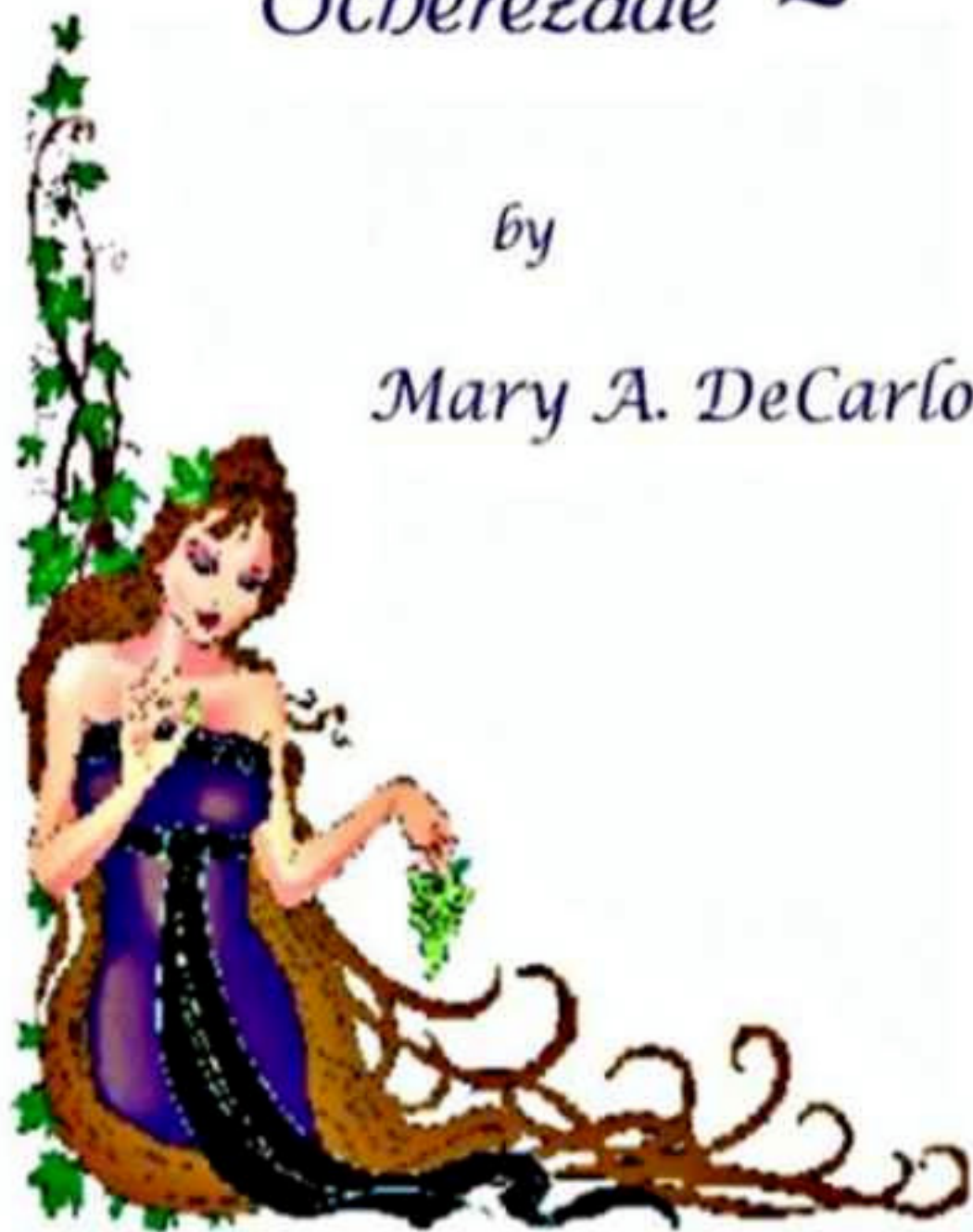


*Tales from the mind of  
Scherezade ~*

*by*

*Mary A. DeCarlo*



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**Renaissance**

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**Mary A. DeCarlo**

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## Steamy Visions

God, pulling this off hadn't been easy, but I was here ... finally. As I watched, you stepped out of the locker area and headed for the steam room. After giving you a few minutes to relax and get comfortable, I followed. I hung the "Out Of Order" sign on the door and slipped into the room.

I heard a muffled "Damn..." and a soft whisper of material; a small smile touched my lips.

I approached through the gloomy dampness to stand in front of you. You were leaning back on a wide bench, clad in a towel around your hips. You looked up questioningly and your eyes widened in surprise as I shrugged off my hooded robe and let it drop to the floor.

"Maire?" you whispered, as your eyes swept over me, taking in the black satin teddy that skimmed my body. "Oh, God, Maire," you groaned. "You shouldn't have come here."

Your tented towel told me otherwise. Taking a step forward, I moved between your spread knees and let the palms of my hands rest lightly on your thighs. You flinched in response to my touch.

Pulling my hand back, I reached up and caressed my breast through the slick material, then slowly let it slide down between my breasts, down my belly and between my legs.

Your eyes avidly watched the descent of my hand and your breath caught in your throat. Then they flicked back as my tongue slipped out to wet my lips ... and you groaned.

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Your eyes moved irresistibly back to my hand, watching breathlessly as I slipped one finger beneath the crotch of my teddy and delved within the slick lips of my hot pussy. Slowly pulling my finger back, I lifted my hand to my mouth and sucked my pussy-wet finger into my mouth.

"Oh, God, Maire ... don't do this."

A smile lit my lips as I reached down and ran both hands lightly up your thighs. As you groaned, I slid one hand beneath the towel. My fingers closed around your hard, throbbing shaft, and this time it was I who moaned. *Oh damn, you feel so good!*

Sliding to my knees, I knelt in front of you. My free hand moved up your thigh to join the other, after pulling aside the towel. Your erection stood tall and proud within my fingers, throbbing steadily. Looking up to stare into your eyes, I lowered my head until I could flick out my hot, wet tongue and lap at the bloated head of your cock. You groaned deep in your chest and your hands went to the sides of my head. "Yes," you hissed.

My tongue began to lick up and down the sides of your cock. Slowly I ran my tongue up from the bottom of your magnificent organ all the way to the head. Swirling my tongue around the tip, I bathed it in hot saliva as you groaned some more. "Suck it, you hot bitch," you groaned as your hands increased their pressure on the back of my head. "Take it deep in your throat."

*With pleasure,* I thought, as I parted my lips and let you slip into my hot, wet, welcoming mouth. With a gasp, you

slipped home until you were buried balls deep! "Mmmm..." Your hands held me still as you throbbed between my lips.

"Oh ... sweet Maire ... you shouldn't have come..." You were beginning to pant. "But it's too late now..."

Suddenly, it felt as if your cock was trying to slip into my throat! And you hadn't moved. But dear God, you nudged the back of my throat, making me gag! I began to struggle, my hands trying vainly to push you away.

"Easy ... easy, baby," you began to murmur. "Just relax. It will be all right." Your fingers caressed my scalp, but held me firm as your cock continued to probe my throat. You shuddered. I felt a hot wetness bathe my throat and I gagged, tears pouring from my eyes. "It will be all right now, baby, just try to relax."

Incredulously, you were right. Suddenly I relaxed and welcomed your cock as it slid further into my throat. For a few seconds I relished the feeling, then the impossibility hit me and my eyes flew open and sought yours. Your compassion showed clearly in them and I moaned in fear. This couldn't be happening.

"Sweet Maire, I tried to warn you, but you wouldn't listen." Your hand held me still as your fingers caressed my scalp. "Relax ... don't fight it. I'm going to give you all you've desired and more."

You brought your left hand in front of me and then stroked my face with your fingers. My eyes closed as you brushed your fingers across them. I could feel your cock slip unbelievably deeper into my throat and I moaned in excitement. Shivers of lust skittered down my spine and I

began to suck wantonly on the cock embedded in my throat while you groaned in pleasure.

"Maire, open your eyes!"

As my eyes popped open, your fingers left my face and your hand paused in front of my face. For a moment, I didn't understand, and then I noticed ... your hand ... your fingers ... seemed to be melting! They melted and fused together till your hand and arm became one long appendage, thinning slightly, then bulging at the end. Like a ... like a tentacle!

"You never understood my fascination with your voluptuous body being taken by aliens, did you? But your sweet body was made for this." Your tentacle began to sway before me as if it had suddenly become boneless. Then it reached out toward me and brushed my cheek. I couldn't help shivering. Whether in fear or lust, I'll never know.

Your arm ... tentacle? *Oh God ... what are you?* It slid across my shoulder and down my chest until it reached my breasts, there pausing to rub gently. Then it brushed my nipples through the smooth satin till they stiffened in response. I moaned deep in my throat and you groaned as your embedded cock pulsed. My eyes closed again in pleasure. Your tentacle nuzzled the tip of my breast and suddenly clamped around the nipple and began to suck through the satin. My eyes widened in surprise and you smiled at me.

"Sweet Maire, I have wanted this ... wanted you. But I thought you would panic. You won't panic, will you?"

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What I felt wasn't panic, but pure wanton lust! My fingers curled around your hips, urging you closer and I began to suck as my eyes drifted closed.

You groaned as you stroked your cock deeper into my throat. "God! You are a temptress, aren't you?" you gasped.

Suddenly your fingers tangled themselves in my hair and you pulled me up and off! I felt as if I was starved for air and began to gasp. Leaning towards me, you pulled me closer and your mouth captured mine. *Oh, God!* Your tongue, your lips, your teeth tried to devour me and I grew lightheaded before you drew back once again.

With a gentle shove, you ordered me. "On your hands and knees." It was a command that brooked no argument. Nor did I wish to. I hastened to obey. Your hand reached out and caressed my ass, letting your fingers run along the crack, then down to my crotch.

As your fingers found the snaps on my teddy, your tentacle slipped over my hip and around my waist, pulling me back, flush against your still rigid cock. I couldn't help the moans that fell from my throat. "You're wet, bitch," you hissed. You pulled back slightly and let your cock slip between my legs and throb up against me.

My clit pulsed against your hard cock and my body shook with lust. Your tentacle slipped up between my breasts and over my face, brushing gently against my cheeks ... my nose ... my eyes, nuzzling against my lips. It was hot and smooth. Suddenly I felt a hot wetness against my lips, and my tongue immediately sought the taste. Like liquid fire, it raced to my stomach and seemed to flash through my veins like a white-



hot flame! An aphrodisiac. My lips parted to your persistent nudging and you slipped into my mouth. Swiftly and deeply, all the way to my throat. But this time I didn't gag.

As your tentacle paused, pulsing, almost in my throat, I gave into the impulse to suck. As you groaned, I could feel it grow with each pulse, longer and longer as it slipped further and further down my throat and I moaned in mindless pleasure.

At the fringes of my senses, I noted your fingers delving deeper into my pussy, changing as your other arm had.

"God, you're like a bitch in heat, aren't you?" you whispered in my ear as your tongue traced the edge of it. "I knew you could take it all." You began to run kisses and your wet tongue down my spine, and I moaned around the thing buried deep in my throat and began to thrust against the one filling my cunt.

Your kisses reached the base of my spine and your tongue took over. Warmly, wetly, it traveled lower. Spread as I was, on my hands and knees, I was open to you. When your tongue reached my anus, I flinched. Suddenly I knew what you meant by *ALL!* I began to struggle but the tentacles in my pussy and my throat held me, as surely as a butterfly on display, and I whimpered.

You leaned up and kissed the dimple at the base of my spine. "Easy baby ... relax ... you can take it. You know you want it..." And dear God, you were right. I wanted it all.

Your tongue was back coaxing ... persuading me to relax, lapping wetly. Then with a growl, you sat up behind me. One tentacle stuffed into my hot, wet pussy and one pulsing in

and out of my throat. Pulling back, your cock, wet from the juices dripping from my cunt, slipped up till it was poised to claim possession of my soul.

Slowly, your throbbing cock tried to slide up my ass, your moans of pleasure mingling with mine. You paused with just the head inside. "Oh God, Maire..." you groaned. Suddenly, with a snap of your hips, you buried your hot, hard cock balls deep!

A massive, gut-wrenching orgasm ripped through me, as I knelt, impaled, before you. Nectar dripped from my stuffed pussy as the muscles rippled around you. My ass clung to your cock, caressing it. I sucked voraciously around the one embedded in my throat. Then ... you began to move.

The tentacle in my cunt started a slow, steady stroke. Moaning, I sucked harder at the one down my throat. Then it too began to stroke in and out of me. I shivered in delight. *Oh God, I've died and gone to heaven! What more can I want?*

The hard, throbbing cock in my ass began to move, in and out. Slowly, steadily, all three moved at counterpoint to each other ... like a wave of pure ecstasy. I couldn't breathe and I thought I'd melt into a puddle of boneless, satiated flesh. I was coming, again and again, mindlessly feeling, in a realm I'd never been to before. I whimpered in pure lust before you.

Your groans grew louder as you thrust deep within every orifice. "Sweet bitch ... oh God ... I knew you were a sweet bitch." Almost imperceptibly, your thrusts picked up speed, faster and faster, till you were slamming into me. Over and over and over ... Your hips pounded into the soft cushion of my ass.

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You bellowed and suddenly I was being filled ... flooded with sweet, sticky secretions. The taste on my tongue ... the warm flood deep in my cunt ... the white-hot, liquid flame scorching my ass! A massive orgasm slammed into me and I tried, but failed, to scream around the tentacle buried in my throat.

Again and again, I writhed in ecstasy, impaled to the limit, until my pleasure-racked senses could take no more. And for the first time in my life ... I fainted.

I awoke a short time later nestled in your arms, my head against your chest, your fingers gently stroking my cheek, pushing my wet hair back from my face.

"Sweet Maire, you're everything I imagined. And now you belong to me."

I sigh as I relax in your arms. I realize you are right. Who else could ever satisfy me after you?

## **Relief**

God help him, he was still rigid with desire. He throbbed. Quickly unzipping his jeans, he released his aching erection. Tightening his hand around himself, he began to slowly squeeze and stroke.

His breathing became uneven and strained and his eyes drifted shut. He imagined it was her warm, soft fingers wrapped around his cock.

His hand began to move quicker. His head fell back against the headboard. His eyes squeezed shut. The muscles in his legs trembled and a groan tore from his throat as spasms ripped through his groin. Then his seed erupted, splattering down like rain.

## **The Ultimate Fantasy**

Damn, when I asked for this transfer, I figured it would be a good way to work days for the summer and have my evenings free. I never thought they would be sending me all over New Jersey. Last week it was some little post office in Somerset. The week before it was a post office in Ocean County and this week some little PO near Fort Dix. If the last weeks were any indication, I wouldn't be able to get away to see John, even though I would be in his neck of the woods.

So, they were showing me around when they introduced me to this woman, A.J., and told me she would assist me and answer any questions I might have.

At lunchtime, I asked her where a good place to eat was and invited her to come with me. I told her I was going to ask questions, so if we were late coming back, I would sign her in. After all, it was business, right?

So, we're sitting in this little pub, eating pizza and talking about ourselves and just getting to know each other. She's talking about her three kids and her house, how long she's been with the PO, when she starts telling me about her husband and how he's a cop. I almost choked on my pizza.

*A cop?* I thought. No. It's not possible. It couldn't possibly be...

Then suddenly, she's telling me about this big garden her husband is working on and what is she going to do with all those veggies and how she's told John again and again...

JOHN? Oh my God. I looked up again at the woman sitting across from me. About five four ... right, blondish brown hair ... right, three kids ... right, husband who's a cop ... right, named JOHN ... right! It just couldn't be possible.

"Tell me about your kids," I heard myself ask. I listened in shock as she described her two boys and a girl.

The right ages. *Impossible*, I kept thinking, even in the face of irrefutable information.

Then she pulled out a couple of pictures and handed them to me.

There you were, posing with three kids in different pictures. There was no denying it. Sitting across from me was the wife of my lover of six months.

I went home that night and read your daily e-mail and sat there trying to decide if should I tell you. Would she mention me? I didn't know what to do. I chickened out and didn't write at all, but remained mute. *Tomorrow*, I thought. I just didn't know how to tell you that I'd met your wife and we were going to be working together for the next two weeks.

The next day, A. J. and I worked hard and had a quick lunch together again. I liked her and she seemed to like me; you could tell. After work, I rented a room close by. Then I went home, packed, and checked my mail.

You were concerned that you hadn't heard from me, wondering where I was. But I knew if I wrote back, I would have to tell you. I just couldn't do it. I'd wait till the weekend when I went home again. You'd never given me a way to reach you except by e-mail. So if I was out of town, you knew

I wouldn't be able to keep in touch. I chickened out again and drove back to my motel.

Thursday night I asked A. J. to dinner, girls' night out, and she said yes. I invited her back to my room for drinks. We sat around with highballs and turned the TV to one of those X-rated pay movies. We were soon giggling at how hokey the plot was.

I was wondering what you were thinking about your wife being out and me being missing.

A. J. started yawning and I asked her to spend the night. I didn't want to see her driving after the alcohol she'd consumed. She was feeling no pain at this point. You'd never forgive me if I'd let her drink and drive and then she had an accident. I said she could run home in the morning and change before work. She thought about it and agreed.

It felt weird when I listened to her call home and talk to you. Then suddenly she mentioned my full name!

Oh God, the cat's out of the bag now. But you may think I don't realize who she is, since I don't even know your last name. I never insisted on knowing.

I could tell from this end of the conversation that you offered to come and get her, but she declined. There'll be hell to pay tomorrow, I thought.

