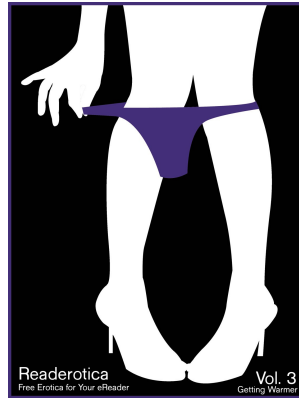


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Readerotica III – Free Erotic Stories for Your Electronic Reader

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Chapter 1 – The Maestra

Confirmed. The Maestra. Suite 1701. 8 pm.

Alex looked at his wife sitting out on the balcony of their Central Park condo to see if she'd heard his phone beep. She hadn't. She was engrossed in reading; not a novel, but the score to her orchestra's current symphony.

Erin was pretty. Elegant. Bookish. Alex loved her to death. And even more so in the moments he knew he wasn't giving Erin everything she deserved.

He looked back at the text message. Strange. Usually he told the agency where, and they'd send the girl. But there it was: "*The Maestra.*" He knew the historic hotel had some of the most expensive rooms in Manhattan. But the firm would cover him anyway, so what did it matter?

The Maestra. Luxury and elegance intertwine where our guests come to indulge. Expect world-class service inside our walls, and a bottle of Dom Perignon waiting inside your suite.

When Alex entered suite 1701 that night, he was greeted by not just a bottle of Dom, but a dominatrix, too.

He should have known something was up. The agency knew his tastes: brunettes and redheads, no surgery or silicone, and two girls preferable to one. He had never mentioned leather and cuffs.

Still, he thought, when a tall woman in thigh-high boots and a black leather corset tells you to strip naked and get on the bed, it's hard to argue.

Alex felt the luxurious linens against his back and legs as the Mistress began to tie his arms down with soft, silk rope that could have come off the suite's nine-foot-tall red velvet curtains.

All our suites feature the finest from the old world, including antique armoires and hand-carved four-poster beds.

He studied the Dom's face as she wrapped the line around his ankles; her eyes read "girl next door" more than professional disciplinarian. After tying the last knot to the bedpost, she put on her short black overcoat, turned on the television, and said, "I'll be back," leaving Alex lying naked and restrained.

The program she left him with showed a woman in a bedroom stripping in front of some men. Bent over a bed, her backside facing the camera, she slid her skirt slowly over her ass until it fell to her feet, her bottom bare except for the thin black straps of her garter belt. Two studs in boxer shorts watched from either side.

So he was supposed to get warmed up watching porn until the girl returned? She certainly picked a low-budget flick – dim lighting, just one camera angle. He couldn't even tell if the actress was hot or not. But with his hands bound to the bed, he couldn't exactly switch to the hockey game.

Alex relaxed into the pillows as the woman on screen climbed onto her bed and laid down. A black-lace cupless bra propped up her pert tits, and her stockings and garter belt framed the dark hair of a well-trimmed pussy. The men – both fit and muscular – kneeled on the bed next to her.

Just then someone from off-camera crossed in front of the scene. What kind of budget crap was this? Alex wondered. The scene then jerked as if the camera had been picked up from a tripod. At least he might see some close-ups now, he thought.

The camera focused on the four masculine hands caressing the woman's thighs, brushing against her sex. It followed them up her body as they stroked the underside of her breasts, gently pinching her nipples. Alex felt his cock stir in anticipation of this starlet getting fucked by two capable studs. He wanted to watch; but even more, he wanted that dominatrix to get back and take care of his growing need.

Then, as the camera finished its journey up the woman's body, the actress lifted her head from the pillows and looked straight into the camera. Alex gasped.

The cheekbones. The long eyelashes. The eyes! Sixty familiar details from her face raced through the wires onto his screen and jolted the neurons in his brain. He wanted to jump up to the TV to see if his eyes were deceiving him, but the ropes kept him pinned to the bed, powerless. He looked again. It was definitely her. It was Erin.

It hit him all at once. Erin knew about the trysts, knew about the call girls. And she apparently planned an elaborate scheme to get revenge on him. She wasn't the vengeful type, he reflected, but discovering a cheating spouse can push anyone to extremes.

He averted his head from the screen even as his eyes fixated on the picture. The guys were now stroking themselves through their boxers, and the woman – Erin – was cupping and squeezing her breasts as she watched them masturbate.

When the hell did she record this?

Suddenly the scene swung around, and the face of the cameraman – camerawoman, actually – filled the lens.

“Hi, Alex,” she said, in a pouty, falsely apologetic tone. It was the Mistress. Who obviously wasn't who she'd claimed. A friend of Erin's? Or someone from her orchestra?

“I’m Jane, we haven’t formally met yet. Erin’s kinda busy right now, but she wanted you to know that this isn’t a recording – we’re live.”

Allow yourself to be entertained by our wide-screen, high-definition flat panel televisions streaming premium movies, satellite channels, and the world wide web.

On Alex’s screen, the guys now sported erections beneath their boxers. He watched as Erin’s hand slipped from her breast down the length of her body and her middle finger slipped in between her labia. The young one pulled his cock out of his shorts and began running his hand up and down its smooth length.

So Erin had lured him here to force him to watch while other men drooled over her; that was his punishment. But that’s all she was going to do here, right? Give the guys a little show, maybe let them jack off a bit? Lesson learned?

As he reassured himself of this, Erin had already crossed that line. She was grasping a full, erect cock in each hand and stroking them both intently. She bit one side of her lower lip, looking every bit the hungry vixen.

Alex was helpless. Chided. Captive. He could move only his head. He looked closely at her pixilated image. Damn, she looked hot. It had been a while since he’d thought of anyone else lusting after her. But there she was, his familiar wife of nine years, giving raging hard-ons to two strange men.

Alex only now noticed the big rust and olive pillows she was leaning against – the same kind were behind his head right now. The video was shot in the same hotel.

Make the Maestra your place in the city for meetings and events. We can cater to everything from a 300-guest conference in the grand ballroom to a private 3-person business meeting en suite.

The three on the bed were getting down to business. The camera lingered on the sizeable cock in Erin’s hand, and on the man attached to it. Wait – that dark wavy hair, the square jaw – yes. Alex knew him.

It was Devan. The father of one of their kids’ classmates. Damn. He now remembered catching Devan flirting with Erin once, at school one evening after the winter play. He had seen them from a distance; she had brushed him off, politely. Had she wanted him then?

He didn’t recognize the guy on Erin’s other side. Smooth skin, blonde hair, young – early 20’s Alex guessed. Where did Erin find this one?

Clearly there were things Alex didn’t know about his wife.

Was she going to take this much further? Alex wondered. Or did she just want to teach him a lesson?

Back on his screen, Devan was lying prone with his face buried between Erin's legs. She pulled the blonde one closer to her and demanded, in language Alex had never heard out of Erin, "Come put that hot, stiff cock inside my mouth." Kneeling upright next to her, the young stud positioned his shaft against her pale cheek.

Alex's last remaining illusions that Erin wouldn't go all the way were evaporating before his eyes. Heated and conflicting emotions charged through him as he watched his wife take the young man's penis into her mouth, the same mouth Alex kissed every night before bed. Every night he wasn't away on business, that is.

She parted her lips willingly and let the bulbous head slide over her tongue and deep into the back of her mouth.

Alex was embarrassed, emasculated, and aroused all at once. For a moment he felt relieved that the ropes restrained him, that they denied him the burden of deciding how to react. What could he do but watch?

No seasoned porn star, the young guy soon threw his head back with his mouth agape. Jane apparently knew enough about porn to zoom in for the money shot. Erin began jerking his cock harder and faster, and pulled it from her lips just in time for the first spurt to shoot past her face onto the pillow behind, the ribbons of come drenching her pale cheek, her moist lips, her elegant collarbone, then her cheek again, and lastly, the fine sheets.

The Maestra's beds feature 1200-thread count Egyptian cotton linens and oversize duck down pillows by Woods & Bruge. We want your stay to be pleasurable and carefree – that's why at the Maestra, we happily clean or replace any come-stained comforters and pillow.

Ok, they don't actually advertise this service, but it *is* included.

Spent, the young man collapsed against the pillows next to Erin to recover and watch what was coming next.

With two fingers Erin lifted Devan's chin and pulled him up to her. He knelt between her legs, his imposing cock hovering over her pussy like a zeppelin. Everyone seemed to lean in closer as Devan guided the big mushroom head of his cock towards Erin's pussy and paused. Without hesitation she reached her arms out, grabbed Devan's buttocks, and pulled him fully inside her.

Jane soon zoomed in on the center of action. The scene was blurry at first as the autofocus tried to lock on to Devan's movements, but then in an instant it filled Alex's screen entirely, like a close-up from a pornographic film: the vivid penetration of his delicate, musician wife by

another man's beautiful, thick cock.

Alex wondered if this was more than just payback. Maybe Erin enjoyed sexual adventure. Maybe she was just now learning this side of herself. Or maybe she'd wanted to explore it all along.

In Alex's suite, a faint banging could now be heard on the wall behind him. He blocked it out at first, his attention focused on his wife's escapades. But it soon grew louder and more distracting, each dull thump accompanied by some distant woman's voice.

The pounding synced perfectly with the action on his screen, delayed by just a split second. Alex gasped for the second time that night.

Of course. Erin was fucking these men in the room right next to his, on the other side of the wall just a few feet behind his head.

He struggled again, harder. The ropes only tightened around his wrists and ankles.

She had planned this perfectly.

The banging intensified. The thick walls could only dampen Erin's screams, not mask them. Each thrust, beamed so graphically to his eyes, knocked their bed against the wall and reverberated through Alex's own bed underneath him.

Thrust, Bang, Moan. Thrust, Bang, *Moaaaaannnnnnnnnn*. The visuals provoked him, the sounds aroused him, the jerking bed chastened and chastised him.

Alex turned away from the screen. He wanted to free himself and burst into her room to re-assert his control.

He wanted to free a hand and touch his aching cock.

Suddenly the banging stopped. The moans trailed off. He sighed with relief; she's finally done. But a moment later his bed was alive again and Erin's screams resumed, only higher and shorter than before. They had changed position, Erin now on all fours facing the end of the bed and looking straight into the camera as Devan pounded her from behind.

He quickened his thrusts and she squeezed her eyes shut, her screams growing softer even as they inched up in pitch, as if her voice, her thought, all her usable energy was getting siphoned off to feed her snowballing orgasm.

Devan came with one deep groan, holding Erin tightly against him as his cock pulsed repeatedly within her. Erin's climax arrived in full only after her last faint coo, rendering her voiceless as it washed throughout her body, her skin tingling and her head swimming with pleasure.

When she had regained her composure, she was looking straight at her husband, through wires and lightwaves, yet still –somehow – intimately. He searched her eyes expecting to see anger, or the satisfaction of sweet revenge. But he saw nothing like that. Maybe she had moved past those feelings. Maybe she never had them. But he knew his darling wife, and what he saw now on her face seemed just like ... joy.

Erin noticed her pounding heartbeat and cooling sweat. She looked into the camera, took a full, deep breath, and smiled at Alex – a naughty, happy, deep, joyful smile.

The Maestra radiates with romance. Spend a decadent night away from home, plan a passionate weekend, or rekindle an intimate relationship. All at the Hotel Maestra.

Alex's screen went dark. All was still again. He lay bound on the bed with a raging hard-on.

After what seemed like an eternity, the door between the two suites opened, and Jane entered and began untying him. She noticed his erection and eyed him sharply before freeing the last knot.

“Erin is finished with her men now,” she informed him.

Alex rubbed his wrists and sat up on the side of the bed.

“Am I out of the doghouse yet?” he asked her meekly.

She laughed at him. “I doubt it. You haven't been treating her as an equal, so you're no longer her primary man.”

“Between you and me,” she added, “you're probably number five or so now.”

“Level with me here,” Alex looked up and begged. “Is she going to take me back?”

“I hope no time soon,” Jane snapped. She paused for a moment, reflecting on what Alex still meant to her friend. She resumed, more warmly, “If she does take you back, she'll insist you indulge each other's kinks together, as a couple. But you've got a lot of work to do first.”

She buttoned her coat over her leather corset. “You can start by getting in there and licking her pussy clean.” Tying her coat off, she left the room.

“Yes, Mistress,” he mumbled.

Alex took a deep breath and joined his wife – artista, virtuosa, maestra – in suite 1702.

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(continued)

Chapter 2 – Butterflies at Dinner

Tonight I am dressed in a slim black skirt with a loose red silk top tucked in to show my slender waist. My legs are covered in very sheer black stockings and I have on my black heels. I look classy and professional for a meeting with one of your business associates.

I am always happy to be there with you, on your arm, smiling and putting everyone at ease, but tonight is different. I am actually looking forward to a long evening of dry, scientific talk.

I am just misting a last spray of perfume as you walk into the bedroom. It takes my breath away to see you dressed for a business evening out. You cut quite a figure in your suit. Because tonight is not formal, you have left off the tie and your top button is open, a favorite look of mine.

You walk up behind me as I put on my earrings. You hold me close, pressing your body against my back and nuzzling my neck. I catch your eye in the mirror. You spin me around to face you, and give me a deep kiss, your hands roaming my body.

“It’s time to go. Are you ready?” you ask.

“Yes. More than ready.”

You smile in that mischievous way you have, and I melt a little inside. As we are walking out the door, you check your pockets, making sure you have everything you need for the evening.

Idle chatter focuses on sly compliments and innuendo on the way to pick up your associate. Once he and his lovely date are in the car, talk becomes the sort of small talk that includes everyone, but I keep my hand on your arm as you drive, making gentle contact.

