wind off the cliffs. Her pussy was so tight as Jess licked her all over.

Sue pulled at Jess. Jess started to rise up, but Sue was pulling Jess's ass around. Jess allowed Sue to pull Jess's dress off. She was already missing her underwear. Jess straddled Sue's face as she continued to lick and kiss Sue's pussy. Sue ran her tongue over Jess's pussy and clit. What Sue obviously lacked in experience, she made up for in pent up passion and enthusiasm.

Jess wondered again, if Sue had any concept that she was licking up the passion of her own husband. She wondered what Sue would do, if she did know. Soon Jess lost herself in the slow build of her passion under Sue's tongue. She returned the favor by licking Sue even more.

Sue's hips started working and Jess fought to keep her face and tongue buried in Sue's pussy. Sue moaned and shook as her orgasm overtook her. She bit down on Jess's pussy before going back to licking her too. It caught Jess by surprise and sent her into another orgasm too.

They lay beside each other in the grass staring up at the sky as they fought to catch their breath again.

Sue said, "That's exactly what I needed."

Jess sat up and gave Sue a kiss on her cheek. "I need you to get back to the party and play nice with Ben."

Sue frowned. "Why?"

"I put together a wonderful party for you," Jess said. "My reputation is on the line and I just gave you a mind blowing orgasm."

Sue laughed. “Okay. Fair enough. Ben would probably be nicer, if someone would do that for him.”

Jess cleared her throat and flicked Sue’s chin. “I know just the girl for the job. I’ll distract the crowd, if you want to slip away with him.”

Sue rolled her eyes. “No thanks.”

“Then, we play nice like I said.”

“Okay. Okay.”

Jess helped Sue get her dress back on. They moved back into the house through a back door. Jess pulled Sue into one of the bathrooms.

“Again so soon?” Sue asked.

Jess laughed. “No. We’re here to freshen up.”

Jess brushed the sand off Sue’s dress. She straightened Sue’s hair and touched up her make-up. Sue smiled. Jess leaned in and kissed Sue on the chin. “That’s my girl.”

They went back into the party separately. Ben and Sue were all smiles and even spoke to one another while still smiling. The dinner went off without a hitch. Toasts were given to the couple and they kissed gently in response to the accolades. Ben stood and gave a speech that spoke about making the world a better place, but hardly mentioned Sue. Sue's smile wavered, but she held it together.

Everyone dispersed and enjoyed closing drinks and dancing as the tables were cleared of desert plates.

Sue walked up to Jess in the back room where the staff dealt with dishes. Jess smiled, but then saw Sue was leading Ben by the hand. Ben looked uncomfortable. Jess wasn't sure what was happening.

Sue said, "We both want to thank you for a perfect night."

"You're welcome," Jess said. "My pleasure."

"It was a great party." Ben mumbled.

“If you can cover for us down here, I want to take Ben upstairs for a little while.” Sue winked.

Ben perked up and Jess smiled. “Of course, let me know if you need any help.”

“Oh, are you offering to join in?” Sue asked.

Ben’s eyes went wide and he looked pale like he was about to pass out.

Jess laughed thinly. “I think you two can handle it. Enjoy your night.”

“Do you want to join in?” Sue asked again.

Jess sighed. “Sue, it’s been a long emotional night. We’ve all had a lot to drink. You two have fun celebrating your anniversary.”

“Huh?” Sue said. “Look who is shy, Ben.”

Ben shook his head. “I don’t know what you are talking about, Sue.”

“Do you think she’s pretty?” Sue asked.

“I’m not looking for trouble,” Ben said.

“I think she’s pretty,” Sue said. “I’m in the mood to be dirty tonight. We are overdue for spicing things up. If I talked her into joining us, would you be willing to fuck us both? Would you do it for me, Ben?”

“I’m ... I would be happy to do anything you wanted, Sue,” Ben said.

Sue turned her attention back to Jess. “Please, join us to finish celebrating a perfect evening. I want you both, Jess. Ben and I both need this.”

Jess looked back and forth between them. “What the hell? I’m at your service and will do anything to help the happy couple.”

Sue took Jess’s hand and she led both Jess and Ben up the stairs when everyone was distracted in their conversations. Sue took them into the master bedroom and closed the door.

Sue leaned in and kissed Jess as Ben loosened his tie. Jess pushed Sue toward Ben. They hesitated, but kissed each

other. It started out stiff, but Jess saw their barriers begin to fall away. Maybe this was good for both of them and Jess was there tonight to help after all.

Ben slid down Sue's dress and Jess helped him. After she was naked, Sue started undressing Ben. Jess helped until Ben was naked. Sue took hold of Ben's rock hard cock and stroked it a couple times.

"Join me," Sue said.

Jess reached out and wrapped her hand around Ben's cock. They stroked it together.

Ben and Sue both pulled at Jess's dress stripping her down naked. They both sucked one of Jess's nipples each. Jess leaned down and Ben joined her in servicing Sue's breasts.

Then, the women knelt down and kissed each other over Ben's cock. He worked his hips sliding his hard cock between both their mouths. Jess sucked his cock as Sue licked and sucked Ben's balls. They switched back and forth working his cock together.

Jess laid Sue down. Ben and Jess licked and kissed her together until she came to orgasm. Ben started to go down on Jess, but she pushed him back.

Jess said, "Time to fuck us. Sue first."

Ben slid his cock into Sue and she scratched his back as he pounded her. Ben pulled out and fucked Jess. He made two more switches before Sue said, "Fuck her while she eats my pussy."

Jess flipped over onto her hands and knees. She buried her face in Sue's pussy as Ben fucked her from behind. Sue pulled her own nipples as Jess pleased her. Jess's face shook in Sue's pussy with each impact from Ben's thrusts from behind.

Sue looked up at Ben. "Cum inside her, Ben. If you do, I'll let you fuck me every night. I'll let you fuck me any time and any way you want. I'll let you fuck my ass like I'm your dirty whore. I'll be your dirty whore, Ben."

"Fill me up," Jess said.

Ben thrust harder and faster until he blasted his full load of cum up inside her. All three collapsed on the bed together.

"It really was a great party," Ben said.

“My favorite,” Sue added.

“I’m here to please and here to help,” Jess said with a smile.

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Nineteen

“Yeah you go on and go to work,” Larry’s words, slurred and hateful, hit Carrie like sharp rocks.

She turned away from the door and stared at him. What had she ever seen in him anyway?

She heaved a sigh. He’d been handsome, and still was, when he wasn’t dead drunk and sloppy like he was right then. His red-rimmed eyes narrowed. “What are you looking at anyway?”

“Nothing.” She meant it. He was nothing to her, not anymore. She’d loved him so much though. Once. Once he’d been the very light of her life, and his every touch had made her skin break out in little shivers. Those shivers had been from sexual excitement, now when he touched her all she felt was a slightly weary disgust.

She’d leave him but since he’d quit working a year into their marriage if she did she’d still be stuck with him, thanks to alimony laws. She turned back toward the door with yet another sigh. She’d spent her entire day off from work making sure the house was in tip-top shape so all she had to do during the week was dust or load the dishwasher and so forth. It would be nice if Larry would just pitch in and help sometimes, just a little. If not with the bills then at least with the domestic

stuff but asking him to was to be told, “I guess I need to find a new wife, one that knows how to be a wife.”

And maybe that was the crux of it all. Larry wanted a wife all right. He wanted dinner on the table and the laundry done but he didn't want to work so it was still up to her to be wife and provider, and she was tired of doing it all and all by herself while he drank and hung out with his equally immature friends all day.

She said, “I've got a doctor's appointment today so I'll be a little late.”

“Whatever.”

The little mutter made her jaw tighten. Any good husband would have asked why she needed to go to the doctor, if everything was okay or not. Not Larry, he just said whatever and went back to moodily drinking coffee in an effort to cure the hangover he'd gotten from drinking too much beer the night before. She opened the door and stepped out into the bright sunshine and a little smile filled her face. Larry was an asshole but at least it was going to be a beautiful day.

And she would see Sheila.

That last brought a really big smile to her face.

She'd lied to Larry. Sort of. She did have an appointment with the doctor, their family doctor even, but it wasn't an appointment that would take place in an office, it would take place at a restaurant.

Her smile got wider as she climbed into the car. She and Sheila had been friends for a very long time. They'd met in high school, had gone to college together until Sheila had left to go to a different one, and when Sheila had come back to town she wound up being a physician who practiced within their network.

They had renewed their friendship over the last year and Sheila was the one person that Carrie could confide all of her problems to without worrying that someone would talk.

Carrie headed away from her house, a lovely duplex in a very nice area of town, and toward her job on the other end of the city. Normally the long ride wore on her nerves but that day she barely noticed it. Her mind was focused on Sheila.

Sheila was a lesbian, and very much open about it. She was also gorgeous with shoulder-length black hair and a lean tall body that looked elegant and trim in her neat slacks and soft blouses. She had a wide smile and a wicked sense of humor too.

Carrie knew that she was attracted to Sheila, which was odd since she'd never been attracted to another woman in her life. She also knew that the attraction was not purely physical. Sheila was genuine and sympathetic. She was kind and she was so smart and funny...

In other words she was everything that Carrie had thought Larry was. With Larry everything went skin-deep, and no lower. Sheila was totally different, she was exactly what she seemed and Carrie knew she was being foolish by continuing to see Sheila outside the office because it was getting harder and harder to resist the temptation to kiss Sheila, to stroke her hand and see where that lead.

Carrie's heart pounded as she considered doing those things. Kissing Sheila had become a constant fantasy and while she knew she wanted to do much more she just had no idea of what that might entail. She considered watching some girl on girl porn just to see but she didn't. She didn't want to watch two women pretending to be really hot for each other. It was weird and she was afraid it would put her off.

She didn't want to be put off.

She wanted to get off.

Preferably on Sheila's stunning face.

She pulled up in front of the office building where she worked. Over the last few years, as Larry had grown uglier and meaner, her job had been her sole source of comfort and solace and she had gotten very good at it. As a result she'd been promoted many times and she was now one of the few women in an upper management position, something she took a lot of pride in.

She was equally proud of the fact that the people who worked for and with her enjoyed doing so. Since her home life was so unhappy and because she knew all too well how it felt to be ridiculed or looked down on she made a point to be kind to the people under her and in return they enjoyed working for her and gave stellar performances, which gave her rather large bonuses that Larry knew nothing about because she hid them in separate bank accounts in the hopes that one day she'd have enough money to get a really good lawyer and get rid of him without losing her entire shirt.

The day would be really busy and she was looking forward to the work. It would keep her mind off her troubles at home, and keep her mind from wandering to the thought of kissing Sheila, making love to Sheila.

Making love to Sheila. A little tremble started in her thighs as she unlocked her office door and went inside. She set

her briefcase down and reached for her purse as the phone began to ring. Her heart nearly stopped as she had the awful thought that perhaps Sheila was calling to cancel their dinner plans.

It wasn't Sheila, it was Larry. Even worse.

She answered with a neutral hello as she firmly closed her door. Larry would and did start shouting frequently and she didn't want people to know how bad things were for her at home.

Larry immediately started complaining. "I can't find the money you left."

That was because she hadn't left any. Usually she would placate him but she was tired of that. "Oh? Hm, that's odd."

"Yeah, really weird. You know what else is weird? You didn't tell me all the credit cards were about to expire. I haven't gotten a new one yet."

"Oh, neither have I. I need to call them today."

“I’ll do it. Oh no, wait, they’re all just in your name and they don’t want to talk to me because I’m just the husband.”

God he managed to sound so wounded. If he’d had any sense at all he would have realized that she had done that on purpose, and that she hadn’t given him the new credit cards, which she’d had sent to her office rather than home—and in her office in a locked drawer was where they stayed—because she just could not afford any more of his drunken spending sprees. She had the dead certain feeling that he’d spent quite a lot of that money on other women, after all it was nearly impossible for anyone to eat two giant steaks or consume two sets of a four course dinner.

“I’m so sorry honey. I’ll fix it.”

“You have to come home. The car keys aren’t here either.” Now he sounded flat out angry. She said, “I’m sorry Larry, I just can’t. I have to work. There’s plenty of beer and stuff, you’ll be fine until I get home.” Maybe. There was just a twelve-pack of beer left. He would likely drink that for breakfast. Well too bad. She knew he’d been difficult to deal with drunk or sober and really she’d rather have him sober. At least then he would be a little less cruel.

Once he started drinking he said the most awful things. He said she was ugly. That she was fat. That he should have

listened to all his friends when they told him she was going to trap him and turn him into a big nothing, just like her.

Her lips thinned and compressed as his voice, now a low whine, filled her ear.

She usually just tried to deal with him. Today, she didn't want to. She really didn't. Shocking herself she said, "You know what? I am at work. You know what that is right? I realize you don't have a job, and haven't in a long time so maybe you don't comprehend what that means so let me tell you. I am busy and I am working and I pay the bills and take care of everything by working and paying those bills, including you. So you are going to leave me alone and let me work, okay?"

She heard him say, "Are you serious? You little..."

She hung up. A smile hit her face and her heart knocked crazily around in her chest. Had she just done that? She had! Excited and more than a little scared she sat down at her desk. There was no way Larry would show up at her job. He didn't even know she'd switched jobs about a year after they'd gotten married and right around the time he'd started drinking so heavily.

He probably didn't care either.

He had never shown up at her job before, but she had never defied him before either. Her fear rose up, almost choking her but she tamped it down. He didn't have the keys to the car. She'd taken them because he had gotten three DUI's in the last few years and cost her a fortune in fines and sky-high insurance rate hikes. He didn't have cab fare and he didn't know where she worked. She was safe, at least for now.

Her phone rang again.

Larry.

It figured.

She cut the ringer off and then, when he hung up, she called Sheila. Sheila answered with a cheery hello and Carrie said, "Hi there. I just wanted to let you know..." the phone beeped. Larry calling again. She grit her teeth and continued, "I have to be in meetings all day so if you need to change our plans..."

"Nope, I cleared my schedule." Sheila said.

Carrie smiled but her smile faded when the phone beeped again. Larry, of course. "Perfect. I'll see you six."

“See you then.”

They hung up. Carrie’s phone hummed and beeped ominously. She glared at it. The name on the screen was Larry but it might as well have read jerk or asshole or abusive nut. She put the phone into a box of tissues so she wouldn’t hear it rattling and then put the box into a drawer of her desk and shut it firmly.

That scared and thrilled her too. Normally she answered and tried to placate him. Today...

Today she was pretty much done.

Done.

She was. She realized she didn’t care anymore if she had to pay the bastard alimony for the rest of her life. She wanted him gone from hers. She knew that was due, in large part, to what she felt for Sheila but it was also due to what she felt about Larry. He disgusted her. He was mean and hurtful, and he was never going to change.

She’d gotten carried away by his charm, and she’d overlooked too many things, like his drinking and the way he

gave her a compliment right on the heels of a put down. She had overlooked his habit of staring at other women and allowed herself to think she should be proud that other women looked back because she was the one going home with him, after all.

But she was tired of overlooking it all and she was tired of him and his rages and his childishness.

She took a deep breath and started to work, firmly putting Larry out of her mind.

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Work was finally over and Carrie headed to meet Sheila, a smile on her face as she drove about halfway back towards her house to the restaurant they'd agreed to meet at.

Her phone showed over two hundred calls. She knew every one of those voice mails would be angry, cajoling, threatening, rude and insulting since they were all from Larry and he had wanted money and the car keys, neither of which she had been about to hand over.

She knew when she got home things would be bad, but she didn't care. She intended to tell him it was over, and that's he was utterly finished. He could have the house. She didn't

care. It was a rental anyway. She's wanted to buy a house for years but once she'd realized how awful Larry really was she'd wisely held off. At first that had been due to her thinking he would change and they would start a family. She'd wanted the perfect house for their family but it was very obvious that they were never going to have a family.

They didn't even have a marriage.

She spotted Sheila's sporty SUV in the lot and parked next to it. Sheila was in the vehicle and she smiled and came to Carrie's car door, opening it easily and without any fuss, the kind of gallant gesture that Carrie had never gotten from Larry.

"Hello there."

Sheila gave her a hug and Carrie let her body rest against Sheila's. Her body was so firm and well-toned, strong and yet curved. It was an exciting combination and Carrie was a little breathless when she stepped back. "You look great," she said.

She did, her raven hair was up in a loose knot, the long curls dangling just a little. Her lips were painted a soft crimson and she wore that dizzying perfume that Carrie already loved.

Her eyes went to their reflections. Where Sheila was tall and dark-haired with alabaster skin Carrie was short by several inches, curved and slightly thick with full plump breasts and a set of nicely widened hips. Her hair was a shoulder-length soft brownish-blond and her makeup very understated. Her mouth had just a hint of sheer gloss and she suddenly wished she had the nerve to wear a bright pop of crimson on her full mouth.

Sheila took her hand, and didn't let it go. She peered into Carrie's face and said, "Okay, what happened?"

Carrie grimaced. "Larry...well..." before she knew it she was telling Sheila everything about her having made up her mind to leave him, about not answering his calls, and the rock-hard resolve to get him out of her life no matter what the cost.

Sheila said, "Good for you. It's about time. You're important and you're valuable. You deserve to be treated that way and it's no secret that he acts like you are lucky to have him. He's abusive Carrie, surely you know that?"

"I do know it. Oh I guess I always have but I just sort of...well I guess I kept hoping it would get better but the truth is I've been half-ass planning to leave for a very long time so I must have known how awful it all really is."

“Well. Let’s just forget about it for a little while. I’ll buy you a massive dinner and a giant margarita and we’ll talk and laugh and ...”

Carrie waited, her heart hammering but Sheila didn’t say anything else. Dammit! She wanted Sheila to say she was going to sleep with her, and that it was going to be magnificent or something equally literate and sexy.

They headed into the restaurant and took a seat. Sheila did order a pitcher of margaritas but she poured very little into her own glass and a lot into Carrie’s. They began to chat as they perused the menu and Carrie found herself relaxing, really enjoying the company and the nice ambience of the trendy Mexican restaurant.

They munched on fresh chips and spicy, rich salsa and as they ate the small treat, waiting for their main meal to arrive, Carrie watched Sheila. She was sexy, almost unconsciously so. Even the way she ate was sexy; she licked to the corners of her mouth with the unselfconscious grace of a cat. She took great enjoyment in biting off bits of the crispy chip, slowly chewing them and then reaching for another to dip into the salsa.

Does she know how much she’s turning me on? Does she have any idea that I want her? How do I even say that and even if I did would she tell me no because I’m with a man?

Not that Larry is much of a man but he does have a dick he grew in utero so I think that might make me off-limits or something.

Her chaotic thoughts swirled around in her head. Fear and nerves made her drink the tangy, wonderfully cold margaritas faster than she normally would have. She and Sheila had always been able to talk and she was glad that she was able to talk right then. The longings she'd been having lately had all but consumed her earlier in the day and now they were coming back.

Occasionally Sheila's hand would touch hers or her leg would brush against Carrie's. Carrie shivered every time, the little bolts of desire shooting through here undeniable but she was at a total loss. Should she just come out and tell her friend she wanted to sleep with her and risk the rejection or just pretend that everything was exactly the way it had always been?

Their food came and Sheila said, "I think we need to discuss what you should do tonight."

Carrie's heart stuttered to a near-standstill. "What do you mean?"

“I don’t know that you should go home alone. I mean if he’s so angry, and he obviously is, you might not want to be alone with him.”

Carrie took a long breath. She hadn’t considered that. Her phone was in the car and she knew that by now there were probably another hundred nasty messages waiting for her. Larry was out of beer by now, and he was probably really angry.

“I didn’t think about anything but making sure he didn’t drive again,” she admitted, “And that I was tired of working so hard just to watch my money go right down his throat.”

Sheila said, “I can go with you if you like. Or, if you like, you can just go to my house and try to work out what to do tomorrow.”

Carrie’s heart lurched. She studied Sheila’s face. Was that a friendly invitation and nothing else? She didn’t know how to gauge if Sheila was interested in her the same way she was interested in Carrie. Men were usually pretty vocal and straightforward but Sheila was not a man and they were friends too. What if she tried to hit on Sheila and the two of them stopped being friends? She’d lose the only friend she really had.

What if she didn't and that was what Sheila wanted too and she thought she just wasn't interested? Confused and almost unbearably excited at the idea of making love to and with Sheila she blurted out, "I think you should know I want to kiss you."

Sheila paused, her fork near her mouth. Her smile was huge. "I want to kiss you too but I don't want to push you into something you aren't ready for either."

"I'm...I..." she couldn't think of anything else to say. Sheila set her fork on her plate and leaned across the table. She took Carrie's hands in her strong capable ones and said, "Let's do this. You come home with me tonight and if anything happens it does. If it doesn't that's okay too. I'm always going to be your friend Carrie. I'm on your side here. That won't change. Ever, and no matter what."

Reassured by that Carrie leaned back. "I don't have any clothes for work tomorrow."

"Well, we can always grab you something from a store. I really am worried that he might..."

Carrie said, "He's never gotten physical if that's what you mean but you're right. I've never blatantly defied him either. So there's no telling what he might do. There's plenty

of places still open where I can grab a fresh outfit and...and I'd like to stay the night with you." The last few words came out in a rush. Sheila's hands still held hers and thrilling little shivers raced up and down Carrie's spine.

They finished their meal, sliding easily back into their previous conversation. Carrie's relief was huge, and so was her joy. Sheila did want her!

Sheila insisted in paying the check and they headed out to the parking lot. Carrie said, "I'll follow you." And Sheila nodded. After a quick stop at a clothing store and a convenience store to pick up the thing she would need for the next day they parked in the underground lot at the high-rise condo where Sheila lived and got out, heading for the elevator.

Sheila held her hand as they stepped into the empty car and Carrie smiled widely. Her heart knocked crazily in her chest and she turned to Sheila, determined to kiss her but before she could the doors slid open to reveal an older woman with a harried face and a set of thin lips who said, "Oh you're going up. Well, it will go back down I assume," and got on the elevator with them.

Sheila winked at Carrie and Carrie winked back. Excitement crawled across her skin, made her breath come in short hard gasps she had to struggle to keep regulated.

Sheila's apartment was stunning. Floor to ceiling windows looked out over the city's skyline, hardwood floors gleamed and modern furniture sat about in perfect little groupings.

"Wow, this is amazing. Did you buy the condo or do you rent?"

"I bought it. There's a smaller one downstairs, like literally right below this one that's up for sale. I'm only mentioning it because I know you said you'd been interested in buying but hadn't yet."

Carrie turned away from their windows to find Sheila right behind her. Their bodies collided. Sheila's mouth came down on hers in a fiery, impassioned kiss that left Carrie both breathless and panting as Sheila's tongue probed every corner of her mouth and caused her own tongue to slide around Sheila's, to match its every thrust and parry into her mouth. Their breasts met and Carrie's flattened against Sheila's chest. The feel of her, curved and soft yet firm with muscle, made little shivers of anticipation and need twist around Carrie's nerve endings until she was trembling with desire and longing.

Sheila broke off the kiss long enough to gasp. "Would you like to see my bedroom?"

“Yes, yes please,” the words came out fast and soft, but freighted with want and meaning.

Sheila led her down the hallway, her hand under Carrie’s elbow in an old-fashioned gesture that threatened to make Carrie melt even further.

She was melting. Her panties were sticky and wet, covered in fluids from her damp core and slippery labia. Her whole body was too hot, so hot she needed desperately to fling off her clothes.

The kiss was incredible, it sent shock waves down Carrie’s back and her toes curled helplessly. Her hands moved up and down the length of Sheila’s back, feeling her body’s curves below her clothes.

Carrie moved away first. She ended the kiss and stepped back, her hands a blur as she divested Carrie of her clothes. The sweater came off to reveal a pretty red lace bra over round breasts capped with light pink nipples and a flat belly. She tugged at the zipper on the slacks that Carrie wore, releasing it and pulling the material to the floor, dropping to her knees with an effortless grace in order to do so.

Carrie whimpered as Sheila removed her shoes, her fingers running all along her instep and upward to her ankle in

a possessive and tender motion that made her heart ache and her lower body give off a powerful throb of desire.

Sheila leaned her raven head against the apex of Carrie's crotch, inhaling Carrie's feminine aroma. The slightly sweet slightly tangy odor of arousal met Carrie's nose and she placed her fingers on the elastic at the top of the panties and pulled them down, bringing a neatly trimmed nest of curls into view. Her hips wriggled closer to Sheila's face in a silent plea but Sheila ignored it, her fingers brushing through the fluff of hair and then slightly lower, sliding easily across the soaked flesh below before gently stroking along the seam of her parted labia, all in one smooth and graceful motion that sent Carrie hurtling toward the edge of an orgasm.

How long had it been since she'd been really touched?  
How long had it been since anyone had caressed and stroked her so well, made her feel so desirable and wanted?

Sheila ran her slender hands up Carrie's legs, causing shivers to wrack her body. Carrie knew that if this and only this was all that happened between them it would be enough. It was so good, so sweet, and she whimpered, her little cry sounding loud in the quiet of the bedroom. She stood, her hands running further up, her fingers spreading across the span of ribs and over the slope of her breasts and shoulders.

Carrie swallowed hard; she was lost in a haze of desire. Slippery fluids spilled from between her legs, tangling the curls at the apex of her crotch and glistening along her inner thighs. Sheila's mouth trailed hot kisses along the creamy white column of her neck and she shivered as sensation assaulted her body and sent her into a near-frenzy of shaking limbs and pent-up desire spilling forth.

Sheila moved lower, her lips and tongue wreaking havoc on her senses. Carrie's nipples puckered into painfully taut peaks as they were drawn into a warm mouth and suckled on fiercely. She cried out, her back arching and her fingers pressing against her narrow skull while the black hair slid through her fingertips like silk. Her hands tugged at Sheila's hair. Her cry was wordless but it held everything she needed so badly to say to Sheila.

I want you. I need you. I need this. I love you even if I don't know how to say it.

Sheila pushed her, her body meeting Carrie's and moving forward in a smooth and gentle manner. They fell backwards, Carrie's legs struck the bed, and then she landed on the mattress and on her back. She spread her legs greedily as Sheila crawled between them and slid her clever little tongue lower, across the expanse of her belly. Almost painful little nips at the tops of her thighs made her cry out, her ass lifting off the mattress and her heels digging firmly into it. Her hands sought Sheila's hair once more and she pressed her face

close, wriggling her hips while warm breath tickled against her pubic hair and a slim finger stroked her outer labia, spreading them apart and then opening the inner lips as well.

A growl erupted from her throat as her clit was suckled gently and Sheila's tongue slid around it in little circles that threatened to make her come far too soon. A single finger probed her depths, tested the tightness of her walls, and her belly clenched and relaxed as wave after wave of sensation broke across her. That finger became two and Carrie groaned, her head twisting from side to side on the soft, silk-covered pillows as she fought to keep from coming.

Sheila slid her tongue down the seam of her pussy and brought it to the tight pucker of flesh that ringed her asshole. Carrie shrieked in fear and then pleasure as Sheila's tongue licked and tickled at the flesh there. Her fingers went deeper and spread apart, forcing Carrie's tight inner walls to open and Carrie shuddered and thrashed. She wanted a hard length inside her, she wanted Sheila's tongue to stay right where it was. This whole sexy little moment had her lost and yet so aware of her body in a way she never had been before and she was desperate to taste Sheila, to kiss her lower lips as greedily as she had kissed her earlier.

The fingers set a rhythm she could not deny and the wet mouth on her pussy made a wanton abandon fill her senses. She had never experienced that before but the flashes of heat running through her overrode every single thought in

her head save one. This was why she'd never really enjoyed sex with Larry, not even when he was sober and good at it. She didn't like it because he wasn't Sheila, because he wasn't a woman, because he had no idea of how to work her innermost flesh and make her light up with want and passion, and he never would.

Her legs went rigid as her pussy was pumped faster and harder. She could feel fluids dripping down her ass crack and she shifted slightly. Sheila murmured out a soft word she could not make out but she took it to mean she was to stop moving so she did, or at least, she tried to but her hips had a mind of their own.

Every time the fingers slammed into her she arched her ass off the bed, wanting more of the heated friction that they were imparting inside her. Her walls stretched around those digits and she closed her eyes, whimpering as the first pulses of an orgasm began. Her walls clenched and opened again and more fluids ran down her legs, bringing their scent into the room and even that was a huge turn on. She'd never been so excited, and she'd never known her body to react in such a primitive and cellular way.

Sheila moved her mouth long enough to say, “Put your fingers on your clit and rub it for me.”

Carrie gasped, shock at the words and excitement at hearing them uttered so harshly mingling. She had masturbated before, of course, but never in full view of another person. She hesitated and the crazy jolts of sensation abated just enough to let her know that she was backing away from coming, and she couldn't stand that idea.

She was wildly excited, too excited to be ashamed or to worry about what might be said later, and besides she knew very well that Sheila would never attempt to shame her later anyway. Her fingers found her clit and she rubbed the swollen, high standing flesh fast, and then faster as the orgasm finally broke free and spilled through her.

“Oh I'm coming!” she cried out, her body locking into a hard lines, her muscles straining furiously and then she relaxed, her pussy opening and contracting as Sheila used her fingers to fuck her harder, her tongue occasionally dipping to her clit to amp up the pleasure burning through Carrie's whole body.

“Oh God. Oh God!” Carrie's cry carried throughout the room. Aftershocks hit and receded, leaving her a limp and shaking mess on the mattress. Sheila crawled upward, wiping her mouth on the sheets, leaving a bright streak of lipstick and fluids there on the snowy material.

Carrie had never touched another woman in her life but she wanted, needed to touch Sheila. She whispered, “Tell me if I do it wrong.”

Sheila whispered back, “I don’t think you could do it wrong, Sweetie. Touch me. Just touch me. I’ve wanted you to touch me for so very long.”

Sheila’s body was a wonderland begging to be explored. Her breasts were tiny and capped with soft pink nipples, and when Carrie took them into her mouth and sucked them they hardened between her lips, tightened and became roughly textured.

She slid her hands along the curves of her hips and thighs and found the wet flesh between Sheila’s thighs.

Sheila whispered, “Sweetie, I want you to do to me what I did to you but that can wait. I want something else more.”

Carrie froze. “What is it?”

“I want to fuck you. I want to be so deep inside you. I want to put my cock into you and make you feel every single inch of it.”

How as that possible? Carrie didn't know, but she knew she wanted that. She whispered, "Yes, oh God, yes."

Sheila rolled over, stood, and reached into a drawer of the nightstand. The happy jingling of the metal buckles on the harness made her heart pound. Sheila placed the slim long cock into the hole cut into the broad triangle of leather then buckled the harness onto her hips. The juxtaposition of womanly curves and hard cock made Carrie weak with lust.

Sheila moved so that the cock was aimed at Carrie's face. Her eyes were dark with desire as she asked, "Will you suck it for me Carrie?"

Her mouth opened eagerly and Sheila guided the prick inside her throat. It was longer than she had expected and she had to fight to breathe for the first strokes but she kept up the rhythm, knowing that the base of the cock was rubbing against Sheila's clit and giving her pleasure as it did so.

Her blonde head bobbed along the length of the shaft, and Sheila's hips bucked and thrust forward and back.

Slick juices leaked from her wet hole, spilled onto her thighs and the leather, Carrie could smell them. They smelled sweet and musky, and she was smitten all over again with that

wild and unchecked desire. She wanted to make Sheila feel as good as she had made her feel so she doubled her efforts, sucking harder, her hands on Sheila's tight ass cheeks. Her ass muscles clenched and loosened with effort that Carrie could feel.

Sheila withdrew from her mouth with a loud wet pop. Carrie looked up, about to ask if she had done something wrong but before she could Sheila flipped her over neatly and then put Carrie up on her knees, her hand sliding around Carrie's waist to her pussy. Sheila's fingers stroked the swollen hard nub of her clit, circled it and teased it. She rubbed the head of the cock against Carrie's swollen lips, teasing her by plunging forward just a bare inch and then withdrawing.

"Oh that's just mean." Carrie gasped out as the dildo plunged in again, stopping just before full penetration and then moving back out. "Oh, that is so mean. I want it...I want you...you're making me crazy. I'm so hot I think I have a fever."

"Then you're in luck," Sheila panted as she thrust all the way into Carrie's rosy wet depths. "The doctor is in."

She was. She was all the way inside her, deeply in her flesh. Carrie's ass shook and her hands gripped the pillows as

Sheila withdrew then thrust again, her lean hips banging against Carrie's ass cheeks.

The sounds of their lovemaking rang out. They both moaned and whimpered as bliss took them over the edge. Carrie's pussy opened and closed on the long shaft, her fingers dug into the pillows and she thrust her ass up hard against Sheila's one final time before collapsing face down on the mattress.

They collapsed onto the bed, Sheila disentangling herself gently before pulling Carrie close and cuddling her against her body. Their breathing slowed and Carrie said, "I have to tell you something."

Sheila's face held resignation. "You're going to stay with Larry."

"What?" She blinked. "No. God no. I'm so done with him it's ridiculous. But I think I might have. You see, um... well I never really knew why I put up with him. With all that. But I think I know why now."

Sheila drew a gentle hand across her forehead. She stared into Carrie's face intently. "What is it?"

“I’m gay. I always...I mean I knew there was something but I didn’t know what, or maybe I didn’t want to know. I was scared I think. I mean...I mean I grew up in a house with...you know my folks. They make everything about what they think it should be and I think I was afraid I would hurt them or lose them so I did what I was supposed to do but...but nothing ever felt right.

“Larry hardly ever touches me. He’s too drunk or he’s too busy being mean to me or he’s passed out and maybe that is why I stayed. Because I don’t have to answer questions that way. My parents know he’s no good but they know he’s a man and that’s good enough for them.

“But I don’t want that anymore. I never did. I don’t care enough about what they think anymore either because they don’t have to live my life, I do. They don’t have to handle the loneliness or the awful feeling that I should be doing something else. I do. So to hell with them and what they think.”

Sheila laughed. “I have been waiting for years for you to come to grips with who you are. If I had known I could do it just by sleeping with you I would have slept with you years ago. I didn’t want to sleep with you until you understood, isn’t that ironic?”

Carrie laughed. “It is.”

Her hand found Sheila's. "I won't involve you in the mess between me and Larry. That's not fair. I'm going to call a lawyer tomorrow and start the paperwork. He can have alimony, I don't care. I have been giving myself excuses to stay for a very long time and I don't want to anymore. I'll get the cops to go to my house with me so I can pick up my things and I'm going to rent a little place."

Sheila's hand rested on her hip. "You could stay here. There's a spare room if you need space."

Carrie swallowed hard. "I'm afraid you'll get tired of the drama Larry is sure to bring..."

"It's a secure building. He won't even get to stand on the sidewalk without the doorman moving him along and I'm not afraid to call the cops. Plus, I'm out Carrie. Everyone knows and has always known I'm gay. In case you didn't notice I'm in a practice with a lot of liberal people and my patients, if they felt they needed to know, would. If I have patients who can't stand a gay doctor they can go elsewhere. I'm not going to lose anything if that's what you are afraid of."

Carrie blew out a long breath. "I was. I'm also a little scared Larry is going to tell everyone I'm gay but you know—so what? I won't lose my job. My boss is gay. And a drag queen. He'll understand and he won't fire me. I think it is

going to be okay but...but Larry is not the nicest guy you know and he's sure to say a lot of really hurtful things."

"I have heard a lot in my life, Carrie." Sheila's fingers wound around hers. "If you really want to do this, then we will do it together."

Joy burst into her being. "I am doing it. I am Sheila and thank you for being there for me."

"Oh honey, I fell in love with you the minute I saw you and I had to leave just to try to get you off my mind. I'm not going anywhere. Ever. We'll get through this bad shit and then we'll make a life filled with nothing but the good things. Well, every life has its bad parts but you know what I mean."

"I do know what you mean," Carrie said and let her fingers hold tightly to Sheila's. "I know exactly what you mean in fact."

Sheila sat up and said, "I think we should start now. Larry's probably reported you missing or something by now. Let's start by calling the cops and telling them you are not going home, and why, well as much as they need to know, and I know a great lawyer. She's dealt with jerks before."

Carrie looked at her and smiled. “Yes,” she said, “A hundred times yes.”

Sheila reached for her phone then paused. “Do you know how beautiful you look right now?”

Carrie shook her head. Sheila leaned closer and said, “More beautiful than any other woman I ever saw. No wonder I couldn’t get you off my mind. Now, let’s get started.”

Carrie wanted to cry. She’d freed herself from Larry and her secrets all at once, and the result was stunning.

She had Sheila, and she was never going to let her go.

# Story Twenty

“Your red blood cell count and hemoglobin are normal but your white blood cell count is markedly decreased,” Dr. Derek Smith informed the patient as he perused the lab result in his hands. “This can indicate a viral infection. We’ll have to perform more diagnostic tests tomorrow to rule out other conditions.”

After the patient left, Derek sat down exhausted. A wisp of stubborn hair crept to his forehead, covering one of his wide-set blue eyes. His lips were rich and full and his square jaw was tightened into a smirk. At the hospital, he was often mistaken as a celebrity due to his handsome features. He was also born with a silver spoon and this fact added to his charm and sex appeal.

It had been a hectic day and it was the last of his patients. Under normal circumstances, he would still be bouncing with energy but the pain caused by his break-up with Nicole had taken its toll and he was suffering physically and emotionally. He knew emotional sickness is the mother of a myriad of illnesses, and he was aware he had to take a break and go somewhere else less toxic, if he wanted to recover.

He started going over the piles of correspondence on his table. One was an invitation to a medical mission in Southeast Asia. He was about to throw the invitation together

with the other trash, when an idea struck him. Why not? He had donated to charitable institution religiously, but he had not done any charitable work since he became a doctor; maybe, just maybe, it was the perfect time for a respite from hospital work.

With a sigh of acquiescence, he stuffed the notice in his coat, cleared his desk, and neatly packed his stethoscope and white gown into his medical bag. I'll have to think of a plan tonight, he thought.

He made the final decision that night to join the medical team for abroad. A change in environment will surely help him nurse his broken heart.

Once his decision was made, it was easy to accomplish the required paper work. Next thing he knew, he was on a mission plane to Southeast Asia.

The natives of the small island were warm and hospitable but these did not change the fact that they were in a miserable condition. Houses were demolished; trees were uprooted haphazardly and scattered everywhere; roads were impassable and flooded, and the people lived in poorly managed evacuation centers. Diarrhea had started to spread

because of contaminated water, and the danger of dengue fever had alerted the medical team to be wary of its symptoms.

There were teams from various countries cooperating for the relief effort; Team Canada were in charge of building temporary shelters; Team Japan, for sanitation programs, and Team U.S.A. for medical services.

It was there at the evacuation center that Derek met Dr. Allan Dwight, another American volunteer from Idaho. Allan had the same masculine appeal like Derek, only his features were more feminine; smaller nose and thinner lips.

“We’ll have to buy bottled water,” Allan suggested to Derek, while examining the murky drinking water at the evacuation center.

“Let’s do that. There are no potable water supplies in this area,” Derek agreed. “Hopefully, there will be stocks in the market.”

They became fast friends afterwards. They visited the evacuation center together, shared their knowledge in diagnosing conditions, and discussed the patients’ status, whenever necessary. It was also convenient that they were billeted in the same room and had the same tent in the working area.

The ambiance at the evacuation center was different from the hospital setting. Although things had to be more organized and the community needed rebuilding, it was less rigid and less stressful. After Derek's rounds, he usually watched the brilliant sunset from the white, fine sands of the beach. On one occasion, he scaled the nearest hill for a breath of fresh, unadulterated air. What more, he still can do what he loved most – curing sick people.

Derek's musings were interrupted when a severely malnourished child of seven was rushed in. He had deep-sunken eyes; he was as thin as a reed, and had dry, flaky skin.

“Nurse, he needs an IVF stat. D5LRS 500...” Derek wrote on the notepad, concentrating on the emergency case at hand.

Allan was at the opposite bed evaluating the vital signs of another patient. Together, they were done with their rounds within a few hours, and they had the whole afternoon to themselves.

“This rice wine is the best,” Allan enthused, as they sat by the seaside stall watching sun-tanned kids building sand

castles.

“It’s healthier too,” Derek agreed. “So, what made you volunteer for this mission?” He was comfortable enough with Allan to ask him a personal question.

“Hmmm, I wanted to help,” Allan replied, seemingly castigating Derek; what other reasons could there be?

Derek felt a twinge of remorse of his own personal reasons. Doctors were supposed to be life savers and not after their own personal gain.

Allan was thinking he must be nursing a broken heart, as well? That was Allan’s secondary reason for volunteering – to ‘recuperate’ from a rejection. He had been dumped by Lucille, the person he loved most in the world.

“More rice wine, sir?” A young local girl asked them. Luscious lips, dimpled cheeks, small conservative nose and voluptuous figure. “You may want to taste this local meat delicacy too,” she offered; her pearly white teeth gleaming against her golden brown skin. It was evident she had a good grasp of the English language.

“Sure, if you recommend it,” they chorused.

With her round black eyes, jet black hair and small frame, they found the young woman exotic, unlike any other they had met before, and this piqued their interests.

“Can you sit here for a while and provide us company? We would like to know more about your island,” Allan requested, observing Derek’s reaction.

She obliged with a smile.

“I’m Allan. This is Derek.”

“I’m Mila but you can call me Miles,” she extended her hand. “I presume you’re doctors?”

“Well, we’d like to shed that identity for a while,” Derek countered, as he clasp her hand tightly before releasing it. She’s beautiful, this woman, he thought.

“Oh, sorry,” she smiled shyly, withdrawing her hand, “so what do you want to know?”

“Are there any good places to visit?” Allan queried. He was sure he can recuperate promptly if all local girls were like Mila, he concluded.

“There’s a place called Callao Falls not far from here,” she disclosed. “It’s unique because, there’s also a cathedral inside an ancient cave beside it.”

“That sounds great!” Derek stood up. “Can you please be our tour guide?”

“Right now?” Mila asked, surprised.

“We’ll talk to your employer...” Allan suggested.

“Oh no, don’t. I’ll ask him,” Mila restrained Allan, and proceeded inside.

After a few minutes, she came out in blue baggy shorts and sleeveless white cotton blouse; her small round nipples discernible underneath her thin blouse. Her long, wavy tresses were immaculately tied in a bun. Derek caught his breath. She was a sight to behold, fresh and beautiful.

Both men ogled her as she sauntered toward them.

“C’mon guys, we don’t have enough time,” she ignored their admiring faces and tugged Derek’s arms.

Derek felt a jolt of awareness that came to the forefront when she touched his arm. He knew that feeling all too well - the sensation of a woman's touch. His doctor's mind deduced that they must have possessed matching pheromones or biosensors. He hadn't felt that sensation for quite some time after his breakup with Nicole, but he had not forgotten it altogether.

Meanwhile, Allan was imagining Mila naked in bed, cavorting with him. His face turned red when Mila turned to him and asked, "A penny for your thoughts?"

I was thinking of you and I in bed, Allan wanted to tell her. He had been extremely busy at work and did not have the chance to overcome his rejection or to date and get laid for several months since, and the heaviness in his balls was clamoring for release.

They ascended in silence the narrow trail leading to the waterfalls. Mila led the way and Derek and Allan followed in a single file. The verdant carpeted trail ran to a small clearing where a bubbling waterfall towered above them. It was not as wide as Derek expected it to be, but it was majestic in the afternoon sun. It sparkled and cascaded in curly waves through the mossy black stones into the wide, natural pool below.

Mila discarded her white blouse and underneath it was a skimpy bra that seemed too small to support her luscious breasts. They appeared to burst out from their unwanted confinement. She decided to keep her shorts on. She jumped into the pool and yelled at them, “Hey guys take a dip. It’s refreshing.”

In their village nudity had never been a problem. The native folks – male or female - bathe in the nude and no one considered it indecent. But when young people attended college in town, and foreigners had set foot in their homes, people became conscious of their own nakedness.

Half submerged in water; Mila was like a nymph having a swim, with her small, perfect figure and lovely face.

Allan went first, his pulses racing to the challenge. Derek followed next.

Derek, however, made the first significant move. He grabbed Mila playfully from the back and threw her into the water. Derek felt his bare skin grow hot when Mila’s semi-nakedness rubbed against his, and her breast rested on his forearms. She fell into the water laughing and screaming.

Her screams awakened Allan’s dormant emotions anew. He dived into the pool and swam after them. He dragged

Derek away from Mila and seized her from behind, intentionally cupping her breasts with his palms. Her sex appeal was hard for Allan to ignore. But her tits were too big to fondle with his one palm.

Startled, Mila broke free from Allan's grasped and swam to the other end of the pool. She was expecting them to get interested in her, but not that quickly. For all her boldness and flighty spirit, she was still genuinely shy and scared. That must be the reason why at 20, she was still a clueless virgin.

There were strange emotions surfacing to her consciousness and she didn't want to acknowledge them. She quickly donned her blouse over her wet bra and called out, "Let's go see the cathedral."

She edged her way into the rugged stone doorway near the bottom of the waterfall. It was dark inside but hundreds of lighted candles set the interior of the cave ablaze. At the center of the cavernous space was the stone altar. There were also dozens of lighted candles around the oval structure. At the innermost portion was a large silver cup with a stiletto on top of it. It reminded Mila of the altars she had read in books where witches offered virgins to their gods. Layers of rough stalagmite adorned the area, allowing the interior of the cave to look like a 'cathedral'. A door-like opening led to a smaller cavern.

While Mila was admiring the stalactites that pierced the roof of the cave, Derek and Allan caught up with her. Mila was incapable of meeting their eyes, still conscious of what Allan did earlier to her in the pool. She sensed her body growing hot in remembrance of Allan's arms around her breasts. But she noticed that the two men were not even bothered at all.

Derek was beside her in an instant. "That sure looks incredible," he mused, touching a protruding layer. His arm brushed Mila's. Mila reacted instinctively, pulling her arm away, while Derek appeared unruffled. What she had secretly wanted was for him to embrace and hug her tight until her tingling tits were pressed against his burly chest.

For Derek, it was a façade though. What he didn't show Mila was how her nearness had caused his blood to boil. He felt the initial stirrings of his arousal. He knew Mila was going through the same emotion; she was just too shy to acknowledge it.

As they toured the area, Derek and Allan took turns flirting with Mila, but she was more drawn to Derek. Every time Derek came close to her, she felt her breath constricting. They were exploring the last cavern where only two people could fit in. It was said that if two people entered this smallest cove, they would receive endless blessings and good luck. Mila entered the cove first, thinking that fate would decide who among the two men would be her partner. Derek was

quick enough to follow her; his manly scent of fresh pine trees wafted in the air.

Mila gasped as they stood there, toe to toe, facing each other. Derek didn't waste his chance. Mila had aroused his senses, which had been dormant for several months now. He grabbed Mila by the waist and kissed her passionately on the mouth, separating her closed lips with his tongue. She melted under Derek's expert ministrations. He nibbled her lips and sucked her tongue until she broke away to catch some air. But he drove in again, creaming her lips with his tongue and mouth. The sound of Allan calling out their names from the outside echoed inside the cave.

Derek's hands crept inside Mila's bra and came in contact with her soft lustrous breasts. He pinched her nipple, "oh," Mila moaned softly. "Please...stop," but she meant please go on.

A head tried to poke from the outside, "helloooo, come on out, there's a long queue out here waiting for you guys," Allan stated, exasperation in his voice.

Reluctantly, Mila and Derek broke apart. They were breathless from their swift arousal.

It was dusk when they arrived at the center. Mila's body was burning as the ember of her first interaction with a male started to glow inside her. Derek wanted more of what he had tasted in the cave, while Allan had yet to come forward.

“Why don't you eat your dinner at the seaside diner?” Mila suggested; her face awash with eagerness.

“Yup, that would be great,” Allan conceded, without consulting Derek.

Mila served them brown rice, seashells cooked in tomatoes and broiled milk fish, freshly caught from the fishpond. It was a sumptuous meal that allowed the two doctors a taste of the delicious local dishes.

While Mila was serving them, Derek would deliberately brush his hand or thighs against Mila's body. She pretended not to notice, but her body responded undoubtedly – she wanted Derek's naked body right next to her. Allan envied them. They looked good together, and yet...

Back in their room, Allan and Derek went about their personal business in peace. Allan thought what the hell happened, Derek? While Derek was lost in space, imagining Mila's hot body arching under his own.

The next morning, dapper and fresh, Allan and Derek reported to the center. They were about to start their usual rounds when a new batch of nurses arrived. The two men watched as the nurses were assigned to their respective teams.

They waited patiently for their assigned nurse. It turned out it was someone they knew.

“Good morning, doctors,” came the familiar voice.

Allan and Derek stared at the cheerful face before them. It was Mila!

“Well, well, look what we’ve got here,” Allan enthused, “were you moonlighting as a waitress?”

“Yes, Doc. Having another job helps pay the bills,” Mila replied evenly. She was happy the chief nurse had accepted her request.

Derek threw her a glance, thinking how prim and proper she was now. Mila withdrew her eyes, conscious of how Derek undressed her with his penetrating eyes.

During work, Derek was stiff and formal. It was contrary to Allan's easy-going personality. Derek was a year older than Allan's 42 years. But both of their bodies were lithe and well-built with no flabby tissues hanging in unwanted places. It was apparent they were doing their daily workouts.

Derek's formality at work provided Allan a chance to flirt with Mila. He stayed close to her, sometimes putting an arm around her and at times whispering in her ears. Mila didn't reject his advances. He found him endearing. He's fun to be with, she mused.

The morning ended with no mishap, and they went in to their tent for their packed lunches. There were only two patients after lunch; one with asthmatic bronchitis and the other, with a superficial knee wound, which they had attended to promptly, leaving them free for the rest of the day.

"Can you accompany me to the beach tonight?" Allan invited Mila.

"Sure, why not?"

They agreed to meet at the diner. Allan thanked his lucky stars that Derek was away for a home visit and an alternate nurse was assigned as his assistant. Allan's attraction for Mila grew each time they met, and he wanted to proceed to the next level.

At the beach, they reminisced their younger college years and laughed about their humorous experiences during their internship training.

Allan drew Mila closer to him and held her hand. Unlike Derek, who evoked fluctuating, wild emotions from Mila, Allan was like the calm waves bringing tranquility to her soul. The warmth of his hands made her remember about home and family. And much as her mind rejected the idea of making it out with Allan, her body rebelled against her mind - a part of her wanted Allan.

Allan caressed her fingertips lightly, like stroking a baby's delicate skin. His fingers went up her arm, up her face, drawing circles around her mouth and nape, gradually resting on her lips. He lifted her chin and kissed her then, drowning her in the warmth of his lips and his embrace. It was a long drawn out kiss that made Mila breathless. She had now discovered carnal pleasures that she had become addicted to, and she wanted more.

They were alone on the seashore, except for a few strollers in the distance. His hands brushed her tits enticingly. His movements were unhurried and feathery; a whiff of soft

breeze in the arid desert. Mila closed her eyes and savored the gentle caresses on her face and neck and welcomed his tongue.

“Mmmmm, better than eating ice cream,” Allan murmured and nibbled her ear.

His warm breath coursing through her ears made her shiver. Her breasts strained from her thin blouse. They petted and necked oblivious of their surroundings.

“Holy smoke...the birdie down below... wants more,” Allan was hyperventilating. “That’s all for today,” he gruffly stated.

The unmistakable bulge in his pants seemed to house a caged animal.

“If we won’t stop now, I’d probably fuck you right here,” he gave Mila a slurping kiss, and ran to the inviting waters.

They played on the beach and the shallow portion of the sea until his erection subsided. They left hand in hand, their faces in pain and their bodies craving for fulfillment.

The next day, many of the patients in the makeshift center were discharged and had left for their temporary bunkhouses. The rehabilitation of the village was proceeding smoothly. Derek, as the team leader of the medical group, had used his own money to purchase some of the medical supplies necessary for the villagers.

During lunch, Allan, Mila and Derek bumped into each other. Mila had deliberately avoided them to sort out her feelings. She didn't know why she felt strongly for both men. Although, Derek held more sexual attraction to her, she longed for Allan's sensitive and jovial nature. Do I love them both? She asked herself, not knowing the answer.

"Well, the Three Musketeers are back together," Allan patted their backs. "So what's the agenda today?"

"Lemme see," Derek mused, "I have to talk to Mila," he continued.

"Oh, I see. Sure, go ahead," Allan left them and whistled his way out.

At work, Derek and Mila didn't have the chance to talk about personal affairs, although they worked together. This is because Derek had always been so formal and professional; he

didn't want to combine work with pleasure. But after work, he went back to treating her with concern.

“How are you?” he asked Mila, gently holding her hand.

“I'm good,” she replied, nonplussed. She felt she had been unfaithful to him by the way she had behaved with Allan on the beach.

“Look at me,” he commanded her.

She gradually leveled her gaze, but her eyes wavered.

“You seem troubled.”

“I just feel tired,” she reassured him.

He regarded her intently, smoothing her hair with his palms. “How I wish we can go somewhere else where there's only the two of us,” he expressed his feelings.

Mila had the same wish too. Her earlier yearnings for Derek surfaced anew and she clutched his arm, wanting him to go on touching her forever. Her pussy started to grow moist,

and her eyes revealed all her longings to Derek without her speaking a single word.

Derek read her thoughts in an instant. “This won’t do...” he muttered. “We’ll have to do something about it.”

He hauled her to her feet and led her to his tent and Allan’s.

Mila protested, “What if Allan comes in?”

“He’ll have to leave, of course. He’s a gentleman,” Derek reassured her.

As soon as they were inside, he pinched her nipples underneath her bra and twirled them in his fingers. “Hmmm, they’re ready for the plucking,” he murmured.

He pulled down her undies halfway and patted her precious petals playfully with his fingers. “This baby is hot and moist. Shall I eat them?”

Mila’s body quivered in eagerness, ready to give in to his masterful strokes. Derek knelt and brushed his nose on her clitoris. She gave a start as her nerve cells awakened and brought the sensation up her spine into her spinning head. She

went dizzy with delight. “Ohhh, hmmm...” She bit her lip controlling her moans as Derek continued rubbing his nose on her clit.

The breeze from the doorway flitted inside and wafted through her exposed cunt, but only for a moment. Soon, Derek’s head blocked the air as he swooped down into her pussy and his tongue worked and licked the area like it was a delectable food. His tongue ran up and down the smooth folds of her petals, licking and sucking the fleshy, sensitive skin until Mila sucked her forearm to muffle the sounds of her delightful moans. Her other hand clutched Derek’s hair as his tongue focused on her clit and two of his fingers inched their way inside her virgin pussy.

After a few minutes of foreplay, Mila moaned, “ahhhhhh...God, I can’t take it anymore,” she whispered hoarsely, “please, please fuck me.”

Derek finger fucked her as she stood against the wall fondling her tits and thrusting her famished pussy into Derek’s fingers. She ground her hips and stuttered as the tip of her orgasm hovered in the background. So this is what those romance books were talking about. This helpless wild clamor for physical satiation, Mila realized.

They were standing near the flapping doors and the sounds of people talking outside were clearly audible.

Derek stood up then and kissed her on the mouth, his fingers still finger fucking her. Mila clung to him firmly, her desires for him had doubled since the time they had kissed inside the cave, or was it Allan she was wishing for? Mila wondered, but she was uncaring as she thrust her hips forward and fumbled with his zipper, wanting him to fuck her with his dick.

A rambling sound echoed in the distance and the rising voices of people can be heard from the tent. Derek stopped and listened intently to the din, but Mila had already climaxed, showering his fingers with her juices as she ground her pussy into his unmoving fingers. “Oh my God, ohhhh...” Mila cried in exultation against her arms, sucking it amidst the incredible pleasure of her climax.

The voices from outside drew nearer.

Mila swiftly pulled her panty up and mopped the sweat on her forehead. Derek wiped the visible traces of his own precum on the surface of his slacks.

Heavy footfalls were approaching the tent. Derek said from behind her ear, “You owe me one, bad girl.”

Mila was still shaking with her orgasm when a voice called out from outside of the tent, “Dr. Smith, are you there?”

Derek quickly donned his white gown to cover his erection and the stain on his slacks. He hugged Mila and whispered, “Leave after a few minutes, see you later.”

He rushed outside, “I’m here, what’s the problem? ”

“Doctor, please come with me, a boy fell...” the voice faded in the distance as Mila stood there still trembling from her orgasm. Her knees wobbled and she sat down on the hard floor. She had never imagined that orgasm would feel that way, and she was thankful Derek was the first person, who made her cum. But what about him? She was wondering how she can return the favor. As a nurse, she knew that it was painful when men were aroused and were not able to ejaculate. Oh, well, he’s a doctor, he knows what he’s doing, she reprimanded herself.

After Mila’s body physiology went back to normal, she stealthily left Derek’s tent and went to the nurses’ station to replenish the medical supplies. She was startled to come across Allan, who was sprawled in the garden chair. Did he come earlier to the tent?

“Whoa, what happened to you? You’re glowing and your face is all flushed,” he sat straight and stared unabashedly at her.

“I’ve been under the sun,” she lied, avoiding his eyes.

Allan was thinking, she finally got it. Up to what extent? He was uncertain, but it didn’t bother him a bit. “Let’s have a cup of tea,” he prodded her forward.

They sat under the shade of a tree peacefully sipping their cold tea, while watching the rural life going on around them. A number of people were cleaning the grounds, while some were lined up for their water supply. Mila was contented sitting there and enjoying Allan’s steadfast presence.

That night, Mila was restless in bed. If she were to choose between Allan and Derek, who would it be? She shook her head, reproaching herself. They wouldn’t be THAT interested in her. They may have looked young but both of them are already in their 40s, old enough to be her fathers. Nevertheless, they had both awakened her womanly desires and she desired them in return. To Mila, people of her age of 19 are immature and boring. She had altogether avoided

Ferdie and Aldrin because they had professed their love for her. She was in a stage where total commitment was scary. Her mother separated from her father when she was 9 years old and it proved traumatic for her. It was an unhappy event in her life she didn't want to repeat.

Hence, she needed to be level-headed and quit being serious about any relationship.

On the other side of the village, Derek was wide awake, as well. His thoughts dwelled on Mila. After his separation from Nicole, life became dull for him. He had endured the days like an automaton. His world became bright once more with Mila around. She's an incredible girl, AND very young, he concluded. He was still too mixed up to think about serious relationships.

And there was Allan to consider, he pondered. Was he even serious about her? And what about him, was he?

At the end of the week, Mila worried about Derek. Since the day inside the tent, he returned to his old, formal self, addressing Mila only when necessary.

"Are you okay?" Mila cornered him in the stockroom, after the morning rounds.

“You’re worried about me?” he grinned at her.

“Yeah, “she touched his arm gently.

“I suppose you’re referring to this?” He got hold of her hand and swept his crotch with Mila’s fingers; an impish grin pasted all over his face.

“Don’t worry. I’m a survivor,” he groped for her crotch too and gave it a firm pat. “I’ll have to remedy the situation before the red flag goes up,” he continued.

Mila stood there not comprehending what he had just said. Her senses were stoked afresh. Her body had hungered for his touch, but she’d been fighting against her desire to be with him.

It was weekend the following day, so only the skeleton staff members were on duty. Luckily, Derek was free, while Allan was on duty.

He found Mila outside the diner and dragged her towards the hills. “Let’s take a hike,” he announced, expecting no opposition.

Before Mila could react, Derek had chained her to his hand and they ran all the way to the nearby hill. They searched for the human trail leading to the summit. It was a steep descent and they had to stop every now and then to catch their breath. Whenever Derek's finger came in contact with her nipple, he would fondle it momentarily. At times, he helped her up while caressing her pubis. Mila welcomed all his pleasurable actions; her dry, starving body naturally responding to his sensual touch. Her body was afire with desire and the spot between her thighs became wet.

Soon, they reached the top of the hill. It was an hour's hike through the narrow human trail, but it was worth it. The scene below seemed carved out from a Picasso; small cogon huts dotted the area, and coconut trees rose predominantly across the span of land. The churning ocean surrounded the island like a loyal sentinel.

“At last,” Derek heaved a sigh of relief, “we're alone.”

He set the picnic blanket and then basket on a clearing that provided a good view of the surrounding landscape. They sat side by side for a few minutes, enjoying the view and the clean air. Then Derek drew Mila closer and kissed her lustily on the lips.

“Were you waiting for this?” he asked her in a raspy voice.

“I guess so...,” she was not certain. But when his tongue licked the back of her ear, she whispered. “Yeah, I waited for it.”

He pinched her hard nipples lightly and rolled them through her blouse, and then he kissed her full on the lips again; his tongue twirling against hers in a battle for dominance. Except for the clearing in front of them, they were shaded by a line of dense vegetation. Mila was uneasy because someone might chance on them, and it would surely be the talk of the village the next day.

“Must we do it here?” she asked Derek, a bit worried.

“What must we do here?” he teased her.

Her face turned a beet red. When she didn't reply, he joked, “we can just roll ourselves in this blanket, when someone comes.” His erection prominently displayed as he kissed her again, basking in the freshness of her innocence. He knew she was a virgin because of her naïve reactions to his flirting. He was aching to fuck her but his doctor's instinct made him go slower.

He pushed her down the blanket and sucked on her lower lip, simultaneously massaging her breasts and her vagina. He fondled her tits alternately and caressed her womanhood underneath her undies. She smelled of succulent spices and fresh mundane scents that set his senses reeling. He groped for her fingers and gently placed them on top of his jeans where his engorged dick was struggling to get free. Mila trembled as the sensations overpowered her. Her shyness gone, she opened her thighs wide to his fingers and lifted her body eagerly as she stroke his erection.

With Mila's touch, Derek vaulted and feverishly got rid of her blouse and bra, and buried his head on her big, ripe tits. "Hmmm," he crooned, muzzling them, while his hands caressed their undersides. He sucked the nipples alternately while rubbing his massive erection against Mila's fingers and groin. He was still fully clothed and she had still her panties on.

Mila's body craved for more. Her fingers clawed at Derek's jeans, trying to unleash his humongous organ, but she didn't succeed. However, she succeeded in removing his shirt, exposing his toned abdomen and brawny biceps. His chest was sexily hairy; likewise with the v-shaped area leading to his cock.

Derek continued to suck, kiss, knead and lick Mila's breasts and the area around them. When Mila was not able to undo Derek's jeans, she inserted a hand instead into his

throbbing, fiery dick and was thrilled that it actually pulsed in her fingers.

Derek went wild at the touch of Mila's fingers on his cock and he frantically freed his tumescent organ from its imprisonment. He kicked his jeans away and ripped Mila's underwear with trembling fingers. Hah, the priceless petals. He dove for the pink folds of her pussy and buried his nose on her musky scent as his ravenous tongue started exploring the sensitive areas of her labia. When Derek's lips nibbled her clit she moaned, "Oh God," her eyes losing their black color as she strained to relish the exquisite sensations. "Oh God, yes... yes...please fuck me," she rotated her hips against his exploring mouth.

Mila started stroking Derek's semi-rigid cock again, and it sprang to double its size. How can a muscle expand so much? Mila was pleased. The sight of the angry rod made her love hole twinge with longing. How would it feel when that huge snake gets buried deep inside my gripping tunnel? She wondered.

Her train of thoughts broke when Derek groaned aloud and suddenly straddled her. He licked her lips and sucked her tongue, as his cock lay waiting at the entrance to her slice of heaven. And then he directed his cock into Mila's cunt and started humping. She was so wet and ready, but Derek had difficulty getting in into her tight hole. Her vaginal juices were

helping in allowing the slippery entry of his huge cock but it still had not gone in halfway.

Mila felt like a gigantic foreign object was invading her pussy; causing tearing pain without mercy.

“Ohhhh, go slowly,” she restrained him, as the pain intensified. He was just too big for her.

But when Derek began moving in and out, humping slowly but firmly, the slick and elastic tissues of her vagina started to accommodate the humongous invader, making room for it and enveloping it warmly with its love juices. A pleasant impression caused by the friction of his dick going ruthlessly inside her erogenous zone began building up and kept growing from Mila’s pussy. “That’s feels good...mmmmmm...yes...sooooo good,” Mila crooned, as the delicious sensations grew. Their fingers fondled their bodies and their groins were joined at the hip.

The pain slowly ebbed with each of Derek’s thrust. He moved languidly, savoring the tightening of her cunt against his manhood. The pleasurable sensation was almost unbearable for him. “Babe, that’s it, move with me,” he said between gasps of pristine delight. Mila had picked up the tempo and she raised her buttocks to meet him as their groins whacked against each other.

Then when Mila was hovering above the brink of an outburst, Derek knelt and pulled Mila to an upright position. Without breaking body contact, Derek slowly stood up supporting Mila with his strong hands. Her legs were locked on his back and both of her arms went around his neck to cling to him.

“Fuck me, doctor,” Mila hissed at him, her voice crazed with passion. She no longer cared about anything, except her urgent need to reach her climax. “Please, fuck me harder, harder,” she cried pleadingly.

Her cries aroused the roaring lion in Derek, he no longer cared about Mila being hurt, he pumped faster and harder, raising Mila’s buttock with his two hands and then bringing down her pussy to his engorged cock. He licked and sucked her tits simultaneously. “Damn, you’re so tight and hot, ahhh...” His face was suffused with lust and his veins swelled with his exertion, but his legs and arms were as sturdy as brick, untiringly lifting Mila’s body and then smashing her pussy down into his dick, over and over until Mila screamed and shuddered, murmuring words that only she can understand. God, there’s nothing that can compare to those sensations, Mila thought, now I’m ready to die.

Mila’s orgasm exploded again when Derek continued pounding her as her cunt gripped his penis in a tight embrace. Then he finally ejaculated joyfully outside the lips of her pussy. He continued to massage his organ until all his semen

was expelled. He rolled over on the picnic blanket still holding Mila. Afterwards, they lay spent but satiated in a warm embrace.

“You’re wonderful Miles,” he kissed her on the mouth, their bodies glistening in the afternoon sunset.

Later, they trekked down the village unhurriedly because Mila felt sore after their wild encounter. She felt as if a big tobacco had been inserted in her ‘mouth’ below.

“I promise, you’ll enjoy more next time,” Derek touched her pussy lightly and winked at her. They were already fully clothed, but Derek wanted to push her down and fuck her again. However dusk was approaching and time was the problem. He could still feel her virgin pussy swallowing his cock hungrily. With that thought, his dick was starting to become alive again.

Mila’s pussy was ravaged but satiated. She knew that it would hanker for more in the coming days – such delectable experience can never be forgotten.

When they got back, Allan was waiting for them. He sensed the change in both of them. There was an invisible bond that connected them together. He was certain they had fucked. I'm not to be outdone, he concluded. I'm going to get my fair share.

During their next duty, Allan stuck to Mila like glue. And after their morning rounds, he forced Mila in a corner. "What happened to you and Derek?"

"Nothing," she was incapable of looking at him in the eye.

"I'm not naïve," he blurted, "I'm hurt that you haven't thought of me."

Mila didn't understand what Allan exactly meant but she refused to prod further for fear of revealing her tryst with Derek. Her whole body yearned in remembrance of it.

The succeeding week went by like a blur for Mila. Derek's behavior at work was less formal. Every time they were left alone, Derek would rush to her and would rain her

with kisses. There were times, he fingered her inside the nurses' tent and they were nearly caught by an attendant. They ended laughing and running into the night to fulfill their desires. Through all these, Allan pretended not to notice.

A whole month passed by and there were significant improvements in the village. Slowly public services were restored such as, power lines and the local hospital's services were now in full operation. The doctors had better private rooms where clean water was available.

It was the end of Derek's contract, and Allan's contract will also end three days later.

"Guys, what about a vaya con dios party?" Allan suggested. "Just the three of us."

"Why not?" Derek indirectly acquiesced.

"Let's do it." Mila was thrilled to be with both of them.

Mila prepared some pork barbecues, hotdogs for roasting, and a couple of beers in an ice box. They lit a bonfire on the beach and gathered around it roasting food and enjoying their cold beer, while reminiscing about their funny mishaps. In between, there were discreet caresses and sensual whispers.

It was a moment to remember.

When the night wore on, Mila felt the ambiance grow thick with sexual overtures. Derek would ‘accidentally’ fall over Mila’s lap; Allan purposely staggered towards her to land on her breasts, and there was even physical intimacy between the two men.

Mila sensed the hunger in her pussy. They drank 3 bottles of beer each, wanting to grow tipsy, but it was not enough for them to get drunk. The blazing embers of their arousal, however, were imminent.

“Shall we go to my room?” Derek whispered to Mila.

“Ooops, there you go again,” Allan interrupted. “On to your secret escapades?”

Mila remained immobile.

“I want to join you,” Allan stated boldly.

Mila was speechless. That was the most shocking suggestion she had heard in years. To her astonishment Derek agreed.

“Sure, since, we’re not certain whether we’ll meet again, a party of three would be dynamite,” he roared with laughter, obviously thrilled with the idea.

Mila had forgotten that some men considered threesomes as adventurous. She was about to protest but her equally adventurous spirit got the better of her. How would it feel being made love to by two sexy adult men? Her insides quavered with great expectation.

In a short while, they were inside Derek’s room, clawing at each other’s clothing, their fingers exploring, until they were all stark naked. Allan and Derek ogled Mila’s young, voluptuous body as she stood there at the center of the room, her nipples firm and her pussy clean shaven as a baby’s.

It was Derek who kissed Mila first. He sucked her tongue and fingered her clit, while his hands fondled her breasts. He carried her to the king sized bed and laid her down firmly. Then he positioned his penis above Mila’s mouth by kneeling astride her face. He was facing the opposite direction. Mila’s head was supported by a pillow allowing her mouth and tongue to be able to reach out for Derek’s enlarged cock.

“Now, pleasure me,” Derek instructed her.

Seeing her pussy vacant, Allan rendered oral service with his expert tongue and lips. He was gentler than Derek, and Mila's erotic zones were covered by both men.

Mila was giving a good fellatio to Derek, while Allan was providing a delicious cunnilingus to her.

She was a virgin but she was also a nurse, who was well informed about how to pleasure men, so she applied her theoretical knowledge. It was awkward at first but in no time at all, Derek was cursing and groaning in ecstasy. She ran her tongue along the length of his shaft and sucked the crown lightly, while massaging, in twisting motions, the base of his manhood with her now adept fingers. Now and then she would juggle his balls inside her mouth, until he hurled expletives to no one in particular.

She paused when a wave of delight staggered her when Allan tongue-fucked her. "Yes please, do it again," she cried to Allan. Allan penetrated her tight cunt with his tongue, while his thumb continuously fondled her clit. Then he swapped positions, fingering her cunt and sucking her clit. It was pure pleasure for Mila. She wanted to be fucked badly.

"Oh, please fuck me," she begged.

For a fraction of a second the two men hesitated, then both scrambled for a position to grant her wish.

Allan was nearest to her cunt, so he straddled her and inserted his rock hard penis into her willing pussy. It was the first time that Allan tasted her womanhood and he felt overjoyed as he humped slowly at first, and then faster and harder as his lust overcame him.

Derek was off her, so she clawed at Allan's back as the glorious sensations intensified and her tight but extremely wet pussy swallowed his dick ravenously.

“Jeez...,” Allan panted, “you’re an extraordinary girl, Miles,” he exclaimed as he drove deeper into Mila’s slick love tunnel. “You’re irresistible...” he moaned, arching his back to feel Mila’s skintight pussy encircling his dick in a tight grip.

Derek caressed Allan’s butt and back as he fucked Mila, while massaging his own manhood. He could not wait any longer watching their sweat-drenched bodies intertwined before him. He rolled them both on their sides. They were still joined to each other at the hips, and apparently, they had no intention of separating as they humped frenziedly, lost in their own world of passion. Derek positioned himself below Mila. She was facing Allan, while Derek was underneath her, snugly fitted to her body like a spoon.

Allan didn't break pace in spite of Derek's movement. He continued frantically fucking the lights out of her. His speed increased, going quicker and wilder as he grunted and plowed his way into Mila's fresh folds. Now and then he would dive to catch Mila's, lips and breasts with his mouth and tongue as she came down to his penis.

Derek, bit by bit, aimed his stone-like rod into Mila's anus. Mila wondered what he was up to when he supported her body with his own. Now, she knew. He planned to fuck her from behind. She almost broke free from Derek's tight hold on her waist, but Allan's persistent thrusts had brought her body to the peak of cloud 9; she was about to experience a mind-blowing orgasm.

Just as Derek, inserted his dick halfway into Mila's anal opening, her dam of orgasms burst out like a tsunami. Mila trembled between them, screaming at the top of her voice as the tidal waves of her climax overlapped each other. It was the shriek of someone in pain and in extreme pleasure, at the same time.

Derek, could no longer hold back himself, he held Mila with both hands by her waist and lifted her. She collided with Allan's face above her and Allan's dick went deeper into her cunt. "Ahhhh...", she moaned.

In spite of Allan being on top of her, she was not heavy for Derek to lift because Allan had supported his weight with his two arms planted on both sides of Mila – only his dick remained wedged into Mila's soaked cunt.

Derek began thrusting his penis into Mila's anus. He went as far as he could go and his face became contorted in pain and pleasure as his dick plowed through the narrow opening. Both openings are virgins, so slick and mouthwatering, he thought.

Mila's orgasm went on and on like a tsunami, coming on big and then slowly diminishing in strength. When she thought her orgasms subsided, they came again, and again, as Allan and Derek, continued to pound her on both of her love holes with increasing intensity and fervor. The skin that separated her anus and vagina was imprisoned by two brutal cocks on each side. She was sucked into a vortex of indescribable pleasurable sensations, spinning her around and around until only the three of them existed in the universe. Mila screamed again as Allan and Derek gave one last plunge and climaxed to. She sucked Allan's neck, biting slightly on his skin as her juddering body absorbed all the delights that proper coitus offered.

Mila was unaware that Derek was kissing her on the lips while jerking to his own climax. Allan had collapsed next to her, a contented smile on his handsome face. Derek finally

popped himself contentedly on the other side, and held on to her hand.

“That was phenomenal, sweetie,” he said, in between gasps.

“Indeed, that was out of this world,” Allan seconded. “Will we be able to do this again?” He asked the inevitable question.

Mila’s pussy was still quivering in pleasure, while her anus was sore and seemingly torn. She looked down and noticed that there were drops of blood on the bed sheet, but she didn’t mind, the extraordinary sensation she had experienced was enough to cure the momentary pain she felt.

“You can always come and visit me, any time,” she suggested.

“So simply stated, babes,” Derek faced her and kissed her on the lips again. She was now wedged between two virile adult men who knew how to pleasure her young body.

“Do you want a second round?” Allan slid down and buried his face on her still wet pussy.

Derek pulled him from behind and said, “Unless you want me to fuck you from behind, that territory is mine now.”

“Well, not a bad idea. Shall we try?” Allan retorted as they laughed and tumbled, naked, down the floor.

Mila stared at the ceiling, wondering whether she had found true love or not.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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tales...**

## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renown naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Twenty One

Alicia scrolled through Craigslist, desperately looking for a job. She had just been registered as a nurse but was avoiding having to get on at a hospital as much as possible. The smell of them, the anti-septic made her sick. So did the speed at which they moved the emergency patients, the little kids and old ladies with broken hips. Alicia would much rather go into a private practice with a family doctor.

She had graduated in a massive class and it seemed like all of her mates had planned better than she—most of them had jobs lined up for the moment they got their licenses. Alicia had been let go from the nursing home she had worked at for three years just two weeks prior to graduating. There was panic in her chest each time she sat down to search for a job. She wondered what would happen if she didn't find anything, how she would pay off her loans, whether or not she was even qualified at this point to work as a manager at Burger King. Alicia had always been prone to anxiety.

She took a deep breath, calming herself, and continued to scroll until she reached a promising headline.

RN needed for paid internship/possible full-time position.

Alicia clicked on it and skimmed through the posting. It was a doctor who ran his own practice and worked alone, in need of part-time help for at least six weeks. She wrote down the number and closed her laptop, dialing her cell phone with shaky hands.

“Hello?” came the voice on the other end. His voice was deep and soft; Alicia relaxed a bit at the sound of it.

“Hi,” she said. “My name’s Alicia Meyers and I am calling in regard to your Craigslist post looking for an intern.”

“What are your qualifications?” the man asked. She swallowed, told him she’d just gotten her nursing license, that she had working as a CNA at a nursing home while she was in school. He paused on the other end for a moment.

“Would you be willing to meet for an interview?”

“Yes,” she said quickly, grinning and giddy. “When?”

“In an hour,” he said. She agreed, desperate, and wrote down the address that he gave her. She got ready quickly, throwing on makeup and combing through her tangled curls, slipping into her most professional dress and a pair of modest heels. Alicia looked at herself in the mirror, satisfied, and grabbed her purse. She hoped she wouldn’t run into traffic on

the way to the office. She always expected that everything would go wrong at any given moment, especially when she needed so desperately for it to go right.

She arrived at the office in plenty of time, knocking at the door, shifting nervously in her heels.

Alicia froze when the man answered. There was something about him that nearly knocked her from her feet—some sort of power glowing behind those green eyes. He had salt-and-pepper hair and a slim, firm frame. His greeting glance was hot on her face, intense and penetrating. She felt herself blushing as he invited her in.

She was for some reason afraid to shake the man's hand, afraid to touch him. He was beautiful in his own way—probably early fifties, body limber and languid in his movements, back straight and proud. Alicia kept her hands clasped in front of her as he gestured for her to sit down across from him at his desk.

“I'm Xavier Cunningham,” he said. He extended his arm to hers and she had no choice but to take his hand. He held her eye as she did so, his lips curving into an enigmatic smile.

“Alicia,” she said; her throat dry. “It’s nice to meet you, Dr. Cunningham.”

“Did you bring me a resume?” he asked. Her heart fluttered with nervous energy. She had forgotten all about it in her rush to get to the office.

“I’m so sorry,” she told him. “I completely forgot.”

She was blushing hard, deeply embarrassed. Xavier leaned back in his chair, propping his long legs on the desk, grinning lazily at her.

“It’s alright, Miss Meyers. I think you’ll do just fine.”

Alicia was surprised and elated.

“When would you like me to start?”

“Tonight at eight.” His green eyes studied her face intently. He put his legs down and reached forward to take her hand again, brushing her palm with the tips of his fingers when he pulled away after a few long seconds. Alicia dragged her teeth over her bottom lip, confused and flustered, and stumbled over her words as she promised to return in a few hours. She felt his eyes on her back as she turned to leave, and

it was all she could do to keep her legs working as she walked away from him.

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“Good evening,” he said in that lilting, melodic voice. He smiled at her, all charm, as he let her in the door. He locked it shut behind him and led her into the back room, where he saw his patients.

“I need to ask you something, Alicia.”

“Yes?” She tried to take deep breaths, to slow her heartbeat. She still wore her dress from earlier in the day, not sure whether she was actually beginning work or if he would simply show her the ropes. She had her scrubs folded up in the backseat of her car, just in case.

“My practice is rather unorthodox,” he said. “I need to know that you can handle that.”

She swallowed, meeting his eye, regretting it immediately when her body flushed hot under his gaze. He noticed. She knew he noticed by the way he looked at her, amused and slightly surprised.

“What do you mean?” Alicia asked. Her tongue felt heavy in her mouth. She looked away, scanning the room. It was much like any other doctor’s office, the walls white and sterile, everything shining and clean.

“You’ll see.”

Xavier crossed the room and began to unbutton his shirt, sliding it off of his shoulders and folding it, placing it in a cabinet. Alicia watched him, unable to look away, fascinated by his lean muscles and his slim waist. He either didn’t notice or chose not to acknowledge her stare, instead reaching into a bag on the floor and pulling out a fresh white shirt. He put it on and turned toward her, rolling the sleeves to his elbows.

“Our first patient should be here in about ten minutes,” he said. “I’ll show you where some supplies are until then.”

Alicia allowed him to lead her around the office. Always, she was aware of the location of his body. She held her breath once when he stepped close to her, reaching to the top shelf of a cabinet to show her where he kept the extra syringes. He had paused, lingering close to her body, so close she could feel the heat radiating off of him. He took a few steps back without touching her, without remark or incident.

A doorbell rang and he walked to the front door, unlocking it and ushering in a squat man who was about Alicia's age. The man was limping, favoring his left leg, wincing with every step.

“This is fucking killing me, doc,” he said to Xavier, who nodded sympathetically and led him into the back room. He assisted the man onto the examination table, and pulled up one leg of his jeans, talking to him all the while.

“Who is this?” asked the man, interrupting the doctor, gesturing to Alicia. “When the hell did you let someone else in here?”

“Don't worry,” said Xavier calmly. “She's my new nurse. She knows how to keep silent. Don't you, Alicia?”

“Yes, doctor,” she replied, eyes focused on the wound on the man's calf. It was a deep, throbbing red and severely swollen.

“This is infected,” chided Xavier. “I told you to keep it clean and bandaged.”

“Yeah, well,” said the man, “I ain't exactly a nurse, now, am I?”

The doctor clicked his tongue. “You have to take care of it or there’s nothing else I can do for you. You’ll have to go to the emergency room and explain why you have a bullet wound in your leg.”

“I can’t give them my name, doc, you know that.”

“So keep it bandaged. Alicia, get me gauze and antiseptic. There are some pills in a blue bottle below that cabinet there.” He pointed to the corner of the room. She hurried over and retrieved the supplies, setting them on a small table next to the doctor. The man winced when Xavier dabbed the antiseptic on the wound before wrapping it up. The doctor handed the man the blue bottle and told him to take it home.

“Antibiotics,” he said. “Two every four hours. Come back if you need to, but I’ll just have to send you to the ER. Got it? Keep it clean.”

The man slid off the table, groaning when his leg made contact with the floor. He thanked Xavier before handing him a wad of cash. The doctor locked the door behind him after he limped out, pressing his back to it.

“Now what just happened?” he asked Alicia.

“Criminals,” she said. “You treat criminals. People who can’t risk being found out.”

He grinned. “That’s right,” he said. “Good girl.”

Those words sent a rush of heat down her body, flowing below her stomach and resting between her hips. Her eyes were on his lips and she licked her own without thinking.

“So, do you still want the job?” he asked, bringing her back to the moment. She lifted her gaze to his eyes. They were dancing, teasing her.

“Yes.”

He paused. “Good.”

“Our next patient will be here in about a half hour. We have a little bit of time.”

She gestured for her to follow him into the exam room.

“Get on the table,” he commanded.

“I’m—I’m sorry?”

“Get on the table.” He smiled at her. “I have to make sure you’re fit enough for the job, do I not?”

Alicia stared at him. It took her a moment to realize that he was serious. He patted the fabric with his hand.

“Come on, Alicia.”

She climbed up and sat down, her legs dangling over the edge. A small gasp escaped her when he pressed two fingers over her pulse. He held her eye and grinned, his skin hot on hers, holding on for a full minute before pulling away.

“Your heart is racing,” he said. “Is that normal?”

Alicia shook her head, her mouth too dry to speak.

“Hmm.” He ran his tongue over his lips. “We might have to measure that again a little later.”

Next he put the stethoscope to her chest and told her to take deep breaths. She knew her breathing was shaky, shallow and a little ragged. The doctor lowered the cold pad just between her breasts. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted. She was squirming on the table, wondering why she was reacting

like an adolescent schoolgirl, both ashamed and excited all at once.

His hand moved to her back and he slowly unzipped her dress all the way down the length of her spine. He held her still with one hand on her waist and pressed the stethoscope against her ribcage, whispering for her to breathe, allowing his fingertips to touch her skin as he pressed his hand against her. Alicia was almost disappointed when he zipped her back up. She was shaking.

“Open your eyes,” he said, “look at me.”

She did. His lips were curved in a smirk, his eyes laughing.

“You did well.”

“Thank you,” she breathed.

“You’re more than welcome,” he told her, putting his hands on her hips and lifting her off the table.

“Want some coffee?”

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She showed up the next evening in scrubs. He took one look at her and sent her home to change.

“I don’t understand,” she said, “I’m your nurse.”

“Go home,” he repeated. “Put on a dress. This isn’t a regular office and I need you to present a certain image.”

So she did, slipping into a small black thing that hugged her every curve. It was absolutely risqué, definitely inappropriate for a workplace, but Alicia had a feeling that was what he was going for. The thought of it soaked her through her panties. She had spent the entire night and day thinking about him, his touch, his eyes. One shift and she had lost her shit to some chemical attraction.

His eyes grazed slowly over her body when she returned, finally meeting hers.

“Good,” he said. “Go get the exam room ready for the next patient.”

Alicia felt him watching her from the doorway while she worked, covering the table in sanitary paper, arranging his tools next to his workspace. She looked over her shoulder and he grinned at her, his arms crossed.

“Looks great.”

She blushed. They waited for the next patient in silence. She poured him a cup of coffee and pressed it into his hands, then took a sip of her own and sat on the counter. When the doorbell rang, she answered it, allowing a tall, copper-skinned woman into the building.

The woman immediately threw herself into Xavier’s arms, kissing him full on the lips. He wrapped his arms around her and laughed.

“Hello, Angelique,” he said.

“Xavier, my love,” the woman was beaming. She turned her attention to Alicia then, raising her eyebrows.

“Is this your newest toy?”

He glanced at Alicia and winked at her. “This is my nurse, Alicia.”

“A nurse,” said Angelique. “She’s pretty.”

“She’s ravishing,” he said casually, leading the two women into the exam room. Angelique stripped herself completely naked in front of them, sprawling out unabashedly on the table.

“Any bleeding?” Xavier asked, pressing the stethoscope to the firm curve of the woman’s round belly.

“None,” she said. “Some cramping and my tits hurt, but that’s about it.”

“Are you taking vitamins?”

“Of course. I want my baby to be beautiful,” the woman said, patting her stomach. “Did you get the machine?”

“I’m afraid not,” he told her. “Sonogram machines are hard to come by.”

She scoffed and sat up, her eyes settling on Alicia.

“You ever had a baby, girl?”

Alicia shook her head.

“It sucks. Don’t do it.” She lay back down, gazing amorously at Xavier.

“When are you going to marry me, doctor?”

He chuckled, but didn’t answer. He told her everything looked good, that she should come back in a week. She got up, got dressed, and walked to Alicia. The woman put a hand to Alicia’s cheek and kissed her on the corner of the mouth.

“You’re lucky,” she said, laying a pile of money on the counter before leaving.

“Is that baby—?”

He laughed. “Mine? No.”

“Oh,” said Alicia. She didn’t know what else to say. He was studying her from across the room.

“You can go home for the night,” he told her, after a pause. “If you want.”

She didn't want to.

“Or you can come here.” He patted his lap.

Alicia stared at him, scraping her bottom lip with her teeth. She couldn't move, couldn't speak.

“Would it help if I came to you?” he asked, his voice low and quiet. She nodded and he crossed the room, put one hand on either side of her, pressing her back against the counter. His face was close to hers, his grin just inches away from her mouth.

“Do you want me to kiss you, princess?”

He was so close she could feel his breath against her lips. She leaned forward and captured his bottom lip between hers, but he pulled back, smiling.

“Say please,” he commanded. She could only breathe the word, her voice barely a whisper. He tilted his head down to kiss her then, his mouth open and hot and wanting, his

tongue slipping between her lips to tease her own. Her whole body responded, trembling against him, and she wrapped her arms around his neck to pull him closer. She was ravenous for him, starving. He took her by the hips and lifted her onto the counter, slipping his hands along her thighs and underneath her dress, stroking her skin.

Alicia reached down to fumble with his belt but he grabbed her wrists, pinning them to the counter.

“I don’t think you’ve earned that, yet.”

She whimpered against his mouth before he took a step back, rubbing one hand over his smile.

“If you’re a good girl for rest of the week, I’ll reconsider.”

\*\*\*

Alicia showed up to the office before Xavier and began preparing the exam room without being asked. She heard his key in the lock and her body heated immediately. Flushed and aroused, she turned around to greet him.

“Good evening,” he said, taking her in, skimming over her plum-colored dress, her almost completely bare thighs, the curve of her breasts. She smiled, watching him look her over. If he could tease, so could she. She’d bought the dress specifically for that purpose.

He gave her a nod of approval, running his tongue across his top lip and shooting her a grin.

The patients came and went. Alicia stayed on top of things, handing Xavier what he needed before being asked, immediately resetting the room once a patient left. She worked quickly, hyperaware of the way he watched her. Occasionally he would give her praise that made her legs weak. His voice was always soft, calm and sensual. The night was busy—agonizingly slow. Alicia was hoping down to her core that he would touch her again, even for just a moment. She had been craving him all day, touching herself when she thought about his lips and his skin against hers. Her need was aggressive and all-consuming.

Finally, finally, he locked the door for the night. He sat down and patted his lap.

“Come,” he said. “You’ve been such a good little girl today.”

She eagerly crossed the room to sit on him, her back pressed against his chest. Xavier reached around her and ran the tips of two fingers over her throat, her collarbone, between her breasts and down past her belly to her hips. Alicia felt his breath on the back of her neck and winced with pleasure when he sunk his teeth into the skin there, biting her hard as he pulled her skirt up and around her hips. He walked two fingers up her thigh.

“Oh,” whispered Alicia when he brushed his fingers over her pussy through her soaked panties. He was tracing her neck and shoulders with his lips, biting into her earlobe when she turned her cheek against him.

“So wet,” he said softly into her ear. “You’ve been thinking about this all night.”

He chuckled when she nodded, tracing her pussy lips with two fingers, occasionally putting pressure over her clit for just a few seconds at a time. She tried to lift her hips against his hand every time he did so, tried to make him touch her more firmly, to relieve some of her desire. He simply wrapped his free arm around her waist to hold her still and teased her

even more, rubbing her with more pressure and pulling away every time she began to squirm.

Finally, he slipped his hand into her panties, cupping her bare mound with his palm. He used one finger to tease the length of her slit, parting her pussy lips, pressing the finger inside of her and pulling it out to spread the moisture in circles around her clit. He began to pleasure her fully, pushing two fingers inside of her and rubbing her clit with his palm, occasionally pulling out to trace firm circles around it. She was breathing hard and ragged, moaning as he bit into her shoulder and planted open-mouth kisses all along her neck. She was so, so close to cumming, her hips bucking against his hand, when he slipped it out of her panties and pulled her skirt back down over her thighs.

She turned her body sideways and pleaded with him with her eyes, wide and desperate. He only grinned at her and traced her lips with his wet fingers.

“Suck,” he commanded. And she did, licking them clean, closing her eyes as she tasted herself. He kissed her then, ravaged her mouth with his tongue, hungrily sucking her lips and biting the bottom one until it bled.

She still had her eyes closed when he pulled away. He gently pushed her from his lap and stood up.

“Go home, Alicia,” he said, smiling, licking his lips.  
“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

\*\*\*

He invited her to his house the next night. She was filled with relief and excitement, praying that he’d touch her, that he’d finally fill her up.

She followed him home, pulling into the driveway of a large Victorian style house. She looked around in awe when she walked in, noting the décor, the expensive-looking furniture, the layout of the place. It looked like something from a movie.

“You have a beautiful house,” she said, and she meant it. He smiled at her, walking into the kitchen and pouring them each a glass of wine. He handed her one, brushing his fingertips over hers.

“Thank you.”

He gestured for her to sit down. They drank, talked about their patients, discussed which ones they liked best. Since she'd started, there'd been two more bullet wounds, one mysterious gouge mark to the abdomen, three simple flu patients and one other pregnant woman. Alicia always wondered what they'd done, why they had to come at night to see a doctor who would always keep his mouth shut. She wished she could ask, but knew it would be improper. It was technically none of her business, so she kept quiet.

After an hour and two glasses of wine, Alicia was feeling overwhelmed with a giddy desire. She watched him through heavy-lidded eyes, holding his gaze when he looked at her. He grinned and put his glass down, then took hers from her hand and did the same. He climbed on top of her, covered her body with his own, kissed her fervently while grinding his hips into her. She felt his hard cock pressed between her legs and moaned with desire, trying to reach between his thighs to cup her hand around it.

“No, no,” he chided. He kissed her once more and sat up.

“Get on your knees.”

She obeyed, kneeling down in front of him. She would have done anything, absolutely anything he wanted her to in that moment. Xavier unfastened his jeans and pulled them

down, revealing a cock so thick and long that Alicia's eyes went wide with surprise and wonder. He chuckled, pushing her hair back from her face.

“Look at me,” he told her. She met his eye while lowering her lips to his cock, licking the head of it, swirling her tongue around the rim. He stiffened even further between her lips as she began to suck, watching his face with wide eyes. She could only take half of him down her throat without gagging at first, but with each bob of her head pushed him deeper and deeper. She pressed her tongue firm against the line at the bottom of his cock, wiggling it back and forth, relishing the way his breath caught in his chest as she sucked. Alicia lifted her hand and wrapped it firm around the base, jacking him off while she focused on the tip, toying with it, making him squirm against the couch.

“Stand up,” he said. “Take off your clothes.”

She stripped for him, lifting her dress over her head to reveal pert breasts and hardened nipples. She peeled off her panties and stepped out of them. Xavier looked her over, slowly drinking her in.

“Play with your nipples.”

Alicia pinched and tugged at them with her fingers, tracing circles around them, moaning and rubbing her thighs together. Her desire only became more feverish when he wrapped his hand around his cock, pumping it up and down while watching her breasts, her face, her thighs. He bid her get back down on her knees and she did, crouching on the floor in front of him.

“Alicia,” he said, “You’re going to call me ‘daddy’ from now on. Even in front of the patients.”

She nodded, lost in lust. She would call him anything he wanted.

“Now suck my cock and play with your pussy. Do not cum. Do you understand?”

“Yes, daddy,” she whispered, wrapping her lips around his cock again, bobbing her head up and down. She sucked him hard, suctioning her cheeks around him, rubbing her clit with two fingers. He put his hands on the back of her head and began to lift his hips into her mouth, pushing into her throat so that she gagged. She quickly got used to the sensation, playing with her pussy hard as he fucked her face. And then she came, dripping all over her hand, soaking her thighs and the carpet below her as she thrashed around, moaning around his cock.

That brought him over the edge. He told her to put her hands behind her back and then came in her mouth, spilling on her tongue in hot gushes. She swallowed his cum, looking into his eyes.

For a moment, all was quiet. He was looking at her, trying to catch his breath. When he calmed, he clicked his tongue at her.

“I was going to fuck you tonight.”

“I told you not to cum.”

It was what she wanted more than anything, to feel him inside of her, to clench her pussy around him while he pounded into her hips.

“Please,” she whispered. “I’m sorry.”

He shook his head. “Not tonight, Alicia.”

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He was withholding the next three days. They simply went about their business, seeing patients, cleaning and locking up at the end of the night. He would say “hello,” and “goodbye” and tell her what to do around the exam room, but otherwise kept to himself. The sole exception was the first time she called him “daddy” in front of a patient. The man was tall and lanky with what seemed to be disproportionately long arms and red hair. He was in for a broken arm. It was the first time a patient had told her what had happened—he’d been inside someone’s house, ransacking the place, when the owner came home and he’d been forced to jump from a second-story window.

“You’re lucky you didn’t break your neck,” Xavier said. “Alicia, get me one of those Ace bandages. Second shelf on the right.”

“Yes, daddy,” she said, and an amused smile flickered over his face. The patient laughed and raised his eyebrows.

“What you been doing to get her to say that, doc?” he asked. “You must be treating her right.”

Alicia blushed, avoiding the man’s eye while she handed Xavier the bandage. She got used to it, though, getting

a little thrill every time she said it, every time a patient raised his or her eyebrows or made a comment or laughed.

At the end of day two, he did touch her. They were about to walk out when he turned to her, tilting her face to his, and brushed his mouth lightly over her own.

“If only you had obeyed me,” he said, nipping at her lip, his hands traveling along her waist, over her hips and to her thighs. He lifted her skirt slightly, squeezing the flesh there, before letting her go and backing away. They got into their cars without another word, Alicia kicking herself for having not listened to him.

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Alicia showed up two days later in her shortest dress and most provocative dress. She wore absolutely nothing underneath; she was going to tease him the way he teased her, drive him into a frenzy so that he would have no choice but to touch her. She was tired of waiting. Her body had been strung tight and frustrated for days and though she relieved herself

frequently, it did her no good. She needed his touch, not her own.

She felt him watching her as she prepared the exam room. Alicia made sure to bend over in front of him, revealing the bottom of her bare ass and a glimpse of her glistening, wet pussy.

He chuckled behind her and she turned. There was amusement on his face, his eyes dancing, his eyebrows lifted above a playful smile.

“Filthy girl,” he said, then made a twirling motion with his finger. “Go on.”

She continued her cleaning while he watched. The doorbell rang and she glanced back at him. He was frozen in the doorway, his eyes hot and hungry.

“You gonna get that?” she asked, satisfied. He shook his head clear and grinned at her.

“You’re going to regret this,” he warned, then turned to get the door.

The evening passed slowly. Alicia would catch Xavier watching her, his eyes narrowed, lips parted as if he were about to speak but couldn't think of what to say. Between patients, he was quiet, rearranging the exam room, sipping coffee or reading the newspaper. It wasn't a busy night; they only had four patients. It was driving Alicia crazy to wait for him to lock up, to wait to find out what he would do, if he would touch her.

He twisted shut the blinds, silent, and then turned to her. He ran a hand through his hair and grinned wickedly at her.

“Did you enjoy playing the tease tonight?”

She nodded, smiling. He prowled toward and around her, his fingers slowly unzipping her dress, his lips close to her ear.

“It's cute how you pretend you're in control.”

She shivered when he pressed a kiss at the nape of her neck and tugged her dress down over her hips, leaving her completely bare. He kissed her again on the shoulder, running his hands over her thighs, her hips, her waist, bringing them to her breasts to tease her hardened nipples with the tips of his fingers. Alicia moaned and he brought a hand up, twining it

into her hair, and tugged her head back so that her throat was exposed. He tilted his head down and licked it from bottom to top, his warm breath tickling her skin.

“You lost that control the minute you met me, Alicia,” he laughed, bringing his lips to hers, kissing her with deliberate slowness and heat. Her neck was aching, her scalp sore, and still she was lost in his mouth when his tongue caressed hers. Xavier yanked her back even further, supporting her waist with his free arm as he lowered his mouth to her breasts, sucking hard on one nipple, tugging on it with his teeth. His bite made her whimper with pain, made her legs so weak that she would have fallen backwards had he not been holding onto her. He switched to the other breast, mimicking his pattern, biting her until her nipples were swollen and red at the tips. There was to be nothing gentle about this night. He was going to ravage her. The thought made her tremble with anticipation and lust.

He released his grip on her hair and allowed her to stand upright, then turned her body to his and kissed her fervently while unfastening his belt.

“I’m going to fuck you,” he told her, breathing against her lips. “Would you like that?”

She nodded, kissing him, unbuttoning his shirt with quick, nimble fingers. When he was naked, she dropped to her

knees, wanting so badly to pleasure him, to take him into her mouth. His thick cock stood at attention in front of her face, and she moaned when she wrapped her lips around it and pushed him down her throat. Her eyes watered and she tried not to gag as she brought him in and out, playing with his cock with her tongue, using one hand to massage his balls. He ordered her to put her hands behind her back and she did, clasping them together, using only her mouth to sate him. He put his hands on the back of her head and guided her back and forth, face-fucking her, using her mouth to satisfy himself. Alicia wanted so badly to rub her pussy but she dared not do it without his permission. She couldn't risk him stopping or leaving, not before he stretched and filled her pussy with his cock.

Xavier sped up, thrust in twice more until he began to cum on the back of her tongue, his body frozen as he gushed in her mouth. When he pulled out, she swallowed his seed and licked her lips, looking up at him, awaiting his instruction.

“Get up,” he said, his voice raspy and deep. “Go sit on the exam table.”

She did as he said, lifting her body onto the table. He dragged a chair in front of her and sat down.

“Now show me how you like to be touched.”

Alicia spread her legs, blushing. She'd never masturbated in front of a man before. She felt vulnerable and shy. Xavier was watching her face, smiling.

“Be a good girl,” he coaxed. “Rub your pretty pussy for me.”

She tentatively touched her fingers between her legs, rubbing the tips over her clit in a circle, parting them to straddle the sides of it as she rubbed up and down. The more she touched, the more comfortable she became, until she wasn't thinking about it at all. She was tracing down her slit with one finger, parting the lips for him, burying two fingers in her pussy and curving them upward to hit the most sensitive spot deep inside of her.

“Do that again,” he said when she rubbed her clit with the pad of her thumb. She repeated it for him and he leaned forward, mimicking the motion with his tongue.

“Like that?”

Alicia was breathless. She only nodded at him and he continued, repeating the motion, twirling his tongue in circles around her clit before lapping at it in firm strokes. He did everything that she'd shown him and more, putting her lips over her and vibrating them over her skin, sucking on her clit,

teasing it with the tip of his tongue. He knelt down before her, wrapping her legs over his shoulders, held her hips to the table so that she couldn't squirm away from him. Alicia put her hands on the back of his head and humped against his face, her legs shaking, but he pulled away before she could cum. He grinned at her, reached up to pinch and twist her nipples, sending delicious pain down her body, cooling her off. When he was satisfied and sure she wouldn't cum right away, he began eating her again, slipping two fingers into her pussy, curving them up and forward to hit the sweet spot. Again, she tried to cum on his face. Again, he denied her, pulling back, licking and biting at her thighs.

He lifted his body, climbing over her to kiss her mouth, to spread her flavor over her lips. She licked him clean, reaching down to clamp her hand around his cock, which was hard again and throbbing against her palm. Alicia tried to guide it inside of her but he stopped her hands, pinning them above her head on the table. She looked at him with wide, pleading eyes. So ready. She was so ready to take him, desperate for it.

“Do you want my cock, princess? Do you want me to fuck you?”

She nodded and he shifted to pin both her wrists with one large hand, bringing the other to her face to slap her lightly across the cheek.

She corrected herself immediately. “Yes, daddy,” she panted.

“Mm,” he said, “Good girl.”

Alicia gasped when he pressed the head of his cock inside her and filled her in shallow, progressive strokes. She stretched more with every push, every thrust filling her up until he was buried inside of her, his cock so deep that she could feel him in her gut. He groaned, fucking her slow but hard, slamming into her in a deliberate rhythm. Every push knocked the wind out of her and she was gasping for breath, gasping his name, her hands struggling to free themselves from his grasp so that she could pull him in faster. He held her tight, biting into her neck, moving at an agonizing pace. His free hand was holding her hips still, too, so that she couldn't arch to meet his thrusts. He looked her in the eye and grinned, grinding into her, toying with her body.

“Tell daddy what you want, princess. Say it out loud.”

“I want more,” she moaned, her voice high and breathless. “Faster. Please.”

Xavier sped up gradually, thrusting his hips upward to hit her g-spot. He began to truly fuck her then, letting go of her

hands so that he could hold her knees apart. Alicia wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled him down to ravage his mouth with hers. He took one of her hands and placed it between her legs, instructing her to rub her clit while he pounded away. Her hips began to buck against his and she started to tremble, so close to release.

And he pulled out of her. Grasped her hand in his and pulled it from between her legs. He smacked her pussy gently with the flat of his fingers, sharp enough to push back her orgasm. Alicia moaned and writhed and pleaded, but he refused to give in, instead laughing at her cries.

“I told you that you would regret being a tease,” he said. “Now, who’s in control?”

“You are,” she said immediately, her voice cracked with frustration. “You’re in control. Please. Please.”

“Mm,” he said quietly in her ear. “I like it when you beg.”

She responded with a whimper. Xavier then pulled her down off the table by the legs and flipped her over so that her ass was in the air. He wasted no time in pushing into her, filling her once more, his cock hitting hard and deep and exquisitely painful. He grabbed her hair at the scalp and

tugged her head back, pinning her hands behind her back with his free hand. He used her body as leverage and pounded her so hard that she couldn't even moan. The only sounds in the room was their ragged breathing mixed with the sound of his hips smacking against her ass. Her arms and her neck were sore already, but the pain somehow added to the experience. He allowed her to arch backward to meet his thrusts and she was gritting her teeth, trying not to scream, trying not to give him the satisfaction of halting her orgasm. She fought it back, knowing that he would pull away anyway, bit her lip so hard it bled.

When he pulled out and let go of her, she couldn't help but let out a sob of desperation. She was so close. So, so close. Alicia kept whispering please over and over, begging him.

"I'll be good," she said, the words pouring out of her. "I need to cum, daddy. I'll do whatever you want. I'll obey. Please, please, please."

Her pussy was soaked and swollen and throbbing with need. Cruelly, he slipped inside of her once more, pumping in and out a few times, his hips slow and teasing. Then he climbed on the table himself, pulling her on top of him. She eagerly settled down on his cock and began to ride, losing herself, using his body to please hers. She jerked her hips against his over and over, rocking back and forth, bouncing him deep inside of her while rubbing her clit. He reached up to pinch her nipples, then pulled her face down to his.

“Cum, princess,” he said against her lips. “Cum for me.”

She wasted no time. Her climax ripped through her body, nearly propelling her up and off his cock with the force of it. He held her hips and lifted his against them, riding her out while she came, sending another orgasm through her body, then another. She was moaning high and loud, out of control, lost in her pleasure, clawing at his chest with her nails. Alicia felt like she had shattered, like she had been split in half. She fell against his body then, kissing him ravenously. He responded in the same way, bouncing up inside of her, holding her hips still when he came, his body shaking underneath her.

They laid still for a moment, both panting, both completely spent. He stroked her spine with his fingertips, kissing the top of her head.

“Good?” he asked.

“Good,” she said, nipping at his bottom lip. “Better than good.”

He grinned, lifted her off of him, stood up and got them both a glass of water. She liked the look of him naked, all slim muscle, the hair on his chest a new, curly grey.

“So,” she said, taking a sip from the glass. “Have I earned a full-time position?”

He climbed on top of her and she wrapped her hands around his soft cock, teasing and toying with it until he was half-hard in her palm again. She wanted more. And more and more. He gazed at her with a smile on his face, tilting his head down to capture her lips between his.

“I think we could work something out,” he said, as he finally stiffened fully against her fingers. She guided him inside of her, grinding slowly up against his hips. He laughed, beginning to fuck her in lazy strokes.

“Greedy girl.”

# Story Twenty Two

“He did it on purpose.” The naked young man lying beside her said in his usual whining tone of voice. “He hated me from the start, that fucker.”

“Aw, come on, Norbert.” She told him with a giggle. “Uncle Teddy doesn’t hate you.”

“Oh, yeah!” Norbert said with some pouty lipped indignation. “Then why’d he have to transfer you so far away from here, Sheila?”

“That’s his job, baby.” Corporal Sheila Taylor sighed and stared up at the ceiling of her little apartment. “As the chief commanding officer of this unit, he decides who gets posted where.”

“And the fact that he’s your uncle doesn’t get him to cut you some slack.” Her boyfriend snort was laced with hurt.

“He said I need more experience if I am to rise in the ranks of this division.” Sheila said with a feigned air of arrogance.

“Bullshit!” The sandy haired young officer spat. “He just wants you to be away from me.”

“Then he would have transferred you instead, silly.”  
She laughed again.

“Oh no.” Norbert snorted derisively. “Not Colonel Ted ‘The Dread’ Taylor. He just wants me here all by myself so he can grind me down everyday without you being around.”

“Oh, shut the fuck up, Norbie.” Sheila slapped his soft tummy and reached for his flaccid cock. “I’ve got another hour before my train leaves. Give me some of that Norbilicius loving one last time.”

“One last time?” The young army man groaned.  
“Fucking hell... I’ll never get to fuck you again, I know. That old cunt’s going to send me off overseas to some godforsaken hellhole to get killed, I just know it.”

“Mhh-hmm.” She nodded with a mouthful of his four inch erection.

“Oh, yeah, baby. Suck that monster.” Corporal Norbert Sullivan grunted as he thrust his pelvis upward.

Sheila giggled and let him plop out of her mouth, clambering up to take him in her pussy for one last hump

before she left for the distant training outpost her uncle had reassigned to. Her boyfriend of two years was cumming already but her mind drifted off to her new posting. She pretended to orgasm along with him and sighed into his ear.

“That was so good, baby.” She whispered with a quick nibble. “One to remember until we meet again.”

“Yeah, that was a keeper.” Her pudgy lover smiled indolently and lay back on the bed.

Sheila let him lie there on her bed and stepped into the shower. She let the water run down her body and stared at herself in the mirror. At twenty two she was in pretty good shape. Her round face was attractive enough, with her large blue eyes and full red lips under a cute button nose. She wore her dark hair short, cut away just below the jaw line. She had a finely toned body, though being a bookkeeper in the army didn't really require her to train much. Even then, she maintained a shapely body with nice firm breasts, a flat tummy and an eye pleasing bubble butt. She let the water run down her well-rounded legs and ran her fingers over her swollen pussy lips, washing away what little semen her boyfriend had splashed over her.

She stepped out of the shower, toweling herself off with another half hour for the military train to her destination to leave. Her uniform was not pressed but she didn't really

care. Norbert had fallen asleep on her bed, naked and spent, and she decided it was best to leave him there. Her bags, all two of them, were already packed and she picked them up and walked out of the door.

Down the hallway she passed the several other rooms housing the others in her division. Her posting was for two years. If and when she returned here, she would probably find most of her friends gone. But that didn't matter. She knew what she was signing up for when she enlisted in the army four years ago.

The army train was waiting for her as she stepped into the platform. Each base had its own platform with the rail tracks running through them. She wished each of them had their own runways and planes too. She should have enlisted in the air force for that, Sheila giggled. Oh, well. One had to take what one could get and make the most out of it. That was life.

She found her seat and settled in. No one else was there in the compartment. She decided to curl up under the blankets and get some shuteye through the ten hour ride.

The train had stopped moving when she woke up. She peered out of the window. It was quite late, and twilight had set in. The sign on the platform matched the destination she was headed for and she quickly grabbed her bags and stepped off the train.

This army base was much smaller than the one she left behind and she began to wonder if Norbert's suspicion about her uncle was indeed true. There was no one about, and only the men on the train unloaded the supplies the base needed. Which wasn't really much and the train would soon leave. She had half a mind to get back on the train and go give her uncle an earful about the potential to rise he had given here.

"Where the fuck is everyone?" She grumbled as she made her way off the platform and down to the rough trail that led to the barracks.

The train was already leaving by the time she reached the first building. She glanced over at the platform. Just a few trunks and crates had been unloaded from the train. And the men were on board the train, going back. She peered hard though the evening mist setting in. There was one man still there on the platform. It looked like he was taking those deliveries into account. Was he the only one here in this desolate base? Sheila shook her head and sat down on one of her duffel bags. Whoever that guy was, he would have to come back down this way. There was no where else to go but down there.

The name of her reporting officer was mentioned in the letter of transfer she was handed by her uncle, but she had it packed in her bag and was too lazy to get it out again. She

decided to wait out there instead, just in front of the largest and only decent looking building in that bare field surrounded by little hills.

After a while, when it was almost too dark to see, the man from the platform walked up towards her. He was quite tall and broad. His fatigues looked pretty worn and the handgun holstered to his belt was quite an earlier issue, probably from before she was even born.

“You must be the new bookkeeper.” His voice was deep and rich. He had a beret pulled low over his brow and a bandana covered most of his lower face. She couldn’t see his face at all in the poor light, but she could tell by his voice and posture that he was African-American.

“Yes, I am.” She stood up and gave him a lackluster salute. “Corporal Sheila N. Taylor reporting.”

“Well, that’s mighty fine.” He said with a nod. “I am Sergeant Hogan. Let’s get on inside before the winds start acting up.”

The winds? Oh, yes. She was briefed by her uncle about the weird weather patterns of this place. Another reason why she seriously doubted his intentions. He wasn’t her favorite uncle by any means and this would cost him many

more points in that regard. She picked up her bags and followed the Sergeant into the building she was waiting outside.

The building they entered was quite old, but looked sturdy enough. It was sort of the headquarters of the base and Sheila spotted Sgt. P.L. Hogan engraved on a faded nameplate on a large door to one of the rooms. That was probably the Sergeant's office. She looked around. Several other doors in the hallway had similar faded nameplates. The farthest one had the word 'Accounts' on it. That was her office, she deduced. The place was not as bad as she thought it might be from the outside. This Sergeant had this place in working order and it seemed like he was the only one there.

The man unlocked the door to his office and held the door open for her. She walked past him, bumping slightly against his chest. It felt like she bumped into a pillar of stone.

"Take a seat, Corporal." He told her and removed his beret and bandana.

Sheila peered at him curiously as she sat down. He had a light chocolate complexion, and a large clean shaved head. He was huge, about six two and heavily built with his old army fatigues comfortable fitting over his muscular hardness. His face was large and boyishly round, with small eyes and a thick nose. A well trimmed mustache covered his upper lip.

Not overly handsome but sort of pleasing to look at. He could be anywhere between thirty and fifty.

“Where’s everyone else, Sergeant?” She asked him as he sat down facing her.

“We’re all here, Corp.” He gave her a brief smile. “You and me and this big old training base. Old Ben, our accounts guy, retired last week and so they sent you.”

“You run this place all by yourself?” She looked around his Spartan office. “Why’s the army keeping this place if no one is here?”

“This here is a training base, Corp.” He told her as his eyes roamed over her body. “Once in three months we get a batch of pansies for whipping back into shape. That’s why the army keeps this place.”

“And when’s the next batch coming in?” She eyed him pensively.

“In three months.” He exhaled heavily. “We just ended one last week?”

“And what am I to do here till then?”

“Get the account books up to date for the next term.” He waved over the cabinets beside his desk. “We need everything filed in the computers too now. So that’s why they sent you. Or didn’t you know?”

“I... yeah, it must be mentioned somewhere in the letter they gave me.” She said, looking around the room for the third time.

“So you haven’t even read it.” He grunted out a laugh. “Don’t much matter to me as long as you get the job done.”

“So when do I start?” Sheila raised her eyebrows high.

“Tomorrow morning.” Hogan told her and cracked his knuckles. “You’ll find your office down the hall. Everything’s in order so far as the paper work and the computers go. Your bedroom’s upstairs. You can get yourself settled in and get some rest.”

“What about food?” She suddenly realized she hadn’t eaten a thing on the ten hour train ride to this barren wasteland.

“Oh, yeah.” He nodded. “We got a little kitchen for off season like this, mostly for coffee and eggs. Most of the good food is canned; you get a daily ration of four meals a day. And you’ve got to put in an hour of training every day.”

“But I’m the bookkeeper.” She looked surprised.  
“Why’d I need to train?”

“Cause you’re in my boot camp, Corporal, and I say everyone under my command needs to be shipshape and ready to fight.”

“Okay.” She shrugged her rounded shoulders. “You’re the boss.”

“Good, Corp.” He grinned and rubbed his chin.  
“You’re dismissed. See you at gym in the morning.”

“Goodnight, Sarge.” She smiled as she noted his eyes steal another look at her breasts as she stepped out of his little office.

So here she was, in the middle of nowhere and alone with a man she knew nothing about. But what a man he was, and she could tell that he was lonely with no one else there, especially a woman. She couldn’t help having these wicked thoughts. She knew well enough what they said about men like

him and their specialty. She wondered if Sergeant Hogan had another more impressive weapon to show her than the old handgun he carried.

“Fuck, what the hell is wrong with me?” She bit her lip as she went up the stairs to find her room. “The man’s my commanding officer, for crying out loud.”

Her room was a neat little square with a low bunk bed and one desk and chair by the only window. The little attached bathroom was big enough to just have a john and no place for a shower. Now what was she going to do about that? She needed a shower. She stripped off her clothes and soaked her towel in the small basin of water. As she wiped her body down, a soft rap sounded on her door. Wrapping the short towel around her naked body, she opened the door a few inches.

“Here’s your daily ration.” Hogan was holding out a box of canned food. “You’ll get one each morning. Enjoy.”

“Where can I get a shower, Sarge?” She asked him as she took the box.

“Common shower’s next to the gym.” He said casually and he left. She watched him walk down the hall. His room

was three doors away from hers. He closed his door after yelling ‘lights out at eight.’

Force of habit, Sheila giggled. He must be doing it every night, regardless of who was there, or not there. She glanced at her watch. It was a minute after eight and she was tired from her long train ride. She put off the light and slipped naked into bed. Tomorrow was going to be a very interesting day, something told her.

The next morning, after a quick breakfast she found herself in the gym. Hogan was already there going through a set of benchpresses. She watched in awe. His gleaming muscles were like individual living things as they flexed and coiled with each grunting rep. He replaced the barbell on the rack with a loud clang and sat up.

“Morning, Corp.” He said to her with a brief nod. “Why don’t you warm up with some pull-ups and do some light weights today. I’ll have a routine set up for you from tomorrow.”

“Sure thing, Sarge.” She told him and began to stretch.

She knew he'd be watching her as she bent over and touched her toes with her back to him. The tight spandex leotards she had on stretched nicely over her firm bubble butt, giving anyone there a very generous eyeful. It felt good to have a man look at her. It excited her, and Hogan was a man and a half. She wondered if he had any naughty thoughts about her. Maybe not, but that wouldn't stop her from showing him that she wouldn't mind if he did.

"Nice work, Corp." Hogan told her as his eyes drank in the feast she had on display. "You're in pretty good shape. Keep working out for another half hour, and then get to the books."

"You're the boss, Sarge." She told him as he walked away to the shower.

After the half hour, she was exhausted and in need of that damn shower. She walked out of the gym and towards the shower. It was a common shower, and no surprise to her what with this entire base being the way it was. As she stepped in, she heard someone singing softly inside. Who the fuck? She froze in her tracks. Hogan was still in there. She peeped around the corner, and sure enough there was the big man, completely naked and wallowing in the water. She watched him for a while as he washed himself. She had never seen a black man naked and the view was mind blowing. His large body looked like it was carved out of obsidian. Hot chocolate like and hard muscle all over. The water made his rich

complexion gleam and as he turned sideways she got a glimpse of it. What she was longing to see ever since she met him? And boy was it worth the wait. Her eyes went wide at the thickness and length of his big black cock as it dangled between his heavily muscled thighs. And it wasn't even hard yet. She felt her mouth water and that pleasant warmth between her thighs made her knees go weak. Norbert and his small pale wiener had never made her feel this way. Why, his little four inch pale cock wouldn't even make a quarter of that thing she was looking at.

Oh, how she wished Hogan would jerk himself off. She wanted to see the big beautiful black thing all hard and angry and spewing its magnanimous load. But instead the huge black man turned down the water and stepped out from under the shower. Sheila scurried back out. She didn't want to get caught ogling at him. Not now, on her first damn day at work. She walked back to the gym and waited for him to get out.

“Hey Corp.” He said as he walked up to her with a towel wrapped around his waist. “The water's fine, go take your shower and get to work.”

“Sir, yes, sir.” She told him, not meeting his eye and hurrying away. A warm shower and not just from the one above flooded her mind. Get a grip, she told herself. Oh, and to get a grip she did so crave for, on that huge monster cock she saw a moment ago.

A strong cup of coffee after her shower helped to bring Sheila to her senses and she hit the books. There was a lot of catching up to do for over the last three months. It seem like the last bookkeeper had been slipping up a lot just prior to his retirement. She had to go over the entire year's records just to get a feel of how and what was going on. She managed to get the facts sorted out from the fiction and felt like running outside and shouting for joy. Bookkeeping was hard mind numbing work and she was tired by the afternoon. A refreshing walk in the barracks would probably help to clear her mind, she thought.

Outside, the air was very still and she saw Hogan doing something at the shooting range. The sight of him brought back memories of his naked self to her mind. She blushed and turned to go back inside when she heard him calling out to her.

“Hey, Corp.” His deep voice resonated. “Come on over... show me how good you are with a rifle.”

She was no good at all. Back at the other base, she had never even touched a gun of any kind, let alone be good with them. She turned around, nevertheless, and walked up to him as he waited in the shooting range. She gave him a nervous

smile and took the large weapon he was holding out to her. The damn thing was heavy and she almost stumbled.

“You want a lighter gun?” He asked her.

She shook her head and turned her back to him, hefting the rifle up, butt to her shoulder and finger to the trigger. Her arms were already on fire and she struggled to steady herself. Sighting down the barrel, she took aim. Suddenly she felt his hand on the small of her back. It sent a wave of electricity through her and her knees wobbled.

“Keep you back straight and shoulder relaxed.” He said, and she felt his lips brush her cheek, his breath on her skin.

His hand slipped under her raised arm, holding the rifle steady. The side of his palm lightly brushed the outer curve of her breast and she gasped. Heat sparked up between her thighs and she knew she would collapse if he didn't hold her up. He moved in closer, his face almost touching hers. One hand was on the small of her back, the little finger almost touching her crack and the other supported her shoulder from underneath her armpit. His dense muscular body pushed against hers and she felt something hard and warm pressing against her thigh. She wondered if it was what she hoped it to be, but before she could know more, he growled into her ear.

“Fire!” Hogan said and she squeezed on the trigger hard.

The recoil of the rifle slammed into her shoulder, but Hogan’s supporting arm helped her absorb the impact. The loud report of the shot rang in her ears and she realized that she had no strength left in her legs. If Hogan was not holding her up, Sheila would have collapsed to the ground.

“Never shot a gun before, I see.” The bald man said gruffly. “Add that to your training, Corp. Everyone under my command has to be a fully rounded soldier.”

What the fuck was all that about? Sheila tore at her hair as she got into bed that night. Did he really mean all that shit about being a soldier under his command or was this his sneaky way of getting close to her. Well, if it was, she didn’t really mind at all, but why go on this round about way. What the hell was he playing at? Unless of course he was really obsessed about his job and she was reading the signs all wrong.

But what ever it was, she was a woman, young and horny, and he was a man the likes of which she had never met before. What she really wanted was that big black piece of

man-meat she couldn't get out of her mind. Crap! She was not going to get any sleep, she knew that. She needed a warm shower and she was going to get it, despite it being after eight in the evening.

Hogan must be all tucked into bed by now, she snickered and walked out of her room wearing only her very short bath towel. She passed the gym and stepped into the wide shower room. The water was already running and she wondered if Hogan had forgotten to shut off the water supply. But it sounded like there was someone in there and not just the water running. Her heart skipped a few beats as she peeped in. Hogan was in there again and just like in the morning, he was naked and humming a soft tune.

Hogan's immense muscular body was gleaming wet as the mist from the warm water wafted around him. His dark naked buttocks looked so inviting; Sheila felt her clitoris stir to life immediately. Should she hightail and run like she did in the morning. Ah, fuck it. She needed the shower, and maybe something more. She boldly removed her towel and stepped under the adjoining shower. Since this was a public shower, there were no curtains and she stood naked beside Hogan and let the water pour over her body.

As the warm water splashed down on her, her nipples stood out like rigid cherries and began to ache, even as her pussy started quivering. Hogan was facing the wall and she could get a sideways look at his huge, dense muscle layered

body. His burly shoulders and beefy chest flexed under the water and his dark brown nipples stood out like chocolate coated berries. She licked her lips at the sight of them and let her lustful eyes travelled down that tight chiseled midriff and all the way to his thick black penis. Her heart jumped again at the sight of that dark work of art as it waved about semi-erect and the fore-skin covered just half of the thick, round head. The part of the head peeping out looked like a ripe red plum and she did all she could to keep her tongue from hanging out. Her pussy bubbled and throbbed and was dripping wet and not just because of the relaxing water. She slipped her hand between her legs and moaned softly. “Oh, Sarge!”

The large man jerked upward, as if he was just made aware of her presence. He glanced sideways, his eyes gleaming, and he had a wide smile on his lips. “You’re welcome, darlin’” he said.

Sheila’s lust drunk eyes ran over his hot, wet body and down to his rapidly stiffening big black cock. She relished the way his lustful eyes roamed all over her wet, quivering body and she slowly gyrated her pelvis for his viewing pleasure. He smiled and turned to face her, thrusting his fully erect and throbbing eleven inches of rock hard chocolaty manhood forward. She shuddered wildly and as if in response her hips thrust forward with eagerness to invite penetration.

“That’s a rocking hot body you have there, girl.” Hogan’s lust drenched voice was hoarse as his large hand

reached for her. “What took you so long? I knew you wanted something hard and black in you the moment you got off that train last evening.”

“Oh Sarge,” She moaned, reaching for his big black cock. “That’s just the hard and black thing for me... I so would love your huge, hard black cock... oh... to rip into me...”

Hogan twitched his rock hard cock wildly for her benefit as he said, “Come to me, baby, come on and celebrate your need for my cock... my big black fucking cock.”

“Oh yes... celebrate... your big black cock.” She groaned thickly.

They moved toward each and kissed; hungry lips crushing, slippery tongues probing deep. Hogan’s thick cock nudged her hot wet pussy and rubbed against its slippery welcoming lips. She felt ecstatic shivers all over her wet body as she gave into him. Hogan’s large hands grabbed her plump bubble buttocks and squeezed them lovingly. Sheila moaned loudly, reaching out with both hands and taking his thick hard cock in her palms. She rolled it like a swivel between them, relishing the rubbery hardness and the heat it generated. Hogan grunted in pleasure and thrust his iron hard fingers down her smooth ass crack, prodding her dripping pussy with loving strokes from behind.

“Stroke my thick cock, baby.” Hogan groaned as he probed her pussy and asshole at the same time. “Rub it harder... oh... uh... yeah, baby.”

“Oh Sarge...” She moaned lustily, as she felt the heat rising within her from his talented fingerwork. “I’m stroking your beautiful, hard, thick, meaty big black cock... oh... this is heaven, baby.”

The warm water rolling down their glistening bodies intensified her lust as they hugged and rubbed against each other. Hogan kept on squeezing her yielding ass with his left hand and began rubbing her hard pulsing clit with his right, while his hungry lips and grazing teeth made her hard nipples bruise. Sheila shrieked with pleasure as she wildly stroked his stout, hard cock up and down now, pulling the slick foreskin back and over again and again. Hogan moaned and grunted, “Oh, massage my hard cock, rub it... I love your soft white hands all over my big black fucking cock.”

She moaned back, “Ohhh... mmh yes... I’m going to make your muscular, monster hard cock...uh... hard... uh... uh ... sweet... cock, oh Sarge... to make... you cum... ohhh!”

Some of his free flowing pre-cum spilled onto her hand and she smeared it all over Hogan’s thick black cock. Sheila felt a jolt as she suddenly began to cum all over Hogan’s big

hands as he intensified his probing, now with two fingers inside her sopping pussy and one up her tight bunghole. The huge bald man grinned at her and licked his fingers with a growl. “Sweet cum! I want some of that sugary sweet pussy juice in my mouth... I want you to cum in my mouth, baby... but first I want you to drink my boiling hot man cream... and then I’m going to lick up all of your sweet and savory pussy juice after... come on, baby.”

All that dirty talk took Sheila over the edge. Her orgasm left her wanting more and more. She grasped at his big black cock and went down to her knees. Hogan’s rigid cock pulsed before her flushed face and her hungry mouth watered. Sheila gazed longingly at the thick round head as it throbbed and pulsed, red hot and juicy. Drips of gooey pre-cum oozed out of the swollen slit. She licked the oozing pre-cum off the bulging head and heard Hogan’s groan of pleasure. The huge black organ twitched before her hungry eyes and she began slobbering all over the pre-cum dripping head.