As we got ready for bed, I lent her one of my nightshirts. We sat up on the king size bed to watch the second feature on the X-rated channel. The movie had a plot about two women and one man and the action was really hot. When it got to the girl-girl scenes, I stole a look at A. J. She was

watching avidly and looked a little flushed. Could it be, I wondered?

"I've often wondered what it would be like," I stated quietly.

"What?"

"You know ... sharing a man ... being with another woman."

She gave me a guarded look before turning back to the movie. "Yeah. Me too."

A little thrill went through me. Could I seduce my lover's wife?

The movie ended and we turned in and were fast asleep in no time. It had been a long, busy day.

About 3:30 in the morning, I woke up. I snuggled instinctively against the body I was wrapped around. Still only half awake, I reached down to caress my lover's cock in anticipation of a little loving. I came fully awake at the groan and the feel of hot, wet pussy! And it wasn't my own. I froze.

Was she awake? Maybe she's dreaming and I can get out of this. The thought fled when she humped hard against my hand and whimpered.

"Please?"

*Oh, God. Please let her think I'm asleep.* I lay still as death, trying to breathe evenly, as if I were sleeping and didn't know what I was doing, but she rubbed against my fingers, drenching them with her wetness.

"Please, Robyn ... don't stop..."

What should I do? I'd never done this before. And she was my lover's wife. How could I really do this?



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She was moaning and humping against my fingers and was so hot ... and wet. She actually felt kind of good. I'd always wanted to try an encounter with another woman. But I had always imagined that I would be the one being seduced.

Could I be the aggressor? Did I have it in me to make love to another woman? Hell, here I was, forty-nine years old. How many more chances were going to come my way?

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, I began to rub my fingers back and forth gently. She was wet and slick. Even the soft hairs that framed her pussy lips were dripping. I couldn't believe she was so excited. How far did I want to take this? Now that the opportunity was literally in my hand, did I have the nerve to grasp it?

A. J.'s hand grabbed mine and interrupted my musing.

"Do you ... do you think we could ... you know..." she whispered.

I knew?

"What?"

My heart beat a little faster. She wanted me to eat her? Could I do it? Did I want to ... really?

I pulled away and rolled her onto her back. The light from the bathroom allowed me to see her eyes well enough. They were blazing with lust and as I looked, her tongue slipped out and wet her lips.

"Please..." she begged.

God. I could feel myself getting wet. What was it about being desired that made me turn into a wanton bitch with no morals?

"Are you sure you want this?" I asked softly.

She blinked and then looked me straight in the eye. "Yes," she whispered as her hand came up behind my head and pulled my face down to hers until our lips met.

Stunned, I let her kiss me for a minute and then felt her tongue slip out and caress my lips, timidly seeking entrance. Damn, but I was getting turned on. With a sigh, my lips parted against hers and swiftly her tongue took possession. Soon we were locked in each other's arms kissing passionately.

I could feel her nipples harden as they tried to bore into my chest. Her hands went to the bottom of my nightshirt and began to tug it upward.

"I want to feel you against me," she begged.

I sat up, quickly pulled the shirt over my head and tossed it on the floor. As I looked up, I saw she had done the same.

"They're so big," she said as she reached out and took my breasts in her small hands. They were soft against my skin—definitely not a man's hands. My nipples hardened into her palms and she shifted her hands till she had my nipples between her fingers. She began to roll them, gently squeezing and pulling till she brought moans from my throat. Then her fingers stopped moving and I was forced to think, not feel. I looked down as her hands dropped back to the bed.

Somewhere deep inside me, I felt a kind of power. This woman wanted me. She wanted another woman to make love to her. I could get her to do something her husband never had. I guess it was kind of a female thing. Suddenly, I wanted *her*.

I'd never been with a woman, but I had seen plenty of movies and read hundreds of books. Wasn't I female? Didn't I know what it took to please me? I leaned down and kissed her lips lightly. I slowly ran my tongue across her lips till she opened to me, and then plunged my tongue inside her mouth. Soon we were kissing, deep and wet. Her soft lips felt nice beneath mine.

Slowly I let my right hand slide down her side to her hip. Her skin was smooth and warm, free of hair. Then I eased my hand back to her pussy. She jumped when I touched her, and moaned into my mouth as she thrust her wet pussy against my probing fingers. I explored gently. It almost felt like touching myself. Except she had hair covering her mons and mine was bare. And my pussy lips were much bigger.

I let my finger slip between her lips. Quickly I found that hidden tunnel and my finger tried to plumb the depths. She was hot inside and tight. She began to moan and thrust against me. Our tongues dueled as my finger stroked in and out. She was getting wetter and wetter. I slipped my finger out and ran it up her cleft till I found that little nubbin of pleasure. As I brushed gently back and forth, she began to whimper and rocked harder against my finger. As I spread her pussy lips with my index finger and pinkie, I stroked her clit faster and faster as her whimpers turned into a wail and she came all over my fingers.

God, she was dripping wet. I pulled my finger away and lifted it to her lips, painting them with her juices. Her tongue instinctively ran across her lips. Her eyes widened as she realized she was tasting herself. As she watched, I again ran

my finger through her wet pussy and brought my it to my mouth. As I stared into her eyes, I slowly slipped my finger between my lips and sucked it dry. She was so sweet and spicy. My mouth watered to taste more.

Slowly, so as not to scare her, I sat up. I turned around so that I was now facing the foot of the bed. Somehow, I knew at this point that I would have to be more aggressive and demanding if I expected her to continue to respond. I couldn't give her time to think about what had just happened or she would probably panic. I was too hot to let her stop now. I had to make her feel, not think.

I lay down next to her, her sweet, wet pussy in front of my eyes. My hand reached out and gently rubbed, letting my fingers slip deep inside. A. J. moaned and arched her hips up against my probing fingers, but she was still content to remain passive to my advances. I knew it was time to move to the next step. Oh God! Was I ready for this?

I rose up to my knees and leaned over her. Slowly my face moved down, closer to her pussy. I could smell her strongly now. She smelled like woman-sex and the sea all rolled into one. The scent of her excited me and made my mouth water again. The urge to taste her became overwhelming and I lowered my head some more and extended my tongue. She gasped out loud when my tongue lashed into her wet cleft. Her taste sent my senses into a tailspin and suddenly I couldn't get enough. I began to lick and taste and nibble ... I wanted more. I wanted to make her come—taste her nectar as it poured over my tongue. My hands gripped her thighs

and held her pinned to the bed. She kept trying to writhe beneath me, threatening to break away in her excitement.

Now I could feel my own juices flowing like a river. Such a waste. I needed attention. Now was the time. A. J. was mindlessly tossing beneath me. Incoherent mumbling escaped her lips. She was definitely feeling, not thinking. I swiftly rose up and threw my leg over her, straddling her head, my hot pussy inches from her mouth. She suddenly stilled as she realized the position she was in. I couldn't let her think. My mouth dove back to attack her cunt and she moaned as I tried to devour her. Her hips arched into my mouth again and again. I felt her hands come up to rest against my hips, but she made no further move toward me. Oh, well...

Slowly, I lowered my hips the last few inches. I stopped about an inch away. Her breath was hot and moist against my bare pussy. I was thoroughly excited. My pussy lips were engorged and open. My clit was hard and throbbing. I needed more. She began to gasp from the effects of my mouth ... my tongue. Now, I thought.

Gently, I closed the last inch and shuddered at the feel of her mouth on my bare pubes. I somehow resisted the urge to mash myself against her mouth, but it was almost more than I could control. Her hands clenched my hips in panic and I heard her swallow as she gasped for air. I could drown her if she wasn't careful, I was so wet. Then I felt something brush over my sensitive pussy lips. Her tongue! She swallowed again and hesitated a moment. I stopped what I was doing and froze, holding my breath.

Would she panic and push me away? Or would she be carried away?

Suddenly she whimpered deep in her throat and raised her lips to me. Then, oh dear God, she was kissing and licking me ravenously. It felt so good. My head dropped back to my task and there we were, locked in the classic sixty-nine as it is so often portrayed, our mouths greedy, our hands possessive. We couldn't get enough of each other. Soon we were rolling all over the bed. Through it all, our lips remained as if glued to each other. Our tongues never ceased moving.

Then I felt that tingling begin in my clit and I began to shudder. I was beneath her now and I pulled her down tighter to my raping mouth and tongue. I wanted her to come with me. My tongue lashed her clit, hard as a miniature cock against my tongue. I felt the shudders rip through her body. With a groan, my climax washed over me and I could feel my juices flow like a river over her tongue. She began lapping greedily ... swallowing ... Then she froze and suddenly ground her wet pussy harder against my face as she suddenly came. Her nectar flowed over my tongue in torrents. Damn she tasted good.

Slowly, we calmed, lying quietly together on our sides, our heads resting on each other's thighs. I gently kissed the lips of her pussy and felt her do the same. We didn't talk. This was not the time for words. As our heartbeats quieted, we relaxed and fell into a sated sleep.

A. J. and I woke late in the morning and we didn't really have time to talk. She had to rush home and get ready for work. I usually had Friday's off, but on this assignment, I had

to work. So I had to get ready as well. As I was about to leave, the phone rang. I stared at it for a moment and then left without answering. I was sure I knew who it was and if I was right, I wasn't ready to talk just yet. I knew I'd have to answer to John soon enough.

The day was busy and we had to stay a little late. I asked A. J. if she would like to go to dinner. "Bring your husband," I said. "I'd like to meet him. He sounded very nice." She agreed, which told me she wasn't really upset at what had happened between us, and went to call you. She came back and said everything was set and that it was your treat for letting your wife off for the weekend. I knew I was in for it now.

Could you play this game of innocence? Could you talk to me in front of your wife and not reveal that we are lovers? I knew *I* could, but I wasn't so sure about you. Of course, I also had a secret that you didn't know about your wife and me.

At eight o'clock, you and A. J. picked me up and we went to a restaurant for dinner and drinks. We didn't have a moment alone, but I could "hear" the questions running around in your head. As the evening wore on, you began to relax. You must have figured if there was any chance of us getting caught, it was no longer likely to happen.

I could tell A. J. was a little nervous at first and she gulped her first two drinks. She was starting to feel no pain, but at least it relaxed her and made her act more normal. When we arrived back at my motel, she had to go to the bathroom. I invited you both in for a nightcap. I had brought a small

coffee maker and I could make coffee. You both agreed. After setting the coffee on to drip, A. J. excused herself and went to the bathroom.

"What's going on," you demanded the second we were alone.

"I told you about my new detail. How was I supposed to know I'd be assigned here? Much less, meet your wife. And then have to work together. I didn't even know who she was at first."

"What are we going to do now?" you whispered.

"Nothing. She has no idea and we're going to keep it that way."

But, damn, you smelled so good. We hadn't been together in three weeks and I missed you something bad. I could feel myself begin to get wet, like I always do when you're near me.

"I need you..." I stepped close and put my arms around you. Instinctively you drew me close and then seemed to realize where we were and pushed me away. But not before I'd felt your cock, pressed hard against my stomach. Even with your wife in the other room, you wanted me. Maybe even because she was so nearby.

A. J. came out and we sat around drinking coffee, A. J.'s and mine laced with brandy. We talked about everything and nothing. You know what I mean, those silly things people talk about when they don't know each other. It was nothing of any importance.

It was getting late and everybody got a little quiet. I was putting everything away when I realized I didn't have enough



cream for coffee in the morning. I asked if there was a store open this time of night and A. J. volunteered you to run out and get me some. You seemed a bit nervous all of a sudden and anxious to get away. I gave you my keys and insisted you take my car.

After you left, A. J. looked at me and said, "I don't know what to say about last night."

"There's nothing to say. It happened and we enjoyed it. That's all that matters."

"I don't know"

"Did you enjoy it?" I stepped closer and put my hands on her arms.

"Yes."

"I like your husband."

"Yes, he is nice."

"No," I said. "I mean I *really* like your husband. I'd like to go to bed with him."

"John?" She looked at me for a few moments as her emotions washed over her eyes. Surprise, jealousy, shock, disbelief, anger and finally understanding. "Ohhh..."

Panic set in. "I couldn't do that! John would never understand. He must never know. He'd kill me ... divorce me ... if he thought I was a ... a ... lesbian," she finished in horror.

"A. J., thrust me. There isn't a man alive who hasn't at least fantasized about having two women at the same time. I think it's an ego thing. He'll probably jump in with open arms. Can't you just picture yourself guiding his hard cock to my

dripping pussy? His cock that got hard as nails watching us get each other off?"

I was holding her loosely in my arms as I watched her struggle with the picture in her mind. I knew she liked it as I could feel her nipples harden.

"I don't know."

"Sure you do," I murmured. "You'd love it ... and so would he. Would you like to watch me suck his stiff cock down my throat? I'll just bet he'd love that. And you could play with his balls while I do it." I leaned up and kissed her lightly. She moaned and her arms came up around me as she began to kiss me back.

Soon we were on the bed kissing and pawing at each other. I got my hand up her skirt and on her hot cunt. She was quickly getting wet. I sat up, turned and buried my head between her thighs. She tried to push me away but when she felt my lips and tongue on her pussy, she dropped back with a sigh and a moan and let me lick her sweet, wet pussy. It wasn't long before she was writhing beneath me. She was so excited, she didn't hear the door open and you walk in and gasp in shock.

I could see you from the edge of my vision standing in the doorway dumbfounded. I heard a car door slam and someone giggle. It broke your trance and you quickly and quietly closed and locked the door. And threw the deadbolt.

As I went back to eating your wife with a vengeance, I could see you open your pants and pull out your cock ... your hard cock. I smiled to myself. It was going to be all right. For a few minutes, you just stood there and watched as I licked

your wife into a frenzy beneath me. She was writhing and moaning.

I finally shifted and swung my leg over A. J. and straddled her head. I had already removed my panties. This time she didn't hesitate. She reached up, grabbed my hips and pulled me down to her mouth. My head arched up and my eyes glazed. I moaned in ecstasy as her tongue licked. An orgasm ripped through me at the thought of her eating me with you only a few feet away. It felt so good, but I wanted more.

I pulled away slightly from her maddening tongue. "A. J.," I breathed, "I need more..." She tried to pull me closer, but I resisted. "Need a cock. Your husband's cock."

I could see your cock lurch at my words. You stared with disbelief at the tableau in front of you. This was your fantasy, but a thousand times better, yet unbelievable! You couldn't trust your eyes.

I motioned you to remove your clothes, and in moments, you were naked. Your cock, thick and hard, bobbed in front of you. I gestured you nearer. You came slowly, as if afraid this was all some cruel dream, but when my hot hand wrapped around your stiff cock, you barely suppressed a groan.

"A. J. Wouldn't you like to watch a cock slip deep into my pussy? Yeahhhh. Wouldn't you like to guide it straight? Imagine your husband's cock ... John's cock! Can you see it?"

"Yessss..." she hissed.

I again lowered myself within reach and she went at me with a vengeance. I gave her a few licks to keep her excited. Then I looked up at you and mouthed, "Fuck me." This time you did moan softly.

Slowly, you eased around the end of the bed, approaching quietly from behind me. Suddenly, I felt A. J. freeze beneath me. She knew we were no longer alone.

"It's all right, A. J.," I heard you murmur. The bed shifted under your weight as you carefully approached.

I looked over my shoulder and caught your eyes. They were bright with lust. We locked eyes for a second and you smiled like a little boy in a toy store. "Fuck me," I pleaded.

You looked down at A. J. "Guide it in ... please?" After a moment's hesitation, she reached out and grabbed your cock in her hand and you flinched at her touch. "Do it, baby..." You watched avidly as she led the head of your cock to the wet, slick entrance to my cunt.

She jacked her hand up and down your shaft a few times. "Fuck her, John ... fuck her..." she whispered.

You gasped in excitement and thrust deep within my body. You groaned at the sensation of my hot, wet pussy closing around your cock. When you were finally buried all the way to your furry testicles, you tried to wiggle deeper till my pussy lips were wrapped around your come-filled balls. "Ohhhh, yesss..." you hissed with pleasure.

I could feel you throb deep inside. I was so wet, so hot, so excited! My juices dripped down your balls.

"Shit!" You jumped as if whipped. "God, A. J., don't stop," you begged. She was licking your balls. I could feel her tongue as it sometimes strayed to my pussy lips wrapped around your balls.

"John..." I wailed. "Please ... now..." I whimpered. "Fuck me!" I pleaded breathlessly. Damn, I was so hot.

Suddenly you started to move, thrusting in and out, deeper and deeper, faster and faster, harder and harder. I was moaning and writhing on the end of your cock. Finally, I found the breath to inquire, "Do you like it?" I looked over my shoulder. "Do you like your cock in my pussy?" You grunted and stroked deeper, grinding against me. "Does your wife's tongue feel good on your balls," I wanted to know.

"Yessss," you spit out between clenched teeth. "You want my cock?" you asked as you drove harder. "Do you want me to fill your cunt with my come?"

"Please..." I wailed as my orgasms hit, one right after the other. My pussy clenched and pulsed around your fat cock and milked it. A few more strokes and you began to shake and I could feel your cock grow bigger. "Oh, God..."

You began to move faster and deeper. "Yeah, baby, take my come. Feel me fill your pussy with my hot come. Aaaahhhh..."

Exhausted, you fell back between my legs, staring at my hot, wet, red pussy.

There was only one thing more I could do. I dropped my head and began to lash A. J.'s wet pussy again. Soon she was writhing and moaning. She was excited, and all of a sudden, she stiffened and cried out her climax. You couldn't tear your eyes away.

