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CHAPTER 1 – A PERFECT FIT

He came through the dressing room door like a tornado, so suddenly she didn't even have a chance to be surprised. Their eyes locked in the mirror she faced, the slinky red dress just over her shoulders but not yet snug against her curves. She felt heat in his glance and a flutter low in her belly in response.

“Sorry,” he said, looking more amused than embarrassed. His eyes swept down her body, lingering on her breasts, which were spilling out of a low-cut, black lace bra, then caressing the generous curve of her hips. She tugged the dress down smooth.

“You might as well be useful.” Her voice was cool but her throat was tight. He was not tall, but well-muscled in a natural way, not overbuilt. Her eyes dwelled on his narrow hips, noting the growing bulge below his zipper with a little bit of awe and much appreciation. “Zip me?”

He grasped the zipper and pulled up, one hand resting on the top of her ass to keep the dress taut and the zipper working smoothly. His hand moved excruciatingly slow; it was as if she could feel each tooth gliding into contact with the other, a joining that made a tiny echo of a vibration against her spine. They were still eye-to-eye in the mirror and a smile grew on his face as the dress closed slowly and sinuously over her hips and waist.

He moved his hand from her ass to the tumble of dark brown curls hanging a few inches below her shoulders. Sliding his hand underneath, he lifted her hair up out of the way. She shuddered under his touch; the heat of his hand and rough callouses on his palm created a surge of desire that literally made her knees weak.

He seemed to consider the sight of her slender, vulnerable neck and the silken mass of hair in his hand for an eternity. Her nerves were on fire and her eyes were ravenous as she watched him with fierce longing. At last he bent his head to touch his lips to the delicate skin of her neck.

The sensation rocked her; his kisses were tentative and soft. As she responded his mouth began to move more urgently and his hand dropped to her breasts, cradled in the red silk of the dress and black lace of her bra. His eyes were open, first meeting hers then dropping hungrily to the sight of her nipples upright below the fabric.

She had no patience for foreplay. Reaching for his hips, she moaned softly at the discovery of the bulge between his legs and groped for his zipper. His hands were under the dress now, rough and soft at the same time. Moving over the warm curves of her hips, cupping the cheeks of her ass, his restless fingers found the slight strip of lace that held up her thong and pushed it out of the way, creating a momentary surge of pressure against her clit that made her whole body shudder.

Getting his jeans open with difficulty, she freed his cock, thick and hot. She held it tightly in her fist and hesitated, She wanted to fill her mouth with his dick, tongue the tender edge of the head against her lips, rake her nails across his buttocks. She wanted to feel the heat of his cock inside her cunt, already throbbing in anticipation, dripping juices down her thighs at the mere thought of his prick thrusting deep inside.

He made the decision for her, shoving the dress roughly above her waist and, with a growl, lifted her just far enough to straddle him. Without warning, he was inside of her,

stretching the mouth of her cunt wide, the tip of his cock touching her deep secret places, miraculously smooth and hard and hot. She began to come at once, helplessly out of control.

Muffling her cries against his neck, she suddenly felt savagely angry about her lack of control and bit him, hard, along the line of a delicate tattoo spanning his collarbone, a celtic design of blues and yellows and black. He responded to her passion with his own, holding her against the wall and driving his cock into her pussy, which was still pulsing with her orgasm.

His thrusts deep into her pussy were moving her hard against the wall and it felt good, but she realized the sheetrock was quivering. Her mind, ever inclined to roam toward the comedic, envisioned the two of them breaking through the flimsy structure and landing in a cloud of dust on some unsuspecting shopper. She hurried to banish the thought and focused again on the delicious sensations below her waist.

He pulled out unexpectedly and she gasped at the sudden lack of pressure within her cunt. Breathing hard, he took his cock roughly in his hand and rubbed it delicately over her clitoris. She shuddered and whimpered with the change in pace; goosebumps raced over her skin and her nipples, already hard, got harder still. The man was watching the interplay between his dick and her clit with a smug smile curving his full lips. Her cunt dripped juices, dropping unnoticed onto his jeans, still bunched around his legs.

The pressure on her clit was exquisite; paradoxically, she wished for his hard, hot dick to fill her at the same time. But combining the two sensations took great finesse and usually, she thought, a prone position.

As if reading her mind, he bent his knees and crouched lower, grabbing her ass with both hands and now driving his dick up into her pussy. He pulled each of her long legs off the floor and placed them on his shoulders. The new angle of penetration was devastatingly effective and she began to come again, her moans of pleasure rising over the flimsy dividers of the dressing room cubicle.

Her eyes were closed, her head thrown back, but the man's eyes were open and focused on a barely discernible hole drilled into the battered laminate wall, just at eye level. He thought he detected the faint gleam of an eye pressed tight to the hole and smiled before he, too, surrendered to the sensations that threatened to overtake him and came, shuddering violently.

"That dress looks good on you," he said after catching his breath and pulling up his pants. He tweaked her nipple lightly, kissed her hard on the mouth, and left.

She cursed when she realized she was still zippered snugly in the dress. Twisting in vain to reach the top of the zipper, she didn't notice the door to the dressing room opening quietly. She smiled when she turned to see the second person standing barely a foot away.

"Hi, love," she said. "Did you enjoy the show?"

He nodded, his eyes gleaming hot. He was tall, a t-shirt stretched tight across his torso and a respectable bulge in his jeans. "I brought these," he said, offering her a pair of strappy, high-heeled sandals. "We'll probably need them."

She turned away from him and, saucy, bent from the waist to slip the straps over her feet, balancing herself on the heels. When she bent over, the dress rode up, exposing the two plump globes of her ass and the lace of her thong, twisted and wet, stretched between them.

The sight made his dick throb harder, and he reached both hands to cup her ass before letting the fingers of his left hand slide down the crack of her ass and up to her pussy, wet and slick with her own juices and the cum of the other man.

“Bend over the chair,” he muttered gruffly. She complied quickly and her ass, lifted by the high stiletto heels of the sandals, was exposed to his questing fingers. He snapped the thin strap of her thong with a quick jerk and let it drop to the floor.

“Buy you more later,” he said, unnecessarily. They went through thongs like candy, leaving a trail of sticky, wet lace in all the myriad places where they made love. He enjoyed buying thongs almost as much as he loved taking them off.

He knew her body well and had her gasping for his lovely cock in just a few moments. He played with her clit and slid his fingers in and out while he fumbled one-handed with his jeans. His dick came free and without pausing he slid it into her eager pussy, his groan of satisfaction echoing hers.

She heard another moan, softer, and turned her head to stare at the partition between cubicles. The one with the hole drilled into it. It was hard to tell, but she thought she saw someone looking back at her, and that made her more excited still. She ran her tongue over her lips and bucked a little harder as her boyfriend thrust hard into her cunt.

They built up a rhythm that quickly brought her just to the edge of an orgasm. They had fucked so many times, in so many different ways, that he was exquisitely tuned to her erotic cues. He knew her sighs, recognized the subtle twist of her head or angle of her hips; in a wonderfully cruel way, he would sometimes stop just as her whole body found release in wave after wave of pleasure. Just before she came this time, he pulled his long cock out, both of them panting hard. If they cared to listen, the echo of their breathing pattern could be heard in the adjoining cubicle.

“Ah,” she moaned softly in protest. She was so close, she could almost talk herself into coming. But that throbbing, aching sensation just on the edge of orgasm felt good in a different way. Excited and eager, she did not protest when he pushed softly down on her shoulders. On her knees, she thrust his jeans down to the floor, admiring the long smooth leg muscles of a long-distance runner.

One finger trailed down the inside of his thigh, making him quiver. Her other hand ran quickly, softly, over the tender skin of his ass. She looked up at him. His eyes were closed, his expression vulnerable, taut with desire.

At first she only tongued his cock, teasing first the head and the shaft with feather-quick strokes of her wet tongue. He tasted deliciously of her, salty and hot. Then her mouth reached further, down to his balls, and she slipped first one, then the other, into her mouth and pulled at it gently with her tongue.

He groaned and his knees quivered slightly. Now she moved her tongue back up the shaft of his cock and took the head into her mouth, sheathing her teeth with her lips. She

moved her head up and down, her tongue running across the sensitive edge of the head as her hot mouth enclosed the shaft. Now he moved his hips, needing his cock to be in the warmth of her, feeling the rhythm expand to encompass his whole body.

Both of her hands grasped his ass now. She moved one hand to cup his balls, and he rested his hand on the top of her head, his eyes still closed. She slipped a finger into his ass, and his cock exploded with a startling suddenness. He pumped his come into her mouth with another groan, until a silky strand slipped from the corner of her lips. She smiled and licked it clean.

The door to the dressing room softly clicked open. The woman felt warm fingers grasp the top of her zipper. Still unfulfilled, so close to an orgasm, the gentle touch sent waves of desire pulsing down her body. She stood up and turned, and the little red dress fell in a splash of color around her feet. The man in front of her was the watcher, the first to fuck her after she put on the dress. His penis was rigid, his mouth soft. As they kissed, his hands were exploring the swells and dips of her body, so different from his own.

Her skin was soft, smooth, unblemished except for a heart-shaped mole on the inside of her upper right thigh. Her skin yielded to the firm pressure of his hands, giving back heat. The mounds of her breasts were softer still, delicately veined in blue. Her nipples were still erect, inviting his fingers and his tongue. Her abdomen sloped gently to the mound covering her cunt, and that is where his fingers inevitably wandered. The throbbing heat of his dick pressed hard against her belly, a promise of release.

She was unbearably excited, her pussy open and pulsing with wetness. She wanted his cock inside of her now, and she struggled to maneuver the connection without taking her mouth off his.

Like magic, she felt a second pair of hands raising her up. Her boyfriend, behind her. His hands cupped her ass and lifted her onto the other man's stiff penis. As she wrapped her legs around the stranger's waist, her head fell back in abandon. The man's cock, thicker than she was accustomed to, roughly brushed her clit each time he pulled back for another thrust.

It only took a few thrusts. The skin all over her body was electrified, hypersensitive to the heat and texture of all four hands on her body. She collapsed into the embrace of both men as she drowned in the sensation of her orgasm, gasping and crying out in ecstasy.

Just as she was beginning to recover her composure, there was a tentative tap on the door.

"Miss?" a woman said anxiously. "Miss, are you all right?"

The woman smiled and took a deep, shuddering breath before she spoke. "I really, really like this dress."

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CHAPTER 2 – BUSINESS AS USUAL

Together they were dynamite, the top sales team for the company. Traditionally, AFM's sales people worked individually, targeted with a sales figure to reach over the year. Alex and John had taken the different tack of working as a team to target larger clients. Their double headed approach worked and they had smashed their combined sales targets. A five figure bonus had been their respective rewards.

As they traveled in a black cab to the restaurant where they were meeting a prospective client, Alex regarded her business partner. John was a well-groomed man, tall and muscular with a shaved head and neatly trimmed sideburns and goatee. His shoulders were broad in his pinstripe suit, and he wore a crisp dove grey shirt and darker grey silk tie. His piercing blue eyes, undoubtedly his most attractive feature, were focused on the client file clasped in his strong, well-manicured hands.

When they had first begun working together the sexual frisson between them had been palpable. It had come to a head on a night out where they had stolen just one rough, needy kiss in the dark corridor of a nightclub. Her stomach flipped involuntarily as she remembered that night; the meal, the club, the tequila, the dancing. Alex and John had been dancing to the loud, throbbing music, grinding their hips against each other outrageously. She recalled the way that his hands had roamed from her waist to her bottom, how she had looked up at him through her long dark fringe and most of all how the temptation to tilt her head the last two inches towards his smiling mouth had been almost unbearable.

She had not been altogether surprised after a trip to the ladies to find John waiting for her in the dark corridor. Without a word he had maneuvered her against the wall, immediately dropping his mouth to meet hers. It was an urgent, sexually charged kiss, his tongue probing her mouth with a ferocity borne of pure desire. She had responded with her full body, pushing against him, biting his lower lip, exploring his inquisitive mouth with its rough lips and hot interior. Her pussy was hot with desire and his cock was hardening against her, straining against his dark denim jeans. He kissed her neck and ran his hands through her long hair to pull her head roughly to his.

"We can't," he had said, pulling away with obvious difficulty. "It would ruin everything." Alex had nodded, hastily breaking contact with his devastating eyes and smoothing down her dress where it had become rumpled during their passionate embrace. "Oh," he had the good sense to look a little sheepish, "and I'm married."

It was true, she reasoned; what they had was too good to be ruined by a seedy affair. The racy red convertible that sat in pride of place on her driveway was a tangible manifestation of their continued success. John's holiday home in the South of France was the fruit of two years of hard labor and the best sales figures in the company. In the cold light of day they had talked their situation over and decided that their relationship would have to remain on a purely professional footing. Over time their unfulfilled lust had eased to a familiar if flirtatious friendship. However more often than not it was still John that she thought of as she masturbated.

As the cab pulled up at the restaurant, Alex couldn't help but notice the way that John's eyes surreptitiously slid from her expensive patent leather high heels, up her sheer

stocking clad legs, to where her skirt had slid slightly above the knee. She caught his eye and he smiled, knowing that he had been caught looking but not embarrassed in the slightest about it.

The restaurant specialized in seafood and the sea bass Alex ordered was divine, especially washed down by a very nice Sauvignon Blanc. She couldn't help but notice the appreciative glances thrown her direction from their guest. Mr Yamamoto was a well-kept middle-aged gentleman with distinguished salt and pepper hair. She often flirted a little with clients to keep the conversation moving over dinner or drinks but today found herself genuinely enjoying the banter. Mr Yamamoto was undoubtedly excellent company, but remained evasive on the subject of whether his company would place an order with AFM.