“Uhhm ...man cream...” Sheila moaned lustily, stroking Hogan’s hard cock faster, “I want your syrupy hot cum in my mouth too... I am going to drink all of your tasty cock spunk, baby... I crave for all the man cream your big black cock can shoot in my mouth from those big black balls of yours.”

“Suck my cock, baby,” Hogan groaned and pushed her head down over his near foot long erection.

Sheila nodded eagerly, her mouth opening wide to take in that pear sized knob gleaming with her saliva and his pre-cum. Waves of lust cascaded all through her body in tandem with the warm water poring all over her. She couldn't believe this was happening, and if it was a dream, she would never like to wake up from it.

“Suck that monster pecker, baby... suck that big black cock hard,” Hogan gasped, his voice quaking in ecstasy, “I can feel my balls working up an eruption... it's all for you... don't waste a drop, baby.”

Hungrily Sheila gobbled his fat, pre-cum dripping cock, inch by inch all the way to the root and sucked it like a siphon. She could feel Hogan's hard cock get fatter and harder and then his warm cum splashed out, inside her mouth and down her throat. She desperately tried to swallow every drop of the delicious, sweet protein mix.

Hogan groaned and grunted like an animal as the gooey jizz gushed out of his fat, throbbing cock. The thick cum kept on streaming into her willing mouth and Sheila swallowed all the mouth-watering stuff till the last drop.

“Drink my cum... uh, uh, uh,” Hogan gasped, “Drink all of it... uh... my cock... my man cream... uh... drink it all, you cock sucking seductress... drink it all... aahh...”

Sheila held Hogan's still rigid cock with both hands and slobbered all over the head, cleaning every bit of cum off it. Then Hogan pulled her up and squatted down to stick his sweaty face between her quivering thighs. He grabbed her squishy ass and squeezed hard. Warm fluids oozed out of her dripping pussy and Hogan licked it all up. She shivered with pleasure and felt an electrifying urge rising from her inside her. It wouldn't be long before she had her second orgasm of the night.

"Now it's my turn to taste your sweet pussy fruit drink, my pretty..." Hogan groaned, "I'm going to suck your hot little pussy till your lovable juices run dry."

He opened his thick lips and took her whole pussy mound into his warm wet mouth. The feeling was so good; Sheila shivered and lost complete control of herself, thrashing her hands and legs out wildly. She didn't have to wait another second and hot cum came splashing out of her pussy immediately and Hogan began lapping it all like a starving dog outside a butcher shop. Sheila's wet pussy kept squirting its sweet, warm cum into Hogan's hungry mouth and he lapped and swallowed, and swallowed and lapped till she felt her pussy going numb in his mouth.

Her mind reeled as she came hard, on and on over his greedy mouth. His tongue lashed her throbbing clit and darted

over her numbed pussy lips, and then he stuck it into her quivering bunghole. Hogan was an all or nothing kind of man, she could tell. In work and in play, this man gave his all and took as much in return.

“Oh, Sarge.” Sheila whimpered. “Fuck me now... fuck me like the slut I am. Fill me with you big black cock, Daddy Cool, fuck me till I see stars before my eyes.”

“Hell yeah, baby.” He grunted lustfully. “I’m going to fuck you so hard, you’ll be seeing stars, planets, moons and the whole fucking galaxy.”

“Oh, yeah!” Sheila let herself go as the huge black man lifted her up like she weighed no more than the water that flowed over her.

With a wild forceful thrust, Hogan impaled her with his foot long black spear. And she did see stars as his thickness ripped into her tight pussy, decimating the delicate little groove that her boyfriend’s four inch noodle had made. Norbert’s cock was all she knew before this, and after this she wouldn’t even know who the fuck he was. She dug her nails into the black man’s rock hard shoulders and neck as he ground into her.

The relaxing water added to her pleasure as he slammed into her. The slopping sounds of sex intensified with the water lubricating the ride of her life. She threw her legs across his waist and rode him like wild bronco. Hogan was fucking impossibly strong, as he stood there with her riding him hard. His tight black butt tightened each time he thrust his cock deep into her. The view she got of it from the mirror almost made her cum again.

Oh, what a beautiful sight it was. She eyes filled with tears of joy. Hogan's rich chocolate body and her own milky whiteness entwined to form a poetic visual delight. The contrast blended into something totally enchanting and delightful. She marveled at the way his dense musculature flexed and relaxed with each thrust. His iron hard fingers dug hard into her bubble butt as he bounced her hard over his big rock hard black cock.

“How many stars you seen yet, baby?” He grunted.

“Millions.” She moaned back, clinging on to him with a needy desperation. “You've taken me to heaven, Sarge, to all the heavens that ever can be.”

“Yeah?” The man laughed. “Well there's a lot more heaven in store for you, baby.”

And he was so damn right. He flipped her around and had her leaning on the basin as he slammed his big black cock into her tight pussy from behind. Her knees trembled at the rush of sensations that ripped through her body. Hogan had one large hand on her quivering belly and the other on her breasts, squeezing it firmly as he humped her hard. She shivered like a leaf in a blizzard as her third orgasms exploded, squirting all over the big black cock ramming into her. Her warm juices mingled with the water as it all poured down her sexy legs. The large man spooned her into him, lifting her off the ground again and began ramming her like a bull possessed. She felt his cock grow even bigger inside her, ever stretching her wider. She gasped and her belly fluttered in anticipation of the huge load his big black balls promised to discharge inside her hot little womb.

And he did deliver. Deep inside her his hot and thick splashes seemed endless as he came hard. He groaned and grunted like some animal. Sheila was over the moon, she loved every second of it. She didn't care if she got knocked up. The moment was so beautiful, so ethereal, that her tears of happiness mingled with the shower water that washed over her. This was the best moment of her life yet, and what made her happier than she could be was that she would have this as much as she wanted for the duration of her posting there.

“Oh, fuck!” Hogan growled into her ear. “You’ve drained me completely, you horny little slut.”

“That was the idea,” She laughed. “...my superior officer with a big black cock.”

“Fuck yeah.” Hogan exhaled deeply.

“So what now, Sarge.” She reached down and hefted his dripping erection.

“Now we get done with this shower and go to bed.” He growled as his hands freely roamed all over her wet slippery body.

“I couldn’t agree more.” She dropped down to her knees once more and began kissing his cum smeared cockhead. “Let me start with cleaning his big beautiful thing.”

She heard his groan of approval and took the whole head in her mouth, swirling her tongue around it and sucking hard. She tasted her own juices on it and a thrill went through her. Sheila intensified her sucking and soon enough he was hard again and shivering as another orgasm erupted from his big black balls. He filled her mouth again and she savored every drop. The man seemed to have an endless reserve of cum in him, and to think he was posted up here all by himself with all this good stuff going to waste. But not anymore, for Sheila’s taste for big black cock and loads of its hot cum has just reached an all time high. Not another drop would Sergeant

P.L. Hogan ever waste again for the next two years that she was going to be there.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Twenty Three

The first shot from the sheriff's Colt took his ten gallon hat clean off his head. Edward ducked down quick, dropping under the kneeling banker. Big Hoss, his partner in crime, was down too, kneecaps busted by the deputy's firearm. The sheriff aimed at Edward again, but he wouldn't shoot at him with the banker in the way now, would he?

"Get out of the way, Morgan." Sheriff Clancy Rollins spat out a wad of tobacco. "The reign of the Gator Boys ends today."

"Fuck you, Rollins." Big Hoss yelled, even as he grasped at his busted knee. "The Gator Boys will never go down."

"Hell! You are today, boy." Rollins turned to look at the big outlaw and drew his second Colt and aimed at Horace 'Big Hoss' Gator, the leader of the infamous Gator Boys Gang.

It was now or never. Edward drew his pistol and fired in one motion. Sheriff Rollins staggered back, his shoulder exploding in a spray of blood. The old man dropped his guns and went down. Edward didn't wait to see if the gnarled lawman was going to live or die, he hurled the fat banker at the deputy and took a running leap at the open window. He

heard Big Hoss yelling after him as he landed hard on the gravel outside. As far as Edward was concerned, the Gator Boys were done. Billy Dukes, Frogface, Johnny B and Travis Jayne were already dead, and with Cody Coldfingers and Big Hoss injured, he was the last man standing of the seven man outlaw gang. They expected the sleepy little town of Gardner City to be easy pickings, but Big Hoss had got it wrong. Old Clancy Rollins was a retired Ranger and the meanest Sheriff the gang ever came across.

Grabbing the reins of a nearby unattended horse, Edward leapt in to the saddle. The animal reared up, nearly throwing him off, but Edward was a good horseman, even if he was a month shy of twenty. He had been working with horses ever since he could remember. Edward controlled the frightened stallion well, and soon he was flying through the town and out of its gates. He glanced back, but no one was after him. The fate of Sheriff Clancy Rollins was probably their main concern now, and even if they had taken out most of the Gator Boys, Edward Horton Junior was going to be the most wanted man in the town of Gardner City for a while now.

“It’s best I lay down low for a few damn years.” He mumbled to himself. The horse could run, he was sure he had put at least twenty miles between him and the town before he decided to let the animal rest. There was nothing but open prairie before him and all of it prime grazing land. He was sure there’d be plenty of private owned ranches around for him to

find a place to hide. But not so close to Gardner City, he had to get at least another twenty miles farther west.

The sun was setting when he felt that the horse could do another twenty and jumped into the saddle. The ride was a joy. No one was chasing him and neither was he after a stage coach or money train. The freedom of just riding in the vast open country was refreshing to Edward. He rode on until the stars were beginning to dot the darkening skies. He guessed he must have covered at least thirty miles now and no one back at Gardner City would even know the way he went. He looked around for a ranch or farmhouse; his belly reminded him he hadn't had a bite since breakfast.

The plan was a good one, when the Gator Boys rode into town that morning. They had breakfast in the local bakery and then robbed the bank next to it. Big Hoss and the boys hadn't counted on getting taken on by the legendary Clancy Rollins and his posse of deputies. The gunfight cost the gang four members and the town three of its deputies, before Big Hoss went down. Edward didn't think he would get out of there alive, but he saw his chance and took it. He knew both Rollins and Hoss, if they survived, would eventually come after him, but that could take them years. If he could find a ranch or a homestead, he could lie there low for a month, get to know the place, and then rob it of everything and head a few hundred miles west.

“And there’s the place I’m looking for.” He laughed out loud as the silhouette of a little wood fence appeared in the darkness. He rode along its border till he reached the gate. It wasn’t even closed. He dismounted and led the horse behind him. Up ahead was a little cottage, with a dim light in the window. No point alarming who was there, since he needed their help, he decided to make his presence known. He hid his gun in the saddle bag and called out.

“Is anyone home?” Edward called in a clear voice.  
“Can a lost hungry soul find refuge for the night?”

The light inside the cottage seemed to move, casting roaming shadows, then it grew brighter and the front door creaked open. Someone peered out, holding a lit candle high.

“Who’s out there?” A rich feminine voice called out.  
“Come on in, out of the cold.”

“Much obliged, ma’am.” Edward nodded with a smile and tethered the horse to a post outside. “The name’s Edward.”

“Edward! Mighty fine name for a young feller.” The woman smiled at him. She was older than him, probably mid to late thirties and he noticed the large shotgun she held in her other hand. “Welcome to the Dove Farm, Edward. Are you from Fredericktown?”

“No, but I’m headed there... looking for work.”  
Edward told her as he stepped inside the house. “Just need a place to rest for the night and some food, I can pay.”

“Aw, gosh.” The woman laughed. “We never get no visitors out here in the wilds... your company’ll be payment enough.”

“Oh, mighty generous of you, Miss.” He gave her his most charming smile.

“My goodness.” She giggled loudly. “I haven’t been called that in a while. Arlene Dove hasn’t been a Miss since 1866.”

In the brighter light inside, Edward noted that the woman was quite pleasing to look at. She had a lovely face, older but still pretty, and her body was filled out in the right places. She looked strong, probably from all the work she did around the farmland. It looked like a dairy farm from all the cows and calves he could hear somewhere out back.

“You live here all by yourself, Miss Dove?” He asked her casually.

“Oh, no.” She said with a laugh as she set the table for him. “I live here with all my lovely cows and calves, and some chickens. And of course my most precious possession, the only Miss Dove here. My daughter Lisandra Mae Dove. But you can call her Lia and me Leona.”

“You have a daughter...” He sat down to a generous meal of cornbread, cheese and eggs and some ham next to a pot of fresh brewed tea.

“Yes, she’s upstairs, asleep.” Leona nodded. “The poor dear gets up very early every morning to do her chores.”

“You don’t have any men here...” He looked at the woman. “...like hired hands?”

“Oh, no. We can’t afford any.” She exhaled and stood beside the table with a hand on her generously curvy hip. “And being so far from any town... they all want extra wages.”

“If you’re in need of a worker, I could use a job now... I don’t need any pay, just a place to sleep and some food for me and my horse.” He said as he wolfed down the food.

“My, that could work out nicely, Edward.” She smiled at him warmly. “Lord knows we need a good man around here,

eve since my darling husband Godfrey died.”

“Sorry about your loss, ma’am.” He looked away feeling awkward.

“Aw, gosh...” She smiled at him. “It’s been a while since, but if you’re willing, I’d like to have a strong young man around here to get things done.”

“Yeah, and since I don’t know anyone in Fredericktown, I’m not sure how long before I can get a job, or even find one.” He looked into her bright blue eyes, feeling suddenly very welcome.

“Oh, I love it when providence makes things happen.” Leona smiled wide and clasped her hands below her enticing bosom. “You can have the little room beside the milking station. My late husband used it to smoke meats, but we don’t do that anymore... as much.”

Edward nodded his appreciation as he helped the woman clear the table. She then showed him to the small room and wished him a good night. He noted that she carried the shotgun with her as she went up the stairs to her bedroom. It didn’t matter to him. What he stumbled upon was more than he could have expected. Laying low here for a couple of months would be just what he needed. Then one fine day,

when he got to know the place well enough and gained just about enough of the woman's trust, he would clean out the place and be on his way, far and away beyond Fredericktown.

The next morning, after he had a decent night's sleep and was up at dawn, the sounds of the cows being milked next to his room had him wondering for a moment where the heck he was. He sighed with satisfaction to recall all that had happened the night before. Here he was, in the home of a lovely woman, safe and away from the law. All he had to do was work for his food and free stay and enjoy the company of his attractive hostess.

He heard voices around the corner and stepped out of the little room. The milking shed was just there and he stepped in. His mouth dropped open. Sitting on a stool, with almost nothing on was a young woman, no older than him. Her short shorts had slid down her wide hip to reveal half of her rounded posterior and her deep sensuous crack, and as she was leaning forward and milking the cow, her own rounded breasts were almost popping out of the very low cut blouse she wore. He stepped on a twig and she turned sharply to look at him. She was rather pretty, a younger version of the woman he met the night before. Of dark blonde hair and blue eyed, her full red lips curled upward in wide smile made his heart double its pace.

“Good morning.” She said brightly. “You must be Eddie. Mama told me all about you.”

“Uh... y-yes, ma’am.” He could mumble, staring at her wide eyed.

“Aw, shucks, Eddie.” She laughed. “I ain’t no ma’am. Just plain ol’ Lia.”

“I... yeah, I’m Edward.” He said with some effort. The sight of her hot young body in such skimpy attire made him swell up quickly downstairs. “Your mother... mentioned you last night.”

“That’s good, cos I do all the hard work around here, and I could sure use some help.” She stood up and bounced on her heels, making her sweet breasts jiggle wildly under the strip of a blouse she wore. “Are you a good worker, Eddie?”

“Yeah, I’ll say I am.” He struggled to keep his eyes off her hot enticing body, and it felt to him she knew that, and enjoyed it too.

“I like you, Eddie.” She winked at him and her twinkling eyes trailed down to his bulging crotch. “And I can

see you like me.”

“Uh... yeah, for sure.” He scratched his head and looked away.

“I’m sure we’re going to get along mighty fine then, Ed.” She laughed and lifted a full pail of fresh milk. “Well then, here’s your chore for the morning. Carry these full buckets of milk to the cart and pour the milk into the barrels. Then rake some hay and feed the cows. After that you can come on in for some breakfast.”

He nodded and took the pail full of milk from her, then picked up another full pail and walked over to the cart outside. The barrels were empty, all six of them. and he began filling them one by one. After breakfast, Lia told him she would be rolling off with the cart to the farmers’ market, about three miles away to sell the milk. He hoped he wouldn’t be asked to go with her. Anyone there might know who he was, and he was pretty sure there’d be wanted posters with his handsome mug on them posted all over, from Gardner City to Fredericktown and everywhere in between.

Breakfast was hearty. Fresh eggs, corn bread, coffee and fried bacon. He ate more than the two women did

combined, much to their amusement and quickly offered to chop firewood. Leona seemed pleased by his initiative and he rushed out into the woodlands behind the cottage before Lia could suggest a trip to the market for him.

Days went by and he began to feel more comfortable. He found the more difficult and dirty the chores he offered to do, the less likely he would be asked to ride out to the market. Leona and Lia seemed very pleased about that too. Especially Lia, and she took it upon herself to reward him with little treats when he least expected them. He was sure that her intention was to seduce him, and why not. She was a hot blooded young woman, living all alone with her mother in the middle of nowhere. And he was a hot blooded young man, ready and willing to be of service. Several times he saw her in the nude or almost. He was sure she made those instances intentional.

On the tenth day of his stay there, he was yanking up some reeds by a small pool, where they usually took a dip every now and then, when Lia sauntered up. She had taken dips there a few times, mostly naked, with him watching from afar sometimes. This time she walked up to him and gave him a sultry smile.

“Nice day, isn’t it?” He said with a smile.

“Too nice to waste away.” She nodded and winked. “I feel like taking a dip.”

“Uh... sure.” He said and began to haul up the bundles of reeds he had been pulling up.

“You don’t have to go, Eddie.” She purred. “I know you’ve seen be skinny dipping before.”

“Uh... but I...” He felt a strange heat rise behind his neck. It was not like he was with a hot woman for the first time. Edward had been in the pleasing company of willing women for over a year now, being an outlaw kind of drew women to him, in every town or city the Gator Boys had run through. But here and now, he wasn’t a Gator Boy. He was just Eddie, the hard working farm hand.

“Ah, you bad boy.” She laughed and casually pulled her shirt off. “You can watch up close from now on, instead of hiding in the bushes.”

He swallowed hard as she dropped her tight shorts to stand completely naked before him. Her suntanned body shone like honey in the sunlight. His eyes trailed down from her impish face to her slender neck and over her ripe luscious breasts. At eighteen she had full breasts the size of ripe

melons. His eyes kept going further down over her flat belly and to her mound. Her bush was a fiery brownish gold, just like the glorious hair on her head and her hips flared out wide to taper down to her strong shapely legs.

She waded into the water and splashed some over her groin, getting that glorious bush all wet and glistening. She smiled at him and ran her wet hands over her lush breasts, making the caramel colored nipples stand out. He wished he hadn't worn the tight canvas pants, his boner hurt like hell in them.

“Come on, Eddie.” She said in a breathy voice. “The water’s divine. Take off your hot and sweaty clothes and jump in.”

He stood frozen in place for sometime, not sure of what to do. Her seductive voice encouraged him again to join her in the water. With shaking hands he peeled off his sweaty shirt and dropped his pants. As naked as she was, and his cock sticking out like a rifle barrel, he quickly slipped into the cooling water.

“Not bad, Eddie.” She gave him a lascivious smile and a wink.

Was it going to happen, he wondered. Was this brazen young woman going to offer herself to him right there in the water. His cock seemed to hope so as it throbbed under the swirling water. Her laughter sent a shiver all through him, but she did little else but wash herself in front of him. She played with her breasts, splashing water over the mouth-watering globes of softness. Her slender fingers ran over her pliant flesh, brushing her nipples to tautness and she tweaked them for his pleasure. He felt his breathing get harder and he reached down under the water to stroke his aching hard on. She was definitely getting his blood to boil.

Any moment now, he hoped, she would make the move. He didn't want to force himself on her and ruin everything he had going there. But for the love of his sanity, she was taking him over the brink. His head swam and his heart pounded hard. Then he felt a sharp sting on his left calf. What the hell was that? Something had bit him in the water. He suddenly felt very dizzy and his body began to shiver violently. He heard Lia calling his name, but it seemed like she was far away and then his vision blurred to black.

When he woke up, he was in bed, under a blanket. His body was hot and his brow was covered with sweat. He had a fever of some kind. Leona and Lia were sitting beside the bed and speaking in low tones. He coughed slightly, making them turn their attention to him.

“My gosh, Eddie!” Lia screamed at him. “I’m so sorry. You had me so frightened then.”

“We got the poison out just in time, Edward.” Leona said breathlessly. “But the fever’s going to take a few days to go down.”

Poison! His young heart began to thump hard. What the hell?

“Don’t be so scared, baby.” Lia told him and touched his arm. “It wasn’t a snake, just a little water bug... not big enough to worry.”

“A couple of days rest will have you back up again.” Leona said and leaned forward to kiss his forehead. He couldn’t help notice her full breasts dangle before his eyes and felt his cock stir. At least the damn bug hadn’t stung his cock.

The two women left him alone then, they had their own work to do. Edward lay there on the bed feeling very hot and miserable. He didn’t feel all that sick, but hey, two days of rest wouldn’t be so bad. He slept off for a bit, with dreams of Lia and Leona smothering all over him, hot, naked and sweaty. He woke up with a start to find Lia sitting beside him.

“Time for a bath.” She told him with a wicked smile on her face.

“Huh... but I just had one...” He looked around him dazedly.

“That was two days ago, silly.” Her laughter was like silver bells. “You slept the whole of yesterday and now you’re strong enough to get a warm sponge bath.”

Hey, now that wouldn’t hurt. He nodded at her and she pulled the blanket down to his waist. She seemed impressed by what she saw and slowly ran the wet towel over his lean chest. The warm cloth felt good, especially as she slowly wiped him down. She lingered a while over his chest, her fingers playing with his nipples from over the damp cloth of the towel. His belly grew taut and she enjoyed sliding the towel over the ridges of his hard stomach. He gasped out loud as she pulled the rest of the blanket off him.

His cock, at full attention, sprang up to slapped against his belly. He hadn’t realized that he was naked under the blanket. Lia knew that all too well and she gave him a wolfish grin.

“Not so feverish today, I see.” She laughed. “All strong and ready to get to work.”

He stared back at her, twitching his hard-on at her. She laughed softly and dropped the warm sippy towel over his raging boner. He sighed deeply when her slender fingers wrapped around his thick shaft. It got harder and he flexed his pelvis, feeling her grip tighten over his surging cock. He bucked his hips upward, encouraging the raunchy young woman to stroke him. She complied, using the towel to rub his rod up and down. He had a good length, as long as the barrel of a Colt Peacemaker, and just as hard, but hot and throbbing hardness instead of cold steel.

“Feeling better, cowboy?” Lia said with a giggle. “I can tell that you do.”

“Uh, yeah... sure.” He said with some effort. And he would feel even better if she could relieve the pent up tension she was creating for him.

“Hmm, this bad boy is about to go off, isn’t he?” She purred and let his naked cock peep out from around the towel wrapping.

“Uh, yeah... yeah... he sure is.” He grunted desperately.

She looked into his eyes with lustful heat and then lowered her head over his throbbing tool. He could feel her hot breath on the exposed sensitive head. It was beet root red and throbbed wildly as she blew some air on it. She sniffed in his arousal and licked her lips. He closed his eyes and braced himself for that familiar and blissful sensation of a woman's hot moist mouth over his raging erection.

“Hm, gosh dang it.” He heard her suddenly cry out. “I damn near forgot, it's market time already.”

He opened his eyes to see her release the towel over his rampant boner and stand up. She was wearing her market day clothes – full length skirt and a frilly blouse. So she knew it all along that she would have to get going. What the fuck game was this woman playing at? He watched her rush out of the room and heard her yelling at the horses. Then the sound of the fully loaded cart moving away made him seethe with anger.

“Lia! That bitch... she's made me so damn hard.” He shuddered and lay on his back, slowly stroking his jutting cock. “Next time she teases me, I'm not holding back. I'll haul her down and fuck her till she creams all over...”

A soft tap on the door made him jump. Hastily he grabbed at the blanket to cover his arousal.

“Edward, my dear,” Leona pushed the door open and stepped into his small room. “How are you now? I hope the fever’s down.”

“Yes. Mrs. Dove, I mean, Leona, I’m all right now.” He said, trying hard to keep his voice from breaking.

“That’s wonderful. I was so worried.” The older woman gushed as she sat down on the bed beside him. She wore a slight dress that delineated her seasoned curves and her perfume was intoxicating. “You had quite a temperature last night.”

Edward squirmed uncomfortably, trying to contain his straining erection under the blanket. “Thank you, Mrs. Dove... er, Leona, for taking care of me.”

“You’re welcome, sweetheart. You’ve proved quite valuable for us here on the dairy farm.” She smiled and leaned forward to kiss his forehead. Edward couldn’t help getting an eyeful of her large lush breasts through the low cut dress she wore. It did little to bring his erection down, instead it served the opposite.

“Sure, Leona.” He managed to gulp, shifting to avoid her plump butt brushing against his hard-on under the sheets. “Where is Lia?”

Leona laughed at his obvious discomfiture. “She’s gone to market... we need to sell all that milk, and get supplies too. She’ll be away until evening.”

“But I think it’s raining outside... really hard.” He said, trying to get his mind off this attractive woman in his current state of embarrassing arousal.

“That’s all right.” Leona laughed and her full bosom jiggled. “She’s a strong girl and very headstrong. She knows how to handle things and always gets what she wants.”

“Yes, I know that.” He nodded. “She’s a very adventurous girl.”

“So you and my Lia, has anything been going on between you two?” Her smile was a bit impish.

“Huh?” He reddened.

“Isn’t she beautiful? Has she tried to seduce you?” The older woman laughed again, her large breasts jiggling gently under the sheer cloth of her dress all the more.

Edward swallowed hard and looked away. “Mrs. D... uh... Leona... I don’t... uh!”

“Relax, boy.” Leona placed a warm, soft hand on his bare chest. “I don’t mind at all. I know you were thinking about her before I came in... you and your little friend down there.” Her hand slithered slowly down to his tightening belly.

Edward felt light headed, this was too good to be true. He had longed for this woman the moment he met her the two weeks ago. But he had to be real careful; he needed this place to hide. But now it seemed he knew where this could go to. This woman, living all alone away from the edges of towns and cities, was in need of male companionship and he was more than ready and able to supply it. This was a now or never opportunity. With a resolute tug he pulled the sheet aside, exposing his blood gorged throbbing cock in all its angry glory.

Leona gasped. “Oh! That thing’s a monster. Does my sweet Lia do that to you?” Her voice quivered with lust.

“Right now, it’s you who’s made it like this.” Edward’s voice grew bolder as he felt himself getting the upper hand now. It was the daughter who had ruthlessly teased him, he thought smugly, and it is the mother who will repair that grievance. “I know you want this... take it.”

Leona's eyes widened at the sight of his young and throbbing cock. "Oh, I haven't seen the likes of this in a decade." She whispered and shook with sheer lust and anticipation. She reached slowly for his rigid shaft standing in attention for her ripe sexuality.

"What do think, Leona?" He grinned at her and twitched his cock a few times for her.

"Only a dead woman would not be flattered by such a monument erected in her honor." The woman lustfully replied. "But you and Lia... aren't you two...?"

"Lia is just a tease." Edward cut her off, reaching for her ripe breasts. "You are the kind of woman I need... I lust after. Lia's just a girl... a stupid, playful child, a little tease. I want a woman... and how long has it been since you have had a man?"

"That's so true." Leona said throatily as she surrendered to his fondling caresses. "I need this but I feel so ashamed to give in to my base desires. And you are so young, Eddie, like a son if I had one, but I need this. I want this so bad. No more lonely nights with lifeless toys. I want a warm, pulsing cock of living throbbing flesh with blood pumping in its veins. I need this beautiful cock to make me feel what it was like to be a woman." She reached out and wrapped her smooth fingers around his thick, warm shaft and sighed.

“Oh, yes. Leona!” Edward gasped, the sensation of her warm soft hand on his raging cock sent shivers all through him. “Hold it in your hand, stroke it, and make it your plaything.”

“Sweet boy, you know how to make a woman feel special.” Leona whispered as she leaned over to face the straining member in her hand. Grabbing the base with one hand she gently pulled down the fore-skin with the other. “Oh, how I missed this strong odor. The sight of this exposed cockhead makes my mind reel. Oh, it brings back such wanton memories of my youth. There’s no holding back now, I want this, all of it and I want it now.” She began planting soft kisses on the reddish purple head and all over the vein bulging shaft.

“Oh God, Yes!” Edward nearly choked, fighting to hold back his urge to thrust his cock into her welcoming mouth. ‘Have to take this easy.’ He thought. ‘I have to savor every bit of this... she’s no naïve girl, but a woman with experience. This could become a fruitful relationship in more ways than one... I have to have patience and make this happen the right way.’

But he didn’t have to wait long. Leona hungrily gobbled down on his bulging manhood, all the way to the hair covered root. She sucked him with all the expertise she had

with the gusto of a starving animal. Her wild and intense sucking made Edward go crazy and he bucked his hips upward, fucking her mouth and matching her every downward sucking motion. Suddenly he gave in to release and erupted in her hungry mouth. Days of repressed anxiety and resentment alleviated and a sense of euphoria washed over his mind. He came in hot spurts, his taut body shuddering with every release.

“Cum!” Leona wept, as Edward’s seed gagged her and dribbled down her chin. “Sweet delicious cum... fresh from a beautiful living cock. How I craved for this.” She possessively held on to his spent penis and lapped it clean as a cat would its milk dish.

“Oh, Miss Dove...” He panted and caressed her brown haired head. “That was so good, I swear, I’ve never had it so good before.”

“I’m not done with you yet, sweetheart!” She laughed and turned her tear stained, cum smeared face toward his blissful satisfied eyes. “I want more. I want to do everything that a man and a woman can do together... and I want it all now.”

“Mrs. Do... uh.... Leona.” Edward grinned, pointing at his rapidly stiffening cock, “I and my not-so-little friend here have the same notion. But first let me do for you what you did

for me.” He licked his lips and pushed her gently onto her back. Leona needed no encouragement to spread her legs and lift her dress. Her wet and swollen pussy quivered in anticipation of his long and snaking tongue. Edward took in a deep breath of her warm and musky scent as his fingers explored the soft, soaked petals of her ripe womanhood.

Leona gasped loudly at the anticipation of his lashing tongue on her trembling pussy. A sense of euphoria ran through Edward as he caressed her soft thighs and gently pulled ran his thumbs on either side of her wet slit. His greedy face hovered over her hot pussy and he looked up at her roguishly.

“Oh, God! Edward!” Leona pleaded with lust. “Enough of this teasing... come on, dearie, eat my pussy. It’s been too damn long...”

“I’m not as good a tease as Lia is.” He drawled hungrily as he gently planted wet kisses on her simmering pussy. “I guess I’m not that cruel.”

Leona jerked up at the sensation of his tongue lashing over her hot twat. She bucked her hips up, pushing more of her quivering womanhood into his eager face. Edward slipped his large hands under her soft round buttocks and lifted her hips up to his open mouth. He grinned from ear to ear and took her throbbing clitoris whole into his mouth. His lips closed over

and he sucked hard on the little button, driving the older woman crazy. He heard her whimper as she grabbed his hair and yanked hard, digging her nails painfully into his scalp.

“Oh glory be, Eddie...” She whimpered loudly. “Oh, yes... this is so good. So damn good. Lick my pussy, dearie... lick my pussy hard, make Momma Dove feel alive again.”

“Mmmhh!” Edward nodded, his hungry mouth full of her dripping pussy and his rough palms caressing her yielding thighs and butt.

Leona breath quickened and she gasped loudly. “Your big hands are scorching on my tender skin. My whole body wants your big strong hands all over it. Oh, your tongue on my sensitive pussy feels so good, dearie.”

Edward’s strong fingers explored her sappy slit and he pushed one inside the deep welcoming hole. She was tight for her age, probably from not getting much action, he surmised. His lips and tongue played with her clitoris, making her cry out and thrash her hands about. He knew that she wouldn’t hold out much longer as he finger-fucked her slowly. Her belly quivered violently and he felt her pussy clench hard over his fingers. He could tell from experience that an intense orgasm would escape from her body soon.

“Oh, Edward... ohhh,” She moaned and raked her fingers across his head. “Ohhh... I’m going to cum so hard... ooohhhh, please... don’t stop.”

Edward grinned wide and his forefinger and thumb squeezed her swollen pussy between them, making a little camel-toe for his mouth to suck on. That sent the horny woman over the edge and her body shuddered with an explosive release. He could sense that she had years of pent up sexual tension escaping out of her in a fevered rush of ecstasy. Leona was moaning feverishly and she wept loudly. He looked up at the ecstatic woman, deep in the throes of her orgiastic euphoria. She shivered violently as Edward kept lapping away at the warm juices flowing generously out of her spread pussy. Her ripe body was shaking with each tremor of release wracked her as Edward reached through her hitched up dress. His skillful hands cupped her bulging breasts, squeezing them roughly. He enjoyed the feeling of her soft flesh squishing between his iron hard fingers. He teased her cherry hard nipples, making her orgasm more intense for her. She gasped and whimpered and had her fingers clawing at him, grasping for him, pleading for him to ravage her.

“Oh, Edward... that was so very good.” Leona moaned and spread her legs even wider. “I want more... climb on up to me, dearie... come and fill me with that huge thing of yours.”

“Miss Dove,” He smiled at her as he licked her heady taste on his wet lips. “You’re the most womanly woman I’ve

done this with... you are a wet dream come true.”

“Damn right, I am,” Leona slurred, intoxicated by her lust, “Now get on top of me, boy... and fuck me like you’ve never fucked a woman before.”

“You sure are the boss, Leona.” Edward grinned and clambered over her like a lizard after its escaping lunch.

His cock was harder than it had ever got in his life and it hurt like hell. He aimed it right for her hot welcoming hole. The warm wetness in there would sure put some of the hurting at ease, of this Edward had good enough experience. His hard cock throbbed and pulsed as he moved it closer to her eager pussy. Leona spread herself out wider and her wet hungry pussy stretched out invitingly before him.

Her gasp excited him immensely as he pushed the hard thickness deep into her with one powerful thrust. She reached out and clawed at his chest and shoulders. “Oh my god!” She gasped. “Your cock is so very hard and thick... it feels so damn good to have it in me.”

“Yeah, Miss Dove... I mean, Leona.” He grunted and thrust his hips at her. “It feels real great in your tight hot pussy... so wet and warm, and loving.”

“Oh, yes, Eddie, yes!” Leona whispered. “You are more man than I have ever had in my entire life. Your rock hard and rugged body is so... ohhh, I wonder if I can find another man like you, ever.”

“You can have me as long as you like, Leona.” Edward grunted and lifted her shapely legs over his shoulders to bring more of his weight down on her and pushed his cock deeper into her pussy. Leona grunted and groaned, but the lust on her face told him that she liked being dominated like that. His hard cock push deeper into her and he enjoyed the tightness of her squishy love tunnel.

Leona reached out and grabbed at his iron hard butt and he flexed it firmly for her pleasure. “Oh, Leona...” He grunted with ecstasy. “I want you to... ride me.”

Edward rolled to his side along with her; his cock still deep inside and was on his back with her on top. On top of him now, he let Leona take charge. She had her palms pressed down on his chest and her generous behind bounced up and down as her pussy swallowed down on his cock. A thrill went through him each time her pussy slid over his cock, engulfing it whole and then releasing it. He felt her belly clench as she moved like a woman possessed with lust over him. He dug his hard fingers into her soft, yielding buttocks, and felt her body shiver against his.

Leona came again; all over his thickness with it plunged deep within her. Her slender fingers clawed at his smooth chest and he pulled her down over him. His lips closed over hers in a hungry kiss and he stuck his tongue into her moist mouth. She came in shuddering spasms all over his cock and held on to him tight. Her ecstatic moans and whimpers were muffled with his tongue stuffed down her throat.

His rock hard cock swelled up even more with her orgasm streaming all over it. Leona jammed her hips down on his pulsing cock and she took all of it in and squeezed his thickness hard. He looked into her eyes deeply, hinting to her that he was about to cum.

“Oh, yes, Yes!” Leona shouted with gasping breaths. “It’s been so long... I want to feel hot cum splashing inside me... cum inside me, Eddie... fill me with you hot manly seed.”

Edward grinned wide. He needed no further encouragement and bucked his hips up hard to meet her downward thrusts. He felt his cock get even harder, making her pussy all the more tight. “Uhhh, Miss Dove...” Edward’s eyes went wide. “I’m... I... cumming!”

“Yes, dearie, yes!” The woman screamed into his flushed face. “Cum, cum deep inside me. Fill me up.”

And he came, and came, like he hadn't ever before. This woman's pussy had been lying dormant for a long time, and his cock had made it erupt back to life. Her hands were on his aching balls, massaging them to make his orgasm go on and on. Suddenly Leona pulled off his cock and slid down to his rigid organ standing upright in front of her greedy face. She grabbed the base and stroked him hard. Opening her moist lips she took the cum spewing head into her lusty mouth. He gasped at the sensation of her hot wet mouth over his tingling cockhead. She stroked his shaft furiously while she sucked hard on his cockhead. His balls scrunched and tightened, and kept on pumping out his seed down her throat and like a woman possessed, she swallowed and swallowed, making him feel quite dizzy from just watching her.

“Oh, Leona...” He sighed and ran his hands over her blonde hair. “You are so... so fucking good.”

“Mmmhh, that was so, so good...” Leona smiled dreamily at him and rubbed his cockhead all over her lips, chin and cheeks. “And I want more of it. Every damn day.”

“Sure thing, Leona...” Edward grinned back at her, feeling relaxed. “I can do that, along with all the other work I do.”

The older woman gave him a sultry smile and snuggled her warm naked body against his, while her hand still caressed

his sticky, cum smeared cock. “Yes, Eddie... I want this everyday. And mind you, if Lia tries to seduce you again... you’re free to teach her a lesson. By heaven, that little tart does deserve a good hard ramming.”

This was definitely far better than anything he could have dreamed of. And it could be the start of a long and fruitful relationship, he thought, and he would make every bit of it worth his while. All he had to do was stay holed up here with these two beautiful lusty women, feeling safe, secure and loved for as long as he liked.

# Story Twenty Four

“...entering the communal watering hole registered as Exit-120, in the Delta-Nova sector. Secondary hostiles eliminated. Primary quarry is in sight.” Captain Diana Lancaster closed her eyes as she heard her own voice on the played back recording. She exhaled deeply and leaned back on the hard metal chair she was seated on. This one-on-one investigation was the last thing she had expected, but with Chief-Marshall Galen Torques, she shouldn’t have really been surprised.

“Target is hostile. Proceeding with extreme caution.” Diana’s recorded narration continued. “Shots fired. Returning fire... uh... offhh. Incoming. Incoming. Get down, Hollis!”

Static and the sound of loud explosions and laser fire filled the next few seconds of the recording, and then Diana’s voice crackled on back. “Fugitive has escaped. Captain Robyn Hollis is down... she’s... Captain Hollis is dead.”

“Is that all of it?” Chief-Marshall Galen Torques turned toward her and asked with a clear distaste in his tone.

“Yes, Chief-Marshall.” Diana nodded slowly. The lights came on softly around her as the static ridden holo-screen dimmed down. She looked up at the imposing figure of power seated before her and a shiver ran down her spine.

“Surprising, Captain Lancaster, that a Ranger of your experience could let this happen.” The large commanding officer of the Space Rangers shook his bald head. “You are what, a year short of retirement... almost twenty five years of service, most of it by the book, and now this?”

“We were taken by surprise, Chief Marshall.” She said in her defense. “I agree that with my years of experience, I should have... known better, but Morgan Vanderlin is one of the galaxy’s most notorious criminals. She has access to resources that we cannot...”

“Are you telling me that a criminal is more powerful than the Space Rangers, Captain Lancaster?”

“No, Sir, not at all.” Diana sighed sadly. “It’s just that... we were not prepared.”

“You were not prepared, Captain?” The condescending tone of the man in charge cut deep into her. “This was your mission, your own command. And Robyn Hollis died for it.”

“She was my partner for seven years... I don’t know if I can even face her folks... I...”

“Leave that to me, Lancaster.” Torques said brusquely. “And though it calls for some kind of formal reprimand, I am going to make an exception. For your years of decent service and the fact that you have less than a year to retire with distinction, here’s what I have in mind.”

Diana nodded silently. She was ready to accept anything. Anything at all, except of course public humiliation. And Galen Torques, the hard taskmaster that he was, was not known to be a spiteful or malicious man, and she felt thankful for that.

“I will give you one more opportunity, Captain Lancaster.” Torques said in a grim tone. “You’re going to track down Morgan Vanderlin and bring that heinous bitch in alive. You have three standard Earth weeks to do it, or else your retirement, without distinction, will come six months earlier and you will serve correctional detention. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Chief Marshal. Crystal clear.” She looked into his hard eyes and saluted stiffly.

“Excellent! You are dismissed.” She heard him bark out as she spun on her heel and walked out of his gloomy office.

The long walk back to her own quarters down the spotless white corridors of the Space Rangers orbital station was uneventful, and Diana was grateful for that. She stepped into her regulation accommodation and took off her dirtied uniform. Sighing softly she stepped into the tiny six by six bathroom and turned on the shower. Water jetted out from the four showerheads, one in each corner of the narrow room and she sank down to the floor, relishing the refreshing warmth on her fatigued body. Thoughts of Robyn Hollis came to her mind, the woman who was her partner for seven years. They worked well together, always ready for their assignments and watching each other's backs. But Diana hardly missed the woman. They were not friends, just coworkers. And it was Diana who had preferred it that way. Even if Robyn would have liked to have been friends, Diana had never allowed that. She was a cold and distant person by nature, and had been so ever since she was a child. She had never had a relationship with anyone, man or woman, and even though she did enjoy physical intimacy, it was always just corporeal and on her terms.

At forty four, she was still in peak physical condition. Twenty five years as a Space Ranger kept her that way. She was a captain, even though such ranks were just formalities now and didn't really mean a thing. Hollis was a captain too, but Diana was the senior partner, being ten years older and with more field experience. Damn, she didn't miss the girl at all. Was it normal? She didn't know or care. Life went on better that way for her. She had lost her parents early in life, her mother before her teens and her father a few years later.

Diana was a self made woman with a will of her own and nobody could tell her any different.

She turned off the water and stood up. The full length mirror before her displayed her naked body as the steam vents evaporated the water off her. Diana had to admit, that even at her age, she had a tight, full figured body that made most heads turn. She was quite athletic, but not too muscular. Feminine roundness enveloped over her rugged fitness, and yet gave off a sense of strength. And though most people were attracted to her, they left it to her to make the first move. Diana preferred it that way.

Grabbing a fresh set of her uniform from her narrow wardrobe panel, she dressed quickly and was about to reach for the door when the buzzer went off, announcing a visitor. Who could that be, she wondered. She wasn't expecting anyone, though she tapped in her code and the door slid open. Standing outside was a young woman, smartly dressed in the uniform of a Space Ranger. Before looking at her face, Diana's eyes darted to the rank markings on the collar of her uniform. One gold bar on the navy blue material. A Corporal.

“Yes?” She asked the young woman tersely.

“Captain Diana Lancaster.” The woman said meekly.  
“Corporal Jayne Drakes reporting. I am your new partner...”

“What?” Diana was taken aback. A new partner, already? And just a corporal. A new recruit by the looks of her.

“...um, I was told to meet you here.” The blond, blue eyed woman looked at her with visible apprehension and held up a personal message tablet. “Chief Marshal Torques asked me to give you this.”

Diana pursed her lips and nodded as she accepted the recorded message. She hit the play tab and the bald headed red face of Galen Torques popped up on the holo-display. His voice was clear, and what he said clearer still, leaving her to wonder if her assessment of him not being a malicious man was indeed wrong. This corporal was a new recruit with no experience in the field, and her training report was nothing exceptional either. Was Torques saddling her with this newbie to make sure she fails in the task he set her? But what had he to gain with her downfall?

Whatever it was, Diana decided it was not worth her time. Sure, she'd go on the mission and if she failed, she would fail, with or without this newbie to look after. So she'd retire six months ahead of schedule. She could go on that grand vacation to Io she had been promising herself for years. The view of Saturn's rings were said to be breathtaking from that volcanic moon.

“Very well, Corporal Drakes.” She nodded at the younger woman. “I’m heading for lunch, if you care to, you can join me and we’ll go over the details of our first mission together.”

“Yes, I would love to... join you for lunch.” Jayne Drakes sounded a bit too over eager as her blue eyes shone bright and her full cheeks were flushed red. Ah, the exuberance of youth, Diana shook her head, just wasted on the young.

The cafeteria was not packed to capacity, much to her relief and lunch was a quick serving of meatloaf, mashed potatoes and some salad or other. Jayne sat opposite her and waited for her to start. Diana gave her a smile and sliced into her meatloaf. The younger woman did the same and nodded at her.

“So why were you partnered to me?” She asked Jayne. “Shouldn’t all trainees be partnered with the three-year vets?”

“Oh, I... I was asked if I’d like anyone to mentor me.” The blond stared at her with a gaping smile.

“Asked?” Her brow shot up. “And... you chose me?”

“Yes, they suggested you might need a partner, now that... um...”

“Fair enough.” Diana focused on her meal. “And did they brief you on the first mission you’d be with me on?”

“Yes. And oh, I’m so excited...” Jayne said with wide eyed wonder. “We’re going to apprehend the most famous outlaw in the galaxy... the magnificent Morgan Vanderlin.”

“Are you a fan of hers?” Diana couldn’t help but feel irked by the younger woman’s enthusiasm.

“Oh, no... she’s a bad egg, that one.” Jayne smiled at her oddly. “I like her courage and tenacity though, but I am a fan of yours.”

“Say what?” She looked at the other woman, her fork frozen midway up to her open mouth.

“I have always admired your work, Captain Lancaster.” Jayne gushed. “For years and years, ever since I heard of you, when I was just a kid... you inspired me to become a Space Ranger.”

“Well, I should be flattered...” Diana felt strangely pale as she took a sip of water. “I had no idea anyone had heard of me... let alone have any fans.”

“Oh, you have many fans, Captain.” Jayne was very excited. The girl had a strange look on her young face, as if she was longing for something more. “And I’m the biggest one... I even had a major crush on you in my teens.”

“Uh... you did?” She stared at the younger woman with surprise. “How old are you now?”

“Oh, I’ll be twenty in three weeks.”

Good gracious, Diana heard a few alarm bells going off inside her head. This girl was still in her teens and was going to go up against Morgan Vanderlin. Would she get even to twenty in those three weeks?

“You know that Vanderlin in a dangerous criminal?” She decided it was time to let reality bite down hard. “And that taking her head on can be life threatening?”

“Yes, I do.” Jayne was nodding her head like one of those silly little bobble head dolls. She resisted the urge to slap the girl across that innocently bewildered face of hers.

“Then you’d better shape up. This isn’t going to be some glitzy celeb trip. This is real and the knocks are going to be hard. Vanderlin killed my last partner only last night, and we’re going after her as soon as we pick up a trail... so if you’re in this with me, you’d better act like it. No more aggravating giddy girlie talk, am I clear?”

“I... uh... yes, Captain.” Jayne looked stunned by her sudden turn of character, but it was time to show the girl that this was no game, especially for fan girls wanting to go on an adventure with their idols. That made Diana laugh inwardly. Never in her wildest dreams did she see herself becoming an idol.

“Very good, Corporal.” She told the girl in a cold distant tone. “Now come with me, I’ll show you my... our ship and what your role is in this partnership.”

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“We’re hot on her trail, Captain.” Jayne was shouting above the bleeps and tweets of the tracking gizmos all around. “There, and this time, its no decoy.”

“Good work, Drakes.” Diana nodded and wrestled with the controls as the ship bucked and bounced on the ion trail rushing at them from the huge red planet before them. “Keep it steady... she’s diving through the gravity well of that planet.”

“Oh, she’s... using it to repel the ship away.” The blonde yelled. “That’s one hell of a gutsy move.”

“We’ll make her tell us how she did it with that b-grade ship she hijacked after we take the bitch in.” Diana yelled at the girl. “Now get to pushing all our spare power into the frontal repulsors. We’re going to try that stunt too.”

The ship rocked violently, jerking them around wildly but Diana held on to the controls and was impressed to see Jayne do the same. The young woman had been quite an asset in the entire week that they had been tracking and chasing the elusive outlaw woman. And now they were almost touching distance of her.

“She’s headed for that moon...’ Jayne cried excitedly. “And look, right through those ion clouds coming out of the planet’s vents.”

“Morgan Vanderlin, we’ve got you now.” Diana laughed above the din her ship was making. “That moon’s a dead end.”

Diana used the planet’s gravity to push their state-of-the-art scout ship away toward the moon. Vanderlin’s ship was on her view screen as it rapidly descended on to the gray-green surface of moon. Within minutes the ship was skimming over the strange snow-like landscape and the on board sensors were going haywire. Beeps, tweets, blips and honks played out a cacophonous orchestra, making it hard for them to concentrate. Vanderlin’s ship was nowhere in sight, but its heat signal blipped on the scanners. She was just a mile ahead of them.

“We’ve got the bitch, at long fucking last.” Diana gritted her teeth and threw the throttle into overdrive. “I’m going to blow her ship right out from under her and then take her back alive, with a few bones broken here and there.”

No sooner did she speak, their ship came to a jarring halt, hurling them forward. Seat belts stretched to the limit, Diana was glad that she was not one of those maverick pilots who didn’t think it cool not to be strapped down. They’d both

be bugs on the windshield if they hadn't had the belts keeping them strapped in.

“What... what's happening?” Jayne sounded terrified.

“Something's got our engines cold.” Diana said angrily. “We're stuck.”

“Everything in the ship is going down.” The young blonde almost wailed. “Even the life support.”

“We've got to get outside.” Diana said. “Readings show enough breathable air out there to keep us alive. Let's go.”

Running out of the ship, she noticed that up ahead, it looked like Vanderlin's ship too had run aground. There was still a chance to get her, if they ran fast enough before the criminal could get away. Diana whipped out her plasma gun and started off on a loping run. The moon's gravity was quite low and she made rapid ground. The outlaw's crashed ship got closer with every running step she took.

“Stay well behind me, Drakes.” She called out to the younger woman running behind her. She didn't want her young partner going the way Hollis did, barely a week ago. “Keep your plasma gun on stun; we need to take her alive.”

“There she is.” Jayne was waving her gun before her.

Diana looked to the right, where Jayne was waving and sure enough, Vanderlin was crawling out from under her ship’s wreckage. The outlaw scrambled to her feet and drew her plasma rifle. Diana dropped to her knees and fired. Vanderlin moved before the blast could reach her, making Diana curse out loud. The outlaw, down on one knee, fired at Jayne. With a frantic yell, Diana flew through the air and speared into her young partner, dragging her down to the snow-like ground. The plasma rifle blast missed them by inches. Diana didn’t wait to see if Jayne was alright, she rolled off the girl and fired right at the outlaw. Vanderlin jerked up as if electrocuted and then slumped down like an unstrung puppet. It was over.

“You saved my life, Captain.” Jayne dropped to her knees beside her, and before she could do anything, the trembling young woman put her arms around her.

“It’s all right, Corporal.” Diana nodded and patted her young partner on the back. “Now let’s get that bitch in the holding pen and fix the ship.”

“You’re my idol and you saved my life. I have to thank you for it.” Jayne leaned over and kissed a surprised Diana on her lips. “Oh, I’ve so longed to do this since I met you.”

“Your first near-death experience has got you all shook up, rookie.” Diana growled, shoving the young woman away and wiping the back of her hand across her lips. “Don’t ever do that again.”

“What are you going to do if I kiss you again; maybe spank my juicy butt.” Jayne purred and stuck her shapely ass out at her.

“What the fuck has gotten in you, girl?” She spat. Jayne had never behaved this way before. Yes, the girl did seem to have a crush on her, but it was only a fangirl-like admiration, and nothing sexual, or so she thought.

“Oh, I don’t know, captain.” The blonde suddenly moaned. “The warm, moist air of this moon... it’s making me so... so horny. Oh, captain... I want you.”

“Stop this ridiculous behavior, Drakes.” She glared at the giddy woman. “Your rising body temperature is going to mess up your space suit’s precision conditioning.”

“Then let’s get out of this confining suit.” Jayne giggled and undid the clasps that held the suit to her body. It slid off easily and the young blonde dropped to her knees completely naked. She fell backwards, landing on her back

and spreading her legs out wide before Diana's astonished eyes.

Diana gasped at the sight of the naked Jayne Drakes writhing and squirming on the mossy ground with her hands caressing and stroking herself. She took a step forward to smack some sense into the addled young woman when a powerful aroma assailed her senses, making her sway. The blonde was right; there was something strange about the air around them. Diana's head began to spin and she fell to her knees gasping for air, right beside the writhing blonde on the ground.

“Oh, Diana, I'm so pleased that you decided join me,” Jayne purred sexily, seemingly intoxicated by the pungent air around them and her own lust. “Come; let's enjoy one another like we were meant to be.”

“What the fuck?” Diana struggled to keep herself from succumbing to the powerful aphrodisiac like sensation of the atmosphere. “You're clearly out of your mind, Jayne Dra...”

“Oh, be quiet for a second.” Jayne grabbed her arms and pulled Diana down over her. “Give in to your desires, you old warhorse. How long has it been since you relaxed and unwound with anyone. You should try some hot girl-on-girl action.”

“Girl-on...?” Diana gasped, feeling as if she had drunk a quart of wine. “I have never done such despicable things.”

“There’s always a first time, baby, even for old hunting dogs like you.” The young blonde said hoarsely. “Come, let your inhibitions go. You want me and I know it, I can smell your lust, and it’s so fucking strong I can almost taste it.”

“For fuck’s sake, what the bloody hell’s happening to me... what you’re saying is making sense, and... and your touch feels so good.” Diana felt herself relaxing. “I have this crazy need to take my suit off and get naked, and then do disgusting things with you.”

“Oh Yes, Diana, yes. Do it.” Jayne seemed to beg her. “Take the suit off, get yourself naked and do things you’ve never done with another woman before.”

“Yes, I have to... I need to.” Diana succumbed to the influence of the strange atmosphere that filled her senses. She stripped off her suit and slowly caressed her own body with Jayne looking on and whispering encouragement. Diana ran her hands all over herself, cupping her full breasts and squeezing them gently. Her quivering belly clenched as she dipped a hand between her legs to the moistness there waiting for her touch. She closed her eyes and sighed as Jayne’s eager hands fell on her and explored her ripe womanly body.

“Diana.” Jayne breathed lustily. “Oh, I’m finally going to make out with the woman of my dreams, the famous Diana Lancaster.”

“Be silent, rookie.” Diana groaned. “And put your big mouth where it matters, on my aching pussy. Are you better at it than a man? Show me, girl.”

“Oh yeah, baby... I’ll show you alright.” Jayne nodded eagerly and dropped down between Diana’s thighs as she spread them wide.

Jayne’s salivating tongue sent a shiver through Diana’s long sexy legs as she licked the insides of her thighs. Diana threw her head back and moaned aloud as Jayne’s warm slippery tongue attacked her wet pussy, from her puckered bunghole to throbbing little clitoris. The young blonde’s slender fingers dug into her soft, yielding buttocks and pushed more of Diana’s hot pussy into her greedy mouth. Diana gasped out loud as wild and wanton sensations the like she had never before experienced kept running all through her. Never having felt the tender touch of woman on her body before, Diana drank in the new and mind-blowing sensations her younger partner was driving her crazy with. All the male lovers she had ever had in the past paled in comparison by a whole planet.

Jayne's hot mouth covered every inch of Diana's trembling pussy. The blonde kissed and sucked the soft folds of her labia, her luxuriant lips and terrific tongue dancing merrily on the spongy petals with experienced elegance. Diana's rigid clitoris throbbed wildly when Jayne put her mouth over it and teasingly sucked it. Then at the same time she inserted two slender fingers deep into her dripping pussy and wriggled them, making her thrust up her hips and push more of her pussy into the blonde's face. She reached down and grabbed one of Jayne's soft and supple breasts. This was the first time she was feeling up a breast other than her own, and she loved the sensation. She squeezed the yielding flesh lovingly and pinched the rising nipple making Jayne moan loudly into her pussy.

“Oh, this is so damn hot...” Diana moaned. “If I'd only known this was possible with another woman... oh, so much more pleasure I could have gotten from all those missed chances.”

“Better late than never, Cap'n.” Jayne looked up at her. “We can always keep doing this from now on... and live here forever.”

“Yeah, live here forever... oh, your hot mouth is so good on my pussy.” Diana squealed sharply. “Oh, yes... keep doing that... oh, I'm going to come soon.”

Diana went stiff with the young blonde going wild at her pussy; licking lavishly, kissing passionately, biting tenderly, sucking hungrily and probing deep. Slender fingers running amok all over her most sensitive regions made electrical impulses race all over her jerking body. The familiar sensation of an orgasm building up to its climax made Diana clench down hard on her blonde lover's head. She knew Jayne could sense her imminent orgasm as well when the younger woman intensified her sucking. The young blonde licked her pussy lips hard and sucked harder on her clit with three fingers inserted into the squishy hole. Jayne gave her a grin and stuck another slippery finger suddenly into Diana's little bunghole making her body jerk upward and her belly clench hard. Diana's ecstatic scream echoed inside her own head as her orgasm exploded like a super nova, satisfying her hungering need with an indescribable charge of orgasmic ecstasy.

Diana's entire body shook with wave after wave as her orgasm flowed out over Jayne's eager face. Her young Space Ranging partner lapped up her gushing juices like a thirsting camel as she ran her clamoring hands all over Diana's quivering belly and trembling thighs. She shook like a leaf in a storm and grasped at Jayne's head bobbing around over her spent pussy.

"It'll be getting dark soon, Diana." Jayne was looking up at her from between her spread legs.

“We should get some rest then, Jayne.” Diana replied softly, feeling blissfully satisfied as she lay on her back against on the strangely warm mossy ground.

“What about Morgan?” Jayne’s voice sounded kind of far away.

“She’s fine, not going anywhere.” She heard her own voice as if it were from somewhere else. “The paralyzing stun from my pulse-guns lasts for hours. We’ll think up something when it’s light again.”

“It’s going to be cold in this darkness. We should share body heat and keep warm.” The blonde was smiling as she slid her naked body up against her own bare flesh.

“You’d really love that, wouldn’t you, Drakes?” Diana smiled lazily at her young partner and caressed her blonde hair. “So would I.”

“Yeah. We need that more than anything else we can get on this moon now.” Jayne snuggled up to her, the softer naked body pressed hard against her own.

“That’s right, Jayne.” Diana closed her eyes, and sighing blissfully she embraced the younger woman into her welcoming body. “We should get some sleep now.”

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Diana opened her eyes with a start. She wondered where she was, and then the memories came flooding back. Did all that really happen, she wondered. She sat up slowly, glancing to the left and then the right. She couldn't see her partner anywhere near her. Morgan Vanderlin! That name sent a chill down her spine and she suddenly realized that she was naked.

“What the fuck?” She said softly. “What happened to my suit?”

But there were more pressing things to worry about than her state of nakedness. Where was Jayne? And Morgan Vanderlin? She stood up and took a few unsteady steps. The outlaw's battered spaceship was still there and she decided to head toward it. Morgan Vanderlin had fallen next to it, but now she wasn't there anymore. How long had she been out?

Suddenly a bright flash of light had her shielding her eyes. Momentarily she was blinded as red and black spots danced before her eyes. She gasped when strong hands grabbed a hold of her arms and legs, pushing her down to the ground. Her vision cleared and she looked up, trying to gauge who her captors were. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw three human-like forms, female, holding down Jayne Drakes the same way she was being held down. The blonde rookie was unconscious.

“Who are you? What do you want?” She yelled at the tall and well built women.

She gasped when she looked up at her own captors. They were human in form, tall and powerful, with finely toned skin that gleamed in the daylight. Their body types were that of human females. They had rounded and strong shoulders, pert and full breasts, narrowing waists and flaring hips. Their muscular legs were shapely and strong, giving them the look of the Amazons of ancient mythic lore. They looked more human than alien, and all of them were as naked as she and Jayne was.

“What the hell is this and who are you?” Diana demanded of their tall female humanoid captors, but they remained as mute as the land around them.

The six Amazonian women carried them toward a little opening in the ground. Diana’s eyes went wide as the ground gave way and a flight of stairs led downwards. After about a few minutes through dimly lit underground passages, they came to a subterranean dwelling. She couldn’t believe her eyes. Under the dead surface of this moon, a state of the art scientific facility spread for what looked like miles and miles. And everywhere she looked there were more and more of these tall, strong young women, every one as naked as the other.

“What is this place?” She whispered to no one in particular.

“Your new home, my dear Captain Diana Lancaster.” A smooth voice echoed beside her.

“Who?” Diana turned to her left, struggling against the strong grips of her captors.

“Oh, you know me well enough.” Morgan Vanderlin laughed as she stepped before her.

Diana stared wide eyed at her nemesis and found it hard to believe that anything so unearthly beautiful could be so wicked. Morgan Vanderlin stood before her as naked as all the other Amazonian women, and she too looked the part. Diana didn't remember the fugitive looking so young and strong ever before. Her skin was pale and smooth, glowing like honey in contrast to her rich black hair. Her heart shaped face, large dark eyes and full red lips were an enchanting sight and her naked body, were Diana not a woman, would have had her dropping down on her knees to offer the worship it demanded. She shook her head. Why was this fugitive suddenly so attractive to her? Diana never cared much for women before, in that sense. She remembered the strange encounter she had with Jayne before they slept off, but that was the moon's bizarre atmosphere playing with her hormones.

But strangely now, she was almost lusting for the criminal who she had tracked down to apprehend. Morgan Vanderlin's hot body was what women would kill to own and men would die to ravage. Her neck was swanlike perfect, and rounded shoulders broad and powerful. She had a wide upper torso and mouth-watering breasts with cherry-like nipples. Her belly was taut and yet soft enough to tempt one to touch. A tapered waist curved down to flaring hips that moved mesmerizingly and strong sexy legs that went on and on. Morgan Vanderlin stood naked before her, hands on her hips and laughed into her face.

“I can tell that you like what you see.” The outlaw caressed her own breasts and smiled. “And let me say, I do too.”

“What are you hinting at, you damned criminal?” She yelled back. “What are you going to do to Jayne and me?”

“To Jayne, why everything the sweet girl wants.” Morgan Vanderlin's laughter grated into her senses. “And to you, everything that I want.”

“You're fucking crazy?” Diana screamed. “What is this place? How'd you get all of this?”

“Ah, all of this, my dear Diana Lancaster, I owe to you.” Morgan Vanderlin said with a nod on her head. “Your relentless pursuit of me made me want to safeguard my interests.”

“You’re a criminal who traffics illegal substances.” She told the smug woman. “No matter what you do, one day you’re getting what you deserve.”

“And that day is today, my dear.” The outlaw laughed and nodded at the three women who were holding on to Diana.

Suddenly she found herself being dragged back to a wall and her wrists and her ankles bound to shackles above and below in the fashion of some kind of medieval torture device. She was spread out like an ‘X’, her naked body exposed to any and all kinds of perverse exploration.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Diana demanded, yanking at the shackles hard. “Let me go this instant.”

“Diana, you don’t have to fight this.” Jayne walked up toward where she was, naked and unencumbered. “It’s all so good and wonderful here.”

“What are you talking about?” Diana’s eyes almost bugged out of her head. “And how’re you walking around

free... unless, unless you... you..."

"Ah, so you figured it out." Morgan laughed aloud.  
"Sweet little Jayne's been working for me all along. She played her part well to get you here."

"Why'd you do that, you little fool?" She glared at her young partner.

"Oh, Diana, don't you see?" Jayne was smiling as Morgan caressed her pert rump. "Morgan and I are lovers, and we so want you to join us."

"You little bitch; so you're responsible for all of this. When I get the fuck out of here, you're going to pay dearly." Diana felt her head about to explode with her rage. "I'll have you court-martialed and locked up for the rest of your rotten life."

"Ah, Diana, you're still my number one idol." Jayne laughed and reached out to cup Diana's naked breasts in her hands. "There's no going back. This is it; once Morgan gives you the treatment, it's for life."

"What treatment are you talking about?" Diana spat.  
"Whatever it is, I'm not going to crack. I'll break out and take the two of you back to justice."

“Ah, you will see, my sweet Captain.” Jayne laughed and hungrily kissed her hardening nipples one after the other. “You’re going to love what Morgan will do to you. Trust me; she’s given me the full treatment. It’s an experience to kill for.”

“Your protégé has enjoyed every moment of my treatment, Diana, and craves for more.” Morgan stepped up to her with lust gleaming in her dark green eyes. “And now, so will you.”

“Do your worst, you fucking criminal.” Diana snarled viciously. “I’m not afraid of you. I’ve hunted down the best there is and you’re not even close.”

“Ah, it’s time I set that straight then.” Morgan said with a smirk. “Come on, my lovelies, let’s get it on.”

Diana gasped as the shackles on her wrists and ankles lit up suddenly, sending waves of stinging sensations through her limbs. She shook as the electrical impulses began to come together in her belly and pelvic area. She yanked hard at the shackles but they were immobile. Her body shuddered and twitched each time a throb from the shackles coursed through her trembling limbs. She heard Jayne laugh out loud and glared at the blonde turncoat.

“You’re a stubborn old woman, Diana Lancaster.”  
Jayne grinned as she caressed Morgan’s naked breasts. “If you didn’t resist so much, you’d be really enjoying it more.”

“Shut it, you little waste of space.” Diana spat. “Not even the sickening air here will make me submit this time...”

“There is no need for the enhanced atmosphere.”  
Morgan smiled as Jayne kept caressing her magnificent body. “Your level of arousal is pretty evident on the sensors.”

“No, never...” Diana growled. “Let me out of this, you blasted piece of filth...”

“Sure, be in denial, baby, but your natural instinct is giving away what you truly desire.” The sexy outlaw came closer to her and exhaled a breath of sweet scented air on Diana’s face. “You don’t need any sexual stimulants, Space Ranger. Your body is hot and it knows what it wants. Your mind will soon agree with your body.”

Diana opened her mouth to reply angrily but her incensed words never came out. Morgan’s warm, wet lips closed over hers and her silky, moist tongue pushed deep into Diana’s surprised mouth. She shuddered at the sensation of that kiss; never had she been kissed that way before. The

outlaw's lips and tongue drew out her deepest desires. She yearned for Morgan more than anything she had ever before. She sighed, and allowed her tongue to welcome the dance Morgan's talented one offered.

The sexy outlaw's expert hands caressed Diana's body gently, making her skin feel as if it was on fire. She felt frivolous, and more turned on than she had ever been in her life of forty four. And though the outlaw claimed to not use any sexual pick-me-ups, Diana assumed that Morgan's hot saliva could be laced with some kind of aphrodisiac that made her feel that way. She went rigid as Morgan moved down her body with her slippery tongue running down Diana's neck, to her collar bone and then to her heaving cleavage. She stared at Morgan as the outlaw cupped her large 36D breasts and pushed them together. The sexy woman kissed and sucked on each erect nipple in turn sending chills of excitement through her helpless body. Diana moaned willfully and whimpered plaintively as her aching nipples responded eagerly to Morgan's stimulating tongue work.

"Yeah, baby... is that good, or what?" Jayne purred encouragement as she played with the outlaw's bare buttocks. "Yeah. Slow and easy, baby. The best is yet to come."

"Oh, yes." Diana moaned lustily as the outlaw's warm tongue dipped into her belly button. She felt the tongue swirl around there and her knees went weak. Morgan then slid her tongue down to the quivering strip between her naked thighs.

Memories of the mind numbing pleasure she received from Jayne earlier sent her into overdrive. She thrust her pelvis forward and begged. “Oh, my hurting pussy. Lick it... oh please, lick my wet pussy.”

“All in good time, my darling.” Jayne grinned wickedly as Morgan walked away. Diana shivered with uncontrollable desire and her eyes went wide with need.

“Oh, fuck! Are you leaving me like this...?” She wept, shaking hard against her shackles as her body shuddered in sexual overload. “I’ll fucking die here. All this sexy spit she’s slobbered on me is... is... oh, fuck... I need to cum. I have to cum. I’m dying to fucking cum... please, fuck me. Fuck me!”

“You are being fucked, my sex-crazed captain and mentor.” Jayne laughed again, and dropped down to her knees between Morgan’s strong and sexy legs.

“Ah, yes... eat my hot pussy, Jayne. This bitch made me so hot.” Morgan caressed the blonde’s silky hair and buried her face into her hot dripping pussy.

Diana looked on in sheer agony, her body burning hot with lust filled desire, as Jayne lavishly licked Morgan’s dripping pussy. It aggravating her aroused condition with telling effect and she understood that was what they intended.

The blonde caressed the outlaw's luxuriant buttocks as she licked and sucked on her clitoris. She gave Diana a wicked look and slowly sucked on the outlaw's large swollen clitoris. She couldn't take it anymore as Morgan threw back her head and sighed, and then the outlaw looked hungrily at Diana as she licked her lustful lips.

“Now this is a fucking strap-on, baby.” Jayne was grinning as she helped Morgan slide on the long and thick artificial appendage over her dripping pussy. “This monster dildo sure popped my cherry good.”

Diana stared wide eyed at the buzzing black dildo protruding out from between the outlaw's sexy thighs as Morgan stepped toward her. It looked bigger and better than any cock she had ever seen, in length and thickness, and even in shape. Her body shivered with anticipation of being impaled on it; her lust driving her mad. She glanced at the smiling Jayne and then back at the foot long member inches from her body. She felt the heat emanating of the dildo as it buzzed enticingly. The outlaw touched the tip to her quivering pussy. She couldn't stand the torture anymore.

“Oh, please... please! Fuck me with that. Fuck me please.” She cried out in a hoarse desperate whisper.

“Ah, you must earn this privilege.” Morgan smiled. “You have to join my brood of outlaws and prove yourself

worthy of this.”

“Fuck off, bitch... I’m never going to be one of you...”  
Diana gritted her teeth, though every fiber of her person craved for that buzzing cock-like thing buried deep inside her.

“Come on, Captain.” Jayne caressed her naked breast. “It’s for the best. You should accept this offer... and forget the past, look to the future; you have nothing left back with the Space Rangers.”

“Your trainee is smarter than you, Diana,” Morgan smiled as her massive dildo teased the moist cavity of Diana’s aching pussy. “And she’s going to get everything she wants... and everything that you want, right now in front of you.”

“Damn you, criminal. I don’t care about who you fuck.” Diana groaned, sagging down on her restraints. “And even if I do want to get fucked to all the way to hell right now and I’ve never been so fucking horny before, I’m not some dumb weakling for you to play around with. So fuck the bitch, Vanderlin, fuck her. Fuck her till she can’t be fucked anymore and see if I care.”

“Oh, Diana. You’re going to regret this, baby.” Jayne smiled and stepped up in front of Morgan as the outlaw turned sideways and thrust her hips forward.

“Oh, god... that feels so good.” Jayne moaned lustily as Morgan drove her strap-on dildo all the way into her wet pussy. “Does it feel so good for you too, Morgan baby?”

“As always, my sweetling.” The outlaw smiled back as she gently thrust her hips back and forth, fucking the blonde with slow deliberate strokes. “It’s a two way treat, baby, the other end of the dildo’s deep in my pussy. Fucking you, I’m also fucking me.”

“Oh, baby... that’s so fucking sexy, it’s going to make me cum right away.” Jayne purred as she rubbed her buttocks against the outlaw’s thrusting groin, making each of her thrusts more forceful.

“Yeah, fuck the turncoat, you fucking criminal... fuck her numbed brains out.” Diana screamed at them as the outlaw ground her hips against Jayne with more force and intensity.

“Oh, this is so fucking good.” Jayne almost sobbed. The lust drenched tone of her voice made Diana jerk and twitch as she wrenched at the stimulating restraints. This was torture the like she had never experienced and she began to feel her iron resolve giving away.

The sight of two extremely hot women in the throes of ecstasy inches before her pulsed Diana over the edge. Her mind reeled and she felt like the dildo was throbbing deep inside her, it felt way better than any cock she had ever before. The sensations triggered off every reaction her body had ever known, making her hormones go into sexual overload. Her orgasm hit her hard, making her tremble violently and yank wildly at the pulsing shackles on her wrists and ankles. She could feel everything Jayne was feeling as the outlaw hammered away at the whimpering blonde. Morgan was saying something to her, but it was hard to listen with the rush of release that shook her body as much as it did Jayne.

Diana left extremely light headed. She was taken to heights of pleasure she had never known before, and she wasn't even touched once. She felt depleted, completely exhausted and yet at the same time refreshed and invigorated. She released all the anxiety and guilt from her mind, maybe Jayne was right, maybe it was time to accept her future and not waste away in the past. This could be a new life, almost close to forty five and nothing to look forward to back home; Diana felt she could do with a change. She smiled in satisfaction as she watched the young blonde writhe with pleasure under the outlaw's relentless assault.

“I can sense from that look on your face that you've come to realize what the best options for you are.” Morgan suddenly looked at her and said, even as she kept thrusting her strap-on dildo deep into the near intoxicated Jayne Drakes.

“I think I have.” Diana nodded and bit into her lower lip. “But how did I feel everything Jayne was for a few minutes.”

“That’s the wonder of this place, Captain Lancaster.” Morgan laughed. “You see all these beautiful women all around you. All of them came here willingly after I set up my base. This place does something to women, it makes us strong and we never age. Why do you suppose I look like this, even though you and I are almost the same age?”

“I did wonder on that when I saw you up close.” Diana had to admit and her pussy throbbed again as she ran her eyes all over the gleaming naked body of the outlaw.

“Yes, and so will you if you remain here. Your body will stop aging, and you’ll look and feel like a twenty year old in six weeks time.” Morgan said casually as she bounced Jayne on her powerful hips one last time and let the satisfied young blonde slide off to the floor. “So then, are you in?”

“I... I seem to have everything to gain and nothing to lose.” Diana sighed as she felt her restraints release her. “Sign me up, outlaw. I’ve always wondered how it would be on the other side of the law.”

She slumped down on the soft ground beside the panting Jayne and looked up at Morgan standing over her, legs spread wide and strap-on dildo wildly abuzz.

“Good call, Captain!” Morgan gave her a wide smile.  
“Welcome to the Moon of Lesbos.”

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Twenty Five

“How much is it?” Natasha asked once more, staring wide eyed at the college dorm accountant.

“Eighteen hundred and sixty dollars, Miss Wallis.” The dour woman replied patiently. “That’s three months rent, plus late fees. You have a week to pay, or else move out.”

Natasha stared at the piece of paper she was handed and then at the woman walking out of the dorm room. Where would she get that kind of money in a week? Her evening shift at the pizza place was hardly minimum wage, and she had other things to pay for, like her food and phone bill. Dammit, if only she hadn’t gone and blown most of her money at the Casino. But what could she do, her compulsive nature to play games of chance had more often than not got her into such tight jams. Eighteen hundred dollars in a week, now that would be a long shot even for a stripper. She blushed scarlet at the thought. She wouldn’t have it in her to get naked in front of all those drunk and leering men. But then the idea had often thawed over in the back of her mind, especially when her own roommate was doing it. A couple hundred bucks an hour over the weekends was not all that bad now, was it?

She sat down on the bed, sighing deeply. Majoring in psychology had been her dream all through high school, and while her friends were out on dates over the weekends, Natasha often stayed in studying to make the grade for college.

She had her life planned out even back then, each step of the way. But what she didn't count on was her addiction to the world of gaming and chance. How that happened, when it all began, was a vague memory and what she was now left with was a compulsive drive to gamble away almost any money she could get her hands on.

“I know that it's bad.” She had often said to herself in moments like this. “But oh, it's so much fun, the thrill of it all... the anticipation of hitting the jackpot. Oh, why do things that are so much fun always be so bad for you?”

“That's because you never know where to draw the line, Nat.” The familiar voice of Doreen, her roommate, made her jump.

“You're back so soon?” She asked the tall redhead and wiped away a tear. “How'd it go?”

“Not too good, babe.” Doreen Kassel shook her head and narrowed her emerald green eyes. “It's a slow week, something to do with the dip in the stock markets... nothing much going on at the club.”

“Still, you're taking a big bloody risk, Dor.” Natasha eyed her roommate and exhaled deeply. The redhead was a year older and had a body to kill for. She would do anything to

have that sexy build, those full pert breasts, flaring hips, bubble butt and forever long legs. “If they find out you’re working as a stripper in a private nightclub, you’ll be booted out of here.”

“Like hell they will...” Doreen shot back. “Find out, I mean. And you’re taking as much risk as I am, Nat... at those seedy casinos.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” She turned away and sighed. “At least you’re earning some money... and all I’m doing is pissing it away.”

“Is it about the rent?” Doreen touched her on the arm. “I saw Jen Flanders walking away... how much is it? Maybe I can lend you some...”

“Eighteen hundred, Dor.” Natasha smiled sheepishly at her roommate. “And I have only this week to pay it.”

“Crap!” Doreen pursed her lips. “Not enough time to make that kind of moolah, especially with the low turnouts at the club this month.”

“You don’t have to worry about it, Dor.” Natasha put a hand on the redhead’s shoulder. “I’ll just move out and find some place cheaper than this one.”

“Fuck, girl!” Doreen shook her head vigorously.  
“You’re not going anywhere. I’m going to find something or the other for you.”

“I hope it’s not what you do.”

“It’s the only prayer you got, kid.” Doreen gave her a smirk. “And it’s better than all that gambling you do. In my line of work, you know what you’re getting from the get go, there’s no waiting for the spinning wheels and loaded dice to decide your fate.”

“Oh, all right!” Natasha cried out in exasperation. “I buried myself in this bloody hole; I can just as well crawl out of this mess.”

“Attagirl.” Her roommate clapped her on the back “Get yourself dolled up, babe. We’re going dancing.”

“What, already?” Natasha brown eyes went wide.

“Yeah, Francois is at the club right now... if you impress him, he’ll have you on from tomorrow. It’s a hundred an hour, baby, for noobs. Three hours a day and you’ll make the rent and more.”

“But wait...” Natasha’s eyes went wide. “What do you mean by impress him... do I have to do anything... er... indecent.”

“Good heavens, girl.” Doreen laughed out loud. “You’re going to dance naked on a table for horny men... if that isn’t indecent enough...”

“No, I mean... do I have to impress this Francois in any... um, special way.”

“No, not ol’ Fran. He’ll assess your dancing ability... that’s all.” Her roommate grinned and handed her what looked like two pieces of candy wrappers.

“Well, I did do a lot of contemporary dance routines in high school.” Natasha took the micro-underwear and stared at them in wonder.

“Great!” Doreen exulted and grabbed her arm. “Now get into those skimpies, and wear your tightest pair of jeans and a cute little top and sit down here.”

Natasha managed to get herself into what Doreen wanted and sat down before the dressing table. Her vivacious

roommate quickly did her hair for her, tying her long brown tresses into a loose but sexy topknot. Then came the make-up, a bit gaudy and loud for Natasha, but she loved the way her eyes came alive with full black mascara and eye shadow, and her full lips in hot cherry red. Doreen did her fingernails and toenails next in the same hot cherry red nail polish.

“There you’re all set. Let’s go.” The redhead said with a whoop.

An hour later, Natasha found herself standing inside a nightclub in the heart of the city. She had heard of the place, but she had no idea it also had a little strip joint in the basement under the regular dance floor. She felt uncomfortable and excited at the same time to be there, as she stood alone beside the circular stage. About a hundred seats were arranged in the room, in concentric circles around the stage, and she realized that those seats would be filled with drunk and lusty men watching her dance and strip. A chill ran down her spine, even as a pleasant warmth tingled between her thighs at that thought.

“Ah, so that is your friend.” She heard a deep male voice sound from the left.

“Yes, Fran... this is my roommate, Natasha.” Doreen’s cheery voice answered the man. “Isn’t she just adorable?”

“Indeed, she is.” Natasha stared wide eyed at the tall, slender man in a sharp business suit walking up to her. “Good evening, my dear. I am Francois Luran, and I do believe I like what I see.”

“G-good evening, Mister Luran.” She managed to stutter, feeling a blush coming on. “Thank you for...”

“Ah, please.” Luran smiled widely at her. “Call me Fran.”

“He’s the coolest, Nat.” Doreen slipped an arm around her waist, “And he’s agreed to start you off in the private circles, for two-fifty a session... provided you pass the test.”

“Uh... test?” She looked at the two of them and a strange tingle of excitement mingled with fear rushed through her.

“Yes.” Luran nodded his head. “You will entertain two of my very regular private clients this evening. If they have a good time, I’ll hire you for a three days a week on private gigs, two fifty each gig.”

“You won’t get a sweeter deal than this, baby.” Doreen winked at her. “It beats dancing on stage before a few dozen drunks.”

“It sure sounds cool.” Natasha had to agree. “Have you done this, Dor?”

“Oh, no!” Her roommate gave her a wicked smile. “I like dancing before a crowd... I’m a party girl.”

“And I suppose I’m a private dancer then.” Natasha felt a furious blush coming on.

“Do well this evening, my dear, and you and I can both be happy.” Lauran grinned and handed them a note with a location marked on it.

“You bet she will, Fran.” Doreen took the note and grabbed Natasha by the arm. “She’s a natural.”

“I am?” She looked at her roommate in wonder as the taller girl dragged her out of the strip joint and to the parking area.

“You are, babe.” Doreen told her and got into the car. “And these guys you’re going to work on tonight, they’re Fran’s best clients... if they give you the green signal, you’ll be all set.”

“Uh... so, I’m just going to dance and strip for them.” Natasha felt a lump in her throat.

“Yeah.” Doreen grinned as she pulled out of the parking area. “And a few more things, if they’d like you to do for them.”

“What kind of things?”

“Like a lap dance or a tug job.”

“What?” Natasha’s eyes popped wide.

“It’s no biggie, babe... we do it all the time in the club too, for a few extra bucks.”

“But, Dor... but I’ve never done...”

“You’ve never danced naked in front of men before either.” Her roommate gave her a wicked grin. “So why not

slap on some relish and pickle with the burgers you'll be dishing out."

"But, Doreen... these men are going to want me to touch their... their things."

"Yeah, they sure will, baby." Doreen licked her lips seductively. "And that's not too bad; you can make an extra hundred on each tug job. Trust me, these guys are loaded and it won't hurt to make them happy."

"Oh, gosh!" Natasha's ears felt like they were on fire. "I mean, I've never seen a man's thing... I've never had a boyfriend."

"All that's going to change from tonight, sweetheart." Doreen nodded her head in a rocking motion. "And you'll be getting rich on the side."

"But... I'll be selling my body; I'll be just like some..."

"A what?" The redhead sneered. "Say it... a whore. Well, then, you can always go back home and lose out on having a life of your own."

“No, I... I didn’t mean it that way.” Natasha blushed furiously. “Shucks, I’ve never done this before... I mean, I’ve... oh, god!”

“There’s the place.” Doreen drove up to the gates of a rather large and affluent looking villa. “Tell me now, babe. You doing this or you want me to turn the car around and take you home.”

“I... aw, fuck!” Natasha ran her hand across her mouth nervously. “Yes, I’m doing this.”

“Attagirl!” Her roommate cheered and handed her what looked like cough drops in a plastic pack. “Here, take this and get a move on.”

“What?” Natasha took the packet and stared wide eyed at Doreen. “You’re not coming with me?”

“This is your gig, kid.” Doreen said and opened the car door for her. “Knock yourself out.”

“Um... er, yeah, sure.” Natasha stepped out of the car and took a few steps toward the front gate of the lavish villa.

Doreen waved her goodbye and turned the car around as Natasha bit her lower lip and watched her roommate leave. With her heart thumping hard against her breast, she walked up to the gate and pulled the lever for the bell. She heard a dog barking and felt a shiver run down her back. Half a mind to turn back and run, Natasha wrung her hands and fidgeted as she waited. Two minutes passed before a portly man appeared at the front door of the villa. He waved at her and she waved back. He nodded and did something and the gate unlocked and moved back about a foot. Gingerly, she stepped inside and began walking down the pathway toward the man at the front door. The dog's barking grew louder as she got closer with a prayer on her lips.

“Are you from the club?” The man asked her as she reached the front door.

She nodded and looked up at him. He was older than she had expected, maybe past mid forty and had a head full of grey to white hair, thinning at the front. His face was not that old though, sort of plump and cheery looking. If he was the client, it made her a little comfortable. He wasn't all that tall, about medium height and slightly overweight. He had a bright friendly smile on his face at her acknowledging his query and he held out his hand to her.

Natasha took his hand as he led up through the doors and then closed it. She stood beside him as he locked the door, feeling frightened and excited all at the same time.

“Welcome to my humble home. I am Jerome.” His wide face bore an even wider smile. “You are quite pleasing to the eye, Miss...”

“Uh... Oh, um... I’m Nata- uh- Natalia.” She stammered. “I... er... Dor... I mean, Francois Luran sent me.”

“A good man, that Fran.” Jerome nodded as he eyed her body. “Never disappoints.”

She gave him a tight smile and looked around the hallway nervously.

“So... Miss Nata O’Natalia.” The older man smiled. “Is this your first private call?”

“Uh... it’s my first ever anything... like this.” She said with a blush coming on. “And you can call me Nat.”

“Sure, Nat.” He rubbed his hands together. “So what do you think?”

“Uh... about...?” She stared at him open mouthed.

“This place... my home.” His smile widened.

“Oh!” Natasha’s eyes went wide. “All of this is yours? You must be a millionaire?”

“Not quite yet,” He laughed. “But I’m getting there.”

“What is it you do?” She let him lead her down the lavish hallway.

“I produce movies.” Jerome said with a shrug.

“Wow! You mean like Hollywood movies?” She stared at him breathlessly, her heart beating faster.

“Not quite, I cater to a more private and exclusive market.” He smiled and ushered her into another room.

“Would you like a drink?”

“Yes, I think I would love a drink.” She nodded and stepped into the lavish room filled with beautiful wall hangings and exquisite tapestry.

“Champagne?” Jerome asked nonchalantly.

“Oh, I’ve never tried...” Natasha laughed. “Oh, yes, yes, please.”

“Come on then, let’s get down to the party... Eddie’s waiting.”

Eddie!

Oh, it was the other client Doreen told her about. These two men were Lauran’s best clients. A chill swept over her, her first time ever and with two rich men who knew what they wanted and paid well for it.

Jerome led her to another room. This one was half as large as the previous one, and it had a plush sofa, an even plusher bed and a small, circular table as its only furnishings. Overhead, a beautiful chandelier set lit up the room with a pale relaxing glow. Soft music wafted around in all directions from hidden speakers and suddenly Natasha felt very comfortable and at ease. She could get used to a place like this. But first she had to earn it.

“Hey, Eddie. Get in here.” Jerome cried out. “This is Nat, Fran’s newest and loveliest acquire... and we get to break her in.”

“Hmm, been a while, hasn’t it, Jerry ol’ boy.” The other man walked into the room from the second door. He had a bottle of champagne and three glasses with him. “...since we had a taste of virgin pussy.”

Natasha suppressed a gasp. Did Laurant tell them something he didn’t tell her? Were they under the impression that they could have sex with her? She had to let them know that she was there just to dance and strip for them, maybe even slip in a couple of hand jobs... but not all out sex. She looked at the other man. He was shorter and thinner than Jerome, with darker, grey streaked hair and sported a French cut beard. He had a hungry look in his sharp eyes, and though it scared her, it also sent a strange thrill through her.

“Hello, Eddie.” She managed to say as he held out a glass of sparkling wine at her.

“Miss Nat.” He gave her a smile and nodded his approval of surely her tight young body, if not her willingness to please them.

She took a sip of the drink. It was light and delicious, and she resisted the temptation to drain it in one go. The warming flow of the wine channeled through her body, relaxing her and she took a few deep breaths. The music was very seductive and she found herself swaying to the rhythm.

“Nat, tell us about you.” Jerome said as he reclined on the large sofa. “Your life... your loves and hates.”

“Yeah, relax and let your hair down, beautiful.”  
Eddie’s grin was wolfish as he sat down beside his friend.

“Well, I’m nineteen. Doing my senior year... kinda hard up for cash all the time, so I decided to try at this... to make some money.”

“Not a bad choice.” Eddie smiled at her even as he stripped her with his eyes. “A lovely girl like you could make it big doing this.”

“Well, I hope so... I mean, I’ve never...” She looked from one man to the other in turns.

“Let us be the judge of that, darlin’” Jerome flashed her another comforting smile. “What are you going to do for us this fine evening?”

“Uh... dance, and um, strip... maybe a little... lap dance.”

“What do think, Jerry?” Eddie asked his friend. “How much should she get for just a dance and strip?”

“We’ve got to see some of that first.” Jerome nodded and pointed at the table.

“Okay, baby.” Eddie clapped his hands and the music volume went up. “Dance.”

Natasha smiled nervously and stepped up onto the table. The music took over her senses and she began to feel the rhythm flow through her body. She moved with the beat and the rhythm and let the melody ensnare her mind. Her tight young body stirred with languid grace, undulating to the seductive sounds, swaying and jerking. She ran her hands through her long hair and swayed her hips, pressing her thighs together and savoring the pleasant warmth spreading between them. The two men had their eyes glued to her like magnets to iron. She could feel the heat of their lust on her as she moved.

“Yeah, darlin’, that’s the stuff.” Jerome purred and had his hand on his bulging crotch. “Now strip, baby, strip for us.”

“Fuck, yeah.” Eddie’s throaty growl sent a thrill through her. “Take it all off, baby; show us your pretty puppies... and your sweet pussy.”

Natasha had never heard a man say such things to her. It turned her on, to have older men like these two, roughly as

old as her college teachers, lusting after her like horny young jocks. She grabbed the hem of her tiny t-shirt and pulled it slowly over her head. The throaty groans of the two men sent shivers through her. It gave her the courage to do what she did next. Reaching back, she unclasped her micro bra and let it slide off her as she moved to the music. For the first time in her life, Natasha Gillian Wallis was topless outside the privacy of her own home. She stood on the table before two strangers, men she had met barely ten minutes ago, with her pert size 34D breasts freely bouncing and jiggling. It sent an indescribable thrill through her and she grasped at her jeans waistband and slowly pushed them down, leisurely gyrating her hips to the sexy beat.

Completely naked and swaying to the trance inducing music, Natasha threw back her head and let her lustrous hair swirl all around her like a wild halo. She smiled at the two men and bit her full lower lip, no longer feeling shy and her eyes shone with lust; a naked lust for the sheer pleasure of showing herself off to men who wanted her. She felt powerful, and loved the feeling as it made her shed all her inhibitions as easily as she had done her clothes. Her sexy hips swayed to the music, the countless dance lessons finally paying off. She pushed up her hair with both hands, thrusting her breasts forward as she swung her hips in a slow teasing motion as if she was twirling several hula-hoops around her. Her slender hands roamed up and down her body, the heightened sensitivity sending shivers through her. Thrusting her pelvis forward with each swirl, she spread her thighs outward, giving the two older men a full frontal view of her fresh young pussy.

The way their tongues kept licking at their lips, Natasha knew they would eat her alive if she let them. And why not, if that would bring in some extra bucks.

The heavy breathing of the two men watching her was like a booster rocket to her new found brazenness. She giggled as she swayed her hips from left to right, running her palms up and down her feminine curves. She moved with the music as the tempo rose and fell. The warm wetness from her pussy flowed freely down her thighs and she slipped her hand over the dripping slit to ease the throbbing. Her moans added to the music, and turned her on even more. She played with herself, teasing her clit with every thrust and swaying motion of her hips. Her nipples stood out hard and pointed, aching with want even as her knees trembled with her first orgasm in front of watching men.

“Oh, fuck yeah.” Eddie growled and grabbed at the unmistakable bulge in his own crotch. “Cum for us, baby!”

Jerome said nothing, but his round face was red and covered with beads of sweat. She noticed the bulge in his shorts was rather sizable too.

She stepped off the table and sashayed over to the couch. Emboldened now with her inhibitions buried, she moved closer to the older men and wiggled her naked body before them. She felt a jolt all over her as Eddie’s hands slid

up her smooth legs and over her bare rounded buttocks. Jerome's hands gently caressed her hips and belly sending a rush of heat all through her. With a deep sigh, she sat down between the two men, feeling rather triumphant and satisfied, not just with this test dance for them, but by overcoming her own stupid and meaningless fears.

“Whoa! That was... that was... fucking phenomenal.” Eddie cried out and slapped his slender thigh. “What say you, Jer?”

“I... uhhh... whooo... eeee...” Jerome panted, red faced and perspiring profusely.

“Ha! Been a while since the eloquent Jerome Hanson was left all hot and bothered this way.” Eddie laughed out loud. “You're a keeper, Nat... you're really amazing, especially for your first time out.”

“Gee, thanks.” Natasha blushed, and funnily not at the fact that she was seated completely naked in-between two men old enough to be her father, but at the effect she was having on them.

“I say that dance was upwards of two fifty, Jerry.” Eddie grinned and caressed her bare left thigh.

“I’ll call your two fifty, Ed...” Jerome nodded his head vigorously and placed his hand on her right thigh.

“That’s a well deserved five hundred dollars for you, hon.” Eddie squeezed her soft flesh and leaned over to kiss her flushed cheek. “How’d you like to raise the ante... two fifty more for some pole dancing?”

“Sure, but where’s the pole.” She smiled happily as Jerome waved five crisp hundred dollar bills before her face.

“We got two right here, lovey.” The white haired man grinned and fished out another five bills. “For two hundred fifty each.”

“I’ve never pole danced before.” Natasha replied, blushing furiously at Jerome’s meaning. “But then I’ve never stripped on a table before either, and I just made half a grand doing it.”

“You sure did, baby doll.” Eddie grabbed the money from Jerome’s hand and placed the bills on the table. “All yours. Now let’s see some serious pole dancing.”

Before she could say another word, the two men had their shorts down to their ankles and their cocks standing up like thick tent pegs. Natasha stifled a gasp at the sight of her

first naked male organ, and there were two of them, all hard and throbbing and waiting for her loving touch.

Jerome's cock was about ten inches, it stood upright, rising from a clean shaven crotch and with a large, pink mushroom-like head. Precum had formed a large shiny pearl over the wide one-eye slit and the sight of it made her mouth water. Eddie's dick was shorter, about eight inches, but thicker and darker, resembling an over stuffed sausage with its oversized hood. Precum from his uncut cock was dribbling freely down the thick shaft and she couldn't wait to wrap her fingers around it.

With a nervous laugh, she reached out and gingerly slid her hands onto both the cocks, wrapping her fingers slowly around them. They felt alike and yet different at the same time. Warm and hard, and kind of rubbery under the smooth silky skin. Eddie's pre-cum smeared over her fingers, and she ran her index finger over Jerome's glob of precum. It felt sticky and warm, and by whatever instinct it was, she felt the urge to bring her hands to her mouth and taste the stuff. It was different from anything she had ever tasted, and she liked it. Or maybe it was her state of arousal that made her think the taste was heavenly, when normally she was sure she'd think of this as the ickiest thing she had ever done.

"Oh, she likes us, Jerry." Eddie chuckled and leaned back on the sofa. "Do it, baby... stroke my pole, make your hands dance over it."

“Yeah... dance, little lady, dance.” Jerome sighed and caressed her right breast.

Licking her fingers clean, Natasha took a firmer grip on each of their cocks, feeling the rock hard appendages twitch and throb in her hands. She couldn't suppress the excited moan that escaped her lips as she ran her hands up and down. The sensation of their hardness in her palms made her pussy bubble over and her own precum dripped down over the sofa. She had to get more out of this, sitting beside them and stroking them wasn't enough.

Natasha slid off the sofa and turned around. She knelt before the two men as they closed the gap between them. She could see their cocks better now as she faced them on her knees. Her hands worked up and down, alternating between teasingly slow to torturing fast strokes.

“Man, she's working my pole like a real pro.” Eddie grunted. “I'll blow my wad if she goes on this way.”

“Yeah... I'm almost there too.” Jerome added and slid down further on the sofa, making his cock jut out more. “Let's double the take, Nat darlin'... you want to upgrade these hand jobs into blow jobs.”

“Yeah, baby...” Eddie nodded eagerly at her. “Five hundred for the two hand jobs and another grand for the two blow jobs.”

That was an easy two thousand dollars for a few minutes of fun. Hell, this was even better than gambling. Way fucking better. Natasha nodded whole heartedly and took an even firmer grip on the two throbbing cocks. She licked her lips and moved closer to Jerome’s big purple cockhead. Her tongue flicked over the apple sized thing and a buzz of excitement rushed from her belly down to her pussy. A sudden need to take it completely into her mouth came over her and she attacked it like it was a fresh baked bagel with cream cheese on it.

The entire head filled her mouth and it was unlike any feeling she ever had before. Natasha sucked on it like she would on a lollipop. She had no experience at this, but strangely she suddenly knew what to do. Her tongue swirled all around the cockhead and the way it twitched and throbbed, and Jerome’s gasps and grunts of pleasure told her that she was right on the money. She felt Eddie’s hand caress her hair, he wanted some of what his friend was getting, and Natasha was more than willing to give equal amounts of attention to both men.

She released Jerome and moved over to Eddie. His cock, shorter and thicker, was uncut and she pulled back on the movable foreskin to reveal the glistening cockhead. It was

not as bulbous as Jerome's, but he made up for it with a thicker shaft. The head went into her mouth easily and she took a few more inches of him, tasting his easy flowing precum as she swallowed him in.

“Fuck!” Eddie groaned. “She’s good.”

“One of the best... so far.” Jerome nodded as he caressed her head bobbing up and down over Eddie’s crotch.

Natasha had a firm grip on both cocks, her fingers tingling at the pulsing throbs of those red hot organs. She sucked on Eddie hard a few times, pulling his foreskin back and forth over the slippery cockhead. She released him and moved over to Jerome’s waiting tool and licked the underside of his shaft. Her tongue she ran teasingly along the thick vein until she reached the acorn like head. She heard him whimper as she tickled the underside of his bulbous cockhead with the teasing tip of her tongue. That was a sensitive zone, she realized, and possibly a way to make him cum. She wondered if she could take their loads in her mouth and how it would taste. If their cum was as good as their precum, she was surely in for a treat.

She moved over Jerome’s cock like a hungry predator, grasping at the shaft with both hands. Her head moved up and down over his crotch as she took more of his thickness down her throat. She could feel Eddie’s rough palms all over her

naked buttocks and belly. He had dropped down behind her as she serviced his friend. His hands knew where to go and what sensitive spots to tweak. His touch increased her lust for Jerome's cock and she almost had all of him in. Her first sensation of gagging left her gasping with tears streaming down her face, but she loved it. She wanted more of it, she wanted this older man's rock hard cock deep down her throat, and also deep inside her aching pussy.

“Come on, baby.” Eddie grunted and pulled her off Jerome.

He turned her around and pushed her face over his crotch. His cock brushed against her face and she let him rub it all over her lips, chin, cheeks and nose. The scent of his arousal, and of Jerome's, unleashed desires in her that could only be animalistic, only natural, a state that every living thing was born with. And it was only the suppressing and stupid nature of the human mind to create inhibitions to deny all things natural. Natasha killed those inhibitions, and buried them for good. She grabbed at the thick base of Eddie's pulsating meat pole and pushed the entire eight inches into her mouth, down to his huge hairy balls. She felt the pressure of his cockhead at the back of her throat and gurgled, making the older man gasp out in pleasure.

“Oh, man.” She heard Jerome. “This one's a find... we have to get the whole package deal here.”

“You’re telling me.” Eddie gasped. “Her mouth... ohhh god... is as good as a hot pussy.”

“Fuck! Then how good is her pussy going to be?” His friend groaned and she felt his hand slide up her thigh right up to the dripping snatch between her legs.

Natasha stiffened at his touch. The first time she had someone other than herself touch her there. And a man; it sent her body into a convoluting fit and she sucked the wilder on Eddie’s bursting to the seams cock. Jerome’s fingers didn’t just linger over her slit, he pushed and prodded at her virgin and very wet opening, slipping one in. It sent a shockwave through her, just his finger, and thoughts of how their thick cocks would feel filled her mind with wild and unexpected images.

“We loved everything you did so far, Nat.” Jerome said even as he kept up his exploration of her quivering love box. “Now we want it all. We want all of you, Miss O’Natalia.”

“Yeah!” Eddie groaned and thrust more of his cock down her throat. “You’ve made two grand so far, babe. On a gig that’s usually two hundred fifty. We want to go all in, what say we give you 5 to 1 odds that you’re going to knock our cocks off.”

“Yeah, you stand to make an even ten grand, or you can just leave with the two you earned till now.” Jerome added. “Are you a betting woman, Miss O’Natalia?”

Natasha pulled Eddie’s sloppy dick out of her mouth and gave it a couple of hungry kisses before she turned her gleaming eyes on Jerome. “Am I ever? Let’s go all in.”

“You are so on.” Eddie growled and together the two men lifted her off the floor and carried her to the plush bed.

“You’re a virgin... so we’ll go easy one you.” Jerome gave her a wide grin. “For the first five minutes.”

“Yeah, it’ll hurt a bit, and then it’s heaven all the way, baby...” Eddie added with his wolfish leer. “...and for ten grand, it better be.”

“Hm, you two sure know how to seduce a girl.” She giggled. “I can’t wait for this.”

Within moments the two men were as naked as she was and standing on either side of her on the lavish bed. Natasha found herself kneeling on the huge bed with two erect cocks aimed at her face. She laughed at the feeling she got of being

like a little girl in a chocolate Shoppe, excited and greedy for everything in sight.

Jerome and Eddie pushed their cocks forward, rubbing the sappy heads against her cheeks from either side. Natasha opened her moist mouth and let both the cockheads try to push their way in. The warmth and hardness of the cocks vying for her open mouth made her pussy bubble and drip. She reached out and grabbed the base of each cock and squeeze hard, excited by the lusty grunts of her two older lovers.

Eddie's dense girth barely allowed her fingers to go fully around it as Jerome's long, but less thick shaft felt more comfortable in her grip. She stroked the two men and sucked on their cockheads alternatively, enjoying their vigorous moans and encouragement.

"Come on. Baby." Jerome moaned. "Take me in all the way... I want that hot, wet mouth swallowing me whole already."

"You got it, baby." Natasha giggled and pushed his smooth cockhead into her mouth. Her eyes popped wide as she took the whole head into her mouth. She unclenched her jaw and managed to go down all the way to his clean-shaven crotch.

“Oh, fuck!” Jerome shivered and groaned. “I could cum right now in this hot, sexy mouth of yours.”

“Like hell you will, you old fuck.” Eddie growled and thrust his throbbing sausage against the side of her face. “Suck me now, slut.”

“Oh, Eddie’s the man.” Jerome laughed. “He’s in charge.”

Natasha giggled and pulled away from Jerome’s cock. “These cocks are so big and hard... Oh, I’d love to have them in my pussy...”

“Sure you would.” Jerome smiled and knelt down behind her to press two fingers over her dripping wet pussy. “It’s as ready for cock as it can ever be.”

“Oh, it is.” Natasha moaned. “Oh, I’ve never done this before... but I want the two of you to fuck me together.”

“That’s the plan, hon.” Eddie grunted and pushed his cock into her eager mouth even as Jerome flopped down on the bed with his ten inch long erection standing straight up. Eddie held on to Natasha as she lowered herself over Jerome. The older man’s big, throbbing pole gently pushed into her slippery pussy. She felt the thickness of his cockhead tear her

virginity away. Natasha gasped and her eyes began to water, and Eddie's thick cock in her mouth stopped her from crying out. Sheer pain lanced through her and then pleasure came sliding along with it, sending slivers of delicate tingles all over her shuddering body.

“Yeah, easy does it.” Jerome whispered to her as his hands played with her aching breasts, teasing the hard pink nipples.

“Uhhmm, ohhh!” Natasha moaned. ‘Oh, fuck...’ she thought. ‘His cock is so big... I’m getting ripped open... but I so love it.’

“How’re you feeling, baby?” Eddie asked her as he released his thick meat from her mouth.

“Oh, I love... love this.” She gasped, her body heaving with every inch of Jerome's cock easing into her.

“And you’re going to love it even more, baby.” Eddie chuckled and knelt down behind her as she straddled Jerome. “When my love-missile goes up your tight virgin plumbing.”

“Ohmigod.” Natasha gasped and dug her nails into Jerome's meaty chest. “But I... I never thought about getting it there... I’ve never... no.”

“You’ll love it, baby.” Jerome reached up and caressed her face. “You did say you wanted all in... on a five to one odds.”

“Yes, but I...” Natasha moaned as Jerome’s ten inch cock began to feel more and more pleasurable inside her tight young pussy.

“Relax; Eddie knows what he’s doing.” Jerome laughed. ‘All in, as in all of your holes filled for your very first time. And you’ve got ten grand riding on this, right?’

“Oh, yes... yes.” Natasha nodded nervously and leaned forward, squashing her breasts on Jerome’s not too muscled chest. She opened her mouth and let Jerome’s slick tongue slip in like a snake.

Eddie brought his hand down hard on her plump ass sticking up at him as she rode Jerome’s pole, making her jerk and twitch. Oh, that hurt, but it also felt so damn good. And then she stiffened as Eddie’s eight inches of salami thickness, all lathered in her saliva, slid over her crack and prodded against her tight little rear hole. Something pushed its way in, but it wasn’t as thick, and she realized he was easing his slippery finger in first. She relaxed and let it slide all the way in. The sensation of something filling her up from behind sent a series of shudders through her, making Jerome’s cock feel all

the more enjoyable inside her pussy. Eddie pulled away his finger, and then replaced it with the flat head of his cock. He grabbed her waist and pushed in, gently but with force. Natasha screamed into Jerome's grinning face, but more in panic than in pain. She had never had a cock up her ass before, but she had never had one in her pussy before either, or down her throat. And now she had all her holes filled. The two thick and throbbing cocks lodged deep inside her filled her with a sensation of being bloated, but instead of any uneasiness it strangely felt good.

“That feels good, doesn't it?” Jerome grinned, as if he could read her thoughts. “I see it in your lovely expression, darlin', you love this.”

Natasha nodded in agreement, kissing his lips and chin. The two older men began to move, slowly, in and out, back and forth. She also moved with the rhythm the two men were setting for her. The two cocks inside her moved in tandem, and the sensation sent waves of numbing pleasure through her. She could feel an orgasm begin to rise inside her and she craved for it more than anything she had ever before.

“Oh, god.” She yelled out, shredding the last vestige of her confining inhibitions. “I'm going to cum... I'll fucking cum so hard... so hard... oh, I'm going to die. Oh, fuck me, fuck me... come on, you old fucking bastards. Fuck me!”

The two older men roared with laughter as they slammed her from front and back. Natasha convulsed and shuddered as the most intense orgasm she had ever had ripped through her body. She clawed at Jerome as he pumped his cock into her sappy cunt. She felt Eddie's cock get even bigger and harder inside her ass.

“Oh, this is so fucking good.” Eddie grunted like a wild animal and she felt his body get stiff and then relax against her. His cock stretched her tight anal canal to the limit before it exploded inside her and he held her close to him. Spurt after spurt of his hot spunk flooded her rear canal.

Almost at the same instant she felt Jerome's hot release erupt inside her pussy. The sensation of both the men cumming deep inside her made her body tremble violently as another orgasm cascaded through her. She heard their lustful and satisfied grunts and groans and knew she had well and truly won this gamble, her first and only jackpot win. Ten grand for getting all her holes filled. Talk about eating her cake, having it and taking it to the bank.

“Babe, you are the best.” Jerome panted, as Eddie pulled his spent cock out of her ass and helped her get off his cock. “Ten grand well spent.”

Natasha smiled dreamily and stretched her naked, cum filled body on the bed. She looked up at the two sweat covered

men and felt like she could get used to this.

“So here’s the deal, hon.” Eddie filled three flutes of champagne and handed her one. “We like you and want more of your time.”

Natasha accepted the drink gratefully and sighed deeply. She took a sip of the exquisite beverage and nodded at the men. “I’m up with that. Is it always going to be ten grand... each time?”

“More, darling.” Jerome smiled as he sipped his drink. “Up to ten times more. You see, we are in the business of making private sex films for a very exclusive group. Not the shitty porn you see all around, but tasteful and very sensually explorative stuff for a very high class clientele of both very sophisticated female and male audiences. And you’re just the kind of woman our market prefers.”

“Oh.” She looked shaken and uncertain. “Did I... er... we get filmed right now?”

“Not at all, babe.” Eddie cut in. “We’re totally legit, we take consent before filming... and we sign legal and binding contracts before doing anything.”

“Consider this your private audition and you aced it.” Jerome smiled in that friendly manner the first time she met him, an hour or so ago. “And now only if you agree, we can draw up a deal with you and you’ll only have to work two days a week.”

“We’ll pay you forty grand each week.” Eddie winked at her.

Natasha gasped so hard, her champagne came up her nose. That was the most insane thing she ever heard. She had to have sex with these men twice a week for forty thousand dollars! She was sure now that she must have hit her head somewhere and all of this was some cruel dream.

“It’s no dream.” Jerome said in a most unnervingly perceptive manner and held out a private business card to her. “You can take your time to think over it... here’s my personal number. Call me at any time.”

“And the ten thousand for today?” She asked, still shaken.

“That’s yours. You earned it.” Eddie told her with an appreciative nod.

“How much of this should I give Francois Luran... does he know about...?”

“The ten grand is all yours, Nat.” Eddie grinned. “... and we have a separate arrangement with Luran, it doesn’t extend to the girls.”

“Oh!” Natasha felt a strange sense of relief. “Okay... I’ll... um... need to think...”

“Yeah, sure. Take all week.” Jerome stood up and reached for his clothes. “Call me next Sunday with whatever you decide.”

“I... well; I’ll see you then... thank you.” She stood up and picked up her jeans and top from the floor. She didn’t see the micro underwear she was wearing anywhere.

“No, thank you, Miss O’Natalia.” Jerome grinned wide.

“Sure.” She blushed. “I... I’ll have to call Dor... Doreen... to take me home.”

“Don’t sweat it.” Eddie patted her on her naked buttock as she bent over to pull up her jeans. “One of our cars

will take you home.”

“Wow!” She shook her head. “This is insane... a dream come true. Not that I ever had such a dream.”

“Life’s like that, Miss Nata O’Natalia,” Jerome nodded at her. “...things happen when you least expect it... be it good or bad.”

“They sure do.” She smiled brightly at the two older men. “And oh... my name is Natasha Gillian Wallis.”

# Story Twenty Six

The naked man was snoring lightly; his thick muscular arm was draped over her midriff. Geri took a deep breath and exhaled with a loud sigh. She glanced at the little timepiece on the drawer beside her bed. Six in the morning, a new day had begun with a promise that the same old mundane things of everyday would be just as they were the day before. She pushed Arne's heavy arm off her and slipped out of the bedcovers. Standing naked in front of the full length mirror, she looked at the shapely redhead looking back at her.

“Geraldine Scarlett Rogan, wannabe movie star.” She said with a smirk. “All the world's a stage... and when the fuck is my cue?”

She looked at herself in the mirror closely, a ritual she followed every day. Her bright red hair, deep green eyes, full lush lips, button nose and a delicate heart shaped face was meant to fill the silver screen, making many a heart race and sing. Her body she took great care of, and at thirty, she didn't look a day over twenty two. Strong shoulders, straight back, full pert breasts, sensuously curving hips and buttocks and those strong shapely legs. Oh, could she hold a pose and enthrall, or could she? And yet, six years in the city of lights, and that big break still eluded her.

“It’s not like all those acting lessons meant nothing...”  
She bit her lower lip and shook her head.

She glanced back at Arne, still snoring on her bed. He was a cameraman at one of the studios she often found work at, doing little parts in local ads and the like. Arne Luther was a good friend and a better lover, but there wasn’t any love in their relationship, and that was fine with her. Geri had no interest in getting into something that would be messy to get out of. These little mutual benefits suited her just fine at this stage of her life.

And what life was that? A daily grind of mundane events and tasks that made it possible to survive to the next day to do more mundane events and tasks, and the vicious circle went on and on. Oh, well, it was time to get to one of those mundane tasks, her real job, at her Uncle Rand’s Pawn shop on the strip. The job was easy, and boring as hell, but the pay and perks made up for that. She didn’t know what else she would do without Uncle Rand helping her out. Maybe wait tables in some steam filled diner along the coast.

A quick shower and a bite of buttered toast with some coffee and she was out of the door. Arne had a duplicate key and he sometimes bailed her out with the rent, so she left him there still asleep. The pawn shop was just a block away and she enjoyed the lazy walk over. The place was a 24/7 and her usual day shift was between eight and four, giving her plenty of time to spare in the evenings.

“Ah, Geri, my dear.” The shrill voice of her aunt, Millicent Rogan, pierced into her ears making her wince. Same old, same old, every darn day.

“Morning, Millie.” She nodded at the white haired older woman. “Made another million dollars since I was last here?”

“Yeah, sure... and we’ll be moving the business to Vegas next Christmas.” Millicent Rogan cackled and slapped her playfully across her perfect rump.

“That’ll do you an Uncle Rand a world of good.” She grinned at her perky aunt.

“Oh yeah!” Millie had a smirk on her thin lips. “And what about you, little Geri Cherry, when are you going to get it through your pretty head that you’re wasting away chasing your smoke-filled dreams? Find yourself a millionaire before that hot body of yours goes all the way downhill.”

“That what you did, Auntie dear? I didn’t know Randall Rogan was a millionaire back then.”

“He wasn’t, and still isn’t.” The proprietress of the pawn shop said with a deep sigh. “And this pawn shop isn’t going to last forever, you know. After our time, your cousin, Nate’s going to run things... and the way he is... the ground is the only place he can run this business into.”

“Why don’t you and Uncle Rand bequeath this place to me then instead?”

“Yeah, right... as if your uncle’s going to leave his only son in the lurch for you.” Her aunt Millie replied with a snorting laugh. “I’d have half a mind to, but I’ve never been the evil step-mother, and I’m not going to start now.”

“Ah, geez, yeah... I forgot.” Geri sighed sadly. “Rand’s first wife died even before I was born, when Nate was just three... and you’ve been the only mother he knows since.”

“Yeah, well, forget about us... you’ve got to make your own life, dear girl. This dreary old pawn shop and your obsession with becoming a movie star will be the death of you.”

“Right now, this dreary old place is the life of me... so you go on home and get some rest while I take care of things.”

“Alright, darling.” Millicent Rogan collected her handbag and umbrella and began walking toward the door. “And Rand will be here after ten as usual.”

Geri watched the woman walk away down the street. That woman was a work-aholic, spending nearly fourteen hours a day in the pawn shop. She knew that she could never do that even if she had forty eight hours a day. The older folk had a stronger work ethic, real gumption and grit about getting things done. It was a pity that Rand’s son, Nate, was nothing like his father when it came to getting his hands dirty and working hard. It would be sad indeed to see this place go to ruin after her uncle and aunt could no longer run it.

The little bells over the door chimed, letting her know that someone had walked in. She looked up at the tall, slender man walking up to her counter. He had a small package in his bony hands and his sunken eyes looked right at her as he licked his thin lips with a flicking tongue. Geri felt a chill run down her back and took a deep breath. It was still too early in the morning for the shop to have more than a handful of customers. In fact, at that moment, she was the only one there. She prayed that this wasn’t some kind of attempted robbery. The man did have a furtive look about him.

“Good morning, miss.” His voice was a deep baritone, quite in contrast to the near cadaver like look he had.

“Good morning, sir.” She eyed the package he was holding in his hands. It was too small to be a gun, but then some antique guns were quite small. “What can I help you with?”

“This.” He held up the package at her. “I have something here that might interest you.”

She stared at it wide eyed for a moment, and then looked at him. He had an expectant expression on his gaunt face. “Okay, sir... can you undo the packing... show me what it is inside.”

“Uh, yeah, sure.” He said and undid the bindings with trembling fingers. “It’s an artifact... thousands of years old, from the ancient world.”

Geri’s eyes went wide at the sight of the silvery object the man revealed from its packaging. If she knew her history well, the artifact was a remarkable piece from a time long gone, from an age when great empires stretched across entire continents. “It looks like something from ancient Asia or Egypt.” She said, gingerly reaching out for it. “What can you tell me about it, Mr....? Mr.?”

“Uh, er... yeah, it’s real old.” The man nodded and licked his lips again in snakelike fashion. “How much will you

pay for it?”

“Well, I’ve got to get a better look... the owner of this place will be here in an hour, he can...”

“I ain’t got an hour, lady.” He cut her off agitatedly. “Look, just gimme a grand for it, I know its worth more... ten times maybe... but I need the money and I have to go...”

The siren wail of a distant squad car came from outside, making the man jerk up.

“I can’t do that, Mister.” Geri’s suspicions went a notch higher. “I don’t even know your name...”

“It doesn’t matter...” He said and looked nervously over his shoulder. “Look, you keep it for now... I’ll be back for the money tomorrow.”

“What? No, wait... we don’t work that way.” She tried to grab his arm, but he was already rushing to the door. “Wait. Hey! Wait... is this stolen...? You can’t just...”

Geri ran after the man but he was already rushing down the street. She watched him run a while before he turned a corner and was gone. She looked at the silver object in her

hand. It was some kind of decorative piece, probably a ceremonial item from some ancient civilization. Her uncle would know more about it she was sure. She reached for the shop phone, pausing over the receiver and wondering if she should give him a call. He would be there in an hour anyway, she could wait. She considered if she should call the police instead. What if this thing was indeed stolen and having it in their possession could implicate the pawn shop.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Yes, this exact item was reported as stolen late last night... from the private collection of a Donald A. Kilminster.”

“Donald Kilminster?” Geri couldn’t stifle her gasp. “The Donald Kilminster.”

“You know the guy, Miss... Rogan.” The gray haired officer looked up at her from the report he was making.

“Yes... I mean, who doesn’t know Donny Kilminster...” She laughed nervously. “He’s only the most renowned filmmaker on natural history this side of the Atlantic.”

“Yeah?” The officer rubbed his chin. “Never heard of him. Anyway, his lawyer’s on his way to identify the piece and meet you.”

“His lawyer?” She sat upright, feeling a little agitated. “How long do I have to be here?”

“Not too long... in fact she’s parking right now.”

She. Well, it would feel good to speak with a woman for a change. Ever since she decided to call the police about the item the stranger dropped on her lap, she'd been accosted by men in uniform and without. It was the most harrowing three hours of her life and she wished she had just thrown the thing out into the street after the fleeing man. Her uncle and aunt agreed for her to turn in it, and also assist the cops in every way including using the pawn shop as a stake out for the robber to return, if he ever did.

“Miss Rogan.” The officer broke into her thoughts. “This is Miss Leslie Lane, Mister Kilminster’s lawyer...”

“And business partner.” The dark haired woman stepping into the room said with a tight smile. “We are extremely grateful that you opted to do the right thing.”

“There’s nothing different than that I would do, Miss... Lane.” Geri replied, looking the other woman over. She could have been anywhere between thirty five and forty five. The expensive business suit she wore was a European cut and her short dark hair elegantly framed her hard angular face. Her eyes, blue and sharp, bore deep into Geri’s and she could get the feeling that this woman had worked her way to the top and intended to stay there.

“Leslie, please.” The lawyer smiled and offered her hand. “And could you please describe the man who brought

the artifact to your shop.”

“Yes, sure... Leslie.” Geri nodded and shook the other woman’s hand. She had already detailed the man’s appearance to the police artist, but decided to do it all over again for this imposing woman. “The guy was tall, and reed thin... he looked like he was desperate, almost like a character from a Tim Burton animated movie...”

“Ah, yes.” Leslie smiled and leaned back. “That’s Stanley Elgin alright... hired two weeks ago to assist our curator. Didn’t take him for a thief, though I had my reservations... ah, Donny can be so trusting sometimes.”

“Does he collect a lot of these kinds of things?”

“Who?” The lawyer looked at her momentarily bemused. “Oh, you mean Donny... yes, he does, from all over... especially when he’s out on location shooting for his films.”

“Oh, I’m a fan of his work... why, I’ve often wondered if I could ever get to work in...”

“Oh, are you an anthropologist or archeologist?”

“No, I’m just an act...” Geri began excitedly, but a shadow fell across them as the large officer on duty stood up.

“Miss Lane, if you could sign these papers,” The gray haired man pushed a pile of documents on the desk between them. “...we can hand the item over and once we make our arrest you can press charges.”

“Oh, excellent.” Leslie nodded and grabbed a pen. And after a few minutes of vigorous scribbling and signing, the smartly dressed lawyer stood up and accepted the stolen object from the police officer. “Thank you so much, Officer... Daley.”

“Pleasure, ma’am.” Daley touched a forefinger to his brow and made as if to leave the desk. “Take care now.”

“And can I leave now.” Geri looked at the man as the other woman hurried out of the office. “Or do I need assist you all at the pawn shop with the stake out.”

“No need for that...” Daley called back over his shoulder. “We have an APB out for the guy, since Miss Lane identified the perp. You are free to go, Miss Rogan, have a nice day.”

“Sure, thanks.” She nodded and walked out of the station.

“Miss Rogan.” Leslie Lane was waiting for her outside. “Mister Kilminster would be pleased to meet you, if you’d like to come with me.”

“Huh?” She was taken aback. Her belly was rumbling, she hadn’t eaten a thing since that piece of toast in the morning. “You mean, right now... but I need to get back...”

“Not a problem. I’ll just cancel that lunch reservation.” The lawyer flipped out her phone. “How does tomorrow morning sound?”

“Um, you know what... my uncle and aunt can take care of things. Let’s go.”

She stepped into the sleek white Volkswagen e-golf electric and sat beside the lawyer. The smooth hum of the eco-friendly electric car was something Geri had never experienced before and it felt great to ride in something that cared for the environment.

“So you were saying you are a fan of Donny’s work?” Leslie asked as she sped down the street.

“Well, yes... I mean, of some of the films...” Geri felt breathless, meeting the man was something she would never have had imagined even in her wildest dreams. “I love the ones where nature is described as a treasure that fell into our laps and it is our privilege to protect it.”

“Well, we see it more as we fell into nature’s lap, and yes... it is indeed a privilege that we must protect.”

“Yeah.” She nodded excitedly. “So where are we going?”

“We are going to Donny’s private rooftop suite at the Hyatt.” The lawyer smiled. “He was quite excited to know that the piece was recovered... it’s an important part of his next project and he wanted to meet you in person to express his gratitude. Ah, here we are.”

Leslie drove through the gates of the star hotel and parked in front of the imposing main doors. She pressed a button and the door of the car opened for Geri. She looked out and then back at the lawyer.

“Aren’t you coming?”

“I’ve a few more meetings around town.” Leslie replied as she signaled to the young man waiting outside. “Don’t worry; the concierge will take you to Donny.”

Geri nodded at the woman and stepped out of the car. The young man waiting for her outside stepped up to her and smiled, beckoning her to follow him. She walked beside him as he escorted her through the lavish lobby of the hotel and to the elevators. She noticed him tap on the gilded button marked as private and inhaled deeply. Never had she been in such a place of affluence before. Little Goosebumps began to tingle all over her arms and legs as the elevator came to a stop and the doors smoothly parted.

“Miss Geraldine Rogan.” The concierge announced and ushered her out, before stepping back inside the elevator.

She watched the elevator doors close and turned back toward the expansive terrace garden before her. To her left she could see the entire western skyline of the city and to the right was a canopied private enclosure with a table set for two people. A dark haired man sat on one of the two chairs while beside him waited a handsome younger man and a lovely young woman in the uniform of the hotel staff.

“Ah, finally... welcome, welcome.” The dark haired man stood up and walked toward her. “Miss Rogan, you have

saved us... saved us over a year's worth of hard work. Please, join me... I do hope you like seafood.”

Seafood. She absolutely loved it. But more than the food, she was transfixed by the presence of the man. She had only seen his likeness in his brief appearances in the documentary films he made, and in the pages of magazines. Those images hardly did justice to the handsome and debonair gentleman that stood before her. Everything about him was elegant, and she felt like this was another one of her many dreams.

“Miss Rogan, please.” He smiled at her, holding out one hand to her and gesturing at the laid table with the other.

“Uh... I... yes, thank you... Mister Kilminster.” She managed to stutter as she gingerly took his hand. Her fingers lightly touched his and she felt a strange sensation all over her body, and when his large hand entirely engulfed hers, she felt her knees wobble.

“Ah, Donny, please...” His confident smile made her swoon. “And come, sit with me...”

She nodded dumbly and followed him to the table. He held out her chair and pushed it in for her to sit. Never had anyone done that for her, least of all a millionaire filmmaker.

She shivered as the lovely waitress poured champagne for her. Before her on a dish was a preparation of lobster and cracked crab on ice. Everything overwhelmed her, and she had to close her eyes and take a few deep breaths to compose herself. If all this was some dream, she wished she'd remain asleep.

“You are going to love this lobster and crab dish... it is so delicate, the best money can buy, my absolute favorite.” She heard Kilminster’s voice floating around her, as if he was inside a deep cavern.

She took a sip of the champagne; savoring the dry freshness and resisting the urge to have it all in one go. It cleared her head and she looked right at the handsome man seated smiling before her.

“Mister Kilm... Donny.” She said wonderingly. “This could be the best day of my life...”

“Really?” He laughed. “I’m sure you’ve had better... and will have more in the future.”

“Yes, let’s hope for that.” She nodded, staring at the exorbitant spread.

“So you work at the museum.” Kilminster leaned in close.

“No, it’s a pawnshop... my uncle Rand’s...”

“Ah, then you must be an expert with antiques and their history.”

“Not really, I mean, no...” She shook her head. “My uncle is, but I’m just moonlighting it there...”

“Ah, so what is it that you really do, or would like to do.” His smile was infectious.

“Oh, er... I’m... an actor...” She stammered, if he kept looking at her like that she knew she couldn’t stop herself from falling in love with him. “I’m looking for that big break.”

“An actor!” His face seemed to light up. “How fascinating! And I am a filmmaker. What are the odds...? Tell me about your best work.”

“Oh, I haven’t any... I mean, I haven’t done anything noteworthy.”

“As yet.” His smile widened. “Have you considered doing non-commercial work, like documentaries...?”

“You mean, like what you do...?”

“Yes, sort of.” Kilminster nodded his head as he tucked into his lobster.

“Oh, I’d love to.” She gushed, unable to contain the rush of excitement at the possibility.

“Splendid!” He clapped his hands. “I was in need of a fresh face to host this new series on ancient archeology I have in the pipeline. You’d be perfect for it.”

“I would?” She couldn’t believe her ears. “...oh, I must be dreaming.”

“It’s not going to get you the fame and glamour of a commercial movie...”

“Oh, I don’t care...” She looked right into his amused eyes. “I’m a fan of your films... and I... it’s a dream come true...”

“Yes, yes, my dear... it is fate indeed.” He sounded as thrilled as she was. “My artifact had to be stolen, and it brought you to me.”