I was dripping. My juices were all over her face. You reached out, slipped a finger through my juices, brought your finger to your lips, and sucked it clean. Then you repeated the gesture, but this time you offered her your finger. After a

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moment's hesitation, she opened her mouth and accepted.  
"Lick her," you whispered. "Eat her ... please..."

After a slight hesitation, she lifted her head and complied. I shrieked at the touch of her tongue and began to whimper as I felt your tongue join hers.

"Oh God, Oh God, Oh God," I begged, "don't stop!"

The two of you licked and sucked and fought over me and the sweet combined nectar flowing from my body in abandon. I writhed in ecstasy. I was coming again and again. You both licked me till I was clean and we all collapsed on the bed.

You lay in the middle as we snuggled close, my fingers running through the hair on you chest. It was going to be a long night...

## The Three H's

God, the sky was hazy. The sun beat down brutally through the gray ceiling. It was so hot and humid the sweat dripped off our foreheads and into our eyes.

"Richard, what do you say we finish up here for the day and go inside and cool off? We can maybe work at this later this evening if it cools off."

You looked up from weeding the tomatoes. Your face was starting to get a bit pink. I was going to have to make sure you put some lotion on the next time we came out here.

"Okay. Sounds like a good idea. Why don't you get the shower running and I'll be right behind you." You began to gather up the tools.

Peeling off my sweat soaked clothes, I left them lying on the bedroom floor on the way to the bathroom. Reaching into the large double shower we had installed recently, I adjusted the water. Mmmm ... a nice lukewarm. It was not too hot, but cool enough to soothe our heated skin. As I leaned over to grab the liquid Neutrogena, I felt you come up behind me.

"Now that's the welcome I like," you growled in my ear as you wrapped your naked body around mine.

"Ahhhh," I moaned as I felt your cock flex against my ass. "You are such a dog."

"And you love it." Your cock thickened with quick jerks until it stood tall and fat between my cheeks. "You are such a bitch. You love it when I fuck you like this," you said as you bucked against me.

I grinned as I thrust my ass back at your stiff cock. "You know me too well." Pulling away, I turned and grabbed your cock gently. "Come on Fido, time for your bath." I urged you into the shower with me.

Ahhhh ... the water felt so good. "Let me see if I can cool you off after all that heat." I pumped some soap into my hand and turned you away from me. My hands started at your shoulders and smoothed the silky soap all over your back. I do love the feel of muscles under my palms. A light scrape of my nails had you purring in pleasure.

My hands slipped down until I was running them over your taut buttocks. "Mmmm ... I love your ass too." You growled again as my fingers slipped in the crevice. Quickly I spun you around.

Your cock throbbed and bounced in front of you. My hands were irresistibly drawn to it, so hot and hard. My fingers clasped it tight and then relaxed. Slowly I slid them up and down your impressive length.

"Dammit Angela, you keep that up and I will be happy to be your puppy dog and fuck your ass," you groaned.

"No, no." I pulled my hands away and started to lather your pubes and balls. Another moan slipped from your lips. "I have something else in mind."

Grabbing the sprayer, I gently let the tepid water rinse the soap bubbles from your body. I spun you around, made sure all the soap film was gone and you finally stood, clean and slick before me. Your cock was at attention and begging for release. Slipping to the floor of the shower, I sat between your legs and looked up.



"Mmmm ... lovely view." I grinned. My hands ran slowly up the insides of your legs to your thighs. Gently I urged you to lift one leg to the shower seat.

My fingers continued to ascend till they brushed against your low hanging balls. Gently I caressed. Slowly they began to rise and quiver against my fingertips.

"God, Angela..."

Letting my fingertips glide higher, I wrapped my fingers around your bobbing erection and began to stroke up and down.

"Arghhhh..." you gurgled deep in your throat. "Suck it."

"Mmmm ... I don't think so," I murmured as my hand tightened and stroked a bit faster. "I have something else in mind." I grinned to myself.

I watched as your eyes closed with pleasure at the touch of my hand. Slowly you leaned forward. You flinched in surprise as my hot, wet tongue connected with your come-filled balls.

"Shit Angela!" Your hand reached out and grabbed the rail. You sensed you were in for a treat.

Slowly my tongue lashed and teased. Over and over, around and around my tongue went. Your moans were echoing off the walls. My hand continued to stroke slowly, keeping you primed.

"You can't come," I whispered, "until I give permission." You grunted your assent.

I let the fingers of my other hand slide up your thigh to join my tongue. Gently I caressed. My lips kissed and nuzzled and slowly parted, drawing you inside my hot mouth. Your

free hand wrapped itself in my hair, urging me on. "Yeah Angela ... don't stop now. I want to come."

"No, no." I let you slip from between my lips. "I'm not finished." As my hand still stroked steadily up and down your bloated cock, I leaned up and licked the head. I savored the taste of you on the back of my tongue. "Mmmm ... you can't come yet. You have to ask permission." Again, I let my tongue glide down your shaft and my fingers take possession and stroke once more.

My lips and tongue again teased and licked between your legs, my fingers caressing, teasing, then gently lifting. You gasped as my tongue swept down.

"Angela!" You trembled and your cock flexed and bucked in my hand. "I have to come," you groaned.

I squeezed tight, stemming the urge. "Don't you want me to continue?" I asked silkily.

You moaned, "Dammit Angela, don't stop."

"Don't come," I breathed as my tongue once again slicked down the hair beneath your balls. Your fingers tightened in my hair as I felt the muscles in your thighs tremble against my cheeks.

My hand stroked faster and gripped tighter around your drooling cock. My fingers gently caressed your balls. My tongue began to lap and lick, ever more naughty.

I could feel you tense. You wanted desperately to rock in my fist. Even more desperately to come. You strained to stand still, encouraging me, wondering how far I would go.

My tongue swept up and around your taut, come-filled balls and rapidly up the shaft of your cock as my hand

released it. You groaned deep in your throat as my tongue lapped up your spilled nectar. You jerked as my lips closed around the head and I let your hard cock slide deep into my mouth. But before you could get in a stroke, I was gone and you were throbbing in mid air.

"Noooo..."

Your protestation was cut short by the sensation of my hot, wet tongue swirling down and around your balls as my fingers wrapped tight around your throbbing erection. You gasped as my tongue went lower still ... teasing ... taunting...

I leaned further forward and my tongue licked up and across your ass, lashing and teasing.

Both hands suddenly grabbed my head and pulled me away.

"Now," you demanded. Pushing my hand away, you brought the tip of you cock to my lips.

With a groan, my lips parted. Your hot, hard cock slipped between them and across my tongue till it was lodged deep at my greedy throat. With a bob of my head and a swirl of my tongue around the bloated tip, you came. With a bellow, your hot, wet, creamy juices shot across my tongue.

Your hips continued to stroke, feeding your cock deep. Your balls twitched between my fingers as you poured into my throat. With a shudder, you gently pulled from between my lips, tugging me up for a kiss of gratitude.

"Mmmm..." you murmured. "I had something else in mind," you said with a grin as you slipped to the floor.

## Celebration

I was excited. It was like a dream come true. My first sale and recognition, and there you were with me. I had to leave before you for dinner and you promised to meet me there in plenty of time to videotape the presentation to the Captain of the ship.

I was breathless as I returned to our table. The thought that my story was now in a CD in the ship's library was thrilling. How many people would be inspired to lusty delights upon reading it?

I caught sight of you as I was halfway across the room. Was that you? Where did you get a tuxedo? My heart skipped a beat and I grew warm. You knew how a man in a tux turned me on and had somehow managed to acquire one for this dinner.

"Oh, darling, you look yummy." I kissed your cheek as you gave me a hug. And you did look good. There is something about a man in a tux. So prim ... so proper ... so stiff and composed ... so untouchable—everything that made me wonder if I could break that control.

As we sat, I couldn't resist letting my hand drift beneath the tablecloth to test your composure. My fingers slid teasingly up your leg till your hand closed over mine. Giving it a squeeze, you took it and placed it back in my lap. "Later sweetheart," you whispered with a sly grin as you turned your attention back to dinner.

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Damn, but you were a tease. I could look but not touch. It was several more hours before we could make our escape.

The air was balmy and the midnight blue sky was clear and sprinkled with stars. Their light shimmered on the serene water below. Taking my hand, we began to stroll along the deserted deck. Subdued deck lighting glinted off your silver hair, giving you a rakish look. But it was the still crisp lines of your tux that caught my attention ... and fired my libido. You wouldn't get away from me this time. I wanted you ... bad.

We were passing the closed poolside bar when my desires got the better of me. With a quick glance around to assure that we wouldn't be seen, I pulled you out of sight of the deck.

"What...?"

"Shhhh," I whispered as I pulled you close and kissed you.

"Mmmm..."

The smooth crisp feel of your jacket invited my fingers to explore and they slipped down your back on a southward journey. Easing beneath your jacket, my hands grasped your firm ass and pulled you closer as I deepened our kiss. I could feel your cock jerk against my stomach. Leaning back, I let my eyes drift seductively down your body.

"Hmmm ... I seem to have ruined the lines of your tux," I grinned.

"So what are you going to do about it?" you asked as you thrust your hips out to show me how the front of your slacks was now tented.

"Me? What am I supposed to do? All I wanted was a kiss and a hug," I stated innocently.

"Right." Tugging me close again, you ground your hard cock against my soft belly. Your mouth captured mine as your tongue delved between my lips.

I let my hand drift down until I could close my fingers around the stiff bulge in your trousers.

"Yessss," you groaned as your cock shuddered at my touch. In seconds, you were grinding your cock back and forth against my palm.

Then with a gasp you jerked away.

"What's the matter, darling?" My hand reached for you again.

"Grrrr ... don't. Don't tease me out here."

"I wouldn't do that," I crooned as my fingers attempted to wrap around you again. "Let me make it better."

"But what if someone comes by?"

"Don't worry, baby. No one is going to come besides you." As my fingers found your zipper and began to lower it, my other hand drew you down for another kiss.

"Mmmm," you groaned.

In seconds, I had you unzipped and your belt loose. My hands pushed down your pants. Pulling back, I grinned, then lowered myself to my knees. My fingers tugged your red silk boxers down over your hips. I loved the incongruity of the red silk beneath the oh so proper suit.

Your cock bounced free. I groaned as it caught my attention ... bobbing before me. As I looked, the rosy head of your cock swelled and peeked from its cover. My fingers brushed over your bloated balls and it was now you that groaned. "It's all right darling, I'm going to make it better."

Letting my fingers slide from your balls and up the stiff shaft of your cock, I leaned forward and let my tongue lash out. Your hands came up and wound themselves in my hair as my tongue began to lave your quivering jewels.

"Oh yes, baby..."

As my fingers lightly stroked up and down your cock, my tongue worked diligently. Around and around, wetly, till your come-filled balls twitched beneath my tongue. Your cock jerked in my hand, demanding attention. Your fingers tightened in my hair, afraid I might stop. Moans began to spill from your throat. I pulled back and looked up at you.

"Oh God, baby, don't stop now!"

I let my fingers stroke up and down. The head of your cock was now completely free of its cowl. Blushing a blood red, it swelled larger, enticing me ... making my mouth water. As my fingers tugged it down, I leaned forward, my warm breath washing over the tip.

"Ohhhh," you groaned.

I let my tongue lash out and swirl wetly around the head of your cock. You jerked uncontrollably.

"Oh yes, baby ... Suck my cock," you pleaded.

Ovaling my lips, I dropped my head, engulfing your cock without touching it with anything but the hot moist air of my mouth. You groaned ... then gasped as my lips and mouth closed around the hard shaft. You groaned again as my lips slid back up the shaft and my tongue twirled around the swollen head.

"Mmmm," I groaned at the taste of you. Your cock excites me. Tempts me. Makes me hot and wet. Pulling back, I let my

hand stroke up and down your now wet cock. "You make me so wet for you darling. Look how wet I am for you."

As you watched, I took the fingers of my other hand and reached beneath my dress, then pulled them back and showed you. They were wet and shiny with my nectar. I reached up and you grabbed my hand, drew my fingers to your mouth, and sucked them in, your tongue swirling around them as you groaned.

As I pulled them back, I repeated the gesture. But this time I brought my fingers to your cock and wiped them up and down the shaft.

"Oh God," you gasped and then moaned as I leaned forward again and began to lick up and down the length of your throbbing, pulsating hardness.

"Suck me," you demanded as your fingers once again tightened in my hair.

My tongue swirled over and around ... up and down. Again and again. Taking you in my small hands, I stroked up and down ... my tongue lashing the tip. Then my hunger controlled me and I took you in my mouth again as you groaned louder.

"Don't stop..."

I wasn't going to stop now ... of that you could be assured. My mouth slid up and down your cock. I began to hum with pleasure and your body jerked at the sensation.

"Yeahhhh..."

Faster and faster I moved. Up ... and down ... again ... and again ... My tongue swirling around the head on the upstroke. Lower and lower my head went. Deeper and deeper



I took you into my mouth ... into my throat. Finally, with one downward sweep, my lips brushed your balls ... Your groans, I am sure, could be heard on the bridge.

My lips ... my tongue ... my fingers loved your cock ... teased your come-filled balls. Teased them ... taunted them ... dared them to give up their control. Faster and faster, I stroked the length of your hard cock. Harder and harder, I sucked, seeking your surrender, my hunger communicating itself vividly.

"Oh sweetheart ... I can't hold out much longer." Your fingers held me as your cock quivered between my lips. You stroked your cock deep into my hot, wet mouth. You jerked when my tongue twirled around the bloated head. Your taste leaked upon my tongue, teasing my senses, exciting me to greater endeavors. I wanted you ... needed you.

"Ohhh ... baby ... I gotta come ... I'm going to come down your pretty throat. Suck me, baby."

I wrapped my lips tighter around your cock and sucked harder. My fingers caressed your bloated balls as you groaned. Your fingers tightened as your cock began to swell and jerk in my mouth.

"Now!"

Shivers of lust swept over me as you began to spill your sweet cream in my hungry mouth. My fingers surrounded your spewing cock, grasping tight, allowing me to swallow before releasing my grip to allow you to send more of your creamy lust down my greedy throat.

"Aaaarrrrgggghhhh," you bellowed with your release.

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Pulling back, I used my tongue to lick the dripping come from your still quivering cock as you watched me with glazed eyes. Then, sucking you back between my lips, I took you deep into my mouth, making sure to not miss a drop of your sweet, musky cream.

"God ... Baby..." you whispered as I sat back and caught my breath.

Dragging me to my feet, you pulled me into your arms, your lips on mine ... tasting yourself on my tongue. "Thank you sweetheart."

"No. Thank you," I grinned, "for being here to help me celebrate."

## Master

Hmmmm ... I don't know if this is smart or not. After all, what do I really know about this man other than he's into kinky shit and is much younger than me. Sigh...

Later ... over coffee...

Well, he does seem nice enough. Attractive too. Mmmm...

I agreed to go with him. It wasn't long before we were checking into a motel. I dropped my purse on the end table and climbed onto the bed as you locked the door.

"I didn't say you could lay down," you said sternly.

I looked up at you in surprise.

"Stand up." You glared at me as you tossed the keys next to my purse. "Now."

A frisson of fear ran down my spine as I stood before you. Slowly, you walked around me, examining me from all sides. "Drop your dress. I want to see what you're hiding."

With shaking fingers, I undid the zipper and let my dress slip over my hips and pool at my feet. I was wearing a satin teddy, white with rose and pink and peach flowers, a white garter belt, beige stockings and tan heels.

I couldn't help but flinch at the touch of your hand gliding up the back of my leg to cup the cheek of my ass. You removed your hand and I started to breathe when suddenly I jerked at the feel of your hand smacking the cheek of my ass.

"Ouch!"

"Don't move."

You leaned close and whispered in my ear, "Your ass jiggles."

My face felt flushed.

"On you knees."

As I carefully dropped to my knees, you stepped in front of me. "Take them off," you ordered.

I looked up at you in confusion. Take off what, I wondered, but was afraid to ask.

Then I realized what you wanted and my hands went to your belt. I couldn't believe how my hands shook and my fingers fumbled, but I managed and soon was pulling down your pants.

As your pants slipped past your hips, your cock slapped up against your stomach. Hard and throbbing, large and demanding, it called to me. Unconsciously my hand started to reach for it.

"Don't stop," you hissed. "I want them off."

Jerking my hand back, I quickly proceeded to push down your pants, but your shoes stopped them. Glancing back up at you, you gave me a look that said I'd better get it right this time. You reached down and grabbed the belt, pulling it from the belt loops and then wrapping it around your hand. My heart began to beat erratically. Oh God. He wouldn't beat me, would he?

Quickly I removed your shoes and pants, till finally you were standing before me, with your rampant cock brushing against the bottom of your shirt.

You smiled as you reached down and let the end of your belt brush across my nipples, your smile getting larger as

they stiffened against the leather. You stepped around me, your fingers running through my hair. As you stopped behind me, you took both hands, one still clasping your belt and lightly ran your fingers from my temples down the sides of my face and then down my arms. When you reached my wrists, you gently pulled them behind me as you leaned down and kissed my forehead. My eyes fluttered closed.

Suddenly, the belt jerked tight around my wrists. I gasped as my eyes shot open. I struggled to get free.

"No!" You gave the belt another jerk, bringing a grunt of pain from my throat. "It won't hurt if you don't struggle," you whispered in my ear. As I forced myself to relax, the tension on the belt lessened. I sat there on my knees, panting for breath.

Coming around, you stopped in front of me. Your cock was pulsing, precome glimmering at the tip. Spreading your legs slightly, you arched your pelvis at me. "Lick my balls."