We arrive at the restaurant, and I am impressed. I knew this man was important, but this place is really posh. As we are shown to our table you murmur in my ear, “I have always wanted to bring you here.” I smile and caress your hip as you seat me.

Drinks and food are ordered, and the conversation turns to the usual, a mix of business maneuverings and small talk. You have seated me next to Lydia, so we discuss the usual girl stuff as you two move to more technical discussion.

Suddenly, a soft vibration in my panties makes me jump a bit. Lydia pauses for a second in her dialog, noticing.

“Oh, I am sorry,” I say. “I just got a bit of a chill. Please, go on.”

Lydia continues her chatter about the spa she went to today and you catch my eye. You give me a knowing smile, and lay both hands on the table. I was wondering when you would make use of the wireless remote you have in your pocket, and now I know. You have set it on the lowest level, and now you are leaving it to gently tease me as you continue your discussion.

You are a wicked, wicked man, and I smile. Lydia thinks it is in response to her story and continues at a faster clip.

As the appetizers arrive, our paired conversations stop for a bit as we all sample and exclaim over the food.

The constant light stimulation on my clit is really beginning to make me feel a bit warm, and I know my eyes are getting bright, the way you always tell me they do when I am aroused. I uncross and recross my legs and as I do, I feel your hand caress me quickly under the tablecloth.

“So how did you two meet?” I am startled. Apparently Lydia is interested in our relationship. I wonder if we are giving the game away.

You chuckle and say, “That is a funny story, I’ll let Heather tell it.” I shoot you an exasperated look, for we both know perfectly well that how we met is not something discussed over a business dinner. I launch into my well-rehearsed edited and polished version, and you smile indulgently.

Out of the corner of my eye I see your hand stealing to your pocket, but I am still not quite ready when I feel the vibrations increase then decrease in a pulsing rhythm. I am ready enough not to give the game away, but my body is responding, and I can feel my juices beginning to pool inside of me.

I end my story and Lydia says, “Oh, you tell a wonderful story. You two must be very happy.” I mumble some vague assurances (I can’t quite tell you what, exactly), and I am glad that dinner arrives just then. You lower the pulsing of the butterfly to a steady medium speed now, to tantalize me through dinner.

It is a lifesaver that the food here is so astonishingly good. I could not carry on a witty conversation right now if I had to. The buzzing of the butterfly against me is a constant sensation in the back of my mind.

As the dinner plates are cleared away and desert is ordered, the level of vibration goes up one more notch. I know from previous experimentation that it is not yet as high as it can go, but I am still squirming a bit in my seat. Except for trying the Butterfly on at home to make sure that we know how it works, we have never played with it, and certainly not for so long.

You make eye contact and wink.

“I hope you will excuse us for a few moments. I see someone we know well, and would like to say hello, if that is OK? Can you two keep yourselves out of trouble?”

Jack and Lydia assure you that they will be fine, and glance at each other. The mood must be catching, I think to myself. They don’t look like they will mind being left alone at all.

You help me up, and take my arm to guide me through the restaurant to a door in one wall, sort of out of sight. You open it and pull me through into a dark room, your hands immediately going to my body, one on my breast as you press me against the wall, the other sliding up my thigh.

I open myself to your kiss, and let go of any concern. You must know this restaurant well, and I know you would never do this if you thought we would be caught. Business is too important for

you.

As our tongues dance together, I feel your finger press against my soaked panties. You moan into my mouth then say “You are so hot and wet. Oh, I want to take you right here.”

Your hand leaves my breast and I feel the vibration speed up to the highest setting. I begin to shiver a bit as you slip your finger around the leg of my lace knickers and slide it smoothly inside me.

You rock your finger back and forth inside me, “I want you to cum for me right now,” you command and I obey.

The pressure that has been building all night is released, I cum quietly, shivering on your hand as you suck at my mouth passionately. As my shuddering slows, the vibration is turned down to the lowest setting again, which is more than enough to keep me charged.

You remove your finger, moving my panties back into place, and bring your finger to my lips. You trace my lips with my juices, then lean forward to suck them off of me.

You step back and put your finger to your mouth, sucking it clean as you adjust yourself.

“The sooner we get back to the table and have dessert, the sooner we will be able to have some real fun.”

We return to the table, and I can tell that our companions did not even miss us. They seem quite absorbed in a naughty discussion of their own. Dessert arrives, but I can’t say for sure what it is or what we speak about. I am in a reverie, just thinking of really getting my hands on you.

The drive to drop off Jack and Lydia is filled with useless but polite chatter. The two of them cannot keep their hands still in the backseat, although they are trying to be polite. My hand rests on your arm, as I try to focus with the buzzing between my legs driving me to distraction.

We all say our goodnights with hugging and hand shaking. We have made friends this evening, and I hope that means positive things for your business.

We leave for home, and I move my hand over your thigh to feel your hard length as you drive. I am surprised when you make an unexpected turn and pull into a small park. You move your seat back as far as it will go, and you reach for me with one hand.

“Fuck me now, I can’t wait. I am so hard for you.”

Your other hand is freeing your gorgeous cock from your pants as I slide over the center console to sit on your lap, raising my skirt, pulling aside my panties and lowering myself onto you.

One hand comes to rest on my hip, while the other turns up the butterfly, then moves to my other hip. Gently, you begin to set the rhythm, lifting me up and pulling me down while you rotate your hips subtly, filling me and massaging my inner walls with your movements. I can feel my panties brush against you with every thrust, as they pull away from my body and follow you

back.

I gasp, nearly ready to slide over the edge, but you stop me.

“I want you to hold off. I am not far, and I want you to come with me. Don’t come until I say. OK, baby?”

“Yes.” It is all I can do to get even that word out.

There is something deliciously wicked about having needy sex in the car like this, and it really adds to the pleasure. As you continue to set the pace, going a little faster now, I begin to clench my pussy muscles on your cock.

I feel you jerk inside me, and you stab into me even more deeply. I know that you are about to let go, and I wait for your command. Holding back is sweet agony, but I want to come with you as badly as I want to follow your instructions.

“Cum with me!” It bursts out of you with your first load. I barely have time to think and I am gushing over you in time with your spasms. Oh God, it is so good. You pull me against you, still thrusting into me and holding me close as our orgasms recede.

Suddenly, your phone beeps with a text message. Keeping one arm around me, you first reach into your pocket to turn off the butterfly. I completely relax then, melting into you.

Next, you pull out your phone to check your message.

“We got it.” No more needs to be said. This evening was successful on every level. I wonder if the sexual energy had anything to do with Jack’s decision, but I am sure we will never know.

We relax and enjoy the night as we cool off before we head home. As I am drowsing on the way home, I think that we need to use the butterfly again.

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Chapter 3 - Oasis

The arrivals gate was quiet at 3 a.m. There was a short string of taxis lurking at the curb and a smaller handful of cars scattered among them. In her blue Honda Civic, Kylie tapped her fingers against the steering wheel impatiently, resisting the urge to reach for her phone and text Jace a quick message.

Instead she thought about their freshly-made bed and how wonderful it would feel to have him in it again. They had made do over the last few months with steamy texts and hot phone calls, but all of that had merely sharpened her appetite rather than satisfying it.

People started coming from the gate, and from the middle of a clump of businessmen, tourists, and other tired travelers, Kylie saw Jace wave to her.

In worn jeans and a wrinkled dress shirt, he looked more like an absent-minded professor than the security expert he was. His rumpled hair and glasses threw people off; most would never guess at the lean muscle and fighting form beneath the clothes.

Kylie popped the trunk for his duffel and then waited impatiently until he had stowed his bag and got in the car. He opened his mouth to say “Hello,” only to find that speaking was completely impossible when Kylie threw her arms around him and muffled his words with her lips.

They kissed long enough for the airport security guard to rap on the window. Blushing, Kylie pulled away from the arrivals gate.

“So I guess ‘did you miss me’ is a dumb question at this point?” asked Jace, a ridiculously satisfied smile on his face.

“Beyond dumb,” she retorted, pulling onto the highway.

“So what have you got planned?”

“Planned?” Kylie asked innocently. “It’s 3 a.m. or don’t you remember?”

“Yeah, but its not even dinner time yet in Kolkata. I could be up for hours.”

“Well, maybe we could think of *something* to do when we get home.” Kylie grinned, thinking again of their bed.

They drove in silence for a few minutes, Kylie steering with one hand while holding Jace’s hand tightly with the other. They came up on a rest stop oasis by the side of the road, the kind with restrooms, vending machines and not much more, and Jace pointed it out.

“Hey, mind stopping for a minute?”

When Kylie pulled into the deserted parking lot, she had barely taken the key from the ignition when she found herself tugged into a deep kiss. Jace slid his tongue gently between her lips, and startled, she sucked on it before pulling back.

“I thought you wanted food or something?”

“I never actually said that.”

That was all the warning she got before he slid one hand underneath her shirt, skimming his rough palm over the sensitive skin of her belly. He palmed her breast through her bra before dipping his fingers into the lacy cup. Her nails dug into his shoulders as he pinched her nipple

gently, making it tighten under his touch.

“Been a while since we fooled around in the car,” he murmured, pressing his face to the crook of her neck. She could feel his warm breath against her skin and she unfastened her seat belt to get closer to him.

Kylie thought for a wistful moment about their bed, just fifteen minutes away, and then he nibbled her neck and she found that she cared less about clean sheets and fluffed pillows than the way his lips felt on her sensitive skin.

“Oh, I missed you, baby,” he murmured. “Thought about you every night.”

“Oh?” Kylie said teasingly. She reached down between his legs to squeeze the bulge she found there.

“Are you sure that was all you were doing?”

He groaned when she touched him so intimately and she felt his hips buck under her hand. Kylie teased him for a few moments, stroking him until his breath came harsh and ragged through his clenched teeth. Delicately she pulled his zipper down and pushed her fingers inside the denim and fabric, seeking and finding his hard, taut flesh.

“Fucking hell, Kylie,” Jace groaned. “You’re driving me crazy...”

“Well I’m sure I don’t want *that*,” Kylie said with a grin.

There was just enough room for her to lean over the console panel, putting her head on his lap. Languidly, she pulled his cock free of his clothes, and for several long moments, she ran her kitten-pink tongue up and down the length. She had missed him so much, but now that she had him back, all she seemed to want to do was torture him.

Kylie could hear his breath, low and controlled, and though he tangled one hand in her hair, he didn’t push her. Instead he held himself almost brutally tense as she teased and taunted him with her tongue, relishing the taste and the feel of him on her lips.

Finally, she took pity on him and without giving any warning at all, she closed her lips delicately around the tip of his cock, swiping up the drop of pre-cum there and suckling lightly.

This drew an audible groan from Jace and his hand tightened deliciously in her hair. She could feel how much he wanted her, but she still wanted to play. She circled the head of his cock with her tongue, occasionally dipping lower and pulling more of his shaft into her mouth, but always retreating to tease the tip.

Jace draped his arm over her back, his large hand landing on her rear, and she purred in surprise when he rubbed the sensitive area roughly. In the space of a few moments, he had her hips moving up and down in time to his experienced touch, and that was before she felt him start to pull her skirt up.

The air was cool enough that she gasped her skin was suddenly bared, and then she heard Jace’s surprised laugh when he discovered that was nothing but her own sweet flesh underneath the thin fabric of her skirt.

“Oh, bad girl,” he signed, trailing his fingers along her crack. His handling and the simple taste of him in her mouth made her wet and she couldn’t seem to stop squirming.

In response, she swallowed him straight down her throat, taking most of his length in her mouth. For a moment, she thought that he would spill at that very instant, but then he wrestled himself back under control, swearing softly under his breath.

She looked up when he tugged her hair gently, and was rewarded by a hard kiss over her swollen lips. It was almost painful, but she threw her arms around his neck, kissing him back just as fiercely.

He broke the kiss long enough to jerk a thumb towards the backseat.

“I want more than a blowjob,” he said, and she scrambled out of the door. The cold night air was a bracing shock after the warmth of the car and she scurried into the back seat where she reached for Jace again.

He pulled her roughly into his lap and she found herself straddling his thighs. They were hard with muscle and she rubbed against him sensuously, enjoying the feel of the denim against the soft skin of her inner thighs. She held his cock between her hands gently for a moment and then she rose up on her knees, one hand on his shoulder to steady herself, the other around his cock to guide it in.

“Oh, fucking hell,” he groaned. His hands were on her hips, guiding her down, and she could feel the tension lacing his frame and the way he had to keep himself from rocking up into her.

She lowered herself slowly, loving the way he tensed underneath her. There was so much restrained strength in him, and she knew how much it cost him to keep still.

“That’s good,” she whispered. “That’s so, so good, sweetheart.”

Kylies stopped when he was fully seated inside her, sighing with pleasure at being filled. For a moment, she simply savored the feeling, and then Jace’s hand cupped her chin and lifted her face up.

“I have missed you so fucking much,” he murmured and he pulled her close for a deep kiss. His tongue pushed inside her mouth just as his cock pushed inside her cunt and even that slight movement sent shivers of pleasure through her body.

“Show me,” she said, her voice catching when he shifted against her just right. “Show me how you want me.”

His eyes darkened at her invitation and he took a tighter grip on her hips. She heard him growl with pleasure at the feel of her, and then he started to thrust up into while bringing her down on him at the same time. He was strong, almost terrifyingly so, and she felt like a doll in his grasp, a toy to be used precisely as Jace pleased.