Geri had never been this excited in her adult life. She felt like a giddy little girl on her first trip to Disneyland. Her hands shook and she had to hold on to the armrests of her chair to stop herself from sliding off. She was going to work for the great Donny Kilminster, be a host for his new show, to be the face of his latest historical endeavor. This was the big break she was looking for. And if it wasn't, she was going to have some fun doing it anyway.

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“And cut!” Kilminster’s voice rang out. “Perfect take.”

Geri was all smiles as she stepped out of the shot. The green screen all around her would later be superimposed with some stock footage of the theme of the show. For a whole week now she had been filming with the great Donny Kilminster. All of it in his great big studio in the heart of the city, and he even had a suite rented for her in the posh hotel next to the studio. Geri loved every minute of it. Nine more weeks of shooting before post production, and then six months after that, the show would be aired on three major global natural history and science channels. She was finally going to be a household name, at least as the host of an educational endeavor. Her uncle and aunt couldn’t have been happier for her.

“Hey, Geri.” Kilminster stepped up and put his arm around her. She felt a pleasant throb in her belly. “You were phenomenal as usual.”

“With you to guide me, Donny... I couldn’t be anything less.” She gushed, pressing herself closer to him.

“True, true.” He laughed and pulled his arm away. “So on Monday we do our first on-location shoot, in the gulf... are

you ready for an adventure?”

Was she ever? The Gulf of Mexico was the prime focus of this documentary, along with other such similar natural formations. She couldn't wait to get there. Her excitement knew no bounds. And yet, she couldn't help feeling confused with her situation. She couldn't clearly read Donny Kilminster. He almost always sounded so exhilarated by her, to be with her, to work with her... and whenever he touched her, it was only a casual touch, an encouraging pat, an affectionate hug, and though his touch left her breathless and wanting more, Geri couldn't really tell if there was any intent behind them. There was a lot of fondness there from him, but she was at a loss if any of it was sensual or suggestive in nature. She couldn't perceive any kind of desire or lust in his flattering gaze, his doting touches and his loving pats. The years of attention she got from men had her accustomed to knowing what they all wanted. This was the first time she was coming up short to read into a man's intentions.

Donny was not gay, she was sure of it, from the interest he showed in her and other women working with him. But he didn't make her believe that he wanted her either. She understood that she wanted him, possibly more than any man she had known. He was attractive and celebrated, he had loads of talent and money, and all the women he wanted could be his in a blink. She wanted him more than anything, but she wasn't sure if he wanted the same. And she sure as hell was not going to risk losing out on this once in a lifetime break she had, just

to find out about that. But it did keep nagging her every now and then.

The weekend back on her home turf was fun, it felt great to be with family again and see the old pawn shop where her wonderful journey had begun. She wondered if the cops had arrested that crook. She didn't need to identify the man, or at least the cops felt Leslie Lane's testimony was all they needed. The weekend flew by quickly, regaling her aunt and uncle about the great time she was having in her new found career. As usual, Millicent Rogan encouraged her to make more of the situation. 'Get your hooks into that millionaire moviemaker, kid; before those perfect titties begin to sag.' The quirky older woman had hooted at her.

Geri smiled at that memory as the private chopper banked sharply making a tight curve in the airspace above the Gulf of Mexico. The sky was quite over cast and it lent a sense of gothic appeal to the strange ruins that were the feature of this on-location shoot. Kilminster was already on the site, with Leslie Lane and another person, a local official, and they looked up at the descending helicopter.

"Welcome to Mexico." The filmmaker yelled over the roar of the whirling blades as she stepped out of the aircraft. "We're having a fine day here."

“Oh, we are...?” She looked around the barren landscape. “Where is the crew?”

“They’re on the way by road; the equipment’s much too heavy for my chopper.” Kilminster shouted.

“Okay, so you two get a feel of the place, do your creative thing...” Leslie Lane screamed above the roar and took a hold of the chopper hand rail. “I’ll take Mr. Pancetta here back to civilization and get the final paperwork rolling.”

“Yeah, see you in twenty four hours.” Her business partner yelled back before ducking out from under the lashing blowback from the aircraft.

The chopper roared away with Leslie and the local official, leaving Geri all alone with Donny Kilminster on a coast of a foreign country with a storm looming over the horizon.

“Did we know about this weather?” She asked the filmmaker as he panned his open palms around, marking the shots he would like to take.

“No, it was sudden... a freak overnight buildup.” He said with a shrug. “I would have cancelled if we had word before hand.”

“Let’s hope it hits after we’re done shooting.”

“Yeah, or else it’s a waste of a full day.”

Geri nodded and looked away, shielding her eyes as the wind picked up around them. The strong odor of imminent rain and the brine of the sea filled her senses. It sent strange and yet pleasant sensations all through her body. She looked back at Kilminster. He was down by the entrance of the ancient ruins, near the mouth of a natural cave where the structure had been built all those centuries ago.

Something struck at the back of her head, something soft and cold. She looked up and another large drop of rain spattered over her cheek, followed by a few more.

“It’s begun to rain already.” She heard the millionaire moviemaker yell. “Come on, let’s get into the cave.”

Carefully she made her way down to where the cave entrance was, almost at the craggy shoreline. The rain was quite steady now and she took each step with measured care on the slippery stones. The waves had begun to pick up as well, hitting the shoreline hard and spraying her with saltwater, even as freshwater peppered her from above.

“I’m all wet.” She complained as Kilminster offered her his hand to help her into the cave. “And wardrobe hasn’t arrived yet.”

“They should be about an hour away.” He said with a deep sigh. “Unless the rain...”

“What?” She looked up at him in some alarm. “You mean the crew is going to be stuck out there somewhere?”

“It’s possible...” Kilminster shrugged in his usual manner. “And my satellite phone’s not getting any signal in this weather.”

“What are we going to do, Donny?”

“Sit tight.” He gave her an assuring grin. “Until this passes or the crew get’s here.”

“Does this sort of thing happen...?”

“Sure, Nature’s rules, my pretty.” He said, fiddling with the expensive Omega watch on his thick wrist. “We are all but mere players in this game of life that Nature weaves.”

“Great!” She exhaled deeply. “And I’m all wet.”

“Oh!” He looked up at her. “We’ve nothing to light a fire with... get out of those wet clothes, and here, wear this.”

Her eyes went wide as he casually removed his heavy khaki shirt and handed it to her. She noted the width of his shoulders, the deep density of his chest and those thick, muscular arms. He wore a vest that clung all too snugly over his manly body, the sight of which sending a series of thrills all through her.

“Uh, are you sure, Don? You’ll catch a cold.”

“Not as much as you will, in those wet clothes.” He said and held out the thick shirt to her. “Take it.”

She reached out and took it, feeling a pleasant warmth on her neck and cheeks. He turned away and walked to the entrance of the cave, staring out into the lashing rain. She bit her lip, the respect she had for him multiplying manifold. Though deep in her truest desires, she wanted him to watch her undress.

“What the fuck is wrong with me?” She whispered to herself and shivered as the wet clothes clung to her body. She peeled them off and quickly put on the large shirt. It hung

down just above her knees and felt warm, like a snug blanket. It was his body heat that she felt, and wondered how much better it would be if it was his body she felt it from and not just his shirt.

“Ah, lovely.” Kilminster said as he came back inside. “That’s one darn lucky shirt.”

There it was again. Was he flirting? Was there a double meaning in there? Or was he just trying to ease the frustration that hung there all around them? She couldn’t really tell as a dull ache of hunger distracted her further.

“We have no food...” She said in a small voice. “How long are going to be stuck here?”

“We have drink, plenty of it.” The filmmaker grinned and pointed at a small attaché next to him. “The finest wines this side of the Atlantic.”

“Wine?” She looked up at him in bewilderment.

“Well, I thought we might celebrate after the shoot.” He shrugged. “But I guess there can be no shoot today... so let’s just celebrate.”

“You are the funniest man ever, Donny.” A wide smile broke out across her face, easing the tension she had been feeling ever since the storm broke out.

“Hm, no one’s said that to me before.” He grinned and popped open a bottle of Chardonnay White. “Here, you do the honors, right from the bottle.”

“Mmmhh. It’s lovely.” She said after a sip. “Wish we had some cheese to go with it.”

“We have some California Red instead.” He laughed, cracking open another bottle.

“Ohmigod, these are thousand dollar wines.” Geri gasped. “You must be crazy... or just crazy rich.”

“I am richer than crazy, and all the more with you here for company in this cold and lonely place.” His pale grey eyes lingered on her longer than usual, and this time she couldn’t be mistaken of the desire she saw in them.

Could she have imagined it? That look she so longed to behold in his eyes. Or was it the damn wine she was guzzling. Before she could have realized it, half the bottle of California Red was empty in her trembling hands. Kilminster had another bottle of red in his hands, equally quaffed.

“Drink up, my lovely.” He said and placed the bottle to his lips for another deep swig.

Geri nodded dumbly and brought her own bottle of Chardonnay White to her lush lips. She swallowed much slower this time and watched him with nervous flutters in her belly. He drained the entire bottle and looked back at her with a pleased expression on his rugged face.

“The fucking weather is worsening.” Kilminster frowned, glancing over his shoulder at the entrance of the cave. Outside a wall of white rain obscured the coastal storm raging away. “I’m sure all roads are being barred and no one’s going to make it here till this blows over.

‘Oh, I’m so going to be stuck here with him.’ Geri thought breathlessly. It was a ‘now or never’ situation.

“So, it’s going to be just the two of us here for a while then.” The millionaire laughed as if he could read her thoughts.

“Now that’s not all that bad, is it, Mister Kilminster?” Geri smiled back. She held out her empty bottle of Chardonnay with a slurring smile. He popped open another one and handed it to her.

“Not at all, my dear... and what do we do to pass time?” Kilminster raised an eyebrow and took another swig from his own bottle.

“We’ve been working so closely for over a week now and you’ve never really told me much about yourself?” Geri smiled at him, and though she realized it was the wine making her do the talking, she felt rather excited about it nevertheless.

“Well, you’ve seen most of what I am in my films or in magazine articles.” Kilminster said with another of his signature shrugs. She noted the way his neck and shoulder muscles bunched as he did that.

“How about the parts that are not featured in those films and magazines?” She purred, surprising herself with the seductive tone in her voice.

“Such as?” His eyes seemed to gleam at her in the pale light of the cavern.

“About your personal life, your loves and hates. All we see in the movies and magazines is the renowned multi-award winning filmmaker, the talented professional. Spending time with you these few days, I see clearly now that you are as normal as any of us, with normal needs and desires.”

“And you can tell all that by just being around me?”  
Kilminster raised an eyebrow at her.

“Yes, and I can tell when men desire me and do a good job of hiding it behind a mask of professionalism.” She played her bluff, hoping he wouldn’t call it.

“Ah, now that is a useful talent to have, my dear.”

“And do you desire me, Donny Kilminster?” Geri stared deeply into his pale grey eyes.

“Doesn’t your talent let you know that?” He smiled at her tightly.

“I feel that you do desire me, when you look at me and try hard to pretend that you don’t.” Geri looked away, fighting hard not to blush.

“Well, you are quite a breathtaking woman.” Her employer nodded in agreement. “And I have been out of breath around you, ever since we met.”

“So are you going to do something about it?” She breathed, searching his rugged face.

“Yes, I want my shirt back.”

“What?” She jerked back, the motion making her dizzy from all the wine. “But I am cold.”

“That shirt’s not warm enough for you.” The millionaire reached out for her.

“I’m wearing nothing underneath.” Geri smiled coyly.

“We need to get you warmed up then...” Kilminster moved in close to her. “In the purest way Nature intended.”

“You are the expert in everything about nature.” She let him take the shirt off her shivering body.

“Yes, I am.” He was grinning like a schoolboy playing hooky, even as his eyes roamed all over her lush womanly nakedness.

“Oh, Donny, come, keep me warm.” She closed her eyes and moaned. “Come and light my fire.”

He didn't say anything; his hands did all the talking. She felt the strength of his rough palms as they caressed her yearning flesh. Her breath came in short gasps with each touch of his hand, her skin felt like she had a fever that could pop a thermometer. Geri reached out and grabbed at his head, pulling his face down over her aching breasts. Oh, how badly she needed the want in those hardened nubs eased. How desperately she wanted his lips, his teeth and his teasing tongue to ravage her, to give her body the loving attention it truly deserved.

Kilminster obliged her every need. His mouth was like magic, kissing and licking, slobbering and sucking, leaving little red welts of pleasure all over her soft white skin. She gasped when he relinquished her breasts and began to kiss her neck like a hungry animal. He sucked hard on the sensitive skin around her neck and shoulders, making her scream into the roar of the rain outside. She grabbed at him, running her hands over the dense hardness of his shoulders and chest.

Her lover kept on kissing her as she struggled to get the remainder of his clothes off him. His vest came off as they wrestled each other, Kilminster's tongue buried deep inside her mouth. She sucked on it and pushed her own tongue against his, locking in to a dance of their own. His safari pants came off next and then his boxers. She reached down without looking and grabbed at the long and hard thing that bumped against her naked thighs, the throbbing sensation in her hands making her pussy bubble and drip.

“I want you, Donny.” She pleaded into his mouth. “I want you so bad... fuck me, Donny, fuck me.”

He grunted and thrust his hips forward. She held on to his straining rod, stroking it slowly, feeling the slippery warmth of his pre-cum all over her fingers. Oh, she wanted so much to take that thick piece of meat into her mouth, but her pussy wanted it more. And it seemed the filmmaker had the same need. She felt his prodding hardness against her thighs and pussy lips. Guiding it with her hand, she giggled at the popping sound his cockhead made upon being slotted into her hole.

“Ah, yeah, baby.” His groan was thick and lusty. “Going in all the way.”

She screamed when he grabbed her buttocks and speared his nine inch cock all the way into her, in a standing position. Her knees trembled and she leaned onto him as pain and pleasure rocked her nearly senseless. She felt his large rough hands slide off her butt and down her silky legs. He grabbed at the back of her knees and lifted her up to straddle him as he stood upright with his cock buried to the hilt inside her.

Geri was impressed. Not even Arne, with all his huge muscles, had ever done what Donny was doing. He was

freakishly strong for his age to be doing that. And even though she was quite fit and tight for her age, she had to be at least a hundred and thirty pounds for her five seven height.

Kilminster had her straddling him and humped and ground away at her like a football jock half his age would. She ran her hands all over his hard sinewy body, feeling the muscles tense and ripple with the effort he took to fuck her standing. Every third or fourth thrust, he bent his knees and came up slamming harder. She felt him go in deeper at every one of those extended thrusts. It seemed to hit the right spot, making her see a few more stars each time than she already did. She hugged his neck hard and kissed his face savagely, biting and licking, slobbering and whimpering all over him.

“Oh, baby!” He growled. “This is fucking great... but my back’s going to give out. Turn around, baby... face the wall.”

She felt like she would faint as he spun her around mid-air like a rag doll. His cock still buried deep in her, she felt the intense rush as her pussy churned and twisted around its throbbing thickness. She faced the cavern wall, holding out her hands to keep herself up. She stood with her legs spread apart as he grabbed her slender hips and slammed in hard from the back. Each time he drew back and thrust forward, his heavy balls slapped her hard on her throbbing clit, making her belly heave and her knees tremble.

“Oh, fuck... this is unreal.” She heard him pant. “I’m going to cum like never before... oh, Geri baby... you’re the best thing to happen... to mmmeee... uuuh uhhm...”

“Oh, yeah... oh, fuck, yeah.” Geri screamed along with him. “Cum inside me, baby... cum deep inside... ooohhhh, yeah... I’m cumming too... ooohhhh uuuhhnnn...”

Her entire body jerked and stiffened, then relaxed and jerked again. She was sure she was having a multi-layered orgasm, or at least a chain of orgasms as pleasure she could never describe rushed through every sensitive pore of her heaving body. She could feel his cock swell and tense inside her and then the hot, sloshing rush of his orgasm flooding into her, but it felt kind of distant and muffled under the force of her own explosive release. She leaned hard against the cold cavern wall, her face and breasts numbed by the chill even as her body burned with highly charged lust.

When she could think clearly again, she found herself lying in the floor on top of her lover’s shirt. He was sitting across her, still as naked as she was, drinking from another bottle of wine he had cracked open. She couldn’t believe what had happened. For a moment she considered all of it was a dream, and the wine had to play a big part of it. But then she was naked and feeling sore all over. She looked up at Kilminster as he held out the wine bottle to her.

“The storms not abating, at least for another few hours. My phone’s still out.” He said and scratched his chin. “We have time for another round or two, don’t you think?”

“I... I’d love to...” She sat up; still dazed by the best fuck, no offence to Arne, she had ever had in her life. “But what about us... I mean, I don’t want to be some slut who sleeps with her boss... I’d like this to be a little more meaningful...”

“It will be, sweet Geraldine.” His eyes shone with pride and love. “I fell for you the moment you walked into my penthouse in the Hyatt. It was fate... it can’t be anything else. I already had Leslie write up the legal details, Geri... I was going to ask you to marry me after we completed shooting the series, but now I can’t wait. Thanks to this freak weather. I’m going to marry you tomorrow... er, that is if you want to marry me.”

Geri stood motionless for a few moments, her own heartbeat pounding against her head in concert with the rain outside. She looked at him hard and reached for the bottle of wine he held out to her. In one long chugging swig she drained the entire contents of it, smacked her lips and looked back at his questioning expression.

“Yes, I do!”

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Twenty Seven

His young face had turned a deep red. Her powerful legs had him in a vice-like headlock, the quadriceps muscles of her thighs flexed down hard on his neck from the front and the back. She also had his arms twisted painfully behind his back in a deadly crab-like hold. She could feel his body shudder as he struggled to break free of her. He tried to speak, his eyes wide and imploring.

“He’s tapping out, Diana.” Lieutenant Dixon’s deep voice resonated around the small gym. “Let him go before you break his neck.”

“No problem, chief.” Sergeant Diana Leeann Harvey grinned and released the muscular man she was having a mixed martial arts sparring session with. “Breaking Bruno’s bull neck will take some effort.”

“Not for you, Sarge...” Her gasping opponent sat up and rubbed his purpling neck. “I was seeing... uunghh... every star in the galaxy just then.”

“Well, if you can do that to our champion MMA fighter, you can take down anyone, Harvey.” The lieutenant nodded and offered her his hand.

She took it and let him pull her up to her feet. “How about I take his place in the State Finals then.”

“Hm, it might be crazy enough to work.” Her commanding officer nodded. “Heck, you even bench more than any of the guys we have on the force.”

“Yeah, for a woman... that sure is something.” Bruno Haynes grinned as he stood up and limped toward the showers.

“You say it like it’s some kind of achievement.” Diana called out after him as she toweled herself down.

“Now don’t start that again, Di.” Dixon shook his head. “Yeah, we all accept that you’re an exceptional person and the greatest asset to the force... but from the outside, you’re still going to be judged by your appearance.”

“It wouldn’t be so if I had a thick pipe hanging between my thighs, now would it?”

“Yeah, that’s just how this world works, kid... no matter what you want to believe.” The grey haired lieutenant of the precinct gave her a wry smile before he walked out of the department gymnasium.

Alone now, Diana stepped into the private shower. Beside it was the common one that all the men of the precinct used. This one was hers alone, being the only woman on the force. Ten years she had been a policewoman, decorated five times for exemplary service, the most recent being the year before. And if she continued the way she did, she had no doubts that she'd win 'cop of the year' for the State again this year.

She took off her tight gym shorts and training bra, standing naked in front of the full length mirror as the warm water cascaded down her tightly toned body. She liked what was looking back at her. At twenty nine, she had the body of a nineteen year old athlete. She knew most, if not all the men she had known lusted after her sexy figure, and were also intimidated by her imposing stature. Who wouldn't be? At five feet eleven she did portray a very domineering Amazonian exterior. Her shoulders, rather broad and powerful, added to that persona and her tight narrow waist made her upper body form a perfect 'T'. But her favorite asset, aesthetically, were her wide, hour-glass hips, further accentuated by her narrow waist. Those sexy hips and her pert 34C breasts lent a definitive feminine allure to the rather masculine aura she mostly emanated. She turned around and looked at the perfect roundness that her buttocks made; further enhanced by two profound dimples on her lower back, forming a sexy triangle with the advent of the deep cleft of her crack. She wiggled her ass and sighed. She knew men would kill to get their hands on her perfect booty, but then most of the men she knew didn't even dare to look at her directly. Some even went to the extent

of assuming she would have no interest in them, and that she preferred her own sex over them. Diana had nothing against gay people; she just didn't feel attracted to women the way most assumed she would. It was men that she was interested in, but only on her terms. She wasn't a virgin, having experimented a bit early on in life, but when her career in the police force took off she had time for little else. Her hardnosed dedication to her work, more often than not, created the image that seemed to repel men away from her.

It was her face, or rather the demeanor she often held. She couldn't help it; it was her no-nonsense nature that helped her make it so far in her career as a policewoman. Ever since she graduated from the academy and joined the force at the age of nineteen, she had been that way and kept getting better at it. There was nothing wrong with her face, though she had never considered herself to be a beauty queen, despite her high cheekbones. Her dark russet hair she wore in a neat layered cut to her shoulders, and her eyes, brown and soft, played off well with her hair. All those years in the gym and a strict diet gave her face a hard lined edge, but it was well proportioned enough to get second looks. Except for her nose, which she felt was a bit too big for her face. Not one to wear make up, Diana had decided long ago that if she found herself a man, it would have to be as who she was and not what she looked like. Though it would seem to her now that a man like that was probably as rare as a woman like her.

Done with her shower, she toweled herself down and headed for her locker, in a private aisle. Putting on a fresh set of her uniform, she clipped on her badge and holstered her gun. The workouts in the morning, before her shift, had become second nature to her and also gave her the impetus to do an even better job for the rest of the day.

“Looks like it’s going to be one of those days.” Dixon was saying as she walked into the office. “Dark, dull and gloomy all day long.”

The fresh aroma of doughnuts, bagels and coffee wafted all around her. She took a bagel and a cup of coffee before sitting down at her desk.

“Yeah, it’s a freak storm in the offing.” Rogers, the forty five year veteran on the force, said. “Like the one we had back in ’69.”

“Geez! How old are you, Rogers?” She smiled at the white haired man.

“I’m near sixty four, lass. At that time I was just a punk kid in the academy.” He told her with a wag of his slender finger. “And this one’s building up to be like the one that tore up this city back then.”

“Hm, it sure is as dark as twilight out there, and it’s just nine in the morning.” She nodded, taking a sip of her coffee. “I think I’d better add Bakers and Hollis Avenue to my beat this morning, huh, chief?”

“If you can cover them on your regular run.” Dixon nodded, not looking up from all the papers he shuffled around on his desk.

“Not a problem at all.” Diana rose and walked toward the door. She usually worked her beat alone. None of her partners could keep up with her, not even the young MMA champ Bruno Geiger. So when Dixon finally decided she was better off working by herself, she took it as a sign of triumph over the guys.

\* \* \* \* \*

“That’s my sixth patrol around Bakers and Hollis.”  
Diana spoke into her comm. “And nothing out of the ordinary’s happened yet. The sky’s still dark as night, and it’s only four in the afternoon.”

“A couple of more rounds and you can head back.”  
The duty officer at the precinct told her over a crackling disturbance caused by the freakish weather. “Not sure if anyone should do a night run in this kind of situation.”

“Yeah, looks like the weather’s even got the criminal element spooked. Should be a quiet night then. Harvey over and out.” Diana switched off her mike and eased the squad car out of the narrow street. She turned the corner, getting out of Baker Street and into Freeman’s main. The street lights were all on at full capacity and a light rain had begun to come down, swirling all over in the whipping winds that came with it. She looked around at the few cars that moved slowly in the gloom. It wasn’t just dark and now wet; there was also a sense of forbiddance in the general atmosphere, the kind you see in a horror flick just before the emergence of vampires and zombies.

Not really interested in such, Diana preferred to keep herself grounded to reality. Another hour’s drive brought her back into Hollis Avenue. And as she turned into the narrow

street for another round, the rain came down in a sudden burst, sheets of white water roaring all around her. She quickly pulled to the side and stopped. She couldn't even see the front of the car in the wall of torrent that hammered down. Not knowing how long this would last, Diana picked up the mike to call in her situation. It was dead. The rain must have knocked down the comm. towers or something. A dampness began to spread in the air inside the car, and she had to keep her hands warm under the radiator panel. A sudden fear crept into her mind. What if the rain went on for hours and the streets flooded over. The drainage could get choked with this much rain in this old and seamy part of the city. She would be trapped inside the squad car with water rising all around her.

“No bloody way!” She cried out and pushed open the door. A hard smattering of rain hit her as she ducked out of the car, slammed the door and ran to the nearest building. The force of the rain stung her wherever it hit, she had never felt such force from water before. The building was an old one; some kind of warehouse, and it looked abandoned. From the window looking into the alley, she noted that the building next to it was a bank. A local bank, nothing too fancy or global about it. She wondered if there was anyone inside, or had they shut shop in the morning, just as the media had been instructing everyone to do. She took a deep breath and checked the time. Almost six in the evening, and here she was, soaked to her skin and stuck in an empty warehouse on seedy Hollis Avenue, next to an old bank in the middle of a freak thunderstorm.

The extended terracing over the alleyway prevented the rain from obscuring her view of the bank and she wondered if anyone would be foolhardy enough to try breaking into the building right then. She smirked at the thought that only someone as crazy as her would choose to be working on a day like this. Barely had she let that thought pass, something caught her eye in the alley. Before she could think it, her handgun was in her grip from instinct. She took a deep breath and stepped closer to the window and peered outside. Sure enough, someone was there in the alley and by the looks of it; it was a man in a body fitting tracksuit and ski-mask. He had a crowbar in his hands and was trying to break open a window.

Diana silently pushed the warehouse window open and slunk out into the alley, her sopping wet uniform clinging to her body like second skin. The rain wasn't as hard in there, just the spray that buffeted off the walls to the side. By the time she had gotten outside to the alley, the man was gone. The window to the bank was open and the sill was wet. He had to be inside the building, she knew from experience. Holding her breath, she padded as silent as a cat up to the window, and in one quick move, clambered up and dived into the bank. Tucking in and rolling across the floor inside, she came up with her gun primed, ready for anything. There was no one else there.

She looked around the stifling dimness. This was some kind of storage room, with cabinets, cartons and paper all over the place. A door was slightly ajar and patches of telltale

wetness on the floor told her that someone had recently gone that way. She loped off in a crouching run, pushed the door open and slipped inside. It was the vault room and one of the safes had been broken into. It seemed the bank robber was still inside the large safe. She looked around carefully from her hiding place. It didn't seem like there were any others. It was a one man job. She remembered hearing about something like this a while ago. Small banks being robbed every now and then, no clues left behind, not much to follow up on. Well, it looked like she had the perp in the act now and could take him red handed.

Her heart began to double time as she peered into the vault. The man was in there, gathering up the thick wads of bills into a large duffel bag. She waited outside, daring not even to breathe. She would grab him with his hands full. Her hands felt sweaty as she gripped her gun with white knuckled fists. The guy seemed so oblivious to everything else he was humming a tune as he loaded his loot. It was time to sing him his swan song.

“That'll be far enough, laddie.” She called out in a deeper than usual voice, holding her gun up at head height as the robber stepped outside cradling his large bag full of cash. “City PD. You are under arrest.”

The man froze in mid stride. He was tall and lanky; his tight track suit outlined every inch of his wiry yet muscular body. The ski mask hid most of his face, except for his eyes, a

piercing blue that assessed her top to bottom. There was a moment of awkward silence, as if a wall of ice had suddenly formed all over, trapping the two of them in some kind of stalemate.

And then before she could blink, everything burst into life. The heavy duffel bag came right at her stunned face. Instinct and training, more than her presence of mind, made her duck under the hurled bag. But not enough, as the weight landed on her back, making her drop down on all fours and lose sight of her gun as it fell out of her grip and into the murky dimness. She could see his silhouette moving rapidly away, toward the door she had come in from.

“Well, two can play this game.” She grunted and grabbed the heavy duffel bag. It weighed almost nothing for her, after her daily four hundred pound benchpresses. She hurled the bag after the runner, slamming it hard against the back of his knees. The man stumbled and went down hard, and before he could hit the ground she was on him, like a mountain lioness pouncing on its hapless prey.

Her arm snaked around his neck as she clamped her right hand over her left bicep, locking his head in a sleeper hold. She yanked him back, pushing her knee hard against the small of his back. His grunt of pain excited her, and the more he struggled the easier it became to lock down her hold on his head, cutting off the supply of oxygen to the brain. He'd be out cold in a matter of minutes.

“Uunghh! Uncle... uncle.” The robber sputtered. “I give... I surren... duhhh.”

“Not so fast, creep.” Diana snarled, experience telling her that he was faking it and she held fast. “Not for another two minutes.”

“Okay! Okay!” He pleaded, his ruse failing. “You got me, officer... I’ll come quietly.”

“What’s your name, punk?” She demanded, noting that it took all of her strength to hold him down. It was like trying to keep a coiled python under wraps. His muscles felt as well defined and toned as any MMA fighter or wrestler she had sparred with.

“Uhhh... I... I’m Rod Landon...” The man gasped as she pushed her full weight down on him. Something about the way she held him down made her feel good, in a different sort of way than it usually did when she was sparring with those muscled jocks in the gym.

“For real?”

“Yeah, I swear... I’m Rodney Terence Landon, from Frampton Drive.” He gasped as she exerted more pressure on his back. “Please, it’s true... take me in, book me... and please don’t break my back.”

“Frampton’s on the other side of the river.” She said, easing up on him a little. “How’d you get here in this weather?”

“Uh, I... I’ve been here a week... scoping out the place.” Landon wheezed. “Today seemed perfect... except for you of course.”

“Yeah, I knew adding Bakers and Hollis to my beat this morning would pay off.” She laughed as she released the sleeper hold and deftly moved into position to sit on the back of his head, pinning him face down on the floor. He didn’t struggle as she whipped out her cuffs and secured his hands behind his back. His own bag had his legs pinned and she got off his head and sat on the bag.

“You are going to keep me like this...?” He moaned into the floor.

“As long as this freak rain keeps up.” She told him. “Can’t drive anywhere in this weather.”

“At least let me sit up... please.” His struggled to look back at her. “Officer Diana Harvey.”

“You... know who I am?” She looked at him sharply. He still had the ski mask on and she wasn’t sure if she should remove it just yet.

“Yeah, sure...” He sounded like he was laughing. “Who doesn’t know the only woman cop in the city... and the best, mind you... plus I recognized those takedown moves and holds you put on me.”

“You... are a mixed martial artist?” That surprised her even more. No wonder his body felt so well toned and powerful.

“Yeah... I try to be.” He sounded rueful. “But it doesn’t get me as much as breaking into old banks.”

“Well, your banking days are over, fella.” She said, leaning back on the bag and stretching her legs over his shoulders. “Once we get back to the station, you’re going away for ten years. Seven unsolved bank jobs, all of those are going on you.”

“Just seven...” He chortled under the mask, making her need to reveal his face all the more imperative.

She reached out and picked up her gun from where she had dropped it and placed the cold hard muzzle against his neck. He shivered against her as she pressed him down and reached for his ski mask. In one swift move she yanked it off and then turned him on to his back. The young blue eyed man looking back had her gasping. She knew him. Not personally, but from the fight roster at the MMA tournament of the year before. Bruno Geiger, her young sparring partner, had knocked him out in the semis and then gone on to win the State title.

She had noted then that he was quite an attractive fellow, but now, up close and at her mercy like this, he was even more desirable than ever. She kept the gun digging into the side of his neck and stared down at him. He couldn't be as old as she was, maybe just twenty two or twenty three. His face was ruggedly handsome and had that look of eagles all fighters had. Deep set eyes of icy blue, sharp nose, tight lips and a strong chin, a very square jaw sporting a few days stubble, and a head full of dark closely cropped hair. She felt her heartbeat quicken, she had felt this way a few times before, but most of the men in her life preferred to shy away from her. But not this one. Even though she had him at her mercy, all cuffed and hog tied, he seemed to have no fear of her, no aversion either. Instead, if she could read it right, his eyes seemed to hold a look of admiration, desire ever, toward her. Or was it a cheap trick to get her guard down.

She decided that it could only be that and moved off him. Her second pair of cuffs she slapped around his ankles and then hauled him over to the warehouse across the alley and propped him up against the wall. He grunted and groaned his discomfort, but didn't complain otherwise. She shivered suddenly, realizing that her wet clothes could be the death of her. A bold thought surged through her and she peeled off her wet clothes and sat down before him in only her black sports bra and panties. Handgun lazily dangling from her fingers between her knees, Diana stared at him with narrowed eyes.

His eyes seemed to bug out of his head as he ogled at what she offered to show him. It felt good to have a man look at her with that kind of open desire for a change. She knew all of the men in her life gave her the same looks, but only when she was not looking back. This guy didn't break eye contact even once, and she welcomed it.

“How long are we going to be here, Officer?” He finally asked her through what sounded like a parched throat.

“As long as it takes for the rain to stop.” She replied, enjoying the look on his reddening face. “And in that time I might as well get in my evening workout.”

“Workout?” He sounded flabbergasted. “We have no food, no water even... I have a thermos flask with coffee in my car out back.”

“So do I, but I’m not going anywhere in this rain.” She said, stretching her arms over her head and arching her back. “And not letting you out of my sight either.”

“Yeah, I get that a lot from most women.” He drawled as his eyes seemed to devour every inch of her beautifully toned body.

“What did you say?” She looked at him sharply, leaning forward to have her breasts push down on her knees.

“Nothing.” He said as his eyes feasted on the soft white globes struggling for release against her tight black bra.

“You get what from most women?” She leaned back again and extended her legs outward.

“What you said.” Landon grinned and his eyes trailed along the sensuous length of her bare legs.

“What did I say?” She placed her palms down behind her and lifted her butt upward, feeling the pleasurable stretch in her lower back, glutes, hamstrings and triceps muscles.

“About not wanting to let me out of your sight.” His eyes looked as if they would go into orbit around her.

“You know I didn’t mean it in that way.” She purred, relishing every bit of the lecherous attention the lean young bank robber was giving her.

“I can’t say.” He shook his head, but not so much in denial as in admiring the way she twisted her hips to give him full a view of her smooth round buttocks barely contained in the black thong panties she wore. “My head’s still spinning from the pounding you gave me. So did you enjoy it... holding me down like that... so close and personal.”

“That’s my training, perp...” She settled back down and leaned forward again to hug her knees. “And I do a damn good job of it.”

“Yeah, I could tell.” His breathing was quite labored now. “And let me say that it has been a privilege to be in such close and personal proximity to you, Officer Harvey.”

“What’re you playing at, creep.” She gave him a feigned glare, though she enjoyed the seeming discomfort he was going through.

“Creep?” His lovely blue eyes went wide with feigned hurt. “Hell, Officer... I may be a part time bank robber, but creep... that’s a bit much.”

“”You know what I mean... are you trying to pull one over me just because you’re young and handsome.”

“You think I’m handsome...” His polished grin made her knees go weak for a moment. “Wow! I mean, I can’t believe the goddess I have such a crush on thinks I’m... ohhh, handsome.”

“I tell it like it is... hey, waitaminit! What do you mean - you have a crush on...” Diana suddenly felt flustered at being played at her own game. “... and... and goddess?”

“Aw, come on, baby.” Landon sounded a lot more confident now. “Hasn’t anyone told you how hot and sexy you are... how powerful and attractive you are... you must be beating lover boys and lovesick fans away with a stick.”

“I see what you’re playing at... and it’s not going to work... I’m not falling for your wiles, Landon.” She stood up and paced around. “And don’t call me baby again.”

“Sure, sure, no problem, Officer.” His voice took on a seductive allure. “May I call you Diana?”

“Um, why not.” She looked back at him, especially at the tell-tale bulge forming against the crotch of his wet jogging suit. “Now shut up, I can’t tell if the rain’s letting up or not.”

“It’s not going to...” He said in a tone suddenly too solemn and serious. “This is a Class 9 Cumuli-Nimbus buildup, that’s why it’s been so dark all day... the heavy rain’s going to keep coming down for at least another six to eight hours.”

“You majoring in meteorology or something, weatherman?” She couldn’t stifle the snort that escaped her. “And we’re going to be stuck here for six more hours? Damn!”

“Well, yeah.” Landon’s smug smile returned. “Know anything interesting to do to while away the time, Diana?”

“Yeah, you shut up and go to sleep.” She said through gritted teeth. “And I finish my workout.”

“How about instead, we do what I can read from your eyes and body language...” He raised an eyebrow at her. “What you really want to do.”

“So now you’re a psychologist too.” Diana stepped over him and placed her hand on his wet hair. “A weatherman, shrink, MMA fighter and bank robber... anything more you can add to that list that might yet surprise me?”

“Yeah.” He pushed his face upward and let her fingers trail over his cheek and lips. “A satisfying lover to all women everywhere.”

Diana felt a sudden jolt run through her. She stared back at him, right into his deep blue eyes. She could see no fear there, nor aversion; neither did she see any hint of malicious intent. She did see admiration there instead, and also what she could only discern as lust. Here was a man, a young and handsome man, who desired her, lusted for her. And even if it was a ploy he was using to try and escape, it felt so damn good to be wanted. Him being a criminal or not and her being a cop or not, it was the genuine need of a man and a woman that was electrifying the air around her now, and she would surely be a fool to pass it up.

Ah! But a fool she wasn’t. Never was and never would be. Not one to play second fiddle ever in her life, especially to a man, she was not going to start now. Sex was something she hadn’t had in a while, and even when she did, it was on her terms. This time it would be no different. She had him under her mercy, to do as she pleased with him. Here and now, in this secluded place, with no one around for at least six hours. She could have her way with this hunk, and even if he went

around boasting about it under lockup, no one would believe a word he would say.

“A penis for your thoughts, pretty lady.” She heard his smirking voice cut into her musings.

“You are one brash son-ova-bitch for sure, Landon.”

“And you are a goddess worthy of worship.” He said with what felt like genuine fervor in his deep and soothing voice. “Cut me loose; let me worship you, my immaculate goddess.”

“Ah, I like that... the idea of being worshipped.” She grabbed his hair and yanked up his head, stepping up closer, her groin inches from his wanting lips. “And like any idolizing sycophant, you wouldn’t mind worshipping me in chains, would you?”

“Even if you bury me in concrete, I’ll be blessed.”

“Hm, you know what... let’s do it.” She released his head and stepped back, leaving him gasping. “It’s been too damn long... since I’ve had a man.”

“And I’m more man than you’ll ever need, baby.” He groaned with the obvious discomfort extreme arousal brings.

She lashed out and slapped him across that devilishly handsome face, “Don’t. Call. Me. Baby!” One slap for each word.

“Oh, give it to me, my lady.” He slurred with a satisfied smile on his face.

“Much better.” Diana nodded and reached for him. “Now let’s get you out of these cold wet clothes and warm you up... a lot.”

“Yes! Yes!” Landon was close to pleading as she removed his hooded jacket and bunched it around his cuffed wrists. “Allow me to worship you... my goddess Diana.”

“You sure know how to make a woman feel wanted.” She purred and yanked his track pants down to his cuffed feet.

He had nothing on under it and his virile young cock jumped up at her like a cobra about to strike. Diana fell back with a sharp gasp. It had been quite a while since she had seen a hard naked cock, and Landon’s was almost twice the size of anything she had experienced before. A feeling of dread overcame her, but only for a few seconds, as her intense need

and suppressed lust banished all her fears to a place they could never escape from.

She leaned back and liked what she saw. A handsome young man, naked and cuffed, with a rock hard ten inch cock ready to service her. Without wasting another moment, she ripped off her bra and panties and stood before him as naked as he.

“I’m all yours, my goddess.” Landon was almost weeping. “Let this lowly slave and his love-tool be blessed with this service to you.”

“Shut up, fool!” She snarled and grabbed a hold of his throbbing member. “Enough of your Middle-Earth mumbles... I’m going to get the fucking I’ve been denying myself for so damn long.”

She’d seen this in one x-rated fetish movie that was confiscated in a raid for bootleg porn once. This was the best time to give it a go. She stood over him, her back to him and her butt right up to his face. His hands were cuffed behind his back and his feet before, and he couldn’t even touch her. She leaned over and spread her legs wide, giving him a full view of her bunghole and swollen pussy. His cock strained up to meet her salivating mouth as she stroked the thick length slowly.

“Make me ready for this beautiful piece of meat, creep.” She purred and let some of her saliva dribble over his pulsating cockhead. The shiver she felt coming from him turned her on even more.

Diana’s knees wobbled, threatening to give as she felt the young hunk’s mouth clamp over her pussy from behind. He seemed either really talented or ferociously horny. His lips and tongue were all over her puckered bunghole and her yawning pussy all at once, she even felt a few lashing strokes of his rather long tongue swirl over her throbbing clit. Pleasure the like she had long forgotten rippled through her body and she shuddered, almost falling back and squashing his face with her ass.

Composing herself, Diana grabbed a hold of his cock with both hands, lowering her mouth over the hot throbbing head. She flicked out her tongue and ran the tip over the wide slit, tasting his pre-cum. It brought back memories of her high school days. A sudden hunger took over her and she dropped down on all fours, leaving Landon gasping as she pulled her pussy away from his face. She took almost half of the thick shaft down her throat before she gagged. Her body convulsed, sending a chill all through her. She loved it, taking more of the young stud’s rock hard meat down until she felt him surge and swell even more. Not to be left out, Landon leaned forward and buried his face into her ass, bringing a squeal of delight from her all over his cock. She drooled and slobbered, sucking on the organ like it was a Sunday treat. Her pussy was on fire,

and after such a long time that it felt weird, a bit uncomfortable even. Then it dawned on her, she needed to be filled and stretched with cock. With this cock. This young meaty cock, all hard and throbbing. She pulled off him and turned around to face him. He was shivering as she squatted over him and placed the hot head of his rod against her dripping pussy lips. The head went in easily, sending a thrill all through her. So this was how it felt to have a cock up her pussy again. How could she have denied herself this for so long?

“Oh, hell yeah.” Landon grunted as she took a couple of more inches of his thickness into her. “So fucking tight... like a damned virgin! Oh, fuck!”

“Yeah, lover.” She gasped as he went halfway in; stretching her like she had never been before. “It’s been a long while since Sergeant Harvey’s been drilled.”

Landon groaned in response, bucking his hips upward. More of his manly meat speared into her, inch by inch until she was sitting on his lap. She could feel him inside, every one of his ten inches, thick and throbbing hardness filling her up tight. Her eyes rolled in her head; it felt like the rogue had hit the right spot. Her arms and legs felt like jelly and her belly turned inside out. She seemed to have no control over herself, for the first time in her strict and regimented lifestyle. This man, this thief, rogue and devil, had brought her whimpering

to her knees like no man had ever done, even with his hands and feet cuffed.

“Oh, fuck!” She moaned into his neck. “This is so... so fucking good... oh shit; I never want this to end.”

“It never will, Diana.” She felt his hot breath on her neck and wanted more.

“More, I want more.” She said in gasping whimpers. “Give me more...”

“I want to, bab... my lady.” Landon was panting. “But my hands are tied... literally.”

“Fuck! To hell with that.” Diana groaned and fumbled around her discarded pants for the keys. “Here, take them off.”

She knew the great risk of setting him free, but she didn't care right then. She had to have what she had been stupidly denying herself for almost half her adult life so far. And besides, it was still pelting down like the biblical flood outside. There was nowhere for him to run.

Freed now, she felt his hands roam all over her body and she craved for more. She arched her back, pulling his head

over her breasts, shivering at the sensation of his hot mouth on her terribly sensitive nipples. His hands clamped down over her tight bubble butt even as his tongue drove her crazy, swirling all over her left breast, the ticklish areola and the aching nub of her nipple. Then he had the whole nipple, areola and almost half her breast inside his mouth, sucking hard like a day old heifer. Diana threw back her head and screamed into the thunderous roar of the rain outside. Her body shivered uncontrollably, her belly clenching and her eyes rolling backwards. His cock was in so deep, so hard and throbbing, triggering every sensitive spot.

Her release was nothing short of Nirvana, a state of complete oneness of mind, soul and body with the universe. Wave after wave of sheer exhilaration rushed through her, threatening to drive her insane. She wept, whimpered, screamed and even laughed as orgasm after orgasm lined up to make up for lost time. So caught up in her own delirium, Diana didn't even know if Landon had cum inside her or if he had cum at all. When he pulled out of her, she was too lost in her own throes of ecstasy to know even who he was. Her heart and her head were pounding in tandem to the hammering rain outside.

“Damn, girl.” She heard the young man's quivering voice. “You're like some succubus... I've never emptied so much cum inside a woman as much as I have now. Your pussy's like a ravenous black hole.”

“So... is that a bad thing?” She looked up at him as she lay naked on the floor.

“Bad thing?” His eyebrows shot up. “Hell, Sarge... even a Presidential order won’t keep me away from you. You are a goddess, and I mean it every time I fucking say it.”

“Forget Presidential Orders, perp.” She sat up and smiled wide. “You’ve got some serious jail time coming up under my watch.”

“Yeah, well...” Landon smiled sheepishly. “Anything for you... I...”

“Yeah, can’t help it, Rod, you broke the law... the law I serve.”

“How about serving your self for once.”

“I know where you’re going with this.” Diana felt a strange tug inside her, more than just sexual. “But I can’t live that down... I took an oath.”

“Everyone does.” He looked very uncomfortable. “But most of the cops are on the take anyway... this isn’t as bad as that.”

“How would you know about cops on the take, you darn bank robber.”

“How’d you suppose I was fighting in the MMA State championship for City PD?” Landon had a self pitying look about himself. “I was at the Academy... dropped out six weeks ago. Breaking the law seemed more fun.”

“What? You gave up on the force? How the hell could you?”

“Ah, I’m not cut out for it... I...”

“Like fuck you are not.” She slapped him across the face, stunning him to silence. “Now listen up, jackass. I’ll make a deal with you. You get back into the Academy, complete your graduation and serve with the force... and I’ll drop all charges.”

“Wow!” He looked at her bemused. “For real?”

“My word as Sergeant Harvey of City PD.” She told him, and then felt awkward making a declaration as a police officer in the nude.

“And how about this here...” he reached out to touch her quivering pussy. “What we had right now?”

“Well, we can always have our private lives.” She smiled, caressing his rising cock.

“Okay, you’ve got yourself a deal, Sarge.” He grinned and twitched his cock for her.

“And no more bank jobs.” She gave the thickening meat an affectionate squeeze.

“That goes without saying.” Landon was rock hard in her hands again.

“It had better, or else I’ll throw the book at you so hard...” She leaned down and kissed the beetroot red cockhead.

“You won’t have to, my goddess.” With a smile on his lips, the young stud leaned back to enjoy the view of her sucking his cock anew. “I’ll do any and every thing for you.”

\* \* \* \* \*



“Damn, Harvey!” Lieutenant Dixon’s voice boomed above the rising cacophony around them. “I wouldn’t have recognized you in a million years if you hadn’t spoken to me now.”

Diana laughed at the surprised and yet admiring look Dixon had on his face. The last six months had been a time for change, a gradual yet much needed change. Everyone there at the annual police ball had the same affectionate look on their faces for her. Never had she worn such an elegant dress before. The midnight blue one piece was demure and yet so revealing. The expensive material clung to her tight body, hugging every curve to full measure. The neck, round cut, but just enough to show the top of her enticing cleavage, the skirt cut away just above her knees, and the sleeves above her elbows decorated with a single line of golden ringed buttons from shoulder to sleeve hem. And then the same design in a perfect line down the enticing curve of her hips along the length of the skirt.

And for the first time in years, Diana was wearing make up. Her shiny chocolate brown hair was cut and set stylishly to soften her high cheek boned face. Her lovely brown eyes embellished by rich dark eye liner and her full lips a deep wine red, she was ready to party.

“Let’s just say, chief, that I’m rediscovering certain things about myself I had kept buried too long.” She was in love and she was happy.

“And it’s never too late, my dear.” Dixon nodded his thick head slowly. “There were times I thought of telling you to let your hair down for a bit, but then... it’s none of my business what you do with your own time.”

“Well, I might have appreciated a little encouragement, but then work was all I was living for ever since I joined force.” She gazed around at the happy faces looking her way. “I’m still going to work just as much, but I’m also taking the time to let my hair down a lot more.”

“Believe me, Diana.” Her boss had a very fatherly smile of affection on his face. “Everyone here at the precinct will adore you the more for it. Every one of us.”

“Thank you, Chief.” She almost let a tear escape. “You guys are the best.”

“No more than you are, my lady.” A youthful voice from behind made her heart leap for joy.

“Yeah, and it’s about time I humanized myself a little more.” Diana said as she linked her arm to the smartly dressed

tall young man's who walked up beside her. "Chief, everyone, meet rookie Rod Landon, fresh out of the academy. I'm taking him under my wing, he's going to learn the ropes here as my new partner... at work and in life."

A loud cheer went up from all the gathered police personnel and Diana felt then that her life couldn't have been more perfect. She had her work and also a life and the two would never clash with each other. With a smile on her face and a throb in her belly, she took her young partner's hand and led him to the dance floor with everyone cheering and clapping all around them.

# Story Twenty Eight

“Kelley Rails.” Someone was calling out her name.

“Yes?” She stood up and peered over her cubicle.

“The chief wants to see you.” The bespectacled woman who called for her replied.

“Mr. Fender?” She looked right at Doris Glenn, the chief editor’s assistant.

“Yes, he is still the chief.” The other woman snorted and walked away.

‘Stupid bitch.’ Kelley fumed and gathered up her purse and cell phone.

The editor-in-chief’s office was at the far end of the expansive workspace more than fifty people in the journal department of the magazine occupied. It was her third month here at ‘Totally Music’ magazine, and the first time for her being asked to meet the boss after her initial interview. She wondered if she was in some kind of trouble. Though the six feature pieces she had written about a few popular music acts had been well received by fans and critics alike.

She waded through the several meters that separated her desk from that of the more elite personnel of this business and knocked on the door that was marked with the bossman's designation. Harold J. Fender had been in this business from before she was born; he knew more about the music industry than she knew about her own life.

“Mr. Fender?” She knocked on the door and peered through the glass view port.

The stocky grey haired man seated inside looked up and beckoned her in. She stepped in and took one of the two seats facing him across his large mahogany desk. A half full cup of coffee, cold and with a few cigarette butts floating in it, a large unkempt sheaf of documents and photographs, an old cell phone and a pack of cigarettes littered the wide, leather covered desktop. The editor-in-chief exhaled a puff of smoke and extinguished the half spent cigarette in the coffee cup. He looked up at her and smiled. Kelley hoped she wouldn't have to stay in there for too long; second hand smoke was almost as bad as smoking.

“Miss Raleigh.” Fender nodded. “You've been with us for... how long? A month now?”

“Three months, sir.” She replied with some apprehension. “And it's Rails.”

“Rails?”

“My name, sir... Rails. Kelley Rails.”

“Ah, yes. Kelley Rails. Sorry about that.” He grinned at her. “Three months, eh? And I must say, the six feature articles you penned... were mighty darn impressive.”

“Oh... I... thank you, sir.” Kelley felt the weight of her anxiety lifting.

“Yes, they were excellent, Miss Rails. Loved them all - great reviews, great sales and even greater response in the online editions.”

“Oh, er... so does that mean I’m going to be full time staff now.”

“Very perceptive of you, Rails.” Fender laughed. “But yes, I think you’ve earned it... or will earn it, after this next assignment.”

“Oh, I’m all up for it, chief.”

“Lucid Razor’s national tour hits our shores this weekend; they’re playing three sold out arenas here in Grasonville.” The editor-in-chief leaned closer. “I’ve got word that our rival publisher is out to do a full feature, cover and all, on the band for their Spring Edition... so we’re going to beat them at it... we’re making the band feature on our Festival Edition, a whole forty days before them. Hoo Aahh!”

“Uh... okay.”

“Okay? It’s more than okay, dear girl.” Fender leaned back, making his well worn chair groan in protest. “They’re the biggest selling act in the hard rock circuit this month... and we’re going to ride that tide before anyone else can.”

“You want me to write an article on them?”

“Not just an article, Rails. The whole she-bang. You’re going to cover their entire Grasonville tour; get exclusive interviews with the band, especially the front man, Ferris Lacer... get everything. We have three weeks, it has to be great.”

“Er, sounds good. But there’s one problem...” Kelley knew she was about to shoot her own foot now, but she was just too uncomfortable with the hard rock scene. “I’m not all that into the hard rock music thing, I mean, I like rock and roll,

but I've never done this whole over-the-top arena rock thing..."

"Well, there's a first time for everything, kid." Fender flicked a cigarette out of the pack and placed it on his lips. "You won't get far in this business, hell in any business, if you pick and choose your way around. You want to make this job stick, you want a career in this field... you go after the best in the business, baby."

"Um, I'm flattered by this opportunity, chief..." She stared uncomfortably at the unlit stick of rolled tobacco in his mouth. "...but isn't this Jack's area of coverage?"

"Yeah, but Foley's been assigned to the Loopy Zoom Music Festival in Antwerp, he'll be back in a month." Her boss told her as he flipped his lighter open. "That's why I need you on this, Raleigh... you're the only one available with the chops to deliver the goods on this. Now get going, drop anything else you're doing and make this your only priority. And did I mention, there's a raise at the end of this... and a reward."

"I... sure thing, Mister Fender." Kelley smiled tightly and stood up. "I'll give it all I got... when you put Kelly Rails on a job, it gets done."

“Atta girl, Rails.”

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“Heavens, Kel! What the hell is that god-awful racket?” Deidre Lee stood before the blaring television with her hands on her sexy hips.

“Hard rock music.” Kelley yawned and shrugged at her blonde roommate.

“Sounds more like a train wreck meets monster trucks showdown.” The younger woman shook her head and reached for the open can of beer beside Kelley’s stack of resource material.

“Yeah, that’s Lucid Razor, and apparently one of the greatest music acts of our times.”

“These old timers.” Deidre laughed. “They look like there’re all fifty and over. Fucking geezers.”

“Yeah, they’ve been around since the early 1990’s”

“Wow! They’re even older than my parents.” The eighteen year old undergrad pointed at the screen. “Except for this guy, the singer... he looks ruggedly cute.”

“Yeah, that’s the front man... Ferris Lacer.” Kelley told her roommate. “I have to do a feature on them.”

“You mean, like, you’re going to meet them and shit.”

“Yes. I’m going to cover all their shows here and also do a few interviews.”

“Well, you gotta be careful.” Deidre stood upright and chewed on her lip. “These rock guys are notorious womanizers... they think every woman in the world wants to sleep with them, the fucking old horndogs.”

“Yeah, I suppose.” Kelley shrugged and fiddled with her phone. “I’m going to the first concert tonight, I have a press pass. You wanna come with me?”

“Really? I can?” Deidre’s blue eyes lit up.

“If you want to.”

“Sure, I mean... I can’t let you risk being around those horny old men all by yourself. Who knows what all could happen.”

“Nothing’s going to happen, Deed.” She laughed and shook her head. “I’m not some giddy fangirl, in fact I don’t even like this kind of music... we’ll just do a few interviews, take a few snaps and it’s done.”

“Sounds like fun.”

An hour was all it took to drive from her place to the football stadium where Lucid Razor was doing the first leg of their Grasonville tour. The place was packed to capacity, and parking would have been a nightmare if not for the press sticker on her car windshield. She eased the little yellow Volvo down the narrow pathway leading to the parking lot reserved for reporters and stadium staff and found a dark corner to park. The back entrance of the place was just five minutes away and that suited her fine.

“So this is what arena rock is all about?” Deidre laughed as she stepped out of the car.

“Yeah, I suppose.” Kelley nodded, feeling a little intimidated by the ominous roar of the crowd coming from inside the stadium. “It’s my first time doing this too.”

“And you’re glad that I came along, eh?” Her roommate linked her arm to hers and they walked down the pathway to the private entrance for staff and reporters.

“More than glad, babe... I owe you.” Kelley gave the younger woman’s arm a squeeze as they approached a rather oversized security guard at the gate.

“Tickets please.” The burly gateman glowered at them.

“We’re Press.” Kelley told the ferocious looking guy. “Kelly Rails, Totally Music Magazine. This is my shooter, Deidre Lee.”

“Hm?” The guy grunted in ape-like fashion as he stared at the press card she held up at his huge face. “You sure don’t look it... wait here, let me call it in.”

Kelley shrugged at her roommate as the guy made his phone call. The sound of the crowd seemed to grow more and more restless as time went by.

“Alright, you check out.” The gatekeeper nodded with a frown. “Could have sworn you two were groupies. Press enclosure is that way, through there and the first right.”

They walked past the sullen man. He was just doing his job, Kelley understood. She knew how some women threw themselves at celebrities, especially rock musicians. And most of these rocker types loved that. But she couldn't really be too sure of that... she hardly knew much about the genre. Maybe these guys, this band, would be different and she could get herself an education about the lives of hard rock musicians, about their dreams, successes and failures. Popular music and Jazz was more her scene; and she would have preferred to cover the latest MTV sensations over ageing and boisterous rockers. But then, as her boss told her, picking and choosing would only keep her where she was, and Kelley had her own ambition to realize, her own heights to scale.

“Look, they're already on stage.” Deidre squealed as they stepped into the press enclosure, right in front of the stage.

“Hm, don't think so...” Kelley peered hard at the six member band making a lot of noise. “There's a girl singing...”

“Are we at the wrong place?” The lithe blonde looked at her wide-eyed.

“No, I think it's the opening act...” Kelley found their seats and settled down. “Most of the famous bands have an opening act or two, usually local bands looking for a break. Let's take some shots and get a feel of the place.”

“Wow! It’ll be fantastic to sing and dance before a crowd like that.” Deidre panned her camera-phone all around the howling crowd behind them. “How many people are out there?”

“This place can accommodate eighty thousand people... and it looks like a full house.”

“Whoa! That’s a lot of bodies out there, Kel... and all of them are here to go wild. Brrrr!”

“Oh, look... I think the main act is coming on,” Kelley peered at the dim area of the wings, noting the crew wearing ‘Lucid Razor’ t-shirts getting the equipment ready. “Keep on clicking, take as many pictures and videos you can.”

The opening act ended their set and left. The crowd’s decibel level kept on rising as the crew of the main act got the stage ready. A deafening roar went up when the band finally took the stage. The burly drummer, the tall laid-back bass player and the two hyperactive guitar players took their places and began to play. Kelley was taken aback by the sheer wall of sound that hit her. This was hard rock, live and reverberating all around the packed arena. The music grew in intensity, the thundering drums, the booming bass and the rabid scream of the distorted electric guitars. And then, like a posturing god of rock and roll, the leanly muscled form of Ferris Lacer rose up

from a trapdoor on the stage. Grabbing the microphone, the handsome ageless rocker began to belt out one of the band's big hits.

“Oh, man... that sound, it's so loud and primal...”  
Deidre shouted above the music and gripped at Kelley's arm.  
“It makes me want to move my body, Oh, Kel... can you feel it... oh, fuck... this is crazy... I think I'm going to love this... this hard rock music.”

Kelley understood exactly what her roommate was talking about. She was experiencing the same thing. The energy that crackled all around her was what made a show like this, not just the music, or the musicians, or even the songs – it was the atmosphere, the charged up ambience, and it was an experience worth taking the effort for. She felt alive, more alive than anything in her life. Listening to this music on a DVD, or watching the band on TV, couldn't be compared to this live performance. It was an entirely other world all together. She watched awestruck as Ferris Lacer crooned his magic, his voice – gruff and harsh, and also rich and melodious - was a strange concoction that made her feel things she could not explain. Something about watching him live in front of her, his posturing, his Rock God act... it left her breathless. She felt drawn to him, and to the music... that otherwise had always given her a headache before. She realized that it was all just a state of mind, and the more she opened her mind to new things, the more enriching her experience would become. And added to all that, Ferris Lacer

being the most handsome and interesting man she had ever seen, made this experience worth thanking all her stars for.

“I know what you mean, Deed.” She shouted back at the blonde. “These guys are awesome... I could totally get into this.”

Barely had she gotten accustomed to the hard, driving force of the music of Lucid Razor, she found herself utterly flabbergasted by their next number. Lacer’s voice was suddenly smooth and soulful, reaching deep into her. The music had a slow, melodious groove to it, despite the distortion effects, and Kelley suddenly felt like she had missed out big time with her prudish attitude towards this genre of music. The powerful rock ballad was moving her more than any love song she had heard before. And then just as she felt her knees would give out, the band set the stage ablaze with their next number, loud and hard enough to rival the volcanoes in Hawaii.

Three hours, twenty songs and several beers later, Kelley still sat thunderstruck on her chair. Deidre sat beside her equally blown away, mechanically taking pictures with her phone. The crowds went on chanting behind them for more, but the crew was already dismantling the equipment. A fat balding man stepped up to them and gave Kelley a wide, gap toothed smile.

“You from Totally Music?” His red face was gleaming with perspiration. “I’m Hank Colby, manager for Lucid Razor.”

“Oh, hi.” Kelley stood up quickly. “I mean, yes... yes... we’re with the magazine... I have an interview to do of the band.”

“Can we go backstage... and meet them?” Deidre sounded like an excited schoolgirl.

“Backstage isn’t a good place to do a magazine feature on the band, Miss.” Colby wiped his wide forehead with a handkerchief. “The band’s moving to the hotel now, why don’t you join us there for the after-party?”

“We can?” Kelley looked around at the chaos in the stadium. “I mean, yes, of course... that’d be so much better.”

“Okay then, I’ll see you there, terrace garden at the Grand.” The fat man nodded and hurried off.

“Oh, boy!” Deidre squealed. “We’re invited to the band’s private party... oh, this is so going to rock.”

“Yeah... but I hope I can get some decent answers and information...”

“Oh, sure... we’ll get a lot more than that...” Her roommate hugged her arms around her own slender body. “When we can get these hot guys all to ourselves in their private hotel suite....”

“Didn’t you call these guys over-the-hill horndogs only this afternoon?” Kelley laughed at her giddy roommate as they hurried out to the parking area. “And you were going to keep me safe from them... or is it now that I have to keep them safe from you?”

“I don’t know what’s happening to me, Kel.” Deidre cried out in a high pitched voice. “The whole thing just did something to me... drinking beer and watching those guys rock, feeling all that aggressive energy... oh, fuck... it’s made me so... so damn horny... so horny for these old geezers.”

“You need a cold shower.” Kelley joked, but deep inside she felt just like Deidre, and being three years older was what allowed her to keep those rather embarrassing feelings in check.

The hotel was an hour away from the concert site and after parking her car in the spot reserved for those invited by

the band, Kelly and her roommate walked into the lobby. The band had booked all the four penthouses in the terrace garden and a full blown wild party was going on as they stepped out of the elevator. Kelley's press card allowed her access past the burly bodyguards and she walked up to where members of the band were having a great time with beers jugs in hand and skimpily clad groupies all over them. Ferris Lacer was the centre of all the attention among the reveling band members, road crew and fans.

“Ah, Totally Music... my favorite magazine.” Lacer looked right at her and clapped his hands as she walked up to the rocker. “Welcome to my world... what can I do for you?”

“Hi, Mister Lacer.” Kelley pushed herself through the crowd towards him and stood before the rocker. She felt his hand slide over the small of her back and he pulled her closer, crushing her against his body. He grinned at her, his breath a mixture of whisky and strawberries.

“Well, so here you are... to make me bare my soul all over the pages of your publication.” His voice was just as mesmerizing as it was on stage.

“I must say I was hoping for the interview to be a little more exclusive.” She didn't struggle against him, strangely feeling at ease by the proximity to him and his touch. “Could we go somewhere private... or less noisy?”

“I know just the place...” The handsome man laughed and nodded at his manager. “If you don’t mind taking a little ride with me.”

“Where are we going?” She asked, staring into those dreamy blue eyes.

“Not too far, and you shouldn’t be worried... after all it’s your city.” Lacer’s grin made strange ripples go fluttering through her belly.

“Uh, sure.” She nodded. “My shooter, Deidre will come...”

“Let her have a good time here.” Lacer said, jerking his head toward the rest of the party. “She’s seems to be really letting her hair down.”

A sudden chill ran down her back. She turned quickly to see Deidre laughing and dancing with a couple of the band members, her arms around their necks and their hands all over her.

“Oh crap!” She couldn’t help being alarmed. “I’ve got to get her out of here.”

“Why? How old is she?”

“Nineteen... almost.”

“She’s her own woman then, Miss Rails.” Lacer shrugged. “And we may be a rowdy looking bunch on stage, but we’re not ruffians or rapists. My band mates will do nothing to her that she doesn’t already want.”

“Oh, that’s what I’m afraid of.” Kelley couldn’t hide the concern in her voice. “She won’t know where to draw the line... she won’t even know...”

“Are you her guardian?” The rocker sounded a bit testy.

“What?” She looked into his eyes. “No, but... I mean...”

“She’ll be safer in here than by herself anywhere else.” Lacer gave her a reassuring smile. “So, are you coming?”

“Huh?” She looked one more time at her carefree roommate. “Oh, sure... okay... let’s go.”

Deidre was a grown woman; she could take care of her own self. Kelley convinced herself as she stepped outside with the rock star through a private exit and to a very exclusive parking area. A row of Harleys were parked near the bands tour bus and trucks, and Lacer straddled one and kicked the engine to life. He jerked his head, signaling her to climb onboard behind him. She took a deep breath and climbed on, feeling the cool smooth leather of the pillion seat on her sensitive skin. She hadn't even dreamt that she would be experiencing the rocker lifestyle this much when she took on the feature assignment on Lucid Razor. But this was great, this way she was going to get the story from the inside out.

The rocker cruised his awesome machine down the wide streets of the city, the cool breeze blowing at their faces. Kelley held on to him tightly as they sped along. She could help feeling the dense hardness of his lean body as she clung to him. It was a pleasant feeling, something she had not at all expected and she hoped that she could keep her focus on the task at hand.

“Here we are...” Lacer drawled as he eased the Harley into the parking lot of the coffee shop before them. “Whenever I’m in Grasonville, I like to spend some quiet time in this place.”

“You come here often?”

“This is the ninth time we’re touring Grasonville. I love it here, and we have a lot of our fans here, most from way back when we started the band; and quite a few new ones too.”

‘And now I am one of them.’ She thought. She could never have believed, not even that morning, that she would ever be tolerating hard rock music let alone becoming a fan of Lucid Razor, one of the hardest rocking bands in the game. Life was so full of surprises, and that, she supposed, was what made it so worth the living.

They found a cozy little corner in the homely coffee shop and the owner, who apparently knew Lacer quite well, served them their beverages and tidbits herself. Kelley took a sip of the delicious concoction and made a mental note of the place. She would have to make this pleasant outlet one of her ‘to go’ places, it was definitely worth it.

“And so, let’s get to work.” Ferris Lacer gave her a wide grin.

“Uh, yeah, sure...” She fumbled around in her little handbag. “That’s why I’m here.”

“You looking for a pen and paper?”

“No, my hand-held recorder.” She grinned and fished out the device. “Okay, let’s begin.”

“What would you like to know first, Miss Rails?”

“What got you into this business... how did it all begin, the journey... and how you got to where you are now and what’s in store for the future.”

“Wow! All that for the first question...” He laughed. “What have we left for the second?”

“Oh! No... I mean, we’ll cover all of that and more as we go along.” She blushed furiously at coming across as over eager.

Lacer laughed. It was a full and natural laugh and she felt more and more at ease with the man. And as he regaled her with adventures of his colorful life, she began to see the man behind the Rock God. The real Ferris Lacer. He spoke of his early years with emotion, just as any person would, and he told her of his hopes and dreams with as much fervor as she had for her own. Kelley felt a deep sense of camaraderie with the man, his drive and ambition inspired her, and a connection started to form between her and the rocker. And the fact that he was so devilishly handsome despite being almost eighteen

years older than she was made the rest of it all the more interesting for her.

Kelley lost track of time as she sat mesmerized, listening to his voice and staring at his emotive expressions. And only when he glanced at his watch and mentioned the time, did she realize how late it had become.

‘Fifty minutes past midnight?’ She screamed inside her head as she suddenly remembered that her roommate was still there at the hotel, probably going crazy.

But then when she looked at her phone, there wasn’t a call or text message, not a tweet even. A cold chill ran down her back and she looked anxiously at Lacer casually sipping his umpteenth cup of coffee. This must be still too early for him, she could tell, as the rocker seemed to be unaffected by the lateness of the hour. She remembered being that way in her teens, but that was just to rebel against her parents more than anything. Now that she was living life on her terms, she could see how being disciplined actually paid off better in the long run.

“You got all that on tape, my dear?” Lacer’s smooth voice drifted into her thoughts.

“Uh, yeah... sure.” She said with nervous laugh. “It’s all on digital media, and backed up in the cloud.”

“Ah, yeah... the new age tech of today.” The rocker laughed. “Made the world so much better, and also so much smaller and impersonal.”

“Yeah, it sure has.” She looked around the café apprehensively; it was mostly empty by then, just a few late nighters still lounging around.

“It must be way past bedtime,” Lacer laughed again. “For you and that pretty birdie you flew in with.”

“Uhhm, yes, it kind of is...” She hoped he would decide they should leave now. “And I’m worried about Deidre... that she would end up doing something regrettable.”

“Don’t worry about her, Miss Rails.” The rocker stood up. “She’s never been safer... but let’s put your mind at ease nevertheless.”

“Thank you!” She rocketed to her feet. “For everything, Mister Lacer.”

“I’d love to do this again sometime.” He said as he held the door for her. “Will you be down at our next gig in Westside Arena tomorrow?”

“Yes, I will...” She nodded and stepped outside. “I mean, I have to... it’s my assignment.”

“Way cool.” Lacer nodded and kicked his Harley’s engine to life.

The ride back to the hotel was a quiet one. She had nothing more to talk about, getting back home with Deidre was all she could think of, even though images of Ferris Lacer kept on intruding into her thoughts. As they stepped out of the elevator and into the terrace garden, the sound of muted laughter and toned down music reached her ears. Deidre was the only thought in her mind as she rushed into the gathering.

The crowds had gone and most of the crew as well. Only the band members and a handful of their friends were sitting around, drinking and smoking. And there, fast asleep with a wide smile on her pretty face was Deidre, her arms wrapped around a huge, furry stuffed teddy bear.

“What happened to her?” Kelley almost demanded. “Did anyone...”

“She had one too many to drink.” The chunky frame of Hank Colby walked up. “Been asleep for four hours now.”

“And nothing else happened?” She looked around at the other men and women, and then back at Lacer.

“Told you so.” Ferris Lacer said with a smirk. “Now come on, let’s get her into your car and bid you goodnight.”

The two burly bodyguards left after her roommate was tenderly tucked into the back seat of Kelley’s little Volvo. Lacer stood by the door, smiling at her.

“I... well, thank you again, Mister Lacer.” She said, staring into his blue eyes. “We really had a great time.”

“So did I... it was wonderful spending time with you, Miss Rails.” He grinned and leaned in closer to her. “And I hope to see you again tomorrow... there’s still a few more pages I can add to your story.”

“Uhhm, yes... I’d love to be there... tomorrow.” She said and leaned back against the car as his face came to touching distance with hers. “For the rest of the story...”

She could feel his warm breath on her lips; his eyes seemed to burn into hers. She opened her mouth; a strange and intense need welled up inside her. Then she felt it, the torturous brush of his lips against hers, the moist heat from it covering her own. She closed her eyes, sighing deeply, longing desperately for more, almost praying for his tongue to slide into her mouth.

“Till tomorrow then.” She heard him say and opened her eyes wide.

He was backing away, smiling and waving at her as she stood motionless for a few seconds. She shook her head and felt slightly embarrassed. Was that all it was, a little goodbye peck. Did she read too much into it? Was she so enamored with the man, that even a simple social gesture was being misconstrued inside her head? Damn it, girl. She reprimanded herself. This is just a job and he’s the mark. Waving quickly back, Kelley got into her car, shut the door and pulled out of the parking.

\* \* \* \* \*



Sleep, if she had gotten any that night, Kelley couldn't really tell. Ferris Lacer had taken up a permanent residence in her thoughts and her dreams. No matter what she tried, she couldn't bring herself to settle into a calm state of mind. Frustrated more than she ever was in her life, she got out of bed and walked into the bathroom. She passed Deidre's room and a pang of envy coursed through her at the sight of the blonde blissfully asleep on her bed.

Kelley ripped off her slip and stepped naked under the warm relaxing shower. The droplets of water cascading down her feverish body felt really, really good. She relished the sensation, and then had to suppress a curse as thoughts of how Lacer's kisses would feel all over her body sent shivers through her. She couldn't help herself, all thoughts of the man led to only one thing – sexual gratification. She had never felt this way with anyone before, not even her favorite celebrities of the music she was a fan of. In fact, now all of her past favorites paled in comparison to the charismatic Rock God persona of Ferris Lacer.

“Damn, get a grip, girl!” She screamed at her reflection in the mirror.

‘Don't mind if I do.’ Her conscience told her, sounding so much like the smooth, velvet, whiskey soaked voice of

Ferris Lacer.

“No!” She whispered. “No!”

‘Yes! Yes!’ Her conscience insisted.

She stared at her naked body, wet and glistening, looking oh so irresistible. What would Ferris Lacer do if he saw her like this? Would he caress her body, would he tenderly take her in his arms and love her, or would he grab a hold of her and roughly assert his machismo all over her. Oh, how she longed for the latter... how she wanted to be taken by him, in the most debauched ways possible.

A wonderful sensation coursed through her and then intensified, making her knees tremble as she leaned back and slid down the wall. That sensation was all too familiar, and much more powerful than she could remember. She realized she was having an orgasm, a very strong one. In her lust clouded mind she had absently let her hands bring her to a climax that rocked her entire body. Oh, how she wished it was Ferris Lacer who was doing the rocking, instead of her hands.

When she finally got out of the shower and managed to stumble back to her room, it was an hour past noon. She had a lot of work to do. Calibrating all the information she had collected the night before and processing them into coherent

and interesting material, and also sorting through all the pictures Deidre had taken. Damn, how could she have done this to herself?

“I am a professional.” She gritted her teeth and held her head in her hands. “Not some scatterbrained fangirl, for chrisakes!”

She would be meeting Ferris again later that evening, and the thought both thrilled and terrified her at the same time. What if she couldn't control herself? Would he take advantage of her? Would he even give a fuck if he knew how she felt? He had a bevy of skimpily clad groupies at his beck and call. A demure professional journalist like her would probably be the last thing on his bed list. With that thought she managed to bring her mind at peace and focus on her work. A full time position and a raise with a reward, all that depended in it.

It was almost eight when she walked into the West Side Arena stadium from the private press entrance. She was alone; Deidre being still zoned out from her experience of the night before. And Kelley felt better that she was by herself, and not distracted by her concern for another person, especially

younger, with her. She looked absolutely gorgeous in her crisp white blouse, tight black skirt and her hair done up in a very businesslike style. She didn't want to feel as awkward as she had the day before, though the time she spent with Ferris Lacer at the coffee shop was definitely something to remember forever. He wanted to see her again, he had said, and she wanted the same. But her work came first.

The show was well into its halfway stage by the time she walked down the passageway leading to the press box. The crowds were howling mad just like the night before but there seemed to be a lull in the music as she made her way in. Maybe the band was between sets, she figured. As she turned toward the press box, she spotted Lacer. He was talking to some of the other reporters even as a warm up act was taking the stage. He looked her way and a wide smile creased his handsome face. He shook the other reporters' hands and hurriedly walked over to where she stood. She smiled at him, her heartbeat picking up with every step he took toward her.

"I was afraid you weren't coming." He said and held out his hand to her.

"Oh, no... it's Deidre, she wasn't so well." Kelley lied. It was her own jitters that kept her indecisive till the last minute. By then she was already an hour late for the show. "I had to take care of her before leaving."

“How is the dear girl?” He seemed to have genuine concern in his dreamy voice.

“Oh, she’s fine. Nothing to worry...” She began but he grabbed her hand and led her away back down the way she had come.

“Good, good!” He said, ushering her quickly down the darkened backstage area. “Now come, this local act has a half hour set... we can get the rest of the interview done in one of the dressing rooms.”

“Oh, I thought we’d do it after the show...”

“Not tonight.” He said and pushed open a door to a small room. “The show’s on till after midnight.”

“Oh, fine then... so, what are we going to talk about?” She stepped into the room after him. It was a small room, and a bit dimly lit. There wasn’t a dressing table there at all. Instead the only furnishing in there was a large leather couch. A sudden sense of excitement mingled with fear coursed through her at the realization of why he had brought her into that private little room.

“We’re going to talk about us, Miss Rails.” He said in his sexy crooner voice. “We’re also going to do a little more

than just talking, but that is only if you want to.”

She stared at him dumbly, her mind and body at odds and ends. Was she reading him right this time? Did she really misread him last night at all? It didn't seem like so now. His intention was clear in his deep blue eyes and she wanted nothing other than what he was suggesting.

“Well...” He said in a low tone. “Do you want to?”

Her eyes went wider still and she exhaled deeply, and then nodded her assent.

Lacer pushed her back to the wall and closed the door behind him. He looked at her with a devilish smirk on his ruggedly handsome face. She stared back at him breathlessly, her heart beating fast enough come jumping out of her chest. Even if she tried Kelley knew she wouldn't be able to resist him anymore. Her belly clenched hard as anticipation made her skin tingle all over. She couldn't wait for him to make the first move; instead she pushed him down onto the couch and slipped over onto his lap. Her lips found his and their tongues snaked into each other's welcoming mouths. She gasped as she tasted strawberry and whisky on his lips, making her head spin even more.

The Rock Star gently placed his hands on her head, kissing her with passion all over her face and her neck, all the time whispering how he had been awake all night thinking only about her and longing to do this. She could have told him the same thing, but didn't want to ruin it for herself; it was quite flattering to know that a celebrity like Ferris Lacer desired her as much as she did him. This was something more than special to her and she returned his passion with as much fervor as him.

Kelley let herself go completely; feeling safe and relaxed in the rocker's experienced arms. He was really taking his time with her, making her feel at ease as he gently played with her hair and kissed her lips, her chin and even her nose. She loved every bit of it, but she wanted him to take the next step forward and drew his hand to her full breast. She stared shamelessly into his eyes, urging him to do whatever he wanted to her. He obliged with a suave grin and began caressing the soft globe over her blouse. He squeezed the yielding flesh delicately, teasing the hardened nipple and making her moan out loud.

“Come on, Ferris.” She breathed huskily into his face. “Go all Rock Star on me. Make me feel as hot as I do when I watch you rocking on stage.”

“That Ferris Lacer is not the one you have now, baby.” He whispered seductively. “This Ferris Lacer is the tender and loving one that only a special woman deserves.”

She bit her lip and watched him push up her blouse. His hands slipped under the crisp material, cupping her breasts over her bra. She reached back and unclasped the hook, setting the soft globes free for him. The rocker peeled off her blouse and bra as his talented hands went to work on her aching breasts and erect nipples. He fondled her naked breasts and belly, slowly, setting her skin on fire as he worked his way down to the wetness spreading between her thighs. She gasped, hugging his neck and parted her legs for him to hitch up her tight skirt. She felt thankful she had chosen the sexy black skirt over her jeans that evening as his large hand slipped under the tight fit. Lacer's talented fingers tugged at her panties, pulling it to one side. She moved her hips, allowing him to slip a finger inside her. A shuddering gasp escaped her lips as he then added two more fingers to join the one inside her vaginal furrow. He knew his way around really well down that path as his experienced fingers teased her swollen lips and tortured her throbbing clitoris. She moaned out loud, calling his name and pushing her hips up and down over his probing hand.

“Oh, Ferris... you're making me so hot for you, baby.” She whimpered as his fingers pinched her sensitive clitoris, sending a wave of pleasure through her.

His fingers slipped in deeper into her wetness and he wiggled them inside, making her gasp and hug his neck. She whimpered into his ear, nibbling at the succulent lobe. She

heard the distinct sound on his pants unzipping and looked down. Standing up straight, peeking up at her with its one angry eye was his full blown erection. Her eyes went wide at the size and thickness of it. Ten inches of rock hard meat for sure, and though she had experienced big ones before, none of them was anywhere near this thick. She could barely get her fingers around the girth as she took a grip, bracing herself for the hardest rocking ride of her life.

“Looks like you want something more substantial than these three fingers in you, ‘ey?” He sang into her ear, his rich and throaty voice making her knees go weak.

“Yes, Ferris.” She almost wept. “I want that beautiful meat inside me... I want it so bad.”

“Your every wish, my love, is my command.” He whispered and kissed her cheek. “Ferris Lacer is going to rock your world.”

“Yes! Yes! Oh, Yes!” She all but screamed.

His strong arms lifted her up and Kelley moved her hips, rising up over his lap to have him guide his stout cock into her hot and dripping pussy. His awesome fingers did a great job making her ready for the outrageous organ, but then she had been wet for him ever since she left the show the night

before. She closed her eyes and sighed, arching her back as she felt every bit of the thick roll of meat being pushed into her, filling her up, stretching her to the limit. This was an experience she had never expected in her wildest dreams and she more than wanted to live every second of it.

She felt a thrill rush through her body as his barrel of a cock stretched her pussy wide, throbbing wildly inside her. Her senses went into overdrive as her body felt more alive than ever. Sensual impulses she had never known with anyone else came to life, blossomed and exploded inside her. She clenched her belly hard, tightening her grip on his pulsing cock with her hungering pussy. His groans of pleasure told her that her older lover was enjoying this as much as she was. Lacer kissed her lips and her chin as she straddled him, bouncing hard up and down on his monumental erection. His hands gripping her ass felt so good, his talented fingers squeezing and digging in hard heightened her pleasure further.

“Oh, Ferris... oh, baby...” She moaned, grasping at his dark locks of hair and trailing her fingers over his bristled jawline. “Oh, baby... this is so... so fucking good.”

“I love you, baby. I’m in love with you.” Lacer looked passionately into her feverish eyes, “I mean it, Kelley... I mean it more than anything ever. I want you for ever and ever, baby... you are mine, never going to let you go.”

“Ohhh, Ferris.” She shut her eyes tight, her mind lost in the throes of ecstasy. “Shut the fuck up... and keep fucking me... oh, fuck me... oh, god, yes!”

The Rock Star thrust his hips upward with intensity, escalating the rhythm up a few notches as her tight young body bounced wildly on his lap. She felt his cock thicken even more, if that was even possible. It pushed outward against her tightness, making her feel bloated and full. The sensation sent waves of electricity running through her, making her cry out and yank his face down over her breasts. She arched her back, grinding her hips harder against him as she mashed her breasts over his gasping face.

Her orgasm left her breathless, coming in intense waves she had never before experienced. Her young body shuddered with ecstatic release and she clung to him for dear life, burying his face between her heaving breasts. Her hot juices gushed all over Lacer’s hard cock, triggering his orgasm. Groaning out loud, his voice deep and guttural, he called out her name and as his load erupted into her. Dizzied by the force of his detonation deep inside her, she saw stars of every color and brightness. Lightheaded and lost in ecstatic bliss, Kelley giggled hysterically into his rising kiss.

“Oh, yeah, baby.” Lacer panted into her face. “Ferris Lacer’s done it again... another great performance.”

“Best one ever.” Kelley slurred drunkenly as he nibbled her ear.

“That was just the show opener, babe.” Lacer kept kissing her face. “This rocker’s got a lot more numbers to play on you...”

“But you’ve got an arena full of fans waiting for you outside.”

“A minor detail, baby.” He said as he stood up and stuffed his cock back into his pants. “A few hours, and after that... you’re not going to be a writer for a music lifestyle anymore... you’re going to live it.”

Kelley couldn’t help feeling overwhelmed. Not only had Hard Rock music made her change her views on the music of her choice, it had changed her life altogether. She watched him slip out of the door, ready to go out and rock the stage. Could it be true? Did he really mean it when he said that he would never let her go? Why would he not? She could feel that there was certainly more than just a sexual connection there between them. She was sure of it.

Adjusting her clothes and patting her hair back into place, she slipped out of the little corner room and silently made her way around the back of the stage. It felt exciting

walking with a fresh load of hot cum inside her, some of it trickling down her legs. Kelly just loved it. It was the best experience of her life and something told her that it wouldn't be the only one.

She took her place in the wings as the band's explosive act took centre stage. She felt strange now, staring at Ferris Lacer perform. He wasn't just some rocker now doing his thing on stage. He was someone she knew intimately. He was her lover, her friend and possibly even more. A sense of pride filled her heart as she watched him get into his posturing Rock God persona. Her pussy tingled, filling her with renewed lust for him, even with his love juice sloshing inside her.

“...and now, Grasonville, a new song I wrote just last night... inspired by a special someone I found right here in your own city.” Ferris Lacer announced to the baying crowds. “A song about falling in love when you least expect it.”

Kelley felt a sudden chill descend all over her. What was he talking about? He couldn't be talking about them. He just couldn't. Did he write a song about her, about them ... staying up all of the night before? But how could he know she would... she would be... feeling the same way. But he would, wouldn't he? He had a whole world more of experience with life than she did. But oh, how she wished he wasn't talking about them, and how she also wished that he was.

“But before we play this new song for you...” The Rock Star yelled into his microphone. “I present the special someone that inspired me to write it. Please... put your hands together now, for one of your own, Grasonville, and welcome to the stage... the talented and wonderful Miss Kelley Rails.”

A deafening roar erupted from the over seventy thousand crowd and Kelley felt a lump form in her throat. Was this what he meant when Lacer said he would change her world, from writing about music to living it? She looked at him from the wings holding out his hand to her, his eyes shining as he smiled warmly. She shivered and took the first bold step into the strobe lit stage. A sense of otherworldliness came over her as she took her lover’s hand. He drew her closer to him and kissed her in front of the capacity crowd of the football stadium.

A sense of wonder filled her heart as he held on to her and the band began to play the opening bars of what sounded like another powerful rock ballad. And this one was about them, about Ferris and her. About her. She looked at Lacer as he began to sing; finally comprehending what it felt like to be in the limelight. It was a most exhilarating feeling, one she could certainly get accustomed to.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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tales...**

## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renown naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Twenty Nine

“Are those the new arrivals?” She heard the stern voice of Estelle Hamby ask her from behind.

Turning to look at the head librarian, Doris almost dropped the stack of new books she was carrying. “Yes, Miss Hamby... they came in an hour ago.”

“Ah, lovely.” Hamby’s keen eyes stared at the neat stack of books that Doris was arranging. “And did they send everything on our list?”

“Except for the new Nesmir Christie book, they did.”

“Darn it, that book is the one we need to boost our new membership drive.” Her boss sounded aggrieved.

“We did get the new books by Devlin Geris and John Rood.” She held up a copy each of the two writers whom she considered among the best in the business.

“Hm, I suppose those will have to do.” Hamby shrugged indifferently.

“We could get them to do a reading here at the library...” Doris looked at her boss expectantly. “Or at least one of them, John Rood maybe...”

“If we could afford that, we needn’t be doing this membership drive.” The head librarian snorted and removed her horn rimmed eyeglasses. “I’ll tell you honestly, Doris... if we don’t boost our membership by the end of the year, we may have to close down, or worse let the State take over this library.”

“Oh, I didn’t think it was that bad, Miss Hamby.” Her shoulders slumped resignedly.

“Hm, that’s why you’re just an assistant librarian.” The older woman gave her a curt smile and turned to leave. “Well, I won’t keep you – have these new books catalogued and shelved, I’ve got a business lunch across town. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

With that Estelle Hamby walked away briskly. Doris watched her go and sighed deeply. Hamby was right, if she had an ounce of ambition, she’d have been a senior staff member by now. But then, Doris didn’t really have the instinct to be a winner. She was happy and contented to curl up in the shadows with a good book rather than go out and stake herself a claim in life. Twelve years was much too long to remain an assistant librarian. That was the first and last promotion she

had, from intern at the library to assistant librarian, almost ten years ago. Nothing else had changed apart from the designation. She was doing the same things she had done ever since she found employment there at the Morgana Freestone Library. And at thirty one, she felt too settled and secure to try other things.

But then the library closing down was something beyond serious for her. Twelve years as an assistant anything was not going to look good on her resume, if it ever came to finding a new job. There had to be some way for her to work this out, though mostly she convinced herself that it wouldn't really come to that. Membership would pick up again and everything would be as they were ever since she discovered the joy of reading right there at the Morgana Freestone Lending Library twenty three years ago.

“Doris Weston?” A deep voice made her jump.

“Er, yes?” She looked up at the tall man in uniform standing before the counter.

“Good morning.” The man said softly. “I have a package delivery for you.”

“Uh, yes... sure.” She looked around carefully to see if anyone else was watching.

“Sign here and here please.” The messenger told her as he handed over a small package to her.

She signed and quickly stuffed the package into her handbag. It was something she had recently been indulging herself with. Reading material of a different sort, something a demure and reserved woman like her shouldn't be caught dead with. Having the mail ordered books delivered there at the library instead of at her apartment building was the only way she could get them. This was the third book from a series she had found very interesting and she couldn't wait for it to be four o'clock and get home.

Afternoons were fairly dull and quiet in the library with its dwindling membership, and Doris almost gave in to the temptation of undoing the package and taking a sneak peek. But she controlled herself; it would be time to leave soon. Hamby wouldn't be back until the next day, and the other librarians usually left a half hour before time, leaving her, the humble assistant, to do the closing up. Well, today she would close up as soon as they left and be home before four.

An hour later, Doris was home. She looked at her wristwatch and smiled. Four in the afternoon, just as she had planned. She had done something ambitious for a change.

Maybe this was a start, and she should be doing it more often. Well, now it was time to do something even more audacious than leaving work early.

She took the small package out of the handbag and tore open the wrapping. The little book she unveiled made her hands shake and her lips quiver with excitement and anticipation. 'The Further Forbidden Escapades of Fanny Firth' typed in bold on the cover sent a few shivers down her back and a pleasant throb between her thighs. Doris couldn't wait; she dropped down on her bed and opened the book with breathless exhilaration.

*'So there I was again, wondering how it was that this kept on happening to me. Was there a magnetic convergence all around me, attracting all the things that were always so scandalous and wayward? But then it did aptly suit my character, as you well know by now.'*

Doris licked her lips as she read the racy narration. If this book was as good as its two predecessors, she was in for another night of her life. She turned the page and took a deep breath.

*'He said he was a Prince of some exotic country in Eastern Europe, and it was his eighteenth birthday. A day when he becomes a man, and that this was his birthday present from his uncle, the king. I believed every word he said, and he*

*sure looked the part. The private villa, the cars, the servants, the extravagance and best of all, him, it all added up, and I was a girl who was prone to finding myself in such situations. And I have nothing to complain.*

*'We headed for to his private bedroom after a few drinks at the private bar by the private pool where we had danced to hauntingly slow music played by a very private band. Once inside his bedroom, he grabbed a hold of me and his inexperienced exploring hands were all over me. But he was gentle and his touch was quite tentative... and I had to believe that I was the first ever woman he was experiencing. He was quite shy and said a very few words, if at all. The young man was cautious and didn't seem to want to cause me offense. I found that laughable but I did admire his well-mannered restraint.*

*'But I am neither well mannered nor in need of restraint, and so I took charge. And he let me. I pushed him down onto the lavish four poster bed and slowly did a striptease while I straddled his bulging crotch. The look on his young face was priceless. He looked like he was ready to do anything I said at that moment. His hungering eyes followed every move I made. I was down to my stringy bra and tiny panties when I heard his throaty groan; he couldn't keep his cock inside his tight pants any longer. It had to be rock hard and hurting like hell.'*

Doris swallowed hard as the words formed delectable images inside her mind. She imagined herself in place of the heroine, Fanny Firth, and a wonderful sensation coursed through her body. She could sense her nipples rising and her belly felt quite pleasantly strange.

*'He gave me a look of pleading and I smiled my approval. His pants were off in a flash, precum stained boxers and all, and his virile young cock jutted up like a rock hard truncheon. Oh, what a sight, what a specimen of manhood. I just had to get that piece of meat in me. Not wasting another second, I stripped off my silky underwear and climbed back on top of him, naked. His breath came in exulted gasps and I was anxious that he'd end up cumming even before I laid my hand on his monumental love tool.*

*'His young cock throbbed wildly and I could almost hear its hum. I leaned over his face with my naked breasts swaying in front of his widened eyes. He had the befuddled look of a five year old in a candy store on his handsome face. I guided his hands to touch my titties and play with them. He was surprising good with his hands for a virgin and his willing mouth sucked on my stiff nipples hungrily. I took his hard cock in my hand, feeling sure it would burst if I stroked it. It was so hard and warm and the sexy sensation of the thick veins all around it pulsing drove me on.*

Doris gasped and almost dropped the book. The colorful descriptions filled her mind with images of a man's

erect penis. Having no experience whatsoever in such matters, she could only fantasize what it would feel to have a man's naked hardness in her hand. She licked her lips and focused back on the text, her free hand absently creeping toward the quivering warmth between her thighs.

*'He groaned and his breath got quicker. I grabbed one of his hands off my breast and placed it between my thighs. His virgin fingers groped around my wet pussy, and I guided them to find the slit. His fingers slid inside and he felt a woman's warm moistness for the first time in his regal life. He gasped and moaned, making me really horny and his hard cock was tempting me beyond control. I lowered my face over his groin to get a taste of that fabulous royal meatstick.*

*'I pushed him down onto his back and lowered my face over his unyielding cock. His pre-cum spilled out over my hand, it felt so damn good. I licked it off my fingers and then slurped my tongue over his trembling shaft. He almost cried out when I took the entire cock head into my mouth. I felt his firm stomach muscles tighten further, and I knew he could not hold back any longer.*

*'His hot cum exploded inside my mouth making me gag, but his man sauce was so delicious. I sucked him like a possessed woman to get all of it. He probably hadn't jerked off in some time, if he ever did it. His young virile seed was endless, gallons of high quality royal protein that sure made my night.*

“Oh, god... ooohhhh!” Doris moaned and put the book down. Her left hand had three fingers pushed inside her pussy from the side of her panties. She closed her eyes and shivered, imaging everything she was reading. Picking the book up again, she sighed deeply and resumed.

*‘A release like that also got the top off and made him ready for the real adventure I had in store for him. I drained the last of his load and climbed back up his body until my wet pussy hovered over his face. He looked up and began licking me like a dog. It felt so damn good and I let him go on for a while. It gave him the time to get hard all over again. He was going to give me as good an orgasm I had given him.*

*‘I was good and ready from all his slobbering for his big fat virgin cock. I fell back on the bed and spread my legs out wide for him. He climbed on top and stuck his throbbing meatstick at my yawning entrance. I took him in my hand and guided it into my aching love hole. His foot long cock filled me up completely. He was rather big for his age and I sure wasn’t going to let any of it go to waste. I encouraged him, purring dirty words and making lewd gestures, exciting him like he had never been before. He pounded his hips against mine like a young bull in heat. He made me come hard three times before he shot another huge load inside me. Oh God, I do so love younger men.’*

Doris shifted on the bed to spread her legs wider; three fingers of her left hand slipping in and out of her pussy. “Oh, god. I so need to have an orgasm right now... Oh, I can’t help it. These stories sound so realistic... so very vivid, oh, if only I could... if only...”

She turned the page with her right hand as her left pushed deeper into her wetness. She didn’t know why she had this sudden craving for sexual gratification. After all these years of dormancy and self imposed suppression, was her body fighting back? Was she going to turn into some kind of frustrated, sexually hungry addict of such smutty fare?

The sudden chime of her doorbell made Doris jump. The chill running through her almost made her numb with fright. Hurriedly, she smoothed down her skirt and put the naughty book away. She looked at the time, it was six in the evening already. It had to be her next door neighbor and friend, Jessica Laine, a cute, twenty seven year old airline flight attendant, back from work as usual.

“Hi, Dory.” Jessica’s cheerful voice helped settle her nerves as she opened the door. “Say, you look a little flustered, are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine.” Doris forced a smile. “And how was your day, Jess?”

“Same old. Fly to one state in the morning and fly back in the evening.” The pretty blonde flashed a set of perfect pearly whites at her.

Doris couldn't help feeling a little envious of this young vivacious beauty living next door to her. She had known her ever since she moved in, about seven years ago. Jessica claimed she worked for a private airline, and often had odd and long work hours. She also seemed to have a lot of money and a very expensive taste in clothes and accessories. Blonde, blue eyed and full figured, the younger woman was also very free with the opposite sex, for as far as Doris could remember, she had never seen Jessica date the same man twice.

“So you must be very tired then.” She said softly, hoping that her neighbor would turn in early and leave her to her special book.

“Heck, not at all.” Jessica smiled and pushed her way inside. “I got a bonus and I want to celebrate with my lonely neighbor lady.”

“Oh!” Doris stepped back to let her in. “Well, congratulations... how are we celebrating.”

“With these.” The blonde held up a large bottle of California Red, a small wheel of Swiss cheese and a box of assorted dried fruits and nuts.

“Ohmigod!” Doris gasped at the exorbitant sight. “All this must have cost... Jesus! How much was your bonus?”

“Many times more than this, babe.” Jessica kicked off her shoes and took a seat, “Come on, break out some cups, let’s party.”

Half an hour later, and several cups of the rich red wine, the gossip and laughter ebbed for a little. The two women sat in silence, staring at the ceiling.

“You know what?” Jessica broke the silence. “I’ve often wondered about you, Dory. I mean, I’ve never seen you with anyone... don’t you ever go on dates?”

It was none of her business, but Jess was the only friend she had. Doris exhaled deeply and a nervous laugh escaped her lips. “I... I can’t seem to get comfortable when I’m close to them... to men, at any time.”

“Why is that?”

“Uh, I don’t...” Doris felt petrified even to think of an explanation for her strange affliction.

“Did something happen...” Jessica leaned closer with concern in her pretty blue eyes. “Were you abused when...?”

“Oh, no...” Doris raised her hands and shook her head vigorously. “No! Nothing like that.”

“So what then?” The blonde looked confused.

“Let’s just say, I’m strange that way.” Doris laughed nervously and wrung her hands. “When I am close to a man, just standing or sitting near one... I kind of freak out... but...”

“Geez, Dory!” Jessica threw up her hands. “That’s insane... you can’t live this way. It’s all in your mind then... and you need to get mind over matter.”

“Yeah, I know that.” Doris stared at her feet. “Well, I’m older now and I know a lot more about the world... so I think...”

“No, you know nothing about the world, woman.” Her neighbor reached over and grasped her upper arm. “You can’t

get to know about anything by just reading about it... you have to experience it first hand.”

“I don’t know... I think I’m pretty comfortable...”

“No, you’re not.” Jessica put pressure on her grip. “I’ve heard you, Dory... I’ve heard you sobbing in the night... I’ve even heard you getting yourself off.”

“Ohmigod!” Doris jerked back as if she had touched a live wire. “How did you do that?”

“Sound waves travel farther at night, and when I came home late on Tuesday night, I could hear your whimpers from across the wall, and then again last Saturday evening... you need a man, lovey... you need a man real bad.”

Doris swallowed hard and looked away. Those two were the exact nights when she was reading the first and second books of Fanny Firth’s *Forbidden Escapades*. She hadn’t realized that drowning herself into those racy yarns would make her lose sense of her surroundings. There was no point denying that now, she was a lousy liar anyway.

“I... well, yes... I will admit to that, Jess.” She took a deep breath and looked the younger woman in the eye. “Lately

I've been having these strange longings, these sinful needs that I never had before."

"Those are neither strange nor sinful, Dory." The younger, yet more experienced, woman shook her head. "Those feelings are natural, and every living thing has them. Every woman and every man. It's the nature of life, and if you're not living naturally, you're not living at all."

"Oh, but what the heck am I going to do?" She wrung her hands even harder. "I don't know the first thing about dating, Jess."

"Listen." The younger woman said assertively. "I've had this idea for some time. Since I had a fair inkling of your problem. You will need to break into this easy."

"Uh, I'm not sure how... but I'm listening."

"Great. Willingness is the first hurdle to achieving anything." Jessica smiled at her warmly. "Hear me out completely before saying anything. First off, I don't really work for an airline at all. I've been working for a professional escort company. The airlines job is a front."

Doris' eyes went wide and she gasped but she didn't say anything.

“Yes, a front.” Her young neighbor nodded. “And this isn’t any kind of run-of-the-mill easy lay escort service, no. This is an exclusive, high end undertaking catering only to a specific class of clientele, billionaires and multi-millionaires, the top of the line end of business.”

Doris stared at her in silence, taking a large gulp of wine.

“And the first rule of this escort service, one that’s respected by both sides, is that it’s a strictly no-intimacy deal. None at all. We are not whores. We are just trophies for the client to show off when he attends all of his numerous gala balls, ship launchings and sports events.”

“There’s no sex... at all.” Doris finally squeaked.

“None.” Jessica shook her head. “And that’s why it’s the best way to break the ice for you.”

“Huh? But... I’m nothing like you.” Doris was completely floored by what her lovely young neighbor was suggesting. “I mean, you’re young and beautiful... and so sexy. Men will want to be with you... but me, I’m just an old maid.”

“Yes, you are.” Jessica smirked disdainfully. “In your clouded mind. But your body says different, and in this business, your body trumps your mind.”

“But I’ve never...”

“Leave it to me, Dory.” Jessica was all sweet and syrupy again. “You are long overdue for a life worth living. And you can make an easy ten grand a night doing this.”

“T-t-ten thous-s-sand?” Doris was stunned. No wonder Jessica always had such expensive things.

“Yes, Dory. That’s the standard fee for each gig.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Try as hard as she might, Doris couldn't recognize the woman looking back at her in the mirror. She hadn't in her wildest dreams ever envisioned that she could look the way she did. Her reddish russet hair was beautifully set in tumbling waves and sparkled in the bright light. Her face was a glow with vivacity and her green eyes had never looked more mystifying and mesmerizing. Her finger and toe nails were elegantly manicured and polished. And the dress she was wearing was out of this world. She had only seen pictures of such fabulous dresses before, designed by Lauren St. Venire. The price of the dress could get her a year's subscription of books.

The glittering Burgundy Red of the evening gown clung to her body and delineated every curve. Precious stones sewn onto the fabric gave it a heavenly appeal, and it was a perfect fit too, as if they had custom made it for her. She blushed at the low cut neckline and was in awe at the soft globes of her enticing cleavage against the dark cloth. Doris couldn't believe that she could ever look this sexy. The exotic dress was like a second skin and her body had never felt this young and beautiful ever in her life. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the reflection in the mirror did not change. It was still herself she as looking at.

“You look wonderful, Dory.” Jessica patted her lower back and ushered her toward the Limo waiting for them. “Now go and have a perfect evening. Your client’s name is John Rood.”

John Rood! All color left her face. It couldn’t be the John Rood. The writer whose work she was such a fan of. She felt her knees tremble and stood rooted to the spot.

“Uh... are you sure?” She managed to stutter at her neighbor.

“Yes, I did tell you our clients are only multi-millionaires and over.” Jessica gave her an annoyed look. “Now go and have a good time... and remember; no intimacy at all.”

“Uh, yes... I will...” She mumbled, wishing she could just rush back home and hide there. “And who are you with?”

“Oh, I’m free tonight.” The blonde smiled. “Rood was my mark, but I want to do this for you.”

“You mean, you’re giving up a day’s work... for me?”

“Ah, don’t worry about it.” Jessica waved at the Limousine chauffeur. “This Rood guy’s a bigwig writer and he’s going to attend some gala publication event. Too boring for me... but you’ll love it, being all bookish yourself.”

“Uh, sure... I mean, I love books... and writers.” Doris had her heart in her mouth as the black car came ever closer. “But what are you going to do all evening?”

“I’ve got a date with a rock star, and here he comes now.” Her friend pointed at a Harley cruising down from the other side. “See you, Dory... have fun.”

She watched the blonde hop onto the pillion seat of the noisy motorcycle and ride off with her rather wild looking date. Her attention turned back to the Limousine as it parked before her and the chauffeur stepped out.

“Miss Doris Weston?” The tall man in the sharp uniform of a Limousine driver doffed his hat at her.

“Um, yes.” She nodded nervously.

“I am Norbert; I will be driving you to the New Arcadia Academy Annual Ball, for Mister Rood.” He held the door open for her.

She bit her lips and carefully stepped into the lavish automobile. The white leather seats felt so soft and smooth, and had champagne flute holders built into the arm rests. Doris decided not to touch anything and leaned back, trying to relax. She could hardly feel the car moving, the engines were so smooth and the only way she could tell they were on the way was by the movement outside.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Good evening, Miss Weston.” The handsome man holding out his arm to her smiled warmly. “I am Jonathan Rood, your date for this evening.”

Quite tall and broad shouldered, Rood looked fairly imposing in person. His well groomed dark brown hair with slender streaks of grey at the temples and clean shaven rugged square jaw captured her attention instantly. He was every bit like the photographs she had seen in the magazines and newspapers, and more. The classy custom made tuxedo he wore would probably outprice a small family car, and it fit his well maintained form perfectly. His radiant smile was what enchanted her the most and Doris stood rooted to the spot. She couldn't find her voice to respond to this rugged and smartly dressed man whose literary work she had admired for years. Added to that, the magnitude of this lavish event overwhelmed her, and she was there to enjoy an entire evening in the company of this man of such fine talent and devilish good looks as he invited her to a world she had always shied away from.

His smile grew wider and he raised an eyebrow at her. “Miss Laine informed me of the last minute switch, and I don't really mind, as long as I have a lovely companion for the evening. I understand she also informed you of the... policy. Yes?”

“Uh... y-yes, Mister Rood.” Doris managed to reply in a hoarse whisper, her heart pounded so hard she could barely hear anything else. She felt the familiar sensation of numbness overcome her in the company of a man; especially one so handsome and good looking, and also one she idolized for years.

“Oh, Please. Call me John.” The millionaire author grinned at her. “And I must say, it’s going to be hard adhering to the policy this evening.”

He was looking at her admiringly. This exaggerated look she presented seemed to meet his approval immensely. The dazzling reddish hair, exquisite makeup, delicate gown and elegant shoes did give her a look of something out of a glamour magazine.

“Um, is that...? I mean, if you...” Doris felt incredibly embarrassed under his intense gaze.

“I’m only joking.” Rood was laughing softly. “But you look overwhelmed by all of this razzle-dazzle. Is it your first time out?”

“No, no... Mist... er... John, I mean, yes.” Doris managed to stutter. “It is my first time... doing this.”

“Oh, all right then,” Rood nodded and waved at a bearer serving champagne and wine. “Here, get some of this in you... you’ll feel much better.”

Doris nodded and eagerly accepted the long flute of champagne he held out to her. She sipped a bit and then swallowed the rest in one go. “Yes, this is relaxing, John.” She finally found her nerve and voice.

“Well, yes, it always is.” He smiled and handed her a full goblet of shimmering red wine next. “This is even better.”

God knew she needed the drinks. She sipped the delicious liquid and enjoyed the rich flavor as it filled her with warmth.

“To good health.” Rood nodded and sipped some of the wine. “Now come, walk with me... I am here to make an appearance, and you are here to keep my many lady admirers at bay.”

“Yes, I am... John.” Doris nodded and took his arm as they walked through the crowded banquet hall of the hotel hosting the event.

“Good. So do you have any idea what all this is about?” Rood asked as he waved at people he knew.

“Um... this is the New Arcadia Academy Annual.” She peered at all the illustrious and creative people all around. “It is the event for writers and publishers to celebrate their craft.”

“Hm, I’m impressed. Not many of my escorts would have known that much.” Rood said with some surprise. “Do you by any chance like to read?”

“Oh, yes.” Doris suddenly felt very warm and comfortable. “I love to read.”

“Lovely.” He nodded absently as his gaze rested on the high stage at the end of the hall. “They will announce the ‘writer of the year’ award tonight. Would that be me?”

“Oh, yes... you should be... it would be marvelous.” Doris looked up at him in awe.

“Not so much. It’s Nesmir Christie they are presenting it to.” Rood shook his head in resignation. “It’s predetermined, and all of this is just hype.”

“Oh, they are so wrong.” Doris surprised herself with her confidence. “Your writing is far superior to Christie’s.”

“You know of my writing...?” Rood looked at her in astonishment.

“Oh yes, I do. I’ve read all of your books.” Doris felt the heat of excitement rising behind her ears. “Why at the library I work has...”

“Library?” Rood looked at her intently. “You... work in a library?”

“Oh... er, I mean...” Doris blushed red. “I mean... I do this part time...”

“Ha! But you said this is your first time at this earlier...” Rood laughed aloud. “So the Library job isn’t all that lucrative...”

“I might lose that job.” She looked away, fighting back tears. “The only job I had for the last twelve years.”

“Wow!” Rood looked amused. “You know, Doris... you’re the most interesting escort I have ever had. And the most beautiful...”

“What? Me! You can’t be...” Doris blushed furiously.  
“You’re a famous writer, and I’m just a nobody.”

“Oh, no. Miss Weston.” Rood put his hand on her shoulder. “You are not a Nobody. You are a fan of John Rood. You are my fan, perhaps my greatest fan.”

Doris felt so elated, never had she thought she could feel so comfortable with a man in her life. There was so much she wanted to tell him but she understood that it was the wine making her so bold. She decided to calm down and let him do most of the talking.

“Come, I’m getting bored of this place.” Rood offered her his arm. “I’ve a permanent reservation in the penthouse here... and I’m hungry.”

Doris nodded, a little unsteadily, and composed herself. She took his arm and tried to walk beside him the way Jessica showed her; head held high, with balanced and self-assured strides. Instead she shuffled and stumbled, not so adept at wearing gowns and shoes like she was that night, as well as drinking all that rich and heady wine. She giggled into her palm, making Rood look at her in amusement.

A quick elevator ride up and she was sitting with the world renowned writer at a very private table in his own private terrace penthouse the hotel reserved for him. The meal was quite exotic and to die for, and the wine couldn't get any better. Rood seemed fixated on her, as most of the conversation centered on her and the interest she had in books, namely his books.

“I really find this quite amusing to believe.” Rood was laughing, his face quite exuberant from all that wine. “That you, a librarian, moonlighting as an escort, an avid fan of my work, is on a professional date with me... I've never had this experience before, from any of the escorts I hired.”

“It's rather strange for me too.” She laughed along with him, emboldened by the wine. “I would have never dreamt of even meeting you in a book signing convention, let alone being on a date with you... my first try at this, and... wow!”

“The situational set up sort of reminds me of some of my very early work,” Rood shook his head. “When I was struggling to make it in this competitive business of writing.”

“Oh, would I have read any of them?”

“Don't think so, I wrote them under a pseudonym, and they weren't what one would label works of literary

accomplishment... a far, far cry from what I do today.”

“Could you tell me about those books.” She looked at him eagerly. “I’d like to read them, if I may.”

“Of course, you can read them anytime.” The tall writer nodded, and then added with a laugh. “But I fear you may not be a fan of my work any more after that.”

“Oh, that’s impossible.” She shook her head adamantly. “I can never stop being a fan of yours.”

“Alright then, those books I wrote, almost ten years ago now... go by the lead character’s name for salability. To name some of them... Beryl Beaver, Fanny Firth, Joana Moaner... that sort of thing.”

Doris stared at him with open mouthed silence for a while. A rush of thoughts clouded her head but none of them found a way down to her vocal chords. She felt a numbness creep all over her, like ice crystals forming over the surface of a lake.

“Oh no, that look on your face.” Rood stared back at her with a bemused smile. “That look tells me you have read those books... or some of them.”

“Uh, I... I...” Doris stammered; her mind at odds between being delighted and disturbed.

Never would she have ever believed that John Rood, her favorite writer for so many years would have also written those racy tales she had so recently discovered and become an addict of. But then this was perfect, in its bizarre outlandish way. It seemed everything was converging, coming to one central point, all at once right there and right then, in this life that she was getting so fed up of living.

“Well, which ones have you read?” The author pressed. “And what did you think of them?”

“Um, well, John...” She took a deep breath. “I’ve never... ever considered confessing to anyone, about my recent fascination for erotica... but it... I mean, this... this, whatever it is that is happening now... I’m beginning to see... or... oh, my god... I don’t know what the hell I’m saying... I don’t know what I am even thinking... my mind’s so fucked up now... Ohmigod, I’m sorry... I’m so sorry... I shouldn’t have said that...”

“Hey, Doris... you need to relax, calm down.” Rood’s voice was a soothing salve. “It’s okay, I swear all the time too... I wrote smut a lot, I love reading them as well. You don’t have to feel embarrassed or ashamed of what you like to

do. It's your life, dear Doris, take charge and get what you want done."

"Oh, this... this is so insane." She blubbered. "I never imagined you'd be so... I mean, you're a celebrity..."

"And I'm also just a normal person, the same as you are." He leaned in and lifted her chin to make her look at him. "And I never stop at getting what I want, that's why I could make my life what it is today."

"Yes, you are... such an inspiring person." Her eyes brimmed with tears, of relief and joy.

"Well, if you say so." He had that devilish grin again. "And right now, I think I know what I want... and I want you. To hell with the policy of this non-intimacy bullshit. It's my money, my rules."

"What?" She felt a surge, like an electric shock, go all through her. "What are you saying, J-John?"

"I'm saying, you have had my blood on boil ever since I met you, Doris... and then seeing that you are everything I like in a companion and not some decoration to carry on my arm is getting me more worked up than anything ever has."

“You mean... you *like* me?” She couldn’t believe her own ears.

“Hell, I’m practically in love with you right now.” He looked into her eyes directly.

“Oh!” Her heart was literally going to jump out of her mouth.

“If you desire, lovely Doris, we could make this into a real date... and I’m not saying this to get into your pants. I never do this... but you, you’ve done something to me... you’ve ignited a passion in me... and I don’t want that fire to ever go out.”

“Oh, those lines are just what Pierre Philippe tells Fanny Firth in the first boo...” She blurted, and then choked on her unbridled enthusiasm.

“I know, I wrote them.” He laughed and tapped the tip of her nose. “So it’s the *Forbidden Escapades of Fanny Firth* that you’ve read.”

“Uh, yes...” She nodded, not feeling embarrassed any longer. “I did... and I am... reading the third book now.”

“How do you find them?”

“Oh, they are wonderful, John... I never felt so good reading anything else.”

“And do you wish everything Fanny Firth does, you could too?” His grin sent a chill down her back, but it felt good.

“Oh, all the time.” She blurted before she could stop herself.

“Then let’s make your wish come true, sweet Doris.” He stood up and grabbed her hand, pulling her up to her feet.

“Oh, but John...?” She swallowed hard as her body pressed against his.

“I want you, Doris... and I can see you want me too.” Rood sounded more serious than he had all evening. “But say the word and I will let you go...”

She looked away, her mind a jumbled mess of emotional and rational synapses waging war. Her body was more than willing, her mind somewhat reluctant. Those stories

fuelled her imagination, threatening to tip the balance in favor of doing the unthinkable. She looked back at him and bit her full lower lip. “I want you, John...” She breathed apprehensively. “I... I do. But where can we go...”

“Here and now.” He said and lowered his mouth over hers. “No one will bother us; they can’t afford to lose my custom.”

He drew her in close, and music seemed to fill her senses. The power of his well-built chest and arms gave her a sense of safety and protection. His breath was rich and sweet from the wine, and the muskiness of his expensive cologne made her head spin. She had to hold on to him tightly to stay upright.

“Doris...” His voice was a lustful growl and his keen eyes were aflame with desire. His hungry mouth closed over hers and their tongues met. The sensation sent a jolt all through her, making a strange feeling tug at her lower belly. A pleasurable throb began to pulse between her thighs. The heat of his breath made her dizzy, and her heart paced with the beating of his. She could feel his unbridled arousal, rising, throbbing, and pushing out at her. Doris closed her eyes, imagining what Fanny Firth would do.

Doris did a Fanny and reached down, her searching hand found the hard bulge over his pants. She heard his grunt

of pleasure at her delicate touch. His hands caressed over her back and roamed freely from her neck to her buttocks. She let her inhibitions die and welcomed his touch, even craved for his caress, she wanted him so much. This was it, the turning point of her life and there was no way back. Doris had wasted her life long enough. She was going to make this a day to remember forever, even if it was just the one time she ever go to do this.

Her innocent fingers fumbled around his belt buckle as her heightened breath came in frantic and ragged gasps. He laughed softly and gave her a hand in undoing his belt and buttons. Rood's erection rose to meet her, throbbing with more intensity than anything she had read of. She closed her eyes imagining what Fanny Firth would do. Grabbing the thick pulsing shaft with both hands, Doris drank into its pulsing heat, reveling at the passion filling her heart.

“Yes, Doris!” Rood groaned. “That bad boy is all yours tonight.”

She felt a chill as he skillfully undid her blouse and bra in one quick motion. His seemingly experienced hands were all over her bare upper body, sending electrical impulses throughout her being. He pulled away her skirt and took her wet panties off next, then had her lying down on the plush sofa in the terrace penthouse. He yanked off his tuxedo jacket, crisp white shirt and underwear all at once, and as naked as she was, he knelt down over her. His hands caressed her super-sensitive

skin, making her whimper. She moaned and jerked up at the sensation of his hungry kisses on her erect nipples. Her eyes darted passionately down at his surging erection as he pushed her legs up and spread them apart.

“Oh, John...” Her eyes were wide with fright. “I’ve never been... I mean, I’m a virgin... go easy on me... please.”

“Doris, my darling.” Rood’s voice was a throaty rasp. “I must taste you... to make your hot pussy ready and wanting for my meatpole.”

“Oh, John!” She squealed as he pushed her slender thighs apart. “That’s Ervin Everett, from book two.”

“Yeah, he really gives Fanny the ramming she deserves.” Rood laughed. “Are you ready to get what she did?”

“Yes, John. Oh, yes!” She whimpered and bit her lower lip.

Her virgin pussy was open wide before a man’s leering eyes for the first time in her life. Rood’s salivating mouth inched ever closer making her heart pound harder against her chest. The anticipation of his mouth on her quivering vagina had her nerves more alive and on edge than ever before. She

wet stiff and arched her back. Her hips pushed up by instinct to make her pussy rise to meet his descending face. His lips touched the rosy petals of her aching pussy. He sucked on them and then his snaking tongue slid along swollen labia lips. A shivering thrill wracked her body. Nerve endings came alive instantly, making her gasp out loud. His sharp teeth nibbled on her clitoris, sending a jerking shockwave all over her body. Her hands grasped his head, nails digging into his rich scalp and Doris cried out, releasing herself to the pleasures that she had willfully denied until then. Quivering waves of ecstasy blossomed all over her, making her lose control of her senses and babble incoherently.

Rood stuck a thick finger into her inflamed pussy lips, pushing against the flexible tension of her virginity. She cried out his name as his tongue twirled over her tender clitoris in indolent rings making her tremble with pleasure. She thrashed her head from side to side, wrapped up in a haze of gratifying sensations that she had never known before. An intense orgasm began to rise up within her, the kind she knew would eclipse whatever she had ever felt before all by herself reading those naughty yarns, yarns spun by the very man pleasuring her now.

“Oh, John.” Doris whimpered. “I can’t hold myself back any more... I’m going to... oh... oh... Oh, God!”

Rood grunted and intensified his efforts, setting her throbbing clit and quivering pussy aflame. She moaned loudly

as mind numbing pleasure surged all over her. She grasped at the dense hair on his head tightly, her knuckles going white. Rood slipped one wet finger to her trembling butt hole and slowly inserted it in. Doris couldn't control herself any longer and gave in to the release. She shrieked as her orgasm exploded in a shower of blossoming juices over Rood's grinning face. Each shuddering eruption wracking her body made her see stars and galaxies. She shivered violently, yanking Rood's hair as he kept slurping and kissing her swollen pussy and all over her trembling inner thighs. Her moans echoed around the private penthouse, she was lost in the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced. And she wanted more.

“Oh, John...” She whispered amidst gasps. “I want you, John... I want to have you inside me... I need you to take me... now.”

“Doris, there's nothing in this world that can stop me from doing that.” He smiled and kissed her navel.

His near foot long erection swayed over her, enticing her, reeling her in. She reached out for him, gently caressing his muscular legs and getting thrilled at the rippling strength in them. Her hands traced along his thick thighs to the base of his rock hard cock. She grasped it firmly and stroked it lovingly. His moans of pleasure gave her the encouragement she needed. Fanny Firth would be so proud of her now.

“Doris, my love.” Rood whispered sultrily. “I feel so privileged, you are a revelation... you’re my Fanny Firth come to life for me.”

“Oh, John... I love you so much.” She felt overwhelmed by the moment. She stretched her legs wide for him as the smoothness of his thick cockhead brushed against the opening of her virgin pussy. She took a deep breath, steeling herself, and pulled his cock toward her. He grabbed her pliant hips and braced his knees, locking into position above her. Her mind did a few flips as the enormous penis pushed its way into her tight virgin hole. The defensive casing over her virginal opening stretched. Doris went stiff as the first pangs of pain lanced all through her. She fought her fears, quelled her panic, and determined her mind to go through with this as more pain lanced into her. She cried out as he pushed his thickness into her, one hard inch by one hard inch. Then he was all the way in and she gasped at the sensation of fullness she experienced. The intense throbbing of his cock inside had her belly and pussy doing the shimmy. The pain lessened and she enjoyed a pleasant warmth inside as she squeezed his erection with her overwhelming desire.

Suddenly her body relaxed and she convulsed violently as her second orgasm ripped through her. Her hands shivered, grasping at his thick chest hair. Her aching pussy constricted over his cock, clutching the hardness deep inside her. His hands were all over her feverish body, setting her on fire even

as his voice soothed her with how much pleasure they were having. He groaned with each thrust of his hips against hers. Doris suddenly felt like she wanted this to last forever, praying for the moment to never end. She was even prepared to do everything he desired. Every single thing.

She savored every thrust driving him deeper into her as his firm groin slapped hard against her yielding buttocks. Waves of pleasure washed over her with every measured stroke. Rood knew exactly what he was doing, she couldn't have asked for a more perfect lover for her first time out. He grabbed her left ankle and pushed her leg upright, stretching her wide. She felt his cock get driven deeper in that position and it sent her senses into overdrive. He kept each powerful thrust steady and she moved with his rhythm, almost as if they were dancing. Electrically charged impulses sparked within her as another orgasm began to rise.

“Oh, baby... oh, Doris” Rood panted as their tempo steadily rose. “Can you feel me deep inside you? Do you love that?”

“Oh, John!” She babbled in a lustful haze. “Yes! Oh, Yes!”

The thrill of another imminent release filled her with blissful anticipation. The musk of his cologne filled her senses, setting her mind on fire; she screamed and came for the third

time. Her body wracked in shuddering waves. Rapturous overload had her sobbing and babbling with incoherent abandon. She shook and shivered, her body reacted as if innumerable shards of ice and embers of fire were rippling through her in tandem. Her heart pounded against her ears loud enough to drown all thought. She couldn't see or hear anything but the lustful miasma of passion and release ruling her.

Rood gave a sudden groan, thick and agonizing, as he ground his hips against hers with more ferocity than before. His muscles tensed against her body and his breath got shorter. His thick cock slammed in and out more frantically and with each labored thrust his heavy balls thudded against her buttocks. It was a strange sensation each time that happened, but she loved it. Her body stiffened at the anticipation of his imminent release. She envisioned the way it was all described in the books as she gave in to her fourth orgasm of the night.

Then Rood jerked his head up, slamming his hips in hard. He went in deeper and his cock got thicker inside her. He grunted out loud and held her tight. She was left breathless by the force of his ejaculation as he released inside her. Explosive spurts of his hot juice blended with her own gratifying release. Doris felt euphoric, a sense of fulfillment swamped over her. She had done it; she had finally set herself free.

Time passed slowly as they lay entwined, naked, on the sofa of a private penthouse of a very public hotel. But neither

of them gave any mind to that. For Doris, the meaning of her life had changed, for the better, and she was left wondering what else was there for her in this brave new world she was embarking on. A whole lot more, if Fanny Firth was to be believed. And Fanny's creator was right there, with her in his arms and his mouth sucking on her tingling navel.

“Oh, John... this is the best day of my life.” She said when her mind settled down and she kissed his hand.

“Oh, no... it most certainly is not.” He shook his head and kissed her belly button again. “This is the first day of the best years of your life.”

“Oh, god!” She gasped as his tongue swirled around the sensitive cleft of her navel. “You... you mean, we can do this again.”

“And again and again...” His eyes burned into hers with lust.

“But the... the escort service...” She felt her heart racing again. “And what about this date...”

“It never happened.”

“I don’t understand, John.”

“The escort they sent was Jessica Laine, and the check will be made out for her.” Rood replied blandly. “You are not getting paid for this.”

“Oh, but then...” She suddenly felt lost and confused again.

“You’re not some companion for hire from any escort service.” He clambered up to face her and drew her lips close to his. “You’re Doris Weston, girlfriend and lover of acclaimed author John Rood.”

“I... I am?” Her lips brushed against his.

“Now and forever, my darling.”

“Now and forever.” Doris breathed wide eyed. She liked the sound of that very much.

# Story Thirty

## **Chapter One**

The bookies on Clarence Street opened at eight in the morning, but being a small local shop rarely saw much action until ten or eleven when the first of the gamblers would roll in. Karen knew this and so had allowed herself to open the shop a little late, taking a but more time with her make-up and even curling her hair. It was nearly half-past when she rolled the armoured security screen up on the cashiers desk.

Mostly it was pensioners and the two or three professionals who would show up first. Just in time for the first of the days races, stakes, handicaps, games, sets, matches, brackets, qualifiers, or finals to start. After that, it would depend what was on the sporting calendar. If the world cup was playing, as it was this year, there would be a rush around midday as people popped in on their lunch breaks to place bets and either rush back to work or down the pub.

Karen liked the job, her boss Mr Devon – after whom the business was named – had taken over the business from his father and so on back to a dodgy numbers racket run by his great-great-great grandfather for some pre-Kray West End gangster. Now fully licensed and legitimate the number of regulars meant that the place had a homely feel. Many of the old timers would leech a little over her and call her love, or dove, or ducky, or ducky. But with the protective glass between her and them there was no real threat in it, and

sometimes it was nice to be fancied, even if it was by dirty old men.

There were younger types too, sports fans in football shirts num-bered and named for their favourite players, or spiv like pros who wore 70s style wide lapels and clearly fancied themselves as the millennial's answer to the Mods. Several of them had asked her out, or flirted through the glass, but they too did little for Karen. London born and raised and with a thick cockney accent herself, she wanted someone with a bit of ambition, not the kind of feckless individual who wasted their money on betting slips and their time on following the horses or the footie.

Unlikely to meet anyone else in a place like this, she thought. Though she still primped and shaved and painted her face and nails each day on the off-chance that a big city banker might pop in for a flutter. She'd only been working here for a week. She'd give it a chance.

A couple of the regulars had remembered her name already and she was getting quicker at doing the odds in her head, working out payouts and counting up their change.

Being a world cup match day Karen was prepped for a busy one and sure enough, once the people finally started to arrive it was a mad rush. With kick-off at eleven and three matches staggered through the day she was nearly run off her feet, taking her lunch at the cashier's station and counting wads of fifty quid notes in and out checking them under the black light and checking the holograms, security images and so on to catch any counterfeits. The tote screens behind her were at least updated automati-cally by Mr Devon from home

as she put the bets into the computer and transferred money from the till to the safe in sealed bags.