Ah hell, how was I supposed to do this with no hands? Your hand shot out and, burying your fingers in my hair, you pulled my lips right up against your hot crotch. "Lick them," you ordered again.

My eyes closed as my tongue slipped out and began to lap wetly and thoroughly over your bloated, come-filled balls. Again and again, my tongue laved. For how long I don't know. Soon your balls were wet and dripping as my tongue swirled around and around. I could feel them twitching.

"Enough." you rasped. "Now my cock. And get it real wet, because I'm going to fuck you with it." With that, you pulled my head up by my hair and, pushing your cock down with the

other, you slipped the head between my lips. "And you better to a good job or I'll find another use for my belt."

My hot tongue swirled around the bloated head of your big cock. My lips parted and I let you slide deep into my mouth. More and more until I thought I might gag. My eyes watered, but I took a deep breath and suppressed the impulse, your cock slipping finally all the way in, my tongue swirling around and around as my lips slid up and down.

Moans came from deep in my throat. The sound of my mouth on your cock was hot and wet. I heard the groans coming from deep in your chest. I redoubled my efforts to please you, when suddenly you jerked my head back and off your throbbing cock. "I didn't say you could make me come," you gasped.

Panting, I knelt there. My eyes lifted as your hand went to your wet cock and began to stroke it, up and down. My breath caught in my throat. Damn, it looked so good. I wondered what you were going to do next. I was so horny, my pussy was dripping and pulsing. I wanted you to fuck me, but I knew better than to ask.

"You want it, don't you?" You wagged your cock under my nose. "You want me to fuck you with it? Are you hot enough? Wet enough?"

Looking up at you, all I could do was watch your hand stroking, up and down.

"Answer me!"

"Oh yes. I want you to fuck me."

You stepped around behind me, out of my sight. I heard your voice in my ear. "Stand up."

"I can't," I whimpered. "My knees..." My arthritis wouldn't allow me to rise without the use of my hands.

With a jerk on my belted wrists, I suddenly and painfully found myself staggering to my feet. "Ow!"

"Never say you can't," you hissed in my ear as you steadied me on my feet before releasing me. "Now let's see if you're wet enough." I almost fell as your hand slipped between my thighs and probed me rudely. "Yes ... you are wet and ready," you laughed as you pulled your fingers back.

"Get on the bed." Your order was accompanied by another smack to my ass. "And be quick about it."

Gingerly I tried to climb onto the bed on my knees. As I almost made it, you suddenly grabbed the front of my head with one hand as you pushed my back with the other. I fell face down on the bed with my ass in the air, but your hand cushioned my fall. You caressed my ass and, reaching beneath me, you ripped open the snaps of my teddy.

Your fingers began to probe. God, I was so hot. I couldn't stop from waving my ass like a bitch in heat. Another smack blistered my cheek. "You slut. All you want is my hard cock buried in your cunt."

All I could do was whimper in agreement.

Suddenly I felt a velvet-covered rod probing me. "Want it?" you laughed. "Want my big, fat cock buried deep in your cunt? Yeah, that's what you need—to be fucked by a real man. You want my cock to fill you so full of come it drips out." Another hand smacked my ass again.

Then it was there. Pushing ... deeper ... and deeper. Oh God. I started to slide across the mattress when your hands

grasped my hips and pulled me back—back onto your thick, long cock. Groaning, I could do nothing to stop my impalement. If I hadn't been so hot and wet, it would have ripped me open.

Finally, I felt your pubic hair brushing against my ass and your still wet balls mash up against my bare, slick pussy lips. Moaning, I tried desperately to grind back against you, but your cock was already gone. "Ahhh." Suddenly you shoved it back in ... all the way. "Ohhh ... God," I whimpered. "Please, do it ... fuck me."

Your fingers anchored in the flesh of my hips, pulling me back against your rampant cock, then pushing me away as you pulled out, then again yanking me onto your cock as you strove to bury it deeper yet into my hot, wet depths.

"That's it. Move that ass. Let me feel that tight-ass cunt around my prick. I'm going to fill you till you overflow."

Again and again you drove into me. Again and again I groaned at the depth you reached. Deeper and deeper. Harder and harder. Faster and faster, till I almost fell flat on my stomach. Only your hands at my hips kept me on my knees. Tremors racked my body as you pounded into me from behind. My juices were flowing down your cock and dripping from your balls as they slapped against the back of my thighs.

"That's it, bitch. Come all over my cock. Let me feel your cunt grabbing me. Feel me fucking you. I'm going to drown you. My come is going to pour out of your cunt. Come on, come some more. I want to feel your hot pussy wring the



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come out of me. That's it, bitch. Drain my balls. I'm going to come. Yessss."

"Aaaarrrrgggghhhh." I don't know who screamed louder as we both came in a blinding roar. Your come flowed like rain down my thighs until finally spent, you allowed me to slide flat as you let your cock slip out of my warmth.

As you slipped down onto the bed next to me, you released my wrists and pulled me against your hot body, your lips against my ear.

"Mmmm ... You did good slave."

## The Challenge

To: Allyn@intranet.net

Dear Allyn,

Hi. I'm going to be in AC on the 12th. Why don't you come on over? We'll finally meet, have a few drinks and whatever. Are you up to the challenge, darling?

Love, Maire

~~~~~

To: Maire@merlin.com

Well, sweetheart, I've never been one to turn down a challenge. I'll be there with bells on.

Always yours, Allyn

~~~~~

To: Allyn@intranet.net

Forget the bells. Make it silk jockeys. BE THERE!

Love, Maire

~~~~~

To: Maire@merlin.com

You have a deal sweetheart. See you on the 12th.

Always yours, Allyn

~~~~~

I took a deep breath to steady my nerves. He should be here any moment. I'd never done anything like this before but I had a feeling I was going to enjoy myself.

I heard knock at the door and I knew you'd arrived.

"Hello Allyn," I said softly as I gave you a hug and leaned up to give you a kiss on the cheek. Your arms went

unthinkingly around me and you didn't seem to mind the familiarity.

We sat around and talked for a while and shared a few drinks and just relaxed, getting to know each other. Yes, I thought. *I can do this.*

"So, Allyn, you still find me not quite to your tastes?"

You began to hem and haw, uncomfortable with the direct question.

"Don't answer that."

Standing, I went over to you. "Stand up."

It was quiet, but it was an order. And you knew it. Your eyes flared briefly and then you came slowly to your feet.

I walked slowly around you, letting my hand trail across your shoulders. As I came abreast, I leaned up and whispered in your ear. "A challenge, love. One half hour—thirty minutes—you do as I say."

"What?" Your eyes flicked toward mine, but my hand came up to the side of your face to stop your head from turning.

"Don't move!"

I could hear your breathing speed up. "Give me thirty minutes and you'll never see me the same way again."

You stood there for a moment, your eyes wide, unseeing, or perhaps seeing possible delights in your mind.

"Well?"

You jumped. Your eyes drifted closed as you drew a deep breath. "Yes."

"Yes what?"

You sighed as your eyes slowly opened to stare straight ahead. "I accept your challenge."

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I smiled in satisfaction. "Good." My hand slid down your back till it cupped your ass and you flinched. Reaching down, I pulled out a blindfold hidden beneath the chair cushion. "Close your eyes."

After you obeyed, I reached up and slipped it on.

"What?" you exclaimed as you reached up.

I slapped your hand and you stiffened. "You made a deal," I hissed.

You took another deep breath and shuddered. "Yes," you sighed.

"Yes what?"

"Yes ma'am," you answered obediently. I smiled.

"The mask is to keep my appearance from distracting you. You are only allowed to feel me. And you cannot touch yourself without permission. Understood?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good. Now, don't move."

I went to the bathroom and changed into a red corset, garters and red lace stockings. When I came out, you were standing obediently where I'd left you. Walking around to face you, I began to unbutton your shirt. Luckily, you weren't wearing a tee shirt and my hands rubbed across your chest, my fingers lightly pinching your nipples. You gasped in surprise, but didn't pull away.

Moving behind you, I pulled your shirt from your shoulders and down your arms, leaving your hands tangled behind you. Reaching beneath the chair cushion again, I retrieved a length of soft material with Velcro. Then, while seemingly

fumbling with your shirt cuffs, I bound your wrists behind you.

"What?" You struggled as you realized that you were bound helplessly, blind-folded and at my mercy.

"I said stand still!"

You shook visibly. "But you said nothing about bondage," you whined.

"I didn't give you permission to speak, slave! Did I?"

Taking a deep breath, you straightened up. "No ma'am."

"Then don't, unless I ask you a question," I said softly.

"Yes ma'am."

"That's better."

I unzipped your pants, tugged them down, and smiled. For all your resistance, you were hard as a rock. Your cock throbbed visibly behind the silk jockeys. Lightly I let my fingers run up from your balls to the head of your cock. You gasped and your body jerked back.

"Don't move!"

With another deep breath, you stilled immediately.

Smiling, I pulled down your briefs. Your cock bounced free, rigid and throbbing. Dropping to my knees, I removed your shoes and socks and helped you step out of your pants.

You now stood naked before me. "Is this all you have to offer me, slave?"

"Yes ma'am. I'm sorry ma'am."

My fingers reached up and wrapped around the shaft of your cock. You moaned but didn't jerk away this time. I could easily see the muscles in your thighs clench.

Slowly, lightly, my fingers stroked from the flared head of your hard cock down to the base, my palm brushing gently against your taut, come-filled balls. A tremor rippled through your tense body as the air gushed from your lungs.

"Do you like that?" I asked softly.

"Yessss."

My fingers tightened around the base of your cock and you gasped at the sudden discomfort.

"Yes ma'am!"

"That's better," I whispered as I relaxed my fingers and began to stroke slowly up and down ... and you groaned.

Leaning forward, I pressed a kiss against your belly, your cock and balls nestled warmly in my ample cleavage.

Moaning, you unconsciously rocked against me.

Releasing your throbbing cock, I slowly stood, my lips and tongue leaving a wet trail upward. My lips reached one flat nipple. You moaned as my tongue washed across it and it stiffened. You gasped as my teeth clamped around your nipple and I felt your cock pulse against my stomach.

Leaving your nipple, I moved higher, my arms winding around your neck, my hands pulling your head down, your lips to mine. You returned my kiss with unrestrained passion.

Rising up on my toes, I let your cock slip between my thighs. With a shiver of delight, I let my thighs part slightly and rocked slowly forward. Your stiff cock nosed its way between my fat pussy lips, gliding easily on my slick nectar. You throbbed against my clit and this time it was I who moaned, the tremors of orgasm washing over me. You pulled

back from my mouth gasping for breath. Your cock jerked wildly against my clit.

"Don't you dare come," I whispered in your ear.

Tensing, you held yourself still ... teeth clenched ... groaning. After a minute, during which your cock demanded attention, you finally gained control. With a sigh, you released your breath.

"Feel good, baby?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Want me to make it feel better?"

"Please ma'am."

My fingers slipped between us to grasp your throbbing shaft. Standing again on my toes, I guided the fat bloated tip of your cock to the entrance of my pussy.

You held your breath in anticipation as your cock pulsed, the head nestled firmly in my hot, humid grasp. But I wasn't ready yet.

As you moaned, I stood up and stepped back. I could see you grit your teeth in frustration as your rigid shaft bobbed fruitlessly in thin air. After a few moments, you shuddered and sighed in resignation.

Smiling, I dropped silently to my knees before you. Leaning forward, I let my tongue sweep teasingly around the head of your cock.

You gasped and jerked, but didn't pull away. Moaning, a fine sweat broke out across your abdomen. My tongue licked its way down the stiff shaft. Reaching the base, my tongue slipped even lower. You began to pant as my tongue lapped wetly at your taut, twitching balls.

Leaving them wet and slick, my tongue moved back up to the tip of your throbbing cock, then swirled delightedly. Slowly my lips parted and I let your hard cock slip into my hot, wet mouth as you groaned. Slowly my head bobbed up and down until your cock was buried almost balls deep as my fingers caressed your slick, furry testicles.

I could feel your cock pulsing against the back of my throat and your groans increased. Slowly letting your cock slide from my mouth, I finally let it slip completely from between my lips and sat back, catching my breath.

"Nooooo!"

You jerked at the sensation of my hand making contact with your bare ass. "What!" You groaned. "Please ma'am?"

"Time's up," I said as I stood up. Reaching out, I pulled off your blindfold. You blinked at the sudden light and the shock of frustration.

"But?"

Stepping behind you, I released your wrists. "A half hour was the deal. Time's up," I said again as I stepped back in front of you.

"You're not going to finish?" you asked incredulously.

"A deal's a deal."

You looked down at me, *seeing* me for the first time ... the red corset, the red lace stockings. Your eyes moved back and captured mine. "But..."

"What is it you want now?"

"I want to fuck you," you said as the air gushed from your lungs in frustration.

"You want me?"



"Yes ma'am."

"You desire me?"

"Yes ma'am."

I looked you straight in the eye and smiled. "Prove it, slave."

With a groan, you dropped to your knees before me. Trembling, your hand reached towards me. At the last moment, you hesitated and looked up at me. "May I, ma'am?"

"Yesssss..."

Your fingers brushed lightly over my bare pubes and I moaned. I was so sensitive. You leaned closer and licked up between the lips of my hot, humid cleft.

"Ahhhh."

Your tongue burrowed deeper and brushed my clit and I jerked in response as an orgasm ripped through me.

Suddenly your hands were on my ass, pulling me securely against your greedy mouth as you began to lick and nibble with tongue and teeth. Your enthusiasm overwhelmed me as my body spasmed through orgasm after orgasm. My whimpers of delight echoed throughout the room. My nectar flowed like a river and you devoured it as if it were ambrosia.

Coming down from one consuming high, I realized I was now on the bed with you ensconced between my thighs. You lifted your head and looked at me. "Ma'am?"

A heartbeat later, my fingers reached down and grasped your rigid cock. "Fuck me." It was an order that you obeyed eagerly. Your hard cock slipped between the soft lips of my

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pussy and with a grunt, you buried yourself balls deep with one thrust.

"Ohhh God..." you exclaimed as you froze, your cock pulsing deep within my hot, wet, tight depths. Then you were driving into me, moaning, as I cried out in orgasmic delight, writhing beneath your rutting cock. You bellowed your release, your hot, wet, creamy lust filling me to overflowing.

Collapsing on me, your breath rasped in my ear. We lay there quietly as our heartbeats slowed and our breathing returned to normal.

Later, you lifted your head to stare down at me. Your gaze swept from my face to my large breasts, spilling from the top of my corset to my ample hips. I felt your cock twitch and begin to thicken as you grinned.

"You were right."

## Hooky

It was so nasty this morning—ice, snow, sleet—that we decided to play hooky from work and sleep in.

The smell of Gevalia brewing woke me from my sleep. By the angle of the light, I can see it is past noon and can hear water running in the bathroom. I stretch like a kitten on the feather bed, thoroughly content and well loved. I was still a little damp between my thighs from all the attention you gave me this morning before we went back to sleep. I just love the feel of your creamy lust blasting deep inside me.

I lay there, reminiscing contentedly with my eyes closed when suddenly the comforter is ripped off me. "Wake up sleepyhead." I open my eyes to find you next to the bed with an armful of towels and a bowl.

I smile at you and stretch sensuously. "Come back to bed," I plead prettily. "Please?"

You just laugh. "Get up and hold this bowl."

I grab the bowl and almost drop it. It's filled with warm water! "What's this?" You didn't answer; just drop the rest of the stuff on the bed. Quickly you cover the bed with several thick towels after laying a razor, shaving cream, washcloth and oil on the bedside table. Turning, you take the bowl from me and order me back on the bed with my ass in the center of all those towels.

I hesitate. "I don't know..."

"Do it."

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I get on the bed like you ask and you pull a chair close to the bed and put the bowl on it. Spreading my legs, you climb on the bed and sit between them, my thighs draped over yours, my pussy exposed.

"Time for a shave," you say with a leer.

"But..."

"I'll be careful," you say softly as you run your fingers over my damp pussy. I watch apprehensively as you wet a cloth and wash me, then take the shaving cream and cover my pubes completely, rubbing it in gently.

"But I usually use an electric razor."

"Yeah, but this will last longer." You look me in the eyes, "And you're going to enjoy this."

I just laugh a little. "I think you'll enjoy it more."

You take the razor and look in my eyes again for a moment and smile. "Just relax. It'll be fine." Then, holding my skin taut, you begin.

God, I'm afraid to breathe, but carefully and efficiently, you scrape and rinse, scrape and rinse, pulling and stretching to make it smooth for the blade. After what seems an eternity, you drop the razor into the bowl.

"You can breathe now," you say softly.

My eyes meet yours as I exhale and then breathe. "All done?"

"Almost."

You take the washcloth and wipe off any residue of shaving cream. I shudder. I'm a little sensitive. You wipe me dry with a clean towel and dry your hands. You take the oil and pour

some in your hand. After letting it warm, you gently apply it to my freshly shaven pussy.

Your fingers are like magic. In a short time, the stinging is gone and a feeling of pleasure begins. "Oh, Hon, that feels so good." Your fingers continue to stroke and massage my pussy lips, occasionally slipping between the lips to stroke the extra sensitive inner flesh, sometimes brushing over my clit, making me moan.

Your fingers start to spread the oil deeper between the lips, teasing and exciting my nerve endings. "Mmmm..."

Suddenly, you slip a finger deep inside. "Oh God!"

You stroke steadily as you watch intently. My juices are flowing freely over your finger. I am now writhing uncontrollably, moaning with abandon. "Please...."

"Please what?"

"Oh, baby, please..."

"Tell me what you want."

"Please make me come ... don't tease me."