Kylie’s fingers dug hard into Jace’s shoulders, steadying herself as he moved her. She was wet enough that he moved easily; she could smell her own arousal and it made her even more wild. She started moving with him, bringing herself down on him hard and making them both moan.

Her pleasure swelled and rocked her body, and she realized that she was moaning his name over and over again. She wanted more and more, and the pleasure drew tight like a rope, taut, aching, nearly painful with how much she simply *wanted*.

She was startled when he took her hand in his, kissing it lightly before bringing it between her legs.

“Show me,” Jace growled. His voice was barely controlled, and she knew how close he was.

“Show me what you did for yourself all those nights when you were missing me.”

Kylie pushed her skirt aside and shifted so that she could touch herself. Her quick fingers stroked the top of her slit carefully for a moment before pushing deeper and finding her tender clit. She pressed two fingers hard to either side of the sensitive bud before circling it roughly. Her cries grew higher, even more desperate.

“Come on, baby,” she heard Jace say, “come on...You want to so bad.”

She arched higher and higher, and then she felt Jace’s lips at her throat, biting and sucking hard enough to to startle a yelp out of her. That little bit of pain and pleasure pushed her straight over the top, and then she was convulsing on top of him, pressing a finger hard against her own clit to make the sensations draw out farther and farther.

Jace’s hands clenched on her hips even harder and he drove up into her one final time, filling her and making her groan. She tightened around him purposefully, and then they were both clinging to each other, panting and hot underneath their clothes.

Jace recovered first, feathering soft kisses along her jawline and her neck. She murmured sleepily in response and then she felt his fingers stroke along the sensitive place at the base of her neck where he had bitten.

“That’s going to be one hell of a hickey tomorrow,” he said, his voice low.\\\

Kylie laughed breathlessly, covering his hand with her own.

“I don’t care,” she said softly. “I want to show it off.”

He was still inside her, though softening, and she gently lifted herself off of him. He hissed as she did so, and then he set her on the seat beside him. Jace kept one arm looped around her and she snuggled against his comforting bulk.

“Well, welcome home,” she said, a smile playing on her lips.

“Thank you,” he replied. “I suppose we ought to get going. We’re lucky the highway patrol didn’t stop to see what the hell we were doing.”

Kylie’s laugh turned into a purr when Jace’s hand came up to stroke her face.

“Lucky us,” she said lazily. “Lucky us getting to screw in the car at a rest stop like horny teenagers when there’s a bed waiting for us at home.”

“It’s hard to wait when I can touch you, when I can smell you,” Jace murmured, leaning down to put his mouth right next to her ear. His warm breath made her heart beat a little faster, and she pressed her legs together, relishing how easily she responded to his voice, his touch, and his breath.

“We need to get home at some point,” she said, her voice husky, and he brushed his fingertips over her breast, making the nipple rise up proudly against his touch.

“At some point,” he agreed. “Some time before dawn, definitely.”

“Weren’t you just the one telling me that we needed to get back before we got the highway patrol knocking on our rather steamy window?”

“A few more minutes won’t hurt,” Jace said reassuringly, and she would have protested if Jace hadn’t pulled her skirt up around her waist again.

This time, he was slow and patient, tracing aimless patterns on her bare thighs and teasing them apart. The steamed windows gave them the illusion of privacy and Kylie sighed and relaxed into his touch, letting him do as he pleased.

He shifted behind her so that he could more easily touch her body. One arm looped around her waist while the other teased up and down the sensitive flesh of her legs. She held her breath when he slid his fingers through the wetness that still slicked her inner thighs, traveling higher and higher until he brushed against the lips of her cunt.

“Oh...” she murmured brokenly and just when she was ready to lift her hips up to his questing touch, he stopped.

“Well,” he said briskly, “Let’s get back on the road.”

She twisted around to stare at him in disbelief, only to find a hungry grin on his face.

“You can’t be serious.”

“I just thought I’d give you something to keep the ride home interesting,” he said innocently, and she might protest if he hadn’t pulled her close for a deep warm kiss.

“Just another fifteen minutes,” he whispered. “Just that, and we’ll be at home and in bed.”

“Just another fifteen minutes,” she agreed, and she happily gave up on getting any sleep at all. to do.

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(continued)

Chapter 4 – Light Refreshment

Good old British rail, thought Faith Ellis. It was the hottest summer since records began and no air conditioning. Faith hated public transport but a flat tire had forced her to take the train to meet her best friend Sarah for lunch. She stood up briskly with the express intention of opening the last window in the near empty carriage, desperately wishing for some fresh air.

The gorgeous young blonde man opposite turned his head toward her as she yanked at the stiff metal frame, eyeing her holiday tanned legs. His gaze soon traveled up her body to the small breasts nestled bra-less under a silky halter neck top. He was definitely sporty, she thought, and good looking. Under his messy blonde hair and pale eyebrows were eyes the colour of the sea and an upturned nose smattered with freckles above full lips. She flicked her dark bob and flashed him a brief smile from behind the safety of her sunglasses as she settled back into her seat.

Her appraisal was interrupted by the arrival of the ticket inspector. He was a balding, middle-aged man with large patches of sweat visible on his stiff blue uniform. The blond man shifted from his seat to prise a ticket from the rear pocket of his board shorts, his well defined bottom pushing tantalisingly against the gaudy fabric.

“A single to Georgeton please,” said Faith.

“Four pounds please.” Faith’s heart sank as she realised, after much rummaging that her purse was nowhere to be found. There was a handful of change in the bottom of her bag but she was still fifty pence short.

“Oh no, I’m sorry,” she said, “I don’t have enough – can you take my address or something and we can sort it out?” Her cheeks burned.

“Not bloody likely,” the inspector said in a strong Yorkshire accent, “if you think that I’m going to do you any favours then you’ve got another thing coming. If I…”

Just then the blonde man jumped out of his seat, having been watching the proceedings with interest. “Here,” he said, in a distinctly Antipodean accent, rummaging in his pockets and producing a 50p piece. The inspector looked at the cash reluctantly, begrudgingly accepting the coin before moving onto the next carriage.

Faith’s face was burning with embarrassment. She pushed her sunglasses off her face onto the top of her head.

“Thanks,” she said, “I normally have money you know, it’s just…”

“Hey,” he interrupted, with an easy smile that made Faith warm to him immediately, “it happens

to us all at some time or another. Anyway, there's nothing I won't do for a lady in distress!" She smiled back, easily lured by his charming smile, likeable accent and cheeky demeanour. She guessed that he was in his early twenties, which made him a good ten years her junior.

Encouraged by her genuine smile, he moved seats so that he was sitting directly across from her instead of across the aisle.

"Zak," he offered Faith a huge paw-like hand. His arms were muscular, the veins large and prominent beneath a light fur of blonde hair. His hand was warm and his grip firm. He eyed her up and down. "And you are?"

"Faith." They chatted easily as the train trundled on, letting passengers off at several small stations. Zak was a student of marine science and also a keen surfer. He was in the UK for a semester on exchange and by all accounts was loving every minute of it. Faith grudgingly let him know that she was an accountant and was glad that he seemed impressed rather than making the usual assumption; that being good with numbers meant boring.

"Married?" he asked. She shook her head. "What? A gorgeous, smart, sexy as hell girl like you? Man, if I was married to you I would..."

Pregnant pause. Loaded silence. Eye contact. With impeccable timing the train shuddered to a halt and the elderly lady two rows down shuffled off with her tartan shopping bag, leaving the carriage empty. Faith was already hot from the closeness of the weather and the impending storm, but now the air was so thick she could only think of one thing that would clear the dizzying vacuum. Already perspiring lightly, she became acutely aware of a different kind of wetness, that of her own juices seeping onto her pale cotton panties. As the train again pushed into reluctant noisy motion, Zak was still looking intently at her. The pause was broken as he shifted uncomfortably in his seat, attempting to rearrange his shorts to accommodate his bulging package.

Later Faith would put what followed down to summer madness, but at that moment she was intensely aware of what she was doing even as she was surprised by her own boldness. Deliberately, she moved so that she was on the seat next to Zak, one leg tucked beneath her and one leg on the floor. She leaned into his ear, one hand softly stroking the hard bulk of his manly thighs.

"Is there any way that I can repay you for your kindness earlier?" Her hand continued to stroke his thigh, moving up slowly so that her fingers were almost touching his straining cock. He looked at her for a fleeting second in disbelief, then an even bigger grin cracked and spread across his face.

"Sure can," he pronounced, gently taking her teasing hand and moving it up his thigh to where his cock was pushing at the fabric of the shorts. Faith slipped her hand into his shorts and he

moaned in delight as she freed it from its confines. He shifted in his seat, pulling the shorts down as he did and enabling Faith to see his manhood in its full glory.

His cock was long and girthy, firmly rooted in a bed of springy dark hair. A single vein pulsed along its length, from the proudly engorged helmet along the clean pink of the shaft. Zak groaned as she slowly and softly ran her hands over the sensitive head, barely touching it. She grasped his cock in her right hand, slowly pulling the foreskin up over the head as a small tear of liquid was wrought from its eye. He moaned in unabashed delight and groaned again as Faith slowly but firmly ran her hand back down his length. As she found her rhythm he turned his attention to Faith, slipping one calloused finger underneath the tie of her pink silky top, pulling it loose from its functional ties. The flimsy halter top crumpled, helpfully falling down so that her firm breasts were exposed.

Faith was surprised that she was so excited but here and now, with the hungry eyes of Zak upon her and the threat of being caught at any moment she was impossibly excited. He ran an appreciative eye over her breasts, taking in the white triangles left over from her recent Caribbean holiday. This whiteness only accentuated the warm dusky pink of her nipples, which were bullet hard. The same large thumb that had freed them now brushed appreciatively over each nipple in turn, sending little shivers of delight through her.

Swivelling slightly to face her more, he cupped one whole breast in his large hand, savouring its soft firm feel. His head soon followed his hand, an exploratory tongue snaking out to lick her nipple tentatively, in the same way that she had first explored his cock. Now, as she became more aroused Faith's grip on his shaft tightened and her strokes became quicker. Encouraged, he used both hands to roughly cup her breasts, his mouth becoming more insistent enclosing her rigid nipple and applying a delicious level of suction. Faith was by now pumping her hand up and down his cock at quite a rate, enjoying the control that she had over him. Hopelessly aroused she pulled one of his huge hands from her breasts and forced it roughly between her legs so that he could feel the wetness of her panties. Suddenly and to her undisguised surprise it became too much for him and he came quickly and without warning, spurting hot jets of semen and shaking uncontrollably with the speed and intensity of the orgasm that he had enjoyed.

Momentarily disappointed, Faith reasoned that as he was several years younger than her, that he probably would not have had the experience or ability to hold back. Embarrassed for him, she quickly rummaged in her bag to emerge with a small pack of tissues, this time thankful for the paraphernalia that she insisted on carrying around with her. However, as she quickly found out, she had mistaken his age for immaturity. Instead of being embarrassed, Zak appeared to be completely unfazed by the whole situation, watching her languidly as she cleaned him up. As she busied herself around him, he took her arm by the wrist and uttered one utterly commanding word.

“Stop”. She looked him direct in his eyes and was suddenly embarrassed by her own reaction.

Held in his gaze like a rabbit held in the headlights of an oncoming car she was powerless to stop his next movements.

He slid off of the seat and onto the floor, until he was kneeling reverently in front of her. Still holding her gaze, he gently but firmly pulled her legs apart until she was sitting squarely in front of him, legs spread wide. She was aware that he could see right up her skirt to the triangle of white cotton that covered her sticky, hopelessly excited pussy and this, combined with the intensity of his gaze raised her to a level of hopeless anticipation once more.

Zak put his hands on her knees, then ran them up the outside of each leg, bunching her skirt around her waist. The rough material of the British Rail seats scratched against Faith's upper thighs and bottom. Deftly he placed his hands under the waistband of her panties and pulled them slowly down, gently guiding each ankle and flip-flop clad foot through the leg holes until with a dirty grin he raised his cotton prize to his nose and sniffed like a man enjoying a rare delicacy before slipping them into the pocket of his shorts.

Faith could not help but laugh at this and he flashed his blue eyes at her as he pushed both of her legs up so that he was at eye level directly between her legs. His hands roamed over the tautness of her tan thighs as his eyes greedily devoured the dark strip of soft hair, surrounded by the white shape left by her bikini bottoms. He gently spread her, exposing all her most vulnerable areas. The same thumb that had touched her nipples in such an exciting way now gently stroked the glistening bud of her clitoris, making her draw in breath rapidly. Still grinning he continued to hold her gently open, her wet slit inviting him and he dropped his head to lap at her pussy like an excited young puppy. The sensation was delicious, and she could not help but gasp as his probing licks applied themselves in the same manner around her clit. His fast, long licks were soon replaced by a circular, probing motion, his tongue encircling her in a deliberate, well-timed motion. He alternated this with burying his head deep within her pussy then returning to apply his lips again to her clit, sucking until it was dragged into a delicious vacuum.

Faith's breathing was ragged and harsh now, and it was at this moment that her heart nearly stopped as she looked up to be greeted with the face of the ticket inspector, even redder and shinier than when they had first met but now pressed up against the glass of the door that divided the carriages.

Zak immediately picked up on the slight stiffening of her body that had accompanied her realisation.

"Are you OK?" he asked, a light sheen of Faith's own wetness around his mouth providing a comic foil to his genuinely concerned expression. And strangely enough at that moment she realised that she was. The ticket inspector, pudgy cock in doughy hand had frozen too, aware that he had been caught masturbating. It was her who was in control, her who was calling the shots. Zak's head was cocked waiting on her nod to indicate whether he should continue. The ticket

inspector was probably expecting her to shout, “Pervert!” and chase him from the train vigilante style. However, instead of shouting with indignation at the unexpected intrusion she fixed the shocked man right in the eye and nodded to Zak.