The lines weren't moving much which was a good sign, it looked like the market was doing pretty much what Mr Devon had expected although there had been a surprisingly large set of bets placed on Azerbaijan which had skewed the book for their match against Poland.

But that was Devon's problem, and as the first match started there was a lull which let her make a cup of tea. The only worry that she had, that she always had, was working alone behind the counter of a London bookies, especially as a young woman on a big match day made her a target for robbers. Even with all the signs explaining that she could not open the safe and that cash was not kept on the premises (both of which were wildly untrue statements), she always felt better at the end of the day when the security man from the bank showed up and took the cash away.

A couple of good looking men in suits walked in, looked at the clien-tele then turned and left.

Shame, they looked nice enough, Karen thought to herself catching sight of the curve of the guys arse in his trousers. I do like a man in a suit or uniform.

In fact she was sure she had recognised one of them as having come in a couple of times a few weeks back. He'd flirted a little and she had clammed up, like she was still the embarrassed schoolgirl of years ago.

Why can't you grow up, she snarled at herself in her head.

He had been sweet and in the end she had let him put his number into her phone. She saved it as HOT SUIT GUY in her contacts, but had never called him back.

She had been looking for a boyfriend ever since she finished school. But she got so nervous around boys when she found them attractive, and the only boys who had ever really come onto her had been total dicks.

Her only boyfriend had been her school crush, and he had been another of those total dicks. She was glad she hadn't gone all the way with him at prom, he had been pretty forceful and she'd had to knee him in the groin before he'd back off. Tool.

But if only she could be a bit more confident.

Then another customer came in distracting her from her thoughts on men, but she had to send away because he looked under eighteen and had no ID. He cussed her out, in language that suggested he might actually have been a bit older than he looked and hit the streets.

How was it, she wondered, that she could quite happily tell someone like that to fuck off, without any nerves at all? But put her in a romantic situation and she just totally fell apart.

I guess I will just die alone.

And so, her day went on and on. After the last match the crowd thinned, by about six there was only a few of the pros left who wanted to put some money on a camel race taking place in Dubai. But Mr Devon re-fused to open a book

on any event that occurred outside of the UK or which did not have a UK sportsman in it.

Karen suspected he might be a little racist, but it didn't seem to hurt his business which was populated by the full rainbow-spectrum of working class London.

Once the pros had cleared out she was free to close little early.

She was just trying to remember that evening's code for the security bars on the window when another customer came in. He was a tall and lanky kid in an puffer jacket, a cap, and sunglasses despite the late hour and dusk lighting outside.

'Alright, love,' he called out in a friendly voice.

Immediately, Karen's blood ran cold. There was something badly off about the guy. She punched the code in for the outside security bars but didn't pull the switch to close them yet. Mostly cus she didn't want to have to lock herself in with the guy.

'I was just shutting up I'm afraid,' she called out cheerfully and stepped up to the counter slipping her hand under the till and thumbing the catch off the silent alarm. 'You'll have to pop in tomorrow morning if you want to place a bet.'

Is the staff door locked? she wondered. She was pretty sure she hadn't unlocked it yet but she had been thinking about what it might have been like to date one of those suited men with their stern looks.

The man walked up to the counter, his hand was down his baggy tracksuit bottoms and smiled crookedly.

He might be a pervert. Karen was still inexperienced with men and the thought terrified her. Even just having him doing something to himself across the glass filled her with disgust.

He was dressed like a teen but must have been at least forty, his teeth looked false.

‘I’m sorry,’ she said again, and then screamed.

His hand came out of his trousers with a sawn-off shotgun in it.

‘This is a robbery,’ he said. ‘Put your hands up—‘

She didn’t hear the rest.

What happened next was a blur, she hit the silent alarm button and the security button bringing the counter’s shutters up between her and the gunman. The glass was armoured to, but she wasn’t sure if that meant bullet proof.

The alarm was linked to the local police station, but just to be sure, she pulled the lever that brought down the bars outside, and picked up the phone and dialled 9-9-9.

I’m going to die, she thought to herself as the phone rang. I’m going to die alone.

## Chapter Two

After the man at the emergency service dispatch had reassured Karen that two officers were on their way, that she should sit tight and stay on the line with him, she felt a little better.

To the extent that terrified is better than blind panic. She could feel her hands and feet again, and was aware of a less confused train of thought. Her heart was still hammering away in her through and her mouth was dry but the urge to scream and the certainty that she was about to die had both ebbed away to a mild desire to scream and a middling probability of death.

The robber was bellowing his lungs out on the other side of the ar-moured glass and was stuck between two layers of armoured security blinds. In fact from the sound of it, he seemed more concerned with getting out of the shop than getting behind the counter to Karen and the safe.

She tried to breath calmly, and listen to the voice down the phone which was telling her that there was very little risk to her where she was and that she should stay calm until help arrived.

He must have had a screen with the police officer's location on it because he kept telling her how far away they were and the gradually decreasing number was increasingly reassuring.

She felt a little faint, a little nauseous, but even that was better than the total terror she had felt when she saw the gun.

The dispatch officer said something muffled on the other end of the line, made assenting noises and then said, 'If you could raise the outside security blinds, please, Karen. The officers are ready to come in.'

'Okay,' she said, a little surprised by the shake in her voice. She sounded ready to cry. Somehow this was more frightening, her body had got used to being small and hiding in the dark sealed off room, moving seemed to set some primeval part of her brain off, suggesting it might expose her to the predator her lizard brain assumed was out there.

'It's okay, Karen. Just raise the outside blinds. You are safe in the office,' the voice on the phone said.

She hit the code and pulled the lever. Outside she heard a yell of joy from the robber which quickly died when she heard the voice of the cops.

'Drop your weapon.'

'It's just a toy,' came the response. 'Don't shoot me, it's just a toy.'

Is he serious? He scared me with a fucking toy?

Somehow this seemed more outrageous, that she had sat there in fear, thought she was going to die, and all he had was a toy gun?

She put in the second security code to turn off the silent alarm and open the cashiers security blinds. There were bobbies with truncheons out cuffing the guy. One of them, tall,

dark haired and muscular was reading the prisoner his rights in a thick cockney accent.

The other, slightly shorter but every bit as physically fit came over to the cashier's desk.

'You're alright there, ma'am. We've got the crim in custody. It was a plastic gun, looked real enough, but you're okay.' His voice was soft, with a public school accent that seemed odd coming from a London copper. His hair-cut looked expensive and beside his rougher bearded companion he seemed like he must be from a different world.

But when his partner called out, 'Stop flirting, Constable, and lets get this fucker back to the station,' he turned smartly about and called the other man, 'Sir.'

'Just one moment, young lady,' he said. 'We'll get this villain squared away and then we'll need your statement.'

The two men disappeared off for a moment, and through the win-dows Karen could see them shove him roughly into the back of a squad car. There was a third officer in the vehicle who pulled flicked the sirens on and pulled away into the London traffic.

The officers came back in and the blond approached her again.

'Now, miss. I am Constable Kettering and this is Sergeant Doyle, could you come out from the locked office, please we'll need to take your statement.'

Karen had only just realised she was still holding the phone to her ear and without saying anything she hung up, nodded to to cops and set about opening up the staff area.

At the door Sergeant Doyle met her his thick black beard and eye-brows made him look like some sort of wild man. ‘Come on, Love. Yer alright now. Have yourself a little sit down and tell us what happened.’

Seeing him close-up without the glass suddenly made her feel safe, he was the kind of man who could protect you. Big and capable, his uniform and body language exerting authority, demanding respect.

Kettering seemed more relaxed, with the kind of confidence that suggested nothing would be particularly difficult.

‘I should close up the shop really,’ Karen said, her voice still hoarse. Somehow, hearing that crack in her own voice was enough, whatever part of her that had been closed off in fear, let go and she began to cry, long hard sobs, ugly crying with a runny nose and running mascara, all that extra effort of the morning wasted, and in front of these two gorgeous cops in their well tailored uniforms.

Kettering stepped forward and gently took her in his arms, while the bigger guy stepped past her and said, ‘I’ll get everything locked up, and let yer boss know what what.’

‘Thank. You.’ Karen sobbed. ‘The. Num. Ber. Is. Devon. It’s. On. The. Pinboard.’

‘Easy there,’ Kettering whispered to her his arms enfolding her. His muscles where taugt and hard, gripping her in a way that made her feel like there was nothing there but her and him.

He smelled of manly deodorant and some sort of soap which she guessed must be his uniform. His hand ran gently through her hair and he repeated, over and over, 'You're okay. Nothing to hurt you now.'

And with that she suddenly felt alright, a deep calm seemed to ooze out of his chest through the rough cloth of his uniform and into her body. She felt an extraordinary burst of joy at being alive, a thrill that ran right through her from her head to her toes.

She felt the muscles in her stomach tighten as the thrill seemed to settle inside her, just behind her pubic bone. An animal desire was uncurling within her, stretching its muscles as it awoke. A little flustered she pushed herself away from Kettering and stepped back bumping into Doyle who was just coming through the door.

'Scuse, love. It's all squared away, yerboss'll be down in no time at all to pack this lot up. We'll just need to lock the place down when we take you up the station fo your statement about that miscreant.'

He was standing very close and had placed a hand gently on her shoulder to steady her when she hit him. Now she realised how strong his grip was, she could only imagine that hand pressing against her chest, the wide fingers pushing into her.

She could feel a pinprick of wet form in the cotton of her panties where her jeans pressed them against her sex. She looked up at Doyle and met his eyes, which were deep, clear brown.

She smiled, the pinprick of damp spreading as the cotton absorbed her quim like a wick.

‘I’d like to thank you both before we go.’

Holy shit! The words had come out of her mouth before she even knew she was going to say them. She felt terrified, but looking from Doyle to Kettering and back she saw a look pass between them that seemed disbelieving at first. Then they smiled at each other and Doyle gave Kettering a quick nod.

‘How would you do that, miss?’ asked Doyle looking her up and down very slowly as if assessing a crime scene. Karen looked down, away from those eyes and her eyes caught movement in Doyle’s trousers there was a slow swelling. He clearly likes what he sees, she thought.

He lifted her chin and looked down at her. His face close to hers.

‘It feels every bit as good as it looks,’ said Kettering from very close behind her. She didn’t take her eyes off Doyle as Kettering continued: ‘I had to adjust myself a little when she pressed up against me like that.’

She felt Kettering’s hands slide around her waist from behind his thumbs hitching into the belt line of her jeans, untucking her blouse so the knuckle of his thumb traced a ring around her hips meeting together at the front where she could feel his nails scrape against the triangle of trimmed hair she left unshaved above her pussy.

This is really happening!she thought. Then all thought left her as Doyle leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth.

She had expected the kiss to be tender, instead it was brutal, all the hard authority of his role as police officer seemed to be in the slow but firm pressure of his lips against hers, the forceful parting of her lips and teeth by his tongue and the invasive thoroughness of his tongue once inside. It pressed her tongue down, thrusting deep into her mouth until his teeth ground painfully on hers. When she tried to pull away she found her head pinned tight between Doyle's kiss and Kettering's chest.

Doyle's tongue ran across her teeth, then flicked out and he sucked her bottom lip hard enough that she thought it might bruise and pulled away. His eyes were no longer clear but burned with a powerful desire. He squared his hips against her and she felt his erection press against her stomach. The small patch was soaked through now and she was grinding her legs together frantic for some friction against her jeans.

One of Kettering's hands slipped up towards her navel, undoing the buttons of her blouse one by one as it went. Meanwhile Doyle wrapped one hand almost entirely round her throat and pressed the heel of his hand against the crotch of her jeans.

She ground back against his hand and little bursts of pleasure rushed up through her as the warm pressure of his hand rubbed against her in long strokes. She was just finding her rhythm when Kettering behind her finished the last of her buttons and with one hard tug pulled the cups of her bra down. Suddenly she felt very naked and exposed. This was the first time she'd been naked in front of a man and now it was to officers of the law. Weren't there laws against this kind of thing? I'll have to remember to delete the security tapes.

Doyle's hand continued to rub her cunt sending shivers of pleasure down the nerves to her nipples which were both rock hard and sensitive in the cool evening air. Kettering's fingers traced circles on her skin, pressing down against the firm flesh of her tits in circles that closed in on her nipples.

When he finally gave them a pinch she almost came, they were ach-ing, erect and flushed bright pink with blood. He wet his thumbs in his mouth and brought them back rubbing her nipples almost as if they were a pair of nipples like they were a pair of clitorises. They certainly feel like it! she thought. His fingers cupped her breasts as his thumbs worked and even the skin beneath those fleshy mounds was tingling with pleasure at his touch.

She could feel an orgasm building not in her crotch as it did when she touched herself, but all through her body and she thrust her hips down against Doyle's hand even harder.

Her mouth was moving but the noises she was making were little more than animal grunts and moans. Then Doyle stepped back, his hands pulled away sharply and the pleasure vanished, replaced with an aching de-sire that felt like the most powerful craving she had ever felt.

'Cuff her, Kettering,' snapped Doyle. Just as she thought she might be arrested for seducing an officer on duty, Kettering pulled the rest of her blouse off and with one deft movement undid her bra and tossed it aside.

The cuffs were hard and bit into her wrists, the pain felt oddly good. Doyle meanwhile began undoing her jeans.

'Yes,' she said. 'Take me please. Do whatever you want to me.'

As Doyle slid her jeans off Kettering lifted her up and sat her face down on one of the tables around which gamblers would normally sit. The litter of betting slips and the sports pages stuck to her bare skin. As Kettering pushed her back so her head hung off one end of the table and her butt off the other, she saw Doyle pull her panties out of the bundle of her jeans and sniff them. Her back arched as gravity pulled her legs down on one end and her head on the other, then she felt a shoulder under each thigh taking some of the weight off. A shoulder under each thigh and the hot breath of Kettering on her cunt.

Suddenly she was very nervous, she'd never had a man touch her pussy before, what if it was weird, or smelled, or she did something wrong with it.

She needn't have worried, Kettering took her crotch in his mouth and sucked gently pulling the skin tight. His tongue worked its way into her, her juices and his saliva met and mingled. With his tongue pressing into her, the pressure of it searching her body, a whole new wave of pleasurable sensation ran up and down her. These less urgent, more steady, filling her up.

She tried to jerk her hips against his face but his hands held her legs still and she couldn't move.

The cuffs at her back were painful with her weight on them and she had to wiggle a little to get comfortable as she did so she closed her eyes and when they opened she was stunned by what she saw.

Doyle was standing at her head his trousers unbuttoned and a huge cock jutting out of them like the branch of a tree.

Karen gasped. That'll never fit, she thought. Doyle idly tossed her panties onto her belly and placed the purple head of his cock, huge and swollen with blood, against her lips.

For a moment she was frightened, lying there naked, looking upside down at a man his vast cock thrown into forced perspective by the angle. Then Kettering switched to long lapping movements with his tongue wide and flat over her lips and clit.

A gasp of pleasure escaped her mouth and into that opening Doyle pressed his mighty head. The angle made it odd, she'd seen videos of what do to with tongue, lips and teeth, but upside down like this she couldn't work it out. Then Kettering's tongue blotted thought out and she went with instinct.

She was surprised that there was no real taste to it. The faint tang of salt and sweat but that was kind of pleasant. There was a pleasant fleshy texture to it which she tested by sucking gently on it and circling the head with her tongue in much the same way Kettering had started with her clitoris.

This seemed to be working and Doyle's huge member seemed to swell even more in her mouth, he thrust his cock back and forth, penetrat-ing her mouth even further. She felt a little of her own saliva drip out of her mouth, it was impossible to swallow with this monster jammed in there. She felt the slick liquid drip down over one eye and she tried harder, took Doyle deeper. Her throat was beginning to resist, when she felt his cock hit the back of her throat she nearly gagged. By adjusting the angle of her head she found he could slide in a little more easily. But the retching was getting stronger and she

was loosing concentration as Kettering added his fingers to the mix, first one curling up inside her to rub her g-spot and then two. She tensed hard gripping those fingers as tight as she could, pressing her walls against them.

Kettering seemed to be timing his thrusts with Doyle, his fingers sliding into her cunt as Doyle battered her throat. Doyle was letting out a litany of swear words, between animal grunts and her own moans, stifled by his cock were reaching fever pitch.

‘I’m gonna fucking cum,’ Doyle roared and jammed his cock right up to the hilt blocking Karen’s throat and cutting off her breathing. His balls pressed, wet with her saliva against his chin and she felt the powerful hydraulic pulsing of his cock as he pumped cum into her throat. He pulled out hard, squirted another thick line of cum over her lip and chin, then jammed it back in and pulsed another round into her throat, as he pulled out again another gush of cum filled her mouth with a salty, slightly burning liquid. With her mouth now clear of cock she swallowed.

Oh my God, I made him cum so hard. Something about that thought set her off and she felt the orgasm well up from Kettering’s tongue tip through her clit and out in waves across her body.

As the orgasm began to die away she was aware first of even more cum on her face – He wasn’t finished then – and the sensation of being split in two from the crotch up as her till then unsullied pussy was entered in one long hard stroke by Kettering.

It helped that she was still soaking wet, but the orgasm had tigh-tened her muscles and Kettering was every bit as big as his boss. He ploughed into her and she could feel every fibre of her body desperately stretching to accommodate him. The pain passed almost immediately and was replaced by the aftershocks of her first orgasm. As the waves of pleasure rolled over her she could feel every rib of her pussy respond to every bulging vein in his cock.

When she looked down and saw the animalistic face of Kettering as he slammed his cock into her again and again she was lost, her mind went blank in a mess of crossed wires and fried circuitry as the strongest orgasm so far hit her, seeming to renew itself with each thrust, with each hard blow against her cervix and the grind of his hips against her clit.

She lost all control, limbs shaking and stomach tensing, she felt her-self let loose a gushing flow of her juices onto his pumping cock. Then he pulled out of her and with astonishing accuracy unloaded a half-dozen thick lines of cum across her stomach and the panties Doyle had tossed there.

Through all this Kettering had been completely silent apart from his ragged breathing. All those boarding school wanks, she thought a little pityingly. I'd like to be the one to make him scream my name during sex.

Kettering staggered away a little and Doyle took his place. She felt limp, completely drained, but when Doyle said, 'More?' it was as if her cunt spoke for all of her and she said: 'More.'

He leaned forward and lifted her into a seating position by her throat. The feeling of his powerful hands, cutting off

just enough air to show he was in control made her already dripping pussy even wetter. She realised she was sitting in a wet patch of her own making, the papers stuck together by her sexual emissions.

With his other hand Doyle reached behind her and turned the key in the lock of the cuffs and brought her hands to the front. His cock still thrust out of him, but now at a half mast. A glistening white drop of cum still sat on the tip of it and Karen leaned forward to lick it up with her tongue. He seemed to like that, swelling a little.

She gave the head another long loving lick, aware that his first load was drying to a crust on her neck. 'This time,' she said. 'I want you both to cum inside me.'

Kettering came up and stood beside Doyle. As she took Doyle in her mouth, her other hand began to tug Kettering to attention. Their cocks were more sluggish having cum once. But Karen knew what she wanted, her hand moved up and down, watching the fascinating give of the skin as it moved over the pattern of blood vessels. Slowly the two huge cocks came to life, jutting once more like the spar of a ship.

She kissed them, sucked on them, ran her lips down the base of them to the balls, moving from one to the other, and back again. Eventually their hips began to grind into her movements, their breath became harder and shallower like they had been running. With both of her men now standing proud she let them go and stood up. 'I want you both to cum inside me.'

Kettering stood back and made a you-first gesture to Doyle. 'Rank has its privileges.'

But Doyle smiled and said, 'No, you get her warmed up for me, by all means.'

Kettering sat down on one of the gambling benches and with ex-traordinary ease picked Karen up and dropped her astride his lap. She could feel his cock press against her cunt and just frotted against it for a while, enjoying the feel of him against her. He spanked her ass with one hand and with the other played with her breasts, even gently slapping them a bit. Karen moaned, the little flashes of pain felt good and drove her onwards.

Unable to wait any longer she reached down and guided him into her. This time it didn't hurt at all, warmed up and still a little stretched out she was able to, with a little wiggling and the application of a little extra sa-liva slide him right into her. 'That feels good,' she whispered in his ear, kissing his neck and beginning to undo the white shirt of his uniform.

She held him almost still inside her and giving away as little move-ment for him as possible ground her clit against him.

The shirt came away in her hand. 'Wow,' she gasped looking at his lean, muscular body. She ran her hand over his pecs and gave his biceps a squeeze. 'Someone works out,' she said, he started to reply but she took that moment to slide up his cock until it almost pulled free of her and then drop back down onto it. She enjoyed the feeling of his cock slamming into her, but not as much as the sudden change in expression from the relaxed enjoyment of her grinding to a sudden spike of pleasure. His head rocked back and eyes closed.

His muscular hands gripped her waist and lifted her up and down, she helped but was almost entirely under his control.

God he's strong, he's practically using me as a fleshlight! She felt like she was about to cum and not wanting to miss out on Doyle was about to roll off him and give him some assistance with her mouth when she felt two hands on her shoulders which pushed her down onto Kettering's cock and pinned her there then pushed her forward so her tits pressed into Kettering's chest and her face into his neck.

It also brought her arse up and while one hand held her firm, and as Kettering writhed, frantically trying to get some movement with his cock, she felt the other hand grip her arse and a thumb wet with saliva began to rub the little circle of her anus.

Doyle spat a few more times until her crack was soaking and he'd worked his thumb right into her. Just like the sex, after the initial pain of entry, his thumb started to feel really good.

'Yes,' she moaned. 'Fuck my ass.' She felt unbelievably dirty. She had been a virgin half an hour ago and now she was Doyle's butt-fucking slut. But it felt good to be dirty like this, with these two beautiful men. Doyle let go of her neck and with his thumb firmly in place she was once more in a position to bounce up and down Kettering's shaft.

As her arse got comfortable with Doyle's thumb he pulled it out, and replaced it first with his middle finger, then added his ring finger. I guess that's where its name came from, thought Karen.

He kept them wet with thick slick gobs of saliva, and then began to slide them in and out. She felt her whole body tighten with the pleasure of Kettering and Doyle inside her, then it would hurt and she'd have to relax. Constantly chasing the orgasm then having to back off.

Then the moment she had been waiting for, Doyle felt something was right with her body and his fingers slipped out of her, he pinned her down again and she felt the huge presence of his cock between her cheeks. She breathed in and held it relaxing as much as she could.

He entered her slowly, it felt bizarre to have something so big going into her arse. She did her best not to think about the bathroom. The tip seemed to take forever, stretching her more and more until she was sure something would tear right up her. Then suddenly it was in. She felt herself close up behind his head and her arse gripped his slick wet shaft.

Doyle move faster now. Thrusting in and out in small strokes, each one going a little further until it felt like his cock was battering at her lungs and heart. She could feel Ketterings cock stationary inside her but still pulsing with the flow of blood and in the strange sensational illusions it felt to her as if Doyle's cock were rubbing up against Kettering's inside her. They felt crammed in. She felt full, filled to bursting with the members of these two huge cops.

She wanted to cum on their cocks so badly. 'Please,' she whispered. And they began to fuck her.

What followed was a building rhythm of thrusting four hands groped her body, caressing her skin, worshipping her. Doyle pressed against her back. He had stripped off and the

hair of his chest scratched a little. His tongue and lips sucked and lapped at her neck he bit her back and slapped her ass. He reached around to play with the breasts that Kettering was sucking on, only to abandon them and kiss her on the mouth hard, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and taking her tongue in his.

She turned to kiss Doyle and saw the look of pleasure, of desire on his face. Karen felt like all three of them were melting into on writhing mass of sweat and limbs, the cocks inside her seemed to pass into synchronised rhythms, thrusting into her in unison, then slowly changing the pattern until one was balls deep as the other nearly pulled out, then swapping with great speed. She was aching from the pounding, her muscles were sore, her mouth felt bruised and the sweat and cum on her face stung her eyes and dripped onto her breasts and Kettering's chest. But she wanted more and more and more.

Then with an almighty, guttural moan, and an explosive cry of: 'Fuck,' she felt Kettering explode inside her. He didn't change his rhythm thrusting up and into her over and over his neck straining so the tendons showed and his chest glistening with their mixed sweats. She felt him pumping his seed into her again and again until it was dripping out of her cunt and down his balls. The feeling of him cumming pushed her over the edge and she threw her own head back gripping her tits as hard as she could and continuing to slam herself down on Ketterings cock which had already begun to deflate.

Still, even at half-mast Kettering was more than enough for her. She came hard her body tensing and her

arsehole suddenly gripping Doyle with all the power of her orgasm.

Then she slumped forward onto Kettering whose cock remained in-side her as it slowly wilted. The shuddering orgasm seemed to have put Doyle over the edge and he too seemed to build to his orgasm, pounding her as she lay there his cock in parallel with the now still cock of Kettering.

An aftershock, or perhaps an anal orgasm, hammered through her again as she realised he too was erupting into her. He jerked hard inside her spasmed once and she felt the rush of liquid into her. Then her spasmed again, jerked again and fell forward onto her. They lay like that exhausted for a while until the two men were too soft to stay in.

As they slipped out of her she felt a gush of their cum follow them. She cupped herself front and back to catch it.

‘Here,’ Doyle said, his hulking body naked under the harsh lights of the shop his hand extended. In it he held the balled up scrap of cloth that was her panties. Covered with her cum and theirs. He stepped forward and pulled them up onto her catching the spilled cum in them as he pulled them snug with her crotch.

Her panties were soaked, drenched with her saliva, streaked in the crotch by her cum and everywhere else by a thick white skin of theirs. The damp rag was cold where it stuck to her, cupping her soaking cunt and absorbing more of their seed as it leaked out of her.

She blushed, again that feeling of dirtiness and excitement mingled.

She pulled her jeans on and was pleased to see the damp didn't soak through. Even though the feeling reminded her of when she was young enough to still wet herself. These two men had marked her as theirs. They had saved her as a girl, and now were claiming her as a woman, their wom-an.

'Now,' said Doyle, buttoning his shirt. 'We really do need that state-ment from you, Karen.'

'Of course.'

Kettering took out his pen and pad. 'In your own time and your own words,' he said.

### **Chapter Three**

After giving her statement, she straightened her hair in the bathroom mirror and checked her clothes. She had taken the two policemen's phone numbers and thumbed the scrap of paper in her pocket as she walked to the bus.

She took her seat opposite an old couple and wondered about their life together. If they had ever done something as outrageous, as crazy as what she had just done.

Going over the events of the day, she found herself playing with her breasts, with her crotch, through her shirt and jeans. Just idly brushing it, but clearly it was enough to get odd looks from the old couple. The old woman looked shocked and deeply disapproving.

The old man winked at her. She smiled back at him. She didn't feel at all self-conscious anymore the way she would have done this morning.

She balled up the number in her pocket and instead took out her phone and searched for HOT SUIT GUY and hit the green call button.

The phone rang a few times, then: 'Hello?'

'Hey, its Karen from the bookies. I was just wondering if you still wanted that drink?'

'Yeah sure.'

'You free this evening?'

'Yeah, I think so. Seven alright for you?'

‘Better make it eight, I need to go home and change ...’

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Thirty One

## **Chapter One**

Karen walked into the office, heels clicking as she greeted the people that were there. They looked at her, and she smiled back, and soon, she walked over to her desk. The people eyed her, and Karen felt nothing more than satisfaction as she stared at everyone.

Working at The Red Dog Furniture was quite nice. She was the secretary, mostly in charge of making sure that all of the orders were fulfilled, and that people got their items in on time. In general, this was the perfect job for her, and as a hot milf, she definitely didn't complain when it came to job choices.

It paid for her kid's school and then some. Her daughter was in high school, so she didn't have to really take care of her, but the institution was a private place because Karen didn't want her daughter doing anything bad, and plus her daughter was really good at soccer, so it gave her leverage compared to other kids. For Karen, this job paid for her future, and her daughter seemed happy.

Plus, it was easy. It didn't involve rocket science or anything. Just fulfilling orders and then going from there. She relished in how easy this goddamn job was, and she felt relieved knowing this.

Course, what was the highlight of her day was when she got to meet up with Danny and Glen. Both of them were the company leaders, and they were both young and super attractive. Karen may be pushing forty, but she did look about

ten years younger than what she was. She had her daughter Stacy at a young age, so she still had a lot of time to live.

When she looked at the young, studly men, she felt an urge to fuck both of them start to come up. She knew that they didn't get a whole lot, probably due to company shit. They were young entrepreneurs, and while they were both ungodly successful, she could tell they needed a bit of leverage when it came to fulfilling a few...personal needs.

She got the papers ready to go to where they were, planning to give both of them what they needed. When she got to the office, she knocked at the door. She would love to just use her seduction to get to the top, but she didn't know how to approach this. As she opened the door, she saw both of the guys there, in pressed suits reading various material.

“Hey boys,” she said, giving them the files.

“Hello there Karen. How are things?” the brunette asked. That was Glen, he was a pretty cute dude and she imagined that he probably had a huge cock.

“Oh it's been fun. Just getting some work together. You know how it is, being the secretary and all,” Karen said.

“Yes. you've done quite a nice job. we've been thinking about what to do with you, in all honesty,” Glen added.

This man was blonde, and he had the most beautiful blue eyes. She immediately looked at him, smiling a coy smile.

“What do you mean?” she asked Glen.

Glen and Danny both sat back, looking at one another with a smile on their face.

“We’ve been just...thinking about how much work you’ve done. We’re considering promoting you to the head of our sales and inquiries department. You’d be working even more under us,” Glen explained.

“But, there is also the position of head secretary. Currently, we want to hire on another person to handle the little work, but, if you’re down to maybe work as a secretary for us, I think it would serve you well. Plus, that one is even more of a personal position, so you’d be a big part of the company,” Danny explained.

Karen stood there, trying to figure out what to say. She knew that she wanted a position like this for a long time, but she never knew how to get it. On the one hand, this was utterly amazing, but on the other hand, she felt like the fact that there even was doubt here bothered her.

“Well, I think it’s safe to say that I’d be a decent option in this case,” she said to them.

“Perhaps. But, we’ve been thinking about the best way to go about this. We haven’t had much of a set decision yet, but we wanted to hear your own personal feelings on it. If it’s something that you’d like, maybe we can make a decision right now,” Glen said.

“and, if you have a good argument, perhaps we can just cut to the chase and promote you,” Danny added.

She counted’ believe this! They wanted to promote her. She’d been thinking about doing it. She did wear low-cut tops

and skirts that barely passed to get attention from them, and she knew that they'd been looking at her. She's someone who craved young cock, and she wanted nothing more than to just tell these two that she was certainly down for this, and she would make everything worth their while.

“So, you're saying that if I give you a convincing argument, you'll actually agree to the promotion? Because I'd love to work personally under the two of you,” she said, winking to help improve her chances. At this point, she wouldn't mind using her body to get to the top. She had a hot one, so it's not like there would be too much to risk.

But, she didn't know what they would think. It was risky, that's for sure. They may not like it, but she could see the looks on their faces.

“What's the matter? Like what you see?” she asked.

“You always dress so sexy. It's very hard to ignore it,” Glen said.

“Yeah,” Danny said as he ogled her breasts.

“Well, maybe that can be used to your advantage. You should know by now that we could perhaps make a fitting... arrangement if that's what you want,” she said, licking her lips.

She moved in closer, sitting at Danny's desk, spreading her legs slightly to give these two a hint of her panties. She looked at both of them, her body aching for their touch.

“So what do you say?” she asked.

“I don't know,” Glen said.

Danny however was already under her spell. He moved in closer, and she could feel his body almost up against hers. He then looked into her eyes, and he spoke.

“I mean, I haven’t had sex in a long time. I’m pretty backed up because of the lack of time to do anything,” he said.

“I could take care of that if you’d like me to,” she said.

Danny soon looked at her, and she wondered if this man would give in. It was then however when the man pushed her into his lap, and soon, both of them started to kiss. Karen saw this as the perfect opportunity, and although Glen was trying hard to hold back, she had a feeling that when the time was right, he would give into his desires, and have his way with her too. The day was still young, and she only had to see them, so hopefully she’d get to have a whole lot of fun with both of them soon enough.

## **Chapter Two**

The first thing that Karen did, was slide into his lap, kissing him passionately. She noticed that this guy was already as hard as a rock, probably a product of his need for release that he's probably had for way too goddamn long. She didn't blame him, it's been quite a hellish time. She looked over at him, and then over at Glen, who still seemed to struggle with his feelings.

“come on Glen, we can keep this between us,” he said.

“but what about the company? It feels wrong,” he said.

“Wrong? Or maybe right. I can tell you've been looking at her,” he said through gasped sounds. Karen smiled as she soon began to tease him more and more. He groaned, aching for more as she soon started to kiss him with a fury that he never experienced before. She saw that Glen was holding himself there, palming his lap as he looked at the sight.

She then felt Danny start to move his hands to where her breasts were, touching them through the confines of the shirt. She began to moan, feeling her hips move against his body, feeling the hardened cock as it started to get even harder under her. She looked over at Glen, who was zipping his pants off.

“What, you going to just jerk it to us?” she asked.

She wanted that man's cock inside of her too, but she could tell that Glen was the more subdued of the two. Danny already had his lips at her neck, fumbling with the garments

that were there. He didn't waste any time, and that's one thing that she liked a whole lot about him.

The aching desire and need for this man grew within her, making her want nothing more than to just be fucked ruthlessly by this man. She looked at Glen, who now started to unzip his pants and get his cock out of there, stroking to the sight.

She looked at Danny, who was laughing at this.

“Don't worry about him. He's never done this before,” he said.

“Wait, he's a virgin?” she asked.

He looked at her, and then he chuckled. “Yeah. He is. He's actually a virgin, never even got past second base,” he said.

Oh, this made it even more interesting. She loved virgins. She hadn't done a virgin in so long that it made her pussy throb with delight. She then sat on the desk, watching as Danny started to kiss down her body, touching her collarbones with his soft lips. He soon began to undress right there on the desk, taking off her shirt like it was nothing. That just left her black bra, which housed her large breasts. He soon watched as the garment was pulled off, with the help of Karen of course. As she took it off, revealing her large, impressive breasts., she watched as both of these guys stared at them, and she smiled, her green eyes scanning both of these men.

“Like what you see?” she teased.

“God yes,” Danny said.

Glen was still nervously in the corner, but she expected him to join shortly. Danny pushed her onto the desk, immediately grasping her breasts. He touched the round orbs, his hands thumbing her nipples, and as he did this, she began to cry out, moaning in pleasure as he continued to do this. It was just amazing, driving her completely bonkers with each small touch. Everything was heightening her senses, giving her pleasure in ways she never expected it to.

He then began to move his lips to one of her nipples, touching it softly with the smallest of kisses, and she soon began to moan out loud, enjoying the way that this man teased her breasts like this. She was so happy that this room was soundproofed. She knew that it was. He told her once when they were meeting, and it's because they didn't want anyone to hear of future plans. Now, she also knew it was because of this, not that she was fucking complaining.

He then pushed his fingers against the tip of her nipple, playing with it as he licked and sucked on the other bud. She looked over, seeing that Glen wanted to do something, but he was so scared.

“Fuck,” he said.

“Want to come join?” she asked, smirking at him with a sensual grin.

He walked over nervously, and when he got there, Danny pulled back.

“You know you've wanted this. I've seen you stare at her,” Danny teased.

Glen then let his hands move towards the very edges of her breasts, touching her there. She let out a coo, watching as Glen started to play with the nipples with awkward fingers.

He was such a fucking virgin, but goddammit it was cute.

Karen then started to let out a moan of contentment as he started to push his face straight into her breasts, holding them there as he awkwardly touched the nipples. His hands were cooler, causing her to let out a sigh of pleasure.

“Fuck this is nice,” she said to him.

“You enjoy it,” he asked her with trepidation.

“I didn’t tell you to stop sweetie, so yes I enjoy it. you’re new to this, and that’s something I find a lot of pleasure in,” she told him with a purr.

He began to groan as he watched her start to buck her hips, letting his face move back. He pushed his mouth to one of her nipples, sucking on the flesh there, and she soon began to moan, lightly pressing her hips up, and as he started to suckle on the breasts, Danny started to tease her under her skirt, feeling her sopping wet panties underneath all of that.

“Fuck,” she said to herself, enjoying the sensation of this. He teased her nub through the silky panties that left very little to the imagination, and when he finished, she moved up. Glen pulled away, and when he looked at her, she smiled.

“So, you’ve never been blown before?” she asked.

He shook his head.

“Well, you’re in for a treat, because guys love it when I blow them,” she said.

It was true. She did get compliments from men many times on her blowjob skills. She took it as a personal pride point, so she was going to show both of these men the fun in having her take care of both of them. She then moved downwards, pushing both Danny and Glen into their respective chairs, and she soon moved to their pants. Well, more to Danny’s pants because Glen’s cock was already out and throbbing.

She first undid the fly on there, slipping it off and then undoing the button on there. She then pulled the cock out, admiring the size.

“You feel pretty good,” she said with a smile of gratitude.

“Thank you,” he breathed, barely able to control himself.

She loved seeing this man like that. She soon took the very tip of it into her mouth, lightly jerking him as he began to tense up, hissing in pleasure at the sensations that she created against his body. He was so easy to manipulate. Men were so much fun to tease, and this guy was no exception. She loved seeing this, and as she continued to tease him slightly, she watched with rapt pleasure as he began to immediately groan. She saw the precum oozing out of the tip, and that’s when she stopped. She pulled back, looking at him with a smirk.

“That was only the beginning. I have so much more planned for both of you,” she said with a smile.

She immediately whipped her head around, turning to where Glen was. He looked at her, his cock standing at attention. He was slightly smaller than Danny at full mast, but his cock was still pretty fucking mouth-watering. She moved over there, pushing her face right up against it, and then she breathed. She watched as he squirmed around, and she smiled.

“Someone is very sensitive. Do you want hands, or mouth?” she asked.

He looked at Danny, who just smiled at the tumult he was in.

“Mouth,” he finally said, blushing red.

The milf soon got in between his legs, pushing her lips right there against the very edge of this. His eyes opened wide in shock at the sensation, precum immediately hitting the back of her mouth. She looked at him, and then, she smiled.

“You want some more?” she asked.

He nodded, his body aching for it, and she soon moved all the way down to the base of it, taking his cock fully into her mouth. She could feel the man struggling to keep it together as she bobbed her head up and down on his cock, and soon, she watched with a smile on her face as the other man started to fuck her throat.

While she did this, she let another hand of hers sneak up and tease the shaft of Danny’s cock. She worked hard on this, watching as both of these entrepreneurs start to lose their shit as she continued the rapturous pleasure of the actions she continued. She saw that they were both near the very edge

already, and while she knew they had a few loads, she continued just staving it off.

But, she wanted to at least finish off Cody. His cock was fun to suck, and he was pretty thick too, so it definitely rested itself nicely in thee. After a little bit, moving up and down against him like a piston, he soon started to tense up, crying out loud and in pleasure, and it was then when his seed erupted from his dick, hitting the back of her throat suddenly.

She'd learned a long time ago to ensure that she swallowed. But, it was hard to not choke on it. She quickly pulled off, licking the rest of it off her lips and looking at him. He sat there satisfied by the actions.

“You like that?” she asked.

“Yeah,” he replied.

He seemed to need a minute or so to recover, and then, she turned to Danny. Her hands and lips soon started to move to his own, moving her lips against the tip to tease and then jerking him with her hands. But then, Danny sat back, grasping her breasts and pushing them against the shaft.

She looked at him, and he smiled, nodding in agreement to what was about to transpire. She then took her breasts. and smothered them around the shaft, moving up and down. She did spit for a moment, giving it some more lubrication as she started to jerk him off a bit faster with her tips. She then let her tongue flick out, teasing the very tip of his cock, and she soon watched as he threw his head back in pleasure, enjoying the sensation of this. It was then when she started to watch as he got close, his body aching for her, and his eyes glazed with lust.

“Fuck,” he said to her, his body wanting more.

She knew the fucker was close. She started to jerk him off a bit faster before he tensed up, shifting his body up and covering her mouth with his seed. He had a lot, and she noticed that it was pretty thick, a sign that he was probably backed up for a long time. She eagerly cleaned it up, looking over at the other man and smiling.

“You enjoy that?” she said.

“Yeah,” he replied.

But then, he pushed her down on the desk, his hands near her skirt, pulling it up and revealing her panties. He slipped those off, revealing her heat, and he soon touched her pussy. She began to moan in pleasure as Danny started to rub his fingers against her pussy, touching her slightly.

But, he wanted to make her cum along with Glen. He turned to the other man, who had managed to recover while she titfucked him, and son, she moved in front of her pussy.

“just lick the clit there. I’ll do the rest,” he said.

Karen smiled, watching as the guy awkwardly touched his lips to it. He probably expected it to taste bad or something, but then it was like a drug. He began to lick in different directions and speeds, touching her clit with his wet muscle. As he did that, she watched as Danny started to push a finger into her, teasing her slightly. Karen smiled, but then she spoke.

“You’re going to need to put a lot more in there if you want to fill me up,” she teased.

Danny moaned at those words. She could tell the man wanted to completely destroy her, and then, he started to move his second finger into her. She then cried out, immediately moaning in pleasure as the man started to explore her, watching with rapt attention as she began to moan, pushing her hips up and groaning in pleasure at the sensations he provided to her.

She was already getting closer to the edge. But then, she noticed that Glen had her spread apart, and he soon had his fingers moving the clitoral hood away from the clit, summoning it out. When she saw this, he soon pushed his tongue against there, and that's when she started to howl, moving about and watching with shocked eyes as he continued to do this. Meanwhile, Danny inserted a third finger, pushing up, finding that bundle of nerves that he knew women had.

This guy was already on his way to finding her g-spot. Holy fuck, he was desperate to see her lose herself. She smiled, enjoying the idea of that, as he continued to push his fingers in and out of her, completely filling her up with the digits. She wanted more though, and then, she looked at him.

“Insert...one more,” she told him with almost a demanding sound.

He looked at her with shocked eyes, and then, he started to push a fourth in there. He grazed the fingers against the top, and that, combined with all the clitoral stimulation courtesy of Glen, she immediately stopped, moaning in pleasure and letting her body start to thrash about.

She came hard, her juices coming out of her pussy. Both of them pulled away, looking at the spent milk on the

desk. But, Karen was just beginning.

“That was fun, but now I want you both inside me,” she said.

They were about to speak, when suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Karen immediately went under the desk, and both of them got themselves together, looking at Karen. She hid herself well, and soon the door opened.

“Hey guys,” one of the warehouse workers, a man named Steve, said.

“Hey there. what’s up?” Glen said.

“Uh, I was wondering if I could see you guys about possibly getting promoted,” Steve said.

Karen grimaced. She hated that guy. He was nothing more than some shitty little goody-goody that resisted all of her advances. She tried to hold back her scoff as she heard this.

“I’m sorry, but we are a bit busy right now,” Danny said.

“Yeah. let’s of paperwork. We can get to you later on though,” Glen said.

Steve looked disappointed. “very well. Have a nice day,” he said.

Immediately, he left, and soon, both of them sighed, their cocks still hard as a rock and trying to hide them under the desk. Karen came out, still naked, and as she looked at them, she smiled.

“He’s really trying to get promoted, isn’t he?” she said.

“Yeah, he’s always bothering us about it,” Danny said.

“Well, he doesn’t have this, so it isn’t going to help,” she said.

She spread her legs apart, her pussy throbbing with need. She looked at both of those men, and then she spoke.

“So what do you say boys? Want to come in?” she said.

They looked at one another, both of them eager once more. It was then when Danny spoke.

“I think Glen should be first when it comes to fucking you. I mean, he’s never been inside a woman before,” he said.

Glen blushed, but then, Karen nodded.

“That’s a perfect idea! Come here then,” she insisted.

Glen blushed, but then he moved in front of her, undoing his pants and pulling his cock out. He looked at her pussy, which despite the actions before was super tight. She probably got a little bit nervous earlier when that whole mess happened. But then, as he spread her apart, he slipped his cock into her, and he felt like he was being sucked in.

“Holy fuck,” he said, his eyes immediately rolling to the back of his head. He looked at Karen, who was smiling at him.

“I’m on the pill, so if you end up cumming inside of me, I’ll be fine,” she said to him.

That was the one thing he wanted to hear. She then pulled him closer, and it took almost no time before he started to thrust inside of her, watching with wide eyes as she completely enjoyed this. She began to watch him, and he soon

groaned, his body aching for more from her. He then started to push himself all the way in, his body feeling as if it was being sucked in. She saw this in guys before. And she loved it. She then watched as he started to thrust in deep, moaning in pleasure as she sat back, eyeing him with each thrust.

“You enjoy this, don’t you?”

“Yes, it feels like heaven. you’re sucking me in,” he said.

“Well, Danny can come over here and use my mouth if he wants to,” she said.

She laid back, and Danny didn’t need to be told twice. He soon came over, pushing his cock all the way down her throat, and she took it. She could feel it tightening her throat, but as he fucked her mouth mercilessly, she immediately enjoyed this. She loved it when two guys used her like this. Both of these men had young, hot cocks that throbbed with arousal at every single motion. She loved seeing both of them lose themselves against the pleasure. She definitely took it as a compliment when she felt both of them start to go crazy, and she could feel Danny practically skull fucking her as Glen started to push himself all the way in.

It was then when Glen started to moan, suddenly feeling the urge to cum. She grasped his hips, pushing him against there as he came inside of her, pushing his seed all the way into her. She smiled, watching the look of desperation and need in his eyes as she continued to smile at him. Each and every single moment she felt his hot seed in there turned her on more. She then looked over at Danny, who was getting close, but he pulled out.

“Fuck, I need to be inside you,” he said.

“You want it doggy style?” she asked.

“God yes,” he said.

She could tell that the man had been craving something like this. She then started to get on all fours, her fat ass wriggling in the air. He then moved over there, pushing himself all the way in, and when he first got into there, it felt heavenly.

Danny had sex before, sure, but it was nothing like this. The first time was awkward because the girl was a virgin, and most of the other times, it also involved girls who just weren't enough. But when he sunk his cock deep into her pussy, feeling it suck him in like it was desperate for him, Danny struggled to hold the fuck back.

It was also a shock to Karen how good this felt too. On the one hand, she was super happy that she finally got to have this, but she also began to notice that he was bigger than she expected. Most of the guys she did in the past were nowhere near like this, and as he started to plow into her, he felt the urge grow more and more so as he started to thrust in deep.

She looked over and saw Glen, who wanted to join in, but he seemed spent. She didn't blame him though, it was quite hot, and he was taken care of. Plus, it was his first time in a girl, so it certainly did make sense that he probably felt that way. But god, she wanted him more and more. She licked his lips, and he groaned.

“Want some?” she asked.

He shook his head though. "I want to save it. I'm already near my limit," he said.

It was utterly adorable that he said it like that. She moaned at the sounds, pushing her body against his own, and she soon felt the force of all of this start to overwhelm her. As she was being jakhammered into by the other man's cock, she felt his hands slip forward, teasing her clit. The force of that, along with the thrusts, and the feeling of being full were enough to drive her crazy, and soon she arched her back, feeling the pleasure of the orgasm start to overwhelm her.

She felt him groan, pushing deep into her, and the tightness was too much, even for him. After a few more thrusts, he then tensed up, cumming hard deep within her, driving her mad as she felt herself get stuffed with his cum as well.

When he finished up, he pulled back, looking at her with expectant eyes.

"You want more?" he asked.

"If you're both ready for more, I'd like that?" she said.

She was honestly horny as fuck, and this was the sexual satisfaction that she wanted. She looked at both of them, and soon, Danny moved down to where the chair was, sitting down on it. She wanted to make a quip about giving up already, but then, he moved to where his briefcase was. He looked at her, and then smiled.

"Has anyone fucked your ass?" he asked.

It had been forever since something like that happened. She looked at him, and nodded.

“It’s been a long time though,” she said.

“Want it?”

She remembered the feeling of getting cum in her ass. She wanted that, and soon, she started to smile.

“Yeah. Give it to me,” she said.

She spread herself apart, wriggling her ass, and it was all Danny could do not to just pop it into there right then and there. He slipped his first finger into her, causing her to tense up, and she soon pushed it all the way in, watching with a smile on his face as she started to moan, tensing up as he slipped a second finger into there. For someone who hadn’t done this in forever, she seemed very eager and willing to do everything. She didn’t resist at all, and when Danny watched as she took a third finger straight into her ass, he could feel his body aching to just push it into there. However, he wanted to make sure she was fine.

For Karen, this was nice. The last time she did anal, the guy was very forceful with it, and it didn’t feel very comforting. But, Danny was gentle, despite the obvious need for wanting to do more, and as he slipped the third and final finger into there, she turned to him, giving him a smile, and that was what he needed.

He then moved her so that she was right over his cock. He then moved himself all the way down, feeling his cock completely breach her ass.

She was super easy to get into. He always heard that girls were very weird about this, and that they either loved it or hated it. He never got a chance to do this before, but the fact

that now he was able to push himself all the way into there like it was nothing drove him mad. He pulled her up, holding the milf like she weighed nothing, and then looked at Glen.

Glen saw her pussy there, ready and ripe. He then moved towards her, spreading her legs apart and pushing himself all the way inside of her. He watched as she cried out, eyes rolling to the back of her head as she settled himself all the way into there. He then watched as she moaned, and soon, he got all the way in.

the feeling of two cocks in her holes made Karen want more. She loved the feeling of being full, and as the two of them started to move themselves in and out of her, the pacing almost too much to bear, she felt her eyes start to shut at the sudden thrill of both of them pistoning their cocks in and out of her.

Danny felt like he was losing his mind as he felt his cock get pushed all the way into there. He didn't want to cum yet, but he knew that he was close. For Glen, he could feel himself getting there but he didn't want to yet. He wanted to savor this moment with the milf.

For the moment, they were all pretty quiet, but Karen was so glad this place was completely soundproofed, since she did worry about being too loud. There was no way that Steve heard them, but she still didn't want to be too damn careful. But then, she felt Glen push himself up, and when she felt Danny penetrate her suddenly from behind, feeling like the entirety of that was hitting her all at once, she started to cry out, feeling like she was about to lose her mind.

It was then when she came hard, her entire body shaking with pleasure at the sudden sensation of this. She looked at both of them, and suddenly, she cried out, feeling Danny shoot his seed deep into her ass. It felt so good, and she felt like she was completely filled up by this man. When he finally finished, then it was Glenn's turn.

Glenn wanted more, but he also wanted to surprise her. When Danny pulled back, she was soon down in the chair. He started to vigorously fuck her, his body aching for more, and his cock throbbing with need. It was then, after a couple of thrusts, he began to push himself in, and then out.

He then spilled his seed all over her face, the white ribbons shooting directly onto her, covering her with the hot liquid. Karen was shocked, and she wished she got some warning, but at the same time, she felt happy to have this. She eagerly accepted the cum, feeling it completely coat her face. It was then when the man pulled back, looking at Danny with a smile.

“Seems like she likes it,” he told Danny.

“No shit. I mean look at her. She's a total slut,” he told her.

She smiled, knowing full well that yes, she is a slut, but these two definitely wanted more of this. She sat there for a bit, trying to get herself moving, but for now, she felt completely satisfied. She wanted more though, her body aching for more fun from this man, and it was obvious that this was definitely getting even better with time, and her body ached for more from both of them.

### **Chapter Three**

There was one thing that Karen wondered as she laid there with the cum all over her body: did she get the promotion? She hoped that she did, for she did work pretty damn hard. It was obvious that she loved the sensation of this, but she also did partially do it in order to get the promotion. She then looked over at the guys, both of them staring at her with smiles on their faces.

“Finally wake up there princess?” Danny asked.

“Yeah. That was just...wow,” she told them.

“I knew you’d enjoy it. I didn’t expect things to go that way,” Danny said.

“Yeah well, I really wanted the promotion, and I took it as a time to try things,” she told them.

“I see. Well, I’m glad about that. I certainly had a lot of fun. However, Glen here is pretty surprised by everything that happened, and he’s definitely quite tired,” he said.

She looked over at Glenn, who was sleeping in his chair, his cock still out and left in the open.

“Shit, you two don’t have meetings or anything, right?” she asked.

“Oh god no. I don’t schedule most meetings. I prefer to do those outside of the office too. I knew Steve came in but... he’s not getting the promotion,” he said.

Karen looked at him with slight surprise, unsure of what that meant for her. Did she do it? Or did she do all of this

for nothing, and she was basically fucked.

“So what does this mean?” she asked.

“Let’s wait for sleeping beauty over there to wake up, and then I’ll tell you,” he explained.

She laughed, but then she nodded. “Fine by me,” she said.

She asked where his bathroom was, and he pointed to the small little space nearby. She went in there, taking a piss and then getting herself together so that she looked kind of presentable. She then looked around, noticing full well that she was alone. She couldn’t believe what she did, and there was something in her mind that told her that this was the best thing for her to do.

Normally, she never dared take risks such as this. This was something that she normally would never try, at least not on the job. But they were both so hot, and she enjoyed taking their virginity. She just hoped that she made the right decision with this. After she finished getting ready, she went back there, looking normal.

“You cleaned up well,” he said.

“Yeah well, you got to. I mean, I have to go back out there, and I wonder if people are looking for me,” she said.

“I told a lie, saying that you were meeting with an associate of ours today and then had to report back for an extensive meeting,” Danny said., smirking.

“Damn you saved my ass,” she said.

“Well, I do have to do something. I mean, it’s the least I could do,” he said. with a purr.

She blushed, but she waited for Glen to wake up. After what seemed to be forever, he finally did.

“Wow,” he said.

“You good man?” Danny asked.

“Yeah. Just never thought my first time would be with a hot milf in a threesome with my best friend,” he said to the other.

“Yeah well, you can thank Karen here for that,” he teased.

Karen blushed, but then, she felt the urge to ask them the one question she’d been waiting for, the one that had been bothering her the entire time.

“So what does this mean for me? I mean, I wanted to fuck both of you, at least to help climb the corporate ladder. And I wanted to have a bit of fun too. So what does that mean for me?” she asked them.

She had no idea, but then, as she saw the smile on Danny’s face, he then turned to Glen.

“Well, what do you think? She could be our personal secretary, and continue to do what she did for us today each and every single day, and get a pay raise that she never thought she would get before, or maybe we should just not do that,” he teased.

“I am all for keeping her,” Danny said, eyeing her body.

She blushed, realizing what was about to happen to her. She felt excited for whatever would happen next.

“So I got the promotion, right?” she asked.

“Yes, if you’d both take care of us along the way sometimes,” Danny said.

She would love that. She was a hungry milf, always on the quest for cock, so it definitely wasn’t something she’d say no to.

“I definitely wouldn’t mind that,” she told them.

Both of the men smiled at her, each of them taking a moment to give her a kiss on the cheek. She definitely was excited for this new promotion.

They agreed to let her start on Monday, so she could finish up her duties that she had currently. She then walked out of there, seeing that Steve was nearby. He was about to walk to the door, when she smiled.

“Don’t worry about that,” she said.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

She smiled at him and then spoke.

“They already have someone chosen for the promotion,” she said with a wicked glance.

He looked at her with confusion, and she soon walked away. When she got back to her desk, she felt like she was shaking in excitement.

So not only was she about to work under these guys, but she would be under them in other ways too. The excitement of that seemed to push through her body, making

her shiver with delight at the notion of this. She definitely was ready for whatever would happen next, and for Karen, she knew that she would continue to be a milf that was ready for hot action, and she would give these men exactly what they wanted.

Steve didn't even bother to try again. He learned his lesson. But for Karen, she felt like she was ready for action, and when Monday came, and she got her shit all moved to the new cubicle, she certainly didn't stop at anything. She then finished everything up, and when she got inside there, both of them came to her.

“We definitely want to see you at some point today for a little bit of extra fun,” Glen said.

She smiled in a wicked manner, excited about that. Oh she would do it all right, and she would certainly enjoy this. She couldn't wait for the moment when she would manage to do something fun like this, and she got to have the fun that she desired. Both of these men aroused her, and she was excited to finally use her wiles to climb the corporate ladder.

## Story Thirty Two

## Chapter 1

“This is going to be a stepping stone,” Becca said as she continued to explain the decision to her college cheerleading coach. Becca had graduated six months ago and she had been trying out for different cheerleading teams around the country. When she got the call back from the audition she thought that her coach would be excited about the news.

“I know this squad,” Jenna warned. “This is not the right environment for a nice girl like you.”

Becca had always heard this, ‘Nice girl’ stuff from people. She didn’t think of herself as a goody two shoes. ‘I can be wild!’ She was always telling people, but nobody believed her. ‘I just haven’t found the right time.’ She thought to herself, ‘Or maybe I’m just a chicken?’

Becca had heard the rumors about the Dallas Dynamite Cheerleading squad, but she needed a job. Her father was going to force her to get what he called a, ‘real job’ if she didn’t get some money rolling in soon. Becca was 22, but she still depended on her mom and dad for support. She was

chasing her dream, and if that meant working her way up from the bottom then that was what she was going to do.

“I am going out for the team,” Becca said firmly.

“I support you, and I believe in you, but don’t sell yourself short,” Jenna put in her last words and then they ended the call. Life after college was not going the way that Becca had expected, and people being upset when she thought they should be happy was the least of her problems.

Becca’s next call was to her parents, and they were over the moon. She tried to explain the situation, but her father was too happy to care. “They’re paying you!” He cheered as he thought about all of the money he wouldn’t be giving Becca.

“It’s just a call back, but they said I have a good shot at getting the job,” Becca sighed. “I mean, they said on the phone it was pretty much a lock.”

“Well, you have to get this spot. I am so tired of this already. You said that you’d be working as soon as you got out of school. It’s been months,” Becca’s father was very stern with her. “It is either this, or you come to work at the bank. I always need more tellers.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Becca said, trying to keep the whimper out of her voice. She could tell that her father meant business; Becca had just been cut out of the family budget. For the first time in her life, Becca was going to have to figure things out for herself.

Becca paced around the apartment for a long time after saying good bye to her parents. She was still excited about the job, but she was a little scared as well. She walked into the bathroom and looked into the mirror and stared into her own light blue eyes. She looked good.

She turned to face the full-length mirror the hung on the bathroom door and admired her body in the mirror. She was wearing her black yoga pants and a loose t-shirt, but she could still see the outline of her full breasts. She let her long blonde hair out of its messy bun and she shook it out.

Becca practiced a few of her moves in the mirror. She took off the t-shirt. She wanted to get the full effect. She loved how her breasts looked in the thin black bra. She didn't have much room, but she wanted to watch her body as it moved through the sequence she had been told to practice.

She spread her legs and ran her hands seductively along her thighs. Becca was just trying to practice, but it was turning her on. She was pouting into the mirror and it was driving her crazy, to run her hands on her sensitive thighs. She

thought about letting her hand dip below her waistband for a moment.

“No, I have to stay sharp,” Becca said the words out loud. She did that when she wanted to be firm with herself. She let her hand play gently over the pants for a moment, just enough to send tingles all over her body, but then she decided to finish practicing in the living room away from mirrors.

Before leaving the bathroom Becca gave the mirror one last look. “I am going to do whatever it takes to be a part of this team,” Becca declared. “I will be a cheerleader, and I will follow my dream!”

That night Becca made herself a sleepy time tea and then went right to bed. She was trying to get a good night’s sleep, but she was too excited about the possibilities that the next day might hold. She was ready to start this next phase of her life, and she felt sure that this squad was going to take her. She could feel the butterflies in her stomach.

As she drifted off to sleep a dream took over. It was a very familiar dream. She had already been through it many times. It was the same dream she had whenever she was nervous about something. It was based on an experience that she had had in real life. It was back in high school, but as she got older the dream had evolved.

In the dream this night it was the older Becca at the top of the pyramid. She could feel the pile starting to shake and wobble. In real life she had fallen off of the pyramid and on the way down her shirt had been pulled over her head. This was the dream that she relived whenever she was nervous. She had been wearing a bra and no one had really seen anything, but the dream had changed over the years and now she was standing naked in front of the crowd.

Becca had adjusted to this part of the dream. It felt so real, but it had been happening for the last few years, and it no longer upset her. She looked around at the crowd and realized that the dream was changing again. The other cheerleaders got up out of the pile, but they were no longer pretty, high school girls. The dead eyed zombies were still wearing the uniforms, but they were no longer trying to pump up the crowd. They were out for blood.

Becca started to run, but she was hunted down and devoured by the horde of dead cheerleaders. “That can’t be a good sign,” Becca sighed as she got out of bed and went to get a drink. She didn’t get back to sleep that night.

## Chapter 2

Becca arrived at the arena an hour ahead of time. It was a large closed in bowl. It held 7000 people, and though the games rarely sold out, the team seemed to be doing well. Becca stood outside the main entrance and took a deep breath. There were a few other people arriving as she got there, and they all seemed to be wearing the Dallas Dynamite logo. It was a stick of dynamite in a cowboy hat. Becca couldn't wait to get her jacket.

She saw a group of tall, fit men walking into the arena. They all smiled and waved at Becca. She was so giddy that she actually giggled. Becca couldn't believe that she had actually done that. "Are you back in high school?" Becca chastised herself. She wasn't one to get all gaga over boys.

She went into the building and was immediately taken through security and then into a small dressing room. "This is for the refs, but they aren't here today, so you tryout girls are going to take the room." The old security guard laughed as he took a smell of the room and waved a long, skinny hand in front of his nose. "It's nearly as bad as the player rooms."

Becca didn't like the smell, but nothing was going to get her down today. She was in a great head space. She was ready to do anything to get this job. She knew that she was early, but she got changed and she headed out onto the field to start getting limbered up.

The field was empty as Becca ran out and she headed right to the fifty yard line to start stretching. She could hear a few people in the stands. She could hear a few male voices, she looked over to see that they were all checking her out. Becca kept her head down and kept stretching.

The others started filtering out onto the field slowly. They all started stretching with Becca. There were 5 girls in total, and they all looked good. She knew there was more to it than that, but presentation counts for a lot, and these girls were smoking hot. Becca found herself staring at all the curves that had taken over the field.

“Good luck, guys,” Becca said as she pretended to be friendly. She was really thinking about how she was going to destroy them all, but she kept the smile on her face. It was a trick that she had learned back on her first cheer squad. When she was young and naïve, Becca had shown others her emotions, and now all she showed was a smile.

Did any of these other girls get a guaranteed spot? Becca thought as she tried to pump herself up. She tried to

keep the phone call in mind, and what the girl had told her about having a spot. Becca felt good as the members of the squad walked out to the middle of the field to meet the recruits.

“Line up!” A shrill voice sent all of the newbies scrambling to their feet. “Not fast enough! Down on your faces!”

Becca got down on the ground. She still couldn't tell who was yelling. Everything was happening too quickly. She waited for the next command.

“Up!”

Becca launched herself up to her feet, and they launched right into the first routine. The whole squad was moving, but Becca was really lost. She tried to follow the girls in front of her, but they all seemed to be doing different movements. She nearly kicked her own feet out from under herself.

“Now just the newbies!” The voice commanded and the members of the squad walked in all different directions. It was like they were purposely trying to confuse Becca and the other newbies. Becca did her best, but she

wasn't even sure which of the three routines she had been emailed they were doing.

“Hit your marks, ladies!” Jennifer the head cheerleader of the Dallas Dynamite Cheer Squad was screaming as Becca struggled through what she thought was the third routine. She had only seen the moves done once at full speed, and no one was helping the new girls as they all struggled through the routine. “There’s only one spot available, who wants it more?”

The words went right through Becca. On the phone she had been promised a spot. She knew how desperate the situation was, and she tried to stay focused, but her heart was breaking. She needed this spot, and she wanted it so bad.

“We’ll let you know tomorrow,” Jennifer said as she walked away from the five girls who were down on the mat covered floor gasping for breath. Jennifer seemed to be getting a perverse pleasure out of this scene.

Becca had a sinking feeling in her gut as she watched the perky cheer captain walk away. “Don’t worry about her,” one of the other cheerleaders said. Her name was Tiffany, and she was already on the team, her name was sewn into her team jacket. “She’s always like this with the new recruits.”

“I thought I had a spot,” Becca sighed. “They told me I had a spot.”

“They just wanted to make sure that you showed up,” Tiffany explained. “But listen, I think you have a good shot at getting the spot.”

“Thanks,” Becca tried to sound excited. “I just already told my parents.”

“Oh no!” Tiffany seemed really upset. “Well, let me help you. We’re all going out to a team function tonight, why don’t you come as my guest?”

“Really?”

“Yeah, you can meet all of the guys on the team, and the bigwigs in the corporate office,” Tiffany said as she put her arm around Becca and led her out of the gym. “You’ll have to get a costume, because it’s a costume party.”

Becca and Tiffany left the gym and headed straight for Halloween Outfitters, a costume shop down the road. They took Tiffany’s car. The store was filled with freaky, and scary costumes, but Tiffany pulled Becca all the way back to the sexy costume section.

“Is Sexy Cop good enough,” Becca asked. “She seems to have more clothes on than the others.”

“Less is better, you really want them to see your... um...assets,” Tiffany teased as she grabbed Becca’s breasts with both hands. Becca turned bright red, but she didn’t pull away. Tiffany was crazy hot. She had that perfect hourglass figure, clear bronze skin, and curly brown hair. Becca wasn’t sure how she felt about the playful grope. Tiffany let her hands linger for a moment and then she found Becca an outfit and held it up against her body.

Once again Tiffany was touching Becca, but this time Becca was sure that it was turning her on. “What about this one?” Tiffany asked as she pretended to smooth out the costume. Becca knew that her new friend was just copping a feel.

“What one?” Becca said, looking in the mirror. “It’s just a bikini with a cop hat.”

“I’ll wear one too,” Tiffany was pleading. “I need a buddy or I’ll feel silly and nearly naked.”

“Then why don’t we pick one of the other costumes?” Becca asked as she looked around at the many

slutty options available. “They all seem to show off a lot of skin.”

“Please!” Tiffany begged and Becca gave in. “We can get changed at my place.” Tiffany said as she dragged Becca up to the cashier.

Back at Tiffany’s place, Becca was looking at herself in the mirror. She had never worn anything this skimpy, not even to the beach. The lens on the mirrored sunglasses that came in the kit were bigger than the tiny bits of fabric covering her nipples. She adjusted the strings as best she could, but no matter what she did there was a bit of nipple visible.

“Wow, you look great,” Tiffany exclaimed as she came out of the bedroom. She was wearing the same bikini, and Becca was sure that Tiffany was wearing it better. Her breasts were so full and perky. “You’re going to get that spot for sure.”

“I don’t think I can wear this,” Becca groaned as she kept fidgeting with her top. “No matter what I do, I can see nipple.”

“You just have to move the cloth over across the bottom string. Without another word Tiffany reached under

Becca's breasts and adjusted the fabric. The quick pull tickled Becca and sent a shiver through her body. "It bunches here, so you need to adjust it properly," Tiffany said staring intently at the fabric.

"I think you got it," Becca said. She could feel her nipple getting hard as Tiffany moved the cloth back and forth. "Okay..." Becca moaned as Tiffany moved the cloth to the side and started to work the nipple between her fingers. "Mmmm, that feels great." Becca's voice was shaky, and her breathing was getting more rapid.

"I love your nipples," Tiffany cooed as she pulled the other triangle of fabric out of the way and started playing with both nipples. "They are so little, and pink." Becca closed her eyes and savored the sensation of Tiffany's hands on her nipples.

The young, blonde felt a jolt run through her when Tiffany pressed her bare chest against Becca's hard nipples. The feeling of their large breasts pressing together sent tingles throughout her body. She opened her eyes in time to see Tiffany's mouth moving closer. Becca closed her eyes again and let the taller woman kiss her.

Tiffany's lips tasted sweet, and Becca opened her mouth to let Tiffany's eager tongue slip through. Becca let her own tongue dance across the surface of Tiffany's long, wide

tongue. Tiffany slid her tongue in and out with quick jutting movements, and Becca rolled and swirled her tongue against it. Her head was spinning, she wasn't even sure what was going on.

“Someone is enjoying herself,” Tiffany teased as she pulled her hand out from between Becca's legs, before the younger woman even knew what was going on, she was sucking her own juices off of Tiffany's fingers. Becca couldn't believe how wet she was, she could feel her thighs slipping against each other. She had never felt this wet before.

“Oh, it's time to go,” Tiffany said as she looked over at the clock. “To be continued.” She kissed Becca on the tip of the nose and then ran into her bedroom.

Becca was left standing in the middle of the room. She was a little confused, a little hurt, but mainly she was horny. Tiffany came out of the room in a trench coat and tossed one to Becca. “We can't go walking around like this until we get to the party.” Becca agreed and she put the coat on. They headed down to Tiffany's car.

Becca was trying to get focused, but she had never had anything like that happen to her before. All of her senses felt so alive. She wanted to calm down, but she couldn't help the desires and hungers that were flowing through her as she stared at Tiffany. Becca desperately needed to feel the other

woman's hands on her. She wanted to feel Tiffany's tongue again.

“We're here,” Tiffany said as she parked the car and danced around to Becca's side of the car. “Isn't this so exciting? The team parties are always the craziest.”

Becca didn't even know where they were. It was the parking lot of a hotel, but she didn't know which hotel. There must've been a sign, but Becca had been too distracted as they drove in. Now as they moved through the parking lot the over excited Tiffany was pulling Becca way too fast to for her to read the signs.

“This is it,” Tiffany said as they got through the lobby of the hotel and to the door of a large ballroom. Tiffany grabbed Becca's arms and pushed her back against the wall just outside the doors. “No matter what happens after this point just know that I am doing what's best for you. I'm going to help you get this post, no matter what it seems like.”

Becca didn't like the sound of that, but when Tiffany sealed her promise with a kiss, Becca forgot about all of her misgivings.

## Chapter 3

“Your coat,” a man standing at the door said as he offered to help Becca with her coat. Becca was nervous, she had never let so many people see her with so little clothing on. The lobby was filled with finely dressed men, and women. There didn’t seem to be anyone in costume.

“At least we’re both wearing...” Becca stopped mid-sentence as she saw that Tiffany was no longer wearing the string bikini. She was wearing a little black dress. Tiffany looked hot, but Becca didn’t care about that, she had been lied to. “What are you wearing?”

Tiffany looked like she was about to explain herself, but Jennifer stepped between the two women and took a moment to drink in Becca’s costume. “Put on the hat and glasses,” the head cheerleader commanded.

Becca did as she was told. Jennifer smiled, “You’ll fit right in with the rest of the newbies.” Becca looked around the room. The four other girls who had been trying out were all walking around in skimpy costumes. They were being touched, and groped by the other guests at the party. Becca

was a bit scared, but she was also excited. She was so worked up that any touching was going to feel amazing. Her pussy was throbbing, and aching for contact.

“Come with me,” Tiffany said as she led Becca through the crowd. “There are some people you should meet.” Tiffany began introducing Becca to the players from the team. They were all young, attractive guys. They were tall and muscular, and Tiffany was touching Becca the whole time. Becca was on fire.

“This is Mike,” Tiffany purred the words. “He’s my boy toy.” Tiffany laughed as she kissed Mike. “Give him a kiss.” Tiffany pressed herself up behind Becca and held her tightly as Mike leaned in and kissed her. Mike’s lips were full, and his kiss was firm. Becca wasn’t sure what was happening, until she felt Tiffany remove the flimsy bikini top. It wasn’t covering much anyway, but it made what was about to happen extremely clear.

As Mike’s tongue probed her mouth, Tiffany kissed the back of Becca’s neck and shoulders. Becca could barely tell whose hands were playing with her nipples, and which hands were between her legs. The young cheerleader didn’t really care. She just needed to be touched.

Tiffany undid Mike’s pants and let them fall to the floor. Becca felt the warm, throbbing phallus as it bounced off her

thigh. It was rock hard, and Becca couldn't wait to feel it inside of her. She continued to kiss Mike as the tiny bikini bottom was pulled out of the way.

Becca was directed onto a couch and Mike sat down in front of her. Becca's lips were now only inches from the thick, juicy looking pole. She was hesitant at first, but then she felt Tiffany's tongue as it took long smooth strokes. Becca had never been kissed by a girl before today, and so this was a new experience. She loved it, and she grabbed onto Mike's shaft. Becca lowered her head and tried to fit as much in her mouth as possible.

"What are you doing?" Jennifer asked. Becca looked up, she was feeling a little startled. No one had ever commented on her form before. "Do you need me to cup his nuts for you?"

Becca put her free hand on Mike's scrotum, she still had the cock in her mouth as she waited for Jennifer's approval. "Now move the hand around a little," Jennifer encouraged the new recruit. "There you go, see it's not that hard. This is our quarterback, and he needs to be happy with your performance so he can give his best performance on the field."

"That feels good," Mike moaned. He ran his fingers gently through Becca's hair. They were almost the length of her head as they clamped down and pulled her head even further down the long shaft. "You're doing great."

Becca was sure that she would gag, but it didn't happen. She was focused on trying to relax, and the big rod slid in and out with ease. Tiffany's tongue was making it much easier, as it was hard to focus on anything else with that tongue having its way with Becca's flower.

Becca could feel the tension building inside of her, and as the tongue brought her to orgasm, she screamed with Mike still in her mouth. Mike stood up immediately and walked around for a second. Becca was still catching her breath when Tiffany grabbed her head.

"My turn," Tiffany cheered as she sat on the couch and pulled Becca's head into her honey pot. Becca had never tasted another woman before, but she was sure that Tiffany had to taste better than most. She loved the sweet flavor on her tongue. She liked trying to copy the long smooth strokes that Tiffany had used on her.

"Ooommm," Becca was surprised at first, but her shock turned into a purr as Mike's girth spread her lips wide. Becca could feel the cock filling her insides. The stretching hurt a little, but it felt amazing. Becca tried to move her hips in time with Mike's thrusts. It felt like he was pushing further inside of her as she did that. Becca was not a virgin, but she had only been with her college boyfriend once. He felt nothing like this.

Mike wasn't clumsy, or awkward, he moved in long, firm, self-confident strokes.

Tiffany's breathing was starting to change, and she grabbed a handful of Becca's hair. Becca started to lick faster, focusing on the little clit that was pushing back against her tongue. Tiffany cried out and clamped down on the head between her thighs. Becca felt so proud. She had made this gorgeous creature cum, and it made her feel so good.

Tiffany wiggled her way head first under Becca. The younger woman could feel the tongue moving between her breasts and then trailing down her stomach. As soon as the tongue hit her clit the waves of pleasure took over her body, and Becca dove mouth first between Tiffany's legs.

It all felt too good. The cock stretching her out, the tongue between her legs, and Tiffany's juices in her mouth. Becca could feel orgasm after orgasm rip through her body. Mike pulled out, and stood over the girls. Becca could feel the warm, gooey liquid splash against her ass, but she didn't stop until she heard the applause.

"What is going on?" Becca whispered to Tiffany.

"Don't worry you're doing great. They were talking through the little space between their bodies, and that was the

only place Becca would look. She was afraid to look up and see what was actually happening in the room around her.

“Well, Becca is on the board first,” Jennifer’s voice rang out over the applause. “We need the other newbies to clean her up, and then the competition can continue.” Becca jumped when the first tongue swiped across her back. Mike had shot all over Becca’s butt and back, and the other girls were quickly lapping up the mess.

“Wasn’t that cool?” Tiffany said as she grabbed Becca by the hand and led her up to the bar. Becca was now completely naked, but Tiffany was still wearing her black dress. She pulled the stretchy fabric back into place as Becca looked for any sign of her Bikini as they walked. “Somebody likely grabbed it.”

“But why, it’s not like it covered anything,” Becca complained as she tried to understand what was going on. “Are all of these people with the team?” She was looking around the room. There were tons of players and cheerleaders, but way more old and rich looking people.

“This is a party for the investors,” Tiffany explained. “They pay to get a good show, on and off the field if you know what I mean.”

“I think I was just part of what you mean,” Becca said as another cheerleader walked up to her. The new cheerleader was eyeballing Becca in a way that made her uncomfortable.

“This is Rhonda,” Tiffany sighed as she noticed the other member of the squad. Rhonda didn’t even acknowledge Tiffany. She took Becca by the chin and kissed her on the lips. Becca wanted to take a sip of her drink, but Rhonda knocked it out of her hand and led her back to the couch.

“Hey!” Tiffany yelled as she pulled on Becca’s other arm. “She’s mine!”

Rhonda turned and launched herself at Tiffany. The slighter, quicker Tiffany slid to the side and as Rhonda fell to the ground she climbed on top of her and grabbed her by the hair. Tiffany’s tight dress was bunching up and her whole ass was out. A crowd had gathered round to cheer as the women fought over Becca.

Eventually, they pulled apart and went their separate ways. Becca stayed close to Tiffany. They headed back to the bar. “Sorry, I don’t know if you’re into her or not, but Rhonda is into some kinky stuff.”

She had disappeared in the opposite direction, but Becca could hear Rhonda slapping another one of the new recruits

around. Tiffany followed the sound of the flesh pounding together. “Ughh, it’s brutal and you only get points for semen.”

Tiffany walked Becca around the room. She was showing her off to the investors, and season ticket holders. They all, men and women, grabbed and groped at Becca. They told her how lovely she looked and a few of the ladies asked for blow job pointers. Becca smiled and tried to be polite, but she was starting to get really worked up.

Becca couldn’t help the feeling of excitement that had taken hold of her. She had never thought of herself as an exhibitionist. She didn’t even really think of herself as a very sexual person. She liked to tease, and she liked to flirt, but she had very little experience in this arena. She didn’t even think about all the people watching as she made love to Tiffany and Mike, but now that she knew there were so many watching she couldn’t help but feel turned on.

It was kind of like the rush that she got from cheerleading. She had always loved having the crowds watch her go through the routines. She knew that she looked hot. She knew that they all wanted her, and there was a powerful feeling that was attached to that kind of power.

Becca barely had a second where someone wasn’t touching her. The investors were definitely getting their money’s worth. Becca looked around the room and watched as

the others newbies were poked and prodded. She felt like a side of beef, and she was a little surprised at the feeling of pride she got from seeing that her crowd was bigger.

“Let’s get some air for a second,” Tiffany said as she led Becca out of the ballroom and into the lobby. She found them a quiet corner. “I know that’s a lot, but you’re doing great.”

“What is even happening?” Becca asked. It seemed a little late to be asking the question, but she didn’t know what else to say. Becca had never been to a party like this in her life. She had been a few frat parties, but Becca was always the first to leave. She even wore pants under her toga. Wild parties were just not her scene.

“We do a lot of parties for our fans,” Tiffany laughed. “Arena football doesn’t always get butts in the seats, but sex sells. Our owners tried alluring photos, and smutty ads, but they knew they had to up their game if the team was going to take off. Now we have the most successful team in the league. We barely win a game, but the owners are turning a profit.”

“It seems like I am going to end up turning tricks,” Becca sighed as she looked at the crowds of fans excitedly heading into the ballroom.

“Not even close,” Tiffany’s voice got really serious. “This is nothing like prostitution. All of the guys are crazy good looking, and the girls, well you know, the same. You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to. The door is right over there.”

Becca apologized she didn’t want to hurt Tiffany’s feelings. “I just...I’m nervous I guess, this really isn’t my scene.”

“Nerves, eh?” Tiffany laughed. “I got the cure for that.” Becca didn’t like the look in Tiffany’s eyes. She was sure that there was something evil going on behind those devilish eyes.

## Chapter 4

“Come on,” Tiffany said as she led Becca through the lobby to the pool. Becca was a little worried that she wasn’t wearing any clothes, but Tiffany didn’t seem to be worried. “They rent out the whole hotel, we can go anywhere.”

Becca could see that there were people from the party spilling out all over the place. Anywhere that there were chairs or benches, people were hooking up, or watching others as they did. It was a lot to take in. Becca had never been to a party that was anywhere near this wild. She was so excited and she couldn’t wait to see what happened next.

Tiffany peeled off her tight dress as they walked into the pool room. It was a small pool, and a tiny hot tub, and both were already crowded. Tiffany didn’t seem to care. She jumped into the middle of the pool and swam up to a few of the players who were relaxing against the side of the pool.

Becca dipped herself into the pool much slower. She was getting very nervous about what was going to happen next. It was exciting at the same time. Becca was ready to let Tiffany

guide her through this new life of debauchery. She was willing to do just about anything to make Tiffany happy.

Tiffany was talking to a few gorgeous guys. Becca was admiring their muscles from across the pool. They were all shredded with the rippled abs and the defined chests. They really looked athletic, and strong.

“Have you guys met Becca?” Tiffany said as she waved Becca over. “She needs to make points.” Becca didn’t like the way that Tiffany was describing her to these guys. It was like sex was a game to these women.

“Well, I think I have a few points for her here,” a tall black man laughed. Becca was going to grab onto the side of the pool, but the tall man interrupted her swim. He ran his hands along her thighs and then started to cup her breasts. Becca could feel the shivers going right through her. “Let’s get you a seat.”

Becca was shaking as she got out of the pool and four men surrounded her. They were all big, and muscular, and their trunks were coming off. “She is something else,” a dark haired man moaned as he took her face by the chin and guided her mouth to his half hard cock. Becca could feel it pulsing and throbbing as it expanded in her mouth.

She grabbed the base with her right hand and the other hand found its way to the man's sack. Becca had only ever seen this in movies. She had never tried it before. It didn't seem lady-like or something. However, in this moment Becca just wanted to get a reaction. She didn't know how gratifying it could be to feel a man get hard in her mouth.

Becca could also feel the others moving her into position. There was a tongue between her legs, and she had no idea who it belonged to. Becca was getting so wet as she thought about how hot it was not to know. She could feel the eyes on her as people continued to move into the pool room. Becca could see Tiffany directing a few guys over to the chair where Becca was perched.

"Umm!" Becca moaned as a man slid inside of her. Becca reached out with both hands and grabbed the cocks that were dangling near her face. She was surrounded by hard cocks and she could feel hands roaming all over her body. Becca started putting everything she had into this performance. She started moaning and moving between the three stiff, dangling rods in front of her face.

"She'll get them points now," a man was saying. Becca felt a sense of shame sweep over her, but it felt good. She was being dirty, and she liked it. There was something about the idea of doing this for points that was making the experience better.

“You’re doing great,” Tiffany whispered in Becca’s ear, and running a finger down her back. Tiffany was stroking Becca like a dog. Then the hand came down hard on Becca’s ass. The man behind Becca was pounding so hard that he was almost choking Becca as he sent her so far down the shafts in front of her. Becca started thrusting her hips harder, to finish him off.

Soon the big, bearded linebacker was cumming all over Becca’s back. Tiffany scooped up a bit for Becca to taste, before taking a picture of the mess. “We have to get you the points,” Tiffany said. “You are going to win this thing.”

Becca felt the next man, take hold of her hips. It was the black man who had taken her out of the pool. Becca could feel his mushroom head pressing against her opening. Her lips slid apart as he eased himself in. He moved so slowly that she could feel every bit of him as it stretched her open wide. He continued to slide in well after Becca thought it should’ve stopped.

Becca tried to keep sucking the cocks in her hands, but it was hard to focus on anything. She had never been filled up like this before. He was moving out again and Becca could feel the edge of the cock’s tip as it rubbed against the walls. When the big man pulled all the way out Becca almost fell backwards. Large hands held Becca tight and Even though her

legs were shaking she didn't move. She could feel where the cock had been, and now she felt so empty, she hungered for more.

The large cock pushed in again. This time it was moving faster and harder than before. Becca had to let go of the cocks in front of her, and grab hold of the chair. Tiffany saw how Becca was struggling and she helped by guiding the cocks in front of Becca into her mouth. She took them in turns, keeping a hand on Becca's hair; Tiffany shoved the first cock in. Becca tried to take as much of it as she could. Tiffany was purring words of encouragement, but Becca couldn't understand what the other cheerleader was saying.

Tiffany had the men in front shoot all over Becca's face, taking pictures in between. Tiffany grabbed a towel and cleared the semen from Becca's eyes. "You are in the lead," Tiffany cheered. "Come on, just finish Albert and then we can go back to the main ballroom."

Becca could only nod. Finishing Albert seemed like a big job. He had been pounding away at Becca for what the young woman could only assume had been an eternity. Becca started to rock her hips in time with Albert's thrusts and she tried to squeeze as tightly as she could. She focused on milking Albert with the muscles of her inner walls. She could hear his breathing changing.

“Oh, so you want to play,” Albert laughed as he grabbed Becca’s arms and pulled them behind her. “I can play.” The slapping was echoing off the vaulted ceiling of the pool room. There was quiet a crowd that had gathered around the couple but the rest of the room was empty.

Albert gave one last, long, hard thrust and then he let go of Becca’s arms. Becca collapsed onto the chair and Alert turned her face towards him. Becca opened her mouth and Albert let his seed shoot right down her throat. Becca was swallowing as fast as she could, but it was still spilling out all over her chest. “Good girl,” Albert cooed.

“That’s my girl.” Tiffany shouted as she helped Becca off the chair and tossed her into the pool. Becca was a little alarmed, but Tiffany was already pulling her out again as she reached the surface. “Here’s a robe, come on, you won!”

Tiffany was dragging Becca around the pool, as the young woman struggled to get the robe around her throbbing, aching, tingling body. Becca wanted to take a minute to let her body process all of the sensations that it was going through, but Tiffany was in too much of a hurry.

As soon as they got to the hallway, Tiffany pushed Becca up against the wall and kissed her. “I am so proud of you.” Tiffany threw her arms around her new friend. “You’re going to make such a great teammate.”

Jennifer made a long speech about the importance of a good performance on and off the field and the other qualities that she looked for in a team member. Becca was busy scanning the crowd for the other girls that she had been competing against. She wanted to know what had happened to them. She wanted to know how she won the competition.

“Welcome the newest member of the Dallas Dynamite Cheer Squad!” Jennifer ended her speech and everyone applauded Becca. She waved to the crowd as they all continued to clap. It felt good to know that Becca had accomplished what she set out to do.

Becca ran upstairs and found a room. She called her parents immediately, she had to call her parents and tell them the good news. “I made the team,” Becca screamed into the phone.

“We’re so proud of you,” Mom screamed back. “Was there stiff competition?”

“Very stiff,” Becca said as she fought off the urge to die laughing. Becca decided it would be better to focus on the dance routines that she had worked on that morning, when describing how she earned the spot.

“You’ve really done your old man proud,” Dad said.

Becca got off the phone and she heard the door open behind her. “Come on,” Tiffany said as she ran to get Becca. “It’s time for your victory lap.” Becca had no idea what Tiffany meant, but it sounded exciting. They left the room and ran through the halls of the hotel, back to the pool. Becca was no longer worried about the reputation of the squad; she knew she was going to have a lot of fun on this team.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renowned naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Thirty Three

## Chapter 1

I had always been a little detached. I didn't want to get in the game. I was happy being on the side lines. I think that's why I got into photography. I love to watch a scene unfold and try to capture the beauty, and I firmly believe that there is beauty in everything.

“We need to be at the airport by 3,” Stacey said as she came into the kitchen. I was busy making eggs. She poured herself a bowl of granola. She was always worried about her figure. It was perfect, she had a tiny little waist, and c-cup breasts, and her butt was so firm and round. Stacey loved to do squats in the gym.

I watched her bring the spoon up to her mouth. I was jealous of the spoon as it touched her full pouty lips. “What are you doing?” Stacey laughed as she caught me watching her. “You're such a little pervert.”

“I like to watch you eat,” I sighed.

“Where was all this sexual energy last night,” Stacey groaned as she pointed down at the tent in my pajama pants. I shrugged; I didn’t know how to answer. It had only happened a few times, but every now and again I couldn’t perform in the bedroom. It had nothing to do with Stacey, she was perfect. “Do I need to start bringing cereal to bed?”

“Maybe, I mean it couldn’t hurt, right?” I looked down to see my eggs were burning. I had been lost on those luscious lips for far too long. I scooped the eggs onto a plate and ate them, even though they were terrible. Most of the egg was still stuck to the bottom of the pan. I was always struggling with staying in the moment.

“So when do you need to leave for work?” Stacey was quizzing me. She assumed I was going to forget everything she had said at the table that morning.

“3,” I sounded all cocky as I thought I was sure that I had heard that number this morning.

“We need to be at the airport for three,” Stacey laughed. “Don’t worry, I already told your assistant about our plans. Elisa is going to lead you through the day like always. What would you do without that girl?”

\*\*\*

Work was going fine. My first two subjects were late, but that was fairly standard. I was billing the magazine by the hour anyway, so I didn't really care when they showed up. Elisa was keeping me posted on their whereabouts, and she was going to make sure I was on time to the airport. I adjusted the lighting and checked my lens for the third time.

When the subjects still hadn't shown up I headed to the craft services table and got a bagel. I was standing there waiting for the toaster to pop when I felt a large hand clamp down on my shoulder.

"I heard you were heading out for a week or so?" It was Leonardo, an Italian underwear model. I had known him for a long time, but I had only been forced to talk to him after I started dating Stacey. Leonardo had done a few shoots with my wife, and he always seemed eager to talk about it.

"Yeah, we're going on vacation," I said with as much energy as I could muster. I always felt like he was actually stealing my energy from me as we talked. The more exhausted I seemed, the more energized he became. He was like an energy vampire.

“Surf and sand, or what?” I only nodded to the question, and Leonardo just kept talking. “That’s awesome, get Stacey out in some skimpy bikini. She is such a piece! How did a geek like you ever land a babe like that? Just kidding, but seriously though, you’re batting like three notches above your league.”

“Thanks? I guess?” I grabbed the bagel as soon as the toaster popped. I had a peanut butter packet and a plastic knife, and I was out of there.

“Send me a postcard,” Leonardo joked as he started looking over the food spread out on the table. I waved to him without turning around.

“Are they here yet?” I asked Elisa when I got back to the studio space. Elisa shook her head and shrugged. She was on the phone with one of their managers. When she got off the phone I took her aside. “Do I deserve Stacey?”

“What does that mean?” Elisa asked as if she didn’t understand the question. “She’s like a ten, and you’re a solid six on looks, but you have a lot of good qualities. You’re very artistic, and you smell nice...” Elisa could see that all of the words after six were not going through.

“A six?”

“If you were five inches taller, you’d be an eight,” Elisa said these words as if they meant something good. “You are a great guy, and I would sleep with you, if that helps.”

I smiled weakly and wandered off to check the equipment for the millionth time. I wasn’t sure why this was hitting me so hard. I had always known that Stacey was beautiful. She was an underwear model, and I was a photographer. In high school I was the tech geek, and she was a cheerleader.

I tried to put it out of my mind and just focus on work. Eventually the subjects arrived. It was a tall blond woman, and a large black man. Elisa got them into makeup and as I watched them strip down together, I started to feel a tingle in my pants. It happened all the time. I was always trying to make my photo shoots hot. It was my job, and I always told myself that it should turn me on. That was the mark of a hot photo.

I was feeling the inspirations flowing through me already. “Wow, do you need me to take care of that?” Elisa said as she pointed to the boner that was displacing my jeans. I started to feel the heat rising in my cheeks.

“That was a one-time thing,” I reminded Elisa. “I just needed to get through the rest of the day.”

“Stacey understood,” Elisa laughed. “It was just a hand job, and what’s a handy between friends?” Elisa laughed again, and I couldn’t help myself, I laughed too. It was a marathon work day, and I really felt like I was going to explode. I called Stacey, but she was at fashion show. The handy from my assistant was actually Stacey’s suggestion.

“That was a desperate situation,” I sighed. This situation was actually reminding me of that one. There was something about the contrasting skin tones and the rippling muscles that got me going. I started adjusting the lighting again, but this time I really wanted to highlight that contrast. I was excited about the photoshoot and it seemed to put my marital problems out of my head for the time being.

We finished the shoot and I was rushed out the door and into a waiting taxi. Stacey was already there with all of our bags. I just had to meet her at the airport. I was still worked up, and I was hoping that it would last until we got to the hotel.

## Chapter 2

“The flight was pretty uneventful,” I said as we got into the taxi.

“You took a Gravol and slept through the whole thing,” Stacey laughed as she loaded the trunk of the cab. The car itself was an old beater, and I caught the driver staring at Stacey’s ass. I had already caught a lot of guys staring at her. Stacey was 5’10”, blonde, and her pale skin really made her stand out in this crowd.

“What is with you today?” Stacey sighed as we got out of the cab. “You’re even more spaced out than usual.”

“I was just thinking about something,” I said as we walked into the hotel. I was busy checking in as a young bell hop chatted up my wife. I was having a hard time focusing as the brazen kid; he had to be 18, flirted with my wife right in front of me. Stacey was eating it up. She loved the attention.

“Bobby will show you to your room,” the front desk clerk said as he rang the bell. He rang it again when Bobby didn’t even turn away from Stacey.

“Oh, yes sir, no problem, mon,” Bobby said as he ran over to grab the bags. He was getting quite a look from his supervisors.

I looked over at Stacey and I could see the flush in her cheeks. “Come on, let’s get to the room,” she sighed as I looked at her. She was clearly into Bobby, and I felt that twitch in my pants again.

Bobby would not leave the room at first. He took an extra-long time showing Stacey all of the knobs in the shower, and how to work the appliances in the kitchen. We had a fully loaded suite. “Just call for Bobby if you need anything.” He was finally out the door.

It was only noon, but I was still feeling drowsy. I wanted to take a nap before I did anything else. “That’s fine,” Stacey called from the bathroom. She came out in her string bikini. “I will be at the pool when you’re done.”

I was going to ask her if she wanted to nap with me, but she didn’t wait for a reply. Stacey was out the door. She didn’t even wear a wrap. She was just headed to walk through

the hotel in an outfit that covered less than most underwear. She was going to walk through a lobby where all of the men had barely been able to keep their eyes off her in jeans.

Just thinking about all of the men staring at my wife was getting me hard. I tried to stop thinking about it, but I could just see her walking through the lobby. Bobby would offer to help her with anything that she needed. Suddenly, the image shifted and I was thinking about Bobby and Stacey as they rolled around on the very bed that I was laying on.

I took off my pants, and started to rub my cock, I was lying to myself as I tried to pretend I was just adjusting at first. The more I thought about Bobby and Stacey, the more I couldn't stop adjusting. It was a horrible thought really; I mean, that was my wife. It was scary to think that she might find more pleasure with another man, but it was also exciting, and shameful, which is always exciting.

“You're so much bigger than my husband,” dream Stacey was saying. Her breasts were swaying to the rhythm of Bobby's thunderous thrusts. She had her back arched properly, and then her eyes locked on mine; they were lost in a sea of ecstasy.

That was all it took. I was done, but I hadn't really made a plan. I had gotten it all over my boxers and the jeans that I hadn't taken all the way off. It was a really sappy mess. I

got cleaned up and got into a bathing suit and headed out to the pool.

I was nervous as I got in the elevator. I wasn't sure what I was going to see when I got down to the pool. Stacey had never given me any reason not to trust her. I had no idea why I was getting so worked up. Her sex with Bobby was something that was happening in my head, but it felt so real. I almost believed that it was happening, and as worried as I was, it was definitely making me hard.

I got to the pool. It was a huge pool that snaked and curved around the lavishly decorated patio area. It looked better than the brochure. I scanned the seats for Stacey, but then I saw a huge crowd of guys near the swim-up bar. I only needed to see them to know what was behind that wall of black guys.

“So how could he just let you come down here lookin’ like that?” I couldn’t see the man saying the words, but his voice was deep, and I almost lost my nerve. I tried to get through the throng, but no one was moving for me.

“Just need to get a drink, guys,” I said, but that only got a looks of derision. I looked around the side of a big man.

“He trusts me,” I heard her voice. Stacey was saying the right things, but I could hear the flirty tone in her voice. She was enjoying having all of these men crowded around her. I gave up on trying to get through the crowd and I got out to walk to the back of the bar.

“But does he trust me,” I heard the man say. Every time he spoke I felt myself shake and tingle. I could feel the sexual energy in every syllable.

I wanted to get into the pool again, but I couldn't face this guy. I could already feel the heat rising in my cheeks. I was only going to make things worse. I looked around and then I found a lounge chair off to the side of the bar. I could still see both of them, but I was behind a fern, and I was pretty sure they couldn't see me.

“Why, what are you going to do to me?” Stacey added a little giggle to the end of that sentence that almost got me there. She was thinking about what this man could do to her, and how he would make her feel. I could see it in her face. Suddenly I wished I had my camera and a telephoto lens. The moment was so perfect.

I would've titled the photo 'Predator vs. Prey.' He was leaning forward, and his smile seemed aggressive, and hungry. Stacey had her arms up on the bar, and she was letting her butt bob in the water behind her, with only a tiny little string

keeping the hunter from his prize. I could see his eyes taking in her form.

I got out my phone and I took a photo of them. I had the sound turned off, and I knew that they wouldn't hear me. Their eyes were locked on each other. I took a few more shots.

"Sir, you aren't allowed to sneak photos of guests here," a waiter said, he had come up from behind me.

"You don't understand, that's my wife," I said in a hushed voice, but then I saw the man talking to my wife look over at me. He smiled and I ran. I was not about to explain any of this to anyone. I didn't see if Stacey saw me. I decided it was best if I went back to the room and lay down.

## Chapter 3

“Are you okay honey?” Stacey said as she came back into the room. She was still a little wet as she lay on the bed and gave me a kiss. “What did I just step in?”

“My pants got wet,” I lied terribly. “I was splashing my face with water and feeling a little disoriented.” I was kicking myself for leaving the dirty pants on the floor.

“Well, are you feeling better now?” Stacey asked.

“Yeah, I am ready to go get some food,” I suggested. I just wanted to stay away from the pool.

“Great!” Stacey seemed way too excited for the outburst to be about food. Stacey barely ate food. She ate the green crap the food eats. “I just got invited to go see a live band at a club just down the road. Apparently they have great food.”

I was going to protest, because I had a feeling I knew who was meeting us at this club, but I couldn't explain my objections without telling her about the pool and the pictures, and likely the real reason that my pants were wet.

We got to the club. It looked like a barn from the outside, but the large windows had all been thrown open and it had that makeshift look that gives a place the traditional island feel. I was trying to come up with an argument, but normally I was the one leading us to places like this, out of some weird obsession with authenticity.

“Isn't this place perfect?” Stacey was loving it. She looked amazing in her little yellow sun dress, and I tried to smile. This perfect creature was on my arm. I should be the happiest man in the world. We walked into the club and grabbed a table. The tables and chairs didn't match at all. It really was perfect.

“What is the name of the band?” I asked. Stacey shrugged

“They're called Perfect Sunrise,” it was the man from the pool. He grabbed a chair and sat at our table. Stacey moved over slightly for the man and I could see she was excited. “Simon.”

“Lawrence,” I said, I took Simon’s hand, but my fingers didn’t reach all the way to end of his palm so he crushed my hand when he shook it.

“Sorry, about that, Larry, I hope I didn’t hurt you,” Simon said the words, but he didn’t look very sorry at all. “Stacey tells me you’re a photographer; she showed me some of your work. It’s most intriguing.”

“Yeah, I do mostly magazine stuff right now,” I said as I watched Simon eye fuck my wife. “That’s where the money is, but I’ve done hundreds of gallery shows as well.”

“You’re an artist,” Simon smiled as he looked at me for the first time since he sat at the table. “I would love to see the pictures you got this afternoon by the pool.”

“What?” Stacey and I said the same word, but the tone was totally different. She was confused and I was mortified.

“You were by the pool?” Stacey seemed to be putting things together in her head. “Why didn’t you come see me?”

“I was going to, but I...”

“But hotel security got him out of the pool area for taking pictures of us,” Simon said as if he was laying down a straight flush.

“It was a misunderstanding,” I tried to explain. “You looked so perfect, and I had the perfect light...you know how I get.”

“Yes, I know how,” Simon interrupted Stacey. “You saw a big black man flirting with your wife, and you wanted to see where it was going to go.” I was already blushing, but I knew I had to be beet red now. “You know that she’s too good for you, and you wanted to see a real man with your wife. I get it, you’re an artist, you see me standing beside your wife, and you want to know what me fucking her would look like. The pleasure, the ecstasy...oh, here they go.”

The band had started to play, and Simon stood up and took Stacey’s hand. She didn’t even look at me as they headed out on the dance floor. Simon was nearly a foot taller than Stacey and his muscle shirt was barely covering his massively muscled body. Stacey looked so petite dancing up against him.

Stacey pressed herself back against Simon, grinding her hips into his as she ran her hands along his thighs. She looked over at me, and she smiled. I was nervous, but I got my phone out and I moved around the room. I found the lighting

that I wanted. I started taking her picture. Stacey knew how to tease the camera.

I followed them around the dance floor, staying to the outside. I kept snapping pictures as they danced to the Caribbean rhythm. Simon was getting more aggressive the longer they danced. He grabbed at her legs, and stomach, but then he started cupping her breasts and pinching her nipples. Stacey was letting him do whatever he wanted.

Simon led Stacey off the dance floor and into the bathroom. I followed right behind them. They were already making out like crazy when I got in there. I was snapping pictures, but I needed to get out of these pants. My boner was starting to hurt.

“The lighting is all wrong,” I said, “Stacey, I can’t get a good picture of you here. We need to get back to the hotel room and the good camera. That way I can set up some good shots.” For a minute I thought Stacey didn’t care at all about the pictures anymore. “The lighting is bad.”

“Let’s go,” Stacey said as she pushed Simon back and led him out to the street. I was lucky that I rushed after them. I was pretty sure they had forgotten about me while they were making out waiting for the cab.



## Chapter 4

Back in the room, I was rushing around getting the lights right and finding my camera bag. I managed to get the camera ready just in time to see Simon let Stacey's dress drop to the ground. She was naked underneath the flimsy dress, which made me wonder how much of tonight was really a surprise to her.

Stacey lowered herself to her knees and pulled Simon's track pants down. His enormous erection smacked her in the face as it was set free. I took a picture of Stacey with the massive cock resting on her face. She took a long lick from the tip to the base, and then grabbed the cock in both hands. I was snapping wildly as she slowly eased the head into her mouth.

Simon put his head back and closed his eyes. I snapped a few pictures of him as well. I wanted to get a different angle so I got down on one knee. He looked so powerful with my wife on the end of his dick. "That's enough pictures right now," Simon laughed. "Get her ready for me."

I set down the camera and crawled over to Stacey. She stuck out her butt so I could bury my face in there. I started with long licks on her pussy. She was already sopping wet, and then I ate her ass for a bit, but I didn't want to miss any of this. I got back to my camera.

Simon picked Stacey up and set her on the bed. She was on all fours and he let his hands glide all along her gorgeous curves. The anticipation was killing me as he took his time moving her arms and legs into the right position. I could see his giant erection rubbing along her thighs. Stacey was biting her lip, and her eyes were closed tight as she waited eagerly for what was to come next.

I took off my pants to let my rock hard cock free. It was throbbing and jumping, and it just needed to be set free. I kept taking pictures, but I was only using one hand.

“Don't you dare!” Stacey snapped at me. She had heard me drop my pants. “You can't get there until after Simon. You need to stay focused.” She gave me a wicked smile, and I moved in closer to get a better shot of it.

I was glad that I had brought the digital 35mm, because I had already snapped so many pictures. I would've already been out of film. Stacey was really making love to the camera, and I didn't want to miss a minute of it.

“Whooo!” Stacey’s eyes went wide as Simon started to ease his way inside. “Ooo, mmm!” My wife was making noises I had never heard come out of her. I got a few pictures of the huge black hands pulling back on her milky white thighs, and the huge black cock pounding her pussy. Simon pulled all the way out and then let the head rest against the opening.

“Please, please,” Stacey moaned. “Please.”

“I want him to beg me,” Simon laughed, his deep, throaty growl. “Beg me to fuck your wife.”

“Please Lawrence,” Stacey moaned.

“If it’s what you want,” I said to Stacey.

“It is what she wants,” Simon laughed. “But it’s what you want too. Now, I want you to look me in the eye and tell me how much you want me to fuck your wife.”

“I want you to fuck her so badly,” I wasn’t sure what to say. I knew that Simon was right, but I wasn’t sure how to say it. I was having trouble finding the words.

“How should I do it?”

“Rough?”

“Is that a question?” Simon shouted the words, and I jumped.

“No, I want you to be rough,” I said.

“And you want to hear her moan.”

“I want to hear her moan,” I echoed.

“And you want me to please her in ways that you never could,” Simon was degrading me, and I loved it. I was having so much trouble controlling myself. Even the breeze from the open windows was getting to be too much stimulation for my cock. I tried to speak, but all that came out was a nod.

Simon slammed his cock all the way inside and Stacey screamed loudly. She arched her back and tossed her head back, as she tried to rock her hips back and absorb the shock of Simon’s fast, hard thrusts. He was gripping her thighs so tightly that it was leaving red hand prints on Stacey’s delicate skin. I was trying to capture every detail.

Simon flipped Stacey over on her stomach and he went back to work, pounding away at her. Stacey was no longer looking at the camera. She wasn't trying to make faces. She was lost in the movement of the large cock, in and out, she had been captured by the rhythm. I couldn't believe that this was the same woman I had married. She came to a screaming orgasm.

Simon pulled her up off the bed and kept going as he held her up in his arms. Stacey was back, and she was riding the pole harder than before. I watched her flat stomach as it tightened and relaxed. She was trying to get Simon to cum, and so did I.

Simon let out a roar and tossed Stacey down on the bed. He knelt over and dropped his load all over Stacey's face and tits. There was so much cum. I was busy trying to get every angle on the syrupy mess. Stacey was tracing lines through the semen as I snapped pictures of her on her back. She took a swipe of the semen on her finger and brought it to her lips. She sucked the finger into her mouth eagerly.

Stacey took another swipe and held it out to me. I wasn't sure at first. I could feel my legs shaking. I had been an outsider through most of this experience. I had stayed on the sidelines. "Just a taste," she cooed. I set the camera down.

I hesitated for a moment as I looked at the gooey finger, and then I felt a large hand grab the back of my head. Simon pushed my mouth right onto the finger. The salty flavor filled my mouth, and I licked it all off of the finger. I was still processing the first mouthful when another finger came sliding into my mouth.

“Good boy,” Stacey cooed as she continued to wipe up the cum and stick it in my mouth. “Now you can play with yourself.” Stacey said as she grabbed the box of tissues from the nightstand and passed me a couple.

I started to masturbate as Stacey fed me the big man’s semen. It tasted so good, and I just couldn’t help how good it felt to have Stacey finger fucking my mouth. “Stick it in his little whore mouth,” Simon laughed.

I came as soon as I heard that growling laugh again. I fell on the bed, as the tingling sensation shot out of me. I hadn’t orgasmed that hard at any other point in my life. I could barely control my body as the jizz shot out of me. “Barely comparable,” Stacey laughed as she held out the tiny bundle of tissue, and compared it to the mess that was still all over her.

“It’s sad,” Simon laughed.

I was still trying to get up as they got in the shower. I could hear them fucking again, but I was too tired to move. I had been on such an adrenaline rush, and I was crashing now. I was falling asleep, and Simon was giving my wife her third orgasm of the night.

## Chapter 5

“How’d I get to the couch?” I asked Stacey when I woke up in the morning. I sat up and looked around the room. Simon was gone, and my wife sat down on the couch beside me. She gave me a kiss on the lips. It was a passionate kiss, and I was so relieved to know that she still wanted to kiss me like that. I had half expected to hear that she was leaving me for Simon.

“Simon carried you here after you passed out last night,” Stacey laughed. “You were so asleep, you didn’t even stir, and we were very loud.”

“So did he go home to get some rest?”

“No, he is meeting a few of his friends down at the pool,” Stacey said. “They’re all coming over around 3 this afternoon.” I could feel the butterflies in my stomach starting again. I was really nervous.

“I don’t think you shou...we shou...it’s not a good idea,” I stammered out. “I mean why are they coming here?”

“I mentioned that I had only ever been with one man at a time, and Simon said that I need to get the full island experience,” I could hear the excitement in Stacey’s voice, and I wanted to argue, but she put her finger on my lips. “Let’s look at the pictures from last night.”

I was a little nervous as I went to grab the camera. Stacey went to pour me a cup of coffee. It was beautifully mellow coffee, from the island. I sipped it twice to settle my nerves and then I started scrolling through the photos. Stacey covered in semen, Stacey moaning and biting her lip, and the marks on her thighs, I didn’t even make it all the way through the pictures and I could feel my cock throbbing and jumping.

“Look who’s up,” Stacey teased as she started to run her fingers along the length of my cock. Her nails were sending shivers down my spine. “Oh, hold on, Simon left this for you.” Stacey ran over to the bed and grabbed a used condom. I wanted to be repulsed, but I licked my lips, I wanted to taste Simon again.

Stacey also grabbed me a few tissues and ran back to the couch. She was so excited to feed me the cum. She used two fingers this time. She was shoveling huge globs into my

mouth from the very full condom. I came again and then we kept looking through the pictures.

“You really are so beautiful,” I sighed as we got to the end. I was hard again. I just couldn’t get enough of the pictures.

“And you are loving this experience,” Stacey said as she stuck her fingers in my mouth again. I cleaned them off eagerly. “Okay, no more, I need you to stay awake tonight. There’s going to be a lot going on, and I don’t want you to miss a second of it.”

Stacey stood up and took off her robe, she was wearing her bikini. “Okay, I’m headed down to the pool.” Stacey got up and left just like that, “I’ll be back at 3, with the guys. You do whatever you want, but be ready for us.”

“What do you mean?” I called after Stacey, but she was just gone. She no longer cared about spending time with me. We had had a nice time looking through the pictures, but after that she was done.

I thought about all the things I wanted to do on this trip. I didn’t want to just sit and wait, but I was worried about what I should be doing, and I ended up having breakfast, and then just sitting around the hotel room watching TV.

I was starting to feel very petulant. I tried to be upset about what was going on, but that faded, and I started setting up the lighting in the room, and getting things ready. I wanted to make sure that I captured this moment.

## Chapter 6

“Where’s my boy?” Simon said as he burst into the hotel room. “Damn, you got this place set up.” I had done a little redecorating as I waited for them to arrive. I was just moving the decorative netting, and a few other pieces so they would be in the shot. I had set up a chair in the middle of the room. It had the best lighting.

Simon’s two friends both came over to shake my hand, and roughly pat me on the back. “So this is your wife?” The skinnier one asked.

“That’s Jimmy,” Stacey explained, “And this big guy is Tyrone.”

Jimmy and Tyrone both made me look small, but they were smaller than Simon. They were also smaller underneath. As the guys started to strip down, I noticed that they were only 9 or 10 inches long, but Simon was at least 12. They were still long, thick, black cocks, and they still made my 5 inch cock look tiny.

“Get some drinks ready,” Simon said to me as he undid the top of Stacey’s bikini. I looked at Stacey, and she made eyes at me as if to ask ‘What I was waiting for?’

I went to the mini bar and made a few mixed drinks. Stacey kneeled backwards on the chair, and waved the boys over. She had a cock in each hand as she moved her mouth back and forth between them. Jimmy was eating Stacey out from behind, and I could see how long his tongue was from the kitchenette. I mixed the drinks quickly and then set them on a table.

I started taking pictures from the front, and then I moved all around the chair. I was trying to get the scene from all angles, but they were moving too fast. Soon Simon was working his big cock into Stacey from behind and Jimmy was getting his cock sucked. I was snapping as fast as I could.

Stacey was screaming again in seconds, and I could see her shiver, and quake as the pleasure took over her body. She was not getting used to feeling so full. In fact it seemed like the big cocks in her hands and mouth were only making it easier to make her cum.

Simon smiled at me as he pulled on Stacey’s hips. He didn’t let her rest at all as he just kept thrusting and thrusting. Stacey gathered herself quickly as Simon pulled out and

Jimmy moved Stacey out of the chair. He started to eat my wife's ass, it was something that she had never let me do, and then he pulled her ass down onto his nine inch cock.

I was outraged for a second. She had always claimed that it hurt too much, to let me go there, but now her ass was spread wide open, and Tyrone was moving around to get into her pussy. Stacey spread her legs wide.

A very naked Simon came and put an arm around me. I was uncomfortable to say the least. "Isn't she amazing?" Simon sighed as he watched my wife taking two cocks at the same time. "It is a thing of beauty." I was still taking pictures. "Come on, get a little closer."

Simon pushed me between Tyrone's legs to try and get a better shot of the pussy and ass as they stretched under the pressure. I snapped a few shots, and then I moved to Stacey's face, and I got some great shots of her biting her pouty lip. I switched over to video, because her moaning was so delicious that I needed to have a copy of it somewhere.

"Do you like it, baby?" Stacey asked me. I nodded. "Tell me about how you feel."

"Horny, scared..." I started but Tyrone pushed me back. Apparently I was too close to him.

“You need to stay back,” Tyrone snarled. “She’s our woman now, you keep back and take your pictures.” I could feel the blush rising in my cheeks. What could I do about it? I was powerless to stop any of this now. “You stay way back, or I’ll kick your ass.”

“Sorry,” I said to the floor.

“Ha! Ha-ha,” Tyrone was dying laughing.

“You need to relax,” Simon teased. “We don’t care where you stand. You’re insignificant, do you understand?”

“Honey,” Stacey called. “I need you to keep taking pictures; otherwise you’re kind of useless.” Stacey had never talked to me like this, not until she met Simon. It was bothering me, but it was also really turning me on.

“Oh,” Tyrone said as he pulled out and shot a load of semen onto Stacey’s thigh. There wasn’t a ton, but it was there, and Simon looked at me.

“Are you going to take care of that for me?” He asked impatiently. I walked over to Stacey and got onto my knees. I started to lick the gooey thigh and Stacey grabbed my head.

As she pulled me into her pussy I realized why the semen glob on her thigh was so small. Tyrone had blown his load in my wife.

I could feel my pulse pounding in my throat, and I had a million thoughts whirring around my head, but they all went away as soon as the semen touched my lips. I lapped up the cum. I backed away just in time to see Jimmy's nuts tighten and unload inside Stacey's ass.

Stacey came forward onto her hands and knees and I started to lick the salty fluid out of her gaping ass. Jimmy had stretched her wide, and the muscle was slowly returning to normal. I worked my tongue in deep as I rubbed her clit with my hand. For the first time on our vacation I felt my wife cum from my touch. She spun around on me, and kissed me passionately.

“You are so good at that,” Stacey moaned. “I always want you to lick the jizz out of me.” We kissed as the black men looked on. I was so hard, and my cock started to throb. Stacey could feel it. “Not yet honey.”

Simon came forward and put Stacey up on the chair. He started to fuck her gently at first. Simon was taking long, smooth strokes in and out. He was really taking his time. I set the camera up on my tripod, and I moved in front of Stacey.

We kissed, and I teased her nipples. I let a hand go between her legs to rub her clit. We stared deep into each other's eyes as Simon slid in and out. "I love how it stretches me," Stacey moaned.

"I love how you look with the cock deep inside of you," I said. "I love those eyes." I could feel Simon starting to move faster and faster. Each thrust was harder than the last, and Stacey was getting lost in the rhythm again. I saw her eyes roll back in her head. Stacey gripped tightly onto the back of the chair.

Simon was starting to breathe heavily and as Stacey cried out, he did too. I could see the fluid backing up and dropping onto the chair. Simon moved out of the way and I started to move to the back, but Stacey stopped me. She reached between her legs and got her fingers coated.

Stacey was fucking my mouth with her semen covered fingers. I was masturbating again, and this time there was a chorus of laughter as the men drinking in our kitchenette teased me. They couldn't believe what they were seeing. "Is he masturbating?" Tyrone laughed.

"Doesn't he know what to do?" Jimmy joined in.

I was beet red and feeling about two inches tall, but my body was on fire and as I filled the tissue on my cock with my own fluids I could feel my whole body twitching and throbbing. Stacey smiled at me as she took the tissue to the garbage.

“Should you go shower?” I asked as I started to feel the fog of ecstasy lift. My wife was covered in the semen of three other men. “I mean, are you...”

“You have nothing to worry about,” Stacey laughed. “I’m sure we’ll love the baby no matter what.” Stacey sounded like she was kidding, but at the same time I wasn’t a hundred percent sure. “Besides we’re heading to a private beach, and if we wait too long it will get dark before we can have any fun.”

“When will you be back?” I asked feeling so dejected.

“We’re all going, sweetie,” Stacey sighed. “I wouldn’t leave you behind.” I felt so good when she said that. “Someone has to take the pictures.” She passed me the camera bag and I started to pick up the equipment. I was so excited about the trip I almost forgot to put shorts on.

We left for the beach and I watched Stacey have her fill of black men on that trip. It was the beginning of a new life for us. We started a journey and we never looked back.



# Story Thirty Four

## Chapter One

“Chemistry textbooks are in the section over there...” Erin pointed over to a far corner of the library, standing on her toes to show the distance, “Next to Biology.” She smiled, plump lips stretching easily, “If you need any more help then please come and find me.”

The students nodded gratefully, one not so subtly raking their eyes over her form. She sighed after they left; they always looked at her that way. Full hips, c-cups, a face pleasantly full, thankfully so given she was only twenty-three, she could see why they stared. Though given the climate of the college, the way that sexuality was frowned upon... she really wished they didn't. Of course, she never blamed them; they were still young people after all. She felt her own desires like the rest of them, it wasn't like she was some virginal maiden, and she just didn't have time to act on them these days.

She sighed; it had indeed been some time since she'd acted on them.

Erin shook her head, no time to think about that now, there was work to do. It was a stressful time of the year for

these students, exams right around the corner and lecturers breathing down their necks. It was her job to make sure that they got what they needed, that their studying would go flawlessly, she was still a student herself after all, she knew the feeling stress.

Around she walked, taking inventory of the books that had been returned. The college ran on a system of order, regulations, if the students expected to get an education then they were expected to play by the rules, not step out of line. Though it was a stifling experience most of the time, she could certainly attest to that, it was wonderful how every book that got taken out was returned on time. Most students were willing to play along, even with the rules and the feeling of their individuality being taken away, the school was highly distinguished. If someone made it here, they could make it anywhere, though many of the students that did were notable for engaging in... other vices once they graduated. Making up for lost time, she supposed.

She herself wasn't sure she would have the desire to do so, and even if she did she likely would not have the time. Studying to be a director, a career that sounded like it would have a lot of free time initially, though she quickly found out just how much work was involved. Every aspect of the product had to come together perfectly, she had to have an artist's eye and a novelist's brain, and training those skills would and did take every ounce of her time.

Over time, her urges became easier to control, daily masturbation sessions becoming weekly, then monthly, until finally they all but ceased to occur. Occasionally she would lose control, frantically plunging her fingers in and out of herself while she screamed into her pillow, but as fast as the desires came they were dealt with. She hadn't had a partner in two years because of that, the last becoming sick of her almost non-existent sex drive, walking away and never coming back. That suited her just fine, though she couldn't help the feeling of sadness that came with it.

Her mind was occupied with thoughts of past flings and touches long forgotten, she almost missed the sound from the aisle next to her. At first, she thought she was hearing things, and was content to move on when she heard it again. A moan, unmistakable in its tone, not made from stress, or pain. No, this type of moan she recognized well, even after all these years. This was a moan made in the heat of desire.

She walked slowly, looking around and seeing the studying students. Strangely, none of them seemed to be reacting at all to the moans, even though they were clearly audible. She shrugged: a question that could be answered at another time it seemed. Her feet padded lightly on the carpet, a hand on the shelf to keep her balance, not wanting to ruin the element of surprise by falling. She reached the end of the aisle, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly. She inched her head around the corner, and what she saw confirmed her suspicions.

Two women stood there, students clearly, lips locked on each other. The taller of the two was pressed against the shelf, her long blond hair clutched firmly in the fist of the other. The shorter woman yanked backwards, the blonde's head falling backwards, exposing her throat. The other woman descended on it, teeth sinking eagerly into the soft flesh, sucking noisily on her pulse point. She moaned, hips thrusting at the air at the feeling, eye lids fluttering and lips quivering. She threaded her hands into the others hair, jet black, falling to her shoulders. The black-haired girl brought her other hand up, cupping her breast and palming it roughly. She traced the line of her shirt, threading her hand underneath the fabric to grasp it directly. The blonde arched at the touch, another glorious moan spilling from her lips.

Erin was sure she needed to step in, but she found herself transfixed. It had been so long since she had felt passion, seen passion, that it shocked her to her very core. She shook her head, "No." She thought, "This is disruptive, and crude... and against the rules!" She huffed, tamping down the feelings of heat building in her as she began to take her first step.

No sooner than she started did she stop.

The blonde's shirt was pulled open, full breasts suddenly free in the air. Her chest heaved with each labored

breath, a lustful grin covering her face as her companion pulled back to stare. The woman licked her lips, tracing a finger around a rapidly hardening peak. Erin stepped back, perhaps reprimands could wait for a little while. Her ears pricked at the sound of the blonde's voice, "Sarah... please... do it."

Sarah happily obliged, fingers twisting harshly around her stiff nipple, her answering yelp swallowed deliciously by Sarah's lips. Her own hand worked around Sarah's back, descending and resting upon her plump behind. She squeezed down, delighting at the feeling of her hand almost melting into the soft flesh of Sarah's ass, creeping further down to try and hitch up her skirt to get a direct feel.

Her friend wasn't making that easy however, her mouth pulling back and down, lips closing around a by now well used nipple. She sucked hard, tongue laving around the rest of the breast, soothing the soreness from the pinches and tugs.

Erin watched with a slack jaw, her own hand creeping further down her body without her knowledge. This feeling of watching... It was something she had never felt before, the sensation of being privy to their most private and carnal moment. It was utterly intoxicating. She bit down on her lip when her hand crept below her underwear, fingers brushing through her drenched folds. She worked herself slowly,

carefully, not wanting to work herself into such a frenzy that she alerted them to her presence.

After all, they were all just trying to unwind.

Kylie, Erin recognized the blond, normally such a quiet girl, finally worked her hand underneath Sarah's skirt. The sight of such a glorious ass almost drove Erin over the edge, and it was only through sheer force of will that she didn't start drooling. Kylie's hand fit sunk into the skin, surrounding her like a glove in its pliancy. Sarah moaned around the nipple, pulling back and out of reach with a wicked grin. "It's not going to be that easy Ky." She looked down at Kylie's legs, "You're gonna have to earn it."

Without warning Sarah surged forward, her hand cupping the other woman's crotch. Kylie threw her head back, lip tightly clenched between her teeth to stop from screaming out loud. Sarah ground her palm into the other woman, relishing the broken gasps and desperate moan coming forth in response. She leaned in close, "Tell me what you want, Kylie."

She grabbed Kylie's face and pulled it to look into her eyes, "What do you want, Kylie?"

"I... please..." She tried to grind herself against the hand, but Sarah kept a tight grip, preventing her from moving,

“I want you...”

“You want me to fuck you?” She smirked, “Is that what you want? For me to pull your panties down and take you like the desperate thing you are?”

Erin could swear her eyes rolled back at the words, “Fuck yes!”

Without a second's pause Sarah's hand went forth, underwear pushed to the side in her haste to get inside Kylie. Three fingers were the starter, and it was clear what kind of coupling this was going to be. Her hand clamped over the other woman's mouth, pleased screams and desperate keens muffled just in time to prevent the entire school from hearing. Her pace was relentless, three fingers thrusting in and out with the pace of an Olympic runner, the wet sound of their joining ringing clear to Erin.

She upped her own pace, finally sinking two fingers into herself, carefully pumping in and out, being careful to not outpace the others. Though given that Sarah's hand was all but a blur at that point, she was reasonably certain there was no danger of that. She brought her other hand up, delicately squeezing her own breast. She wasn't quite prepared for the rough treatment that Sarah showed, but she was certainly going to try it one day.

Kylie was a soaking mess, her wetness streaking down her legs and mingling in the hem of her thigh highs. Tears of ecstasy streamed down her cheeks, her face flushed from pleasure and breathlessness alike. Sarah did not let up, adding a fourth finger when the moans died down, ensuring that Kylie would never be used to the level of pleasure she received. Her thumb roughly flicked across her clit, and Kylie unraveled.

Her body seized up, her walls clenching almost painfully around Sarah's fingers. She bit into Sarah's hand to stop her screams from sounding out, and rather than grunt in pain Sarah groaned delightfully. After finally, mercifully coming down from her high, Kylie collapsed to her knees.

Erin was speechless, her fingers working roughly inside of her still, almost despairing that she hadn't reached her own climax yet. She feverishly pumped her fingers, desperate for the final push that would send her over, but none came. Without the two in front of her, she wouldn't be able to finish, not without sitting here for hours working herself into the ground.

Thankfully, she was shown mercy.

"Look at you, Ky..." Sarah shook her hand out, a small bead of blood forming where Kylie had sunk her teeth in. She grinned lasciviously, "You're in the perfect position for what I want you to do." She stepped forward, her soaked underwear

filling Kylie's vision. "Why don't you do what you're good at?"

Wordlessly, Kylie raised her hands, taking hold of Sarah's thighs and leaning in. Slowly, she dragged her tongue up her mound, the feel of tongue through her panties making Sarah grunt. She pulled the other woman's underwear down, her desire finally visible to her after all of her teasing, all of her punishment. Her tongue dipped in, the sweetness of Sarah's nectar making her groan in her slit.

Sarah put her hand on Kylie's head, pulling her in deeper, the tongue exploring her depths leaving her moaning into the shelf.

Erin started her motions anew, the sight before her sending a hot lance of desire through her body. She added a third finger, her thrusts becoming faster, deeper, knowing full well that neither she nor Sarah were going to be lasting long after a show like that. She ground her thumb into her clit, each swipe and flick jolting her body like an electric shock. She bit down on her knuckle, trying to prevent the squeaking moans giving her away.

Neither Sarah or Kylie noticed, too deep in the throes of passion to be aware of anything but themselves. She ground herself against her partner's mouth, the alternating licks and suckles pushing her to her limit. Kylie lifted her hand up,

roughly massaging the glorious ass of her lover, spreading and squeezing the cheeks together in time with her mouth. She dipped lower, licking a stripe along Sarah's seam, the answering groan pure music to her ears.

Sarah was almost there, feverishly thrusting against Kylie's tongue, the flexible muscle pushing in and tasting her depths. She thrust herself once, twice, three final times and came with a wordless moan. Her vision flashed, her legs trembling, if it wasn't for Kylie's hand still clutching her round cheeks she would have collapsed to the ground. Finally, after a precarious time regaining control of herself, she sunk slowly to the ground in front of her lover. She drew her in, a deep kiss filling her mouth with the taste of herself, and it was a struggle to not take her on that floor then and there. She smiled, "Alright, let's get cleaned up. Still gotta study after all."

Erin watched them go, still coming down from her own thunderous orgasm. She pulled her fingers out of herself, wincing slightly at her over-sensitivity. Her underwear was ruined, her face was flushed, her breast was still hanging out of her shirt. She smiled happily, she hadn't felt so good in a long time.

"I wonder..." She thought, pushing her fingers past her lips, licking them clean of her come, "Who else is doing this?"



## Chapter Two

After the encounter with the two girls, Erin was determined to seek out more information. After all, after the feelings of desire passed, she was appalled at herself for doing something like that in public. The students she could give a pass to, they were only visiting and taking a break, but she worked there, she was supposed to be professional.