Then there are two fingers in me. I arch against your stroking fingers and you suddenly add one more. Three fingers in me. Damn, it's so good. Almost good enough. "Please..." I beg again.

Suddenly the fingers are gone and I groan in agony. "Nooooo!"

You grab my ass and lift me up. Leaning down, your tongue makes contact with my wet, needy pussy. "Oh, yessss..."

I tangle my fingers in your hair so you can't get away and give myself up to the sensation of your hot, wet tongue

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ravishing my wet, naked pussy. Your tongue flicks hard against my clit and your teeth nibble. It's as if you're trying to eat me alive. Then I'm there! My orgasm slams into me and I whimper beneath you, and then scream in ecstasy. You lap up my juices like a starving man, your seeking tongue triggering multiple orgasms that seem to never want to stop.

You don't stop until I'm sated and limp in your hands. Gently you lower me to the bed, move up and take me in your arms. Your kiss is gentle. The taste of me is on your lips. Snuggling my head upon your chest, I hear you whisper in my ear, "You wanted me to come back to bed?"

## **The Dental Probe**

"You know Doc, it's about time we went to dinner," I said as I walked through the door. "After all, we've known each other for almost 18 years. Do you realize that this is the first time we've ever socialized?"

"My God, Mar. Has it been that long?" He relocked the door behind me, locking us in his dental office.

"I've got to take care of a few things before we leave. Make yourself comfortable. I'll only be a few minutes or so." As he walked away, I thought of how we'd met.

I had an infected molar that abscessed ... and little money. I found myself at a dental clinic scared out of my wits. Everyone was quick to tell me how root canals hurt. I wasn't so sure it wouldn't be easier to just have it pulled. Doc was fresh out of school, getting experience in the clinic and he was a godsend.

After explaining to me what the procedure would entail and promising the pain would be minimal and very fleeting, I consented to the work. Except for a brief second of pain, it was a piece of cake. The hard part was trying to answer his questions and laugh at his jokes as he had his fingers and various probes in my mouth. Anyway, he'd been my dentist ever since. No matter where he moved his practice and no matter how far away I moved, I always came back to let Doc do all my work.

Restless, I strolled through the office while I waited. I stopped at one of the examining rooms. What must be the

attraction in being a dentist, I thought. The money perhaps? That was something I'd never gotten around to asking. A somewhat personal question, not suitable for the office.

Over the years, we had talked about a lot of things, but actually, Doc's personal life wasn't often discussed at any length. Of course, being a chatterbox, he knew virtually all my secrets. Except perhaps the one about how I found him attractive. Why, I'm not sure. One of those elusive things that influence us on occasion with no rhyme or reason, I suppose. But I always respected his convictions and never pushed further than an offer made in jest. Little did he know that I would have jumped at the opportunity to fuck him. Laughing to myself, I shrugged my shoulders and let the thought go. I was just glad to have a friend who was interested in me and had a friend's concern for my welfare. He had often expressed opinions and offered help through the years. After all, what are friends for?

As I looked at, but didn't touch, all the assorted tools and probes a dentist uses, I began to feel a bit fatigued. It was a long drive down here and it was catching up with me. The dental chair looked awfully good. Without a further thought, I climbed up and lay down. Ahhh ... As I relaxed, my eyes closed.

"Mar?" Doc lightly shook my arm as he called softly to me.

"Mmmm ... go away." Still half asleep, I didn't want to wake. My hand reached out to push the offender away and unexpectedly came into contact with something hard and throbbing.



"What!" My eyes flew open and I was suddenly wide-awake as my fingers unconsciously wrapped around a rock hard cock.

A groan escaped your lips as I tore my hand away in shock. "Oh my God, I'm sorry ... I didn't mean ... I shouldn't have," I sputtered. I sighed. "Oh hell. I suppose that's not really true is it?"

I grinned up at your obviously excited expression. "I guess I should admit I've always wanted to do that." I laughed softly. "I just never had the guts to try it. But you can't imagine how many times I've laid on this chair with you where you are now and wanted to do just that."

For a second you just continued to look at me quietly. "You never knew how many times I wished you'd do just that."

A quick glance down told me you were still aroused. Your erection was clearly visible and throbbing. When you didn't move away, I took a deep breath and slowly extended my hand again. As I glanced up to see your reaction, something passed over your expression, but it was gone before I could begin to decipher it. Almost imperceptibly, your hips swung a bit towards my extended fingers. An nearly inaudible sigh escaped your lips as my fingers lightly stroked up the length of your rigid shaft.

"Oh God, Mar..." you whispered.

I couldn't help but grin. All it took was a little forwardness from me. After all these years. And in the end, it was just an accident. Well, I wasn't going to pass up this golden opportunity.

"Hey Doc," I said softly as my fingers moved to the tab on your zipper. "You wanna probe my mouth and make sure everything is in good order?"

I could hear your breathing speed up as my fingers lowered your zipper and returned to undo your belt. Your eyes blazed as they met mine and then your hands pushed mine away as you swiftly removed your belt and pushed your pants to the floor.

Now it was my turn to gasp. "Dammit Doc, you've been denying this attraction all these years?" Again I reached out, and this time my fingers wrapped themselves around your stiff shaft, gently running up and down, testing your reaction.

You hissed as your cock jerked in my hand. I couldn't help but moan. The hard, hot feel of you in my hand was quickly driving me nuts. My fingers swept up the shaft and swirled around the bloated head, taking the moisture already forming there and gently smoothing it around the shaft on my fingers' down stroke. Your groan excited me. My mouth began to water. As you watched, I pulled my hand back, brought my fingers to my mouth, and sucked on them.

"Mmmm ... lovely..."

A growl came from deep in your chest. Reaching out, you pulled my fingers from my mouth. "I think it's time to probe your mouth and assure myself that you have no problems. After all, I have a reputation to uphold that all my patients are in the best of health."

Suddenly the chair began to move. In seconds, my feet were raised and my head was lowered as you moved closer. Gently you turned my head to the side. I groaned as my

fingers reached up and grasped your hard cock and directed you closer. A bead of moisture appeared at the tip. My tongue extended without thought and flicked it away.

"Aaaagggghhhh..." you groaned as you reached down and buried your hands in my hair. "Do it." Your eyes met mine, hot and intense. I could feel your heartbeat, racing beneath my fingers clasped tightly around your cock.

"Tell me," I answered wickedly. "You have to tell me what you want."

You groaned again as your fingers tightened in my hair. "Mar..." you moaned.

"Go on." My breath washed across the head of your cock and it jerked in my hand. "Tell me what you want."

"Ughhhh." Your fingers tugged gently. "Please..." I looked into your eyes as my tongue swept around the hot tip again. "Dammit, Mar. Suck me."

With a rich laugh of triumph, I let my tongue swirl wetly around and down your cock and back up the other side.

"Ahhhh..." you moaned as your eyes closed in rapture. You gasped as my lips parted and let you slip inside on the down stroke. "God..."

My eyes closed in pleasure at the feel of your hard cock slipping across my tongue into my hot, wet mouth. My lips closed tightly around the base as I felt you throb in my throat. "Mmmm..." *God, I have wanted to do this for so long.* My fingers slid down to caress your twitching, come-filled balls as my mouth rose back to the tip of your cock and my wicked tongue swirled around the end and once more began its descent.

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I could feel the muscles in your thighs tremble against the back of my hand. On the next upstroke, I let your hard cock leave my mouth. Your groan was stifled as my tongue swept down again and kept going. You gasped for breath as my hot, wet tongue swirled around your balls, teasing, tempting, lapping gently. I could feel your wet cock jerking in response against my forehead.

"Oh God, Mar ... I don't think I can stand this much longer."

"You can't come!" I caught your eyes with my own. Yours blazed with lust and passion. "You can't come until I give you permission."

You moaned as my tongue returned to its task, licking ... lapping ... teasing ... Your control was obviously slipping. My fist closed around your bobbing cock and began to stroke. Up ... and down ... up ... and down. Your eyes closed as your head fell back and you began to move in time to the strokes of my hand, my tongue building the fire and my fingers stoking it.

My mouth began to water. Your heat, your smell, the musk of you was driving me wild. I wanted the taste of you on my tongue, coating my mouth, running down my greedy throat. I began to stroke faster.

"Dammit Mar," you moaned, your hips picking up the pace, driving yourself between my fingers as they tightened some more. "I've got to come," you hissed.

"Only with permission," I whispered.

"Mar!" Your hand in my hair tightened some more as you thrust your cock faster and harder between my fingers.

"Now?" you pleaded.

"Are you asking?" I hissed as I pulled away from between your legs. "Are you asking me for permission?" My fingers raced up and down your cock. I could feel you swell in my hand. "Are you?" I demanded.

"Yes..." you groaned.

I let my fingers sweep down to the base of your cock and angle it towards me as I leaned over and slid you between my lips. Down I took you until you were lodged in my throat.

"Aaaarrrrgggghhhh" You screamed as your cock throbbed and jerked.

Quickly I moved back to the head of your cock as you erupted over my tongue. You groaned as my tongue swept around the spewing tip of your cock as you came again and again, your hot, wet and sticky offering triggering my own response and I moaned around the rigid shaft buried in my mouth. You groaned again as I took you deep into my mouth and let the rest of your nectar flow across my tongue and down my greedy throat.

Gently I licked and kissed, then backed away as I felt the tremors run through your body. Panting, you grabbed the stool and set down. After a moment, your eyes opened and you looked at me. You trembled as my tongue licked my lips and you moaned. Leaning forward, you kissed me. Your tongue darting into my mouth, a shiver passing through you as you tasted yourself on my mouth.

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A sigh escaped you as you pulled away. "If that was the appetizer, I can't wait to see what's for dessert."

## Golden Salamander

*A knight, she thought. Would he be the one?*

God, she'd been looking for so long. Surely there was the right man out there for her, but so many had looked into her eyes and run screaming into the night. They were neither strong enough nor daring enough to brave the flames that burned bright in her soul.

Would there ever be one who was man enough to dance with her in the flames of her desires? Surely there was at least one out there.

Scarlet sighed. This latest—a knight—was a handsome man, tall and strong and seemingly without fear, but he had yet to meet her and look into her eyes. Would he cower and run like the rest? *Probably*, she thought. The magic of who and what she was, always made the staunchest of them quail. Perhaps she was meant to be the last of her kind.

The search for riches and power brought many before her but after six and twenty years there still was not one who would stand at her side. It was unfair, her heart cried.

"Mistress!" The door to the solar flew open as her maid came running in and skidded to a stop in front of her. "He's here! Demanding his audience. He's come to claim your fortune."

"Calm down, Millicent. Everything will be fine. He'll likely be as all the rest and flee before I have the chance to greet him."

"Nay, Mistress. This one is different. He says that he fears nothing. Least of all some superstitious woman who believes in Magic." Millicent wrung her hands. "He says he does not believe and you cannot master him. He will master you and rule you."

"What!" Scarlet jumped up and began to pace the room. "Master me? Never! Who does he think he is?"

"I am sorry, Mistress, but he insists you meet him at once or he will come up here for you." Millicent shivered and drew back against the door at the look on her mistress' face.

"He'll come fetch me?" she roared. "Never!"

Sunlight from the solar windows bathed Scarlet in its rays and heat shimmered around her. Her eyes blazed with a golden light and her image wavered. A second later, a golden salamander twirled around the room like a dervish. Cold flames licked at its tail. The maid slipped from the door and ran, but not before she heard Scarlet hiss. "I'll smolder, I'll flame, I'll burn him to a crisp..."

Sir Rowan, Lord of Blackmoor, strode the length of Greystoke Hall as he waited for the Lady of the Keep to descend from her tower to greet him. He was anxious to get this done. He needed this alliance; and the King had decreed that he do this, and he never would betray his King. But damn, he had no need of a bride. He sighed. But the choice was no longer his. Anyway, he thought, she would reject him. None yet would bide his presence in the light of day.

If she did not come down soon, he would go and get her. He wanted to get this over with and continue on his way. The



King had better needs for his skills than wooing some spinster maiden.

Scarlet had calmed herself and was now entering the hall. She didn't know why she had let herself get so upset. All she had to do was look into his eyes and when he saw her soul, he would flee as if the hounds of hell were snapping at his heels.

She looked up and started as the Knight stepped in front of her as she left the stairs. My, but he was a big man.

*Well, might as well get this over with as not,* she thought, and lifted her eyes to his.

Rowan stopped in front of the Lady. He may as well have her reject him at once and then he could take his leave and this foolishness would be ended. Taking a breath, he lowered his eyes and gazed into hers.

Sparks flew! Scarlet's breath caught in her throat. His eyes were bottomless pits of obsidian. They reflected the flames that burned in her soul and she flinched. *What is this?* she thought.

Rowan's eyes widened in surprise when she flinched but held her ground. He found himself being pulled into those golden orbs—eyes like none he'd ever seen before. Flames, bright in the darkness of the room, called to him. He was leaning forward before the thought even reached his mind and his lips touched hers.

They both gasped at the sensation. Sparks and flames roared around them as his arms came up and pulled her close. Her arms went around him as if she had known him

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and was welcoming him home. Yes, it was as if he'd come home.

"What is this?" he asked when they finally broke their kiss.

"Magic." she breathed. "Our Magic," she smiled. "Welcome home, my Lord.

## **Knight Magic**

I lie here with thoughts of you chasing each other through the reaches of my mind.

"Desires ignored are forever lost."

Is this why I sought you out and seduced you? Perhaps. Or maybe it was the image of the muscled armor of your body that enticed me—a Knight.

Sigh...

Or perhaps it was Kismet. Magic. Yes, this could be a day of thanksgiving.

I slip off to sleep with the shining vision of you in my mind...

*Knight*

Restlessly I toss and turn, hot and sweaty. It is impossible to rest. I rise to sweep my silk robe over my lush nakedness. Quietly I go to seek a cool drink.

Thoughts of you make sleep impossible. There is so much curiosity. Dare I seek the answers? As I pace, I argue with myself. It is definitely not wise to use magic so early. But...

Throwing caution to the winds, I succumb to the temptation. I will not rest until I set eyes upon this Knight of my dreams.

With a sigh, I prepare myself. I take a deep breath and let my eyes flutter closed. I picture my sanctuary in my mind. With the ease of practice, I feel my body shift in existence and grow light as air. It is as if I were flying ... faster and

faster ... I can feel my body speed toward that place in my mind.

Suddenly, with a jolt, my feet are planted on solid ground. I open my eyes to the view before me.

I stand upon a mountaintop. Though it was the dead of night when I left my home, it is obviously mid-afternoon here, and while the space I left was in the cold of winter and snow, here it is warm and fragrant with the scent of the flowers that dot the rich green carpet of grass at my feet. My toes curl delightedly in the warm grass.

I relish the invigorating breath of clean fresh air. Yes, I needed this. Turning, I seek the shade of the massive tree I knew I would find clinging to the side of the mountain. With a thought and a wave of my arm, a wide backless couch appears beneath the shelter of its branches. Mmmm ... that will do. Now the hard part.

Will the fragile bond that has been woven between Us this night be enough to make this feat possible? Have I snared your soul well enough to allow me to find you? There is only one way to find out.

Slowly I slip to the ground with my feet out before me. Taking a few deep breaths, I attempt to clear my mind of all but the vision of you. Tentatively I let my mind reach out ... farther and farther away. I can feel it seeking. I have never quite figured out just where this mountaintop truly is, or if it actually exists in this dimension or another.

I begin to fear that our bond is not yet strong enough for me to find you ... but then ... a tug. Yessss!

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With greater focus, my mind speeds to yours. Suddenly I feel my body start to follow.

No! With another deep breath, I resist and begin to tug back. For a second or two I fear you are too strong, even in sleep. Then I feel your mind give up the fight and I sense you speeding towards me. A fierce wind rises up and knocks me to my back on the ground and my concentration is broken. I lie there and catch my breath as I think upon my failure. You are indeed a man of strength and possible magic of your own—a fine match indeed.

Sitting up, I sigh and stand, prepared to return home when a sound behind me draws my attention.

I turn and my eyes widen in surprise. You are lying on the couch before me. Asleep. My pent-up breath is suddenly released in a gush. Your magic is strong indeed. I can feel it draw me even closer as you sleep.

Slowly I approach the couch. Muscles thickly cover your nude body like armor. Your skin gleams with a fine mist of perspiration, shining even here in the shade. I can't help but want to feel the strength of you beneath my fingers.

Eagerly my eyes sweep down your body, acquainting myself with my new consort, and I cannot stay the gasp that escapes my lips. Your promise to me has been kept ... even in your sleep. You are indeed aroused for me in my presence. I can feel the hot, wet nectar of my body begin to flow in response. By the gods ... who will be the Master here? Perhaps neither.

I find I cannot resist and unconsciously find myself standing over you. This close, your scent washes over me,

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enticing me, exciting me. Foolishness, I think. Madness, my mind screams. But I cannot resist. It is as if my hand has a mind of its own as it reaches out.

The heat of your body seems to almost scorch my palm as it hovers a mere inch above your skin. My breath hitches in my chest. Slowly, I let my hand rest lightly upon your chest.

The shock rips through me. The connection snaps between Us. Fire and flame ... strength and magic ... love and light ... So powerful. With a cry, I throw myself back, gasping for breath.

Yes! Together we have the power, but will we be able to control it? Will we be able to dance in the flames? Revel in the magic between us? I must wait until you awake and see where you wish to see us go.

Oh love, sweet prince, it is going to be so long until I hear from you. I am so eager to start this dance between Us. But now I must let you go home before you wake in this magic place. Or wake before you are prepared for it.