"To be quite frank," he said, pushing away an empty plate of mussels and dabbing his mouth with a crisp white napkin, "I'm not entirely sure what your unique selling point is. I've eaten a hundred different lunches with a hundred different companies. I like you two," he looked pointedly at Alex, "but I'm not convinced that I should give you my business."

"Mr Yamamoto," said John, "I'm quite sure that we can convince you AFM is worthy of your business. We operate differently to most of the other players in the market and our services are personally tailored to your requirements." He caught the eye of an eager hovering waitress. "Come," he gestured to his companions, "let's take this negotiation somewhere a little more discreet."

Alex had never been in the green room. It was a private room at the back of the restaurant, reputed to be where all of the wheeling and dealing happened, or where local businessmen would take their mistresses for dinner to remain discreet. The décor was, rather surprisingly, cream, but two emerald green overstuffed sofas faced each other over a bamboo and glass coffee table. John and Mr Yamamoto took the couch facing the door and Alex sat opposite, sinking into the cushions. She was a little flushed from the wine and removed her suit jacket to cool down, exposing the sheer, filmy blouse underneath. Aware that Mr. Yamamoto was looking at her with undisguised lust, she leaned back in the sofa and subtly crossed her legs, ensuring that he got a discreet eyeful of her lace topped hold-ups.

The tea and coffee arrived and she took the role of hostess, pouring cups for everyone. As she replaced the coffee pot on the table John winked at her, and then beckoned for Alex to sit on his lap. For a second she froze, unsure if she was reading the situation right. Their methods of selling were often unconventional and she was confident that John's plan would become apparent in time.

"I think you will find us very unique," he began, as she settled herself onto his lap "Alex and I are very dedicated to the job." To her surprise the hands on her waist traveled slowly up until he was cupping her breasts gently in his hands. He squeezed and kneaded and they dutifully engorged at his touch, until her hardened nipples were protruding through the flimsy blouse. Mr Yamamoto watched intently, hardly blinking.

"You can be guaranteed to have our full attention," continued John, "as I am sure that we have your attention now." His hands were gently massaging her breasts now and Mr

Yamamoto did look very interested indeed. John had not touched her since their single kiss almost two years ago and despite the situation, Alex was almost writhing at his touch.

At that precise moment Mr Yamamoto's phone rang. As he took the call with an apologetic wave, John whispered in her ear, "This isn't exactly our usual sales technique, are you sure you want to continue? He was ogling you over dinner so I thought that this would be our best chance for a sale." She considered his suggestion for a moment. Mr Yamamoto, as well as being a handsome man, could double her bonus and cement her future at AFM. Yet even as she considered the lure of cash and kudos it was the feel of John's hot hands through her blouse and the hardening of his cock against her that closed the deal.

Mr. Yamamoto cut his call short and sat down on the same couch again. "Let's do this," she murmured.

"How rude of me," their client apologized with a cheeky glint in his eye "now, where were we?"

"Well, I do believe I was going to give you the benefit of Alex's lovely breasts."

"Please continue." She hardly dared to breathe as John unbuttoned her blouse from behind, grazing her already excited nipples. She could feel a hot rush of desire moistening her white lacy thong. John slowly pulled the unbuttoned blouse down over her arms to reveal the lacy white bra underneath. Mr. Yamamoto's polite squeaks of appreciation and the way that John surreptitiously moved in the seat to try to make room for his newly expanded cock freed her from any remaining inhibitions. He pulled the lacy bra cups down under the swell of her breasts and both men were rewarded by the sight of her flushed pink nipples.

"Beautiful," said Mr Yamamoto.

"Would you like to touch?" asked John.

"I would be delighted to." He eased himself closer on the couch and reverently weighed each breast with his hands, before dropping his head and kissing each sensitive nipple in turn, licking and sucking with a delicious, practiced mouth and tongue. He tweaked one nipple cruelly between forefinger and thumb, causing her to gasp in pain and pleasure, squirming on John's lap as her pussy burned with desire. John's breathing was hot and heavy as he watched the other man lick and suck her breasts at close quarters.

As Mr Yamamoto continued, John obligingly pulled her tight black pencil skirt up over her thighs to waist level to reveal black hold ups and that white lacy thong, damp with her juices. Mr Yamamoto sank to his knees to survey the bounty spread in front of him to be plundered. John gently pulled her thong from the top, gathering the material between her lips, before pulling the damp lacy material to one side to reveal her pussy. A brief landing strip of dark hair framed the glistening pink centre. Mr Yamamoto forced her legs wider and parted her lips with his gentle hands. The gentle hands turned to prying fingers as two digits penetrated her with agonizing slowness and control, making her sigh with delight. He gently removed the fingers and licked them appreciatively before dropping

his head and applying his tongue to her engorged clit. He pushed her legs yet higher and spread her ass cheeks, lapping at her tight entrance with probing tongue.

She caught John's eye and for a brief moment was irrationally worried that her juices were ruining his pinstriped trousers. But he was lost in the moment, staring raptly at Alex and drinking in every detail of what their client was currently doing to her, still dutifully holding her panties to one side. She longed for his touch.

"May I penetrate you?" asked Mr Yamamoto politely. Alex nodded in agreement, desperate for the fullness of a cock. John deftly pulled out his wallet and handed Mr, Yamamoto a condom. Alex could only watch in fascination as he unzipped his trousers and pulled out a neat, business-like cock. He moved the foreskin up and down over the head a couple of times then ripped the packet with his teeth before pulling the rubber down over its length.

"I would like you to bend over his knee," Mr. Yamamoto requested, still polite but voice quivering with anticipation. "Please remove your skirt and panties but keep the stockings on." She did as she was asked, standing up and letting her skirt fall to the floor with one swift movement of the zipper. The panties she took her time with, aware that John and their client were watching intently as she slipped the lacy thong over the generous curves of her bottom, then continued in one fluid movement to push the damp white scrap of material down her long legs before stepping elegantly out of the leg holes.

She knelt down on the floor, resting her chest on John's lap. Her eyes locked with his above her. He was certainly not looking at her like a professional now. Mr Yamamoto knelt behind her, fingering her pussy and rubbing her clit in that slow, controlled way. John again moved in the seat to try to get some respite from his relentlessly bulging cock. She had to brace her hands against his solid thighs as Mr Yamamoto penetrated her, his cock entering agonizingly slowly before pushing in up to the hilt. She was wildly turned on, as much by the eye contact that she retained with John as the older man fucking her. He settled into an easy rhythm, letting his cock almost fall out of her before pushing it in again as far as it would go. His learned hands reached round to rub her clit at the same time and she groaned with pleasure, clit burning, pussy aching, pushing back on him every time he withdrew. As Mr. Yamamoto became more excited his strokes became shallower and faster and she reveled in the friction and the movement. He licked a finger and gently probed around the entrance to her anus, making her whimper and her pussy contract.

"I'm going to come," she moaned as she snaked her hand between her legs to give her clit a frantic rub. Mr. Yamamoto pushed his roaming finger rudely into her behind and responded to her urgent moans with deep hard strokes. She changed position slightly and felt the back of her supporting arm graze John's cock. It was huge and hard as a rock. John's eyes widened in shock and pleasure before refocusing on her face, training his gaze on her through heavy lidded lustful eyes. For a moment she was lost in John's eyes imagining that it was him who was fucking her, that it was his hot seed inside her instead of the clinical condom. The tension built and built and suddenly it was too much and her body tensed in protest at the rigors it was being forced to undergo, before releasing with a joyful rush of euphoria through every fiber of her body. Mr. Yamamoto, unable to hold

on in the face of her vocal orgasm, thrust into her with one final monumental movement as he came.

“Please excuse me.” Politeness returned to Mr Yamamoto as his orgasm abated. He quickly pulled his trousers up and bustled out of the room. Alex’s bottom was still in the air but her body dropped into John's lap, sweaty and exhausted.

“I wish that had been me,” he croaked, his voice filled with longing and something much darker. His shaking hand stroked her hair in absentminded fondness.

“Me too. But you know that it would ruin everything if we slept together.”

Mr Yamamoto re-entered the room, composure regained.

“Thank you for your hospitality, you have been most kind. I must say, I think that AFM are a cut above the rest and I look forward to doing business with you.” As he left Alex sat up like a shot. John’s face was a mirror image of hers as their grins spread from cheek to cheek.

“We did it!” Sexual excitement forgotten, they lurched together into a celebratory hug, even as John’s cock still bulged and Alex’s naked breasts pressed against him. It was back to business as usual.

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CHAPTER 3 – LUCKY SUNDAY

Sundays with Kevin are the best.

They have way too few of them, with their respective work commitments keeping them in different cities more than half the time. Suzanne loves her work, loves the thrill of standing up in a courtroom to make her case, but sometimes she thinks she would give it all up just to wake up in bed with Kevin every Sunday. One of the many awesome things about Kevin is that she knows he'd never expect that, or even consider it.

He always wakes up slowly, curling his arm around her and tugging her closer into his body before he drifts off into sleep again, and it's a pleasure just to lie there like that, listening to his slow breathing and feeling completely enclosed and safe under his outstretched arm. It's even better when he wakes up properly, though, nuzzling sleepy kisses into the back of her neck while his slowly swelling erection presses into her ass.

Suzanne always waits until he's fully hard before she rolls over, meeting his mouth with her own and kissing him until they're both dizzy and breathless, drunk on sensation. He always hesitates before he pushes into her, saying "Can I?" and "Okay?" until she's panting out "Yes, yes, yes," her legs parting and pushing her slick and easy onto him.

He's always that way, considerate and attentive and completely and utterly focused on her. It's that focus which challenges Suzanne, because he never, ever asks for anything himself. And she loves that consideration, but she doesn't always need to be on the receiving end. Sometimes what she wants is to see Kevin lose control.

Sundays are for sleepy morning sex, and she wouldn't change them for the world. But the rest of the time, she decides, is another matter entirely. Every year, they take a summer vacation together: no need to go anywhere, just a three week spell for the both of them with no work to do, no nothing. With the vacation rolling around, they're due a lot more time together, and Suzanne plans to use it to the full.

Kevin always takes a couple of days to unwind after the vacation starts. It's not that he's no fun, or anything - he fully enjoys what little free time he gets - but Suzanne can see him drop down a gear once he's had a day or so for the work routine to wear off. Suzanne waits until he hits that point to start putting her plan into action, giving them both time to settle back into their relationship.

Suzanne is awesome at giving blowjobs - she's had this on good authority from more than one source, and the reaction she gets from Kevin doesn't do anything to dispel her confidence. More importantly, she really, really enjoys giving head. There's just something about the absolute trust it requires - on both sides - that gets her hotter than practically anything else. So, when she starts her campaign to get Kevin asking for exactly what he wants, that seems like an excellent place to start.

Kevin gasps when she runs her tongue across the head of his cock, his hands tightening in her hair. Suzanne grins against his skin and slides on down, letting him fuck her mouth hard and deep till he's keening in the back of his throat.

"Suzanne," he says and pulls away from her, tugging at her shoulder to bring her up for a kiss. She makes it deep and passionate, letting him know exactly how much she's enjoying herself, but when he slides down her body to return the favor she stops him.

"Tell me what you want," she whispers.

"Wanna make you feel good." His voice is hoarse, his eyes vivid green and intense.

"Tell me what you want," she insists.

"Wanna taste you," he pleads. "Can I... while you suck me?"

"Hell yes." Suzanne flips round, pulling him up to straddle her. They've done this more than once before, but it makes her crazy hot to hear him ask for it. It's really, really good, because Kevin likes eating pussy about as much as she likes giving head, which is to say, a lot. Suzanne moans around his cock at the feel of her juices slicking his face, and she can't resist reaching down to touch herself, sliding her fingers in next to his tongue.

She pulls her fingers away wet and reaches back up to trail them across Kevin's balls, dipping into the crease of his ass, and he gives a whole body shudder, shoving deeper into her mouth. When she presses the tip of one slick finger into his ass he cries out against her body, fingers tightening on her thighs. Suzanne pulls off and he spurts helplessly, pulse after pulse of hot wetness soaking her tits and belly, while she bucks wildly into his thrusting tongue.

"Sorry," he says afterwards, smearing his fingers through the come pearled white against her tanned skin. He's breathing hard and fast, though, and he doesn't look sorry.

Suzanne's pretty sure she isn't either.

She remembers it the next time, when she's got Kevin spread out golden on her bed, thrusting helplessly into the sheets while she kisses her way down his spine. Suzanne sits back on her heels and admires the view, enjoying the way Kevin shivers and sighs when she rubs her fingers across the fine hair on his thighs. She slides her hands further up, cupping the muscle of his ass, and leans in again.

Kevin yelps when she nips at his buttock, smoothing over the sting with a kiss. She licks in deeper, letting her tongue skate teasingly over his hole for a moment before she pulls away again.

"Tell me what you want, Kevin," she demands.

He pushes his ass up towards her in response, thighs falling open as he shifts his knees.

"Tell me," she says again, letting her breath puff hot against his body. She presses her mouth to his balls, tracing a line up his perineum with her tongue. "You want this? Want me to lick your ass?"

"Yeah." Kevin's voice is breathy and broken. "Feels - god - feels so good."