So it was with that thought in mind that she set about eavesdropping around campus. Certainly not to find out when someone else would be using it, certainly not.

Within an hour she heard something, the faintest voice in the cafe she was currently sitting, little more than a whisper over the general din of coffee cups and chatter. A literature student, she recognized him from around campus, currently talking to a group of friends, all from different fields and interests but content to spend their time together.

“So, how’d it go with Rachel?” He elbowed the boy next to him, a football star on a scholarship. Six feet tall,

shoulders wider than most door frames, anyone could find him attractive. She certainly did.

The football player grinned, “Rachel fuckin’ loved it. Pushed her up against the shelf and almost tore her apart. We could barely walk out of the library.” He shoved his friend back playfully, “And you? What about Tim, how was he?”

He snorted, “Oh, Tim was good. Really good.” A smirk, “Same thing, couldn’t walk out of the library.”

“You know, I don’t know who came up with the idea of the meeting place... but I fucking love them.”

The group laughed, one of the girls wiping her eye, “More like you’d love fucking them.”

The footballer shrugged, “Can’t deny that. Any takers in your neck of the woods? Oh, sorry,” He stuck his tongue out, “Take anyone’s wood in your neck?”

She flipped him off, “Fuck you. But yes.”

“You gonna tell us or what? Do I gotta make up my own fantasies here?”

She rolled her eyes, “Make up what you want, I’m not telling you who they are.”

Literature Boy pouted, “Oh come on, there’s no secrets between us, right?”

“Just because we’ve all fucked doesn’t mean that we’re suddenly open books here.” She shrugged, “I trust you guys but really, I just wanna keep this to myself.”

“Alright girl, I get you.” Football smiled, surprisingly gently, “You wanna keep your own shit, that’s cool, don’t worry.” He leaned forward, “But I’m not telling you about Rachel then.”

She scoffed, “Oh please, like I need to hear about how you ass-fucked another med student.”

“Hey! It was so much more than that!” He leaned back, smirking, “I made love to that ass, don’t be crude.”

“Well whatever, I’ve got an appointment there tomorrow anyway.”

“Oh?” Literature peaked up, “With your mystery person? Or persons?”

“Yep, that’s who it’s with. And no peaking! I mean it.” She looked between the two of them, sparing no glance at the rest of their group, “I’m invoking the clause.”

“Oh, come on dude!” Football threw his hands up, “We would have stayed away just because you asked us, you didn’t have to invoke the clause!”

Literature looked surprisingly sad, “Yeah, that was uncalled for. Don’t you trust us?”

She nodded, “I do, no question. But this is important to me, really important. I didn’t want to take the chance.” Her expression softened, “Sorry though.”

They recovered quickly, “Don’t worry about it, hope you have fun.”

She snorted, “Trust me, I will. Philosophy’s never been so enjoyable.”

“Philosophy...” Erin thought to herself, “That’s where those girls were yesterday!” She was shocked; it looked like the students had taken it upon themselves to carve out a little niche of pleasure, right in the heart of the campus! She sat

back, waiting for their conversation to end and for them to go their separate ways. Erin saw the mystery woman walking away, taking a careful look at her face. She had an 'Appointment' in the library tomorrow, and Erin was determined to see who with. And stop them, of course stop them.

She left the cafe, walking to her dorm and opening the door slowly. Thoughts of her previous encounter flooded back to her, and she was powerless to resist them. She threw herself into the shower, turning the water on full, hoping the faucet would drown out her cries of ecstasy as she took herself right on the bathroom floor.

When she slept that night, she was still denying how much she was looking forward to the next encounter.

Erin was working in the library that day, so she didn't have to worry about missing the girl. Though her growing sense of anticipation wasn't making it easy for her to do her job. She sorted the same books twice, almost gave the wrong listing to a student who asked for her help, it was safe to say that her mind was elsewhere that day. To make matters worse, one of the lecturers had come in twenty minutes earlier, waiting for a fellow professor, insisting on talking to her in the meantime.

“So, how long have you been working here?” He looked at her, his smile almost glinting in the light.

She looked down, “A year or so, I’m studying currently so this is just part time.”

He hummed, “What are you studying?”

“Film.” She cleared her throat, he was very attractive. It was distracting, “I’m studying film.”

“Oh?” He raised an eyebrow, “To do what?”

“I want to direct.”

He chuckled, “Not what I was expecting. With your looks you could easily be an actress.”

That was... forward. “Oh I... I’m not sure about that...”

“Sorry, sorry! Didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable.” He put his hands up, smiling widely, “I have a weakness around beautiful women, I start acting like an idiot.”

She found herself smiling quite easily, “It’s no problem really, I just wasn’t expecting it.”

“Well, perhaps you should.” He shrugged, “You’re very beautiful, I’m surprised it doesn’t happen more often.”

She snorted, leaning in, “It kind of does to be honest...” She whispered, “But they tend to say it with their eyes.”

He giggled, “That’s terrible! You deserve so much more than that!” He looked like he was about to say something else when he looked over her shoulder. His face fell, “I’m so sorry, but my friends just arrived. We’ll have to continue this another time...” He tilted his head, “Assuming you want to?”

She smiled, “I think I would, thank you. Enjoy your time with your...” Her voice trailed off as she saw who just walked in, “...friend.”

His friend was certainly a professor, a slightly older man, in his mid-forties. His hair was slightly graying around the sides, but aside from that he looked amazing for his age.

But she wasn’t looking at him.

Right beside him the mystery girl walked in, the two of them clearly arriving together. The younger lecturer walked over to the two of them, greeting them both happily. She watched as they walked off together, right towards the Philosophy section.

She walked out from behind the desk, following them as discreetly as she could, a difficult task in a library. Any doubts she had about the purpose of their visit were rapidly shattered, a quick look around the corner giving her the image of the girl held between the two lecturers, their tongues working desperately in each other's mouths. Their hands roamed all over her body, palming her breasts and then resting on her shoulders. Slowly, with a smile spreading on her face, she dropped to her knees, her eyes fixed to the rapidly tenting fabric of their pants.

She took mercy on them, unzipping them and freeing them from their constraints. Their cocks fell free, lightly hitting her face on the way down. She giggled, taking them both in hand and pumping her hands slowly back and forth. They groaned, her experienced hands turning them to jelly almost immediately. She squeezed at the base, pulling her hands back and running her thumb over the head, spreading their precum all along the base.

She licked her lips, advancing on the younger lecturer with hunger in her eyes. Her lips closed around the head, her tongue flicking out and lapping up the precum beading at the slit. She descended further, her hand still working over the professor, both men groaning at the sensation. She felt the lecturer's cock hit the back of her throat, bobbing her head back and forth along his length. After a few minutes she pulled back, switching her attention to the professor with barely time to take a breath. His dick wasn't as long as the lecturer's, but it was thick, she could hardly wrap her lips around it. She forced her way down, choking momentarily but pushing through it. Her tongue lapped against his balls when she reached the base, sucking along his length as she moved her head.

Erin couldn't tear her eyes away, watching her switch between the two lengths at will, hands working to keep them hard at all times. She started touching herself again when the girl took the lecturer's balls in her mouth, sucking hard against them as she pumped his length. It was plain to see that the girl herself was getting more and more turned on, her skirt giving an unobstructed view of her rapidly moistening underwear.

The professor placed his hand on the back of her head, thrusting his length roughly in and out of her throat, the sounds of her gags tempered by her giggles. The lecturer followed, sinking in to the base and keeping himself there, feeling her throat tighten and pulse around him. He pulled out, slapping his cock across her cheek, the lustful look only increasing as precum was spread across her face. She moaned

harshly as they ran their lengths over her features, at one point taking both cocks into her mouth at the same time.

She groaned as she leaned over one of the chairs in the aisle, both men taking positions on either side of her. She reached back, spreading her cheeks and giving the lecturer and Erin a glorious view. He ran his length up her slit, delighting in the frustrated moans that resulted. He sunk himself in slowly, each inch disappearing at a torturous pace, finally bottoming out after what felt an eternity. Her wanton moans were silenced by the thick member plugging her throat, the professor not wasting time waiting to thrust his hips.

They pistoned their hips roughly, her body rocking back and forth between their lengths and vibrating from the force of their thrusts. Her eyes rolled back in her head, the feeling of being so thoroughly used almost intoxicating, the slap of the lecturer's balls against her clit making her vision flash. The professor would occasionally thrust himself all the way in, holding himself there and leaving her breathless. Right as she considered tapping his leg for air, he would always pull back, the two of them working amazingly together. She put both her hands on the professor's legs, dragging him in and pushing him away when she started to gag.

Erin watched, transfixed as they roughly manhandled the student. Each buck of their hips was met with a harsh thrust of her own, each lustful moan forcing her to bite down on her knuckle, lest they become alerted to her presence. She

had no idea what was happening to her, why she wouldn't just step in and put an end to this. All she knew was that seeing this young woman being passed between these two men, sweat and her come dripping to the floor, it gave her a new feeling, something she hadn't felt in years, and even then nowhere near the same as this.

She felt heat, she felt desire, and she felt longing.

She wanted.

Erin shot her head up at the unmistakable whimper coming from the group, the young woman's legs shaking and tears of pleasure streaming down her face. She clenched hard around the lecturer's cock, both men pushing deep into her from both sides, feeling her clench and quiver around their swollen lengths. Her climax seemed to last forever, both men still continued to fuck her through the entire thing, almost passing out from the over stimulation. They withdrew with a pop, both sides of her not really wanting to let go of them. She fell to her knees, both men taking positions in front of her, desperately pumping their lengths in front of her.

Both men were close, that much was clear, their movements getting sloppy, sweat streaming down their faces. They were teetering on the brink, and Erin was as desperate to see them fall over the edge as much as she wished for herself.

The woman blew a kiss up at the both of them, then leaned back, her mouth wide open. The professor was first, coming undone with a shuddering gasp, a thick stream of cum erupting from the head of his cock. It lanced over her lips, most entering her mouth but a thick deposit sitting across her cheek. He shoved himself back into her mouth, thrusting a few times before withdrawing and leaning against the shelf. She turned to the lecturer, and her anticipation was clear on her face.

He grunted, not a drop of his cum being wasted on anywhere but her mouth. His thick seed shot into the back of her throat, her lips clamping down around the head and sucking deeply, any that may have been left over now resting on her tongue. She swirled the two men's release around, tasting the differences between the two. With a contented hum, she leaned her head back, swallowing every drop down and grinning.

“We should do that again some time...”

The lecturer chuckled, zipping himself up and making to leave, “See you in class...” He cut himself off as his gaze met Erin's, her eyes wide in fear and her fingers being hastily pulled out of herself. She disappeared before either of the others could see her.

The professor tilted his head, “Something wrong?”

He paused for a few seconds, before smiling, “Nope, nothing’s wrong at all.”

## Chapter Three

She tried to put the incident out of her mind, she really did, tried to focus on her work, act like everything was normal. If she said it was then eventually it would be, right? But she couldn't deny the way she reacted to it, the way that her body responded. The feel of her fingers on herself, inside of herself, it was the best it had felt in years. But it was more than that, so much more than just the physical act. It was the taboo, the thrill of doing something that was wrong. Seeing those people entwined in each other, within the walls of such a strict system, where she was supposed to uphold the rules... the very thought of it shot a bolt of liquid heat straight to her core.

Watching was incredible, being witness to something so primal and raw, the blissful expressions on their faces, the incredible roughness of their movements... how could anything else in the world possibly compare? Except of course, she thought with her teeth worrying her lip, being a part of it herself.

Erin sighed; everything would be coming to an end soon though. Her little game had been fun, exhilarating even,

but it couldn't last forever. She never would have anticipated it would be her leaving and not the sex club however. If it was just students that she had been watching she likely would have gotten off Scot free, perhaps even received an invitation, but that wasn't what happened. She witnessed two professors, two esteemed members of the highly prestigious staff, involved in a three way with a student. Not only that, one of them had seen her watching. If they were smart, and she assumed they were given that they taught at the school, they would find her quickly and make to terminate her employment and education. Any protests or reveals from her would just seem to be made in anger from then.

She screwed her fists up, trying to will herself to not throw her books across the desk. She took a breath, then another, almost calm again.

Then they sat down across from her.

The lecturer from the previous day smiled, acting like he wasn't just about to screw up her life for good, "So, I see that you're a fan of what we do."

She rolled her eyes, "Please, I know you're going to get rid of me. Just say it and I'll leave, we'll get this over with."

He was taken aback, “I’m... not sure I know what you mean.”

“I saw you two with a student. Fucking a student. In most every university that would be a scandal, at this one it would be near suicide. So what possible reason could you have to sit down with me now, other than to tell me I’m out of here?”

The professor chuckled, “I think you’re misunderstanding why we’re here.”

The lecturer nodded, “We didn’t come here to tell you to leave.”

“Then why are you here?”

The two of them stood, walking over to stand on either side of her. The lecturer leaned down, “To ask you to join us...”

She looked between the two of them, shock plain on her face, “I... Me?”

The professor nodded, “If you haven’t noticed, you are an incredibly beautiful young woman... anyone, man or

woman, would kill to spend one evening with you.”

“And you...?”

The lecturer smiled, “We are no different.” He extended his hand, “Would you like to join us?”

She barely had to think before she took his hand, following them to the aisle.

She gasped into her hand, her teeth digging into her palm as she shuddered with pleasure. The professor’s talented tongue prodded and explored her depths; each stroke against her inner walls feeling like it was rocking her entire body. Each push from him pushed her backwards, right into the waiting face of the lecturer, his mouth buried between her cheeks as he worked himself into a frenzy.

He pulled her cheeks apart, forcing his face deeper in, his tongue poking at her rear entrance. She ground herself against their faces, each movement pushing them deeper into her. They increased their efforts, fingers joining tongues as they put their skills to work, her chest heaving with the effort it took to remain silent. A finger came from behind her, touching lightly at the tightness of her backdoor. Pushing

softly, yet forcefully, it slipped through into her, the tight ring of muscle maintaining a death grip upon it. She yelped, that part of her body not once having been explored, yet already she could tell that it was a mistake to not do it sooner. The feeling of fullness was incredible, the steady pump of his hand already drenching her front. When the professor added two of his fingers, she keened, the feeling of being fingered from both sides driving her mind into a frenzy.

Together, the two of them pumped their fingers in sync, not a moment going by where she didn't feel that exquisite fullness. She collapsed forward onto against the shelf, not fully trusting her legs to hold up under their onslaught. They must have realized that she was getting close, because they pulled out of her, the feeling of emptiness almost making her sob. The professor grabbed her hand, lightly guiding her down to her knees, she obliged without hesitation.

The two of them stood in front of her, hands already going to their belts as they undid their pants and slid them to their knees. She took them in hand, already licking her lips in anticipation. The lecturer was first, his lengthy cock disappearing inch by inch down her throat, a few pumps of her head already having him gasping. She pulled off with a pop, swallowing the professor without hesitation. She dragged her tongue along the underside of his shaft, his girthy manhood sliding itself deeper into her mouth, a hand playing with his sac. She pumped them both vigorously, the looks of pleasure gazing down at her taking that jolt of heat and turning it into

an inferno. She leaned forward, pushing both of them into her mouth. It was a tight fit, and she couldn't swallow them down very far, leaving them pushing into her cheeks, but the feeling was amazing.

The lecturer pulled out of her grip, walking around behind her. He lightly pushed her forward, enough to tell her what he wanted but softly enough that she could stop it if she wanted. She held herself up on her hands, knees going outwards as she spread herself out for him. He nodded, smiling, aligning himself with her dripping entrance.

As he pushed himself into her, the professor stepped forward, silencing her desperate moans with his cock. She pushed herself back against the lecturer, each thrust of his meeting her body full force, the sound of flesh meeting flesh clearly audible through the library. If she was aware of anything but the dicks assaulting her senses, she would have been mortified, as it stood, she could care less.

They once more worked in perfect sync, choosing this time to thrust in at the same time, each movement slamming her between the two of them, both sides filling and emptying at the same pace. Each thrust and slam pushed her closer to the edge, and before she knew it she was all but screaming around the professor's cock, her walls tightening incredibly around the lecturer's length. With a grunt, he withdrew and held around his base, sheer force of will preventing him from releasing against her back. Instead, he let his fingers drift, two

of them finding their way back to her backside. Her eyes widened as soon as the fog of orgasm faded. He pushed his fingers in, the tight ring much more pliable this time. A quick pump drew a startled moan, but when he scissored his fingers he relished the high-pitched squeal she made, still clearly audible from around the professor.

He placed a hand on her shoulder, guiding her shakily up to her feet. His eyes raked down her figure, glorious breasts heaving in the open air, trimmed slit glistening with the evidence of her orgasm. It struck him just how lucky the two of them were, and looking at the way her body was reacting, that luck would likely be extending to others very soon.

Erin looked down, the professor having taken his position below her. Without waiting for a prompt, she placed her knees on either side of him, sliding down slowly and deliberately, her lower lips sliding open and accepting his thickness. She didn't rest until her hips were flush with his, sighing contently when she felt him fitting snugly within her. A hand on her back pushed her forward, her eyes widening when she realized what they had planned. Though, she thought with a smirk, no reason to stop.

The younger man pushed the head of his cock into her ass, the incredible tightness feeling like it was going to swallow him whole. He pushed forward, her ass widening gloriously before his eyes, not stopping until he was buried deep within her. She was speechless, her mouth hanging open

uselessly as she processed what was happening. The feeling was unlike any she'd ever felt before, such an incredible fullness that fingers and tongues could never hope to compare to. They thrust into her shallowly, and she almost thought she would break, all thoughts exiting her mind as a primal grunt tore its way from her throat. "God, fuck yes!"

They took that as their sign to go on, slow thrusts turning to quick pumps of their hips, both filling her at the exact same time. She growled, her hair whipping around as she pumped herself back and forth, the desperate need for more fueling her lust. They got the hint; their thrusts getting deeper, faster, their cocks exploring territory that had gone unexplored her entire life.

Soon though, it wasn't enough, and she was leaning back to grab the lecturer by his tie, dragging him into a savage kiss. "More..." She looked at him with desperation in her eyes, little yelps and moans coming out of her every time he buried himself in her ass, "Please... I need more."

A wicked smile stretched across his face, and with an almost embarrassing pop he pulled out of her ass. He looked her in the eye, wanting to make sure she knew what she was agreeing to. She nodded frantically, mouthing "Please."

He took himself by the base, sliding his cock alongside the professors. Even he stopped and looked over her shoulder,

an eyebrow rising at what he had planned. The lecturer nodded, gesturing for him to hold her open, the professor's strong hands coming to her rear, pulling her open. The young man pushed forward, cock pushing into her entrance, the tightness something that none of them could have ever even dreamed of. She threw her head back, tears of joy and pain flowing freely as she felt herself being stretched wide, wider than she could have imagined. After what could have been an eternity, or two minutes, he bottomed out, his cock resting comfortably alongside the older mans. Giving her a moment to adjust, they started thrusting slowly, resisting the powerful urge to start pounding away. She couldn't speak, couldn't do anything except slump forward, the feeling of two cocks occupying her pussy overpowering everything else. Their bodies worked in tandem, her walls being fully explored by the experience cocks, every movement touching every inch of her insides.

Finally, they felt confident enough to be a little rougher, their speed only being restricted by the tightness surrounding them, her slit squeezing down on them like a vice. They were a mess, the ground beneath them damp with sweat and her release in equal measure, the air heavy with the scent of sex. They thrust, in and out, a hand clamped tight over her mouth as they sped up, none of them trusting her to not start screaming in bliss. Even still, her shouts of ecstasy filtered through, pleas and vulgarities coming forth that neither of them would ever have thought she would be capable of. Then again, they hadn't expected her to take them both in one hole, so appearances were definitely deceiving.

They could feel themselves drawing close, their breath going ragged and their teeth gritting. She felt it too, and with a final thrust they buried themselves to the hilt. She gasped, walls tightening around them so much that they were worried that they might actually lose what was most precious to them. They erupted, her hole filling with their release, the feeling pushing her over the edge once again. Her eyes rolled back, a wordless moan carrying through the aisle as she felt her body flooding with their cum and overflowing, flowing down the professors cock and pooling on the floor. They slumped, all of them wiped out from their climax, the two men barely having enough strength to withdraw themselves.

A truly embarrassing amount of cum gushed out, her naked body lying prone on the library floor. They considered helping her up, but figured she could use the rest. Besides, the rest of the library knew what was happening, none of them were going to come around. With an orgasm fresh in her mind, she closed her eyes, drifting to sleep.

She awoke to the sound of chuckling, and immediately remembered where she was. More importantly, she remembered what she was covered in.

She turned over, ready to give an explanation to whoever was staring at her, but could only be silent when she saw her viewer. The girl from yesterday was standing with her hands on her hips, and indulgent smile on her face, but she wasn't alone. Behind her stood the football player and the literature student, both not even trying to hide the looks of arousal that they had from viewing her freshly fucked form.

“So, I'm guessing you enjoyed yourself?”

She blushed, futilely trying to hide away, “I... Yes, yes I did.”

The girl grinned, “Good. Because our club could use a little new blood. And being as you've already had your trial...” She trailed off, eyes raking down her naked form.

She was stunned, “Are you... are you asking me to join your sex club?”

“Oh, it's so much more than that.” She leaned in, whispering in her ear, “You think what you had today was amazing? That's not even scratching the surface. You could have so much more, whenever you want and with whoever you desire.” She pressed a quick kiss to her lips, “All you have to do is say yes.”

Erin looked between the three of them, remembering what she had seen the girl do, what she herself had just done. The promise of more... that was too good to pass up.

She smiled, taking the girls hand, "Yes."

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Thirty Five

I had dreams of becoming the next Christiane Amanpour. I was going to work my way up through the ranks of CNN to later become an International Correspondent, but the first initial steps of my career plans never materialized. By the time I was a journalism student in my senior year at College of Charleston, I had a steady boyfriend, Greg, who felt an entry level position for CNN in Atlanta, although it's only a four and half hour drive away, would put too much strain on our relationship since he had been accepted to the Medical University of South Carolina in Charleston.

I never even applied for a position at CNN. I wonder occasionally what it would have been like to work for such a large media organization especially on the days where I am given an assignment by my editor that is nothing I ever thought I'd write about in my journalism career. Because Greg needed me to be in Charleston during what he said would be a difficult and chaotic time in his burgeoning medical career, I had limited opportunities for journalism jobs. I basically took whatever I could get.

Conde Nast started a new magazine, "Sugar and Salt", marketed toward Millennial foodies headquartered in Charleston. We actually are in the same office building on Broad Street with "Garden and Gun", which is marketed as an upscale Southern hospitality mag. "Garden and Gun" is a reminder that my career could be going much worse. I could be writing articles geared towards conservative wealthy

Southerners who glamorize the antebellum period in history and not just for the historical landmarks.

“Sugar and Salt” isn’t that bad to work for honestly. Granted, it isn’t as glamorous as covering international conflicts in foreign countries, but I do get to travel to visit different restaurants around the country. The comparison has been made that we are attempting to be the BuzzFeed for foodies, which I’m not necessarily too bothered by. BuzzFeed isn’t highbrow journalism, but it is extremely popular. To tell you the truth, I wonder if my generation is even that interested in highbrow journalism seeing how most Millennials get their news through Facebook and Twitter.

I admit I was reluctant to take the position for “Sugar and Salt”, a food magazine, for the obvious reason that I am a big boned girl. Big boned is what my mother always says I am. It’s a nice way of saying I’m overweight. A fat girl working for a food magazine? I shuddered at the assumptions others would make as to why I would be interested in such a job. I’ve never confirmed whether people actually make these kinds of assumptions, but it’s something that bothered me at first. Soon, I realized that it didn’t really matter. I had a journalism job of some kind right out of college and that was something I should celebrate.

Greg was pretty supportive during my job hunting. When I landed the job at “Sugar and Salt”, he encouraged me to take it saying that any job would do because when he was a

doctor, I wouldn't work anyway. I'd stay home to take care of the kids. We aren't even engaged yet, but Greg was already thinking about our children. What a sweet guy, right? Greg is probably the best thing that will ever happen to me. I'm not sold on the idea of being a stay-at-home-mom yet, but I'm sure when the time comes, Greg and I will make the right decision.

I've just gotten back to Charleston from an assignment that took me out to San Francisco to a Filipino restaurant, FOB Kitchen. FOB Kitchen's chef, Janice Dulce, and her wife were more than hospitable and kind. They sent me off back home with a great interview and full to the brim with lumpia, longanisa, and pork adobo. The savory and succulent flavors of the main courses popped and melted in my mouth while the desserts, bibingka and ube, bloomed sweet and delicious on my tongue.

An editor of "Bon Appetit" is quoted as saying that Filipino food is the new Thai food, but Charleston hasn't gotten the memo yet and probably never will. Charleston has dozens of great restaurants but regrettably they tend to stem from the same cuisine, Southern. Nearly every restaurant has its own take on shrimp and grits, which is wonderful if you're a tourist and experiencing authentic Southern fare for the first time, but it gets old fast when you are an actual Charleston resident. "Sugar and Salt" allows me to bounce around and get a taste of different cuisines. It's a pretty awesome job in that respect.

Exposure to different foods inspires me to incorporate these flavors into my home cooking. It's another perk from working for "Sugar and Salt." My own cooking has become adventurous and fun. The problem is: Greg is a shrimp and grits kind of guy. He likes trying eighteen different kinds of shrimp and grits from eighteen different restaurants. He wants the good old Southern food that he grew up with. That's just how he is. He doesn't like change or to try new things. In consequence, I make him his Southern favorites for dinner while I make something unique and special for myself. I try to get him to take a bite, but he says he thinks it's un-American to eat foreigner food.

His resistance to change spills over to every facet of his life. He has been wearing the same classic New Balance 574 shoes in grey since he was a teenager. Whenever a pair gets worn out, he just gets another. In the same way, unfortunately, he has been using the good old missionary style sex position since the first day we slept together. That's what he likes. That's what he is used to.

When I get home from the airport, Greg is still in class. I stop by H and L, the Asian Market in North Charleston for some ingredients to make sinigang, a Filipino dish the Dulce's introduced to me. Janice gave me a recipe. I'm excited to try it.

I make the sinigang. It is savory and tangy because of the delicious tamarind flavored soup. I, of course, also make pan fried chicken, cornbread, and collard greens. I also make Greg peach cobbler as a reprieve for being gone during one of his exams this week. He hates when I'm away when he has a test to study for. It throws him off his rhythm.

"Lindsey!" I hear his voice booming in from the front door.

"In the kitchen!" I call out.

He bursts into the kitchen and goes straight to the food. "You cooked!"

"Of course," I say coming up behind him and wrapping my arms around his broad shoulders. "How was the food I prepared for you the last few days?"

He pats my hand tenderly and says, “It was good but would have been even better if you were here and it was fresh.”

I squeeze his hand. “I know, but the magazine sent me out to San Francisco. It was only two days, babe.”

He peels my arms off of his neck. I watch as he lifts the pot lid off the sinigang. He inhales deeply before saying, “What foreigner food is it this time?”

“Filipino,” I answer.

His face screws up in distaste. “Gross,” he says.

“You’d probably like it if you tried it,” I say.

He puts the lid back on the pot. “Nah. If it ain’t broke...”

“Don’t fix it,” I finish.

After dinner, since it’s a Wednesday, we have sex. Greg likes to schedule everything in his life. It’s the only way he can

handle medical school. So Wednesday is our day. After I shower and brush my teeth, I climb into bed naked. I lie in bed and read the book, “Julie and Julia,” waiting for Greg. I’ve already seen the movie, but that was before I became a food journalist. I’ve been gravitating to book about foods or making food lately.

The book I read before this one was, Barbara Kingsolver’s, “Animal, Vegetable, Miracle: A Year of Food Life.” I love her fiction work so I thought I’d give her nonfiction stuff a try. It’s been kind of cool exploring all the creative ways people write about food. In both “Julie and Julia” and “Animal, Vegetable, Miracle”, the writers document their experiences with accomplishing a food driven goal. In “Julie and Julia”, the writer, Julie Powell, attempts to cook every single one of the 524 recipes in Julia Child’s “Mastering the Art of French Cooking” in one year. In “Animal, Vegetable, Miracle”, Kingsolver attempts to feed her family for a full year with only locally grown food.

Both of these books are inspiring. Writing about food wasn’t my first career choice but it has been a fun experience so far. Look at Anthony Bourdain. He has a show on CNN that centers around food.

Greg climbs into bed next to me. He nuzzles up to me immediately kissing my neck softly. “Wouldn’t it be cool if I had my own show like Anthony Bourdain? Traveling to other countries to cover food?” I ask him.

Greg stops kissing me. “That’s not really a job for you, babe.”

“Why not?”

“Well, I mean Anthony Bourdain is a guy. How many people would want to watch a show like that hosted by a woman? And you know, you’re not really TV material.”

I don’t say anything, thinking over what he has said. After a few moments, I answer, “You’re right.”

He goes back to kissing my neck. His hand squeezes me breast. “I’m just trying to be realistic so you don’t get your hopes up.”

He kisses me on the mouth jutting his tongue in and out. He climbs on top of me until his chest is pressed up on mine. I can feel his dick hard and stiff against my inner thigh. I try to get into the mood, but I keep thinking about what he means about getting my hopes up and not being TV material.

Greg isn’t into a variety of foreplay aside from sticking a finger inside me, but I admit after years together he has perfected it. He sticks his index finger inside my pussy and

plows into it with a hooking motion. His finger tickles right where it needs to. I feel a heat smoldering deep inside my pussy. After a few more jabs with his finger, he slides his cock inside.

Greg isn't much of an expressive lover, but he fortunately has an enormous cock. The length and girth of it alone is satisfying for me. When he pumps in and out of me, it hits right onto my G spot. He kisses my neck and grips my shoulders with tight fists. He isn't a verbal person during lovemaking. Any time in the past that I've whispered in his ear or moaned out, he places his palm flat against my mouth. He is so devoted to silence during sex that he won't even utter a gentle "Shhhh." After a few minutes, a tingle runs through me from my spot out into the rest of my body. I shudder quietly trying to hold in my release. I am careful to hold in my gasp.

With a few more tight thrusts, Greg pulls out and comes into a washcloth he has handily next to him. "You get so wet. It's so weird," he comments. His face is grimaced in distaste as he wipes up his cum and my juice on his pelvis and thighs. He gives me a light kiss on the cheek.

In a few minutes, he is asleep. I lie awake for awhile thinking over what he meant about not being TV material. I'm not the thinnest woman but neither is Oprah. Why does that even matter? Despite not being rail thin, I'm confident I'm an attractive girl. Sometimes I feel like Greg throws my weight in

my face as if it's a handicap. Maybe I'm being paranoid. I don't know.

At work the next day, I'm at my desk finishing up my story on FOB Kitchen. My editor, Charles, coffee in hand, says to me, "I've got a new assignment for you."

I stop typing and look up from my Mac. "Where to this time? New York City? Austin?"

"Nope." He taps a finger on desk and says, "You're staying right here this time. You're going to interview that new spot on King."

"Which one?" I say.

"The one with the celeb chef, Winston Thomas." He opens his eyes wide waiting for a response from me.

"Winston Thomas? The chef with the TV show where he berates contestants and is pretty much known as a complete asshole?"

Charles jumps up and down pointing a finger at me. "Yep! That's the one!"

My face sours. Not only am I not getting to go on location somewhere, I have to deal with that asshole Winston Thomas. He became a celebrity chef super early in his career. We are about the same age. His first glimmer of stardom began on Gordon Ramsey's "Master Chef Junior." Since then, he's become a media darling.

I heard that he opened a restaurant in Charleston after shuttering his famous restaurant in Brooklyn. There are theories to why it closed: his food doesn't live up to the hype, the high prices aren't worth it, or Brooklyn hipsters just didn't think he was the new cool thing anymore. I suspect Charles will want me to uncover the real reasons he relocated down here.

"You don't look excited," Charles says in surprise.

I brighten my face as best as I can. "No! No! I'm very excited. This is great. Thanks!"

Charles walks away from my desk appeased. I wonder to myself how much of an asshole Winston Thomas really is. Maybe it's all talk.

“Get out!” Winston Thomas roars at me as I stand in his kitchen. He turns his back to me glaring at his staff.

“I’m here from Sugar and Salt, the magazine?”

“I don’t give a fuck who you are or why you are here. We are in the middle of dinner service. Why the fuck would you think this was a good time to come here?” he says with his back still turned.

“Your general manager told me to come at this time.”

He spins around with fire in his eyes. Despite looking like a demon right now, I have to admit that Winston is a good looking guy. I hadn’t really been following him since his days on “Master Chef Junior” when he was chubby faced kid. In the last decade, he has really outgrown his baby fat. “Come back after the dinner rush. In the meantime, I don’t want to see your fucking face.”

I back up slowly out of the kitchen. I walk by the General Manager, a buttoned up man with apologetic eyes. He grimaces a smile at me and is about to say something, but I interrupt him. “It’s okay. I’ll be back.”

I retreat to a bar on the corner and order a mojito. What an asshole! I sip my mojito and go over my notes for the interview. I try to look for the positives of the situation. Maybe after dinner service, he will be more relaxed and less asshole-ish. Maybe with a couple of drinks in him, he will be open to answer questions about his move down here.

I wait a few hours before I venture back to Winston's restaurant, Taste. In that time, I'd had a few more mojitos. I am feeling well lubricated to handle the jackass again. I walk back into the restaurant; the hostess immediately recognizes me for earlier.

"Miss Wilson, Chef wants to apologize for earlier. Please follow me." I follow her to a table. "What would you like to drink?"

I'm feeling tipsy from the mojitos so I say, "Just ice water please."

Within minutes, a waiter appears and places a plate in front of me. "From the Chef. This is crisp pork belly steamed buns," the waiter says beneath his shaggy bangs. The pork belly buns are crispy on the outside and succulent inside. It's delicious.

For the next hour, the waiter brings out various dishes to me: grilled asparagus with bacon miso dressing, Thai coconut creamed spinach, and roasted grouper with sake braised white beans. I'm swimming in savory and rich flavors that I almost forget the entire reason I am here. When the waiter brings out grilled octopus with hearts of palm I ask, "Will the chef be coming out soon?"

The waiter smiles, "Yes. He will be joining you shortly."

I sample a few more dishes before Winston comes out. The restaurant is closing, and there is only a young couple paying their bill left. Winston has a seat in front of me. He has his chef jacket off. His white t-shirt is tight against his body showing off his muscular arms and chest.

"I'm sorry about earlier," he says regretfully. "I'm sure you've heard of my famous meltdowns and tantrums before." He looks away.

I lie. "No, I haven't."

He gives me a look of doubt before laughing. "Right."

"I might have heard of few things."

He rubs his chin thoughtfully and says, “Let’s get out of here?”

“Sure,” I answer with surprise.

I follow him out of the restaurant out onto the busy street. It’s a Thursday night, the ubiquitous party night of all colleges across The United States. King Street is full of young college kids full of booze and mirth. I’m not yet at the age where this kind of thing will annoy me. My older sister always rolls her eyes when there are too many college kids in an establishment. I guess something significant happens to you when you turn thirty making you intolerant to young twenty year olds.

“Proof?” he asks me.

“Cool,” I answer. The owner of Proof, Craig, is a great bartender and always has some imaginative tasty cocktails on and off the menu.

Before I know it, Winston pushes me up against the wall to the blow and dry salon a few doors down from the bar. His lips are on mine quickly and passionately. His tongue probes mine hungrily. His hands grope me up and down squeezing my breasts and my ass. I give into the kiss for a few

more moments. I'm not used to passionate unscheduled kisses like this; I linger in his strong embrace for a few more minutes before I eventually push away from him.

“What the fuck?” I ask, trying to sound outraged.

He shakes his head and points at the air between us in a wagging motion. “Wait. Did I read this wrong?”

“Yes!” I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand.

“Oh. Okay. Sorry.” He runs his hands through his hair and sighs deeply. He walks away towards the bar.

“Wait. What about the interview?” I ask still recovering from his kiss.

He calls over his shoulder, “If we're not going to fuck, you are going to have to come back tomorrow.” I watch incredulously as he walks into the bar. What an asshole.

With Winston's kiss still on my lips, I get home late. Greg is already in bed asleep. I climb into bed next to him. His warmth reaches me from side of the bed. I admit that Winston's kiss and body up against mine excited me. It's

Thursday, not our designated day, but I make an attempt to get Greg in the mood.

I ease up next to him and kiss his neck while massaging his cock into attention. Greg awakes with a startling snort. “What are you doing, Lindsey? Are you crazy? It’s Thursday.” He picks my hand up off of his cock and flings it away.

“Sorry.”

I retreat to my side of the bed thinking about Winston again. He did look really hot. He is an amazing kisser. He even kisses on Thursdays. I fall asleep ruminating on his kiss and his hands all over me.

The next morning, I make crepes, a wonderful treat I was introduced to while interviewing a crepe shop in Chicago. I make Le Pare crepes with strawberries, bananas, chocolate, and Chantilly creams. Greg prefers a simple breakfast of a bagel and cream cheese. Thankfully, he is capable enough of making his breakfast himself. It gives me time to indulge myself and make a delicious breakfast for myself.

I stare at my beautiful crepe creation before I take a bite. It’s a gorgeous with bananas and strawberries spilling over each other and Chantilly cream melting on top. I snap a

pic with my phone. I upload the pic to Instagram with a few hashtags: #crepes, #mybreakfast, #amateurchef, and I tag the restaurant that inspired me, @CafePamplemousse. I've never been one to upload pics of my food, but why not?

I leave for work way earlier than I usually do and before Greg wakes up to prevent any awkwardness this morning. I'd like to forget all about last night. I'm the first and only person in the office. Without much to do since Winston refused me an interview, I get the idea to start a blog.

I write about the crepes I made this morning. My blog post is more than just a recap of my meal and its preparation; I sway a little into what I'm feeling right now, which is unsettled and maybe a little unsatisfied. I don't go into direct detail about Greg's rejection or my attraction to Winston, but I do talk about how those sweet crepes early in the morning helped assuage the saltiness of my night. It was a vague spillage of my feelings, but it helped settle my nerves a bit nonetheless.

I read what I've written a third time before hitting publish. I think about Greg. Are we really getting married? Is that something I want? Do I want to be married to him? Do I want my entire life planned out by him? Greg is always brushing aside my work or any of my aspirations with the excuse that I don't need to work in the future anyway. Is that what I want? I look at my blog post. He would think that

writing this would be a total waste of time. He never sees the value in doing something for joy.

Most of all what bothers me is that Winston is the first guy I've kissed since being with Greg. I forgot how passionate and spur of the moment a physical act like that can be. Greg isn't very affectionate. Could I see myself with someone who is so reserved for the rest of my life?

Speak of the devil, I get an Instagram notification from Greg. I open up the app to see what he has written. "Food pics? #lame." I look at the comment trying not to be bothered by it, but I am. Things like this from Greg bother me, but every one always is telling me how lucky I am to be with him: a handsome, future doctor. It's as if no one believes I can do any better, but is that even true? Can't I do better than a guy who publicly makes fun of things I enjoy?

I arrive at Taste mid-afternoon hoping to find Winston in good spirits. A sous chef tells me he is up on the roof where they grow herbs. I find Winston shirtless doing burpees, jumping jacks and push ups. I'm hopelessly embarrassed to find him in this sweaty beautiful state. He sees me and holds up a finger while he continues with his HIIT workout. I can do nothing but take a seat and try not to stare at his sweaty glistening muscles.

When he finishes, he towels off and walks over to me. Strangely, he extends his hand to me and says, "Let's start over." I hesitate. What's his angle? He must see the look of suspicion on my face. He says, "I talked to my therapist this morning. She said that the way I acted towards you was unprofessional and unfair. She helped me understand that I can't treat people any way I'd like just because I'm having a bad day."

"You see a therapist?"

Winston rubs the towel into his hair. "Ya. Had to. After, you know, the New York thing not working out."

He pulls up a chair next to me and regards the Charleston skyline. "She says I have some issues from

growing up as a child star. I don't know." He is silent for a moment and then says, "Are you going to put all this in your article?"

"I don't have to if you don't want me to," I say. I understand that he is revealing a lot to me. I'm unsure why, but he is. There is no reason for me to violate this trust despite his lewd behavior yesterday. Something about the way he is looking at me right now makes me feel sorry for him.

"I know what you want to know is what happened with my career... what happened in New York, but can we just talk about other things first? Hang out with me. Get to know me first? My therapist says that I'm exhibiting disruptive behavior as a stress response to this interview."

"Okay. What do I have to do?"

He stands and takes my hand. "Nothing. Let's just have fun."

I literally just do that. I hang out in the kitchen for the next few hours hardly paying attention to the time. He explains to me where his ideas for his current menu came from.

"After I closed the New York City spot, I took a tour around Asia: Japan, Korea, Cambodia, Philippines, China. The

trip gave me inspiration to try something new. To kind of reinvent myself and what people expect of me,” he tells me.

“Why Charleston?”

“I came here on vacation once to check on Sean Brock’s stuff at Husk and McCrady’s. I noticed that there was a serious lack of ethnic food here. Charleston is a nice place too with the beaches and the parks. So why not?”

“That’s amazing! I’ve always said Charleston needs more than just Southern food.”

“Exactly!” he says in agreement.

Throughout the day, I get numerous texts from Greg asking me where I am. I hadn’t prepared him any dinner or given him a heads up that he’d have to figure out his food situation on his own. I refrain from answering any of his pleas of hunger and abandonment until I get a text from him that says, “What am I supposed to do?” I write back, “Cook your own food. #lame.”

By the end of the night, Winston has redeemed himself. After dinner service is over, we go back up on the roof with a couple of beers. He shows me all the herbs and

edible flowers he is cultivating. He touches each plant delicately and with care.

He takes a big swig of beer and says, “You’ve been kind spending all day with me and humoring me. It’s only fair I hold up my end of the bargain.” He sighs deeply.

“You don’t have to tell me anything. It’s your business. I have enough awesome material for an article for ‘Sugar and Salt.’” I say.

He looks at me. I see his eyes brimming with tears. “My mom died.”

I stutter, “I... didn’t know.”

“Ya. Well, I haven’t talked about it. She was my manager you know. My talent manager. The one who organized all my media stuff: my TV show, appearances, stuff like that...”

“I’m sorry,” I say.

“I kind of lost it,” he says with a sad laugh. “I let the restaurant go to shit because at the time, I didn’t care about it anymore. My show is even on a long hiatus. Why? Because

what did it matter?” He takes another sip of beer. “I’m better now. I took a break from everything.” He takes my hand and says, “That felt really good to talk about. Thank you.”

I squeeze his hand back. My phone dings six successive times in a row. I reluctantly take my hand back to check my phone. It’s Greg. “Who the fuck do you think you are? Do you think you’ll ever do better than me? Do you think anyone gives a fuck about your stupid food writing career? You are the luckiest fat chick in the world.”

I stop reading the rest of the texts. Greg is a nice guy only when you tow the line exactly the way he wants. I’ve seen flickers of his temper before, but I’ve always been sure to do everything he asks of me for fear of losing him. I’ve been the perfect girlfriend that never argues or disagrees for the sake of not upsetting him.

Once, early in our relationship, I disagreed with him about a story in the local paper about a transgender teacher getting fired. He was adamant. “Good. Kids have enough trouble trying to figure out how to read. They don’t need the extra problems of trying to figure out if their teacher is a woman or a man.”

I was shocked at his stance. “Seriously? They are children. As long as you teach them their teacher is a human being that deserves respect, that’s all that matters.”

We were at a barbecue spot out in West Ashley, he put his pulled pork sandwich down and said quietly but cruelly. “You can’t be fucking serious. Shut the fuck up.”

“What?” I couldn’t believe my ears. He’d never talked to me like that before.

“Tuck your hair back behind your fucking ears because maybe you didn’t fucking hear me. I said shut the fuck up about this. You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

I did what he said. I tucked my loose hair behind both my ears and stared down into my food. Tear drops fell onto my coleslaw. I vowed to never disagree with him again. I didn’t want to lose him.

That incident was a long time ago, and I’m tired of being perfect. I’m tired of not being allowed to have my own opinion. I shut my phone off. What I want to say to Greg shouldn’t be over text. “Sorry about that,” I say to Winston.

He wipes his cheek. “No problem.” He smiles at me and cups my chin with palm bringing me in closer to him. He then stops abruptly and says, “I’m reading this wrong? Or? I just want to be sure.”

I smile. “You’re reading it perfectly right.” I bring my lips to his. We kiss; our tongues swirl around each other. Up on the roof with the wind blowing through my hair, I feel free.

Winston stops kissing me and says, “I’ll be right back.”

He returns with a blanket and a smile on his face. “Restaurant is empty.” He lays the blanket down. I sit on the blanket feeling woozy with excitement. He kisses me again with his hand gently on the back of my head. He pulls me to him. With eager hands, he pulls my dress over my head. My skin prickles with goose bumps from the slight chill in the air. He undoes my bra making my large breasts spill out. His hands and tongue feel hot on breasts as he sucks and pinches my nipples firmly. I gasp from his lips curling around my nipple tightly.

My panties feel sodden. My pussy is on fire for his touch. I watch as he tugs his tight shirt off revealing his gorgeous rippled body. I undo his jeans and help him pull them off. His skinny jeans scrunch up at the ankle. We laugh as we both struggle to get them off. His magnificent cock is hard and rigid. Without thinking, I take it into my mouth. He moans from my sudden movement. I’m excited to hear his pleasure.

I suck hard mimicking the way Winston curled his lips around my nipples hardening and fattening them. I lick and suck with my pussy throbbing with desire. Winston pushes

away from me. He kisses me on the mouth lightly pulling my hair back with his hand. He positions himself so his cock is in my face and my pussy is in his. He plants his lips on my wet cunt tonguing it like he kissed my mouth just moments before. I gasp from the strong firm strokes of his tongue on my clit.

All I can do to stop from exploding is take his rigid cock back into my mouth. I jam it back into my mouth. My moans of ecstasy from his perfect mouth on my wet pussy are muffled with his thick cock down my throat. I suck and scream. I'm dizzy with pleasure. Winston's tongue lashes down onto my swollen clit with no mercy. I come in a loud cathartic scream.

The orgasm has left me in a frenzy of lust wanting more of him. "Fuck me!" I say to him. He licks my pussy juice trailing down my thigh before mounting me with force. He plunges his cock inside with delicious power. I cry out again. We look into each other's eyes. I whisper, "Harder."

He shoves a thumb into my mouth and says, "Fuck yes. You're so hot, Lindsey." I suck on his thumb overcome with intense desire. He thrusts into me so hard my tits bounce. He twists my nipples, "I love your big fat titties," he moans.

"I love your cock," I answer.

I'm thrilled by our sex talk. It makes me wetter and drives me to the edge. "Fuck me from behind," I tell him.

He flips me over on all fours. He slides his wet cock inside my cunt. From this position, he is so deep inside me. He pulls my hair. My face is pulled back, and I'm looking up at the stars while he nails me harder and harder. "It's so fucking deep," I scream.

"Do you like that?" he asks me.

"Yes!" I answer back closing my eyes enjoying the fullness and length of his beautiful cock. "Do you like my big ass?"

He slaps my ass hard. "Oh, yeah." He jiggles my ass cheeks with his hands. I love being on display like this. I shake my ass back and forth letting my cheeks jiggle more for him. "Fuck," he says. "That's so hot."

He reaches down and squeezes my nipples again hard. I cry out enjoying the sting. I feel a tingle from my pussy begin. "Pinch my nipple while I come," I tell him. With strong fingers, he clamps down on my nipple. I come with glorious force; I feel my pussy juice rush out of me.

"Fuck. You're a squirter. I love that."

I'm delighted to hear this. My ejaculation made Greg uncomfortable. He said it was gross. I feel like the most beautiful and most wanted girl in the world right now. Winston, this gorgeous guy, is fucking me doggy style. How I've missed different sex positions!

Winston grabs my ass with both hands and pulls me into him as he pushes into me. His cock hits inside my pussy so deep. Feeling no longer nervous about my pussy juice, I let myself go. I come again and again. I don't fight it.

"Can I come?" Winston asks.

I turn around to look at him. His face is twisted in concentration. I smile at him. He looks at me and smiles. "Of course," I say. He groans in satisfaction. He pulls his wet cock out and spurts cum all over my ass. It's the hottest thing I've ever seen. He lets out a heavy sigh. Out of breath, he says, "Thank you."

I turn around and say back. "Thank you," He kisses me softly.

"Are you going to put that in the article?" he says with a laugh.

“Definitely.”

He wraps his arms around me. “I haven’t been with anyone in a really long time,” he says.

I’ve heard through internet gossip that he is an avid playboy. “Really?”

“I just kind of stopped wanting to hook up just to hook up.” He hugs my tighter. “You want to come over to my place?”

I think of Greg at home asleep in my bed. After college, Greg moved into my apartment telling me it would be easier for him since I lived closer to campus. In the time that he’d started medical school, he claimed that since we were a couple, paying rent shouldn’t be an issue since we were going to get married. He hasn’t contributed a single dime to rent, utilities, or food. All of these realities of my relationship hit me right in the gut as I look at Winston’s open expectant face.

“Sure. I’d love to, but I have to run by my place first. I’ll meet you.”

I walk into my kitchen and find empty takeout Chinese containers strewn on the counter. I roll my eyes at the irony that when left to himself, Greg turned to “foreigner” food for sustenance. I’m sure that he wouldn’t even understand the connection. I’m even more annoyed that he left the mess of his dinner out for me to clean up. What does it take to just throw away empty containers?

I walk up the stairs knowing full well how late it is, but I don’t give a shit. I open my bedroom door and find Greg asleep in my bed. How can someone look smug while asleep? I tap him on the shoulder. He minimally stirs. I shake him.

“What the fuck?” he mutters swatting my hand away and turning over.

“Wake up, Greg!” He mumbles something and keeps his eyes shut tightly. I scream, “Wake up, Greg!”

“What the fuck!” he says rubbing his eyes. “Where have you been? What the fuck have you been doing all night?”

“Doesn’t matter,” I say.

“What? It does matter. It matters to me. You know what? I don’t know who the fuck you think you are now. You got that stupid job where they fly you around to difference places and all of a sudden you think you are someone special. I don’t like your new attitude.” He takes a deep breath, and then says, “I want you to quit that job.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’m not quitting my job.”

“I don’t think you know how lucky you are to have me as your boyfriend, Lindsey. I’ve put up with your job long enough”

“You don’t have to put up with it anymore.”

His face relaxes. “Good. I’m glad you’ve come to your senses. He lies back down and tucks the comforter around his waist.

“No, Greg. What I mean is: we are over. I can’t do this anymore.”

He shoots back up again in disbelief. “You’ve got to be kidding me. You think you’ll do better than me? I’m going to be a doctor.”

“Greg, who cares?” I walk out my bedroom door, but I think better of it and return. I tell him, “I’m going to need you to move out by this weekend. I’m sure you will have no problem coming up with a deposit for a new place with all the money you’ve saved all these years never paying rent.” I leave him in my bed stunned with his mouth open.

Winston lives in the historic Louis DeSaussure House on The Battery. The three story masonry house is like most traditional antebellum houses in Charleston with two adjacent parlors adjoined with piazzas along the south side.

When he opens the door, I say, “This house is gorgeous.” He steps aside letting me in.

“My mom would have loved it.” He leads me upstairs to the third floor balcony. The view of the Charleston Harbor is breathtaking up here. “I was afraid you were going to bail on me.”

“I wouldn’t have.”

He kisses me softly stroking my chin with his fingertips. “You’re so pretty,” he says when his lips leave mine. He pulls out his phone and puts on Al Green’s “Tired of Being Alone.” He pulls me into an embrace and sways me to the music. We kiss slowly, but then our heat builds. Our mouths crash into each other. Soon, our hands are greedily searching for each other’s warm naked flesh.

We find ourselves both naked out on the balcony. Winston bends me over the balcony. I grip the railing and push my ass out expectantly. He kneels and buries his face into my open pussy. "Your pussy is a beautiful succulent peach," he says before diving back into my cunt. He finds my clit with the tip of his tongue. He licks zealously while pushing three fingers inside.

My cunt is throbbing with intense pleasure. "Put your cock in me," I say. Winston licks and fucks me with his fingers and tongue for few more lingering moments. I grab my nipples with both of my hands and squeeze. I feel so good everywhere at the same time.

Winston stands. I brace myself for his thick delicious cock. He slides into my pussy lips slowly. He eases inside my cunt inch by inch. I push back into him. I make my pussy pop on his cock. It's too good. I come looking at the beginning smear of light from the waking sky peeking over the horizon on the water.

Winston's breath is ragged. I can feel him behind me straining to keep his load. He grips my ass tightly. I keep popping my pussy. He reaches a hand up into my hair to tug my head back a little. I can feel that he is almost at climax. I push back harder and harder slipping his cock out of me to the tip and then slamming it back inside. My pussy makes a loud

satisfying popping sound. I feel like a porn star. I fucking love it.

Suddenly, Winston heaves a loud unrestrained moan. I shake side to side making my ass bounce for him as he orgasms. I feel his hot cum on my ass. It drips down my ass crack and my swollen pussy lips.

Out of breath and wiping sweat off his brow with his hand, Winston says, “Fuck. I changed my mind. You have got to put that in the article. Someone might learn something.” We laugh as we stand naked, sweaty, and hot on the balcony watching the sun rise up out of the water.

# Story Thirty Six

I'm not the first nurse in my family. My mom, my sister, my great-grandmother, my great-aunts, my grandmother, my four aunts, my sixteen cousins, and even my sister-in-law are all nurses. We all went to Senoia Community College in our little town to get our Associate Degrees. That's one upside to living in Senoia, Georgia. It's a small town in the boondocks, but Senoia residents receive a 75% discount on courses at the community college. It's a great deal right outside our doorstep.

Before the community college, the Kane clan were sharecroppers scraping by. When Senoia Community College opened, all the Kane men became mechanics while the Kane women became nurses. Our lives changed for the better. At least, that's what Great Granny Becky says. I obviously hadn't been born yet.

My nursing career path was paved for me before I knew how to walk. I bet many girls would resent that – having to carry on some family legacy that was in place long before, but I don't. I love being a nurse. In fact, I love it so much I'm going back to school to get my bachelor's degree. I will be the first Kane kid to get one. After that, I want to get a Masters in Nursing to become an Acute Care Nurse Practitioner. I will be the first Kane kid to do that, too. I hope I start a trend.

I'm also the first Kane to move out of Senoia. The closest university to get a Bachelors in Nursing is 50 miles away in Macon, home of Mercer University. 50 miles away. Do you understand now why I'm the first Kane to attempt a bachelor's degree? The means to get one is simply too far away. The Kane clan is comfortable in Senoia.

When I got into the nursing program at Mercer, I put in my two weeks notice on the Cardiothoracic Intensive Care Unit in Trinity Hospital, the hospital all the Kane nurses have ever worked. With ten years of experience in the ICU, I quickly got a job at Regents Hospital in Macon. It's my first time away from home without my family ever.

The Kanes travel together in packs. We work together, vacation together and practically all live together. Our houses are all within a few feet of each other. If you live in Senoia and meet one Kane, you will be able recognize the rest of us. The male Kanes are tall and broad like NFL linebackers while the female Kanes are round and buxom. Thick curvy women. We are a solid people with bodies suited for hard work.

It's the first day of my Nursing Research course. A girl with short red hair sits next to me. Her hair and glittery eye shadow make her look like a real life pixie. "You heard about this professor?" she asks me taking a notebook out of her bag.

"No," I say. "Have you?"

She shakes her head and leans into my shoulder. With a hushed voice she says, “Bitch. She’s a nasty nasty bitch.”

“She can’t be that bad,” I say with a laugh.

Her eyebrows rise as she says, “I’ve heard stories. She can be.” She looks around the room darting her eyes around surveying the other students. She extends her hand with a flourish and says, “Becca Jones.”

I take her hand, “Candy Kane.”

“Candy? Kane?” she asks her eyes twinkling with delight.

I smile. “Yup.” That’s right. My name is Candy Kane.

She smiles back and says, “That’s a pretty sweet name,” she says laughing. “Get it? Get it?”

“Thanks,” I say laughing too.

The professor, Dr. Knight, storms into the classroom. Her hair, cut short in a white bob, blows back from how

quickly she clips to the front of the room. The bustling classroom falls quiet. The clomp of her tan orthopedic shoes stomping onto the floor fills the silence. Dr. Knight looks at the class with glasses perched on her nose.

“Welcome, class,” she smiles warmly looking us all over, but then her smile falls. “We are all Registered Nurses in this room. Although this is a great accomplishment to be proud of, it does not mean, in any way, that you deserve a Bachelor of Science in Nursing.” She says “deserve” severely annunciating the word carefully and loudly. “If you work hard and prove that you actually deserve a BSN, you will get one. But do not think this is going to be an easy path. Some nurses are incapable of any higher education. These nurses must accept that.”

Becca nudges my arm. I’m too afraid to look at her.

“Now, let’s go around the room. Introduce yourself: name and what your experience is in nursing.”

Nervous butterflies swarm in my stomach while my classmates introduce themselves one by one. I internally rehearse what I will say that I can’t pay attention enough to catch everyone else’s names. When it’s Becca’s turn, she says, “Becca Jones. I have six years of experience in Labor and Delivery.” Professor Knight nods; her face impassive. It’s impossible to determine anything she may be thinking.

Now, it's my turn. "Candy Kane. I have —"

Professor Knight interrupts me. "No cute nicknames, please. State your real name."

"Candy is my real name." The room stirs.

Her eyes bore into me with incredulity. "I see," she says sharply. "Go on."

"My name is Candy Kane. I have ten years of ex-"

"I'm sorry. Miss Kane? I can barely understand you," she says with a haughty laugh.

I clear my throat. This time I try to project. "My name is Candy Kane. I have ten years of experience —"

"I'm not deaf, Candy." She says my name, "Candy" with utter disdain. "I simply cannot understand you with that accent of yours."

I try again slowing down considerably and straining to correct my aberrant accent. "I have ten years of experience in

the CTICU.” I look at Dr. Knight for confirmation that she understands what I’ve said.

Instead, her eyes shoot to the girl next to me. “Next,” she says in a punctuated tone.

Becca scribbles on the corner of my notebook. “Fuck her.” She then squeezes my hand. I feel flush with embarrassment and inexplicable shame. I’ve never been outside of Senoia without my family who are just like me. We talk alike and look alike. I have never before considered my accent to be that country. It may be too country, it seems.

The next day, I work dayshift. I’m still in a slump from yesterday’s humiliating debacle with Dr. Knight. I spent the night looking up YouTube videos on how to amend my country accent. Trying to fix my annunciation and meter of how I talk is difficult. I wonder how much it really matters anyway.

I have a tremendous vocabulary as I am an avid reader. I put away, at least, four books a month. My family teases me for always using fifty cent words. I suppose though a country accent influences people, people like Professor Knight, to assume I am uneducated and sloppy. As long as I’m doing my job and taking care of patients well, no one in Senoia ever cared for how I talked. Of course, they all talk like I do anyway.

I'm hanging up Levophed on my patient in Bed 3, Greg Baker, when a handsome doctor walks in. He smiles at me and then looks over the patient in the bed, who is currently sedated on Propofol. I look at the patient's monitor and notice the Arterial Blood Pressure trending down below a 65 MAP. I bump the Levophed up. The doctor listens to the patient's chest with a stethoscope. I chart in the computer the change in my Levophed titration.

"I'm Dr. Newton. Charles..." he stumbles over his words. "I'm Dr. Charles. I mean, just, Charles." He takes a deep breath before saying, "I'm the new CT surgeon on staff."

"Hi, Dr. Newton. I'm Candy," I say with a smile. He smiles back. He has a really nice smile with bright blue beautiful eyes and a dimple in his right cheek

"Thank you for taking such great care of my patient," he says pumping the hand sanitizer onto his hands. He awkwardly walks out of the door backwards still smiling at me with a cute goofy look on his face. He then blushes, gives me a little wave, and walks down the hall.

I shrug off this strange encounter. I look at Mr. Baker, my patient, and say "That was weird." My patient can't talk back to me, since he is sedated and intubated, but I like to talk

to my patients as if they are awake. Patients sedated may still be able to hear us so I talk to them just in case they do.

I break open a mouth cleaning packet. Diligent mouth care every two hours with a Chlorhexidine antiseptic mouth rinse has led to a 20% decrease in Ventilator Associated Pneumonia. I suction and clean my Mr. Baker's mouth with the Chlorhexidine swab and Yankauer suction. I say to Mr. Baker, "Dr. Newton is really cute though."

On my way to the med room, I pass by Dr. Powell. Seeing him used to be horrifically painful, but it's been a few weeks now, and the sting has somewhat subsided. Somewhat. Not really. One night after a shift, some of the ICU nurses and CT docs went out for drinks. We had a rough day with five new admissions and two simultaneous Code Blues short-staffed by two nurses. I had just started at Regent Hospital and had only been working for a couple of weeks.

Intensive Care nurses are the heaviest drinkers. The more stress the more we drink. We drank a lot that night. The docs bought rounds and rounds of shots. I simply cannot turn away a free drink.

Dr. Powell, Grant, came on to me strong out of nowhere. I'd never been pursued so fiercely before like that in my life. I slipped away from my bar stool and walked to the bathroom. Suddenly, as I turned the knob of the bathroom

door, Grant was behind me. He leaned down, his lips on my ear, grabbing my ass and whispering, “I love a girl with a nice big ass.” He pressed his hard cock into my back.

I stumbled into the bathroom. He followed me right in. He picked me up and placed me on the edge of the sink lifting up my shirt and tearing my breasts out of my bra. He licked and bit them mumbling into my warm flesh, “I love big titties.” He sucked hard on a nipple making a loud popping sound when he pulled his mouth away.

After work that day, I ran home to shower and change into a skirt. Grant’s large hands snaked their way up between my bare legs. Kissing me hard, he murmured, “Nice thick thighs,” as his hands squeezed my legs. “I’ve been wanting to fuck you since I saw you.” He pulled my panties down my trembling legs.

“What? That can’t be true,” I said.

He pulled down his pants and boxers. “Oh yes. It’s true.” He took his thick cock and pushed it inside my wet pussy. I gasped at the sudden heavy pressure. He heaved into me, holding firmly onto my ass. He stared at my jiggling tits as he thrust. “Oh. You’ve got big fat nipples. I love it. Play with them.”

I've never been asked to do something like that before, but I was a little drunk from the Tequila shots. I pinched my nipple with my fingers making them hard and erect. The sensation of tweaking my own nipples was exhilarating. I kept doing it. Grant thrust harder. He said, "Suck on your tits."

I was enticed by this request. I felt foolish at first, but I took both of my breasts and lifted them to my mouth. I stuck my tongue out and licked. Grant grunted in appreciation. "Mmm. I like that."

I took an entire nipple into my mouth and flicked my tongue on it. I felt dirty doing it, but my pussy trembled with excitement. I sucked harder. "Look at me when you do that," Grant said out of breath.

I sucked on my nipple looking at him. He plunged into me deeper. I continued to suck one nipple while pinching the other. My body felt on fire. My cunt then trembled violently, and I came moaning loudly. Grant watched me come. He pushed his cock harder and harder into me until he pulled out and squirted cum on my leg. It felt warm and sensual as it oozed down my skin.

Grant's infatuation with me and my big tits and ass was short-lived. For a couple of weeks, we fucked all the time. I grew accustomed to fondling myself in front of him and craved the lusty look he gave me when I did. He made me

repeat naughty words and phrases that I would never have dreamed saying even alone.

One night after spurting a large load of cum on my face and breasts, Grant and I cuddled in bed. What he said next blindsided me. “I like you, Candy. I think we’ve had a lot of fun,” My heart drops. I’ve had this talk before. He continued, “But, I’m just at a difficult time right now in my life. I’m too busy for anything serious. My career is not at a place where I can be anyone’s steady boyfriend.”

He gave my shoulder a squeeze saying, “You deserve better. I hate doing this, but I think it would be best if we were just friends. Because...” His voice trailed off. “Because, I’m getting too attached. And I need to focus on my practice right now.”

His eyes welled up a bit. I was so touched by his candor. I wiped away a few tears of my own.

Seeing him in the hospital now, it’s as if not one of those nights really happened.

“Hey,” Grant says to me casually as he walks by.

“Hi,” I say and quickly walk into the med room.

That's the extent of our friendly banter these days. Sally is at the Pyxis taking out meds. "Was that Dr. Powell you were talking to?" she says rolling her eyes.

"Ya. He's out there."

She turns back to the Pyxis screen. "Girl, you know what I heard. He's already hunting the new girl. She only been here three days."

My necks prickles with sweat. "What?"

She closes the Pyxis drawer and turns to me. "He is an ass. We should have warned you about him."

I'm mortified. I fight the tears springing in my eyes. Sally gives me a hug. "These doctors... surgeons 'specially. They run through the young nurses. Don't mind him. I'm sorry, sweetheart."

I think about that night when he broke it off with me. He looked so genuine. I am such a stupid fool.

The next day, I'm off of work. I spend the majority of the day working on a paper for Dr. Knight. There is no time to

wallow in tears for Grant. I only really knew him for a few weeks, and much less than that was the amount of time we spent together. It's slightly embarrassing, but whatever. I came to Macon to get my BSN.

Dr. Knight's assignment is to write about a personal clinical experience where you demonstrated evidenced based practices. I was head of the Nursing Research Department back at Trinity Hospital in Senoia. Our nursing group played a big part in Trinity getting Magnet status.

Magnet Recognition is a big deal. Only 8% of hospitals in the United States get Magnet Status. It is a symbol of nursing excellence and high-quality patient care. As head of Nursing Research, I collected data on our sepsis rates and pushed for the Critical Care doctors to adopt the newest international guidelines. With the new sepsis guidelines in place, I collected data on our mortality rates. They improved by 2%!

Although Dr. Knight's assignment is completely in my wheelhouse, I take care with the paper. I want to prove myself to her that although she sees me as a country redneck, I deserve my BSN, my MSN, and maybe my doctorate in nursing one day. I am fully devoted to patient care and empowering other nurses. I truly love my job. It sounds cheesy, but I believe I can make a difference.

After proofreading my paper over and over again, I press submit and turn it in. I feel good about what I've written. It certainly will be a perfect way for Dr. Knight to get to know me. I might even impress her.

I look at the clock on my laptop. Nine thirty on a Friday night. My thoughts return to Grant. His broad shoulders. His big strong arms holding me. The sexy look in his eyes. I groan.

Whenever I'm feeling down, I talk to Mom. I get my phone and call her.

"Hello, honey. What are you doing home on a Friday night?"

"Just finished a paper. Kinda bored."

"A paper? I'm sure you'll get an A. You always have. We are all so proud of you."

"Thanks, Mom." I pause as I flip through channels on the TV. "What are you guys doing?"

"Oh, honey. You know we don't do much. Your father is in the garage, and I'm sitting here watching this week's

episode of The Voice.” I hear the TV show in the background, and then it quiets. “You sound glum.”

“No. I’m okay. Mom, you don’t have to pause your show. I was just checking in.”

“Ok, well, Candy. We miss you and love you so much.”

“I love you, too, Mom.”

“Go out and have fun tonight, okay? You deserve it.”

I hang up with my mom and consider my options. Shark Tank’s on. I could sit at home watching this show I love to hate, or I can go and do something. I text Becca.

“What are you up to?”

She texts back right away. “Candy! Going out for drinks! Come out!”

I stare at the text trying to figure out if I really want to go out and interact with people. I guess I wait too long to respond.

Becca texts, “DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!”

I watch as Mark Cuban and Lori Grenier discuss a housewife’s soap entrepreneurship. I text back, “K!” Becca is always cheerful and upbeat. I could use some happy company.

When I get to the bar, JJ Peckers, Becca runs up slinging her arm around my shoulders.

She screams, “It’s my study buddy! Candy Kane!”

The crowd cheers. I’ve never made an entrance like that before. I admit it’s nice to be welcomed.

“We got to get you some drinks!” Becca scampers away to the bar.

I sit down at a table and take in the scene. People are laughing, drinking, and having a good time. There is no reason I shouldn’t too. I have to look forward to my future and not backwards. Who is Grant anyway? Some guy? That’s all.

Becca comes back with a margarita. I take a sip: sour and tangy. The way I like it.

A few hours later and more drinks deep, Becca is on stage singing Karaoke, but it isn't Karaoke night. For an impromptu performance, it's pretty good. She sings Beyonce's "Put a Ring on It" dancing the original choreography perfectly. The crowd loves it.

"Hey!" I hear a voice beside me. I look up. It's the new CT surgeon at work, Dr. Newton.

"Oh. Hi! Charles, right?" He nods and takes a seat.

"Entertainment is awesome tonight. You know her?"

I nod. "She's one of my classmates."

"You're in school?"

"Yup. Getting my BSN."

"That's awesome." He takes a sip from his beer bottle.

"If you liked it then you shoulda put a ring on it!"

Becca croons.

Charles has that cute goofy grin on again watching Becca sing. He's adorable.

Much later that night, Charles is in my bedroom. It's two o'clock in the morning. He lies on my bed fully clothed completely content with just cuddling me and giving me little sweet kisses on my cheeks. It's endearing, but I think about Grant and our wild nights together. Something comes over me.

I climb on top of Charles. I pull off my shirt and bra letting my breasts fall right down in front of his face. Charles gasps in surprise. With trembling hands, he softly touches them while looking up into my face.

"You're so beautiful," he says sweetly.

I lean down and kiss him, devouring his mouth and tongue. I grind my pussy on his hardening cock. I pull down his khaki pants and boxers. I grip his heavy cock in my hands before shoving it into my wet cunt. Charles's face is a mixture of shock and pleasure.

I raise myself up slowly until the tip is nearly out. I slam my pussy back down on him. His tongue is all over my breasts: licking and sucking.

"Do you like my big titties?" I ask.

Charles's eyes watch me fuck him with wonderment and awe. He says nothing but nods his head slowly, grimacing when I slam my dripping cunt back on his dick.

I swivel my hips the way Grant taught me to do when riding a cock. The movement makes me come hard. I squirt my pussy juice on Charles's dick. Quickly after, Charles comes too spurting the hot cum into my throbbing cunt.

I lie next to Charles out of breath and tired. I turn over, and Charles spoons me. Something Grant never did. He laughs, "I've never had sex like that." He pauses letting out a long sigh. "I still have my shirt on," he says. He squeezes me tight. "That was fucking awesome." I just nod my head before I fall asleep.

The next week, while I'm at work, I check online for my grade on Dr. Knight's paper. What I see on the screen stuns me. D-. I've never gotten a D before. Ever. I don't even know what a D means. What the hell does a D- mean?

I push away the impulse to fall over and cry about it. I decide I will meet Dr. Knight in office hours. There has got to be a perfectly good reason why I have a D-. Maybe it's a mistake.

I click off the computer and walk to the nursing station. I hear loud voices. It's nightshift, which is really unusual for anyone to have raised voices. I see Grant and Charles staring each other down.

Grant says, "Just a request. When you are on call and covering my patients, can you maybe not make drastic decisions? If you do, can you run it by me?"

Charles says, "I did the right thing for your patient. And it's not just your patient. It's our patient. We are a team."

Grant pokes a finger into Charles's chest. "We are not a team, ok?" He storms off.

I walk up to the nursing station and give Charles a sheepish smile. "What's up with that guy?" Charles asks me.

"He doesn't play well with others."

Charles gives me a confused look. I say, "I would guess he is upset the hospital has restructured the CT department. You are his equal, and he is used to having people beneath him."

Charles shakes his head. “What a dick. I’m going to have to go to the Executive Board about this.”

I nod in agreement. “He can be a dick, but he is a great surgeon. You are, too. Give it some time.” Charles heaves a sigh as he walks into Bed 14 to examine his patient.

I wonder to myself if Grant knows about Charles and me. That would be impossible. No one knows, right? It’s too early in our relationship.

The next day, I go to see Dr. Knight. She sits at her desk regally with an expressionless face.

“Ms. Kane, I assure you that I have been more than fair with your paper.”

I nod slowly. “Ok. Can you tell me where it is I can improve?”

She laughs derisively. “If I have to tell you, maybe you shouldn’t be here.”

“No, ma’am. I want to be here,” I say as sternly as I can, hoping my voice isn’t shaking.

I printed out my paper to look over Dr. Knight's grading comments carefully. I hold up the stack of papers in my hands.

"I saw that you took off a considerable amount on the bibliography." I flip through the papers to the last page. "Twenty points off?"

Dr. Knight smugly says, "APA format, Candy. You forgot a period. How can you demand to be taken seriously when you can't even get APA format correct?"

I flip to another one of her comments. "And what about this? You wrote, 'Paragraph hardly coherent.'" I hold up the paper pointing at her comment. "Can you tell me what about it is incoherent?"

Dr. Knight just laughs. "Let me ask you something, Candy. You ever take a nutrition course at your good ol' community college?"

"Yes, Dr. Knight. It is a requirement for the nursing program."

She nods thoughtfully looking away. She then looks at me coldly. "You must have not paid attention."

Confused, I ask, “I’m sorry?”

“Overweight nurses are not good examples of health. If you don’t care for yourself, how will you ever care for anyone else?”

“What does this have to do with my paper?” I ask.

She laughs. “A BSN isn’t for everyone, Miss Candy Kane.”

I stand glaring at her. “Maybe, but it is for me.” She looks at me with casual menace. I walk out of her office uncertain of my nursing future.

Becca and I have lunch together. I am still shaken from Dr. Knight’s cruel comments.

“That fucking bitch!” Becca screams. Other people in the café look at us. “Sorry!” she says to them. She takes a bite of her sandwich and says, “But, you can’t quit the program.”

“I don’t know. She will make it impossible for me. She is the Dean of Clinical Studies.”

“Fuck. Her.” She takes another bite. “All you have to do is pass. Then, you can move on, and never have to deal with old bitchy cunt again. I don’t want you to give up. She has no right to pick on you like that. Stuck up bitch.”

I give Becca a weak smile. “I won’t give up.”

She smiles broadly and claps me hard on the back. “There you go, Study Buddy! That’s what I want to hear!”

I try to let Becca’s words inspire me. I take a small bite of my Reuben sandwich. The sauerkraut tastes too sour to me. Dr. Knight has managed to ruin my favorite sandwich.

The next week, I show up for Dr. Knight’s class. When she stomps up to the front of the classroom and sees me in the front row, she pauses with astonishment on her face. She quickly recovers flitting her eyes away in annoyance. Becca nudges me. I smile at her. I’m not going anywhere.

The next week, I work night shift all week. I’m on my third night in a row when my grade for Dr. Knight’s last assignment posts online. My chest tightens as I hover over the link. The assignment was to critique a recent research article. Dr. Knight was explicit that the article could be about anything. It was up to our discretion.

I chose a research article entitled “Weight Bias among Healthcare Professionals.” The purpose of the research was to ascertain the level of anti-fat bias in healthcare professional and to identify characteristics that correlate with implicit and explicit bias. The researches used the Implicit Associations Test (IAT) and a self-report questionnaire to evaluate the healthcare professionals’ attitudes and personal experiences with obesity and obese patients. The research concluded professionals in the healthcare field exhibited significant anti-fat, pro-thin, implicit bias. Implicit stereotypes of obese persons being lazy, stupid, and worthless were prevalent in the subjects. The authors’ discussion addressed the concerns that obese patients may be too ashamed or reluctant to seek medical care because of anti-fat bias among healthcare professionals.

I critiqued the article carefully. I wrote with meticulous attention. Painstakingly choosing my words and structuring my sentences clearly. I proofread my work a dozen times, and then got Becca and Charles to do the same. I made Becca comb through my bibliography catching any missing periods.

I take long deep breath. My heart thumps in my chest as I click on the link. I shudder. F. I have never gotten an F before. I stare at the letter feeling the loss spiral around me. F for Fail. Failure. Fucked.

“Candy!” I jump and close the browser on the computer. It’s Grant. “When were you going to tell me?”

“What? Tell you what?” I walk away from him down the hall.

He grabs my arm. “You’ve been seeing Newton?”

I shrug my arm away. “I don’t feel like doing this right now, Grant.” I keep walking.

“No, you need to talk to me.”

I sigh. I’m exhausted from working the last three nights and drained from getting my first failing grade. “Don’t you have new piece of ass somewhere in this hospital to chase after?”

Grant shakes his head. “Hold on. Give me a chance to explain.”

“I’m too tired, Grant.” I walk into the med room even though I don’t need to get any meds. Doctors can’t enter medication rooms. It’s against policy. I hang out in there until I hear Grant walk away.

I have the weekend off, but Charles is on call the entire weekend. He stops by my apartment before he goes to the hospital.

“An F?” He shakes his head in disbelief. I hand him a cup of fresh coffee. “I read that paper. It was not an F paper. It was excellent. Well written, thorough.” He gives me a big bear hug. “What she is doing to you is illegal, babe. She’s a bigoted old bitch.”

I give him a kiss. “I don’t think there is anything I can do.”

“There has got to be something you can do.” His pager goes off. He takes a long sip of coffee. “Thanks for making this. I’m going to need it. Powell is such an asshole every time I’m on call and covering his patients.” His pager goes off again. He groans and says, “I wish I could stay here with you all night.”

“You are with me in spirit.” I give him another kiss. His pager goes off again. I squeeze his butt. “Go!” Charles smiles goofily and runs out.

Before bed, I print my paper out and read it again. It’s not an F paper. I was head of the nursing research department at Trinity Hospital. We regularly read research articles and

critiqued them in our weekly meetings. I re-read the research article I critiqued. Weight bias can adversely affect outcomes of obese patients seeking healthcare. Reading the article again, I am more determined than ever to not let Dr. Knight win.

The next week, I go to Dr. Knight's first available office hours. Her door is open so I walk right in. She looks up from her computer surprised to see me. She swipes her glasses off her nose.

"Miss Candy Kane." I hate how she says my name as if it were a stupid joke.

"Dr. Knight," I say closing the door.

"I've got to say, usually people like you are lazy, but you..." she laughs pointing at me. "You are something else."

"Thank you, I guess," I say. I pull out my paper. "Can we discuss my last assignment?"

"We can discuss, but I am not going to change your grade." She flicks her finger at me. "That there is an F paper. It was disgusting."

"Disgusting?"

“Yes. Weight bias in healthcare professionals? You critiqued a research article probably written by fat lazy imbeciles themselves crying about anti-fat bias. The assignment was to critique research. Research.”

“This is research.”

“I don’t know what you consider research in your little hick town, but this is not research. It’s filth. It’s propaganda to support the body image movement. An excuse for people to gorge and roll around in their fat.”

“Can I have another chance to find a better suited article to critique?”

Dr. Knight’s eyes are on fire with revulsion. “No. You may not. You know what you can do?”

“I’ll do anything,” I say sincerely with hope.

“You need to turn your fat ass around and go back to the country. I will never let you pass.” Tears stream down my eyes. I can’t help it. “There is nothing you can do about it. Give up now.”

I stand holding my paper in my trembling hands. I look at Dr. Knight who has returned to her computer. She doesn't look up as I walk out.

When I get home, I extract the audio file from my iPhone. I am sure to clone the file and save it on my hard drive, the cloud, an external hard drive, and on a flash drive. I send the file to the University President, the Provost, the Head Dean of Nursing, and the Mercer University Newspaper. It's amazing how much an iPhone can do: make phone calls, check your Facebook status, and secretly record asshole professors.

Later that night, Charles comes over all smiles from my victory. He picks me up and twirls me around.

“Brilliant, Candy! Just brilliant!”

He takes out two bottles of champagne holding them up over his head cheering. “Two bottles?” I ask.

“We are celebrating tonight!” He opens his bag and takes out two more bottles.

I kiss him. “I guess we are!”

He pops open two bottles and hands me one. “Cheers to you, my sweet Candy Kane for your bravery and ingenuity in the face of evil.” We clink bottles, and then gulp down champagne.

One thing leads to another, of course, and we are on my bed. Charles is a tender lover. His cock is thick and long and fills me up the brim. On my back, as always, he hovers over me and slides gently inside. I resist the urge to grab his ass and slam him into me. I love the sensation of my pussy feeling like it will burst.

Charles and I make love, and it isn't fucking like it was with Grant. Charles looks into my eyes with adoration. “You're beautiful, Candy,” he whispers. We kiss passionately exploring each other's mouths.

Charles plunges into me luxuriously slow and deep. I orgasm hard crying out into Charles's shoulder. He cups my face in his hand as he whimpers softly gushing cum inside me. We fall asleep in each other's arms.

In a few hours, we are woken by loud banging on my front door. “Do you want me to get it?” Charles asks.

“No, stay in bed. I'll see who it is.”

I wrap a robe around me and groggily walk to the front door still drunk from the champagne. I look through the peep hole and see Grant.

He bangs on the door again. “Candy! Open up! I know you are in there!”

I fling the door open. “What the hell...”

He throws himself inside and on me. He kisses me fervently pushing me all the way to the couch. His hands grope me everywhere. He murmurs, “I need you.” His breath smells of whiskey.

“Powell, what the fuck are you doing here?” Charles stands in the living room naked looking at us.

Grant stands defiantly. “You’re here?”

“Of course, I’m here. Why the fuck are you here?”

Grant says, “I don’t need to answer that.” He sloppily takes a swing at Charles’s face. Charles, still drunk himself, stumbles away.

“Everyone sit down. This is ridiculous.” I grab both of their hands and lead them to the couch. “You both are on the same team. You need to resolve your differences.” They both let out exasperated sighs. “You’re both professionals, okay?”

They both cross their arms and look away like spoiled children. “I think tonight we should practice a team building exercise.” They eye me suspiciously. I slip off my robe.

“What are you doing?” Charles says. Grant says nothing lustily staring at my bare breasts.

“Just trust me.” I kneel in front of Charles and take his cock into my mouth. I lick and suck while jutting my ass out invitingly. Grant kneels behind me and gives my ass a hard thwack with his hand. He briskly plunges his rigid cock into my pussy. I squeal from the pressure. I suck on Charles’s dick harder enjoying the sensation of having a cock in my mouth and in my cunt at the same time.

Grant reaches his hand down to tweak my nipples hard. He moans while he jiggles my breasts in his hand. Charles is moaning too. Their simultaneous sounds of pleasure only make me wetter and hotter. The urge to orgasm burns inside me.

I take Charles out of my mouth and then jump on his lap. I slide down on his wet cock slowly. Grant circles around the couch to watch me buck up and down on Charles. I rub my breasts with my hands making my nipples fat and hard. I take a nipple into my mouth and suck.

Charles and Grant both gasp as I circle my tongue around and around my nipple. I feel warm and tingly all over as I feel their eyes devouring me. I throw my head back letting the orgasm sweep over me. I moan with my eyes shut tightly. I feel my hair swish back and forth on my bare back.

Uncharacteristically, Charles lifts me up and turns me around on the couch. "That was so hot, Candy!" He grunts as he thrusts his dick inside me fiercely. I gasp from the force. Grant rubs the tip of his dick on my wet mouth. He strokes it with a firm grip guiding it into my open wanting mouth.

Charles grips my ass with two firm hands. He slaps a cheek hard and says, "I love your ass." I yelp from the sting and the pleasant surprise. Charles has never spanked me before. My pussy is throbbing intensely from his thrusts. I come again screaming in ecstasy letting the orgasm sway me on my knees.

I pull away from them and plant myself on the floor with my head up and mouth open. Charles and Grant stand over me stroking their cocks staring at me.

“Come on my face and my tits,” I say to them shaking my breasts up and down with my hands. Watching them jack off next to each other is so hot. Their taut muscular bodies are both flexed in concentration. Sweat drips down their torsos.

“So hot,” Grant mutters as he shoots hot cum into my mouth and on my face. Charles groans loudly. I feel his cum splatter onto my chin and drip down onto my breasts.

I collapse onto the floor too exhausted and still drunk. I close my eyes and let the fuzz of sleep lull me. I feel Charles and Grant heave themselves on the floor next to me. Our bodies, hot and sweaty, tangle into a heap.

In a few days, I receive a call from the University President.

“On behalf of Mercer University, I would like to apologize for Dr. Knight’s behavior.”

“Thank you. I appreciate that.”

There is a pause on the line. “Dr. Knight has been reprimanded and will –“

“Reprimanded in what way?”

“She has been talked to.”

“I see. So she has been verbally reprimanded.”

“Yes, and we are requesting she grade your papers again fairly.”

“Forgive me for saying this, but I feel like my grievance isn’t being taken seriously.”

The President clears his throat. “I’m sorry you feel that way, Ms. Kane.”

“I have been in communication with the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance and their numerous lawyers, who have informed me that Dr. Knight’s actions are against my civil liberties. I will have them call you. Perhaps, they will be better suited to explain to you my situation.”

The President interrupts me abruptly. “Ms. Kane, it will not have to go that far. We can settle this out of court.”

“I don’t want any money. I just want to be given a fair opportunity to pursue my degree without any bias.”

“That’s perfectly acceptable.”

“I also feel that Dr. Knight’s presence in your nursing faculty impedes me and others like me. For that reason, I think the only fair option is her dismissal.” The President sighs on the phone. There is a long silence before I say, “But you know the NAAFA lawyers can work out the specifics with you.”

“No. That won’t be necessary. I will dismiss Dr. Knight and another faculty member will teach the class until the end of the term.”

I smile. “That’s a wonderful idea. Thanks so much for calling.”

“Oh, Miss Kane?”

“Yes?”

“Is this conversation being recorded?”

“Of course.”

The next time I show up to class, another nursing faculty member, Dr. Yu, has taken over the class. My papers have been re-graded by Dr. Yu: both A's. She wrote that my eloquence and superb use of language demonstrates my understanding of the importance of research in the nursing field.

The animosity between Charles and Grant in the hospital has cooled considerably. No one talks about what happened that night. Charles has become a more ardent lover. He is more vocal in the bedroom and open to exploring new things. Grant has backed off of trying to win me back. On occasion, he will make an inappropriate comment or two, but that's just Grant.

When I visit Senoia at the end of the semester with straight A's, my family isn't a bit surprised. "Going out there has been good for you," my mom says to me one day over breakfast. "You got this new glow about you, honey."

"I do?"

She nods her head happily and kisses me on the top of my head. "We are so proud of you. Maybe more Kanes will follow."

“Thanks, Mom.” I smile to myself. I hope they do.

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Thirty Seven

As always, when I was on stage, everything else melted away. Nothing mattered, except the pounding drums, the throbbing guitar, and my own voice. The magic of the music filled me and lifted me and made my life much more manageable.

It was like sex.

No, it was better than sex. It took me out of myself and made me part of something bigger.

This made it all worth it.

Pouring sweat, high on adrenaline and the cheers of the crowd, I bounced offstage. I knew I was a mess, my long blonde hair tangled hopelessly, my body glistening with sweat, but I didn't care. It was all worth it.

Even as exhausted as I was, I was pretty much skipping as I bounced into the backstage area. I was grinning at everyone I saw, happy with the world, at peace. The good feeling wouldn't last very long, I knew, but it sure was fun while I had it.

Then I saw him.

My bodyguard, apparently. I had never asked for a bodyguard, had never wanted one, but my agent had decided I was a big enough deal now. I needed one, she'd argued, because now that my music was playing on radios and I was supposed to do some videos, some psycho might decide to come after me.

Who watched videos anymore, anyway?

Anyhow, one look at Liam and the good feeling was gone.

Not that Liam wasn't good to look at. He definitely was, with those broad shoulders and long legs, not to mention those dark, flashing eyes.

But God, was he ever boring.

Eye candy or not, he was always there, always hovering, watching everything I did. He wouldn't talk to me, and he was always wearing some stupid, stuffy suit. It was ridiculous.

Needless to say, I had no use for him at all. But it would have been a pain in the ass to get rid of him, and even if I did,

I was sure he'd just be replaced with some sort of carbon copy of himself.

At first, I'd tried to be friendly with him, like I am with pretty much everyone, but he'd never been interested. He'd barely said two words to me. So, though it had felt strange at first, I felt no real compunction about it when I breezed past him without even looking at him.

I would have thought it was rude for anyone else, but for him, it was just normal. It's what he honestly seemed to prefer, if he had any preferences at all. He seemed almost like a robot or something, completely emotionless. Or a Vulcan.

One of the sound guys stopped me backstage, putting a hand on my shoulder. I could feel Liam staring, ready to step in at a moment's notice, and I wanted to roll my eyes.

I'd always been pretty touchy feely, but it was annoying to have him there, like anyone that touched me was going to rip my head off or something. It sort of took something away from the experience.

Not to mention my sex life. After that amazing concert, I'd be pretty happy to get laid, but with Liam hulking around, that was a bit more difficult. He tended to scare away potential partners.

“Natalie, your brother is waiting in your dressing room,” the guy said, with a friendly smile that made me realize once more just how annoying Liam was. I guess famous or rich people just get used to them, but I hadn’t yet. I tried to just ignore him, but somehow, I couldn’t.

“My brother? Thanks,” I said, and pulled away from the guy. That was strange. My brother was all the way back home in Omaha, and he hadn’t told me he was coming to the concert.

I knew my family supported me, but since I’d had to relocate to Los Angeles when I signed my contract with the record label, they could hardly be expected to drop everything and come to all of my concerts.

Still, it was pretty cool if Nate had actually done so. I missed him, and my sister, and my parents, more than I would have expected back when I was home with them. It would be really good to see him.

It was a good night. An amazing concert, and now I got to see a family member. Even Liam trailing me like a very buff, strong, gorgeous, but obnoxious puppy didn’t ruin my mood.

“Nate,” I called out happily as I yanked open the door without hesitation or caution. I was vaguely aware of Liam behind me, a hulking, menacing presence, but I was so pleased to get to see my brother, I didn’t even care. Or not that much, anyway.

From there, things started to happen very quickly.

*That’s not Nate ...*

That was all I could summon to mind before the man charged at me, grabbing me by the shoulders. He wasn’t my brother. He wasn’t anyone in my family. I didn’t even know him, and I gave a cry of surprise and fear as he pulled me into the room.

He was a big man, fat but also muscular. He had long, greasy dark hair and these intense, crazed light green eyes. He pulled me to him, and I smelled sweat, dirty sweat, which almost made me gag.

“I’m your biggest fan,” he said, his breath puffing in my face. In that moment, I tasted death, and I felt my heart clench up tight in my chest, paralyzing me. I struggled to try to free myself from that grip, but he had me so tight I could barely move.

And then he was gone. Just like that, with only the lingering stench of his horrific body odor to remind me of his hands on me. My whole body shuddered with revulsion, and I watched as Liam sprung into action.

Sometimes, I wondered if he could do more than follow me around and be annoying. I'd certainly never seen him move very quickly before. All of my doubts were blown away when I saw him move then.

In seconds, in the time it took me to blink once, the man who had attacked me was on the floor, with Liam crouched over him. Liam had his hand around the stranger's neck and was pinning him down, and there wasn't even the slightest hint of compromise in his stern, handsome face.

Wow.

Seemed like the guy could come in handy after all.

I fell into a chair, my legs too shaky to hold me up. At the same time, though, I was no damsel in distress, and I scrambled for my cell phone to call the cops.

It was over so quickly, but I had to wonder if I would ever really feel safe again.

“Natalie, are you okay?” Liam asked, and even as freaked as I was, I had to give a little smirk. It turned out that he did know my name. I’d sort of been wondering. He could even talk, which I hadn’t been sure about before.

“I’m fine,” I whispered, but it wasn’t really true.

\* \* \*

Hours later, it was really all over. The police had come and taken our statements, and the crazed stranger who had attacked me was safely in their custody. I was shaking, but I was pretty sure I was keeping it under wraps as much as possible.

No one else seemed to notice, anyway, but I learned right then and there that Liam noticed pretty much everything. He didn't even hesitate; he just grabbed my wrist and swept me away, taking me home.

Once safely in my own home (if I would ever feel safe again), Liam pulled away from me. On some instinctive level, I didn't want that. I needed him, or someone, close to me. A huge, strong man seemed to help quite a lot with the whole safety lesson, and without thinking, I stepped close to him.

"Please don't," I whispered, surprised by my own daring. I had already given up on ever liking him, though I did like most people. I couldn't honestly say my feelings toward him had changed, but he was pretty much the only one I could imagine feeling safe around.

He didn't reply, and I wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him closer to me. Or that was the idea, at least. In practice, he was so much bigger than me, it was more like I used my grip on his body to haul myself toward him.

I'd never been this close to someone so massive before.

I was used to men being bigger than me. At 5'5, I wasn't a tall woman. But he was at least a foot taller than me, and his shoulders were probably three times as broad as mine.

He was a solid, living rock wall of muscle, hard and hot and I couldn't help but notice that he smelled good, too. To my surprise, the tingle of arousal started between my legs, and I could feel myself getting wet.

God, really? Big muscle men had never been my type before, but for some reason, he was exactly what I wanted right then. I clung to him, fighting with myself, but it was a fight that I was bound to lose.

What would it be like to be pinned down and screwed by a man this big? Was he this big all over? His hands and feet were massive, and I was suddenly very aware of what they said about men with big hands.

I held myself very still. It wasn't what I wanted to do. I wanted to press against him, to touch him, to rub my hips against his groin and see if I could tease him into an erection.

But I didn't even like this man?

"You're shaking," Liam commented. "Are you sure you're okay?"

I knew it was just his job. He was only asking because he was paid to ask. He didn't really care. But I needed to hear those words, and when he said them in his deep, undeniably sexy, voice, I lost it.

I had to stretch way up onto my tiptoes to do it, and I reached up to incline his head toward mine, but I managed to press my lips abruptly against his. My arms went around that solid waist, and I pushed my body flush against his.

He pulled away from me after a second of shock, but I pulled him back. I had no idea why I was acting like this, only that it had something to do with the attack on me earlier.

I had tasted death, and I wanted to feel alive.

And, more than that, I didn't want to think about any of it too much. I wanted to *feel*, to *experience*, not to think. I wanted action.

“Natalie, this isn’t appropriate,” he murmured, in that deep voice that seemed to resonate through my whole body, but especially through my aching, empty cunt. I’d never been so desperate to be filled before.

“I don’t care. Do you?” I reached down and boldly rubbed against the front of his pants. Just as I’d thought, or at least, hoped, he was hard, ready for me.

And, oh my God, he was enormous. It felt like he had to be as thick as a beer can, and long, too. He filled my hand completely when I gripped him, and I was utterly fascinated and just a little bit fearful.

Would he even fit?

He didn’t respond for a long moment, and I was pretty sure I was about to be shot down, hard. Maybe he was just a stick in the mud, with no concept of fun.

“No,” he finally said, and I felt something relax in him. He shoved his hips toward my hand, grinding against it. “No. I really don’t give a shit right now.”

It was only then that I fully realized something. He was just as worked up by the attack as I was. He was having the exact same feelings that I was.

I didn't have a long time to think about it. In seconds, he had me up in his strong arms, and then pinned against the wall with his hips as he thrust his tongue desperately into my mouth.

This was the passion I had been looking for, and then some. I responded to it eagerly, like my life depended on it, my hips seeking out his hardness to rub against it, grinding against him like there was no tomorrow.

He met me with the same desperation, his cock throbbing between us. That monster dick. It was going to tear me open, but in that moment, in that mood, that didn't actually sound too bad.

It sounded pretty damn good, really.

"I need you," I whispered, and he let me down onto the floor, but only so that he could abruptly clear my kitchen table and place me on it. It was the closest surface around, so I was good with it. I was still in my little dress that I'd worn on stage, and he reached up my skirt and pulled my panties down my legs, tossing them aside.

Then I was bare to him, and he drew his fingers over my slick, aroused pussy lips, rubbing over them until he found my

clit. Pulsing need throbbed through my whole body, and I pushed my hips shamelessly up toward him, eager to have something, anything, inside of me.

He didn't speak at all. He barely made noise, but he was all action. Immediately, he pushed a thick, hot finger inside of me, and I clenched around him. He was rough with me, but as wet as I was, it was exactly what I wanted.

As I rocked my hips, fucking myself on him, his free hand started to undo his black dress pants. It was incredibly filthy to see how his enormous cock stretched the fabric, which should have been so proper, and I moaned as I wanted him.

He took his suit jacket off, but his pants, he just opened up, he didn't take them off. He was too desperate for that, I realized, just like I was. He eased his dick out of the opening, and he was even harder, and much huger, even than I'd thought.

I clenched, wanting, needing, that inside me. He stroked slowly over himself, and I thrust my hips even faster, trying to get more friction from that one finger inside of me.

It was a thick finger, but it wasn't enough. Not when I saw just how huge Liam was. I needed to be stretched, to be

filled, to know that I was really and truly alive as I was pounded silly.

“Liam,” I moaned in frustration, my clit hard and aching, my pussy gushing fluids. I would go insane if I didn’t get more stimulation, and I reached down to play with myself, just as he was doing.

My fingers found my hard little nub, and I rubbed frantically at it. Little shocks of pleasure went through my body and I hissed softly, meeting Liam’s eyes directly. I wanted to spur him on, to make him take me, and I knew that there weren’t too many men out there who didn’t like watching a woman playing with herself.

He wasn’t one of the rare ones, either. He growled, and the sound was almost animalistic. It sent a thrill racing through my veins, something close enough to fear to be deeply exciting.

“Fuck me,” I urged, my slender fingers still dancing over my clit. It felt good, and I knew I could bring myself to orgasm, but I wanted to come clenched around that enormous dick. Nothing else would do.

His fingers slid into my hair and he gripped the back of my head tightly, taking control of me that way. I tensed up,

crying out, so close to release that I could almost see stars, but knowing it would take his touch, his cock, to bring me over.

He gave it to me.

Without hesitation, he slid between my legs, and his dick lodged at my slick, hot, wet opening. His blunt head thrust, and I was so damp with desire that it was easy for him to push inside of me.

“Oh *fuck*,” I moaned fervently, and I clutched at his shoulders, holding on for the ride. Dimly, I had to hope that the table would hold up under the assault, because I could tell this was going to be a rough ride.

Then there was no more thought. There was just pleasure, with just the tiniest bit of pain to make it that much better. Pleasure and fulfilled desire and a delicious sense of fullness.

I kept working my clit as he pounded me, and just as I’d known would happen, it took only a few demanding thrusts inside my willing body before I was screaming out as pleasure ripped through me. It was only the first orgasm, though. The first of many.

That cock stretched me open so wide, I couldn’t take any more of it. I was stuffed full, and each thrust inside of me

rubbed right against my g-spot.

I couldn't have gotten away from the pleasure if I'd wanted to, not with how he kept holding my head, pinning me down onto the table. Luckily, I didn't want to get away, not for a second. If anything, I was struggling to get closer, to take him deeper, my moans and panting, along with his growls, filling the room with the sound of our union.

I had gone insane. That was all there was to it. And yet, I couldn't regret it. Later, maybe, when I wasn't so needy, but at that moment, I might have killed anyone who tried to stop us.

The table shook with his frantic thrusts, and I had wondered what it would be like to be pinned down and taken by such a huge man. I knew now, and the sensations racing through my body were addictive.

I wondered if anyone could ever satisfy me again, and was actually pretty sure that they couldn't. Not with the energy he put into fucking me.

I wrapped my legs around his waist so that my clit was trapped against his body. Only then did I slip my fingers away from myself, using his cock and his body, too, to grind against.

We used each other ruthlessly, and I loved every second of it. Before I knew it, the shuddering, satisfying waves of another orgasm were upon me, and another soon after that. It was like my body couldn't stop, and I clung to him through all of the pleasure, kissing him fiercely over and over.

"Fuck," he groaned, and he pinned me to the table even tighter, so I could barely move, as he shot inside of me. My hungry pussy took all that he could give me, deep, deep inside my body, right up into my womb.

"Oh God," I whispered, and it was then that the shame kicked in. What must he think of me? I had acted like such a slut, a little whore for his cock, and that wasn't normally who I was at all.

I'd thrown myself at him.

"This can never happen again," I told him, as he let me up and I climbed shakily to my feet. I could feel his fluids slipping down my thighs, a vivid reminder of what had just happened, if I'd needed one.

"No doubt," he said, his voice impassive. There was no more pleasure in it, no more desire. He'd gotten what he wanted, and I might be angrier if it hadn't been what I'd wanted, too.

It was only after I'd arranged my clothing again and checked myself thoroughly in the mirror that I remembered something that we had forgotten to do.

There had been no talk, not even any thought, of condoms. Not even a nod given to protection. I could still feel his come deep inside of me.

Still, the chances were pretty small that anything would actually happen, right? I would be freaked out for a few weeks, and then I would be fine. I'd never been so reckless before, and this would give me a good reminder of why it was necessary to be careful.

\* \* \*

Less than a week later, the man who had attacked me was out on bail. He, apparently, had no criminal record, so I guess they thought he wasn't much of a threat. He hadn't even really hurt me, the reasoning went, so he could be trusted until the case went to trial.

Which could be months, and probably would be.

Liam hired backup, and he moved in. He'd been living on my property the whole time, but he moved right into my house, into the room next to mine. So close I could nearly touch him.

Not that I wanted to. Not that I was going to. But I could.

Then the creepy notes started, and the cops weren't able to figure out who was sending them. There were no fingerprints on any of them, and they were always delivered right to my front gate. My cameras caught very little, since whoever delivered them was always careful to hide their features.

As for Liam, I ignored him utterly. Even more than I had before. I was determined that what had happened between us had been nothing more than temporary insanity, and I had no intention of letting anything like that happen again. Ever.

Luckily, he seemed to feel the same way, and though he was always around, he left me strictly alone. Which was just fine with me. And I definitely didn't spend any time looking at his crotch, hoping to see an erection, either.

It was better if we both just pretended it had never happened. I needed him, obviously, to protect myself. I couldn't just fire him, not when he was the only one I trusted to keep me safe.

But I was never, ever going to sleep with him again. I was determined about that.

If only it hadn't already been too late.

\* \* \*

I was in denial about what had happened for a good week. My period was never late, but there was a first time for everything. I'd heard stress could change cycles. Well, I was definitely under stress, with the crazy stalker on the loose.

Stress could also make me nauseous, right? And tired. So damn tired.

I had a national tour coming up. I couldn't afford to be sick. So, finally, I swallowed my pride and went to the doctor. For the visit, I couldn't stop Liam from coming with me, but I sure the hell kept him outside the exam room. This was something that I was going to want to keep private, I somehow knew that instinctively.

Yet nothing could prepare me for the answer I was given by the doctor. The man had no reason to lie to me, but for a second, I thought he must be.

I was pregnant.

Of course, I had thought about the possibility right after I'd slept with Liam, but I'd pushed it from my mind and done my best to ignore the very thought of it. I'd done too good of a job.

But no, I was pregnant, and the timing was such that I knew it had to be Liam. I hadn't slept with anyone else for months before him, I'd been too busy with my career taking off as it had.

In a daze, I left the doctor's office, and I looked at Liam sharply. I was pregnant with my bodyguard's child, and I had a six month tour coming up. How was I ever going to hide my condition from the world, and from him, for that long?

It was going to be pretty obvious, and fairly soon, what was going on with me. Some signs were going to be pretty hard to hide.

Damned if I hadn't gotten myself into a hell of a mess, and as I looked at Liam, I had to wonder just how I was going to get myself out of it.

\* \* \*

I still hadn't figured anything out by the time the tour was set to go. I was going to have to tell Liam, I realized. It wasn't right to tell him he was about to be a father by letting him figure out when my stomach started to swell. It was tempting to not have to actually say the words to him, but it wouldn't be fair.

He was just on the other side of the wall. All I had to do was go knock on his door and deliver the news. Sighing, I tossed and turned, unable to sleep with all that was on my mind.

This was a big deal for me to start with, this tour. It could change my life, even more than my newfound fame and fortune had already done. It would be enough to keep me up at night even without this whole pregnancy thing.

I should have been paying more attention. Maybe I'd gotten too used to having a bodyguard. Whatever the case was, when someone slipped into my bedroom window, I didn't even notice at first.

The first I was aware of anything amiss was when I had a hand on my mouth. I'd been lying on my side, cradling my own stomach, but the intruder pushed me onto my back, never letting go of my mouth.

“You got me into big trouble, but don’t worry,” the man whispered. “I forgive you. I’m still your biggest fan, and I know we can be together now.”

I opened my mouth to scream, to bite at his hand, but he was stronger than me. He started to pick me up, and I really panicked when I realized what he must be planning.

He was going to carry me right out the window, and after that ... I didn’t want to think about that too much. I just knew it needed to not happen.

I made muffled noises, but nothing loud enough for Liam to hear. Damn it, how was I going to get his attention? The stalker had me over his shoulder, and I lashed out with my foot. Luckily, it connected with a lamp, which fell to the ground with a loud clatter.

At the same time, I managed to get the flesh of the heel of his hand between my teeth, and I bit down. Hard.

He let go of my hand, swearing viciously, and I squirmed to try to get free. Why wasn’t Liam coming? It was late. Maybe he was asleep?

The stalker threw me onto the bed and raised his fist, obviously intending to punch me. I winced and threw up my hands to try to protect myself. Not just myself, but my baby, growing inside of me and counting on me to protect them.

“Please,” I begged, using the only weapons I had. I had never felt fear like this before. It threatened to paralyze me, and yet, I couldn’t let it do so. I had to fight through the terror, because to do anything else would be to surrender my child.

My own life was valuable, yes, but it was nothing next to the life growing inside my belly.

“I’m pregnant,” I continued, and just as I said the words, the door opened.

The whole thing had to have taken less than twenty seconds. It was Liam, of course, and he immediately threw himself on top of him, shielding me from the crazed stalker and then turning on him.

In seconds, the intruder was on the floor again, and this time, he had a bloody nose for his troubles. I was usually pretty tender hearted, but even I couldn’t regret that. Actually, with how much the guy had terrified me, how he’d made me fear for my unborn child, I sort of wished Liam had killed him.

“You’re what?” Liam asked, sitting on the small of the stalker’s back with one of the guy’s meaty arms twisted behind his back. He held him there, his arm muscles bulging as he forced him to stay in place, despite his struggles.

I winced. This wasn’t how I’d wanted to give Liam the news.

“Or did you say that just to freak this guy out?” Liam asked, when I was silent, trying to think about what the best thing would be to say.

Maybe I should just let him think that. And then ... what? Fire him, after he’d saved me twice? I didn’t necessarily like him, but I did trust him, and the idea of getting a new bodyguard didn’t appeal.

“No,” I said slowly. “I’m pregnant, just like I told him.”

There was a moment of silence. One of us should call the cops, but there was no real hurry, I supposed. The stalker was firmly restrained on the ground, after all, and the police had let him go once.

“Is it mine?” he asked, and it was the first time, literally, that we had even referred to what we’d done that night a few months back. Both of us had been avoiding that subject like

the plague. I hadn't even talked to him, I realized, not even one word, since that night.

I just nodded slowly. Why lie about it? He struck me as the sort of guy who would demand a paternity test if I said no, anyway.

"I'm not looking for anything from you," I made sure to state. "I have money. You don't need to be involved at all."

I wasn't trying to trap him, and I wanted him to know that. I was fine on my own. I'd always been an independent type.

He didn't say anything, though I had to admit, I didn't give him much time to do so. I just grabbed my robe and left.

What more was there to say?

\* \* \*

Belatedly, I did remember to call the cops, and the same process started all over again. The same questions, the same statements, and I couldn't help but roll my eyes about the whole thing.

I was so tired. Utterly exhausted. One of the cops, at least, was a woman, and she seemed to see just how done with it all I really was.

“This time, he won't get bail,” she promised. “I mean, I'm saying that unofficially. There's just no way.”

So that helped. But when I got out of the office, having given my statement, I collapsed into a chair in the waiting room. I was too tired to go anywhere, and I had no idea how I was going to fix that.

It was the first time in ages that I didn't actually know where Liam was. He was always just *there*, or just through the wall. I would have been pretty scared, I realized, if not for the whole exhaustion thing.

Still, I waited, and eventually, Liam came out. I gazed up at him, taking in every detail of his strong, muscular form, his handsome face, and I tried not to admit to myself that I was glad to see him.

Tried, and failed. Utterly.

I didn't like him. Or I didn't think that I did, anyway. But he was there, and that helped.

He came over to me, which I expected. Then grabbed my shoulders and pulled me up out of my seat, which I definitely didn't. His lips crushed against mine, and in that moment, the strict control I'd been keeping over my feelings for him, my very real arousal, broke down utterly.

I moaned, feeling that pulsing, throbbing emptiness between my legs once more. I'd felt it quite a bit since our first time together, but I hadn't allowed myself to really think about it too much.

"I'm taking you home," he growled, and that dominant voice sent shivers of delight through me from head to toe. I wanted that. I wanted him to take me, if he wanted to, and from the way he pressed against me, I was willing to bet that he did.

He called a cab, and we didn't even make it all the way home before we were all over each other. He kissed me, and one of his hands slipped up to cup my breast, effortlessly

finding my pregnancy sensitized nipple and toying with it as we made out.

In a way, it was good that we were in the cab. It drew things out a little more. The first time we'd been together, it had all been heat and passion, and it had felt almost like it was over before it had begun.

This time would have been the same, if not for the fact that we were in a cab. I dimly knew that anything we did here would end up all over the internet, because there were always people with cameras around me, so that kept me from outright crawling into his lap and taking him deep inside myself.

Not that I didn't come close. But we kept our hands above the waist, and by the time we got to the house, I was dripping wet, ready for him. When he outright pulled me into his arms and swept me up bridal style, I moaned and clung to him, kissing him frantically even as he brought me into the house.

This time, at least, we made it to bed. Last time, it had been the kitchen table, so this was a change. He placed me down onto the soft surface almost gently, and then he started to strip me.

It was so hot how he moved. He obviously wanted me, and it showed, but he was very deliberate in his movements. He was inexorable, like the tide, or maybe more like the flow of lava across a field.

I was naked for him soon enough, and then I went for him. Last time, he had still been mostly dressed, and I was desperate to see the gorgeous body, not just his cock. So I stripped him down, and then took a second to just look at him with awe.

He was perfect.

A god couldn't have been more gorgeous. With his slender waist and hips, his solid chest, and his massive arms and shoulders, he was ripped and strong and he couldn't have been any sexier to me.

"Liam," I moaned, and my eyes traced down over his flat stomach to his cock, which stood proudly up. I remembered quite vividly how it had felt to have that monster buried inside myself, and my cunt clenched, wanting that again.

He came back to the bed, and settled down on it. I expected him to rest on top of me, but instead, he pushed my legs apart and let himself rest between them.

At first, I didn't even know what he was going to do. I honestly thought he would just take me, and I was more than ready for it. But then he slipped down and his lips were grazing over my hard little clit.

I saw stars, I swear. My vision changed, and all I could see was him as he wrapped his full, gorgeous lips around my hardened, slick nub. He worked on it, his tongue swirling over it, each movement making pleasure rocket through me.

At the same time, he shoved two fingers deep inside me, and I tightened around him, desperate to have him deeper, harder, filling me more.

I reached around, gripping his hips. Tugging him, I got him into place, so that his thick erection was right by my head. I'd never had anyone so big in my mouth before, but I wrapped my lips around him and did my best.

It stretched my jaw, but I didn't care. The taste of him, the smell, the masculine musk, it was enough to make me drip more of my juices, which he licked up. I moaned, and his tongue brushed over my clit in *the exact right way*.

Just like that, I was gone. I screamed my pleasure around his dick as the pure sensations ripped through me, leaving me helpless and quaking before them. I came hard, and I still

wasn't done when he rearranged us and then pushed inside of me all at once.

All bets were off, then. We were on each other like wild animals, shoving our bodies desperately together, his cock stretching me open and slamming deep. I rocked up toward him, and it seemed like only a few seconds before my cunt convulsed again and I started to come, giving hoarse little cries with each movement.

We kissed, our tongues battling, and I felt his cock get even more rigid inside of me, even bigger. He groped my breasts, rolling the nipples in his strong fingers, as our movements got furious and hot enough to actually shake the bed.

"Natalie," he growled, deep up inside of me, his hands and mouth seemingly all over me. I could tell he was close, and so was I, to another stunning release. I'd lost of how many he'd given me so far, but the one that was building was going to be a biggie.

"Liam, oh my God, Liam," I moaned, and I clung onto him as tightly as I could as my pussy tightened around him, milking him for his come. We came at almost exactly the same time, so that he was shooting inside of me and thrusting so frantically that it drew out my own release.

“Liam,” I repeated, when I could speak again. “I meant it. I’m not going to try to trap you, so if you want to take off, I’ll be fine.”

It had occurred to me that maybe he was just jumping me out of some sort of twisted sense of obligation. I hadn’t minded at the time, but the haze of arousal had cleared a little bit and I was worried about it.

How could I want someone who only wanted to be with me out of obligation?

“Natalie, don’t be stupid,” he growled. He stayed inside me, but rolled us so that I was on top of him, still impaled on his cock but not squished by his massive body. Despite his words, his tone was gentle, and his hands were sweet as they caressed my back.

“I’m not being stupid, I’m being realistic,” I argued. “I know you don’t like me. Just because we’re having a baby ...”

He shut me up with a kiss, but this was a different sort of kiss. One with more depth, more emotion. There was still passion, because this was us and it couldn’t be any other way, but it was more than that, too.

I got it then, without him needing to say another word. He didn't hate me, and I, no matter how hard I'd tried to deny it to myself, didn't hate him, either. I wanted him, and he wanted me.

And we both wanted this baby.

For the moment, at least, it was enough, and I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him back with everything I had in me.

# Story Thirty Eight

I have been watching ESPQ's Sport Center every single day of my life probably since birth. Hannah Storm is my ultimate idol. She paved the way for women in sports journalism, and I intend to step my own two feet on that path. Sports Center is a daily ritual for my dad and me. I played a good bit of sports growing up: soccer, basketball, volleyball, and softball, but it takes a true lover of sports to come to terms with yourself when you just aren't that talented. Instead, I studied hard in high school, worked diligently on my school newspaper, and was awarded for my academic prowess with a scholarship to the University of Florida, the home of the greatest football team on Earth. I've been a Gator fan since birth too.

I'm in bed watching Sports Center. I already watched the 6Pm show today, but I need to soothe my nerves. I have a meeting with Professor Davis tomorrow. Professor Davis has close ties with ESPQ and nominates one person from the journalism department for an internship. Just one. I've got to convince him that I am without a doubt the student he should choose.

I thought coming to University of Florida would be a dream come true covering the football games for the Independent Florida Alligator, but I can't even get a shot at it. Wade Cooper covers football, and he has no intention of stepping aside to let me. Rumor is Wade is the student

Professor Davis will choose for the ESPQ internship. I've got to do what I can to change Professor Davis's mind. I click off the TV and try to sleep.

Before I can doze off completely, I hear Dani, my sorority sister roommate, and her boyfriend, Riley, quietly creep into our room. I hear kissing sounds and the jangle of keys as they hit the floor.

"Babe, you're so hot," I hear Riley say.

"Shhhh," Dani says in a loud whisper. "Annie is asleep."

I hear muffled laughter as Dani and Riley collapse onto Dani's bed. Their explosive laughter quiets and is replaced with murmuring moans and the shuffling of clothes peeled off of their bodies. I turn over quietly to face them. I open my eyes and watch. From our window, the moonlight outside slices through the open venetian blinds providing enough light that I can see.

Dani's head is buried in Riley's crotch. Her blonde hair bobs up and down. The moonlight shines directly on Riley's torso. He is on the swim team and has an impeccably rock hard body. He holds a fist to his mouth biting hard to muffle his moans. I can hear the watery slurp of Dani's mouth on

Riley's cock. I can't help but to keep watching. I have to admit that this isn't the first time I've watched Dani and Riley.

I've never had sex before. Sometimes, I feel like I'm the last eighteen-year-old virgin on Earth. Dani and Riley always come in drunk like this, after Thursday nights at AC's. They get carried away in their sexy drunk sloppiness and forget that I'm sleeping just a few feet away. I've tried to close my eyes shut and go back to sleep every time they have woken me, but it takes an immense amount of willpower to not be enticed by Dani's luscious moans and Riley's manly guttural grunts.

Dani is now straddled on Riley facing away from him. The slices of moonlight from the blinds slide up and down her perfectly rounded C cup breasts as she rises and falls down on Riley's hard cock. She raises her hands up and holds her long blonde hair up as she swivels her body. Her tits bounce and sway from her movement.

"Your ass looks so good," Riley says,

Dani turns around to him to shush him. "Sleeping!" she says as she points at me. Her face admonishing in a naughty smile. She flips her head back around, and I see her eyes close tightly as she continues to grind on his cock.

Suddenly, Riley pushes her forward until she is on her hands and knees. Riley rises up behind her like a young Adonis and pushes his rod into her pussy. He grips her ass tightly with his large hands. This is always the point in their sex where they really forget where they are. I think it's their favorite position. From my view, Dani is on all fours with her large breasts swinging back and forth from Riley's hefty thrusts. Dani lets out a loud sensual moan.

Riley slaps her ass with a heavy hand. The sound of the sting on her ass is tantalizing. I wonder what a smack to my ass would feel like. Even more, I wonder what a strong muscular man pushing into my pussy from behind would feel like. The sound of Riley's hand on Dani's perfect fit ass always makes me uncontrollably crazy.

I close my eyes and focus on the sounds of their lovemaking while I slip a finger into my panties. I dip a finger into my wet pussy getting my finger slick with juice and rub my clit quickly and firmly. I feel the warmth explode from my pussy throughout the rest of my body. I hold in my usual gasps of pleasure that I would never dare utter right now. Dani buries her head into a pillow as she orgasms. Her muffled moans are masked under Riley's deep groan.

I turn over in my bed facing the wall. I fall right to sleep.

The next day, I walk over to Professor Davis's office in Rogers Hall. I have my portfolio full of examples of my past work in my backpack. When I get to his office, Wade is on his way out.

He smugly says, "Hey, Annie. How's the Badminton team?"

"Good. Good. They are expected to win the championship," I say.

"So is the football team," he says walking away.

"That's not really big news, now is it?" I say.

I walk into Professor Davis's office. He is sitting on the edge of his desk. He gives me a relaxed smile.

"Hi, Annie. Come in," he says.

He slides off the desk and extends a hand to me. I take it. "Thanks for meeting me."

He sits back on the edge of his desk. “What can I do for you?”

“I was hoping for some guidance,” I say. “With my career and my education.” With shaking hands, I pull out my portfolio from my backpack and hand it to him.

“That’s what I am here for,” he says taking my portfolio in his hands. Briefly, his fingers touch mine. A trill electrifies me from the light touch. He takes a few minutes to flip through my work. His face is impassive; I can’t tell what he is thinking. Professor Davis looks to be about in his late forties, but he has a boyish look to him. With his black frame glasses, he looks like Clark Kent. I’ve always been personally partial to Clark Kent instead of Superman.

He closes my portfolio and says, “I see a lot of potential here,” My face brightens. “But, these articles aren’t exciting. They are well written. No question about that. But your most recent articles are about the Badminton team.”

“They are really good,” I say eagerly.

“Yes, but it would be excellent to find a story, a fresh perspective, or new angle. Something past just run of the mill coverage on a sport that people actually care about.”

“Football.”

He points at me. “Yes. Yes, like football.”

“Wade Cooper covers all the Gator football stories.”

“He does. For now.” Professor Davis says with a shrug.

“What do I have to do to get the ESPQ internship,” I blurt out.

Professor Davis stands and looks at me with maybe pity in his eyes. “At this point, nothing. I’m choosing Wade for the internship.”

“But it’s still early in the year,” I say regrettably with pleading in my voice.

“True. That is very true.”

“Is there anything I can do to convince you I’m the best candidate?”

He stands and walks behind his desk with his hands on his hips looking down in thought. He looks up at me. “Maybe.

If you impress me in some way, prove yourself... I might be able to be swayed.” He sits down in his chair looking at me.

I smile and stand. “That’s all I can ask for.”

I turn to leave, but Professor Davis says softly, “Is there anything else?”

He leans back in his chair with his feet up on the desk and his hands behind his head. He takes his glasses off and unbuttons the top button of his shirt.

I fumble for the door. “No. That’s it. Thank you,” With my heart pounding in my chest, I run out of his office.

Later that afternoon, I recount what happened to in Professor Davis’s office to Dani and Riley in our room.

“His shirt was unbuttoned?” Dani squeals.

“Not all the way. Just the top,” I say.

“Oh. He totally wanted to fuck,” Riley says.

Dani hits him playfully with a pillow and says, “I know, right?”

I flop down on my bed. “You guys think so? He is so so...”

“Smoking hot,” Dani says.

“I’m a dude, and I think he’s hot,” Riley grins.

“Anyway, I wouldn’t even know what to do.”

Riley looks at me confused. “Why?”

I cover my head with my pillow and groan.

Dani says emphatically, “She’s a virgin.”

“What?” Riley says. I take the pillow off my head and nod solemnly. “So that’s why...” Dani hits Riley again with a pillow interrupting him mid-sentence.

I take the pillow off my head and ask, “That’s why what?” Dani and Riley exchange looks. “What? Tell me,” I plead.

Dani says quietly, “That’s why you watch us fuck.”

My face burns red. I cover my face with my pillow again. I am embarrassed beyond compare. “You knew?” I say into the pillow.

“It’s not a big deal. Ya. We knew. We liked it. It really turns us on,” Dani says. She’s on my bed now and gently lifts the pillow from my face. “It’s totally okay. I figured you were curious because you’re a virgin.”

I look over at Riley. “It’s more than okay,” he laughs.

“In fact,” Dani says lifting her hand to my cheek. “It’s really hot.” She runs her hand through my hair before kissing me. I pull back, but she falls onto me kissing me hard.

“You’ve never kissed a girl before?” she says. I shake my head no. She shimmies my sweatpants and panties off. She spreads my legs open. “It’s beautiful. Babe, come look.” Riley walks over with his hand already firmly stroking his hard cock.

He gets on my bed with Dani and says, “That’s a pretty pussy.”

Dani slips her finger inside my cunt all the way to the knuckle. She pulls it out and offers her finger to Riley. "It's wet, too."

Riley takes her finger in his mouth and sucks. "Tastes good."

Dani pulls off her shirt. She pushes her huge round tits in my face. I take a big nipple into my mouth and suck until it's hard. She moans out and pushes a hand under my shirt. She tweaks my nipples firmly. I moan gratefully in response. I pull off my shirt and unclasp my bra. Dani licks around my areolas. I tingle from touch of her wet tongue on my breasts.

She pushes me back down on the bed. Her hands are delicate but forceful and needy on my body. She slides her body up and down on mine. Her soft warm tits rub against me sensually. Her wet mouth is sucking my neck and down to my collarbone. She slides her finger back into my cunt. She pushes it in and out. I tremble with excitement.

Dani yelps in pleasure as Riley pushes his big cock inside her. Dani twirls her finger inside my pussy. I grab her tits with my hands as I come; a moan escaping from my mouth. Dani laughs and kisses me. "That was so hot," she says. "Do you want Riley to fuck you?"

I kiss her lips. “No,” I whisper. “I just want to watch.”

Riley lifts Dani up on her hands and knees. I lie underneath her licking her tits as Riley thrusts into her. He slaps Dani’s ass. The thwack of his hand on her ass and Dani’s mouth letting out quick hot gasps is too much for me to take. I push my finger into Dani’s mouth. Her tongue licks my finger. I rub my wet finger on my clit watching Riley and Dani fuck. Another swat to Dani’s ass, and I come uncontrollably. The walls of my pussy pulsate and throb as Dani lets out a wail. I watch her beautiful face contort into desire as her orgasm takes her.

Her eyes pop open, and she pleads, “Please let me watch you suck Riley off,” Riley continues to grunt and thrust into her.

I look up at her face hopeful and entreating. I can’t say no. “Okay,” I say to her. Her eyes light up. Riley straddles my face. His cock thick and hard in his hand looks delicious. I part my mouth pushing my tongue out slightly unsure what I should do. Riley rubs the tip over my lips and across my mouth. Dani’s pussy juice taste hits my tongue; a combination of savory and sweet.

“Your first time sucking cock?” he asks me. I nod looking up at him. He smiles slyly. “You’re doing great. I’m

going to put the whole thing in now, okay?”

Dani kneels beside me and says, “It’s big, but open your throat. I know you can take it.” She kisses my lips.

Riley slides his dick into my mouth. I strain my mouth open to accommodate the girth. “Suck,” Riley tells me. I suck as hard as I can as he guides his cock in and out of my mouth. It feels dense and meaty. A huge cock like this between my lips is irresistible. I grab Riley’s ass and pull him into me harder and faster. My eyes water as his dick hits the back of my throat deep.

“That look so hot, Annie,” Dani says.

Riley groans hard, and I feel his hot cum flood my mouth. Dani kisses me taking some cum in her mouth as we tongue. Riley looks down at us as we slurp up his cum from each other’s lips with a huge smile on his face.

“You sure that was your first dick suck?” Riley asks. We tumble onto the bed laughing.

Dani wraps an arm around me and shakes me jokingly. “Now you know what to do if Professor Davis ever wags his dick in your face again. You are fully prepared.”

I laugh, but I think to myself: Is that what he wanted?

The next day is a home football game. I head over to the stadium, what we lovingly call “The Swamp.” It’s hours before kickoff, but I want to try to get an interview with the team before. I reason I have better chances to get a couple words in with some of the teammates before the game instead of after. If I could get a couple of quick sound bites from some teammates to post on Twitter, that would, at least, be something. It isn’t a full fledged interview, but it will show Professor Davis my initiative. It might open the door to further interviews with the team.

When I get to The Swamp, it’s quiet. In a few hours, this place will be a sea of blue and orange. The Swamp, officially named The Ben Hill Griffin Stadium is the largest football stadium in the state and the 18th largest stadium on Earth. With the official seating capacity of 88,548 seats, The Swamp has held over 90,000 Gators fans for football games.

Home games are incredible. Florida Gator fans are a relentless loyal group. Our stadium has a ridiculous home field advantage. The playing field is enclosed with steep stands, which traps noise inside the stadium. The stadium isn’t called The Swamp for nothing. Temperatures on the field can be 100 degrees. The swamp-like weather on the field is actually the reason why Professor Cade developed Gatorade.

We are playing against University of South Carolina today. It will be a tough game, but the odds are in Florida's favor, of course. I unfold my canvas chair and sit next to the locker room. I pull out my phone and call Trent.

"Hello," Trent answers.

"Hey. It's Annie," I say.

"Annie! Long time no betting? What you got for me?"

I take a deep breath and consider my odds. Florida is favored 7.5 over South Carolina. I'm feeling lucky today. "Five hundred," I tell him.

"Five?"

"Ya. Why not?" I answer.

Trent laughs into the phone. "Alrighty, girl. I got you for five."

I hang up and tuck my phone back into my backpack. Another reason I watch ESPQ so much? I bet on football

games. Don't get me wrong. I didn't put five hundred down on Florida for sentimental reasons and loyalty. I am on scholarship and need all the money I can get. If Florida wasn't favored to win, I would definitely have put my money on South Carolina. I take out my book, "The Perfect Pass: American Genius and the Reinvention of Football" and get comfortable. I've got lots of time before the team shows up.

"What are you doing here?" I look up and see Wade. I check my watch.

"You're here early?" I say to him.

"I'm always early for home games. You didn't answer my question. What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to get an interview with some of the players on the team," I say.