With yet another sigh, I fill my mind with the vision of you lying before me. My palms itch to feel the heat of the flames between us again, but alas, it is not the time. You must seek me out first.

Reluctantly allowing my eyes to close, I let my mind seek yours and a shudder passes through me as your mind latches onto mine. With a gentle tug, I send you flying back to your life from which I kidnapped you. When you break free of me, I cannot help but collapse with fatigue. The next time our souls connect, I will need your conscious cooperation. Your

will is too powerful. Despite this, I eagerly look forward to the next time.

Rising to my feet, I close my eyes, think of home and, with a sure step, am gone.

*Sorceress.*

Unbidden, like a stray spark from the pyre, crackling across the copper wire, she entered my life, promising magic. Ha, magic. What nonsense this was, my powers transcended such myth, the superstitions of fools.

Sweaty sleep, tossing and turning, this chance encounter haunts my dreams. It turns them into nightmares of Passion. I was seduced. Who is she, this one, this Scherezade who sought me out. To what end? To fulfill her dreams or mine? Or could it be possible for both of our dark dreams to be realized in one fell swoop?

A soft moan escaped my lips. I shuddered, tangled in black linen. The numbers on the clock were like flickering candles. The only light in the room made the sweat upon me shimmer like fine oil.

I was flying now to the conjured image of her, the embodiment of all my delightfully obscene fantasies of women now contained in the gilded vessel that was her.

"Scherezade, let go of me," I screamed in silence, my mouth open wide but no sound issuing forth.

Sleeping again, troubled dreams. Her hand reaches for me. Chain lightning crackles between Us, the blue sky of this dream turns suddenly dark, like a Stygian night.

"Scherezade," I scream again.

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"Please I..." My thoughts are muffled by her magic ... yes, magic. She has it, this dark silken sorceress of the electronic nether region I like to play in.

I watched myself sleeping on a couch, on a mountain. I hovered above the scene, a be-knighted angel, my powerful wings keeping me afloat. She is reaching out to my slumbering form. "Don't," the hovering angel screams in terror, but alas, his warning is too late.

CRACK! Fire and flame ... strength and magic ... love and light. All at once, the elements converge in a maelstrom of our now linked desire and Passion. Too powerful for either of us, but together, joined as one...

Four a.m. Time to get up and breathe the night air deeply. My favorite time, the purple purgatory. Not quite the night before, but not the new day either. A stirring in my loins helps wash the sleep from my eyes. Staring down at my blood-engorged member, I smile and say to myself, "Scherezade..."

*Chaos*

I toss. I turn. My mind all a whirl. Chaos reigns. My energy drained. Yet one thing stands out among the thoughts that fight to be recognized. HIM.

As I lie here, breathing flames, my chest aches. My shining Knight haunts my dreams. Or is it my nightmares? God, but I am not sure. Did I actually see this man? Touch him?

This is what I seem last to remember—an armored Knight shimmering in the shadows. I was drawn uncontrollably, but...



God ... I remember now. The desire ... the heat ... the Passion. I wanted him! To control him ... but then, perhaps not. Perhaps to surrender to him. No ... not surrender.

The shock. The POWER! Greater than any I have encountered before. I do not think I can control it, but perhaps together...

Ahhhh ... but can I seduce him to want me? Yes, my words have seduced him. He was aroused for me, ready from the thought of me, but would he desire me in the flesh? Is he man enough to see into my soul? Is he brave enough to look into my eyes and face the flames? Is he strong enough to dance in the fire of my Passions? Only time will tell if he is the one to seek me out.

What will he see when he stands before me? Will he look down on my countenance and find the consort he desires? Will my red hair be too bold for him? Will my cinnamon eyes be too plebeian? My breasts too large and soft? The center of my womanly delights too bare? Sigh...

And yet, I cannot rest. My body is racked with fatigue. Our next meeting must be on equal terms. I fear I am not strong enough to control him. But we could surrender to each other's strength. I foresee that we would be greater than the sum of two parts. Together we could control the world, our Passions playing out in the indigo blackness of the night.

I toss and turn. Sweat shimmers like a fine mist upon my voluptuous form. My breath is like fire from my lungs. I must rest. I must be prepared for when again we meet. The night is still around me. My time ... His ... Perhaps the time we meet again.

Perhaps sometime in the purple purgatory, Magic will reign and a new alliance will be born.

"Scherezade?" My whisper hangs as mist in the darkness, begging for answers. I return to my sweat stained black linen, tired from the fight, the duel of equals, the unyielding magic against the strength of tempered steel.

I take myself in my fist and rub, thinking of the ethereal vision of her that had swept through my mind for an instant. A chimera of wanton womanhood was she. The cascade of red hair, the full shape of a woman. Yes, a woman. Tired of girls was I.

I work my manhood with my hand, trying to restore the vision. I see myself lifting one pendulous breast to my mouth, suckling like an infant. The nipple grows hard between my teeth. My hand falls to her full hip, pressing closer now, wanting to merge with her ... become one. Become champions of light and dark, us two.

"Scherezade," I scream in my head. "Who are you?"

As the time of my release draws near, the vision of her beckons me over the brink. Her sharp, painted nails, scarring my muscled back, is irresistible. But I must ... resist. If I cross over, if I allow myself the pleasure of release by my own hand, she will win. She will sap me of my strength and as I lay spent, she will take me.

"Scherezade!"

*Order*

Where do we go from here? All that we are and all that we can be, lie in our hands, but have either of us the strength to

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pursue our destiny? So much at stake. It seems we must surrender ourselves to become that which we can be.

He fears my magic—fears that I would drain him of his strength, possess his soul, render him impotent. He will not relent. Yet he must!

Still, I too, hesitate. I fear that he will temper his steel in the fire of my soul and thus possess it. With his sword, force me to submit to his will. Become but yet another vessel for his desires to be discarded when he tires. Yet I must!

Can he not see? Does he not feel the power that crackles between us? Is it only I, with the grace of my magic, that can see what we can become? Powerful enough to conquer the world.

We must only stand toe to toe, and surrender, each to the other, and in that conflagration, a new entity will be forged—one that will rise from the ashes like the Phoenix of myth.

God, yes. The Passions flare around us. Pleasure beyond the realm of man will be ours. If only we are brave enough to reach for them.

He wonders who I am. I am, as always ... Scherezade. No one else. I am a woman. I am love. I am a light in the darkness. A balm to the battered soul. I am a weaver of dreams to fill the endless nights. I am the receptacle of the Passions that all men seek. One need only be willing to open their soul to the uncensored Passions of time.

I am a storyteller of magic tales of wonder and marvelous feats—stories that arouse and titillate, inspire and intrigue, tempt and promise. Erotic fables of nights of endless Passions and seductive delights. I am the Temptress of all men's souls.

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Sigh...

I could perhaps seduce and conquer, but I do not wish to own him. I wish to be his equal, to walk at his side. Yes. I can give that which I am, for that which I can become.

But can he?

Ahhhh ... he is closer than he realizes. He can almost see me as I truly am. He even sees the painted nails poised to draw us closer yet. I wonder, has he yet seen my small hand, the tips bathed in red, as it wraps itself around his tempered manhood. Ahhhh ... I can feel the suede-like texture against my palm. The heat. Slowly my hand begins to stroke that mighty strength.

I can feel my breath catch in my throat. My nectar, sweet and thick, begins to flow between my thighs as does yours begin to bubble up and run free. My mouth waters ... the urge to taste almost acute. I think it is I who is in imminent danger of being possessed.

*Deadlock*

Deadlock. One must be the first to yield.

Sigh...

Since it was I who attempted to seduce you, then I guess it should be I to show my faith in the magic in my soul.

I stand before you, oh shining knight, with no weapon—defenseless before you. You may conquer me and learn my secrets. You may ease the longings of your mind upon my voluptuous body. You may use me as a convenient vassal for your libidinous desires.

Or ... you can be braver than you have ever been and believe in fate. Believe in Magic! Believe it is Kismet that we

met in the nether regions of the night. After all, did you not say, "...desires ignored, are forever lost?" My desire is for Us. You and me. Together. Infinitely better than two. I will not ignore the desire. I submit myself to you.

Will you possess me? Will you spurn me and walk away? Leave me rejected and broken? Or will you seek that which you have already admitted you desire? But as equals. The rewards will be much greater than you can ever imagine in this human realm.

Are you strong enough, brave enough, man enough, to take a chance? To step into the darkness and face the fire you will find there? To dance in the flames with me? Then and only then will you truly temper the steel at your core. And when we rise from the ashes, nothing will ever be able to smite us down again, because I will be at your side and you at mine. I will be your strength, your desire. I will be the flame of your Passions, the nourishment of your eternal soul.

Together ... invincible.

So, sweet prince, my shining knight, will you deign to meet me? I await your pleasure. Will you possess my soul for the rest of eternity? Or do we dance in the flames of Passion and conquer the world?

You need but will it and my magic will bring you to me. I will surrender to your will—be we equals or master and slave.

*Come!*

The witches wail and the warlocks howl! Angels weep copious tears. I stand here, my gown wet and plastered to my body, leaving me exposed though not yet naked. The winds

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whip and whirl around me, grabbing at my gown as if to strip me bare before you.

But will you come?

The winds tease my hair, lifting it and flinging it out around my head in imitation of Medusa's locks. Yet still I wait.

Will he not come?

The powers that be lament my decision. They think you are not worthy of my sacrifice, but I feel that I have not sacrificed. I believe in my vision. You will come.

Where are you?

My ears ring with the cacophony. My body is buffeted by their rage, that one of them should seek greater power. And with a non-believer! It is what the vision foretells. One ... not of the faith. One with the strength of will to brave the fire and dance in the flames.

Are you coming?

My Passions rise in anticipation. The need within me is all consuming. Even the angel's tears cannot douse the fire within my soul. I fear that if you fail to heed my call, I will perish in the flames.

You will come.

Their assault is too much to bear. I collapse to my knees. My supplication to you is complete. I now kneel before you. As your slave? Or your consort? Do you seek only the pleasures of the flesh or the raptures of the soul?

Will you come?

Or will I perish alone?

*Struggle*

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I stand in the purple purgatory and watch the rain. The lightning crackles and I glance down and watch the quick fleeing flashes highlight the contrast between my flesh, my muscle and the veins of my arms. Surrender. Only the strongest are truly equipped to make the peace.

"Scherezade," I whisper softly to the unhearing gloom. My black dog, his concern for my emotional turmoil evident in his low moaning, now continues his pacing.

I need her ... want to be one with her. I confess to myself. Imagine us together. But what price? And if I decide to surrender, how will she come to take me?

Something stirs in my loins and I stare down as my being once again grows stiff. The apparition of her small hand around it now clear to me, appearing out of thin air to hold me in a death grip. Or is it a life grip her hand offers?

Of course I know our powers together will be more than their single sum apart. Still I am concerned with cost. What price this new partnership of light and dark, fire and ice?

Her practiced hand is now urging me on, coaxing my life essence up the tumescent shaft, the bulbous head now throbbing under her ghostly ministrations.

"Oh, Scherezade, please reveal yourself to me," my fevered mind cries out.

I bring forth my own image now in response, for I will surrender. Of that, I am sure. But my honor and dignity demand a fight. I feel my strong hands on her ample ass, lifting her center to my hungry mouth. I drink of her fluid, gushing as it is now in her fever. I feel her pulse against my yearning lips as I lick and fondle her center with my tongue.

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Her grip on me loosens for a moment as she is distracted by lust, while I savor the taste of her, this ethereal woman of my fantasies, just barely flesh now, but soon to be whole to me.

We struggle together, neither yielding, both wanting to yield. Our habits are strong, warriors of Passion are we. We are caught between our need to submit and our need to dominate. She screams for my coming and I for hers. Do we have the wisdom to come together so that neither will lose and both will win?

The fates look down and laugh. They taunt us, their separate camps wagering on the outcome. The struggle continues.

*Surrender!*

Still he fights me. He seeks to possess me with lust. Ahhhh ... his tongue upon my center. I writhe beneath him. So good. So tempting. It would be so easy to yield to the pleasure.

But I cannot.

My fingers tighten once again around his shaft. I can feel him gasp against the swollen heat of me. He must not win.

My head drops forward and my moist, heated breath bathes the head of his cock. My soft wet tongue lashes out to swirl around the bloated head. His body jerks in shock, but surges closer.

Yessss ... I can claim him.

Slowly ... diligently ... my tongue laps sensuously down the thick shaft. I can hear his muffled groans. When my hot, wet tongue reaches his taut, come-filled balls, his head whips back as he gasps for breath.



Carefully ... thoroughly ... wetly ... my tongue bathes them. Sliding over him, his swollen cock nestles between my ripe breasts. My tongue teases, tempts and tortures. His hands clench my ass as if to anchor me to him. His body strains and his cock throbs between my breasts and his bloated balls twitch beneath my tongue. Mmmm...

Lifting myself off him, I slowly swing around until I am kneeling between his thighs, his cock once again clasped in my fist. Slowly moving, up ... and down, my tongue now slowly laving a path back up the throbbing shaft.

My tongue swirls around the head as he moans, over and over. Letting my fist drop to the furry base of his cock, I eagerly part my lips. The head of his cock slips wetly between my lips and suddenly his hands are buried in my hair, urging me on.

"Please..."

My mouth waters in anticipation and eagerly descends. Your cock sinking slowly into my hot, wet, greedy mouth.

"Aaaarrrrggghhhh..."

Your hips arch up as you groan in pleasure and pain. Deeper you sink until the head of your cock meets the back of my throat, and you hiss.

"Yessss!"

Only moments now and your surrender will be complete.

My heart beats faster, my nectar flows freely. My senses remember the feel of your tongue between the large, soft, bare lips of my pussy. My body yearns for yours.

You are close. So very close! Soon, darling, soon ... you'll be mine.

But then...

I hear them again ... they laugh and jeer. They knew I would seek to possess your soul for my own, to make you my slave. I pull away in horror! Their Magic is strong and I was too cocky. They had masked my vision!

You groan in pain, your hands reaching out to me ... your manhood throbbing and pulsing on the brink of release.

I can't do this! This is not how it is supposed to be.

You lean up and your fingers tangle in my hair and tug me back. "Please Scherezade ... suck me," you plead.

My hand grabs you, squeezes tight, and you moan. Your body shivers and you suddenly grow still. Your hands drop from my tangled hair and you fall back to the floor with a sigh.

Quickly. There is no time to waste. The flames leap up about us as I shimmy up over your body.

Your eyes open in surprise as I reach between us and bring the still rigid shaft to the path to our destinies.

"Kismet," I whisper, as I slowly impale myself on your surrendered sword.

Our cries mingle as you sink into my hot, wet, honeyed heat! Your hands reach around me and grab my ass, jerking me down till we are as one.

You hold me there, your cock throbbing madly in my depths, your gasps for breath and my whimpers mingling in the night, the flames roaring around us.

"STEVEN! Fuck me..."

*Unconditional Surrender*

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I look down now and see my manhood engulfed in her skilled mouth. I can truly see it, although her visage is still ghost-like, her bobbing head transparent, floating in the gloom. I watch as her tongue works its magic upon the shaft as she licks and lathers it with her spittle, forcing me to the edge of insanity with desire for her. Such skill this vixen has. She has me now and she knows it, but I don't care, my exhausted body needing to surrender to her magic. Wanting to fill her hungry mouth with my seed, my head whips back and I scream.

"Scherezade!"

She has my balls in her mouth now, my cock in her tiny fist as she becomes fully formed in the half-light, no longer just a chimera of lusty Passion. God, how she works me. This woman that the fates have sent to seduce me to the side of fire and flames possesses talent beyond that of a mortal woman.

Her fiery red hair now whips the air as she once again slides my shaft down her fevered throat, her hand at its base, greedily engulfing every inch, not wanting to let any remain outside. "Take me," I scream, begging her to accept my sword in surrender. Suddenly, demonic laughter fills the room.

"Scherezade, what..." I plead as she stops, the veins on my engorged cock meat pulsing with my heartbeat.

She raises her arms heavenward and yells. "Stop it, he is mine."

Unthinking, I take the shaft in my own hand, not wanting to let the feeling go. "Scherezade, suck me," I beg her. My

hands now tangled in her scarlet mane trying to force her mouth back to the abruptly interrupted surrender ceremony.

WHOOOOOOSH!

The room is filled with flames, crackling about us, the heat matching our heat as she suddenly climbs astride my thick legs and inserts me into her overflowing depths. I slide in easily and begin to ride with her, her whispers now becoming a mad scream.

"STEVEN, fuck me..."

I feel my man juice gurgling in my depths, begging for release, moving up the long shaft of my manhood. It is then that I realize that surrender must be for both of us if we are to become one. I stand and throw her to the floor, shock spreading across the mature beauty that is her face. I kneel between her legs and force them back, her feet near her ears now, my grip tight on the back of her knees. I lower my face to her center but that is not where I go. Tonight, surrender will be unconditional for us both. I place my mouth on the bud that is her asshole and I lick and suck, while the vixen screams at me, "Steven, what are you doing?"

Her words choke out of her mouth as I cross this taboo. My tongue finds its way into her tight sphincter as her cunt now overflows with lust. The sweet liquid drizzles down to my tongue in her ass, my purely physical strength now too much for her magic. I sense she is ready now. Forcing her legs further back, I place the bulging head of my cock at the forbidden entrance way and begin my descent. All the while, I am whispering in her ear. "Surrender must be for both of us,

and without conditions," as I feel her relax and welcome my entry into her bowels.

*Unconditional*

"Nooooo!" I screamed as he tossed me off him. What is he doing? Doesn't he realize it's too late? We cannot go back. One of us must win ... or both may win. Or we are both lost. "Steven ... what are you doing?"