She spreads him open, fucking her tongue into his hot tightness, and he moans. When she slides her hand round to touch his cock he's aching hard, slick and smooth under her

thumb when she rubs over the head. It makes her even more aware of her own wetness, hot pleasure pooling in her cunt at the thought of how hard she's making him.

"You like this?" Suzanne presses her finger into him, relishing the way he pushes back in response, seeking more. "What do you want, Kevin?"

Kevin flushes, pink and embarrassed as he pants out, "Want your fingers in me."

Suzanne presses in further, two fingers now, turned on and a little bit nervous herself. She's never done this, never more than a teasing fingertip or swipe of the tongue, and she never would have thought that she would enjoy it so much. Kevin's tight and clenching around her fingers, slick and smoother than anything she's ever felt before, and it makes her want more. She pushes in deeper, crooking her fingers, and Kevin lets out a cry of pleasure.

"Yeah, baby, Suzanne, yeah," he gasps out, and it's like she's broken down his reserve all in one go, opened the floodgates. "Fucking fuck me, want you to, want you to fuck my ass..."

She closes her fingers around his cock again, stroking hard and fast while she fucks into him, and he jerks and comes, spasming tight around her.

"Is that really what you want?" Suzanne asks afterwards, when they're lying curled around each other, sleepy and sated.

"What?" Kevin's petting her hair, slow, aimless movements that tug pleasurably at her scalp.

"For me to fuck you." Suzanne hears her voice break a little on the word 'fuck'.

"Would that bother you?" Kevin's tone is so neutral it's an answer in itself.

Suzanne tilts her head up to kiss him, tongue sliding in deep and wet to twine around his. He kisses her back, fingers tightening and tangling in her hair as she draws her leg up to rub teasingly against him.

"Tomorrow," Suzanne says when they finally break the kiss, "we're going shopping."

The harness Suzanne picked out is soft black leather; its two straps fasten around her thighs and cup her butt so she can feel herself being spread apart. She trembles a little when Kevin buckles her into it, and he presses a soft kiss to her thigh.

"Okay?" he asks, looking up at her with wide, hungry eyes.

"If you are," Suzanne answers, and gasps when he licks long and slow across her pussy in response, tonguing at the straps before fucking his tongue into her.

"Taste so good," Kevin whispers. "So wet against me."

He fucks into her again, then drags his mouth up, faint edge of stubble scratching against the soft skin of her thighs and belly. He rubs his face against the dildo, pressing it against her body, and Suzanne pushes back.

"You gonna suck my dick?" she says. It feels a little ridiculous, like something out of a tacky porno, but also weirdly, heart-racingly sexy.

Kevin makes a little noise in the back of his throat, halfway between a whimper and a growl, and parts his lips, letting them rest against the smooth head of the dildo.

"C'mon." Suzanne takes hold of her cock and guides it into his mouth, watching fascinated as his lips stretch wide around it. "Yeah, you want to take it, don't you?"

Kevin hesitates, a slight flush pinking his cheeks even though his cock's standing out hard against his belly

"Don't you?" she insists, and his eyes go wide and pleading as he nods around her cock.

It feels erotic and powerful, watching him on his knees before her, and Suzanne can't help but babble out more ridiculous encouragement. "Fucking your mouth, so fucking hot, Kevin. You're gonna get my cock all wet so I can fuck your tight ass, aren't you?"

She can't actually feel him tonguing and sucking at her, but the idea of it's almost enough, the jerk and hitch of the harness as his mouth works at the plastic a teasing hint of what it would be like.

Kevin pulls away, lips red and swollen, and surges to his feet to kiss her. "Please," he murmurs into her mouth, and Suzanne's heart jumps.

"On the bed," she orders. "Ass in the air."

He complies immediately, kneeling obediently face down with his hips canted up and knees spread wide. Suzanne feels a rush of wetness between her thighs at the sight: his lean, muscled body offered up for her.

She drops to her knees and spreads him open, one long lick from balls to ass before she dribbles the lube on, letting it drip glistening and wet between his legs. Kevin gasps and jerks at the sensation, and she drags her fingers through it, letting her nails scrape his balls in tantalizing counterpoint to the smooth glide of her fingertips.

He opens easily when she pushes a finger in, relaxed and eager. Suzanne can't quite believe the trust it implies, breath catching in her throat when she presses a second finger in and he cants his ass up further, seeking more.

When she presses the head of the dildo against him it slides off, skating through the slick of lube to push against his balls. Suzanne wraps her fingers round the base and tries again, heart pounding as she pushes against tight resistance and then in.

Kevin hisses when she pushes harder, hips jerking away, and she freezes instantly. "Do you want to stop?"

He sucks in a deep breath and reaches back to squeeze her hand. "No, just... slow."

She pushes in again, watching the smooth length of the dildo disappear inch by torturous inch into his body. It's a little terrifying, the lack of sensation making it all the harder to judge how hard and fast to push in, but it's exhilarating too. Suzanne's never once felt the slightest hint of penis envy before now, but seeing him clench and shudder around her gives her a passing regret for her inability to feel it too.

She only gets it halfway in before she has to stop, and she eases her hips back again, sliding almost all the way out. She shifts position before she pushes back in, dropping one hand to the bed for support, and she can't see what she's doing any more but this feels much, much better, the dildo sliding in deep and easy.

"Okay?" she asks, and Kevin growls out "Fuck yeah," spine bowing as he pushes back against her.

Suzanne presses her face against his shoulder, mouthing wet kisses into his skin, and starts to move in earnest, bucking her hips against him. It's a hell of a lot harder than Kevin makes it seem when he's fucking her - whether because it's only a harness or just because she's fucking his ass, Suzanne doesn't know - and it takes a little shifting and repositioning before she can get into a rhythm, one hand braced on the bed while she reaches around to fist his cock with the other.

Kevin cries out as she shifts again, his cock spurting a kick of precome in her hand, and oh yeah. Suzanne's fucking him in earnest, now, base of the dildo hitting against her clit with every stroke and making her want to thrust harder, deeper.

"Fucking your tight ass," she pants out, punctuating her words with quick, sharp thrusts. "Taking you so fucking deep. Is this what you wanted, Kevin? Me fucking you, owning you?"

"Yeah, please." Kevin's voice is broken and pleading. "Fuck, Suzanne, please."

The words are enough to send her crazy, hips bucking frantically to push her deeper, harder, clit rubbing tantalizingly against the dildo. It's not quite enough, the angle off as the dildo slip-slides in the harness, and she finds herself gasping, "Please please please," jerking Kevin's cock awkward and erratically.

"Stop," Kevin gasps, and she pulls back, panicked that she might have hurt him.

"Need to feel you," he says, low and urgent, and suddenly he's flipping her over, cock sliding fast and deep into her wet cunt.

"Fucking amazing," he tells her. "Fucking my ass, just like this."

Suzanne can feel the dildo pressed up between them, hard length of it pushing against her belly and keeping a steady pressure against her clit. The pull and drag of the harness adds to the sensation, confining and erotic, and she's soaking now, thighs wet with it.

"Love you fucking me," Kevin gasps out raggedly, and Suzanne feels herself lose control, shattering around Kevin's cock thrusting hard and swift inside her. She cries out, scraping her fingernails across his shoulders as her orgasm goes on and on.

She falls back against the bed when it's finally over, limp and elated, and Kevin pauses for a second. He brushes her hair back off her face, smiling soft and proud like he can't even believe she's there with him, and then thrusts hard and deep, once, twice, three times before he cries out, pulsing into her body.

Kevin unbuckles the harness tenderly afterwards, easing it away from her body and wiping up the worst of their mess with gentle hands. He disappears to the bathroom, and returns with clean, cold hands, crawling onto the bed and pulling the comforter over the both of them.

"Sunday tomorrow," Suzanne murmurs. Her whole body is soft and sated, curled into Kevin.

"Yeah," Kevin agrees sleepily. "Sundays with you are the best."

###

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CHAPTER 4 – ON THE EUROSTAR

"Is this seat taken?"

Chelsea looked up from her lounge seat to see a tall man with greying hair gesturing toward the orange chair beside her. She shook her head and returned to her novel, but part of her attention was captured by his handsome profile. For some reason she hadn't been able to get into *North and South* as quickly as she had Gaskell's other novels, so at last she closed the book with a sigh. She stretched. Still another hour to go, according to her new mobile phone.

"Would you care for a coffee?" the gentleman beside her offered.

"That would be lovely," Chelsea answered with genuine pleasure. Her gallant returned with coffee and all the usual accoutrements and she gratefully added a helping of cream to the rich black brew.

"Simon Chalk," he said by way of introduction, offering her a smartly manicured and surprisingly large hand to shake.

"Chelsea Diamond," Chelsea offered, picking one of her stock names at random and reminding herself to keep to it. It was not, however, the name on her passport. She didn't give out her real name if she didn't have to do so. Just one of the requirements of her line of work—rather dangerous work it was too. Not many people knew that the cute young woman with the carefree mien actually worked as a paid assassin.

"Do you make this trip often? Or is that far too dull of a question?"

"I've got a better one. How about 'what did you want to be when you grew up?'" Chelsea asked with a smile. It was always one of her favourite opening gambits. Amazing how well it always worked.

As expected, he laughed and blinked a little at her. "I wanted to be a milkman," he said, his grin betraying a good bit of embarrassment at his sudden revelation. Chelsea was sure he had expected to be the one leading the conversation.

"A milkman?" she prompted.

"I'm not sure what it was," Simon continued, "I think I just liked our milkman. He was always kind and cheerful. I liked the crisp white uniform, too. What a strange thing to dig up from memory. And you?"

"I wanted to be a circus performer," Chelsea said, no longer sure if it was a lie or the truth. "I wanted to ride bareback on a horse and do pirouettes and stand on one leg."

Simon smiled at her. Unlike his initial predatory grin, there was a genuine warmth to it.

"I can see you doing that. On a white horse with bells and shiny silver buckles on its bridle."

Chelsea sipped her coffee and regarded him closely. "Maybe that's why I like leather... and straps and buckles."

His intake of breath was audible. Chelsea kicked off her shoes and crossed her legs, resting them on the stool in front of her that was padded with the same hideously orange

upholstery. "You have such lovely calves," Simon said, his tone now slightly uncertain, yet regaining confidence. "I could certainly see you as a circus acrobat on horseback, those strong legs lifting you to incredible heights."

Chelsea stretched her legs, pointing the toes and then relaxing them again. "And what would you do with these legs in your hands?" she asked him, turning her amber eyes on his gaze unswervingly.

He had been thrown off course at first, but she could tell he was warming to the challenge rather quickly. The sparkle in his eyes gave away his pleasure in the unexpectedly honest connection. "I would start with the toes, yes, I'm sure of that," he said, his eyes caressing what his hands were denied. His voice lowered in both tone and register. "I would start with your toes in my mouth, happy to suck each one and enjoy the salty savour of them. And then I would run each fingertip along the muscles of your calf, needing to feel the interplay of the flexing tendons. I would caress your knees until I was sure I had memorized their shape. Only then would I consider your thighs. All right so far?"

Chelsea nodded, her expectations already exceeded. The familiar warmth of arousal coursed through her veins, radiating up from the admired feet and legs. She was glad they had so few people in the lounge. Not that they were likely to do anything here, but Chelsea felt certain her pleasure had become apparent all over her body.

"Your thighs," he continued, "would be a special assault. Clearly they are soft and well cared for, but you are a woman who keeps an active life, so they are well disciplined and strong. That must be admired and acknowledged. Hands would not be enough. It would be necessary to employ the mouth and lips as well."

"Of course," Chelsea murmured, wondering if the toilets on the train were really any better for sex than those on an airplane, but content for now to slump in her chair and listen to the seductive words of this would-be milkman. She tried picturing him in the white uniform, its crisp lines almost rough on her skin.

"I can almost feel the velvety softness of your thighs, so warm under my fingers, so sweet to my lips. I press my teeth into the skin just to know how tender the flesh would be, not enough to hurt." His voice was even and low, but Chelsea could see a flush of warmth on his cheek while he stared at her legs. If she reached over now, how hard would he be? She longed to find out, but it wouldn't do to get nicked for public indecency when she was on the job, so to speak.

"Do you shave?" he asked, staring intently at her crotch.

Chelsea was about to answer when a knot of business men chattered by. When quiet returned, she said, "No, all natural."

Simon nodded, stroking his chin as he filled in the picture in his mind. "I want to run my fingers through the hair, feeling the wiry texture, pulling a little, not too hard," he looked up at her face to gauge her reaction, then continuing, "but a good tug."

"And then?" Chelsea felt the need to prod him along, although she could feel how damp her knickers were already and resisted the urge to wiggle around in her seat.

"Then I'd have to push your legs apart, as far as they will go, because I would have to see you up close. I'd want my nose right down there to inhale your perfume, my fingers ready to thrust inside you once I was absolutely sure that you were good and wet for me."

"I am," Chelsea said, breathless, smiling.

"Good," Simon continued, allowing himself a small grin, "then I would start with my tongue to get a good taste of you. I'd suck your clit, of course, but I'd want to see how deeply my tongue could probe you, how much of your honey could smear my face. Only then would I slip a couple fingers inside you, seeking out that sweet spot, but too greedy to try for long. No, I'd have to slip a third finger in, a fourth, my whole fist, chugging up against your womb until you were screaming with pleasure as I sucked on your little bud, until you were helpless with the sensation."

"I think I could come right now just by leaning forward," Chelsea said in a hoarse whisper. It was true, yet she detained the movement to see what he would say next.

He paused, however, then said, "We'll be pulling into the station in a few minutes."