"You can't just hijack my story," he says. "Sean is the editor in charge, and he has authorized me to cover the games."

"I don't write for the Independent Florida Gator anymore. I'm here for another publication," I say.

“The fuck you are. What publication?”

“Twitter.”

“Are you crazy?”

“Look, I’m just going to sit here. We don’t have to talk. In fact, I don’t want to talk,” I say.

“Fine by me, but you are wasting your time,” he says throwing his messenger bag on the ground in irritation. What a baby! I go back to reading my book.

Number 23, Jordan Thomas, Number 18 Jones Green, and Number 14 Luke Harrison walk up. I spring from my chair.

“Hi! I’m Annie Rogers. Hoping to get a few words with you guys before the game.”

They give me apologetic smiles. “Sorry, ma’am. No interviews out here,” Harrison says as he opens the locker room door.

I move to follow him in, but Wade stops me. “No women allowed in The Swamp locker room.”

“What?” I look to the players for confirmation. They shrug and file inside.

Wade says to me, “I told you that you were wasting your time.”

“Women have been allowed in the locker room since 1978. Do I have to remind you, the U.S. District Court found barring a woman from the locker room violates the fundamental right to pursue her profession?”

A few more players walk in with Wade still holding the door open. “Annie, that’s wonderful that you’ve done your research. Really. But that doesn’t mean anything here. Sorry. No women allowed.” He walks in the locker room, leaving me outside alone.

Despite not getting any interviews, I try to not let that interfere with any game day fun, but I fail miserably. I can’t cheer wholeheartedly with the rest of the fans. At halftime, I leave The Swamp, with the Gators leading the Gamecocks by 21 points.

“Where are you going?” Dani asks me in surprise.

“I can’t really enjoy the game,” I tell her. “Going to go home and try to relax. Think of a game plan.”

She gives me a hug. “You’ll figure something out.”

“Thanks,” I say to her.

When I get to home, I flip on the TV to the game. It’s the middle of the fourth quarter. The Gators are losing by 7. What the hell happened since I left the stadium? I watch the rest of the game on pins and needles.

“Go! Go! Go!” I scream at Thomas, a running back, trying to run the ball forward. He is taken down within seconds without gaining any yards. I watch in horror as the game ends. I’ve just lost \$500.

I pace the room trying to prevent an impending panic attack. I log into my bank account. Okay. I take a deep breath. Five hundred dollars is a big loss, but it isn’t going to cripple me, yet. My scholarship only covers tuition and a thousand-dollar stipend for books each semester. Betting is how I make up the difference.

Arguably, maybe I could have saved money living off campus instead of in the sorority house, but I crunched the numbers. I get three meals a day here. I don't have to drive in saving gas money. Water and electricity are included in my sorority dues. In order to actually save more money living off campus, I'd have to live in a dump in a crappy part of town. Instead, I live in a stately mansion with a cook, maid, and houseboys.

There is a soft tap on my door. "Come in!" I say.

It's Eunice, the House Treasurer. Fuck. "Hey, Annie," she says in a sing song voice.

"You're not at the game?" I ask her.

"No. I'm not a much of a football fan," she admits. Eunice is pre-med, and a severely serious student. I know she never goes to the games, but I'm desperately trying to stall her.

"Right," I say. "How's school going this semester?"

"Awesome! I'm on track, I think," she smiles, but then pauses. She focuses on Dani's drawing on the wall next to her bed. An awkward silence. "Annie, you're still late on your dues."

“Oh! That’s right. Completely slipped my mind. I’ll get you the money,” I assure her.

“That’s wonderful. I know I can count on you,” she says nodding her head. Then, she says, “When do you think you can have it?”

I shake my head. “Soon. How much do I owe again?”

She straightens up and hands me a paper: \$1,000. “A thousand?” I ask.

“I don’t make the rules, Annie. You know Corp Board does, but you have accrued late fees. Plus, we are renovating the roof deck,” she says contritely. “It adds up.”

“Right. That’s right. Okay. No problem.”

“Okay. Thanks, Annie!” she says with a little wave as she leaves. Fuck.

I have two weeks before the next home game against Florida State. Florida and Florida State have a long intense rivalry called “The Sunshine Showdown.” Florida State is favored to win. I’ve been doing extensive research besides just

watching ESPQ. In times like this, I follow gambling experts, Johnny Detroit, Steve Fezzik, Scott Van Pelt, and Bill Simmons closely on Twitter. I do my own analysis, and regrettably find that Florida State has the odds in their favor.

In the meantime, I call my other bookie, Frankie, and make a number of small reasonable bets on some NFL games to make up the \$500 I owe Trent. I take the gambling experts like Detroit and Van Pelt into consideration when making my bets, but I trust my number crunching and analysis just as much. Soon, for the hell of it, I tweet my predictions even if they contradict the big guys. Why not? I've got nothing to lose. It's coming along. I'm staying above water, barely.

I run the steps of The Swamp to clear my mind. It's late Monday evening. Not too many other people here. I quit the Independent like I told Wade, which turned out to be a good thing. What started as a bluff has given me time to be more visible on Twitter and write more on my blog. My followers have grown by 10% in the last week. I can write whatever I want without approval from someone else. It still doesn't solve my problem of getting an interview with the football team to wow Professor Davis. I badly want that ESPQ internship. It could open so many doors to a successful career.

I run the stadium until I'm out of breath and exhausted dripping with sweat. I sit down gulping water down.

“Annie?” Professor Davis sits down next to me. I wasn’t expecting to see him here. I’m not ready to talk to him without a plan in place. I take another gulp of water. “Sorry to see you left the Independent.”

I nod slowly. “Focusing on online content,” I answer.

He considers my response before saying, “I hope you’ll stop by my office again soon.” In a tight sweaty shirt clinging to his muscular chest, he looks sexy.

“I plan on it.”

He stands awkwardly and says, “I’ll leave you to it.”

“Thanks, Professor Davis,” I say. I stare down at the field below. He seems to be giving me a chance, but I don’t have anything to offer at the moment.

On the way out of the stadium, I walk by the locker room. A custodian has propped the door open with a cleaning cart. I poke my head into the exclusive for men only sacred holy ground. I look at my watch and make note of the time. I’ve finally got a plan.

A week later, I open the door to my room to find Eunice and Dani chatting. I've been doing my best to avoid Eunice as much as possible, but it's difficult to dodge sorority sisters since we all live in the same house.

"Hi, Annie," she says smiling.

The money I won on my NFL bets were just enough to pay my cell phone bill and the unexpected cost of getting my alternator repaired in my Honda. My little sister called last weekend asking me for money for a new dress for the Winter Ball. I couldn't say no to her and planned to make up the money over the upcoming week with bets. Eunice is the last person I want to see right now.

I try to hide my annoyance. "Hey, Eunice."

"So, hope you don't mind if I talk finances in front of Dani," she says.

"Go ahead. I don't mind."

"It's just that Corp Board is on me to collect from you." She presses her lips together tightly. "They said if you can't pay the rest of the semester's dues in full by next week, you'll have to find housing somewhere else."

“What? Is that a new policy?” I ask.

She nods her head sadly. “It is. I have no control over this. I’ve been trying to negotiate with them. It’s just that we’ve had issues with other sisters on scholarship unable to meet their dues.”

Dani rummages in her desk. “I can cover her,” she says. Dani’s father works for Disney in Orlando, and he doesn’t have a job running the rides. He’s a pretty high up executive.

“I can’t have you do that,” I say. “I’ve got it. I’ll get you the money, and Corp Board can get off your back,” I say to Eunice.

Dani says, “Are you sure? It’s not a problem.” She has her checkbook out ready to write out a check.

“Thanks, Dani, but no.” I look at Eunice. “How much do I owe?” Her face cringes when she says, “\$4500. It’s the late fees and everything. I’m really sorry.”

“That’s ludicrous!” Dani exclaims. “We’ve got to talk to them. That’s entirely too much.”

“No worries. I’ve got it,” I say to them with a steady and sure voice. “When is the absolutely latest I can get it to you?” I ask.

“Early next week,” Eunice says grimly.

“Okay. Not a problem,” I say. I have a lot of work to do.

I could just get a job, right? But a part time job for minimum wage would be a waste of my time. The amount of research and calculation I do on sports reaps more money than working twenty hours at a fast food restaurant. I’ve got my classes to keep up with, too.

With only a week left until the deadline, there are only so many football games, professional and collegiate, I can bet on. I put in bets with Trent, Frankie, and some offshore gambling sites. My stomach is a twist of knots. Most games won’t be until the weekend so I won’t know how well I’m doing until then.

Friday evening, I pack my backpack with a few supplies: toiletries, change of clothes, food, my phone charger, my laptop, and water. When I get to the Swamp, the cleaning cart is in place propping the locker room door open. I slip in. I

find an empty locker and cram myself in. There is nothing for me to do now, but wait until the custodian leaves.

When the lights go out in the locker room and it's completely dark, I feel like it's safe enough for me to leave my hiding place. I climb out of the locker room and stretch my cramped limbs. I find fresh towels and build a comfy bed in the corner. I open my phone and get on Twitter. I haven't put in my bet yet on the Florida – Florida State game. I like to wait last minute for Florida games.

I've been hoping that somehow the Gators' odds will improve, but from my calculations it would take something really big for that to happen. I read a tweet from Van Pelt: "Star Wide Receiver, Mark Reed, will be out for tomorrow's Sunshine Showdown with an ACL injury." I jump up and down on my bed of towels. I don't have to do any re-calculations; I know what this means.

I call Trent. "Alright, alright, alright, little lady," he says.

"Hey, Trent."

"What you got?"

"I got 8."

“Okay,” he says with a long sigh. “8 on the Seminoles. Right on.”

“No, Trent. 8 on the Gators.”

There is a long pause. “I don’t usually advise my clients, but Annie. The Gators are going to lose.”

“I’ve got some information. I’m confident. 8. Put me down for 8.”

“Okay, okay. See ya, Annie,” he says.

“See ya.”

I can’t help myself. This will be a big payday for me. I call Frankie.

“Annie?” he says when he answers.

“Frankie?” I say back.

He laughs. “I like you, girl. All business.”

“Yup. That’s me. Give me 10 on Florida tomorrow.”

He laughs hard into the phone. “Hope you know what you’re doing,” he says.

“Thanks, Frankie,” I hang up.

I open my laptop and write a quick blog post about tomorrow’s game. I tweet a few words about Marcus Reed’s unfortunate injury. I rest my head on my towel pillow. Tomorrow is going to be a big day.

The next day, I'm glued to my laptop and phone keeping up with all the games I've bet on. By two o'clock, I'm up \$4,250, but if the Gators lose, I'm betting money I don't have. It's a risk, but I feel good about it.

Kickoff is at 4PM. I dump the towels I used last night into the laundry. I cram myself back into a locker and wait. Teammates start to trickle in. The air feels tense and still. There isn't much talking as I'm sure the players are focusing for the game.

Garrett Johnson open the locker door across from the one I am hiding in. I can see him through the slits in the door. Malik Burns greets him with a fist bump.

"What's up, man?" Garrett says taking off his pants.

"Hey. You ready?" Malik says.

"Fuck ya. As ready as I ever can be." Garrett says. He turns to the side. I can see his large cock hanging. My eyes widen. That's impressive. Malik is naked too and walks across my view. His dick is thick and bobs on his leg as he walks. I hear other voices filing into the locker room as more players arrive. Garrett dresses in his gear and leaves. Damn.

I wait until the locker room is quiet before I climb out of the locker. I find a small utility closet and set up shop in there. I check the scores of all my games. Things are looking good.

I log on to WatchESPQ. It's a few minutes before kickoff.

Joe Tessitore says, "Looks like Mark Reed will be playing in today's game."

"That's right, Joe. It looked like Reed would sit this one out, but it has been confirmed that his ACL is not too bad of shape that he can't play today."

My heart drops into my stomach. I pace the small closet. I need to calm down. Reed isn't at his best right now. It will most definitely affect his playing. I shudder. If Florida loses, I will owe a lot of money that I do not have to a lot of people.

By half-time, I'm a wreck. I've chewed my fingernails down to nubs. Florida State is leading by 7. My throat is sore from screaming at my laptop screen. From the utility closet, I hear the team file in quietly. Coach Jim McElwain talks to them about focus, grit, and determination. I tune it out,

because I'm too stressed to internalize any pep talks at this point.

I think of the payment I need to make on my little sister's braces. Braces are not cheap. I think of my living expenses. What will I do if I'm kicked out of the sorority house? I'll need to find somewhere to live. I put a hand to my forehead. I'm clammy. I take a sip of water. Whatever Coach McElwain is telling them. I hope they listen. The Gators need to win today.

In the third quarter, Reed scores, with his shabby ACL and all. The Seminoles unexpectedly don't make the field goal, but they still lead by 13. My anxiety twists into my chest, but I'm staying positive. The Gators have a rising star in their midst, Xavier Wyatt. If they get their shit together and focus on passing the ball to him, they can win. To calm myself, I tweet all these thoughts out.

It's all I can do to stop myself from screaming and banging my head against the wall. At the beginning of the fourth, I remain positive and hopeful when Reed limps off the field. Without him, at least, the Seminoles chances of scoring any more points decrease.

“Offense! Step it up!” I scream.

I watch as the Gators line up in a three-receiver set. The quarterback, Hunter Thames, takes a shotgun snap as wide receiver, James Torrey runs into a Seminole cornerback at the goal line. Meanwhile, Xavier Wyatt, plants his left foot on the hash of the twenty yard-line, catches the ball, and runs through the goal posts with ball in hand. I leap up in happiness. When the kicker makes the field goal, I'm feeling really good about how things are going. I'm sure to let Twitterverse know about it.

When it's six seconds left in the game, I've still not given up. Florida State was called for defensive pass interference, which sets Florida up with first-and-goal from the two-yard-line. I hold my breath as Torrey takes the snap. Wyatt is wide open.

“Throw it to him!” I scream.

Torrey sails a pass into Wyatt's open arms. Wyatt turns and runs for a touchdown. I tweet, “Wyatt for TD!” I bite my fingernail nubs as the kicker makes the field goal. The Gators won! I'm so happy I have tears streaming down my eyes. My stomach, tense and twisted from the last few weeks, relaxes. I'm never going to make huge bets like this again.

I open the door of the utility closet and wait for the team. They pile in cheering. The noise is deafening.

Malik Burns and Garrett Johnson are the first to see me. “Oh shit!” Malik says.

Garrett rests an arm on Malik’s shoulder looking me up and down, “Hey, girl.”

I was in such a panic all day that I forget that I’m still dressed in just a shorts and a tank top.

“What are you doing here?” Wade asks incredulously. “You can’t be here,” he demands.

Quarterback Torrey walks in and lightly pushes Wade back on his chest. “Get out, Wade.”

“What?”

Torrey smiles, not taking his eyes off me, and says to Wade, “Out, man.” Wade huffs and walks out.

Malik says, “Something we can do for you?”

“Yes. I want to get an exclusive interview.”

“Okay. Anything else.”

The Gators surround me. “Maybe,” I say, still on a cloud from winning so much money. I pull off my tank top. Malik circles around me and pulls down my shorts and panties. He bends me over as Torrey stands in front of me naked. Torrey strokes his hard cock. My mouth waters for it to fill my mouth. Torrey slides his cock between my lips. It’s salty and pungent. I gently flip my tongue on his tip.

“How many do you want of us?” Malik asks me from behind as he thwacks his huge cock on my ass.

I pull Torrey’s dick out of my mouth and say, “All of you. We’re celebrating.” I slam Torrey’s wet cock back into my mouth. Malik rubs his dick up and down my slit before plunging into my wet pussy. He slaps my ass hard; the bite of the sting makes me come quickly. I suck Torrey hard pursing my lips tight. Torrey explodes into my mouth; I gulp down his cum wanting more.

Garrets Johnson is next shoving his hardened dick into my mouth as soon as Torrey exits. Malik thrusts quick and hard until he pulls out; his hot load squirts on my back. With my cunt throbbing with desire, another giant cock slides between my wet slit. Whoever is plunging in and out of me, reaches under me with a thick finger to twiddle my clit. I come moaning with Garrett’s cock in my mouth. Garrett quickly comes after me depositing his load down my throat.

All I want is more and more. I don't want to stop until both sets of my lips are deliciously sore and sated. The player behind grunts and spurts more cum on my back. Wyatt steps up and picks me up. He carries me over to a bench lying me on my back. He slides his solid cock into my pussy. Bobby Jacobs and Tom Severs jack their dicks off while rubbing the tips of their thick cocks on my tits. Derrick Young straddles my face. I stick out my tongue to lick up and down Young's shaft.

Wyatt pulls his beast out and comes all over my tits. Jacobs and Severs follow soon after. Quickly, Evan Myer pounds my pussy hard. "You like that?" he asks me.

I murmur that I do before another big delicious cock slams down my throat. Myer lifts my ass up in his hands slightly; his cock hits inside my cunt at just the right angle. A warm rush crashes over me. I come, and let myself moan loudly.

"That's hot, girl." I hear someone say.

Myer hits my spot again and again. Another orgasms shudders over me. From then, I'm dizzy with pleasure. I close my eyes, and let cock after cock spread my pussy open. I open my mouth wide ready to suck whoever wants it. I feel spurts of hot cum landing on my tits, stomach, and neck. I lose track of

time and place. I live in the immediate pleasure letting orgasm  
after orgasm spin up inside of me.

The next Monday, I visit Professor Davis in his office. “Annie, the article you wrote after the game is good. I’m proud of you.”

I smile. “Thanks,” I say.

He leans back in his chair. I watch as he unbuttons his top two buttons of his shirt. “Hot in here,” he explains. I nod. “I’ve started following you on Twitter. You’ve got quite a following.”

“Thanks. Twitterverse has been kind to me.” I stand and walk behind his desk. He looks up at me.

“I’m choosing you for the ESPQ internship,” he tells me unzipping his pants.

“Ya?” I say. “I appreciate that, Professor Davis. I really do.” I pull out his already hard cock from the hole in his boxers. In my skirt, I straddle him. “But, I don’t need your recommendation.”

He looks at me in surprise. “You don’t?”

I push my panties to the side and slide down on Davis's hot cock. "No." I slowly raise my body up and then slam down hard. Davis moans out. "Over the weekend, Rene Ingoglia, you know from ESPQEWS Saturdays, contacted me on Twitter." I raise my body up again until Davis's cock is almost out and then slam down quickly on him again. He moans again. "He was impressed with my Twitter feed and blog. He offered me a paid position this summer in Bristol."

"That's incredible," Davis says.

"I've quickly become one of the most influential people on Twitter for sports bettors," I say still grinding up and down on Davis. "Ingoglia's words not mine."

Davis grabs my face and kisses me. His tongue whirls around mine. I angle myself on his wet cock to hit the spot Meyer helped me find last weekend. I slide up and down harder until I come; my juice exploding on Davis's cock. Davis still kissing me grunts. His warm liquid rushes inside me.

Davis looks at me and says, "You didn't need me at all."

I shake my head. "Nope."

“You didn’t even need the article you wrote about the game,” he adds.

“No. It was fun story to write though,” I say with laugh.

He looks at me thoughtfully and says, “I’m sure it was.”

I kiss him. He has no idea how fun it was.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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tales...**

## **TEMPTATION TALES**

If you'd like to read another sex-filled story, stuffed with more debauchery than one book should ever contain... then have a look at renown naughty author [Diana Quippley's](#) tale:

### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Thirty Nine

The world tilted crazily around Daphne and she almost fell. If she had, it would have been a disaster, because the road was right there. The cars zoomed by her, ruffling her dark hair and her clothes, so close that she could have reached out and touched them.

Ahead of her, the bike that had almost knocked her flying rode on, unaware or uncaring of what they'd almost done to her. She gasped and one foot slipped off of the curb, and it was only by throwing the rest of her body out of the road that she was able to keep herself from going flying into traffic.

That was the good side. The only good side. The rest of it was a disaster. She dropped her backpack and all of her schoolwork went everywhere, papers flying freely. Weeks and weeks of college work that she'd been struggling through to start with. On top of that, her entire body weight landed on that one ankle that was on the road. It twisted, and Daphne cried out in pain as she fell hard.

She fell onto the sidewalk, though, instead of among the cars. But her injured ankle throbbed and burned with the force of the landing, and she closed her eyes, fighting off tears, sitting in the remains of her homework. A small gasp of pain was all that she allowed out.

Thankfully, there were people everywhere, willing to help her up. Gingerly, she put her weight on her own two feet, only to whimper softly as red hot pain rolled through her.

“It’s swollen,” a helpful middle aged woman said.  
“You’re going to have to see the doctor.”

Daphne winced at the thought. Her doctor was very competent, but she was an older woman with a manner that was not particularly gentle. Doctor Spears got the job done, but she wasn’t particularly nice about it.

Actually, she was pretty much the definition of a crone, and Daphne always hated to go to see her, with her cold hands, horrible fetid breath, and sharp dark eyes.

When Daphne tried to walk, though, she winced and had to grab onto a streetlight just to keep herself from falling over. She liked to be able to take care of herself, but what if she’d seriously hurt her ankle? Maybe even broken it?

Bowing reluctantly to the inevitable, she pulled out her phone and made the call. As she waited on hold, she hopelessly tried to collect up her papers. Maybe there wouldn’t be an appointment available for awhile. She could hope, right?

“Actually, there was a cancellation this afternoon,” the unbearably chirpy, cheerful receptionist said. “Doctor Spears has an intern with her today, though. Is that okay with you? He’s watching the doctor with her patients.”

Ugh. Could it get much worse? First a cyclist tries to murder her, then she hurts her ankle, and now she had to be a test subject for some brand new doctor? Wonderful.

“Yeah, of course,” Daphne said. She supposed interns had to learn somewhere, though she cursed her luck that it had to be on one of the rare occasions that she went into the doctor’s office.

Hanging up, Daphne sighed as she looked around at the remains of her hard work. She was going to have to start all over again, and she was already having a difficult time staying on top of her work.

She never should have let her parents talk her into pursuing a business major. Maybe if she’d gotten to study something that she actually liked, something that she had some aptitude for, she wouldn’t have been so worried and distracted that she’d let a bike almost hit her.

Sighing, she hobbled to the bus stop which had been her destination to start with. Instead of heading back to her dorm

room to hit the books and get ready for the final exams, which would make or break her GPA for her junior year of college, she had to go off to get poked at by some horrible old woman.

Wonderful.

\* \* \*

It only got better from there.

By the time Daphne got to the office, her ankle was swollen up like a balloon, and it throbbed horribly with every step that she took. Not only that, but it had started to rain, a light, misty summer rain that nevertheless soaked her, plastering her dark curls to her head and her thin, snowy white shirt to her body.

God, she could see her bra right through the fabric. She couldn't help but notice that as she walked past a storefront and saw herself in the window. Not only that, but her nipples were hard and pebbled, pushing against the fabric of her shirt.

Maybe she shouldn't have worn a bra; she couldn't help but muse to herself. She looked like a total disaster, bedraggled and soaked.

And that was just getting to the office. After hurrying there as fast as she could, she was told to sit and wait. She got there exactly on time, even with her injury, but she had to wait half an hour more before the receptionist, a ridiculously adorable blonde girl with a wide smile, finally called her in.

“Daphne, follow me, please!” The girl was actually sort of insulting to Daphne in her very happiness, especially when Daphne was having such a terrible day. Pretty and perfectly pulled together, with the sort of bubbly personality that attracted people without even trying, the woman got on Daphne's nerves.

So she wasn't in the best mood as she sat in the exam room, perched on the edge of the paper covered table. She pushed her hair back from her face, and for the first time, she found herself grateful that she was going to meeting with an ugly old woman, not a hot guy. The way she looked right now, that would be a severe blow to her pride.

The door opened and Daphne took a deep breath, trying to settle herself, to ready herself for chilly, talon-like fingers on her injured ankle. That breath was let out in something

that was closer to a gasp, because it wasn't the ancient Dr Spears who stepped into the room.

No, it was someone who must have lost his way, because there was absolutely no way in hell that a doctor could be as ridiculously sexy as this man was. Tall, with broad shoulders and a slender waist, the guy had these intense, sparkling blue eyes and full, sexy lips.

There was a hint of mischief around him, somehow, though his face was solemn enough. Something about the way those incredible, gorgeous lips quirked up at the corners. Daphne didn't know what it was, but it utterly fascinated her.

He was wearing scrubs, which was the only reason that she knew that he was a doctor instead of, well, maybe a model or something. Only this man, he was far sexier than any model that Daphne had ever seen. There was nothing androgynous about him, nothing at all. He was masculine and huge and if Daphne stood, she knew that he would dwarf her. And she wasn't a tiny woman. Yes, she was slender, but she was tall, for a woman. And her 5'8 was at least half a foot shorter than his muscular frame.

Damned if he didn't fill out those scrubs better than anyone she'd ever seen before. How was this fair? He was

the hottest guy that she'd met in years, if ever, and she looked like a drowned rat!

"I hope you don't mind," he said, and his voice was every bit as arousing as the rest of him was, rough and deep and very, very manly, "But I'm taking over for Dr Spears today. She's running late."

"Okay," Daphne said, and she wanted to shake her head, bemused by how breathless her own voice sounded.

"I'm Doctor Steele. Call me Liam," the dreamboat said, and Daphne pushed her fingers into her mass of dark curls. They were drying now, but it wasn't much of an improvement, because it made the strands rebel and fly in crazy waves and curls over her shoulders and down her back.

Doctor Steele. Damn it. Even his name was sexy. How was this fair?

"I'm Daphne," she found herself blurting out. "Daphne York." Stupidly, she held out her hand to shake his, internally kicking herself for being such a tongue tied idiot.

Doubtless, someone who looked like Doctor Sexy was used to it, though. He certainly took it in stride. He shook

her hand briefly, and she stared, amazed, as her fingers disappeared into his huge, strong grasp.

“I know,” he said, not unkindly. “I read it in your file. What seems to be the problem, Daphne?”

She immediately fell in love with the way that he said her name. His pretty lips caressed the two syllables, made it sound exotic and maybe even a little bit sexy.

Of course, he could read the phone book with that voice and sound smoldering hot, sexy as sin. It wasn't that Daphne hadn't noticed good looking guys before, but this man, he was something else entirely. A whole new level of gorgeousness.

“My ankle,” she said, pushing her foot out for his inspection. Luckily, she'd been wearing a light pair of sandals that was easy to pull off.

“Looks sprained,” he said, and he reached out and put his fingers gently on her. Dr Spears would have poked and prodded and hurt her, but not Liam. His touch was careful and gentle.

And it may or may not have sent little shivers of delight through her to have him touch her like that.

Daphne's friends were always telling her that she needed to get laid, but she'd never had time for that sort of thing. With her parents expecting her to follow them in business, and keeping a close hold on her purse strings unless she did as she was told, she had to buckle down and keep herself working all the time.

She was starting to realize just what she'd been missing, though.

"Does the pain radiate up this far?" the sexy doctor said, and his fingers trailed up Daphne's slender calves, moving over the curve and slipping up to his knee.

It felt like a caress. It wasn't, of course. He was just doing his job. But the way he looked into her eyes, it was almost bold, wasn't it? Or was it just her imagination?

Either way, a surge of heat rose within her, centered in the very pit of her stomach, and she felt moisture starting to collect between her legs. Her clit hardened and throbbed, and just like that, she was ready to go.

"Uh ... no." Daphne pulled herself together enough to answer the question. A slight smirk touched his lips and he trailed his fingers up further, up an inch or two past her

knees. A little bit more, and he would be getting perilously close to the hem of her skirt.

“Are you sure? No pain up here?” Oh God. He was flirting with her. Or was she just desperate for that to be true, to the point where she would make it up? No, his fingers were definitely slipping up over her thigh, which quivered at the touch.

“I ...” She could tell him to stop, she figured. If she gave him the sign, she was sure that he would back off. His movements were careful, like he was testing her.

He waited, and she looked into his big blue eyes, felt the overwhelming urge to run her fingers through his short, dark hair, to trace over those cheekbones which were so high that they almost looked like they could cut glass.

No. She wanted this. She’d never wanted anything more, never felt this desire within her that made her insides seem to burn and melt. Wherever this was going, she was willing.

“Maybe it does hurt,” she said, her voice very soft, almost too much for even her to hear. “A little. Um ...” she felt her cheeks flame with embarrassment, yes, but also arousal. “A little further up.”

He drew in a quick breath, and then let it out slowly. He hadn't been expecting that, had he? But he nodded, and then, much to her surprise and dismay, he pulled away from her.

Not for long, however.

"I'm going to bandage up your foot. It looks like a sprain." He was an intern, right? Pretty new to his role? And yet, he seemed completely confident in his assessment. He had a hell of a bedside manner, no doubt about that.

"Okay," Daphne said, or rather, breathed. She was having a hard time getting much volume into her voice, because the majority of her attention was focused between her legs, to where her clit throbbed and her cunt clenched, aching to be filled.

He was a study in contradictions. Clearly, he wanted to take care of her, even if he'd been touching her in a way that wasn't really appropriate. He was gentle when he bound up her ankle, but firm. More and more, she found herself fascinated by him in a way that had nothing to do with the physical.

Not that there was anything wrong with the physical. No, there really wasn't. It was all that Daphne could do to keep herself from squirming as he touched her.

When he was done, he rose to his feet, looming over Daphne as she perched on the examination table. He reached for her, and she inclined her body toward him, barely able to breathe.

Whatever he wanted was just fine with her. She'd never been this willing to do anything before in her life. So when he started tug her light shirt over her head, leaving her bare from the waist up, there was no question about whether she was going to let him or not. She just did.

"Your shirt was wet," he explained, that teeny, unbearably sexy little smirk on his lips again as he looked down at her. His eyes skimmed over the shape of her slender waist, her full breasts, and from his expression, he liked what he saw.

"So ... warm me up," she murmured, far more daring than she would usually be. Why not? This was already far too crazy, not at all what she would normally do, and she might as well ride this out.

Especially if it meant getting to ride him, too ...

His hands slid over her rib cage and up to cup her breasts. He held them, his hands firm and warm, his thumbs slipping thrillingly over her nipples and teasing them until they stood out straight and hard and proud.

This was surreal. This was a dream. It had to be. The best, weirdest dream ever. Daphne let her head tilt back, let her eyes slip closed, as she moaned her pleasure.

She had to be quiet. She knew that. Any odd sounds might have someone opening the door, and that was the last thing that she wanted. So when he pulled closer to her, when he lowered his head so that he could wrap his mouth around one of her nipples instead, she buried her face in his broad shoulder, letting it muffle her noises.

As his mouth was busy, his tongue swirling over the sensitive skin of her breasts, his hands were working on something else. They gripped her skirt and tugged it up so that it was around her waist, more of a belt than anything else. And she, utterly dazed with pleasure, confounded with it, let him do it.

Lightning seemed to sizzle through her body, centered on his fingers, which stroked over the skin of her inner thighs. His fingertips got closer and closer to the tiny white scrap of her panties, which were thoroughly soaked through.

Neither of them spoke. It was like they were both in a sort of a daze, unable to keep themselves from doing this thing. It was so forbidden, and the place itself shouldn't have been arousing at all.

Somehow, that only made her body throb more. She'd always done what she was told. She was done with that, if only just for this one crazy afternoon.

Glancing down at herself, she couldn't fight off a moan. She was stripped almost naked, her shirt off, her skirt pushed out of the way. As she watched, he pushed his fingers into her panties, his fingers just barely grazing over her slick, swollen folds as he tugged her underwear down, carefully over her injured ankle, leaving her so bare and vulnerable to him.

Her breathing came in quick little pants as she gazed at him. She let her eyes roam over his body, taking in every detail that she could see. Those scrubs, again, they shouldn't have been sexy, but on him, well, somehow he could pull it off.

It didn't help that he had an obvious bulge pushing out the front of his pants. It looked to be impressive, too, though she found that she was more than willing to see for

herself. The way things seemed to be going, she thought that she might get the chance.

For a moment, they just stared at each other, and then he was kneeling to the floor. Before she could really grasp his intent, he was between her legs, nudging them open so that she was even more exposed to him than before.

For a moment, she couldn't breathe. In that moment, he lowered his head and his full, pouty lips brushed over her swollen pussy. She cried out, only belatedly remembering to push her own hand into her mouth to keep herself from being far too loud.

No one had ever done this to her before. No one had ever tasted her like he was doing. His lips caressed her slippery labia, licking up her juices before his lips fastened on her clit.

Gasping, she reached down and she finally got to do what she'd wanted to do from almost the first moment that she'd met him. She locked her fingers in his dark hair and moaned as she rubbed against him, grinding her cunt against his talented mouth.

It wasn't enough, though. She felt so empty inside, like she needed, more than anything else, to be filled. She

whimpered and squirmed, not sure how to ask for what she needed, but he gave it to her anyway.

Moving very deliberately, he slid a finger deep inside her needy cunt, rocking it slowly inside of her. She grasped around that digit deeply, trying to pull it deeper inside herself, already needing more.

She was getting so close, too, and it would be easy to just lay back and let him work his magic on her. That wasn't what she wanted, though. If she was going to go temporarily insane and let the hot stranger doctor have her body right on the examination table, she was going to go all the way with it.

Besides, she just felt like all she wanted in the world was to be connected to him in the most intimate way possible. Her whole body strained toward him, her blood molten as it ran through her veins, and she knew that she wouldn't be happy until she was filled up completely.

So she tugged him up, her hands cupping his handsome face, and then reached for the strings that held his scrubs up. With a deft movement, she untied them, and the loose pants started to fall, clinging perilously low on his hips.

It only took one more impatient movement for the scrubs to be knocked free completely, and the most gorgeous cock that Daphne had ever seen was released to rest against his flat stomach. It was the perfect size, she thought, to fit in her hand, thick enough to fill her completely, flushed and shimmering with pre-come.

She couldn't keep her hands to herself. She just couldn't. Daphne reached out and touched him, moaning at the heavy dick that filled her hand just as perfectly as she knew it would. The skin was smooth, but he was so rigid, it was like holding a steel bar covered in silk.

She wanted it. God, how she wanted it. Her entire focus was on this gorgeous man, on the things he was making her feel. Her whole body was shaking just a little bit, heat racing through her limbs, giving her energy unlike anything that she was used to.

It was addictive. The more she got of him, the more she craved, deep down in the very secret places of her body. She used her grip on his cock to tug him closer, and spread her legs, only just barely remembering to be careful of her bandaged ankle.

“Do it,” she whispered. He was hesitating a little, as though determined to make sure that she really wanted it, and she didn't want there to be any doubt. She wanted him.

With a deep, almost primal, craving that filled her entire being, she wanted him. Needed him. Maybe even more than she needed her next breath.

He didn't make her ask twice. Shifting forward, he gripped her hips in his strong, hot hands, tugging her so that her ass was right on the very edge of the examination table.

That put her at the perfect height, and when he moved forward, his erection leading the way, he was right at the level that she wanted him. His thickness rubbed over her, slipping over her clit, and she let out a deep, urgent, heartfelt moan and rocked her hips up toward the stimulation. He'd gotten her really close with his mouth, and she was more than ready for more.

He gave it to her. Just like she needed. She rested her hands on the round curve of his ass, feeling the muscles flexing under her fingertips as he took that last step toward her. Wrapping her good leg around his waist, she pulled him even closer, her tight, wet hole sopping wet and so very ready for what he obviously wanted to give her.

One thrust was all it took. Yes, she was tight. It had been a long time since she'd had anyone take her. She'd never had anyone who was anywhere close to as big as he was. But he slid inside her easily, and she was so ready to clench around him, to try to draw him deeper inside herself.

“Oh my God,” she said, and only just managed to keep it a whisper instead of a scream of pleasure. She gripped onto his shoulders, feeling the cotton of his scrubs beneath her sensitive fingertips and thrilling at the contrast of that propriety versus the pleasure he was giving her with that huge cock.

He kissed her suddenly, thrusting his tongue into her mouth, and she was glad for it. It kept her quiet, because as he filled her completely, as he sent little tremors of pleasure zinging through her body, she could have been far too loud. She whimpered and clung and rocked up onto him.

It was so filthy, being fucked in a doctor’s office. Right on the table, where God knew how many people had been examined, he thrust so deep inside of her that she felt almost like they were only one person, the two of them.

It was perfect. The pleasure, even the slight bit of pain from being stretched around someone so huge, it was all utterly flawless. They kissed over and over again as their hips ground together, and he pumped away at her frantically, his face desperate.

He wanted this, needed this, as much as she did. It was so ridiculous, how this had happened. How she’d just fallen into this situation, but it was exactly what she needed.

“Come for me,” he whispered fiercely, and she could feel from how he pistoned away inside of her that he was close, too. That seemed absolutely perfect to her, too, on top of everything else, that they would come together when they did.

“Liam,” she moaned, feeling greatly daring, maybe just a little bit bratty. Was she allowed to call a doctor by his first name? She figured that the answer was yes, at least if said doctor was busy fucking her through an examination table.

The whole time, each and every thrust, she'd been worked up toward her ultimate pleasure more and more. Suddenly, it spiraled completely out of control, and she once more would have screamed if she hadn't had her mouth seized in a rough kiss, if his tongue hadn't stolen her voice from her completely.

Instead, her hands clutched at his shoulders, clawing at them, and she let her cries be muffled by his lips and tongue. Right there in his arms, she went to pieces, convulsing around him again and again as pleasure wracked her entire body, stole her breath, even, she could swear, stopped her heart for a few dizzying seconds.

At the same time, he gave a muffled little “Mmph!” into her mouth, and she whimpered as she felt the first of his

come spurt inside her. He filled Daphne until she was dripping with it, and his last few spurts were lubricated by his fluids which seemed to coax another few spasms of pleasure out of her.

Both of them were breathless as they looked at each other, and then Daphne laughed softly. She couldn't help it. Nothing was all that funny; it was really a sound of pure, unadulterated joy.

She hadn't been looking for this at all, but she'd found it, and she couldn't be disappointed about that. This wasn't who she thought she was, but that was part of what made it so damn exciting.

He pulled away from her, and all that he had to do to look completely presentable again was pull his scrubs up. Then he looked completely calm, cool, and collected, not to mention competent. She was impressed.

Of course, she still felt utterly wanton, and suspected that she looked that way, too. Her hair must be a mess, her tits were exposed, the tips still pink from his mouth, and her skirt was hiked up.

While she started to compose herself, he smirked a little bit at her, as though he enjoyed watching her struggle to

present herself normally again.

“If your ankle is still hurting next week,” he said, and he actually shot her a little wink, “Then come back.”

She nodded, and he added as his smirk widened, “Make sure that you come to see me.”

With just those few words, he made it clear that he wanted to see her again. To her surprise, though she'd thought that this was going to be a one time sort of thing, she was more than willing to see him again.

What had happened, there had been more than a touch of destiny to it. Like they were meant to meet, and meant to have sex. She was very interested, very intrigued, and very ready to see where all of this led.

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It was a grade two sprain, Daphne had been told, on one of her many visits back to the doctor's office. A fairly serious injury that had taken almost two months to heal. Two months of coming into the doctor's office, two months of seeing Liam at least once a week, since she'd be damned if she'd see any other doctor.

Two months of the most intense, mind blowing sex that she had ever even dreamed of.

And, though she hated to admit it, she was getting more and more emotionally involved with Liam each time they met. It was a stupid idea, and she was completely certain that she was going to get her heart stepped on until it was little tiny pieces. Even with that being said, even though she knew deep down inside that it was a terrible idea, she didn't seem to be able to stop herself from falling for him.

They didn't have dates. They had appointments when she came in to get her ankle checked on. This relationship, if it could even be called that, was entirely based on the examination room, the same one that she'd been in the very first time.

Each and every time, they did the same things, the same incredible, sexy, intense, amazing things. And each time, Daphne went in telling herself that she was going to hold herself back, but she never really believed it.

He was addictive. She dreamed of him most of the time, and tried to think of reasons to go see him more often. She even wondered what he'd say if she asked him to go see a movie with her or something, something more like a real date.

Not that she would ever dare do that. Not when he was so handsome, and he had a real job, too. He had to be, what, in his early thirties? And she was twenty one, and didn't even close to have her life together.

All she could be was a dirty little secret for him. Maybe that was okay, because her whole body craved him, wanted him, needed him. She grew damp between her legs every time she so much as thought about him.

This visit, though, would be different. Her ankle was mostly healed. The swelling was gone, as was the bruising, and most of the pain. It would take some time, but she'd been assured that she would be fine.

Which might mean, she realized, that this was the last time that she was going to see him.

Maybe that was the thought that had her sick to her stomach. Which had her stomach clenching and threatening to

empty itself all the time, especially when she first woke up in the morning and after she ate.

Was losing him enough to tie her stomach up in knots? It seemed that it was. Or maybe her body just thought that if she were sick, she'd be able to go see him more?

She sat in the waiting room, nervously clutching at her purse. She wasn't on crutches anymore, and she'd dressed in a deliberately in a much more feminine way than she usually would, especially when going to see the doctor. Her sundress was just long enough to be decent, and she knew that the dark red flattered her golden skin and dark eyes.

In the mirror, as she looked at herself, she actually thought that she looked sort of hot. The dress even flattered her breasts, made them look larger and more swollen, the nipples hard and prominent and thrusting against the fabric.

She didn't wear a bra. She hadn't, not for any of the appointments that they'd had together. What was the point? They only really had a few minutes to work with when they were together, and she didn't want to waste any of those precious, magical moments in struggling to get clothing off.

She had become all about the easy access. Skirts with no panties, such as she was wearing today. If this was their last

meeting, it would be one to remember. Maybe, just maybe, by the end of this appointment, he'd be thinking about her even half as much as she thought about him.

A girl could hope, right?

Damn stupid to have a crush on a doctor. He couldn't be more out of her league, really. More than that, though, it felt like it wasn't just a typical crush. Was she really stupid enough to have feelings for this man?

It seemed like she was. Her heart felt like someone was squeezing it when she thought that she might never get to see him again. But it was something that she knew she was probably going to need to see.

The receptionist, who Daphne had finally learned was named Tammy, gave her the huge, happy smile that she'd apparently perfected with much practice.

It was a sign of how much she'd been in lately that she actually knew the name of the receptionist, and had even formed a sort of friendship with her.

"You can go in, Daphne," Tammy said, assuming that Daphne knew the way. Which, of course, she did.

With her stomach churning, her whole body filled with stormy clouds of anxiety, Daphne walked to the examination room. Her ankle didn't even twinge. She really was better, damn it.

He was waiting for her in the room, as he had been for the last few times. If she didn't know better, she could almost think that he wanted to see her. Though that was doubtless wishful thinking.

"You look different," he said, and his gaze was warm and intimate, skimming over her body. It lit a fire inside of her, one that she knew that his hands, his touch, would only stoke. It took so little for him to get her going.

Besides that, it thrilled her secretly and deeply that he had said those words, had looked at her like that, before the door was even closed. It was a small, stupid little thing, yes, but there it was.

"My ankle is better," she said, just getting that out of the way. His gaze skimmed down over her body, down her long legs, to scan said ankle, and she helpfully held it out for him to see.

“I can see that. I have something to tell you,” Liam started, and Daphne took a deep, deep breath, trying to brace herself. He was going to tell her that this couldn’t go on anymore, she suddenly knew it. And the thought made her head whirl, and not just figuratively.

She put her hand down onto the examination table, her whole body swaying just a little. Immediately, he was there, helping her sit down. His arms were strong and hard, his body hot against hers.

“Are you dizzy?” he asked, and she took a deep breath, fighting her swimming vision, and nodded. She had to admit, she felt better in his arms.

“Yes. And I’ve been nauseous,” she said, which made him frown, speculation in those gorgeous, brilliant blue eyes of his.

“For how long?” he continued, in pure doctor mode now. She liked him like this, usually, it was sexy as sin, but she wasn’t exactly in the mood to enjoy it. Though that didn’t stop a little thrill of arousal from racing through her body. Damn him.

“A couple of weeks?” Daphne frowned, considering her answer, and then nodded. “But it’s gotten pretty bad in the last

week or so. Since I last saw you.”

His face was very solemn, with none of his usual faintly mocking smirking. He got a small, clear, sealed container out and handed it to her.

“I’ll need a urine sample,” he said, and then directed her to the washroom. When she came back, he was no longer in the room, and she sat down once more, wondering just what was wrong with her.

Whatever it was, it was a big deal. She could tell by that serious look on his face. And when he came back in, he only looked more intense.

“You’re pregnant, Daphne,” he said quietly.

Oh God.

All of a sudden, it all made sense. The pieces came together and she knew that he was right. She was pregnant. Her breasts had been fuller, swollen and sore, and now that she thought about it, it had been at least a month since she would have expected her period.

“Pregnant?” She took a deep breath, and looked at him, feeling utterly helpless. What was she going to do? She still had one more year of school, and that was just for her undergrad degree. Her parents wouldn’t be happy with anything less than a Masters.

Meanwhile, he was watching her face, and she could swear that those eyes saw everything. Deep into her soul.

“It’s mine, isn’t it?” he asked, but it was like he didn’t even really need to. Like he already knew the answer to that question. Dumbly, she nodded. It was literally impossible for it to be anyone else’s.

He walked toward her, and she tracked him warily, having no idea what he was going to do. At least he wasn’t walking right out of the room. That was something. She wasn’t alone with this.

Gently, he cupped her cheek, and then leaned in to kiss her. It was a different sort of kiss from the ones that they’d had before. One that was far sweeter and gentler than usual. Caring, almost, she could dare to think.

“What do you want to do?” he asked her, and without him needing to say it, she was filled with the utter certainty that he

would support her, no matter what her decision was. That helped. It made the whole situation slightly less terrifying.

“I want it,” she realized, her hand floating down to cup her tummy. It was still flat, but soon enough, it would round with a child. Their child. “I want this baby.”

“What about school?” he probed a little bit more, and she realized that she was now talking to her lover, the father of her unborn child, and not the doctor any more.

“I never,” she said, realizing the truth of every word as she spoke it, “Wanted to go to school. I never wanted to be a business major.” She paused, stunned by the words that she had never really allowed herself to think, or to fully feel. “I don’t know how I’m going to do it, but I want to keep this baby.”

“You’ll do it with my help,” he said, and brushed his lips lightly against hers. Even that small contact was enough to make quivers of delight spread through all of her, all the way to her fingertips and even down into her toes. “If you want it.”

She looked at him, and then a huge grin spread over her face as something that she hadn’t even known was tight inside of her chest and stomach suddenly relaxed. Relief consumed

her, and she threw her arms around his shoulders and pulled him close to kiss her again.

“Do you want this?” she whispered fervently. She knew that they were supposed to be talking, but his closeness was intoxicating, and she couldn’t help but rub against him just a little. “Do you really want this, or is this just because you feel sorry for me?”

Before she bound herself to him, she needed to know if he just wanted to do it out of obligation. She wasn’t sure that her pride would allow her to accept that.

“I want it. I love you,” he said suddenly, and she gasped. She had never expected to hear those three words from him, even though she’d come pretty close to thinking them herself. “I want you. I want this family.”

She kissed him again, this time much more passionately, and he returned it, plunging his tongue into her mouth and swirling it over herself. Her knees went weak and she was suddenly glad that she was sitting. Otherwise, she might have fallen.

Damned if the man wasn’t a hell of a kisser.

“I want it too,” she whispered, and she moaned, more than willing, as he hoisted up her skirt and bared her completely. She hadn’t bothered with underwear at all today, and she was deeply pleased with herself for that.

She didn’t want to wait any longer to have him inside her. Relief, it seemed, was a powerful aphrodisiac, or maybe it was just knowing that she had a future with this man that really got her juices flowing.

It wasn’t just her, either. The front of his scrub pants was bulging out, stretched tight over what she already knew was an impressive erection. He shifted closer and she could feel it rubbing against her most sensitive areas, which made her moan and rub more firmly against him.

“I love you too,” she admitted. It was crazy. They’d only known each other for a couple of months. The thing was, though, she knew it was right. Maybe it was utterly insane, but that didn’t stop it from being what she wanted.

Reaching down, she freed his cock, her hand an expert on the motion after so many times practicing it. Without hesitation, she pulled him out, stroking him a few times as she tugged him even closer to her.

His hands ghosted over her flesh, his fingers pressing lightly on her firm, taut belly. She was still flat there, but she knew that he was thinking ahead to when she'd be rounded sweetly with the child that they'd both created.

It was heated, yes, and very passionate, but it was more than that, too. There was something there underneath the sexual arousal, something that had more to do with love than lust. There was a world of difference between the two, she was learning.

“Lie down on the table,” he directed, and she smiled at him as she did as he asked. Just like that, in a split second, he was on top of her, the little table luckily sturdy enough to hold both of their weights. “I want to look at you while I have you this time. I want to see your eyes while you come.”

Hearing him say those words, that was almost enough to set her off right then and there. He entered her slowly, his hands grazing over her sides and down to her hips, and she wrapped her legs around him and canted her hips up to try to get him deeper inside of her.

As they moved together, as he thrust deep and slow inside of her, she felt tears come to her eyes. How was this so perfect? How was she actually in love with this amazing man, who loved her back? How was it that they were starting a family together?

It wasn't conventional, but it was right. The way he moved inside her, yes, but also the commitment that they'd made it each other. It was right, and it was perfect, for them.

"Liam," she said, savoring the sound of his name on her lips. "Liam, love, I'm so close ..."

Miraculously, he nodded. Sweat shone on his forehead, making it glisten, as he pushed his cock deep inside of her, stretching her open in the best way possible, making her entirely his.

"Daphne," he gasped, and if she'd liked the way his name sounded on her lips, she absolutely adored the way hers sounded almost whimpered out like that. "Daphne, now!"

Just like that, she came, the waves of sensation rocketing through her and making her lose herself entirely in him just for a few seconds. She closed her eyes and held on tightly to him, refusing to let go as pleasure wracked her slender body and made her lose everything else.

At the same time, he convulsed and she felt the slickness of his hot fluids inside of her, coating her and filling her and making a silent promise that, if she was his, that he was hers, too.

“What did you want to say before?” Daphne belatedly remembered, as he rested his head briefly on her shoulder as though gathering his strength. This had been just as crazy intense for him as it had been for her, she figured.

“Hmm? Oh.” He laughed softly, swiping his lips over hers briefly before standing back up. Being fucked on an exam table was sexy as hell, but it wasn’t all that comfortable after. “I just wanted to say that Doctor Spears is retiring. I’m taking over her practice.”

She started to laugh. She couldn’t help it. It was a laugh of relief, yes, because even if she hadn’t been pregnant, she would have been able to keep seeing him. But it was also just sort of hilarious, really, because it wasn’t like he could keep being her doctor.

He joined her, and helped her up off of the exam table. She knew, right then and there, without any words needing to be spoken, that she had just seen him for the last time. As his patient, at least.

As for what they would build together, well, that was the exciting part. It would be them, him, her, and their baby, and they could build a family together that was just perfect for them.

# Story Forty

## Chapter One

I stood in profile at the window looking out and seeing the day begin with those responsible for cleaning up the city getting an early start. The telltale noise of the garbage truck had been the first thing to awaken me from a deep and blissful slumber.

The man sleeping in my bed had passed out after indulging a little too much. We were celebrating his promotion and things slowly became awkward between us. I wasn't really attracted to him, but the liquor running through my veins made me susceptible to his advances. The smell of the alcohol and the way that he tried to paw me gave me a reason to reconsider. The sweet relief of his mouth had satisfied any need to do anything more.

Owen looked like a peaceful angel lying with the sheet exposing half of his body. It wasn't the half that I was interested in. He was in good shape and his blond hair gave him the air of a surfer boy ready for the next wave.

“I don’t know what you’re looking at, but I must look a fright.” Owen was vain and his appearance took precedence over anything else.

“God forbid one hair is out of place.” I had a bit of modesty and was hiding my shame with a blood red robe.

It wasn’t lost on me the way that he was traveling his eyes up and down my body in a less than subtle fashion.

“You know that I’m not my best in the morning. I need a shower and a cup of coffee intravenously connected to my vein, not in any particular order. Do you want to talk about what happened last night between us? I don’t remember much through the haze of the many cosmopolitans. You really do know how to make them strong enough to knock me on my ass.” He stretched and the sheet moved down to reveal the railroad tracks of his abdominals. This man was obsessed with his appearance and there was no denying the results.

“I really don’t think we need to revisit what happened last night. The one thing I do need to mention is that your tongue is nothing short than a miracle given to you by God himself.” The way that he had consumed me under the influence was a 3-hour exploration of my naughty parts.

I didn't get a chance to see him in the buff and he passed out before I was obligated to reciprocate.

“You make me blush, but it's not like I haven't heard it before. I remember the taste of you on my lips and I would be happy to repeat the performance at a later date. I have an early morning meeting at the office and I don't want to give the partners any reason to regret giving me a partnership.” Owen was quite adventurous and we had met bungee jumping screaming at the top of our lungs.

“I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but I didn't really get to see much last night. Do you think it might be inappropriate to ask you for a sneak peek?” I was grinning like an idiot and this time he wasn't a drunken fool looking to get into my pants.

“I suppose it's only fair considering I got intimately acquainted with kitty.” She was purring and quite happy with his undivided attention.

I waited with bated breath and he purposely lowered the sheet an inch at a time. I never blinked and my finger was curling in my dark hair nervously awaiting the big reveal.

“I've always believed that life is a mystery and each day is a blessing every time we open our eyes. I heard your

voice crying out in the night and I don't think that I will ever forget the way that your face contorted into a mask of undeniable pleasure." He was still talking and moving the sheet to where the object of my curiosity was waiting for my eager eyes.

"Stop and I'm not sure it's a good idea for you to do this. We're still friends and there's no reason for us to ruin it by doing something as unseemly as getting naked in front of each other. I'm one to talk and it didn't take much after a few sips of champagne to loosen my lips and my legs." I didn't like how he behaved after he had given me one too many orgasms in a row.

"I understand what you're saying, but I don't mind showing off. I have a good body and I don't mean to brag, but my endowment is slightly more than average." I had seen him when he was excited last night stretching down the left side of his pants.

"You do have me at a loss for words and I suppose there's nothing wrong with seeing it." I watched a smirk crease across his face and then he was lowering it the rest of the way.

"I would say from the way that your mouth is wide open that you see something you like. Come take a closer look and some objects may appear bigger than you might think." I

had estimated his size at 8 inches, but that was being conservative.

“I don’t know how you get me to do these things. This is the first time that we have even made the leap from friendship to something more. You know my track record with men. I would gladly take back my virginity if I could.” I sat on the bed and saw it flex when my hand got a little bit too close for comfort.

“I don’t know how many times I’ve had to talk you off the ledge of doing something remarkably stupid. I told you the guy at the copy shop was bad news.” The guy at the copy shop tried to inhale my mouth when we kissed. It was a major turn off. I couldn’t begin to take him for a test drive in the bedroom.

“I think we bring the worst out of each other and maybe the best at the same time.” I was consciously aware that my hand was touching his naked thigh. There were only a few inches more and I would’ve been touching him inappropriately.

“I don’t know what the big deal is and you would think it was a good thing that we have somebody on the side when we need it. I enjoy going down on a woman and I don’t have to worry about the insanity of dating to get a taste.” His hand

grabbed my wrist and I gasped when I felt the heat of his column touching my fingertips.

“It’s... so much bigger than I even imagined.” I wasn’t even looking at him and I was concentrating on the crisscross of veins down the length of those inches.

“You have small fingers and maybe that has something to do with it.” He was trying to be bashful but was failing miserably.

“I can’t seem to take my eyes or my hands away from it.” There was already evidence of his arousal seeping from the eye of the storm.

I could easily coax more out by squeezing. The grunt of his reply only made me that much more anxious to see him shoot into the air.

“I love the way that feels and there’s no reason for you to stop. Do whatever you feel comfortable doing.” I drooled hot spit from my mouth watching as it traveled down over the flesh of his persuasion.

The slippery feel of my fingers was working him into a lather. He wasn’t rushing or giving the indication this was going to turn into anything more than a hand job. He was

stroking through my fist and holding my wrist at the same time.

“I have to say doing what I want without any expectations is appealing. Guys could take a page from your book if they expect to get anywhere with a woman. You are really leaking like a faucet.” The vein pumping against my fingers was leaving me on the edge of my seat.

“I heard through the Grapevine...there’s a class that you should really consider taking. I don’t know how I’m even speaking with what you are doing to me. It’s such a slow and gradual climb that it’s almost maddening. Don’t get me wrong, I really need this and having it done by a friend is such a taboo notion.” I was really taking my time and the look on his face was causing me to act like an impish vixen.

“I seem to recall you saying that you needed to get an early start. We should finish this and it’s already been 20-minutes.” Time meant nothing and my pace quickened until the bursting dam of his orgasm shot into the air at least 4 feet. It came down splattering my hand and his body at the same time.

Tossing the sheets off, he ran into the bathroom and closed the door with the shower being turned on within minutes of him entering. I looked at the mess on my hands and

I brought it closer to my mouth, but I couldn't bring myself to taste my best friend.

## Chapter Two

I was standing at the window watching him give one of the students a hands on approach. He moved his fingers along hers and the expression on her face told me there was no way that I was leaving until I signed up for his class.

He greeted me with a handshake and his hand enveloped my tiny fingers.

“It’s always nice to see fresh blood. We don’t stand on ceremony around here. Come in and put on a smock because you are going to get messy. I hate to mention gratuity, but I don’t do this for free.” Billy was the instructor and the gray along his temples gave him a distinguished look of sophistication and experience.

The black T shirt stretching over his chest was barely able to contain his muscular physique. The short black hair was a uniform cut, but it was his dark blue eyes that bore through to my very soul. He stood over 6 feet tall and had to be at least 200 pounds of solid muscle if what I was seeing bulging along his arms was any indication.

“I don’t know how long I’m staying. It depends on how much fun this is to continue with the next lessons.” I was daring him to make it worth my while to spend my hard earned cash on his class.

“I’ve never had any complaints. This is a sensual art and one that should be experienced by everyone at least once in their lifetime. Let me show you what I mean. I can’t even begin to describe to you how it feels without you doing it yourself.” He grabbed my hand and I felt like he was taking advantage of me.

I wore a tasteful blue blouse with an accompanying black leather skirt with risqué lingerie underneath. It made me feel decadent with a wild and untamed spirit.

I sat down and there was wet clay right in front of me. It was turning quickly to the naked eye and then he was sitting behind me with his hands draped over my breasts. There was a moment where I couldn’t breathe and his hands moved slowly and with purpose up along my arms. He rolled up my sleeves, touching the bare skin and sending these electric charges of electricity through my lower limbs.

“I doubt you give this kind of personal attention to everyone taking your class. If I were to venture a guess, I would have to say the female equation gets more of your time.

It's a little sexist, but it does feel like I'm in capable hands.” He added more water to the mixture and I found myself mesmerized by several different shapes molded to our combined touch in front of me.

“I give women the freedom to express themselves and then send them home to their significant other. I don't see a ring on your finger. Sleeping with a married woman only leads to unnecessary drama.” The temptation was all around him and out of the corner of my eye I could see jealousy creeping up into their bones.

“I would gather the husbands and boyfriends have you to thank for their loved ones coming home in the mood for love. I don't have any such entanglements. There's nobody waiting for me at home in my cold and empty bed.” Last night and this morning with Owen was something I was hard pressed to repeat. In the cold light of reality, it seemed more important to keep our friendship alive.

“I would say that was sad, but there are many in your same position. I've been in the position of being with a few available women in my day. In some small part, I believe my passion for this art is the reason why I get my fair share. It's not uncommon to find a woman at my doorstep at midnight looking for a booty call.” There was a catch in my throat and I had to push my legs together to prevent him from seeing the excitement trailing down the inside of my left thigh.

“I’ve been with men and most times they are about their own pleasure.” I was using him and his biased opinion about the opposite sex. It was always a good thing to get the perspective from the other half of the population.

“They don’t know how to treat a woman with kindness and a gentle touch. I do my best to give the woman a reason to come back for seconds. Oral persuasion is something I strive for and I have learned from trial and error what works.” I had never had an affair with a teacher, but I could seriously see myself doing some after-hours research.

“I’m worried what you’re saying is your way of getting into my pants. It could also be an effort to keep me in your class on false pretenses.” He leaned a little closer and I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck sending a shiver down my spine.

“Stick around after class and I might be able to persuade you differently. There’s not one here that isn’t sporting an engagement ring or wedding ring. There is one, but her attitude is more to please the feminine form.” I had a feeling I already knew who he was talking about by her short hair and the way she was looking around at every other female licking her lips.

“I’m not buying this act and I’m calling your bluff.”  
His hot breath was suddenly followed by the tip of his tongue.

I was sitting at the back of the class and nobody had witnessed this exchange.

“I’m sure there’s a way for me to make you a believer. I would really like to get to know you better intimately inside and out. I can curl your toes and make you cum with quite the intensity. I pride myself on finding those hidden little gems on a woman’s body to have her screaming my name.” I had no doubt he believed what he was saying, but I had yet to see any kind of proof one way or the other.

“You talk a good game, but can you back it up with action.” The class was ending and I had arrived at the last few minutes.

He excused himself and went to glad hand his clients. They were showing signs of arousal with their breasts on display and the nipples cutting a hole through whatever fabric was preventing them from seeing daylight.

The lesbian of the group had already found a willing victim and it didn’t seem to matter to her that she was wearing a wedding ring.

Sitting there stewing in my own juices was keeping me on a low simmer until he returned. I thought that he would make a sales pitch and show off his body to make me lose my train of thought.

“Where were we before we were so rudely interrupted?” He was once again behind me and this time there was no hesitation when he ripped open my blouse.

It was such a departure from his usual gentle approach. I was caught off guard. He was biting my neck and grazing the palms of his hands over my nipples. The stool spun until I was facing him.

Billy was standing at full attention and the bulge was similar to the one that I had seen in the morning. This was my chance to delve into a work of art sculpted from the hands of God himself. I was eye level with his crotch and he was the one pulling down the zipper on his tight wrangler jeans.

“I don’t even know what to do with my hands.” He smiled wickedly sweet and I could tell there was more going on upstairs concerning my sexuality.

“I’m not really interested in your hands at the moment.” He snaked his hand into the opening and pulled back a python capable of spitting white hot venom.

“You’re obviously very excited and I hope you don’t think that means you’re going to get something. I’m curious to learn more, but art inspiration comes when you least expect it.” He looked confused until I took a fistful of mud and began to slather it all over his appendage.

“I’ve never had a woman do this to me before, but I have thought about it often enough.” I was using both hands and some of the mud was splattering into my hair and my face. It was a painful reminder of how nasty a man could get when he was about to lose control of his libido.

My labia were sticking to my panties which were taking on the appearance of floss between my cheeks. I was enjoying getting my hands dirty and feeling the heated length of his manhood. I heard his strangled breath and I looked up to see him staring at me.

“I don’t mean to put a damper on your parade, but things are escalating fairly quickly.” I slowed down, but he was begging me to continue with his eyes.

I felt empowered as a woman to hold his orgasm in the palm of my hand.

“I think we can dispense with abstaining for as long as possible. From the looks of it, I have you on the edge and it’s not going to take much to push you over it.” I proved my point by picking up speed like I had done with Owen earlier in the morning. That kid really did have a feminine quality and I suspected that he was hiding his true nature.

“I’m almost there and it’s painful and pleasurable at the same time. Fuck me... Yes...use those damn hands to get me off. I’ve always wanted to and now I’m going to...fucking... CUM.” I uncovered the mud long enough to witness the pulsating head in action.

I forgot that I was looking right at it and the first blast caught me on the lips. It was almost instinctual the way that I coveted his sauce by licking my lips clean.

I continued my pursuit and got several more jets with the same force as the first one. Opening up my mouth, I let some of it find the entry which landed on my tongue. It was unexpected. I covered the plum sized head with my mouth to siphon what I could from the source.

He was jerking in place with his hips moving to the rhythm of some unseen music in his head. The amazing thing which I was having a hard time contemplating was that he was still hard after all of that.

“I live upstairs, but I don’t see any reason why we can’t have some fun down here. It’s entirely up to you, but there are plenty of flat services around here to keep us busy for quite some time.” He was still dripping the remnants of what he had just unloaded courtesy of my hand.

“I’m trying to come up with one reason why I should say no, but I don’t even believe that word is going to come into play. This was highly unusual, but I see how this could be misconstrued as a sexual act. I was just letting my fingers do the walking.” I got up to leave and found his hands on my shoulders keeping me in place.

## Chapter Three

There was this silence for the next 2-minutes which seemed to drag on forever. He had the weight advantage, but I didn't feel like I was in any danger. In fact, I was exhilarated by the opportunity to spend more time with him and what was obviously becoming a secret obsession.

“You don't mean a single word you're saying. You can't fake that kind of passion. I want to show you what you have obviously been missing from your life. Sex is something I can have with anyone, but you have become my white whale. It's quite clear you don't remember me.” He had me confused and it did seem unusual for him to gravitate towards me with relative ease.

“It does feel like we have known each other more than these last few minutes.” He wiped his cock head over my lips. I couldn't stop myself from sampling what had already become a taste sensation for my taste buds.

“I was your next door neighbor for your informative years. I saw how you developed one year during the last year

of high school. I was a bit older and what I was thinking would've probably landed me in jail." I had a flash and he was a little older than I remembered.

Back then he was known as Anthony and he was an independent spirit which I tried to emulate.

"I don't know why I'm confessing this, but I had a secret crush on you. It's the beard that's throwing me off. I knew I saw something in your eyes, but I thought that I was getting caught up in a moment. I can't let you slip out of my fingers again... I mean slip through my fingers." I was once again manhandling the goods and watching it stand tall in defiance.

"It's better late than never." He lowered himself to his knees and spread me open like a Sunday evening Turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

"I'm a little nervous and you were always the man I measured against others. I hope that you can live up to my high expectations." My voice raised an octave when he began to slide his tongue along the smooth surface of my knee.

It didn't stop there and before long he was circling the very spot I wanted the most attention. I didn't dare close my eyes and missing any of this would've been a crying shame.

“There’s no reason to be nervous and I find your infatuation quite a shot of adrenaline to my privates.” He was grabbing onto the unyielding pipe between his legs. I wanted more than lip service and I was damned and determined to get it.

My knees were wide open and he was running his tongue down the length of my lips before inserting it. I jumped practically out of my seat with a yelp of surprise. His tongue was amazingly agile and knew how to ignite the little embers of excitement inside me.

“I can’t seem to sit still and I’m squirming like I did when I was in the back seat of the car after prom. Do you know that I thought about you the entire time his awkward hands were touching my body? I had to envision your face and found myself getting off for the first time.” He was drilling for oil by darting his tongue in and out at a rapid pace of motion.

The sloshing sound of his tongue stirring up my sexual desire was not lost on me. He was currently finding a way to bring about the climax waiting to be revealed.

It happened with the fanfare of his tongue circling the tiny and prominent body of my clit. I came with my hands clenched on his shoulders and the fingernails digging into his skin to cause him a bit of discomfort.

He reached in front of me and I heard the whirring of the machine slowing down. He lifted me until I was sitting in the warm spot where the clay had currently occupied. It was the perfect position and angle for him to step up with his cock leading the way.

The glue of my excitement peeled back when he grabbed onto my panties with one hand. He didn't take them off and drew them to the side to give him easier access. He pressed the head into the lips that I was stretching with two fingers.

"I'm ready as I am ever going to be for something of this size and magnitude. Be gentle and I've never been with a man in possession of such an exemplary tool. I've been holding everything inside, but with you, I have nowhere to hide." All I wanted was for him to prove his claim of dominance over the female species.

"A woman like you should not have to wait for satisfaction. I don't mind if you want to hold on tight. There's no reason for you to sleep alone in your cold and empty bed." I knew that he was near and I bloomed like a blossoming rose ready to be pollinated.

"I know there are times when I feel worthless, but my faith in mankind has been rekindled." He only had the head

inside and he wasn't trying to give me more than I could handle.

“You give me a reason to want to step up my game. You've had fantasies of me for quite some time and I don't want to ruin the illusion. Sometimes it's better to fantasize than to find out reality doesn't measure up.” I felt like the sky was falling and my resolve was crumbling underneath the weight of his stick of dynamite.

The fuse was already lit. Sticking that thick piece into me was a slow and methodical effort.

I was trying to breathe in through my nose and out through my mouth to steel me for everything that I had seen with my naked eye. He bottomed out and I was left with a mesmerized gob smacked expression on my face. My lips were wrapped around him in a tight vise like grip. The mixture of my excitement circled around the base of his shaft.

I had my hand on his chest to slow down his momentum. The tunnel to my love was waiting for him to continue undeterred.

“Thank you for waiting, but having you inside me is making me very horny. Fuck me already. I can assure you the fantasy doesn't even compare to reality.” He slid along the

wetness of my inner lips and my legs dangled over the side precariously in a compromising position.

“I feel I wasn’t fully prepared for someone like you. You’re not the only one that has been thinking about this day. I never believed it was ever going to happen. I want to rock your world, but I want you to do the same thing for me. I don’t think that’s an unreasonable request. I have high expectations which I hope you can live up to.” He was using my words against me in a way to fuel the fire into a blazing inferno.

“A man in possession of this equipment should be giving women what they want. Now that I have a taste there’s no way that I can go back to someone who doesn’t know what they’re doing. It’s not even about the size. I don’t want to give you a swelled head, but this is definitely in a league of its own.” I was stroking his ego and the desired effect was making him puff out his chest like a man on a mission.

“I could have any number of women grabbing onto my headboard, but I feel I deserve more than one night of fleeting bliss. I lost my balance and my heart skipped a beat when you stepped into my class. You can feel what you bring out in me and there’s more where that came from.” I was carving out my own happiness. I was using his body to supply me with the necessary pleasure to keep me satisfied for quite some time to come.

We banded together with grunts of approval and he held onto me and worked his pelvis in a most delightful way. There was no mistaking his stamina and how he was able to continue for quite some time was a mystery. I understood immediately it was because I had already drained him dry of one in the chamber.

“This is a situation demanding your attention. I have to say that you have admirably stepped up to the plate.” The friction of my bare ass sliding across the platform where the mud would be molded into some kind of shape was causing an unseen side effect.

The heat in combination with his cock was undeniably striking a match to an already tense situation.

I came heavily with a gush of excitement covering his shaft from the head all the way down to where the vein was prominently bulging. I twisted the knife of persuasion by bearing down on him with everything during the explosive moment of impact. It left him no other choice than to let his body take full possession of his orgasmic discharge.

He pulled out and this was nothing we had planned ahead of time. I would have traded every man I had been with to be with him. I thought when he came that it wouldn't have much behind it, but I was secretly praying for a repeat performance.

“I only have one thing to say... AHHHHH.” I don’t think his intention was to moan indistinguishable words of encouragement in the throes of passion.

I hated how it sounded in my head but I wanted him to be my one and only. This was the first time that I even wanted to see the man again after satisfying my sweet tooth.

His seed glazed my skin and the warmth of his cream was making me anxious to clean up the mess he made. I did that by scooping it with my finger and letting him see me dripping it into my mouth. I let it fall from my finger slowly in sticky strings like salt water taffy.

“I think it goes without saying this class is going to become something I’m not going to be able to miss. I don’t think it’s a good idea to bring my friend along. I want to keep you all to myself. It might be selfish, but I have waited a long time and so have you.” I was leaving when I realized there was a breeze tickling that region of my anatomy.

He had my panties pressed up against the glass with the fabric wrapped around his cock. It didn’t take a rocket scientist to know what he was going to use them for. I actually felt a jolt of excitement from the very image of him lying in bed using my panties and my body for inspiration.



## Chapter Four

I was purposely keeping the details of the class to a bare minimum when I was talking to Owen. There was no point in getting him jealous when I had no idea where this was going to go. We hadn't discussed it and when I tried to bring up the subject he was all over me.

Fanning myself was the only way that I could bring down my temperature after leaving his class. I was over heated and I was getting enough sex. I was exhausted and unable to function in the morning. It was a small price to pay to put a smile on both of our faces.

This was the day I was finally going to put my foot down and I wasn't going to allow his eyes to disarm me.

“I don't know what to say and I thought that we had something special here. If I gave you the impression it was all about the sex then I need to apologize for not making it clear. I don't believe in ceremonies. It doesn't mean we won't have a long and fruitful life together, but there will be no wedding ring on your finger.” He explained that his parents divorced

when he was young and left him with more than enough hesitation about walking down the aisle.

“I was hoping for a better answer than that, but it’s better than what I was expecting. I figured it would be a relief and that you would be able to cast your line into the pool of available women.” It was after class and he was behind me with his hand underneath my shirt.

“You feel so good and there’s no reason to deny what we have is an insatiable need for one another. I don’t see any reason why we have to label it. People get too caught up in the game to realize they’re putting off tomorrow what they can do today.” He did make sense, but maybe that had something to do with the tingling sensation between my thighs.

“I’ve been powerless to resist you from the moment I spied on you through the curtains of your bedroom window. It was the one time I saw you and you didn’t realize I was the one playing the voyeur.” I remembered the night when I climbed the tree outside his window when I was only 18.

I couldn’t see much with the frost coating the panes of glass, but I could hear him moaning and then the telltale groan of satisfaction. I was tempted to do something about my feelings, but falling from the tree would have broken my fool neck.

“I don’t know how you’re going to take this, but I knew you were there. Making my way through your bushes to watch you get dressed was something I looked forward to every morning. It’s so much better when you are more mature and willing to do things for the thrill of the moment.” We looked at each other for a split second and any willpower we had to resist collapsed like dominoes.

Unbuttoning my shirt was with the sensuality of a stripper about to perform for the crowd. I lowered the garment over my shoulders and coyly looked at him with a come hither motion with my eyes.

Putting his hands around me was followed by his lips on my neck. I wanted to scream from the top of the roof how happy I was. The harmony of our bodies moving together was like an obscene dance.

“I like that you’re wearing jeans this time and it allows me to do this.” His hand found its way into the waistband of my jeans and he found the unexpected treat of no panties.

“That’s what you call coming prepared.” His fingers were lingering a little bit too long on the soft and feminine lips of my sex. It was making me want to take matters into my own hands.

“Tell me what you want and it appears you know how to get my motor running.” He wanted me to slip in a few dirty words and I wasn’t sure how to proceed.

“I want you to stick your fingers inside me and make me cum hard enough to make my legs tremble with desire. I need you to fuck me and to ride the cyclone of my excitement. I find you irresistible and that cock has become a guilty obsession. My cunt is hungry for your seed and I want you to fire indiscriminately between my legs.” My words had the added bonus of making him growl with his tongue licking his parched lips.

I was on the edge of breaking down while he was consciously fingering my hole. He wasn’t content with one and soon had three working me into a salivating dog in heat. I was panting and then I was holding onto him when the earth underneath my feet moved.

He put me on a table and used his hands to clear the space with several of the pottery crashing to the floor. I was positive those who had taken his class weren’t going to be very happy. I forgot all about them when he grabbed me from underneath my knees.

Billy was able to separate the men from the boys. It didn’t take too long for him to witness the puffy lips of the opening he was about to penetrate. We had already been with

each other several times and still, he was able to find something about me to make me wonder why I hadn't found him sooner than this.

The slapping motion of his knob on my clit had me grabbing onto him. I was soon putting him into the correct position to storm the castle. I hunched forward swallowing the pride of his family tree and watching the reaction of how I had taken the bull by the horns.

“It's like I stuck my cock into an oven and now you're turning up the heat with a sinister glint in your eyes.” He was sweating and I could see beads of it rolling down his forehead as he pulled out all the way to the head.

“This is so much better than any fantasy and that cock should be in some kind of hall of fame.” I had started this in a knee jerk effort to satisfy my curiosity for another with the same size equipment.

It was so much more than that. I no longer had to think of my friend with greed in my eyes. Going over to see him the other day found him in the arms of a man and a woman. He was equal opportunity when it came to passing around his favors.

“I’m glad you approve and I’ve done my best to go above and beyond.” He was fucking me hard at first and then he slowed down to a crawl. He was continually improving and following the signs of my body to know what was going to turn my crank.

“I’ve been locked away in a dungeon and you have the key to my prison in your possession.” He stopped all movement and it left me reeling with this empty feeling.

He stuck his tongue where his cock had just been. It didn’t seem to bother him that he was most likely getting a remnant taste of his own seed. It was quite jarring to my senses to have his tongue inside me and then his cock replacing it. I was constantly flailing in place and gripping onto the table with enough force to break a couple of my nails

I had always thought of my manicure as something sacred, but the animalistic way he was fucking me was far more important than the perception of others.

“There is no quit in my vocabulary and I will never give up until you are completely satisfied beyond words. You’re so hot and demanding that I find myself wondering why you are giving me the time of day.” The smacking of our flesh was like a gunshot going off every time we made contact.

It was a frantic pounding that had us both clamoring to stay in control. The second orgasm stripped me of my defenses. It left me vulnerable while biting on the bottom of my lip. I wrapped my legs around him and pounded my heels against his backside to spur him onto the finish line.

“You know I want it and it belongs to me. Don’t ever forget that. Look at me and feel how I cinch my legs around you. My eyes convey more than passion and lust. I’m giving you more than enough ammunition, but maybe you need something a little extra.” I raked my nails along his neck and stuffed my tongue into his mouth to tickle the top of his mouth.

He became unglued, moaning until the cork came off the bottle of his excitement. It was a gusher and I felt the tidal wave of his excitement exiting the top of the head. It happened several times in rapid succession. I held on for one final jerking motion of his hips.

My thighs were quivering and his breath was short. There was no accounting for the other men who had tried to ruin it for him. I was lucky that he persevered and didn’t allow my indecision to play a part. I was pretty much weak at the knees. I was stunned to learn of our special connection.

“I don’t even have the words, Erica. I was wrong and I want you to know marriage is no longer off the table. I could

definitely see myself making the sacrifice to run headlong into matrimony.” I could tell there was no conviction behind his words and I was satisfied there was a commitment in our future.

“I don’t want you to do anything you’re not comfortable with. A piece of paper is nothing compared to the way you look at me. You are the love of my life and I don’t want to ruin that over something petty. This is the kind of undying love that people dream about.” We adjourned to the bedroom and he proved up to the task of bringing the woman out of me too many times count.

I found myself quitting my job and investing in a 50% partnership in his business. I was good at marketing and I made this art form a growing concern.

I also had a growing concern in my belly after a few months of being together. It was a strange way to find the one, but I wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Forty One

## Chapter One

I could feel them breathing down my neck. I had found my second wind. They were foolhardy to test me. I gave them credit for pushing me beyond my endurance. It tested my resolve and showed me what was inside deep down where it mattered.

My head was shaved and I felt it was important to put on a brave face. I might have looked vulnerable, but there was more under the surface. They thought I was going to be a pushover, but I was more than willing to push back.

The ink was a recent development and I might have gone overboard. There was a dragon on my shoulder and a flaming skull between my breasts. Barbed wire circled my biceps and gave me that bad girl quality every man was destined to fall for.

“I don’t know where you came from, but you make me a better soldier. You constantly turn up the heat and force us to go beyond our limits. The drill sergeant has nothing on you.” I

was using my gender and there was no way they were going to allow me to overshadow them.

“Sam, I don’t expect anything more out of you than I would out of myself.” I got down in the mud and crawled underneath the barricade before leaping to my feet and climbing the rope like a monkey.

“They do curse your name under their breath when the lights go out. I secretly enjoy what you put us all through on a daily basis.” It was only two weeks into basic training and I was already feeling the itch I couldn’t scratch alone.

“I’m not here to make friends and my destiny has been to serve my country. I was adopted by a military family. I didn’t even know what civilian life was until I was in my teens. I wake up every morning at the crack of dawn ready for 10-miles on the cold hard pavement. I follow that up with weight training. Toning this body has become a way of life.” My dark hair was beginning to show through with stubble. It wasn’t lost on me the way some of the guys were looking at me with their lips licking with anticipation.

“Your attitude might vex some of these young cadets, but I’m not one of them. We both come from the same mindset. I don’t know any different. My brother died unexpectedly during his second tour of duty. That alone should have made me reluctant to sign my name on the dotted line. It

only enforced my desire to fight back against the unseen enemy.” His conviction wasn’t for show. Sam was a beacon of light to the others. He was also the reason why they weren’t trying anything untoward.

I wanted to serve, but there was also another reason to slip behind enemy lines. The enemy was my addiction to men in uniform. I couldn’t look at one of them without feeling this tickle of excitement. Those of higher rank got my attention more than the grunts in my platoon.

Captain Reynolds was always watching me out of the corner of his eye from his office. I was pretty good at gauging how interested someone was in getting to know me intimately. This young man was barely in his thirties and had climbed into his position by saving the life of two Marines. He was given his own command.

I could almost feel his hands touching me and the rough material of his uniform rubbing the inside of my thighs. My parents had no idea and it wasn’t like I advertised my desire to sleep with those in uniform.

The obstacle course was intense and had my blood pumping through my veins. I was the first one to cross the finish line with Sam barely a couple of feet behind. I could have left him in the dust, but it was nice to have someone to talk to while I was putting my body through hell.

The khaki uniform was stained with literally my blood and the mud I had crawled through. It was superficial wounds, but the scars left behind were considered my badges of honor.

“It doesn’t matter what I throw at you and you always ask for more. These guys can take a page from your book. The Marines are nothing but the best. You exemplify everything I want to teach.” The drill sergeant was a piece of eye candy. Tyrone Tompkins was of African descent and the contrast in our skin tones was making it that much more difficult not to jump him in the dark.

“I will always go above and beyond the call of duty. My brethren will always trust that I will be there when they call. I will always push them the hardest to make them better soldiers. We are Marines and we stand for tradition.” I had lost a brother from another mother to this unexploded ordnance in the road in Afghanistan. My adopted father found his end with an errant bullet with his name on it during a classified mission.

I knew I had daddy issues and was using the uniform to supplement the hunger for discipline. I was a little bit more subtle, but those I targeted at a military bar at midnight never knew what hit them. I waited until the last call when they were sufficiently hammered before stalking them in the night like some kind of predator.

It didn't matter if they were attached to their significant other. Once I grabbed them and massaged their length they became putty in my hand. I got them ready with my mouth and then I pulled down my pants and let them take me from behind. I made sure the mirror inside their vehicle was angled in such a way I could see the uniform. Nobody had approached me after, but I was careful not to frequent one bar too many times.

When I enlisted things changed and my access to anonymous sex with those in military uniform was nothing more than a memory. I was able to satisfy the need by fantasizing, but it was only a temporary measure.

“I hope all of you are listening to Kenya. Some of you were destined to wash out in the first week, but this young lady has made you stand for something bigger than yourself. She has driven the core into you. I admit to being surprised by how easily she has made you live to a different standard. Is it possible you are afraid of being made to look like a fool by a woman? You shouldn't be. We all put our pants on one leg at a time.” I was undressing him with my eyes and biting my lip. My adrenaline was going crazy and my sex drive was going along for the ride.

“I had to earn their respect, but I never want to make them feel inferior. I want to bring out the best in them. I want to bring out the best in myself. I was born to charge into the face of danger without blinking.” They were listening and not

one had shown me the disrespect some women wearing the uniform found themselves dealing with. I was a leader and I strived for my best every day.

“I want all of you to take a shower. You have your duties and I expect you to follow through. Breakfast is waiting for you and it is the most important meal of the day. Some of you could use a few extra hours in the gym. You know which ones I’m talking to. I’ll be more than happy to whip you into shape.” I shivered at the very thought of him wielding something leather to tan my hide.

He was standing over my 5’5 frame and 135lbs of solid muscle. I could bench press over 200-pounds. It would’ve been interesting to see if I could lift him over my head. I could think of far better things to do with his body and it didn’t include getting naked. It wasn’t the same when the uniform was a distant memory.

I saw him heading over to his barracks and the guys didn’t seem to notice how I had peeled off from the rest of them.

I wasn’t ashamed of my body. I had no problem stripping down in front of them. At the beginning, they did make snide comments, but it was no longer an issue. The first one to touch me found themselves with a broken arm and a black eye. I’d taken down a man three times my size using his

weight against him. I still felt them watching me, but it was the nature of the beast.

I wasn't immune to their physiques, but my excitement level dulled when they were down to their birthday suit.

It was time to get rid of this feeling welling up inside. Tyrone was giving me ideas about biting off more than I could chew. The rumors of a black man's endowment had me willing to find out. I could only hope my approach would be received favorably.

## Chapter Two

“I don’t know what compelled you to barge in here without knocking.” I closed the door behind me and the curtains were giving the illusion of privacy.

“It’s hard for me to say this, but you have become my fantasy in one delicious package. I know it’s not a good idea to mix business with pleasure. I find you hard to resist and I’ve been waiting for the right time to strike when the iron is hot. You have only yourself to blame.” He got up, but his cock smacked against the bottom of his desk.

“You should leave before you get more than you bargained for.” I could see the uniform shape of his manhood pressing hard against the material.

“I will leave, but I don’t think you really want me to. I believe somebody mentioned something about discipline. I have been a very bad girl. Take off your belt and show me what you can do with it.” My words had the desired effect. His hands drifted to the very belt with my name on it.

“I will not tolerate...this kind of behavior. The door is behind you and I suggest you use it.” I jumped onto his desk with my knees firmly planted on those files. I grabbed him by the collar and slid my tongue effortlessly into his mouth.

His eyes were open, but he wasn't trying to fight me. His hands remained at his side. It was going to be interesting to see how long he was going to remain in his rigid posture. His full salute was quite evident. I was looking at it like it was a meal fit for a queen.

“No man can resist the feel of a woman's lips.” I was soon sitting on his desk with my legs dangling over the side.

“I don't think you should. I have a girlfriend and I plan to marry her.” There was no engagement ring on his finger. It meant that he was fair game in my opinion.

“I don't see her here.” I looked around shrugging my shoulders and putting my hands on the belt. “She's not going to hear it from me.” I unzipped his fly and reached inside to find the length of his pipe. It was rather substantial.

“I still don't think this is a good idea. I'm your commanding officer. I don't know if I can separate what we do from how I drill you incessantly on the obstacle course.” He

was swallowing hard and I knew nothing was going to stop him from feeling the heat of my mouth enveloping his manhood.

“This is just another kind of drilling. I think you’ll agree this is a far more pleasing way to drill me into submission. I’ve been trying to get your attention, but I got the idea it was going to take a more brazen approach.” I saw the flesh of his equipment and my fingers couldn’t go all the way around. The head was enormous. One squeeze was enough to develop a dollop of his cream.

“You do make... an interesting argument. My girlfriend doesn’t do this and it appears the head on my shoulders isn’t the one doing the talking.” I sat in his chair and swiveled to face the heated missile of his black snake. I had perfected my innocence, but this other part was allowing him to get close to me.

“The only thing I request is you still wear the uniform. I really hate letting you know my dirty little secret.” He smiled wickedly and held out the thick sausage in the palm of his hand.

“I get what you’re trying to say and I promise not to utter a word to anyone. You have my word as a scholar and a gentleman. I don’t think I stood a chance from the moment you came through those doors. You had the laser of your radar

on me and there was no way for me to fly out of range.” I was salivating for the chance to drive him wild. I started at the bottom and worked my way up to the top before going down the opposite direction.

He was glistening from how I was administering to his oral needs. He was powerless to walk away. His girlfriend was derelict in her duties. I was taking up the slack. I couldn't wait anymore.

There was no time to hesitate. I inhaled the head and let him lay heavily on my tongue leaking profusely. My hands grabbed onto the legs of his uniform feeling the material with my fingers. My eyes traveled up his body covered in the khaki color of the military.

“I need to warn you that it's not going to be easy. I don't want you to feel disappointed in your efforts.” At first, I thought he was talking about his stamina, but then it dawned on me he was referring to the length of his love muscle.

I was quite aware of my sword swallowing technique. I had practiced on my fair share of young men in uniform. Each one was different and after some trial and error, it became like riding a bicycle.

I devoured those inches, making them slide across my tongue with the head and the first few inches coming to rest in my throat. He jerked and I heard him gasp with the realization of his pubic hair pressing against my nose.

“I can’t believe you just did that.” It would’ve been an effort for some of the more seasoned escorts in the business. They would have been envious of my feat and probably asked for pointers.

My mouth was firing on all cylinders and I was enjoying the discharge spilling on my tongue. The taste was the catalyst for the aphrodisiac of him wearing the uniform. The khaki colors made it necessary to put my hand down my pants to find my pussy already slippery with my juices.

The heat in the room had risen a few degrees with our body temperature climbing ever higher. The smell of his sweat clinging to his body was making my mind run a million miles an hour. His balls were still tightly encased in his underwear. It didn’t take much to release them to the sensation of my fingers driving him wild.

“You should... really come up for air sometime.” The thought hadn’t even entered my mind. I was so into blowing him, breathing was secondary. I did feel a little lightheaded, but then I began breathing through my nose.

I could see him looking around half expecting someone to walk in at the most inopportune time. I wondered if this was a dress rehearsal and how I was going to give him an encore. I released him slowly from the grip of my throat, drawing him a straight line back across my tongue until he popped to safety.

I grabbed him tightly and stroked those inches using the necessary lubrication from what I had already done to lead the way. It really was quite the undertaking considering the real estate in front of me. He really did have a way of getting me in the mood. I was caught up in the crossfire of what I considered right and wrong. Logically, this was taking things too far, but my body and my brain were constantly at odds.

“I don’t know where you...” He didn’t have much time to consider his options with the rising storm of his orgasm approaching.

“I’ve always been good with my mouth and my hands. It takes a true artist to understand how to use their God-given talents. I can feel how close you are and it’s not just because this vein is throbbing like mad in my hands. It’s also the little bead of sweat rolling down the bridge of your nose and the way your mouth parts with your tongue wiping across your lips.” I’d learned to read the signs and I was quite proficient in how a man reacted when they were about to explode.

“I want to... I want to last longer... but I don't think I can.” I could have slowed him down and prolonged his agony. It could have been a unique and pleasurable kind of suffering. It didn't seem right with the threat of discovery hanging over our heads.

“This is exactly what I came in here for. Don't hold back on my occasion. The load simmering inside you is going to come steaming out of your ears.” I could feel his balls full to overcapacity. Just handling those orbs with my warm hands would have been enough.

I rarely had the chance to take my time. The one time I did was in a no-tell motel. He was a little sleazy and had just returned from overseas with a chip on his shoulder. I was able to relax him and then torture him endlessly by incessantly squeezing his balls constantly changing the rhythm. I was going to give him my mouth, but inspiration struck and his climactic end came from my hands playing with his balls.

I was pulled back to the present where Tyrone was currently pulsating with the head changing to different colors. He was fighting his natural instinct. I gave him my inner applause for making the effort.

“I don't think I've ever had someone with this kind of enthusiasm. That tongue is touching me like no other woman has ever done before. Your hands are delicate and insistent at

the same time. Never mind the way you look at me with a longing in your eyes.” He was coming to the point where he was either going to have to let it go or risk having it back up in his manly plumbing.

The extra suction I put on the head drove into him like a spear with precision. He made a lurch forward with the head touching the back of my mouth. I could feel the rumble moving quickly up the shaft and moved his knob back until it was covered by my mouth.

He slammed his hands down onto the desk. It was almost enough of a surprise to make me dislodge the spewing contents of his log of persuasion. The first taste of his seed was this thick stream across my tongue. I savored the moment, closing my eyes and concentrating on my taste buds. It was a known fact the tongue was sensitive. I felt like mine was extra sensitive, but there was no way to know for sure.

He jerked wildly and I had to hold onto the base working him into submission. This was in my possession and I was taking everything he could give me. I milked the length of his pipe until only a little bit was left. I got what was left by working my nimble fingers up the diameter of his delicious looking black Popsicle stick.

It was more than a mouthful, but I never allowed one single sticky string to escape my oral clutches. He was out of

commission, but making him rise from the ashes of his orgasm wasn't going to take much. I carefully let him go and I could see the disappointment in his eyes. He really wanted it to continue and he wasn't the only one.

I was so into pleasing him that I didn't even consider the furnace of my sex desperate for someone to stoke the fires into a blaze. I swallowed all of his cream, but I kept a little bit on the surface of my tongue to use as a much-needed lip balm.

"I really don't know what to say. The one thing comes to mind. I want to do that again and maybe more. It depends on the situation and how we feel in the moment. When can I see you again?" We had to be careful, but sneaking around was part of the fun. It added a bit more of an exotic flavor to go with my fascination for men's uniforms.

"This need grabs me when I least expect it. That girl has been locked away for way too long. It sometimes feels like a nightmare, but the pleasure is more than enough to bring my fantasies to reality. It's not like I'm going anywhere. We just have to find someplace more private other than your office." I peeked behind the curtain and waited until the coast was clear.

"I didn't even get a chance to use this." I heard the snap of the belt and I quivered at the notion of wearing his mark.

“You are speaking my language. If I didn’t have a reason to come back already then I do now.” I was only gone 20-minutes, but it felt longer. The ticking of the clock meant nothing.

I found a letter on my cot. It was short and sweet. The words sent a cold chill of dread running through my body. I read it over again to make sure the meaning was clear. I had no idea who had left it, but someone was watching me. They had seen or surmised what had happened behind closed doors.

## Chapter Three

“I know what you did and I want to talk to you about it before I decide what to do. Meet me after lights out behind the truck in the courtyard.” I kept rehashing the words and looking around to see if anybody was showing signs of pulling the wool over my eyes.

“You’re not acting like yourself.” Sam was standing beside me and I wasn’t concentrating on scaling the bars. I lost my grip and was barely hanging by one hand before I finally found the warrior spirit within.

“I have some things on my mind, but I appreciate how you’re looking out after me. Watching me has become a fulltime job for you. I hope I haven’t done anything to disappoint you.” I was digging for information by hinting at an impropriety he might have come across. I didn’t want to tell Tyrone and he would automatically cut things off before they went any further.

“There are many things you have done to get on people’s nerves. I find the way you raise the bar to be

inspiring. I've learned that I have a lot more inside me than I realized. I've broken some records but only because you have forced me to look at myself in the mirror." I was hoping the short note was written by Sam, but I was getting the idea it wasn't. It meant someone was causing trouble and I was willing to castrate them for the effort.

"This place has the ability to make or break a man or a woman. Finding the inner strength to do something impossible is something Marines should be doing every day." The sun had already gone down. Sam and I were the only ones on the obstacle course at this time of night.

"We better get back before we're caught out after lights out. We ran until we were practically laughing the entire way across the compound. We barely made it before Tyrone slammed the door behind us.

He gave us a look, but he didn't say anything. I was wondering if maybe he was playing a game with me. Was this some kind of tough love to make me sweat bullets by the very idea of being found out? I didn't see anything in his expression to indicate he was the cause of my worry.

He left soon after and my bunk was the closest to the window. It was fortuitous and gave me an easy way out without being noticed. I cautiously opened the window wider a slow inch at a time. I put my pillow under the blanket to

mimic my form. It wouldn't fool anybody for long, but a casual inspection with a flashlight would most likely make my absence go unnoticed.

There were patrols, but I was able to time them to perfection. I sprinted across the grounds, keeping low and hiding behind any obstacle I could find. I could see the truck bathed in darkness. The location for this meeting was chosen carefully to avoid detection. There was somebody there smoking a cigarette with the blunt end lit up as the only way to inform me of his arrival.

I wasn't sure how much he wanted me to know about his identification. I decided to respect his right to privacy by letting him stay a mystery.

"I don't know what you want for your silence, but it appears you have me at a disadvantage. I'm throwing myself at your mercy. I won't even defend my actions. There's no point in denying when you already know the truth." A billow of smoke followed in rings from his mouth.

"I'm not going to blow the whistle on you. I do want one thing in return for my silence." I had very little in the coffers of my bank account. I would gladly give it all up to stay in the shadows where my secret should belong.

“How much is it going to cost me to keep this quiet? I don’t care about myself, but Tyrone doesn’t deserve to lose everything he has built. It wasn’t his fault and I don’t want to drag him down with me.” I was willing to sacrifice myself. It wasn’t necessary to make others suffer for my mistake.

“I don’t want money. I want you, Kenya.” His voice was lowered for the earlier portion of the conversation, but this time he allowed his real voice to stand strong.

He turned and pushed me up against the canvas of the truck. Captain Reynolds had taken an interest and now I knew my suspicions were true.

“I thought you would never ask. It took me being with Tyrone to make you see an opportunity you couldn’t let slip through your fingers.” He held my gaze with his blazing blue eyes and then kissed me.

The tongue was a horrible thing to waste. There was no wasted motion and his hands found their way into the waistband of my pants.

He was reminding me of how lonely I was. What I had done with Tyrone had only scratched the surface of my desire. It had been quite some time since I had a cock stuffed inside me. It was about time to rectify the miscarriage of justice.

His fingers found how wet I was and he brought them out to let me smell my juices on his fingers. I grabbed his wrist and sampled what he had pulled out of me. I closed my eyes and once again let my taste buds take me away. It was a pale comparison to what was waiting for me inside his pants.

“I didn’t have to see to know what you were doing behind closed doors with Tyrone. I heard what you said and I was close to taking my cock out to finish myself off. It brought to mind something despicable and wickedly evil. I couldn’t help myself. I had to lure you to me like the fly into my spider web. I wanted to find out if I could use this information to get into your pants.” He was already inside my pants. His fingers returned to where I could feel how hard he was working to make me cum standing up.

“It appears my suspicions about you were well-founded. You really do know how to find a woman’s G spot.” The sloshing sound confirmed what my body was already telling me. The heat of my cream ran in rivulets down my legs.

“I’ve been watching you from the moment you arrived a couple of weeks ago. I couldn’t stop imagining what I would do in this moment. It became unhealthy. I didn’t have the courage to say anything to your face. I didn’t want to risk finding myself on the receiving end of sexual harassment charges.” His fingers were constantly sinking into me. I wasn’t

even concerned about someone finding us in the spotlight of their flashlight.

“I’ve been... I’ve been watching you...” My breath was short and raspy. I wanted more of this pleasurable torture. He was the second man to catch my eye. I would’ve done the same thing with Sam, but I didn’t want to ruin what we had by tangling our limbs in the pleasurable pursuit of pleasure.

“I really want to fuck you inside this truck.” He lifted the tarp and helped me up by putting both hands on the cheeks of my ass. It was his way of getting a cheap feel and I didn’t mind.

“I would like to request...” He put his finger on my lips and reached down to release what was making my body ache inside. The balloon shape of his organ was nicely in proportion to the rest of his body.

“I did mention that I was listening to you inside his office. I know what makes your motor run. I’ve had my fair share of women with the same affliction to the uniform.” He made me yelp when he pulled my pants all the way off in one fluid motion.

“I’m already soaking wet for you. Finger fucking me like that will always get you what you are after. One touch is

more than enough to raise my flag of surrender.” We were under the cover of the tarp, but we were going to make the springs rock with a mind of their own.

“You can already see my flag is giving you the customary salute of a soldier ready to follow orders.” He was holding onto it and moving into a position with my legs wrapped around him. I could feel the heat of his knob getting a taste of what it was in store for.

“It doesn’t appear you need any help. I’m yours and I hope you know how easy it would have been to seduce me. There’s no way for you to know someone’s interest without testing the waters.” The petals bloomed open with the help of his two fingers to give him a target to concentrate on.

The mushroom cloud of his excitement pushed fourth. It was worth the risk to be doing this in a semi-public place. I was getting the basic idea getting caught was another one of my kinky devices. I remembered the other five times and it was always in their car. I didn’t know what I would do with a bed.

“Fuck me.” The head was followed by the rest of him until his balls were tight up against me.

I remembered every time our eyes met it was almost more than I could take. He was finally touching me and it was blowing me away.

I had been close to others, but this was different somehow. I could see his dreams in his eyes. I didn't know the meaning of the word love. I wanted to spend the rest of my life exploring his body and finding every little thing that was going to make him groan with satisfaction.

“I wasn't expecting this when I went to your barracks to see you.” I looked to see who was speaking. I was still on my back with my legs in the air and my ankles locked behind Captain Reynolds. Tyrone was the added whipped cream to the dessert I was already having.

## Chapter Four

“It’s not what it looks like. I apologize and it’s a knee-jerk reaction when you find yourself in the position of being made to look like a fool. It’s not like you don’t know this kind of temptation. I wouldn’t be opposed to you joining us. It’s entirely up to Kenya. I wouldn’t want to put words into her mouth.” His cock inside me was making my mouth water for something to quench my appetite.

“It’s not words I want him to stick in my mouth.” Tyrone was a little flummoxed, but he quickly outgrew that by following the divining rod of his pleasure. He was drawn to the fluttering of my tongue and the way my eyes were burning with a need to consume him.

“How can I possibly refuse an invitation like that?” He made one final check to make sure nobody was aware of what was going on and then climbed inside.

I was anxious to find out how two in uniform was going to feel. I had two available holes ready and open for business. He took out his cock and slapped it against my

mouth. It was interesting to see it upside down. Captain Reynolds was pulling me towards him with my mouth sliding down Tyrone.

“You do know what to do with your mouth. There’s no doubt in my mind how much you want this. It goes without saying you have two willing men to give you what you want.” I felt like I was living a wet dream come true. The first orgasm came from out of nowhere.

My scream was muted by the cock in my mouth. I was drooling all over him and it didn’t even occur to him how much of a mess I was making. It was under the cover of darkness. He could easily slip back into his quarters to clean up before anybody was aware.

“I don’t want this to get around. What happens inside this truck stays inside the truck. I think we can all agree it’s better to feign innocence than to admit any kind of wrongdoing.” Captain Reynolds was making sure our lips were sealed. I couldn’t exactly say anything, but I could nod my head in recognition to his statement.

“I have no problem keeping this between the three of us. I think you’ll find it hard to stay away from her for any length of time. I’m still not sure whether or not I want to go any further than this. I have to say the look on your face certainly is a good argument hard to deny.” It didn’t look like I

was going to have to do much convincing to get Tyrone to give me my first black injection.

“I can’t see how you can say no. The sensation of her gripping me is enough to give an old man a heart attack. I say you’re only as old as you feel. I might be in my late forties, but I feel like I’m back in my twenties. I don’t even need any pharmaceutical aid to be with her.” They found a good rhythm by see-sawing me between them. I’d already exploded two times well on my way to my third.

“I thought I would be able to resist, but another part of my anatomy is saying enough to get my attention. I don’t suppose you would allow me to cut in.” I was licking the underside of his shaft when he retreated to a safe distance away.

“I could pull rank, but I’m not going to do that. The chain of command doesn’t mean anything when it comes to matters of the flesh. We are brothers and sisters in arms. You have no idea how she is going to burn you until you can’t take it anymore.” My lips tried to hold onto his glistening skin, but he did manage to leave me waiting for what Tyrone could give me.

“This doesn’t change the way I feel about you. Nothing has to change between the three of us. We just need to learn to separate this from military life.” Tyrone was right and he was

wrong at the same time. This was going to change everything, but we were determined to make it work.

“This talk is harshing my sexual buzz.” I barely had the words out of my mouth before the Captain was filling it again with something more pleasant.

Tyrone felt like he was hesitating and I didn't want to be the cause of his cheating. This was going to have to be his decision.

He couldn't help to make the right one when he felt the way my hole greedily grabbed onto him. The man was unable to pull back like the Captain had predicted. They were about the same size, but the added component of him being of interracial persuasion was making me hotter than ever.

I found myself being arranged like I was a sexual puppet on a string. This was my favorite position. There was no way for them to know that. We were following different rules.

Captain Reynolds let me swallow his cock down until the root was circled by my lips. It made him thrust his hips forward without any will of his own. My moan of hungry acceptance was brought forth by Tyrone giving me one thrust of his own. My eyes went wide when I felt the slap of the

leather belt. He was in the right position to be able to fuck me and punish me at the same time.

“I love how your body responds to the belt. Your skin turns an erotic crimson color like the lips you wrapped around me earlier in the day. I can barely pull out. I don’t think I’ve ever been in a position where I feel like you’re the one in control.” It wasn’t me. It was the hungry kitty and she knew exactly what she wanted.

He was getting bigger than ever and the motion of his hips began to grow in intensity. Tyrone was burying his staff over and over again. My cream coated the length of him. There was a fine sheen of my mist bubbling to the surface.

“I want us to show her how the military solves a problem. Are you up to the task, Commander?” They must have shared a knowing smile without saying a word.

There was no way I could understand what they were talking about without being part of the brotherhood. I didn’t possess the same equipment, but the idea did make me wonder what they were feeling.

“I hope you are close and I don’t know how much more I can withstand.” Tyrone’s momentum slowed down and it finally dawned on me what they were arguing over. They

wanted to be spontaneous and simultaneous, but I was making their efforts to fight back a sore point between them.

“Her mouth is quite something and her tongue is way beyond my league.” The Captain’s praise made me take off the kid gloves. He moaned loudly, but he clapped his hand over his mouth to give us the illusion of the bubble we were in.

“I can’t look down and not feel something from the visual aspect of this. The sound of her blowing you and fucking her at the same time is like an electric prod to my privates.” I could sense when they were both getting to the end of their rope. I was the one who timed it perfectly. It was going to happen when my body claimed them as a victim of circumstance.

Their loins were in the prison of my body and I held the key to their freedom. I thought I had everything in hand and then my excitement reached a crescendo. The vibration of my exclamation traveled through my lips and along his shaft. My pulsating insides were too much for Tyrone to handle. I was a little scared of how far I had gone down the rabbit hole.

In the aftermath of my climax, they found their necessary release by force-feeding me their cream from both ends. The geyser of their discharge was a daunting task for any woman in this position. I was left filled to the brim. They

slowly lowered me until I was slumped on my stomach with my thumb up for a job well done.

“I don’t think I have anything left. We don’t always have to do this together. I have no problem letting the both of you have your alone time together. I would appreciate the same courtesy in return.” I decided to poke fun at the both of them by inserting some levity into the conversation.

“I will gladly give you time to be together. I only ask to be a fly on the wall.” They were slightly alarmed by my suggestion. It was only when I began laughing that they joined me.

“I can’t speak for the Captain, but you almost had me there.” I didn’t know what love meant, but I did know I didn’t want to be without either one of them. They both made me happy in different ways.

My desire for men in uniform had led me to them. We would continue to sneak around and the only one who found out was Sam. I told him, but I swore him to secrecy and I knew I could trust him. He was happy for me, but he warned me how some men could feel a certain jealousy from seeing their woman with someone else.

Tyrone broke up with his girlfriend and we had an exclusive arrangement between the three of us. I did get the chance to see their bodies, but it wasn't the same as when they were wearing their uniform. Everybody had their secret kink. I wasn't ashamed of mine.

# Story Forty Two

## Chapter One

“Where the hell are you going now, Megan!” my father cried out.

“Nowhere dad, quit bothering me,” I snapped at him.

“Megan, you know that you’re still living under my roof. I don’t give a damn that you’re 19, I want you to quit sassing me off,” my father said.

I rolled my eyes, but then, I heard the same tirade I’m used to with this man.

“Don’t you roll your eyes at me, you brat!” he said.

“Or what? You going to tell mom or something? I’m an adult, you can’t boss me around,” I snapped back at him.

“Yes I can, you bitch! You’re still living with me, so you’re under my rules,” he said.

“Whatever, dad. I’m going out. Don’t try to follow me,” I said with a grumble.

Before he could respond, I flipped him off, closing the door behind me. Gosh, my dad was so annoying. I only lived with him because it’s hard out there for a young adult like me. Hell, I barely knew how to pay taxes, and it’s not like he’s completely kicked me out or anything. He keeps me around, probably because the bastard is lonely. I mean, I don’t have to pay rent, and he provides all my food and a bit of spending money.

In truth, I’ve never worked a day in my life. I don’t see the point, especially when my own father will take care of everything. But he’s so annoying, always getting onto me about everything. He’s acting like if I do something wrong he’s going to tell my mother or some crap, but I don’t get it myself. I mean, why does this bastard think he’s hot shit!? I don’t get it. I can’t stand him, but what else am I supposed to do? I’m just a college kid, and I’m out for the summer.

I went out with a few of my friends, getting some stuff from the mall. I’m glad that he doesn’t bother me, but I had a feeling when I got home, it would be more of the same shit. I mean shit, maybe I should take a job. I can’t stand my dad anyways, and it would mean way less time around him.

It was a thought I considered, but then I remembered that jobs required schedules, and I liked sleeping until noon every day and then playing video games until five AM. But that's just me. My father couldn't stand it, and he always threatened me by saying he would make me go to bed at a decent hour. Whatever, he can't fucking control me.

I got some great stuff, using the card my father gave me. He lets me buy whatever the hell I want. The dude is well-off, so I take it as an advantage to the life I share. I got some neat things, and once I finished up, I headed on back. However, when I got there, my father was sitting in the living room.

“You're late,” he said.

“I'm not fucking late. I'm right on time,” I muttered with a glance.

“I thought you knew the rules. You're supposed to be home by nine. It's nearly ten,” he said.

“Dad, I'm an adult. Why the fuck do you make me have a damn curfew?” I asked him with a snap.

Because it's obvious that you don't care about me.

I rolled my eyes once more, and soon, he looked at me.

“Come on, Megan, you’re acting like a brat,” he told me.

“And you’re not the boss of me. I’m an adult,” I told him in response.

“You may believe that, but let’s face it, if you don’t shape up soon, you’re going to regret it. I’m making arrangements, and they’re something you might not like,” he told me.

Oh boo-hoo. I can’t stand this dude, so I just scoffed and walked upstairs. Like he could control me.

It was the same shit every single day. I couldn’t stand living with him, but I was only going to have to do so for a while. However, about a week later, I saw something on the table.

“What the hell is this?” I asked my father.

“Your work schedule,” he responded.

I looked at the guy like he had three heads. What the fuck was this dude talking about?

“I don’t have a work schedule. I don’t work,” I told him with a bit of a rude tone. I mean, it’s obvious that I don’t, he’s just fucking stupid.

“I know you say that now, but you’re not going to be singing that tune once you find out what I’m about to tell you,” he said.

I sat down at the table where he ushered me to, and that’s when he started to sigh.

“Megan, I can’t go the next couple of months like this. I just can’t,” he said.

“Why not? You’re stuck with me. Mom’s gone. She’s been gone for about ten years now, and I don’t have anywhere else to go,” I said.

“You’re bored. I thought that maybe it would be fine having you around. Maybe you would’ve learned your lesson, but it’s obvious that isn’t the case. You’re acting out, being completely rude to everyone, and honestly, I can’t stand it. I

try my hardest to make it work for you, but it's obvious you don't give a damn," he said to me.

I looked at him, wondering what the hell he was going to tell me. Was I grounded? That meant more time alone for me.

"So what does this have to do with the work schedule?" I finally asked.

"I asked my buddy Collin if you could come work with him. He owns the local meat shop in town, and I told him you'd be off for the summer. It's time for you to learn some character, and while I've provided a lot for you up until this point, I can't keep doing this. You're honestly driving me insane," he said to me.

I looked at him, listening to the words that he spoke.

"Fuck you," I said.

"Shut up, Megan. You're nothing but a little brat, a fucking brat who doesn't care about anyone else but herself. Listen, Collin is a good man, and I'll tell you right now, that you'll appreciate what I'm about to do for you. You need to learn your place in this world. I won't be around forever and

while I've helped countless times up until this point, I can't keep helping you now," he said to me.

I was appalled at the fact that he said that. I was just...I didn't know what to say. A part of me wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, that he wasn't the boss of me or anyone else, but at this point, I knew that I was utterly defeated. Plus, I mean as much as I hate my father, maybe getting a job would do me some good. I mean, it's better than just sitting here like a bump on a log, right?

"Fine. I'll do it," I said.

"See, that wasn't so hard," he joked.

"Maybe for you, but I don't know the first thing about working," I said to him.

"Trust me, Collin will teach you everything. He's actually a few years older than you are, so it's someone around your age range. Maybe you can pick up some inspiration to actually provide for yourself and follow your dreams instead of assuming that everyone will give you whatever the hell you want," he uttered.

I wanted to flip my father off once again, but I stopped myself. Maybe I should give this a chance. I mean, it's not like

it's a terrible thing to behold, nor would it really suck. I mean, it's better than nothing, right? I guess I'll do it.

“Fine. So when do I start?” I asked.

“Monday. You have the rest of the week to have a bit of freedom, but then come Monday, your ass is to be there at the butcher shop,” he told me.

I immediately nodded. I mean, it can't be that bad, right? It seems like a decent place to work. Even though meat is kind of gross to handle, I guess I'll try to find some appeal in it. I mean, what's the worst that could happen.

I spent the rest of the week dicking around, and while my father was still a bit snappy towards me, ever since I agreed, he was a bit nicer. I began to flush, wondering what I was about to get into, and before I knew it, I was soon going to have a new job. What I didn't know though, was that this job was unlike anything I expected it to be, and soon, I would find out the real fun behind working at a butcher shop, and how handling meat would lead me down the path to other sorts of meat handling as well.



## Chapter Two

I walked to the butcher shop that day, since it was near my home. At first, I was a bit disgusted knowing that I won't have my car, but at least it was a nice day, with not a ton of heat or other bullshit. When I got there, I opened the door, and suddenly, I was hit with the stench of meat.

“Good god!” I cried out, holding my nose as I looked at all of the carcasses in the back. There were pigs, various types of other meat, I could've sworn I saw some intestines after a while, and in truth, I kind of wanted to puke when I saw all of this. However, I kept my ground, walking in and seeing the man that I presumed to be the shop owner.

Or at least, his backside. Holy shit he was gorgeous, like so pretty I wanted to say something. And his ass was nice and plump, like a bubble butt. I began to smile, immediately realizing this wasn't nearly as bad as I expected it to be. I shimmied over to where he was, against the counter. While I did have on a grungy white shirt and jeans, since that was what my father claimed to have wanted me to wear, I began to push my breasts against the counter, looking at the man.

“Oh hello there,” the guy said, looking me up and down. It was obvious that his eyes were completely focused on another area of my body, causing me to smirk in excitement.

“Hello there. I take it that this is the butcher shop?” I asked him.

“Course it is. You’re Megan, right? Your father told me a lot about you. Said you needed some work,” he teased.

I blushed. While I hated when my father ragged on me for not doing what I was supposed to do, I knew with this man, instead of feeling angry, I felt aroused.

“Yeah, I’ve been a bit bored, and he told me that this would help me get experience,” I said to him.

“Oh yes. You’ll get a lot of experience handling meat, that’s for sure. And plus, this might be something you’ll want to go into. The meatpacking industry is always looking for more people to help handle packages and sausages,” he said.

When he said that, he was giving me a wink, and immediately, I realized that he totally meant that double entendre. I realized that this dude was totally flirting with me,

and while he was cute, I didn't know what the hell I was going to do immediately. I was flattered, but at the same time, I definitely was a bit scared. I mean, despite how much of a dick I was in general, I was still a virgin, and despite my wild nature, I knew that being a virgin was probably the only innocence I still had to my name.

“Well, I can't wait to learn,” I said, trying my hardest not to make it sound suggestive whatsoever.

The man smiled at me, and in truth I didn't know if it was a smile meaning he knew what I meant, or something else, but then, he ushered me to the back of the store. I then saw so many meats here, and in truth, I wrinkled my nose.

“This place is smelly,” I said.

“It's actually the better-smelling meats. It takes a bit to get used to, but trust me, if you can't handle this, you might not be handling meats for a while,” he said.

I realized he was totally trying to egg me on. I then grimaced, knowing his game.

“Fine, I'll stay here,” I said.

“Good girl. Trust me, it gets easier with time. I know it smells bad now, but give it a couple of days. You’ll appreciate it,” he said. It’s obvious that this was definitely something that he took pride in, and I enjoyed seeing him like that.

The first few days were really just that, him telling me about how to run the place. It was good, and I did learn a lot, but I couldn’t stop thinking about this man and his sausage, literally and figuratively. I mean, I normally didn’t want to fall for dudes that I’m supposed to work with, but there was something interesting about the dude that seemed to arouse me and make me curious. But, I guess I’ll take things slowly, at least for now.

The days were spent mostly packing some meats, cutting some meats, and learning about the different parts of meats. There was a lot to take in, and I felt like I was in a goddamn biology class at one point. But of course Collin was worth hearing the rambles of it. The way his dimples seemed to show when he smiled the way his brown hair that was a little shaggy ruffled against his face, his hardened and athletic body, probably from handling all of these heavy meats, immediately made me blush every time I thought about it. However, I tried to keep the feelings that I had surreptitious at best, and while I didn’t want to make them super known, I wouldn’t mind letting him in on a little bit of it.

I thought about amping the flirting up to eleven. I didn’t mind the way he looked at me, that’s for sure. In a way,

I was nervous though. I didn't know if I was ready for this, and while I did feel flattered when he flirted back, a part of me always wondered if I was rushing in too fast.

However, one day, when we were working together, side-by-side, we started to lightly knock elbows. The one interesting thing about this place, is that while he did have employees on the occasion come over and take the meets away, he was a one-man show, mostly doing all of the work that he had by himself, which was both impressive, and definitely nice. It was a cool thing to have this sort of private time with him, even though I was too much of a pussy to make the first move. However, I started to playfully push my elbow against his own, and soon, he looked over.

“How's that sausage handling?” he asked.

“Good. It's pretty firm,” I said.

“Good. You always want a firm sausage, and you want to handle it well,” he said.

I realized he was making those references again. I then started to look at him, swallowing my fear and becoming brave about this subject for once. I wanted to be interesting to this man, I wanted him to see me in the same light I did him.

“Maybe you can show me how to personally handle a sausage,” I finally said, giving him a wink.

He then put down the butcher knife, and that’s when I realized it. The look in his eyes as he moved closer to me immediately made me blush. He pulled me over to one of the private rooms, thankfully one that didn’t have meat in or reeked of meat. I realized after a second that it was his office, and soon, I had my back up against the door.

“Are you sure you’re ready to handle this meat? You’ve been making me want to ask you for a while now,” he said.

I blushed, realizing the proximity of our bodies. Fuck, I really wanted this, and in truth, while I was scared, I didn’t want this to stop. I finally mustered up some of the courage to say it, and while I knew what my heart was saying, there was till that doubt.

“I don’t know, but my body is acting on its own,” I said.

He then looked at me, gazing deep into my eyes.

“You want to learn how to handle a hefty sausage?” he asked.

I then felt like this was the question of the hour, the one that would determine everything. I knew that I was nervous, mostly because I had no fucking clue what would come out of this. But then, I sighed, and finally, I said it.

“Yes. I do,” I said.

Before I knew it, I was pinned against the doorway, and soon, I felt Collin’s lips against my own, kissing me like there was no tomorrow.

### Chapter Three

For a moment, I was completely lost in this man’s lips. I was scared, that’s for sure. I didn’t know what to do initially, mostly because he was so much stronger than I was. Despite how I looked, with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a killer body, I was terrified of the way I would let myself go the second I found someone I liked, which was part of the reason

why I never seemed to get close to anyone initially. But now, here I was making out with this man, and while at first I had my doubts, I immediately started to realize how nice this was, how wonderful it was to have this man against my body.

I kissed him like there was no tomorrow. The two of us simply stayed in that position, and while I tried to kiss him back, his lips were just too domineering, and soon, it started to become obvious what in the world he wanted. He wanted to overtake me, and while I was a bit unsure of if I wanted that, I then realized the truth.

It was fucking wonderful.

I loved the feeling of it, being at the mercy of this damn man, letting his lips twist against my own, his cock immediately hard against my leg. That was when I realized it. He was huge. I didn't want to think about that just yet, or else the thoughts may become too overwhelming. Instead, I kissed him with a passion, and that's when I felt his tongue invade my mouth.

For a moment, I thought that this was only going to get better with time, and soon, I started to feel his tongue against my own. It was a bit of an awkward sort of tongue, and that's what made me freeze up for but a moment. But then, I started to enjoy the feeling, kissing him back with the same force he did towards me. I enjoyed it, I actually relished in this, and

soon, I let my tongue move against his own lips, the feeling almost too much for me. For a long time, we did just that, grinding against one another, and soon, I got used to the sensation of all of this.

It was certainly overwhelming, mostly because I didn't know what the hell to do with myself for the longest period of time. I mean, I wasn't totally used to this, but then, he pulled away, looking at me with lust-ridden eyes. It's obvious that the man wanted to do this for a while, and in truth, there was no way I could stop now. I was already in too deep, and I definitely enjoyed this.

He then started to move his lips against my neck, lightly kissing against there. I was super sensitive there, and in truth I didn't know that initially, but as he touched against that part there, I cried out, enjoying the sudden sensation of it. He continued this for a little bit, indulging in the sounds that I made, and in truth, he loved hearing them. For a long time he licked and kissed there, being very careful.

“Lift your shirt out of the way, I want to give you something,” he said with a purr against my ear, biting it slightly and causing me to let out a small shriek of surprise and arousal. I didn't realize I was that sensitive there as well. Suddenly, I pulled the edge of the collar away, exposing my pale neck. He then bit down against there, and soon, I started to scream out.

He let his tongue push down against the skin, but he continued to suck against there making me shudder and cry out in wanton need and pleasure. I loved it, and I wanted nothing more than to feel this for a long time. He got in so deep that he left a mark, and soon, after a brief moment or so, he then pulled away, licking the mark that he gave me.

“Be careful, don’t wear any shirts that hang too low over the next few days. You don’t want daddy to find out, right?” he asked me.

I blushed. The way he said it was something else. I simply nodded, agreeing with him. I began to wonder just what the man had planned next, and in truth, I was ready for more.

He then went back to kissing my neck area, letting his lips slowly but surely tease the flesh there. I groaned, aching for more from this man, and soon, he made his way down to my collarbone, licking and sucking on my neck with the smallest of licks and touches. It felt so good, my body immediately tensing up, and soon, I started to cry out.

“Fuck,” I breathed.

He grinned against me, his hands moving towards the hem of my shirt. I began to tense, slightly unsure of this next part.

It wasn't that I didn't want it. I really did, and the need for this man was far too strong, almost intoxicating compared to anything else. But I was scared, mostly because I had no idea what in the world I was going to do next. I didn't know what was coming. I've only ever kissed a guy a few times. I mean, despite being a bitch, my sex life was almost nothing at this point except kissing a couple of guys I went to a dance with. Most of them didn't even try it with me, probably because of my dad.

I gulped as he pulled my shirt off my body, revealing my black bra and my luscious breasts. However despite not being super sexually active, I knew I had curves in all the right places, with breasts that seemed to be for days, and also a plump ass. I knew that whomever I did end up with, I certainly would end up making them really happy.

I felt his hands up against the edge of my breasts, touching them through the cups and squeezing them. I groaned, feeling the sensation of all of this, the aching need within me growing stronger. For a long time, I didn't know what else to do besides sit there and let him play with them. He then moved his hand to the back of my bra, his finger against the clasp.

“May I?” he asked.

In truth, I didn't know. I was scared, mostly because I felt like I was letting myself go too fast. But then, I nodded.

“Yes,” I said.

He then undid the clasp, letting the garment fall off. My breasts were soon exposed, rosy nipples just waiting for him. He licked his lips, and I could tell that he enjoyed the way they did appear before his eyes.

He pressed his lips to one of them licking the tip of it, while his other hand went to my other nipple, pinching the bud with exact precision. I began to cry out, moaning out loud and loving the nature of this. I couldn't believe how nice this was, and soon, he continued the actions, pinching and twisting the buds until they became erect. I moaned out loud, enjoying the nature of this, and soon, I began to feel a sensation within my body. I wanted more, my virgin pussy wet with desire. However, that mingling fear that seemed to like to hang out was still there, and soon, I started to feel him pinch a bit harder, causing the bud to harden, and that's when I felt his tongue curl against the tip of it, flicking it hard. I moaned, aching for more from him, enjoying the nature of this, and soon, the man smiled, amping up the pressure until I could

barely take it, screaming out loud and loving how it felt. It was honestly wonderful, and I didn't regret it once it happened.

He then pulled away, looking down at the obvious erection in his pants.

“You want to handle the sausage?” he asked me.

I almost laughed at that line, nearly ruining the mood. But then, I smiled, nodding in assent and then dropping down to where his pants were. I immediately felt scared, unsure of how this monster would look, but I felt the need to find out. I began to undo his pants, getting the zipper pulled down and the button undone. I slipped my hands to each side of his waist, pulling the garment off my body. It was then when I saw it, the throbbing member waiting for me.

I took in a deep breath. It couldn't believe how fucking huge it was! It was bigger than anything I'd ever seen before. He was about eight inches at full erection, and he was already leaking out a small dribble of precum. I awkwardly grasped it, lightly handling it with small jerks. The result was him making low, guttural moans, sounds that immediately echoed through my ears and made me want to continue this.

I increased the pace, loving the nature of his sounds, the way he continued to breathe, and the groans. That's when I

got the idea to press my mouth to it. I kissed the tip of his cock, letting my tongue graze against the tip of it, and soon, he let out another moan, this time lower and deeper. I immediately felt aroused just from that sound alone, and soon, I started to continue these actions, pushing my tongue against there and loving the way he seemed to respond. Just hearing this was enough for me, making me want to do nothing more than to just continue this. I let my tongue tease against the tip, and then, I pushed my lips over my teeth, and soon, I went down on him.

I could only take him about halfway, and soon, he groaned. I continued to do this, letting my mouth move up and down while my hands moved to where the base of his cock was, stroking it and jerking it slightly. The sounds he made were utterly delicious, and they were something that made me feel even more inclined to continue. It was as if I wanted to hear him make these noises, because it seemed to make me feel something inside I normally wasn't into.

I then started to press my hands a bit harder against there, licking the tip of it once more. That's when I got this bright idea. I've heard of it in porn before, and my breasts were big enough, so I thought I'd try it.

I smashed my breasts in between his cock, licking the tip of it with precision strokes. He moaned, arching his back and loving the way that he sounded as I continued this. He then started to thrust up, and I then pressed my tongue harder

against it. I moved in a rhythm, and I could tell he enjoyed it. The precum that exuded from his dick grew more and more, and I in truth thought that it was the hottest thing to behold. For a long time, I just did this, and that's when it happened.

He pulled away from me. I immediately thought that I did something wrong, but then, he shook his head.

“No. I was so close that I could barely take more of it. I want to be inside of you,” he said.

Hearing those words was both arousing, and a bit terrifying. But then, I simply nodded.

“Okay,” I said.

He then pushed me up against the wall. I hit the cold door with a bit of a sigh, and soon, he pushed his hands to where my jeans were. He undid the fly and button, slipping them down like there was no tomorrow. My shaven pussy was there, ripe and ready for him.

I always kept myself clean down there. I didn't really like pubic hair myself, so doing that simply made me feel better. His fingers touched the tip of my clit, stroking it, and soon, I let out a small whimper of need and desire. He grinned at me, seeing the way I was responding, and soon, he pressed a

finger to my entrance, slipping inside of me. I cried out, feeling my back arch in response to this man. He grinned, moving his fingers in and out, and in truth, I was glad that I actually did this. The feeling was wonderful, something that I indulged, and something that I wanted more of. I continued to feel his finger enter in and out of me, and while the initial stretch took a moment to get used to, I did enjoy it.

Then, he slipped a second finger into me, pressing softly there. I groaned out loud, loving the way that this was making me feel. He was so exact with his motions, and when he scissor the digits against there, I began to moan out loud, feeling the anticipation within my body. For a long time, he continued this, pressing deeper and deeper against me until he hit that spot.