“Please don't stop,” she whispered, then whimpered appreciatively as he lowered his head back to his task. The uniformed man remained mesmerised as Zak continued to lap at her pussy. He was unable to tear his eyes away and she played to his presence, rubbing her hands over her own breasts, squeezing and kneading and pulling her nipples. She could see his pudgy hand moving like a piston up and down, his face at an almost impossible level of redness as he pounded the angry member with complete abandon. It was all the more exciting because Zak had no idea that they were being observed.

However, the ticket inspector's presence became just a distant extra as Zak sensed her mounting excitement and began to lick her clitoris directly in a strong up and down motion. It was almost too much and instinctively she tried to push his head away however he held firm, applying the delicious pressure as she moaned gently. He deftly eased a finger into her eager pussy and she pushed against it even as the direct licking of her clitoris was almost unbearable. Both the pressure and speed increased and he pushed a second calloused finger into her wet pussy. Her muscles tightened around them and he responded with an edge of brutality by roughly pulling them in and out of her wet slit, twisting them upwards so that they applied delicious pressure to the front of her pelvic wall. She was on the point of orgasm as his fingers pushed harder and harder. When she again caught the eye of the ticket inspector her whole body finally went into spasm, contracting and writhing on the rough seats as she gasped her pleasure, hands wrapped almost cruelly in Zak's shaggy sun bleached hair. She was relieved as she collapsed into a sweaty heap to note that the ticket inspector was gone. They did not see him for the rest of the train journey.

At Georgetown a rumble of thunder sounded in the distance and dark clouds began to converge on the sky. As she waited patiently for Sarah a single drop of rain landed on Faith's nose. At last, the heatwave was to be broken. Very refreshing, she thought, smiling mischievously to herself as she wiped the droplet away, enjoying both the feeling of freedom as she stood without her panties on the platform and the cheery bob of Zak's shaggy blonde head as he strode away from her, one hand in his pocket fingering his sticky souvenir.

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Chapter 5 – Ice

“Sit down.” Nathan motioned to the worn couch against the wall. I'll get something to clean that knee.”

Jane limped around the battered coffee table and sat down with a sigh. What had been a mediocre date had turned into a horrible one when her car had slid into the curb a few blocks from Nathan's apartment. Nothing seemed to be damaged but it was clear the roads were too dangerous for her to drive across the city to get home. Which meant spending the night with Nathan.

Well. At Nathan's. Not with Nathan. Warmth kissed her cheeks at the thought and she shrugged out of her coat, trying to pretend it was something other than embarrassment. She should have ignored his plaintive “I guess I'll walk home,” when they'd realized the weather was turning nasty and the buses were no longer running. But she'd felt guilty, knowing that she was never going to call him again despite having promised to, and offered to drive him home.

To top it all off, while walking from her stranded car to Nathan's apartment she'd slipped and cut her knee. Which was just fantastic. She was injured and spending the night with a guy she'd only just met.

It would have been okay if he'd been a little more...

Jane paused, chewing her lip thoughtfully. A little more what? She wasn't even sure. It wasn't like he was ugly. Or boring.

“All right.” Nathan came back into the living room, his hands full. “Let's see what we can do about that knee.”

Reluctantly she pulled the edge of her skirt up.

He smiled. “That doesn't look too bad.”

“Well, it hurts like hell,” she snapped.

“Yeah.” He pulled a washcloth out of the vague jumble of stuff he'd brought from the bathroom, dipped it in the dish of warm water and rung it out. “I'll be as gentle as possible.”

Jane leaned back against the cushions and stared at the ceiling as he dabbed at her skinned knee. It was not as painful as she had anticipated, but somehow tears still prickled, hot and salty.

“Ouch.” She jerked at the sting of alcohol.

“Sorry.” He slathered some antibiotic gel over the raw skin and taped the bandage down quickly.

“All done.”

She looked at it critically. “Not bad.”

“I did a training stint as a paramedic. Never finished but I can clean and bandage anything.”

“Anything.” It came out sounding snide.

“Well, short of a severed limb.” He paused and grinned, slow and easy. “Short. Severed limb.”

Part of her wanted to giggle hysterically. Instead she frowned.

Nathan shrugged. “Never mind. Major trauma are a stretch. But this...” He laid his hand on her knee, gently. “This is easy.”

Her heart thumped hard enough to make her ears ring. *Is he flirting with me?* Just as she started to shift away from him, he stood up and began gathering the first aid things off the table.

“Be right back.” He disappeared up the hall.

Jane flopped back on the couch with a sigh. “Right.” Pulling back the curtains, she peered out. Still storming. Damned freezing rain. By morning everything would be covered in ice. She'd be lucky if she could get home by the end of the week.

The lights flickered and she jerked. “Uh, Nathan?”

“You might want to light the candles on the coffee table.” His voice was indistinct, winding down the hall from the bathroom. “There's matches there somewhere.”

Somewhere. She poked at the drift of comic books doubtfully. The lights flickered again, going out for several seconds before snapping back on. Jane shoved the comics aside more enthusiastically. When she found the matches they were the kind that come in a little cardboard book, which she hated. She hated the thought of being stuck in the dark more.

A few moments of fumbling and she managed to get a match lit, then one of the candles before the electricity went off and stayed off.

There was a soft thump down the hall. Quickly followed by not so soft cursing.

“Are you all right?”

“Yeah.” Nathan came down the hall holding a much brighter light than her single candle.

“Camping lantern,” he said with a pleased grin. Shoving the comic books into a loose pile, he set the lantern down and wiped his hands on his shirt. “You want something to drink?”

“I guess.” Jane reached down and untied her shoes. Her feet were freezing. Actually, all of her was freezing. She looked at the blanket on the back of the couch doubtfully. It looked clean. A

cautious sniff. It smelled clean too, so she pulled it down and wrapped it around her shoulders.

Nathan returned and settled on the other end of the couch. "Sorry. If the power were on I'd make coffee. Instead your choices are soda." He plunked a couple cans down. "Or Jim Beam."

Common sense said she needed to keep away from the alcohol, but the thought of drinking anything cold was just too much. "Whiskey," she said.

He poured two generous glasses, handed her one. "To warmer weather."

Jane nodded and took a careful sip. "Speaking of warm. With the power off..."

"The radiator runs even when the power's off."

"Ah." At least they wouldn't have to huddle together to keep from freezing. She wasn't sure if the feeling in her stomach was relief or disappointment. Or whiskey.

"Sorry this turned into such a lousy date." He was busy yanking his shoes off.

She shrugged. "Whatever."

Nathan looked at her and grinned dryly. "It was lousy to start off with, wasn't it?"

"Kind of."

"I had a hunch it wouldn't work out." He took another swallow of whiskey. "You're way out of my league."

She stiffened. "I'm sorry?"

"How many of your past boyfriends took the bus to get to your first date?"

"Well..."

"Or read comic books."

Who admits they read comic books. "I suppose... none."

He nodded. "And I've never gone out with anyone as hot as you are." He pointed at her, then at himself. "Not in the same league."

Jane licked her lips. She wasn't sure if it was the alcohol or the warm glow of the lantern but he was suddenly looking much more attractive than she remembered. "I see." She took another sip of whiskey, larger than the last. "You're a smooth talker at least."

“I guess.”

A flush was rising in her cheeks again and she turned her attention to the apartment. Not that she could see much, but there were a lot of bookshelves. “Are those all comic books?”

“No. Most of those are from my other hobby.” He poured a second glass. “Philosophy.”

“That's a hobby?”

“More like a college degree. But I found out one doesn't get paid to ruminate on the mystery of human existence and the soul.” A quick shrug. “So I got a job managing a coffee shop.”

“That's sad.”

“A little.” A slow grin spread across his face. “Of course, I didn't take philosophy with the purest of intentions, so I suppose it serves me right.”

“What do you mean?”

“I decided on philosophy because I thought it would get me laid.”

Jane blinked. “Did it?”

“Sometimes.”

“Really.”

“Sure.” He tossed back the last of his whiskey and set the glass on the coffee table. “First I'd take a girl someplace private. Like my dorm room.”

Like his apartment.

“And I'd set the mood with candles or music or just talking until she was comfortable.” He moved closer and his hand found her knee again. Warm. Gentle. “Then I'd lean in close and I'd say, Hobbes believed we're all just particles vibrating in the midst of nothingness. A tremor of life. Just chance bits and pieces banging into each other, heating up.” He was close enough she could feel his breath against her lips. “Just vibration and reaction.”

She cleared her throat and took a gulp of whiskey. “That worked?”

He shrugged, but didn't move back to his end of the couch. “College girls are easier.”

Jane thought about that for a minute or two. Tried to think about it but kept getting distracted thinking about Nathan instead. At dinner he had seemed nervous, geeky. A bit of the living-in-his-mother's-basement-at-forty-and-watching-porn kind of guy. Now he was more relaxed. And

funny, which made all the difference. When he grinned, which he was doing more and more, it was hot.

“You okay?”

She looked up with a start. “Yeah. Why?”

“You're turning that glass like you're expecting it to make music.”

“Oh.” She tipped the last swallow of Jim Beam into her mouth and set the glass to one side. “Just thinking.”

“Thinking?”

“Well, with the alcohol and the um, circumstances being what they are, I don't want you thinking I'm taking advantage of you.”

“Advantage.” He was clearly amused, mouth curling into the crooked grin that made her heart beat faster.

She laid her hand on his knee, mimicking his posture with her, then, before she could change her mind, slid it up his thigh. There was an immediate flicker of life against her palm as she pressed it against his zipper.

He chuckled, a deep and pleased sound. “What happened to kind of a lousy date?” He moved his hand toward her hip, working little circles with his thumb along the way.

“You changed my mind.”

Nathan paused, a serious quirk forming between his eyebrows. “Are you sure?”

She leaned forward and kissed him. He had firm lips – warm too – and his tongue curled easily against her, teasing a soft murmur from her throat. She pulled away reluctantly and smoothed a lock of hair back from his face. “I'm sure.”

He slid his hands under the edge of her sweater and pulled it up over her head in one easy motion. Her bra took a moment longer, then he was kneading her breasts with strong, warm fingers. Sighing, she leaned against the pressure of his hands as he palmed her tits, slowly pulling her toward him. He kissed her again, not letting her go until she was gasping for breath. While she was busy appreciating his tongue in her mouth, he'd gotten a hand under her skirt and tugged her panties down to her knees.

Jane tensed as he stroked the inside of her thighs. *I want this*. The voice in the back of her head, the one that always made her wait until the fifth or sixth date didn't shut up. She tugged at the

buttons on Nathan's shirt, eager for the heat of his skin against hers, eager for the distraction.

He pulled her panties all the way off, then nudged her knees further apart. Even under the shelter of her skirt there was a touch of cooler air against her pussy and she grabbed his wrists, feeling suddenly vulnerable. Exposed.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“You're cutting off the circulation in my hands,” he said gently.

“Oh.” She let go. “Sorry.”

“What's wrong?”

“I'm just... stupid.” She pressed her hands to her face, trying desperately not to cry. “I want this. I want you. Very much. But I don't normally do things this fast.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“No.” She clutched at his hands again. “No. I don't want to stop.”

“Good.” He kissed her fingers. “I don't want to stop either.” Leaning in, he kissed her lips – soft and teasing. He laid her back on the couch as if she might break. “I'll go slow. Okay?”

Jane nodded. “Okay.”

Nathan cupped one breast between both hands, breathing on the nipple, then flicking it lightly with his thumbs. It was electrifying, sending little shocks of pleasure zinging through her before they pooled between her legs. He licked the stiffening nub and grinned when she bit her lip with a groan.

“You like this?”

“Yes,” she said. “Very much.”

He sucked her breast, humming deep in his throat, and she clung to him. There was a growing ache in her pussy, wet and hot and hungry for Nathan's touch. He turned his attention to her other breast and she whimpered. *God, he's good.* The hesitation that had been crippling moments earlier was melting quickly, prompted by the heat of his mouth on her skin.

He nibbled his way down her belly until he reached the waistband of her skirt. “Can we take this off now?”

She shook her head. "Not yet."

"Oh." A flicker of disappointment dulled his smile.

She hooked her fingers into the fabric and pulled it upward, inch by inch.

"Oh." His voice was husky. "That's even better." He shifted, kissed the inside of her knee, then a little higher, following the hem of her skirt as she gradually exposed herself. His breath was warm against her pussy. "May I?"

"Yes." She tangled her fingers in his hair as he covered her clit with his mouth. His tongue circled the throbbing knot, around and around and around, until she was whining with need.

"Nathan, please."

He responded by thrusting his thumb deep into her aching center as he sucked her clit. She wailed, arching up off the couch and shoving her pussy against his mouth. Holding her tight by the hips, he explored every wet fold with his tongue, curling and thrusting it inside her until she climaxed.

She lay for a minute, trying to catch her breath and enjoying the buzz of nerves still echoing with ecstasy.

Nathan waited, stroking her thighs with his strong fingers, until she collected herself enough to sit up a little. "You like this?" he said with a grin.

She reached for his belt buckle. "Let me show you how much."

He shifted, moving up the couch to kneel over her. Eagerly, she reached up and undid his zipper. His dick sprang free as he helped her pull his jeans down his hips.

"Oh, wow." She blushed as soon as she said it, but he was long and thick and stunning.