Chelsea looked out the window. The rolling Belgian countryside had given way to suburbs without her noticing it. Now that they were almost in the station, she wished they had a little more time. She was enjoying this game, one she had not played in a very long time. "Pity," was all she said.

"Where are you staying?"

She considered. It was probably no risk to tell him. He had no idea what she was, surely. Men seldom guessed a pretty young woman worked as a paid killer. "I'm at be Manos."

He nodded. "I'm registered at the Hotel Ibis. However," he smiled, "I could easily make a change."

Chelsea considered for a moment. If they had wanted her to work immediately, no doubt her syndicate would have called already. She could always bow out if business called, anyway. This man could be interesting. "Why not? I think it would be preferable to relax a little before turning to business."

Simon stood up, gathering his brief case which seemed to be his only luggage, leaning down to offer her his hand, which gave him a chance to whisper, "You will come ten times before I enter you. You will not be disappointed."

"I expect nothing less," Chelsea said crisply, though she couldn't help but smile with pleasure. Indeed, as they both checked into be Manos—he with an explanation of his canceled reservations at their rival, she receiving a manila folder with information that she surreptitiously examined—he seemed relaxed yet expectant. In the elevator up to their floor—how convenient they were on the same level—he knelt to run his hand up her leg gently while Chelsea watched him in the mirror overhead. Simon stopped short of any intimate trespass, content to whisk his hand along her lower cheek under the skirt as the elevator stopped. He held out his hand to allow her to take the lead, but once out of the car, she gestured for him to lead the way. She did not want him in her room. There was likely no need to worry, but old habits died hard.

Simon walked confidently to his room, let them both in and dropped his case carelessly. Chelsea knew she had at least two hours before the rendezvous, so let herself indulge. "Where shall I sit?"

"On the bed," he said, his voice ragged now with desire. He removed her shoes and began to kiss and suck at her toes, expressing his delight that she did not wear tights. He worked his way up her legs with kisses and nips, just as he had envisioned on the train. Chelsea gasped when he thrust her legs apart as far as they could go and after some admiring words on the coral beauty of her cunt, thrust his face between her legs, inhaling deeply before he began to lick and nip anew. Chelsea shuddered with contained passion, determined to hold on as long as she could. But his experience and dedication showed.

True to his word, Chelsea came at least ten times before he entered her. In fact, she came ten times before he began fisting her, his tongue providing enthusiastic stimulation that left her gasping with pleasure as she climaxed over and over, her fingers twined in his immaculately trimmed hair. When at last she sank back on the still-made bed, he grinned up at her, his face and hand shiny with her juices.

"That was wonderful," she sighed. "What can I do for you?"

Simon pulled out a condom from his pocket. "May I take you from behind?"

"Yes, of course." She made a gesture to remove her skirt—her panties had already been tossed across the room—but he demurred, telling her to leave it on. He grabbed a couple of the pillows from the head of the bed for her to lean upon and Chelsea bent over them, feeling warm and tingly. Simon used her position to allow his hands to roam across her arse, admiring the fullness of her cheeks with evident pleasure. "So lovely," he repeated, "so lovely."

Chelsea was so relaxed by this gentle massage that it was a surprise when he suddenly thrust inside her, deeply penetrating to her depths, which made him groan with delight. "Oh fuck," he said simply, "oh fuck." And suiting action to word, Simon sawed into her with a fury, his amazing control evident in the time over which he lasted despite the furious movements, finally coming with a great shudder just as Chelsea moved to massage her clit, trying to join him in the moment, but he was already there. Ever the gentleman, he continued to pump into her until she came yet again, though she could feel him softening.

"Welcome to Brussels," Chelsea said, turning to kiss Simon as he withdrew. It was a good kiss, full of savour and delight.

"If I were a younger man," Simon began, but ended with a wry smile.

"I have to go anyway," Chelsea said. "Duty calls."

"Well, you know where I am," Simon said, helping her on with her skirt and jacket. "I'll be here all week."

"I may just take you up on that," Chelsea said. After all, it was possible she would, once her task had been carried out.

Simon bent over to retrieve her discarded knickers. "May I...?"

She grinned. Why not? "Yes, of course. My pleasure."

"Indeed," Simon said, holding the treasure to his nose. "Indeed."

Chelsea smiled all the way back to her room. Brussels was a wonderful town.

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CHAPTER 5 – DINNER FOR FOUR

"Goodnight," I said, air-kissing Manda's alabaster cheek. "We'll see you soon."

She nodded, and moved across to embrace my husband, Tom, leaving me face to face with her husband. Justin had no such restraints of lipstick and propriety and swept me into his embrace. Hugging Justin is like being wrapped in a dog blanket: warm, comforting, slightly abrasive, and smelling of the outdoors.

"Goodnight, darlin'," he said, and his nose nuzzled my cheek.

The brazen thrust of his pelvis imprinted itself against my belly. His hand squeezed my ass briefly, withdrawing before I could shift away.

Justin is such a tease.

Tom moved back to my side and I took his hand. With a final wave to Justin and Manda, we walked to our car. As he slid into the driver's seat, I saw the tightness of denim over his groin, could see how his fat cock was erect and pointing to the right. Pointing at me.

"Manda got to you?" I teased.

He didn't answer for a second, and I shot a look at his face. Even in the darkness I could see his rosy glow.

"Tom?"

His hand reached out and grasped mine. "Sorry," he said. "I was a bit surprised; Manda squeezed my cock as she hugged me. I'm not sure if it was deliberate, maybe she meant to grasp my hip."

I was silent, pondering what to say. I opted for light-hearted. "Well Justin always grabs my ass, so I guess that makes us even."

Tom smiled. "They're a pair of flirts. Well matched."

Our little boat had juddered, realigned its course and pointed its prow to the open water again.

"They both love eating out, trail running, and French movies," I agreed.

"Like us. Guess that's why we're friends with them."

We'd reached home. In the lounge, Tom turned to me. "Drink? Or straight to bed?" His eyebrows waggled in invitation and his hand curved around my ass, much as Justin's had done earlier. My body hummed with his suggestion.

In response, I squeezed his cock through his pants. He was still half-hard. "Definitely bed," I said.

He sighed and pushed himself into my hand. I rubbed my palm along his shape, wondering briefly if this was what Manda had done. Had it been deliberate? I didn't know. But now she knew what my husband's cock felt like. She had that knowledge in her head. The thought made me catch my breath and I squeezed a little harder. "Is this what Manda did?" I purred. "Is this how she touched you?"

He started, a guilty little jump.

"So, you were thinking about her. I thought so."

"Vee, it's not like that."

I knew that already, and I sighed and relaxed into the curve of his body, my hand still maintaining its deliberate caress. "It's the way they are, Manda and Justin. Manda touched your cock; Justin pushes himself against me when he hugs." My body thrilled in remembrance of his imprint against my belly.

Tom's voice was low. "Tell me what he does."

"We hug. I feel the tickle of his hair, soft and thick. He cups my ass and pushes himself into me. Just for a moment, never too long."

"Would you like it to be longer? Have you ever wondered if he's bigger than me? Thicker than me? Maybe you wonder what he'd be like in your bed?"

Even as Tom's words wove a seductive spell of imagery, he was maneuvering me, a step, a shuffle at a time, to the bedroom. His hands roamed my body, mapping the familiar pathways: the curve of neck and shoulder, slope of breast, indent of waist and apex of thighs.

"He wouldn't be you," I said, simply, truthfully, "so I wouldn't want him."

"But you can wonder," his soft voice continued. "It's allowed. I wonder about Manda, but I'd never-"

I stopped his words with a finger to the lips. "I know. But we can pretend."

I felt his lips curve up against my finger.

"The four of us kiss goodnight, but we know it's different," I continued. "They're at our door, and we've had coffee, brandy, and definitely too much wine. Justin kisses my cheek, but I turn my head and his lips catch mine. He freezes. I stop too, and then relax, his lips against mine. I start to apologize, but when my mouth opens he takes advantage, and we're kissing, really kissing. He's delicious; his lips mobile and leisurely and his tongue sweeps around my mouth."

When I paused for breath, Tom picked up without hesitation. "I glance over and see Justin kissing you. Manda's looking too and we turn to each other. There's a glint in her eye, and I know that whatever I do will not be unwelcome. Rather than kiss her, I draw her back into the house and start undoing the buttons on her prim little blouse, slowly, very slowly, one at a time. Her breath hitches and she's watching my fingers manipulating those silly little buttons. I can see her bent blonde head. I reach the bottom, and pull her blouse open, my fingers brushing her stomach."

Tom's fingers were starting their own exploration; underneath my shirt, to and fro, a sensual finger crawl. The bed bumped the back of my knees as we continued our slow procession into the bedroom and I sat down heavily, allowing my body to fall back, arms over my head.

"Justin and I are inside the door as well, and when it closes the restraints fall away. He grabs my ass, pulls me onto him, pushes a thigh between mine and grinds me down onto him. His big hands anchor me in place as his thigh moves slowly between my legs."

There's no delicacy here, the raw need is taking over. I never realized Justin was so forceful."

Tom's fingers pulled at my skirt, and the zipper gave in a rush underneath his grasp. I wriggled, and let him pull the material away from my body.

"Manda's wearing this little peach colored froth of lace," Tom continued. "It frames her breasts, pushes them up. I reach behind, unsnap it, and it falls away and she's naked to the waist. I'm still clothed, but she doesn't seem to care. She goes for her goal and her fingers are all over the front of my pants. She's feeling the shape of my cock, pressing up and down its length through the material. I'm hard and right now I just want to be inside her. But I wait as there's more of her delicious little package to unwrap."

Tom reared above me on the bed, straddling my legs. My hand pressed the front of his jeans, running my fingers up and down his length in imitation of his fantasy. "Like this?" I murmured. "Is this how she's doing it?"

"Yeah." Tom's body was tense. I could feel his drum-tight stomach, taut with need.

"Justin's got me to the couch," I continued. My eyes closed to better envision the scene. "I sit on the edge, and spread my legs, pulling him down until he kneels on the floor between my thighs. I grab his hair and pull his face where I want it. He reaches underneath my skirt and hooks his fingers into the edge of my panties. His fingers are thick and stubby, and I can't wait to feel them inside me. He tugs and my panties give way. He tosses them aside, and moves closer, pressing my legs apart with his hands. I must be completely exposed to him. And I'm wet. Very wet."

I opened my eyes in time to see Tom staring at me, an avid look on his face His own fingers moved inside my panties, curling around, seeking.

"You're wet now," he murmured, and slipped a finger inside me. "Does Justin do this?"

"He wants to taste me," I continued. "And I want that, more than anything. So I pull his face toward me. He nuzzles in and I feel his long silky hair brush my inner thighs. His tongue is long and agile and it sweeps around my lips, finding my clit, circling. Then he sets his lips there and sucks and I nearly go into orbit."

Tom slipped another finger into me. It was harder now to concentrate on the fantasy in my head; the words blended with the reality of my husband's fingers in my cunt, the familiar surrounds of our bedroom. "What are you doing to Manda?" I prompted instead.

His answer was swift enough that I knew the images had been coursing through his head. "Her panties are gone--I don't care how--and now she's naked apart from her high heels. She's a tease, so she steps away, arches her back, and pushes her hands through her hair so that her tits jut forward. She's less substantial naked than I thought, there's a fineness to her, as if she would break if I pounded her too hard. I shed my own clothes, and we come together in a crash of flesh, and we're all over each other. My mouth is on her nipple--her breasts are so small I can get nearly all of one into mouth--and my fingers are running over the fine blonde hairs on her pussy, stroking back and forth, occasionally dipping past her lips to feel inside.

"And she's not passive; she's wanking me with firm strokes, until I'm hot and hard in her hand. Abruptly, she drops to her knees and takes me in her mouth. She peeps up at me and god, I nearly come there are then. Her hair is disheveled and it hangs over her face, so different from her normal immaculate style. Her mouth bulges around my cock, and I thrust myself gently into her mouth, seeing how she wraps her mouth around my thickness. It's all so hot and wet, and I'm so hard and horny that it's nearly the end of it there and then."

"Justin's mouth is devilishly talented, and I know I'm going to come. I can feel it building; it's low in my belly, spiraling down. It's going to be big, and Justin knows it. Oh-" My breath caught. Swept from my fantasy scenario back to the present by my husband and his big body I loved so much. "Tom, fuck me now."

His eyes glittered. "Who do you want to fuck you? Tom or Justin?"

"Tom! You! Please-"

He stopped my words with a kiss. My body teetered on the brink of orgasm, tightly wound from our words and Tom's fingers. He didn't stop to undress, he simply unzipped himself and brought out his cock and moved on top of me, as I wrapped my legs around his hips. He bore down, I tilted up, and he slid home, inside me, where he belonged. His hips moved, a push. Mine answered, rising up to meet his body, gripping his stiff shaft, feeling those beloved contours of cock head and shaft.

My head was full of Justin and Tom but my body was full of Tom. He pressed down on me and his face was buried in my hair. My body was incandescent, skin burning with the friction and the heat, and the rasp of denim on my inner thighs. I knew he was close from the tension in his body. My fingers slid around his ass to stroke his balls, riding high and tight to his body. He fucked me forcefully, and I gave myself over to the moment. Tom in my body, Justin in my head, the comfort of our bedroom. The ripples started, building out from my core, until I came in a rush, great gulping spasms of pleasure. Dimly, I heard Tom's roar of pleasure as his cock jerked inside me,

We lay there in the dimness, bodies entwined, his cock softening and spent inside me. His seed, wet and sticky, coated my thighs.