Oh God ... His tongue! He can't be. How could he know? My body writhes from the shock and pleasure. My magic cannot fight this and neither can I, I think as my body shivers at the unholy sensation of his tongue invading my ass.

My nectar flows uncontrolled, my clit torturously abandoned. I am so close to surrendering it all. By the Gods, he has won. We have lost.

My mind loses its ability to reason as my soul ceases to resist his attack when suddenly he retreats.

Turning my bottom higher, he rises up, bringing the bulging head of his cock to that forbidden path. I gasp at the size, but I haven't time to scream. With a determined grunt, his cock muscles its way past my resistance. "Please," I whimper, "not this."

As his hard sword impales me, he leans forward to whisper in my ear. "Surrender must be for both of us, without condition."

My confused mind worries these words as he slowly but resolutely buries himself in my hot, tight ass.

I feel a shudder pass through him as he drives the last inch home and his balls come to rest on my upturned bottom. "We must both desire this," he whispers. I can feel his

massive sword throb deep in my bowels and an answering shudder passes through me. "No conditions, vixen."

Oh God, do I desire this?

Yes! The affirmation rips from my very soul. "Desires ignored, are forever lost."

I yield, sweet prince. My body melts and relaxes around your sheathed sword. You gasp at the sensation of heat that ripples up and down your shaft. My hands slip around you and down your back.

"Now Steven. Now!"

Convulsively, you pull back, till just the bloated head of your cock remains inside me. My trembling body unconsciously seeks to follow your withdrawal, but I cannot move against your strength. With a whimper, I beg. "Fuck me, Steven."

A snap of your hips and you're again buried deep in my bowels. A low keening sound rises up and I realize it is me. With a growl, your mouth comes down on mine and we kiss as if for the last time. Your hips beat a steady rhythm, again and again and again ... unbelievably deeper ... harder.

Our tongues duel for possession ... attack and retreat. Over and over and over. Moans pour from my throat. My nails urge you on. The connection is complete.

God. Can you feel it? Feel the heat? Feel the energy like an electric charge crackling between us, leaving us breathless? Feeding us ... from me to you and then you to me. Back and forth the energy spirals, higher and higher. I gasp for breath. The flames have leached the oxygen from the air. We shall die like this! I no longer care. This was meant to be!



## Perhaps To Dream

Richard had slipped silently up behind her. His arms wound around her waist pulling her flush against his chest. His lips kissed the nape of her neck. "I love you," he whispered. "Stay with me."

She never wanted to leave him. He was her life ... her soul mate. "I won't leave," she answered. He laughed delightedly in her ear.

"Come make love to me in the sun," he entreated. "I want you."

Together they ran through the sun-splashed meadow. The scent of wildflowers hung softly on the breeze. Butterflies flitted among the blooms. The sun beat down, its heat reaching straight through to the bone. Richard's hands caressed her back. He was hot and hard against her soft belly. With a groan, he pulled back from her. "Touch me," he begged, and gasped when she did.

Later, they lay among the flowers, basking in the waning sunlight. Richard played gently with the curls that framed her face. "Stay with me," he said again.

She sighed with contentment and snuggled closer. She wanted to stay like this forever. Here there were no worries, no tears, no pain ... just passion and pleasure. She started in his arms. "Did you hear that?" she asked.

"I didn't hear anything," he whispered as he began to run kisses up her neck toward her ear.



Again she pulled away slightly. "I think someone's calling me."

"It's nothing," he murmured as his tongue washed the shell of her ear.

"I can hear them," she insisted, then moaned softly as he flicked his tongue in her ear again. "Maybe I should go see what they want," she managed between gasps of pleasure.

Richard lifted his head to stare into her eyes. "Stay with me," he pleaded. "I love you ... I want you ... we only need each other." His head dropped and his mouth captured hers.

Yes, she loved him, wanted him. She wanted to stay with him ... forever. Here it was safe ... no pain.