His grin spread even wider. "It gets better." He stroked his shaft a couple of times, bringing it even more sharply to attention before he pushed it gently against her lips. The tip was already sticky and she licked him slowly, savoring the salty taste of him. Grasping his hips, she pulled him closer, slid him over her tongue and sucked hungrily.

"Jesus." He braced against the arm of the couch with one hand, stroking her hair with the other as she began sliding him in and out of her lips. His hips rocked, slow at first, then matching her rhythm 'til her mouth was gliding up and down his cock. Jane moaned and he shuddered, then pulled away with a chuckle. "Don't want to finish early."

She wanted, more than anything, to feel his delicious cock spreading her pussy and she reached for him. "Nathan."

“Now?” she asked.

“Yes.” He turned her onto her belly, giving her tits an affectionate squeeze as he positioned himself behind her.

Jane spread her knees as far as she could given the width of the couch and waited. She was almost panting with desire, eyes half-closed in anticipation of having him inside her. He rubbed the tip of his cock against her folds, slowly working his way into her pussy. She tried to push back against him but he held her by the hips, forcing her to take him slowly.

“Please.” She knotted her fingers around the edge of the cushion.

“You wanted to take things slow.” There was laughter in his voice.

“Nathan.” She wriggled, hands flexing, toes uncurling, desperate to feel all of him.

“Huh.” He drove into her and she mewled. *Perfect*. He filled her completely, stretching her fantastically tight. With every thrust she moaned, delirious with the pleasure hammering through every nerve.

Nathan grunted sharply as her pussy clenched tight around him. He shoved hard and moaned – once, twice – then pulled out slowly, almost reluctantly, and collapsed on the couch next to her.

Jane gulped for air, her heart still pounding. Nathan put his arms around her, pulling her snugly against the rough warmth of his chest. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” She nodded. “Just thinking.” She paused, eyes sliding closed as another blissful aftershock ran through her.

“Thinking?”

“Topping this on the second date is going to be tough.”

###

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(continued)

Chapter 6 – On the Fly

“Cass, are you insane?”

“Of course,” I said. “But what has that got to do with anything?”

“We're going to get caught,” he said. Rick wasn't familiar with the stage, and he stumbled in the near darkness. Only a few of the emergency lights were on. I had been working the stage crew for most of the summer, and nine tenths of my job took place in total darkness, or with the aid of a tiny penlight. I carried it in my pocket all the time, along with my wrench. My job, among other things, included being a Wrench Wench; my tools were tied onto my belt loop with a six foot length of heavy-duty cord. There was nothing more annoying than getting pegged with tools that dropped from the heavens.

“So what?” I said. Wasn't that part of the excitement? The possibility *always* existed of getting caught. “Isn't it thrilling?”

“You are insane.” It was no longer a question.

“Old news, my dear,” I said. With one hand, I flicked on half a dozen stage lights. “You knew what I was when you picked me up.”

“So you say, Cass,” Rick said. “I still think you're a master of disguise. I thought you were a *normal* girl.”

“Bah... what do you want with normal? Normal girls don't have sex in the back row of a movie theater.”

“That was a really *boring* movie.”

“It was good *sex*.”

“True.”

Rick squinted at the stage. He hadn't been here since I gave him the grand tour near the end of May; in the last six weeks, the stage-crafting crew and I had been busy. Then, there was little in place except for some scaffolding and a blank flat or two to give the actors some idea of their blocking. Now the entire set was in place and most of the scenery was dressed for the final act of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The group wedding scenes were predominately white, with only faint reminders of the fairy gardens. Giant crepe and cloth flowers bedecked the multi-tiered platforms. A smattering of Christmas lights appeared as tiny tinker bell type fairies among the blossoms. I turned these on; they were my idea based on something I'd seen in a behind-the-scenes for a blockbuster movie.

A few of the flats were down, breaking the stage into the midnight garden, but my best work, Oberon's court, was still up in the lines. That was too bad, I rather liked that painting. Maybe we'd be able to see it better from where we were headed.

"Come on," I grabbed hold of the ladder and started climbing. I wasn't wearing underwear under my skirt and Rick knew it. I felt the heat of his gaze on me as he watched me climb the entire forty feet up into the flylines. My high-heeled Mary Janes were unexpectedly helpful as I was clambering up the rungs; the indent between heel and toe of the shoe allowed me to place my feet with great precision.

I hadn't worn a bra, either. That was part of our deal for the evening—no underthings—expressed in various texts as he patrolled his route at the bank and I hauled the last of the scrap lumber away to the dump. As always, these salacious texts were part of the foreplay, so by the time we'd met up, after all the actors, directors, gophers, and scenic designers were gone, I was decidedly aroused.

"I am *so* going to regret this," Rick muttered. I probably wasn't meant to overhear him; one of the first things you learn working the stage is that *acoustics* means that you hear everything, each whisper and shuffle on the stage, each restless cough from the audience, and each murmured order to the gophers. You *never* say something about an actor behind his back, or curse under your breath at the lighting director. They will hear you. On the other hand, that's part of why actors and crew are so weird and outspoken. There are no secrets on a stage.

The flylines – a series of ropes and pulleys that hold the flats above the stage until they're needed – were my favorite place on the set. While I was a whiz at construction, could nail together a flat in about ten minutes, and was a dab hand with a brush, the flylines and catwalks were my home. I'd never experienced anything like it; I was fearless in the lines, even when experienced professionals turned grey.

Rick was *not* an experienced professional. He was, in fact, a security guard. We'd met one night about three months ago at Maddie's. Maddie's was *not* the favored bar of the stage crew and cast of the Shakespearean Festival – that was Algie's Cafe. It was a bit too pretentious for my taste. Everyone there was so emo that their lawns cut themselves. Besides, Maddie's had New Castle Brown on tap. I was tired of actors preening over themselves and trying to butter up the leads. I got enough of that at work. Also, I couldn't stomach another can of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Rick had sat next to me while I was nursing my third beer of the evening and reconsidering my recent resolution to quit smoking. I had looked him over with a critical eye; it wasn't that I was adverse to a one-night stand, but some of the pickup lines around here were pretty old. He was dark-haired, with espresso eyes and just enough five o'clock shadow that I expected he was more familiar with a trimmer than a razor. That had been fine with me. I always liked the scratchy rub of beard during a particularly hot make-out session.

“I’m Rick,” he had said, clinking his beer mug against mine, “that’s Rick, with a silent P.”

I had spat my mouthful of beer out into a bar napkin. Waste of good beer, that was. “I always did like a good prick.”

We had not gotten any further than the front seat of his Rav 4, the gear stick jamming into my thigh as he thrust into me. Still, there had been something sticky, sweaty, and exciting about getting it on like a couple of teenagers parked up by the river. When he’d asked for my cell number, I had actually given it to him.

“You’re serious?” He’d finally made the catwalk behind me. Rick had a death grip on the rail. “Up here?”

His knuckles were white and his eyes were just a little wider than normal. I swept my gaze around, taking in the catwalk – a steel mesh walkway, little more than 18 inches across, with thin metal pipes as handrails about hip-high. The rails wouldn’t stop you from taking a tumble, if you stretched yourself out too far to adjust the gels or replace a bulb. I’d never known a stage monkey to fall, but I suppose it happened. And Rick was no stage monkey.

“Come on,” I said. “You’re a security guard at the First and National. You could be *shot* at your job, and you’re telling me you’re worried about a little height?”

“It’s practically three stories! Do you know what sort of damage you’d–” Rick spluttered.

“So you don’t fall,” I suggested.

“No help at all, Cass.”

“Wasn’t trying to be. Here, give me your hand.”

I pulled him out, mid-stage. As I’d hoped, Oberon’s court was right there, tucked away for act two. “Look, isn’t it lovely?” I was justifiably proud of my work; soft and mysterious and fae, the painting was – pardon the pun – the perfect backdrop.

Rick got over his stage fright enough to admire the flat. “I think I’d recognize your brush strokes anywhere.”

“You certainly enjoyed getting painted,” I said.

“So I have a bit of personal experience with your artistic talents.”

I stepped into his arms, running my fingers through his dark hair. I knew he liked the feel of my nails along the close-cropped hair at the base of his neck. Rick bent down, just enough to softly nip at my bottom lip. His tongue flicked out and brushed against the corner of my mouth,

sending delicious shivers through my spine. He *knew* how I liked to be kissed, not some rough, sloppy tongue-thrusts, not at first. He seduced me with his mouth, tasting me thoroughly, a slick dance of tongue and lip.

“Here, lemme see your jacket,” I helped him out of it, the process made a bit more challenging as he wouldn’t relinquish his death grip on the rails. I slid the leather off slowly, running my fingers over the hard curves of his muscles. I pressed my nose into the collar, breathing in the sweet, masculine scent. I knelt before him, spreading the jacket down on the mesh catwalk. He inhaled instinctively, looking down. My scoop-necked blouse provided an expansive view of my cleavage.

I slithered halfway up, snakelike, curling around him, hands exploring the chiseled muscles of his legs through his jeans, cupping his buttocks. I rubbed my cheek against one thigh, then used my teeth to drag the hem of his button-down shirt out over his belt. I nuzzled the sensitive flesh just near his navel with my tongue.

It wasn’t but a moment’s work to unbuckle his belt and tug the zipper down. I licked at each inch of flesh as I exposed it, kissing and nibbling around his flat belly.

“You’re gonna make my knees go out,” he half-complained as I reached inside his boxers to find his cock. As usual, it wasn’t lost. I gave his already hard prick a gentle squeeze, then pulled his pants down around his knees.

“Sit, then. I’ll help you.” I guided him down, getting his jacket underneath his backside. The gridding of the catwalk wasn’t exactly comfortable on naked flesh. I’d certainly knelt on it often enough to regret it. The last thing anyone wanted was hatch-mark bruises on their ass.

“There we go... safe and sound,” I crooned. He straddled the catwalk, one booted foot on either side, hanging off into space. “I’ll be on top.” His eyes glittered appreciatively. I mounted him, feeling his hot flesh press against mine, the length of his cock firm against my pussy. Instinctively, he thrust his hips against me, seeking my wet depths. His hands left the rail – finally! – to take almost painful hold of my thighs. I locked my legs around his waist.

I started to peel my blouse off, and had barely cleared my chin when Rick caught hold of my shirt, twisting it and pinning my arms, elbows bent, behind my back. My nipples puckered in excitement and an odd, stomach-trembling fear. Trapped in my own shirt, I couldn’t see and didn’t dare struggle, even in play. I wasn’t afraid of heights; falling, however, would be a buzz kill.

Caught, exposed, I shivered, waiting. Rick shifted under me, and his warm breath fanned across my neck. Slowly, he traced one finger up my side. I squirmed – he knew I was ticklish – but I couldn’t get away.

“Rick...”

“Shhh,” he whispered, “I got you.”

“Not *exactly* what I was concerned about—” My sarcasm was cut off as his tongue unexpectedly tweaked the very tip of my nipple. I gasped, straining towards his teasing mouth, but he backed off in equal measure, keeping me moaning and wanting. I squirmed against him, grinding my hips against his and drawing from him an answering groan.

He relented, drawing my nipple into his mouth and suckling, white bolts of sensation through my nerves. Not being able to see, I quivered in anticipation of each touch, each lick. His rough breathing, the creak of his leather jacket under his legs, the wet, hot sound of his mouth on my breast, each noise and sound clear, magnified by the acoustics and visual deprivation.

My feet dangled off either side of the catwalk, my thighs pulled roughly against Rick’s waist. From time to time, he would sway, or move us from side to side and I would tighten my legs again, forced to wonder if he was, actually, being careful. My stomach did a roller-coaster flip. My breathing sped until I was panting. Sweat beaded the back of my neck, the prickle of fear along my scalp made each sensation more powerful, more intense.

Finally Rick whipped my shirt the rest of the way off. I gasped as the cool stage air kissed my sweat-damp hair. I snagged it away from him long enough to hang it over the rails – I didn’t fancy the idea climbing down the ladder half-naked to fetch it. “There we go,” I said. I grabbed the rails. I’m not bulked up, but switching drops – even with the assistance of pulleys and rope – isn’t easy. You have to ease them down, slowly, gracefully. My biceps and triceps are firm; my grip is strong; I have more upper body strength than most women.

I lifted myself up, twisting with my hips, grinding down on Rick’s cock. He jerked, instinctively seeking my enclosing heat; the tip of his prick slid into my pussy and I sighed. “Got you now,” I triumphed.

“Think again,” Rick said. He slid his hand between our bodies, using the inch or so I’d given him. He tickled along my pussy, seeking, then finding my clit. He rubbed gently, flicking the tiny nub back and forth. “Now, you stay here,” he ordered. “If you drop onto my hand, I’ll stop.”

I stared at him. I’m strong, but my arms were already trembling.

“You heard me. You’re going to torture me by dragging me up here, expect me to pay it back in spades.”

I tightened my hands on the rails; damn, my palms were already sweaty. Good thing I used to ride horseback. I squeezed my thighs, holding my body as steady as I could. Rick’s hand never

ceased to move, working my clit, teasing the inside of my pussy, back to the clit. My heart pounded and within moments, I was tense and shaking. Sweat dripped down my spine.

“I can’t, I can’t, I…” I was choking the words out, nearly incoherent in lust, wanting, fear.

“You can,” he said. “Easy…” Rick slid his hand up my damp back, blew cold air along my chest, his other hand between my legs never ceasing. My skin tingled, sheathed me in gooseflesh. My nipples, already hard, prickled. I thrust my chest forward and he took one nipple into his mouth, licking and biting.

I twisted my hips violently, so close, so close. My voice came in short, hard moans, gasping cries that echoed around us.