Tom nuzzled my hair. "We never finished our scenario."

"We didn't," I agreed.

"Imagine if we'd fucked them."

I turned my face and kissed his neck. "Yes. Just imagine."

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CHAPTER 6 – MILES APART

“So when are you coming home? Tomorrow, right?”

Pearl laughed at the first words out of her husband’s mouth, flopping down on the king-sized hotel bed.

“Hello to you too,” she said, adjusting the headset’s microphone. “And no, I’m pretty sure the district manager is going to stretch things out. I might not be back until Tuesday.”

“That’s forever,” Gareth objected. “That’s too long. Tell them you had an emergency. Tell them someone important died, and you have to come home.”

“It’s not forever, I don’t have an emergency, and no one important died. It is, however, too long. I miss you.”

She could imagine Gareth’s handsome face gentling at that, settling back on their enormous bed now that he knew there was no way he could con her into getting on a plane and flying back to Los Angeles. She wondered if he would be wearing the worn jeans and tight T-shirt that he preferred for home or if he would still be in one of his sharp black suits, rumpled after a long day at the office.

“What are you wearing?”

The question slipped out, so carelessly suggestive that her hand flew up to her mouth, and through the headset, she could hear his delighted laugh.

“Whoa, cut right to the chase, don’t you?”

“Maybe,” she said, settling back on the bed. “What are you going to do about it?”

“I’m thinking about that right now,” Gareth retorted. “Anyway, jeans and that black T-shirt you hate.”

“Mm. I don’t hate it,” Pearl said softly. The T-shirt in question was fit for the trash, but she couldn’t deny how much she liked the way it stretched over his broad shoulders, or how she could almost feel his skin through its bare threads. The fantasy of ripping it off of him had occurred, and she stretched luxuriously on the bed.

“You’re cute when you lie,” Gareth said with a chuckle, and then his voice dropped. “So what’re you wearing, Pearl?”

“Peach blouse, gray skirt,” she responded promptly, her heart beating slightly faster. She knew that voice.

“That’s too much. Take it off.” His voice was casual, as if her obedience was certain, and she was already squirming out of her clothes, kicking them off the bed.

“They’re off,” she said, and his purring laugh in her ear sent a thrill down her spine.

“What’re you wearing now?”

“The blue and silver bra and panty set, the one you gave me last Christmas.”

Gareth’s whistle was low and impressed.

“That set? Who are you trying to impress out there, Pearl?” He was playing, but he put enough menace in his voice that Pearl had to stop herself from whimpering.

“No one, Gareth,” she said softly, “No one, I promise.”

“Hmm. That doesn’t sound like my little girl.”

Oh God, only Gareth could make my little girl sound like my dirty whore, and before she stopped herself Pearl groaned out loud. She could feel the heat between her legs already, and she knew that two thousand miles away, Gareth would be smirking like the Devil’s own son.

“Were you showing off today, Pearl? Flashing a little bit of skin here and there to see if it would get things done a little faster?”

“No, I wasn’t Gareth, I swear...!”

“I don’t want anyone else seeing what’s mine,” he said, his voice dropping to a low growl. “I don’t want anyone seeing your tits or your ass. Those are mine, you understand?”

“Yes! Yes, I do, I do.”

She’d be horrified by the broken sound of her voice if it didn’t get her so damned hot. Her hands curled into fists at her sides. She wanted desperately to touch herself, to rock against the bed, to do anything to bring herself off, but she kept herself still. She knew that Gareth would take care of her, and that he would do it so well.

“I think I want to wear you out tonight,” Gareth continued. “I want to make sure that you’re so tired by tomorrow that you can’t even think about being bad. How’s that sound, Pearl?”

“It sounds good, Gareth.”

He laughed at her soft, needy response and she imagined him sitting up in bed and leaning forward, his dark brown eyes bright with excitement and arousal.

“Go to your suitcase, Pearl. Innermost pocket on the right.”

That jolted Pearl out of her daze, and she blinked.

“Gareth...?”

“Just do it, Pearl.”

The commanding tone in his voice made her legs wobble when she stood, but then she opened her suitcase and reached into the compartment.

“Gareth!”

The vibrator that she pulled from her suitcase was deep purple, thick, and barely longer than her hand. It felt heavy, and as the plastic warmed to her skin, she couldn’t help but stroke her fingers along its length.

“A little something I picked up for you,” Gareth said, and she could imagine the smirk on his face. “I thought maybe I’d get you something to read on the flight, and then I realized that this would be way better.”

“Gareth, I don’t check that bag! What if the screeners at the airport had seen it?”

“Then they would be imagining you playing with it, Pearl,” Gareth said softly. He could take her from frustrated to aroused in the space of a few seconds. She sat on the bed again, the toy still cradled in her hands. She could feel the button at the base, and when she pressed it, a deep vibration that ran through its length. She switched it off again, startled, and Gareth laughed in her ear.

“Lie down on the bed, sweetheart,” he said. “I told you I was going to wear you out tonight.”

She did as he said, stretching out on her back, her head slightly tilted so that her headset didn’t dig into the side of her face. The vibrator rested on her flat stomach, and she ran her fingers along its length. It was perfectly smooth and thick in just the way she liked, and her hips squirmed against the bed before she stilled herself.

“Let’s start slow,” he said, his voice dropping to an intimate whisper. “I want you to pull your tits out of your bra. Don’t take it off, though. Leave it on.”

The bra pinched a little when she pushed the flimsy lace cups down, but her brown nipples were already hardening, pulling tense and tight, and that was before she had even touched them.

“Give that button at the bottom of the vibe a click. That’s the lowest setting, and I want to make sure we don’t burn you out too fast.”

The buzzing, when it started, already seemed deep and powerful, and she pressed her lips together against a moan. She already wanted it, and it sounded like Gareth wanted to draw things out.

“Good girl, I can hear that. Now bring it up to your nipples, slow and easy.”

She jolted a little when the vibrating surface touched the soft skin of her breasts, and biting her lip, she brought it slowly to her right nipple. It wasn’t pain, not by a long shot, but it sent juddering waves of sensation through her body. The light touch was almost ticklish, so she pressed it harder against her soft flesh.

She must have made a sound, because Gareth was laughing in her ear, his voice husky with arousal.

“Oh you’re doing well, sweetheart,” he purred. “Does that feel good?”

“Y...yes, it does.” Her voice came out remarkably calm, and she switched the vibrator to her other aching nipple.

“Use your free hand to play with your tits,” he said easily. “I don’t want you touching yourself until I say.”

Pearl made a frustrated noise, and she did as he said. She was sensitive there, but that didn’t mean that she was fragile. She imagined her hands were his, squeezing at her tender flesh before he put that talented, talented mouth to them.

“That sounds gorgeous, Pearl.”

Now she could hear how thick his voice was, and she imagined him unzipping his jeans and pulling his cock out, already half-hard.

“I want to suck you.” The words popped out of her mouth, sudden and utterly truthful, and Gareth laughed a little, breathless.

“Yeah?” he asked, his tone challenging. “You gonna take it all, Pearl? You gonna let me fuck your mouth?”

His rough, careless words twisted something hot and raw inside her, and she pressed the buzzing device harder to her nipple, sending ripples of harsh sensation throughout her frame. She could imagine his hard hands in her hair, pushing her down on his cock, the taste of him, the sounds he would make as she tried to swallow him down.

Her groan was all the answer she could give him, and she heard his breath hissing in her ear. Christ, she might have been able to come from that alone, but then he was talking again.

“Panties off. Come on.” The urgency of his voice made him rough, and she scrambled to obey, snagging the flimsy fabric around one ankle before kicking it free.

“Okay, I want you to prop yourself up against the pillows, and I want you to spread your legs as wide as they go. You got that?”

“Yes, I do, Gareth. Gareth, you’ve got to let me...”

“I don’t have to let you do anything, Pearl. Spread your legs wider, come on. I know you can.”

The ache in her inner thighs was slight but present, and the vibrator was still buzzing in her hand. She could feel a ghost of that vibration in her nipples, which were still hard. She knew that if she touched them, she would find them still aching for more.

“Are you spread wide for me, sweetheart?”

She nodded before she realized that he couldn’t see her, and then she had to swallow hard before she could reply with a shaky yes. With her legs spread so wide, she could smell herself, something that both aroused her and deeply embarrassed her.

“Okay, that’s good. Keep the vibe on the lowest setting, and just tease the tip along your slit there, got it? Nothing hard, just teasing now.”

She could feel the smooth tip of the vibrator slip against her slit, and the deep buzz sunk into her flesh, teasing her nerves to fire.

“That’s right, sweetie, up and down, that’s my good girl. You want more of that, don’t you, sweetheart? You want that big thing pushed up inside you, don’t you?”

“Yes!” Her cry was half-sob and half-whine, and against her will, her hips rose up, wanting more, wanting it inside her, wanting Gareth right there to push it in or to tease her more. It didn’t matter, she just wanted him. In her ear, she could hear his whispered fuck, need and awe and love all rolled into one.

“Press the shaft along your slit,” Gareth growled, and now she could hear the urgency in his voice. If he were here, he would already be moving her the way he wanted, getting

her even wetter with a few swipes of his tongue before slamming deep into her body. He wasn't though, and instead, she slid the length of the vibrator against her slit. She couldn't keep herself from riding it, pressing it hard against her aching clit before sliding it down against her aching lips. The powerful buzz- was that really the lowest setting?- shook her, waking her up but not making her numb, and she bucked against it again, moaning and not even bothering to hide it.

"Oh you sound so good, baby, you have no fucking idea." Gareth's voice in her ear was low and ragged, and she imagined him sprawled on their bed, his jeans opened and his thick cock in his hand, jerking it and thinking about what he was making her do.

"More, Gareth, please? More?"

"Yeah, okay, I guess you earned it, haven't you sweetheart? Slide it inside you, just halfway, start there."

The vibrator was slippery in her hand but she did as he said, unraveling in a long groan when the blunt head slid inside her. The girth of the thing felt bigger inside her than it had when it was only pressed against her. The muscles of her inner thighs trembled as her body resisted for a brief moment before giving way willingly.

"Oh, mm, oh god, Gareth, I want more...!"

"Hold on for just a sec, Pearl," Gareth said coaxingly. "I just want you to lie there and let me think about you, okay? I can just imagine you with that thing half in, and you so desperate for more. How much do you want it, huh? You want it all the way in? Do you wish I was there so I could just fuck you with it, Pearl?"

There were too many questions, and the vibrator inside her was driving her crazy. She writhed on the bed, the only thing keeping her from pressing it inside was her need to please him and to have him please her.

"Gareth, please..."

Gareth groaned, and she knew that he had his hand wrapped around his cock.

"Okay, Pearl, okay, all the way, and hold it there."

She nearly wailed at his words, but then the vibrator was fully seated inside her. It wasn't enough, and she could have cried. It felt so, so good, and it still wasn't enough.

"Oh, you good girl, you good perfect girl, I love you so much. Touch your clit for me, okay, baby? Hard, just the way I do it."

She found her clit with two fingers, rubbing as hard as he had told her to, and the twin sensations of pressure and vibration made her keen.

"Okay, now you can fuck yourself with that vibe. I want you to ride it, Pearl, come on, I know how hard you want it."

The vibrator nearly slipped out as she grasped it, stroking her clit with one hand and forcing the vibrator deeper inside her with the other. The feeling of fullness, the relentless vibration and the pressure against her clit pushed her higher and higher. In her ear, Gareth was panting, and calling her those names she loved to hear, whore, slut, and above all his. Her body was twisted up with nerves and desire.

“Please!” she cried out, her eyes screwed tight, and he knew what she meant.

“Come for me, Pearl.”

His rough words were the last thing she needed, and her body tightened hard in a climax that shook her from head to toe. The pleasure staggered her, made her roll on her side and curl up tight before she could relax again. She could hear Gareth’s ragged words and stifled groan when he came, and for a long minute, they both lay still, listening to each other breathe.

Slowly, she rolled to her back, reaching down to turn off the vibrator.

“Go slow taking it out,” Gareth directed. “Slow, okay?”

“So demanding,” she teased, but she did as he said, moving carefully and luxuriating in how full she had been.

“You haven’t seen demanding yet, baby,” he said, and as exhausted as she was, something in her still thrilled to the cocky tone in his voice. “Because, believe me, I told you I was going to wear you out, and that was just the beginning.”

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CHAPTER 7 – WHAT’S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT

Twenty plus years in corporate America was just too much. So, I quit. No worries, I had something to fall back on. I had been bartending part time, on and off, since college. It seems I had a flair for it; I won a few contests for my mixology skills. Several of my signature cocktails were big hits, consecutively winning “Best Of” titles year after year. When I’d decided I’d had enough of life in the cube farms, I figured I could tend bar full time until I figured out what to do with the rest of my life. Which at 38 years old was still a significant chunk of time for me to pursue another career, or so I hoped.

Turns out bartending proved a better idea than I’d thought. Within two years, I’d earned local celebrity status. So much so that when the famous Janvier Brothers, known for their ultra exclusive, celebrity filled lounges, decided to open a hot spot downtown, I was one of three bartenders they actively courted. They made me an offer I couldn’t refuse and next thing you know, I’m serving drinks to all kinds of famous folks and their entourages. It felt good being hit on by all those indulgent young, celebrities. Nice to know I still had “it” – thanks to the push up bra, tight tee shirt, tight jeans and the fact that at now 41, the hustle of club life behind the bar kept my body in pretty good shape.