The voices were gone now. Perhaps she'd only dreamed them. She only needed Richard and he needed her. They could stay here and love each other forever.

~~~~~

"I thought for a moment there she was responding ... that she might wake up. I'm sorry."

"Will she ever wake up?" Janet asked.

"We don't know. Her injuries were severe. Even if she wakes, it will be hard on her. The pain..." he paused. "When she finds out that Richard died in the crash and that she'll probably be permanently paralyzed, she may wish she never woke up."

Janet sighed. It was difficult seeing her daughter like this, but maybe he was right. "Tell me Doctor," she asked sadly, "do you think perhaps she dreams?"

## **Midnight: The Witching Hour**

It's midnight, the witching hour, and I am prepared. I have worked hard and pitched enough mail to fill my case. Then I placed a magic spell on the supervisors at work. They will not remember how long I am gone.

I slip into a darkened hallway and take a deep breath. This is my most daring act yet. Can I leave and not be missed? Can I find my way to you from this place of evil vibes?

I take another deep breath and try to relax. I close my eyes and think of you, my love. I concentrate on the magic of Us. With my mind, I reach out for yours. Can you feel me?

I let my mind drift and search for Camelot and you. Suddenly, it's as if I am speeding down an endless road. I hold my breath, tumble into your lap, and open my eyes to stare into your startled silver gray ones. Your arms instinctively reach out to hold me as your eyes flash a welcoming blue, but you are a tad slow and my momentum carries me off your lap to sprawl on the couch beside you, my legs in the air and across your lap.

I begin to giggle. An expert at astral projection I'm not. "Hello, my love."

"Hi," you chuckle. "Aren't you supposed to be at work?"

I manage to sit up finally and make myself presentable. I climb back onto your lap and wrap my arms around your neck. I grin like a naughty little girl who has just pulled one over on her teachers. "Yep. But I wanted to be here with you."

Tales from the Mind of Scherezade  
by Mary A. DeCarlo

"Aren't you going to kiss me hello?"

You sigh like a stern parent about to give a lecture, but I wiggle impatiently on your lap and feel your cock begin to rise up to welcome me. I give you a wicked grin and wiggle again. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Damn," you groan as you wrap me in your arms and your mouth comes down on mine.

Oh God, love. It's like setting a match to gasoline! The flames roar to life, threatening to immolate us as we gasp for breath from the shock of our connection. Our tongues dance and our hearts race and our hands cannot stay still. They touch and pet, roaming hither and yon.

Then slowly our clothes begin to dissolve and I find myself naked in your arms. My lush breasts press firmly against your equally bare chest, my erect nipples trying to burrow beneath your skin. Another connection, my love, flickers, then surges into being.

My mouth is trying to get closer, your taste intoxicating me. Your rigid cock throbs beneath my ass. Oh yes, Love. I need you, too.

We are dining, my love, glutting ourselves on the energy flowing like a river between us. We dance naked in the flames.

I can wait no longer. Forcing myself to pull away, I rise to my feet. Your hands try to keep me with you but I dance beyond your reach. "Come and get me," I whisper.

I don't go far, simply to the end of the sofa. Leaning forward, I balance myself on my hands against the arm of the

coach, my ass arched in invitation. Looking you in the eye, I beg. "Fuck me!"

With a growl, you're on your feet and behind me. One hand reaches out to stay my swaying bottom. The other guides your hot, hard cock between the engorged lips of my tight, wet pussy, and with one swift thrust, you bury yourself all the way to your come-filled balls.

I cry out in pleasure and you groan from the heat that envelops your cock. I can feel your erection throbbing deep within me. I begin to writhe on your embedded shaft and you groan again. Your hands reach down and grab my breasts as a low keening sound escapes me. Your cock pulses with the beat of your heart.

"Please, Baby," I whimper as I ride the orgasms washing over me like waves to the shore. My juices flow rampant over your cock and balls and down my thighs like liquid heat.

"If you don't stop moving..." you groan.

"Fuck me," I hiss. "Do it now!"

You moan and I can feel your cock flare inside me as you begin to thrust in and pulling out till just the flared head is in me and then quickly burying yourself balls deep again. Faster and harder. Only about a dozen strokes. "I can't hold back," you moan as you bottom out. Then you find another fraction of an inch and bury that, too.

With your arms around me, my breasts in your hands, you come. Your hot, wet eruption triggering a massive response from me and we are flying again.

Tales from the Mind of Scherezade  
*by Mary A. DeCarlo*

We collapse onto the couch, your arms still around me and your lips leaving little kisses up and down my spine.

Mmmm...

We lay content as our heartbeats return to normal. I turn finally in your arms and kiss your lips. Would that I could stay, Love, but I must return. You hold me close for a moment more and then release me.

Sleep tight, love.

I dress myself and kiss you once more goodbye. And with a light step, am gone...

## **White-Hot Bitch**

I hadn't been expecting the email. Who the hell was MasterChan@youremine.com? I almost deleted it without reading it. I get so much spam mail these days. Something, a premonition perhaps, made me click on the open mail button.

Dear Marie,

We've never met, but then I think we know each other. Or should I say we have an acquaintance in common? You do know Richard, do you not? I am Chandler.

*Oh my God!* Richard was my longtime friend. We had met four years ago via the Internet. In fact, we have never actually met in person. Chandler is his bi-sexual lover. No one but Chandler and I know about Richard's alternate lifestyle.

Richard has told me much about you and him and your relationship. As he assures me that you know about us. He has told me about your upcoming trip to visit your mother and has confided in me how he wishes you could make a side trip up here. I think after all these years, he's ready to meet you. He thinks he wants to dominate you and make you his slut.

Well, I think he is wrong. {VEG} I have a proposal to make...

Well, to make a long story short, here I am, on my way from my mother's to meet Chandler to fulfill one of my greatest fantasies. Between the two of us, we intend to show Richard what a "white-hot bitch" he truly is.

My heart was racing as I sat quietly in the bathroom of the motel room. Chandler had assured me he wouldn't let you know I was here. Figuring what to wear had been tough. Sort of like whose fantasy was this?

I settled on a black corset, black garters and taupe stockings. Chandler had helped lace me into the damn corset. My breasts were pushed up and out. My God, sometimes even I have trouble believing they're all mine! But the pièce de résistance was the harness strapped securely around my hips. Attached to the harness was a bright red, rippled, vibrating dildo. It was six inches long and one and a half in diameter. I had a feeling you are as much of a slut as I am.

I jumped at the knock at the door. Showtime. Chandler gave me a smile as he went to the door, pulling the bathroom door almost shut as he went.

I held my breath as he let you in. I couldn't see through the door, but I could hear.

"What are you still doing dressed?" I heard Chandler ask. Then I heard the rustling of clothes and shoes hitting the floor. The creaking of the chair told me that Chandler had sat as we'd planned. "Get on your knees and suck my cock, you bitch," he growled.

In the sudden quiet, I heard wet sounds and groans of pleasure. Suddenly, I felt myself getting hotter between my legs. Damn, just the proximity to Richard excited me.

"That's it bitch, take my cock deep in your throat."

God, but I wanted to see this. Cautiously I rose and went to the door. The noises were a bit more audible from there. Slowly I pulled the door open and waited. All I could hear

were Chandler's moans and the sound of your wet mouth sliding up and down his cock. Taking a deep breath, I leaned around the door and looked to my right.

I barely checked a gasp as my eyes lighted on the action before me. You were on the floor on your knees, your ass in the air facing me. Chandler was slouched in the chair, his hands on your head as it bobbed in his lap. I almost groaned in frustration as I couldn't see your mouth on his cock from this direction.

Perhaps I made a small noise after all because suddenly, Chandler was staring into my eyes. A feral grin split his face before he turned his attention back to you.

His hands tugged your mouth off his cock and I could hear it slip from between your lips with a faint pop. "Lick my balls," he growled as he pushed your face lower. With a whimper, you approached your new task with enthusiasm. He groaned at the feel of your tongue. "Bitch," he groaned. "You are a bitch? Aren't you?"

You moaned your agreement, loath to stop your tongue from laving his balls. With your head lower, I could see his cock now. It was huge and thick, pulsing in excitement. It glistened in the dim light from your saliva. I could feel my clit begin to throb.

One of his hands ran across your back. Slowly moving ever lower until he leaned forward over you and caressed your ass. A moan escaped your lips and your ass waved in the air. I could see your balls swaying between your legs and my mouth began to water. Your cock must have been already



rock hard because I couldn't see it. It must have been hugging your belly.

As his hand caressed you, your ass danced. The light caught a glimmer between your cheeks. His hand grabbed a cheek and clenched tightly. "Are you ready for me Bitch?"

Your ass bobbed up against his hand in apparent agreement. Suddenly, his hand slammed down on one cheek causing you to jump in surprise, your head bobbing up. Both hands grabbed your head holding you in place as he stared into your eyes.

"You're a bitch. Aren't you?"

You groaned deep in your throat.

"You're a white-hot bitch. You want to get fucked, don't you? You want me to fuck your tight ass."

Your fingers wrapped around his big cock. "Yes," you groaned. "Fuck my ass."

His hands pulled your head down. "I don't think so. I want you to suck me off," he growled as he brought your lips to the tip of his cock. "Take it in your mouth."

Your head bobbed and his cock disappeared into your throat. "Yeah ... suck it." For another few minutes, you sucked as your ass danced and between your cheeks, I could glimpse your asshole clenching in frustration. But you never hesitated at the task before you.

"You want that ass of yours fucked," he growled. "White-hot bitch like you needs that ass filled with cock. Bet you would love to have a cock in your ass and another in your throat."

I could hear you moan at the thought.

He looked up at me again, acknowledging my presence in the room. He nodded briefly and turned his attention back to you. "Yeah, that's what you need, to be filled at both ends at the same time. Maybe I should bring you another cock. Let it shove up your ass while my cock is buried in your hot throat. You'd like that, wouldn't you bitch?"

I saw his hands tighten around your head, his palms shielding your eyes as they held you down on his cock. It must have been throbbing in your throat. His breath was getting harsh as he began to thrust between your lips. "Yeah," he grunted as he thrust so deep you almost gagged. "I'd like to see you suck me as you're getting reamed."

Slowly and quietly, I moved closer. Suddenly you tensed as if you sensed something amiss. He hands held you immobile, impaled on his erection buried deep in your throat.

I knelt behind you, your ass before me. My hands reached out and stroked down the globes. You jumped as if you'd been goosed. A cry of alarm was muffled by the cock in your mouth.

Chandler held you effortlessly in place. "You're going to get your wish," he hissed. "I'm going to fuck your mouth while I watch your ass being reamed."

I let my hands caress your smooth ass. I let one hand glide down and cup your balls. Your body trembled and you groaned around his thick cock. Gently I reached further between your legs until your erection lay in the palm of my hand. I wrapped my fingers around it, feeling your pulse beating through the rigid length. Slowly I gave it a few jerks

with my fist. With a groan, you began to trust yourself within my grip.

Swiftly I pulled my hand away and unexpectedly smacked your ass. You jumped in reaction. Chandler tightened his grip, not allowing you to escape. "You're a white-hot bitch. You want to get fucked." He jerked your head up off his cock and stared into your eyes, his palms shielding your peripheral vision. "You're a white-hot bitch. Aren't you?"

You moaned in heat.

"Tell me. Tell me what you are."

"I'm a white-hot bitch," you groaned.

"Yes. What do you want? Tell me what you want."

"I want to suck your cock while I get fucked in the ass."

I could see the tremors of excitement run through your body as you knelt before him.

"Yes!" he hissed as he pulled your head down and impaled himself again in your mouth. As your ass came up before me again, I began to pant with excitement.

I reached out and again ran my hands up and down your ass. You flinched but didn't pull away when my fingers slid down the crack. But you did gasp when they stopped to play with your asshole.

"Did he prepare?" Chandler asked.

I nodded.

He reached down next to the chair and handed me some lube. We didn't want you to suspect you were being fucked with a dildo. The lube would make the entry slicker and reduce your perceptions. With shaking hands, I lubed the bright red dildo until it gleamed. I wiped the excess over your

asshole. I could hear you moaning again as you sucked slavishly up and down his cock.

I took a deep breath. Your ass invited me, invited anybody ... as long as they would ream your greedy ass. Damn, I wanted to do this more than I would have imagined. I laid my hands at the side of your ass and moved closer. I could feel you trembling in anticipation.

Spreading your cheeks, I watched your greedy ass wink at me. Slick and shiny with lube, you were impatient. Moans fell from your throat. I reached down, grabbed my cock, and rubbed the head up and down your crack and you groaned as if in pain. As I ran it down again and paused at your asshole, you involuntarily thrust back.

I jerked back, my hand came down hard on your ass and you cried out around the cock reaming your throat.

"Hold still," Chandler grunted as he pulled your mouth up and down his shaft. Whimpers fell from your lips.

Enough playing. You wanted it. I wanted it. I need to see the white-hot bitch you had told me so much about. With that decision, I moved back and lined my cock up, letting it kiss your ass for a brief second. Then, grabbing your hips, I snapped mine forward and buried my cock deep in your ass.

"Ahhhh!" All three of us moaned as you were impaled. Me at the sight of my bright red cock disappearing inside you. You at the feel of my cock plunging deep with one swift stroke. And Chandler at the feel of his cock being shoved deep into your throat.

My heart sped up and I began to pant as I pulled quickly back, almost leaving your body before plunging deep again

with another snap of my hips. You began to moan uncontrollably as my cock began to fuck your ass. I shoved deep and swiveled. I could see the muscles in your ass as you clenched around my cock. God, I wish I could feel that. I again smacked your ass, the other cheek this time, and your ass wiggled back against me. You almost unseated me. I grabbed tighter at your hips, held on and began to ream you like the white-hot bitch you were.

You didn't care who fucked you. As long as you had a cock in your mouth and another in your ass you were in heaven. I pictured what you would have done if we'd thought to bring someone to suck your cock. I couldn't help but laugh at the thought of what a drooling bitch you would have become. I noticed you stiffen as I laughed. Perhaps I gave myself away.

I noticed the glaze in Chandler's eyes as they drifted shut. His head fell back and he began to pump his cock in and out of your mouth. I grabbed your hips and fucked your ass like it was the first and last I would ever get. Perhaps it was.

"Take it," Chandler groaned. "Take all of it. I want you to swallow every drop."

Your moans told me how much you craved the feel of him pouring down your throat. I could remember the sensation and moaned in empathy. I wished my mouth were wrapped around your cock so I could taste you when you came. It almost seemed a shame to waste it all over the floor, but I could tell that's where it was going to go.

Your ass slapped back against my hips, taking my cock as deep as you could get me. Damn, what a bitch you were. You wanted more than I had. If I got another chance at your ass,

I'd make sure I give you a bigger cock for your greedy asshole.

You were moaning non-stop and I was getting dizzy with fucking you. The pressure of the end of the dildo was rubbing my pubes. The jolting was making my clit hard. I could feel the juices running down the inside of my thighs. I wanted to come, but I couldn't reach it this way. Later, my blood hot brain demanded. Later...

Yes ... later. Later, I'll get mine. Just seeing you lose it beneath me was exciting me unbearably. I needed to see you come. I had to see it ... feel it beneath my fingers. I couldn't help myself, leaned down, and slipped my hand between your legs again. Your body jerked as my hands wrapped around your tightly held balls, but I didn't stop reaming you. Steadily I pumped my cock in and out.

Suddenly, Chandler groaned and pulled you down tight onto his cock and I knew he was coming. Coming ... hot, wet and sticky down your throat. I could hear you begin to swallow desperately.

I let go of your balls, slid forward, grabbed your hard cock and began to stroke it. In seconds, you were humping my tight hand. My cock was buried deep in your ass as I ground against you and my hand swiftly moved up and down your throbbing cock.

Suddenly, you reared up off his cock, come spurting up and over your face and his stomach. I wrapped myself around your body. My cock was deep in your ass and your cock was jerking in my fist. I let my other fingers find and pinch your nipple as your head fell back. A roar issued from your throat

and I felt your come explode from your cock, each pulse rippling against my fingers as the thick white fluid flew all over the floor and up your chest. Some even flew up and over Chandler's cock and balls.

I couldn't keep from moaning as my orgasm swept through my body, jerking uncontrollably. My cock flexing in your ass heightened your orgasm. We froze in a timeless tableau, our hearts pounding, and our breath harsh in the otherwise silent room. Slowly we collapsed away from each other.

You sat there before me, leaning back on your legs, your head bowed. You tried to regain your breath and your composure. Your come and Chandler's glistened obscenely across his cock and balls. I leaned forward, bringing my lips to your ear. You shivered as my breath washed across it. "Lick him clean," I whispered quietly. "Show me what a white-hot bitch you are."

You trembled at the words, half in recognition of what you knew you were and half in recognition of my voice.

"Do it," I hissed as I gave you a shove.

You groaned in agony, your mind struggling with your desires.

I glanced down and saw your cock twitch at the sound of my voice. Your dominant and submissive natures warred inside you. Your cock recognized its desire to dominate me, but I couldn't let you win—not this time. I dropped my hand and ran my finger down across your asshole, feeling it clench at the touch. "I gave you an order."

Chandler came to attention. "Bitch," he whispered.

Your eyes flew open and locked on his, the lust on your face flashing from your eyes.

"Go ahead," I said quietly. "You know you want to." A whimper broke the silence. I let my finger rub gently across your asshole and you groaned. "What are you?" I asked.

"A bitch," you whispered.

"What are you?" Chandler asked, recapturing your attention.

"A white-hot bitch," you admitted. Then slowly you leaned forward.

We both watched as you brought your head lower and your tongue slipped from between your swollen lips and gingerly began to lick the glistening come sprayed across Chandler's hard body.

"Bitch," I whispered as you groaned and gave yourself enthusiastically over to the task of cleaning your Master.

I stood and removed the harness while watching your enthusiasm. Watching you excited me. This is what I had wanted, to watch two men in passion. Did you realize yet that it was me? You had yet to look. I thought you did know. We had spoken on the phone and I believed you recognized my voice.

Chandler pushed you away none too gently and stood, towering over you. "Get on the bed," he ordered.

At first, I wasn't sure if he was talking to you or me.

You climbed to your feet and turned to face me.

Yes, you'd known it was me. Your eyes gave you away. My laughter had betrayed my presence, I was sure. You were



always telling me not to laugh. I kept telling you it's the pleasure I feel bubbling out of me.

You were semi-hard. Your eyes glittered as you took in my outfit. I could see the dominance in you taking over. Your erection began to jerk and bob as it grew larger. My breathing deepened as I stared into your eyes. I could feel my pussy lips, plump and wet. My nipples hardened in response to the throbbing in my clit. You raised your hand toward me.

"I told you to get on the bed!"

We both nearly jumped out of our skins. We had forgotten Chandler was still in the room. Your eyes reflected indecision. You wanted me, but tonight you had already abdicated your control to Chandler and he wasn't planning to give it back.

Chandler grabbed your shoulder and swung you around. His hand reached down and grabbed your cock. "Is this mine?" His voice dropped, "Or are you going to give it to her?"

Chandler's fist squeezed and stroked your cock. I heard you groan as your eyes drifted shut. "You let *her* fuck your ass," he hissed as he reached down and squeezed your balls. "Did you like it?"

"Yessss."

"Slut," Chandler whispered. "Do you want me to fuck your ass?"

"God, yes. Please..."

I could just hear him say softly as he leaned close, "You're a white-hot bitch."

You continued to moan as you thrust your hard cock in his fist.

Chandler had broken my lack of control. I backed off, moved onto the bed and leaned against the headboard. I watched him spin you around and bend you over the foot of the bed. Your eyes locked with mine. I watched them glaze over as Chandler rubbed his big, hard cock between the cheeks of your ass, but your attention was caught as my fingers drifted between my legs.

You suddenly watched avidly as my fingers parted my big, fat pussy lips. I showed you the deep rosy pink inside, wet with my excitement.

"You want her?" Chandler leaned over your back, his frottage never ceasing. "Would you like to fuck her?"

"Yes."

I watched him lean back, grab his cock and rub the bloated head obviously across your ass. You moaned as you thrust back against it. "Or do you want me to fuck you?"

Indecision crossed your features. You couldn't decide. You were so stimulated you didn't know what you wanted. I let my fingers slide from my swollen clit to slip deep inside my drenched passage. You couldn't help noticing the resistance to the insertion of only two fingers. Your eyes shot to my face as mine drifted shut in the sensation of the moment. "Fuck me, Richard."

I could hear you begin to pant as I pulled my moistened fingers out and brought them to my lips. Looking into your eyes, I taunted, "Do you want a taste?"

You groaned, then suddenly gasped as Chandler's cock drove deep in your ass.

"Want me to stop?" he grunted.

"No," you moaned as you rocked back against the cock embedded in you.

One stroke, two ... Chandler pulled free and stepped back, cock bobbing in mid-air.

You almost fell to the floor. "No!"

His hand came down on your bare ass, reddening it with the imprint of his palm. As you jerked back to your feet, I could see your erection dripping in response to your arousal. My mouth watered.

"Lick her cunt."

You glanced back in disbelief.

"You're a bitch," he growled. "Lick her cunt. Make her come all over your tongue."

As you looked back at me, I slowly moved my fingers. I pulled the lips apart giving you a view of the bright, rose-colored flesh. It shimmered and teased you. You licked your lips unconsciously.

"It's sweet," I taunted. "Want a taste?" I dipped a finger in the spilled nectar and reached out to offer it to you. With a groan, you grabbed my hand and leaned down to take it into your mouth.

Oh God. Your lips clamped around the length of my finger and your tongue swirled and you sucked so hard, my clit throbbed in response. I wanted those lips wrapped around it. I wanted to feel your tongue seeking more for you to taste. Pulling my finger out of your mouth, I grabbed your wrist and tugged you down on the bed between my spread thighs.

Suddenly, your hands slid sensuously up my stockinged legs to the bare flesh above the lacy tops. Your fingers spread

my lips as you moved up to run your tongue across the tip of my clit.

"Ahhhh!" Tremors ran from my crotch to my fingertips. Your hands grabbed behind my knees and you lifted and spread me out before you. Your eyes met mine as you licked from my ass to my pubes. "Oh, God!"

Mindless whimpers fell from my throat as my eyes drifted shut. As you continued your assault, I could feel you watching my face. Your tongue attacked my clit. When your lips closed around it, you suckled and I lost all sense of the room around me. My surrender was complete.

"I'm going to fuck you in the ass," you promised between licks. "I'm going to make you beg me to fuck your ass."

I could only moan in agreement at the nasty words. My hands grabbed the headboard to keep from floating away. You pushed my legs further up in the air as your tongue slipped down and brushed across my ass.

"Oh God, no..." I tried to wriggle away from your maddening tongue.

You just chuckled. You were in control.

I couldn't help it. Your tongue teased my senses. Your words inflamed my mind with wordless pictures of sensual pleasures. It whirled in a riot of color and random images. At the heart of them was the image of you with your rock hard cock deep inside my ass.

*SMACK!*

I fell to the bed as you jerked away and let go of my legs. Chandler reached between your legs and grabbed your cock,

effortlessly turning you toward him. "I said to lay down on the bed."

I scrambled up to give you room.

"Sorry darlin'," he said as he glanced at me, "There's only one white-hot bitch in this room tonight. You want him? Sit on his face. Let him lick your cunt like the bitch he is."

I quickly straddled your face as I turned to watch Chandler. I knew he was done playing. It was show time.

Your tongue quickly returned to my clit. It teased and tempted, but the heat of passion had shifted. I reached down, took your cock in my hand, stroked and felt you moan against my pussy. I couldn't resist and leaned down to run my tongue from your belly to the dripping tip. My tongue swirled around, gathering a drop of come balanced there. Quickly its musky sweetness coated the inside of my mouth.

Your hips rose trying to bury yourself deep in my mouth, but I pulled back up with you. Then Chandler was there. He reached down and grabbed your ankles, lifting them up and spreading your legs wide.

I sat up to watch as my clit twitched under your tongue.

His cock was hard. It dripped come readily. His hips rocked forward as the bloated tip of it brushed across your greedy asshole. I watched in awe as your asshole flexed as if trying to capture his cock. His sticky lube smeared up and down your cleft. Your groan vibrated off the walls of my cunt and an orgasm rippled through my body.

I began to rock back and forth across your tongue, my orgasms on a roll, firing one on top of the other. I looked up into Chandler's face. His eyes were closed in concentration as

his cock bucked and jerked as if knocking for permission to enter.

"Fuck him," I rasped, my orgasms making me breathless. "Fuck his ass."

He glanced down and his feral eyes locked with mine. He growled. Then he grinned. "Put it in."

I began to pant. Between the orgasms that your tongue continued to trigger, and that wicked order, I almost lost it. My fingers trembled as I reached out and grabbed his huge cock. Surely he was too big.

"She loves it," he laughed as if he could read my mind. "My cock will slide in like a hot knife through butter."

Giddily, I looked at that massive thing in my hand and I couldn't resist. Swiftly I leaned forward and engulfed the head in my mouth. The taste of him on my swirling tongue had me dripping in yet another orgasm onto your untiring tongue.

Chandler jerked as if shocked by a live wire. He froze for seconds only and thrust deep into my mouth for three strokes. He then determinedly pulled out. "Now," he hissed.

I grabbed his cock and notched the tip in your ass. One quick snap and he was buried balls deep. Your cry of possession struck a cord deep in my belly.

He never paused. His possession was complete. His big cock glistened as he pulled back. Your asshole turned inside out, not wanting to release him. Then, before he was gone, with a snap of his hips, he would impale you again.

I was mesmerized. Steadily he stroked. In ... and out ... Again and again, he plunged to the root. Your keening cries reminded me of my own.

"Bitch," he grunted as he drove in hard. "White-hot bitch," he moaned as he tried to stroke deeper. "Take my cock, you bitch. I'm going to fuck you till you come."

Indeed, your cock was jerking and throbbing, sticky lube dripping from you as you tried to rub it between my breasts while at the same time your greedy ass tried to follow Chandler's cock as it drove in and out. Your cries were ones of ecstasy and frustration.

The intensity was driving me crazy even though you had given up pleasuring me. I was still climaxing on visualization alone. I had to be a part of it. I had to feel some of what you both were feeling.

I reached out and wrapped my fingers around Chandler's cock as it withdrew from your ass. It was hot and sticky with lube. Hard as steel, it pulsed between my fingers. I squeezed gently and he groaned and shoved swiftly back in as my hand moved away. His pace quickened.

My fingers moved to caress your swollen balls. I could feel them twitching. You were so close. I moved closer and let my hot, wet tongue lash out. Your groans inspiring me, I soon had the hairs slicked down with my hot saliva as your balls drew up tight in preparation.

Chandler groaned. "Take it, you bitch. You like me to fuck your ass. My big, hard cock. Going deeper and deeper ... reaming you out. Feel me getting bigger? I'm going to come up your ass. I'm going to fill you so full it's going to run down your balls."

He began to grunt as he thrust harder and faster. I could see his balls pull up tight. Your cock was sliding on its own

juices between my big breasts when suddenly, Chandler roared and thrust deep. As he froze, balls deep, I watched his cock flex in your ass as you screamed. I could feel your cock jerk as hot, sticky come flowed between my breasts and ran down my belly, pasting us together.

With a final grunt, Chandler pulled out. Come dripped and splashed on your cheeks. Your asshole clenched and unclenched, forcing come to flow out and run down to cover your balls as he'd promised you.

Suddenly, his fingers wrapped themselves in my hair and he lifted my head to see into my eyes. His eyes glittered with a life of their own. "Lick him clean," he quietly ordered.

I gasped in surprise and my breath quickened. "What?"

"Don't make me have to tell you twice."

My body trembled at the sound of his voice, coming on his words alone. Then I groaned as I felt your tongue begin to lap once more. "Argh..."

Gently now, he pushed my head down and let go, all the while watching my response.

With a shudder, I let my tongue extend and gingerly lap the spilled come dripping over your balls. The taste spread across my tongue and slid down my throat. I groaned as I began to lave the wetness from your body. My lips and tongue leapt to the task. As I stretched and my tongue continued, seeking the source, your cock flexed against my belly.

My orgasms were one. I only knew the taste of him on my tongue, the feel of you beneath my lips and your tongue on my clit.



Tales from the Mind of Scherezade  
*by Mary A. DeCarlo*

Faintly I heard him.

"Bitch ... white-hot bitch."

## **The End and the Beginning**

Meredith took a seat at the bar and placed an order for dinner to go. She hated working late on Friday nights. Not that she ever went anywhere anymore or even had many dates at her age. Absently glancing around, she found herself staring into the mesmerizing brown eyes of the man sitting next to her.

Embarrassed, she tried to look away, but found she was unable.

"Hello, my name is Ian." His melodic voice commanded her attention.

This man was gorgeous, she thought as they talked about everything and nothing. Then somehow, when her order came, she found him carrying it to her car.

As he handed the bag to her, he leaned down and stared into her eyes. "I want to see you home safely," he murmured in that seductive voice.

As she pulled into her driveway, she wondered what had possessed her to let this stranger follow her home.

"Thanks for seeing me home," she said as she stood under the porch light, afraid to let him in.

"My pleasure." His long graceful fingers grasped her chin and his lips gently touched hers.

"Meredith," he whispered as his eyes captured hers again.

Suddenly, she was in his arms, his mouth on hers. There was a loud pop, and the porch was plunged into darkness.

Hands possessively explored her body and she felt him hard and insistent against her belly. His breath was hot and moist at her throat and her pulse beat rapidly against his lips. His tongue laved the vein, making her blood race. She resisted the urge to giggle; she hadn't had a hickey since she was sixteen years old. She felt him lift her skirt and push down her panties.

Lifting her leg to his hip, he thrust deep and her head fell back as she gasped in surprise. She felt pain as if he'd bitten her, then warmth and pleasure swept through her. It felt as if he was consuming her, body and soul ... like a vampire.

"Nooooo!" She had to stop him.

Lifting her other leg, he pinned her to the wall and continued to relentlessly draw the life from her veins. Her head lolled against his shoulder, her lips against his throat. "No," she whimpered, and, in a last effort of defiance, she bit deep.

With a scream, he wrenched his teeth from her neck as she felt a liquid warmth flood her mouth and she reflexively swallowed. "Yessss," he hissed, and again buried his teeth deep in her veins.

Fireworks exploded in her mind and ecstasy ripped through her body as he continued to thrust into her. She felt him suck her life from her ... felt it return, flowing thick and hot down her throat. It was if she had died and was being reborn. Faster and faster, the sensations were almost too intense to bear. It seemed to go on forever and still she clung to him ... her arms around his chest ... her legs around his hips ... her mouth clamped against the life-giving font in his throat.

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Suddenly, he brutally ripped his teeth from her veins as he buried himself deep within her, stiffened in release, and groaned deep in his throat.

She moaned against his neck as mindless rapture whipped through her.

"Enough," he growled, forcing her teeth from his neck. She gasped for air as her lungs refused to work.

Gently he lowered her to her feet.

"Do you know what you've done?" he growled as her legs folded beneath her and her consciousness went black.

**THE END**

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