I cried out in pleasure and need, feeling everything overwhelm me slightly. I loved it, and in truth, I wanted nothing more than for this to continue. He continued to finger me there, pushing deeper and deeper, until I was so close I could barely hold back. I then felt him pull away, looking at me.

“You want to be comfortable right?” he asked.

“Yeah. It’s my first time,” I said.

He nodded, understanding this.

“Get on the desk and spread your legs. I promise I’ll be gentle,” he told me with a smile.

I complied, feeling a bit weird about all of this, and soon, I did what he asked. He then grabbed my thighs, spreading them further apart, and soon, he plunged his member into me.

I started to feel tears prick my eyes, unsure of what to do next. I didn’t know if I would like this, and in truth, the pain almost made me stop right then and there. It hurt like hell, and I couldn’t help but let out a small squeak of pain as the cock soon pushed through my virginity. When it did, I felt my eyes bulge out of my head, feeling the pain of it all, and in truth, I wanted to stop.

Then, as soon as I felt that pain, it shortly went away. I then relaxed, feeling a bit shocked by everything and in truth, I loved it regardless. The passions that seemed to erupt from this man were obvious, and soon, he pushed his cock against me once more, this time in a much easier fashion. I began to moan, and soon, he started to move in and out, pressing harder and harder against me. I began to moan, aching for more, and that’s when he started to push in faster and faster. The thrusts were erratic, almost desperate, and I gripped the desk, trying my hardest to hold on.

By this point, it was becoming too slow to even hold onto the desk. He picked me up, still inside of me, and pushed me against the wall. His thrusts continued, and I cried out with every passing moment. This was heavenly, so wonderful, and I wanted this man to just be inside of me forever.

However, that wouldn't be the case, because like all good things, it would soon come to an end. When he pressed his hips at an angle, I cried out, feeling the sudden warmth from before come back. This time, it was so much stronger though, and that's when I came hard, feeling my pussy clench against this man as I screamed out, loving the way that it felt.

He immediately thrust hard into me, groaning out loud as he pressed in deeper and deeper. In truth, I loved how deep the man got, almost as if he was trying to get all the way inside of me. Finally, he groaned, pressing in deep as he let his seed fill me up.

I shuddered, feeling the liquid as deep as it could go inside of me. I loved how he filled me up, and after a few final thrusts, he then pulled away, smiling at me.

“Well” he asked.

“That was...amazing,” I said.

“Good my dear,” he told me with a smile.

I felt like passing out, and soon, I did so, lying in his arms. He dressed me once again, bringing me to the break room and plopping me down on the couch.

In truth, it was probably the best goddamn work day I’ve had in a long time. I felt happy, sexually satisfied, and in truth, I would totally do it again. My dreams were of happy things, things that I wanted to do once more, and in truth, I would be completely okay if I was taken to this place again, if I could play with his sausage once more, and if I could just indulge in these feelings again and again.

## Chapter Four

I slept like a baby for what seemed to be hours. I didn't know what in the world I was going to do next, but when I woke up, I realized I had a blanket on me. It was about an hour after I got off work, and immediately, I began to worry. Did my dad call? Is he pissed? Did Collin tell him what the hell we did? God I hope not, because that would be super embarrassing.

But then, as I got up, I felt that dull ache between my legs. I smiled, remembering immediately what in the world I was doing, and in truth, I began to feel a bit excited when I imagined what happened. I still thought that it was a dream, but it was a dream I didn't want to wake up from, a dream that made me happy.

After the initial shock of the first movement, I made my way over to where he was. When I sat down next to him, he grinned.

“Well? Did you enjoy it?” he asked me with a smile.

“Yeah, but what the hell does this mean?” I asked him.

“It can mean whatever the hell you want it to be, my dear. I mean, if you want to do this again, maybe even make this a regular thing, I would certainly not be against it. You were very good, especially for your first time,” he told me with a smile.

Hearing that compliment totally boosted my confidence to new levels.

“Thank you, sir,” I said.

“Don’t be so formal, my dear. Remember it is me,” he said with a wink.

I nodded, feeling happy about the way he spoke to me, but of course, I felt scared of what might happen next.

“So what about us? I wouldn’t mind doing that again. I mean, I still want to work for you, but I wouldn’t mind that being an extra little bonus to working,” I said with a smile on my face.

He leaned in, capturing my lips with his own. The two of us shared a languid kiss, and soon, I felt like I was in heaven.

“We could definitely do that if you want. But I would suggest not telling your father,” he said to me.

“Why?” I asked him. I mean, I knew the obvious answers, but I also wanted to hear what he had to say.

“That should be obvious. I know for a fact that you’re probably worried about what he might think. I know that he’s definitely a good man, and he means well, but it’s obvious he won’t take the idea of you being with me very well. I know for sure he’s overprotective like no other, and I know that while you do mean well and want to do this, he’s probably going to be mad if he finds out you’re fucking me,” he said with a smile.

“True. Yeah, let’s keep this to ourselves. I don’t want him to find out. I mean, he’s happy for now, especially since I started the job, but he might not want to hear about that,” I said.

“True enough. He did call actually, about an hour ago. He’s wondering where the hell you are. I told him that you’ve

been a good and busy little bee, so you might be staying a bit later than expected,” he told me with a wink.

Fuck. So he was already asking me where the hell I was.

“Did he believe it?” I asked him. I immediately felt scared, especially since I didn’t know if my father would ask me barbed questions the second I got home.

“He did. He’s surprised you enjoy the job as much as you do but I told him straight up that this was for the best, and that this was indeed what you needed. I told him that it builds character, so you’re in the clear,” he said.

Wow, I couldn’t believe that this man went to such lengths to help protect me. The fact that he did was nice, and while I didn’t know what to say initially, I simply smiled.

“Thank you. For everything,” I said.

“You’re welcome. Now, I do suggest that you head back soon. He’s probably going to ask you where you’ve been. Just tell him that you’ve been helping me pack meat,” he told me.

I immediately blushed when I realized he was meaning something else. I waved goodbye, heading back as fast as I could. It was a bit hard to actually run when you're like this, but I took it with stride. I definitely was happier than before, and when I got to my dad's place, I saw him there. When I walked in, he looked at me with a shocked expression.

"There you are. I've been worried," he said.

"Sorry dad. I've been helping Collin pack meat. It's a hard job, and I was in the middle of a job and was doing so well that I wanted to stay and finish up. Extra money, right?" I said with a smile. It was so fake, but that was surely enough for him to believe me.

He then nodded, listening to my words. "I see. Well, that's certainly good for me to hear. I've been worried. It sounds like this job was the right one for you," he said.

"It was dad. Trust me, I've never been happier," I said. Of course, dick also helped with that.

"Good. Well, I'm glad that you're starting to learn character. I was worried you were going to end up being some wild girl who ended up having sex left and right until something bad happened. But you've mellowed out," he told me.

That's what he thought. I simply agreed with my father, trying to hide the lie as best as I could, and soon, I was heading back to where my room was. When I got there I closed the door, sighing in relief.

My dad didn't know shit, which was how I was going to keep it. He didn't need to know about my little secret with the meat man, the butcher I've grown to lie. I mean, he's cute, and he's got a nice cock. This would certainly help pass the time until I was back at school. Of course, I kind of wanted more of this man, and I did ponder the idea of a relationship with him. In truth, it was something I thought about, but something I didn't really know for sure.

Would a relationship work? Or was I totally biting off more than I could chew. He was about five years older than me, so it wasn't anything too terrible, but I don't want my dad to find out or anything. Nevertheless, I knew that there was one aspect of this relationship that was already true, and something that I would keep there.

The relationship was a secret between the two of us, a secret I would keep with me no matter what the odds. I couldn't wait for the next time I would get to go to the butcher shop and do some work, because while I knew I would get to have some fun with actual meat, I couldn't wait to play with

that man's meat once more and truly become the best that I could be at handling his large and hefty sausage.

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Forty Three

## Chapter One

Well, here I was. Standing right next to a room where my fate would either be sealed as that of great, or of negative. I was meeting with four of the most important businessmen in the world, and I had to give a presentation hopefully winning them over to come work for my company. I began to sigh, wondering how this would go.

It was either going to be great, or terrible. I knew how these men could be. Most of the time, they were too busy sticking their heads up their asses to care about what a meager little employee would have to say, but I prayed, at least before I stepped near the doorway, that they might be interested in what I have to offer. I mean, the invention and partnership with them would be amazing. I know that I, Amanda Crawford, could win these guys over, at least that's what I hoped more than anything else.

I walked in, and the receptionist looked me over.

“You are?” she asked with a bland tone.

“Amanda Crawford. I’m here to see Justin, Timothy, and Paul?” I said to her.

She looked at the schedule and then back at me.

“I don’t think they were expecting a woman,” she said with a snide tone.

I always got that crap. Most of the time, people assume the head of Crawford robotics was a dude, but when they met me, all of a sudden everything would change. I hated it, but what could you do.

“No, I’m the head honcho. Now can I see them? I want to make this fast,” I told her.

She then nodded, giving me a piece of paper.

“Here’s the directions to their office. You have about an hour. I know they have other people coming in later on today as well, so I figure you try to make your case fast,” she said.

Gee, way to push me forward, why don’t you? I began to shiver, annoyance resting through my body. I began to head over to where the elevator was, following what she wrote

down. I don't understand why she couldn't just tell me. I guess the less she had to deal with me the better.

Whatever, it's not like my job was to work with her anyways. This was my gathering, my meeting, and I'll hopefully win these guys over in no time.

When I got out, I was immediately following the pathway to where their offices were. I didn't expect it to be so quiet. Maybe they just didn't have any meetings at the present moment. I stepped to the doorway, knocking and hoping this wouldn't turn out badly. When they opened the door, they looked me over, slightly surprised.

"You are?" the one that was blonde asked. Behind him were two brunettes, both of them with looks on their faces that didn't seem amused. I didn't even know if I felt like I belonged here, that's for sure.

"Hello there. I'm Amanda Crawford. I'm here to meet with you people. I'm head of Crawford robotics," I said to them.

They looked me over, unsure of what to make of this. They probably also thought that I was a dude.

“Fair enough. Come on in. But make this fast. I’m Justin, the one with the long brown hair is Paul, and the one with the shorter brown hair is Timothy,” he told me.

I listened to them, all three of them looking at me with looks of disdain. They didn’t want anything to do with me, which kind of made sense, but at the same time did make me feel slightly dejected.

“Don’t worry; I won’t take that much of your time. I’ll make it snappy,” I said.

“Good. I don’t like to dilly-dally,” Paul added.

Damn, these guys were pretty mean. I got over to the podium that was there, watching their bland expressions start to focus on me as I started to speak.

“I came here because I know that you guys are a prominent home furnishing company, and I figured, my robotics might be a good addition to this. I call this, the helper robot. This robot is a perfect addition to any home. It cooks and cleans, and it totally is the future. It’s a pretty remarkable sort of time, don’t you think?” I said, giving a weak smile. Please believe me.

The two men looked at Justin, who seemed to have his eyebrow cocked.

“And how can you prove to me that this robot is the future? Just what does it do?” he asked me.

I then started to rattle off all of the functions, feeling like their gaze was boring into my skull. Ugh, this was terrible. Why in the world did I agree to this sort of crap? It was at the end of this that I looked over at them, telling them all about the features, but not really getting a great response out of this.

“And this is why I would like to collaborate with you on this. I have a few robots already made, and I think selling them with your company would be the best option,” I said.

They looked me over, trying their best to figure out what to do about this. Did they really think I was crazy? Oh gosh.

“Do you have any proof of these robots working?” he asked me.

I tensed, looking over at them and realizing that they were now questioning the validity of this.

“Well, it’s still experimental, but from what we’ve seen from tests, they do what they are expected to do,” I said. I hoped more than anything that would be the last question I’d be asked.

Unfortunately, that wasn’t the case. Instead, I was hit with a volley of other questions that seemed to only make me feel even more uncomfortable. From what model the robots were, to even little minuscule details that obviously didn’t have anything to do with it. Simply put, I was being interrogated, and I already hated this feeling more than anything.

I hoped they would take this, that we could work together and they would invest in my company. They didn’t seem too impressed though, and I was colored worried with the notion that they didn’t want to support me in my endeavors.

“Do you realize what you’re giving us, Amanda?” Justin said.

“No,” I replied.

“You’re giving us an incomplete project. I’m sorry, I know this probably means the world to you, but we can’t

accept this. We just can't. This is incomplete, and frankly, I don't want to support it one bit," Justin said.

"I don't want to either. I know you're trying your hardest, but I'm sure that you probably might get something better from another group of investors that actually do want to take the risk. It's far too much," Paul said.

"I don't even know why the hell we even bothered to listen to you. This is a damn joke," Timothy said.

The three men laughed at me, and I felt a flush of embarrassment start to loom over my body. I wouldn't be ridiculed like this. I was better than this, and I know that they were all just bullies that got off to being dicks towards a woman. I was better than them; I would be the perfect addition to the company. If only they took a chance on me though. I needed them to.

I started to ponder what to do next. I mean, they were all relatively young, attractive, and I'm sure that the other plan that I had in mind might be worth it. But I didn't want them to think I was some wanton whore. However, whatever I needed to use would be used. I then started to step forward, looking at them directly in the eyes.

“What will it take for you to say yes to my demands, to help me with the company that I have in a partnership that will benefit both of us?” I asked them in a poignant manner.

They looked at me, trying their hardest to keep from laughing, when finally Justin spoke.

“It’ll be a lot, honey, but maybe you have some ideas. I mean, if you’ve got another plan up your sleeve, then you can use it. We’re not dismissing you just yet,” he said, looking me over.

That was both a good thing, and yet a bad thing. I began to feel a blush ghosting over my face as I started to undo my top. The men looked at me with surprised glances, probably unsure of what to make of this simply because of the nature of who I was.

“Well, I’ll give you guys an offer you won’t want to refuse. That is, if you’re still willing to listen,” I said with a sultry sort of voice. They immediately sat back down as I moved over to the desk they sat at, nervousness clouding my mind. I mean, would they be into this sort of thing? Or was it too much. I then started to unbutton the top of my top further, showing off my cleavage. I started to look at them square in the eye, wondering what they might be thinking next.

“I have a proposal for you guys. I’ll let you guys have my body, and in return, we work together. I know this might not be the normal way you do things, but consider it my own sort of personal proposal for you three,” I said. I felt completely nervous, mostly because I didn’t know for sure if they were into this kind of thing or not. Would they accept? Or was this a dumb move.

The entire room got silent for a little bit, and soon, I began to fear if they wouldn’t take this. I mean, it’s quality bait, and I mean, it could be the perfect thing for these guys. But I don’t know, maybe I came on too hard. But then, Paul started to clear his throat, speaking in response to my terms.

“You can let us all have your body, right?” he asked me. He looked me up and down, his eyes against the plump backside that I had.

I began to shiver, realizing that he was thinking about other lewd areas. I began to tense up, wondering what else they were thinking. I mean, I’d be okay with it if they were.

“If you guys want it, then you may by all means have this,” I said to them with a darkened voice. I watched as the three of them seemed almost immobilized by the words that I said, almost as if they wanted me to do this with them perhaps it had been far too long since they got some.

Justin looked to the other two, and soon, he looked back at me.

“Fair enough. We’ll take your proposal there Amanda, up the only condition is this: not a single word gets out to anyone else. If anyone finds out about this, consider our deal off. I made sure to move all of my appointments back a couple of hours. That way, we can have all of the extra fun that I’m sure you’d love to have,” he said to me with a lewd voice.

I began to feel my body hit the cold desk, with the three men all ogling my body. I began to wonder how this would all go, how they would treat me today. Of course, I felt both fear for the unknown, mostly because I didn’t know what they had in mind, but also the feeling of excitement too, since this was indeed what I wanted. I craved this, I truly did, and I was ready for whatever they all had for me next, a sort of needful desire that seemed to wrought my bones, making me shiver, and a need that seemed to almost overwhelm me far more than I could ever imagine.

I wanted this, and I know that they did too.

## Chapter Two

The first thing that Justin did was push his lips hard against my own. His lips were soft, and I kind of liked the feeling of this. While he did that, I began to feel hands against my body, caressing my meaty thighs. I began to shiver, loving the slight touch of these men. All three of these men felt utterly divine, and in truth, while I was scared of doing something like this, I was more than ready for this.

I wasn't a virgin, not by any means, and I've never actually used my body in this means before. However, today seemed completely different, as if I was about to completely change myself for the better, and with the way they seemed to be looking at me, I could tell that they wanted this just as much as I did. I started to feel Justin practically shove his tongue down my throat, causing me to let out a garbled sort of noise. But I took it, indulging in the nature of all of this. God my body wanted it, and the way he kissed me without any second thoughts, the lewd motion of his tongue against my own. The way it felt was intoxicating, and soon, I began to feel their hands move towards my blouse, touching it slightly.

For a moment, I contemplated what to do next. I mean, it would be nice to definitely have this. I was horny and desperate for attention, and in truth, these men seemed interested in me. But how far were they willing to go? What in the world did they have in mind?

It was then when I felt the rest of the buttons on my blouse get ripped off, exposing my breasts clad in a white bra. I had nice breasts, probably one of my key features, along with my backside, and soon, I began to feel them all start to move their hands against there. I noticed however, that Justin was heading down another direction. However, it was obvious that Paul and Timothy had other plans for my large and expansive orbs.

They started to undo the back of my bra clasp, pulling it off my body to expose my breasts. They fell out, tumbling out of the garment like it was nothing. They each licked their lips as they saw this, looking over at me with expectant eyes. They probably thought I would tell them to stop, but I was already so far gone that there was no way I would tell them to do that. Not now, not ever.

“You can have a taste if you’d like,” I said.

They each smiled, pushing their lips closer. It was then when I felt the sudden ticklish sensation of both of their lips against each of my nipples, touching and teasing the area there

without any second thoughts. I began to shudder, feeling my body immediately react to this. God I was already losing myself, and as I felt my skirt ride up, my thigh-highs start to go down a bit, I could practically feel the hot kisses and bites against the edge of my thigh, almost caressing up to where the apex between my legs was.

Justin was so good. He teased my inner thigh with the slightest of kisses, making me shiver with delight. My body ached for this, for so much more, and with every single moment in time, with every single passing second, I felt the need for more. The need for him to continue these actions. He wasted no time, giving my thighs one last bite before he got to the edge of my underwear. Instead of pulling it off though, he buried his nose into there, inhaling my feminine scent. He looked up at me, his eyes clouded with lust.

“You’re sopping wet. You wanted this, didn’t you?” he said to me.

I would be lying if I said otherwise. With both of these men sucking my swollen breasts, I already felt completely heavy with pleasure. For a brief second, I didn’t know what else to say, other than to just nod and let him continue to inhale and embrace my scent. While he did that, his lips started to move around the garment, teasing the inside slightly. I began to shiver, feeling everything almost overwhelm me far more than I expected it to.

God, I wanted this, far more than I expected to want something before. But then, before I knew it, he undid my panties, sliding them off my body, exposing my wet, naked womanhood for him to see. He saw the dripping of my need, the desire in my bones, and everything in between.

“God you smell good,” he said, his voice hoarse with need and the eroticism of it all. He started to lick the tip of my clit, causing me to shout out loud with need and desire. Holy crap, I was losing it already, feeling his tongue just barely graze against the tip of my pussy, teasing my clit without any other words or actions. He then moved his hands to each side of my lips, spreading them apart to reveal my aching need and entrance. He started to push his lips against there, his tongue moving slightly against there and making me shiver. I began to moan, aching for more as time started to almost stand still. His tongue was wide and wiggling about, exploring my inner folds. I was already feeling my eyes roll to the back of my head, causing me to let out a series of grunts and moans of need and desire, my aching body craving more.

While he did that, both of the other men started to suck on my breasts harder, teasing the edge of my nipples with their lips. I started to shiver, aching for more with every single moment in time. God this was so good, this was just too good for me, and frankly, I already felt so close. I never came this fast, but with these guys, it was a totally different story with what I was feeling. I tried to hold back, but with all of these

guys teasing, touching, caressing and loving my special parts, it was proving to be far too much for me.

When I felt Justin touch that one place with his tongue, I began to shiver, cry out loud, and scream in ecstasy. I came hard, feeling the affections from these men overwhelm my body. When I finally came down from my high, they backed away, looking at me with a determined expression.

“So...you like that?” Justin asked me.

“Yes. I want more,” I said.

It was then when I felt their lips move away from my body, my hips pulled up so that I was sitting up on the desk. Timothy and Paul looked at one another, nodding in agreement. However, Justin seemed to be the one to move closer, pushing something right against my face.

I began to look at it. It was his crotch. He seemed to be implying for me to have a taste of it. With a nervous glance, I began to pull the fly of his pants off, revealing a clothed erection that strained within his boxers. I started to pull his pants all the way down, along with his boxers, revealing his pinked cock. I began to blush as I looked at this, realizing that I was immediately going to have to take this monster into my mouth. It was bigger than I expected, but that didn't mean I

didn't like it, but rather, it actually made me want to try even more things with this.

I started to prepare myself, pushing my lips apart and settling down against his throbbing member. He began to groan, pushing his hands into my hair and reaching to pull my face closer. I started to bob my head up and down against his shaft, loving the sounds that the other man made as I began to move faster and faster. I quickly began to indulge in this that much more, loving the way the man seemed to just completely and utterly give in to my desires. I loved feeling him groan against me, and in truth, I did enjoy taking him deeper and deeper. I swirled my tongue against the head of his cock, moving further and further down his shaft with every passing moment. He seemed to enjoy that sort of thing, groaning out loud and in a frustration that knew no bounds. I began to take it in deeper and deeper. That was, until I felt another cock join him in my mouth. I looked up in surprise, and there was Timothy, who seemed to be enjoying this sort of thing.

“I want you to take both of us. You can do that, can't you?” he said in almost a sort of derisive tone. I'm sure he was just trying to challenge me, and I knew that this was a challenge I'd be more than willing to accept. I started to open my mouth more, taking the head of both of their cocks into my mouth. I began to shiver as I moved up and down against it, loving the way both of these men groaned in anticipation and need. I started to feel them both push against the back of my head, forcing me to choke both of their cocks down. I felt a

stifling breath start to emit from my mouth. I was surprised by everything, but at the same time, I heavily enjoyed this feeling. I began to take them further and further in, loving the way both of them seemed to enjoy this just as much as I did. I began to move against them faster and faster, not caring about anything else but the sounds that they made, the delicious noises that seemed to only grow more ragged with time.

I wasted no time on this. I began to feel everything in me start to bottle up. I knew that both of these men were close, very close indeed. After a few more thrusts, I began to feel them both push in, tensing up as they groaned in need and desire. I felt them both push their cocks all the way in, spilling their seed down my throat. It was hard to contain both of them, feeling it almost choke me in a sense, but I did as I wanted, keeping my wits about me as I swallowed them completely. I did enjoy the taste of this, that's for sure. I loved the way that it felt having both of them in there, and in truth, I was more than willing to do this again and again. However, as they pulled back, they looked at me with needy eyes, and I could tell that Paul wanted to have a bit of fun as well.

“Do you want more?” Paul asked me.

I nodded. I was pretty desperate for this. He then started to spread my legs, undoing his pants as he pulled them all the way down. I began to watch as he pushed his cock right against my entrance, teasing there. However, Justin stopped him.

“You get her mouth again. She’s really good. I want to start there,” he said with a devilish glance.

Hearing him say that just utterly turned me on. I loved hearing that he wanted this as much as I did. He began to push my legs apart, his cock already hard once gain. I guess he has a good stamina, bouncing back right away. He plunged into me, causing me to let out a stifling groan of need, loving the way that this felt. I began to feel him press all the way in, loving how his cock seemed to just completely tighten inside my hole. It filled me up, made me want nothing more than for this to continue, and in truth, I felt happier than ever before, and more ready than ever.

While he did that, I noticed that Paul was near my face, his cock right up against my lips. I opened my mouth, feeling him move inside. He was a bit smaller than Justin, but he still felt great. Paul then started to move in and out of my lips with slow thrusts initially, but then, he increased the pace, creating much larger, more desperate sorts of thrusts, and a rhythm, that seemed to be unlike anything else I’ve felt before.

I began to feel these two move in tandem with one another, with Paul moving in and out of my mouth for a while, and also feeling Justin move in and out of my pussy without any second thoughts. The two of them continued at a deep rhythm, and soon, I began to shiver. I loved this, and in truth, I

knew that I was close. I also knew that Justin was too, with how fast the thrusts were going, and how desperate everything seemed to become.

For a long time, I just took everything in, with all of this feeling almost like a blur in a sense. However, after a few more thrusts, I began to feel Justin move himself in and out of me, thrusting in and out a few times before he let out a groan.

“Fuck,” he muttered to himself, feeling me against him. My pussy walls tightened as well, feeling him hit that spot within me that made me shudder with anticipation. He then let out a low groan, coming hard against my body. I could feel his cum shoot out, almost decorating my insides. It was hot and wet, and I felt a sort of need that increased within my body, a sort of desperation that only proved to be quite even more amazing and almost mesmerizing with time.

After a bit, he then pulled away, looking at me with a smile on his face.

“You like that?” he asked me.

“Yeah,” I said to him.

“Good. I’m glad that you did. You’re definitely a great fuck,” he said.

“I have another plan for you though,” a voice said.

There was Timothy, who was hard once more, but he seemed to have other plans. There was a packet of lube, and something that looked almost like some sort of beads in his hand. Paul and Justin smiled. Paul was still hard as hell, but I take it that he had other plans for himself in that case. I felt my body get pushed onto all fours on the table, a blush encasing my face.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“Isn’t it obvious? I want a taste of your ass,” he said to me.

I began to wonder just what this might entail, but then, he literally did just that. I felt his tongue start to probe my puckered entrance, causing a slight screech to emit from my mouth. It was mostly out of shock rather than anything else. But his lips started to invade my ass, teasing and touching every single moment, feeling it all completely overwhelm me. I wanted more, and in truth, I started to feel my body move almost towards him involuntarily, my ass begging for more stimulation.

I had never really gotten in too deep on anal play. It was mostly because vaginal seemed to do the trick most of the time. But the fact that timothy was worshipping my plump backside, pushing his tongue further in and spanking it, that I felt that arousal and need within my mind, that aching desire.

He then pulled back, causing me to feel slightly annoyed by his actions. He then pushed the beads against my entrance, one at a time. I had to admit, I did feel a slight burn initially, and for a moment, I began to wonder if I could take this, but then, he started to take it easy, pushing it in and lightly playing with it within my ass. I began to moan, and while he played with the area there, he pushed his hands against my clit; stimulating the area and making me shiver with need and desire.

“That’s the way to do it. You like this don’t you? Me playing with your slutty little ass,” he said.

Hearing those words utterly aroused me, and in truth, I began to wonder just what in the world was going to happen next. I began to feel everything start to change, with all that was happening almost overwhelm me in a sense. I began to feel him push his toy in faster and faster, playing with my clit even more. I felt the arousal that buried itself within me start to increase, and before I knew it, I felt him pull away, looking at me with a smile.

“Well, are you ready for it?” he asked me.

He pulled his cock near my entrance, teasing the puckered flesh there. I felt a small whimper emit from my mouth, a bit of hesitance that seemed to almost wash over my body. Was I really ready for this sort of thing? Was I truly? I began to wonder, however, I knew that there was that aching need within me that said I totally was.

“Yes. Please. I want your cock inside of me,” I said.

I know I sounded like a wanton little whore. I began to feel a bit of a blush start to emit from my mouth. However, that didn't stop him as he pushed himself into me, pressing in deep and making me shiver with delight. I began to cry out, loving the nature of this, feeling everything almost completely overwhelm me. I began to feel it just take me completely, mesmerize me, and in truth, I wanted nothing more than for this to just continue. It hurt like all hell, and for a moment I felt like I was being split open, but in the midst of the pain, I felt his hand continue to stimulate my clit, causing me to feel everything that would soon change.

I began to watch as he thrust into me, causing me to let out a series of grunts and groans. He smacked my ass hard, causing me to let out a couple of small shrieks of pleasure and desire. I loved this far more than I should have, but in all honesty, this was indeed what I craved far more than anything

else. He continued to thrust in and out hard, pushing himself all the way in.

However, he soon picked me up from behind, holding me against the counter and motioning to Paul, who was still stroking his cock to the sight.

“Come on, put it in her,” timothy said.

He didn't need to be told twice. Paul began to push his cock into my orifice, pressing in deeply and filling me up completely. I let out a couple of choked moans, slightly unsure of what to do at this point. It was so goods amazing, and with all that was going on, I began to feel like I was going insane from all of the pleasure and need that was overwhelming me. I definitely wanted to have this again and again, and with every single press of his cock, every single touch, I began to feel like everything was just too much, just so much that I was about to go made. When I felt Paul press into me, both of them thrusting into me at the same time, I felt my body let itself go, the need and arousal immediately wafting through my bones. I loved this. I wanted nothing more than for this to just keep on going forever and ever, for all of this to just happen again and again. After a bit, they each started to increase the pace, and that's when I felt it.

Justin took his cock and pushed it against my mouth. I gasped for but a moment, slightly shocked that he would even

do this, but then, he stuffed it in there. I took it like the good woman I was, pressing my lips against the head of his cock as he began to fuck my mouth heavily. I loved the sensation, the feeling of it all, the immediately actions that came with this, everything felt so amazing. The thrusts from these men, the fact that Paul was hitting right up against my g-spot, and the fact that timothy was plunging deep into my ass, filling me up completely. I felt completely enraptured by these three men, the actions only making me want more and more as time went on.

For a long time, I felt like time had stopped. I continued to feel both of the men that were inside of my feminine areas start to press in deeper and deeper, going at the same pace within, and soon, Justin began to thrust into my mouth harder and harder. It was only a matter of time before everything ended, and while I was both relieved and happy that it would end, at the same time, I felt as if I would miss this.

For a moment, when if felt Timothy inside my ass stop, I thought that I did something wrong. However, he cried out behind me, thrusting in deep and then filling my ass with his seed. I then noticed that the tightness of my walls started to almost strangle Paul's cock, and before I knew it, the guy thrust up against my g-spot, pushing in deep and then crying out as he came hard. When he did that, I let out my own wanton moan, feeling everything begin to change, all of the actions at hand immediately overwhelming my body. That

was when I felt it; when I felt the sudden feeling of my climax immediately wash over my body. It was so good, the pleasure so damn real that it drove me utterly insane. All of this was perfect, so damn perfect that I didn't even know what to do about it.

Finally, there was Justin, who thrust hard into my mouth without any second thoughts. I thought he would just empty against my mouth like he did before but instead the man had other plans. He then pulled out, and he let out a low groan, decorating my face with ribbons of his cum. I felt a small gasp emit from my mouth, mostly out of shock at the fact that he did that. However, he soon pulled away, giving me a slight grin of excitement.

For a long time, none of us spoke. I guess we were all coming down from the highs that we shared. I never thought I would do something like that, but it had been a long time since I was sexually satisfied, and in truth, I began to wonder just what would happen to me next, what would happen to us now, and if I even got the gig.

I really hoped that I did, for it would kind of suck if I did all of that for absolutely nothing. I mean, I doubt they would do that, but who the hell knows.



## Chapter Three

For a long time, we didn't say anything. I wanted to talk to them, but it was obvious that they didn't know where to begin either. I began to blush, thinking about all that was going on, and suddenly, I spoke.

“So about the job...”

“We will definitely be working together,” Justin said.

I began to look at them with such an incredulous look on my face that I thought they were joking. Was this really the truth, was it what I expected? I began to wonder everything at this point, all of the various facets of it all, all of the various nuances of what this might mean for me.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“We're not lying,” Paul said.

“Yes. I loved what we did just now. And you have a killer ass,” Timothy said.

I felt like crying right then and there. I didn't expect them to actually agree to partner up with me. Them, the hottest investment company out there, would partner with little old me, the head of a robotics company desperate for some work and some attention. It all felt almost overwhelming in a sense, and frankly, I was so happy that I could kiss the ground, and maybe even kiss them right there.

“Thank you so much there,” I said to them.

“You're very welcome. You did well too,” Justin said.

I blushed. In all honesty, I really enjoyed that. I mean, normally I didn't act like a whore like that, asking for them to give me the job in exchange for sucking their dicks, but this was a desperate situation. I needed to do what I needed to do in order to make sure that I got what I wanted. Sometimes, that's how you do it.

“Thank you. I'm glad that I was able to satisfy all of you,” I said.

“You did that and so much more,” Timothy said.

“Yeah. Would you perhaps want to do it again sometimes? You know, since we’re working together and all,” Justin added.

I thought about it. I mean, I’d be a damn liar if I said I hadn’t thought about it, since we are working together.

“I mean, that would be amazing, if that is what you guys want too,” I told them. I didn’t want to push them into that direction. I wanted them to work with me because of my skills and talents, not just because of sexual reasons. Of course, the sex did help seal the deal, so I can’t be too damn made.

“Sure. I’d love that then,” Paul said.

“Indeed. You’re definitely worth it,” Timothy said.

“That’s right. Even with all that was going on, I’m sure we would’ve liked to have that as well,” Justin said.

I nodded. “That settles it then. I’ll definitely cater to your personal desires as well, if that’s something you’d so like. But we should aim to keep this our little secret. The last thing I

want is for people to find out that I got this job because I fucked you guys,” I said.

They all laughed, each of them giving me a hug.

“But of course. We wouldn’t want that either. We have a reputation as well you know,” Justin said.

That’s right. They’re supposed to be billionaire investors. The big guys. The ones that don’t take no for an answer. I began to shiver, feeling everything start to come together, and in truth, I felt completely ready for whatever was about to happen next.

“Well, I guess this is it,” I said to them.

“Sure is,” Justin said.

“Yeah. I’m glad that you did prove your worth to us,” Paul added.

“Same here,” Timothy said.

I felt excited about this, happy almost. I wanted nothing more than for this to continue on, for all of this to

completely change everything.

“Yeah. I’ll definitely show you guys what I’m capable of, both in and out of the bedroom,” I said.

We finalized the last of the details, making me happier than ever before. After we did so, I began to wonder just what kind of life I was about to lead. I mean, it’s pretty amazing that they just up and agreed to this kind of thing. I mean, I knew that they would, but the fact that it was done so complacently made me happier than ever before. I wanted to figure out just what to do next, or even what to say. The only thing that I knew for sure was that this was the beginning of it all, the beginning of our future, and the beginning of everything that would change for me.

After the meeting, and filling out the final paperwork, I headed out. The receptionist looked over at me, and I flashed her a weak sort of grin.

“You got what you needed?” she asked.

“Yes. That and then some,” I told her.

“Yeah. Sounds like they really liked you. They cancelled the rest of their meetings for the day. You must have quite the product,” she said to me.

Yeah, if you call my body that. I began to give her a wry smile, feeling happy mostly because I got what I wanted, but also out of sexual satisfaction.

“Well, I’ll be seeing you much more often around here then, that’s for sure,” I told her.

“Right. I guess I’ll be seeing you around,” she said to me.

I headed out, almost skipping to my car at this point. When I got in there, I realized this was indeed the beginning of it all. My product would totally sell, and I would end up making a ton of money. At least, that’s what I wanted to believe. I had a feeling that it was the start of an interesting and very eventual sort of journey, especially in terms of what I would get to explore with all three of those men, but it was a journey I wasn’t afraid to go on, one that made me feel happier than before, and one that made me excited.

I began to feel the feelings that I’ve wanted to have. I know for a fact that this would be a great thing, that this would be quite the challenge for myself, and for others. But of course, with all that was going on, with everything that was said, I knew for a fact that it would only prove to become even more amazing with time. It was the beginning of the future, the beginning of it all, and the beginning of my new life and

existence, something that excited me far more than I dreamed of.

# Story Forty Four

## Chapter One

I got to the clinic, looking around the place. Holy shit, this was terrifying. I knew going to the doctor was going to suck, but I hated the thought of going to this type of doctor.

I sat in the waiting room after meeting with the receptionist. Pictures of babies everywhere made me feel anxious as all fuck. I was just here for some birth control. Not because I was having sex left and right with all the dudes in college. I rarely even swung towards the side of men, but mostly because of my periods. I got really nasty ones, and when I looked it up online, they said birth control could help. Yeah, I know trusting some website forum is probably not the best thing, but I am 18, an adult now, and I should go see the lady doctor anyways.

As I waited tough, seeing these women with bloated bellies was kind of gross. I hated children. I really didn't like them, especially since they scream and cry all the time, but I also was a virgin who was kind of interested in sex. I mean, I know that's a risk to take, but it's still scary. It's part of the reason why I am bisexual, however with a preference of women.

Of course, it's not like I had all of the practice in the world with a woman. Most of the time I got maybe a kiss, and some petting, but that's about it. I've never actually done it with a woman. I've watched a lot of porn, which kind of sold me on the idea that I liked girls and guys, but I've never really had a chance to experiment.

"Mia Lambert?" the receptionist said.

I awkwardly came up there, and when I looked at the assistant, she grinned at me.

"Hey there, I'm Nancy. I heard you're seeing Dr. Jenna Stone today. She's really good," she said.

"Thanks," I awkwardly said, shuffling over. She ushered me over to the scale, which I stood on.

"125. Not bad," she said.

"Yeah. It's muscle. I play soccer," I said.

"Well good. Let's take your blood pressure," the lady said.

Nancy was like talking to my mother in a sense. I wondered if Jenna was anything like that. I mean, if that was the case, maybe this will be all right. I mean, I'm kind of scared still, but hopefully the anxiety goes away.

When I got to another room, they took my blood pressure. I hated these things, but I guess it was good. The assistant then led me to a room.

“Take off your clothes, wear this gown, and put this little cape over your legs. The doctor will then come over and do your checkup,” she told me.

I nodded, feeling the anxiety of the moment overwhelm my body. I mean maybe this will be all right. Maybe. I took off my clothes, including my panties and bra, and soon, I began to feel the worry and fear in my body. Would this be okay? Was this going to be at least tolerable? Or was it going to be painful. I began to feel the worry in my bones, but as I sat there, the hum of the clock seemed to relax me.

I looked around her room. No baby pictures. A feeling of relief seemed to wash over my body. I'm kind of glad I didn't need to have that sitting in my face. I mean shit, this was bad enough that I had to come here period. I know all ladies have to do it, but that doesn't mean that it's any easier.

As I waited, I began to picture what the hell this woman looked like. Was she an older lady like Nancy? Or a younger one? I didn't really know much, other than the fact that she was a woman. I'm so glad I went with a lady doctor. I almost went to a man one on my mom's recommendation, but I felt a bit nervous about that, especially since it was my first time.

Suddenly, I heard a slight knock, and soon, I looked around. She was coming in. I tensed up, and then I heard her voice.

“Are you ready?” the woman said. She had a sweet-sounding voice. Maybe this would be okay.

“Yes,” I finally spat out, fear looming over my body.

She then stepped inside, closing the door and locking it. She turned some sign on there, indicating that the room was occupied with her. I looked her over, and for the first time in a moment, I felt like I was about to lose my mind.

Holy shit. She was hot. I had a hot lady doctor, and already, I could feel my mind threatening to try to do other things than what should be happening at a normal gyno appointment.

“Hello there Mia. How are you?” she asked me. Her voice was so saccharine I felt like I could get lost inside of it. I looked her, over, my eyes practically bulging out of my head. Damn, Jenna was even hotter the second time I looked at her. She had long, black hair and cute bangs, ones that were cropped, and she had piercing blue eyes that I legit felt like I could get lost in. I looked at her body, and while she was wearing a typical doctor’s coat, she had on some very tight pants, and I wondered what her ass looked like. Not only that, she had on a bit of makeup, and it honestly looked cute. She had smaller breasts than I did, but that was totally fine, considering how everything seemed to pan out.

“Hello,” I said.

“You don’t have to be shy you know. This is just a normal checkup. I swear, I don’t bite,” she said.

I sat there, kind of wishing that she would bite, and soon, I took a deep breath, trying to come to terms with the thoughts inside of me. I wanted her. I felt the lust for her that I hadn’t felt before, and in truth, for the first time in a long time, I actually felt a desire bubbling in my body, threatening to get out.



## Chapter Two

I awkwardly sat there, trying my best to hold back these feelings. God, what kind of woman was I? I'm supposed to be here to see the doctor for birth control, not fall head-over-heels for her? But damn, she was pretty, and I take it that she didn't have kids. An extra fucking bonus.

"I'm good. Just extremely nervous," I said.

"Oh I understand. Trust me; going to the doctor is not anyone's favorite thing. I mean, I know for a lot of girls your age, it creates anxiety for you. But trust me, I'll be gentle," she said.

Hearing her say that kind of made me wish she wasn't very gentle, but I simply blushed, trying to hide my face.

"Okay," I said.

“Trust me; we’re not going to do anything you don’t like. I mean, I can certainly do more if that’s what you want. You’re a very pretty girl, and you definitely are at the prime age to get some birth control,” she said to me.

I blushed, but then I nodded. “Yeah. I mean, it’s not like I’m sexually active or anything. I just... I get really bad periods. Like it’s so bad that I have to take a day off from soccer practice many times because of it,” I admitted to her.

“You play soccer? No wonder you’re in such good shape,” she said, her eyes roaming over my body. I don’t know where she even would begin to see my curves in this gown, but it wasn’t like I was complaining.

“Yeah. I stay in shape because of it. Can’t really do much else because my boobs are big,” I said. I had really big boobs naturally for my small frame. Some say I look like one of those anime characters, except a bit thinner.

“I imagine. Well, I can get you started on some birth control that is a bit easier than the norm. How is that?” she asked.

I nodded. “I like that,” I said.

“Good. We can also follow-up if you feel like you need some extra help,” she told me.

I blushed. I mean, a follow-up appointment regardless with this arousing woman was enough for me.

“Yeah. I’d enjoy it,” I said. God, how in the world did I get so lucky? She’s so hot, and she’s definitely one of the best women out there that I’ve met.

“Well, why don’t we begin? I’m just going to check your breasts for any lumps,” she said.

I nodded, feeling the blush that seemed to course over my face. Her hands touched me there, warm compared to my cool skin, and it was all I could do not to moan. God, she was so perfect, so gorgeous, and I began to have feelings. I wanted more. I craved more from this chick, and in truth, I was starting to get ideas that probably weren’t the best to have when your doctor is over here checking your body for lumps.

“No lumps. It seems all good,” she told me.

“Good,” I said, feeling slight relief.

“I also want to check your breathing. This might be a bit cold, but I can assure you, it warms up fast,” she said.

She placed it on my chest, causing me to let out a small, involuntary moan. She gave me a smirk, probably thinking it was the cutest shit ever, and I blushed. I kind of liked her thinking that I was cute, and soon, I began to shiver, watching as she checked the other areas. It was all very standard procedure, and when she pulled back, she looked at me with a reassuring smile.

“You’re all good to go. I marvel at how healthy you are. I’m glad that you don’t have problems, especially at your age,” she said.

“Yeah.”

She then checked the area near where my ovaries were, making sure that I sat up. She then looked at me, almost apologetic in a sense.

“Now the next part is everyone’s least favorite. It’s the speculum. It gets inserted inside of you, and a sample is taken. Cervical cancer is a major problem in women your age, so I want to make sure that you’re safe and healthy as well,” she said.

I began to feel scared. I looked at the instrument. It was so huge. I felt like I was going to have a slight anxiety attack when I stared at it.

“No...please,” I said.

She looked at me, concern on her face.

“Are you a virgin?” she asked me.

I blushed. I then nodded. “Yeah. I mean, I’m getting birth control for my periods, but I’m not totally into guys,” I said.

“I see. Well there is one thing that I could do to help you relax. If you’re okay with it that is,” she offered.

I listened to her. I mean, it’s better than nothing, right? I think it might be something that could help me. I blushed, thinking about whatever I should do next, and that’s when I decided.

I’m going to take a chance. I began to shiver as I looked at her. She then looked deep into my eyes, almost begging for me to say what I wanted to say.

“Are you sure about this? Because once I begin, there is no turning back,” she admonished.

I had a feeling it would be something I’d like anyways. I took a deep breath, wanting to trust her, knowing that at this point, it couldn’t get any worse. Plus, maybe it’ll help with the fear that I have.

“Yes. I want to do this,” I said.

She looked around, making sure that the door was locked. When it was, I saw her come closer to me, her body nearly hovering over mine. I could smell her scent. It was this strange perfume, one that was almost intoxicating to smell. She then did something that a part of me was surprised about, but at the same time, a bit excited for, and anticipation.

She pressed her lips to mine, giving me a chaste kiss, and suddenly. I felt like everything changed, making me feel completely different than I’ve ever felt before.

## Chapter Three

When she pulled away, she looked at me with slight concern.

“You’re okay with that...right?” she asked me, almost as if she was worried about what she did.

In truth, I was more than okay with this. This was almost like a dream come true for me, and the fact that she was so interested in doing this excited me more and more.

“I am. But aren’t you going to get in trouble?” I asked her.

“I mean, unless you say something, this could totally be our little secret together,” she offered, almost giving me a small smile that screamed excitement. I could see the desire in her eyes, the need within them, and in truth, I kind of liked it.

“I didn’t know that you were into girls,” I finally said as she pulled away.

She gave me a small wink, and when she did that, I felt my heart stop for but a moment.

“Yeah. You see no baby pictures, right? I do have a child, but after I had her, I realized I kind of like chicks more. I don’t tend to show her off unless someone asks. She’s a good kid, and while it’s nice to have her, I definitely don’t see myself getting with a man again anytime soon. I prefer women way more these days, and honestly I haven’t really had a desire for a man in a long time,” she said.

I felt like I was hearing angels in heaven the moment I heard that.

“For real?” I said.

“Yes. What about you though?” she asked.

I began to blush. “Bisexual. But I prefer women over men, and I’ve fantasized about being with a woman more than a man,” I told her with a smile.

She then leaned closer, tilting my head up to meet her own. “How about I show you what it’s like then. Let me give you what you want. I can see that you’re not stopping me, especially with the look in your eyes,” she said.

I thought about it. In a sense, this was so wrong, but at the same time, I honestly loved it. I began to stiffen, wondering what the hell I should do. I finally sighed, turning to her and grinning.

“I’ll do it. Please,” I said.

She then gave me another kiss, grinning excitedly. “Good. I’ll make you enjoy being with a woman. However, you have to be a bit quiet. I don’t want the receptionist to hear about this. I don’t have any other patients for an hour, so I’ll give you an hour’s worth of fun, then we can be all business afterwards,” she told me.

I nodded, completely lost in the woman’s eyes. I simply relished in the thought of this, of her doing all of these things to me, when suddenly, she pressed her lips to my own once more. I felt nervous, but as she kissed me, I indulged in this further. I began to kiss her back, moaning out loud as she began to press her lips harder and harder against my own. I began to blush, feeling the tensions of the moment overwhelm my body. She let her lips caress and tease over my own, causing me to let out a small moan of excitement. I wanted more I truly did. And soon, she began to press her tongue to my mouth.

It surprised me, feeling her do this. I began to relish in it though, letting her in, and soon, she began to kiss me with pleasure. I loved the feeling of this, completely submitting myself to her body, and as I looked at her, she seemed super into it as well. I wonder when the last time she got some was. I would imagine not too long considering how hot she was.

She pulled away, smiling at me.

“It’s been a bit. Sorry if I’m rusty,” she said.

I was surprised by that. I looked at her, a bit incredulous with my visage.

“Really?” I asked.

“Yeah. You would think I’d get some all the time, but that’s not the case. I rarely have time to go out after work. I rarely get to have fun like this, so pardon me if I’m a bit... overzealous in a sense,” she told me with a smile.

I wasn’t going to stop her. I simply nodded, grinning.

“You can do whatever you want. Even take my virginity,” I said.

She smiled, excited about that. “Good. Because that was the plan,” she said.

Before I knew it, she moved her lips against my neck, tasting the area there. I began to shiver, feeling the excitement of the moment as she started to let her lips touch and caress against there. I moaned, aching for more as she began to do this. It was obvious that she was enjoying this just as much as I was, and with every touch, every caress and kiss, every moment, it was becoming almost too amazing to bear.

For a brief second, I felt her bite down on the area, causing me to bite my lip in hopes that I wouldn't make too much noise. She sucked on the flesh there, a sound of contentment immediately erupting from her lips. Fuck! I was losing my mind, completely and utterly losing it, and with every single touch, every single moment, and with all the kisses she shared with me, it was all I could do not to completely drown in her feelings, in all that was going on.

“You want this, don't you,” she said to me.

“Yes,” I breathed out, begging for her.

She moved her hands to the hospital gown that they gave me, tearing it off of my body. The sheet was the only

thing that covered me, and as she looked at me, she licked her lips.

“You have quite the amazing body. I would kill for a figure like yours,” she said.

I blushed, and before she could touch me, she pulled away, tearing off her coat, shirt, and bra. I thought that this was some sort of dream, but soon, her small breasts were there. They honestly were cute, about B-cup or so, and as she moved in closer, I began to flush. She moved her hands to my orbs, taking one in her hands, and moving her lips to the other orb, letting her tongue curl over the nipple. She started with the slowest strokes, pressing her tongue against there and then moving towards the tip. I let out a small groan of excitement and desire, feeling the need for more as time went on. She smiled, ready for whatever I would do next as she began to suck on it a bit further, letting her tongue tease and caress over my body, the excitement of it all almost overwhelming to me. She began to suck on it with her lips, her other hand moving towards my other orb, pinching and touching it.

I began to let out a low hiss, feeling the effects of her touch against my body. I didn't know how fast I could lose my mind, or even myself, in this type of situation, but I could tell she was trying to see what she could do to make me go crazy. It was amazing, it was almost like the perfect moment, and as she continued to touch, kiss, and tease every single area, I

began to let out a series of low groans, the aching need for more so obvious that it hurt.

It was then when she pulled away, moving against each of the sides of my hips, straddling me. She then pressed her breasts against me, touching her nipples against my own. The stimulating sensation made me cry out loud, suddenly shocked by the ripples of pleasure that seemed to erupt from my breasts as she did this. She began to my move hands touch, letting me touch them.

“You can play with these too you know,” she said.

It was the first time I ever touched another woman’s naked chest, and in truth, I felt like this was a dream of sorts. I began to lightly play with it, letting one of my hands move towards her nipples, and the sounds that came out of her mouth were utterly delicious. Her nipples were way more sensitive than mine, and that’s saying a lot, and soon, she began to thrust her hips against my own, her still-clothed pussy moving against the little garment that was still there. I looked at her, and she seemed almost like she was overwhelmed by the sheer, rapturous pleasure of the moment. I got a bit adventurous, letting my lips move to her other nipple, letting my tongue move against it. I used the smallest of touches, of teases, of caresses, and even with these little, minuscule touches, I could tell that she was loving it. She seemed lost in the pleasure, completely in her own element because of this, and as I watched her, I could tell from this,

and this alone, that she was close. However, I didn't want to end this yet. In a sense, this was far too perfect, and I wanted to see the doctor completely fall apart, and I wanted her to take me.

I pulled back, and she looked at me, her face flushed and her body almost moving against my own.

“You like them?” she asked.

“Yeah. They're really cute,” I said, taking them each in my hands and pinching them once more. The resulting sounds were utterly adorable, and I began to wonder if I was just watching her lose herself too, or if she still had some control. However, she soon swung her legs back, moving over to me and smiling.

“Tell you what, how about I have a taste of you?” she said.

I looked at her, noticing that she was right over the sheet. Holy crap. She was serious. I began to shudder as she moved her hands over to the edge of the garment, pushing it off of my body. I felt so naked, so exposed and when the cool air hit my pussy like lightning, I began to shudder.

“Fuck,” I said to her.

“You want this, don’t you?” she said with a teasing grin. I did want this. I began to feel as if I was going insane just from her hands moving over to the edges of my thighs, touching it there. It was then she spread my legs, looking me over.

“How about I examine you first, and then give you a reward?” she asked.

“You’re not going to use that...thing, right?” I asked.

“Course not. It’s just to make sure everything looks good,” she said.

She then moved her hands to each of the folds, touching me there. I began to shiver, tensing up as I let out a small cry of lust and desire. She began to press her fingers against the outer lips, letting her thumb move over my clit and labia, caressing there.

“Fuck,” I said, feeling the wetness of my loins start to overwhelm me.

“You look good down there. Your vulva is a perfect little pink, and I love it,” she told me with a bit of a slight

smile.

I watched as she soon started to spread me apart, looking at me inside. I felt so exposed, so under her thumb, that I honestly didn't want anything else. I loved it, I loved being hers, and as she looked me over, she grinned.

“Everything looks good here. Let me see you inside,” she said.

She slipped her fingers to my entrance, lightly stretching me apart. I began to moan out loud, feeling all of this completely enrapture me with every pressing second. I wanted more, I craved more, and soon, she began to press a finger inside. It was tight, and as she explored it, I started to bite my lip, trying to keep from moaning out loud with every passing touch.

“See? You're taking it so well,” she said.

I began to whimper, knowing that the full Monty would be coming sooner rather than later. She continued to tease my folds and edges, loving the small sounds that I made, and as she looked over, I saw that she was excited about this too, almost as much as I was. She then pulled back, smirking with excitement.

“You look good. Now here is your reward,” she told me with a smile.

I then felt her spread me part once again, her lips moving against my ripened pussy. Her tongue started to explore my entrance, caressing each of my folds with her lips. I began to buck my hips, groaning as I lost my mind with every passing touch, every passing moment, and every second that seemed to pass within me. She was so good, and I could feel her tongue go all the way up inside of me, slithering around as she began to lightly play with my clit there.

I tried to hold back. I tried to make sure that I didn't lose it right away, but it felt so good, and soon, I began to feel her lips against the tip of my clit, touching it there and kissing it. She then started to feel me shudder, and I bit my lip as I involuntarily let out a small scream, realizing my feelings and feeling my orgasm completely overwhelm me.

I felt bad for cumming so fast, but then, she pulled away, sucking on the juices that seemed to gush from my aching womanhood and smiling.

“You liked that, don't you?” she said.

“Yeah. That was amazing,” I said.

“I loved it. Do you want to maybe taste me? You don’t have to make me climax. That’s for later,” she said.

I began to wonder just how she wanted me to do that, when I saw her pull down her pants and panties, exposing her wet womanhood. It was dripping, a sign that she wanted this as much as, or maybe more than I did. I began to watch her move closer, but instead of her going against my front, she seemed to turn around, moving backwards against the table. I watched as her pussy hung right over my face, and she grinned at me.

“Push your legs up,” she said,

I did as she told me, and soon, she lowered herself on me. God, this woman had a killer ass too, and in truth, I wanted to touch it, but soon, my thoughts were so distracted because of the feeling of a finger ghosting against my entrance. She pushed it into me, causing me to moan against her. She smiled happy that she muffled me, and soon, she started to move the digit further and further in. I knew what she was doing. She was trying to prepare me for what was to come.

Of course, I already felt like I was in heaven. The scent of her was divine, and I loved the natural scent of a woman, that’s for sure. I began to also feel her push her entrance against my face, and soon, I started to lick the tip of her clit,

causing her to let out a gasp, tensing against my mouth. I could feel the air coming in, a mix of the freshness of the room and her normal sort of essence. I began to let my lips move further and further against her. I began to feel her put another finger inside of me, teasing the edge of my entrance and making me shudder with need and pleasure. She continued to do this, and that's when I did it.

I pushed my hands up, raising them so that I could touch her ass. God, it was so thick, so juicy, and in truth, I buried my face within her, grasping her cheeks as I pushed my face in. She began to moan, stuffing a third finger into there. I didn't even notice the dull stretch, simply because of how good this honestly felt. I was losing my mind already, and just feeling the smell of her, the feeling of her tight body over my own, and the passion of the moment, it was almost utterly intoxicating, that's for sure.

God! I was so close. I nearly lost it right then and there, but then she pulled back. She then looked over at me, and soon, I started to whimper.

“Why did you stop?” I said.

“Because if I didn't, then I wouldn't get to have the fun with you that I want to have. I want to take your innocence, to make you scream out my name in the softest voice you can. I

want you. Sure, I could get off that way, but in truth, that's not what I'm feeling," she told me.

The desire that laced her voice was so obvious, and as I looked at her, I could tell that she was just as needy as I was. I knew that she wanted this, and the fact that she wasn't refusing her feelings, almost begging for me, seemed to arouse me even more than I imagined.

I then wasted no time, spreading my legs as I looked at her. I began to blush, realizing that what I was about to say was kind of embarrassing. I knew that she craved this just as much as I did, and judging from how she was up there, the wetness wasn't just my saliva, but mostly her juices that were the culprit.

"I want this as well. Just remember... please be gentle," I told her. I began to blush, feeling like some little bitch, but it was obvious that this woman was happy.

She looked at me, sliding her hands to my sides and caressing my hips.

"Don't you worry, I'll take it nice and slow," she said into my ear.

She went to her drawer, and I was shocked when she pulled out the double-dildo strap-on she had just lying in there. She looked at me, a glance that seemed almost smoldering in comparison. She then looked at me, seeing the nervousness in my eyes, but then, she pressed her hand to my thigh.

“This might hurt, but I’ll use lube since it is your first time,” she said.

I watched as she grabbed a container, spreading the liquid onto the head of the cock that was about to go inside of me. The toy looked a lot bigger than I expected, and when it grazed itself right against my entrance, I let out a small whimper. She then pushed into me, waiting but a moment before completely sliding in.

Holy shit that hurt. I could feel my hymen being ripped as soon as she pressed into me. I tried my best to hold back the scream, biting until my lip had a small trickle of blood. I mean, I’m sure that the people who would hear it probably would believe that I was just getting the exam, and that I was a virgin, but man, this initial thrust really did hurt. However, she then pulled back slightly, allowing my breathing to go back to normal, and as I looked at her, she gave me a reassuring smile.

“That’s the worst part,” she told me.

I wanted to believe her, but in truth I was kind of terrified of what might happen next. She then pressed it once more into me, which then spurred me into a different mindset. This wasn't all that bad. Instead of it hurting like a motherfucker, this actually felt kind of nice. She began to thrust into me, looking at me and pressing her lips to mine. I got completely lost in her. She was so good, the texture of her lips so firm and tantalizing, and that honestly I felt like I was in heaven as I felt her continue to graze and touch her lips against my own.

The feeling of our bodies together, the way her hand started to massage both our clits as she did this, seemed to completely turn me on. I wanted nothing more than to have this happen forever, for her to continue to thrust into me, to make me utter these lewd as all hell noises each and every time. But soon, I felt something within me, and as I looked at her, she gave me a small grin.

“I know that you're close. You can cum if you want,” she told me.

Those words were enough for me. I then screamed out, bucking my hips with a wanton need and pleasure that I normally didn't feel. I began to feel my orgasm just completely entice me, making me bite my lip until I drew blood once again as I screamed out loud. I began to look at her, and soon, she let out a sigh, tensing up as she came hard

against me as well, letting out a small whine of excitement, loving the feeling of my body against her own.

She then waited a moment before pulling out, putting the toy to the side, looking at me with a smile on her face.

“Well, what did you think? Not bad for your first, right?” she said with a teasing smile.

That damming smile was enough to make me grin back.

“Yeah. That was pretty amazing. I want it again,” I said. Even though my pussy felt raw from the actions, and that there was a small amount of blood, I felt happy. She grabbed some towels, putting it down there and looking at me, giving me a weak grin.

“Sorry about that. It obviously does happen after you have sex the first time. I mean, you probably knew that, but it’s nothing to be afraid of,” she said.

“Yeah. I figured,” I said.

She finished cleaning me off, helping me get back onto the table. She got her clothes back on, sighing as she looked at

me.

“Well, now that that’s over, I guess it’s time to continue the exam. Are you okay with this?” she asked me.

I knew that this would probably still hurt, especially after all that I’ve done, but I nodded, taking a chance and smiling at her.

“Yeah. Let’s do it,” I said.

I was ready to do whatever else was needed for this, especially since there was a chance that I was going to have a better time from here on out. I wanted more of this, craved more of this woman’s touch, and I had a feeling that whatever she did have happen to me next would be great, and she wouldn’t stop until I was happy and satisfied. I did want to try this again, but I also didn’t know if I should ask her yet.

I guess I’ll wait a bit, until the time is right.

## Chapter Four

I sat there as she got the instrument out, putting on some surgical gloves even after all that we did.

“Standard procedure. You should get your gown on too. I’m supposed to have someone else in here. But you know, I bend the rules from time to time,” she said with a smile on her face.

I did as I was told, putting the gown back on and holding the drape over my legs. She unlocked the door, pressed the call button, and a woman came inside. It was some young redhead, and honestly she was pretty cute too. Damn, what’s with this office and having cute doctors?

“Is she ready, ma’am?” the lady asked.

“Yeah. Let’s get this done. We had a little chat together, I think it definitely did help her as well,” she told the other woman.

She gave me a sly glance, and I immediately knew that she was talking about our little romp earlier. It made me blush, made me feel a bit nervous, but at the same time, I felt excited for whatever would happen next. The doctor and her assistant came forward, spreading me out, pushing the instrument in there.

I got to admit, sex was totally not as great as this was, that's for sure. I contorted my face into that of pain, but they managed to get the sample after a bit.

“You did very well, my dear,” the assistant said.

Little did she know that right before this, Jenna was saying the same thing, and as Jenna looked at me, I felt a blush form against my face.

“You did very well. I'm proud of you,” Jenna said. I could tell that she didn't just mean in terms of the exam, but everything in general. I began to blush, looking around and trying to avoid their gazes.

“Thank you,” I said.

“You're welcome. Now, go get your clothes on, and then, you can meet me at the reception desk,” she said.

I knew she was implying something else entirely when she said that. She then started to waltz out, and as I put on my panties and clothing, I began to feel a flush grace against my face.

Fuck, that was some of the hottest shit I've ever done. I wanted to do it again. Jenna was perfect, utterly fucking perfect at this kind of thing. I was kind of jealous, being a bit of a noob and all, but I guess that comes with the territory of having experience. I mean, she had an amazing pussy for someone who popped out some crotch fruit, and honestly, I'd totally do it again. I mean, I don't really see myself having a relationship with Jenna other than causal sex, but who knows, maybe she's cool with a lowly little student like me.

I didn't know if I was getting ahead of myself, or if I was totally doing the right thing. I began to head on out of there, going over to the reception counter. She dismissed the other girls that were there it seemed, and when she saw me, she gave me a smile that said it all.

“So, did you like it?” she asked me with a smirk.

“Yeah. It was...pretty fucking amazing,” I said.

“Good. You were very good for your first time. I mean, I haven’t had an experience with a girl like that, especially with how good it was,” she told me.

I began to blush, realizing that these compliments were totally getting to me as well. She then cleared her throat, looking at me with a stare.

“Now, I do want to see you again. I say next year would be fine for the checkup,” she said.

Great. So I wouldn’t get to see her immediately.

“What about my birth control?” I asked.

“I already sent out the prescription. If anything does happen, don’t hesitate to ask me. I know of many ways to help with this. Sometimes they have adverse reactions, and it’s nothing that we can’t fix,” she told me.

I sighed, feeling relief from all of this.

“Thank you,” I said.

“You’re welcome. Now, if you want to see me again, maybe before your break is over, here’s my number. I can’t really answer before five, but after that, I’m free. I just have to get my daughter a sitter, which is easy,” she said.

I nodded, taking the number and looking at her with wide eyes.

“Thank you,” I said.

“You’re most welcome. I figured that with the way you enjoyed it, you might want something more.

I totally did want something more. “Yeah. That and then some,” I said.

“Well, your wish is my command. I can give you what you want, and you just have to come see little old me,” she told me with the smallest glint of excitement.

Fuck, I was feeling the effects of her looks once again. I was turning redder than a tomato as she gave me the paper with the appointment time and date on there. I felt excited, really excited, and as I looked at her, and then at the paper, I felt a whirlwind of excitement for it all.

I scampered out of there, looking around to see my car over in the corner. I headed on back, my mother asking me how it went. I told her that it was all good, and that everything was utterly perfect. I didn't tell her about what I did with the woman, or even what the entire appointment entailed. I just mentioned that the doctor was a total sweetie, and that it made it a lot easier.

I did have feelings for her, I really did. I didn't know what to do about them, especially at this point. Yeah I was young, but so was she. She didn't look that much older, and who knows, maybe this was the type of life that I wanted in life. I began to blush thinking about the future, about tomorrow, and about what might come from this. I mean, I didn't really know where the future resided, where everything laid, or even what might come about next, but the only thing that I knew for sure, the only thing that I was certain of, was that I discovered what it was like to be with a woman, to be pleased by a woman, and in truth, I wakened a desire for something more, way more than anything I ever thought possible, and honestly, something that I hoped to indulge in again and again.

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Forty Five

## Chapter One

The adrenaline rush going through my veins had me feeling like I was flying by the seat of my pants. It was always this way when I found myself in the presence of something so overwhelming that it felt like I was small in comparison. My breath was short coming in rapid gasps. The competition was what I lived for. There was no better feeling than fighting the velocity of Mother Nature at its best.

The finish line was right there in the distance and this was going to determine whether or not I was going to the world games in Vancouver or someone else would take my place. I knew I had all the tools to be one of the greats. It was as natural as breathing.

I straightened myself out becoming like a bullet down the slopes at a speed that didn't seem possible. Laughing was the only way that I could justify my actions. It just came out. I flew past the competition. I was behind from the beginning because I just couldn't get out of my own head.

I had to stop thinking about him and what I had found when I came home a little earlier than expected a few months

ago. It wasn't that he was cheating on me. It was who he was cheating with.

Lisa was never very choosy when it came to those that spent the night in her bed. We were supposed to be friends and this was the reason why I wanted to beat her on the slopes. It felt good to see the disappointment in her eyes when I was the one that came over the finish line first.

“I didn't think you were going to make it and suddenly you were taking a few unnecessary risks. I've never known you to be reckless and that could have ended badly with many broken bones.” My coach and mentor gave me the confidence to give the sport a chance. I was always good, but I became even better underneath her tutelage.

“I just knew that I had it in me and I was willing to do whatever it took. To succeed there has to be risks for great reward. I'm not going to apologize for an outstanding performance. I think we both know the endorsements have been waiting for the right one to come along. They need to see something special and I was willing to throw them a bone.” There was no way that my parents could afford to send me to the world games in Vancouver. I was depending on these endorsements to give me a free ride.

“I want to talk to you about that and there's no better time than the present. I have some good news and some bad

news. The good news is that the endorsements will be there when you arrive in Vancouver. The bad news is that we won't be getting our hands on the money until a few weeks after your performance. I've made some phone calls on your behalf and hopefully, someone will find it in their hearts to support you in this endeavor. I would pay your way, but my gambling debts piled up pretty quickly." I was the one that finally got her to admit she had a problem.

"I wasn't expecting you to pay my way and I'm sure something will come up at the last second. I've always believed in fate and destiny and I'm not going to stop now. Too many things have happened in my life not to believe there's a reason for everything." I was never a believer in the mumbo jumbo of psychics.

I did have personal experience with healing crystals and those things considered alternative medicine.

"I can't tell you how proud I am of your accomplishments. You're not the typical blonde ski bunny. You're flaming red hair is a signature we are going to profit from. I look forward to seeing your performance in Vancouver. If you can reach down deep like you did today then I see great things in your future." I remembered something in passing about family friends leaving the state of Colorado for a Canadian citizenship in Vancouver.

“I have an idea which should give me free lodging in Vancouver for the duration of my stay.” I was only 5’3, 120 pounds of solid muscle where it mattered. In my youth, I was a little out of control and never hesitated to do something extremely careless. I lived for the pumping of my adrenaline and the racing of my heart at a million miles an hour.

“I’m still holding out hope there might be a sponsor that hasn’t already been taken. They usually fill up pretty quickly months before the event. I warned you ahead of time, but you said that the universe would provide. I never could quite understand your mentality, but I have to say that you always seem to come through in the crunch.” Coach Adams was what I considered someone to emulate. I wanted her to know all of her hard work wasn’t for nothing.

“I’ve sacrificed a lot to be here including my family. They understand this is my dream and they have given me their blessings to do whatever it takes to make it big.” I had been secretly taking classes on the Internet to give me that safety net. I did believe everything had a purpose, but I was not foolish to think that accidents couldn’t happen.

“I know all about your work ethic and how you have given everything to be here. I heard about your boy problems and I was worried that you were going to allow him to get the best of you. Emotions won’t help you and there’s no point in dwelling on something that is over. I’ve learned the hard way over the years to separate personal from business. It would be

a good idea if you could take on the same trait. Don't let anything stand in your way and be your own destiny." She was a mother figure and I only saw my family on special occasions and holidays.

I was still getting over the sting of a relationship that should have been my support system. Unfortunately, I couldn't trust anyone with my heart after finding him in bed with another. Walking away wasn't easy and the key to my heart was shattered. I was still reeling from the effects and the vivid imagery of him on top of her of all people.

They claimed it was a mistake and they were only finding closure for the relationship. I knew they were lying and I decided to cut my losses before getting in too deep. Love was a fickle mistress.

"I'm a little more hardened and seasoned for my 22 years." My sex life was dismal and I wasn't about to find an available piece of ass to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh.

It was a distraction, but I did feel the burning desire to be with someone after the competition. Mostly, I would take matters into my own hands with some adult novelties I had bought for my collection.

“Don’t underestimate the power of losing a man and what it can do to your psyche. This is a relatively fresh wound and my suggestion is that you find something to take your mind off of it. I’ve always found the best way to do that is by getting under another.” The red and white ski outfit with matching gloves and boots molded to my body like a second skin.

“I’m not immune to a man’s charms or the way they look at me with only one thing on their mind. I’m what you would consider a camel when it comes to satisfying those urges. There are times it becomes too hard to resist. It’s been a few months and maybe that’s the reason why he turned to another.” I was finding excuses when I knew the only answer was that we were not right for one another.

“Don’t do that and he’s not worth the effort. Concentrate on the days ahead and not the past. Forget about it and move on. Giving him any kind of power only makes you vulnerable and weak. You can’t afford to lose a step. The only stumbling block is whether or not you will have a place to stay when you get there.” I knew that my father was in touch with those family friends I had been thinking about. I couldn’t even remember their names. I got the feeling that maybe it started with a K or a C.

“I’ll let you know how everything works out and by all means contact me if you hear of any other openings concerning sponsorship. I’m not holding my breath. I don’t

want to put anybody out even if it is my future we're talking about. I never want to be a burden." My passion for the sport was never in question.

My dedication was above reproach and it gave me a giddy little thrill to put Lisa in her place. The downtrodden expression on her face was a good way to exact a little bit of revenge for sleeping with my boyfriend.

## Chapter Two

The chill in the air made those unprepared shiver in place, but I wasn't one of them. Others would want to live in paradise with the white sands and tropical drinks in hand. I was more at home with the snow swirling around on the roads. Each snowflake was different in their way. No one was identical.

I'd spoken to Kenneth and Carla with the phone number provided by my father. He never promised me anything and told me that it was in my hands. I couldn't imagine a better conversation than with the two of them. They were quite tickled pink that I was coming to visit. They were thrilled to offer me free room and meals for as long as I was going to stay.

"You don't look anything like you did when you were 13." It was a statement that would have most likely come from a male, but this one was of the female persuasion. "I came to visit to look after your mother when she was sick. You were a rebellious child and you were lucky that you weren't my daughter. I've always been a big believer in punishing for

misbehaving.” I turned and found her hovering over me like an Amazonian princess.

She had big bones and her breasts were mountains onto themselves. There was no time during my youthful indiscretion that I had ever thought about being with a woman.

The skintight white sweater did nothing to hide her attributes. The high beams were easily her best feature not including legs that went to heaven and beyond.

“Carla, I was a bit bitter back when my parents were separated. I learned from my mistakes and I took my attitude into the arena of skiing. It releases endorphins, unlike anything I’ve ever experienced before.” She got this smirk on her face and I began to think that I would have loved to have the ability to read her mind.

“You’re too young to have the kind experience to render that kind of statement. I’m sure there’s something I can come up with to give your body the same jolt of excitement you get from strapping on a pair of skis.” I wasn’t sure, but I could see that her nipples were quite noticeable through that sweater. It was possible she wasn’t wearing a bra and was allowing the elements to tickle her fancy.

“Don’t pay attention to my wife and she always gets this way when I don’t give it to her on a regular basis. She only has herself to blame. Introducing me to a cleanse involving disgusting smoothies and working my body until I am almost ready to pass out doesn’t leave me much for bedroom activities.” They were very comfortable with their sexuality and made it sound natural to be speaking to me in these terms.

“It doesn’t look like you would have too many problems performing.” I couldn’t believe I had a pair of grapefruits to say something like that.

“We’re going to have to be careful with this one, Kenneth. She has a mouth on her and doesn’t mind using it. I do believe this is a great way to reunite old friends. I know you probably have a lot of training to do. The site for the world games is no more than walking distance from our house. I suspect you’re going to need some fuel for the fire. I like to dabble in the kitchen and I’ve been boning up on recipes for what a growing girl like you will need to crush the competition.” Her long black hair made me want to touch it and run my fingers through her locks.

“My wife is an amazing cook and I’ve been very lucky to have a high metabolism to burn off the calories. I had a health scare a few months ago and now we are on this healthy regimen. I’ve never felt better, but there’s truth in the saying no pain no gain.” His shoulders were huge and could easily

manhandle me into submission. His chest was making it hard to sit still for any length of time.

I walked ahead of them. I could hear them talking and laughing supposedly at my expense. I didn't want to be the butt of anybody's joke, but I had a feeling there was more going on here than idle chit-chat.

"I've taken the liberty of making the guest room and I hope it's to your liking. We do have to warn you that we can be pretty loud in the bedroom when things become too hot to handle. He may not be able to give it to me every day, but he does more than make up for it when we do find time to be together." Kenneth was born to fuck and the way that he looked at me made me feel vulnerable and exposed.

He wasn't the only one. Carla was also giving me images in my head I had never even contemplated before.

I remembered what my father said and he told me to be careful with the two of them. They were carefree and lived a minimalist kind of lifestyle with only what they needed and not what they wanted. He claimed they had a hipster vibe.

"I just need a warm place to lie down and I can do my share of the cooking." Her hand on my shoulder was soon followed by his with my legs ready to collapse. I was

breathing deeply trying to compose my thoughts without alerting them to the moisture in my panties.

“You haven’t lived until you’ve had my husband’s sausage. It’s very juicy and he likes to make sure that my appetite is satisfied. I would be remiss if I didn’t say that there’s always room for pie.” It didn’t sound like she was talking about food. The flex of his organ inside his tight pants showed me that her attempt at not so subtle dirty talk had gotten a rise out of him.

“I’m sure a growing girl like you likes a fair amount of meat in her diet. I know athletes swear by pasta, but I don’t see why you can’t have a daily helping of protein.” It was his turn to get in on the act. I could literally feel him burning a hole in my ski pants from behind.

I was in the back seat with Kenneth and it seemed Carla knew her way around like the back of her hand. She navigated through the traffic and was very close to hitting a pedestrian. My heart was literally in my mouth and then my fingernails were gripping Kenneth’s very strong leg.

I could feel the mushroom shape of his knob pressing quite distinctly down the left side of his leg. Holding onto it became my lifeline as she made my life flash before my eyes. It felt like I was compelled to massage the length of his pipe.

“It looks like we have found ourselves someone of like mind. Your driving either scares them to death or excites every part of them. I’m pleased to report that Sienna is the latter mentality. This one is going to be a firecracker.” His statement made me understand this was not their first time indulging in extracurricular activities with another.

“It’s going to take us some time to get back to our house. I know all the shortcuts, but the influx of tourists during this time of year makes it difficult. The windows are tinted and it would really make the time go faster if you were to go down on Kenneth. Show him that not every woman is the same when they show their oral prowess. I’m sure that he would enjoy making the comparison. I don’t think I need to warn you he’s a bit more than a mouthful.” She was giving me the green light to take that nice piece out of his pants to get a closer look.

“Don’t look at me and she has always had the power in this relationship. I would say you have gotten her attention not to mention the attention of another part of my anatomy.” Those black jeans were making his excitement quite evident.

“I don’t think I’ve ever met a couple quite like the both of you. It’s not a complaint and more a statement of fact. I’m not usually this willing to jump into the deep end without water wings. I’m virtually a stranger and maybe that’s a good thing.” My fingers began climbing the long and demanding object of my affection.

Carla was licking her lips and watching in the mirror with her eyes blazing with the fire of passion. She wasn't blinking the entire time that I was pulling down his zipper and finding his briefs could barely contain what he had to offer. It was huge and I very carefully reached into feel his flesh with my fingers.

“You weren't kidding when you said it's more than a mouthful. I'm not sure that I'm going to be able to get into my mouth.” I was hesitant, but I wasn't going to allow his size to be intimidating.

“It takes practice, but I'm sure you're up to the task. Go ahead and you have no idea what this does for me. I get off on seeing the pleasure on his face. I love seeing somebody else make him cum. I can be the voyeur. I'll enjoy how your lips will send him over the edge. We don't stand on ceremony around here.” It popped free from the prison of his briefs with the long vein down the back quite pronounced.

“I hope you're not expecting a hair trigger and she doesn't call me the marathon man for nothing.” He was probably daring me to pull out all the stops.

It was already drooling down the sides and the thick cream coated the fingers which were wrapped around his girth. Using his sticky lubricant, I slid my fingers up and down

making sure to concentrate on the head. I was no stranger to a man's pleasure.

“I can attest that what he says is true and you're certainly going to have your work cut out for you. I want you to take it as a challenge. It wouldn't hurt my feelings if you're able to make him into your sexual puppet.” Taking his knob into my mouth was followed by a short burst which caught me off guard for a moment.

Stroking and sucking at the same time was a good way to hear him moan in defiance. He was doing his best to stay still and I appreciated his attempt to allow me to do the work. It was quite a thrill to explore every single inch including the full balls. I was able to capture them and I wanted more room to maneuver.

“It would be best to get these things down around your ankles.” I heard a breathless exclamation and I turned to see that Carla was gripping the steering wheel tightly with both hands.

I figured by now that she would have her hand down her pants, but she was fighting that natural urge.

“I like the way you think, Sienna.” He helped to get his pants and his underwear out of my way.

Less than an hour ago, I was getting off the plane and now I was in the back of this truck about to suck an older man's cock.

“I can honestly say I've never seen anything this big outside of the Internet. I have searched, but I was unable to find something of this magnitude. I guess good things come to those who wait.” I inhaled the head, letting it stretch my jaws and it forced me to use the slippery surface of my tongue to allow him entry.

“I would say you are a natural and some can barely lick the head. Take your time and I want you to be as comfortable as possible.” The seatbelt was hampering my progress, but I was making do with the space I had been given. It had been months since being in this position and it was like riding a bicycle.

“I had no expectations when you called us out of the blue. There's always a feeling out period and then we make our move. It didn't take much to get you with my husband's cock in your mouth. I wonder what it would take to get his cock in your wet hole. Perhaps, if I were to promise that I would sit on your face at the same time would help you to make the decision.” They were contagious and were quickly becoming a guilty pleasure.



## Chapter Three

Sucking his cock was a pleasure and I purposely slowed down my technique to keep him from losing it. There was no point in denying him forever. I was enjoying the way that he was squirming and how Carla was giving me her undivided attention.

“I haven’t seen somebody suck his cock with that kind of enthusiasm in quite some time. You really enjoy it and it’s something that we have in common. Coming here might be the best thing that you’ve ever done in your life. I know we are very happy with the results.” She was having a hard time speaking clearly, no doubt with her body crying out for some kind of satisfaction.

“I would not be the least bit put off if you were to enjoy the view in a more profound way.” I hadn’t been able to consume all of him, but I was getting closer with each effort. His endowment was disappearing and I was soon touching my lips to his stomach.

“It’s not easy abstaining, but I’m sure that you will make it up to me when we get back to our place. Keep doing what you’re doing and let’s see if you can finish the job before we get there.” I was getting more confident with long strides of my lips moving up and down. I was touching on every nerve ending I could find.

“I was ready 5 minutes ago. You’re driving me crazy and you know the more time you waste the stronger my orgasm is going to be.” This was one thing I was counting on and building him up to the big finish was my pleasure.

“Honey, you may not know this, but girls sometimes hunger for the seed boiling inside you. There are times I find it necessary to hold you back for as long as possible. I do admit to a certain fascination with the way your face contorts into a mask of euphoria. That feeling building up is better than any drug on the market today.” It began to pump and I squeezed off the flow with the head looking like it was going to explode.

Slapping the head caused it to jerk and squirt a little bit all over his knob. It was quite thick and I couldn’t help myself to taste it with the tip of my tongue. This only produced more of the same. I was now anxious to bring this to an end.

Grabbing onto his cock head with my lips, I stuck out my tongue and began to swirl it in a maddening fashion. He was grunting his response and pushing his pelvis off the chair

getting the deepest suction he could get from my mouth. My hand wrapped around him and was working in tandem until I could sense the inevitable.

“Keep doing that...keep fucking doing that... YESSSSSSSS.” His moan of desire was followed by the bursting of the dam between his legs.

I sealed my lips around the crown, still working my fingers up and down without stopping even during this momentous moment.

“Yeah...just like that...drain him of every drop and leave him powerless to resist.” Carla was definitely a woman after my own heart. There was real power in getting down to the business of oral satisfaction.

Swallowing it was an effort and he just kept firing shots of jizz into my mouth. I forgot what it was like to be on the receiving end of such volume. It cascaded over my tongue leaving streaks along the surface to the back of my mouth.

“I hope for your sake that you’re going to clean up the mess you made. Don’t forget about what my wife said about punishing for misbehaving. I have a good leather belt and I know how to wield it.” I looked at him and I smiled while still moving my tongue in a frantic pace to get it all.

“Kenneth, I don’t think you’re going to have to worry about her.” He tasted like the best dessert I’d ever put into my mouth.

There was nothing left by the time I was finished. The lingering aftertaste only made me want to do it again. He would need time to replenish, but I had another that still required my brand of satisfaction.

I carried my luggage, pushing it through the fresh layer of powder on the ground until I was standing in the threshold of their cabin. It was two stories and the varnished wood inside was something to marvel at. I was counting my lucky stars for finding sponsorship with people willing to take me by the hand in and out of the bedroom.

There was hot breath on the back of my neck and then a pair of lips signaled something more than a passing fancy down below the equator. It was a feminine touch and she managed to weasel her way into the back of my pants. She managed to tickle my rosebud and then moved further down until she could feel how soaking wet I was.

“Those panties are going to have to come off.” Her hands roamed freely over my breasts, pinching the nipples and then she was undoing the button on my pants followed by the zipper.

I was frozen in place unable to move. I knew Kenneth was probably watching this display.

“I’ve never done anything with...a woman.” My confession did not break me free of her tongue licking the fabric of my panties.

“You’ll find that my wife is a good teacher.” He took my hands and pulled them behind me.

I heard the snap of the leather and I tried to move but I was at their mercy. I couldn’t have done anything to stop them. It was a good excuse to let them do whatever they wanted.

My sweater went over my head and my bra was summarily released. He was soon biting my neck and pulling my hair. His tongue insistently moved around my lobe and then he tugged at it with his teeth.

It was good thing there was a couch right in front of me. I swooned forward over the top of the couch while biting my bottom lip from the pleasure being induced.

“I love how you taste and I could stay down here for hours just enjoying the sounds coming out of your mouth.”

She was tracing her finger and then penetrating the interior of my scalding essence. “You’re fucking tight and I only wish that I could feel what my husband is going to feel. I’m going to have to live vicariously through him.” She slapped the cheeks of my ass.

Every part of me was being stimulated, but my mouth was currently looking for something to satisfy a thirst I never thought was possible.

Kenneth was completely naked, showing off his muscles, but the flexing organ of his excitement was getting a necessary reprieve. I reached out and my hot tongue was enough to seal his fate. He wasn’t going to remain out of commission for long.

“I give you permission to get him ready for this hot little body.” There was a trail of clothing starting at the door which made its way over to the couch.

“You heard my wife and I don’t think that you should take the invitation lightly.” He was standing on the couch, feeding me the power of his loins. It only made me that much more anxious to feel him inside of me.

“I love the way you suck his cock with your eyes claiming to be bigger than your belly. The way he bulges in

your throat and how your eyes well up with the effort only makes me finger bang your twat even harder than I was before.” She knew what she was doing and had me groaning with hungry determination around his member.

My legs were shaking and my eyes were looking up at him with this big smile on his face. He was having the time his life fucking my face and holding onto my ears for support.

“The way you look at me with your eyes glazed over gives me fuel for the fire. We should curb our appetite until after dinner.” I was stunned into breathless silence when he extracted himself from the warmth of my womanly caress. He released me from the belt.

“I’ll go into the kitchen and make us something for dinner. I have a decadent dish that will stick to your ribs.” They left me hanging there over the couch naked and dripping down the inside of my legs.

“Sienna, you’ll find your room upstairs on the left and this will give you the opportunity to freshen up. My husband will be up shortly with something for you to wear for dinner.” I was unsteady on my feet and had to hold onto the railing on my way up to the second landing.

Stopping at the top, I was able to look at the progression of their marriage starting from their wedding day. She seemed unable to look him in the eye at the altar. Later versions showed a different woman and something had to happen to bring them to this freedom to explore.

I had to take a quick shower to douse the flames which they had caused by rubbing me the right way. I could've easily taken on a football team. They had stopped things before they could go any further.

“Carla requests you wear this to dinner.” I expected to find some tasteful dress with just a modicum of skin showing. What I got instead was nothing short of scandalous. It was see through. I felt like I was a different woman wearing it.

I wanted to give him a show, but he had already turned to leave before I had gotten into the garment. It was silky against my skin, but I knew it was going to put a spotlight on me. I was suddenly nervous and about to go to dinner with hardly anything on.

Tomorrow was my first day of training in this new environment and my coach was going to be there to greet me in person. She could barely afford her own ticket and how she made out for lodging was anybody's guess. I lucked out on finding a kinky diversion from the tedious amount of time that I was going to take to the slopes.

My breath was short as I descended the stairs leading into the kitchen. The aroma of some kind of stew was hitting me like a ton of bricks. She was standing at the stove naked from the waist down and Kenneth was sitting at the table naked from the waist up.

“I hope you are hungry for more than just food.” Her tone was seductive and I reached for a chair only to have Kenneth hold it with his foot to prevent me from sitting down.

## Chapter Four

I stood there motionless trying to figure out what their game was. He informed me by tapping the table that my seat was going to be right in front of them. I jumped when she slapped my ass on the way around to the other side of the table.

I sat down on his plate and he grabbed for the material before giving a yank. It tore like paper down the middle stripping me of the pretense of being demure. There was nothing complicated with the way that they were looking at me.

She sat down beside her husband to feast her eyes on the wet slit down the middle.

“There’s always room for an appetizer before the main course. I’m a woman of considerable appetite.” I was liberated of my clothes and she peeled off her sweater to reveal nipple capped mountains.

My legs were dangling over the side of the very well put together table. It was made of solid Oak. She pulled me towards her and was sensuously moving her fingers underneath me. The flitting presence of her tongue along the lips was bringing my little friend out to play. It was quite enlarged and she was denying me the pleasure of her lips wrapped around it.

I was soon kicking my heels out against the chair she was sitting on. I was twisting my head from side to side and sending some of the cutlery and dishes to the floor. She was injecting new life in-between my legs. Her ravenous approach was met with enthusiasm on my part.

Kenneth was stroking his hard on with his excitement bubbling over the top. He was waiting his turn. I had no idea a woman's lips would feel so amazing. It was giving me something to think about concerning the possibility of adding the other half of the population to my sexual repertoire.

“Damn...you two girls are really going at it. I don't see any reason why you would need me around. Wait... I think that I have nine good reasons.” He was priming his stiffness and there was no denying he was ready to break through whatever resistance he was going to find.

My legs were over her shoulders and she was scratching the inside of my thighs to insert some of her

dominance. I was craving something more than her agile tongue. The feeling was clawing along my lower extremities. Her finger made contact with my G spot and she took the opportunity to touch her hot tongue to my clit.

I came with my arms and legs flying in all directions. There was a litany of dirty talk making it hard for him to stand there any longer than necessary.

“I want cock... I want hard experienced cock... I want it now.” My body was desperate and he was more than willing to take his place at the fountain of youth.

“I’m going to be right behind him and you’ll be able to see me over his shoulder. I’m going to fuck you with his cock and set the pace for what is obviously going to be a mind blowing experience.” I used to like my love making sweet, but this overwhelming lust was hard to contain.

“I have to have her and why do you keep her out of my reach.” I felt the head begin to push against the already soaking and sodden lips of my sex.

It didn’t look like it was going to fit and it was her hips which forced him to push past the first obstacle.

“I know that you can’t keep your hands to yourself and this is my way to keep you from finding something else on the side. Go ahead and enjoy it on my terms. Don’t even think about moving unless I give you permission.” She had her hands wrapped around his waist and was slowly guiding the length of his pipe to the lips. They were soon kissing the shaft.

“You’ve always taken good care of me, but maybe you should sit on her face. We can look at each other while she satisfies us from both ends.” She quickly got on the table and straddled my face with her clean shaven cunt right there for the taking.

“Tempting me with her tongue is dirty pool.” She lowered herself and I slipped her the tongue at the same time that he was drilling the enormity of his appendage into me.

I screamed, but my excitement was muffled by how she was suffocating me with her thighs firmly closed against my head.

The table began to move. This kind of craftsmanship was hard to come by. They must’ve had it custom made to take the brunt of whatever activities they were planning on using it for.

“I get no better pleasure than fucking this little hole and watching you so close to climax that it isn’t funny. I would love for all of us to go off at the same time, but I don’t think the first time needs to be a photo finish.” His head was repeatedly hitting the overhead lamp. It didn’t seem to slow down the fire in his loins.

“Yes...you are a breath of fresh air and there’s no better testament to what you are doing than how I am going to scream my head off.” Her cream was delicious and I could’ve used a spoon and sat there devouring all of her. I was using my fingers to scoop out what was dripping out of her.

I could barely concentrate on the way that he was fucking me with relentless strokes of encouragement. He was stimulating every time he pulled all the way out and then rammed like a battering ram back in.

“I hope you know this isn’t the only time we are going to attack you like this. It’s the one caveat of living here which I’m sure you’re not going to put up any fuss about. We like young women to share together and it’s very rare when we find one we agree on. It’s even rarer when we find one that is up to the challenge of being with a couple.” The muscles in his legs were fatigued, but he was striving to push the envelope.

“I want you to shoot your load all over her pussy lips. Come on...I know the signs and you’re just about ready to

blow. Let's see what I can't do to get you there quicker." It would stand to reason that she would know what buttons to push.

They had been together long enough and I was curious to see how he was going to react to what she was going to do to him.

She showed him her nails and then grazed them lightly down his chest concentrating on the hardened buds of his nipples. This caused his body to react with jerks of appreciation.

His head was thrown back and he was moaning loud enough for me to hear him even with her thighs blocking out everything.

Darting my tongue in and out of her worked in my favor. The friction of him along those wet lips and the inner muscles squeezing his inches brought forth more than I bargained for. I was screaming and he was uncorking the bottle and letting the champagne of his white hot seed escape. He pulled out and it streamed all the way to my neck. I felt like a glazed donut.

We lay there on top of the table sticking to one another and I was the icing in the middle. They had their hands

wrapped around me and then we were sitting at the table eating the stew. She was an amazing cook and I kept looking at her. She wasn't bashful and it made me feel good to know that I was in capable hands.

“We don't want to give you the wrong impression of us. What you see here is us being selective with those partners that we are willing to share with one another. Standing by one another over the years brought to light some secret kinks. We've been honest with one another and it helped to solidify our relationship.” Carla was holding his hand and then she was sucking two of his fingers giving me ideas for the future.

“You don't have to explain the dynamics of your relationship and I'm just glad to be a part of it. I'll be happy to do the dishes and then join you in the bedroom upstairs after I'm done.” They were making eyes at one another and I was going to find them in the throes of passion.

The next few days were draining on the slopes and I was depleted until I was able to see them waiting for me on my return. Training for the games was nothing compared to the acrobatics I performed on a daily basis with one or both of them.

The sex was good for my stamina and I managed to perform better than my expectations. After the games, I moved

in with them and I took a position where I was teaching the next generation how to become the next big thing.

I still competed, but it was at the request of my endorsements. I was living the life I always wanted to and all it took was a change of venue. I had the best of both worlds.

# Story Forty Six

Marlene Devlin stood with her hands on her hips and stared at the stuffed heads of the animals that adorned the high walls of her husband's stately manor. Trophies all of them were, from far and wide all over the world. She didn't feel any different from them. She too was a trophy for Percival Scott Devlin, the most accomplished sportsman and hunter of the decade.

"Most impressive, wouldn't you say, my dear." Her husband walked toward her with two glasses of champagne in his hands.

"Yes, indeed." She smiled at him and accepted one. He was several years older than her. A handsome man and very well groomed, and she was quite pleased when he had proposed to her. And why wouldn't one of the wealthiest men of the country take such a bold step. She was, after all, the grand winner of the most prestigious beauty pageant of the nation. And though she knew he had merely acquired her as he did the rest of his trophies, it was only the hunt that excited him. His duties as a husband, though rather prompt at giving her everything of material means, was rather shortcoming when it mattered the most, in her bed.

At twenty years of age, Marlene did consider herself very fortunate to get the best of everything. Tall, exquisitely

beautiful, blonde and blue eyed, with a figure most women would kill for, Marlene had everything going for her. Except of course the loving attentions of her husband in the privacy of their bedroom. Percival Scott Devlin was always preoccupied with acquiring what he wanted, and had almost no time for what he had acquired. His need for the hunt more often than not kept him away from home for days on end, and that was growing rather tiresome for Marlene.

“Ah, yes... but no collection is complete without its crowning glory.” Devlin said with a sip of his drink. “I must have an African lion for the center piece of this arrangement.”

“Another one?” She replied in a bored tone. “Isn’t all of this enough?”

“It never is, my dear.” Her husband gave her a grin. “You think you may have everything, but there’s always something better waiting for you over the next horizon.”

She sighed deeply. He would never guess how true that was. She had everything, and yet nothing. He would be off on another one of his hunting trips, probably for months. A thought crossed her mind, germinated and then her eyes lit up.

“So it is Africa again?” She asked him.

“Yes... the western plains this time.” The tall distinguished man nodded as he stared at a blank spot on the wall. “It is the season for lions, and I have had reports of a rather handsome beast marking out his territory.”

“When will you be leaving?” Marlene inquired with an air of indifference.

“In two days.” He said with a gleam in his eye.

“Will you be away long?”

“The standard two months...” He looked at her queerly. “Why do you ask? You are well aware of these things.”

“I have nothing to do here, when you are away.” She said plaintively. And even if he was there with her, there was nothing they did anyway. “Take me with you on this hunt.”

“Hm, I could consider it.” He nodded thoughtfully. “But it is a dangerous venture.”

“Oh, please... let me come with you.” She touched his arm. “I shall go mad here doing nothing.”

“Very well.” He smiled then looked serious again. “My hunting party is small. So don’t stray away at any time.”

“I won’t.” She nodded eagerly and kissed him on the cheek.

That was the closest she had gotten to him in a while. She let him admire his collection of macabre trophies and walked away, her mind filled with expectant thoughts. Perhaps being with him on the hunt would bring that much needed spark in their sex life. If she could divert the passion he had for the sport of hunting towards her, maybe she could salvage something for herself from this insipid marriage. She undressed and slipped into her bed, hardly able to contain her excited anticipation.

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Seventeen days and a very long trip by sea later, Marlene found herself in the hot and humid coast of western Africa. She had heard her husband mention the name of the country but she couldn’t remember it. From the shipyard they travelled further inland by road. The party of six, her included, rode in two robust vehicles and as they moved further inland, the countryside began to change. The western African plains

were very vast and went on for miles in every direction. Marlene had never seen this much open land and sky ever before. The natural air of the wilderness invigorated her and she took a deep lungful of it.

The vehicles had no roofing, allowing a full view all around. She sat beside her husband in the middle seat. The hunting party consisted of six people, four other men, hunters like her husband, and the two of them. Each vehicle had a local driver, and the sight of them marveled her. She had never seen people of so dark a complexion before and the raw power these men exuded fascinated her.

So each vehicle had four occupants and they were heading out to lion country. The thought both excited and terrified her, but she felt safe for Percival Scott Devlin's prowess as a hunter was rather well renowned. And she was certain that the other men were as good if not his equal. They carried more than two dozen weapons in the form of rifles, handguns, large machetes and even a hunting bow and arrows. The vehicles slowed down to a cruise and Marlene looked around with wonder.

The vast African plains were a sight to behold. Her heart beat faster and she felt as giddy a child. She could see large herds of wildebeest and zebras in the distance, and several other antelope. To her left, a herd of giraffe lazily ambled along, and further ahead, near a watering hole, a small herd of elephants shared a drink with rhinos and buffalo.

“Oh, this is so wonderful.” She whispered, clutching at her husband’s knee. “I feel like I’m in a dream.”

“Yes, it does seem so at first.” Devlin smiled at her.

“Oh, why didn’t you take me with you before?” She asked him with a pout. “We’ve been married for two years and there’s so much I missed out on.”

“All this is indeed beautiful.” He nodded his head sagely. “But also very dangerous. Anything can happen in the blink of an eye... certainly no place for a woman.”

“But have no worry, Percy... we won’t let anything happen to your lovely young wife.” The third occupant of the vehicle said with a loud laugh.

“You won’t be going home if you do, Eggsy.” Her husband laughed back at the stocky man.

Marlene didn’t like the man. He was rather heavysset and stank of cigar smoke. She also didn’t appreciate the way his beady eyes roamed all over her body. She gave him a curt smile and grasped her husband’s arm tightly.

“Ah, we have arrived at the campsite.” Devlin announced as the vehicle came to a stop.

The campsite was four large tents set up against a backdrop of dense trees with a perimeter fencing all around. It appeared just as she imagined a hunter’s camp would be. There were a few other men there, waiting for them. All of them locals, tall dark complexioned men who seemed to be intrigued to see her there.

The other hunters, apart from the odious Eggsy, were all of her husband’s age and possible status. They had to be rich to afford this lavish sport. The camp workers had lunch waiting for them and Marlene was excited to partake in what exotic flavors they offered.

Devlin spoke to the locals in a language she didn’t understand, but she could get the gist of it. The men stood before her and bowed, making her feel quite ill at ease. Her husband must have told them who she was and they were ready to serve the boss’s wife the same way they served him.

“That’s quite alright, my good men.” She managed to stammer with a few nods. “Thank you.”

“This is the first time they are seeing a woman on the hunting party.” One of the other hunters with them told her. He

was short and slender and had his grey streaked hair tied back in a pony tail. Marlene didn't like the way he kept licking his thin dry lips when he spoke. In fact, she couldn't care for any of the other men with her husband. They were all alike, just as he was. She was sure they all had unsatisfied wives back at home.

“Let's hope I am not the last as well.” She said loud for all to hear. “I'm sure all of your wives would love this quaint holiday once in a while.”

“Not mine.” The tallest man in the party said with a snort. “She loathes being anywhere but the city.”

She gave him a smile and settled down with the others for lunch. The spit-roasted venison was nothing like she had ever tasted before. And the crisp barbecued fish was simply divine. The good food, the breathtaking environment and something in the air around her filled her with a sense of longing. Marlene had this intense need to be taken and she gave her husband a look to set his pants on fire. But as usual he seemed to miss the obvious and continued on making plans with his hunting party members.

But she would not be denied. She stood up and walked toward him. Her hand gently rested on his shoulder and she leaned in close to him. “I think I'll retire in our tent for the afternoon.” She said to him. “Perhaps you should get some

rest as well before going on the hunt.” She squeezed him hard on the shoulder and quickly ducked into the tent that had their name embroidered on the front flap.

Inside the tent, she noted with satisfaction, was a great bed and two large chairs. She quickly undressed and slid into bed. If Devlin didn’t get the meaning of her words just then, she might as well have any man who walked into the tent right then.

But it was Devlin who pushed the flap aside and stepped in. He eyed her curiously as she lay under the covers and he sat down on one of the chairs. “Not a bad idea.” He said. “A good little siesta before we embark on the hunt later this afternoon.”

“I hoped we could do more than just sleep.” She said with more sultriness in her tone than she could remember ever using.

“Had you now?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Quite so.” She replied and sat up, letting the covers drop to expose her bare breasts with taut nipples to him.

“Ah, it is being surrounded by all this Nature that brings out the beast in us, does it not?” He had a grin on his

narrow face and his eyes seemed to hold that gleam she had seen the first few nights of their wedded life.

“So are we going to talk about it or do something?”  
She purred and cupped her naked breasts in her hands.

“Do something, definitely.” He stood up and undid his clothes quickly, then slipped under the covers beside her.

The touch of his body against her naked skin sent shivers through her. The last time they were naked together was almost a month ago. She didn't waste anytime and hungrily kissed him on the lips. He returned her kiss in a slow deliberate manner, sending several jolts through her all the way down to that dampening juncture between her thighs. She moaned into his mouth as she felt his hands grope at her sensitive body. The fact that there were several men just a few feet outside while she lay there naked excited her like never done before.

She grabbed his hand and pushed it down between her legs. His touch sent a spark through her, making her gasp out loud. He kissed her neck, nibbled at her ear and then pecked his way down to her cleavage. She leaned back, arching to push her breasts up at his face. His fingers probed her slippery slit even as he took one of her aching nipples into his mouth. She grasped at his scalp as he sucked hard on the sensitive skin. His flicking tongue and clamping lips drove her wild. It

was after so long that she had quite forgotten of such pleasure and felt as if she was a virgin being taken for the first time. Her excitement made her bold and she moaned out loud, not caring if anyone could hear her. She was with her husband and everyone else could go to hell for all she cared.

Marlene reached down between her husband's legs and grabbed at his hardened organ. His grunt excited her as she closed her hand around the rigid flesh, savoring the warmth of it in her grip. She stroked it lovingly as he groaned and grunted into her cleavage.

“Oh, Percy...” She moaned. “Come on, my love... fuck me.”

“By heaven, I shall.” She heard him growl and he was on top of her. She spread her legs wide and guided him in. Oh, how wonderful it felt and after so long. His hardness slid into her wet welcoming hole and she grasped at his tight buttocks. His face was buried into her neck as he ground his hips against hers. His rock hard erection slid in and out of her, making her feel so full and satisfied, and yet Marlene seemed to want more. She was getting this after more than a month, but somehow it was not enough. The wild and expansive nature of her surroundings filled her with a need she had never known, and her beloved husband was falling pitifully short of filling that need, just as he always had.

But she pushed away such thoughts and focused on enjoying at least this. Her husband began to get more frantic and she sensed him about to climax. It was too soon, yet she was accustomed to it by now. In the twenty times they had made love in their two year marriage, Devlin always climaxed before she did and this time would be no different. But somehow she felt this time could be the worst ever. She felt his hot semen splash inside her. One, two and three little squirts and then a tiny trickle, and that was his limit. She needed him to be in there a little longer and stay hard, but he was already receding and then he pulled out and pushed away the covers.

Marlene's belly clenched and her pussy felt terribly abandoned. She wanted something to fill her so badly. At least a finger or two even if his cock was spent. She looked at him, but he was already getting his clothes back on. Her heart sank and all feeling in her went cold.

“That was marvelous, my darling.” Devlin said and leaned in to kiss her brow. “I feel most refreshed and invigorated for the hunt. Come on now, get dressed... we'll be off in an hour.”

She nodded glumly as he quickly disappeared out of the tent. The urge to take one of the rifles and shoot him she quelled with some difficulty. Tears flooded her eyes but she refused to cry. Fighting the urge curl up and weep, she threw off the covers and slipped off the bed. She washed off her husband's meager offering and then dressed herself. There was

no point in being sorry for herself. One day, she knew, she would teach him the lesson he so severely deserved.

Outside the sun was already three quarters of its journey to the west. A good time to hunt for lion, if the great hunters were to be believed. She looked around at the men readying their weapons and other hunting paraphernalia. None of them paid her any attention and she was thankful for it. Devlin was having an animated discussion with the locals and it seemed there was another one of them there. This one she had not seen before. He must have arrived while she was in the tent and it seemed her husband was familiar with the man.

Marlene walked up to them slowly. She looked right at the man and her breath quickened. He didn't look like the other local men there. He was taller than them and much broader of shoulder. His arms and legs were thick and muscular and his complexion was even darker than the others. She got reminded of very dark chocolate, her favorite kind, and she quickly licked her lips. The man was dressed differently as well. Unlike the others, he did not wear trousers or a vest. Instead, the only garment he had on was a kilt made of animal hide, probably a leopard or panther. On his massive arms and legs, he wore many metal rings and had more animal hide tied in strips on his elbows, wrists, knees and ankles. Barefoot and bald headed, this giant warrior-like man carried a spear even higher than him in his powerful grip. Marlene instantly felt a blush coming on as a naughty thought about his other spear flashed across her mind.

“Ah! You are ready, my dear.” Her husband held out his hand at her. “We are about to leave. This is Hurok, our regular guide. He is of the local Doa-Dea tribe and their best hunter.”

Then Devlin said something to the tribal warrior in his native language and the huge, dark man gave her a nod and a smile. She looked into his intense dark eyes and felt a shiver run down her back. She knew she was not mistaken when she saw the lust in his eyes. He would not have openly shown her that unless of course he could sense her desire as well. She shivered at the prospect of being taken by such a man and stole a quick glance at her husband. But as usual, the great hunter had missed the obvious, completely caught up in his own euphoria of the hunt.

The hunt was on. The two vehicles roared to life and they were off. Hurok sat in the seat beside the driver and directed the way. After about half an hour they came to a stop at a place that seemed quite ominous with its silence. Then she heard it. A low growling that became a blood-curling roar. It echoed all around them and she could feel the hairs rise on her hands and neck. They had come right into the territory of a pride of lions and the beasts were on a hunt of their own.

Hurok led them out of the cars and on a slow deliberate walk along the tree line. A strange musky and pungent odor

filled the air around her and she realized that was what lions smelled like. It was heady and overpowering and suddenly she wished she was very far away from there. She glanced at her husband and he gave her a nod of assurance and hefted the heavy rifle to his shoulder.

“Keep right behind us, Mari.” He whispered to her.  
“Stay close to Hurok.”

“There he is, that marvelously maned beast.” Eggsy shouted and everyone raised the rifles to their shoulders and fired.

The sound of gunfire made her slam her palms over her ears and drop to her knees. The loud roar of the lion dominated the shots fired and she dared to look up. Her eyes went wide at the sight of the five hundred pound lion come charging at them, its head and body bleeding from the several shots fired at it. The rifles went off again and the magnificent beast went down, and with a gasping hiss it breathed no more. Marlene felt as if her beating heart would leap out of her chest. She was glad that the lion was dead, but she couldn't help feeling a deep sorrow at the sorry demise of such a regal animal.

“Look out!” Her husband was shouting. “The whole damn pride is attacking.”

Marlene couldn't believe her eyes. At least six huge lionesses came at them through the grassy plain. The loud report of gunfire made her head spin. She saw the lionesses go down one by one. Then one of the men screamed. She looked around frantically to see Eggsy being mauled by one profusely bleeding lioness. She had never seen anything like so in her life and she felt paralyzed with fear. So rooted to the spot she was with fright that she didn't see another wounded lioness creep up toward her. It was too late when she finally did see it. She felt something heavy snag into her skirt and yank her down. The steamy and pungent odor of the lioness filled her petrified senses. What a horrible way to die, her mind wailed. Then she heard a voice, deep and powerful. She couldn't understand the words.

A dark shape slammed into the lioness, throwing it off her. She looked up with stunned anxiety. Hurok stood over her, his back toward her. He thrust his spear at the lioness, through its wide open jaws and out of the back of its skull. The beast swatted at him but missed and then went down in a heap. She looked around frenetically for the others, but could see no one. The stench of gunpowder, lion spoor, blood and death filled her senses. Then suddenly she felt weightless as something strong and hard lifted her off the ground. She looked up at the huge dark man cradling her in his massive arms as he ran like the wind. She felt as if she was flying as the trees rushed past her in a blur.

She didn't know how long and how far she had been carried by Hurok. She just felt relieved that she was alive and safe. Finally the man came to a stop and lowered her down to the ground. He walked toward a stream and filled a gourd with water and handed it to her. She took it gratefully and drank deep, all the while watching this dark and handsome stranger who had saved her life. His intense eyes stared back at her and he stood very still as if he were a statue carved out of granite. She instantly felt a rush of emotions go through her.

Her eyes went wide when she realized she didn't know where she was, or what had happened to her husband. She looked at her rescuer and he seemed to understand what she felt. He made a few gestures that could only mean this was a safe place and she should not be fearful. She felt strange that a man from another culture, one that was considered uncivilized, showed more concern for her than her husband did. Did he have an ulterior motive? If so, she welcomed it. If this man, this object of her newfound untamed desires, made advances at her, she knew she would not stop him, far from it, she would encourage him. And if he didn't, nothing in the world would stop her from making advances of her own at him.

“Where is my husband?” She asked him as she wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. “Great white hunter... Percival Scott Devlin, where?”

“Dev-Lin.” He replied slowly.

“Yes! Yes!” She nodded her head vigorously.

“Dev-Lin... bonoka banthoo... camp.” He told her haltingly.

“Back at camp.” She sighed with relief. “So he’s alive and safe.”

The tall man stared back at her impassively.

“Where are we?” She asked him, trying her best to make appropriate gestures for every word.

“Safe... here.” His response was a low guttural growl, but at least she could understand.

“So you know some English.” She smiled at him and noted his expression relax at that. “But where is here?”

He seemed to understand and gestured what could only mean that this was his domain. He nodded at her and took a deep breath, further expanding his already immensely broad chest. Her breath quickened at the sight of him. She looked up at his face. It looked like he was carved out of obsidian. Dark and chiseled, his face was ruggedly handsome. His completely

bald head added to that allure of power that he emanated. Her eyes traversed lower, drinking in the dense darkness of his muscular chest and powerful rock cut middle. An urge to reach out and touch him made her shiver uncontrollably. She noted a flicker of concern in his dark eyes as he watched her.

Her eyes darted back down to his feet. They were really large and bare. She trailed upwards, admiring the thick muscle of his calves and thighs until she rested her stare on the rather protruding bulge under his leopard-skin kilt. She took a sharp breath as she felt sure that something moved under there. It was clear that this man lusted for her as much as she did for him. There was no point hiding from that fact. She didn't know where she was and it mattered little to her where her husband was. And even if he did find her, she didn't really care anymore about him. Her mind was filled with this savage man-god before her. This Hurok; carved out of the very heart of Africa, this wonderful man who had saved her life, risking his own.

“I know you want me, Hurok.” She told him unabashed. “And you are intelligent enough to know that I want you, I can see it in your beautiful eyes.”

As she had guessed, he did understand her. A smile curled upward on his face and he grasped at the waistband of his kilt. Her eyes went wide at what he was about to do. She felt her heart skip a beat and her knees went weak. Hurok undid the straps holding up his kilt and let it fall. Marlene

couldn't handle the exhilaration, her knees gave and she sank down to the ground.

Between his densely muscled thighs, swinging freely was what she could only identify as a snake. Her beloved husband's organ barely fit her palm. She didn't even in her wildest dreams ever imagine that any man could possess such an imposing appendage. Not only was it over a foot long and thicker than her own forearm, its rich dark chocolate color made it look so damn irresistible. Her mouth began to water and she pleaded to him with her wanting eyes. He smiled knowingly and took a few steps forward until his rising spear was inches from her hot and flushed face.

Marlene shivered with excitement, licking her lips. An outlandish need came over her to want to kiss the bulging head of the erection as she gingerly reached for the thick shaft with both hands. She wasn't aware if it was proper to do such a thing. Her husband had never asked her to kiss his tiny thing, but she didn't care now, all she wanted was a taste of this thick blood engorged man-meat that surged up at her most temptingly. She delicately brushed her lips on the dark head. It twitched and throbbed in her hands and she heard Hurok's lusty groan. She believed she was doing the right thing. Marlene closed her eyes and drowned her senses in the invigorating odor of the barbarous man's arousal. She flicked out her tongue and licked across the large slit of his organ, making him shudder. She smiled in satisfaction and relished the taste of his lubricating precum. Her heart pounded at the

sight of the surging appendage. She closed her eyes again and dared to try it, her moist mouth watering with greed.

Marlene parted her lips and slowly slid them over the smooth surface of the tribal's massive erection. She swirled her tongue over the thick head as it filled her mouth, savoring the taste. She had never known she could do that, and she was delighted to let natural needs meander on their course. As much as they did with her own free flowing juices dripping down her thighs.

Marlene shook with excitement and her heart hammered hard against her chest. There was a lot more of Hurok for her to take in and his gentle touch on her head urged her on. The dense cockhead filled her mouth to the full as she relished each swirl of her tongue around it. Her hands ran up and down the rigid shaft, stroking it lovingly. Hurok grunted and thrust his hips forward. His dark eyes pleaded her to take more of him and that sent another jolt of excitement through her. Her heart swelled with courage and determination. She had never tried anything like this ever in her life, but she wanted to now. Marlene steeled herself and forced down more and more of the monstrous length and thickness until she gagged. A rush of her saliva blended with the delicious fluid from his rigid hardness and unleashed new levels of passion in her that Marlene didn't even fathom was possible.

Set with determination, she hungrily downed his thickness deep into her throat once more. Forcing away the

urge to gag, she took almost all of his tremendous girth and length in. His thickness twitched and got even harder. It gave her intense delight to feel it throbbing down her throat and her whole body shook with delirious pleasure. Then that wonderful feeling between her thighs began to manifest with more intensity. Her belly clenched and relaxed all on its own and her knees suddenly felt very weak. She wanted to lie down on the ground, but her need to keep sucking his cock made her cling to his massive thighs like a monkey on a tree.

Then Hurok said something she didn't quite understand and lifted her off the ground. He swung her upside down as if she weighed nothing; she felt a thrill rush through her at the display of his immense strength. She found herself hanging upside down with his monster cock brushing against her lips. In that position, her skirt fell downwards exposing everything to him as her legs rested on his broad shoulders and her aching pussy rubbed against his chin.

Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined what he did next. It was as unexpected as her coming on a hunt to a savage land of danger. Hurok kissed her gently on the quivering slips of her sopping pussy and she instantly gave in to the flood of release that erupted from her. She had never had the pleasure of a man's hot mouth down there, and the feeling of his lips and tongue passionately working on her sensitive clit and labia sent a rush of waves carrying indescribable bliss all through her trembling body. She pushed down harder on his dark erection, taking almost all of it down her throat. Her body

stiffened as she felt it twitch and harden even more in her mouth. The taste of his pre-orgasmic fluids made her headier than any wine she had ever had before.

And though she savored the monster cock in her mouth, she longed to have it fill her to the hilt down there and throb deep inside her. She released his organ and whimpered as he ate her pussy with uncanny skill for a savage, barbaric tribal. But what did she really know of this man, or even the people of this Dark Continent. They lived much closer to nature than any of the so called civilized folk of the new world. A world where simple and more satisfying pleasures were forsaken for a life of pretentious pomp and show that hardly mattered at all. This was what she really wanted, to be one with nature and give in to her needs with no shame, for shame was only imposed to confine what was only natural.

Hurok seemed to once again mysteriously understand what she wanted and with a sudden twist of his great big hands, he spun her around as if she weighed no more than a little lamb, and in the same movement he lowered her with keen precision over his rock hard organ. It ripped into her yielding, soaked pussy, stretching her wide. Marlene cried out in pain and grabbed at his dense shoulders. Her nails raked across his thick muscularity as he ripped off her skirt and pushed her further down. She felt as if she was being impaled on a damned hunting spear, and the pain was intense, but oh, the pleasure was more intense still.

She gave in to her savage natural need and her eyes rolled back into her head as she moaned out loud in a stupor of delirious release. Her entire body shuddered with the force of her first ever orgasm induced by a man's erection, and what an erection it was, at least three times in size and girth of her husband's and ten times the pleasure. She went numb to everything else around her. The rush of pleasure cascading in waves all through her shivering body sent her mind reeling. Pleasure banished the pain as her tight pussy swallowed down hungrily on his throbbing monster cock. She was beside herself with contentment and the understanding that life had so much more to offer without all these self imposed restrictions that the civilized world imprisoned its denizens with. A new world, free and natural, opened up for her and she would settle for nothing less.

“Oh, Hurok.” She groaned into his ear. “Your spear... your cock... it's so big... and so damned hard... oh, I can never settle for anything less after this.”

Hurok grinned at her and then kissed her on the lips as his cock plunged in deep. She took his tongue greedily into her mouth, the taste of wild berries and her own juices excited her. The massive tribal warrior held her over himself by her hips and slammed his cock in and out of her with rapid, powerful thrusts. Her body shuddered and her mind went into rapture. His immense strength excited her in ways she had never been before. This was how it felt to be taken by a man. A real, powerful man who knew what it took to pleasure a woman.

She wanted to own him, take charge of all of him and her aching pussy clenched down with savage force on his oversized organ.

Marlene bounced her plush creamy buttocks on his dark thunderous thighs. She matched his deep and powerful upward thrusts. The squelching sound of their brazen union added to her state of carnal arousal. Hurok increased the urgency of his foot-long hardness sliding in and out of her dripping pussy and she felt his breath quicken. Every inch of his cock filled her, stretched her wide and she kissed him all over his face and neck with wild animalistic passion. Her legs tightened around Hurok's muscular waist and she moaned with wanton lust as he squeezed the soft, yielding flesh of her plush buttocks with his iron hard fingers. He grunted like a ferocious beast as his cock seemed to get even bigger deep inside her. She sensed instinctively that he was going to discharge his hot seed deep inside her at any moment.

She welcomed that possibility with renewed lust and triggered her second powerful orgasm with a real man's big hard cock stretching her wide. She hugged him tight and whimpered as her entire body shook with ecstatic bliss. Marlene's heart pounded hard against her chest and her taut, sensitive nipples brushed against his smooth muscular chest. The sensation enhanced the euphoric release from between her quaking thighs. She moaned out loud and raked her nails across his rock hard muscularity. She wept and whimpered as

desire and the fulfillment of it sent her mind into a spell of delirium.

Her eyes closed and her mind in blissful turmoil, Marlene could just die now, so fulfilled and content she was. Then her eyes shot open wide as she felt the heat of his explosive release deep inside her. She couldn't believe how good it felt as his thick cock pumped her with his hot seed. It splashed in hot abrupt spurts; so many times she lost count. Her husband was done in less than five seconds, but Hurok seemed to be a never ending flood. Everything about this man was perfect. She could never consider ever letting her husband come close to her any more after this.

“I don't think Percival even knows where I am right now, does he?” She asked out loud even as her pussy sucked out the last few drops of the dark man's virile seed.

His dark eyes studied her face and she saw kindness there, and caring, along with the unabashed lust. Her husband had never looked at her that way, ever, in the two years they had been married. She was just a trophy for him to display to his friends and rivals, just as it was with all the other ones that decorated his walls. He wouldn't care if she never returned to him. He had enough resources to find another trophy wife to display. He could buy himself a few more if he wished. She had never meant anything more than that to Percival Scott Devlin, the great white hunter. So why should he mean

anything to her. Their marriage was just a show, a sham to feed his own ego. She didn't need to toe that line anymore.

“I want to live here, Hurok. With you.” She told the powerful man who still stood tall and straight with his rock hard erection embedded deep inside her. “I'm never going back to my husband and the sterile life he has for me.”

His eyes gleamed in the pale twilight and she saw a glint of understanding in them. He smiled and kissed her lips again. Then he gently pulled out of her, and instantly she felt the vacuum he left behind. She shivered and felt suddenly abandoned. She wanted him to be inside her and never leave her. She felt bizarrely safe and protected by this strange man in this world full of danger and death.

Marlene's legs wobbled as he placed her down on the ground. Their little encounter had left her weak and exhausted and that made her further marvel at the strength and power of this ebony hued man-god. He had made love to her, for what seemed like hours, standing with her on top of him all the while. That was something her husband could never have done. She sighed deeply; her husband could never ever do anything that Hurok could. She looked at herself as she trembled. Naked from the waist down, with another man's hot semen trickling down her thighs with her own juices, Marlene had never felt more alive in her life. She tore off what remained of her blouse and stood completely naked before her

new and so-called uncivilized lover. She experienced more care and attention from him than she did her own husband.

Hurok picked up her dirtied skirt and held it out wide before him. He gestured at the deep rending in the cloth caused by the lioness that had attacked her. She gasped at the horrific memory of that near death experience. Her savage lover ducked back behind a copse of trees and returned with what looked like a leg of some antelope. He then proceeded to let the blood from it drip onto her torn skirt. Her eyes lit up with realization of what he was doing. He stood up and she smiled at him, letting him know that she was aware of his intention and that she approved it whole heartedly.

Marlene didn't really want to know how her husband would react when Hurok would show him the blood stained remnants of her garments. It would break her heart to witness his predictable apathy. She was, after all, nothing more than a showpiece for him and there were many more of those for him to acquire whenever he needed. She nodded at Hurok and he gestured at a waterfall nearby. Smiling as the dark man donned his kilt and walked away toward the hunter's camp due west, Marlene stepped under the sweet waters of the breathtaking falls.

“This is a brave new world that I am in now.” She said softly.  
“One that I was meant to be in. And this is the only good thing that marrying Percival Scott Devlin has done for me.”

# Story Forty Seven

“There are no more mysteries left to be discovered, Doctor Severus.” The director of the department of Ancient Archeological Studies exhaled deeply. “It’s 1931. Every possible discovery has been made... every site has been excavated several times over.”

“Yes, Doctor Somersby, every possible discover, except this one.” Agatha Kirstin Severus jabbed a slender finger at the map on the director’s table.

“The Lachlan Clan of the Northern Highlands?” Somersby looked at her with wide eyed incredulity. “That’s just something someone made up... to send good people of our profession on wild goose chases all over the world.”

“They said that about King Tut.” Agatha stuck to her guns. “And now that’s the biggest thing in our field of study.”

“Yes, so it is.” The fat man had to agree to that. “But this is different. No one’s ever found anything about the Lachlans of the Northern Highlands.”

“All the more reason, director.” Agatha smiled at the man. “That I get a fully funded excursion into the region.”

“When I say no one’s ever found anything, Agatha, I mean no one has ever returned from there to let us know what they found, if they ever did find anything at all.”

“That certainly adds to the mystery, doesn’t it, Mortimer.” She tapped on the map again. “Imagine how lucrative it will be for our Ancient Archeological Studies department if we could be the first to find out all about this ancient clan of highlanders that supposedly shaped the cornerstones of what would become the western world.”

“Only insane people would consider the risks.” Mortimer Somersby shook his head and sat down on his chair. “And they don’t come any more insane than you, Agatha Severus.”

“What have you got to lose, Mortimer?” She laughed at him.

“Apart from a few thousands to fund this insanity...” He looked at her with aggravation in his dark grey eyes. “I suppose I’ll also be rid of you.”

“There, you see, it’s a win-win situation for you.” Agatha stood up and stepped behind her chair. “If nothing happens, I disappear for good and if we find what we think we

can, we're going to be the most famous discoverers of this century."

"I'd much rather be running this university as it should be run." Somersby told her with a sour look. "And what am I to tell the board of trustees about the money and of your long absence again from the teaching staff."

"Oh, Morty... I'm sure you will come up with something appropriate, you always do."

"When are you proposing to leave on this wild goose chase, if I may?"

"As soon as you get the excursion funded." Her lips stretched in a wide smile.

"Then never." He snorted and looked at the scattered papers on his large desk.

"Come on, Mortimer." She slapped her hand down on the back of her chair.

"Here's what we do." He said as he looked at her once more. "I arrange for a short visit for you alone, with some local guide there to show you around. If and when you find

something worth looking into, I'll have a full scale operation dispatched to assist you there."

"Hm, well I suppose that's better than nothing, Mister Director."

"It's more than what you should be getting, Doctor Severus, after the last fiasco you pulled on the university."

"I'll make up for it all this time, Mortimer... more than what it cost us last year."

"You better hope so, my dear." Somersby waved her away. "Or it is best that you remain as missing as the other lunatics who went looking for the lost Clan of the Lachlans."

Well, at least she had something out of old miserly Somersby. Ever since she had read about the mysterious Lachlan Clan of the northern highlands, Agatha Severus had been obsessed with finding out about the ancient legend. In all of her twenty five years, she had never been so taken by anything like she was by this strange and elusive segment in the history of the western world. The Lachlans were said to have been a very vast and powerful clan of people that roamed the highlands of northern Europe about three to five thousand years ago. Almost as long a time as the Pharaohs and Great Kings of ancient Africa. It was said that the northern clans had

great powers, manifested by their clan leaders and druids. It was all so exciting for her. Agatha had made up her mind that she would be the first to discover and spread to the world about the wonders of the Clan of the Lachlans.

Two days later, Agatha walked down the hallways of the university with air tickets to take her to her most desired destination and her head swimming with plans of how to go about this. The flight took almost half a day, and soon she found herself coming in for a landing into the vast and remote location far up in the verdant valleys and snow capped mountains of the wild northern European countryside.

Her contact, a local deputy sheriff by the name of Nina Stefansson, was waiting for her at the airport. The woman was older than her. Very florid and pale, with whitish blonde hair and ghostly grey eyes. She was shorter than Agatha, and had a very athletic body under the thick sweater and pants that she wore.

“Welcome to the land of the Lachlans, Doctor Severus.” The woman greeted her in a very musical European accent. “I am Nina. I will be escorting you to your accommodation; and you will meet the guide tomorrow. He will take into the forbidden lands of the ancient clans.”

“Good evening, Nina. So good of you to do this.”  
Agatha shook the lawwoman’s gloved hand. “And why are these lands forbidden.”

“It is said to be cursed.” Nina smiled at her. “Ancient folklore, most believe to be concocted to keep people away... to protect the natural beauty of this land.”

“Ah yes, a very noble thing to do.” She admitted. “But it should not deter those who want to make discoveries that can help change the world.”

“To each their own, doctor.” Nina shrugged. “For some of us, it is a means to pay our bills.”

“Yes, so it is.” Agatha nodded. “And call me Agatha.”

The local woman nodded and took her to the parking lot. It was a small affair, with only three cars parked there. The deputy walked past the cars and then rode out on a small scooter from behind one of them. “Hop on.” She said with a grin and revved the accelerator.

Their ride was short and uneventful, passing through the quaint streets of the little town surrounded by lush valleys and hills. The little cottage rented for her was cozy and warm. After a comforting dinner of hot beef and carrot stew with rice

pudding prepared by the rosy face housekeeper, Agatha settled down for the night. Her dreams were very colorful that night, with visions of the great men and women of the Lachlan Clan legends filling them. She woke up refreshed and raring to go, to wherever the sites of her discovery awaited her.

She didn't have to wait long, deputy Stefansson was already waiting for her outside. After about an hour's ride through the verdant countryside, Agatha found herself in an open field where several large stones were arranged in a circular pattern. It all reminder her of the famous Stone Henge and several other henges that were occasionally in the news, but this site was quite different from those, in pattern and size.