You’d have thought I’d end up with some celebrity boyfriend or a string of one night stands that would make for a great “tell all” book. Instead, I fall for Alonzo. A Tuesday night happy hour regular, and occasional Saturday night bar shark. He stood out from the usual crowd, most notably by the patient way he waited his turn. He didn’t shout anything rude or obnoxious to get my attention. He spoke with a knowledge of manners and level of education that definitely set him apart. Button down shirts, nicely fitted jeans and casual loafers were his usual outfit, giving him an air of maturity and style. He was a gentleman when compared to my usual bar groupies. I always gave him the best customer service.

Alonzo’s drink of choice was expensive, single malt scotch. I created “The Bond” for his weekend visits, as in James Bond, one of the smoothest characters ever to grace the silver screen. It was a liquid tribute to him – smooth and strong; never once left him with a hangover despite being strong enough to knock him out if he over indulged. Usually three was his limit, after which, he was off to find the “femme de jour”. Alonzo was good with the ladies. If he talked to a woman, he was almost always assured a favorable response. If he wanted just to dance the night away, he found a partner; if he was looking for a date, she was going to say yes, and if he wanted just a one night stand, well I’m sure the panties were dropped. I never asked about that. There were some things about Alonzo I just didn’t want to know.

I had a big crush on “Lonzo”. Got worse when we started seeing each other outside the club. The ‘shark’ had struck out and had one too many to drive himself home.. Before the club closed, I offered to take him to breakfast so he could sober up a bit.

Four in the morning. There we were sitting at a favorite breakfast spot as comfortable as if we’d been friends forever. Over the course of a year, things had transitioned into a very satisfying platonic relationship. Although the rest of the world would call what we were doing “dating”, neither one of us ever broached the subject. He seemed reluctant to commit to any one person for any real length of time; I didn’t want to spoil whatever it was we had by defining it. Didn’t stop my crush from growing into lust, however, wet

dreams and all. My favorite started with me cashing out the bar as usual but instead of Lonzo waiting for me outside, he's sitting at the bar watching me. I get hot instantly from the expression on his face. Next thing I know, he's behind me, pressed just tight enough I can feel his dick getting hard. I'm braced against the bar when he starts kissing the back of my neck and shoulders. The warmth of his breath, the moistness of his tongue on my skin gives me shivers. My panties are soaked within seconds. I get wetter when his hands slide under my shirt, coming around to cup my breasts. The roughness of his palms scraping across my nipples is heaven. By now, I'm grinding back against him, creating some delicious friction. He's moaning in my ear, against my neck, then whispering about all the dirty things he wants to do to me.

I'm digging my nails into the bar, sending up moans and begging for him to enter me. Thankfully the dream shifts and I'm naked, sitting on the edge of the bar; he's naked too and my mouth waters looking at his naked dream body. I want him to fuck me but instead, he tosses my legs on his shoulders, grips my ass with both hands and puts his head between my legs. The tip of his tongue drives me crazy as he plays with my moist folds. Over and over, I pump my hips against his face as best I can. Coming forcefully with cries of satisfaction. Then blink, dream magic puts us on top of the bar. The bar is unyielding beneath me as he pumps his dick into my pussy. My legs are as wide as they can go so he can hit my g-spot with back bowing accuracy. When he yells, "I'm cumming", I do too, and I wake up at that point, sweaty and satisfied. They have variations in locations, positions and such, but almost always I'd wake up to him shouting, "I'm cumming."

Yeah well, I knew I was in trouble when things changed and in the dream Lonzo said he loved me right before he came, and I said it back right before I woke up. I lie there panting from the most powerful dream induced orgasm to date, eyes wide with surprise. Did I really love him? And even more bizarre, could the reason we got along so well be because he loved me too? What a disastrous time for feelings to enter the picture. The Janvier Brothers had made me another offer I couldn't refuse. One that involved a stupid crazy amount of money to go on an all expense paid international Janvier Club tour. The tour lasted a year and I'd be living in places I'd only dreamed of visiting. I'd said yes to the offer without hesitation. Now this? He loved me, he loved me not? How on Earth was I going to find out before changing country codes?

"Kiss me."

"What?"

"I said Kiss me."

"Why?"

"Look, it shouldn't be that big of a deal."

"It's not a big deal, just a surprise. We're friends."

"I know, there's nothing romantic between us."

"You're not regretting that now are you?"

"Oh my God no. Look, it's just a kiss okay. If you don't want to, just say so."

“Don’t get mad, it’s just I want to know why?”

“If you must know it’s been a long time since I was last kissed and figured since we’re friends I could ask you to refresh my memory.”

“Why didn’t you say so? C’mere.”

So there we were, sitting on the floor of his living room having just played a round of Monopoly. He moved the board out of the way so he could move closer to kiss me on the lips. I’d come up with the crazy idea that if I could get him in a romantic situation, he might admit to feelings for me. I’d expected the kiss to last a minute, maybe two, then Lonzo would say it was love, we’d talk about our future together, that would be that. What I wasn’t expecting was for my dream lust to rise up causing my lips to tingle with excitement. I sighed aloud, my nipples getting hard, followed instantly by the flow of juices from my pussy. Blood rushed to sensitize my clit. Without my permission, my hand rose up to encircle the back of his neck. I ran my finger tips back and forth across his hair line, then down the side of his neck to his shoulder, and back again in slow, sensual strokes. Lonzo crossed the line into more carnal territory by pressing his lips more urgently against mine. The force of it tilted my head back. I allowed the pressure to gently force me to the floor. Lonzo never broke form. No sooner that I was prone, did he entwine his body with mine. We lay there kissing furiously, my hands now rubbing every bit of his muscled torso I could reach, his hands making teasing trips up and down my legs, belly and hesitantly across my breasts.

This was way better than the dream. With just the right amount of pressure, he was kneading the flesh of my breasts, pinching my nipples, making me moan. I grew bold in my desire to make more of my dream sensations real.

“Baby. Put ‘em in your mouth. Suck my nipples.”

No hesitation, he took the sensitive bud into his lips, then gently between his teeth. Once begun, he was aggressive. Giving each of my mounds expert attention. I held his head, encouraging him to suck a little harder, a little longer. His hand found its way to my belt buckle. Then, I wanted more of the dream to come true; I would be happy for him to abandon my breasts in order to put his face between my legs. He worked to get my pants off in an amazing show of dexterity. He made even quicker work getting naked. My breath caught in my throat as my dream proved to be on the conservative side. Lonzo had the biggest dick I’d seen to date. A breathy moan escaped my lips.

“Oh really? You like that, huh?” Mouth ajar, all I could do was nod. “Bet you can’t wait to feel it inside you. I’m going to fuck you so good you won’t be able to walk straight.” I spread my legs to show I was willing to give up their use for the feel of him. “Not yet though, want you good and wet first.”

Jackpot, just like the dream, he spread my legs wide resting my thighs comfortably on his shoulders. My legs stiffened, my hips rose from the floor as soon as I felt his tongue stroke my clit. With a satisfied laugh, he hungrily licked and sucked as lustfully as he’d done my mouth just minutes before. Every enthusiastic growl, groan and grunt uttered sent delicious reverberations through my body. I ground my hips up and down against his face, his hands gripping my ass as they’d done in the dream. He tongue fucked me to

distraction. I came with a shout, “Yes, oh my God, eat it, baby. Eat it! I’m cumming, ohhh.”

He sat up, swiping my juices from his face. Not sure where the condom came from, I was thankful both for it and the swiftness with which he put it on. He tormented me with the prolonged introduction of his big cock inside my yearning chasm. Any hint of discomfort at his size was quickly replaced with euphoria as my body adapted to being so utterly filled. The floor became the dreamed of bartop beneath me, unyielding as he stroked in and out of me. Altering his angle of entry to stroke my clit, making me cum over and over. I gave up trying to speak and instead just screamed out my pleasure. I knew the bruises and rug burns would linger for days but I didn’t care. I could have lain there being fucked by him for hours without complaint.

“Don’t stop, please don’t stop.” I was on the verge of tears with the joy of each orgasm.

“You’re too tight. Uhhh, when you squeeze like that. Damn, I’m sorry baby, but I have to cum. You got me too worked up.”

“Alright, then cum for me. I want it deep inside. Fuck me as hard as you want.” I spurred him on, taking the increase in his tempo as a sign he was finally close to reaching his climax. His jaw clenched, eyes squeezed shut as he reached for that explosion that would mark his release.

“Awwww, shiiiiittt.” I felt his last thrust in the pit of my stomach, every delicious throb of his dick as he came.

I didn’t spend a lot of time on the afterglow. He got up, walked to the bathroom just off the living room. I couldn’t read his face or his thoughts as he came back, a towel wrapped around his waist, a warm, wet washcloth in his hand. He didn’t appear uncomfortable, so I acted as nonchalant as I could.

“Wow. Well, guess I better get going.”

“Yeah. It is pretty late.”

I took one last look in his eyes. There was something there, but I didn’t want to drag it out of him. Instinct kicked in and I realized I’d be okay if I left on this note. The sex was great; he’d had his chance. I was off on my adventure.

So, I’m sitting on this Boeing 747 on the way to London. The Janvier Bros have rented me a luxury flat close to the club. My name appears on a freakin’ marquee and apparently, if I may borrow the lingo, blokes are already queuing up to sample my wares. There wasn’t any future with Alonzo. I had better things to do than long for some man. Wait, is that a text message from him?

“Ma’am, you’ll have to turn off your phone, we’re getting ready for take off.”

Damn.

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CHAPTER 8 – ANGEL

I still have the exquisite redness, almost in the exact shape of her hand, on my ass. I gaze at it in the mirror as I survey my naked self. It wasn't supposed to happen at all. But it did. It happened by mistake but feels so right.

My friend Angel called me last night in a funk. Her boyfriend of six months had broken up with her the day before and she was having it rough. She asked if I could come over and bring a bottle of white wine. I told her I should take a shower and such first since I had been sitting around in my sweats for most of the day reading. Angel said, "No. Don't bother. I need you now."

I obliged, hopping the cross-town bus and arriving at her apartment—a third floor studio—in a matter of less than 30 minutes. At the door, I hugged her and kissed her cheek, presenting her with the wine, saying, "OK. Let's get drunk. Fuck Adam."

"Yeah, fuck Adam," she said, half teary-eyed and red-faced from crying all afternoon. She told me what had happened. Adam, an aging construction worker with, in my opinion, a total inferiority complex, had told her that he didn't want to deal with the drama she brought to the relationship. (Angel was always dramatic; it was part of who she was.) Apparently, he felt that she was more serious than he could afford to be at his age. "I'm getting older, Angel. I have to sow my oats while I can. You don't want an open relationship. I do. I think it's time for us to move on," he told her.

Angel had seen herself enjoying life with him. She adored his muscled body and gray around the temples. He was more than ten years older than she, but that didn't phase her. To her, Adam was sexy. Granted, she had complained on several occasions about his selfishness and lack of prowess in bed. But she was willing to accept that. Angel was in love with him. She was devastated that he apparently did not feel the same way about her.

"Let's get this bottle open," she said, producing the corkscrew while I got the glasses. We flopped down onto the couch. I let her vent. And cry a little, though she seemed to have cried herself out mostly by the time I had arrived.

"It's not like I wanted to get married or have kids. I just thought he felt the same way about me as I do about him. I want him to be happy but it's hard to feel that way really when I feel so shitty."

"I know," I said, "It sucks. Out of the blue like that. What caused that, I wonder?"

"I think I know. There's a new girl at the coffee shop where he goes on his breaks from the job he's working now. She's really cute. He told me about her... blonde, petite, everything I'm not..." Angel was a tall, leggy brunette and not remotely coy or timid. She had always been self-conscious about her height but with Adam it hadn't mattered. His six foot, four inch frame accented her five-eight perfectly. She loved that she even had to rise up on tiptoe a little to kiss him. She loved his musky scent after work. She wondered if Teeny Blonde, as Angel referred to her, would like that as well. "She'll probably have to stand on a fucking chair to kiss him," she hissed. "Pour me another."

We downed the bottle of wine in no time. She told me she'd be right back; she was going to the liquor store across the street to get more. "Stay here. I won't be long."

While she was out, I looked around her apartment. Angel was a writer for a magazine and her place was littered with pages of notes and half-written articles. Her wall near her computer desk was practically covered in sticky notes to herself. My favorite was, "Yo Bitch. Don't take yourself so seriously." It was stuck in the midst of the notes about articles and leads and was barely noticeable unless you were really looking. It cracked me up. It sounded just like her when she gave me pep talks.

In minutes, she was back with another bottle. "Different brand, just to make sure we mix it up a bit. It's all about change, I tell ya, change." I laughed.

I pointed to the sticky note. "Let's remember this tonight." She smiled, her eyes getting a little watery again. "Come on," I said, "Wine time."

She whined, "Ooookkkaaaaayyyy," and laughed a tiny giggle. It was like a music box playing and made me grin. For a moment, I felt like kissing her, an entirely foreign feeling for me. I put it out of my head. We'd been friends for a couple of years, but I didn't know whether she went that way. And I wasn't about to push it. I had always thought Angel was gorgeous, especially her legs. And her hands. She had the most elegant fingers.