“You can,” Rick said, again, his words muffled against my chest, the scrape of his beard against the soft flesh of my breasts. “It’s all right. You know you can.”

I lost my grip. I came so hard I bit the inside of my cheek, tasted blood. I felt the world tip under me. I was falling, falling. Vertigo took over and I shrieked, relishing the adrenaline rush. Fear and culmination blended into one unutterable sensation. One perfect moment of bliss. My muscles froze, ice and glass, then shattered. I went limp; relief that I *hadn't* fallen adding a piquant spice.

As always, the drop back into my body was an agony of sensation; I twisted away from Rick’s teasing fingers, desperate to regain a little bit of my self. He soothed me, nuzzling at my belly. His beard tickled along my skin; his hand stroked me, once, twice, stopped.

“That was just *fine*,” he said.

We rested there a while, my legs twined around his hips. I hooked one arm around the railing’s post and stared up at the ceiling. Crossed ropes and brackets lined the area another fifteen feet above. The highest lights were tucked away in the corners.

“Why thank you.”

“Aim to please,” he quipped, “shoot to kill.”

“Well, you killed me. But I see *you’re* still breathing.” I flexed my thighs, bringing myself closer to him. His cock jerked against my skin, twitching.

“Stand up,” Rick said.

“You think I can?”

“Get up, woman.” I stuck my tongue out at this forcefulness, then giggled. I couldn’t help it;

Rick was never more amusing when he tried to be bossy.

It took some effort to get untangled from him and regain my feet. Damn him, he stood smoothly with more grace than I was currently capable.

Rick kissed me, once, hard. His tongue thrust into my mouth forcefully and I inhaled, molding into his embrace.

“Turn around,” he said. I obeyed, facing away from him into the banks of stage lights. “There you go. Bend over. Brace yourself.”

I twined my arms over the rails, bracketed my hands around the metal. I stared down at the stage, thirty feet below. The cross-hatch of the catwalk never appeared so narrow before; a mere net of string between me and the hard wood floor. My inner ear complained.

Rick flipped up my skirt, baring my ass. “Beautiful,” he said. He traced the lines of my tattoo, a colorful, tribal-style jellyfish. I peeked coyly over my shoulder.

“Usually people say, ‘don’t look down’ in these situations,” Rick said.

I looked down. Down at the floor, down through endless space. My inner ear jolted and I fought the urge to stand upright. Rick wrapped one arm around my waist and pulled me roughly back to him. I looked down. The slippery head of his prick thrust into my wet folds and I arched my back, straining to pull him into me. I looked down.

He thrust, hard against my softness. Heat and fire, molten against liquid smoothness. I groaned. Stretched, pulled, prodded, I gave over to sensation. I kept my eyes opened. The stage decorations were below me. Floating. Free-fall.

Cock in my pussy, snug and tight. Hard and hot. Thrusts and strokes. I was driven forward, braced myself hard against the rails and pushed back, pushed into him, pushed him into me. Liquid smooth, like warm honey, I cried out as he pumped, rocking me back and forth. His balls swung, spanking against my pussy. Rick reached around my waist, found my clit with his fingers and pressed, matching his fierce rhythm. Free-fall. Floating.

He was quiet in his pleasure; he always was. The easy, quick pants of his breath the only sounds that reached me over my cries.

Finally, he stiffened, caught his breath. Warm cum rushed into me, the throbbing of his cock matched by a jerk of fingers. I came again, white knuckled and screaming against the rails.

Free-fall.

Floating.

“Exit,” I said, “downstage left. Tumultuous applause.”

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Chapter 7 – Body Heat

It sounded like a pretty dumb idea; a pretty dumb, cold idea. Me and Terri building an igloo and then spending the night in it.

I met Terri in the Indigenous Peoples course we were both taking as part of our first year college program. She was smart and funny and adventurous, a brown-eyed, short-haired brunette with burnished copper skin on a tight little body, sporting perky boobs to match. She said she was part Cherokee. We hit it off instantly.

“We’ll live like the Eskimos did,” she ventured, grasping my hands and staring into my eyes. “At least for one night. Just for one night,” she added, when she saw my doubtful expression.

I hesitated some more.

Then Terri kissed me lightly and quickly on the lips and said, “C’mon, it’ll be fun. What have you got to lose?”

I was wondering what I had to lose, what Terri really wanted from me spending one night in a snow castle. But I nodded, always wanting to learn more, and her warm smile lit up her pretty face and mine.

It was darned cold outside, snow falling, with a windchill. We quickly got to work in the fading light. Terri had brought along a saw and an empty, oblong-shaped plastic container, along with some blankets and other supplies. The saw was to cut up the snow, the container to press down into the chopped-out snow and then lift up and pop out brick-shaped blocks, like a cookie dough moulder.

“This snow is just right for forming and building,” Terri enthused. “Not so dry that it’s powdery and falls apart, and not so wet that it’s all slushy and won’t hold together.”

I bobbed my head in understanding, my teeth chattering like castanets.

I broke up the snow with the saw, Terri blocked it up and out with the container. We soon had enough white bricks to start building our shelter. The work warmed me up and fired up Terri even more. She hugged me, pressing her cheek against mine and whispering in my ear, “We’ll have our own little snow-house on the prairies.”

We cleared out a patch of snow and flattened it down with our feet – laying the foundation. Then we started laying snow-bricks, building up the convex-shaped walls. We melted snow in our bare hands to provide some liquid mortar to fill in the chinks in the bricks, bind them together.

The roof was the final piece. It was supposed to be smooth and rounded, like a dome. But it ended up sort of bumpy and egg-shaped. Thankfully, though, it finally held together, after two

partial cave-ins.

Long story short, we ended up with a kind of igloo and hunkered down for the night. Snow was still falling outside, the temperature falling still more. The candles Terri lit provided a little warmth in the cramped space, our 'authentic' fake fur a little more. But once the heat of exertion had left our bodies, we really started to cool down. So that round about midnight, when the drip at the tip of my nose started to freeze, Terri suggested that we huddle even closer together, use our body heat to beat the chill.

“And we *have* to do it naked,” she insisted. “Just like the real indigenous people used to do. You get the most benefit that way, anyway.”

I was doubtful again. But when the girl stood up, hunched over, and shed her faux-fur duds, got naked as a newborn seal pup, there was little I could do but follow suit – birthday suit. I self-consciously stripped, and we kind of huddled together under some blankets, Terri wrapping her arms around me.

My face and body began to glow, feeling the heat, all right. Terri made it hotter, saying, “Here, let me lie down on top of you. That’s the best way.”

I stretched out on my back on the blankets. Terri looked down at my curvy, big-breasted body, the dark pubes dotting my pussy, which I was awkwardly trying to cover up with my legs. Then she flopped down on top of me, girl on girl.

Our heated boobs squeezed together, her hard ochre nipples poking into my licorice ones, making them buzz. Our pussies touched, my clit tingling with the contact. We were joined chest to toes. Terri joined our faces by rubbing her nose against mine.

“Just like the Eskimos,” she breathed in my face, her full lips a millimetre away from my plush mouth. “Feeling any warmer?”

I nodded, rubbing nose back, ablaze with the intimate body heat.

“You *look* hot,” Terri murmured. Then closed that tiny gap between our open mouths, pressing her lips against mine.

I shivered, with delight, wrapping my arms around the girl so that she moaned into my mouth. She grabbed onto my head and kissed me harder, wetter, with some tongue. We were building a bonfire, Terri and I clutching each other tight, slapping our moist, neon-pink tongues together.

I slid my suddenly sweaty hands down Terri’s delicately curved back under the blankets, onto the twin swells of her butt cheeks. She breathed harder in my face, twining her tongue around mine, as I sunk my sharp fingernails into the curved, drum-tight flesh of her buttocks.

Terri started seriously rubbing against me, moving her body up and down on mine so that our nipples tweaked and our clits tripped. I moaned, gripping the girl's bum, the snow melting beneath us. And when she grasped my lit-up boobs and licked my flared nipples, I thought the roof of the igloo would start raining.

“Yeah!” I groaned, Terri tonguing my nips up achingly high and hard.

Her sweet lips sealed around a vibrating bud, sensuously sucked on it. I dug my fingers into her crack and almost tore her darling bum apart. She nursed on my other nipple, kneading my overheated chocolate mounds were her hot little hands.

I shivered from tip to toe, not with cold anymore, but with delight. The girl pushed my tits together and flayed her tongue over both nipples at once. Then she tried to suck the pair right into her mouth at the same time. She only partially succeeded, but her erotic efforts met with rousing success from my body.

“I want to suck on *your* tits,” I gasped.

Terri looked up from my spit-slathered boobs, grinning. “Thought you'd never ask. The indigenous people *are* known for sharing – everything.”

The girl squirmed up higher on top of me, planting her hands on either side of my head, her boobs sticking out into my face. I reached up and grabbed onto the pert pair, squeezed.

“Oh, yes, Julie!” she groaned. “Suck on my breasts!”

Her arms quivered, her breasts surging with heat in my damp, grasping hands, nipples stiffening deliciously before my very eyes. I kneaded her tits, worked my fingers up onto her nipples and rolled them, making her whole body quake. Then I raised my head up a bit and stuck out my tongue and tickled the tips of her boobs with the tip of my licker.

She spasmed with joy. Her nipples jutted out at least half-an-inch, rubbery to the taste and touch, burnt-sugar bon-bons, her darker areolas silver dollar-sized and pebbly. I swirled my tongue all around one of her blossomed buds, the other. Then I sucked one into my mouth and pulled on it, chewed on it, spitting it out to do the same to Terri's other ripe nipple.

“Oh, Julie! That feels so good!” the trembling girl wailed.

It *did* feel so good – her boobs in my hands, nipples in my mouth. I worked, fed on her mounds, squeezing, pinching, sucking, licking. I vacced a bud into my mouth and bit into it, sending Terri into fresh paroxysms of pleasure. I mashed her breasts together and flogged the pair of nipples like she'd done to me, with the same splendid results.

“My pussy! Can you eat out my pussy, Julie!?”

My paws froze on her boobs. The temperature inside our snow-hut skyrocketed another hundred degrees.

Terri didn't wait for an answer to her awesomely provocative question. She lifted her tits out of my hands and shifted around under the blankets, so that I wasn't facing her boobs anymore, I was facing her pussy.

She straddled my head with her thighs, her knees sinking into the mushy snow beneath the blankets. I felt her hands grasp my quivering thighs, heard her slide the blankets off her head and felt the cool air bathe my feet and legs, Terri's hot breath steam against my bare pussy.

I stared up into the girl's shaven slit. Her plump little brown pussy lips glistened with moisture. I was mesmerized, the spicy scent of the woman filling my dizzy head like her sex was filling my unblinking eyes.

Then I was jolted wickedly aware again, when Terri suddenly took a long, hard, wet slurp on my slit. "Ohmigod!" I shrieked, shocked with sensation.

She licked me again, and again and again, stroking my dark flaps with her tongue, setting my loins on fire. I could feel every bud of her tongue, as they dragged over my super-sensitive lower lips, velvet sandpapering my slit. I gasped into her pussy, and she splatted it right down onto my mouth.

I had no choice. I had to reciprocate – share and share alike. So I grabbed onto Terri's taut little butt cheeks, really sinking my shaking fingers into the hot flesh, and I stuck out my tongue and shifted my head back and forth, licking Terri's pussy like she was licking mine.

She spasmed and moaned, her voice vibrating deep in my pussy and echoing all through the rest of my shimmering body. The girl tasted just as great downstairs as she did upstairs, my happy lapping tongue teasing the juices out of her slit. My fingernails bit into her rippling buttocks, as I licked and licked and licked.

She pulled my flaps apart and shot her tongue right into my slit, burying it deep.

"Unnnh!" I gulped into the girl's cunt.

I followed her sexy lead, slipping my fingers out of her bum and parting the fleshy curtain formed by her pussy lips. Then spearing my sticker right inside, forcing my hardened pink appendage full-length into Terri's silky pink tunnel. She moaned inside me in appreciation.

Then she writhed her tongue around inside my pussy, sending electric jolts of joy arcing all through me, up from the plug-in point. I squirmed my tongue around inside her pussy, swabbing all of her pleasure nerves. We were joined at the tongues and twats, going native, in our element.

Terri bobbed her head up and down, tongue-fucking my pussy. I bobbed my head up and down, fucking her pussy with my tongue. We pumped faster and faster, pounding into each other with our mouth-organs, playing a *way* sensuous tune. Until Terri suddenly pulled all the way back, and out; then parted my flaps higher up, sealed her precious lips around my puffed-up clit and sucked.

My tongue jumped deep in her slit, giving voice to my profound appreciation for what she was doing. Then I reeled the appendage back in, found her clit and hit it with my lips, and sucked.

Her pink button was swollen up as much as mine; it throbbed in my mouth like mine in hers. I urgently sucked. She urgently sucked. We tugged each other to the very, slippery edge of all-out orgasm with our impassioned vaccing.

Terri halted the headlong rush to igloo ecstasy, at least temporarily. She popped out from between my legs and swung her luscious legs and pussy away from my gasping mouth. She positioned herself back on top of me, wanting to consummate our mutual lust face-to-face, pussy-on-pussy.

The girl showed me how one woman can really fuck another woman in such a small icebox. She was such a wonderful teacher, me her apt pupil.

Terri kned my legs further apart and dropped her pussy bump right over mine, commenced rubbing. I don't know if that's how the Eskimo lesbians did it on long, cold winter nights, but it sure set my night ablaze. We were molten against one another.