“What is this called?” She asked the other woman.

“This is one of the Lachlans' warding structures...”  
The deputy said with some reverence, “to keep their lands safe from harm.”

“How old is it?” She asked, peering around at the semi-ruined structures.

“Five thousand years, give or take a hundred.”

“Look, there, next to that valley.” Agatha pointed at the nearby foothills. “Is that a man walking towards us?”

“Yes, that’s Harland; he’s your guide.” Nina nodded and waved at the man. “He also sells trinkets and souvenirs to tourists and folks coming in every now and then.”

Agatha looked at the man for a while as he made his way toward them. He was tall and very broad shouldered. His face was rugged and deeply tanned, and his hair was long and very white. He could be anywhere between sixty and seventy years of age, but he walked very straight and had a brisk and sturdy gait.

“Good morning, Nina.” This Harland called out with a hand raised in greeting. “And to you as well, my lady.”

“Hey, Harl.” Nina nodded at him. “This is Doctor Agatha Severus from across the Atlantic; she’s here to know more about the Clan Lachlan. Take her to all the discovered sites, I’ll be back by evening.”

With that Nina hopped onto her little scooter and waved Agatha goodbye. She watched the other woman ride off and then turned toward her tall guide.

“Doctor Severus.” The man bowed slightly. “Ah, the Clan Lachlan... everything about them is lost in the mists of legend.”

“And that’s what I’m here to discover, Mister Harland.” Agatha told the older man. “Pleased to meet you.”

“That’s wonderful, Doctor Severus.” Harland grinned and held out something wrapped in a dark cloth. “And please, it’s just Harland. Or Harl. Some call me Harry.”

“If you call me Agatha then.” She smiled at the man. “But I’m afraid; I don’t think I’ll be interested in buying any souvenirs today.”

“I have none to sell you.” He grinned wide and she could see two very sharp canine teeth that looked like fangs. “This is a gift that I offer you.”

“That’s mighty kind of you, Harl.” She told him. “But I don’t think I can accept that. I hardly know you.”

“Ah, a pity.” He shook his large head and laughed. “This is what you have come here seeking, a piece of history from the Clan Lachlan.”

Agatha felt a shiver run all through her. She couldn’t understand why this strange old man was so appealing to her all of a sudden. He may have been handsome once, but now he

looked more than sixty, and was probably older than her grandfather.

“Ah, Agatha, your silence tells me you seek to know more.” His dark eyes held an alluring charm that eased her fear a little.

“Um, well, yes, now that you’ve got my attention...” She shrugged. “I guess it would be rude to not want to know more... so then what is that gift you have for me?”

“More than just a gift, Doctor.” His voice sounded reverential as he peeled away the cloth wrapping. “This is a great artifact of the Clan Lachlan that fascinates you so much. It is a symbol of great power and virility.”

“Uh, yeah.” She blushed as he held out the odd shaped thing resembling an erect penis. “It does remind one of... something powerful.”

“It is the last symbol of life of my Clan... and I am the last one.” He said with a deep sigh.

“Say what now.” Agatha stiffened, hoping that she misheard. “You can’t be serious.”

“I am, dear lady.” He looked up at the overcast sky. “I have been cursed to remain alive when all of my people are no more.”

Agatha wanted to run screaming back the way she had come, hoping she might yet catch up to Nina and her puttering little scooter. But when she looked at Harland again, she felt her heart break at the sad look on his face and the way his broad shoulders drooped. He gave the impression of a very lonely man for sure; and she hoped maybe he just wanted her company for a while and made up his cockamamie story just for that. It wouldn't harm anyone to lessen the old man's loneliness for little while.

“But, Harland, how can that be the Lachlan Clans have been said to have lived thousands of years ago.” Agatha smiled at him and touched his shoulder gingerly.

“There is much in the world that's offers no reasoning, my dear.” He nodded sagely. “Such things are best accepted with a little faith.”

“Um, I suppose...” Agatha looked at him with a patronizing smile. “But sometimes it is better to have some reasoning to understand things.”

“And that is why you are here, my dear.” The old man smiled back at her and nodded. “Come, I will take you where you will find everything that you are seeking.”

“Where are we going?” She felt a strange shiver of excitement rush over her.

“To the hallowed stones of legend, just over yonder hill.” Harland pointed at a high snow capped peak about a mile away from where they stood.

“Wow! I can’t believe it...” Agatha felt bumps rising all over her body. “I’m finally going to unravel the mysteries of the Lachlans.”

“Come!” Harland held out his hand to her. “I will carry you up through the trail. The way is hard and dangerous, and no place for a lady to be running around in.”

“But I can’t just...” Agatha looked at the old man in astonishment as a sudden mist began to form all around them, bathing the verdant meadow with a supernatural glow.

“You must.” Harland’s voice echoed inside her head and she suddenly felt weightless. The ground fell away and moved rapidly under her. Agatha realized with a thumping heart that she was cradled in the old man’s powerful arms. She

felt the resolute power of his iron hard chest as she pressed against him. She was left breathless by his sudden move and held on to the old man's neck for dear as he seemed to be running like the wind over the rocky grassland.

After a while he slowed down and they entered into a place surrounded by small radiantly sunlit hills. Large slabs of stones stood erect on the lush grassy ground in a fashion that appeared ritualistic. Agatha's heart kept beating hard against her chest. She couldn't see another soul around them and felt frightened and thrilled all at the same time.

The old man came to a standstill and stared ahead into the horizon before them. Agatha looked up at Harland in admiration; he was as strong and agile as a man three times younger. His powerfully built arms cradling her felt like great pythons coiled about her and she wondered if she was doing the right thing. She took him for a lonely old man who wanted to enjoy her company and tell her tales of his youth, but suddenly it looked like the Harland was more than what he appeared to be.

"You have nothing to fear." He said as if he could read her mind and he gently let her down on the great stones on the ground. His grey eyes grew more radiant and Agatha felt as if he was peering into the very depths of her soul. She was afraid and excited at the same time. Her heart told her that there was nothing to fear of, and yet at the same instant her head screamed at her to run for her life.

“We are here, Agatha.” Harland said in a deep voice that seemed strangely sepulchral. “Where what you seek will be revealed to you.”

“I... that’s great... I can’t wait...” She nodded with trepidation, noting that the bright sky above was getting darker and the earthy scent of an approaching rainstorm was prevalent in the air.

“Prepare yourself, Agatha!” Harland cried out loud. “The storm is coming.”

“What? What storm?” Agatha shuddered as a loud clap of sudden thunder cracked across overhead.

“The Storm that brings with it the life force of Clan Lachlan once again.” She heard his roaring voice above the rumbling, and it sounded like more like an animal’s growl than human.

Suddenly the tall, white haired man threw back his head and howled up into the drizzle and at the same time he discarded his clothes and stood naked before her. His keen eyes began to glow in a strange manner as he raised his arms to the sky and chanted in a language she didn’t understand. Thunder rolled overhead as if to answer his evocative

intonation and brilliant lightning ripped across the darkness in sudden blinding flashes.

Agatha was frozen with fear and awe. She couldn't move a muscle and before her astonished eyes, Harland began to twist and turn violently as if he was struggling with some inner demon, and then his lean body began to grow bigger. His head went to twice its size and thick dark hair covered his lean face. He seemed to be transforming into a wolf-like creature right before her startled eyes. The thing that the old man was becoming continued the strange chant in a deeper, growling voice and it flailed its hairy muscular arms around and hammered down on its deep and furry chest with savage ferocity.

“What the fuck is this?” Agatha screamed, she thought her mind was going over the deep end. “Harland, what's happening to you?”

He didn't answer, instead the dark and dreary form he had become loomed over her. A deep feral growl emanated from the creature's wide slavering maw as she looked around frantically, trying hard to wrap her head around what was going on. Suddenly her body felt weakened as if she was being held down by invisible shackles. Agatha felt dizzy and dropped down to her hands and knees. She fell on her side and curled up into a ball, shivering with fright and praying that this was some kind of nightmare she was having.

“Agatha, my dear.” She opened her eyes with a start to the sound of her name.

The skies were suddenly clear again and dotted with of stars that glittered like diamonds against the darkness. A full moon shone overhead in all its regal glory amongst the glittering points of light. Agatha rubbed her eyes and peered around. How did it become night so soon? She wondered. The silhouette of the tall man fell against the moonlight, making her look up with a gasp. “Ha-Harland?”

“Yes, dear Agatha, it is I.” Harland said in a voice that was much younger and deeper than before.

Agatha sat up immediately, drawing her legs in and wrapping her arms around herself. She stared wide eyed at the attractive young man standing naked before her. The bright light of the full moon shone on his chiseled features, taking her breath away. His shoulder length hair was black and gleamed in the moonlight. He stood up straight with his muscular arms crossed over his deep chest, broad shoulders raised and head held high. His densely muscled thighs could have passed off for tree trunks and she took note of the rather oversized organ that dangled lazily between them.

“Harland, if that is who you really are, tell me what the hell is going on here?” Agatha’s voice trembled. “What has

happened to you?"

"I am as I have always been and will be." He said with a wide smile. "And the gods of our people have blessed me at long last by bringing you here to me."

"Huh! What? ...but you turned into a wolf or something a few minutes ago..." She stammered, her young body trembling with fear. "And now you're a young man and not old anymore... is this some kind of crazy dream that I am having."

"This is no dream, my dear and what you saw then was my curse, and this night of all nights I will at long last break free of the curse for good." He leaned forward and held out his hand. "Come, Agatha, you have been sent here to me by the gods of Lachlan, to set me free of this millennia long burden."

"What, no..." She tried to scramble away. "This is insane... you... you're a freak of some..."

"Sweet Agatha, I know this beyond your ken," His voice sounded melodious and seductive and she felt herself being drawn towards him again, "in time you will come to know everything."

Agatha felt pale and gulped hard. Her eyes took note of his brazen nakedness as he moved closer to her. She drank into the splendor of his deep muscular chest, chiseled midriff and her eyes worshipfully fell upon on the rising wonderment between his muscular legs. His intention was clear, he wanted to fuck with her, and she didn't have any doubt that she was intrigued by it. Her heart skipped a few beats and she suddenly felt an urge to go along with it. A strong desire ignited within her to be taken by him and she bit her lower lip, staring at his erection with shameless abandon.

“Ah, Agatha. I can see you now understand.” Harland drawled sexily and reached out for her. “We must join now to make the beast with two backs, or I shall forever remain cursed.”

In a sudden rush of the senses, the handsome young man that Harland now was, took her in his arms and kissed her mouth with hungry animal-like passion. The taste of his breath was intoxicating. It made Agatha's head spin; she reached up and grabbed fistfuls of his thick hair. He pressed her back against the flat stones with his body weighing down on her. She reveled at the hardness of his muscular denseness squashing down her soft, yielding body. His kiss grew hungrier, savage almost, as he sucked and bit her soft tender lips. She felt his snaking tongue push deep into her mouth sending several chills all through her body. She had no urge to stop him; instead she wanted him to keep going on. She couldn't understand what was happening to her, instead of

being terrified out of her wits she was brazenly giving in to her animalistic, uncivilized side. Her body responded to him in a manner it had never done to the only other lover she had before and that familiar warmth of pleasure between her legs came on with a more urgent rush than it had ever done.

She returned his kiss more hungrily than him, biting down hard on his lips. His hot breath felt like an aphrodisiac to her and her brazen need began to soar out of control. She pushed him back and ripped off her clothes. Naked as he was she fell back over him, her breathing ragged and in excited gasps. The anticipation of getting fucked by him overwhelmed her as she stared at his surging erection with unabashed lust.

“Good god, Harland, “She said with a gasp. “That’s the biggest cock I’ve ever... er... seen.”

Harland smiled wide and gave his thick cock a few twitches for her benefit. Thirteen inches of rock hard pleasure throbbed before her lustful eyes. She felt a shiver run down her spine and a fierce yearning to touch the magnificent member overcame her. She reached out brazenly and grabbed his throbbing cock with clawing hands.

“It’s even bigger than a fucking horse.” She giggled. The only other cock she had ever got to see and play with was during her college days and that too with a freshman who had

no idea how to pleasure a woman. A dismal performance she had already forgotten most of.

But now this was nothing like that. Every part in her being, every deliberation in her mind, lusted for this stranger's enormous organ. She didn't understand it at all and frankly she didn't even care. Her attention was rapt on the man's offering as her slender hands stroked the rigid flesh of his cock with tempered eagerness. The sound of his pleasurable moans gave rise to the heat between her legs and she spread herself out wide inviting his probing hands to explore her as much as she explored him. She gasped at the touch of his strong fingers on her wet slit and increased her tempo over his cock. She stared at the surging erection, the round slick head gleaming with his juices, and she felt a voracious need to take it in her watering mouth. She looked up at him and his pleading eyes encouraged her on.

Harland went stiff as she lowered her moist, warm mouth and took the entire head of his cock into it. She felt his body constrict and knew that the sensation of her hot mouth gave him instant pleasure. She began to suck on the bulging head slowly and at the same time stroked her hands up and down over the thick, throbbing shaft. She enjoyed the veiny hardness of his engorged cock on her fingers and the feeling of his heavy balls in her small palms. She squeezed the little orbs sliding around inside his ballsac and he grunted with want. More of his pre-cum oozed into her mouth and she relished his rich salty-sweet taste.

“Oh, Agatha...” Harland grunted. “You are most wonderful... ah, if only I could... no, I must not. I must never...”

“What must you not?” She looked up inquiringly as she held the rock hard delight and ran her warm tongue all over it lovingly.

“I must not give in to my curse, not yet.” He said with a painful expression and pulled his cock away from her. “Now come, it is time for use to unite and make the beast with two backs.”

“You mean it’s time to fuck...” She giggled as he laid her down on the grass and slipped his hands under her naked butt to lift her wet pussy up to his face. He lowered his large head between her legs and took a deep breath. He smiled and licked his lips, seemingly savoring the sweet scent of her dripping pussy.

“Oh, god...” Agatha moaned, thrusting her hips up. “I’m going to release right now if you lap me with that wicked tongue of yours...”

Harland didn’t say anything in response, instead his long wet tongue dove right into her swollen pussy. She bucked

her hips and groaned lustfully as his tongue swept over her deep slit, from her puckered rear hole, across her yawning pussy and jabbed at her rigid clit. As he hungrily ate her pussy, she felt sharp little pricks from his oddly large canine teeth on her clit. The slight sting from those nips mingled with the pleasure he was giving her pussy, and it added to the untamed haze of feelings that ran amok through her young quivering body. It took her over the edge and she felt her belly tighten and her pussy clench hard. Agatha fell back on the ground with a loud moan as her body gave itself in to a mind-blowing orgasm.

“Ohhh, Harrrr-laaaand. Oh, oh, oh!” She screamed as her body surrendered to a series of shuddering waves, making her see every color imaginable.

Harland’s large hands squeezed her butt roughly, his hard fingers digging into her soft flesh, as he voraciously sucked on her overflowing pussy with animal-like passion. Her senses heightened, and she flailed her arms around. She wailed and whimpered, tossing her head from side to side and arching her back. Her naked breasts heaved and she pushed them upward, her stomach wobbled wildly as she gasped for breath. She had never experienced an orgasm this powerful before and as her body relaxed; she stared up at the star studded night sky, wondering if this dream was real.

Harland’s young and savagely handsome face filled her vision as he loomed over her, and she knew this was too good

to be some dream.

“We must unite... now.” His breath fogged into her bemused face as the warmth of his immense cockhead pushed against her slippery pussy lips.

“Oh, Harland.” Agatha whispered nervously. “Y-you’re going to fuck me now... that baseball bat is going to rip me apart. Please be gentle.”

“You will find what you seek, dear Agatha, and at your pleasure.” His voice had a strangely feral edge to it.

Agatha went stiff with fearful excitement as his thick unyielding organ slowly pushed its way into her tight pussy. She spread her legs wide, more than she ever had before, and he gratefully took the access it allowed. She gasped out loud at the sensation of being filled and stretched as the foot and some length pushed all the way in. The dense tightness inside her clenching pussy devouring his monster cock sent waves of pleasure through her, making her head giddy.

“Oh, Harland, your giant cock... it feels so damn good inside me.” She whispered as she hugged his muscular neck and nibbled on his ear.

His answer was a gruff and edgy grunt. It sent several shivers running down her naked back. She felt a sting as his sharp canine teeth brushed against her neck and a fleeting wave of fear wash over her. She brushed the fear away, and let the anticipation of something wonderful to come fill her mind.

“Do it, Harland.” She begged him as he remained still with his erection throbbing deep inside her. “Fuck me... I want to cum again, and again.”

“Hrrrgghh,” His growl was more animal than before. “Indeed, sweet Agatha... your pleasure this night is well deserved.”

With another low growl Harland slowly pulled the full length of his thick shaft back, leaving only the apple sized head nestled in her wanting pussy. Agatha gasped at the sensation of the vacuum he left behind and she immediately wanted him back inside all the way. He lifted her legs up by her ankles and placed them on his thick hairy shoulders. She hadn't noticed it until then, but Harland seemed to be hairier than he was before she let him enter her. She didn't have to think long on it as he pushed his thirteen inches of hardness back deep inside her slowly. With her legs over his shoulders and him leaning down on her, she felt his hard cock push even deeper inside her, filling her completely.

“Oh, Harland! This is so heavenly.” She whimpered.  
“Oh, I could die happy after this.”

“There is more to come, my dear.’ Harland grunted and pushed his rock hard cock in and out of her with added vigor, setting up a steady rhythm.

She felt his thickness fill and release, sending exquisite sensations through her and she moved her hips to match with his powerful thrusts. His grunts became more animal like with every thrust and she seemed to get more excited by it. A sudden wave of electrifying ecstasy exploded between her legs and raced all through her quivering body, filling her mind with colors and sounds. Her belly clenched hard as her second orgasm gushed out all over Harland’s savage thrusts.

“Harland, oh... Harland!” She gasped as her young body twitched and trembled under him. “Oh, I... this is heaven... oh, fuck me... Harland, fuck me.”

“Urrgh... Harrggmm... Grrnnhh.” His groans sounded more and more feral and his body felt like it was getting heavier as it crushed down on her.

Her eyes went wide as sudden fear gripped her heart. What if Harland transformed into that animal thing she had seen earlier as he fucked her? Her frantic mind screamed, but

her lustful body loved every bit of his ravaging, so much so that she craved for him to become more savage and rough, and fuck her like a bitch in heat.

“Arrghh-aaarr-thaaaa-rrrggh!” His voice turned into a wild guttural rumble and Harland suddenly pulled out and got off her, and then grabbed her by the throat and pussy with his large hairy hands. Panic parlayed her as he lifted her up and turned her around. His throbbing cock looked even bigger as it dripped with her juices inches before her face.

She wanted to grab it and take it in her mouth, but instead, Harland roughly spun her around and she found herself on her hands and knees with Harland behind her. He wanted to fuck her from the back, like a bitch. Excitement rushed through her at the thought as his hard fingers sank into her soft hips, pulling her toward him. She arched her back and spread her knees as wide as she could to let him have full access to her. He obliged and she moan throatily as his rock hard shaft skewered her from behind, filling her up once again. His sweaty face hovered behind her head and she felt his sharp teeth nibble on her neck. The little pain she felt intensified the pleasure her pussy was getting from the thickness stretching it wide. Harland growled with animal passion and it filled her with a sense of dread, and yet she loved it and wanted even more.

Harland’s surging cock grew even bigger, stretching her pussy even wider, making the pleasure mingle with pain.

He clutched at her ferociously, his hard fingers possessively digging into her pelvis and clawing at her screaming clitoris. He hammered his hips against her plump buttocks with savage urgency. His frantic pace made her whole body shake and shudder as her eyes rolled back into her head from the intense pleasure ripping through her. His sharp teeth grazed like a razor into her pliant neck, making a little blood trickle down. Agatha bit into her own fist to muffle her scream, the intense pleasure she felt swamped over the sharp pain of his love bite.

“You’re just like an animal, Harland.” She screamed at him, “and I love it, baby.”

Lust and pleasure fogged her mind and she couldn’t have been more right. He weighed down on her heavily and she couldn’t see him at all as her pounded her from the back. Her knees and elbows trembled from the assault, but her pussy craved for more. He seemed to be growing heavier, and hairier, with every frenetic thrust he hammered into her. The strong odor of damp fur seemed to come from him and she tried to turn her head back to look at him. But he pushed his head down over hers as he pillaged her yielding pussy.

“Oh, my goodness.” Agatha screamed frantically. “You-you’re changing again... oh, fuck... but this is so good... so fucking good. Please, Harland, don’t kill me.”

“Rarrhhgg... arrghaw... Arggartha!” Harland’s growling made no sense to her. “Rrhh... mmahhrr gurrfftt... ffggrrrr yooorrrh...”

Harland’s head rested on hers, pushing her further down, she dropped on her elbows and only his firm grip on her hips kept her from slumping down on the ground. He rammed even harder into her as his thrusts grew more frantic and she cringed at his hard fingers digging in deeper into her hips, hurting her. His hard cock swelled up even more inside her and a sudden splash of heat exploded inside her, making her gasp out loud. He was releasing his hot seed deep inside her and Agatha prayed she wouldn’t get pregnant.

Her whole body went limp; she had never had pleasure this intense ever before. He was still hard and full inside her, and she anticipated him to pull out of her. But instead he went very still and held on to her tightly. His painful grip on her hips had relaxed, but his cock inside her was anything but. It seemed to get even bigger still, stretching her with every pulsing throb. Her heart raced and she shivered as she felt more heat splash inside her. He was still cumming, and that was something she had never heard of, let alone felt before. His breathing was a rapid pant and he held on to her like he would be blown away by the wind at any moment. She felt his cock get even bigger inside as his cum kept steadily squirting out inside her.

Before she could realize it, him being deep inside her like that, releasing his seed deep in her, another intense orgasm hit her. She trembled violently and wept at the sheer pleasure she felt. He kept on cumming inside her, mingling his release with hers, and barely did her orgasm begin to subside, she felt another one rise to envelope the one waning, just like the cascading waves of the sea on high tide. She didn't know how long she was held down like that, feeling his hot seed pump into her even as wave after wave of orgasmic ecstasy sent her into a state of senseless bliss.

She glanced at their shadows that fell beside her and gasped at what she saw. Holding her down, Harland seemed more wolf than man. His swollen cock continued to spurt hot loads of his semen inside her and the heat of his release triggered orgasm after orgasm for her. Was she being fucked by a werewolf, Agatha wondered with horror, or was her stupefied mind dreaming it all and seeing things. But whatever it was, she reveled at the intense pleasure she knew she would never get from any other man.

Suddenly his immense weight lifted off her and Harland rose up and howled heartbreakingly into the still night. Then with a sudden jerk, he pulled his cock out of her and collapsed beside her, gasping and groaning. Agatha glanced at him and exhaled deeply. A young and handsome man, though spent and exhausted, lay beside her, his deep chest heaving, and his cock, covered in her juices and his own still standing up at attention.

Finding some of her strength, Agatha pushed her shivering body to recover from the shock of intense pleasure. She slowly rolled over him and placed her head on his hairy chest. His heart was beating faster than she had felt anyone's ever. Harland moaned softly and looked at her with glazed eyes. She smiled at him and eyed his erect cock as it still oozed his hot cum. Agatha licked her lips and slithered down over his belly. She took the hot pulsing organ into her mouth, savoring the delicious offering he still made to her.

“Mmmhh.” She moaned as Harland's salty sweet cum coated her tongue. It also had a coppery flavor she hadn't tasted before.

The young man lay on his back, groaning with satisfaction as she sucked him dry, her hands caressing his heavy hairy testicles.

“Oh, Harland, has this lifted your curse?” She whispered. “...and if it has I am so glad to have helped you in doing it. I am so grateful. I've had the most mind-blowing sex tonight and I... I hope we can do this again.”

“Yes, my dear.” He replied slowly. “You have lifted my curse, I am no longer held by the old enchantment that bound me to this land. The Clan Lachlan can finally rest in the forgotten realms of ancient history.”

“I understand now why it had to be a mystery for so long.” She said, taking a deep breath. “I suppose I should let it remain forgotten... and get back home to my mundane life of a university resident.”

He didn't respond, but he had a smile on his face and his erection continued to ooze his cum into her mouth. Slowly she released his cock and laid her head over his hairy crotch. She turned her head to look at his face, he seemed at peace and his breathing was calm and rested. Feeling more content than she ever had in her life, Agatha let her body relax and her mind followed suit as she drifted into the comforting embrace of a deep and restful slumber.

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“Ah, Doctor Severus.” Mortimer Somersby, director of the department of Ancient Archeological Studies, smiled broadly. “So good of you to come to see me.”

“Director Somersby.” She nodded and took a seat. “I hope all is well.”

“But of course.” The fat man grinned. “Things couldn’t be any better.”

“Good to know.” Agatha looked around the director’s office. “So what did you want to see me for?”

“About your area of expertise, Doctor.” Somersby nodded and shuffled some papers before him. “You know, all those strange historical myths and mysteries that interest you so much.”

“Mortimer, you and I both know that my last trip to Northern Europe was a bust, and you’ve had me working on double shifts for the whole of the month since I returned.” She leaned back on her chair and shook her head in exasperation. “What more fun are you poking at me now?”

“Oh, on the contrary, Doctor.” Somersby leaned closer. “The report that you submitted of the Lachlan Clan expedition...”

“It was hardly an expedition, Mortimer... I just did a little reconnaissance.”

“So you did, my dear.” Mortimer Somersby nodded. “However, you seem to have left out some of your findings.”

“What the hell do you mean, Mortimer?” She sat up and leaned onto the desk.

“You didn’t mention that you actually met the caretaker of the Lachlan Estate.”

“What Lachlan Estate? It’s a bloody wilderness out there with no one around for miles.”

“Then how would you account for our visitor.” The university director grinned from ear to ear.

“Huh? What?” Agatha felt a cold chill run down her back.

“Debbie!” Somersby picked up the intercom and called his assistant. “You can send in the gentleman now, please.”

“What’s going on, Mortimer...?” Agatha cried out.

The fat man raised his hand and smiled wider. “Well, you’re in luck, Doctor Severus. You’re going to get your well funded expedition after all. Our visitor is as interested in finding out more about the Lachlan Clan myth and wants you to head the show.”

“Me?” She felt as if she was cornered. “What do you mean... who is this visitor?”

The front door opened and a tall, broad shouldered man wearing an expensive suit walked in. He had a little smile on his handsome face, his eyes were dark and keen, and his jet black hair fell around his face and down to his immense shoulders. Agatha’s blood froze as she recognized the man.

“Doctor Severus.” Mortimer Somersby stood up. “Meet our benefactor from across the wide Atlantic, Lord Harland Lachlan the thirteenth, master of the legendary Lachlan Estate.”

**Mmm... Who doesn't love a good  
romp!**

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## **TEMPTATION TALES**

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Forty Eight

Gladstone Town. There was nothing glad about the dark gloomy place, and the rounded stones that cobbled the narrow roads were covered in grime and in need of a rigorous washing. It was a good thing then that the rains had come early that year. It also meant that the outlying farmlands to the west of the town could start planting new crops, so the reserve food grain in the town's storage could be distributed to the hungry townspeople.

It had been this way for as long as Megan could remember in the nineteen years of life of hers, worsening year after year. Her poverty stricken parents had fallen to the damned black plague of 1877, when she was just about five. She lived with her father's useless brother and his starving family of four ever since, adding another sorry mouth to feed for them. They were poor, just as the rest of the townsfolk, but she was grateful for at least that over the prospect of begging out in the ragged streets. She shuddered involuntarily at those horrid old memories as she sat in the ice cold wooden seats of the old town council hall.

The geriatric mayor, the elderly Pastor Coolidge, had called for a town meeting about the distribution of the food stocks. The decrepit town council hall where the haggard people of Gladstone, all hundred and sixty seven of them, were gathered had seen better days. The fading plaster on the pillars and walls was chipping away and a few large cracks in

the high ceiling let the falling rain in. Several of the tall windows had shattered panes; and some had no panes at all and the once shiny curtain rods hung bare and rust-covered over the rattling windows. The cold wind blew into the aged building with a vengeance and chilled everyone to the bone. Mayor Coolidge stood shivering on the worm eaten wooden pedestal and nodded at the gathering.

“Thank you all for coming on this unfortunate night.” The old man said in a trembling voice. “Gladstone Town now suffers its thirteenth year of poor harvest, and we pray that the rains last longer this year.”

“Our prayers fall on deaf ears, Coolidge.” A gruff voice from the front challenged the old mayor. “Just like they have for the last twelve and a half years. We need more than just prayers to save this old town.”

“Thank you for that astute observation, Mister Hoddle.” Coolidge replied with a dry smile. “But right now I can think of nothing more than our honest prayers. Things will get better once we...”

“And when will that happen, old man?” A fat woman seated next to Hoddle sneered. “Just before we draw out last breath. Unlike you, we still have many years we would like to live. Tell us, Coolidge, when will things get better again?”

“I am not privileged to have that information, Mrs. Danker.” Coolidge remained calm. “We can only hope that the Lo...”

“Hope will not save this cursed town.” A slim man to the left stood up. Megan recognized him as the butcher’s son, Willis. “It’s time we put our much tested faith into other means of salvation. Means that may work.”

“If you mean that charlatan who offered us...”  
Coolidge paled as he spoke.

“Yes, we do.” Huddle said importantly. “And we have invited one of his respected acolytes here to enlighten us.”

“But I have not been made aware...” Coolidge protested. “I am the mayor...”

“Not for long, Coolidge.” Huddle went on. “Now step off the pedestal and let Brother Norton of the vaunted Harrow Manor speak.”

Megan glanced sideways, noticing the eager looks on the faces of the people, including her uncle, aunt and cousin sister, Sondra. Everyone was expectant; they were desperate for something to save the town and by the look of this

newcomer Megan could tell there was a high price to pay for the so-called salvation he offered.

“Good people of Gladstone Town. I am Brother Norton and I come in peace.” The slender young man with a receding hairline smiled at everyone from the pedestal. “Rejoice, my friends, for the Blessed Order of Lord Aldridge Harrow has come to save you all. We have saved many. The towns to the east of here, and the south, they were just as deprived as Gladstone not too long ago. We have done what was needed to bring peace and prosperity back to those unfortunate towns and now they all reap in the glory of their salvation.”

“What is it that you do?” Coolidge asked in an aggravated tone.

“Why, pastor?” The leering young man addressed the sickly old mayor. “You would know rather well what we do. We offer salvation from your past sins, we offer to absolve those of ill repute and set them back on the path of righteousness.”

“What sins and ill reputation do you think we of Gladstone have?” A deep voice from the back yelled. Megan turned back to look and didn’t really recognize the face of the man yelling.

“All of you, you fine people of Gladstone.” Norton waved his spindly arms around. “All of you are sinners in need of salvation, and that is why I am here.”

“What must we do, Brother Norton?” Huddle asked him in a voice of wonderment.

“Each of you must come to the Manor Harrow to be blessed and saved by his lordship, the chosen master of salvation... and only then will the town be saved and your fortunes be once more favorable.” The visitor said with elevated enthusiasm. “And each must bring with them a tithe, a little something that is dear to you, as atonement for the sins of your people. It can be anything, from a little copper coin, gold if you feel your sins are many, to a necklace, or a little weapon or even something living, like a pet animal of some sort. The tithe must be something very dear to the sinner, only then will the absolver be fruitful.”

“We are ready to do this, Brother Norton.” The Sutcliffe woman said eagerly. “When can we go to the Manor Harrow?”

“Each day, you must send two of your townspeople at a time. Members of the same family or neighbors, or anyone, but two at a time.” Norton said with reverence. “It is best to send the young unmarried maids first, and then the young men. After them the rest may follow.”

“Why the unmarried maids first?” Coolidge asked with a furrowed brow.

“It is pertinent to begin with those that have lesser burdens of sin, pastor. You should know this.” Norton replied and Megan detected a hint of sneer in his thin voice.

“Then should not the children go first?” The mayor persisted.

“You have truly lost your mind, mayor, and I must ask the good townspeople to replace you before your ill-founded judgment does further harm to the town.” Norton laughed out derisively. “We all know that children are innocent of sin and in no need of salvation. Pastor Coolidge, you have disappointed all your people this day, and most of all yourself.”

“It is settled then.” Huddle stood up. “Coolidge is no longer mayor. The town council will vote in the next few days about who to replace him with.”

“Yes, so it is.” Norton replied and stepped off the pedestal. “Now decide who among the young maidens you will send first, the ceremonies of salvation will begin the very next day.”

The loud buzzing that followed of everyone talking at once left Megan with the urge to run away from this dismal place. It seemed everyone wanted to send their unmarried daughters first. She watched her fat faced uncle and his skinny wife haggle for prominence. She shuddered at the thought of being sent to some strange place for salvation she knew she did not warrant. But it was quite evident that the silly people of Gladstone had bought every word this man from the Harrow Estate had said and were ever eager to pay even more than they could afford.

Huddle told everyone that he would make a listing of names and draw lots. Everyone agreed to that, and then the rush to submit names followed. After some time and a whole lot of chaos, the squat man called out a name.

“Sondra Asbury.”

Megan stood quite still. That was her cousin sister’s name. And according to the requirement, only young unmarried maids should go, two at a time, preferably of the same family. Sondra’s younger sister, Esmeralda, was not even ten. That meant Megan would have to go to with her cousin. That very night. She was in no mind for going through any kind of ritualistic salvation for the wickedness of the people of this squalid town. But the look of pride and glee in her uncle and aunt’s leering faces told her that she had no say in the

matter. There was nothing she could do than follow her cousin into the little carriage that waited to take them off to the distant estate of this Lord Aldridge Harrow, the savior of towns near and far.

The ride was a long and tedious one, all through the cold rainy night and to the next dawn before the high walls of the ominous Harrow Estate loomed up. The rain lessened to a refreshing shower as the rattling carriage came to a halt. The single work horse harnessed to it shivered in the cold mountain air as Megan peered out of the window. The worst of the storm was over but the old creaking boards and sagging roof of the carriage did little to keep the water out. The two young women were damp and cold, but Sondra smiled brightly.

“Yes, we have finally arrived.” The lovely dark haired girl gushed at Megan’s sullen expression. Megan was terribly miserable and she did not share her cousin’s jumped up enthusiasm to be there. The damp mist surrounding them and cold fleeting rain did not help either.

“Why must we be the first here?” Megan asked in a whisper, as the two young women stepped out of the grating vehicle.

“Oh! Megan, my dear cousin...” Sondra smiled widely. “We are here to save my wretched soul.”

“How would you know your soul needed saving?” Megan muttered, hugging her slender arms around herself. She looked disdainfully at the carriage turning to head back the way they had come. The driver urged the horse into a trot, eager to get away from the enveloping gloom.

“Oh my dear, dear cousin, I haven’t been the purest of the pure, you know.” Sondra laughed with a snort and briskly stepped towards the ancient structure. A short man in a hooded robe of dark tan material stood hunched at the tall Iron Gate.

“Welcome to the Manor Harrow. I am Brother Galen.” The squat acolyte nodded in greeting. “This is... a hallowed and sacred place.”

Sondra curtsied and replied. “We are blessed to be here, my good man.” And Megan gathered her wet cloak around herself and shivered the more.

“Come, you will feel sanctified and privileged to be in the presence of Lord Aldridge Harrow.” The acolyte waved them towards the foreboding doors of the monolithic edifice. “He awaits your graceful presence with much anticipation.”

The inside of the Manor was more dour and depressing than the chilly weather outside. Dimly lit candles on their tall

iron stands were the only source of light and cast eerie shadows all around the gloomy hallway. Megan felt the urge to turn and run at every step as they followed the dark robed acolyte. He led them into a room no less cheerful than the hallway, where two other cloaked and hooded figures waited.

“You have the tithe for your salvation.” One of the hooded women held out a thick calloused palm.

“Yes!” Sondra nodded and handed over a small leather pouch.

The gold coins inside clinked softly. This was payment from the townsfolk to have their souls saved and fortunes recouped. To be once again the prosperous and bustling township that Gladstone had been before. Lord Aldridge Harrow was well reputed as being the man who worked miracles. Many a township his wisdom and skills had saved from the brink of utter doom. His offer of atonement for a small sum of trinkets and a session of cleansing was most accommodating. And all tended to agree to his wisdom. Then why was Megan feeling so ill at ease about all this.

“You will need to wear these holy robes.” The other hooded woman whispered and held out two folds of sheer white linen. “Now remove your tainted garments and prepare for the ceremony.”

“Uh, but it’s so late.” Megan feebly protested. “And we are exhausted from a long and tiresome journey.”

“This is the hour,” Brother Galen said softly. “We must cleanse your tainted souls at this moment.”

Sondra nodded and began to undress, much to Megan’s shock and astonishment. The beautiful brunette gathered the transparent little robe around her svelte naked body and looked at her cousin expectantly.

“What?” Megan choked. “I’m not getting naked in from to these...”

“You have no choice, my dear.” A warm soothing voice wafted in from the shadows beyond the billowing curtains. “This is the hour of deliverance. Should it be missed, your souls will forever burn in the nether and the good people of Gladstone shall forever suffer in their depravity.”

The young women whirled around to face the now parted curtains. Lord Aldridge Harrow stood there with a kind smile on his face. His bright blue eyes twinkled and he stepped into the room. Long black hair flecked with strands of silver and grey fell gently around his broad shoulders and his flowing white robe was untied, exposing his deep muscular chest, taut ridged belly and dark hairy groin. He gestured at the

three members of his cult in the room and nodded. They seized Megan suddenly and tore off her damp gown and undergarments. A large hand on her mouth muffled her scream. She stared at Sondra with fright but her cousin looked on with a bemused smile. The acolytes dropped her naked to the floor and tossed the little white robe into her grasping hands.

“It is time, my dear.” Harrow held out his hand at Sondra and the curvaceous brunette willingly accepted. He led her to a wide stone platform in the middle of the room and helped her lay down on it. The platform was cushioned with red velvet and several lit candles and oil lamps cast a warm yet ominous glow all over the surface. The three heavysset acolytes removed their dark hoods and began a low, hypnotic chant. Megan peered at their faces in the dimness and saw the wanton lust in their burning eyes as they fixatedly stared at the flat stone platform. She shivered and wrapped the slight robe around her naked body tighter. Her small breasts sported goose bumps and her nipples ached with tautness from the cold.

“This is the hour of your salvation.” The Lord of the Manor said softly as he looked down at Sondra. “We must cleanse your tainted soul.”

“I am ready.” Sondra breathed, her large green eyes expectant with fervor. Megan couldn’t believe what she was seeing.

With an expert flick of his wrist, Harrow yanked the flimsy cloth off Sondra's body. The brunette's young and blossoming sexuality was laid bare before his lustful eyes to feast upon. He offered some whispered prayers to gods unknown and slowly poured a slick dark liquid over her quivering belly and breasts. Expert hands began leisurely spreading the oil over her pallid yielding flesh. Megan watched wide eyed at the abuse of her cousin's nubile young body. She wanted to scream out but the strange odor emanating from lamps burning dimly overhead dulled her senses. The three acolytes beside her began to sway to their rhythmic chanting in unison.

Oblivious to watching eyes, Harrow continued his ministrations on the nubile form before him. Slowly his caressing fingers traipsed from her quivering belly to the underside of her tender breasts. His eager hands explored her supple bosom and taut nipples, aroused to aching hardness. Sondra's soft moans grew louder with every caress and she began to buck her rounded hips. She bit her lip and reached out to caress his naked thigh. "This is why I am here." She said in a throaty voice. "My poor cousin and my town full of simpletons think that this is a sacred place and we are here to have ourselves saved. I laugh at them and their ignorance while I let you, Lord Harrow, my wonderful beast of a man, give me pleasure beyond any I will ever know back in that dead town."

Megan felt her heart stop. Did she hear her cousin right? Was she out of her mind? Did Sondra really want to be ravaged by a strange old man? She found all of this beyond her ken and her head began to pound heavily. The intoxicating odor of the candles and oil lamps began to make her feel lightheaded. Everything looked surreal, as if she was in some dream.

“My Lord Harrow. My dear savior.” Sondra looked desirously up at the older man. “Save me, save my errant soul and make me whole again. I beseech you... take me under your care. Cleanse me!”

With a wide smile of approval, Harrow planted passionate kisses on her breasts and belly. He slid his hands expertly downward all the way to her oil slick thighs and slowly he spread her legs apart. His fingers snaked over her pulsating pussy and as he caressed her swollen clit, Sondra’s body shuddered with pleasure. Her moans became louder and more recurrent. Megan felt sure now she was dreaming all of this. But how would she even dream in detail of such things she had never even heard of, let alone witnessed. And what if it was all real? Was it going to be her next, after that slut of a cousin of hers, she shuddered inwardly.

“My child, you will be saved.” Harrow whispered. “I have made a pact with the ones who matter and they approve of your soul’s salvation.”

Sondra moaned lustfully in appreciation and arched her back. Her firm young breasts pushed up at the eager man's leering face. Her nipples stood out like hard little cherries, longing for a hungry mouth to close over them. Megan found herself yearning for those little nubs and she felt her own nipples begin to stiffen anew. The chanting of the acolytes beside her began to sound more and more enticing and she felt her body move to the rhythm of their voices.

"Never have I had one so willing, so full of lust and wanting," Lord Harrow's deep voice said with satisfaction. "Sondra, my love, you are lovelier than any I have saved. And as long as you and your naïve kind are willing, my virile seed will be forever sown."

"I cannot take it anymore" Megan suddenly screamed, fighting the dullness in her mind. "What in hell is going on... is he going to force himself on her?"

"Hush, fool girl!" The acolyte beside her admonished harshly. "Lord Harrow frees her soul from evil."

"I... what... this is evil..." Megan choked, her tear filled eyes fixed on the thick erect manhood jutting out from the charlatan's open gown. Harrow's erect cock twitched twice as if to acknowledge her enraged stare. But the more she

looked at the thing the more she felt her body react in a manner she had little known before.

“Uhhh! Ooohh!” Sondra thickly groaned in wanton heat as she writhed on the platform before Harrow. “I want more, my Lord... take me. Fill me with your big hard cock.”

“The hour is upon us.” Harrow said somberly and dropped his robe. Naked and with his thick cock throbbing wildly he climbed onto the platform and straddled the lust sodden young woman lying on it. The long haired man started to rub his blood gorged cockhead on her swollen clit and Sondra’s moans grew louder, as if she were possessed by some lust craving demon. Megan felt several shivers run through her body as she drank in the vision playing out before her widened eyes. Harrow breathed heavily and thrust the thick head of his rock hard cock into her sopping fissure slowly, as if to enjoy the tightness her young pussy offered. ”You are as firm as a virgin, my dear” He told her hoarsely. “Even though you are far from one. All the more better, I feel. And this is a night of extravagant pleasure. I grow tired of frightened and resistant ones that usually get dragged here by their dim-witted folk hoping for salvation. You, my dear, have come by yourself willingly... and I must make you stay here a while.”

“Yes, you must, my lord.” Sondra sounded as if she was drunk, drunk with lust. “My soul is in need of desperate salvation and one night is not enough, perhaps a week...”

“So be it, my lovely. A week will suit us rather fittingly.” Harrow nodded at the writhing dark haired girl under him and gently caressed her brow. He pushed her sweat slick locks away from her eyes and looked tenderly into them as he fucked her pussy slowly. Suddenly the act didn’t look so vile to Megan. Instead it seemed very poetic and beautiful, like a man and a woman giving in to the love they were meant to have in each other’s entwined arms.

“Yes... Yes, my lord.” Sondra managed to gasp, “A week, a whole week... I love it. I want to be fucked like this by you for a whole bloody week. Oh, fuck me, lord Harrow.”

“Yes, my dear.” Harrow nodded with a leering grin. “You are being saved. Your soul will be cleansed.” And he began a long and slow thrusting motion back and forth. As Sondra’s pussy swallowed whole the entire length of his shaft, Megan dropped to her hands and knees, breaking down into a choking sob. She couldn’t understand why this act so immoral and disgraceful made her feel good as she watched it. Why was her errant body so opposed to what her mind had been taught all her life? She looked up again at her cousin as she took in the full pleasure of Harrow’s lascivious attentions.

Harrow was driving his hips faster into her cousin. Sondra’s moans were ecstatic shudders as the large man rammed into her. Sondra’s full and supple breasts jiggled

violently with every thrust of the older man's cock ripping into her swollen and dripping pussy. Megan couldn't take her eyes off what she was seeing. Her own breathing was ragged and a strange sensation bubbled between her thighs, in the naughty region where she even feared to touch herself. She rubbed her thighs together to relieve herself of that feeling, only making it more intense. She gasped out loud as her belly clenched and she could no longer focus her mind into telling her that all of this was not right.

“I love this so very much,” Sondra moaned and turned to look in her direction, making her heart leap when their eyes met. “Don't be sad, Megan my love.” Her cousin gasped at her. “Your turn will come too.”

The realization of that chilling notion sent Megan into a stupor. The pleasurable feeling between her thighs reached a crescendo, sending a powerful sensation all through her young shivering body. She had no control over her mind and body anymore. Everything around her faded and blurred, and then went black.

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“Megan!” Sondra’s anxious voice filled her head. It sounded like she was under water. “Megan, are you okay? It’s all right. Please wake up.”

Sondra’s lovely round face filled her blurred vision. As her eyes adjusted to the light, Megan noticed that it was quite bright outside the window overhead. She wondered where she was.

“Where am I?” She asked her cousin.

“This is our room.” Sondra told her in a relieved tone of voice. “Oh, I was so afraid when you fainted. But Lord Harrow said that it was part of the ritual to save your soul.”

“Lord Harrow...?” Megan tried to remember where she had heard that before.

“Yes, silly.” Her cousin laughed. “He saved me from damnation, and he will save you too.”

Then it all came back to her and she shuddered at the memory of what she had witnessed. She didn’t know now how long ago that was and for what amount of time she had been asleep. It seemed like it was only the one night.

“What’s going to happen now?” She looked around the little room in wonder.

“We’re going to save your soul, Megan.” Sondra nodded eagerly. “Come on down for some breakfast and then, right at the stroke of midday, Lord Harrow will perform the ritual for you.”

“But I... I don’t...”

“What is it, you silly thing?” Her cousin pursed her full red lips. “Don’t you want to be saved? Don’t you want our town to be made better again?”

“But he... that man... he forced himself on you.”

“He did no such thing, you timid fool.” Sondra laughed out loud. “He only did what I so wanted him to do. You have to experience it, dear cousin. It’s the most heavenly thing... and it’s also saving our souls.”

“You really believe that?”

“Well... I’m not sure about the soul saving part.” The brunette smiled at her knowingly. “But oh, the ritual is so gratifying... lord Harrow is a man who can bring out all the

woman you can ever be. Come on, silly, hurry up... it's almost ten. We have to breakfast and then get you ready for the ritual."

Megan sat up; her mind filled with images of what she witnessed the night before. She recalled how Sondra had enjoyed the older man's ministrations on her nubile young body. Thoughts of that large erect organ plunging into his cousin's soft body sent chills through her all over again. She suddenly felt a craving for that. She wanted to know how that would feel. The sensations she had felt in her naughty place when she witnessed the debauchery in the name of salvation her cousin enjoyed coursed through her again now as her memory of it all ran through her mind. She felt an intense desire to be with that man. Megan couldn't understand why she felt it. Her mind couldn't process it, but her body on the other hand gave off signals that were unmistakable, no matter how obscene and vulgar it came across to her mind.

She smiled at her cousin and got off the bed. The little robe was all they were allowed to wear there and strangely she didn't mind that at all anymore. Sondra smiled back and led her by the hand downstairs. She too was wearing the little robe, and her full figured body looked much better than Megan's did in the tight, translucent thing.

Breakfast was a quick affair of bread and cheese, boiled eggs, slices of ham and hot milk. Then Megan found herself being led downstairs, back to the room with the red velvet

covered platform. Sondra walked beside her and the three acolytes from the night before followed her. When they walked into the room about a few minutes before noon, Lord Harrow was waiting for them in his customary robe with his torso and genitals exposed. Beside him stood another man, robed in the full dark colors of an acolyte and Megan recognized him as the man who addressed them in the town. The one who sold them the whole salvation deal - Brother Norton. He had an ugly leer on his face, but in the presence of Harrow, he paled into the drab tapestry hanging all around the candle lit room.

“Welcome back to the Salvation Platform, my dear.” Harrow was talking to her. “The hour of your deliverance is at hand. Come, dear Megan. Come and lay down on the platform.

She gave him a weak smile and stepped up to the platform, she stared down at the soft red velvet spread. It looked very lavish, a stark comparison from the drab and bleak feel of the rest of the room. She noted a few jars of the strange dark oils on a table beside the platform and felt a new tightness in her belly. Suddenly she felt a compelling urge to lie on the platform and have Harrow’s hands roaming all over her. She looked at him and felt the heat rising between her ears. He was definitely the most handsome man she had ever seen.

“So sweet Megan, do you think you are ready to be saved?” He looked deep into her eyes and rubbed his hands together.

“I... I am, lord Har... Harrow.” She said, looking right back at him. “Are you going to begin now?”

“Why, yes.” He grinned. “The hour of your deliverance is nigh. I, Aldridge Harrow, am going to save you and your town full of decadent fools.”

“Ohhh!” She gasped breathlessly. “I... I don’t think...”

“That’s right, dear cousin.” She heard Sondra say from behind her. “Don’t think... just get down there and be saved.”

“Sondra speaks true.” Harrow nodded at her. “Now, remove your robe and prepare yourself for a heavenly experience.”

“I... I need to be naked?” Megan’s eyes went wide and she felt that pleasant warmth rising between her thighs again.

“Indeed you do.” Harrow smiled patiently. “As you have witnessed your lovely cousin’s salvation last evening.”

“Oh, I... if I must.” She blushed deeply and lowered her eyes as she slipped the robe off her shoulders and quickly slid down onto the red velvet cushioning. She placed a hand over her breasts and the other over her pelvis and kept her eyes firmly shut.

“Ah, we are ready to begin.” She heard Harrow say and felt his hands smearing the strangely scented oil on her shoulders and upper arms.

Megan felt a rush of sensations at his touch and a strange shiver ran down her spine. She opened her eyes for a quick peek to see Harrow giving her a knowing smile and gently pulling her hands away to expose her nakedness for all there to witness. She felt a sudden rush of fear as his hands closed in over her small yet aching breasts. He smeared her upper body with the cool and soothing oils and a fiery need to be touched filled her senses.

Harrow’s hands gently caressed her shoulders and he began rubbing her neck slowly. She sighed. It felt rather good. His hands were strong and yet gentle, lessening the anxiety she had building up in her ever since she had gotten into the carriage back in Gladstone town.

“How do you feel now, Megan?” Harrow asked her in a voice most soothing and sensual.

“Ohhh, I feel so good.” She purred in a dreamlike state.

“Indeed, now close your eyes and loosen up, I will take good care of you.” Harrow replied seductively and his hands moved over her breasts and quivering belly, smearing more of the wonderful oil all over her.

She felt his strong fingers massage into her weary limbs. The night long ride to the estate in a rickety old damp carriage was quite exhausting and she had also stressed needlessly the night before watching her cousin’s salvation. Her body craved this indulgence, even though her mind was yet to settle down. It felt wonderful to have a man’s strong hands on her feverish body. She sighed as his hands slipped in under her arms, gently massaging her pliant muscles and making the blood flow freely all over her. His fingers caressed the outer slopes of her small breasts his thumbs twirled around her taut nipples making strange yet wonderful tingles run all through her quivering body.

Harrow slithered his strong hands over her waist, copiously applying the pungent oils on her narrow hips and her sensitive inner thighs. She felt a strange and warm sensation all over with the oil spreading through her body. She moaned as she felt pleasurable flutters in her belly and a slippery wetness oozing down between her thighs.

“Ah, your body rises to the need of you salvation.”  
Harrow purred into her ear.

“Mmmhh!” Megan moaned in response, surprising herself with her indolence.

Harrow’s hands certainly had magic in them. He slipped one right between her thighs, coating the burning area with the slick oil. His fingers probed deeper into her inner thighs and squeezed the soft yielding flesh. She felt a violent shiver as his finger slipped into the wet slit of her swollen pussy. Megan couldn’t stifle the throaty moan that escaped her open lips. Harrow smiled and gently turned her over onto her heaving belly. He placed his hands on her supple back and began moving slowly down. His strong hands made her body heat rise and she felt as if she could float away. Harrow ran his hands down her lower back and slowly moved them over the beautiful softness of her perfectly rounded bottom.

“Ah, this is perfection.” Harrow whispered as his hands kneaded and squeeze her soft ass cheeks, making more of that pleasurable wetness to drip from her aching pussy.

“Oh, Lord Harrow... this is so good.” Megan moaned.  
“Save me... I... I want you to bring me salva... ohhh... salvation.”

“Yes, my dear.” Harrow told her soothingly. “Prepare yourself; let your body be ready for salvation.”

“Aahh, yes, my lord.” She smiled lazily and her mind was filled with images of his cock. She wondered if he was hard now with his hands all over her feverish young body.

In response Harrow slid his hand under her belly and lifted her up, bringing her bottom to push upward before his face. He then spread her legs apart and exposed her dripping pussy for all to see. Megan felt a surge of terror, but calmed herself. She had already given into Lord Harrow and now felt a whole lot more comfortable, naked and on display or not. His hands pushed down on her slick thighs and upturned bottom, slipping between her legs and caressing her wet pussy. With each touch she felt a surge of body stirring sensations dart through her. She felt her juices flowing freely now and her pussy was getting wet beyond reckoning, yearning with a perverse need to be stuffed with something hard and thick. And Megan knew exactly what that hard and thick thing that she wanted was. It was mere inches away from her and a few times she had even felt it brush against her thigh and hip. Her heart began to race excitedly at the prospect of having Harrow’s hard cock plunging into her as she had seen him do to her cousin.

Harrow suddenly flipped her around again and she now lay completely exposed to him. Her chest heaved making her small breasts ache and her nipples stick out like hard cherries.

She gave into her base animal instinct and spread her legs as wide as she could dare and stared at him pleadingly. Her mouth was open in anticipation and she breathed in short expectant gasps.

“You are now ready to be saved.” Harrow said solemnly and placed a hand on each side of her inner thighs, stretching her pussy out wide.

Megan gasped as he rubbed her clit with his thumbs from either side. Her stomach heaved and clenched, tightening and relaxing until she couldn't restrain herself anymore. Her excitement crossed all limits and her orgasm exploded hard all over his fingers.

“Ohhh, ohhh, Lo-lord Harrow...” Megan panted with the intensity and power of her release . “I'm so ashamed... but... but... I couldn't... control myself...”

“Calm down, Megan.” Harrow said soothingly. “Release all your feelings... get your mind at ease and take pleasure in the wonders of your body and soul.”

“Oh, yes, Lord Harrow, yes.” Megan wept with the pleasure of her orgasm and carelessly groped at his crotch.

“Ah, yes. Reach out for you salvation.” Harrow encouraged and pushed his erection closer to her.

Megan certainly didn't need any encouraging, as she rose up and grabbed his rock hard cock. She didn't care who all was staring at her right then, she wanted it desperately. She leaned down over him as he squatted down on the platform and closed her hot wet mouth over the throbbing cock head. She didn't even know why she did that, she just let instinct take over as she sucked him wildly, like a hungry new born calf.

She heard Harrow laugh as he placed his hands in either side of her head. He moved his hips back and forth to gently fuck her eager mouth. She reached up and grabbed his hardened buttocks, digging her nails into the rigid muscles there.

“Good heavens, girl.” Harrow groaned loudly as she swirled her tongue teasingly over his sensitive cock head. “You are quite the surprise. One would think you have a penchant for sucking cock.”

“Mmm hmmm!” She nodded with her eyes wide as her mouth filled up with his rigid manhood.

“Yes, my little flower. Suck that cock.” Harrow sounded like he had lost his mind. “Suck my hard cock like your life depended in it.”

“Mmm-hmmm.” Megan nodded and swallowed the entire length of it, all eleven inches all the way to the root. She felt his cockhead pulse against the back of her throat; making her want to gag and she loved the strange sensation.

Harrow’s hands played with her pussy as she sucked him and he inserted two fingers inside her seeping wetness. Megan moaned over his cock and felt another burst of pleasure threatening to explode inside her. Suddenly the need to have his cock deep inside her made her look up into his hungry eyes. Harrow seemed to understand what she wanted and slowly pulled his cock out of her greedy mouth. He pushed her back down on the platform and spread her legs apart wide. He climbed over her and then placed his throbbing cock at the quivering lips of her wet and horny pussy.

“You have earned this well, my sweetling.” Harrow smiled at her and he pushed the cockhead into her eager pussy. “Come, let your salvation begin.”

“Yes, my lord, my savior...” Megan whimpered. “Fuck me, fuck me hard. Fuck me harder than you fucked Sondra. Save my soul, Lord Harrow, bring me my salvation.”

Harrow nodded his approval as he pushed his cock, inch by inch, all the way inside her willing pussy. She felt the warm thickness of his organ squeeze against her wet tightness, and it made more fires within her come alive. Her pussy hungrily clenched on his cock, it seemed to have a life all its own, seeking with a vengeance to drain it of all its seed.

“Oh, Lord Harrow... your cock... it is so hard...” Megan moaned and gasped with intense pleasure. “It’s so big and so hard, my lord. It’s stretching my pussy... ohhh the pain... the pain.”

“Your pussy is prepared to feel the pain, it is your atonement... your salvation. The more your pussy swallows my cock, the better your saving will be.” Harrow grunted with effort and began to move back and forth as his cock slid in and out of her tight little love tunnel.

Harrow increased the intensity of his thrusts and he grabbed her hips hard. His firm fingers dug into her soft flesh. Megan’s moans and whimpers echoed all around the chamber, mingling with the chanting of the watching acolytes.

“Oh, Lord Harrow, save my soul.” Megan moaned and panted. “Oh, please... please keep on fucking me.”

“Yes, my dear.” Harrow grunted as his hips slammed into her. “We have the day and all of the night if need be.”

“Yes, fuck me all night and all day.” Megan slurred, her sanity mislaid by the body quaking bliss coursing all over her.

Then Harrow leaned over her and raised her legs up. He placed her ankles over his broad shoulders and she gasped, bent in half with him pressing down on her hard, all the while humping away. Harrow pinned her down as he rammed into her hard. It was a good thing Megan was a light eater, or she surely would have thrown up her breakfast under the pressure he was bringing down on her. The platform vibrated slightly as Harrow threw back his head and roared. His orgasm exploded deep inside the Megan’s virgin nineteen year old pussy. She grabbed his head; digging her nails into his rich luxuriant scalp as her third orgasm ripped through her. He squashed down on her, still holding her legs over his shoulders as his body shook violently.

After a while of mind altering bliss and tranquility, Harrow eased down and slithered off her. His big hard cock dripped with the slippery juices of their combined orgasms. Megan felt like a great weight had lifted off her. As if she really had been saved, though deep down she knew all that was just superstition and mindless belief. It was the carnal satisfaction that was a revelation to her and Megan began to crave for more of it.

“Is my soul truly saved, my lord?” She looked up at him as he sat winded beside her.

“By heaven, you are a most amazing young woman, Megan.” He smiled and dabbed at his perspiring brow with his robe. “Indeed your soul is on the path of salvation. We must continue with the ritual for a week, just as we must with Sondra.”

Megan smiled with satisfaction as she watched him breathing heavily beside her. She felt a strange elation to have found such pleasure in something she feared for so long. She had her cousin, Sondra, to thank for this and she glanced up at her standing beside the acolytes. Sondra gave her a wide smile and held pure happiness in her green eyes for her. It was going to be a wonderful week for the two of them there at the Harrow Estate. She didn't care about her modesty any longer as she spread her legs wide in front of the others and began to play with her tingling pussy, aching for it to be filled again with more hard cock soon.

# Story Forty Nine

“How much is it?” Natasha asked once more, staring wide eyed at the college dorm accountant.

“Eighteen hundred and sixty dollars, Miss Wallis.” The dour woman replied patiently. “That’s three months rent, plus late fees. You have a week to pay, or else move out.”

Natasha stared at the piece of paper she was handed and then at the woman walking out of the dorm room. Where would she get that kind of money in a week? Her evening shift at the pizza place was hardly minimum wage, and she had other things to pay for, like her food and phone bill. Dammit, if only she hadn’t gone and blown most of her money at the Casino. But what could she do, her compulsive nature to play games of chance had more often than not got her into such tight jams. Eighteen hundred dollars in a week, now that would be a long shot even for a stripper. She blushed scarlet at the thought. She wouldn’t have it in her to get naked in front of all those drunk and leering men. But then the idea had often thawed over in the back of her mind, especially when her own roommate was doing it. A couple hundred bucks an hour over the weekends was not all that bad now, was it?

She sat down on the bed, sighing deeply. Majoring in psychology had been her dream all through high school, and while her friends were out on dates over the weekends, Natasha often stayed in studying to make the grade for college.

She had her life planned out even back then, each step of the way. But what she didn't count on was her addiction to the world of gaming and chance. How that happened, when it all began, was a vague memory and what she was now left with was a compulsive drive to gamble away almost any money she could get her hands on.

“I know that it's bad.” She had often said to herself in moments like this. “But oh, it's so much fun, the thrill of it all... the anticipation of hitting the jackpot. Oh, why do things that are so much fun always be so bad for you?”

“That's because you never know where to draw the line, Nat.” The familiar voice of Doreen, her roommate, made her jump.

“You're back so soon?” She asked the tall redhead and wiped away a tear. “How'd it go?”

“Not too good, babe.” Doreen Kassel shook her head and narrowed her emerald green eyes. “It's a slow week, something to do with the dip in the stock markets... nothing much going on at the club.”

“Still, you're taking a big bloody risk, Dor.” Natasha eyed her roommate and exhaled deeply. The redhead was a year older and had a body to kill for. She would do anything to

have that sexy build, those full pert breasts, flaring hips, bubble butt and forever long legs. “If they find out you’re working as a stripper in a private nightclub, you’ll be booted out of here.”

“Like hell they will...” Doreen shot back. “Find out, I mean. And you’re taking as much risk as I am, Nat... at those seedy casinos.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” She turned away and sighed. “At least you’re earning some money... and all I’m doing is pissing it away.”

“Is it about the rent?” Doreen touched her on the arm. “I saw Jen Flanders walking away... how much is it? Maybe I can lend you some...”

“Eighteen hundred, Dor.” Natasha smiled sheepishly at her roommate. “And I have only this week to pay it.”

“Crap!” Doreen pursed her lips. “Not enough time to make that kind of moolah, especially with the low turnouts at the club this month.”

“You don’t have to worry about it, Dor.” Natasha put a hand on the redhead’s shoulder. “I’ll just move out and find some place cheaper than this one.”

“Fuck, girl!” Doreen shook her head vigorously.  
“You’re not going anywhere. I’m going to find something or the other for you.”

“I hope it’s not what you do.”

“It’s the only prayer you got, kid.” Doreen gave her a smirk. “And it’s better than all that gambling you do. In my line of work, you know what you’re getting from the get go, there’s no waiting for the spinning wheels and loaded dice to decide your fate.”

“Oh, all right!” Natasha cried out in exasperation. “I buried myself in this bloody hole; I can just as well crawl out of this mess.”

“Attagirl.” Her roommate clapped her on the back “Get yourself dolled up, babe. We’re going dancing.”

“What, already?” Natasha brown eyes went wide.

“Yeah, Francois is at the club right now... if you impress him, he’ll have you on from tomorrow. It’s a hundred an hour, baby, for noobs. Three hours a day and you’ll make the rent and more.”

“But wait...” Natasha’s eyes went wide. “What do you mean by impress him... do I have to do anything... er... indecent.”

“Good heavens, girl.” Doreen laughed out loud. “You’re going to dance naked on a table for horny men... if that isn’t indecent enough...”

“No, I mean... do I have to impress this Francois in any... um, special way.”

“No, not ol’ Fran. He’ll assess your dancing ability... that’s all.” Her roommate grinned and handed her what looked like two pieces of candy wrappers.

“Well, I did do a lot of contemporary dance routines in high school.” Natasha took the micro-underwear and stared at them in wonder.

“Great!” Doreen exulted and grabbed her arm. “Now get into those skimpies, and wear your tightest pair of jeans and a cute little top and sit down here.”

Natasha managed to get herself into what Doreen wanted and sat down before the dressing table. Her vivacious

roommate quickly did her hair for her, tying her long brown tresses into a loose but sexy topknot. Then came the make-up, a bit gaudy and loud for Natasha, but she loved the way her eyes came alive with full black mascara and eye shadow, and her full lips in hot cherry red. Doreen did her fingernails and toenails next in the same hot cherry red nail polish.

“There you’re all set. Let’s go.” The redhead said with a whoop.

An hour later, Natasha found herself standing inside a nightclub in the heart of the city. She had heard of the place, but she had no idea it also had a little strip joint in the basement under the regular dance floor. She felt uncomfortable and excited at the same time to be there, as she stood alone beside the circular stage. About a hundred seats were arranged in the room, in concentric circles around the stage, and she realized that those seats would be filled with drunk and lusty men watching her dance and strip. A chill ran down her spine, even as a pleasant warmth tingled between her thighs at that thought.

“Ah, so that is your friend.” She heard a deep male voice sound from the left.

“Yes, Fran... this is my roommate, Natasha.” Doreen’s cheery voice answered the man. “Isn’t she just adorable?”

“Indeed, she is.” Natasha stared wide eyed at the tall, slender man in a sharp business suit walking up to her. “Good evening, my dear. I am Francois Lauran, and I do believe I like what I see.”

“G-good evening, Mister Lauran.” She managed to stutter, feeling a blush coming on. “Thank you for...”

“Ah, please.” Lauran smiled widely at her. “Call me Fran.”

“He’s the coolest, Nat.” Doreen slipped an arm around her waist, “And he’s agreed to start you off in the private circles, for two-fifty a session... provided you pass the test.”

“Uh... test?” She looked at the two of them and a strange tingle of excitement mingled with fear rushed through her.

“Yes.” Lauran nodded his head. “You will entertain two of my very regular private clients this evening. If they have a good time, I’ll hire you for a three days a week on private gigs, two fifty each gig.”

“You won’t get a sweeter deal than this, baby.” Doreen winked at her. “It beats dancing on stage before a few dozen drunks.”

“It sure sounds cool.” Natasha had to agree. “Have you done this, Dor?”

“Oh, no!” Her roommate gave her a wicked smile. “I like dancing before a crowd... I’m a party girl.”

“And I suppose I’m a private dancer then.” Natasha felt a furious blush coming on.

“Do well this evening, my dear, and you and I can both be happy.” Lauran grinned and handed them a note with a location marked on it.

“You bet she will, Fran.” Doreen took the note and grabbed Natasha by the arm. “She’s a natural.”

“I am?” She looked at her roommate in wonder as the taller girl dragged her out of the strip joint and to the parking area.

“You are, babe.” Doreen told her and got into the car. “And these guys you’re going to work on tonight, they’re Fran’s best clients... if they give you the green signal, you’ll be all set.”

“Uh... so, I’m just going to dance and strip for them.” Natasha felt a lump in her throat.

“Yeah.” Doreen grinned as she pulled out of the parking area. “And a few more things, if they’d like you to do for them.”

“What kind of things?”

“Like a lap dance or a tug job.”

“What?” Natasha’s eyes popped wide.

“It’s no biggie, babe... we do it all the time in the club too, for a few extra bucks.”

“But, Dor... but I’ve never done...”

“You’ve never danced naked in front of men before either.” Her roommate gave her a wicked grin. “So why not

slap on some relish and pickle with the burgers you'll be dishing out."

"But, Doreen... these men are going to want me to touch their... their things."

"Yeah, they sure will, baby." Doreen licked her lips seductively. "And that's not too bad; you can make an extra hundred on each tug job. Trust me, these guys are loaded and it won't hurt to make them happy."

"Oh, gosh!" Natasha's ears felt like they were on fire. "I mean, I've never seen a man's thing... I've never had a boyfriend."

"All that's going to change from tonight, sweetheart." Doreen nodded her head in a rocking motion. "And you'll be getting rich on the side."

"But... I'll be selling my body; I'll be just like some..."

"A what?" The redhead sneered. "Say it... a whore. Well, then, you can always go back home and lose out on having a life of your own."

“No, I... I didn’t mean it that way.” Natasha blushed furiously. “Shucks, I’ve never done this before... I mean, I’ve... oh, god!”

“There’s the place.” Doreen drove up to the gates of a rather large and affluent looking villa. “Tell me now, babe. You doing this or you want me to turn the car around and take you home.”

“I... aw, fuck!” Natasha ran her hand across her mouth nervously. “Yes, I’m doing this.”

“Attagirl!” Her roommate cheered and handed her what looked like cough drops in a plastic pack. “Here, take this and get a move on.”

“What?” Natasha took the packet and stared wide eyed at Doreen. “You’re not coming with me?”

“This is your gig, kid.” Doreen said and opened the car door for her. “Knock yourself out.”

“Um... er, yeah, sure.” Natasha stepped out of the car and took a few steps toward the front gate of the lavish villa.

Doreen waved her goodbye and turned the car around as Natasha bit her lower lip and watched her roommate leave. With her heart thumping hard against her breast, she walked up to the gate and pulled the lever for the bell. She heard a dog barking and felt a shiver run down her back. Half a mind to turn back and run, Natasha wrung her hands and fidgeted as she waited. Two minutes passed before a portly man appeared at the front door of the villa. He waved at her and she waved back. He nodded and did something and the gate unlocked and moved back about a foot. Gingerly, she stepped inside and began walking down the pathway toward the man at the front door. The dog's barking grew louder as she got closer with a prayer on her lips.

“Are you from the club?” The man asked her as she reached the front door.

She nodded and looked up at him. He was older than she had expected, maybe past mid forty and had a head full of grey to white hair, thinning at the front. His face was not that old though, sort of plump and cheery looking. If he was the client, it made her a little comfortable. He wasn't all that tall, about medium height and slightly overweight. He had a bright friendly smile on his face at her acknowledging his query and he held out his hand to her.

Natasha took his hand as he led up through the doors and then closed it. She stood beside him as he locked the door, feeling frightened and excited all at the same time.

“Welcome to my humble home. I am Jerome.” His wide face bore an even wider smile. “You are quite pleasing to the eye, Miss...”

“Uh... Oh, um... I’m Nata- uh- Natalia.” She stammered. “I... er... Dor... I mean, Francois Luran sent me.”

“A good man, that Fran.” Jerome nodded as he eyed her body. “Never disappoints.”

She gave him a tight smile and looked around the hallway nervously.

“So... Miss Nata O’Natalia.” The older man smiled. “Is this your first private call?”

“Uh... it’s my first ever anything... like this.” She said with a blush coming on. “And you can call me Nat.”

“Sure, Nat.” He rubbed his hands together. “So what do you think?”

“Uh... about...?” She stared at him open mouthed.

“This place... my home.” His smile widened.

“Oh!” Natasha’s eyes went wide. “All of this is yours? You must be a millionaire?”

“Not quite yet,” He laughed. “But I’m getting there.”

“What is it you do?” She let him lead her down the lavish hallway.

“I produce movies.” Jerome said with a shrug.

“Wow! You mean like Hollywood movies?” She stared at him breathlessly, her heart beating faster.

“Not quite, I cater to a more private and exclusive market.” He smiled and ushered her into another room.

“Would you like a drink?”

“Yes, I think I would love a drink.” She nodded and stepped into the lavish room filled with beautiful wall hangings and exquisite tapestry.

“Champagne?” Jerome asked nonchalantly.

“Oh, I’ve never tried...” Natasha laughed. “Oh, yes, yes, please.”

“Come on then, let’s get down to the party... Eddie’s waiting.”

Eddie!

Oh, it was the other client Doreen told her about. These two men were Lauran’s best clients. A chill swept over her, her first time ever and with two rich men who knew what they wanted and paid well for it.

Jerome led her to another room. This one was half as large as the previous one, and it had a plush sofa, an even plusher bed and a small, circular table as its only furnishings. Overhead, a beautiful chandelier set lit up the room with a pale relaxing glow. Soft music wafted around in all directions from hidden speakers and suddenly Natasha felt very comfortable and at ease. She could get used to a place like this. But first she had to earn it.

“Hey, Eddie. Get in here.” Jerome cried out. “This is Nat, Fran’s newest and loveliest acquire... and we get to break her in.”

“Hmm, been a while, hasn’t it, Jerry ol’ boy.” The other man walked into the room from the second door. He had a bottle of champagne and three glasses with him. “...since we had a taste of virgin pussy.”

Natasha suppressed a gasp. Did Laurant tell them something he didn’t tell her? Were they under the impression that they could have sex with her? She had to let them know that she was there just to dance and strip for them, maybe even slip in a couple of hand jobs... but not all out sex. She looked at the other man. He was shorter and thinner than Jerome, with darker, grey streaked hair and sported a French cut beard. He had a hungry look in his sharp eyes, and though it scared her, it also sent a strange thrill through her.

“Hello, Eddie.” She managed to say as he held out a glass of sparkling wine at her.

“Miss Nat.” He gave her a smile and nodded his approval of surely her tight young body, if not her willingness to please them.

She took a sip of the drink. It was light and delicious, and she resisted the temptation to drain it in one go. The warming flow of the wine channeled through her body, relaxing her and she took a few deep breaths. The music was very seductive and she found herself swaying to the rhythm.

“Nat, tell us about you.” Jerome said as he reclined on the large sofa. “Your life... your loves and hates.”

“Yeah, relax and let your hair down, beautiful.”  
Eddie’s grin was wolfish as he sat down beside his friend.

“Well, I’m nineteen. Doing my senior year... kinda hard up for cash all the time, so I decided to try at this... to make some money.”

“Not a bad choice.” Eddie smiled at her even as he stripped her with his eyes. “A lovely girl like you could make it big doing this.”

“Well, I hope so... I mean, I’ve never...” She looked from one man to the other in turns.

“Let us be the judge of that, darlin’” Jerome flashed her another comforting smile. “What are you going to do for us this fine evening?”

“Uh... dance, and um, strip... maybe a little... lap dance.”

“What do think, Jerry?” Eddie asked his friend. “How much should she get for just a dance and strip?”

“We’ve got to see some of that first.” Jerome nodded and pointed at the table.

“Okay, baby.” Eddie clapped his hands and the music volume went up. “Dance.”

Natasha smiled nervously and stepped up onto the table. The music took over her senses and she began to feel the rhythm flow through her body. She moved with the beat and the rhythm and let the melody ensnare her mind. Her tight young body stirred with languid grace, undulating to the seductive sounds, swaying and jerking. She ran her hands through her long hair and swayed her hips, pressing her thighs together and savoring the pleasant warmth spreading between them. The two men had their eyes glued to her like magnets to iron. She could feel the heat of their lust on her as she moved.

“Yeah, darlin’, that’s the stuff.” Jerome purred and had his hand on his bulging crotch. “Now strip, baby, strip for us.”

“Fuck, yeah.” Eddie’s throaty growl sent a thrill through her. “Take it all off, baby; show us your pretty puppies... and your sweet pussy.”

Natasha had never heard a man say such things to her. It turned her on, to have older men like these two, roughly as

old as her college teachers, lusting after her like horny young jocks. She grabbed the hem of her tiny t-shirt and pulled it slowly over her head. The throaty groans of the two men sent shivers through her. It gave her the courage to do what she did next. Reaching back, she unclasped her micro bra and let it slide off her as she moved to the music. For the first time in her life, Natasha Gillian Wallis was topless outside the privacy of her own home. She stood on the table before two strangers, men she had met barely ten minutes ago, with her pert size 34D breasts freely bouncing and jiggling. It sent an indescribable thrill through her and she grasped at her jeans waistband and slowly pushed them down, leisurely gyrating her hips to the sexy beat.

Completely naked and swaying to the trance inducing music, Natasha threw back her head and let her lustrous hair swirl all around her like a wild halo. She smiled at the two men and bit her full lower lip, no longer feeling shy and her eyes shone with lust; a naked lust for the sheer pleasure of showing herself off to men who wanted her. She felt powerful, and loved the feeling as it made her shed all her inhibitions as easily as she had done her clothes. Her sexy hips swayed to the music, the countless dance lessons finally paying off. She pushed up her hair with both hands, thrusting her breasts forward as she swung her hips in a slow teasing motion as if she was twirling several hula-hoops around her. Her slender hands roamed up and down her body, the heightened sensitivity sending shivers through her. Thrusting her pelvis forward with each swirl, she spread her thighs outward, giving the two older men a full frontal view of her fresh young pussy.

The way their tongues kept licking at their lips, Natasha knew they would eat her alive if she let them. And why not, if that would bring in some extra bucks.

The heavy breathing of the two men watching her was like a booster rocket to her new found brazenness. She giggled as she swayed her hips from left to right, running her palms up and down her feminine curves. She moved with the music as the tempo rose and fell. The warm wetness from her pussy flowed freely down her thighs and she slipped her hand over the dripping slit to ease the throbbing. Her moans added to the music, and turned her on even more. She played with herself, teasing her clit with every thrust and swaying motion of her hips. Her nipples stood out hard and pointed, aching with want even as her knees trembled with her first orgasm in front of watching men.

“Oh, fuck yeah.” Eddie growled and grabbed at the unmistakable bulge in his own crotch. “Cum for us, baby!”

Jerome said nothing, but his round face was red and covered with beads of sweat. She noticed the bulge in his shorts was rather sizable too.

She stepped off the table and sashayed over to the couch. Emboldened now with her inhibitions buried, she moved closer to the older men and wiggled her naked body before them. She felt a jolt all over her as Eddie’s hands slid

up her smooth legs and over her bare rounded buttocks. Jerome's hands gently caressed her hips and belly sending a rush of heat all through her. With a deep sigh, she sat down between the two men, feeling rather triumphant and satisfied, not just with this test dance for them, but by overcoming her own stupid and meaningless fears.

“Whoa! That was... that was... fucking phenomenal.” Eddie cried out and slapped his slender thigh. “What say you, Jer?”

“I... uhhh... whooo... eeee...” Jerome panted, red faced and perspiring profusely.

“Ha! Been a while since the eloquent Jerome Hanson was left all hot and bothered this way.” Eddie laughed out loud. “You're a keeper, Nat... you're really amazing, especially for your first time out.”

“Gee, thanks.” Natasha blushed, and funnily not at the fact that she was seated completely naked in-between two men old enough to be her father, but at the effect she was having on them.

“I say that dance was upwards of two fifty, Jerry.” Eddie grinned and caressed her bare left thigh.

“I’ll call your two fifty, Ed...” Jerome nodded his head vigorously and placed his hand on her right thigh.

“That’s a well deserved five hundred dollars for you, hon.” Eddie squeezed her soft flesh and leaned over to kiss her flushed cheek. “How’d you like to raise the ante... two fifty more for some pole dancing?”

“Sure, but where’s the pole.” She smiled happily as Jerome waved five crisp hundred dollar bills before her face.

“We got two right here, lovey.” The white haired man grinned and fished out another five bills. “For two hundred fifty each.”

“I’ve never pole danced before.” Natasha replied, blushing furiously at Jerome’s meaning. “But then I’ve never stripped on a table before either, and I just made half a grand doing it.”

“You sure did, baby doll.” Eddie grabbed the money from Jerome’s hand and placed the bills on the table. “All yours. Now let’s see some serious pole dancing.”

Before she could say another word, the two men had their shorts down to their ankles and their cocks standing up like thick tent pegs. Natasha stifled a gasp at the sight of her

first naked male organ, and there were two of them, all hard and throbbing and waiting for her loving touch.

Jerome's cock was about ten inches, it stood upright, rising from a clean shaven crotch and with a large, pink mushroom-like head. Precum had formed a large shiny pearl over the wide one-eye slit and the sight of it made her mouth water. Eddie's dick was shorter, about eight inches, but thicker and darker, resembling an over stuffed sausage with its oversized hood. Precum from his uncut cock was dribbling freely down the thick shaft and she couldn't wait to wrap her fingers around it.

With a nervous laugh, she reached out and gingerly slid her hands onto both the cocks, wrapping her fingers slowly around them. They felt alike and yet different at the same time. Warm and hard, and kind of rubbery under the smooth silky skin. Eddie's pre-cum smeared over her fingers, and she ran her index finger over Jerome's glob of precum. It felt sticky and warm, and by whatever instinct it was, she felt the urge to bring her hands to her mouth and taste the stuff. It was different from anything she had ever tasted, and she liked it. Or maybe it was her state of arousal that made her think the taste was heavenly, when normally she was sure she'd think of this as the ickiest thing she had ever done.

"Oh, she likes us, Jerry." Eddie chuckled and leaned back on the sofa. "Do it, baby... stroke my pole, make your hands dance over it."

“Yeah... dance, little lady, dance.” Jerome sighed and caressed her right breast.

Licking her fingers clean, Natasha took a firmer grip on each of their cocks, feeling the rock hard appendages twitch and throb in her hands. She couldn't suppress the excited moan that escaped her lips as she ran her hands up and down. The sensation of their hardness in her palms made her pussy bubble over and her own precum dripped down over the sofa. She had to get more out of this, sitting beside them and stroking them wasn't enough.

Natasha slid off the sofa and turned around. She knelt before the two men as they closed the gap between them. She could see their cocks better now as she faced them on her knees. Her hands worked up and down, alternating between teasingly slow to torturing fast strokes.

“Man, she's working my pole like a real pro.” Eddie grunted. “I'll blow my wad if she goes on this way.”

“Yeah... I'm almost there too.” Jerome added and slid down further on the sofa, making his cock jut out more. “Let's double the take, Nat darlin'... you want to upgrade these hand jobs into blow jobs.”

“Yeah, baby...” Eddie nodded eagerly at her. “Five hundred for the two hand jobs and another grand for the two blow jobs.”

That was an easy two thousand dollars for a few minutes of fun. Hell, this was even better than gambling. Way fucking better. Natasha nodded whole heartedly and took an even firmer grip on the two throbbing cocks. She licked her lips and moved closer to Jerome’s big purple cockhead. Her tongue flicked over the apple sized thing and a buzz of excitement rushed from her belly down to her pussy. A sudden need to take it completely into her mouth came over her and she attacked it like it was a fresh baked bagel with cream cheese on it.

The entire head filled her mouth and it was unlike any feeling she ever had before. Natasha sucked on it like she would on a lollipop. She had no experience at this, but strangely she suddenly knew what to do. Her tongue swirled all around the cockhead and the way it twitched and throbbed, and Jerome’s gasps and grunts of pleasure told her that she was right on the money. She felt Eddie’s hand caress her hair, he wanted some of what his friend was getting, and Natasha was more than willing to give equal amounts of attention to both men.

She released Jerome and moved over to Eddie. His cock, shorter and thicker, was uncut and she pulled back on the movable foreskin to reveal the glistening cockhead. It was

not as bulbous as Jerome's, but he made up for it with a thicker shaft. The head went into her mouth easily and she took a few more inches of him, tasting his easy flowing precum as she swallowed him in.

“Fuck!” Eddie groaned. “She's good.”

“One of the best... so far.” Jerome nodded as he caressed her head bobbing up and down over Eddie's crotch.

Natasha had a firm grip on both cocks, her fingers tingling at the pulsing throbs of those red hot organs. She sucked on Eddie hard a few times, pulling his foreskin back and forth over the slippery cockhead. She released him and moved over to Jerome's waiting tool and licked the underside of his shaft. Her tongue she ran teasingly along the thick vein until she reached the acorn like head. She heard him whimper as she tickled the underside of his bulbous cockhead with the teasing tip of her tongue. That was a sensitive zone, she realized, and possibly a way to make him cum. She wondered if she could take their loads in her mouth and how it would taste. If their cum was as good as their precum, she was surely in for a treat.

She moved over Jerome's cock like a hungry predator, grasping at the shaft with both hands. Her head moved up and down over his crotch as she took more of his thickness down her throat. She could feel Eddie's rough palms all over her

naked buttocks and belly. He had dropped down behind her as she serviced his friend. His hands knew where to go and what sensitive spots to tweak. His touch increased her lust for Jerome's cock and she almost had all of him in. Her first sensation of gagging left her gasping with tears streaming down her face, but she loved it. She wanted more of it, she wanted this older man's rock hard cock deep down her throat, and also deep inside her aching pussy.

“Come on, baby.” Eddie grunted and pulled her off Jerome.

He turned her around and pushed her face over his crotch. His cock brushed against her face and she let him rub it all over her lips, chin, cheeks and nose. The scent of his arousal, and of Jerome's, unleashed desires in her that could only be animalistic, only natural, a state that every living thing was born with. And it was only the suppressing and stupid nature of the human mind to create inhibitions to deny all things natural. Natasha killed those inhibitions, and buried them for good. She grabbed at the thick base of Eddie's pulsating meat pole and pushed the entire eight inches into her mouth, down to his huge hairy balls. She felt the pressure of his cockhead at the back of her throat and gurgled, making the older man gasp out in pleasure.

“Oh, man.” She heard Jerome. “This one's a find... we have to get the whole package deal here.”

“You’re telling me.” Eddie gasped. “Her mouth... ohhh god... is as good as a hot pussy.”

“Fuck! Then how good is her pussy going to be?” His friend groaned and she felt his hand slide up her thigh right up to the dripping snatch between her legs.

Natasha stiffened at his touch. The first time she had someone other than herself touch her there. And a man; it sent her body into a convoluting fit and she sucked the wilder on Eddie’s bursting to the seams cock. Jerome’s fingers didn’t just linger over her slit, he pushed and prodded at her virgin and very wet opening, slipping one in. It sent a shockwave through her, just his finger, and thoughts of how their thick cocks would feel filled her mind with wild and unexpected images.

“We loved everything you did so far, Nat.” Jerome said even as he kept up his exploration of her quivering love box. “Now we want it all. We want all of you, Miss O’Natalia.”

“Yeah!” Eddie groaned and thrust more of his cock down her throat. “You’ve made two grand so far, babe. On a gig that’s usually two hundred fifty. We want to go all in, what say we give you 5 to 1 odds that you’re going to knock our cocks off.”

“Yeah, you stand to make an even ten grand, or you can just leave with the two you earned till now.” Jerome added. “Are you a betting woman, Miss O’Natalia?”

Natasha pulled Eddie’s sloppy dick out of her mouth and gave it a couple of hungry kisses before she turned her gleaming eyes on Jerome. “Am I ever? Let’s go all in.”

“You are so on.” Eddie growled and together the two men lifted her off the floor and carried her to the plush bed.

“You’re a virgin... so we’ll go easy one you.” Jerome gave her a wide grin. “For the first five minutes.”

“Yeah, it’ll hurt a bit, and then it’s heaven all the way, baby...” Eddie added with his wolfish leer. “...and for ten grand, it better be.”

“Hm, you two sure know how to seduce a girl.” She giggled. “I can’t wait for this.”

Within moments the two men were as naked as she was and standing on either side of her on the lavish bed. Natasha found herself kneeling on the huge bed with two erect cocks aimed at her face. She laughed at the feeling she got of being

like a little girl in a chocolate Shoppe, excited and greedy for everything in sight.

Jerome and Eddie pushed their cocks forward, rubbing the sappy heads against her cheeks from either side. Natasha opened her moist mouth and let both the cockheads try to push their way in. The warmth and hardness of the cocks vying for her open mouth made her pussy bubble and drip. She reached out and grabbed the base of each cock and squeeze hard, excited by the lusty grunts of her two older lovers.

Eddie's dense girth barely allowed her fingers to go fully around it as Jerome's long, but less thick shaft felt more comfortable in her grip. She stroked the two men and sucked on their cockheads alternatively, enjoying their vigorous moans and encouragement.

"Come on. Baby." Jerome moaned. "Take me in all the way... I want that hot, wet mouth swallowing me whole already."

"You got it, baby." Natasha giggled and pushed his smooth cockhead into her mouth. Her eyes popped wide as she took the whole head into her mouth. She unclenched her jaw and managed to go down all the way to his clean-shaven crotch.

“Oh, fuck!” Jerome shivered and groaned. “I could cum right now in this hot, sexy mouth of yours.”

“Like hell you will, you old fuck.” Eddie growled and thrust his throbbing sausage against the side of her face. “Suck me now, slut.”

“Oh, Eddie’s the man.” Jerome laughed. “He’s in charge.”

Natasha giggled and pulled away from Jerome’s cock. “These cocks are so big and hard... Oh, I’d love to have them in my pussy...”

“Sure you would.” Jerome smiled and knelt down behind her to press two fingers over her dripping wet pussy. “It’s as ready for cock as it can ever be.”

“Oh, it is.” Natasha moaned. “Oh, I’ve never done this before... but I want the two of you to fuck me together.”

“That’s the plan, hon.” Eddie grunted and pushed his cock into her eager mouth even as Jerome flopped down on the bed with his ten inch long erection standing straight up. Eddie held on to Natasha as she lowered herself over Jerome. The older man’s big, throbbing pole gently pushed into her slippery pussy. She felt the thickness of his cockhead tear her

virginity away. Natasha gasped and her eyes began to water, and Eddie's thick cock in her mouth stopped her from crying out. Sheer pain lanced through her and then pleasure came sliding along with it, sending slivers of delicate tingles all over her shuddering body.

“Yeah, easy does it.” Jerome whispered to her as his hands played with her aching breasts, teasing the hard pink nipples.

“Uhhmm, ohhh!” Natasha moaned. ‘Oh, fuck...’ she thought. ‘His cock is so big... I’m getting ripped open... but I so love it.’

“How’re you feeling, baby?” Eddie asked her as he released his thick meat from her mouth.

“Oh, I love... love this.” She gasped, her body heaving with every inch of Jerome’s cock easing into her.

“And you’re going to love it even more, baby.” Eddie chuckled and knelt down behind her as she straddled Jerome. “When my love-missile goes up your tight virgin plumbing.”

“Ohmigod.” Natasha gasped and dug her nails into Jerome’s meaty chest. “But I... I never thought about getting it there... I’ve never... no.”

“You’ll love it, baby.” Jerome reached up and caressed her face. “You did say you wanted all in... on a five to one odds.”

“Yes, but I...” Natasha moaned as Jerome’s ten inch cock began to feel more and more pleasurable inside her tight young pussy.

“Relax; Eddie knows what he’s doing.” Jerome laughed. ‘All in, as in all of your holes filled for your very first time. And you’ve got ten grand riding on this, right?’”

“Oh, yes... yes.” Natasha nodded nervously and leaned forward, squashing her breasts on Jerome’s not too muscled chest. She opened her mouth and let Jerome’s slick tongue slip in like a snake.

Eddie brought his hand down hard on her plump ass sticking up at him as she rode Jerome’s pole, making her jerk and twitch. Oh, that hurt, but it also felt so damn good. And then she stiffened as Eddie’s eight inches of salami thickness, all lathered in her saliva, slid over her crack and prodded against her tight little rear hole. Something pushed its way in, but it wasn’t as thick, and she realized he was easing his slippery finger in first. She relaxed and let it slide all the way in. The sensation of something filling her up from behind sent a series of shudders through her, making Jerome’s cock feel all

the more enjoyable inside her pussy. Eddie pulled away his finger, and then replaced it with the flat head of his cock. He grabbed her waist and pushed in, gently but with force.

Natasha screamed into Jerome's grinning face, but more in panic than in pain. She had never had a cock up her ass before, but she had never had one in her pussy before either, or down her throat. And now she had all her holes filled. The two thick and throbbing cocks lodged deep inside her filled her with a sensation of being bloated, but instead of any uneasiness it strangely felt good.

“That feels good, doesn't it?” Jerome grinned, as if he could read her thoughts. “I see it in your lovely expression, darlin', you love this.”

Natasha nodded in agreement, kissing his lips and chin. The two older men began to move, slowly, in and out, back and forth. She also moved with the rhythm the two men were setting for her. The two cocks inside her moved in tandem, and the sensation sent waves of numbing pleasure through her. She could feel an orgasm begin to rise inside her and she craved for it more than anything she had ever before.

“Oh, god.” She yelled out, shredding the last vestige of her confining inhibitions. “I'm going to cum... I'll fucking cum so hard... so hard... oh, I'm going to die. Oh, fuck me, fuck me... come on, you old fucking bastards. Fuck me!”

The two older men roared with laughter as they slammed her from front and back. Natasha convulsed and shuddered as the most intense orgasm she had ever had ripped through her body. She clawed at Jerome as he pumped his cock into her sappy cunt. She felt Eddie's cock get even bigger and harder inside her ass.

“Oh, this is so fucking good.” Eddie grunted like a wild animal and she felt his body get stiff and then relax against her. His cock stretched her tight anal canal to the limit before it exploded inside her and he held her close to him. Spurt after spurt of his hot spunk flooded her rear canal.

Almost at the same instant she felt Jerome's hot release erupt inside her pussy. The sensation of both the men cumming deep inside her made her body tremble violently as another orgasm cascaded through her. She heard their lustful and satisfied grunts and groans and knew she had well and truly won this gamble, her first and only jackpot win. Ten grand for getting all her holes filled. Talk about eating her cake, having it and taking it to the bank.

“Babe, you are the best.” Jerome panted, as Eddie pulled his spent cock out of her ass and helped her get off his cock. “Ten grand well spent.”

Natasha smiled dreamily and stretched her naked, cum filled body on the bed. She looked up at the two sweat covered

men and felt like she could get used to this.

“So here’s the deal, hon.” Eddie filled three flutes of champagne and handed her one. “We like you and want more of your time.”

Natasha accepted the drink gratefully and sighed deeply. She took a sip of the exquisite beverage and nodded at the men. “I’m up with that. Is it always going to be ten grand... each time?”

“More, darling.” Jerome smiled as he sipped his drink. “Up to ten times more. You see, we are in the business of making private sex films for a very exclusive group. Not the shitty porn you see all around, but tasteful and very sensually explorative stuff for a very high class clientele of both very sophisticated female and male audiences. And you’re just the kind of woman our market prefers.”

“Oh.” She looked shaken and uncertain. “Did I... er... we get filmed right now?”

“Not at all, babe.” Eddie cut in. “We’re totally legit, we take consent before filming... and we sign legal and binding contracts before doing anything.”

“Consider this your private audition and you aced it.” Jerome smiled in that friendly manner the first time she met him, an hour or so ago. “And now only if you agree, we can draw up a deal with you and you’ll only have to work two days a week.”

“We’ll pay you forty grand each week.” Eddie winked at her.

Natasha gasped so hard, her champagne came up her nose. That was the most insane thing she ever heard. She had to have sex with these men twice a week for forty thousand dollars! She was sure now that she must have hit her head somewhere and all of this was some cruel dream.

“It’s no dream.” Jerome said in a most unnervingly perceptive manner and held out a private business card to her. “You can take your time to think over it... here’s my personal number. Call me at any time.”

“And the ten thousand for today?” She asked, still shaken.

“That’s yours. You earned it.” Eddie told her with an appreciative nod.

“How much of this should I give Francois Luran... does he know about...?”

“The ten grand is all yours, Nat.” Eddie grinned. “... and we have a separate arrangement with Luran, it doesn’t extend to the girls.”

“Oh!” Natasha felt a strange sense of relief. “Okay... I’ll... um... need to think...”

“Yeah, sure. Take all week.” Jerome stood up and reached for his clothes. “Call me next Sunday with whatever you decide.”

“I... well; I’ll see you then... thank you.” She stood up and picked up her jeans and top from the floor. She didn’t see the micro underwear she was wearing anywhere.

“No, thank you, Miss O’Natalia.” Jerome grinned wide.

“Sure.” She blushed. “I... I’ll have to call Dor... Doreen... to take me home.”

“Don’t sweat it.” Eddie patted her on her naked buttock as she bent over to pull up her jeans. “One of our cars

will take you home.”

“Wow!” She shook her head. “This is insane... a dream come true. Not that I ever had such a dream.”

“Life’s like that, Miss Nata O’Natalia,” Jerome nodded at her. “...things happen when you least expect it... be it good or bad.”

“They sure do.” She smiled brightly at the two older men. “And oh... my name is Natasha Gillian Wallis.”

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### **Maple Street MILFs**

# Story Fifty

“It is I, the lady of the house.” She said in a soft whisper.

“L-Lady Bella Marie Fontaine.” The young man peering through the crack in the doorway looked fretful.

“Yes, now let me in.” Bella said with a little more urgency. “I must make my nightly confession.”

“But-but his holiness, Father Julian, is away... on...” The young acolyte trembled slightly.

“It matters not.” She pushed the door open as he backed away. “You can serve my purpose.”

“But my lady...” He stammered. “I am not... yet ordained, I have been a simple novitiate for a mere week.”

“Yet you are a man of the Cloth, or at least one on the path to be.” She insisted and looked around the little chapel that her husband, Lord Marcel Jean Fontaine, had ordered to be built inside his castle. “You will hear my confession and seek forgiveness for me.”

“I... I am not sure...” He backed away as she took a step toward him.

“What is your name?” She stared intensely at his young slender face.

“Er... I am Eustace Deleon, my lady.” The young acolyte bowed low.

“Very well, Eustace... take your place, I have much to ask forgiveness for.”

“If it pleases you, my lady.” Eustace nodded and took the customary seat for the act.

“Indeed it does.” Bella said and knelt down before him. “Give me your hand.”

His hand was soft and tender to the touch, almost as delicate as her own and she wondered how those hands would feel on her body. She was used to, and preferred, male hands that were strong and coarse upon her sensitive body, but then there was always room for new things to be experienced.

“Relieve yourself of the burden of sin, my lady.” Eustace recited lines he had much practiced and his hand

shook in hers. “Unburden it all unto me so that I may wash them away in the name of our Lord and find you forgiveness and peace.”

“I give myself to you, young Eustace.” Bella said in a tone most solemn. “I will confess everything, nothing shall I hide... for I have sinned and I seek forgiveness and peace.”

“You may begin, my lady.”

“Ah, but where shall I begin...” She said with a choking sob. “...life has played a jest most cruel on me, a mere woman of flesh and blood... a simple soul that seeks only love and care. As you know, my marriage to Lord Marcel Jean Fontaine, a man more than twice my age, was made as an alliance between my father’s estate and this one. And alas, for me it has been nothing but entrapment with no means of release, not even for a day. My husband is old and lacks the interest, as well as the will and means to satisfy a wife as young as I... and I am a woman who has needs.

“All the silken luxury of expensive cushions and rugs on an exquisite bed does little to bring sleep. Nothing comforts me more than the warm, protective embrace of a strong man, in whose arms I would feel safe and protected. And a man who would also make me feel like a woman, a woman stretched and filled, with a sense of fulfillment and contentment. But alas, my beloved husband, the Lord Marcel Jean Fontaine, is

older than my own sire, and more often than not, leaves me wanting in more ways than one.

“But I, Lady Bella Marie Fontaine, am not one to be denied, and for the past one year of this fruitless marriage out of arrangement, I have found satisfaction from more willing and able partners. But alas again, those partners are now away, away to serve crown and country on some foolhardy battle against marauding raiders from the northern wastelands seeking to plunder the riches of this land. And yet, this night the fire of desire burns wild within me and I am just a mere woman of flesh and blood, with needs most natural that must be quenched.

“Am I committing a sin, your holiness? Am I going to be damned for doing only what my body was designed by a divine creator to do?”

She looked into the young acolyte’s fearful eyes and squeezed hard on his hand. She could tell that he was aroused by her and all that she had said. After all, a man of the Cloth or no, he was still a man. And Bella knew how to bring men to become their most vulnerable selves. And young Eustace Deleon was no different.

“I... I should say, my lady...” He said after swallowing down hard. “...you must control yourself... it is a test, a test by our Lord for you to be true and chaste... to contain oneself

against temptation is a virtue... it is a... a... to deny oneself such base needs is a... a..."

"Is that what you are doing now, Eustace?" She gave him a mocking smile. "Are you denying yourself the pleasure of base needs that one is born with?"

"Oh, my lady... I... I have no such needs... I must ask for forgiveness... for you..."

"Isn't lying a sin too, young novice?" She placed a hand on his trembling knee. "Or are those of the Cloth excused from it?"

Eustace stiffened at her bold touch but he didn't brush her hand away. "Lying is a sin... a most grievous sin, my lady."

"So would you not be lying were you to say you do not find me desirous?"

"I... I cannot... I must not..."

"Young Eustace, you are not yet ordained, just a new acolyte in training," She slid her hand from his knee up his slender thigh, pulling his robe upward with the motion. "And

if I were to seduce you, neither you nor I would have our eternal souls damned for all eternity.”

“My lady?” She felt triumphant at the tone of fear and defeat in his voice. “I... I cannot say... I am not allowed...”

“Then do not say anything, young one.” She smiled and boldly pushed his robe all the way up to his waist. “And I am allowing you to do everything you want to me.”

“But my lady...”

“Hush, little acolyte, not another word...” She had his robe high enough to reveal his blood engorged erection. “I see this part of you has no regard for any of your fears.”

“My l-l-lady.” The young man shivered violently as she wrapped her fingers around the dense girth of his throbbing virgin cock.

Bella licked her lips and stroked him, he had one of the largest cocks she had ever seen, and on a slender, frail frame like his, it looked even bigger by contrast. She pulled down the foreskin to expose the pre-cum dribbling cockhead and leaned over him to plant a hungry kiss on it. She didn't stop there; taking the full head into her mouth she gave it a few deep sucks and released it with a sharp slurping sound. Eustace was

trembling like a leaf and murmuring something incoherent that could have only passed off for a prayer of forgiveness.

Bella grinned wolfishly and went down on the hapless young novice. She took nearly half of his lengthy girth down her throat and stroked the rest of it furiously. Her need to taste him drove her wild and she knew for a virgin like him it would not be long. With all her experience in such matters, she was right as Eustace stiffened sharply, cried out something unintelligible and then sagged back down. His cock surged in her mouth with his seed erupting in waves of thick splashes. She pulled herself back, keeping only the spewing cockhead in her mouth to savor the delicious discharge from his young cock. She knew he would remain as hard as ever to satisfy the burning need she had between her thighs next.

Eustace was spent, lying back on his large chair and breathing heavily, but his young cock was as erect as it was before his ejaculation. Bella licked his cock clean and lathered it with more of her saliva. He was delicious and she could get used to this. She stood up and lifted her nightgown, giving the wide eyed novice a full view of her forbidden fruit. Brazenly biting her lower lip, she moved over him, placing the throbbing head of his cock against the dripping lips of her hungry pussy. He twitched his cock in her hard, making her laugh out loud. She guided his cock in, slowly taking in his thickness inch by inch. The sensation of his dense organ filling her slick love canal was one most heavenly and very few of her lovers ever made her feel this way. She would have to find

some way to make this Eustace more easily accessible to her, for the future needs of confessing her sins.

The young man gasped and panted. That he had never felt the tight warmth of a woman before was evident to her, and she felt his organ grow harder and thicker inside, stretching her wide. Oh, how she loved the feeling. She placed her palms down on his flat chest and lifted her hips upward, allowing his cock to slide slowly out of her. He had to be at least a foot long, judging how high she had to lift herself before she could feel only his cockhead inside her. This was going to be a ride she would not forget too soon, if at all she could.

“You don’t have to keep fighting it, you know.” She purred into his frightened face as she leaned over him. “You’re not a virgin anymore, and your sacred vows of abstinence are broken even before you could take them. So you might as well relax and enjoy this.”

“Uhh... but... my lady.” His eyes stared back at her in utter horror. “I am damned to burn in...”

“Nonsense, you fool.” She laughed into his face. “Now grab a hold of my beautiful ass and help me ride you... come on.”

Bella felt his nervous hands gingerly reaching for her plush behind. She threw back her head and laughed before slamming herself back down on him. The entire length of his thickness speared into her and she cried out. Pleasure and pain danced wildly and she wiggled her hips, letting his young hardness explore the wonders inside her. She rose and fell wildly over him, his thick cock stretching her over and over. It wouldn't be long now as she felt the turbulence building up within her heaving belly. Then it gave way, rushing all the way down to her pussy and gushing out with the exquisite euphoria of a mind blowing orgasm.

She cried out, digging her nails into her lover's slender arms, grinding against him, feeling his thickness deep inside her throb and swell. He exploded in tandem with her, filling her with his young virile seed for the second time that evening. Bella kissed his face, his lips and pushed her tongue into his mouth. His moans of pleasure mingled with her own and she held on to him as another orgasm worked its way down from her belly.

The sound of the door creaking open made the both of them freeze. As one they turned their heads to face the intruder. Before them stood a short, portly man, in the unmistakable brown robes of a fully ordained man of the Cloth. His eyes were wide and his mouth wider still, he had dropped the several scrolls and books he was carrying, and his hands were twitching by his sides.

“Ah, father Julian.” Bella smiled at him calmly, and yet remained as she was, straddling her young lover.

“What in the name of the Lord...” The stout man finally sputtered. “This is blasphemy... this sin is unforgivable. Eustace, you will burn for Eter...”

“That is enough, my good man.” Bella hardened her tone. She had one hand placed on Eustace’s narrow chest, holding him down. “Tell me... what brings you barging in here in such a manner?”

“What?” Julian took a step back as if he was struck. It appeared he had just come to realize that she was the lady of the estate. “But... but... my lady, we are... under attack... the castle walls have been breached...”

“Under attack?” She felt a chill run down her back as she slid off her hapless lover. “But who dares to...”

“The Northmen... they have broken down our defenses and are looting the town.” Julian stole a quick glance at her exposed lower half. “I must save as many of our holy texts as I can... Eustace, help me.”

Shaking now with real fear, Eustace got to his feet even as Bella smoothed down her night gown. She would have

to return to her room and save what she could before, as it was their custom, the raiders set the entire castle ablaze.

“After this is over... you will be judged, Eustace.”

Julian nodded self importantly as he barred the narrow doorway of the chapel. “As will you, Lady Bella... his lordship will not take this kindl-eeeghhh aaahhhh!”

The fat man’s eyes bulged wide and his mouth twisted in terror. Through the front of his robed chest something flat, broad and sharp came jutting out. A dark stain began to form around it and Bella realized it was the man’s rich red blood. The metal object receded and the dying man came hurtling forward as if someone had kicked him hard from behind. Bella felt a tightness form in her belly, grow bigger and then drop down through her. Her knees trembled and she staggered backward, bumping into a trembling Eustace.

Barring the doorway was a man, a man so tall and wide, he would need to hack another doorway to get through. His bloodied greatsword he held in a ham sized fist, and his face was a mask of hard angles decorated with braided whiskers and beard. He had a large tattoo on one side of his face, wore mostly leather and steel and emanated the most ferocious aura that Bella had ever felt.

She could tell he was one of the raiding Northmen that Julian was blabbing about before he was so effortlessly

skewered. And even though she was frightened out of her wits, she knew she had to keep her head or lose her life. She shrugged off Eustace hands from her shoulders, threw her head back and stepped boldly up to the brooding invader.

“Welcome to my humble abode.” She stood straight with her hands on her hips. “I am the Lady Fontaine.”

When Bella opened her eyes again, the first thing she was aware of was a throbbing pain on the entire left side of her face. Her left eye felt heavy and her lower lip on the same side felt swollen. She remembered the last thing before blacking out was this huge open palm smacking her across the face. And now here she was with open sky above her and the lapping sounds of water all around her. Where in the name of heaven was she?

“Easy, my lady.” Someone whispered beside her.  
“Keep very still.”

“Where am I?” She whispered back, trying her hardest to see who it was that spoke to her. “And who are you?”

“I am Cheri, one of your maids at the castle, my lady.”  
The other replied softly. “We are at sea.”

“At sea?” A chill rushed all through her. “But how did we...?”

“We were taken by the raiders... we will be sold as slaves in their native lands.”

“Slaves.” She didn’t like the sound of that.

“Shhh, my lady.” Cheri pleaded. “They take offence to us talking... one girl was already thrown overboard for screaming.”

“What?” She couldn’t help but cry out. “What manner of barbarous...”

Someone shouted in their direction in a language she didn’t understand and she tried to lift her head to see who that was, but her bonds kept her pinned down.

“My lady, please... keep quiet.” Cheri hissed beside her and fell eerily silent as a large shadow loomed over them.

Something hard prodded against her breast making Bella grunt in pain. She looked up at the silhouette of the huge man with fire in her eyes. He opened his mouth and the sound of crude laughter assailed her ears. A large hand reached down and grabbed her by the arm. She winced at the vice like grip as she was yanked upward. Held upright away from the deck of the longboat, she could see the blue green splendor of the great sea. The sky was blue and cloudless and she could see several other longboats with dragon heads, tall masts and wide sails with shields on the sides skimming over the choppy waters alongside the boat she was in.

The huge man threw her over his broad shoulder and turned around, making her head spin wildly. Surely he was not going to throw her overboard for talking? She looked around the boat, there were several women bound and huddled where she had been lying, and along the sides of the boat several huge men, the raiders of the north, sat on cutaway seats made for rowing. The man carrying her walked past them all until he was at the head of the boat. He slung her off his shoulder and held her upright, making her come face to face with another man as tall as he was. This one was older and had a large braided beard down to his chest. His head was bald and covered with runic tattoos and he had a large white scar down one side of his face. The savage ferocity in his steely eyes didn't intimidate or frighten her; instead she felt something else, something that she always wanted from a man. A real man, like the one standing before her, as well as the other Northmen all around her on this longboat.

“Where are you taking me?” She tossed her head arrogantly and demanded.

The towering man took a deep breath, expanding his broad chest further, and then snapped his thick callused fingers. Someone stepped up from behind him. Bella was taken aback to see that it was a woman. Her hair was cut in the fashion of the men, shaved bald on the sides with flowing locks over the middle going down in a long braid to her lower back. She had similar runic tattoos on her head, arms and

shoulders. She was wearing the same kind of clothing too, coarse woven leggings, leather jerkin and metal studded boots and arm bands.

“We are taking you to our country.” The woman replied in Bella’s own native tongue, further astonishing her.

“Who are you and how do you speak my tongue?” She asked the woman hoarsely.

“I am Sinead, once of your own lands... taken captive just like you, a few years ago.” The woman replied grimly then gestured at the two tall men standing before and behind Bella. “This is Jarl Jorgen of Hagarland and this is Arnord, his firstborn. You are now the Jarl’s slave.”

“Tell Jarl Jorgen I am a Lord’s wife and he will receive a sizable ransom for my safe return.” She said with a seductive smile at the brooding Jarl of Hagarland.

“I know the ways of your people all too well, Lady Fontaine, I was once one of them. And I know of your husband too.” Sinead replied blandly. “Lord Marcel Jean Fontaine, if he yet still lives, will find it more convenient to his purse to acquire a new wife.”

“Then what is to become of me?” Bella eyed the Jarl and his son, the tall young warrior who had carried her over.

“The same fate of any beautiful woman taken as a slave, my lady.” Sinead said in a flat tone. “You will be well fucked by the Jarl, and when he tires of you, he will give you to his many sons, and they in turn will reward you to their warriors once they too tire of you. But never fear, all this while you will be treated well and protected from harm.”

“And after all that time what will happen to me?” She exhaled deeply, trying to keep calm.

“You may be sold, or sacrificed to the gods?” The other woman shrugged.

“And if the Jarl does not tire of me at all.” Bella did well to hold on to her nerves.

“Then you may live on with him; perhaps even become one of his many wives.”

“And what of you, Sinead?” She stared wide eyed at the other woman. “How did you come to be where you are among these barbarians?”

“One of my few talents is the gift of learning other tongues quickly.” Sinead said. “Jarl Jorgen finds me useful in ways other than just my body.”

“And what happens to these other women captured, and I see some captive men as well.”

“The men will be sold as slaves to work the fields. Most of the women will share the same fate as yours, though some will be less fortunate.” Sinead said patiently. “I have informed the Jarl about your high status among your own people, but here you are just a slave who must prove her worth to be considered special.”

“Oh, he will know of my worth soon enough.” Bella had an impish smile dancing on her lips. “As soon as we get to wherever it is we are going.”

“We are going to Harukat, capital of Hagarland and home of Jarl Jorgen.”

Harukat was unlike any place Bella had ever seen. Between her father's grand villa, and the castle of her husband, Bella had never been anywhere in her young life of twenty years. Not even to the farmlands, villages and port towns of her own country. And now here she was in a foreign land, among foreign people and all she had going for her was her youth, beauty and wits.

The people of this place were all tall as trees and robust as well. She felt like a shrinking violet as she was led down a busy pathway toward what was the largest structure in the place, the Jarl's great hall. This was where she was to stay, doing everything the Jarl and everyone else there wanted her to do. A shiver ran through her, she felt fear and excitement all at once. The fear of the unknown along with the thrill of what was to come. She was glad to be free of the life of leisurely confinement she had for so long. And even though she would be a slave here, she could sense from the surrounding ambience of the place that she would have enough freedom to spread her wings as much as she desired.

“This is your new home as a slave.” Sinead walked up beside her. “Jarl Jorgen will require your attentions this night; you will find water and soap to clean yourself there in that shed, and some fresh clothes. Food is ready and available for all in the cookhouse, and so is drink. Be at the Jarl's bedside by evenfall.”

“I... well, thank you for your kindness, Sinead.” Bella nodded at the departing woman. “You have made this madness bearable.”

“I know all too well how it feels...” The other woman called back. “Fare well, my lady.”

Bella found the wash shed, cleansed herself with cold water and coarse soap, then put on a dress made of rough spun cloth and wrapped a bearskin cloak around her. She found bread, some fish stew and a hunk of roasted elk meat, and washed it all down with a sour drink of mead. The effect of the drink was immediate and Bella felt ready for anything in the world. She stepped out of the cookhouse, outside the skies were getting darker and she remembered reading once that so far up north the days were shorter than the nights. No one ever knew why it was so. The will of the gods, some said and most agreed. It was time for her to attend to her new master, Jarl Jorgen of Hagarland.

The great hall was no bigger than some of the storage buildings back home, but here it was the tallest and widest structure around. Two men, as tall as trees and armed with heavy axes stood guard on either side of the doorway as she walked up. She nodded at them and they let her enter unhindered, though their eyes told clearly of their intentions. A thrill rushed through her, as these were the kinds of men she

had always desired – strong, rough and rugged. Inside, the great hall was full of people, men and women, tall and wide, and laughing loudly as they ate and drank around a large fire pit that blazed in the centre of the hall. Seated on an imposing throne made out of hardwood was the man who was her master. He was flanked by two women, hard faced and as robust looking as the men, and beside them stood a few tall young men, one of whom she recognized as Arnord, and one other, the one who had taken her from the chapel.

“I am here for your pleasure.” Bella stepped before the Jarl and said in the few words of their tongue that Sinead had taught her on the boat. “My lord and master.”

Jarl Jorgen regarded her with impassive eyes for a while, then gestured at the two tall women seated on either side of him. “Jaseka. Astrid.” He said in a deep gravelly voice as the two women stood up and walked towards her.

A sudden chill rushed through her as the two of them grasped her by each arm. They smiled at her and dragged her between them, away from the revelry going on in the hall and to one of the rooms at the back.

“Where are you taking me?” She cried out in panic. Between the two tall and powerful women, Bella felt like a little child. “Answer me, please.”

They couldn't of course, not in her language, though one of them said something in their own and the other laughed. Bella wished Sinead was there, or at least taught her some more of the local language. She shivered as the two women, whom she now realized were Jaseka and Astrid, pulled off her bearskin cloak and then the rest of her clothing. They lay her down naked on the bed in the centre of the room. Overhead, oil lamps hung low from the ceiling, filling the room with a warm, arousing glow.

Jaseka and Astrid removed each other's clothing and as naked as she was, they began to caress her body. Bella had never been intimate with a woman before, even though she had heard of such pleasures being spoken of in hushed tones. It seemed to her that in this part of the world, in this barbaric society, such things were routine and hardly considered taboo.

Their hands were hard and coarse, though not as much as a man's. Their touch felt good on her body and she welcomed it, moaning softly and spreading herself out for them. They were laughing and murmuring in their own language, though Bella could determine the nature of their conversation. The language of love and lust needed no interpretation anywhere in the wide world. She reached out to caress their large breasts and smiled at them, they returned her smile and their hands moved over the more sensitive parts of her eager body. She understood that the two of them, wives of Jarl Jorgen, were getting her ready for him to fuck her. This was something new and strange to her, and the perverse nature

of it only served to heighten her own arousal. She arched her back and moaned out loud as one of the Jarl's women slipped a finger into her moist pussy. The other one leaned over her from the front and kissed her aching breasts. Bella reached up and grabbed the large breasts of the one kissing her own breasts and squeezed on one and sucked on the other one's taut nipple. If the Jarl walked in now, she was sure he would be ragingly hard enough to fuck all three of them together, and that indeed seemed to be the purpose of this heathen ritual.

The one playing with her pussy called the other one Astrid and said something in their tongue. Astrid nodded and began kissing Bella's neck and breasts with more passion. The other one, Jaseka, slid down between her spread legs and started kissing her all over her inner thighs. Bella had never been kissed in this way before, the two pairs of lips on her feverish body took her to heights of pleasure she had never known, and the anticipation of more to come filled her with an excitement that was most indescribable.

Jaseka moved up her thighs, kissing her fervently all over her sensitive skin, coming ever so close to her quivering pussy. Astrid began to move lower, kissing her breasts again, teasing her erect nipples with her teeth, and then going lower and planting kisses on her trembling belly.

Both women reached her pussy together, from above and below, and their tongues and lips went to work. Astrid teased her throbbing clit as Jaseka stuck her tongue deep into

her sopping slit. Bella found Astrid's wet pussy hovering over her astonished face. She had never seen another woman's naked pussy before, let alone one so close to her face. The scent of the woman's arousal instilled a raging fire of passion in her, even as the two talented mouths tortured her enflamed pussy.

She gave into temptation and stuck out her tongue, tasting a woman for the first time in her life. She liked what Astrid offered, and drove her tongue further on, making the tall woman moan into her own pussy. Bella squirmed as the two tongues lapped at her with ferocious intensity, making her belly heave and fall. She cried out loud as an orgasm more intense than she could remember shook her like a leaf in a hurricane. Her moans and whimpers were muffled by Astrid's hot pussy over her face and she reached up and stuck a finger into the woman's asshole. Astrid stiffened and moaned loudly. She felt the taller woman jerk over her, and then the unmistakable gush of her orgasm came splashing over her surprised face. Bella loved it, the taste and the sensation of another woman's orgasm all over her face. She licked her lips and kept lashing her tongue at the gushing pussy over her.

Jaseka said something and the two women released her and moved away. A sense of being rejected overcame Bella, she felt empty and abandoned. Looking up, she saw that Jarl Jorgen had entered the room. A thrill course through her as she noted his keen eyes taking an intense tour of her naked and

aroused body. He sported a huge bulge under his breeches as his two wives busied themselves removing all of his clothing.

Bella almost choked on her own gasp as the Jarl stood naked before her. Never had she seen a man look so, well, manly. Every part of him was rugged, savage, earthy and so brazenly natural. Nothing about him had the preening, pretentious posturing of the men she had known all her life back home. This here was a force of nature, a man to rule over men and women, a man to rule over her.

She watched with lust brazenly burning in her eyes as Astrid and Jaseka removed all of his clothes and fawned over the monstrous thing dangling between his legs. That was a cock that even horses would shy away from. Bella had her fair share of cocks, in all sizes and manner, and this beast; it overshadowed them all in length and girth by a mile. All she could think of was how good it would be to have that thing buried deep in her, throbbing and pumping, making her orgasm on and on all through the night.

Astrid and Jaseka went to work on his cock, stroking and kissing it in turns. They knelt down on either side of him as his large hands caressed their fiery blond heads. Bella had never seen others in the act of sex ever before and she watched with bated breath at the performance unfolding before her. Her belly clenched and her pussy throbbed, the aching in her breasts was unbearable. She drank in the spectacle before her

with lust filled eyes and licked her lips with a hunger most profane.

Jorgen grunted as his cock rose to its full potential, sticking out like a spear. Jaseka had the entire cockhead inside her mouth, and Astrid sucked on one of her husband's oversized testicles. Together they gave Bella a first hand lesson on how to pleasure a real man. The two of them slobbered their hungry lips on each side of his massive girth, kissing and licking all along the surging length. Then Astrid lay down on the bed and Jaseka climbed on top of her. The two women began kissing each other on the mouth, and then to Bella's astonishment, Jorgen pushed his cock in between their hungry lips.

The huge cock slid in and out of the two mouths, gleaming with their saliva and its own precum. Bella crawled over for a closer look, her hands frantically exploring her own dripping arousal. Their moans and grunts filled her with passion and lust like never before and she craved for that cock more and more. She watched as it slid in and out, occasionally slipping entirely into the mouth of each woman, making a nice bulge against their flushed cheek. Oh, how she wished she was one of those two lucky women. She whimpered pleadingly, lying back and spreading herself, offering herself, all of her, to the man-god standing before her getting his monstrous cock prepared for her by two women.

Finally the women moved away and the Jarl took a step toward her. She reached out at him, begging, pleading to be ravaged by him. Her eyes burned into him with unrefined, naked lust. His two wives had done their best in getting her more aroused than she had ever been in her young life and she was more than ready to be impaled on the monstrous thing that twitched before her eyes.

Her puffed lips parted and her tongue flicked out as her eyes feasted on his enormous erection. She longed for a taste of it, to feel the pulsing heat inside her mouth, but Jorgen seemed to be interested only in the dripping cavern between her sexy legs. He was suddenly upon her, grabbing her ass roughly and lifting her up. He placed the thick, throbbing cockhead on the yawning lips of her worked up pussy. The soft and pliant flesh stretched and softened by the wiggling tongues of Astrid and Jaseka gave in without a fight as he thrust his thick cock into her in one savage motion. His thickness filled her just the way she and always dreamt of, to the point of bursting and she savored the sensation, letting the utter pleasure of it ease away the blazing need in her significantly.

“Oh, Jorgen... my lord and master.” Bella moaned and clawed at his dense muscular body. “Your impressive organ is taking me to heaven... oh, lord, you are so fucking big... oh, fuck me, fuck me hard.”

“Ah, Bella... ouy era eht tcefrepe evals...” Jorgen grunted as he pushed his entire length into her.

His large hands squashed her soft buttocks roughly as he lifted her up and pushed all of his dense hardness deep into her welcoming pussy. She felt no pain, only pleasure with his foot and half long weapon of love tearing all the way into her stretched hole, made all the more pliable by the loving ministrations of his devoted wives. She bucked her hips up as he lifted her butt higher, burying himself up to the root. Bella's entire body weight rested on her shoulders as Jorgen stood up and began to slide his enormous cock in and out of her. She looked at Astrid and Jaseka as they watched, pleased at the way they had prepared her for Jorgen. She was forced to look away as Jorgen stood upright with her still impaled on his cock. She was lifted off the bed and was upside down, giddiness and excitement filling her mind. She gasped when he thrust his hips forward hard and lifted her up into a sitting position facing him. The Jarl's powerful legs flexed hard, the dense muscles rippling as he continued to fuck her in this new and powerful position she had never experienced before. Jorgen was showing her why he was the Jarl, being the mightiest one among his people as he bounced her hard on his cock in this standing position.

Bella threw her arms around his thick neck, grabbing fistfuls of his dense dark hair. She kissed him hungrily, his bristling beard tickling her lips. She had never felt this way before. Sex was never this good and she knew it could only get

better. This was different and so much more liberating. This turned her into a completely different animal, the one that was always within her, caged and waiting for release. She felt possessed, by her lust and her body's need. This was exactly the kind of man she had been waiting for, a real man to give her the satisfaction she truly deserved.

Jorgen was panting now as he slammed into her, bouncing her up and down over his immense thighs. He had the stamina of a workhorse. He said something to her, making the two women watching laugh and clap.

“What ever it was that you said there, Jarl...” Bella said, amidst gasps of pleasure. “...is fine by me, as long as you keep fucking me with your enormously satisfying cock.”

“Aahh, Bella... ekat ym dees, ouy evah denrae ti.” Jorgen grunted, bending his knees and jerking upright with more force to his thrusts.

“Oohh, yes! Yes!” Bella moaned out loud. She didn't understand what he said, but his meaning was clear. “Fill me with you potent seed... fill me... ooohhhh!”

Jorgen's monster cock plunged deeper within her, throbbing and growing thicker. Bella gave in to her second powerful orgasm of the night. She hugged Jorgen's neck and

whimpered, wiping her tears and saliva on his rough dark beard. Jorgen laughed as her body trembled in ecstasy against his. He dropped to his knees and lay her down on the bed again, taking the normal coital position. He ground his hips into her with more drive and power, making her gasp with each slamming thrust. Astrid and Jaseka moved in on either side of her, each taking a swollen nipple into her mouth. That drove Bella over the brink and her body caved in. She lost track as her body surrendered to a chain of back to back orgasms, making her lose all sense of time and place.

Then suddenly the giant fucking her grunted with more intensity and began saying something, pressing her down under his immense bulk. Bella's mind reeled in a haze of pleasure; she heard his voice, not understanding his words. It was his cock that filled her senses and she wanted to feel him explode within her and fill her with what she was craving for ever since she saw him.

Jorgen's vast size went stiff. His naked buttocks clenched hard and he pushed his monstrous cock in deeper. She felt his thickness increase, almost tearing her apart with his imminent release. She gasped out loud again and again as he let himself go. Hot spurts of his exploding seed gushed rapidly, flooding her belly. She felt every hot and heavy drop, every erupting spatter of his release and it sent her mind on a trip bordering on insanity. The man seemed inexhaustible as his monster cock emptied precious and fertile juice deep into her, going on and on with the cheers of his applauding wives.

Then finally, Jorgen was spent. Slowly his cock eased its way out of her and he fell back to lie on the bed, his erection still pointing upward. Bella moaned and stretched her body, never had she been so satisfied in her life. Astrid moved in over her, going to work with her lips and tongue, getting every little drop of the Jarl's cum off her tingling pussy and quivering belly. Jaseka did the same for Jorgen as she slobbered all over his depleted cock, getting it cleaned and ready for more. Bella knew there was going to be more, much more, but right then she was exhausted. The weariness of her travel, the importance of adjusting to a new life, and the satisfaction that she enjoyed just then culminated to make her give in to the warm, comforting embrace of sleep and the blissful dreams it promised.

“You have done very well, my lady.” Sinead’s voice made her look up.

It was morning; the sun was up outside, pale and weak. Sinead was standing above her, looking down. The woman had a smile on her otherwise dour face and Bella could see that she was quite a beauty. She wondered what made Sinead so grim all the time.

“I have? ...so what happens now?” She sat up and stretched. She was not in the room where she had fallen asleep, the one where she had been pleased the night before. Someone must have carried her out of there and brought her here to what was probably the slave’s quarters.

“Jarl Jorgen was more than pleased with you, as were his wives.” Sinead went on. “You are no longer a slave, and come the next festival of the gods; the Jarl will make you his thirteenth bride.”

“Thirteenth?” She smiled with a wide eyed expression. “Well, better than being a slave, I suppose.”

“Yes, much better.” Sinead nodded. “And before I forget... the Jarl has sent a gift for you.”

“For me?” She looked surprised. “What ever can it be?”

“Your very own slave...” The woman gave her another smile. “...to do with as you please.”

“A slave... for me?” She couldn’t believe her ears.

“Yes, for you. One from your own land” Sinead said and called out. “Eustace, come in.”

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