We talked a bit more, getting drunker by the minute and quite silly. I went to the stereo and selected some Janis Joplin. "Nothing like wailing to Janis to get your anger out." So we hollered at the top of our lungs, "TAKE IT! Take another little piece of my heart now baby!" We grabbed anything that looked vaguely like a microphone and jumped onto the couch with it. "Me and Bobby McGeeeeeeyeah!" Every now and again, we'd stop to laugh and sip more wine. I couldn't say anything, but I thought she looked amazing, her long brown hair flying around her perfectly heart-shaped face, her long legs hugged by some yoga pants, her fingers wrapped around her hairbrush as she sang out. Something about her... she always looked beautiful when she was trying the least to look beautiful. I'm sure that was mainly the wine talking. At least I'd like to think it was. Truth be told, I had sort of had a crush on her for a while and, when she complained about Adam's lack of bedroom skills, well, I couldn't help but think that I could show him up. But that's not something you really tell your best pal. That could make things terribly awkward.

Now that we were having fun, we put on some crazy dance music and boogied hard. We flung our hair and shimmied to the trance-like songs. It felt really good. I hadn't realized how tightly wound I had been myself. But now, we were letting loose. It was great. Next, it was time for some Motown. "I know you want to leave me, but I refuse to let you go!" She quickly changed the song. Next came "Sexual Healing" by Marvin Gaye. She had her wine glass in one hand and was moving fluidly about the room. Suddenly, Angel put her arm around my waist and started dancing seductively. She was practically grinding. I moved with her. Right then, we stopped laughing and got serious. She put her wine glass down and put both of her arms around my neck. She looked right into my eyes, singing along with the song. I admit, I was thrilled and turned on. Slowly, she moved her hand up to the back of my head, running her beautiful fingers through my hair. She pulled me close. And kissed me. I moved my head back to look at her, somewhat astonished.

“I hope you don’t mind,” she purred. I could only shake my head no. I certainly didn’t mind. She leaned in and kissed me more passionately, running her fingers through my hair with one hand and caressing my ass with her other. We swayed to the song and made out for what seemed like a slow motion hour. I was so aroused by that point. I grabbed her ass with both hands. The song ended. I don’t even recall what played next. I was dizzy with wine and excitement. Angel pushed me onto the couch, accidentally spilling the wine glass on the coffee table. “Fuck it,” she whispered. Her hands roamed my body sweetly. Mine grabbed her messy hair as we kissed fiercely, frantically. She knelt up between my thighs and pulled off my ratty tank top. “Mmm,” she said as she kneaded my breasts. “Beautiful. I always thought they were.” I nearly ripped off her shirt. We explored each other’s bodies. My tongue circled her nipple as she pushed herself against my mouth. There was no turning back and I could hardly believe it was happening after all of this time of my fantasizing. I ran my fingers up and down her leg and finally between them. She arched her back and seized my hand, pushing it harder against her pussy. I could feel that she was getting pretty wet. I slid down her body until my mouth met her wetness through her yoga pants. I nibbled. She moaned. I undressed her with a nearly athletic swiftness. My tongue met her clit. She gasped and took hold of the back of my head. She grasped my hair and tugged a little, writhing beneath my mouth. “Mmmm,” I groaned into her.

Angel reached down and slid my sweats down. Smack! She slapped my ass. I was exhilarated. I had never had anyone do that to me before. It felt good. I quickened my pace with my tongue, sliding a finger into her waiting hole. Again she arched and pulled my hair. Smack! I loved the sting. I looked up at her. “That feels good,” I told her.

“Good,” she said, “because you deserve a spanking.” Deftly, she yanked me up and over her knee. I was beside myself with excitement. I was more than a little wet. She grabbed my tit and squeezed. Then, without warning, she whacked my ass, hard. I sucked in a breath. Sensing that I was enjoying myself, she whacked again, squeezing my breast harder. I cried out. I so wanted to be able to reach under to slide my fingers into her again. Instead, between smacks, she slid hers into me. Two at first, then three. She fucked me forcefully and slapped my ass with her other hand. “You are so naughty. I’m going to teach you a lesson.”

She threw me off her onto the couch. Climbing on top of me, she kissed me, and then slapped me across the face. “Oh!” I cried. She hit me again and pushed her mouth against mine, practically slamming my pussy with her fingers. I was wild with passion and tried to reciprocate. “Ohhhh, no. I’m teaching you the lesson, remember?” she hissed.

“Stand up.” She commanded, “Lean over the arm of the couch.” I did as I was told. Smack! She went back to spanking me. “You’ve wanted this for a long time. You think I don’t know?” She yanked my hair as I arched. “You going to cum for me, you bad girl?”

And at that moment, I did. All over those long elegant fingers. She fucked me harder. “Again!” she shouted. I couldn’t help myself. I shoved myself against her and came once more. She spanked me again. My ass was starting to smart but in a beautiful way. She flipped me over. Moving in, Angel pressed her mons against mine and began to grind. Faster and faster she fucked, pulling my hair some more. I held on to the couch for dear life, feeling myself on the brink again. Suddenly, with one forceful buck, she screamed

and came against my willing pussy. She rode me and kissed me more until she exploded. I did the same simultaneously. Angel slid down a bit to bite my nipple. Then, she released, laying her head on my chest and breathing hard. I put my arms around her. We lay like that for a while as I noticed that the music had stopped. She stood up and sat on the couch, picking up the wine glass and filling it. She filled the other as well. Naked, we rested, sipping wine silently.

Eventually, she gazed at me somewhat dazed and sighed, "I needed that. And so did you." I smiled and nodded. I couldn't think of what to say. "I've been wanting to spank you for a long, long time," she told me and grinned. "And I know you've wanted it."

Suddenly, I found my voice. "You know it. But I didn't know I wanted to be spanked," I laughed.

"You have a sweet laugh," she said. We sat in silence some more. "I've never been with a girl before," she admitted, "but if I did, it'd have to have been with you. You're amazing."

I rested my head on her shoulder and she stroked my hair, which was a rat's nest by that point. "Let me brush your hair," she asked, picking up the microphone hairbrush. I sat between her knees and let her brush me. "Mmm, I need to go to bed," she sighed. "Are you staying over or going home?"

I told her that, sadly, I had to weave my way to the cross-town bus. I had work in the morning, which was now only about four hours away.

She kissed me again once I was dressed. "We'll have to do this again sometime. I like controlling you." I smirked.

"I'll bet you do."

After a couple of hours of sleep, I shuffled to the bathroom to take a shower. I slipped out of my clothes and surveyed my naked body in the mirror. Looking at my ass, I could see the red marks, almost perfectly in the shape of a hand. It wasn't really supposed to happen... "Fuck Adam," I thought and eased into the shower, a smile crossing my lips.

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CHAPTER 9 – SUCCUBUS

From the beginning, Kim and Jonathan had to be creative because of their work schedules. She worked from ten to seven; he worked from five in the afternoon to midnight or one in the morning. They played a game, taking turns to see who could come up with the most erotic method of waking the other. Kim roused Jonathan from sleep one morning at 7 a.m. with a gentle massage, starting with his feet and working her way up. The massage oil was scented and sexy; both of them required a shower afterwards and the shower, of course, had its own erotic consequences.

Jonathan spread rose petals on a blanket in front of the fireplace and carried Kim there one morning around 2 a.m. She was asleep when he picked her up, and the feel and smell of bruised roses along with his caresses made for a delicious and sensuous bout of lovemaking. Another time she woke to find a police officer standing over her, eager to “punish” her for some imaginary transgression.

So that Wednesday night when she awoke to a soft stroking on her thigh, the complete darkness of the room was no surprise. The curtains were drawn together tightly, so no light from the street, the moon or the stars intruded. He’d even covered the clock to extinguish its pale glow. It was utterly black, and her body responded to his touch instantly. Her nipples hardened and she could feel her cunt pulse in expectation.

He pulled the light sheet away from her body to expose her bare skin, and the slight breeze from the ceiling fan overhead thrilled her. She felt alive in every cell of her body, alive and desirable. He touched her again, lightly, just his fingertips along her calf and further up her thigh. Kim ached for more contact, for the hard, demanding thrust of his body against hers, but she knew how to play the game. She lay still as stone, her breath escaping her in small gasps of pleasure.

He stood over her, patiently stroking every inch of each long leg, each tantalizing caress ending just short of her pussy. Sometimes the back of his hand would just brush against the swollen lips; she moaned softly each time that happened but did not move. Finally he got on the bed next to her, and she smiled, anticipating the heightened sensations to come. He did not speak a word. Not an endearment, or a whispered instruction. It seemed like all his being was focused on his hands as they touched her, fingers circling her nipples, teasing. Kim’s desire began to overwhelm her.

Still he didn’t touch her cunt, and Kim relaxed under his hands, recognizing that he had the ability to make her skin as sensitive as more typical erotic spots. She gave herself over to the sensation, reveling in it; when he brought her hand up to his lips and sucked two fingers wetly into his mouth, it was a shock. Her pussy contracted and she could feel the cream of her desire begin to trickle out and down towards her ass.

Kim couldn’t help herself now. She reached up blindly, wanting to pull him closer, pull him deep into her heat, feel his skin against her own. Although the room was so dark he barely appeared as a shadow against shadows, her hand went directly to the back of his neck and he moved down to kiss her. Chaste, soft kisses at first, on her lips, her neck, ears, cheeks. Then she put a hand on either side of his face and firmly turned his lips to hers. She nipped at him, then forced her tongue inside his mouth. That first kiss was so long she broke it off with a gasp, feeling herself drowning in sensation. Now it was his

turn to moan; his kisses became more urgent and somewhere in the back of her mind she wondered at this different, more sensual Jonathan.

He suddenly pulled away and as she separated from the heat of his body, Kim again became aware of the gentle kiss of the fan's breeze against her skin. He stroked her thighs, harder now, and she spread her legs in mute appeal. His fingers spread wide, and at the top of her thigh his thumb collided with the lips of her pussy, touching her roughly but quickly, not entering her body but putting pressure on her clit and dipping into the wetness. Kim moaned with pleasure, whispered please, please, words escaping her lips without thought.

He took his hands off her body without a word and she was panicked, needing his touch, now needing his cock deep inside her and the powerful, consuming release of orgasm. Almost immediately, he grasped her thighs and swung her cunt towards him; when he plunged his mouth down onto her pussy she shuddered with a dark, delicious pleasure. In all their play, he had never gone down on her before.

He cupped one big hand under her ass and raised her cunt up to his mouth. His fingers were busy as he sucked gently at her clit, darting his tongue in and out over and around the lips of her cunt. When he thrust two fingers deep inside her, the first full penetration of her pussy, he slipped another finger up her ass, wet and hot from the juices running out of her cunt. Kim cried out wildly as wave after wave of orgasm washed over her, submerged her in pleasure and sensation.

Hands, fingers, lips: he kept them all still while the orgasm consumed her. When she could breathe again, he slowly withdrew his fingers from her cunt, then rested them firmly against her labia and clit. His mouth moved over the tops of her thighs, over to her belly and up. He alternated soft kisses with little nips, unexpected and erotic.

Now Kim moved her hands on his body, quickly finding his nipples, as hard as her own. She tweaked them and he gasped softly. She felt a thrill of a different kind of pleasure: his desire and her power to fulfill it. At last his lips reached the mound of her breasts, the nipples full and hot. The touch of his lips and then his teeth were a shock; it set her pussy off into an aftershock of orgasm and she moaned.

Now his body was stretched full length along hers. He brought his lips up to meet hers and again they kissed, a long, slow meeting of mouth and tongue and teeth, the fullness of their lips touching and teasing. Kim grasped his smooth face again, marveling at this new level of sensuality. He tasted of her, a faintly wild, faintly salty echo that made her pussy contract again with the memory of her orgasm.

She reached down below his waist, loving that feel of muscle under flesh, so different from her own skin's yielding softness. A lean man's belly seems to point to his groin, hipbones framing that deep "v" that ends in a nest of curls and his penis. This penis was hard, and long, and she could feel his pleasure as she squeezed it. She rubbed her finger over the head before quickly guiding it into the warmth and wetness of her hungry cunt.

The length and size made Kim gasp before reaching around to his buttocks and raking them lightly with her fingernails. This was lovemaking on a different level, and she responded with ferocity. After three or four hard thrusts, she pushed up on his hipbones to keep his cock just barely within her cunt. She slipped her hand between their two

bodies and grasped his balls, rubbing his shaft with her thumb. “Let’s make it hotter, baby,” she whispered, and swung her legs out from under him to put one leg on each of his shoulders.

She imagined what he would be seeing, if it wasn’t pitch black: her glistening, swollen lips, the tip of his cock poised over her pussy. It only took that thought to bring her to a frenzy. She pulled his body deep into hers, the thrust made deeper by her legs framing his face. The soft skin of her calves was caught in the stubble of his cheeks, soft friction an echo of the passion below. She sank her fingernails into his buttocks again, urging him deeper and deeper. Every inch of her skin was exquisitely sensitive; his hand caressed her face and he slid his fingers in and out of her mouth. She imagined she held that beautiful cock between her lips and the thought made her moan louder.

He began to shudder, his thrusts getting faster and more urgent. Kim moved her hand around to his ass and barely touched the puckered skin between the cheeks before he exploded into orgasm. He surged and groaned, his cock still hard but spent inside her cunt, and Kim let all thought escape her so she could experience the feel of his skin against hers, his cum filling her up, his lips now on hers, gently.

Still without a single word, Jonathan got up and went into the bathroom, closing the door before turning on the light. He was thoughtful like that. Kim drifted off to sleep, a smile on her face and his cum warm and sticky between her legs. Later, she woke to hear the TV in the living room. Jonathan needed to unwind after work. Usually sex did the trick, but she didn’t mind his absence from the bed; he’d certainly taken very good care of her before switching on the idiot box. As Kim slipped into sleep again, she realized the clock face was now glowing softly, providing just a bit of illumination. But playing in the dark sure had been fun.