“Yeah, Terri! Fuck me, Terri!” I cried, clutching her pumping cheeks, helping her grind our wildly tingling twats together.

We moved faster and faster. The wet velvet friction built and built. The sexual heat flamed inferno.

“Yes!” we cried as one, our lust exploding, almost blowing the roof off our cold-weather love shack.

Searing orgasm after orgasm stoked our shuddering bodies, burning up red-hot from our hard-bumping cunts, melding us together.

It seemed like an awfully elaborate way for the girl to get busy with me. She could've just come out and asked (I'd had a crush on her since the start of class), and we could've just hooked-up in my nice, warm dorm room. Then again, I did learn how to build an indigenous shelter out of snow, and how to make it melt.

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(continued)

Chapter 8 – A Night to Remember

Let me tell you about something that happened to me recently. It was one of the hottest things I've ever done and I won't forget it for a long time, maybe not ever.

I've been married to a wonderful man for seventeen years now. Steve and I bought our first home together in the summer of 2001, in a small town in Quebec. Last summer, I got a job as a barmaid at our local bar and met some very interesting characters. This story is about one of them.

When I first laid eyes on Brian, I immediately noticed how much he resembled Justin Timberlake. He was tall and slim, with a head of blond curly hair, and had his ears and eyebrow pierced. Needless to say, he was hot. It made no difference to me that he was only 18 years old; in fact, I think that turned me on even more. I have always been attracted to men much younger than myself, and I was Brian's senior by just a little over 20 years.

He would hang out at the bar almost every night. It was nice to have some company when I was stuck working on the slower nights, and there was never a dull moment when he was around. Anytime he got close to me, I could feel my heart race and my palms would get wet, not to mention how it affected other regions of my body. He didn't have any parents here to speak of, but worked for a company that did seasonal work. Eventually, he just didn't have enough money to keep frequenting the bar and I gradually saw less and less of him.

A few months later, my husband Steve got a phone call from Brian. He was working at a plastic factory in the evenings, but he didn't start until midnight so he still had most of his evenings free.

One Wednesday night, Brian called Steve and asked him if he wanted to go out. They must have had a great time because they didn't get home until about 4 am. I didn't get to talk to Steve much when they came in, but we had quite an interesting conversation the next morning. He said that the two of them had been discussing the possibility of a threesome, and hubby had come very close to allowing it to happen that night.

I thought I was going to have a heart attack.

Brian spent the night on our couch, and I was left alone with him the following day while Steve was at work and the kids were at school. Every time I looked at him I thought about how close we came to actually having sex. I couldn't think of anything else for the entire day. I don't know if I'd ever been so turned on! He went home that evening, and I had honestly thought that my window of opportunity was now closed...and that Steve wouldn't ever get into "that" kind of mood again. While taking Brian home, he asked me if I would ask Steve for him, if he could stay with us for a few days. Seems that his landlord wanted him out and he didn't have anywhere else to go at the time. Oh, boy.

Steve picked Brian up the next day and temporarily moved him into our basement. Now was the real test. Could I look at him day after day and not touch? Did I have that kind of willpower? Only time would tell, as I secretly hoped that Steve would again get into the “mood” that he was in the week before.

Wednesday morning already, and Brian was back on his feet and heading home the next day. Steve and I had been having tremendous sex because of all the tension, and we were both a little sorry that Brian was leaving so soon. I still had the small hope that something might happen before he left...but as the day and evening wore on, my hopes got dimmer and dimmer. I was alone at the house and hadn't heard from either of them.

Frustrated, I called Steve on his cell. He had just found Brian and they were having a beer at the bar and would be home soon. Great, I thought. His last night here and they are going to spend it at the local bar getting tanked. I had just about given up hope at this point and resigned myself to getting ready for bed...alone.

I prepared my bath and got into the hot tub. The warm water felt wonderful as I felt the stresses of the day dissipate. I had been horny all day, so I didn't think twice about letting my hands roam down to my pussy...and lay there in the tub gently stroking myself, thinking about how things could have been so much more interesting. After awhile I was starting to feel a little down at missing this great opportunity, so I got out and dried off. Just as I was finishing up, Steve called and said that they would be home soon. He also said that after giving it much thought, and given the fact that Brian was leaving in the morning, he might just allow me to have a little fun with him. Oh...my...god. Was he finally going to allow this to happen? And with ALL the people I knew, this young man had to be the hottest and sexiest of them all

There was no way I could fall asleep. I finally heard them come in around 1:00 am. I lay there, so wet with anticipation, and yet terrified at the same time. In the 17 years that Steve and I had been married, I had never had sex with another man. What if Steve asks him if he wants to join us and he says no? All sorts of terrible things started going through my mind, but my pussy was absolutely throbbing at this point, and I knew that despite my fears, there was no way I was going to miss out on a once in a lifetime opportunity such as this one.

Steve came downstairs to our bedroom first. He had been drinking, but still had all his wits about him. We talked for a few minutes, to be sure that both of us were really sure about this. I'm glad that he was not just willing to jump into anything like this, but was also concerned with all the emotions involved. After a few minutes, it was decided that we were going to go for it. Steve went back upstairs and told Brian to be downstairs and naked in 5 minutes. He came back downstairs and we waited together.

After what seemed like an eternity (which was in fact less than 2 minutes), I heard footsteps coming down the stairs towards my bedroom. The door had been closed, but Brian knocked

gingerly and opened the door a little. “Were you serious?” he asked Steve. Steve confirmed that he was and told him to come in. I turned to look at him. Here he stood, his 6’ frame, dressed in only a pair of tight black boxer briefs. He had a sheepish grin on his face and I could tell he was a little uncomfortable. I knew that he had quite a bit of sexual experience, even for his young age, but I was betting that he hadn’t done anything like this before!!

I could see the outline of his hard cock underneath his boxers, and watched it bounce free as he pulled his boxers off and let them hit the floor. He crawled into bed with us and I found myself in THE best possible position ever. If you have never been sandwiched between two lovers at the same time, I suggest you try it at least once. I was lying on my side facing my husband, and he told me to lie flat on my back. Brian leaned down to kiss me and I let my lips part without hesitation. His tongue felt so good inside my mouth, and I could feel his cold hands running over my body. I stopped kissing him long enough to reach over and kiss Steve. He was so turned on at this point and I knew there was no turning back.

Brian and Steve both took a nipple into their mouths, gently sucking and nibbling on the sensitive flesh. My nipples were so hard that they hurt. I had my nipples pierced last year, and the bar that goes through them was already barely long enough to accommodate their size, but when I was REALLY turned on, the piercings dug into my flesh, creating both pleasure and pain. Steve let his other hand roam down to my pussy and commented on how wet I was already. All I could do was moan my reply, as I let myself float in the pleasure of having the attention of two male lovers.

Steve turned to Brian and said, “Doesn’t my wife have a gorgeous pussy?” to which Brian replied, “Yes, she does.” Steve told him that not only did it look good, but it also smelled and tasted wonderful. He told him to taste my pussy. Brian got down in between my legs, and gingerly licked the sensitive folds of skin there. I felt an electric shock go through my body and my nipples again responded with their pleasure/pain. I could tell that although he did have some experience in the past, he wasn’t nearly as experienced as Steve was, but the mere fact that it was someone other than my husband doing it to me, as well as my husband being there and WATCHING, that made it hot just the same.

While Brian continued to eat my pussy, Steve got up and stroked his already hard cock. He brought himself to the side of my head, and I opened my lips to take him inside my hot, wet mouth. I have always enjoyed sucking my husband’s cock and this time was no different. I took just the head into my mouth at first, gently sucking and pulling on it. Steve moans and I look up to see him watching Brian between my legs. I take his cock inside further and further, inch-by-inch, until the full length is buried in my mouth and throat.

Steve looks over at Brian and asks him if he wants to fuck his slut wife. Brian excitedly replies yes and gives my pussy one last lick before getting up on his knees. This poor young man is SO nervous at this point, that he seems to have lost his hard on. Steve looks at me and says, “Suck

his cock, slut. Once he is hard again, I want you to ride him so I can watch your beautiful pussy being pounded by his young cock.”

I get up and let Brian lie down. My god, he has got such a beautiful body and I want to touch him everywhere. I am delighted to see that he is completely shaved also. I take his semi-hard cock into my mouth and start to slowly let it slip until it reaches the back of my throat. I swallow and can feel my throat closing around his cock. A moan escapes his lips and he reaches down to stroke my hair as I continue to suck his cock. Now and then I take it out of my mouth, and while continuing to stroke him with my hand, I lick the tender flesh of his balls. He moans again. After only a few minutes, he is rock hard again and ready for fucking.

I continue to follow my husband’s direction and climb on top of him, straddling his hips. I take his cock in my hand and rub it back and fourth over my wet slit, teasing him slightly and at the same time, coating his cock with my juices. I place the head of his cock at the opening of my pussy and slowly let my weight push him deeper and deeper inside. He reaches out and pulls on my nipples, as I slowly start to raise and lower myself on his cock, grinding my pussy against him.

Steve has detached himself from us at this point, and is standing behind us, watching Brian’s cock go in and out of my wet pussy. He tells me how beautiful it looks and asks Brian how much he likes fucking his wife. I lean forward and start to kiss Brian again. I love having his tongue in my mouth and I wrap my fingers in his curly hair. I can feel the tension building as I grind my pussy down on him harder, and faster. Steve is still behind us, and he puts both of his hands around my hips and pushes me down even harder onto Brian’s cock. Brian whispers that he is going to cum soon, and I can feel his hips thrusting upward to meet me. I reach back with my hand and cup his balls gently, massaging them.

Seconds later, I can feel my own orgasm approaching, just as Brian says that he is coming too. The room is then filled with the sounds of pleasure, as we both explode at the same time. Steve has come around to the side at this point and starts to kiss me, telling me just how fucking hot I am. I finally get off of Brian, and after a quick cigarette and trip to the washroom, we meet again in my bed and I got to fall asleep between these two beautiful men. I don’t think I’ve ever slept so well in my life.

Early the next day, Brian left on a bus to go home. I don’t think he has any idea how much his brief stay with us affected our lives. He won’t soon be forgotten.

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Chapter 9 – Spanish Dancing

A console stereo squatted in the corner of our living room when I was growing up; it had a turntable, radio and speakers enclosed in a wood-grain box, conical legs tapering almost to little points. The speakers on either side were covered with a beige fabric shot through with metallic gold threads. My dad worked as a store manager for Firestone in a dusty little Oklahoma town where farm families bought appliances, bikes, TVs and stereos, in addition to tires. The stereo had been repossessed, so my dad got a good price on it; it was a very fine piece of furniture for a young couple's first house.

When I found an old vinyl record in a battered red cover recently, my heart skipped a beat. It was Maurice Ravel's piece "Bolero." On the flip side was Tchaikowsky's 1812 Overture. It was the only classical music I heard growing up; my dad loved the 1812 Overture recording because, he always told me, they used real cannons in the recording. He would swing me up and around, narrating the events that inspired the music while the cannons roared.

Less frequently, my parents would play "Bolero." The sinuous sound of the single oboe at the opening always made me dreamy; the drums added a strangely insistent note, never stopping through the entire piece. I knew a bolero was a Spanish dance, but that was all I knew about Ravel's work. I let my imagination do the rest, picturing elegant ladies in black lace and men with slicked-back hair and tight pants.

My boyfriend laughed as he picked up the old LP. "Where'd this come from?"

I told him I'd found it packing away some of my parents' old things. "The '1812 Overture' used real cannons in the recording," I said, proud of what little knowledge I had.

"Ooohhh, Ravel's 'Bolero!'" He caught my gaze, his lips twitching in that smug smile that usually mean he's hatching a plan. "What do you know about 'Bolero?'"

"It's Spanish," I said. I shrugged. "It's a kind of dance, isn't it?" That exhausted my entire store of knowledge about the classics. But he didn't seem to mind. In fact, his grin widened.

"A dance, indeed." He turned and settled the vinyl disk on the turntable. "What've you got to do in the next, say, eighteen minutes?"

"What have you got in mind?"

He looked so lovely, standing there, grinning at me. His jeans were tight and his Black Sabbath t-shirt had been washed so many times it had holes in it. He plays guitar; I first saw him on stage in a nightclub, so immersed in his instrument he seemed totally unaware of the crowd. He has strong, muscular arms and amazing fingers. He touched his guitar with so much feeling I immediately wanted those hands on me. It wasn't long before he—and all his guitars—found a favored place in my apartment and my heart.

He dropped the needle onto the record and bowed with a flourish, holding out his hand like a

courtier of the eighteenth century.

“Would you like to dance?”

I took his hand as the drums took up their marching beat. He spun me slowly in a circle while the oboe began its plaintive melody. I relaxed, surrendering to his lead. With another twirl, he dipped me, low. He was looking at me with laughing eyes, not brown but dozens of dancing colors, amber to gold to deepest mahogany. We don't dance often; usually when he is above me staring into my eyes we are making love. As that thought flashed through my mind, I could feel my nipples getting hard. He was looking at me with lust. I like that. As he pulled me back up, I could hear the violin section begin plucking notes with their fingers, not an ordinary violin sound at all.

After one last spin, he held me by my waist, and bent his mouth to my neck. As the harpist fingered her strings, he dropped tiny kisses to my throat and neck. I could feel my skin flushing: my body's automatic response to desire.

“I think I like this dance,” I whispered. He only smiled.

The drums seemed more forceful in response to the clarinet's introduction, its lilting tones higher, twining around the oboe's sound. The melody spiraled down, deep, aching, lonely, then gone. Just in time, a French horn picked up the melody, sounding confident, strong and bold. Still the drums kept up their beat, a corps of snare drums, relentless.

Dave's kisses were gathering heat, and my mind became attentive to the feel of his hands in addition to the sound of the orchestra. As I became aware of quiet piano notes slipping through the melody like water, I felt his hands become entangled in my long hair, his strong fingers cradling my head as he bent to kiss me deeply.

Now there were bright silver notes, chiming in a cool undercurrent, and I slid my hands down to cup the tight cheeks of his ass. With the same movement, I pressed his groin closer to me, acutely aware of the evidence of his growing passion. Now more instruments picked up the melody, driven by the steady drumbeat. Notes tumbled over and over, wanton and wild. Trombones, slippery, loud, unmistakable. Still the violins were only plucked, not bowed, and in my steadily declining thought process, I wondered if they yearned to be played.

No single instrument carried the tune now; at least three trombones joined to move the music forward. Bigger in my consciousness were the feelings slipping through my body; at some point Dave had pulled me down onto his lap, while his hands roved across my back, up under my clothes. With a deft twist he freed me from my bra; in the next instant he was rubbing his rough thumbs across my nipples. The sensation was so exquisite and the music so forceful it left me breathless but yearning for more of the same.

Greedy, I reached for the zipper on his jeans, but he gently removed my hands and held them, slipping my shirt over my head and exposing my breasts. The trombones played still, in harmony but with a hint of dissonance, a thread of warning, perhaps foreshadowing a darker passion to

come. He caressed my breasts with mouth and tongue; I was so occupied by the sensation and the rising music I barely noticed his hand slipping my panties down. When he touched my cunt it was electrifying, an unexpected rush. I could feel my pussy juices begin to flow.

Dave's tongue circled my nipple, teasing. From time to time he caught the nipple lightly in his teeth. The alternating waves of mild pain and delicate touch began to build a rhythm in my mind and body. His hand circled on my lower belly; my skirt lay discarded on the floor. The soft skin of my belly yielded to the firm pressure of his hand; I wanted him to hurry and touch me, enter me, but his speed was deliberate, calculated to wring every second of pleasure from my body and his.

I heard more brass catch the melody, steadily rising in volume and complexity. With a last flurry of forcefully plucked strings, strings stretched to their limit, at last the bows come down with a crash to play violins, cellos, violas and bass as they were meant to be played. At that same instant, Dave plunged three fingers deep inside me, unexpected, making me moan out loud. He moved all his attention to the hunger between my legs. Passion surged, wild as the music.

We were on the floor, stretched out full-length now. At some point Dave had managed to get his jeans off, and I grabbed his ass and pulled him to me; now we were in the classic "69" position and I could see his beautiful cock, hard, veins pulsing, a creamy drop of semen topping the head. I love to suck him off, and forgot about my pleasure for a moment to focus on his.

All the orchestra was playing now, fully engaged, the heat rising along with the volume and the tempo. The timpani throbbed, the trumpets sang out, and I heard Dave gasp as I ran my tongue around the tip of his cock. One finger trailed down the inside of his thigh, making him quiver. My other hand ran quickly, softly, over the tender skin of his ass.

I know how to stretch out a moment too, and at first I only tongued his cock, first the head and then the shaft with feather-quick strokes of my wet tongue. Then my mouth reached further, down to his balls, and I slipped first one, then the other, into my mouth and pulled at it gently with my tongue. Dave groaned; now I moved my tongue back up the shaft of his cock and took the head into my mouth, sheathing my teeth with my lips. I moved my head up and down, tongue running across the sensitive edge of the head as my hot mouth enclosed the shaft.

Now I could hear more woodwinds in the music, and I felt again light pressure across my belly, down to my thighs and up again, his fingers playing, faster now. My heart started pounding; I felt the beat of the music to my very core. The floor vibrations, the wail of the oboe and clarinet, the straining flutes and insistent trumpets all became a part of the crescendo building inside me. The whole world was sound and sensation, and Dave and I lay in the middle of it all.

As I moved my mouth up and down over his cock, my hands caressing his balls and that sweet, soft strip of skin between his scrotum and the opening of his ass, Dave began to tongue my clit in earnest, again alternating soft touch and exquisite little nips of pain, his fingers circling round the opening of my cunt, leaving me shaking like a junkie. My pussy was dripping now; the sensation of the creamy juices slipping from between his fingers and sliding to the crack of my ass was unbearably pleasurable.

The music began to swell, and I could hear an unearthly chorus of voices, no words, just notes, following the repetitive melody, entwining with all the brass and woodwinds, strings and percussion. A salty, sweaty crescendo began to build between Dave and me. Long-time lovers, we knew each other well; we had each reached the point where, with the lightest of touches, we could push each other off the cliff, spiraling down into a breathless chasm. When he thrust his fingers again deep into my cunt, his tongue working around and between his fingers, my pussy responded with ferocity, hard contractions capturing his fingers in a tight embrace.

I was attuned to his pleasure now, and cupped the cheeks of his ass in my hand as we moved together, his hips thrusting his cock into my mouth with practiced control. At the apex of his last thrust, I slipped my finger into his pink-brown asshole, and that brought him to a shuddering climax, moaning, cum pulsing into my mouth as he twisted and writhed, his movements gradually subsiding to a tremble.

The stereo speakers vibrated the floor; we moved face-to-face. The cymbals clashed and our lips met. The taste of him and the taste of me joined and swirled in our deep kiss, tongues thrusting and probing. I was exhilarated, charged mentally, physically, and spiritually.

“Nice dance,” I whispered. “Go, Spain.”

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Chapter 10 – All Work and No Play

I click “Send,” then shut down my PC and prepare to leave the office to meet a few friends in a nearby bar. I hear the beep of my colleague’s computer as it tells him he has mail, and I glance up and catch his eye. He holds my gaze a second too long before moving his mouse to his inbox and reading my message. I watch him take a deep breath and slowly shake his head. I’m smiling inwardly as I pick up my coat and stride purposefully behind his desk, making my way towards the door. My colleague turns in his chair as I pass and I can feel his eyes on my retreating figure, taking in my black stiletto boots and short skirt. I feel a frisson of excitement. I’m well aware that I am playing with fire, bringing my hobby into the office, but somehow the risk makes it all the more appealing.

I am only just out of the building when my phone vibrates in my pocket, taking me by surprise. It’s a text message.

You can’t send an email like that and then fuck off... It says. I scroll down. *I intend to punish you severely.*

I raise my eyebrows at this and immediately reply with a simple, *How?*

In the time it takes me to get to the bar, greet my friends and order a drink, my phone has vibrated once more.

By pinching your nipples between my fingers until you don’t know whether you’re moaning in pleasure or pain.

I take a sharp intake of breath as I feel my pussy moisten and my nipples becoming erect. This is no longer the innuendo-laced electronic flirting that I initiated earlier, my colleague has swiftly upped the stakes and I’m surprised and turned on by his brazenness.

I press reply and type, *Not before I have wrapped my lips around you and taken you deep into my mouth.*

I place my mobile on the chair between my thighs so that the next time a message comes through I feel it vibrate on my clit. The next message reads, *I’m then going to flick my tongue over your clitoris before thrusting my throbbing cock deep into your warm, wet pussy.*

Oh my God. I briefly close my eyes as these images dance through my mind, and I feel myself getting wetter. I take a few swigs of my wine and indulge in inane chit chat with one of my friends, all the while feeling my clit pumping between my legs and I struggle to control the urge to grind my hips against something. I quickly type, *Wish you were fucking me right now*, then reluctantly drag my attention back to the story of my friend’s latest disastrous blind date. It isn’t long before my phone vibrates again, *Antonia.. Need you back at office now.*

What?! I'm taken aback by the message. I thought I was in for an evening of cheeky text sex over drinks with friends before making my excuses, going home and getting to work with my vibrator—my idea of a perfect night! All of a sudden I'm being challenged to follow through with fantasies that I never actually intended to act upon. At least, not so soon, and with the only build up a brief bout of textual titillation. Besides, I barely even know my colleague—I've only worked there a couple of weeks. On the other hand, that kind of makes it more exciting, and I'm intrigued and turned on and not one to run from a challenge. After a few moments I make a decision and quickly tell my friends that I've remembered something my boss wanted me to do, and that I'll be back soon. I grab my bag and make my escape before I can change my mind and chicken out. My friends tut and roll their eyes at each other—work-obsessed Antonia—but let me go without suspicion.

As I walk the short distance back to the office I realise with surprise that I am nervous. I'm always the one in control in these situations, and am not used to a man giving as good as he gets, let alone taking the reins. Maybe I've met my match, I think to myself and a little shiver of excitement runs through me. I quicken my step, desperate to find out what's in store for me back at the office. As I'm running up the stairs – I have far too much nervous energy to take the lift – another message comes through, *I'm waiting, Antonia...*

I reach the top floor and enter the open plan office, my heart pounding with apprehension and anticipation. I can't see my colleague anywhere so I wander in and sit down at my desk, suddenly paranoid that I have been taken for a ride or got the wrong end of the stick. I jump as a hand comes firmly down on my shoulder and a gruff voice whispers in my ear.

“Time to put your money where your mouth is.” My colleague swivels my chair around to face him and I see that he has unbuttoned his fly and his big cock is standing proudly, level with my face.

“This is for distracting me during office hours,” he murmurs as he winds his fingers into my long hair and inserts his dick into my mouth, pushing himself deeper and deeper. My surprise has rapidly turned into blatant desire and I feel myself getting wetter and wetter. I manoeuvre myself so that I can grind my hips up against the leg of the desk. My colleague is fully inside my mouth now and I use my tongue to tease the tip of his cock each time he pulls back before thrusting once more. I run my hands over his tight arse and bring one round to gently massage his balls as he grunts in approval, his cock roughly working in and out.

“Fuck, Antonia,” He moans, disengaging himself and hitching me up onto the desk. My head falls back over the edge and I am able to see out of the office's floor to ceiling windows into the apartments opposite. A thrill runs through me as I realise how easily we could be caught in the act. I look up at my colleague and see from the slow grin creeping across his face that he's thinking the same thing. It is then that he forces the already low neckline of my top down over my breasts and releases my nipples from the clutches of my bra, taking first one, then the other in

his mouth, licking and sucking them so expertly whilst rubbing my pussy through my skirt that I feel I may come there and then. I reach down to push his head between my legs and he shifts my skirt up around my waist, letting out a small gasp when he sees that my tights are in fact stockings. He slips a finger into the crotch of my knickers and pushes them to one side as he gets to work on me, circling his tongue over my clit whilst slipping his index finger into my pussy. I moan with pleasure and move my hips against him as the rhythm of his tongue gets faster. He reaches up with his free hand and squeezes my right nipple between his thumb and fore-finger so hard that I cry out in pain, but don't want him to stop.

Just as I am about to give myself over to the orgasm something catches my eye and I see that there is a man standing in one of the apartment windows. He is tall and broad and seems to have one hand inside his trousers. In the other he holds a camcorder, which is pointing at us. I have never really thought of myself as a voyeur but am finding that the presence of this stranger is serving to increase my desire tenfold, and I look straight into the camera as I succumb to my colleague's touch and come loudly and violently. My colleague raises his head and clocks the man at the window and I notice that he is just as turned on by it as I am.

He climbs onto the desk and hovers over me, his cock rock hard and throbbing, and I see a sheen around his mouth – evidence of where he has just been. My skirt is still up around my waist so I slowly unzip it and ease it over my hips, letting it fall to the ground. My colleague pulls my top over my head and removes his shirt to reveal a ripped physique. I am now naked apart from my pushed-aside g-string, my stockings and my stiletto boots. He reaches his hands beneath my hips and turns me over so that I am on all fours facing the camera and he is behind me. I feel him reach around with one hand and cup my breast before slowly moving his hand up to my hair, pulling my head back so that the camera gets a full view of my breasts.

He guides himself into me from behind, filling me up as he thrusts deeper each time. I lower my head slightly so that I can look at the man in the window and see that he has released his cock from his trousers and is moving his hand vigorously up and down. I am certain that he will have zoomed in as much as his camcorder will allow and I have never before felt so turned on. My colleague reaches his hands around and starts to roughly rub my clitoris and flick my solid nipples. He is pounding himself hard into me, each thrust accompanied by a guttural grunt and I feel myself matching him as I keep my eyes on the man in the window. My colleague's grunts are getting louder and his thrusts faster, yet I am taken by surprise when he raises a hand and spansks me sharply on my arse. I yelp as the sting rings through me and my breath is taken away. He strikes me again, and again, and another time, each time with more force than the time before whilst his cock pounds into me. I gasp in shock each time his hand connects with my body and grit my teeth, desperate for the new sensation. I feel a second orgasm starting to erupt. My colleague's thrusts and spansks are getting more and more urgent and as I reach my second climax my colleague lets himself go. We come together with an intensity and ferocity that I have never felt before.

As the orgasm subsides I look out at the apartments and notice the man at the window convulsing as he brings himself to orgasm. He moves away from the window. My colleague withdraws from me and for a few moments we lay side by side on my desk as we catch our breath, laughing, as the reality of what we have just done begins to sink in.

“Antonia!” One of my friends calls drunkenly as I walk back into the bar ten minutes later, wondering if my dirty secret is written all over my face.

“You work too hard!” She chastises, as another friend pipes up and teases, “You know what they say, Antonia, all work and no play...” I take their jests with good humour as I sit down amongst them, wincing ever so slightly as my bottom connects with the chair. If only they knew, I think to myself smugly as I pour myself a large glass of Merlot. If only they knew.

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