They both had Sundays off, and that was their day to laze around in bed and enjoy each other. Sometimes Kim wore sexy lingerie; Jonathan kept her wardrobe fresh and exciting. Sometimes they just laid around naked. This Sunday Kim was pretending to read a paper but she was really admiring her husband’s body. He was in good shape, long and lean, a runner. He was also thickly covered with a reddish-brown pelt on his chest, legs and arms.

Kim gave up on the paper and reached over to stroke his thigh. She was gratified as always to see his cock respond immediately. She loved to take him in her mouth when he was only partially erect and feel his passion growing. She sucked while she stroked his legs, his balls, his ass. When she thought he was just about to come, she pulled away.

“Wanna go down on me?” she whispered in his ear. She began to kiss him, softly at first but then grew demanding, hard, even nipping a bit. His face felt odd cupped in her hands, different somehow. A sudden insight hit her, so hard she pulled away from his lips. His lips framed by a thick and full beard. Her mind flew back to Wednesday night. The feel of his face, clean-shaven but slightly prickly, a five-o’clock shadow. The feel of his face against her thighs as he probed with his tongue and sucked and stroked.

She looked at him and reached out to touch his beard. “You didn’t shave,” she said softly. He looked confused. “It was so dark,” she murmured, remembering the darkened room, the alarm clock covered, the curtains tightly shut against any stray moonlight or

streetlights. A surge of lust washed over her. Now she recalled his skillful tongue, his hard cock that seemed longer, heavier than usual.

Even more aroused, her mouth moved across his chest and down again to his cock. She spoke before she took him in her mouth. "I like it in the dark."

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CHAPTER 10 – THE LIGHTHOUSE

The rainy days and cool nights of spring have recently started to subside, the longer and warmer days of summer coming soon. Not that Jenna has noticed, for she is still closed off to the world: alone, broken-hearted and grieving. Just seven months ago her two lovely children and warm husband died. On a seemingly harmless early autumn day, they were taken from her when a sudden storm blew in and ravaged their sailboat, thrashing them unmercifully against a shoreline of rocks and trees.

But not her, for she did not go that fateful day. Why? She does not know and she never will. Nor will she ever forgive herself for not going. There isn't a day that goes by that she doesn't wish she had been there with them, rather than here and alone.

The summer is hot and humid and the sounds of children playing outside of her small white clapboard home are too much for her. So the curtains remain drawn and, she remains inside, and soon summer gives way to autumn.

And then it is the morning of the one year anniversary of their death, one full year that she has been alone, that she has done nothing. She knows she'll spend this day like most days in bed with a cup of coffee, skimming magazines and books that she'll never really read. Then she'll sleep and when she wakes she'll have several glasses of red wine while she paces the house. And then more sleep, if she's lucky. When she wakes from her late morning nap she looks out the window and stares at the dull, dark autumn day. She watches a slight wind that picks up and whirls the crisp red-brown leaves that lay upon the road. She's more restless than usual, so she walks to the bathroom and pours a warm tub. She soaks, drinks her wine and then she cries: tears she no longer thought she had. She finishes her wine and she lays her head against the tub and drifts off. She wakes in cold water. She gets herself out, puts on her bathrobe and walks back to her room where she sits on her unmade bed.

Get out of this goddamn house, she tells herself. You can do it. Today is the day that you can actually do it. What better time, she thinks, than a miserable day like today when there is no one else around?

She stands and starts to look through her drawers for something to wear. Dressed, she brushes her long straight black hair and then more out of habit than anything else, she puts on some lipstick. She pours another glass of wine and walks down the stairs.

Holding her brown leather walking boots and an old overcoat, she stands and finishes her wine. She looks at the closed door. Do it, she tells herself, and she does.

The fresh air feels good as she walks her lonely residential street. When she reaches the harbor, she looks out over the lake. She pulls up her collar as she descends the grassy hill. She reaches the pier and continues to walk with her eyes fixed upon the waves as they grow stronger and begin to crash against the large rocks that line the pier. At the end of the pier she comes upon the old wooden lighthouse with its flaking red and white paint. She doesn't notice the light rain that has begun to fall. She steps towards the end of the pier where the water pounds hard against the rocks and spills up onto the pier and soaks her boots and the bottom of her pants. The rain comes harder now and soon her hair and face are soaked. As she steps closer to the rocks a large wave crashes over the pier and soaks her; yet she remains standing, watching the waves one after another rolling

towards the pier, each one smashing hard against the rocks. She watches the largest wave yet roll toward the pier. As it draws closer she positions herself to take a step onto the wet slippery rocks. She takes a deep breath, and feels herself yanked back

“We really do need to get you out of this nasty weather, don’t you think?”

Jenna, dazed, tries to focus on the slender face beneath the black umbrella, but she can’t: nor can she speak.

“My goodness, you are absolutely soaked,” the woman says to Jenna. She turns and tries the small door at the side of the lighthouse. It opens.

“We’re in luck,” she says as she closes her umbrella, “let’s get you inside.”

Jenna waits, unsure what to do.

“Now would be good,” the woman tells Jenna, who, still awkwardly follows the woman inside.

Jenna begins to shiver. She walks forward. The room is small, with a single black iron-framed bed. Jenna watches the woman walk to another door at the foot of the bed. It too opens and the woman enters. A light soon spills out from this room and Jenna can hear the woman calling to her, “I found clean towels.”

She places the towels on the bed and approaches Jenna.

“Let’s get this wet coat off, okay? I’m Sonya.”

Sonya helps Jenna out of her coat. Sonya hands the towels to Jenna.

“You get out of those wet things and get under the blankets before you catch your death.” She looks back at Jenna who has not moved. “Really, your lips have turned blue, I suggest you do as I tell you.”

Sonya leaves the room and Jenna, hesitating, thinks about leaving, but she doesn’t. Instead she slips off her jeans and then her sweater, and wearing just her small black panties and a black lace bra, she gets under the blankets.

Jenna dries her hair with one of the towels as Sonya reappears carrying a bottle of scotch and two mugs.

“Look what I found,” Sonya says. Sonya is tall and thin and is dressed too fashionably for a walk along the pier. She has long chestnut-colored hair that despite getting wet, appears to hang perfectly in place. She looks close to Jenna’s age, perhaps a little younger. Sonya returns to the bed and sits. She leans past Jenna and begins pouring drinks. As she does, Jenna cannot help but notice Sonya’s blouse open slightly and expose the top of her full round tanned breasts cupped in a white lace bra.

“Cheers,” she says, as she holds up her mug. Jenna responds in kind and they both take a sip of the warm scotch.

Jenna’s face instantly gives away the fact that she is not a scotch drinker.

“It’s strong at first,” Sonya says, “so just sip it. It’ll warm you up quickly.”

“Was it that obvious?” Jenna replies.

Sonya smiles. "Definitely!"

"I'm strictly a red wine person," says Jenna, "my husband was the scotch drinker."

"Was?" inquires the woman.

Jenna looks at the woman and shakes her head, takes another small sip of scotch.

"Are you feeling warmer?" Sonya asks.

Jenna nods, in fact she thinks, after all the wine and now the scotch, she's not feeling that bad at all. She's even begun to warm up a little.

"My name is Jenna. Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course," replies Sonya, kindly.

"What were you doing down on the pier in such bad weather? I mean, you don't really look like you're dressed for it."

"No?" replies Sonya. "Perhaps not. But I could ask the same of you, could I not?"

"You could," says Jenna. "But I asked you."

"Pass the bottle," replies Sonya.

"This is such a pretty little town," says Sonya. "I am absolutely in love with it."

"So you're not from here?" Jenna asks.

"No, I'm just here on business"

Jenna takes another sip of her scotch. "What business?"

"I'm a buyer for a clothing boutique out of New York."

"That sounds interesting, you must travel a lot?"

"I do, which I must admit, I just absolutely love."

"Isn't that a little difficult on a relationship?" asks Jenna.

"Yes, but I haven't been in a steady, long term kind of thing for some time now. I prefer the more casual no strings attached type of arrangements."

"So you don't have a family?"

Sonya finishes taking another sip of scotch. "No. You?"

"No," replies Jenna, and looks down. She finishes the scotch in her mug. Her head feels light and she suddenly feels quite tipsy. She's no longer cold, but now overheated and claustrophobic, as if all the air in the room had been sucked away.

"They're gone," she says.

"I'm so sorry," offers Sonya.

Jenna pulls her legs under her and stands quickly, unsteadily.

"Excuse me," she says, then makes her way to the bathroom and closes the door behind her.

Jenna finally returns and sits on the edge of the bed next to Sonya. It's obvious by her red-rimmed light blue eyes that she's been crying. "I should go," she says.

Sonya reaches out and lightly touches Jenna's arm. "Did you lose them recently?"

Jenna shakes her head. "It's been a year today, and today is the first day since then that I've left the house. She turns and looks at Sonya. "And we both know why, don't we?"

Sonya raises her hand and gently touches Jenna's face. She brushes back a strand of Jenna's hair, and in a soft voice, she says to Jenna, "You have endured such extreme pain for such a long time, haven't you? And you just wanted the pain to end, didn't you?"

Jenna feels her tears coming again, so she quickly closes her eyes. The tears spill over. She feels Sonya's light touch upon her arm; she can feel Sonya's sweet breath upon her face; she can smell the soft scent of her perfume, and then she hears her whisper: "But that's not the way, is it?"

Jenna opens her eyes. "No," she replies softly. "No."

Sonya's lips are full and they are moist and the kiss is long and passionate and Jenna can feel herself giving over to the feelings it awakens within her. She can feel Sonya pushing her gently back and she lets her. The feeling of Sonya taking her head into her hands and the soft touch of her kisses on her neck makes her feel warm and wanted. It feels so good and so right to let go. She places her face into Sonya's neck and she breathes in deeply. She licks Sonya's neck as she runs her fingers through her long hair, only to have her thoughts turn to the feel of her breast being pulled from her bra and taken into Sonya's mouth. Sonya's tongue on her nipple feels good, it feels soothing. The touch of Sonya's fingers caressing her other nipple makes her moan and it makes her want Sonya's mouth again and so she slides herself down and they find one another's mouths and they kiss, this time hard and wet with their tongues pushing and exploring deep into one another.

And now Jenna wants more, so she rolls Sonya over. Jenna kneels over Sonya and traces the line of Sonya's open blouse with her finger. She marvels at Sonya's smooth skin and her stunningly beautiful face. Sonya smiles and begins undoing her blouse. Jenna lowers herself towards Sonya's breasts, licking and sucking. With the tip of her tongue she traces the outline of Sonya's nipple, she takes it in her mouth and as she does she cups Sonya's other full round breast in her other hand. She wants them both and so she pushes them together against her mouth and as she does she takes one of Sonya's nipples in her fingers, she pinches lightly and Sonya moans and grabs Jenna's hand and squeezes hard.

And now Sonya rolls Jenna over. Sonya lowers her head and as she does she runs the tip of her tongue over the outline of Jenna's pussy, beneath her black lace panties. Jenna moans and pushes her hips up towards Sonya, who takes the cue and pulls Jenna's panties to the side. Sonya slowly moves the tip of her tongue up and down the sides of Jenna's soft lips, and now she pushes it gently inside and she licks and teases and caresses the little hole. She flicks and darts her tongue up to Jenna's clit, then pushes her tongue inside again. She pushes up on Jenna's pussy, exposing her light pink clitoris which she teases unmercifully and unendingly as Jenna thrusts and moans. She wants Sonya so badly.

“Fuck me,” Jenna pleads, “please, fuck me.” But Sonya doesn’t, instead she pulls herself up onto her knees and lifts her skirt over her hips exposing her white lace g-string. Jenna is sweating and breathing hard and she aches beyond anything she’s ever felt before. With Sonya positioned above her face, she can’t wait, she can’t hold herself back, and so she reaches up and places her hands on Sonya’s hips just as Sonya pulls her panties to the side. Sonya lowers herself until she can feel the tip of Jenna’s tongue on her clit. And it is Jenna that moans, a moan of pure release and joy at this, her first taste of pussy. And she wants more. Sonya, as if sensing this, uses her fingers to pull her pussy open as she lowers herself down so that Jenna can have it all; to discover it and explore it for as long as she wants, while Sonya slowly rocks back and forth.

And then Sonya stops and lifts herself off Jenna’s greedy mouth so that she can turn around and take Jenna into her mouth while Jenna continues to take her. They push and they grind and they moan until Jenna, on the very verge of completely letting go, pleads once again for Sonya to fuck her. “Oh God,” she says, “Please fuck me. Please.”

Sonya pulls her mouth back and with her hand she presses hard against Jenna’s soaked pussy; she uses her fingers to tease and massage as Jenna arches her back. Sonya dips her fingers into Jenna’s pussy. First two fingers and then three and finally four as Jenna screams and cums, soaking Sonya’s fingers and the sheets beneath her.

When Jenna wakes Sonya is gone. She closes her eyes and rolls over, her face buried deep in the pillow that is still smells like her perfume, and she thinks to herself; it was not a dream, she was here.

The sun is out and yet the autumn morning is cool as Jenna walks back towards her house. On the way she passes many neighbors, all busy with their lives as they hurry towards whatever it is they must do. She smiles at the thought of herself, outside and alone walking among others, on this, a very ordinary autumn day.

When she reaches her house she stops, but she doesn’t go in; instead, she keeps walking. Where, she does not know, nor does it matter.

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